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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.

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

By Lady Dacre. CHAPTER I. My father stood for his true king, Till standing he could do no more; The day is lost, and so are we, — Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

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 shone upon the white-robed 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.

her with all the devotion of a fresh and unpractised 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 time been made acquainted with grief, they had been thrown entirely on each other for support and consolation. Though many years had now elapsed, the moment was still fresh in their memories, when their mother, in her mourning habit, with pale cheek 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 childhood experience when they witness grief more intense than their young minds can comprehend, had left a deep impression upon both the youthful pensioners. When first they found themselves in the 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.

called upon an evanescent bloom, was as pale as the white rose consecrated to the Jacobite party, were not calculated to strike at first sight; but any one who had once looked upon her could not choose but look again. The dove-like eyes, the lips so full 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 throat 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.

and true to their lawful sovereign. It was the first earl 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 received 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 esteem herself honored to ally herself with one descended from such worthy parentage." 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, Evans," 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."

level with the sea, the eye embraces so much smaller a range than when placed on higher ground, that she did not receive that impression of its boundless expanse which she had anticipated. Yet the sight of the ocean awakened other emotions. She almost felt as if it were part of her native country. It was not till on board the vessel which was to convey her to her long-loved though stranger home, 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 confessor 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 I had been a good girl, and that he felt confident I 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. "Young ladies' minds should not be turned upon such subjects as love; it is a word which does not suit 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 unmanly 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, Evans, 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 herself. 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 greeted her eyes, 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 familiar; 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 fact, she was devoted to the cause of the Chevalier 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 of an unwilling usurper. 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 had entertained towards Mary, whose want of filial 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 extreme brilliancy of the shops, which usually called 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