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Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', 'Dublin Nation', etc., with their respective prices and frequencies.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Again returns the welcome Day, so dear to Erin's heart— A Day that wakens lofty thoughts, bids holy memories start; As smiles our country through her tears, we, too, though far away, Will join our hearts and hopes with hers upon Saint Patrick's Day.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE. A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By LADY DACRE. CHAPTER IV.

Peace, brother, peace! Speak not irreverently Of maiden bashfulness: it were to slander The breath of morn—the dew-drop on the bud— The thousand, thousand evanescent sweets That mix in nature's earliest incense.

a lofty and commanding spirit were devoted to that one object.

The innocent wonder, the simple delight of her young daughter, would have afforded to many a subject of pleasing interest: but her thoughts were upon weightier matters; and to a person engaged in secret negotiations for the restoration of a dynasty such artless graces possessed no charm.

The duchess journeyed with her own horses, and from the state of the roads in those days there was leisure during their progress for much reflection.

When once established in the castle, of which Lord Powis considered his mother as the mistress, and where he himself only occasionally resided, the Lady Winifred found her life nearly as monotonous as it had been at Bruges.

There were moments when the Lady Winifred looked back with regret to her convent life—when she thought with painful tenderness of her beloved sister—when she keenly felt the want of congenial companions.

Her mother, serious and abstracted, would sometimes pass whole hours in unbroken silence. Seated in her carved armchair of black oak, with its high back and its velvet cushions, she industriously plied her needle at the elaborate piece of carpet work which had occupied her fingers, though not her thoughts, for the last twelve years; while the Lady Winifred, as patiently toiled at the delicate embroidery, in the execution of which persons brought up in foreign convents are usually so skillful.

The daughter of Rachel Evans had been appointed as the personal attendant of the Lady Winifred, and notwithstanding the difference in their birth, their condition, and their education, it was not long before the high-born Lady Winifred Herbert discovered in the humble Amy Evans a spirit as simple as ardent, as unsophisticated as her own.

It was Rachel Evans, whose tall and stately form approached through the twilight. From the circumstances before alluded to, she had been associated with those in a class above her, till she had acquired manners, as well as sentiments, beyond her station.

There were respect, affection, and decision, in Rachel Evans's tone, as she thus a costed Lady Winifred. Her grace requests your presence in the oak chamber, madam—she has matter of high importance to communicate to your ladyship.

"Oh, Evans; you do not mean—that my mother is really about to speak to me of the gentleman you mentioned—now!—this evening!"

"Certainly, Evans; full well do I know that it is the first duty of a child to honor and obey her parents; still I cannot but feel uneasy and alarmed."

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"Compose yourself, my sweet child. I know you are dutiful, although somewhat timid. Do not linger on the way, but hasten to her grace; she is in the oak room; and see! the tapers are already lighted. Hasten, lest the supper may be served, and her grace may not be pleased if you are absent."

The Lady Winifred followed old Rachel's injunctions, neither did she venture to question her any further. Though kinder and less stern than when she had formerly opened the subject, still Rachel's manner was firm and uncommunicative, and she feared to show a curiosity which might be deemed forward or unbecoming.

With trembling hands the Lady Winifred turned the lock of the high and massive door. The apartment was brilliant from the wax-tapers in heavy silver sconces which illuminated it.

"I sent Rachel Evans to bid you lither," my child," said the duchess, as Lady Winifred stood before her; "be seated, Winifred; I have much to say to you. I have just received a letter from your brother, informing me that he will be here to-morrow by midday, and with him the Earl of Nithsdale, who accompanies him from Scotland."

"What means these tears?" resumed the duchess, when she had observed them.

"You scarcely know what my child? I scarcely know how I shall comport myself on such an occasion. Is he—the Earl of Nithsdale—a person—such a person—is he a good man?" the Lady Winifred faltered forth.

"Oh, no! my honored mother, I never imagined such a thing; only—" but she durst frame no other question. In her secret bosom she wished to know whether he was in outward appearance and in manners such as might win a youthful heart, she scarcely ventured to acknowledge to herself any anxiety upon subjects concerning which both her mother and Rachel Evans had appeared to consider it unbecoming in her to inquire.

"Yes; it was when King James was serving in the King of France's army. His retinue, alas! was scarcely equal to that of a private gentleman; and his gracious majesty was suffering so severely from ill health that he was shortly obliged to return to St. Germain's; but he received the earl most graciously, and accepted his homage and devotion. Colonel Hook, who has since been sent from St. Germain's to Scotland, has been for some time in communication with the earl, and it is through him that the king has expressed a wish that the loyal family of the Maxwells should form an alliance with that of the Herberts."

The servant now entered to announce that supper was served, and the Lady Winifred offered her supporting arm to conduct her mother into the adjoining apartment; although perhaps at that moment the daughter more needed a stay to her footsteps than the parent, who was pleased and satisfied at the successful termination which she anticipated to the plan she had long been forming.

The duchess was not long upon Lady Winifred. Her young mother was not long upon Lady Winifred. Her young mother was not long upon Lady Winifred.

"I do indeed bless you, my good child; nor can I doubt that you will prove the virtuous wife that is a crown of glory to her husband. None of your race and lineage have failed, nor will you, my gentle daughter. Heaven bless you, and preserve you, my Winifred, to be an honor to your family and to your sex!"

"I am not ill, dear Amy! I shall be better in a moment; but—but, I am going to be married, Amy!"

"Indeed, my lady! You do not say so? I hope it is to a worthy gentleman!"

"Oh, yes; my mother says he is in every respect most worthy; and was almost angry with me that I could doubt it."

"Give me your blessing, dearest mother," she exclaimed, with an emotion her mother had never yet witnessed: "Bless me before I leave you, and pray

that I may make a good wife to the stranger I am to marry."

"I do indeed bless you, my good child; nor can I doubt that you will prove the virtuous wife that is a crown of glory to her husband. None of your race and lineage have failed, nor will you, my gentle daughter. Heaven bless you, and preserve you, my Winifred, to be an honor to your family and to your sex!"

Amy Evans was surprised, when her young lady had closed the door of her sleeping apartment, to see her suddenly throw herself into a chair and burst into convulsive sobs. She was greatly alarmed, and prescribed such simple nostrums for hysterics as occurred to her. She knelt by her side; she patted her lady's hands; she bathed her temples with distilled waters.

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"Indeed, my lady! You do not say so? I hope it is to a worthy gentleman!"

"Oh, yes; my mother says he is in every respect most worthy; and was almost angry with me that I could doubt it."

"And handsome, I hope?"

"Nay, of that I know nothing."

"How! my lady, not know?"

"I have never seen him, and these are questions it would not have been fitting for me to ask."

"Oh! I think my kind stars I am not a lady," exclaimed Amy, "to be married to some ugly old man one knows nothing of."

"Alas! is he indeed old and ugly? Oh, Amy! would I were an humble country-girl! But," she added, after a moment's pause, with a gentle dignity and firmness of resolve—"but, being what I am, I must do that which my station requires. I must obey my mother, even though he may be as old, and as disagreeable as you say."

"Nay, my dear, dear lady, do not look so sad! I know not that he is old and ugly; I was only thinking it would be a sore trial to be married to some old stranger, when—when—" It was now Amy's turn to blush, and to look confused, for she was betrothed to the son of a tenant of the Duke of Powis. "But with you, my lady, it is quite different. Who knows but your future husband may prove as dear to you, as—David is to me!" she added, half blushing, but half smiling, also, for her engagement was an acknowledged thing.

"Perhaps you may have seen him, Amy? He is a friend of my brother's—the Earl of Nithsdale?"

"No, my sweet lady, I have never seen him; but the name is a marvellous well-sounding name; so do not look sorrowful, but hope for the best. If your lady mother has chosen him, and if your brother loves him, why should not you love him also?"

"And the king, Amy—the king approves of him, and confides in him; and king wishes for this union!"

She desired her daughter to look out towards the southern entrance, and tell her whether she saw any one approaching.

"Yes, madam," answered Lady Winifred, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Well, my child, whom and what do you see?"

"Then I imagine we may order dinner to be served," answered the mother, who was accustomed to the strictest punctuality. "How dear are they?"

"In a few moments footsteps were heard in the adjoining apartment; the clank of boots, the sound of voices. The door opened, and the Marquis, or, as he was usually called, the Duke of Powis, advanced to his mother, and, having kissed her hand, was folded in her maternal embrace: while Lady Winifred, having risen mechanically from her seat, stood pale and immovable behind her."

"Our dear Winifred," replied the duchess; and to her utter surprise and confusion, the Lady Winifred suddenly found herself embraced by a bluff, gay, honest-looking man, who was indeed her brother.

"And now, my lady mother, you must allow me to present to you my friend and companion, the Earl of Nithsdale, who has been my host for the last three weeks, which I passed with him at Terregles."

The Earl of Nithsdale, who had hitherto kept in the background, now advanced with a graceful and respectful bow to make his obeisances to the duchess, who then presented him to her daughter.

The Lady Winifred, startled by her brother's greeting, blushed rose-red. Lord Nithsdale bowed still lower than to the duchess, and for a moment gazed upon the fair young thing before him, but as quickly withdrew his glance; for, with the nice feeling of a refined mind, he perceived, although her eyes were not for one moment raised from the ground, that she quivered beneath his gaze.

The parent might have been satisfied with the personal attractions of her daughter at this moment. The surprise and the excitement had summoned a bloom that gave her all the brilliancy which at times she might require. The extreme purity of her expression, and bashfulness of her demeanor, suited well with the embarrassing situation in which she was placed.

The midday repast was announced. The duchess was handed by Lord Nithsdale; while the Duke of Powis gave his arm to his shrinking sister, who, shy and trembling, scarcely ventured to slightly touch it, alarmed to find herself on so familiar a footing with any man, even though a brother—she who had scarcely spoken to one of the other sex except good Father Albert.

Had the soft, innocent eyes of young Winifred never yet been raised? Had she not yet beheld the face of her future lord? When first the door had opened, she had stolen a furtive glance—had seen enough to convince her that the person who accompanied her brother, if indeed he were the Earl of Nithsdale, was neither old nor ugly. But from that moment forward they had been riveted to the ground.

The dinner was dull and constrained; how should it be otherwise? Through the Duke of Powis exerted himself to the utmost, and told many lively anecdotes concerning his exploits when deer stalking in the Highlands, or salmon-fishing in the Lowlands, his unassisted efforts could not succeed in sustaining the conversation. The venerable duchess was always stately in her manners; she had lived almost entirely out of the world, and had none of the small talk of the day. Lady Winifred, of course could not be expected to speak. Lord Nithsdale, although he had read much, travelled far, and although he had seen much of the world in general, felt that in his situation, also, light and flippant conversation would be out of season; and upon subjects of nearer interest, of deeper anxiety, whether personal or political, they could none of them touch while surrounded by attendants.

When, however, they adjourned to the pleasure they were able to communicate more freely.

The Duke of Powis imparted to the duchess all that Colonel Hook had told them of the chevalier's hopes and fears; of all the promises of assistance which were held out to him by Louis the Fourteenth; of all the pledges of devoted attachment to the cause which he had received from the various nobles and lords of Scotland.

The Earl of Nithsdale qualified his friend's hopeful view of the case by mentioning the divisions which, in consequence of Colonel Hook's mismanagement, had arisen between the more zealous patriots, including the Dukes of Athol and of Perth, who were for at once receiving the king without any conditions, and the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Marischal, and others, who adopted more moderate principles.