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AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals and their agents, including New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Boston Pilot, etc., with prices per annum.

Union with Our Lord Jesus Christ in His Principal Mysteries for All Seasons of the Year. By the Rev. Fr. John Baptist Saint-Jure, S.J., author of "Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ," etc. D. & J. SADDLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TO-MORROW.

I sit and muse beside the faded coals, While night and silence hold their mystic sway, And while the world, with all its freight of souls, Wheels on through darkness to another day. Across my spirit ghostly fancies creep: Who shall dare prophesy to-morrow's light? What if uncounted thousands, while they sleep, Are trembling on eternity to-night? And still they haunt my heart, these dreams forlorn, Vague bats of fear that sunshine would dismay, Though myriads of to-morrows have been born, What if the last had perished with to-day? But no! the ancient ordinance yet reigns, Hours afterward, while seated wakeful here, I dimly see, along my casement panes, The first pale dubious glimmerings appear. Once more the old fated ways of earth begin; Some glad girl somewhere will soon wake and say, While blushing, from chaste forehead to sweet chin, One lovely rose, "It is my wedding-day!" And in some prison-cell, perchance even now, Some haggard captive from his sleep is drawn, To hear them, while cold sweat-drops bead his brow, Nailing a scaffold in the ghastly dawn! Edgar Faucett, in February Atlantic.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By LADY DACRE.

CHAPTER VI.

"His affection was of a very extraordinary alloy—a composition of conscience, and love, and generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections that raise the passion to its greatest height." Clarendon's Life.

On the following morning, after some private conversation between the duchess, her son, and the Earl of Nithsdale, the Lady Winifred was summoned to the oak-chamber, where her mother, formally taking her hand, placed it in that of the earl. They both knelt before her to receive her blessing; and though as yet they had never addressed one word to each other, they rose from their knees, their faiths mutually pledged.

Such marriages have often been contracted, and sometimes they have proved as well assorted as those in which the choice of the individuals has been more consulted; but it has seldom occurred that hearts have so sincerely acquiesced in the vows dictated by others as on this occasion.

The Earl of Nithsdale was approaching the age of thirty. He had visited Paris; he had travelled in Italy; he had passed some time in Germany. There was a singularity in the eyebrows, whose darkness had already attracted Amy's notice; and the clear but melancholy blue eyes which they shaded, in the pale complexion, and the expression of sadness about the mouth, which had proved irresistible to many a foreign fair one. He had often won unawed the hearts of those Parisian belles who were not devoted to the dreary court decorum prevalent during the reign of Madame de Maintenon, while many of the more glowing beauties of Italy had absolutely courted the favor of the young Englishman; and many a sentimental German seemed ready to yield her heart, almost before he could lay siege to it.

In his early youth he had not failed to profit by the advances which were thus made to him; but his was not a character which could long find pleasure in such conquests. He had an innate preference for virtue and purity; his disposition was naturally enthusiastic and contemplative. The gay, the thoughtless, passing attachments to which we have alluded were not in unison with his mind. The sprightly Parisian was too volatile to make any lasting impression on such a heart; the Italian too little refined; the German too easily won; so

that, though he had passed the first flush of youth, his real affections were still unshackled.

He had accidentally found himself at Bruges when the Lady Lucy pronounced her vows, and was one of the assembly who crowded the church to witness the ceremony. Lady Winifred had been pointed out to him among the convent pensioners, as being sister to the young nun; and he had then remarked upon the innocence and purity of her countenance, and had thought within himself how much more attractive was such an expression than all the graces and fascinations which are meant to allure.

If there is any foundation of virtue in the heart of a man, the more he has been thrown with the less respectable part of the sex, the more he has been exposed to their allurements, the more highly does he prize entire innocence when he meets with it, and the more strict is his line of demarcation between the modest and those in whose conduct there may be any touch of levity. It might almost be taken as a touchstone of the original disposition; whether or no, through all the errors into which man, when tempted, is liable to fall, he yet preserves a quick perception of genuine purity, and also retains a taste and a veneration for it.

Whatever may have been his aberrations, there is always hope that such a one will return to the path of virtue.

The Earl of Nithsdale, however, was not one who had ever been carried away in the vortex of dissipation. He had still cherished within his mind an ideal model of perfection, which had preserved him from yielding up his affections to any of the fair creatures who fluttered around him. He had always resolved that the woman to whom he should unite himself should be as pure as the unshaken snow, with mind, soul, and affections fresh and unspotted.

It was therefore willingly that he entered into the alliance urged by the agent of his master—a master towards whom he inherited loyalty with the blood which flowed in his veins; and to whom, since his interview with him in Flanders, he felt additionally bound by every tie of romantic honor.

Lord Nithsdale had sought that interview with all the feelings of enthusiasm naturally inspired by the circumstance of the young prince so gallantly entering the King of France's army. He was then saddened at the appearance of ill health visible in the chevalier, and he was disheartened by perceiving how poorly he was attended. These facts, unpromising as they were, affected his hopes of success, but they did not lessen the interest he felt for the royal exile. The divisions among the chevalier's adherents, consequent upon Colonel Hook's imprudent neglect of the more moderate Jacobites, who were not prepared rashly and unconditionally to yield the hard-earned liberties of their country into the hands of a restored monarch, portended, to a person who was not of a sanguine temperament, the ill success which attended the attempt of 1707, but it did not for a moment affect his allegiance.

This despondent yet devoted loyalty threw over his whole demeanor a tinge of melancholy, which was calculated to render him more interesting in the eyes of a young girl; and she soon learned to watch with anxiety the varying expression of his brow, and to hail with joy the smile which her presence invariably called forth.

His affection for her was a mingled feeling of almost parental care and protection, with a punctilious respect, excited by her innocence and her noble birth.

She had been brought up to honor and to obey; and the love to which she gladly and dutifully yielded every faculty of her soul, evinced itself in a thousand actions of almost filial reverence. She was unaccustomed to the common attentions mechanically granted by the other sex, and unconsciously received by those who have lived in the world; and he sometimes smilingly checked her when she stooped for her own roll of silk, or performed for herself and others a thousand little services, which, in former days especially, were exacted, not only from a lover, but from all gentlemen towards all ladies.

When, however, they occasionally found themselves alone, a circumstance of rare occurrence, then her instinctive inborn nobleness and modesty made her for the time assume, unknown to herself, the dignity of demeanor befitting one of her rank and station. She was no longer the timid and affectionate girl, only watching to forestall the wishes of him to whom she owed duty and allegiance, but the high-born damsel, whose gentle purity was more awful in its simplicity than the trown of another.

The novelty of such a character—the contrast it afforded to those which he had previously met with—the unusual mixture of perfect confidence in her entire affection for himself, and of perfect certainty that a few weeks would make her his wedded wife, with the fear of alarming the shrinking bashfulness of one nurtured in such seclusion—the desire of winning the unreserved confidence of a creature accustomed to reveal the secret workings of her innocent soul to her confessor alone, and the pleasure of gently insinuating himself into her heart of hearts—gave a new and singular character to this courtship. His own soul seemed to grow fresh, young, and pure by the study of hers. He enjoyed once more all the simple tastes and pleasures of childhood, which had long ceased to charm him; and he hailed with as much delight, as in some cases a lover would the confession of reciprocal affection, any detail of the youthful amusements of her convent life which he could succeed in luring her to describe.

It was seldom, however, that she spoke herself. She loved to sit in her own accustomed and retired seat, apparently occupied with her embroidery, while she gave up her whole soul to the rapture of listening to his voice, and of drinking long draughts of the new and absorbing passion which it was become her duty to feel. If, as not unfrequently happened, he addressed himself to her, and asked her opinion, her feelings, upon the subject which might be under discussion, she started as from a reverie; and, unless it was one which touched upon some matter of morality, of religion, or of loyalty, she could give no opinion, for in truth she had none. She listened for the pleasure of hearing his full, sweet, mellow voice; of learning his sentiments; and of sometimes stealing an occasion of dwelling

unobserved upon the countenance which, in her eyes, beamed with all that was noble and intellectual.

On the day preceding that on which the marriage ceremony was to be performed by a Catholic priest in the chapel of Poole Castle, the Duchess of Powis gave her daughter some of the sage maternal counsel which was to fit her to become a virtuous wife, and the head of a noble household, at a period when the duties of housewifery really devolved upon the mistress.

"Be seated, my dear Winifred, and listen to me attentively. You are now about to enter upon a mode of life entirely new to you; you will have no one to guide and direct you."

"Oh, madam! think you my lord is likely to be called away from me so soon?"

"No, my child; it is not on that account I speak, unless, indeed, our gracious master should carry his proposed landing into effect; in such a case you would not be a degenerate daughter of the house of Herbert, but you would wish your husband to be among the first who flock to the standard of our rightful sovereign. But though no such paramount duty, to which all others must yield, should call him from your side, there are many points connected with your household arrangements in which you must act and judge for yourself. Of course, should any circumstance occur on which there should be a diversity of opinion between yourself and your husband (the Lady Winifred looked up in her mother's face with an expression of unfeigned astonishment), "remember, Winifred, that on such occasions it will be your duty to submit, whether your reason is convinced or not."

"Is it possible?"

"Is what possible, my child?"

"Is it possible, madam, that I should ever hold an opinion contrary to my lord's?"

"Such things have occurred," resumed the duchess, while a transient, almost imperceptible smile passed over her lips. "When you have lived more in the world, you may perhaps acquire wishes and sentiments of your own. Should subjects of dispute arise—"

"Oh, madam!"

"Remember, it is the wife's duty to yield; and remember that a soft word turneth away wrath."

The duchess had proceeded so far with advice, because she had ever deemed it right thus to admonish each of her daughters before they entered into the marriage state, when the Lady Winifred exclaimed, with tears in her eyes:

"Oh, my dearest mother! surely you have not seen in me any signs of wilfulness! Heaven knows my heart is all submission towards him to whom it has pleased you and my sovereign to unite my destiny. Heaven is my witness," she added, clasping her hands, "that I honor him—that I revere him (saving yourself, madam, and Father Albert) second to none under heaven! And to-morrow, mother—to-morrow, I suppose, I may honor him first of all created beings!" She turned her soft and tearful eyes to heaven with an expression of such enthusiastic, such sublime devotion—though the devotion was not at the moment all religious—that the duchess looked upon her for a space in mute astonishment.

"You are a strange girl," at length she said; "so silent, so reserved, and yet so ardent;" and the mother, who had been too much occupied with other thoughts to study the real character concealed under the gentle, unobtrusive deportment of her child, was surprised and perplexed at this unexpected burst of feeling.

After a pause, she resumed. "And there is another thing which I have never failed to impress upon your sisters, which is, that however exalted may be a woman's fortune, she should not disdain to be the diligent housewife as well as the high-born lady. I have in this small clasped book a collection of family receipts, which I wish you to study carefully, and which you will find of infinite service. They descended to me from my grandmother, her grace of Somerset; and our family have always been renowned for our almond confits and our spiced cakes. Amy Evans can assist you, for she has learned to compose these condiments under our faithful Rachel."

The Lady Winifred with gratitude and humility received from her mother's hand the small green book, with silver clasps, which contained these valuable documents. The duchess continued: "In uniting you to one of the Maxwell blood, I need scarcely fear for your principles of loyalty. There can be no doubt that, born of the Herberts, and married to a Maxwell, you will live and die true to the king of your ancestors. And now, my dear child, may a merciful Providence grant that, firm in the faith in which you have been brought up, you may live a virtuous, if not a happy life, and that you may die the death of the righteous!"

The Lady Winifred knelt; and her mother having thus advised her upon conjugal, economical, political, and religious subjects, kissed her fair child's forehead, and they retired to rest.

The next day witnessed the vows of the betrothed pair; and they shortly afterward took up their abode at the Earl of Nithsdale's castle of Terregles, in Dumfriesshire.

CHAPTER VII.

The realm from danger to secure, To foreign aid we cry; With papists and non-jurors join To keep out popery.

Whig Song.

In the mutual affection which subsisted between herself and her lord, the Countess of Nithsdale would now have enjoyed happiness, as perfect and unalloyed as mortals may look for here below, had not the public affair of the time been to both a subject of deep interest and anxiety.

The party of the Chevalier de St. George was strong in Scotland. The people in general were disaffected to the government in consequence of the Union; a measure against which many signed a protest, which was presented by the Duke of Athol, and a measure which, in the eyes of many Scotchmen, appeared contrary to the honor, interest, and constitution of their country, the birth-right of the peers, the privileges of the barons and boroughs; and to the claim of right, property, and liberty of the subject.

While such feelings tend to produce discontent

among all orders, the regular troops, under the Earl of Leven, did not exceed 2,500 men; many of whom upon the landing of the chevalier would most probably have joined him. The castle of Edinburgh was destitute of ammunition; and if it had surrendered, the Jacobites would have found themselves masters of a considerable sum of money.

The king of France, with a view of making a diversion from the Netherlands, and of occupying Queen Anne with disturbances at home, had granted considerable assistance to the Pretender. A squadron was assembled at Dunkirk, under the Chevalier de Fourbin, and a body of land forces was embarked under M. de Gacq; James was furnished with services of gold and silver plate, sumptuous tents, splendid liveries, and all sorts of necessaries, even to profusion. Louis had presented him with a sword studded with diamonds, and had repeated to him the same words with which he dismissed his father,—"that the kindest wish he could express towards him was, that he might never see him again."

The Scottish nobles but awaited the moment of the chevalier's landing to rise simultaneously in his favor; though outwardly all was quiet, they were on the tiptoe of expectation, when the active measures taken by Queen Anne, the vigilance of Sir George Byng, who intercepted the squadron before it could reach Edinburgh, and the wind, which prevented its ever arriving at Inverness, rendered vain all their hopes and fears.

The chevalier, after having been tossed upon the seas during a month of tempestuous weather returned to Dunkirk; and Sir George Byng sailed up the Leith road to Edinburgh, for the purpose of receiving the freedom of the city which he had delivered from impending danger.

Thus ended the Chevalier de St. George's first, and almost ridiculous, attempt to recover the throne of his ancestors.

To the Earl of Nithsdale this period had been one of no common anxiety; he was too well aware of the dissensions which Colonel Hook's imprudence had produced among the chevalier's most faithful partisans, to feel confident of the result under any circumstances; and he knew that till the king was actually in Scotland, and was himself a rallying point for all his adherents, nothing but mischief could accrue from any movement among his friends. He had therefore so conducted himself as to escape the notice of government; his disappointment was great when he found that a moment, in many respects so favorable to the Jacobite cause, had been allowed to escape; but far greater was his mortification at finding that the monarch to whom he had devoted himself could be so easily persuaded to return to dependence on the court of France; and his fears for the future affected him still more deeply than his vexation at the failure of the present attempt.

His young wife also grieved at the dispersion of their cherished hopes; but to her the object of real and deep anxiety was her husband. Sometimes, when, with folded arms, he would gaze vacantly upon the blazing fire, his dark brows knit, his lips compressed, his mind absorbed in sad retrospections and melancholy forebodings, the unread book would fall upon her knee, or needle drop from her hand; and she watched the expression of his face. On one occasion, when he caught her eyes thus fixed upon him, a kind put passing smile illuminated his countenance; and addressing her with a low and mellow voice which first made her maiden heart his own—"My gentle Winifred," he said, "you have exchanged a calm and peaceful home, beloved and cheerful friends, the sister of your affections, and all the joys carelessness of youth for an unsettled country, a troubled land, and a gloomy husband—who hates himself, dearest, when he thinks his thoughtfulness and his abstraction can cast a shade of care over that smooth and tranquil brow."

"Oh, my dear lord!" she exclaimed, as she looked up at him, her eyes half filled with tears.

Lord Nithsdale continued—"Or that his moody silence can bring tears in those dear eyes!" and seating himself beside her, he pressed her slender hand in his.

"It is not his silence, but my beloved lord's kind words, that have brought tears into these foolish eyes. I can scarce believe that one so far above me in wisdom and in knowledge—one whose mind is engrossed by subjects of such moment, can take so much thought for such an ignorant child as I am. I often regret my convent education; for I feel, my lord, that I can be no companion to you; and in these times, especially, when—"

"Wish not yourself other than you are, my love! It is that purity, that heavenly innocence, that confides simplicity which render you in my eyes so immeasurably superior to all the far-famed beauties of this or any other land. What are their charms, their wit, their talents, their learning, their acquired attractions, to that pure blush which even now mantles my own Winifred's cheek, to hear her praises, though from a husband's lips?"

And Winifred was happy; for she found that in truth her unobtrusive affection, her gentle cares, could rouse dispel the gloom which hung over that beloved husband.

Time, however, changed the nature of his regrets. Lord Nithsdale's clear understanding could not fail to perceive that his country was quiet, prosperous, and glorious under the rule of its present monarch; and the doubt would cross him whether it were the act of a true patriot to favor the pretensions of one who must necessarily overturn much of what tended to promote that prosperity.

Still, was he not by birth a Jacobite? a Catholic? and therefore bound from motives of religion to support a Catholic claimant to the throne? Moreover, had he not, in his romantic interview with the Pretender, pledged himself personally to his service? It was too late to retract! If any attempt were renewed in his favor, he could not but join it. Yet the consciousness of being bound in honor to a cause of which his reason could not thoroughly approve, oppressed him with a sense of care—almost of guilt.

He was a man who wished strictly to act as honor and as duty might dictate; and he was not carried away by eager hopefulness, or by ambition, or by passion. He saw and balanced so nicely the reasons and arguments on both sides, that he was apt to be dissatisfied with himself; sometimes to think he was

guilty of a dereliction of duty towards his lawful sovereign, when his clear judgment forced upon him the thriving condition of his country; at others, to feel that he was, perhaps, ready to sacrifice the real good of thousands to his own private notions of personal honor.

The Lady Nithsdale, with never-failing gentleness, soothed these wayward feelings, if wayward they may be called, which were so natural to a conscientious man in times such as those we treat of. She would chase away his gloom by light and playful converse; she would gather around him her friends and neighbors, and lure him to forget his careful thoughts in the pleasing duties of hospitality; or she would draw his attention to the gambols of their children, the young Lord Maxwell and the little Lady Anne, and lead him to join in their sports, and thus lose the sense of the conflicting duties which pressed so heavily upon his mind. He was always, and at all times, the object of her thoughts; and the earl in return hung on her as his stay, his support, his consolation.

The bond of their mutual affection thus became more firmly knit than if their lives had passed in an uninterrupted flow of happiness. The affection which is wearied by sadness, or falls off in sorrow, is one which has taken but shallow root in the heart.

It is, perhaps, to the credit of human nature that misfortune is not the trial under which mutual attachment so frequently gives way as under that of unbroken prosperity. When there is any groundwork of tenderness, the sight of the object of that tenderness in sorrow, in sickness, or in suffering, endears it more and more. The attention is fixed; the thoughts are occupied; affection is called into action; it is not allowed to drop into a slumber, which sometimes ends in lethargy. The enduring love of wives to wayward husbands, the exceeding fondness of some husbands for capricious wives, may thus be accounted for. How natural was it, then, that an anxious and thoughtful temper, produced by conscientious scruples, devoted loyalty, romantic honor, and disinterested patriotism, should concentrate upon her husband every feeling of a soul which, like the Countess of Nithsdale's, was made up of duty and tenderness!

The imprudent boldness with which many Jacobites professed their principles and their attachment to the Pretender was to Lord Nithsdale a source of much vexation. The Duchess of Gordon sent the faculty of advocates a silver medal, representing on one side the Chevalier de St. George, and on the reverse the British islands, with the motto "Reddito." The duchess was thanked for having presented them with a medal of "their sovereign lord the king;" and a confident hope was expressed that her grace would soon have an opportunity of offering them a second medal, struck upon the "restoration of the king and royal family, and the destruction of usurping tyranny and whiggery."

This whole proceeding was afterwards disowned by the faculty; and by a solemn act they declared their attachment to the queen and the Protestant succession. But such uncalculated boldness, such weak retracting of daring impudence, in the opinion of Lord Nithsdale, argued ill for the cause to which he was bound. Such conduct could in nowise forward the hopes of his master, and it only served to keep the country in an unquiet and disturbed state.

He disapproved of the measures of his party; and consequently he kept himself somewhat retired at Terregles, associating more with his immediate neighbors than courting political connections. With the Earl of Derwentwater alone he kept up a constant and confidential intercourse. They together deplored the infatuation of some of their friends; in loyalty and patriotism each found in the other a spirit congenial to his own.

Lord Nithsdale's visits to London, or to Edinburgh, were rare; and no change occurred to mark the lapse of years, unless we may note that which took place in the bearing of Amy Evans. She was still, as before, high in her lady's favor, who regarded her more in the light of a confidential, though humble friend, than merely as a waiting-woman. Indeed, Amy in her childhood had been admitted as playmate and associate to the daughter of an old cavalier who resided in the neighborhood of Pool Castle; and from her youthful intercourse with Mrs. Mellicent Hilton, she had acquired a tone of feeling somewhat superior to those in her station of life.

Lady Nithsdale could not but remark that the laughing eyes which once sparkled with merriment, were now dull and spiritless, and that the ruddy cheek had lost its bloom. When she sought the chamber where her maidens were employed at their needle, she no longer heard the clear voice of Amy, who used to enliven the light labors of her companions with the ditties she had learned in her childhood. Her gay laugh no longer pealed cheerily on the ear. Lady Nithsdale attributed the change which had gradually stolen over the demeanor of her dear Amy Evans to her separation from her lover.

"You are sad, dear Amy," she one day remarked to her; "but I think I have news that will call up the bloom on these pale cheeks, and I shall hear your old Welsh songs carolled with fresh glee. The farm of Hetherstone is vacant now, and my lord proposes that David should become his tenant;—and then I suppose I must make Jennie Scott my 'tirowoman'!"

"Alas! my gracious mistress, not unless your ladyship is weary of the services of poor Amy Evans. I trust that I can still diligently ply my needle, and that I can arrange your ladyship's head gear with as neat a hand as Jean Scott at the least."

"Nay, you have been a diligent and careful servant to me, Amy, and I shall love to see you as careful and diligent a wife; and when I visit you in your home, I shall once more see your merry eyes sparkle as they used to do."

"No, madam, those days are gone by for me.—You shall ever find me a true and faithful servant, but I shall never be a wife."

"And what will David do without a housewife to see to his dairy, to bake his bread and his bannocks, and to trim his hearth, and keep all neat and seemly around him?"

"He needs not me for a housewife, madam; he has found one, more to his taste, these six months back. He was married, madam, last Lammas-tide;—"