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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.

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 XVII. Hark! the reverend flaps his wyng, In the briared dell below: Hark! the dewlike doth sing To the night mares as they go.

It was on the seventh day Gertrude's imprisonment that Euphrasia sat in one of the lower apartments of the house holding deep converse with a tall stately looking cavalier. Refreshments were on the table that stood between them, and the gentleman wore a riding cloak, as if only just arrived at the house, or now about to depart. The hands of Euphrasia rested on the table, and tears were stealing down her face. "This is a mere weakness," said her companion. "I pray you, why should a few days residence in this old house have touched your spirit with so deep a melancholy. Besides, was it not your own proposal to come hither? I thought your heart was made of sterner stuff."

"No, never," answered her companion. "But Euphrasia, didst thou not play false with Sir Philip? Assuredly on the night when I bore thee from Eltham thou didst liberate Lucy Feuton." "Even so," replied Euphrasia. "I have no horrible ties to urge me on to vice or virtue at Sir Philip's will. 'Tis a poor weak youth, that might hold himself my debtor even that I released the maiden. His vice is vanity, and conscience pricks him when his vanity is full. He would have destroyed the girl for very vanity, and wept afterwards that he had destroyed her. Truly I served the silly youth in depriving him of his prey. And some gratitude I owe him; he bore with the infirmities of my poor overburdened brain when you would not bear them."

main unmolested. Many other anxious thoughts had Gertrude too, her beloved father, her cousin, what was their fate? And Lord Dacre—success she feared, from the nature of that summons which had arrived at Raby just before she was torn from her friend Blanche, had not attended the enterprise on which she knew so well the gallant spirit of Lord Dacre had risked its dearest hopes. A bitter sigh burst from the heart of Gertrude at these thoughts. That cause had ever been the loadstone of her own heart, but perhaps she felt in the present instance less for her own disappointment than for that of Lord Dacre. And what would become of her now, for what horrible fate was she reserved should she never see Lord Dacre more? That was a question which recurred with an incessant and painful repetition to Gertrude's mind.

Heaven for her present escape. Meantime the sunbeams began to stretch in longer lines athwart the gley; then they gradually grew paler, till the sober grey tints of evening settled down upon the landscape and threw a darker horror on the brown rocks and overhanging woods. Gertrude had closed the casement, and had sat for some time watching the flame leap and play about a billet of wood which she had just thrown upon her fire, when suddenly she was startled by a loud and heartrending shriek, which seemed as though it were uttered in one of the lower apartments. A sound so horrible—so expressive of an extremity of agony—she had never before heard, and she started from her seat and stood panting in expectation that it would be repeated. It sunk, however, in a long, low wail, which was succeeded by several heavy groans, and these gradually died into silence.

Gertrude glanced fearfully about her chamber; the evening had set in, and in spite of the unusual brightness of the day, it was suddenly and unusually dark, the sky having that kind of blackness by which at another season of the year she would have foretold a coming thunder-storm. That dismal shriek had been uttered by a female voice, and though she could not recognize the tones, Gertrude did not doubt that the sufferer was Euphrasia. Believing that the men in his employ, or even Lord Leicester himself, was capable of almost any atrocity, Gertrude would have resolved that the unhappy female was suffering some extremity of ill-usage at their hands, but a total silence reigned in the house; she could not hear either voice or step, and had indeed reason to believe, now that the Earl and Ralph had departed, that Euphrasia and herself were the only inhabitants of the house. If as had been the conduct of this woman towards herself, Gertrude would not have hesitated a moment to tender her any assistance which might alleviate such as was betokened by that horrible shriek; but she was a prisoner in her chamber, the door of which being locked and bolted on the outside; hence she was compelled to remain there listening in nervous agitation for the repetition of that frightful sound.