## VOL. XXVI

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THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek While in their youth With spirit meek,

The way of truth. To them the Sacred Scriptures now display Christ as the only true and living way, His precious blood on Calvary was given, To make them heirs of endless bliss in Heaven And e'en on earth the child of God can trace The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For then He bore His Father's frown; For them He wore The thorny Crown ; Nailed to the Cross, Endured its pain, That His life's loss Might be their gain. Then haste to choose That better part, Nor e'en dare refuse The Lord thy heart, Lest He declare "I know you not," And deep despair Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died, And trust in Him who there was crucified.

## WINIFRED. COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By LADY DACRE ..

CHAPTER IX .- (Continued).

"Winifred, do you think your sister Lucy, the subses, would let them be pensioners in your old convent? I should engage in this business with better heart if I knew that my boy and poor little Annie were safe in any other land. I would urge your accompanying them,"—Lady Nithsdale started -"but I know that it would be in vain."

"Vain indeed!" replied Lady Nithsdale. "In all things else I have been, and I will be, a submissive wife; but do not ask me to leave you, my lord,-I scarcely think I could obey."

"But the children?"

"Gain but a little time, and we will despatch

them to Bruges."

"I will excuse myself from attending the summons to Edinburgh, but will beg the commissioners to take my bail here, at my own castle. This they will refuse; but some days will thus be gained, and we will hope," he added with a sigh, "and we will hope his majesty will either arrive in person, or we may be authorized from himself to set up his stan-

dard openly." In consequence of this resolution, the Earl of Nithsdale returned an evasive answer, in which, under the plea of ill health (and indeed the mental saxiety which he had of late undergone had somewhat affected his health), he applied to those entrusted with the government in Scotland for indulgence to have his bail received at Terreagles; and in the meantime the children were despatched, under the care of trusty and confidential attendants, to Bruges, and there placed under the protection of

their aunt, the Lady Lucy.
It may well be imagined that such a separation could not take place without a bitter pang to both parents. With Lady Nithsdale it was the instinctive tenderness of the mother which suffered at parting from the objects of her love; but she looktd forward with hope and reliance that the longdesired moment had arrived; that they were at last on the eve of seeing realized the expectation which, in her mind, amounted to a kind of religious trust. With her husband the feeling was different.

Lady Nithedale wept as she bade her children adicu! Lord Nithsdale's eyes were dry. The last sound of their voices, the last embrace, melted away the heart of the mother. The father, silent and almost stern, scarcely heard their parting words;

from their paternal halls, pass under the archway ministers of the law who might seek to make you the memorials of his ancestors. He passed the and emerge into the brighter light beyond, he felt that the heir of the house of Maxwell had forever quitted the tower of h is ancestors; and that he, by his own act and deed, was about to deprive his child of his home, his herif age, his titles, and his country. of his home, his herif age, his titles, and his country.

Bitter were the th oughts which struggled in his soul. He turned abruptly from the portal, and details concerning his wishes and intentions, with strode with a has ay but firm step into the withdrawingroom beyo ad the hall.

Lady Nithsdale followed with streaming eyes and, winding her arm within her lord's, she spoke of the winning words of their boy, of the pretty grief of the Lady: Arne. For the first time, Lord Nithsdale forge t to soothe her sorrows, forgot to press the arm that clung to him for support; but throwing hims elfinto a chair, he hid his face with both his hands, and remained for some seconds absorbed by emotions far more painful in their intensity than the tender regret which drew tears from the mother's eyes.

Those tea s were, however, soon dried, for in the fearful grie i of her husband she found cause for alarm which changed the current of her thoughts. "My lord! my dear lord!" she said, "be not thus moved; t'ae children will do well. See! I have dried my woman's tears. They will be well cared for by my sister, and we shall see them soon again bounding, through the hall; we shall hear their gay voices prattling on the stairs."

"Nev er, Winifred, never!" he replied, withdraw ing his hands, and looking at her with a sad and fixed countenance; "never! I have banished my children; I have deprived my son of his lawful patriniony; I have now driven him forth to beggary, exile, and dependence. No Earl of Nithsdale will ever inhabit these walls again: I know it-I feel it! The lands I inherited from my forefathers must pass to others. Our castles will be desolate; our name extinct! But this is weakness all. I knew I hazarded all my earthly goods when I devoted myself to the interests of my king. Alas! if he could ever conscientionally act in unison.

I could but feel assured that I was truly devoting Lady Nithsdale assisted her lord in all his armyself to the interests of my king, and, also of my country, I would not pause to think of my fair cas-tle, my goodly lands!" And his eye glanced quickly round the noble apartment, and dwelt for a moment on the smiling prospect from the windows, where the Nith danced along the valley through banks diversified with fields of waving corn, and

luxuriant copses, whose deep green contrasted beautifully with the yellow harvest. During this momentary silence this distant sound of the bagpipe came fitfully on the ear, as its wild music cheered the reapers to their toil. "Though," he added, "the descendant of a long line of ancestors loves the halls where those ancestors have dwelt-though the man loves the spot where he wandreed a child—though," he continued, "a patriot loves the soil which gave him birth; yet," and his voice strengthened, his eye flashed upward, "gladly, willingly, gallantly would I resign them all, were I certain that I indeed strove to secure my country's good when I seek the restoration of my king."

Neither the countess nor her lord had ever contemplated the possibility of their deserting the Jacobite warty; but they viewed the probable result of the enterprise, in which both deemed it equally indispensable to join, with very different

Even the success of his scemes did not to him hold out a prospect of certain good. Though a strict Catholic, he could not blind himself to the inexpepeople.

restoration of the Stuarts appeared to be the universal panacea; and she devoutly believed that if that object could be accomplished without effusion of blood, all orders of British subjects must be good and happy. Little used, however, to join in political discussions, little accustomed, indeed, to hear them, she did not venture to urge any arguments of her own; yet she could not remain silent when she saw her lord thus moved, and timidly

suggested—
"You are a true patriot, my lord; and that you yourself could not be content under the rule of a stranger and a heretic, is surely proof enough that neither could others, who have noble souls, be happy under his dominion. Does England boast any man whose name is fairer, whose character is more unblemished, then that of the kind, good, generous Earl of Derwentwater? him whose purse is open to the poor, whose hand is ever ready to assist the unfortunate? Must be not seek his country's good? Is not the Viscount Kenmure's name a noble and an honorable one? would he sacrifice his country? But why should I seek other names than my own dear lord's? the Earl of Nithsdale's is in itself a justification and a sanction of any cause he espouses!" she continued, with warmth. Lord Nithedale shook his head. "Our noble friend, the Duke of Ormond, too! he has

joined his majesty at Havre." "Ah, Winifred! now you have touched the chord to which my soul vibrates. Such flagrant injustice must rouse the spirit in all honest hearts! Ormond's name must be restored! Ormond's banner must be replaced! Yes, we are driven to the course we are pursuing: we must proceed. Let us think no more; but blindly follow where honor, loyalty, friendship, consistency lead us, without anticipating what may be the event! To-morrow we shall receive the answer from Edinburgh-to-morrow I am denounced rebel; I must join the other lords who are already seeking the Earl of Mar. But oh! Winifred! would any other general were appointed to the undertaking! That man has not the head, the heart, nor the character to fit him for such a position. He has zeal, but that is all. The honor-the undoubted, the unquestionable honor, is wanting. Was he not one of the first to make protestations of - But there loyalty to the Elector? and nowis no use in retrospection; we must on-on-! To morrow, my love, I leave you: how, when, where to meet, is in the hands of Providence.'

Lady Nithadalo's eyes were cast to heaven, and her hands involuntarily clasped themselves in prayer. "And now, dearest wife," he continued, "we must to business. You are safe here at present. I shall take but four men with me. The inmates of enthusiastic Jacobite was by his side, before whom reagles. Nor did the letters which she occasionally the castle, and the dependents immediately around, he might blush to own a thought which had refer-

answerable for the actions of your husband. But, before I go, I must commit to your care the titledeeds to the estates, and the other papers, which may secure to us and to our children some pro-

a firm, methodical coolness, which proved how little he expected ever to return to the happy home of his youth and manhood.

CHAPTER X.

Let us think how our ancestors rose Let us think how our ancestors fell; The rights they defended, and those They bought with their blood, we'll ne'er sel! Let the love of our king's sacred cause To the love of our country succeed ; Let friendship and honor unite,
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

Jacobite Relics The messenger returned from Edinburgh, and brought with him such a reply as the Earl of Nithsdate had anticipated. Towards evening, therefore, he made ready for his departure.

The Lords Athol, Huntley, Traquhair, Seaforth and others, were already gathered round the Earl of Mar, under pretence of joining in a hunting expedition; but, after his refusal to attend the Commissioners at Edinburgh, Lord Nithsdale's making one of the famous " Hunt of Branmar" would have betrayed the nature of the meeting. He therefore resolved to seek the Earl of Berwentwater at his castle in Northumberland.

sentiments were most in unison; even his enemies have never ventured to cast an imputation on the motives and the character of a nobleman of such known integrity; with him, Lord Nithedale felt

rangements, listened to all his instructions : it was Stuart race, whether it might be for weal or for indeed fitting she should do so. The time was past, when the wife needed only to be the gentle housewife, the graceful hostess, the dignified countess. Her nusband knew well the enduring courage, the calm resolution, which were latent in the of France did not loosen the bonds of allegiance to soul of his wife; and in her he reposed entire confidence, on her he placed implicit reliance. But she herself was not aware of the qualities that slumb ered within ber; qualities which, had her life been passed in the common routine of polished existence, would never have been awakened and called into action. She trembled as she heard her lord give directions which he deemed necessary for the security of the custle; and she shrank instinctively when she saw him gird on his sword, and prepare the pistols which he carried in his holster.

Such precautions, although not unusual in these times, struck her as the real actual commencement of war-of civil war; and an icy chill ran through her veins when she heard the balls rattle down the iron barrels of the pistols.

The shades of evening had now gathered around; the four domestics who were to attend their lord were ready mounted in the courtyard; his own stout horse was there, bridled and saddled. Lord Nithsdale, with firm and stately step, traversed the

dimly lighted apartments. The time for doubt and hesitation was past. There was sadness, but no wavering in his eye. His wife was on his arm, but she pressed it lightly; she dared not cling to him diency of giving a Catholic king to a Protestant as her heart would have prompted her to do; neither durst he unman himself by giving way to the To Lady Mithsdale, on the contrary, the peaceful tenderness he felt.

Stuarts appeared to be the uni
When he reached the door, he paused for a mo-

ment; and, turning back, looked slowly round the hall, where hung the potraits of his forefathers, the battle-axe of Eugene Maxwell, the belmet of Lord Eustace, the banner of good Earl Robert.

His eyes rested for a moment on the family motto Reviresco." "Not here, my love, not in these ancient balls, will the Earls of Nithsdale flourish again !" and gently pressing the both trembling hands of his wife between his own, he descended the steps, and, mounting his horse, he rode resolutely from out the castle gate.

It was a glorious summer night. Lord Nithsdale felt, painfully felt to his heart's core, the beauty of the scene, as he traversed the valley from which he took his title, and the lands endeared to him by early recollections, as well as by that consciousness of possession, which assuredly has for the mind of man a charm almost magic in its influence.

The moonbeams slept calmly on the towers of Terreagles,-of his home | and they sparkled on the waters of the Nith, as it bounded through the smiling vale with its green sheep-walks and its

Avoiding the town of Dumfries, he followed the banks of the stream, till he found himself under the very walls of his own far-famed Castle of Caerlaverock. It was with a nardonable feeling of pride that the fifth Earl of Nithsdale surveyed, for the last time, the noble edifice which had been the sent of his ancestors for nearly seven hundred years, and which they had rendered famous by many acts of prowess.

The two circular towers which flanked the

northern entrance stood out, bold and dark, against the deep blue of the moonlit sky; the rippling waves were tipped with silver as they broke against the walls of the castle, which, built in a triangular form on the point of land were the Nith throws itself into the Irish Sea, rose on two sides abruptly from the waters.

But though he might cast towards the ruined walls a glance of regret, and might bid them, in his heart, a long and sad adieu, he reminded himself that the Lord Eustace had in his zeal for King Robert Brace demolished the ancient fortifications of this same castle, lest the English might garrison it themselves; and he thought of Robert, the eighth Lord Maxwell, and first Earl of Nithsdale, who had so gallantly defended it for his unfortunate master Charles the Eirst; and in the glorious recollections of former deeds of loyalty, and in resolutions to emulate such deeds he attempted to drown the sad anticipations which crowded on his soul.

But he was slone! No eye was upon him! No

Tower of Repentance.—a monument of the estenta-tious remorse of John, Lord Herries. In the distous remorse of John, Lord Herries. In the distance he saw the Castle of Hadham, which came into his family by the marriage of Sir John Maxwell, these means which they did possess, the futility of to Agnes, heiress of the Lord Herries of Terreagles. all their endeavors, still she considered plainly perceive "And the time will come," he thought, "when the strength since last they parted. have been known and where they have been honored, where they have been feared and where they ing-room, from whose large and deepest windowhave been loved, for so many centuries! But if remembered, their name shall never be coupled with dishonor, with treachery, or with disloyalty:" and he spurred his gallant horse, hastening from scenes valley below, when Amy Evans hastily entered which, while they confirmed him in his devotion to with a joyful countenance, and a thick packet to the cause he had espoused, made him feel the extent of the sacrifice he was making.

Intelligence little calculated to raise the spirits of the Jacobites awaited him upon his arrival at Dilstone Castle, the seat of the Earl of Derwentwater. He there found the earl and all his adherents in the utmost consternation at the death of Louis the Fourteenth, and the refusal of the Regent to assist the chevalier with arms, men, or money, or to do anything which might be considered an infraction of the treaty of Utrecht.

The Earl of Mar, although not yet provided with legal commission as general, had set up the standard of King James, and had gathered around it at Braemar three hundred of his own followers. They had all advanced too far to retreat; but the most sanguine were dismayed and dispirited at the unfavorable state of affairs.

Lord Nithedale alone did not appear affected by the intelligence. Most of the other insurgent no-bles were actuated by motives either of ambition, or Lord Derwentwater, was, perhaps, of all the Jn-bles were actuated by motives either of ambition, or cobite lords, the one with whom his feelings and of revenge, by discontent with their present condition, and by the hope, in the changes consequent upon war, to improve the estates which they had found inadequate to the support of their rank and station. But in Lord Nithsdale's mind, no personal consideration mixed itself with the conscientious belief that honor demanded his adherence to the woe. His hopes were not blasted, for he had never entertained any; and on the present occasion it was he who sustained the resolution of those around, and reminded them that the change in the policy their sovereign; that in union and in perseverance consisted their only of ree of success; that to themselves alone they the lock. It, said oc, the feeling of the people is really in favor of their lawful monarch; when once the standard is raised, when once the Earl of Mar can show his sovereign's commission, they will declare themselves : if, on the contrary, the mass of the people is satisfied with the present order of things; if Englishmen are indifferent whether a Stuart or a Guelph wear the crown of England, provided they may enjoy the comforts of life in security; if loyality no longer survives in the hearts of those who are occupied only in selfish considerations, French gold, French arms, will never impose upon the British nation the sovereign that nation rejects. In that case we are traitors, and we must abide the consequences!'

It was not long, however, before the success which at first attended the Earl of Mar's strenuous exertions elevated the drooping spirits of the English Jacobites to as high a pitch of exultation as

they had before sunk low in despondency.

He had actually raised an army of ten thousand men; he had at longth received, and read aloud, at the head of each regiment, his commission as general-in-chief of the Scottish forces; and he had dispatched to the chevalier a numerously-signed address, urging the necessity of his immediate arrival in Scotland. Mr. Forster and Lord Derwentwater, with Lord Nithsdale, had proclaimed King James at Warkwort, Morpeth, and Alnwick. They advanced into Scotland as far as Kelso, where they were joined by Viscount Kenmure with two hundred horse, and the Earls of Carnwarth and Wintoun, who had aiready set up the chevalier's standard at Moffat.

But these temporary successes could not blind Lord Nithsdale to the elements of discord which were found in the very union that gave the assembled forces a somewhat imposing aspect; and which, had they with one accord proceeded towards Dumfries, and made themselves masters of the town, thus forcing a communication with the main army under the Earl of Mar, might have enabled them to furnish themselves with arms and ammunition at Glasgow, and finally to dislodge Argyle from Sterling.

But he saw and deplored, on one side, the obstinate infatuation of the English Jacobites, who seemed confident that an immediate and universal rising in the northern counties would be the consequence of their marching into England; and, on the other, the resolute wilfulness of the undisciplined Highlanders, who declared that they would not cross the border.

The town of Dumfries continued in the hands of government. The Countess of Nithsdale therefore kept herself in strict retirement, nor could she often receive direct communication from her husband. A thousand vague and unauthenticated rumors daily, nay, hourly, reached her; rumors, which, coming through the medium of the royalists, brought even exaggerated accounts of the disunion and want of discipline which prevailed among the insurgent forces. Her heart sank within her when, through Amy, she heard how the Whigs had exulted at the confusion produced among the Jacobites by an incident in itself trifling.

Captain Wogan, baving mistaken some of their own troops for an advancing party of General Carpenter's, inadvertently discharged a pistol, the preconcerted signal to warn those behind of approaching enemy; and, until the mistake was discovered, there insued considerable tumult and disorder among the soldiers in the rear. On another occasion, the cavalry of the insurgents, which had just entered Jedburgh, were hastily marched out again to assist the foot in repelling—a party of their own friends, who had joined them by another route!— These, and other occurrences of a similar nature, were subjects of mockery and exultation to the Whigs in Dumfries, and failed not to be goodnaturedly transmitted to the inhabitants of Terreceived from her husband tend to cheer her. Albut as he watched the carriage which bore them are more than sufficient to defend you from any ence to self. Each step, he advanced, was full of though, partly from prudential motives, partly to ently from their fellows of another faith.

stare her the feeling of blank and b opeless selfimmolation which pervaded his ow a soul, he refrained from expressing his full conviction of the that his fears, rather than his nopes, had gathered

She was one day seated in the tapestried withdrawthe earl had taken his last sad look over his vast possessions; her eye was also mech mically fellowing the mazes of the Nith, as it wound through the valley below, when Amy Evans hastily entered, her lady.

"News from my lord!" she exclaimed, all breathless: "and Walter Elliot, who is even new from the army, says they are coming to lay seige to Durafries immediately, my lady; and we shall have my lord at home again in his own castle. And oh! how glad I shall be to see my lord's own noble bearing as he mounts the entrance-steps, and to hear his firm tread as he passes his own hali

and to see my own dear lady smile orce more!"
Lady Nithsdale, meanwhile, had with trembling hands and a flushed cheek, opened the packed Amy hoped would prove so welcome; but the words of gratulation died away on her lips while watching the fallen countenance, the blanched cheek, of her mistress.

"Alas! my good Amy, you are a flattering, but most false, propliet. The English counsels have prevailed; they are even now withdrawing the troops towards the borders, and ineversent to recall the horse, which had advanced as far as a coelefectan. I never knew my lord write so despondingly. How strange it is, Amy, that when he is there to te them what had best be done, to point out to them the advantage of occupying all the west of Scotland, of gaining easy possession of Dumfries, of Glasgow, and of Stirling, they should persist in their infatuation! Oh! if the king were but in Scotland, he would surely know who were his true friends! Then my lord's counsels would be at-

tended to, as it is fitting they should be."

"Indeed my lady! And are they not coming to Dumfries after all? Why, Walter Elliot said it was the talk of all the army; and that the Highlanders said they would fight the enemy to the last in their own country, but at they hever would be marched across the bear as their horizontal had been in Cromwell's time. And can it be, my lady, that they will really turn back, when my ford says it is more advisable that they should advance?"

Alas! it is only too true. My dear lord also says that all will be leaders, and that none will be led. But he adds, at the same time, that, whether they follow his counsels or not, he will never desert the true cause from any personal pique. On! my own true noble lord!" she exclaimed, looking up with tearful, yet beaming eyes; "there spoke your own high soul! The king in all his army has not another spirit, disinterested uncompromising as yours!" Then, resuming her letter, she continued, "My lord says that, notwithstanding all the Earl of Mar's confident hopes and assertions, he cannot find that the Duke of Orwood has landed yet. 'Tis strange! it seems as it all aid from foreign shores were spell-bound. He loves his cousin of Ormond; methinks if he were with them, my lord would have more heart and hope in what he undertakes." Then, as she proceeded in the perusal of the letter: "Nay, did I say there was not another noble spirit in all the king's srmy? Shame on my lips far attering such treason! for here my lord writes that he and the Earl of Derwentwater think and feel alike on all things; and that, were it not for his friendship, his support, he should indeed find himself alone. May Heaven bless the good Earl of Derwentwater, if it is only that my lord finds comfort in him! and, moreover, I know full well that he is as brave and as kind a gentleman as over trod this earth,"

" And what is to become of us, madam, if my lord and all the army are gone into England?" "We must e'en wait, as we have done, my good

Amy; and abide the result, as we have done. "And must I still see you pine, and pine, and grow thinner and thinner? Alas! alas! these are wenry times. I almost think it would be best to let King George alone upon his throne, and see if we cannot be as happy under him as we were under Queen Anne."

"Amy! you would not be turncoat, would you? You, Rachel Evans's daughter!" auswered Lady Nithsdale, in a tone of half-playful, half-serious re-

"Indeed, my lady, I would fain be loyal, for you and my master are so, and my poor mother was loyal also to the last; but I can never love any king, whether a Stuart or no, as I love my own dear lady, who has been to me as mother, sister, friend and mistress!" and the warm-hearted Amy kissed

the countess's hand with devoted affection. " You are a good girl, dear Amy; and I do not know how I should bear my present anxiety, and the sorrow that may await me, did I not feel assured I should ever have one true friend to lean upon in every exigency. Let what will come to us, Amy, I think I may count on your affection as long

as I live." "While there is breath in this body, while the pulses beat in this heart, my lady, Amy Evans shall be true to you and yours, through woe and through weal, for life and for death!"

"Lady Nithsdale wept soft tears of gratitude: they rolled down her cheeks, they dropped on Amy's hands as she pressed them in her own, and the true-hearted girl wished not for further assur-

ances of her lady's affection.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.] The Catholic soldiers of the American Navy have a substantial grievance, in being deprived of the ministrations of chaplains of their own faith. They can have as many Methodists as they please, and it is not so long ago since they were honoured by the disgusting and ill-omened attentions of a Rev. E. D. Winslow, swindler and profligate, who has fled from the laws he outroged. The press of all shades should take up an injustice like this, which calls aloud for immediate remedy. Men will do duty but half-heartedly if treated so differ-