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JUST PUBLISHED: 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."

LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

An Historical Romance of the Days of Elizabeth. By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

Jane Kennedy now led Lord Dacre from the vaulted chamber, Giles remaining there to keep watch, lest any person in the service of Sir Amias should approach. On passing to the extremity of the passage, from the chamber, Mistress Kennedy paused before a window overlooking the castle yard; opposite to this window was a door, and as the maid of honor turned to approach it she looked at Lord Dacre with a countenance alike expressive of indignation and of sorrow; even amid the deepening shades of twilight he could discern the tear which stole down a cheek pale, like that of her royal mistress; by untimely grief, and her eyes flashing angrily through her tears as she exclaimed in a low but bitter tone—

"Enter, enter, right noble Dacre, the apartments of the Queen of Scotland; royally furnished will you find them, as becometh royal dwelling."

"As Jane spoke thus she pushed open the door, and admitted Lord Dacre to a little, narrow, dismal looking ante-chamber, hung with dark hangings, which were, however, very insufficient to exclude the winds from the apertures of which she had spoken, the cold, which Lord Dacre had felt very sensibly since he had first entered this dreary suite of apartments, being peculiarly piercing here; while the wind, which had kept a low moaning sound in the vaulted chamber, was heard more plainly, the continued gusts seeming to shriek through the decaying walls.

"One moment, noble Dacre," said the lady, "and I will introduce you to the presence of my mistress; please you to remain here while I make known your approach."

"So saying, she withdrew by the door of an inner apartment. A low murmuring of voices among which he could occasionally distinguish the tones of the gentle Jane, then met the ears of Lord Dacre as he seemed both to retreat and to expositulate, and a female sob more than once smothered the sound of his voice. In a few minutes, however, she reappeared at the door of the inner chamber, and beckoned him to approach. But his firm step faltered, his eye grew dim, as he entered that apartment, for what a sight was there! Oh crowns and sceptres! dangerous baubles, unreal benefits! There, on a low couch, her once lovely form wasted by anxiety and disease, lay the crowned Queen of Scotland, the married Queen of France, the Queen, ah, how fatally for her! The Queen in right, if not in might, of fertile England too? Upon a table near the couch upon which she had lately played; her hand, wasted almost to transparent thinness, hung over the side of the couch, upon which she had sunk back exhausted even by the slight effort of touching the lute. Her countenance was of pale lace, and a large veil of the same material flowed over her neck shadowing her hair, uniformly streaked with grey, and the shrunk appearance of her once beautiful bust. She wore a robe of violet-colored velvet, and from her girlish depended a rosary of pearls. At the sound of Lord Dacre's approach she partly rose, and with a smile, sweet as the fading sunbeam of a summer eve, extended towards him that thin, white hand. The pale brow, the fair, but sunken cheek, the gossamer touch of that transparent hand, had all an influence on the spirits of Lord Dacre, who was not prepared to behold the ill-fated Mary, so much subdued by the malice of her relentless foes. But it was her eyes, the earnest, appealing look of her more than dove-like, hazel eyes, that, meeting his own, seemed at once to read into his soul, to declare the tale of her wrongs without a word, and to understand and appreciate his devotion to the cause of one so greatly unfortunate as herself. That long, that earnest and beseeching look, softened from the heart of Lord Dacre all the sternness of a warrior; all the coldness of a sage; and bending his head over the head of the unhappy Queen, he wept like a child. Tears fell fast from the eyes of Mary, for oh, how heart-piercing was his sympathy to the distressed! but making an effort at firmness, she exclaimed, though in a faltering voice—

"Thus it is ever with me. I will chide me, noble Dacre, when thou art gone, that I gave to so generous a friend so uncourtly a reception. Alas! alas! what spell was breathed upon me at my birth, that joyous looks must change to sadness near me? Generous Dacre, even spare me your tears, they are too keen remembrances of my most evil fate—that fate which thus subdues you to a woman's weakness."

Lord Dacre raised his head and cast a momentary glance round the chamber of the royal captive, and that glance at once checked the current of his emotion; the sudden glow of anger grew scarlet in his cheek, and his heart throbbed no less with indignation at Queen Mary's wrongs than with pity for her sufferings. There was, indeed, enough to excite his anger when he beheld the condition of her who was lodged in that mean and miserable chamber, while the luxuries which forever surrounded the mean and tyrannical Elizabeth recurred to his recollection. What a contrast to those luxuries was there. The chamber itself was small and inconvenient; the hangings were so old that in many places the Queen and her maids had been obliged to exert their own art to piece them; the furniture was of common oak, and they had put up large screens hung with blankets, to defend themselves from the cold. There was but one window in this apartment, and that overlooked the Castle court; a tall, melancholy-looking elm waving its half-stripped branches slowly before it. Deeply, meanwhile, had the emotion of Lord Dacre affected the unfortunate Mary. There is a female heart something peculiarly harrowing in the tears of the other sex. We are at once impressed with a sense of most awful calamity when we see a man weep—a man in whom we are accustomed to so much haughty resignation, to such unyielding constancy. Yes; there is something irresistibly appalling, indescribably dreadful, in the sight of a man subdued to such feminine intensity of suffering. And when did woman bear a heart more soft, more tender, more fatally susceptible to every gentle and refined emotion, than was the heart of Mary Stuart. Oh, had that soft heart been stealed to but one iota of the calculating selfishness, the grasping unprincipled ambition which so largely occupied that of her cousin, than had Mary not perhaps, been destined to drain such a bitter cup of suffering to the dregs! But it was not so. Through life she appeared a gentle, loving, confiding woman, with something, perhaps of woman's weakness, but ever the most fascinating of her sex; and in death—ah, even the greatness of her death was feminine!—the solicitude for others, the lovely abandonment of self, the religion of her resignation, bespoke the woman—the admirable woman still! To Mary, then, the tears of Lord Dacre occasioned an emotion inexpressibly painful; nor was she less morbidly senseless to the personal danger which he incurred in this stolen visit to herself; and the myrmidons of Sir Amias Paulet—their weapons reeking in the heart's blood of the noble Dacre—were present in her imagination! Had she not had a hideous experience of such a scene of horror—the scowling brow, the deeply muttered curse, the victim's fruitless efforts at escape? These were present to Queen Mary's mind; and maddened by the recollection of past woes, overwhelmed by present fears, she enquired in a scarce articulate voice, why Lord Dacre had dared an interview with a being, so fatal to all who loved her, as herself?

Leonard Dacre had by this time recovered his composure, and briefly, but succinctly, he explained those designs which were so dearly cherished by the Ewils of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and by himself. Mary heard him patiently, and when he had finished speaking, she turned to Jane Kennedy, and with a mournful attempt at severity which she could not feel, she exclaimed—

"Ah, Jane, my fond girl, thou art but a traitor to thy mistress after all! Did I not tell thee, girl, that I knew the gallant Dacre only sought my presence to reveal some design, in which success might possibly restore my vanished peace; but where failure—ah, horrible certainly!—would again destroy the noblest of my friends? No, generous Dacre," pursued Mary, rising in the energy of her emotion from the couch, and clasping in her hands of the gallant noble. "No, generous Dacre," it must not be so! Too often have I had to mourn the ruin of my friends. Even leave me to mine evil fate, gentle Lord; the cruelty of my foes has well nigh wrought its promised purpose—my weak frame is fast sinking under imprisonment and grief; and death—for once pleasant in his aspect—will soon release me from my woes. Do not press me to the tomb, noble Dacre, loaded with the weight of thy blood and that of thy friends! Go—tell this to the brave Percy, the gallant Nevil. Let them believe how dearly the desolate Mary has prized their love, when she rejects its most generous proposal!"

"Nay, dear and gracious Sovereign," said Lord Dacre; "tell me not that this is your determination. You will not be so suddenly unlike yourself, and trample on those hearts which are prompt to pour forth their best blood in your rescue or defence. Trust me, noble lady, it will be hard to persuade the Earls that you value their devotion at its worth when you so coldly reject its best endeavours."

Mary shook her head at these words, and sinking again upon the couch, she sat for a few minutes with her hands clasped, and the color ebbing and flowing in her pale cheek. Her maidens, Jane Kennedy, and Elspeth Curie, anxiously watched the expression of her countenance; for they knew that when once resolved, their mistress could be firm, even to obstinacy. But the flush quickly faded from her cheek, and there was something of the rigidity, as well as of the color of marble, in the countenance of Mary when she again spoke to Lord Dacre.

"Would you too," she said, in a tone of gentle complaint, "would you bring, even to overflowing the chalice of my griefs? Ah, yield this privilege to their magnitude, suffer me to tremble at involving others in my woes, nor accuse me of being therefore indifferent to such generous exertions of contending that effort in my favor—the dangers of which I may not forget; since they would so fearfully influence the fortunes of my friends. And oh, if you would not pierce a heart already quivering to a thousand pang, say not that I am insensible to your devotion—that all persecuted, all calumniated as I have been, my bosom does not throb proudly

to the knowledge that a Dacre, a Percy and a Nevil, are willing to avenge my wrongs—that such brave and generous spirits have torn aside the veil of slander with which the malice of my foes has darkened my once spotless fame! Oh, it is a proud, a cheering thing to find so many of this land's best and bravest thus devoted to my cause! Years—ages, may roll; and the heads of my oppressors sink, like my own, in the darkness and silence of the tomb, yet the evil which they have wrought may long outlive the brief period of their mortal existence, and the name of Mary Stuart be coupled, by generations yet unborn, with terms of loathing and contempt. But then, noble Dacre, shall my aspersed fame be vindicated by thy generous devotion; and some even be found to say, that not for such a stain to woman would the Percy and the Nevil have proffered to risk their fortunes and their lives?"

"And if you are sensible of this, dearest of Sovereigns," said Lord Dacre; "if you feel that the devotion of a true heart may help, aye, hence, to foil the malice of your foes, can you forget that the offers of our service will be but little known, save in event of their acceptance? Give me but a pledge, royal lady, that you accept our interference, and a band of disciplined and gallant soldiers shall soon free you from your prison house."

"Still so persevering," said Mary, "still so prompt to thrust yourself on ruin. Tempt me no more, I beseech you; leave me amid my sufferings at peace with myself. Oh, the prospect of liberty is indeed alluring to the captive. Have I not wept for envy to see the poor birds flutter past my window—have I not longed to be free like them? Then leave me in mercy, noble Dacre. I feel that I am a poor, weak, selfish creature, ever prompt to listen to the futile whisperings of hope, to weigh the happiness that might be against the misery which is; then leave me, my Lord, if not in mercy to myself, yet in charity to me. Think how the keen malice of Walsingham and Cecil would find means to aggravate my many ills, if fortune failed us, and they detected me in a new attempt at an escape."

"Nay, gracious lady," returned Leonard Dacre; "fain would I that you had spared me that extremity of argument to which I must now resort. Do you not perceive that ere I can stay them by your refusal of their assistance, the efforts of my friends will have excited very probably, the suspicions of Elizabeth and her Ministers? Believe me, royal Mary, there is now no middle course. We dream not that you would for a moment reject those services which you formerly gave us reason to believe that you would accept, and that at the present time, when opportunity is ripe, you would stay the sickle which promises to reward us with so fair a harvest of success. Behold, gracious Queen, I will be selfish; I will remind you that many of the gentlemen of the northern counties—that Northumberland, Westmoreland, myself, are all committed to your cause; and, that should the argus eyes of the Government once uncloset upon our measures ere they are crowned with success, that not even the sacred character of an ambassador might suffice to shelter the brave Vitell from the wrath of Elizabeth."

"Yes, yes," said Mary, her eyes wandering distractedly over the features of Lord Dacre; "I see, I know it all—my selfishness, my folly, are still the ruin of my friends. Why, in the impatience of my woes, did I send those fatal messages which have stimulated you to all those dangerous endeavours? And now must I put my own hand to your death warrant—must I openly urge you to an encounter with my terrible foes? Yes, go, go," she reiterated, with an hysterical sob; "go and renew the horrors which have forever tracked my fatal footsteps—drench the earth with your loyal blood. Can I look upon the past, and dare for one moment to encourage your attempts?"

As the unhappy Queen spoke she sunk back upon the couch, her eyes closed, and her head fell upon the bosom of Elspeth Curie, while even the deepened twilight could not conceal the corpse-like pallor of her complexion. Lord Dacre stood mournfully by, with his arms folded on his breast; while Jane Kennedy kindled a taper, and brought essences, wherewith to revive her ill-fated mistress. At this moment a loud shout was heard in the court below, and involuntarily stepping nearer to the window, Lord Dacre perceived a crowd of the lower servants of the castle dragging along the unfortunate prisoner whom he had previously seen—two boys marching before him with a censor and tapers, in mockery of the Catholic ceremonial. Bursts of laughter mingled with execrations against the captive; and one of the company, more brutal than the rest, approached the window of the Queen, shouting to her to regale her eyes with the sight of a mass-priest properly attended. The movement on the part of this ruffian had been so sudden that he caught a glimpse of Lord Dacre's person ere that nobleman could gain time to remove from his dangerous position. The very doubtful light, however, which prevailed would not have enabled the man to discover that the person he saw was a stranger, but he was partially under the influence of intoxication, and the plots and massacres in favor of the Popish Queen, with which he was in the habit of indulging his fancy, were especially present to it at that moment.

He raised a cry that he had seen a stranger in the Queen's apartments; and while some of his companions continued their amusements with the priest, the rest, without even waiting for orders from Sir Amias, rushed to the great door leading to Mary's rooms. The shouts, the uproar from the court, immediately restored the falling energies of the unfortunate Queen, and, starting up with something of the wildness of insanity in her looks, she enquired the meaning of that tumult; but few words were necessary to make her understand its cause, and with an agony of entreaty she then implored Lord Dacre to seek safety in flight; yet he lingered even in what might have proved to him the very jaws of death—lingered to wring from Mary her consent to his bold designs.

"Ah, leave me, only leave me now," ejaculated the Queen. "Would you have them spill your blood before my face?" "Then promise that you will be prepared for a speedy deliverance from these ills. Gracious Queen, what evils might be saved to sufferers of thy faith, were the power of Elizabeth no more." "Even do what you will," exclaimed Mary, "and

I will hold myself alike prepared for weal or woe; but, oh, hasten from this fatal place, and never dare its dangers more. Hark! I hear them even now unbarring the heavy doors of my prison. God be with you, generous Dacre, and fly now for your life, for mine. I will not again outlive the slaughter of my truest friends. Here, good Elspeth, to the vaulted room, haste, haste, or you are too late."

Even while the Queen spoke, in the extremity of her terror, she followed Lord Dacre to the door of the apartment, and almost pushed him across its threshold. Accompanied by Elspeth, he fled with rapidity towards the room where he had left Giles, but they were encountered in the passage by that youth, who had heard in the vaulted chamber the noise of the guards and servants entering the lower apartments. He now beckoned Lord Dacre, and bidding Elspeth hasten back to her mistress, he conducted him through the vaulted room, and down the staircase to the passage below. "Noble sir," he then exclaimed, breathless with his own speed, "it were dangerous for us to attempt now to cross the courtyard, for many of the guards are lingering there with the poor priest, and were we to be seen issuing from this private door of the Queen's rooms, instant apprehension would ensue, for I am expressly forbidden by Sir Amias to introduce any stranger to her Grace. I know that drunken Hodge who has been the cause of this tumult; and, please heaven, it shall be no fault of mine if his back do not pay for the indulgence of his gullet. Sir Amias is no lover of strong drink. Meanwhile, I must conceal you in a secret dungeon of which I alone have knowledge, and which, though a disagreeable place of refuge, is a safe one. Please, sir, to give me your hand, for the passages are dark. When you are concealed I will myself issue forth, for besides that I may be inquired for, I may persuade these brute busy-bodies that I have alone been near the Queen's apartments."

While speaking thus, the young man led Lord Dacre through the Castle vaults. Dreary places they were—damp and dew stained, the air confined, and of an unpleasant odor, and so murky and labyrinthine, that an acquaintance as perfect as that which Giles possessed with their recesses was necessary to track a way through them. At length, pushing open an iron door, he paused.

"Rest you here, noble sir; I will return anon.—You are now in a vault immediately below the Queen's rooms. The guards cannot find you here, and I will return to you speedily when they have repaired to their quarters."

With these words Giles hastily departed, locking and bolting after him the ponderous door of the dungeon. A strange kind of uncomfortable feeling took possession of Lord Dacre as he caught the last sound of the youth's retreating footsteps. Had he led him to this place merely to betray him? In those days of treachery such an event was anything but impossible. And Giffard, too—how was he employed? Would he, in his intercourse with Sir Amias, discover any of those secrets of which he was, unhappily, the depository? Lord Dacre blessed fortune that this man, whose fidelity he could not but suspect, was not aware of the exact nature of his own design against the Government of Elizabeth, nor that in that design were implicated the noble Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland.

Meanwhile the confusion in the upper apartments met the ears of Lord Dacre; nor was it long before he heard the guards descend into the neighboring vaults, the hoarse sound of their execrations even reaching his ears, mixed with expostulations from Giles. Once he heard them very nearly approach the cell in which he was concealed; but in confirmation of the assertion of Giles that this recess was known only to himself, Lord Dacre heard them presently turn back. The darkness and the labyrinthine nature of the way to this vault would have rendered it impossible for Lord Dacre to have made good his escape, even could he have forced the door. Gradually the voices and footsteps of the guards died away in the distance, and he was left in solitude and silence. The darkness in the vault was almost palpable, and the sound even of his own breath became painful to him in the funeral stillness by which he was now surrounded. He heard the deep tones of the Castle clock solemnly reverberate the hours of eight and nine, but still Giles did not appear; and full of apprehensions of some dire treachery, on the part either of the youth or of Giffard, he paced the narrow limits of the dungeon in feverish anxiety.

CHAPTER IX. "I leant my back unto an oak, I thought it was a trusty tree; But first it bowed, and then it brake, And so did my false love to me."

OLD BALLAD.

Throughout the first dreary day of her imprisonment the unfortunate Lucy Fenton was left to the dismal solitude of her cell, broken but once by the entrance of her jailor, Clement, bearing a scanty portion of bread and water. A malevolent sneer curled the withered features of this man as he set down her miserable fare, and he said, "Rise, rise, gentle maiden, and feast upon the good beer which the hospitality of Sir Philip has provided for his beautiful guest. If however, it liketh not altogether thy dainty stomach, even recur to the regulations of thy righteous faith. Remember, maiden, how that enjoineth fasting and solitude to lower the temperature of youthful blood! Will not rise, maiden?" he pursued, perceiving that the poor girl still lay extended, apparently powerless upon her couch of straw. "Will not rise? Nay, let me aid thee!" And he extended his shrivelled hand to raise her from her reclining posture. But Lucy shrunk from his touch, and with a look and accent of horror she bade him quit her presence.

"Truly it irketh me much," said Clement, "that my speech should be so unpleasant to so fair a maiden. I will even give thee good-morrow for the present; but in the fall of evening I will visit thee again, when, if it please the Lord, his faithful servant, Ralph Adams, may be enough restored to bear me company. And surely, maiden, his godly speech and favor must convey healing even unto the spirit of a vain one like thyself. Cheer thee, then, with that knowledge. Thou shalt see Ralph, the well-beloved, in my company at eve!" So saying, with another sardonic grin, the old man withdrew.

Faint and feverish as she was, the unhappy Lucy gladly partook even of the wretched and insufficient sustenance which was allowed to her by the mean cruelty of Sir Philip. She did not forget that he too had promised her a visit, and the event of that visit she trembled to contemplate.

But happily for Lucy, Sir Philip was throughout that day—the first of her imprisonment, and the same on which her cousin had saved the life of Queen Elizabeth—very differently employed.

It will be remembered that it was near the break of day when Sir Philip detected her attempted escape from the gardens of his mansion; and after having, on his return thither, committed the poor girl to the mercies of Clement—who happened to be the most ferocious and fanatical of his servants—he withdrew to his own chamber to seek that repose which was denied by the consciousness of his mean and profligate conduct. As we before observed, Sir Philip had never, till now, been very actively vicious; whatever tendency to the more malevolent of the passions might lurk in his bosom, it had hitherto been concealed by the absence of a strong provocation. Now when they were thus roused, Sir Philip was quite prepared to give the rein to his licentiousness and his malice; yet his newness to such extremity of sin awakened in his bosom a very uncomfortable sense of self-reproach. It was in vain that he tossed and turned on his bed of down—he could not indulge in its softness; or gaze upon its rich hangings of green velvet—but that the damp and dreary cell, which he had condemned a delicate girl to inhabit, presented itself at once to his imagination. And though eager to please himself with the image of Henry Willoughton lying at his feet, pierced by his own sword, or writhing under the torments of the rack, he could not dismiss the troublesome reflection that he was contemplating such a lamentable catastrophe towards a person who, so far from having any wish to injure him, might be almost ignorant of his existence.

For some time then, as we have said, Sir Philip tossed and turned under the influence of these by no means enchanting meditations; and the sun rose high in the heavens ere he could obtain the repose which he so eagerly sought. But Fate had certainly sworn herself the foe of the poor Knight.—Scarcely had he closed his eyes when he was tormented by a vision of Lucy securely sheltered in her lover's arms; and from this disagreeable slumber he was awakened by an equally disagreeable summons at his chamber door, and the querulous voice of Clement demanding permission to enter.—This permission was immediately granted by Sir Philip, who started up at the sound of Clement's voice, full of an indefinite apprehension that Lucy had really escaped.

"Good master, it will beseem thee to rise; there are great visitants have honored thy dwelling at this early hour. Rise, I beseech thee!" said the old man. No visitors, however, suggested themselves to Sir Philip for whom he felt disposed to quit his comfortable bed at that particular moment; and muttering something very much like an oath at Clement's officiousness, he was again about to address himself to sleep. But the old and privileged servant was as little inclined to be trifled with; and approaching the bed, he shook Sir Philip roughly by the shoulder.

"Why, thou most ungodly youth, by my confidence in the good Lord, I am truly ashamed of thee! Alack! is it thus that the favors of heaven are despised? Is it for a poor Knight, and a silly scatter-brain like thyself, to neglect the godly friendship and the gracious visitations of my Lord of Leicester? Shame on thee, Philip; get up and listen to his wise counsel. I warrant he will speedily amend thine evil ways; for in truth he is a godly as well as a gracious noble, and with due reverence doth he always speak of the sage endeavors of the righteous spirits of the age to check that tendency to the abominations of Popery which, alas, the Queen's own grace is but too ready to promote!—Rise, Philip, without delay, and even let me help thee to don thy vestments. It were a strain of rank discourteousness to let the noble Leicester wait!"

Sir Philip now complied with the entreaties of the old man, though he was by no means so well pleased with the visit of Leicester at this unwonted and early hour of the morning—it being a distinction which, he much feared, was to be attributed to some knowledge which that crafty and profligate noble had during the last night obtained of his abduction of the maiden, Lucy Fenton. On Sir Philip summoning Edward Ware to his presence, he was informed that this might very possibly be the case, as the barge of that nobleman had passed on the river the fishing-boat in which Lucy was conveyed. On pressing the matter more closely, Sir Philip found that Lucy had screamed for assistance from the cabin window, and that the presence of mind of John Morley, in severing the cable which had been flung from Leicester's barge into the boat, had alone prevented his being robbed of the prize which he had so dearly bought. Nor was the disquietude of Philip lessened when he was told that Lord Leicester was accompanied in this early visit by Sir Christopher Hatton, another prime and powerful favorite of the Queen, and the man, too, who had been named as the especial admirer of Lucy Fenton. After his encounter with Lord Dacre in Lombard Street—for Sir Philip was the masked gallant—he had hastened from the spot full of rage and mortification. It happened, indeed, that he had been more particularly anxious to secure the possession of Gertrude, and in this he was disappointed. Giving a hasty order to his servants to make good their retreat with Lucy, who had already been conveyed on board the fishing-boat, he hastened back to his dwelling in the Strand, and, after an hour spent in giving vent to the expression of his ineffectual anger, he took horse and rode over to Eltham. This will account for the delay which occurred between the arrival of his poor prisoner and himself.

With a rather ill-assumed appearance of satisfaction, Sir Philip descended to one of the splendid ground-floor apartments of his mansion to welcome and thank for the honor of their visit two men, both of whom he would have been at that moment very willing to despatch, on a short notice, to the other world. Sir Philip was no very skillful reader of physiognomy, and hence he might have been deceived, but he fancied that he could detect in the Earl's eye a sort of savage triumph, which seemed to announce that he had detected, and was deter-