



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

	Weekly	per ann'm.
New York Tablet	.....	\$3 00
" Freeman's Journal	.....	3 00
Boston Pilot	.....	2 50
Dublin Nation	.....	3 50
" Weekly News	.....	2 50
London Tablet	.....	6 50
" Register	.....	4 50
New York Catholic World	.....	4 50
Messenger Sacred Heart	.....	2 00
London Month	.....	7 50
Dublin Review	.....	6 25
Catholic Review, Philadelphia	.....	5 00

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
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. .... 1 00

**JUST RECEIVED,**  
**SERMONS BY THE LATE**  
**REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,**  
who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.  
We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of **SERMONS** on **VARIOUS SUBJECTS**, given by  
**THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871.**  
Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price from  
**D. & J. SADIÉRIE & CO.,**  
Catholic Publishers,  
275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

[This is only one of numerous tributes to the memory of an estimable Christian woman whose death it was recently our painful duty to record.]

### "IN MEMORIAM"

Of our beloved Mother Bruyere, who died April 5th, 1876, at the Convent of the Grey Sisters, Ottawa, Ontario.  
Golden dawn scarce appeared, and with its delicate finger;  
Had decked with roseate hue and golden light on the horizon did linger,  
Nature's morn, was the dawn of her eternal day;  
And the warblers salute, to the sun in her first requiem lay.

The poor hath friends, the child devoted hands;  
To guide her footsteps, to teach, and prune, as intellect demands;  
The orphan's home, the aged's shelter breathe her love,  
Forget us not, though in the realms above.

Cease aching hearts? ended is her long strife;  
"He that giveth all" hath given her eternal life;  
It is ended, the weal, the trial, the dark night;  
One virgin more to Heaven hath taken flight.

Mother! listen, your child's sympathy doth seek,  
To lend a soothing balm, to your sorrow, great but meek;  
Our loss has been her gain, our grief the dawn of light,  
She taught us Hope, Patience and love of God in blight.

Let the Graduates of 1875, gather nigh,  
To breathe o'er that sainted tomb their heartfelt sigh;  
"In Memoriam" let love and gratitude breathe a prayer,  
As the last tribute for her sweet maternal care.

TESSIE HENRY,  
A former pupil of Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur,  
Rideau Street, Ottawa.

## WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

### CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

"Trust me, I am now firm and resolved," said Lady Nithsdale to her friend, the Duchess of Montrose; "I am ready, even impatient, to be stirring in my husband's service. It was the sight of you, dear cousin, and the tones of your sweet voice—"  
"Well, no more of this; I will see you to-morrow, when we will confer more at large; I must not now delay. I am to court to-night, as you may perceive by all this gay apparel; my lord duke is already there in attendance, and I must not be late. But, before I leave you, let me enforce one thing; I fear they will refuse you admittance to your husband, unless you consent to share his imprisonment; this must not be! You must remain at liberty, or we cannot concert our measures; you must yourself see and speak with some one I will name to you. I have assurances that the king will show mercy to several of the prisoners; but still we all know the good Earl of Nithsdale has many enemies; and there is more need you should be in freedom to use your influence with them. Remember, that for his sake, you must not preclude yourself from serving him far more effectually than you could by sharing his prison."  
"Trust me, dear friend, I will obey your injunctions. Whatever it may cost me, I will turn back from his prison door; it is for his good that I should do so. May Heaven bless and reward you, dearest cousin, and she seized the duchess's hand and pressed it to her heart."  
"Pshaw! fully Winifred, you need not thank me yet," replied the duchess, half turning away, and brushing off a tear. "You must not make me sleep before I go to court, or I may regret it. I will not, however, be praised, will be angry with you, and I must stay with you no longer. I shall play the very fool, and not be fit to show my face at St. James's. One kiss, dear cousin, and adieu! It would not be wise that I should absent myself from the king's presence just now. You must not ask me anything more, and the fair creature moved away in grace and beauty. She glided through the hall; the splendid coach drove off; the running footmen, bearing torches, preceded and accompanied her."  
"How unjust," thought Lady Nithsdale, "is the common accusation that pomp and splendor harden the heart! Where could I find more true kindness and sympathy than in my dear cousin Christian, whose life has been one sunny dream of unclouded brilliancy? But as she slowly and thoughtfully returned in solitude to the temporary lodging which Amy had procured for her, she pondered on the duchess's words—"My lord has many enemies," she said: "how can he have enemies? Surely, if favor is to be shown to any, to whom could it be more properly extended than to him? Does not the kind duchess alarm herself needlessly? And yet she knows the counsels of those in power. She would not wish to excite unreasonable fears in my mind. Alas! what can she mean? My lord was not one of the first to join the insurgents: Lord Derwentwater was already in arms; Forster was at the head of a considerable body of troops; the Earl of Mar had set up King James's standard. Neither had he, like the Earl of Mar, ever made professions of loyalty to the house of Hanover. General Forster is even now a member of King George's parliament. But my dear lord is not obnoxious from either of these causes. He has never been guilty of treachery, neither has he ever been forward in causing disturbances in his native land; but when civil broils became inevitable, then—then he was not found wanting to the family for which his ancestors have bled and suffered. Oh! I would that the morrow were arrived! This long tedious night, which must intervene before I can see, learn, hear, know, do anything further—how wearisome, how irksome is it!"  
Upon her return to her lodgings, she found that Amy Evans, on her part, had not been idle. She had already sought and obtained an interview with her former companion, Mrs. Morgan.  
Nearly ten years had elapsed since Mellicent Hilton had left the Welsh valley of her childhood as the bride of Mr. Morgan, and from that time the playfellows had never met; for before Mrs. Morgan returned to visit her father in his solitude, Amy had accompanied the Countess of Nithsdale into Scotland.  
Mrs. Morgan was fortunately alone on the evening in question, when Amy, half alarmed at her own presumption, presented herself at the door.  
She did not at first recollect, in the Mrs. Evans who was announced, the merry Amy of her childhood; neither would Amy have recognized in the tall, slender, modish lady before her, the buxom, rosy girl who had climbed the mountain paths, and pulled the wild-flowers with her. She hesitated for a moment, while she assured herself that, although the complexion was less brilliant, and the full form had faded into a marvellous taper waist, still the laughing blue eyes was the same, the expression of the free hearty smile the same, although the dimples were not so visible in the less rounded cheek.  
Mrs. Morgan, with an air of courtly breeding, bent herself gracefully towards the stranger, waiting till she opened her business; when Amy, half abashed at the changes which had taken place in the exterior of her former friend, half reassured by the kindly countenance which had spoke that the heart had remained unchanged, after making a low and respectable courtesy, began with some hesitation, "that she could scarcely hope Mrs. Morgan would still bear in mind the childhood playmate of Mrs. Mellicent Hilton—Amy, the daughter of old Rachel Evans, of Poole Castle."  
"What Amy, the Queen of the May? Is it you, my old friend?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, holding out her hand with the frankness she brought from Montgomeryshire valley, unimpaired by the intercourse she had since had with the world. "Oh! I have often wished to see you again, and often thought what happy hours we have passed together, when we have laughed even to tears without knowing wherefore, and sung for very want of thought and care. But, my good Amy, your looks speak that, since those days, you have been made acquainted with want and care. Your countenance is sorrowful. Is your mother, the good Rachel, well? And David? How comes it you are still Amy Evans? Have you been cruel after all?"  
"Alas! madam, my poor mother has been dead these two years; she scarce survived her mistress more than a few weeks; but they were both in years; and the good Duke of Powis allowed her to be buried in his own family vault, and she lies near her honored mistress, the duchess. And as to David, my dear Mrs. Mellicent, I have not thought of him for many and many a year; I should esteem it beneath me to pine for him! He showed the truth of the old saying, 'out of sight, out of mind'; and I shall never be the one to prove an old proverb false!" answered Amy, with a flash of her former spirit. "But, madam, I have other cares, and heavier ones, upon my mind. My dear mistress, the good Countess of Nithsdale's lord, is in prison with the other lords whom they call rebels, and my lady and I have rode to London to attend him, and, as I hope, to be of some service to him. But we are nearly strangers in London; and I thought, madam, that for old acquaintance sake, perhaps, you would stand our friend. I know Mr. Morgan was much about the palace; and they say, madam," she continued, smiling, "there is nothing like a friend at court; and so I made bold to come to you at once. I thought also you could perhaps inform us, where we might lodge respectfully and yet privately; for her grace the Duchess of Montrose warned my lady not to live in state, but to keep private."  
"Alas! good Amy, I fear you are come on a sad errand," answered Mrs. Morgan with a serious countenance. "I fear that the Earl of Nithsdale is one whose fate is sealed. I heard no talk of mercy being extended towards him. So staunch a Catholic!—so influential a man on the borders of Scotland and England!—so forward as his family have ever been in support of the exiled race! Alas for your poor mistress! Is she much attached to him?"  
"Oh! madam," exclaimed Amy, with a face of consternation, "it will kill my mistress if anything happens to my lord! I am sure, quite sure, she could not outlive him," she continued, wringing her hands; "you never, madame, saw such love as

hers; it is not like anything else that ever I heard of. I am sure, when I see how she hangs upon my lord's words—how she honors and reveres him—how she watches his looks, and lives but for him—I cannot think I ever cared anything at all about David And you, madam, you were very partial to Mr. Morgan; and I will remember you were resolved to have him" (Mrs. Morgan smiled); "but still your love was not like my poor mistress's!"  
"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Morgan; "what can I do for her? I would serve her, or any one in such distress, if I knew how I could do so. More especially, I would gladly serve any one whom you seem to love so dearly."  
"I do, indeed, love my dear lady with my whole heart, and no one who knows her excellence could do otherwise."  
"Well, dear Amy, you may count on my exerting what little influence I may possess; and Mr. Morgan is so kind, I am sure he will assist us, if he can. In the meantime, I can tell you of a worthy family with whom your mistress might be comfortably and respectfully lodged. I will see Mrs. Mills to-morrow: her house is not far removed from the Tower, which would, I think, be a recommendation to the Countess of Nithsdale; and she is a gentle, kind soul, who will be ready to weep with your lady, and will never wound her by a thoughtless or indiscreet word."  
Amy Evans's countenance brightened. "I was right," she exclaimed, "when I told the countess, the world might work great changes, but it would be indeed a great one if Mrs. Mellicent Hilton had not still the kindest heart that ever beat. I feared I was making very bold, and was presuming too much upon the freedom permitted in childhood, when I ventured to come to you; but I thought time could never have hardened such feelings as yours, so as to make you resent the liberty I was taking. In my honored lady's name and my own, receive our most grateful thanks;" and Amy kissed the hand which Mrs. Morgan cordially extended towards her.  
"I will see Mrs. Mills to-morrow morning; and then, with the Countess of Nithsdale's permission, I will wait on her, and inform her what arrangements I have been able to make."  
"Our blessings on you, dear madam!" repeated Amy, as she took her leave, and hastened back to meet her lady upon her return from the Duchess of Montrose.

Lady Nithsdale listened with gratitude to all that Amy told her; and the kindness they had both met with on their several missions proved the best cordial which could be administered to feelings so tried as hers had been. Exhausted nature, however, claimed its rights, and she slept. The bodily fatigue which caused sleep,  
"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to give a respite to the workings of her mind, may have assisted in enabling her to bear all that awaited her.

### CHAPTER XVII.

The less I may be blest with her company, the more I will retire to God, and my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy, but they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues, while I enjoy myself. *Eikon Basilike.*

As the day began to dawn, and the gray winter light gradually illumined the narrow dirty streets, which the remains of snow rendered more than usually dreary, the Countess of Nithsdale wound her way to the Tower.

It was still too early to gain admittance, or even to be allowed to speak with the porter. The gates were not yet opened; she stood and gazed till her feelings were almost intolerably excited, and then she paced up and down with a quick and hurried step, till abruptly stopping, she pressed the arm of her faithful companion, Amy, and pointing to the antique building, she cried in accents of despair, "He is there, Amy, he is there, and I cannot be with him!"  
Amy looked with awe and vague fear at the spot, which, from our cradle, is united in our minds with the idea of murder, the scaffold, open executions, and secret assassination. She trembled at the certainty that her dear master actually lay within its fearful precincts; and she turned an eye of commiseration on her lady, to think that she was in sober truth, an actress in one of those tragedies of which we are apt to hear and read as of fictitious horrors.

They gazed upon the thick and muddy water of the moat, upon the lofty wall which rose on the other side, and which the inhabitants, of whose dwellings it formed a part, had here and there opened windows, added gabled roofs, and pierced the ancient rough stone-work with brick additions of their own. This patch-work took off from its antiquity and solemnity, without imparting to such a building any air of comfort. On the contrary, it spoke of long residence within the narrow limits of a prison.

At length the clock struck the appointed hour, and she hastened to the gates to solicit an interview with the lieutenant of the Tower.

After some delay, the request was granted, when she received the answer the Duchess of Montrose had led her to anticipate. The orders were most strict that none should be allowed to visit the prisoners before the day for pronouncing sentence upon them; but hopes were held out to her that she might obtain permission to share Lord Nithsdale's confinement.  
Had it not been for the duchess's caution, it is more than probable she would gladly have accepted the conditions; for, to feel herself so near him, and yet to be withheld from seeing him; to know that he was in solitude and sadness, looking only for her company to cheer him, and to refuse to share his prison; to turn away when she had it in her power to look upon his face, to hear, again that soft, deep, melodious voice,—alas! it was a sore trial! But she was firm in adhering to her resolution. Such, however, was her agitation, that as she tottered from the lieutenant's apartments, some of the soldiers, moved with compassion, offered her a seat for a few moments in the guard-room. One kindly brought her a cup of water, for which she did not fail to show her gratitude by deeds as well as words. He accompanied her to the outer gate, and she succeeded so well in working on his feelings of

kindness and of self-interest, that she obtained from him a promise to exert himself in her behalf, and an assurance that when he was on guard, he would not watch too narrowly which way she passed.

With many a lingering look towards the dismal edifice, she tore herself away, but it was not without a hope of compassing by stealth the interview which she had been refused.

She hastened to her appointment with the duchess, when she did not fail to tell her how faithfully she had obeyed her injunctions, how resolutely she had even turned from his prison-gates, when her heart burned to rush to her husband; but at the same time she imparted to her the hopes she entertained of seeing him through the means of the kind-hearted guard.

"If all that is said be true," answered the duchess, archly, "it is not so difficult to gain access to the prisoners; a golden key is often more potent than an iron bar! Meantime, I would advise your exerting all the influence you may possess with my Lord Townshend, and the Duke of Richmond. My husbands tells me they are both likely to advocate measures of severity; and yet I should hope the Duke of Richmond would remember that the Earl of Derwentwater is his kinsman. The Earls of Danby and of Nottingham I spoke with last night, and I trust with good effect. They both promised they would second any petition from the prisoners. Some will certainly be pardoned; but, dearest cousin, we must exert ourselves to the utmost, and yet our zeal must be tempered with discretion. The Earl, your husband, has, as I told you, many enemies; and I should be a false friend did I not confess to you that he is not one of those who are likely to be most leniently dealt with." Lady Nithsdale clasped her hands with such an expression of anguish, that the duchess hastened to add, but I know not, neither can any one know, in truth, what will be the sentence of the court. 'Tis all conjecture."

"But why, oh why, should conjecture be unfavorable to my lord?"  
"Nay, I cannot say. It may be—a Catholic—his property on the very borders of the two countries—his family so long attached to the Stuarts; but all may yet be well. Circumstances may arise in his favor. Should the sentence be—be such as to blast our hopes—they speak of a petition to be signed by the prisoners."

"My lord will never put his name to any thing that may savor of dishonor. I know not what this petition may prove; but if it is such as should change any sentence that may have passed, I marvel if it can be such as it would become my lord to sign—or such," she added emphatically—"or such as I could wish to sign!" her voice broke, and she burst into tears at thus, as it were, with her lips pronouncing his doom. "His life," she continued, as if to justify herself for what she had uttered, "must not be preserved at the price of honor!" and her delicate form reared itself, and her eye glanced upwards, as if to seek from Heaven the strength she much needed.

The duchess sighed. "What a noble spirit, she thought, "is probably destined to be crushed! what a generous heart, in all probability, will be condemned to drink the bitter cup of sorrow to the very dregs!" She cast her dark bright eyes on the ground to conceal her emotion.

Lady Nithsdale saw the tears glistening in her eye-lashes: "You weep, cousin! you are weeping for me! Alas! alas! you know his doom. You know the counsels of those in power; and you know that they are his inveterate foes. You fear to tell me that you know it!"

"On my honor, I know nothing," repeated the duchess, with solemnity; "but surely we all suspect and fear enough to draw tears from drier eyes and harder hearts than mine. My dear cousin knows of old, that a little thing will move me to smile, or to weep; so you must not augur ill from my childish weakness, but set it down to the account of Christian Montrose's variable temperament;" and she strove to smile through the tears which now flowed every moment faster down her cheeks.

After some further consultation between the friends they parted, and at dusk Lady Nithsdale again repaired to the Tower. The accommodating guard was in attendance. He quickly and silently admitted her through the wicket. As she passed under the first archway, she fancied she perceived another muffled female figure who glided quietly on, as if accustomed to the way. The sight reassured her, as it seemed to confirm what the duchess had told her of the potency of a golden key. In silence she crossed the bridge over the moat; she looked fearfully on all sides, dreading lest each form she saw might be that of some guard more strict in the performance of his duty; and doubting whether in a few moments she might be blessed with the sight of her husband, or whether she might be driven forth despairing to her desolate lodging.

When on the bridge, the masts of the vessels lying in the Thames were visible over the parapet. She could just distinguish them dark against the sky. She cast towards them a lingering look, and thought, "Oh, that we were together on board the meanest of those vessels; together, on our way to life and liberty!"

They emerged from the gloom of the second archway, and keeping under the shadow of the southern wall, they passed, what seemed to her, a considerable distance between the lofty buildings. "Those are the warders' apartments," whispered the guard, pointing to the high wall to the north; "Tis there that most of the rebels have their lodgings; go straight on, till you get to the traitor's gate,—there, to the right!"—she shuddered as the word was uttered, and looked fearfully as he directed to the portals which are only opened to admit a prisoner, but never to send him forth to freedom;—"When you get there, turn to your left through the bloody tower,"—a more icy chill ran through her veins—"then to your left again, up the steps, and you will see a girl who will lead you where you wish to go. I must not be seen any farther than this spot. I shall be on guard just an hour longer. Be sure you do not linger beyond that time, or you will never make your way out of this dismal place; and, as for me, I shall pay a heavy price for my good nature."  
"Would I could adequately reward you for your charity!" answered the countess, pouring gold into

his hand:—"but Heaven will not forget this deed of mercy!"

She found the girl upon the steps, as she had been led to expect, and she immediately followed her to a door about the centre of the building to the south of the court, when bidding her wait a moment, the girl disappeared. Lady Nithsdale trembled from head to foot; her heart seemed almost to stop its pulsations, so agonizing was the fear that now, on the very threshold, something might occur to disappoint her hopes.

Intense as was her anxiety to see her husband, as the moment actually approached, a dead calm over her at the notion of seeing him under such circumstances. Her thoughts were painfully broken in upon by the sounds of merriment and revelry which burst from one of the neighboring windows—loud songs and shouts of laughter! They jarred upon her ear as something out of tune, unfitting for the place or season, and she wondered how jailors could be so devoid of feeling as to indulge in noisy jollity within hearing of their prisoners.

"The young girl quickly returned. 'This is the moment, madame. The guards are all engaged; they are going to convey those prisoner lords, whom you may hear carousing within, back to their several apartments; and now you can slip up unperceived.'"

"The axe suspended over their heads," thought Lady Nithsdale, "and this unseemly recklessness! and shall such as they find mercy, while my lord—"

In a few seconds she had mounted the narrow stairs; passed the outer room, which was at that moment vacant; and the young maiden having gently unbolting the farther door, she found herself in her husband's presence!

He was reading by a dimly burning candle, and started at the sound of footsteps; but before he could ascertain the cause of this interruption, his wife was on his bosom, her arms were around his neck.

"I am here! I am with you at last! It is your own Winifred!" she exclaimed.

"Then Heaven has mercy still in store for me!" he replied.

For a few moments neither could speak. Words seemed all inadequate to express the strong emotions of joy, and of grief, which struggled in their hearts. The Earl of Nithsdale, whose mind was chastened, whose feelings were tempered by long confinement, was the first to recover his self-possession! "Now I see you, my love, I am indeed no longer comfortless! Oh, Winifred! I have passionately longed for this blessed moment! It is five long months since we parted love;—I have counted the days, the hours;—there has not been one in which I have not required your gentle strength, your trusting patience, to support me or to soothe me. Thanks be to Heaven, that has vouchsafed to me once more the joy of beholding you!"—and he lifted her gently from his shoulder, on which her head had sunk. "And now let me look upon that dear face, and from those pure and holy eyes draw faith, submission, and resignation." He gazed upon her for some moments with a tenderness, which, as he gazed, increased in intensity. "Alas!" he suddenly exclaimed, and flinging his arms upon the table, he hid his face in his hands—"alas! it is not thus I shall learn to submit cheerfully to my fate! To see you once again—to hear that voice—to press that beloved form once more to my heart—to feel that if my life were spared, it would be to pass that life with you, for you! Oh! this does not reconcile me to what must be—" Then checking himself, he heaved, in a calmer tone, "But are you well, my love? you have not suffered on your journey? And the children?—you hear of them? I know not how it has fared with them for many, many weeks. Poor innocents!" and the thought that he should never see them more, made his voice quiver as he spoke.

"Oh, they are well, and safe, and happy, in health and freedom, in a more favored land than this!"

He looked up, and a smile illumined his features; but by the dim light of the solitary taper his countenance looked wan, and the last few months had left deep traces of care upon his brow.

"You are ill!" she exclaimed in affright; "you must be ill!"

"Nay," he replied, with gentleness, "my health is unimpaired; and now my Winifred is come, my spirits will soon be cheered."

"Alas! I have seen you pale before, and I have seen you sad; but never never did I see you look thus!"

"Time will do its own work, dearest! and I am older by some months than when you saw me last. My Winifred must not quarrel with her husband," he added, smiling, "because age steals upon him with no gentle hand. Oh! is it not our wish, with most earnest wish, my love," he continued, with solemnity and tenderness, "to see each other grow old? And do you not think that if we should be spared to each other, years would only rivet still closer the bonds which unite us; that for every charm which may depart with you, there would arise a thousand recollections of mutual kindness mutual sufferings, ay, and mutual joys (for we have known many days of happiness), which would still render us more dear, one to the other? Methinks that when that delicate form shall have lost its roundness; and be passed his arm around her slender waist; and when those eyes shall have lost their brilliancy, and that clear forehead its smoothness; when these soft brown curls, and be pressed to his lips one of the two or three long curls which, according to the fashion of the time, were suffered to fall on her neck,—when these soft brown curls should be mixed with gray,—that my Winifred would be, if possible, more precious to my heart than she is now; for I should remember that those eyes have been dimmed with tears for me, that smooth brow-care worn on my account." Lady Nithsdale wept softly, unreluctantly; she struggled not against her tears, for she was almost unconscious that they flowed. "Should those blessed days ever come to us, Winifred, the recollection of this hour will be sweet; and should there be no future for me—"

"There will be none for me," she quickly interposed; "I feel assured," and she pressed her hand against her heart—"I feel assured there would be none for me!"

"(To be continued in our next.)"

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"Oh, they are well, and safe, and happy, in health and freedom, in a more favored land than this!"

He looked up, and a smile illumined his features; but by the dim light of the solitary taper his countenance looked wan, and the last few months had left deep traces of care upon his brow.

"You are ill!" she exclaimed in affright; "you must be ill!"

"Nay," he replied, with gentleness, "my health is unimpaired; and now my Winifred is come, my spirits will soon be cheered."

"Alas! I have seen you pale before, and I have seen you sad; but never never did I see you look thus!"

"Time will do its own work, dearest! and I am older by some months than when you saw me last. My Winifred must not quarrel with her husband," he added, smiling, "because age steals upon him with no gentle hand. Oh! is it not our wish, with most earnest wish, my love," he continued, with solemnity and tenderness, "to see each other grow old? And do you not think that if we should be spared to each other, years would only rivet still closer the bonds which unite us; that for every charm which may depart with you, there would arise a thousand recollections of mutual kindness mutual sufferings, ay, and mutual joys (for we have known many days of happiness), which would still render us more dear, one to the other? Methinks that when that delicate form shall have lost its roundness; and be passed his arm around her slender waist; and when those eyes shall have lost their brilliancy, and that clear forehead its smoothness; when these soft brown curls, and be pressed to his lips one of the two or three long curls which, according to the fashion of the time, were suffered to fall on her neck,—when these soft brown curls should be mixed with gray,—that my Winifred would be, if possible, more precious to my heart than she is now; for I should remember that those eyes have been dimmed with tears for me, that smooth brow-care worn on my account." Lady Nithsdale wept softly, unreluctantly; she struggled not against her tears, for she was almost unconscious that they flowed. "Should those blessed days ever come to us, Winifred, the recollection of this hour will be sweet; and should there be no future for me—"

"There will be none for me," she quickly interposed; "I feel assured," and she pressed her hand against her heart—"I feel assured there would be none for me!"

"(To be continued in our next.)"