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Will send, with pleasure, to any address, their 1875 School Book Catalogue, and Classified List of Catholic School Books and School Requisites, used in the different Colleges, Convents, Separate Schools, and Catholic Private Schools in the Dominion.

FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the Great Apostle of Temperance. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES AND CONGREGATIONS intending to order should do so immediately so as to procure PROOF COPIES.

LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, 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 Fenton, that will have cost him his life. 'Tis a sad thing, Dame Mabel, to be the cause of evil to our friends."

gallant young Warden of the City Watch than the rich old goldsmith of Lombard street, Robert Allen. It is true that Gertrude Harding had given Mistress Allen no cause for this hatred; but had 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 word, or wink, or intendo 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 caracant of garnet and wrought gold adorned her neck.

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 Dacre 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."

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 lantern was turned upon the bushes. This lantern 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 a splashing of water and a rustling of leaves was immediately heard. Leonard Dacre 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 lantern 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 shoulders. 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 wandering, ever restless eye.

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 more." So saying, the boy re-opened the gate, and conducted Lord Dacre through a door at the back of the house into the presence of Vitelli. The Italian was seated 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 anxious, 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 should be few and short, for the wily counsels 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 been more gracious than the demeanor of the Queen, but she is surrounded by those who forever pour poison in her ears; and when he with his mistress left my dwelling to-day, there was a conspiracy 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."

(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 father, unexpectedly close behind, added, "and glazier!"