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AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

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

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. SADLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

GOD AND OUR LAND.

God and our land! be the watchwords of Erin. When from the blackness of slavery's night Sunward she soareth, her green banner bearing Over the heroes who strive for her right; Hurling the force of the black-hearted stranger Back, as the blue waves are hurled from her strand. Shame on the craven who dreaming of danger, Shrieks from the standard of God and our land! Bright as the sun on the page of her story Ever shall shine the proud names of the brave Spirits who struggle or die for her glory— Ages shall bless them when cold in the grave. Oh! when she calleth let none fall or falter, Shoulder to shoulder as true brothers stand, Striving for freedom, for home and for altar, Led by the watchword of God and our land! Only one moment to see her victorious Well would repay all the toil of a life; What is existence blank, hopeless, inglorious? Better, far better to fall in the strife. Dream not of rest till your fetters are riven, Till as a nation our country shall stand; On through your foemen to freedom or heaven, Led by the standard of God and our land!

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

By LADY DACRE. CHAPTER XV. Nay heed them not, fair Margaret; true, they are Unto'd, and in 'haviour surely, rough; But they have hearts, nor unacquainted are With sturdy charities and strong affections— As oft within the prickly husk lies lapped The sweetest kernel.

Unpublished poems.

The Countess of Nithsdale had till she could ascertain what course might be most pleasing to her husband, when upon her return from Scone, she received a letter from the Duchess of Montrose, which decided at once what was the line of conduct it now became her duty, as well as her inclination, to pursue. The duchess's epistle was conceived in the following terms:— "Though the late unfortunate events have separated Christian Montrose from her dear Lady Nithsdale, her friend and cousin must not imagine that she has forgotten the happy days she spent at Terragles, or that the affection she then professed has aught abated. Trust me, dearest cousin, I have felt for you, as I am sure you would have felt for me, had the cause you have espoused proved successful, and had my husband been the sufferer in that which he esteems the just one. "At my earnest request, my lord duke has constantly made inquiries concerning the prisoners in the Tower, and your good lord arrived there in health and safety on the tenth. I understand he is not inconveniently lodged, and I do not learn that he is in want of any necessary comforts; indeed, many of your party who have been slack in openly joining the insurrection, make peace with their consciences by supplying the Jacobite prisoners with money and luxuries of all kinds. I have heard say, that when in the streets it has been difficult to procure silver for a guinea, in the various prisons change for large sums might be procured in silver and in gold. They say also, that among the more wild and thoughtless of the prisoners, much mirth and revelry prevail; and, as I hear, they so confidently rely upon the merit of their unconditional surrender at Preston, that they trouble themselves but slightly concerning their approaching trials. It is reported, that the Earl of Derwentwater observed to your good lord, that many of his followers were fitter inhabitants for Bridewell than a state prison. "Let not my dear cousin be needlessly alarmed,

when I tell her that the Lords will be impeached on the tenth of January, and that I have reason to believe that my Lord Nithsdale would not now deem it unadvisable that she should repair to London. Indeed, I am informed that his most earnest wish is to see her; and I have no doubt that, supposing the result should not be so favorable as many of the more sanguine are inclined to believe, her presence may prove of service as well as comfort to her lord. "I should advise her to lodge herself privately as, to my poor way of thinking, any appearance of rank or splendor may not be agreeable to those in power; and I think I am not mistaken when I say, that the riotous mode of living of many of those in confinement does not serve to forward their cause. "I would myself have visited the good Earl of Nithsdale, that I might inform you how he fared with him, had it been fitting that I should do so openly; but my lord duke deemed such a measure would not be advisable; and as to visiting him privately, I feared that you and others might suspect your noble husband of having learned from young Buttair of Athol, that a prisoner may be a very dangerous galleat; that— "Stone walls do not a prison make."

"Madcap Christian," as you called me once at Terragles, is not so void of discretion as to run the risk of being taken for one of the 'divine Altheas,' who come 'to whisper at the gate.' "Indeed, I am sobered since those days; and these are times which may make the most unthinking reflect. Sad or merry, thoughtful or giddy, my heart is still with my dear cousin, and she may count on my willing services, should the time arrive when they may be useful. She will not fail to let me know when she arrives in London; and, meanwhile, she will believe me her faithful and affectionate friend and cousin, "CHRISTIAN MONTROSE"

This letter had followed Lady Nithsdale from Terragles, which had occasioned some delay in its coming to hand. It had been brought by Walter Elliot, an old and trusty servant, who had been ever in the confidence of his master, and on whom Lady Nithsdale had relied for advice and protection since the absence of her husband. Her resolution was instantly taken; with Amy Evans and Walter Elliot, she determined at all hazards to set forth on her journey; but in the condition of the country at that period, means of conveyance were not easily procured; and it was highly expedient that she should escape all observation; she therefore gladly availed herself of such steeds as Walter Elliot could procure in the exigency of the moment, and although totally unaccustomed to horse exercise, proceeded in this manner as far as Newcastle.

She there parted with the horses, and took the stage, thinking she should thus travel more expeditiously; and trusting that, when quite beyond the boundaries of Scotland, she was not so likely to be recognized. Such had been the tumult of her feelings, she had scarcely had time to be conscious of fatigue or cold, or to be aware of the strange and unusual companions with whom she was occasionally brought in contact. When, however, she found herself, enveloped in her cloak, her hood brought low over her face, and unobserved in a corner of the heavy and lumbering vehicle, she found leisure to think, to feel, and to suffer.

The capacious coach contained several other passengers, but Lady Nithsdale heeded them not; their discourse turned chiefly on the comparative merits of different breeds of cattle and sheep, or Scottish Kyles, and Cheviot mutton, and she knew not what words they uttered, till her attention was suddenly arrested by one of them remarking, "The last time I journeyed along this road was some six months back; I had been as far as Hawick to buy some of those famous north-country sheep, and, to be sure, all these parts were in a fine disturbed state. I was obliged to come back without the sheep. Some thought their property safer in their sheep than in money, for whichever side got the upper hand, butcher's meat would still be wanted; others thought they should be sure of a good price when there were two armies, as it were, in the neighborhood, and they asked twice their worth for the sheep. As for me, I would not give much hard money for the creatures, which might be taken from me, and killed,— and then what should I do? There's no telling in troublous times what's justly the value of anything, so I had my journey for my pains; and as I came back those rebel lords were going about proclaiming their mock king, and a pretty penalty they are likely to pay for their folly. Why could not they be quiet, and enjoy themselves at their own houses, where they say the Earl of Derwentwater lived like a prince, and was beloved by great and small: and why could they not let us enjoy ourselves too? Farming went well while good Queen Anne lived: crops were pretty fair, and prices held steady; and I don't know what folks would have more not I?"

"Well, it all bids fair to be quiet enough now," replied a rough-looking farmer, who sat opposite; "they'll settle old scores with them all. They have made away with a pretty many of them at once at Preston; and I know for certain that the king means to have off the heads of every one of those he has got up at London now: so they will make no more disturbances!"

Amy turned an uneasy glance upon her lady; whose bosom she could perceive heaving rapidly beneath the folds of her cloak; but her face was towards the window, and the black hood concealed it from all within the coach. She feared to draw attention upon her, and remained tranquil. "Nay, I can't think the king will have all their heads either," rejoined the first spokesman. "Why there are as many as twenty lords, to say nothing of knights, and gentlemen, and members of parliament, and such." "I have been informed that such are his most gracious majesty's intentions," answered the yeoman, with the importance of a privy-counsellor. "For God's sake, what is your authority?" exclaimed the Countess of Nithsdale, unable any longer to control her feelings. "Young mistress, I do not consider myself called upon to give up those who tell me a bit of news." "Well, neighbor, you need not be so touchy about your news; who knows but the young wo-

man may have a friend among some of the rebels, and she need not be the more of a rebel herself! Brothers and sisters, fathers and sons, have taken different sides, but they are not the less relations for that. Ah! that's one of the misfortunes of these civil wars! They're not like a good war with the French, or the Dutch, or the Spanish: when you know for certain that every *parlez-vous*, and every mynheer, and every don is your enemy. But when people of our country take to fighting, why if you chance to be in a battle, you don't know who you may be killing; and if you chance to tell a bit of news promiscuously, you don't know whose feelings you are hurting. Folks should not be over free of their speech these times; and, I ask your pardon, neighbor, but you should not be so positive about what such as you and I can't know. Don't you look so sad, mistress. How should we, any of us, know what the king's thoughts are?"

"But we may know those who do know what the king's thoughts are; not that I wish to hurt the gentlemen's feelings." And the farmer relapsed into silence, somewhat offended at the doubt with which his announcement of the sovereign's private sentiment had been received. "Are you from Scotland, madam?" resumed the good-natured yeoman, whose curiosity was somewhat awakened by Lady Nithsdale's evident emotion. "Yes, sir," answered Amy quickly. "My friend and I come from Scotland last, but we are natives of Wales;" which, although strictly true, would, she imagined, lead their new acquaintances from suspecting who they really were. "And are ye for London now, my pretty lass?" "Yes, sir: our friends live in London now." "If this snow goes on falling at such a rate, why, I think we shall never get to York; and as for you, you never will get to London. I'll be bound the stage will be stopped to-morrow. I declare there's no making out the hedge from the ditch, the snow has drifted so in some places. I don't know that I remember such a hard winter as this has been. My poor ewes!" he continued, shaking his head; "I fear I shall have bad luck with them. However, 'tis as the Lord pleases. I dare say 'tis all for the best. If we have quiet times, and we have nothing to fight against but seasons, as God sends them to us, we shall do well enough. As regards we are in the Lord's hands, and have only the troubles he sees fit to try us with, and none of those men makes for himself, it will all be right. Is not that true, young woman?"

"Indeed, sir, I am no judge of public matters," replied Lady Nithsdale, in a faltering voice; for she felt that it had been the Jacobites who had disturbed the public tranquility; and true and reasonable as was the sentiment expressed by the yeoman, she could not echo it without throwing blame on those she most loved and honored, or without betraying the opinions and feelings of her whole life. "Humph!" replied the yeoman: "I do not call those public matters. I think I have said nothing but what every good Christian should say amen to. I don't see how anybody can help saying 'tis better to be in the hands of the Lord than of men, no I?" "Nor I, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Nithsdale, with fervor. "Oh Lord, take us into thy hands and deal with us according to thy mercy!"

"Well, that's much what I said, only not in such a way. Verily, if I don't believe she is one of the new dissenters that have sprung up of late!" Amy Evans, anxious to withdraw observation from her lady, asked him some question concerning his flock, and, affecting great interest in such matters, she was enabled, from her youthful Welsh education, to converse with sufficient knowledge of the subject to lead the honest, unsuspecting farmer into a detail of his own plans and systems, in which he readily forgot what had at first excited his surprise in the bearing of the silent and serious young gentlewoman.

By the time they reached York, his prediction concerning the weather was fully verified: the wheels of the heavy vehicle could scarcely cut through the deep snow; and so slow was their progress, that it had long been dark before the stage arrived at its destination in one of the most dismal streets in the ancient city of York. The snow continued to fall during the whole of the night, and the next morning the roads were found to be so totally impassable, that not only were all stage-coaches and carriages of every description arrested in their progress, but the post itself was stopped.

Lady Nithsdale's disappointment amounted almost to despair. Every hour was precious. The letter which announced her husband's wish to see her, had already been somewhat delayed on the road, and the duchess said that on her exertions might depend on the mode in which his case might be looked upon. She thought, too, on his desolate, his forlorn condition; she judged from her own feelings how intensely he must desire her presence; and she deemed any hardship, any suffering, preferable to the mental anxiety of being shut up in York, unable to hear of him, to communicate with him, to exert herself for him.

The long period of suspense and of forced inactivity which she had passed at Terragles had been almost insupportably irksome; and now, when her lord had expressed a wish for her company, when possibly she might be of real service to him, to be imprisoned in a dismal room in an inn at York—it was an affliction not to be endured. She again employed Walter Elliot to procure three saddle-horses; and, in spite of his dutiful remonstrances, and all unused as she had ever been to brave the inclemencies of the weather, or to encounter any bodily fatigue, she set off on horseback, through roads in which the snow often came up to the girths of the saddle. To Amy, who had been a mountain-bred lass—who had often wandered about her native hills on the rough Welsh ponies—the undertaking was not one of such difficulty; though she feared the strength of her delicately nurtured lady would never stand such hardships; but the soul which animated that apparently fragile form was such as to communicate to the frame some of its own power and elasticity. As they rode out of the town, the sun shone forth in dazzling splendor upon the brilliant whiteness of the scene. The roof of each house was clothed with a thick soft covering of newly fallen snow, which the

smoke of the town had not yet tarnished, though the power of the sun had already melted it in some degree, so that each gable was ornamented with a fringe of long pendent icicles. As they quitted the town and waded through the obstructed road, still the same dazzling whiteness presented itself to their view: the load which bent down the branches of the trees was not yet dissolved; and when the small birds, twittering in the welcome sunshine, lighted on a feathered spray, they shook from it a shower of bright snow-flakes. "To a mind at ease the scene was beautiful and cheerful; and Lady Nithsdale, in the midst of her sorrows, felt grateful for the cheering light and for the clear pure atmosphere.

CHAPTER XVI.

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now The busy craftsman and o'er labour'd hind Forget the travail of the day in sleep: Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness. Howe.

The sun was now midway through its course, and their progress had been but slow. "Is not my dear lady in need of rest?" inquired Amy Evans, as they approached a small village, at the entrance of which there was a newly painted gandy sign of the king's head. "No, Amy, no: I need not rest. The consciousness of drawing nearer to my lord is rest enough for me." "But, honored madam," interposed Walter Elliot, "it were not wise in us to push our steeds too hard. The dumb creatures are but flesh and blood like our ourselves; and should they chance to knock up, what shall we do, I'm thinking. 'Tis weary work for them, lifting their hoofs eighteen or twenty inches through the snow every step they take. An' it please your ladyship, we had better give them a rest at your barn looking inn."

"Not there, good Walter, not there. Look at that haring sign! A little farther on there is another place of refreshment; 'tis but an humble one I grant, but at this moment any will be more welcome to me than this." And she averted her eyes from the "King George's Head," in large and golden letters, which adorned the front of the building. The place she had selected was indeed but a wretched alehouse, and they only staid there long enough to allow the animals necessary food. She was impatient to be gone; and as they seldom could proceed beyond a foot's pace, they were still some miles from their destined resting-place for the night when the short day had closed in; the sun had already set crimson beyond the cold snowy fields, and the clear deep blue of the heavens was spangled with innumerable stars.

The cold was piercing; and her attendants shivered, and wrapped their cloaks closer around them. At length they passed a blacksmith's forge; and the bright sparks which darted upward through the chimneys in the roof, the ruddy light which flared through the open door, the clear blaze of the fire itself, looked invitingly warm. Amy could not help remarking to Walter Elliot how comfortable and tempting was the interior of the forge. "Art thou cold, my poor girl?" inquired the countess.

"Why, madam, of a surety the wind is very sharp; I should have thought your ladyship would feel it more keenly than myself, who have been so softly reared. I have been regretting all the day that we forgot to bring your mantle lined with sable, which her grace of Montrose sent you last winter." "Nay, heed me not, good Amy; I thought not of the cold; but now you speak of it, the night is frosty?" "I have been fain to ask you, honored madam, where your ladyship means to abide when you reach London?"

"In truth, Amy, I cannot tell; I thought but of seeing my lord: when once in London, I felt I should be near to him; but it is more than probable they will not allow me to share his prison, and I suppose I must seek lodgings. Her grace of Montrose bade me live privately, and advised me not to affect any state in my accommodations; but I am little used to the bustle of a crowded city, and scarcely know how I must proceed."

"If your ladyship will excuse my boldness, I have been thinking that I know of some one who might stand our friend. Does not your ladyship recollect, when you were in Wales, just at the entrance of the village, about a mile from Pole Castle, a low white house, with a high tiled roof composed of many gables and strange angles? Two gandy cypress trees grew before the windows on each side of the gravel walk which led to the porch, and the trim garden was fenced from the road by a low stone wall and a laurustinus hedge within. Your ladyship must remember they were the finest laurustinuses in all the country, and they were all ways the first in bloom in that sheltered spot." "Yes, I think I remember the white house, Amy; the sun seemed ever to shine upon it, and make it gleam white against the green hill which rose behind." "Sure enough, madam, that was it. The midday sun shone full upon it, just about the hour your ladyship and your honored mother were used to take your customary airing. And do you remember, madam, a tall pale gentleman who wore his hair parted up the middle of his forehead, and hanging long over his ears: it was silver white, for he was very old?" "Oh, yes! I recollect him very well, for he used to lean over the gate that opened upon the road, and watch our carriage as it drove by. He always bowed with a respectful yet a stately air to my mother as we passed; and I well remember her saying he had been a cavalier in King Charles the First's time, and she regretted that his increasing infirmities did not allow him to visit her, for she would have been proud to receive under her roof one who had been a faithful servant to his master in times of trouble. If I mistake not my mother said that when quite a youth he had been one of the gallant cavaliers who rode post along this very road to carry to the King at York the news of each day's proceedings in the parliament. Would we had their steeds and their strength by this time we might have reached London!" "Well, madam, this old gentleman had a young

daughter who was little older than myself. Her mother had died early; and the old gentleman had no other companion but the merry maiden, and the merry maiden had none but her reverend but melancholy father. She made acquaintance with me one May morning, when we were gathering cowslips and primroses for our garlands. I was to be queen, and she gave me all her poises to help me adorn my crown; and when we all came round, a troop of laughing girls with our garlands, Colonel Hilton gave me a gold piece. After that we often met; and as the Colonel found that my mother was looked upon more as a friend than as a servant by the honored duchess; and as I was somewhat better taught than other maidens of my degree, he would often let us pass an afternoon together; and young Mrs. Mellicent Hilton would teach me some of her songs, and read to me from her beautiful books, and in return I instructed her in many curious stitches and rare sorts of embroidery; and thus we willed away the hours; and she promised we always should be friends, though she was a lady, and I but the daughter of a menial. She married a Mr. Morgan a few months before your ladyship came into Wales: they said the old cavalier did not well like the match, for Mr. Morgan's family had turned against King James the Second; but he was a well-favored young man; and Mrs. Mellicent, poor soul, saw no one else; so it was but natural she should incline to do so.

"The poor old Colonel died soon after; but before he died he grew quite fond of his son-in-law, and he left all he had been able to save of his property to him and to Mrs. Mellicent, provided they added his name of Hilton to that of Morgan. I have since heard that Mr. Morgan is in favor with the new court, so I think she must have it in her power to serve us; and, if Amy Evans's old playmate, Mrs. Mellicent, has not quite forgotten the pleasures and the pastimes of her youth, I am sure she will have the inclination to do so." "My good and thoughtful Amy! and do you know where Mrs. Morgan now resides?"

"Yes, dearest madam. 'Twas only in the last letter I received from Wales that I learned many of these particulars about my old friend, and that she was just settled in her new house in Bloomsbury." "But if her husband is so staunch a Whig, 'tis more than probable she will look coldly on me, who am the wife of one who she thinks a rebel!" "Nay, madam, but she loved her good old father dearly, though she would have been loth to give up her sweetheart for what then seemed a by-gone matter. She would affect you none the less for being of the same way of thinking as the parent to whom she was ever a dutiful child; and, moreover, the world may work great changes in the hearts of those who live in it, but Mrs. Mellicent Hilton's must be sorely changed indeed, if she is not one whose eyes will overflow at any tale of woe, and if she will stop to calculate the chances of success before she troubles herself to assist a fellow-creature in distress. Her old father used often to bid her have more discretion in her kindness, and tell her she gave her alms to those who had deserved them; but she never could say "No," to any one that asked charity in a piteous tone of voice; and the very dogs about the white manor-house were kept so fat by Mrs. Mellicent that you might tell them from any others by their good case. And then, madam, it seems to my poor judgment that one who knows something of the court, and yet is not so very great as the Duke of Montrose, or his lordship's cousin her grace of Beuchigny, or the Earl of Pembroke, or any of those nobles, may prove of service in a quiet way, when such great people might fear to attract notice."

"There is much truth in what you say. You have pertinent judgment, Amy; and it may be of good avail; we will think more of this. But we are drawing near our place of destination. See! by the lights gleaming from so many windows, this must be a considerable town. Walter, is it not here we are to pass the night?" "Yes, madam. Your ladyship may set up here for this night, an' it so please you. I well know, for one, that my poor nag could na' carry me a mile farther."

The snow became less deep as they approached the metropolis, the roads more beaten, and they were enabled each day to compass longer journeys. On the evening of the 23rd of January they entered London. Lady Nithsdale's first impulse would have led her to the Tower, but it was too late to hope for admittance; and she thought that from the Duchess of Montrose she was most likely to learn how it fared with her husband, and what steps it might be most advisable for her to take.

Leaving Amy, therefore, to make what arrangements were necessary for their accommodation, she instantly took coach, and proceeded to the residence of the Duke of Montrose. She sent word by a servant to the duchess, that a person desired to see her grace upon business of importance, and with the message she gave a written billot, entreating to see her in private. She did not sign the paper, not feeling assured how far any communication from the wife of a state prisoner might compromise the duchess herself. She was certain that the sight of her handwriting would procure her instant admission; and yet the few moments she passed waiting in the street were spent in a state of mental agitation which surprised herself.

It was a painfully new situation for the daughter of the Duke of Powis, who was thoroughly imbued with the indelible nobility of aristocratic birth, to find herself alone, in a hired coach, as a suitor at the door of one with whom she had ever lived on terms of equality and intimacy. It was not that she doubted the kindness, the sincerity, the generosity, of her good friend and cousin; but she now felt more lost, more unprotected, in the busy, noisy throng of streets of London than she had done in all the difficulties of her perilous journey. Only a few moments, however, elapsed before the portals were thrown open, and she found herself ushered through the rank of powdered liveried domestics, who in those days were deemed indispensable appendages to the great, into a small anteroom on the ground floor. Lady Nithsdale sank on a seat bewildered, overcome. It all seemed to her like a strange dream. What news might await her! Three weeks had