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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND;

The Rising in the North: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER I.

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori, Le cortesie, l'audaci impresse, io canto."

ARIOSTO. It was about ten o'clock in the evening of the 4th of October, 15—, that the door of a house in the little village of Charing, was cautiously opened, and two men wrapped in dark mantles stepped

The day had been fine and warm, but its closing marked the capricious character of the English climate. A cold wind blew from the North, driving rain and sleet before it; the clouds scudded along in huge masses, or were broken into fantastic forms, with here and there a star sparkling through them, while the moon was totally of this mysterious figure must be vain, hastened obscured, or shone amidst a grey vapor. Charing was at that time a village, embowered in trees, and fairly secluded from the bustle and the noise of London. The house from which the adventurers issued was built after the peculiar manner of the age. Its size, and a certain air of pretension, betokened it to belong to a person, at least of the upper rank among the middling class; yet its walls were, for the most part; composed of no more durable material them timber; this was plastered over and whitened, and curious figures were then raised upon it in a kind of cement, which gave it a tasteful appearance. This house too, was not deformed by the projecting upper story, which gave an air of gloom to the city in that cra. It was a large square building, with a porch, supported by massive oaken pillars, the curious carving of which was no less concealed by the obscurity of the night, than by the elematis, whose long tendrils, still decorated with white flowers, flapped against them as the wind whistled through its fragile but luxuriant net-work, The little garden that surrounded the house was trimly laid out in the fashion of the age; that is, with plants twisted out of all natural beauty, and trees clipped into a grisly resemblance of the human form.

The taller, and as it appeared the younger of the two companions, stepped lightly through the garden, and listened for a few minutes at its entrance; but no sound met his ear, except the heavy pattering of the rain among the leaves; lie then returned to his friend, and they walked with a cautious air through the village; their path was however unmolested, its inhabitants had long since found in sleep a like forgetfulness of their sorrows and their joys. Open fields and green lanes then separated Charing from the city. As the companions passed out of one of these that led directly from the village to the Cross of Charing, the rain somewhat abated, and the moon bursting through a cloud, shed a sickly light upon the monument which had been ruised to the memory of Queen Eleanor, and which the zeal of the reformers had much defaced; and trembled with more uncertain lustre on the gothic chapel and hermitage of St. Catherine, of which but a few mouldering fragments remained. A thicket of alder and hazel trees clustered around it, and the little rivulet which had supplied the cup of the dwellers in the hermitage, turbid and swellen by the rain, rushed with a hoarse sound along its channel. As the companions approached this spot, the elder of the two pressed the arm of the other, and then suddenly relinquishing it, hurried towards the ruins. The hermitage, like the adjoining chapel, had fallen into decay; these buildings immediately faced the ancient Cross of Charing, and the space between them had been originally a smooth lawn, garnished with flowering shrubs; but these, untrimmed for many years, still left, but the doors had been torn from their hinges, and carried away, while the sculptured form of the fair patron saint which had originally jesting on the subject of their errand. adorned the niche above the doorway, had been also pulled down and destroyed in the rage against | • This house was, I believe, built by Sir Robert,

part of the roof had fallen, and the moonbeams as they straggled with the clouds, now lighted up the scene of desolation within; the broken arches and mouldering columns, garlanded with ivy, or clothed with moss, and anon touched with a wan lustre, some fretted pinnacle that seemed mourning the fate of its companion. While in that place where the soft chant of devotion was once raised, no sound was now heard but the hollow sighing of the wind, and the screaming of the gloomy owl. As the stranger entered the ruin, he removed the large hat that shadowed his countenance, as though the groined roof and fretted columns still rose uninjured around him, and approaching the place where had stood the altar, he knelt upon the fragment of a broken arch. The moonbeams that partially silvered the ruins trembled too upon his features; they were handsome and dignified, but it was their unusual power

of expression, the flexible muscles around his mouth, ever ready to soften to humane feeling, or become rigid with scorn; it was the enduring melancholy of the deep black eyes, that constituted their chief attraction. As the stranger looked up to heaven from the fallen fane, his face was wet, the ivy that hung upon the ruins around him was dripping with rain; but it might be that his sight

was obscured with tears.
"Spirit of beauty!" he murmured, "thou too, art banished with the light of holinesss and truth; but yet may not that time be far distant when the ruined altar shall be raised up, and its banished

As the stranger again turned his eyes to the spot where the altar had stood, he perceived a tall figure wrapped in a mantle, leaning against the shaft of a broken column, the moonbeams darted full upon his own face as he rose from his reaching the middle height, was deformed by a

projection of the left shoulder. "Henry, is that you?" he inquired, supposing that his companion had followed him into the the moon sinking at that moment behind a cloud, the chapel was involved in obscurity. He listened attentively for a retreating footstep, but no sound met his car, except the renewed moaning of the wind, and the splashing of the rain. Disturbed by this occurrence, the stranger endeavored to grope his way out, calling loudly on his friend, and enlize him with a vain expectation, the wind driving the clouds before it, permitted a few minutes man with a stern and inclancholy countenance, who started up on finding himself observed, and glided away with a swiftness that at once defied pursuit, and was a sufficient proof that the place was not to him one of a new resort. The stranger from Charing perceiving that to track the course delayed, even by a circumstance which the unquiet that lonely spot and on that dismal night, of a person who might be either a spy upon their actions, or one oppressed with trouble like themselves. But as they bent their way towards the issue from the ruined hermitage, and proceed the Strand; a fair spot it was on a fine summer evening, with the palaces of the nobility crowning the green slope that descended to the verge of the river. There stood York House, and near to the present Hungerford market the ancient palace of the Savoy; not the least renowned of the inhabitants of which, was "Old John of Gaunt, time honored Lancaster!" but for whose usurping son, the glories of Queen Elizabeth might have been unknown to English history. Near to this palace, her devoted minister, the wily Cecil, built a splen-

did residence. Down the Strand stood many other mansions belonging to the gallants of her court; and masques and pageants were often held in the gardens that surrounded them; the Queen having no objection graciously to feast at the expense of her subjects. Only a week before this time had Sir Philip Wynyard, a young gentleman of her court, given her a magnificent entertainment; at which were skillful mummers, running at the quintain, and a pageant on the water. At night the gardens were quaintly illuminated, and the Queen danced, after her high fashion, with the master of the feast. But had the night of Sir P. Wynyard's entertainment been like this, of the fourth watered a soft couch with tears of pity for the houseless. The heavy cleaks in which our pedestrians were clad, had become cumbersome-with the drooped straight over their shoulders. The wind blew more violently, accompanied by a fresh storm | delights an active imagination.

of sleet and rain, as they approached the mansion of Sir Philip Wynyard. A stone wall ran round its gardens, and neither the howling of the wind, nor the beating of the rain, could prevent their hearing the sharp and sudden withdrawal of a bolt : the red glare of a flambeau appeared and was immediately extinguished by the rain. Henry and his friend had time to screen themselves behind a buttress of the wall, from which they faintly descried amid the darkness, four men, apparently armed, issue from the gardens, and proceed in the direction they were themselves about to take. A

short consultation ensued, and it was determined way; the tempestuous nature of the night favored of a heavy foot; as before they cautiously drew long and rank between them; and thistle, night-shade, ground ivy, and briony, had grown up luxuriantly amongst it. Of the chapel, the entrance with its graceful pointed Norman arch, was still left, but the doors had been town from their footsteps, while and the pointed Norman arch, was still left, but the doors had been town from their same and thistle, night-shade, ground ivy, and briony, had grown up there was little paving of streets in those days, did heard the new comer stop to speak to Sir Philip's men. In his hand he bore a lauthorn, and holding the wind occasionally bore back to them the voices at little paving of the way by when the wind occasionally bore back to them the voices ing it up, as if to assure himself of the men by when the way he when the way and when the control of the identity of the way by when the way in the men. In his hand he bore a lauthorn, and holding the way in the way of the men by whom they were preceded, and who, unconscious and carcless of being heard, were

dolatry. The altar was beaten into fragments, not Sir William Cocil, towards the end of Elizabut its steps of red marble remained; the greater both's reign. Daniel Control of the control of the

has our master had, but none to match with this; and twinkling with an indescribable malice from the maidens"—here a louder blast of wind drowned under a pent brow. The forehead was narrow, his words; but their reply met the ear of the

friends unimpeded—
"Fairer are not than the lily of Grass street, and the rose of the Lombards; but were I our master, the soft eyes with which my Lord of Leicester and Sir Kit have looked upon the dainty damsels would like me not; 'tis ill crossing Sir Robert Dudley-let Sir Philip beware of a fever!'

"Ah! a fever, in good troth," said another voice, heard you all that was said, when the Devereux, the Earl of Essex died?"

"Hush, hush, Edmund Ware and John Morley, both of you," exclaimed a third speaker: is it for pages and serving men like ye to question the actions of a godly noble like my Lord of Leicester, full of the unction of the blessed spirit, or the freaks of a May-fool gallant, such as our master, Sir Philip? Surely his bare communing with so godly a vessel of the faith as Leicester, may make amends for him, when he yields to the little worldly frailties of the flesh; and the Lord forbid, that any vanities should disturb their friendship, which is so pleasant to behold!"

This speech was uttered in a whining tone; but whether it was one of sincerity would seem doubtful, since it was received with a general laugh, in absence?" which the speaker bimself joined. Meanwhile the "Why!" party followed closely by our friends, had reached the Cathedral of St. Paul, the eye of the elder of the two paused for a moment on the noble pile, and then wandered to the spot where had originally stood the beautiful cloisters, pulled down by the orders of the Protector Somerset, the materials being taken to build his palace in the Strand, while the bones of those who rested there were dug up kneeling posture; and the person near the pillar and thrown into Finsbury fields. A few words of might have observed that his figure, though fully indignation and grief burst from the lips of the stranger from Charing, as he looked upon the despoiled edifice; but his companion hurried him on, Sir Philip's men having already reached Paternoster Row, which had now been for some years dichapel; and his only answer was a deep sigh, and | verted from its original trade in rosaries, altar vessels, and images of the saints, into a mart for the sale of very worldly fineries, fans, pomander boxes, scents, and fripperies of all sorts.

"It hath an ugly vicinage, the scene of our mysery of the night," said Morley; "let but an arrow tly in the street of the Lombards, and the whizzing of its goose feather shall rouse all the villain prenquiring who was the intruder; when as if to tant- tices of the Chepe and the Commarket, to lay their poles about thy shoulders-barring the clamor which the wives of the brute citizens will make, of moonlight, and he again saw the figure seated and the fumes of bacon and sack posset, which on a fragment of the ruins; it was that of a young shall taint the air as soon as they open their latshall taint the air as soon as they open their lattices; for ye know, my comrades, that these Londoners gorge like the very swine themselves!" "Neither forget we," answered Edmund Ware,

their city watch, who give hard blows upon oc-

"True," cried the other, "but they are more decent ones, fitter for a man of some blood to encounter; they are given with good swords, not with the churl cudgel."

They had by this time reached the Stocks martimes rendered so suspicious, as the appearance in | beacon lights of Bow Church in the Chepe, threw out a ruddy glare, contrasting strongly with the cold luste of the moon, which, as the rain had for rapidly past the decaying Cross of Charing. Our nor was it less known for its castellated conduit, companions meanwhile pursued their course down near to which stood a cage, where persons disturbing the city during the night were confined. But now a clash of arms was heard, the faint blast of a trumpet floated on the air, and then the password went round among the watch, before they separated to parade the different wards. A low consultation was held by Sir Philip's men, and they at length determined to pass down Walbrook, by which course they would avoid meeting the whole body of the watch. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene at that moment; the dood-red beacon of Bow, and the wan moonlight, the coursing clouds sometimes tinged with a fleecy whiteness, at others collected in huge massesshapeless, black, and lowering. And then there was the Cornhill, with its houses on either side, with their pointed gables, each lower story receding farther and farther into the shade; at times across them could be seen the light of a lamp, in the chamber of some wealthy citizen, who could afford to burn scented oils. The cu-riously carved roofing of the mandal. riously carved roofing of the conduit was distinctly visible, while the prison near it looked dark and grim in the surrounding flood of light. The very drops of rain that splashed from the eaves of of October, his pageants would have been sorely the houses, and glittered as they fell, gave a more marred. It was a night when charity would have picturesque look to the scene, in which appeared most prominent the advancing watch, with their bright cuirasses and gay ribands, fluttering at their steel caps; while the cautiously retreating forms rain, and the feathers in their large Spanish hats of Sir Philip's men, in their slouched hats and dropped straight over their shoulders. The wind dark mantles, gave it that air of mystery which

"We can scarce shape our course better than in the way chosen by these most precious raseals!" whispered Henry to his friend, "and much I fear their expedition bodes ill to honest John Harding, of Grass Street,"

"And wherefore?" inquired his companion. "The lily of Grass Street, and the rose of the Lombards," replied Henry, are no other than the daughter and niece of our friend."

When they came to Canwyke Street, the retainers of Sir Philip Wynyard paused. The moon had again passed under a cloud, and rain accompanied the wind; yet amid the pauses of the gust, Henry at all risks they must themselves continue on their and his friend could distinctly hear the approach person; and Henry, who was partly leaning forwards, caught a glimpse of his extraordinary countenance. Elf locks of hair hung straight about a face, whose cadaverous paleness, their hue of reddish brown in no way relieved. The eyes were dish brown in no way relieved. The eyes were assay what I can do to help, thee. Ho! watch, uncommonly light, small, and deep set, but they | watch!"

"By the Lord!" said one, "many amerry prank were not therefore the less expressive—darting and fell back so much from the eyes, that nothing was visible between their dusky brows and the steeple-crowned felt hat, which was worn by this ungracious looking being. The lower part of the face was long and thin, out of all proportion, and the lips were drawn from the teeth in a smile that was half vacant, and half maticious. The figure of this man was tall and gaunt, and he strode forwards with an awkward, shambling motion, as if his limbs were ill hung upon wires. He wore a long, loose gown of blue cloth; his hose were of the same material, only white, and his shoes were remarkable for the square toes, so common in the preceding reign.

"Well met!" cried the new comer to Sir Philip's men, "but who would have thought to meet you here: surely, friend Gilbert, thow art not in the readiest way to the house of Master Fenton?"

"Truly!" replied Gilbert, "we have been put to our wits to avoid meeting the city watch; but it seems, Ralph Adams, that thou art unfaithful to thy charge: how thinkest thou Sir Philip will take it at thy hands? "Tis hard upon the time that he was himself to meet us at the house of thy master; and how were we to gain admittance to it in thy

"Why !" answered Ralph, "I did but step hi-ther from the street of the Lombards to purchase a flask of wine, and should have been back anon, but stayed on hearing thy voice.'

"But Ralph Adams," interrupted Ware, "is all ready for us now ?"

"All ready, Master Edmund: see, but see I keep fast the Lily and the Rose," cried the new comer, and as he spoke he held up a ponderous key, "Come, come," he added impatiently, "the old man will be returned from York before the break of day,"

Sir Philip's men seemed as little inclined for delays as the new comer, and they all strode hastily away. A few words of carnest entreaty from Henry induced his friend to track with him the way of the villainous confederates; they were not, how-ever, equally well acquainted with the city, and were besides obliged to grope their way cautiously along by the fluctuating light of the moon, while the conspirators had now a lanthorn to guide them.

Thus it was that, as they entered Lombard Street, a female shrick met their ears. It proceeded from the house of Master Richard Fenton, a wealthy goldsmith, who had chosen to fix his residence in the street of the Lombards rather than in Bread Street, the usual abode of his fraternity at that period. With trembling eagerness Henry hurried his companion forwards. A confused scuflling and the hasty tread of feet were heard, as they reached Fenton's house, and, amid the thickened gloom of the night, they faintly descried Sir Philip's men hurrying along two females, both of whom were muffled in long dark mantles. One of them seemed to droop insensible in the arms of her supporters; the other appeared still to make strong efforts for freedom, though the folds of the mantle round her head sufficiently stifled her screams.

Unhand the damsels, ruffians! ket, where the Mansion House now stands; the Henry, drawing his rapier as he sprung forwards. The dress of one of the women, which he had grasped in his endeavor to save her, slipped from his hand, as he sunk on the ground, stunned awhile ceased, now traversed the sky, but seldom by a severe blow on the forehead. His companion obscured by the eddying clouds. Cornhill was was not on his part slow to hasten to the assistance Strand, they saw, or thought they saw, a figure not merely a market for grain, it was also cele-issue from the ruined hermitage, and proceed brated as the residence of the principal drapers, tween the two men, one of whom, bearing a lantween the two men, one of whom, bearing a lanthorn, our stranger perceived to be the uncouth being who had joined Sir Philip's men in Canwyke Street. The other, though dimly seen, appeared by the ornaments of his dress, the jewel that looped his hat, and a general air of distinction, to be a man superior in rank to those with whom he was so disgracefully associated. One of the masks worn by the gallants of the time concealed his features. A cry of anguish was uttered by Ralph Adams as the hand with which he held the female dropped useless by his side, with its wrist laid bare to the bone, by the sword of the stranger. Her partial liberty enabled the woman to throw off the mantle, by which she was almost sufficiented, and, in sweet but piercing accents, she exclaimed-"Oh, gracious gentlemen, for the love of heaven, and your own sisters, protect two helpless

maidens!" The words had scarcely passed her lips when she was tore from the grasp of the man who held the combat being feebly lighted by the lanthorn, which Ralph had placed upon the ground, while he endeavored to bind up his wounded wrist, groaning heavily with pain. All this had passed in Iess time than it has taken to relate, and the noise of the clashing swords, together with the shricks of the young woman, began to disturb the slumber of the sober citizens. Several heads, in spite of the rain and cold, leaned out of the surrounding windows. .

"What ho! watch! watch!" cried an old man in a squeaking treble from the casement immedia-

tely above the combatants.
"Watch! watch!" screamed the still shriller tones of a female from an adjoining house; "a shame it is that honest people cannot sleep for forward maidens and wassailing gallants!"

"Oh, good Master Williams!" said the young oman, who was still supported by the stranger roman, from Charing, "come down for the sake of charity, and help this brave gentleman to save the daughter of your old friends, Gertrude Harding, and Lucy Fenton!"

"The impudent, forward, conceited, painted loydens!" shricked the woman who had spoken: my troth, I warrant the dames, and damsels of the city will be stunned with a new ballad about the Lily and the Rose, after this brawi!" so saying she shut the casement with great violence.

"My most delicate Lily, and most dainty Rose!" squeaked the old man, "I would come to the relief with more pleasure than I carve doublet of a rare price; but there is a sound of steel near thee, fair

Master Williams might, however, have spared this great exertion of friendship for the watch were rapidly advancing down the street. On hearing their approach, the opponent of the stranger dropped the point of his sword, and in a tone hourse with rage, exclaimed-

"Meddling intruder! remember that I bear thee in my mind; we may yet meet, where none shall come to part us!"

"Doubt not," replied the strange, with a voice of placid scorn, "that I shall be at all times ready for the encounter !"

The mask uttered another exclamation of wrath, and seemed as if then half inclined to renew the combat; but he now plainly heard the tramp of the watch, and bidding the wounded Ralph to follow him, they both fled precipitately down the street. The other female-had been already borne away; and when the spot was reached by the watch, no one was to be seen but the stranger supporting the terrified Gertrude, and the form of Henry extended on the ground covered with

dood, apparently dead. "By my hope of her smiles, pretty Mistress Gertrude Harding!" cried the Warden of the Watch, holding a flambeau near her pale face, cand looking but too much like a lily; what do you here,sweet Gertrude?"

Alas, Master Warden, replied the damsel, my uncle is, as thuo knowest, at York, and as is my wont, I was at his house to bear his daughter Lucy company; we sat alone conversing in our chamber, for her maid, Alice, betrayed such unusual heaviness, that we sent her to led, and were preparing ourselves for sleep, when my uncles aparentice, the villain, Ralph Adams, burst into the hamber, and, assisted by four masked and armed ruffians, forced us from the house. This brave gentleman has saved me from their grasp, and his riend here is killed, I fear, in an attempt to rescue my cousin, whom they have horner away. Alas, my dear Lucy, what has become of her, I know not; but well I wot, the vile Ralph must have drugged the night cup of the servente, none of whom were awakened by our screams."

The Warden now despatched some of his more

in pursuit of the offenders, while others, entering the house of Fenton, found the servants in a sleep so profound that it was evidently the effect of an opiate. Meanwhile, a considerable crowd had gathered in the street around Gertrade and the stranger, both of whom were carnestly occupied in examining the condition of his wounded friend.

"Alas!" exclaimed Gertrude, as she marked the features, "is this indeed the gentle Heary Willoughton? Good citizens, I pray you for the love of heaven, to aid in bearing him to the house of my father, and you, most noble sir," she mided, turning with a timid air to the stranger, "may it please you to go there, and receive the shanks which I know my father will be prompt to pay to him who has warded from his daughter the evils of this heavy night, which has deprived him of his niece, and much I fear me, of his friend?"

No lack was there among the youths of the city, of many willing, and proud, to assist the fair lily umodious litter was speed. ily formed, on which the form of the wounded Willoughton was supported; but it seemed as if the bystanders thought that the office of assisting the beautiful Gertrude towards the dwelling of her father belonged of right to the galiant stranger who had preserved her in her peril. The crowd of the citizens and their apprentices, who had by this time hurried on their clothes, and assembled in the street, fell back, and even Edward Wood, the Warden of the Watch, respectfully retreated, A well favored youth was Master Wood, and a rich one too; folks said that his thoughts were much fixed on Gertrude Harding, no uncommon hap among the youths of Grass Street and its neighborhood: though it might be that the good estate, and good favor of Master Warden, gave him a chance over his rivals. This gay Edward placed himself at the head of the litter on which Willoughton was supported; doubtless it was to see that he was borne gently, and not to watch the demennor of Gertrude and the noble stranger, Master Williams, meanwhile, had quietly watched these proceedings; his antiquated and grotesque visage assuming the tint of copper in the light of the torches beneath his window; conceiving there was no longer any danger to his precious person, he called out--

"Stay, my delicate Gertrude, I will open the door to thee: thou shalt have a cup of spiced sack, and the hurt of this gentleman can be examined." "I thank you, Master Williams," said Gertrude, to whom several other of the inhabitants of Loinbard Street had previously made the same offer, but I can well traverse the short way to my father's house, and for the gentleman, sure I am that my father will approve of his being borne to

no house but his own." "Nay, my lily Gertrude, be not huffish, consider I am a poor old man, and fair faces are doubtful shields against steel rapiers; vouchsafe me good night, sweetest Gerfrude!"

"Good night, Master Williams!" said the damsel, scarce able even amid her terror and distress to forbear a smile at the whimsical tone of the old man's entreaties. The procession now set forward

for the habitation of Harding.
In Grass Street and its neighborhood a marvellous change has been wrought since the days of Queen Elizabeth; the castellated conduit of the market is no more, and the fair taverns for which the spot was at that time famous, where are they? They are swept away with those who feasted in in them: and who shall discover a vestige of London Bridge lined with the tall dark dwellings of the rich merchants and tradesmen, which times of public festivity were hung with tipestry, and the windows filled with the noblest Ambairest of the land, while the bravest knightsitibud on the bridge below. These are all gonqinirashall the most zealous antiquarian find an wisekunemaining of the house of Master John Handington high stood apart from its fellows in all the dignifying two additional stories, a profusion of narrowicasements, and fantastic ornamentaim avoid and plater.

The Gazette de Bossignuounces than there are atpresent 28 parishes without round in the Haif of the

cheson D-neson tolum shadgai doldw seese ib the existence of the was able to ga God the very men who destroyed