Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

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loan back, and will be claimed back by the owner. I never heard of English yeomen doing so ungallant an act as to dismount a young lady on the highway."

"Which way be you going, master?" returned the first speaker in a more cordial tone.

"I am going with you as far as the cross-roads at Cutnall Green, and will treat you to a flagon at the Chequers, if you will condescend to let me drink your healths."

"Well spoken, master. I bethink me after all you be one of the right sort," said the first speaker.

"I am an English cavalier to the backbone, my friends, and come of a stock who have always fought for the King, so we will drink King Charles' health together, and confusion to his foes."

"Ay," said the jolly farmer, whose rubicund nose and rollicking manner attested to his having already done justice to the malten beverage; "and d——n to the canting dogs who would close the ale-house and the skittle-ground."

Having thus honored them, Gervase talked of sport, and told them anecdotes of the chase, which awakened a sympathetic chord in their breasts, until he had succeeded in seating them over their flagons at the Chequers, where he left them carousing on the best terms with himself and his hosts, whose health he made them quaff ere he took his departure.

Clara was with difficulty persuaded by her sire to leave her lover in the rear, but she resigned herself on the persuasion that by tarrying she might be endangering her parent's safety. It was with feelings of intense relief that after waiting anxiously at the casement of the hall, she at length saw Gervase return safe and sound to Harvington.

The household at Dame Mary Yate's, deprived of the ministrations of the priest, continued to meet morning and evening in the oratory, where they recited the rosary and other prayers in common; and on Sundays the Catholic villagers came in and joined in their devotions, and in private prayers commemorating that great Sacrifice which was being offered on thousands of altars throughout the world, but at which they could only assist in spirit. One of the company, generally Gervase himself, was deputed to read some devout homily or meditation, and thus they did their utmost to keep alive the flame of Catholic devotion, which never burnt more ardently than when their foes were doing their best to extinguish it altogether. It is thus that in Japan and elsewhere, where the priests have all been martyred, the faithful have handed down the sacred deposit of the truth from age to age, without any sacraments but those which laymen can administer. Such is the elasticity of God's Church, that baptism and marriage can be continued without a priesthood, and men can live and die good Catholics despite all the world can do to crush out the heritage of the saints.

Squire Finch was occupied during the day with his repairs at Rushock, but returned each evening after dusk to Harvington. Gervase and Clara were happy in each other's society, and seldom strayed beyond the village or the park. Nothing had yet been settled touching their marriage, for it was an understanding between them that they should await the termination of Father Joachim's trial, in order that if he were released, he might bestow his blessing on their nuptials. Whether he would be condemned or not was in God's hands. They prayed continually for him, believing that, if it were His will, he would be restored to them once more. Under the tuition of Dame Mary Yate, and still more so under the sweet and gentle guidance of his beloved Clara, Gervase became thoroughly instructed in Catholic doctrine and precept. The absence of sacramental consolations was in some measure compensated by the impossibility of obtaining priestly dispensations from the full rigor of the penitential requirements of Holy Church, and their Lent was observed with a severity which would have almost satisfied the old Fathers of the Desert. Among her other accomplishments, Clara was a good Italian scholar. She had learnt it from a nun while at a convent in Flanders, and had kept it up by frequent reading ever since. Among her favorite books were the "Lives of the Confessors of Christ," by Father Peter Maffei, of the Society of Jesus, and the poetry of Tasso. Gervase induced her to become his instructress in the Tuscan tongue, of which he had previously acquired a slight knowledge, and they were wont to read together and translate into English the lives of St. Anthony and other saints of the Thebaid, as being most appropriate to their present state of spiritual isolation.

The days passed pleasantly enough for the two lovers, who enjoyed the bright sunshine which enlivened a portion of the month of February, when they were able to ramble together across the meadows between Harvington and Rushock. One day, when they returned home from a delightful stroll, during which they had been congratulating themselves upon their uninvaded solitude, Dame Yate met them in the porch with the information that the Vicar of Chaddesley had called to see Mr. Sacheverill, and had asked her how long he had been resident under her roof, and what church he frequented on a Sunday. She had told the parson that he was only a visitor, and that, Harvington being an extra-parochial hamlet, she imagined he was not bound to go to Chaddesley Church. To this the vicar had replied that Chaddesley was his proper church, but that if he could show that he frequented some other, he would hold him excused; but that he must call upon him at the Vicarage and explain, or that he would be liable to be summoned before a Justice.

"Some snare to entrap you in recusancy, set on foot by your good kinsfolk at Elmley," pursued the dame; "for the good man let out that on hearing you had not been to church at Chaddesley, Mr. Townshend had expressed wonder that you had not been at Elmley among your own relatives."

"I will go, methinks, to Elmley, and make a clean breast of my conversion, and let them do their worst!" exclaimed Gervase.

"You will get into trouble, I fear," replied the old lady, "and bring further trouble upon Father Wall. I would rather counsel you to hold aloof from your friends until the proceedings are concluded. If you should be called upon to take the oaths, you will be forced to acknowledge your recusancy, and then your conversion will be laid to the charge of the good priest or ourselves, and we shall have the pursuivants once more among us. As long as you have not declined the oaths, you are no recusant, and can travel as you list. Wherefore, for Clara's sake and her good father's, I would urge you to depart for a while. You may tarry with Dame Wyntour, or my good friends at Wollashull, if you desire to linger in our shire. Being near at hand, we could send you tidings of any peril which may threaten you. I told the vicar you were on a passing visit, and I will let him know of your departure."

On that same evening, there arrived a young woman from Elmley, who brought a letter addressed to Mistress Clara Finch, containing a second for Sacheverill. The outer sheet was couched in these terms:

My Dear Madam—I pray you destroy this epistle as soon as read, for I am sending it unknown to any of my kinsfolk, who would never forgive me if they knew of my rash act. I have heard that Cousin Gervase hath been at Harvington; now father hath been worked upon by Mr. Rogers to compel him to take the oaths, in order that if he be a recusant, which I will never believe, he may be sent to prison. If he still be with you, pray deliver to him my enclosure. But I hope he is no longer your guest, as his arrest would be a great trouble to all his loving friends, and to none more so than your truly faithful and obedient servant,

D. T.

Clara handed the enclosure to Gervase, who read as follows:

My Well-beloved Cousin—I write this in much fear and trepidation, for if I were discovered I know not what would befall me. After we met at Worcester, it was rumored you had gone back to Derbyshire, and I acknowledge I was prone to further such rumors lest they should make search for you in our neighborhood. By degrees it hath come to light that you have been tarrying all the while at Harvington, which is all the more grievous to father and mother that you have held aloof from us, and never once come nigh Elmley to visit your own kinsfolk. This too giveth color to what hath been maliciously reported touching your inclinations to Papistry and suchlike. When father told Dame Dorothy of what had been noised abroad concerning you, she took up the cudgels in your behoof, and avouched that you had certes gone back to Derbyshire, or she would have heard of your presence. For a season he was quieted by these assurances, but of late hath been freshly informed by Master Rogers that you are dwelling with Dame Mary Yate, and are *conforming* to their superstitions. He hath seen the parson at Chaddesley, and hath sent him to discover whether you be still true to your Church, and hath resolved to make you testify to your conformity by calling upon you to take the oaths. I hope, my dear Coz, that you will consent to prove to the world that you are yet, what I shall ever believe you to be, a true and God-fearing Protestant at heart, and that albeit you love Mistress Clara, and intend to make her your wife, you will not be led away by human affection from the Gospel light in which you have been born and bred, but will rather, by God's blessing, lead that gracious and lovely young lady to lay aside the vain teachings of your Jesuitical priests, and embrace the reformed faith, which you know to be true. I have written this only on surmise that you be still at Harvington; but I am not without hope that you may have gone hence, as I dread the trouble that may come upon yourself and hosts if father persisteth in having you brought before the Justices. Nevertheless, whatever betideth, you will never lack the prayers and heartfelt sympathy of your loving cousin,

D. T.

"What a good girl your cousin Dora is," said Clara, after perusing the letter which Gervase had handed to her, "she hath sacrificed her own heart for you, dear Gervase, for I am persuaded she loves you. Ah! you see that your rides and walks with your merry cousin won her heart," she pursued archly; "and I only hope that you were guiltless in striving to win her affections by your pretty speeches and soft words, or I should be tempted to deem you an arrant flirt, and to be jealous of your cousin."

"Clara! can you doubt me?" he returned in an injured tone.

"You will make me doubt you if you speak so seriously," she replied, "for I am sure the girl hath lost her heart to you."

"She hateth Papists!" rejoined Gervase.

"She therefore proveth the depth of her affection, seeing that despite your leanings she still loveth you," answered Mistress Finch.

"A cousinly love," quoth Sacheverill. "I only felt for her as I should for a sister if I had been blessed with one."

"Is that true, Gervase?"

"On my word of honor, that hath been all that I ever felt towards her."

"She is as good as any sister," returned Clara; "and for my part, I shall ever esteem her such."

They then discussed the momentuous question as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, and it was resolved that he should lose no time in escaping from the dangers which threatened his sojourn at Harvington. That very night he made his preparations, and after a tender farwell, while it was yet dark, took his departure from his betrothed and his kind hosts, and rode by unfrequented ways to Wollashull. It was agreed that he should receive early tidings of all that transpired during his absence, and Dame Yate assured him that she would strive to make arrangements for Clara to visit the Hanfords during the spring, in order that the lovers might once more be thrown together without danger of discovery. Clara replied to Dora's note in a few brief words, announcing that Gervase was no longer at Harvington.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Prisoner.

The Castle at Worcester was only a fragment of the grand old fortress of Urso d'Abitot, overhanging the Severn, and commanding a fine view of the Malvern Hills, where the Norman kings had held their Court, and where Sir William de Beauchamp had defied Simon de Montfort, who only gained access to it through the treachery of the citizens. Even in Leland's time it was a ruin, for that worthy antiquary mentions that half the base-court, or area, was then within the wall of the Cathedral Close, and that the dungeon-keep was overgrown with brushwood. It stood on the south side of the Minster and its bulwarks overhung the Severn. It was entered through the massive old gateway called Edgar's Tower, which alone remains to testify to its former magnificence. The rampart ran from the northern corner of the gateway towards the river, and the exterior moat might still be traced at the period of our narrative. The dungeon-keep, as well as certain debris of the inner bayle, had been repaired, to be used for the purposes of a county prison. Between these two fragments of the ancient fortress there was a spacious courtyard, on the northern side whereof other buildings had been erected. The whole was enclosed by a lofty wall constructed chiefly out of the remains of the Norman Castle.

The dungeon was used for the worst class of criminals, who were enclosed in this dark damp subterranean vault with fetters on their ankles, and a chain connecting several prisoners together, so that every movement of each was felt by all his comrades in misfortune. The atmosphere was such as to engender gaol fevers which, even as late as the days of the philanthropist, John Howard, rendered Worcester gaol notorious for its insalubrity, despite the healthiness of its elevated position. The debtors occupied the building at the eastern extremity of the enclosure, where it was also usual to incarcerate unconvicted felons, and certain others condemned for misdemeanors and lighter offences.

Father Wall was suffered to remain in this latter section of the prison, as he was not yet under sentence, but the gaoler had been cautioned to watch over him with unusual vigilance, and on no plea whatever to permit any one from without to visit, or even to supply him with those articles of food or money with which, in those days, it was customary to indulge prisoners before and even after their conviction.

Among the debtors he, nevertheless, found some kindly disposed persons, possibly secretly inclined to Catholicism, who lent him writing materials. Whether he had his breviary appears doubtful, but the chaplain of the gaol, a zealous Protestant, left a Protestant version of the Bible for his use, of which he was willing to avail himself as his knowledge of the Scriptures enabled him to correct any errors or omissions in its text, and from which he could readily call the Divine truths which never ceased to afford him consolation amidst all his sufferings.

In his confinement he wrote the following words in a diary which is still extant: "After the sessions the Justice sent me to prison again, at Worcester, where I now am, which imprisonment, in these times especially, when none can send to their friends, nor friends come to them, is the best means to teach us how to put our confidence in God alone in all things; and then He maketh good His promise that "all things shall be added to us," which chapter, if every one would read and make good use of, a prison would be better than a palace, and a confinement for religion and a good conscience' sake, more pleasant than all the liberties the world can afford. As for my own part (God give me His grace and all faithful Christians their prayers,) I am happy enough; and as for others, I beseech God that the evil example of those that swear against their consciences may not be guides for the rest to follow, nor their deeds a rule to their actions. We all ought to follow the narrow way, though there may be many difficulties in it. It is an easy thing to run in the blind way of liberty, but God deliver us from all broad, sweet ways. We know what Job said of libertines: "They lead their lives in the goods of this world, and in a moment they descend into hell." But, as our Saviour saith, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" God gave Job a goodly increase for all the riches He took from him, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning, and gave him one hundred and forty years of flourishing life for his short affliction in which his constancy and faith in God were tried; and our Saviour promiseth an hundredfold to all that leave goods and everything willingly for his sake. Whoso well considers this will be content to leave both friends, fortune, and freedom, by imprisonment for their faith and religion's sake, till such time as it pleases God and the King (in obedience to whose command they suffer) to release them. And in the meantime they will have this comfort, that they are giving a testimony that they fear God and honor the King. They fear God because they choose rather to suffer persecution than swear against their consciences; they honor the King because they are willing to suffer the penalties he imposes, and yet remain faithful subjects to him, whom God long preserve, with his Parliament and people, in all happiness."

It seems evident, from the above extract out of his diary, that Father Joachim was at this time under the impression that the fury which was then raging against the Church might subside. It must be remembered that during the first years of the Restoration, Catholics had enjoyed a respite from that excessive proscription which had signalized the Commonwealth. Charles II. had more than once showed a wish to favor the proscribed religion, and, in the year 1672, had gone so far as to publish a Declaration of Indulgence to nonconformists and recusants, whereby he suspended all the penal laws, allowing dissenters to exercise their religion in places licensed for public worship, but, at the same time, strictly confining the religious assemblies of Catholics to private houses. This Declaration of Indulgence awakened the most violent opposition throughout the country, and, coupled with the conversion of the Duke of York, contributed to fan into a flame the latent hostility against the Court. The anti-Catholic bias of the English public was probably far more virulent than during the unrelenting persecutions of Queen Elizabeth, for the Puritanism of the Commonwealth had effaced all traces of the Catholic sympathies of the people, and had settled them down into that Calvanistic Protestantism which formed the staple of the national belief for nearly two centuries, venting itself, at a later period, in various forms of dissent, and in the kindred nonsacramentalism of the Lower Church party in the Establishment. Macaulay declares that hatred for Catholicism had become one of the ruling passions of the community, and that it was as strong in the ignorant and profane as in those who were Protestants from conviction; and, at this period, there was a general impression afloat that the Court was silently preparing to restore the ancient faith. Catholics themselves had been full of hope, and had watched the various political signs of the times with the keenest interest. The French alliance and the secret treaty between Charles II. and Louis XIV. had fostered the delusive dream which many a pious household was cherishing in secret, and which seemed on the eve of being realised when the Duke of York not only submitted to the Church but married a Catholic princess. In the previous century the Court was continually inventing and fomenting Catholic plots as pleas for increased vigilance and persecution. The unhappy Powder Plot itself was the outcome of this nefarious policy, for the misguided contrivers of that fatal and iniquitous scheme were unquestionably goaded on by the examples which the Government itself had perpetually provoked and stimulated, in order to cajole its victims into self-destruction. After the Restoration the same policy was pursued no longer by the Court, but by its foes. Such men as Shaftesbury and Halifax, who aimed at popularity, were well aware that they could build their success upon no firmer basis than the popular hatred to the Catholic Church, and that on this fulcrum they could even upset the monarchy of the Stuarts. From the Courts of Elizabeth and James they learnt the lesson of inventing Popish plots as the surest means of arousing the dormant spirit of the nation against a Government which was supposed to favor the proscribed religion. Already in 1675 an attempt had been made to hatch a Catholic conspiracy, and an apostate monk named Lozancy was produced by Lords Holles and Russell, with a tale very similar to that which Titus Oates subsequently devised. It is possible that the public mind may not have been ripe for the exhibition of credulity to which it succumbed three years later, for the scheme collapsed as soon as the man's dishonesty was exposed. The failure of this and other attempts, together with the well-known leanings of the Royal family, may have encouraged Father Joachim and his brethren to hope that the present storm would likewise blow over as soon as the lies of the conspirators should have become patent. Hitherto, be it remembered, none of the principal victims had been put to death. The Jesuit martyrs were in Newgate awaiting their trials, and there were seculars and regulars in almost every gaol throughout the country, but as yet scarce one of them had been arraigned, and therefore there was every reason to hope that ere the time should arrive for their trials, some change might come over the public sentiment, and that the Court at any rate might exert its clemency in their behalf.

Any information which may have reached the Father during the three months intervening between his appearance at the sessions and the spring assizes must have come to him through his fellow-prisoners or the officers of the gaol, for according to his own account, he was entirely debarred from intercourse with his friends outside. He endeavored to fulfil the requirements of his rule with the utmost severity, and found means of mortifying his flesh by even curtailing the scanty fare allowed him under the harsh dietary of the castle. In a thousand ways he strove to conform his life to the sufferings of his crucified Redeemer, and by such close following in His steps, who when He was reviled did not revile and when He suffered threatened not, to be made more and more a partaker of the Divine Nature. By these means he sought to compensate for the loss of Holy Mass and the Sacraments, for, unlike some of his brethren in the London prisons, where there were many Catholics, he was unable to obtain those supreme consolations which sometimes penetrated the walls of their gaols despite the cruel vigilence of the authorities. By constant prayer and meditation he continued to prepare himself for any eventualities which might befall him.

During Lent the good Father refused the meat which was occasionally set before him and was consequently limited to the scantiest diet, cohsisting chiefly of bread and water, of which he partook only after mid-day.

Nor did the good Franciscan fail during the whole term of his imprisonment to seize upon any opportunity which chanced to fall in his way of fulfilling the duties of his ministry by winning souls to Christ. He appears to have possessed a wonderful power of conversation with Protestants in their own way, quoting their own authorised version of the Scriptures, and leading them by degrees to enquire into the truth, while always showing them the proofs of the Catholic doctrine in their own Bibles. By this means he succeeded in reclaiming some of his companions from their profane and vicious courses, and in giving a certain tone to the prisoners, which so told upon their general conduct as to render them more amenable to the discipline of the gaol. He thus became a favorite with the officers, who consequently showed him every indulgence in their power.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fresh Shoals Ahead.

The Catholics of Worcestershire were reduced to terrible straits for fulfilling their Easter precept that year, and indeed the paucity of priests rendered it impossible for the greater number to accomplish these solemn duties at all. Those priests who remained at large made every effort to visit as many stations as could be reached without the certainty of discovery, and among these they usually selected in preference such as were situated on the confines of counties whence, upon alarm being given, they might readily escape into another shire. Such were Mawley, Little Malvern, Wollashull, Beckford, Coughton and others. A Jesuit Father arrived at Wollashull early in Lent, disguised as a rough yeoman, whereby his identity was concealed from the greater portion of the household in order to avoid all risk of discovery. Squire Hanford sent off a trusty messenger to invite as many Catholics as could safely be convened on successive Sundays during that holy season (when they arrived in batches before daybreak) to participate in the sacraments, departing by various roads across the hill so as to avoid observation. When Gervase reached Wollashull and found that his kind hosts were enjoying a privilege of which his friends at Harvington were likely to be deprived, he persuaded his hostess to send a secret communication to Dame Yate, to enable them to make arrangements to assist in these most essential Christian duties. They learnt, however, that their kind intention had been anticipated by Gilbert Talbot, of Grafton, who had obtained the services of a priest from Staffordshire to minister secretly to the Catholics around that neighborhood, and that the family at Harvington would thus be enabled to approach the sacraments during the period allowed for the fulfilment of the Paschal precept.

Albeit, Mistress Hanford did not despair of gratifying the lovers by uniting them once more beneath her roof, and about St. Joseph's Day she despatched a fresh message to persuade Clara to come thither, proposing that she should make Hodington her half-way house and offering to send a trusty old yeoman with a pillion to bring her forward to Wollashull. Gervase anxiously awaited a reply to this missive, but it was not until after a lapse of three or four days that the hind from Rushock brought letters, whereof one, addressed to Sacheverill, was couched in these terms:

My dear Mr. Sacheverill—I take the precaution of sending you this letter by a very trusty messenger as I am most anxious that no one hereabouts may suspect that you are still within this shire, for there are many on the lookout for you, and I fear that if you linger much longer even where you now are, they will be upon your track. I feel convinced that they are bent upon bringing you before a Justice and making you take the oaths or avow yourself a recusant. I would urge you by all you hold dear to depart as soon as you can, and betake yourself to London or else return to your own county by some roundabout way, that you may not fall into their hands. Mr. Edward Rogers hath been here of late, and sorely as I feel tempted to distrust him, he speaketh now so fairly touching yourself, and showeth so much sympathy for our cause and our poor friend, of whom you know, that my father and Dame Mary are persuaded he repenteth him of his past life, and is desirous to become a true son of the Church, and make amends for his evil ways. He behaveth himself with much courtesy and respect to Dame Mary, and likewise to your humble servant, wherefore, granting he were a hypocrite and his repentance feigned, yet you need no longer to distress yourself on our account, nor even on my father's, with whom he is on very friendly terms. God, who changeth the hearts of men, will ever find means to protect us, and I place your safety and all my other cares in His hands and those of our sweet Blessed Lady, who intercedeth for us and will bring us together in God's good season. Only send one line to say you will follow my behest and go hence without delay. Mr. Edward Rogers, who anon hath brought us tidings of your uncle's search to find you, urgeth that you should go to London, and let us know your abode there.

Yours in most sincere affection, C. F.

The same messenger brought a letter from Dame Yate to Mrs. Hanford, deploring the impossibility of sending Clara to Wollashull for the present, and urging her as she valued his safety to speed the departure of her guest.

The perusal of Clara's epistle threw Gervase into a state of terrible perplexity, for he was far from giving credence to the tidings of Rogers' conversion, feeling persuaded that he had once more succeeded in duping Mistress Finch and her father by his plausible duplicity. He at once sought an interview with the bearer of the letters, whose communications were not of a kind to reassure him.

"Ah, maister, I knows nought of what them letters has to tell your honor, but I am right sure as others knows what was in 'em, and if so be as they bid you come down the hill, I'll tell you there is a snare laid for you, and I shouldn't wonder if this Master Ned Rogers had had something to say to it. As I was coming through Comberton I saw some half-dozen nags at the ale house trough, and stepped in to drink a cup of perry, being a bit dry. One of the churls cried out as soon as he saw me, 'Hollos, Joe! You've kept us a precious time, old lad.' It was Wilkins, him as your honor may remember the time as they broke into our house and carried off the old gentleman, you know 'Here's,' quotha, 'a drink of good ale for ye, as 'll do ye more good than yon washy cider stuff. Come, old boy, we be waitin' your return, and mind ye bring the gentleman back wi' ye, for we holds an invitation for him from the King.' I kept my counsel, for I smelt a rat, and so I quoth: 'I see ye, sirrah, down our way not two days since with Master Ned. You be on his errand, I'm thinking.' 'We be on the sheriff's errand,' quoth one of his comrades. 'Hold your tongue, gaffer,' cried Wilkins, 'ye blabbing knave. I may have been with Master Rogers, but mind, Joe, you say nought of this to the gentleman yonder. Ye see this crown,' he says, and shows me a bright new piece; 'I'll give you this as soon as ye come back along with the gentleman to put him on his road for Evesham, and then ye shall have another flagon of ale to drink his health and ours.' I thanked 'em and kept my counsel, your honor. As I was going they cried after me to make good speed, and I can almost swear some on 'em followed me as far as the squire's park gates at the bottom of the hill, where most like they be awaiting me."

It was evident to Gervase that there was a plot to seize him and take him before the Justices, and he felt confident that Rogers himself was at the bottom of the scheme. In his perplexity he consulted with his kind hosts, who advised his making his escape across the hill to Beckford, and thence, by Stanway and the wolds, into Oxfordshire.

He wrote a brief reply to Clara's note:

My beloved one—I warn you against trusting Edward Rogers, for I am persuaded that he is only deluding you, and that he will never rest satisfied until he hath compassed his object, one means whereto will be gained by wreaking his vengeance upon your own true and faithful lover, G. S.

I leave it to the bearer to give you fuller information on this matter. If I escape in safety I will inform you of my abode.

He gave some verbal messages to Addis, whom he left seated at his meal in the lower hall, and then, accompanied by the good squire and his own servant, rode through the woods as far as the trees served to screen them from view, toward the summit of the hill. As it was growing dusk they might hope to escape observation until beyond the reach of the pursuivants.

An hour later old Addis returned, having concealed the letter in his shoe, and told the men that he had delivered his message, but could not say when Master Sacheverill was prepared to follow him. As he had not been informed of his escape, he could safely aver that he believed him to be still at the hall. Having failed in securing their quarry they did not deem it necessary to give him his crown piece, but sent him homewards with a message to Edward Regers that they were tarrying there until nightfall, when, should Master Sacheverill fail to appear, they would go and seek him at Squire Hanford's house.

Meanwhile Gervase was on his way to Oxford, nor halted until he was safe beyond the confines of the shire. He spurred forward his steed to avoid the pain of reflecting upon his situation, which was one of extreme perplexity and anguish. He was leaving Clara at the mercy of his bitterest foe, and yet he felt were he to return to her he should only be inflicting additional misery on his friends by his certain arrest. His plans for the future were a perfect blank, and he could find no means either of advancing the interests of those whose welfare he had most at heart, or of providing for his own security. With a mind thus distracted and disconsolate, he journeyed onward, by long stages, toward the capital.

[To be Continued.]

FORCE OF ATTRACTION.

Professor Smythe was lecturing, in Ossipee, on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded.

"I ken," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine?"

"Yaas, sir."

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then up rose old Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he:

"I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' ye can judge for yerself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' nateral magnet, done up in kaliker an' dimity, as was called Betsey Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive, it were jest as nateral as slidin' down hill! Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That 'ere magnet o' youru is pooty good, but 'tain't a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me. No, sir!"

The Season of Intermittents.

All miasmatic complaints, in other words, all disorders generated by unwholesome exhalations from the earth or water, are prevalent at this season. In every section subject to the visitation of fever and ague, or other forms of intermittent disease, the causes which produce these maladies are now actively at work. This, therefore, is a period of the year when the inhabitants of such districts should prepare their systems to meet the unwholesome condition of the atmosphere by a course of tonic and alterative treatment. Foremost among the invigorants, recommended by time and experience as a means of fortifying the system against all endemic and epidemic maladies, stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By a timely use of the Bitters, the feeblest resident of an unhealthy soil may escape the sickness which, without the aid of this potent ally of nature, will be apt to overtake the strongest.

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