VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1876.

NO. 44.

ACENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

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New York Tablet,	Weekly	\$3	00
u " Freeman's Journal	11	3	00
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Boston Pilot	££	2	50
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TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Has sorrow cast thy spirit down, And crushed thy hopes Elysian?

Do not dishearton'd by hor from, Nor heedless of thy mission, But go forth gaily on thy way-The bonds of care dissever, And pluck the roses while you may; Tis better late than never!

Doth love consume with pensive woe Thy heart whence hope has fleeted-As sunbeams melt away the snow They never could have heated? Come, wreathe thy brow with laurel leaf-Be wise as well as clever, And learn a nobler lore than grief; 'Tis better late than never!

For life's a stand-up fight, I ween, With poverty and labor, And many a hero there has been Who never drew a sabre. So buckle bravely to the strife,

How perilous soever, And win some glory for thy life; 'Tis better late than never!

Or hast thou, worn in folly's wars, Forgot the land that bloometh Beyond the cedars and the stars,

Where sorrow never cometh? Oh, do not for a phantom fly From Paradise for ever, But turn thy trusting eyes on high; 'Tis better late than never!

Great Lord of Heaven! Creation's King! Whose vineyard open lies. Thou deemest not a worthless thing Man's tardy sacrifice; Still sanctify the work we've wrought,

And every fond endeavor, This blessed creed Thyself hast taught— Tis better late than never!

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

BY LADY DACRE ..

CHAPTER XXV.

But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head, What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast, Honour the place that such a jewel berd, And kiss the ground whereas the corpse doth

rest ! · Lord Surrey on the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

When Lady Nithsdale, after all the varied sufferings of many weeks, the painful excitement of the few preceding days, the agonizing violence she had done to her feelings for the last twelve hours. at length found herself pressed to her husband's bosom, when she knew that she was supported by his arms, overwrought nature gave away and she

With the assistance of Amy, however, she soon revived, and in a state of blissful exhaustion she wept freely on his shoulder. Few words were spoken.

When her lady seemed more composed, Amy stole away, for she feared to excite the notice of the other lodgers.

"Let us pray, my love !" said Lady Nithsdale, when the door was closed; " let us together pour forth our souls to that Providence who has this day extended over us so special a mercy. It will relieve my bursting soul to give utterance to the gratitude which almost oppresses it " and they both sank on their knees in humble adoration.

For a time, nor doubt nor fear disturbed the full

not till the first grey light began to dawn, and the | share your fate ; I ought to be with you now !" he | and the block-the huge, bloody, wooden blocktwitter of the sparrows on the house-tops, and the discordant sounds of London streets again broke the stillness which had reigned, that the difficulties and dangers that still surrounded them recurred to their

The earl sighed when first he saw the rays of the sun shine on the taller chimneys of the adjacent buildings, and the tiled roofs of the surrounding houses became visible from the narrow window, for he remembered his own feelings as he had mentally bidden adieu the preceding evening to the sunbeams; and mixed with gratulation and thankfullness for the different circumstances under which he now lailed the cheering light, came the recol-lection of his fellow-prisoners. He thought of the good Earl of Derwentwater, and on his old friend Lord Kenmure.

His wife watched the expression of his countenance. Ste read what passed within. "Alas!" she said, "I have been a very egotist in my joy. I have not been able to think of those who are now have not been able to think of those who are now tones?—did she not bid us avoid every movement marking in agony and desperation the dawning of that might betray that this apartment was occupithis fatal day, who turn from its glorious light in sickening, loathing despair. Alas for them ! The extremes of grief and of happiness, both make us selfish creatures. And yet can I really think of aught but you? How can I grieve, when I can gaze as now upon you, rescued from that dismal place, restored to me and to your children? Oh! we shall together hear their clear young voices; we shall together, with delighted eyes, follow them in their graceful sports; we shall both feel their twining arms around our necks; we shall together guide and direct their young minds; we shall watch the opening intellect develop itself, and ripen into all that is noble in man, and that is lovely in woman! Oh, my love! my husband! what happiness is there in store for us!!

Lord Nithsdale listened in deep-felt rapture: he

hung upon her words; he let his soul go to the delightful picture she drew; he drank in the musical sounds of her soft voice; he looked with love and tenderness upon the sweet though wan countenance, which, in its delicate paleness, bore

the traces of past suffering.
"What happiness indeed!" he echoed. "What unutterable happiness!"

And how tall our noble boy will be! We shall scarcely know him, except by those clustering fair curls, which contrasts so prettily with the dark brows, which are all your own, love! Oh, those blue eyes! how they used to dance from beneath the shady brow! And Annie, my darling Annie; she will not have forgotten to climb your knee, and nestle into your bosom, as she used to do, while you still remained absorbed in meditation."

A smile, a pleased, a tranquil, tender smile, played over his lips as he said, "My own sweet children, I dare thing of you now! Yesterday it was with such painful regret that the image of your with such painful regret that the image of your innocent endearments rose up before my mind, that course with his friend.

"I never saw him from that day," he murmured lant, stout boy! my pretty Annie!" and a silent but sweet tear stole down his manly cheek. "And when we returned from Westminster Hall on the yet, my love, are we not almost presumptuous in 9th. As we were in the coach, on our way home, looking forward thus confidently? Though no he regretted having pleaded guilty; 'for,' he said, longer within a prison ourselves too secure-"

As he spoke, one loud, deep, sonorous toll of a bell was heard. Lady Nithsdale started. The color, which the joyous picture she had drawn had summoned to her cheeks, gave way to a ghastly paleness. Lord Nithsdale did not finish the broken sentence; both sat in mute horror. Several mo-ments elapsed; they heard no more. They began to fancy some accidental sound had startled them, when again the clear, deep sound struck on their ears-their hearts! She looked upon him with a fearful inquiring glance.

"It must be so," he said ; "this is the very hour !" He clasped his hands firmly together; and, drop ping his head, he pressed them against his bosom My friends, my noble, my truehearted friends! he ejaculated, in a low and smothered voice.

"Oh, God! and is it ever?" she exclaimed, and she wound her arms around him; she clung to him with desperate energy; she pressed him closely to her; while she gazed wildly at the closed door, as if she every moment expected to see it burst open, and the ministers of law rush in to bereave her of the loved being she had rescued.

They shall not tear thee from me! No, no! I feel this woman's arm could hold thee with so firm a grasp, that no earthly power could sever us. They shall not, they cannot wrest thee from these

Again the awful toll of the minute-bell rang upon their ears! " Does it mean all is over ?" she again slowly whispered, in trembling horror.

No, no ! not so ! they are even now on their way to the scaffold," he said. "He breathes yet! my noble Derwentwater breathes this vital air! Tre healthful blood flows through his veins! That gallant heart still throbs in its mortal clothing ! He is yet alive; and on this vast globe there does not beat a heart more gallant-a spirit more undaunted dwells not on this earth !"

Again that toll struck on their hearts—that toll for which they listened, till they almost fancied each must have been the last; when, no! the next awful sound struck their very frame, jarred on every nerve. They were half tempted to stop their ears to exclude the torturing clang, but a power which they could not resist compelled them

to listen with redoubled intensity.
"By this time they must have reached Tower Hill !" he murmured. If he had seen the fearful expression of her countenance while he thus pictured what would have been, what still might be, his fate, he would in pity have been silent : but his thoughts were at that moment all upon his friends, his companions, his feilow-prisoners. Though he pressed her to his heart, he looked not upon her and was still absorbed by the scene which he knew

was acting.
"Hush! all is silent! the bell has ceased!" No: it came again ! its brazen clang again sounded. They still listened in breathless silence ! At length it really ceased.

What means this stillness'?" she faintly asked. "It is even now," he replied, in a smothered thought tone, "they must have reached the spot!" He came to tell you we have hopes for my ford's speedy pressed his hand upon his eyes. "In My friends! my dear, my noble friends!—I should the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued, shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up," she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she scaffold is still up," she continued is shuddering the scaffold is still up, "she scaffold is still up," she scaffold is still up, "she scaffold is still up," she scaffold is still up, "she scaffold is still up," she scaffold is still up, "she scaffold is still up," she scaffold is still up, "she scaffold is still up," she scaffold is security of their gratitude and their joy. It was not have abandoned you; I should be there to at the recollection, "all hung with black cloth; when so lately reunited, but he also felt how in-

exclaimed in passion.

" My husband! my life! my love!" she softly whispered, in an appealing, a deprecating tone. "Oh! no, no! I did not mean to say so! This is my home! here is my resting place!" and his

head dropped upon her shoulder. Minutes elapsed; neither could keep count of

t me : it might be moments, it might be hours ! Again the awful, the horrible bell resounded; it seemed to crack his heart-strings. He started ur; he shook her from him; he paced the room with hasty strides.

"It is all over !" he exclaimed: " it is consummated! They are now bloody corpses !-headless

She seized him by the arm. " Hush, bush! in mercy hush! speak not with such ungoverned earnestness. Did not Amy forbid us to stir for our lives ?-did she not bid us converse in subdued ed? Are there not other lodgers in the house? If you do not value life youself, take pity on me. spare me—oh, spare me the horrors you have just brought so vividly before me! Be still, I implore, I command-by all I have done, all I have ventured, all I have endured! and she dragged him to the wretched bed on which they had been seated, and which was the only article of furniture the chamber contained. He unresistingly yielded to ber gentleforce, and reseated himself.

The dreadful certainty that the fate of his companions in misfortune had been scaled, completely dispelled the gleam of secure happiness which had

shone through the hearts of both. Lady Nithsdale thought on the Counters of Derwentwater, on the Lady Kenmure; and while she closely clung to her husband's arm, to assure herself in very truth that he was safe, and to prevent his making any movement which might betray him, she pictured to herself the unavailing agonies of the other ladies, till her very brain went round!

It now seemed to her she had as yet accomplished but little. She felt there was no security in their freedom: the fact that they were still within so short a distance of the fatal spot, which had this moment been brought only too forcibly home to the feelings of both, made her impatiently await further intelligence from her faithful friends made her feel, that naught was done till the seas rolled between him and his enemies!

She listened breathlessly, hoping each step might be Amy's, or Mrs. Mill's; and yet she dreaded each sound that reached her, lest it might prove the approach of guards, who, having traced his steps, had succeeded in discovering his retreat.

Lord Nithedale, on the other hand thought not of himself: his feelings were all for the departed. His imagination rapidly ran over his former inter-

it is not treason that we have committed! it would have been treason in us to act otherwise than we have done 'Yes,' he continued, 'all save the prisoners, all the multitudes who crowded the vast Hall-all, all were traitors except ourselves!' And when I urged that the expression thus used was had been told it was merely a form, and that there but the form in which we conveyed that we denied not our share in the business, 'But I am not a traiter to my lawful king, and I should not have allowed the word,' he replied with parnestness. We were then led from the coach to our separate lodgings," continued the Earl, following the current of his own melanholy thoughts, "and as we partedfor the last time parted—he pressed, my hand, and said, 'Nithsdale, we have been friends through life, should we be parted in death? (which I do not think we shall be, we shall probable share the same doom!) but should one survive, let me live in your remembrance, as, I promise, you shall in mine! And so he shall!-never, never will I forget you my noble Ratcliffe; here shall your memory dwell, he added, striking his bosom—"here, while the life-blood throbs through this heart!"

He paused, and Lady Nithsdale for a while feared to disturb the sad recollections in which he so naturally included; but at length she gently vent-

nred to whisper,-"And if you thus feel for him who was your friend, think what would have been my condition had the husband of my love shared his fare! Control your voice! Speak but in whispers. Think should you now be dragged from me!" she continu-

ed, in a meek and supplicating tone. "True, true, my gentle love!" he softly answered "I will be prudent, calm and prudent; I owe it in gratitude to my deliverer."

She had scarcely thus tempered down his emotions, when they were both startled by the sound of footsteps: but they were soft and stealthy. There was no heavy tramp, no sound of arms, no rough voices.

There came three gentle taps on the door Lady Nithsdale hastened to it; Amy gave the preconcerted sign, and she admitted her.

starting from her head; she staggered into the room, but she failed not carefully to close and double-lock the door behind her.
"I came to tell you all that we have arranged,"

Her face was pale, almost livid; her eyes seemed

she said, in a broken voice: "and- I will speak in a moment-" "Oh, merciful Heaven! Do they suspect ?-

Have they traced us?" cried Lady Nithsdale, in tremulous agony. "Oh no! it is not that; my dear lord is safe, I

trust-I hope; safe from that dreadful doom!" and Amy closed her eyes for a moment. "For pity's sake, explain yourself, dear, dear,

Amy!"

"Tis nothing-it will pass. Tis nothing more than we all know. We knew this was the fatal morning; and I waited till all was over, for I dared not willingly risk seeing any thing dreadful. I thought I might now venture here; for Mr. Mills, who was there, told me all was accomplished. I came to tell you we have hopes for my lord's speedy

and the saw-dust. Oh, my soul sickens!

Deep as was her anxiety for her lord's escape, the countess herself could not command words to inquire what were the hopes of accomplishing it, to which Amy alluded. All remained for some moments speechless, with eyes fixed on the ground, fearful to meet those of the other.

At length Lady Nithsdale stole a glance towards her husband, to see how he hore what Amy had just uttered. His face was concealed by both his

Amy was the first to recover herself. "The Venetian ambassador sends his coach next week to meet his brother at Dover; and we hope to persuade his excellency's servant, M. Michel, to take charge of my lord: he is one whom we may depend. He is under great obligations to Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and would do anything to repay them; and when once he is safe away, he is not responsible to those in power here. Yes, dearest madam, I have good hope that all will turn out right," continued Amy, striving to shake off the horror which had overpowered her when first she entered.

"Thanks, my faithful, true friend?" and Lady Nithsdale tenderly embraced her.

Lord Nithsdale appeared not to heed what they had said; but in a low hollow voice inquired, with his face averted-for he shrunk from showing to any eye but his own Winifred's the traces of deep emotion which he could not master-"Did Mr. Mills mention any particulars?"

"Nothing very particular," answered Amy, shudderlng at the question.

"Did the lords address the people?" he again asked, his face still averted, and with a forced calmness in his tone.

"I believe they did, my lord."

" Was Mr. Mills within hearing!" "Yes, my dear master. But why harrow your feelings by listening to these details? Surely, it were better to think of the future, and bend your mind to all that there remains to do!"

"Nay, I must hear; I must learn all I can of my lost, lost friends!" be exclaimed, turning upon them a face so awful in its noble grief that none dared for a moment resist his wishes. "Tell me all-let me bear every thing !"

Unable to oppose or resist his firm and solemn command, Amy began her tale: "They were taken my lord, in a hackney coach from the Tower to the Transport Office. It was a little before ten

"I know it," he answered, "We heard the bell," he added, in a sepulchral inward voice.

"The Earl of Derwentwater was the first; and though he seemed somewhat pale, his bearing was

resolute and sedate, Mr. Mills said."
"Assuredly it was!" said the earl, almost anary that it should be deemed possible his friend could have borne himself otherwise.

"After some time spent in prayer, he obtained the sheriff's leave to read a paper. He came forward to the rails, and he asked pardon of those whom he might have scandalized by pleading

"I knew that weighed upon his mind," murmured the earl. "He said he was sensible he had by this made

bold with his loyalty to King James; but that he was nothing of moment in so doing."

ably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of submitting to mercy."

"He said he died a Roman Catholic, and was in perfect charity with all the world; and he added,

"They told us all so: that having been undeni-

that if the prince who now governs had spared his life, he should have thought himself obliged never more to take up 'arms against him." Amy was "Lord Nithsdale, after a pause of some moments

said, in a voice scarcely audible, "Did he suffer? Was it quickly over? "At one blow, my lord," answered Amy, shud-

dering as he spoke. "Pardon me, good Amy-I pain you; but I must

know. And Lord Kenmure?" "He did not speak to the people, but in his devotions he prayed for King James. He spologized for his dress, saying he had so little thought of dying so soon, he had not provided a black suit.— Mills says he showed great resolution and firmness in his carriage, though, to his mind, he was not so calm within as the Earl of Derwentwater."

"I can endure no more!" at length exclaimed Lady Nithsdale, as all these details so horribly pictured the scene: "I cannot, cannot bear it! Amy, in mercy, cease!"

"I crave your pardon, dearest wife; but they were my friends-my best friends; and they are gone! But we will hear no more!" And he again buried his face in his bands.

Amy told her lady that Mrs. Mills would soon be with them, and bring the answer of M. Michel .-She was even now at the Venetian ambassador's and hoped to arrange everything according to their wishes.

The countess pressed Amy's hand, and they

silently awaited Mrs. Mill's coming.
It was late before shearrived; but she told them that on the following day, the Saturday, Lord Nithsdale might remove to the ambassador's, where M. Michel undertook to conceal him in his own chamber; that on the Wednesday in the following week his excellency's coach-and-six was to go to Dover to meet his brother, when M. Michel could easily take Lord Nithsdale in his master's livery as one of his retinue.

All seemed to promise well and the countess breathed more freely.

Mrs Mills had considerately brought with her some bread, which, with a loaf and a bottle of wine which had been provided the evening before, was all they had to subsist upon for the two days and

nights they spent in their present lurking place. On the Saturday they parted, according to this arrangement." To both such a parting was a severe trial.

The countess feared every possible and every impossible danger must beset his path when she could no longer see him with her own eyes. He found the task a hard one to tear himself again from her,

cumbent it was on him to accept with gratitude so favorable an opportunity of escaping. They were both aware that to linger in England was risking all their hardly earned happiness. In trembling

hope they parted.
"It would be sinful in us to mistrust Providence," he said: "we have been so mercifully dealt with, we ought to feel confidence that we shall be preserved to a safe and joyful meeting."

"True, true, my love. I would not detain you one moment in this fatal land! I wish you gone! And yet—and yet—it is so painful, so very painful, to part! But you shall go—even now—this moment! It is not for me to doubt the mercy of Heaven,

She gently disengaged herself from him: he pressed her once more to his bosom, and then followed Mrs. Mills to the door. He there paused to take one more look at her, as she stood half supported by Amy. She watched him through the doorway,—she listed to his step as he descended the stairs,—she heard the street-door shut:—"He is gone!" she raid; "but I must not repine! Oh, what a parting it might have been! When I think of Lady Derwentwater and of Lady Kenmure, I feel how blessed I am! I will not weep-I will not grieve: I must allow no feeling but that of gratitude to find a place within my bosom!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

La nef que dejoint mes amours Na cy de mol que la moitie. Une parte te reste, elle est tienne. Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Countess of Nithsdale lost no time in quitting her present retreat, and she took up her abode at the house of a quiet honest man in Drury Lane, where, in the utmost privacy, she awaited the news of her husband's safe arrival on the Continent.

After the intense agitation of the foregoing week, she experienced a kind of listless stupefaction; she was totally incapable of employing herself. Although her mind was comparatively at ease, yet a thousand vague horrors shot across it. The inaction was oppressive and irksome to her. She wished every hour, every moment, to know how it fared with her lord; and yet she was fully aware that the only prudent course to pursue, both for his sake and her own, was to keep herself quite retired,

and to avoid being seen by any.

On the Wednesday, the Earl of Nithsdale, as had been previously concerted accompanied the Venetian ambassador's coach to Dover, where he arrived without detection or danger.

When there, M. Michel hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais.

Was it a moment of unmixed joy to Lord Nithsdale when he set foot upon the vessel which was to bear him from the land in which his life was forfeited to the laws,-from the land in which he was proscribed, to seek one which held out to him all the charms of life and liberty?

It was not so :- for that land was the land of his birth,-that land contained her to whom he was bound by stronger ties than ever attached man to damo:

As the swift bark bounded over the deep, he gazed upon the receding shores with tenderness and regret. The breeze was favorable, the ship skimmed the waters, the passage was performed in so short a time that the captain remarked, "the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives."

Until the countess received assured intelligence of his safe arrival at Calais, she had been able to turn her thoughts to no other subject. She felt he might at any moment he discovered; it was still possible that all the horrors and the sufferings with which she was only to well acquainted might still be in store for her. At moments she accused herself of wanting that reliance she ought to feel in Heaven; at others, she thought she was presumptuous in fancying herself too secure.

But when once she knew he was safe from all pursuit, other cares beset her mind.

The feelings of the mother rose strong within her. Every paper, every document, which might secure to themselves, or to their children after them, any means of existence, had been left at Terreagles. While fearing for his life, all other considerations had been forgotten; but now that all. absorbing interest was at rest, anxiety for the fate of her children took possession of her soul.

She resolved, if possible, to revisit Terrengles .-If she had exposed her life for the father, she thought she could do no less than bazard it once more to save her son from beggary.

After the great events of the last month, her mind seemed to stand in need of some excitement; she was almost glad to feel called upon by duty for a tresh exertion.

She hoped, through the means of the Duchess of Buccleugh, she might obtain leave openly to visit Terreagles; and she wrote to her, telling her that she understood some suspected her of having contrived her lord's escape, but that she imagined a bare suspicion, destitute of proof, would never be held sufficient ground for her being punished for a supposed offence, although it had been motive enough for her to remain in concealment. She entreated her grace to procure permission for to de-

part freely upon her business. But her application, far from being granted, rather roused in the government the desire to secure her; and she owed to the solicitor-general (who, though an utter stranger to her, had the humanity to plead her cause) the decision, that as long as she evinced such respect to government as not to appear in public, no search should be made for her; but that, if she showed herself in England or in Scotland, she should be forthwith secured.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)