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WORKING MEN.

The noblest men that I know on earth, Are men whose hands are brown with toil, Who backed by no ancestral graves, Hew down the wood and till the soil, And won thereby a prouder fame Than follow king or warrior's name.

The working men what'er their task,

To carve the stones or bear the hod--The sweat upon their honest brows The royal stamp and seal of God ! And brighter are their drops of sweat

Than diamonds in a coronet. God bless the noble working men !

Who rear the cities of the plain-Who dig the mines and build the ships, And drive the commerce on the main ; God bless them, for their swarthy hands Have wrought the glory of all lands.

ed heart. They had been early separated from the rest of their family. At the period of their father's death, when their childish hearts had for the first rest of their family. At the period of their father's not calculated to strike at first sight; but any one death, when their childish hearts had for the first who had once looked upon her could not choose time been made acquainted with grief, they had but look again. The dovelike eyes, the lips so full been thrown entirely on each other for support and consolution.

Though many years had now elapsed, the moment was still fresh in their memories, when their mother, in her mourning habit, with pale check and streaming eyes, delivered them over to the care of the friend who was to convey them to Bruges. The sad countenances and black garments of their sisters, and of the few domestics who still remained of their former establishment, coupled with the vague, ill-defined feeling, half shame, which child-ren experience when they witness grief more intense than their young minds can comprehend, had left a deep impression upon both the youthful pension-

When first they found themselves in the ers. convent, with none but strangers around them, the timid Winifred clung instinctively to her sister, while Lady Lucy, forced, as it were, to become the prop and stay of one younger and weaker than herself, acquired at an early age the habit of seeking strength and support from above.

Loving and admiring hersister as did the Lady Winified, it may excite wonder that she did not imbibe her strict religious notions; that she also should not have looked forward with joy to the idea of devoting herself to pious seclusion, and thus, at the same time, preserving the society of the being she most loved on earth. But it was not so. On the contrary, she felt her sister's vows as a barrier of separation between them.

When first the young girls had been sent to Bru-ges, an old and faithful servant of the name of Evans had accompanied them. She was a native of Wales, and had been born in the neighborhood of the ancient scat of the Herbert family, Poole Castle, in Montgomeryshire.

Loyalty to the family of Herbert had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, and was only balanced by the attachment to her country, which is generally more enthusiastic in the inhabitants of mountainous districts than of any other.

The young girls had listened for hours together to old Evans's glowing description of the cloud. capped Snowdon, the green mountains, the smiling valleys, the rapid streams, the wreaths of mist-all the varied beauties of their own Wales. From the windows of their convent they could descry nothing but the flat and uninteresting country which sur-rounds Bruges ; but when the clouds formed themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes, old Evans would point out to them how one mass resembled such a mountain near their ancestral castle-how another was the very picture of Snowdon when he wore his white cap of clouds, as she familiarly ex-pressed herself. She would describe to them the peculiar customs of Wales-the snowy caps, the small black hats of the women-would expatiate self (Heaven bless and restore him to his own!) on the light form and airy step with which they trod the mountain paths—would picture to them not follow your sister's example." how beautiful were the white sheep dotting the

white rose consecrated to the Jacobite party, were of expression, the whole form so aristocratic in its

mould, so feminine in its movements, so delicate, so fragile-all were rather like a poet's dream than a being formed to encounter the chance and changes of this rough workday world. Her slender threat gleamed white from the close narrow mantilla of black silk, edged with lace, which, according to the fashion of the time and country, was closely fastened down the front; her soft brown hair was smoothly parted off her brow, and tucked under the little white cap, enclosing the back of the head, which is still worn in the Low Countries, and which formed part of the dress of the young pensioners. The character, the countenance, the features, and the habit, all seemed in unison with each other.

CHAPTER II.

Hail, Childhood ! lovely age, in thy short race Too oft we know our only happy hours.

With what fond yearning later we retrace Each several step in thy sweet path of flowers. The spirit bounding wild, unknowing why, And still expectant of new ecstacy— The little sorrows that to memory seem

As 'twere joys undefined in some fair dream. Unpublished Poems.

One evening the Lady Winifred was alone in the small and simple apartment of which she was now the inhabitant; the fading light had obliged her to relinquish her employment, and she gazed through the narrow grated window as the sun sank behind the bank of purple clouds which, in low flat countries, so frequently accompany the decline of day. She thought on old Rachel Evans's description of her home, and she remained lost in fanciful imaginings, conjuring the masses of vapor into the forms of mountains which she had never beheld, when she was roused from her meditations by the entrance of the sister porteress, who came to announce to her that a messenger from England had arrived, and to summon her to the parlor grate.

What were her joy and surprise at recoognizing old Evans herself, who, with a trusty servant, was sent to convey her in safety to London, where she would meet her mother, the Duchess of Powis, as she was called by all her immediate dependents, although the title conferred upon her husband by James the Second was not allowed to her son at the

court of Queen Anne. The Lady Winifred listened with fresh delight to all which Rachel Evans could impart respecting her family and her country, though she could not but express her surprise that her mother should so suddenly command her to her presence.

"Your lady mother may have her reasons." replied the old woman, with a mysterious and important air : "and it is likely his gracious majesty himmay also have his reasons for wishing you should

"The king ! He cannot surely take any thought

her with all the devotion of a fresh and unpractis- | called up an evanescent bloom, was as pale as the | and true to their lawful sovereign. It was the first | level with the sea, the eye embraces so much smalearl who spent all his princely fortune in the wars of King Charles the Martyr ;- nor would he surrender his castles of Caerlaverock and Thrieve till he had r ceived his majesty's own letters commanding him to do so. It may be a bold speech for me who am but a servant—though, I am proud to say, a trusted one—but I think a young lady should es-teem herself honored to ally herself with one de-

The Lady Winifred sighed; she also set a high value upon an honorable and noble lineage; that a woman should match herself beneath her station, appeared to her a shameful degradation. The idea of a Jacobite intermarrying with a Whigamoor, was as revolting to her imagination as to Rachel Evans's; yet she would fain have learned something more of her future husband's character, his age, and his appearance.

But, Evane," she replied, "it sometimes happens that persons of noble birth are mean and sordid in their minds, and such that it would be difficult to love and honor them, as a wife should love and honor her husband, and as I have heard you say my mother loved and honored my father. Oh ! I could tell you a sad tale which one of our nuns has often told me, how a friend of her was married to a great duke, who was of the oldest and noblest family in France."

"And was he not noble in mind, as such a great person should ever be?"

"I will repeat it all to you, as sister Margaret has so often told it to me, and you will not wonder at my fears : She was brought up in the same convent as Eugenie de St. Mesnil; they were friends from childhood; and when Eugenie was removed to her father's house, previous to her betrothment, she begged that her friend might be permitted to accompany her. One morning they were all dressed in their most brilliant apparel,-sister Margaret says that poor Eugenie looked more like an angel than a woman,-the relations were assembled, and in the adjoining apartment, waited the notaries and family of the bridegroom. The folding-doors opened-sister Margaret kept close to Eugenie, who stole a fearful glance towards the gentleman at the faither end of the room. She whispered softly to sister Margaret, 'she only hoped it was not he who wore the blue and silver !' The future bride and bridegroom were now summoned to sign their names to the parchments. Eugenie advanced, and from among the gentlemen she indeed saw him who wore the blue and silver step forward, and it was he who signed his name with hers. Sister Margaret says, that to her dying day she shall never forget the expression of despair in poor Eugenie's countenance. At that moment she resolved she would profess herself a nun; and the very day which saw Eugenie become a miserable wife, sister Margaret returned to her convent. She soon afterwards removed hither, that she might take the veil among others of her own country. Alas! alas! how often have I wished to see my native land; and now how much rather would I embrace the life of sister Margaret, than that of Eugenie de St. Mesnil. if I could do so without failing in my duty to my n other !"

ler a range than when placed on higher ground, that she did not receive that impression of its boundless expanse which she had anricipated. Yet the sight of the ocean awakened other emotions. She almost felt as if it were part of her native country.

NO. 30.

It was not till on board the vessel which was to convey her to her long-loved though strangen come and the first surprise had in some degree subsided. that her thoughts were again able to dwell on her own future fate.

After a long and thoughtful silence she thus addressed Evans :

"It would be impossible that a person who was good should fail to love her husband, would it not?"

"A woman's first duty, madam, is towards her husband."

"Then I trust I shall assuredly love the Earl of Nithsdale," she replied with a brightened countenance; " for when my contessor parted with me, he bestowed on me this little crucifix, which was brought from Our Lady's holy convent at Einsiedlin, and giving me his benediction, he told me J had been a good girl, and that he felt confident 1 should prove myself a virtuous woman. I have felt happier from that moment; for since Father Albert says so, I suppose I must prove virtuous, and fulfil my duties whatever they may be."

"I wish her grace, your honored mother, were present," answered Evans, " to hear you speak so beautifully and so properly !"

" But if I should not love Lord Nithsdale, I shall be sinful !" exclaimed Lady Winifred with a look of terror.

"Yoang ladies minds should not be turned upon such subjects as love; it is a word which does not befit a maiden's lips," replied Rachel Evans, with an expression of severity in her countenance.

The Lady Winifred was silent and abashed. She feared to have been unmaidenly in her questions, and she buried within her own bosom the emotions which she could not subdue.

It was long before she again ventured to address her companion. She found that years had not softened the old woman's character. She was faithfully devoted to the objects of her loyalty-the Herbert family, the exiled Stuarts, and, after them, the mountains of Wales; she did not imagine that any doubts or scruples could lawfully interfere where duty towards either of the first-mentioned objects was in question.

The Lady Winifred sat watching the waves as they dashed one after another against the side of the vessel; she wondered within herself to find that the accomplishment of her constant and early wish -the prospect of so soon setting her foot on British land-should not give her more pleasure. She wished she had remained in ignorance of her mother's intentions respecting her, and she felt a certain awe of that mother stealing upon her, from finding old Evans so much more stern and serious than when she had parted from her. Since that period, Evaus, who was a privileged person, had been intrusted with many of the secrets of the Jacobite party, and had occasionally been of service. in conveying intelligence between the Duchess of Powis and her friends. She had consequently become more and more devoted to the cause, and would have resented any difficulty thrown in the way of a Jacobite plan as an injury offered to her-self. She feared Lady Winifred might not blindly submit to the decrees of her mother, and she felt almost displeased with her for even wishing to know to whom she was destined. But the Lady Winifred was so thoroughly imbued with the principles of submission and duty, that resistance to parental authority seemed to her impossible ; yet her submission would have been that of a mind in which the sense of duty was stronger even than the warm. and ardent feelings of which she in after life gave such signal proofs, not the submission of weakness or of indifference. At length the white cliffs of Albion actually gracted hereyes, and she once more forgot herself and all that might await her. What a strange and strong tie is that which binds the soul to the land of one's forefathers! Her heart went forth towards the very earth; strange as it was to her, it seemed similar; and as the vessel glided up the stately river, and passed the ships which bore the riches and the arms of England to every region of the habitable globe, she exulted in the power and the wealth of her country. They passed the Tower of London; and little did the fair young creature, who gazed with youthful curiosity upon the antique edifice, anticipate what she would one day endure within those walls ! Little did she think, when the traitor's gate was pointed out to her awe-struck and wondering eyes, that he in whom her own existence was wound up would one day mount those dreary steps, and pass that ominous portal. The duchess's coach was in waiting to convey the Lady Winifred to her mother's presence, the Duchess of Powis having undertaken a journey to London purposely to receive her daughter; she usually resided in retirement at her son's castle in Wales. She did not wish to excite suspicion by openly refusing to attend the court of Queen Anne; yet she could not bring herself to pay the accustomed homage expected of one of her exalted rank, when, in .rute, she was devoted to the "suse of the Chevader de St. George-when she looked upon Queen Anne as a usurper, though, as many others at that time did, she looked upon her in the light Queen Anne was known to speak with kindness and pity of her exiled brother ; and she was not regarded by the Jacobites with the same horror they and Ostend, she looked with pleasure at the fields had entertained towards Mary, whose want of filial so brightly green, at the hedgerows of willow, at piety afforded her enemies a never failing topic for eloquent invective. As the heavy coach, with its ponderous horses, conveyed Lady Winifred to that part of the town where the Duchess of Powis had for the time established herself, her feelings were too much excited to remark upon the long, muddy, and unpaved streets, which contrasted so strangely with the ex-The extreme flatness of the country prevents the treme brilliancy of the shops, which usually called traveller from becoming aware how near he is to forth the astonishment of those who visited London for the first time. At length she was ushered into the presence of her who was at once a parent and a stranger. She

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

EY LADY DACEE ...

CHAPTER I.

My father stood for his true king, Till standing he could do uae mair ; The day is lost, and so are we,-Nae wonder mony a heart is sair. Jacobite Song.

The sound of the organ pealed through the chapel of the English Augustine convent at Bruges : a bright gleam of sunshine, streaming through the painted window to the south of the altar, shone upon the clouds of incense which arose in silvery folds from the censers ; it show upon the whiterobed assistants, upon the priests, and upon the calm brow of the young nun who had at that moment taken the irrevocable vows which separated her from the world-a world of which she knew but little, but which, from the circumstances in which her family was placed, offered not to her the temptation it usually holds out to youth, beauty, and rank such as hers.

The Lady Lucy Herbert was the fourth daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, who, having devoted himself to the cause of James the Second, and accompanied his queen in her flight to France, re- | companion by day and night-was now a professed ceived from the exiled monarch, as a reward for | nun. his unconpromising loyalty, the empty titles of Marquis of Montgomery, and Duke of Powis.

James afterwards appointed him steward and chamberlain to his household-offices which, although of small advantage, may have been gratifying to his teelings, as proofs of the estimation in which he was held by the master to whom he had

sacrificed everything. Upon the Duke of Powis's death, which took place in 1696, his widow placed her two youngest daughters in the English Augustine convent at Bruges, while the three elder remained with her at the melancholy shadow of a court still kept up at St. Germain.

It was no grief to the widowed mother when she found that the bent of the young Lucy's mind was sincerely and enthusiastically directed towards a religious life. Although the attainder had been reversed, and her son had been restored to the marquisate of Powis, it was not till some years afterward that she ventured to return to England ; even then she lived in retirement and privacy. The widow of so zealous an adherent to King James could not be regarded without suspicion; her mcans were scanty; her elder daughters had not then made the advantageous alliances which they afterward formed; and joyfully did she hail the vocation which she hoped would secure to one of her children at least, a peaceful and tranquil existence, secure from any further vicissitudes of fortune.

But to one person the decision of the Lady Lucy Herbert was a matter of deep and unmixed sor-row. Her younger sister, the Lady Winifred, loved check, which, except when some sudden emotion James's side. They always word a noble family, mixed with disappointment. When standing on a

soft green of the steep and swelling hills, till the of what my faith may be!" youthful Lady Winifred's heart would burn within her to flee to the home of her ancestors.

Nor, though Evaus afterward returned to her mistress, the duchess, when she established herself in England did these impressions fade away.

The nunnery was all composed of English, most of whom had been driven into exile by the adherence of their families to that of Stuart ; thence it naturally arose that all their ideas of prosperity. happiness, splendor, and gayety, were blended with the memory of England. These recollections also partook of the coloring thrown around them by the joyousness of youth; so that, perhaps, in no spot of earth had patriotism a firmer hold on the human heart than in the English Augustine convent at Bruges. There also did King James the Third, as he was ever styled, reign without a r.val. To every inhabitant of the convent was his cause endeared by the sacrifice of friends, property, of rank, or of situation ; and all those whose age and disposition inclined them to hope, rather then to despond, looked forward with superstitious confidence to the time when " the king should enjoy his own again."

It was an additional grief to the Ludy Winifred that her sister's vows would prevent her ever witnessing the glorious restoration which was to take place at some future and unknown period ; and it was with a feeling of desolation, keener than any emotion she had experienced since the grief at childhood at her father's death, that she retired for the first time to her solitary apartment as one of the pensioners, while her sister-her friend, her

The Lady Lucy's vocation had been so decided, and her only surviving parent's consent so unhesitating, that her novitiate had been shortened ; and it seemed to Lady Winifred a sudden and violent separation.

During the next year, her thoughts, which could no longer be communicated as they rose in the hourly companionship of sisterhood, turned more frequently than ever towards her native land : her studies were all of the glorious deeds of England ; she read none but the English poets; she carolled none but English ballads; and she hailed with joy the intelligence that her eldest sister, the Lady Mary, was united to the eldest son of Carril, Viscount Molineux, and that an alliance was in treaty between the Lady Francis and the Earl of Scaforth, for she hoped her mother might wish for her society when her sisters were honorably disposed of in marriage.

Since she had taken the vows, the Lady Lucy had unavoidably been, not only less her companion, but moreover the constant practice of religious exerciscs occupied her mind as well as her time. She was unable to sympathize with Lady Winifred : her lot was cast within her convent walls; and she would have considered it a vain and sinful indul. gence to let her thoughts wander towards scenes, or pleasures, which she had renounced. At the age of fifteen, therefore, the Lady Winifred's mind had been thrown back upon itself; and it gradually acquired a gentle reserve, a mild thoughtfulness,

It it is not for me to make so hold as to dive into

king's counsels; but it would not be fitting for all the heads of noble Catholic families and true Jacobites to be intermarrying with the daughters of crop-cared Whigamoors, as many of the young lords have done of late. If all the beautiful young ladies of loyal families were to take the veil as the Lady Lucy has done, it would not be the better for the true cause. Your fair sister, the Lady Anne, is about to be married to the Viscount Carrington; and there may be other nobles as great, or greater, whom King James may also wish to see attached to his cause, rather than withdrawn from it, by the lady whom they may chance to marry."

Lady Winfred was half alarmed at Rachel Evans's insinuations. Love and marriage were topics of conversation interdicted by the elder nuns, and subjects on which she had never wittingly allowed her thoughts to dwell. Net she could not but collect from various expressions which Evans let drop, that some alliance, by which the Jacobits cause might be strengthened, was in contemplation for her.

Her thoughts were all duty, submission, and obedience, both towards her mother and her king; but her pure and ardent soul recoiled from the idea of being condemned to love and honor one of whom she knew nothing. She questioned Evans more closely, and extracted from her that Colonel Hook had been dispatched with credentials from the court of St. Germain, for the purpose of ascertaining the situation, numbers, and ability of King James's adherents in Scotland ; that he had reported the Earl of Nithsdale to be a nobleman of much weight and consideration in the southern counties, and the head of a Jacobite family; and that he was considered by the Chevalier de St. George as a person whom it was of great importance to attach firmly to his cause, by nuiting him to a lady of undoubted

loyally. The Lady Winifred received this intelligence with tears and sorrow. The notion of resistance to the wishes of her superiors never crossed her mind as within the scope of possible events; but the prospect which unfolded itself before her, seemed to her simple, yet ardent imagination, awful iu the extreme.

"Have you ever seen the Earl of Nithsdale?" she timidly inquired, after the long silence which succeeded Rachel Evans's development of the views en-

tertained with regard to her. "No, my sweet young lady," replied Evans; "but you need not harbor a fear that he is other than a good and noble gentleman. There never was a Whig nor a traitor among any of the Maxwells of Caerlaverock. Was it not his ancestor, the noble Sir Eustace, who was as true to King Robert Bruce as your own blessed father was to his king? and rather than that the enemy should have a chance of turning it into a garrison for themselves, did he twenty-two pounds in money for this piece of service; and though that sounds little enough in these days, they say it was then thought a great sum of

"My dear young lady, you should not listen to these love tales; they are almost as bad for young people as reading idle romances and songs."

The lady Winifred could not suppress a smile. 'Nay, dear Evans, I do not think my tale has been

a tale of love," she replied, "I dare say sister Margaret's French friend was very happy after a while, when she became accus-tomed to the strange duke."

"Alast I believe not,"-and the young Winifred shook her head. "Sister Margaret never would tell me any more of what befell her. She says poor Eugenie is at rest, and bids me ask no further of her history. It was a very sad one, she always adds; so sad, that she rejoiced when she heard of her friend's death !"

CHAPTER III.

You call this weakness! It is strength, I say: the parent of all honest feeling ! Who loves not his country, can love nothing. The Two Foscari.

Dear as her sister had ever been to the Lady Winifred, never had she seemed so dear as at the moment of parting from her forever; never had she so loved the convent garden, which had hitherto been her only place of recreation; the cloisters, through which she had so often wandered in the twilight; the chapel; where she had so regularly joined her companions in devotion. It was with a sensation resembling awe that she bade adieu to the tranquil retreat where she had passed a youth unruffled by any grief, if not enlivened by many pleasures, to enter upon a career which was destined to call forth feelings as pure and as ardent as ever informed mortal clay; feelings which, whatever might prove their intensity in after years, now lay dormant under an exterior almost childlike in its placidity.

To her unpractised eyes every object was new, every sight interesting. The very streets of Bruges were not familiar to her, for she had soldom passed the portals of the convent. The town appeared to her interminable. Se many houses, with their high roofs and their pointed gables; the innumerable people, who hurried past each other in every direction, intent on business and on pleasure; the various vehicles which crowded the streets ;--all confused her, and she forgot for the moment the grief. of parting from her sister, the joyful prospect of seeing her mother, her curiosity concerning her na- of an unwilling usurper. tive land, and even her dread of the husband to whom she was destined.

Uninteresting as was the country between Bruges the luxuriant crops; at the industrious peasant who still toiled at his daily labor, at the noisy boors who were enjoying the relaxation of their favorite game of bowls; at the stout and active boys, who not, with his own hands, assist in demolishing his almost excited her mirth by their antics as they fair castle of Caerlaverock? The king gave him ran with incredible speed by the side of the carriage.

which suited well the cast of her features. The money. It was his ancestor, Lord Robert, who was the ocean, till he fields himself almost upon the placid brow, the full white cyclids, and the rounded killed at the battle of Flodden, fighting by King shore. Though overpowered, her first emotion was