she felt an attachment almost as strong

selves. I am not certain I ought not to

·I was apprehensive some visitors

might be hovering near the grave of my sister at that witching hour, and I ap-

proached the cedars cautiously, intend-

exclamation. It was not easy for me to mistake the voice of Lucy; she was seated so near the trunk of a cedar that

"I am not surprised to find you here," I said, taking the dear girl's hand, by a

sort of mechanical mode of manifesting

affection which had grown up between us from childhood, rather than from any

Grace in the brief interview we had at

I understood my companion fully.

Lucy had been educated superior to cant and false morals. Her father drew

accurate and manly distinctions between

innocent as she was, no thought of error was associated with the indulgence of

her innocent pleasures. But Grace, suffering and in sorrow, while she her-

said, must and should last for life. Nor do I wish you to regard Rupert as of old. It is impossible — improper even — but you can concede to us some of that same indulgence which I am so willing to concede to you."

I got no answer to this declaration in words, but Lucy would actually have kissed my hand in gratitude had I permitted it. This I could not suffer, however, but raised her own hand to my lips, where it was held until the dear girl gently withdrew it herself.

"Miles," Lucy said, after a long and thoughtful pause, "it is not good for you to remain at Clawbonny, just at this time. Your kinsman, John Wallingford, has been here, and I think you like him. Why not pay him a visit?

like him. Why not pay him a visit? He resides near Niagara. West of the Bridge, as he calls it, and you might take the opportunity of seeing the 'Falls.'"

"I understand you, Lucy, and am very

grateful for the interest you feel in my happiness. I do not intend to remain long at Clawbonny, which I shall leave

to-morrow."
"To-morrow!" interrupted Lucy, and

sister's behalf, was ten-

MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER CHAPTER IX

I knew that we must part-no power, They quiet goodness from an early

eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast, Looking a sister's fondness to the last; Thy lips so pale, that gently pressed

my cheek; voice—alas! thou couldst but

try to speak;
All told thy doom; I felt it at my heart; The shaft had struck—I knew that we

It is not easy to describe the sensation of loss that came over me after the interment of my sister. It is then we completely feel the privation with which completely feel the privation with which we have met. The body is removed from out of our sight; the places that knew them shall know them no more; there is an end to all communion, even by the agency of sight, the last of the senses to lose its hold on the departed, and a void or its in the place once complete. felt all this very keenly, for more than a month, but most keenly during the short time I remained at Clawbonny. allow me to dwell on these proofs of sorrow, nor do I know that the reader uld derive much advantage from their

I did not see Rupert at the funeral That he was there I knew, but either he himself, or Lucy for him, had managed so well, as not to obtrude his person on my sight. John Wallingford, who well my sight. John Wallingford, who well knew my external or visible relation to all the Hardinges, thinking to do me a pleasure, mentioned, as the little procession returned to the house, that young Mr. Hardinge had, by dint of great activity, succeeded in reaching Clawbonny in time for the funeral. If clawbonny in time for the inneral. I fancy that Lucy under the pretence of wishing his escort, contrived to keep her brother at the rectory during the

On reaching the house, I saw all my for this proof of their respect for the deceased. This little duty performed, all but John Wallingford took their all but John Wallingford took their leave, and I was soon left in the place alone with my bachelor cousin. What a house it was! and what a house it continued to be as long as I remained at Clawbonny! The scrvants moved about it stealthily; the merry laugh was no longer heard in the kitchen; even the heavy-footed seemed to tread on air, and all around me appeared to be afraid of disturbing the slumbers of the dead. disturbing the slumbers of the dead. Never before nor since have I had occasion to feel how completely a negative may assume an affirmative character ecome as positive as if it had a real nce. I thought I could see as well as feel my sister's absence from the scene in which she had once been so con-

spicuous an actor.

As none of the Hardinges returned to As none of the Hardinges returned to dinner, the good divine writing a note to say that he would see me in the evening after my connections had withdrawn, John Wallingford and myself took that meal tete-a-tete. My cousin, with the apparent motive of diverting my thoughts from dwelling on the recent scene, began to converse on subjects that he was right in supposing might interest he was right in supposing might interest me. Instead of flying off to some topic so foreign to my feelings as constantly to recall the reason, he judiciously con-nected the theme with my loss.

"I suppose you will go to sea again, as soon as your ship can be got ready, cousin Miles," he commenced, after we were left with the fruit and wine.
"These are stirring times in commenced." "These are stirring times in commerce and the idle man misses golden oppor

tunities."
"Gold has no longer any charm for me, cousin John," I answered gloomily.
"I am richer now than is necessary for my wants, and as I shall probably never my wants, and as I shall probably hever marry, I see no great use in toiling for more. Still, I shall go out in my own ship, and that as soon as possible. Here I would not pass the summer for the place, and I love the sea. Yes, yes; I must make a voyage to some part of Europe without delay. It is the wisest

That is hearty, and like a man! There is none of your mopes about the Wallingfords, and I believe you to be of the true stock. But why never marry, Miles? Your father was a sailor, and he married, and a very good time I've always understood he had of it."

"My father was happy as a husband, and did I imitate his example, I should certainly marry, too. Nevertheless, I feel I am to be a bachelor."

"In that case, what will become of Clawbonny?" demanded John Walling-

Clawbonny?" demanded John Wallingford, bluntly.

I could not avoid smiling at the question, as I deemed him my heir, though
the law would give it to nearer relatives
who were not of the name; but it is
probable that John, knowing himself to
be so much my senior, had never thought
of himself as one likely to outlive me.

"I shall make a new will the instant I
get to town and leave Clawbonny to

"I shall make a new will the instant I get to town, and leave Clawbonny to you," I answered steadily and truly, for such a thought had come into my mind the instant I saw him. "You are the person best entitled to inherit it, and should you survive me, yours it shall be"

be."
"Miles, I like that," exclaimed my "Miles, I like that," exclaimed my cousin, with a strange sincerity, stretching out a hand to receive mine, which he pressed most warmly. "You are very right; I ought to be the heir of this place, should you die without children, even though you left a widow."

This was said so naturally, and was so much in conformity with my own notions

much in conformity with my own notions on the subject, that it did not so much on the subject, that it did not so much offend as surprise. I knew John Wallingford loved money, and, all men having a very respectful attachment to the representative of value, such a character invariably means that the party named suffers that attachment to carry him too far. I wished therefore, my him too far. I wished, therefore, my kinsman had not made just such a speech

kinsman had not made just such a speech though it in no manner shook my intentions in his favor.

"You are more ready to advise your friends to get married, than to set the example," I answered, willing to divert the discourse a little. "You, who must be turned of fifty, are still a bachelor."

reached the term of twenty-one years, and the other that she died at twenty."
Rupert's surprise was now more natural, and I could see that his interest—shame on our propensities for it !—was very natural, too.

"I am aware of both, and deeply deported the term of twenty-one years, and the other that she died at twenty."
Rupert's surprise was now more natural, and I could see that his interest were not twenty-one years, and the other that she died at twenty."

Rupert's surprise was now more natural, and I could see that his interest were not twenty-one years, and the other that she died at twenty."

I answered, willing to divert the discourse a little "You, who must be turned of fifty, are still a bachelor."

you should not leave me Clawbonny, though it is not probable I shall ever live to inherit it. Notwithstanding, it live to inherit it. Notwithstanding, it is family property, and ought not to go out of the name. I was afraid, if you were lost at sea, or should die of any of those outlandish fevers that sailors sometimes take, the place would get into females, and there would no longer be a Wallingford at Clawbonny. Miles, I do not grudge you the possession of the property the least in the world; but it would make me very unhappy to know one of those Hazens, or Morgans. would make me very unhappy to know one of those Hazens, or Morgans, or Vander-Schamps had it." Jack had mentioned the names of the children of so many Miss Wallingfords, aunts or great aunts of mine, and cousins of his own. "Some of them may be nearer to you by a half degree or so, but none of them are as near to Clawbonny. It is Wallingford land, and Wallingford land

it ought to remain."
I was amused in spite of myself, and

felt a disposition now to push the discourse further, in order better to understand my kinsman's character.

"Should neither of us two marry," I said, "and both die bachelors, what would then be the fate of Clawbonny?"

"I have thought of all that, Miles, and here is my answer. Should such a thing happen, and there be no other Wallingford left, then no Wallingford would live to have his feelings hurt by knowing that a Vander-dunder-Schamp, or whatever these Dutchmen ought to be called, is living in his father's house, and no harm would be done. But these are Wallingfords besides you and me." are Wallingfords besides you and me."
"This is quite new; for I supposed we

two were the last."
"Not so. Miles the First left two sons; our ancestor, the eldest, and one younger, who removed into the colony of New Jersey, and whose descendants Jersey, and whose descendants exist. The survivors of us two still exist. might go there in quest of our heir in the long run. But do not forget I come before these Jersey Blues, let them be

who or what they may."

I assured my kinsman he should come before them, and changed the discourse; for, to own the truth, the manner in which he spoke began to displease me. Making my apologies, I retired to my own room, while John Wallingford went out, professedly with the intention of with a view to give it a more critical examination than it had hitherto been n his power to do.

in his power to do.

It was quite dark when I heard the arrival of the Hardinges, as the carriage of Lucy drove up to the door. In a few minutes Mr. Hardinge entered the study. He first inquired after my health and manifested the kind interest he had ever taken in my feelings, after which he preceded:

"Rupert is here," he said, "and I have brought him over to see you. Both he and Lucy appeared to think it might be well not to disturb you to-night, but I knew you better. Who should be at knew you better. Who should be at your side at this bitter moment, my dear Miles, if it be not Rupert, your old friend and playmate; your fellow-truant, as one might say, and almost your brother?"

Almost my brother ! Still I command-Almost my brother! Still I commanded myself. Grace had received my solemn assurances, and so had Lucy, and Rupert had nothing to apprehend. I even asked to see him, desiring, at the same time, that it might be alone. I waited several minutes for Rupert's appearance, in vain. At length the door of my room opened, and Chloe brought me a note. It was from Lucy, and contained only these words: "Miles, for her sake, for mine, command yourappearance, in vain. At length the door of my room opened, and Chloe brought me a note. It was from Lucy, and contained only these words: "Miles, for her sake, for mine, command yourself." Dear creature! She had no reason to be alarmed. The spirit of my sister seemed to me to be present, and I could recall every expression of her could recall every expression of her contained on the property. I confess there were moments when I distrusted the character of one who could urge a claim of this nature in so plain a manner, and could recall every expression of her angel-countenance as it had passed be fore my eyes in the different interviews

death had so recently been among us. Notwithstanding, there was so much fin to quit her side. His manner was full of the consciousness of undeserving and its humility aided my good resolutions. Had he advanced to take my hand; had he attempted consolation; bhad he, in short, behaved differently in the main from what he actually did, I cannot say what might have been the consequences. But his deportment, at first was quiet, respectful, distant rather than familiar, and he had the tact, or grace, or caution, not to make the smallest allusion to the sad occasion which had brought him to Clawbonny. When I asked him to be seated he declined the chalt I offered, a sign he in the medial that I offered, a sign he in the medial that I offered, a sign he in the medial that I offered, a sign he in the medial that I offered as a consequence with the consequence of the sad occasion which had brought him to Clawbonny. When I asked him to be seated he declined the chalt I offered, a sign he in the medial to the constitution of the sad occasion which had brought him to Clawbonny. When I asked him to be seated he declined the chalt I offered, a sign he in the medial that I offered that the constitution of the sad occasion which had brought him to Clawbonny. When I asked him to be seated he declined the chalt I offered, a sign he in the medial in the sequely heard to sympathize so simclerly in whole, my opinion was very favorable to share the world. I use that the world is my earnest desire that we all forget is my ear clined the chair I offered, a sign he intended the visit to be short. I was not sorry, and determined, at once, to make the interview as much one of business as possible. I had a sacred duty confi-ded to me, and this might be as fit an

ded to me, and this might be as fit an occasion as could offer in which to acquit myself of the trust.

"I am glad so early an opportunity has offered, Mr. Hardinge," I said, as soon as the opening civilities were over, "to acquaint you with an affair that has been entrusted to me by Grace, and which I entrusted to me by Grace, and which I am anxious to dispose of as soon as pos-

am anxious to dispose of as soon as possible."

"By Grace—by Miss Wallingford!" exclaimed Rupert, actually recoiling a step in surprise, if not absolutely in alarm; "I shall feel honored—that is, shall have a melancholy gratification in endeavoring to execute any of her wishes. No person commanded more of my respect, Mr. Wallingford, and I shall always consider her one of the most amiable and admirable women with whom it was ever my happy fortune to be acquainted."

I had no difficulty now in commanding myself, for it was easy to see Rupert

myself, for it was easy to see Rupert scarce knew what he said. With such a man I saw no great necessity for using extraordinary delicacy or much re-

"You are doubtless aware of two "You are doubtless aware of two things in our family history," I continu-ed, therefore, without circumlocution; "one that my sister would have been mistress of a small fortune, had she reached the term of twenty-one years, and the other that she died at twenty."

Being a minor, she had it not in her

Being a minor, she had it not in her power to make a will, but her requests are legal legacies in my eyes, and I stand pledged to her to see them executed. She had left rather less than \$22,000 in all; with \$500 of this money I am to present Lucy with some suitable memorial of her departed friend; some small charitable dispositions are also to be made, and the balance, or the round sum \$20,000, is to be given to you.

"To me, Mr. Wallingford! Miles! Did you really say to me?"

"To you, Mr. Hardinge—such is my sister's earnest request; and this letter will declare it, as from herself. I was to hand you this letter, when acquainting you with the bequest." I put Grace's letter into Rupert's haad, as I concluded, and I sat down to write, while he was reading it. Though employed at a desk for a minute or two, I could not avoid glancing at Rupert, in order to ascertain the effect of the last words of her had once professed to love. I her he had once professed to love. I would wish not to be unjust even to Rupert Hardinge. He was dreadfully agitated, and he walked the room, for some little time, without speaking. I

some little time, without speaking. I even fancied I overheard a half-sup-pressed groan. I had the compassion to affect to be engaged, in order to allow him to recover his self-possession. This was soon done, as good impressions were not lasting in Rupert; and I knew him so well, as soon to read in his count-enance gleamings of satisfaction at the prospect of being master of so large a sum. At the proper moment, I arose and resumed the subject.

"My sister's wishes would be sacred with me," I said, "even had she not received my promise to see them executed. ing to retire unseen should such prove to be the case. I saw no one, however, and proceeded directly to the line of

with me, 'I said, 'even had see not received my promise to see them executed.

When a thing of this character is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. I have drawn a note at ten days, payable at the Bank of New York, and in your favor, for \$20,000; it will not inconvenience me to now it when due and that ience me to pay it when due, and that will close the transaction."
"I am not certain, Wallingford, that I

"I am not certain, Wallingford, that I ought to receive so large a sum; I do not know that my father, or Lucy, or indeed the world would altogether approve of it."

"Neither your father, nor Lucy, nor the world will know anything about it, sir, unless you see fit to acquaint them. I shall not speak of the bequest; and I confess that on my siter's account. I

confess that, on my sister's account, should prefer that you would not." "Well, Mr. Wallingford, answered

"Well, Mr. Wallingford, answered Rupert, coolly putting the note into his wallet." I will think of this request of poor Grace's, and if I can possibly comply with her wishes, I will certainly do so. There is little that she could ask that I would deny, and my effort will be to honor her memory. As I see you are distressed, I will now retire; you shall know my determination in a few days."

Rupert did retire, taking my note for \$20,000 with him. I made no effort to detain him, nor was I sorry to hear he had returned to the rectory to pass the night, whither his sister went with him. The next day he proceeded to New York, without sending me any message, retaining the note, however; and a day or two later I heard of him on his way to the Springs to rejoin the party of the

John Wallingford left me on the morn ing of the day after the funeral, promis-ing to see me again in town. "Do not forget the will, Miles," said the singular man, as he shook my hand, "and be certain to let me see that provision in it about Clawbonny, before I go west of the bridge again. Between relations of

that, too, at an instant when the con-templated contingency seemed the more probable from the circumstance that

in the sequel, he soon obtained my entire confidence.

After the departure of all my kindred I felt, indeed, how completely I was left alone in the world. Lucy passed the night at the rectory, to keep her brother company, and good Mr. Hardinge, though thinking he remained with me to offer sympathy and consolation, found so many demands on his time, that I saw but little of him. It is possible he understood me sufficiently well to know that solitude and reflection, while the appearance of the first was avoided. that solitude and reflection, while the appearance of the first was avoided, were better for one of my temperament than any set forms of condolence. At any rate, he was at hand, while he said but little to me on the subject of my loss.

At last I got through the day, and a long and dreary day it was to me. The

At last I got through the day, and a long and dreary day it was to me. The evening came, bland, refreshing, bringing with it the softer light of a young moon. I was walking on the lawn, when the beauty of the night brought Grace and her tastes vividly to my mind, and, by a sudden impulse I was soon swiftly walking toward her now silent grave. The highways around Clawbonny was never much frequented, but at this hour, and so soon after the solemn procession it had so lately seen, no one was met on the road toward the churchyard. It was months, indeed, churchyard. It was months, indeed, after the funeral, that any of the slaves ventured into the latter by night; and even during the day they approached it with an awe that nothing could have in-spired but the death of a Wallingford. Perhaps it was owning to my increased age and greater observation, but I fancied that these simple beings felt the

fancied that these simple beings felt the death of their young mistress more than they had felt that of my mother.

St. Michael's churchyard is beautifully ornamented with flourishing cedars. These trees had been cultivated with care, and formed an appropriate ornament for the place. A fine cluster of them shaded the graves of my family, and a rustic seat had been placed beneath their branches, by order of my mother, who had been in the habit of passing hours in meditation at the grave of her husband. Grace and I, and Lucy,

"Certainly-what | better can I do? have need of occupation. The sea is to myliking, I am still young, and can afford a few more years on the water. I shall never marry"—Lucy started—"and having now no heir nearer than John Wallingford—"

had often repaired to the same place at night, after my mother's death, and there we used to sit many an hour in deep silence, or if utterance was given to a thought, it was in a respectful whisper. As I now approached this seat, I had a bitter satis faction in remembering that Rupert had never accompanied us in these plous little pilgrimages. Even in the days of her greatest ascendency, Grace had been unable to enlist her admirer in an actso repugnant to his innate character. As for Lucy, her own family lay on one side of that cluster of cedars, as mine lay one the having now no heir nearer than John Wallingford—"

"John Wallingford! you have cousins much nearer than he!"

"That is true; but not of the old line. It was Grace's wish that I should leave our cousin! John the Clawbonny property at least, whatever I do withthe rest. You are so rich now as not to need it, Lucy; else would I leave every shilling to you."

"I believe you would, dear Miles," answered Lucy, with fervent warmth of manner. "You have ever been all that is good and kind to me, and I shall never forget it." that cluster of cedars, as mine lay one the other, and often had I seen the dear young creature weeping, as her eyes were riveted on the graves of relatives she had never known. But my mother had been her mother, and for this friend

never forget it."
"Talk of my kindness to you, Lucy, when you parted with every cent you had on earth to give me the gold you

possessed, on my going to sea. I am almost sorry you are now so much richer than myself, else would I certainly make you my heir."

"We will not talk of money any longer in this sacred place," Lucy answered tremulcusly. "What I did as reshest and most newly made. Hardly was this done, when I heard the word "Miles!" uttered in a low, half-atified

answered tremulously. "What I did as a foolish girl you will forget; we were but children then, Miles."

So Lucy did not wish me to remember certain passages in our earlier youth!

Doubtless her present relations to Andrew Drewett rendered the recollection delicate, if not unpleasant. I thought this less like herself than was her dark dress had been confounded with the shadows of the tree. I went to the spot, and took a seat at her side. her wont—Lucy, who was usually so simple-minded, so affectionate, so frank, and so true. Nevertheless, love is an engrossing sentiment, as I could feel in my own case, and it might be that its my own case, and it might be that its jealous sensitiveness too the alarm at even that which was so innocent and sincere. The effect of these considerations, added to that of Lucy's remark, sudden impulse — "you that watched over her so faithfully during the last "Ah! Miles," returned a voice that was filled with sadness, "how little did I anticipate this when you spoke of tions, added to that of Lucy's remark, was to change the discourse, and we conversed long, in melancholy sadness, of her we had lost, for this lite altogether. "We may live, ourselves, to grow old, Miles," Lucy observed, "but never shall

Miles," Lucy observed, "but never shall we cease to remember Grace as she was, and to love her memory as we loved her dear self in life. There has not been an hour since her death that I have not sin and the exactions of a puritenical presumption that would set up its own narrow notions as the law of God; and, seen her sitting at my side, and convers ing in sisterly confidence, as we did from infancy to the day she ceased to

live! As Lucy said this, she rose, drew her shawl around her, and held out her hand to take leave, for I had spoken of an intention to quit Clawbonny early in the morning. The tears the dear girl shed might have been altogether self had been listening to the wonderful poems of Shakespeare, did present a painful picture to her mind, which, so far from being satisfied with what she owing to our previous conversation, or I might have had a share in producing them. Lucy used to weep at parting from me, as well as Grace, and she was not a girl to change with the winds. But I could not part thus; I had a sort of feeling that when we parted this time, it would virtually be a final separtion as the wife of Andrew Drewett "It is the will of God, Lucy," I answered. "It must be our effort to be re-If you can think thus, Miles, how ation, as the wife of Andrew Drewett never could be exactly that which Lucy much easier ought it to be for me! and Hardinge had now been to me for near

twenty years.
"I will not say farewell now, Lucy," loved my sister as affectionately as I did myself, but I am sensitive on this point; and, tender, true, warm as I I observed. "Should you not come to town before I sail I will return to Clawpoint; and, tender, true, warm as I know your heart to be, I cannot allow that even you loved her more."

"It is not that, Miles — it is not that. Have I no cause of particular regret—no sense of shame—no feeling of deep humility to add to my grief for her loss."

"I understand you, Lucy, and at once answer, no. You are not Rupert any more than Rupert is you. Let all others become what they may, you will ever bonny to take leave of you. knows what will become of me, or whither I shall be led, and I could wish to defer the leave-takings to the last ment. You and your excellent father

moment. You and your excellent father must have my final adieus."

Lûcy/returned the pressure of my hand, uttered a hasty good night, and glided through the little gate of the rectory which by this time we had reached. No doubt she fancied I returned imposite the statement of t more than Rupert is you. Let all others become what they may, you will ever remain Lucy Hardinge."

"I thank you, Miles," answered my companion, gently pressing the hand that still retained hers, "and thank you from my heart. But your generous nature will not see this matter as others might. We were aliens to your blood, dwellers under your own roof, and were mediately to my own house. So far from this, however, I passed hours alone, in the churchyard, sometimes musing on the dead, and then with all my thoughts bent on the living. I could see the light in Lucy's window, and not till that was extinguished did I retire. It lwellers under your own roof, and were bound by every sacred obligation to do you no wrong. I would not have my

was long pass nidnight.

I passed hours teeming with strange

There has recently been presented to the British public the Form of Oath which, as we are informed, "all Jesuits are accustomed to take." A large por-tion of the public have in consequence been exceedingly shocked, and a large tion of the public have in consequence been exceedingly shooked, and a large majority of Jesuits equally astonished, never having had a suspicion that they had taken anything of the kind, till they learned their own iniquity from the public prints. The "Oath" is, in fact, a hoary-headed imposter, accustomed to come forward from time to time and harrow the souls of simple-minded folk; though it never ventures to stay with us long, depending, as it largely does, upon obscurity for its efficacy, and even for its existence. On the present occasion it seems to have made a greater sensation than usual. It obtained a conspicuous place in The Ladies' League Gazette, conducted by persons of quality, as exalted in social position as they are undoubtedly "Low" n their theology. It likewise managed to capture a journal usually so sober and sensible as the Standard newspaper, which not only printed in full the preposterous document, but made it the text of some very sage and solemn observations in a leading article. As a specimen of the nonsense readily credited by men other wise sensible, when there is question of anything derogatory to the Catholic Church or her clergy, this wonderful production must be cited at length:

1. A. B. now in the presence of Almighty God, the Bessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael, the Blessed State and

production must be cited at length:

1. A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael, the Blessed St. John the Bapits, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and Paul, and all the Saints and the Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you my Ghostly Father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation. that His Holiness Pope Leo is Christ's Vicer General, and is the true and only Head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth, and that, by the virtue of the Keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, ife hath power to depose heretical Kings. Princes, States, Commonwealths, and Governments, all being illegal without

destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine and His Holiness's rights and customs against all surpers, especially against the new pretended authority and the Church of England and all adherents in regard that they and she be usurpal land heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical King, Prince, or State, named Protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior Magistrates or officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of others of the name Protestants to be dammable, and they themselves are damned and to be dammed that will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of His Holiness's Sentand, and Ireland, and do my utmost to extinpate the heretical Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended power, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed to assume any religion heretical for propagating of the Mother Church's interests, to keep scret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time as they interest me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all what shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me by you, my Ghostly Father, All of which I. A. B., do swear by the Blessed Trinity and Blessed Sacrament, which I now am to receive, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call the Heavenly and glorious Host I now am to receive, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call the Heavenly and glorious Host I now am to receive, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call the Heavenly and glorious Host of Heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof I take this holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further withmy hand and seal this day. Ann. Dom.

It might be supposed that the patent absurdity of this ridiculous document would, in these enlightened days at any rate, effectually preclude all danger of its being taken seriously. Should, how-ever, anything more be required, we have not to go far to find it. As has been said, given proper intervals to re-fresh itself, the Oath seems able to "ran" indefinitely on its native soil; but having ineautiously ventured about ten years ago, on a trip to Germany, if there met with experiences of a most unfortu-nate character. Though, at first, eagerly taken up, it was presently dropped and denounced by the most bitterly anti-Catholic organs as an utter fraud which no well-informed person could swallow. The details of its re-Jesuiten-Fabeln. Here it will be enough to say that the Evangelische Bund, the German equivalent of our Protestant Alliance, styled it a "clumsy fabrication" (eine plumpe Falschung); while the official organ of this body, the Taglische Rundschau, implored Protestants not to give themselves away by accepting such rubbish, thus playing into their enemies' hands, and "drawing water to the Ultramontane mill.

But it is not sufficient to be sure that such a document is a forgery; we naturally desire to learn something of its real history; to discover whence it came, and to whom we owe it. Fortunately it is possible to satisfy such wholesome curiosity. We are able to determine the stock of which it comes; to trace the stages of its development; to iden-tify the grub that has produced the butterfly; and, best of all, the brain in which the grub was hatched. Con sidered merely as an example of evolutionary progress, the history is both in-teresting and instructive; while the personality of the author of it all, when unexpectedly enters upon the scene, imports a sense of assurance that now we have got down to the bed-rock of

Starting backwards from the Form of Oath as given above, the first link in the chain which I have been able to examine is a little pamphlet printed at Chelten-ham, in 1847. The form which this gives differs from ours in one particular only which, however, is by no means withou importance. Instead of "Pope Leo, the earlier edition reads "Pope Urban,"

variation to be considered presently.
Our next step backwards is a long one; to the palmy days of mendacity, when Titus Oates ruled the roast. Here our friend the Oath turns up again, its guise somewhat altered, as well as its character; but its identity unmistakable in spite of all. It is now no longer a Jesuits' but a Conspirator's Oath

"The Papist's Oath of Secrecy, admin

istered to those who engage in the present Plot." It is "discovered" by Robert Bolron, gentleman, described in the Dictionary of National Biography as "Robert Bolron, Informer," to whom it was said to be given by a priest, William Rushton, out of whose Breviary he transcribed it. Bolron had certainly been a Protestant most of his life; it does not appear certain that he ever became or professed to become a Catholic. He got into trouble for em-

bezzlement of money; and his accomplice, Maybury, who corrobated his stories, was convicted of theft. What is still more significant—when we regard the temper of the time—old Sir Thomas the temper of the time—old Sir Thomas Gascoigne, against whom these worthies, gave evidence as a Papist plotter, was acquitted by a jury. Such was Robert Bolron, who took the Oath which the House of Commons (December 16, 1680) ordered him to print. It runs as fol-lows:

I. Robert Bolron, being in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, the Blessed St. Johnfthe Baptist, the Holy Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, and all the saints in iheaven, and to you, my Ghostly Father, do declare and in my heart believe the Pope, Christ's Vicar General, to be the true and only Head or Christ's Church here on earth, and that by vitue of the keys of binding and loosing, given to His Holiness by our Saviour Christ, he hath power to depose all heretical kings and princes, and cause them to be killed. Therefore, to the uttermost of my power, I will defend this doctrine, and his Holiness's rights, against all usurpers whatever, especially against the now pretended king of England, in regard that he broke his vows with his Holiness's Agents beyond the seas, and not performed his promises of bringing into England the holy Roman Catholic religion.

I do not renounce and disown any allegiance as due to the said pretended king of England, or any of his inferior officers and magistrates, but do believe the Protestant doctrine to be heretical and damable, and that all are damned which do not lorsake the same, and to the best of my power will help his Holiness's Agents beying of England, and ill such of his subject date will not adhere to the Holy See of Romenies and declare that I will keep learned the religion there professed.

If urther domonies and declare that I will keep learned the religion there professed. If urther domonies and declare that I will keep learned the religion there professed.

Fine For Fair Faces

You can't paint the lily nor adorn the You can't better the best, that everyone knows. There's just one specific that will make

faces fair, "CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM," of

design.

All which I do swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Blessed Sacrament, which I now purpose to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolable; jand do call all the angels and saints in heaven to witness my real intention to keep this

In spite of the remarkable variations which it contains, this oath is unques-tionably our old friend, adapted to special circumstances. The exact char-acter of its relationship with the "Jesacter of its relationship with the "Jes-nit Oath" is a question full of interest. Though stamped so strong and unmis-takably with the family lineaments, Bolron's Oath, as for distinction' sake it may be styled shows evident signs of having been affected by external influences; and, as we shall see, departs from the genuine type of its race in very important particulars.*

But we have not yet run our quarry to earth, although our chase has led us to the spot where this appears to become possible. Titus Oates had a worthy afly to the person of Robert Ware, although the pair took different lines in their common work. While Oates perjured himself, Ware forged. The former, it is true, did more harm at the time, causing innocent blood to be shed like water; but the work of his colleague the penman has been far the more enduring. It is simply appalling scoundrel has been able to effect in the way of poisoning the sources of our his-tory, and investing malignant slanders with the semblance of respectable authority. His performances do not appear to have been for the most part even suspected, till, a few years ago, the late Father Bridgett, in his Blunders and Forgeries, tracked them out and ruthlessly gibbeted them. To this admirable specimen of historical work I must refer those who desire to know more about the villain of the piece. Here let it suffice briefly to say how Robert Ware contrived to practice his deceptions so effectively. His father, Sir James Ware, having transcribed many genuine documents, the son in-terpolated his fabrications amongst the transcripts, wherever he found a suffici-ent space left blank, thus sowing his tares among the good grain and trading upon the reputation of his parent.

His consistent object was to vilify and traduce the Catholic Church. As Father Bridgett writes: "The forgeries of Robert Ware began in 1678, contemor knoert ware began in 1979, concemporaneously with the revelations of Titus Oates, and continued for some years. Ware did not appear as an accuser or a witness in a court of justice; his forgeries in books and pamphlets were not directed against living men. Yet by his historical lies he men; yet by his historical lies he helped to win credit for the monetant men; yet by his historical hes he helped to win credit for the monstrous stories of the 'Popish Plot,' as being in harmony with former events and past discoveries, and there are several of his baseless fabrics repeated in the publica-tions, even of the last few years, by writers to whom the name of Robert Ware is almost or entirely unknown. ware is almost or entrely unknown.
It is in fact impossible to say when history will be entirely purged of his slime and in studying the genesis of our Oath we come upon his trail once more.

Various of his fabrications were de-Various of his fabrications were de-canted for popular use in books bearing pictures que titles—The Hanting of the Romish Fox, and Foxes and Firebrands. In the former is given a form of Oath required to be taken by all who entered the Catholic Seminaries beyond the seas, which is said to have been drawn up in 1550 a century before Balvan's time. 1580, a century before Bolron's time. In this may be detected the rudimentary but unmistakable features of more developed article:

"which was found in the closet of Edward Cottan a Jesuit, in the house of Richard Sherborne, Esq. of 'Stonyhurst, in the county of Lancaster." Thu does history anticipate herself. It should be added that at this period there was no Jesuit of the name of Edward Cottam. (See Stonyhurst Centenary Record, p. 67, note.)

Fearful Headaches

Stomach Bad. No Appetite. Was Losing Weight and Strength

Wonderful Change When Health Was Restored by DR. CHASE'S

NERVE FOOD Headache is a symptom and not a disease in itself. It acts as a danger signal

by reading Mr. Donneral's letter you will be satisfied that there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a means of building up

the system and removing the causes of headaches, sleeplessness and indigestion.

Mr. Charles Donneral, Kleinburg, Ont., writes: "I wish to communicate to you the great cure which I received from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. For over two years I suffered from fearful headaches, my appetite was always poor, and the stomach tad. I took medicines from physicians, but the headaches persisted, and I was rarely free from them.

"Reading about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I began using it, with little idea that I would be benefited. I had become thin and weak, but the very first box helped me, and with continued treatment I have been cursed and feel like a new man. The headaches have disappeared, my appetite is good and digesthe system and removing the causes of

"CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM," of imitations beware.

Used intelligently will preserve the best, and improve the worst complexion. 25c. at good drug stores. Anywhere by mail, 35c.

E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.