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AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals and their prices. Includes 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', 'Dublin Nation', 'London Tablet', 'New York Catholic World', 'Messenger Sacred Heart', 'London Month.', 'Dublin Review', 'Catholic Review, Philadelphia.', 'Sadtler's Catholic Directory', 'Catholic Directory for Great Britain and Ireland', 'Kehoe's Catholic Family Almanac', 'Haverty's Irish American', 'Irish American Newspaper', 'Office of Holy Week', 'Month of St. Joseph', 'Novena to St. Patrick'.

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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, And e'en on earth the child of God can trace The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS. BY LADY DEGRE.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

"Winifred, do you think your sister Lucy, the abbess, 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 you 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."

from their paternal halls, pass under the archway and emerge into the brighter light beyond, he felt that the heir of the house of Maxwell had forever quitted the tower of his ancestors; and that he, by his own act and deed, was about to deprive his child of his home, his heritage, his titles, and his country. Bitter were the thoughts which struggled in his soul. He turned abruptly from the portal, and strode with a heavy but firm step into the withdrawing-room beyond 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 Anne. For the first time, Lord Nithsdale forgot to soothe her sorrows, forgot to press the arm that clung to him for support; but throwing himself into 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.

ministers of the law who might seek to make you answerable for the actions of your husband. But, before I go, I must commit to your care the title-deeds to the estates, and the other papers, which may secure to us and our children some property, in case of the worst." Lord Nithsdale then entered into all necessary details concerning his wishes and intentions, with 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 never sell. 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. The messenger returned from Edinburgh, and brought with him such a reply as the Earl of Nithsdale had anticipated. Towards evening, therefore, he made ready for his departure. The Lords Aohol, 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 Braemar" would have betrayed the nature of the meeting. He therefore resolved to seek the Earl of Berwentwater at his castle in Northumberland. Lord Berwentwater, was, perhaps, of all the Jacobite lords, the one with whom his feelings and sentiments were most in unison; even his enemies had never ventured to cast an imputation on the motives and the character of a nobleman of such known integrity; with him, Lord Nithsdale felt he could ever conscientiously act in unison.

the memorials of his ancestors. He passed the Tower of Repentance,—a monument of the ostentatious 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, to Agnes, heiress of the Lord Herries of Terregles. "And the time will come," he thought, "when the Maxwells will be forgotten in a country where they have been known and where they have been honored, where they have been feared and where they have 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 which, while they confirmed him in his devotion 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, money, 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 a 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 Nithsdale alone did not appear affected by the intelligence. Most of the other insurgent nobles were actuated by motives either of ambition, or 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 Stuart race, whether it might be for good or for 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 of France did not loosen the bonds of allegiance to their sovereign; that in union and in perseverance consisted their only chance of success; that to themselves alone they were bound; that to the 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 loyalty 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."

spare her the feeling of blank and hopeless self-immolation which pervaded his own soul, he refrained from expressing his full conviction of the inadequacy of their means, the mismanagement of these means which they displayed, the futility of all their endeavors, still she could plainly perceive that his fears, rather than his hopes, had gathered strength since they parted. She was one day seated in the tapestried withdrawing-room, from whose large and deep windows the earl had taken his last sad look over his vast possessions; her eye was also mechanically following the mazes of the Nith, as it wound through the valley below, when Amy Evans hastily entered, with a joyful countenance, and a thick packet in her hand. "News from my lord!" she exclaimed, all breathless; "and Walter Elliot, who is even now from the army, says they are coming to lay siege to Dumfries 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 hall, and to see my own dear lady smile once more!" Lady Nithsdale, meanwhile, had with trembling hands and a flushed cheek, opened the packet 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, prophet. The English counsels have prevailed; they are even now withdrawing the troops towards the borders, and have sent to recall the horse, which had advanced as far as Ecclefechan. I never knew my lord write so despondingly. How strange it is, Amy, that when he is there to tell 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 attended 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 that they never would be marched across the sea, as they were in Cromwell's time. And can it be, my lady, that they will really turn back, when my lord 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. Oh! 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 Ormond has landed yet. 'Tis strange! it seems as if all aid from foreign shores were spelt-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: "My lord said there was not another noble spirit in all the king's army? Shame on my lips for uttering 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 bid 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 ever trod this earth."