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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 V .- CONTINUED.

"Indeed," added Mistress Bertha, "it is said that of a surety the poor youth will be hanged.— Verily, were I Master Harding, I should have a sore heart if the poor Warden be put to death. Undoubtedly it was his anxiety to discover Mistress Lucy Fehton, that will have cost him his life. 'Tis a sad thing, Dame Mabel, to be the cause of evil to our friends."

"It is, indeed," answered the nurse, who was

most anxious to be rid of her visitor.

"And folks are so ill-natured too," added Bertha. "Would you believe it, Dame Mabel, it is said that Mistress Lucy and her cousin contrived, with some Court gallants, the whole scheme of being carred off, and that after Mistress Gertrude was brought home she fell into fits of vexation."

"You may assure those from whom you received that information, that it does not contain one word of truth," said the nurse, who was too much accustomed to the malicious sallies of Mistress Bertha, not to encounter them with indifference.

"That will I," returned Bertha, with a concentration of spite in her looks and tones. "I am sure Mistress Gertrude is a sweet damsel. What a pity that her character should be the sport of every villain tongue. May I not see the darling maid this evening, Mistress Mabel?"

"Indeed, no," answered the nurse petfishly; "the poor child weeps for her cousin, and is ill at

"At least, I hope," said Bertha, "that she came in safety home, for Master Williams assured me that he met her at noon amid all the confusion in

"Never you fear for her safety, Dame," said the

"Yet, methinks," persisted Bertha, "that Mas-Harding is full careless of the safety of his fair Not more careless," returned the nurse, "than

is Master Allen of the safety of his fair wife." This last remark bridled the tongue of Dame Allen, whose character was ranked in the city

somewhat lightly. Mabel could not, however, immediately get rid of her; she loitered for some time, casting furtive glances about the room, and evidently listening for any strange voice or unwonted noise in the house. With palpable reluctance she at last rose to depart, and the door was closed on her by John Harding himself, with a hearty execration against all informers and Court spies.
In high discontent and ill-temper did Mistress

Bertha pursue her way home, for a whole circle of early to-morrow to my dwelling, and let me know city gossips and scandal-mongers were awaiting her arrival there, and the intelligence which she dolphi. There are some to whom I would have had gleaned would, she knew, prove but too you describe the appearance and bearing of the slender a banquet for their malice. Mistress Bertha was, as had been for some time surmised, one of the Court spies. She had all the meanness and all the cunning requisite for her trade; but though shrewedly suspecting the attachment of the Hardings to the ancient faith, their cautious conduct had hitherto cluded all attempts on her part to tax them publicly as Papists and offenders against the law. For this she hated them, but she had yet another and even stronger cause for hatred than had existed in her disappointment at the loss of the lucre, which she might have gained could she have procured proofs of those opinions which she felt assured that they entertained. Dame Bertha was a pretty woman, and she hated Gertrude as an acknowledged beauty. She felt that her blue eyes, fair complexion, little turned up nose, and well-formed ankle, attracted but a very small portion of admiration when contrasted with the form and countenance of the merchant's daughter. Besides, Dame Bertha had, before her marriage, striven hard to win the heart of Master Edward Wood who, insensible to all her attractions, had devoted himself to Gertrude, though, as Bertha was cute enough to perceive, the damsel, except as a friend, was indifferent to him. Damo Bertha felt, too, that her station, as well as her vanity, was lowered, and would much rather have wedded the the hour of ten!"

gallant young Warden of the City Watch than the rich old goldsmith of Lombard street, Robert

It is true that Gertrude Harding had given Mistress Allen no cause for this hatred; but bad women do not hate because they have a cause, or at least they require no cause beyond their envy. In an ill humour with her neighbours and herself did Mistress Allen enter her well furnished dwelling that night; nevertheless, she spared not nod, or wink, or inuendo that might compromise the reputation of Gertrude. In common with most women of light principle, she was on all occasions fain to drag down the character of others to the standard of her own. Rather unceremoniously did the dame now dismiss her visitants, and, having set her old husband to dream in his chamber over a tankard of spiced wine, she betook herself to the grateful task of adorning her person. A petticoat of pink satin, trimmed with black velvet and Brussels point, was left short enough to show the ankle of which she was so proud; her apron and the kerchief that covered her head were made of the same costly lace; and a rich carcanet of garnet and wrought gold adorned her neck.

Thus attired, she bastened to her private apart-

ment: the wealth of her husband was conspicuous there, for it abounded in all the luxuries common to the age, carpets and cushions of verders work, tables covered with fine linen, and a cupboard full of plate. A delicate repast, too, was served on one of the tables, but Dame Bertha seemed not prepared to partake of it alone, and various manifestations of impatience did she evince as she sat during one solitary hour in her costly room. At the expiration of that time, a slight blow, as from a pebble, was heard upon the casement, and the dame with an elated look hastened to the door of her dwelling. A tall man, muffled up in a mantle of murrey coloured cloth, followed her back to her

"You play me false, honey Lord; you are late,"

said Bertha, offering to remove his mantle.
"Not to-night," said her visitor. "I cannot stay with you to-night; but tell me, Berthu—tell me, have you seen in the course of the day aught of the stranger who came, you told me last night to the house of John Harding?"

"Alas!" answered the woman; "not a glimpse have I been able to obtain of him this day; but well I wot, gracious Lord, that he still lurks in the house of the merchant. The old man's daugh-ter, too, is absent, though the wily nurse would have had me believe her still at home; and have I not told you that the crafty girl is employed in all the lawless dealings of her father. Oh, I doubt not that she has even aided him to hide the ministers of the devil's own worship, of the black Papistry itself. In truth, noble Lord, I believe the girl is even now upon some such lawless errand."

"Concern not yourself about her," said Dame Bertha's companion; "the damsel is in right trusty keeping."

"Know you aught about Gertrude Harding?" said Bertha, her countenance becoming suddenly as pale as her kerchief.

"What matters it, Dame, if I do?" responded the nobleman; "it were no great mischance to be acquainted with so beautiful a damsel."

"You know her then," said Mistress Allen passionately: "you, too, I suppose, are like all the rest. Tell me where she is, only tell me where she is?"

"Woman, recollect yourself," said the stranger sternly. "I came here to gain information, and not to bestow it. Thy vanity, Mistress, has made thee mad. If perchance I have passed with thee a few idle hours, be not therefore so forgetful of thine estate as to question me."

Bertha turned aside her head, and scalding tears of rage and jealousy sprung into her eyes; but, overcoming her emotion, she looked with a serene countenance towards her paramour.

"Be not angry, sweet Lord," she said; "I might well be anxious to know if you had learned aught of that strange girl, whose cunning has hitherto bafiled all my endeavors to unveil the secret pursuits in which I am convinced she is for ever en-

gaged."
"Well," said the nobleman, "you must hasten forthwith to Rudolphi's. I have this day gained a clue to a plot, of which I would fain know whether he is aware, and whether it implicates the Italian Vitelli; or if he whom I suspect to be even now lurking in the house of John Harding has aught to do with it. You must watch carefully and let me know, Bertha, if the stranger quit the house of John Harding this night. Now, farewell."

"So soon will you leave me, dearest Lord?" "Aye, thinkest thou, Bertha, I have no time but may be at the command of such pleasant trifles as thyself? But mark mc, Bertha, you must come what you may have gleaned from the babbler Ru-

stranger who rescued Gertrude Harding last night."

So saying, he wrapped his cloak about him and departed. A quarter of an hour afterwards Dame Allen, with her finery doffed, and her pretty face and figure concealed in a sad coloured hood and mantle, issued from her house, and took the way to that of Rudolphi, a wealthy Italian banker of the time, and a man reported to be deep in the secrets of more than one crowned head. Bertha, however, took care that even in her absence the strange resident at John Harding's house should not leave it without her knowledge. The dame, like most such dames, had an attendant who was the very counterpart of herself-a prying, spiteful, avaricious creature, one who loved a work of mischief for the mischief's own sake, and no less loved the pelf which she won by her ovil deeds .-When told that she must watch all outgoers from the house of John Harding, during the absence of her mistress, she prepared with alacrity for the task, for she felt assured that it could bode no

good to the merchant or his friends. as a page, brought a small packet to the house of John Harding. It contained the ring of Lord selves exist. Then shall we see the beautiful and Dacre, and a small slip of parchment, on which the good trampled down by the vicious and corwas written, "The moon has a late rising, and the rupt; anarchy shall turn the ploughshare into an darkness will be dumb! Most dark and silent at | iron sceptre and seat herself on the ruins of the

Mysterious as was this summons, Lord Dacre would not have doubted that it came from Vitelli, but from the non-appearance of Gertrude; but that circumstance filled his heart with apprehension, not only for his designs, in which the safety of so many noble spirits was involved, but even for the fate of the fair girl, in whom he felt interested to an extent for which he was himself unable to account. John Harding's terrors for his daughter were, however, partly dispelled by the delivery of the ring, and he assured Lord Daere of his own conviction that she had at all events succeeded in

her mission to Vitelli, ,
"Believe me, most noble Lord," said the old man, "I know well the courage and discretion of my Gertrude; no extremity of danger, no artifice, however cunning, would have induced her to part with the ring to any other than he for whom it was intended. What strange cause has delayed her return after the execution of her mission to the Marquis I may not yet surmise, but I am satisfied that she has executed that mission well, nor am I without hope that I shall very shortly clasp her in safety to my heart,"

Though by no means so sanguine as John Harding that his surmises were correct, Lord Dacre resolved to avail himself at any risk of the hint contained in the billet which accompanied his ring, and to seek the house of Vitelli, under cover of the darkness. To this determination he was led, not only by the expectation of accomplishing his own designs, but also by the hope of obtaining some clue to the condition of the beautiful girl, whose safety had been compromised in his cause.

Before leaving the house of the merchant, he visited the bedside of the wounded Willoughton. The senses of the latter were restored, but his extreme anxiety about Lucy Fenton kept him in a state of feverish irritation. Meanwhile he prayed Lord Dacre to visit his house at Charing, if it were only to relieve the anxiety of an old and faithful servant, whom he had left in charge of it, his other attendants being at his country residence in the neighborhood of his friend's castle of Rockeliffe. near Carlisle. He also explained to him the situation of a small cabinet, concealed in his own chamber, and which contained a quantity of bullion and some papers of importance relative to their enterprise. Having received these instructions, Lord Dacre departed,

The night, as we have said, was clear and tranquil, and as he sallied from the merchant's house, the breeze that swept over his brow had all the softness of early summer. Though the moon was not yet up, the deep and cloudless purple of the sky was thickly fretted with stars; there was a breathing of peace in the low whispering of the wind, and the screne quiet of the sky-peace, nature's peace, which so sweetly, but alas, so fruitlessly, solicits to repose the restless spirit

The tranquility of that fair evening spread not its influence over the evil agents of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, and ere Lord Dacre had turned the corner of Grass street, he was sensible of some person evidently dodging his steps. The figure, as far as the darkness would permit him to trace its individual outline, was that of a female. His uneasiness with regard to this spy was, however, soon relieved. She was a few paces in advance of him, when she was encountered by a tall broadshouldered man, who, seizing her round the waist, exclaimed: "It must be a darker night and a larger mantle to hide thee from me, Joan!"

Hercupon the woman uttered a slight scream, and startled out of all caution, she cried in a tone loud enough to reach Lord Dacre's ear: "God defend thee, Richard; dost not know that the Queen's own grace has been down to inspect thy work of last night, and that Master Wood is in prison? Thou must hide close, man, till the bunt be past. Why didst thou not stay at my

mother's?" "Because we had more brisk work on hand last night, and we have rested ourselves to-day where the work was done; for, thanks to the business of thy cousin, Ralph Adams, the well-beloved of the Lord, we knew that none would come to disturb our repose. I would, by the by, that Ralph had been with us in the Chepe; it would have done his godly soul good to see us haul down and trample on the accursed tokens of the Pope. But come with me, girl, come with me, and thou shalt see such a brave store of gold pieces as never glad-

dened thine eyes before."
"Nay, but I may not," said the woman. "My mistress"-and here she added a few words which eluded the ear of Lord Dacre, who had paused on his way during this conversation. "A murrain on thy mistress," said the man, with a coarse laugh. Do we not come nigh unto the kingdom of the saints, and does not the Lord look with an equal eye upon all conditions of His people? I tell thee, Joan, thou shouldst no longer be a serving-maid, for serving maids shall be on a level with those whom they serve, and the great principle of liberty shall be established by the saints."

"And a choice saint thou art," said the woman.
"In good truth, Joan, I think that my saintship is sounder than that of my mates, for if, as I own to thee, I lack any tinge of the pure bigotry of cant which is mixed with their hypocrisy, so also do I lack the malevolence which is its sure companion. I am an honest straight-forward kind of russian, who would neither cut a throat nor a purse but from the very pressure of mine own necessities. It is for profit and not out of malice that I sin.

"Truly thou art the most merciful of cutthroats," said the woman laughing; and taking his arm they hastened up the Corn Market and were soon out of Lord Dacre's sight. With thoughts both saddened and irritated by the conversation which he had overheard, that nobleman pursued his way. "England, wretched country," he murmured, "woe to thee if the misrule and selfish purposes of thy governors deliver thee to that wretched class among thy children, whose Meanwhile, an hour after sunset, a boy, attired pride and ignorance would subvert those wholesome restraints of society by which they themaltar and the throne; and liberty stalk over the ther is Secretary to the right valiant commander ther, unexpectedly close behind, added, "and glazier"

land a fierce and ghastly form, thirsting only for desolation and blood.

Lord Dacre had been somewhat delayed by, the conversation in the Gorn Market, and the tongues of the city churches told the hour of ten some time before he reached Vitelli's house. On arriving there, he hesitated to apply for admittance at the principal entrance, and therefore stole cautiously along under the garden wall in search of a side door. In this manner he had advanced to the corner of the lane before mentioned, when the sound of footsteps struck his ears, mixed with a rustling of the alders on the borders of the ditch. Upon this he drew back beneath the shade of the wall, and then perceived the faint outline of a human form. Presently a voice called, in a low and cautious tone, "Antonio, Antonio," and the light of a lanthorn was turned upon the bushes.— This lanthorn was held by a tall young man; his face was shadowed by the plume of black feathers which he wore in his round Spanish hat, while his person was equally concealed by his long dark mantle. "Antonio, Antonio," he called again, and i splashing of water and a rustling of leaves was immediately heard. Leonard Daere now watched with some curiosity for the issue of this strange adventure. Presently there was a crashing among the boughs, and a man forced himself through the alders that bordered the lane; the light of the lanthorn flashing full upon him discovered his pale and haggard features and disarranged apparel. Never was there a more pitiable figure. His clothes were drenched with water, and his fine brown hair in the same condition hung in long, straight masses, dripping with wet over his shoul-ders. Nor was this all. His clothes and hair were not only wet, but covered with patches of the slime and weed that crusted the sides of the ditch. Thus he stood before his friend, pale as a corpse, but with his teeth chattering as in an ague fit, and with a partial glare of madness in his wan-

dering, ever restless eye.

"Good God, Antonio," said the young man with
the lanthorn. "Is it possible you have been lying the lanthorn. in the ditch?"

"Aye!" said the other, with a suppressed but hollow laugh. "The thick woods could not strangle me, nor the waters whelm me in their course. Her hour had not come, and the hand of the foolish maiden intercepted the messenger of death; but her hour had not come, you must have learned that, and how then could you choose but believe that I must be safe? Is not the web of her destiny interwoven with mine? Must not I, her foredoomed destroyer, live until her doom is accomplished?"

"Foolish funcies, Antonio. I pray thee come with me. Dismiss those mad vagaries from thy brain, and thank the blessed saints that they have saved thee from the fearful sin of murder."

"Murder," said Autonio. "Murder. Do you call that murder? Besides you know not how it is thrust upon me. From a dreary prison has the voice of lamentation come forth, the mouning for redress, which I only am destined to afford; and in my ears it rings forever. 1 tried at first to shut out the sound, for I thought it would make me mad; but I have heard it so many years that I am growing accustomed to it. But it is never silent never. In the lone midnight hour do I hear it and in the full blaze of noon. In truth," continued Antonio, approaching nearer to his friend, while a ghastly smile played upon his pale lips -"In truth, my friend, I have heard it while hiding to-day in the chill and dismal swamp, and first methought it was the voice of reproach, and blamed my false and ill-directed hand; but soon its tones changed, and it cheered me in my failure, with a promise of future success.

"Poor Antonio," said his friend. "Come, come with me; thou wilt surely die with cold. Well may thy poor wandering brain delude thee with its vain visions now. Come, come with me, Antonio; thou art not well and want rest."

"Ah, the poor perishable weak body, how ill does it second the great designs of the grasping, never wearied mind. My heavy eyelids would fain close in sleep, and I am indeed faint for want of food, and we must serve this worthless shell, for while imprisoned in its narrow space the soul may not dispense with its assistance. I will come with thee, but mock me not by calling the high purpose for which I am designed a vain phan-

tasy."
"I would not mock thee, Antonio," said his friend. "Much rather would I weep to see thy sad condition."

With these words the young man took the poor dripping and bewildered creature by the hand and led him through the lane past the outer wall of Vitelli's garden. The numbed and shivering limbs of Autonio bore him but slowly along, and some ten minutes might have elapsed ere Lord Dacre saw the last faint gleam from their lanthorn fade upon the green boughs and gray moss

He now endeavored to pursue his search for a private entrance to the dwelling of his friend; and while thus accupied his thoughts naturally turned to the strange scene which he had just witnessed. That he had beheld one of the many persecuted and half-maddened adherents of the ancient faith he did not hesitate to believe; but he entertained a confused idea that he had somewhere and very lately, too, looked upon that pale and wild countenance before. Then the scene of the preceding evening recurred to his mind, and the transitory glance which he had obtained of the lonely watcher in the chapel of St. Catherine. Meanwhile, as he turned the corner of the wall-still in search of a private entrance to the house of Vitelli-his ear was struck by the sound of a bolt cautiously withdrawn, a light footstep met his ear, a slight figure came gliding through the darkness, and a voice exclaimed in the words of the billet, and with a slight foreign accent:

"Tis most dark and silent at the hour of ten." "And the moon has a late rising," responded

Lord Dacre.

"'Tis well," said the new comer, and, taking a lanthorn from under his cloak, he displayed the arch features and sparking black eyes of a boy

about fifteen years of age.
"Who are you, my lad," enquired Lord Dacre. "Pietro Mancini, may it please you. My bro-

and illustrious noble, the Marquis Vitelli, and I have myself the honor to be his Excellency's page,

"Will you bring me, Pietro, to speak with thy master?"

"That will I, noble sir," replied the boy. "I waited for you at the hour of ten, which my master had named in his billet. He is full impatient for your coming, so, please you we will delay no

So saying, the boy re-opened the gate, and conlucted Lord Dacre through a door at the back of the house into the presence of Vitelli.

The Italian was scated in the apartment where Gertrude had seen him in the morning. At the moment of Lord Dacre's entrance, he sat with his head leaning on his hand, and his look was aux-ious, harassed, and disturbed. On the appearance of Lord Dacre, however, he rose with a hearty welcome, not only on his lips but in his heart,-In his own country and in Flanders had he known and esteemed the noble Englishman, and his feelings of personal friendship, no less than the commands of the Duke of Alva, had interested him in that cause for which Lord Dacre was prepared to risk his fortunes and his life.

"Most welcome are you, dear friend," exclaimed Vitelli; and grieved am I that our conferences must be few and short, for the wily courtiers of Elizabeth have already a keen eye upon my movements; how excited, though I know not. I can discover that the suspicions of Cecil are awake,-Nothing, it is true, can have hitherto I cen more gracious than the demeanor of the Queen, but sho s surrounded by those who forever pour poison in her ears; and when he with his mistress left my dwelling to-day, there was a contum ly in the manner of Walsingham, which I am ill prepared to brook. The injudicious attempt, too, which has been made upon the life of Elizabeth this day, does but aggravate the difficulties of our position."

Of this attempt Lord Dacre knew nothing, for he had been immured during the day in the house of John Harding; and in the fullness of her selfish malice, Mistress Bertha Allen, though the re-port had reached her ears, had contented herself with giving to the nurse only so much of her gossip of the day as she thought might wound the personal feelings of the Hardings. The observa-tion, therefore, of Vitelli produced an enquiry from Lord Dacre as to the events of the morning, and he was informed by his friend of the manner of the attempt upon Elizabeth's life, the mode in which the bullet had been averted, and the present escape of the assassin. This relation elicited from Lord Dacre an account of the scene which he had witnessed immediately before he entered the house of Vitelli, and they both concluded that it was the assassin who had cluded detection by concealment among the flags that grew over the ditch. Eager, too, were Lord Dacre's enquiries respect-

ing Gertrude; but no more could be learn than the circumstances of her interview with the Italian. A young girl it was who had rescued the Queen, Could that be Gertrude? Upon this point Vitelli could afford no information. He had been told that the damsel had swooned; that her name and condition were unknown, but the Queen in her gratitude had caused her fair deliverer to be conveyed to her own palace of Whitehall. Could this be Gertrude? Had she stepped forward to defend the woman whose character she abhorred? And had she done so, what would be her conduct when tested by the flatteries of a Court and the favor of Elizabeth? She had hitherto, as belonging to a creed condemned by the law, been subject to many a severe bitterness; but were the capricous queen to select her as the object of her many fits of extravagant; actiality, would this young and inexperienced girl then be stoic enough to per-severe in her dislike—would she remain the faithful depositary of the dangerous secrets with which she was entrusted? The heart of Leonard Daere reproached him for these suspicions even in the moment of their birth; and Gertrude, as she had appeared to him on the preceding evening, with the glow of enthusiasm for the cause which he loved flushing her check and sparkling in her beautiful eyes, became present to his imagination. Could such a creature become the slave of Elizaboth or a spy for her detestable Court? Yet Lord Dacre doubted his own impartiality where this most lovely girl was concerned, and, mentally rebuking himself for such an unusual weakness, he determined to explain to Vitellihis apprehensions and their cause. The Halian, however, would not hear of suspicion in connection with Gertrude. He was vehement in his praises of the dexterity with which she had executed her mission to himself. He was distressed to hear of her continued absence from the house of her father, but thought it very possible that she might have interfered in behalf of Elizabeth. Such an act, he said, would but he in perfect accordance with the noble enthusiasm necessary to constitute such a character as her's. Why was it that the heart of Leonard Dacre throbbed with tumultuous delight while the Italian thus spoke of Gertrude Harding? Or why did he the next moment condemn the vivacity of his own emotions, or seek to assure himself that it was on account only of the good old man, her father, that he felt so strangely interested in the fortunes of this humble girl—so desirous that she should prove faithful to her high trust," and so clated by those praises which her beauty and conduct had extorted from the lips of his friend?

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A London (Ont.) paper has the following among its "scientific discoveries:"—A new-fashioned bustle was found in the cricket field yesterday, which consisted of several newspapers, three pairs of old hose, two ' quilted" petticoats (nearly worn out), two old slouch hats, a pair of top boots, a bunch of hay, a piece of stair carpet, and a cord about three feet long.

Poetry is spoiled sometimes by the addition of a single word. A young lady listening to her lover's rhapsodic description of the setting sun, exclaimed, Oh, Alphonse, Alphonse! what a soul you have for art; you were meant for a great painter!" Her fa-