VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1876.

NO. 40.

ACENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

		,,	
New York Tublet,	Weekly	\$3	00
" " Freeman's Journal	u	3	00
" " Gatholic Review,	Ce .	3	20
Bosion Pilot	£¢.	2	50
Dublin Nation	55	3	50
" Weekly News	45	2	51
London Tublet	66	6	56
Register	cc	4	50
New York Catholic World	Monthly	4	50
Messenger Sacred Heart	"	2	00
London Month	66	. 7	50
Dublin Review	Quarterly	6	2!
American Catholic Quarterly, Phil.		5	01
American Catholic Quarterly, Phil.		5	00

JUST RECEIVED,

A fine LITHOGRAPH of BISMARCK-" SATAN AND THE CHURCH"-size 19x24 inches, Price, 25 cts.

It represents Bismarck attempting to pull down St. Peter's, at Rome. His Satanic Majesty, who happens to come along, promises if he (Bismarck) succeeds, he will resign his place in his favor. Free by mail on receipt of price.

> 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 SUB-

JECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price

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FAME

BY J. F. The orator spoke, and the crowd was hush'd, Men held their breath as the quick words rush'd; Stern eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot; Though the hours sped by they heeded them not

And they swore not their fault if they liv'd not to The tyrant dead and their country free.

The crator ceases-the curtain falls, The echoes die through the tenantless walls-They fought in vain, for the orator's word, Stay'd not the sweep of the tyrant's sword, And the riveted chain clank'd on as before, And the orator's words are remembered no more. Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,

He lives in story, only a name. The poet sang, and the earth grew still,

And he moulded men's hearts at his own sweet will; And they ask'd his name that it might be enroll'd With the names of earth's greatest in letters of gold And his pale cheek flush'd and his heart beat high,

And he said-"Nor my name nor my song shall He paus'd, and earth's voices, silent so long, Grew sevenfold louder, and drown'd his song. As the tide of time thro centuries roll'd

The rust ate in thro' the letters of gold; And newer songs seem'd sweeter to men, And the Poet's songs are not heard again, Save by a few, with less heart than head, Who grope for his thoughts in a tongue that is Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,

He left in story scarce aught but a name.

The Thinker sat pale in his lonely cell, And mus'd on the thought he had shap'd so well; And his keen eye look'd through the coming years, And he saw thro' the baze of his happy tears His shapely thought thro' the world expand Till its impress was stamped on the sea and the land;

And he thought to himself, 'mid this vision of

fame,—"
"Surely the world will remember my name."

And the Thinker died, and his Thought went forth To the cast and the west, to the south and the north:

But talent such changes on genius rang That the world forgot from whose brain it sprang; And men deem'd that the fruit of the thought of

Was the slow grown produce of many an age. Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame, He left in story not even a name!

The Irish Monthly.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

BY LADY DAORE.

CHAPTER XIX.

The heroine assumed the woman's place, Confirmed her mind, and fortified her face. Mit will spring the cone Dryden.

When Lady Nithadale arrived at her lodgings, she there found Mrs. Morgan, who, from the mo-ment she first through Amy Evane's means, became acquainted with her, had proved herself a kind friend, and a strenuous an efficient agent.

As the countess entered the apartment the hagreturn. Amy hastened to support her lady, whose on the left. steps appeared to totter as she advanced. "Thanks, dear Amy ; but I need not your assistance," she replied, with forced composure "I am not ill my

well and strong. You do not know how strong I

"Would not your ladyship be better near the fire ?" inquired Mrs. Mills, rising from her chair;

"the evening is chilly."
"Disturb not yourself, my good friend; "I am well here," replied Lady Nithsdale, sinking into a seat.

" How fares it with my lord, madam? Is he of good cheer ?" "Well, Amy, right well; he is well in health, and will bear himself gallantly to-morrow, as the

grandson of the brave defender of Caerlaverock Castle should bear himself," answered the counters with a forced air of resolution; for she had employed Mrs. Morgan to procure for her a seat in some obscure part of Westminster Hall, from whence she might be a witness of the trial; and she feared, it she now betrayed any weakness or emotion, even the yielding Mrs. Morgan might not comply with her wishes.

"And now I must ask my dear Mrs. Morgan whether her friend, the Earl of Dorset, has been as good as his word. May we hope for seats in the hall to-morrow?" She inquired in a tone which she meant should be steady.
"Yes, dearest Lady Nithsdale; he says that it

you resolved upon being present, he can accommodate us; for you must allow me to accompany you and also our faithful Mrs. Evans ; I could not allow you to stir without her."

"My dear Amy! No; I am too well assured of her affection not to be always the better if she is near." Lady Nithsdale's eyes were for a moment suffused; for it often happens that a slight emotion their hope that the assurances of clemency held draws tears which are frozen in their cells by out to them at Preston would not prove fallacious. stronger and deeper ones. "The spot is a retired one, I trust; not within sight of the prisoners: I am present!"—she clasped her hands—"it might that if mercy were extended towards him, "he uaman him; his voice might falter; his lips might should, during the remainder of his life, pay the quiver; and the world might fancy it could be through fear! Oh, he must not, must not see me!" she reneated with earnestness.

"I thought of that," replied the considerate Mrs. Morgan; "and the seats provided are near the door-a back entrance through which you may easily withdraw whenever you see fit. But still I doubt whether Iam a true friend in assisting you in this business. I fear it is rather yielding weakness than true kindness, as my poor father used to

say. The scene will be too much for you."

Did not Lady Russell act as her lord's secretary during the trial? Woman's affection, in her, overcame woman's weakness. She wavered not, she trembled not, at the time-though afterward she wept herself blind! And was her husband more worthy of a wife's devotion than mine? Did she could she, love him with more passionat fervor than I do my own dear, dear noble lord? Oh, no! for she had lovel before; he was not the first and only object of the concentrated affection of a whole life. Ske had been bound by previous ties; she had known joys and sorrows unconnected with him: but I-my existence was blank until it was wound up in his! Depend upon it, dear Mrs. Morgan, this case, being deaf to all distinctions of persons, what woman's love can do, the love that warms this bosom can accomplish! You need not doubt me. I will not expose myselfor you to observation or remark."

The color had returned into her pale cheeks, her eyes gleamed with a holy brillancy, her brow assumed an air of lofty resolution, and all present felt assured that, however strong might be her feelings of tenderness, she possessed the courage which could subdue them to her will.

The next day she found herself, as had been previously arranged, in the seats prepared by the Earl of Dorset, who himself conducted them through the crowd. The Earl of Pembroke also, who was nearly related to the Powis family, was not wanting in every kindness and attention.

The Countess of Nithsdale's deportment was perfectly collected. The dress of the day, which, allowed much of the form to be concealed by a black silk mantle, and the face to be buried in the hood, enabled her to escape all observation.

A considerable time elapsed before those whom the court was composed were seated in their due had not, it is hoped, heard the last few words. order and the prisoners were summoned. She had time to look round with awe upon the innumerable ed her in the position in which she sat, till in the heads with which the floor of the hall seemed, as it general movement of the court breaking up, they were, to be paved.

At one o'clock the gates at the end of the vast and antique building were thrown open, and the lords entered, walking two and two. Then followed the garter king-at-arms, and other officers of the crown, in their robes of state. Then the masters in chancery. The Lord Chancellor Cowper, lord high steward on the occasion, walked alone, his train being born by his attendants to the wool-pack, on Our sovereign lord the king strictly charges and which he seated himself.

The peers then uncovered themselves : and they, as well as all others present, stood uncovered during the time occupied by the reading of the commission. All listened in breathless silence. The moment was awful in itself; but the accompaniments of solemnity and state rendered it, if possible, more

When the commission was gone through, the sergeant-at-arms cried, with a loud voice, "God save the king !"

These words excited an undefinable sensation in the bosom of Lady Nithsdule. She felt, in good sooth, that he in whom resided the power to call together and to control the imposing assemblage before her, was monarch of the realm. She felt that he for whose sake they were placed in their present desperate situation, had proved himself little worthy of their devotion; yet the words grated harshly on her ear—her heart still refused to acknowledge them.

The herald and gentleman usher of the black rod, after making three reverences, knoeling, presented the white staff to his grace, who attended by the herald, black rod, and the seal-hearer, made his proper reverences to the throne, and removed from the woolpack to an armchair, which was placed on the uppermost step but one of the throne, when seating himself, he delivered the staff to the gentlegard expression of hor countenance struck the man usher of the black rod, who stood on this right hand, while the seal bearer held the purse, standing

After a proclamation, enjoining silence, under pain of imprisonment, the sergeant-at-arms proceeded 44 Oyez | oyez | Oyez | Lieutenant of the Tower ing; you will not forget your promises !" sood girl; I do not need these attentions : I am of London, bring forth your prisoners to the bar,

pably, knocking upon Lady Nithsdale's heart "For a moment she wondered how she could have willingly placed herself in her present situation; but she remembered the strong motives she had to try her powers of self-command, and she also remembered her promise to Mrs. Morgan, and she subdued

the rising tumult of her soul. Her companious, also breathless with anxiety, stole a fearful glance at her as the prisoners were brought to the bar by the deputy governor of the Tower. When the axe, which was brought before them by the gentleman jailer, first made its appearance, they saw Lady Nithsdale for a moment close her eyes, as if unable to endure the sight; but she recovered herself, and when her lord himself made his appearence, her looks were so intensely fixed upon him, that it may be questioned whether her powers of vision took in any other object.

The prisoners, when they approached the bar (after kneeling), bowed to his grace and the lord high steward, and to the House of Peers, which compliment was returned to them both by his grace

and by the House of Peers.

The lord high steward then ordered the articles of impeachment to be read; after which, he asked them severally what they had to say for themselves wby judgment should not pass upon them according

Lord Derwentwater spoke at some length; and after him the Earl of Nithsdale, and the Viscount Kenmure. They all pleaded guilty; but expressed out to them at Preston would not prove fallacious. Lord Nithsdale concluded with professing, what his wife well knew he spoke in sincerity and truth, utmost duty and gratitude to his most gracious majesty, and the highest veneration and respect to their lordships and the honorable House of Commons.

The lord high steward, who did not hear distinctly, inquired whether the Earl of Nithsdale had pleaded any thing in arrest of judgment; to which the earl replied, in a clear sonorous voice, whose mellow tones seemed to thrill through the

whole assembly, "No, my lord, I have not!"

The lord high steward then stood up. Every breathing was hushed! Such stillness reigned throughout the dense mass of living creatures congregated within the spacious hall, that each raindrop might be heard as it pattered against the windows. But there came a singing, rushing sound in Lady Nithsdale's ears at first she could scarcely distinguish the awful words which were slowly,

clearly, solemnly, pronounced. "The sentence of the law must be the same as is usually given against the meanest offenders in the like kind. The most ignominious and painful requires I should pronounce, and accordingly it is adjudged by this court, that you, James, Earl of Derwentwater,—the lord high steward paused between each name,—"William, Lord Widdrington,"—her husband's had not yet been pronounced; the countess leaned breathlessly forward,-" William, Earl of Nithsdale."-she covered her face with her bands, but spoke not; she did not sob, she did not faint; her companions would have led her out, but she motioned them to be still. The lord high steward meanwhile continued in the same clear and unmoved voice,-" Richard, Earl of Carnwarth, William, Viscount Kenmure, and William, Lord Nairne, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution : when you come there you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you be dead, for you must be cut down alive: then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces," They looked again upon the unfortunate countess; but she had fainted, with her back supported against the wall, and she They feared, to excite attention, and they sustainmight be able to remove her quietly from the dreadful scene. Still the same stern and brazen

voice proceeded-"Then your heads must be severed from your bodies, divided each into four quarters, and these must be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!"

The sergeant-at-arms then repeated, "Ovez! commands all manner of persons to keep silence upon pain of imprisonment." After which the lord high steward stood up uncovered, and declaring there was nothing more to be done by virtue of the present commission, broke the staff, and pronounced it dissolved.

For some moments after the whole was concluded, the silence which had been so strictly but so needlessly enjoined continu a unbroken. The prisoners, the peers, and all the court, then retired in order as they entered, and a universal buzz of voices and general movement took place.

There were sounds of sorrow; feelings long repressed found vent; and in the confusion, Mrs. Morgan and Amy Evans removed Lady Nithsdale first she looked wildly around.

"Alas!" said Mrs. Morgan, "I have been to blame in yielding to your wishes. How could I permit you to expose yourself to such a scene; and am informed that, after the sentence, we are to be all the while I felt assured that you miscalculated your own strength. Oh! it was too dreadful!"
"Hush!" answered the countess; "I know all-

you need not tell me; I heard enough; I know it, I expected it. And now I must remember all I had previously resolved upon!"

commiseration. She pressed both their hands in silence. They conducted her down the steps to the coach which awaited her. Before she entered it, she said to them-

"You have each promised me your good offices in case of need. The hour of need is fast approach heavily. But to night there is no more I can effect; They bowed assent upon her hand; and having Soon after the Earl of Nithsdale had been recon-

according to the order of the House of Lords to you directed."

Each of these words fell, as it were, actually, pel
Reach of these words fell, as it were, actually, pel-

CHAPTER XX.

Certainly virtue is like precious odours-most Certainly virtue is like precious odours—most she never would allow me gradually to undermine, fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for have been destroyed at one rude blow. Would I prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity could know how it fares with her, how she supdoth best discover virtue.

LORD BACON'S Essays. Mrs. Morgan and Amy Evans had expected that the control which the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale had as yet exercised over her feelings would completely give away when no longer exposed to the gaze of indifferent persons; they prepared themselves for tears and fainting; and were surprised when Lady Nithsdale, although silent, remained firm and collected.

Reared in a foreign convent, from which she had only been removed to a retired Welsh castle, and from thence to a life of domestic privacy in Scotland; or, if she occasionally mingled in the busy world, accustomed to look up to her lord for advice, to hang upon him for support, to rely on his judgment for the guidance of her own,-it seems woulderful that such trying circumstances as those in which she was placed, she should possess the worldly wisdom, the courage, the discretion, and the decision, to act for herself and for her husband, and to proceed, without wavering or irresolution, to take every measure that prudence could dictate.

When they reached Lady Nithsdale's lodgings, the kind-hearted Mrs. Morgan took her leave, after having given Amy and Mrs. Mills a thousand directions and injunctions as to the tenderness with which the countess should be treated, the possets which she hoped might compose her to sleep, and the julep which should be placed by her bedside.

Lady Nithsdale listened to all her good-natured counsels with a placidity which astonished and almost alarmed Amy Evans, although to Mrs. Morgan it appeared but the effect of exhaustion, and, as she trusted, only augured that she might be restored by some calm and refreshing sleep.

Amy, who better knew her mistress, and knew that with increased danger and distress, her strength and courage proportionably rose, was not surprised when, upon Mrs. Morgan's departure, and Mrs. Mills leaving them to prepare the posset so earnestly recommended, Lady Nithsdale laid her hand upon her arm.

"Now, Amy, your true affection, in which I have the utmost confidence—I rely on it almost as on my own to my lord-now, it is going to be put to the test. He must not die! and we must save him you and I, Amy, must save him! You start, and look as though you feared that all I have heard and seen this day" (she pressed her hand over her eyes) "had turned my brain, but it is not so; for many weeks I have considered the plan, which is now almost matured within my head. Prisoners parts are generally omitted by the grace of the have made their escape from places as strong and as crown to persons of your quality; but the law in well guarded, before now! If others have succeed. led in rescuing those most dear to them, why should not we succeed? Promise me my good and faithful Amy, that you will assist me to the utmost of your power: and above all, promise that you will offer no argument to dissuade me from my purpose I tell you beforehand, it will be of no avail: should you refuse to serve me, it will only drive me to confide in others, who will not deserve my confidence so well."

"Oh, madam! do you doubt ma? and do you think Amy Evans would leave undone what others could be found to do? I started, for I remembered those high walls, that broad, deep moat, those guards who pace about each avenu to the Tower, and I thought, what could we hope to effect? But, madam, command me, and I will diligently execute your behests, and scrupulously keep your counsel.

"Thanks, dear Amy; I was fully assured you would prove true, and I know not why I spoke, for moment, as if I could doubt your devotion. Forgive me! but the necessity is so absolute that all who meddle in this undertaking should be able to answer for themselves under all circumstances. that I would not have you enter into it thought. lessly or unadvisedly. Even myself, to-day, I thought could hear unmoved, or, at least, without betraying emotion, the horrible words that were uttered; but I misjudged my own strength, my woman's nerves failed! And yet I bore a great deal, Amy, and wavered not. I saw the axe, the glittering axe; and saw my lord, and heard his voice; and heard part of that sentence! I bore much without betraying myself; and, at least, I was only stunned, confused for a time. Yes, I think I may rely on my own fortitude; and you, Amy, you never for a moment lost your self-command—and you have always had a ready wit. Oh, we shall succeed-I am sure we shall!"

"Heaven grant we may, my honored lady! If zeal and perseverance can effect my lord's preservation, we shall succeed."

"Then listen :-- You must purchase at various shops, and on various occasions, not to excite suspicion, all that is necessary for a female dress, and we must make it up, complete, the size to fit my lord. I have one in my thoughts whom he may personate; she is very tall; and, though slender, her present condition makes her appear more stout than usual, when wrapped in a loose cloak. She suspects not my design, -nor must she; for she is timid, and might betray all by her fears. She must into the freer air. She gradually revived, but at not know till too far engaged to retreat. And, now, Amy, send Walter Elliot to the Tower to inquire of the lieutenent at what hour to-morrow the Countess of Nithsdale may be admitted to visit her lord. I allowed to see the prisoners freely; and it will be best we should do this openly. Alas! the hardest task of all will be to work on my lord to consent." "And, madam, think you I also shall be admitted to see my lord?"

"Assuredly, I hope so; I trust we shall procure At this moment the Lords Pembroke and Dorset admission for many of his friends: it is upon that approached, with countenances expressive of deep understanding I build my hopes. I have been informed that when sentence is once passed, such has usually been the custom. And now away; let us be stirring. I would there were something to be done every hour in the day. It is in solitude and inaction that my sorrows press upon me most I must even wait for the morrow!"

an hour," he thought, "since the court broke up.— By this time, the news has reached her. By this time, dear wife knows my sentence, and those hopes which she was resolved to cherish, and which ports the shock! To-morrow I shall see her; and strange is it, but I dread to see her—I dread the sight of her despair. Oh! were it not better to pass unloved into the grave, than to feel that one's fate inflicts such exquisite auguish on her, to spare whom a pang such as she now suffers, one would willingly endure any lengthened torture. Yet could I wish to lose one particle of that affection which alone suffices to make life so precious? It may be cruel,—it may be selfish;—but no! I can-not wish her love to be less! After all, we part but for a time! I do not doubt that we shall meet, where the weary are at rest. And, now that all hope is over, my Winifred will assist me to prepare my soul for the great change; and she will bear to speak placidly and composedly of those happy regions where the fear of parting will never embitter the enjoyment of each other's presence! and I shall be able calmly and cheerfully to fulfil my destiny, if I can see her resigned ["

But when the morrow came, and Lady Nithsdale was admitted, he found her far, indeed, from placidly acquiescing in the fate which he esteemed unavoidable; but neither was she bewildered with despair, or dissolved in tears; she was altogether different from any thing he had anticipated. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were brilliant, her manner resolved. He was surprised; but he rejoiced that his own fortitude was not put to the trial he had dreaded.

"My Winifred will assist her husband to bear himself as becomes a man and a good Catholic. see she will avoid unnerving me by her grief; and among my many causes of gratitude to her, I may still add this, that she will smooth my passage to a better world. Thanks, my own love, thanks!"

"And does my lord imagine I could speak, stand, look, move, as I now do, if I believed it would be carried into effect-the sentence, that horrible sentence! For I was there-I was in Westminster Hall-I heard it; I saw the axe! and I saw you, my own dear husband—I saw you, and I heard your voice—that voice which thrilled through all the court; which must have penetrated to the inmost recesses of every heart!"

"Oh, Winifred! I could almost chide my best beloved for having wantonly, without any adequate motive, exposed her feelings to so needless a trial." "It was not needlessly: it was not without a motive that I did so; I had the strongest earthly motive. It was with a view of ascertaining my own strength, my fortitude, that I courted what I should otherwise have shrunk from. It was with a view to the accomplishment of that plan which I have long been forming, and which not all the arguments you can adduce shall prevent me from pursuing. It was with a view to self-preservation -for is not my life wound up in yours? Think, you, in honest truth, think you, I can exist without you? Do you not believe that if you perish, I shall nat survive?"

" Nay, nay, my love," he replied, almost smiling at her vehemence, I do believe your affection for me is as strong as ever warmed the pure soul of devoted woman; still I cannot but think and hope that you will live many, many years, to be a guide and a protectress to our children. Remember, you but share the fute of many other fond and loving wives. Have not the other condemned lords wives, foud and loving wives; and must not they endure-"

"No. no. no! Speak not of them! they do not. cannot love their husbands as I love you; for have they husbands so worthy of their love? What is the wild Lord Wintoun, the Lord Kenmure, or the good old Lord Nairne? The Lord Derwentwater, I grant you, is a worthy gentleman; but what are

they, any of them, when compared with you?"
"But, my sweet Winifred, to die is the doom of created beings. Many have loved before; and of all who have ever loved, one must survive. It is a sad, it is a painful truth; but it is a most plain and undeniable one. Then why should not this be borne as patiently as the same bereavement by any other means? A long illness would, reconcile you to an event; and yet would you wish me to endure lengthened bodily illa? Should you not rather rejoice that I shall thus be spared all the protracted sufferings of sickness, and that, comparatively speaking, I shall thus be exempted from the pains of death; that I shall pass from earth with all my intellects unimpaired, in the full enjoyment of my faculties? Could there be any satisfaction in marking the decaying mind, the enfeebled spirit, the soul waxing weak, as the body sinks under the effects of some wasting malady? Yet how often has the most devoted affection watched all these humiliating and painful harbingers of death, till the mourner has been brought to look upon the bercavement almost in the light of a blessing? But is there any consolation in this? Would one not rather choose that the memory of the departed should be undimmed, unpolluted by the recollection of mortal decay?"

"Your words are beautiful! I love to hear your voice; it thrills like music through my heart! The thoughts are noble, lofty, pure and holy; but they persuade me not. As I gaze on you, as I listen to you, I only feel that life without you is not life; it is a blank—a dark and dreary chasm, into which I dare not look; that I must, must save you; and that if you love me, you will give heed to me, and that you will agree to what I shall propose."

"Oh Winifred! this is cruel kindness. It is cruel to wean me from the thoughts of death, which I have almost taught myself to love, to lure me back to those of life, which, alast possesses only too many charms for me!"

There was a tenderness in the tone and manner which gave her hope that she had worked upon him. She felt that love for her, and pity for her sorrows, might at this moment induce him to listen; and she opened to him the plan she had formed for his escape.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)