VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1876.

NO. 36.

ACENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

,0,			
	per ann'm.		
New York Tablet,	Weekly	S3	00
" Freeman's Journal	11	3	00
Total	44		50
Boston Pilot	"		50
Dublin Nation	"	_	50
" Weekly News	"	_	
London Tablet	£1		50
a Register			5 0
North Catholic World	Monthly		50
Messenger Sacred Heart	41	3	00
London Month	u	7	50
Dublin Review.	Ouarterly	6	25
Dublin Review. Philadelphia	41	5	00
Gatholic Review, Philadelphia	on Innuer	17 Te	t of
Subscriptions to the above ends on January 1st of each year, except Catholic World which ends on			
each year, except Catholic Work	t which e	пав	OIL
1 1 1 of			
- ill Culterintions are Davaol	e in advan	ce.	
Carllion's Catholic Directory		\$1	00
Catholic Directory for Great B	ritain and		
Ireland		0	60
Kehoe's Catholic Family Almana		ō	25
Kehoe's Catholic Funity Limited		-	25
Haverty's Irish American		_	25
Irish American Newspaper "	- Tuest-us	U	40
A TT 1 - Wool CONTAINING	7 INSTESSOR		

Irish American Newspaper " 0 25 Office of Holy Week, containing Instructions when to kneel, stand, etc..... 0 60 Month of St. Joseph.

" " Mary.

Novena to St. Patrick.

JUST PUBLISHED. Union with Our Lord Jesus Christ in His Principal Mysteries for All Seasons of the Year. By the Rev. Fr. John Baptist Saint Jure, S.J., author of "Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of Jesus

THE FISHERMAN. EY "SPERANZA" (Lady Wilde).

The water rushes—the water foams— A fisherman sat on the bank And calmly gazed on his dowing line, As it down in the deep wave sank. The water rushes—the water foams-The bright waves part asunder, And with wondering eyes he sees arise A nymph from the caverns under.

She sprang to him-she sang to him-Ah! wherefore dost thou tempt With thy deadly food, my bright-scaled brood From out their crystal element? Could's thou but know our joy below,

Thou would'st leave the harsh, cold land, And dwell in our caves 'neath the glittering waves As lord of our sparkling band.

See you not now the bright sun bow To gaze on his form here, And the pale moon's is In the depths of our silver sphere. See the fleecy shroud of the azure cloud In the heaven beneath the sea:

In their lustre. Come, look with me. The water rushes—the water foams— The cool wave kissed his feet. The maiden's eyes were like azure skies, And her voice was low and sweet. She sang to him-she clung to him-O'er the glittering stream they lean; Half drew she him—half sunk he in, And never more was seen.

And look at thine eyes, what a glory lies

WINIFRED. COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

BY LADY DACRE ..

CHAPTER XIII.

Nor can any man's malice be gratified further by my letters, than to see my constancy to my wife, the laws, and religion. Bees will gather honey where spiders suck poison.

Eikon Basilike.

" DEAREST WIFE, " you will have heard from other hands the ill of this undertaking, also knows that my mind has been prepared for the result, and will therefore be aware that among all his sorrows her husband has not had to endure those of disappointed hope. Let her then be assured that his heart, though my good friend?" inquired Lady Nithsdale, with a grieved, is unsubdued; and that his soul is fully degree of timidity and anxiety in her tone. mude up to meet with constancy whatever may occur to himself.

"As my dear wife may well believe, I have suffered much. I have seen counsels which appear to me the most imprudent, and which the event has proved to be such, invariably prevail. I have seen, without the power of preventing it, rashness, where boldness and decision would have been true discre-

But, as my Winifred knows, it was not with the expectation of ultimate success that I devoted myself to the cause of my king. I obeyed what I believed to be the call of duty, but I may have been mistaken. When I have seen the blood of my countrymen stain their native soil, then indeed I have felt doubts, agonizing doubts, as to the correctness of my judgment. I have looked on death before; I have served in Germany; I have been an eye-witness of assassinations in Italy; I have seen criminals pay the forfeit of their lives; but in the solitude of a prison, it is the image of the first victim of civil strife that haunts my imagination,—that moment, when I saw one of our own Scots fell with his battle-axe a fellow Scot; when I heard one forman utter a threat, the other a cry for mercy, in the self-same tongue! I still see the dying glance of the blue-eyed youth, the life-blood staining his fair crisped curls: in the heat of to his hand. battle the impression was momentary; but now, in inquired. darkness and in silence, that image rises up between me and sleep !

"It is only to my beloved wife, who has so long read every feeling of this wayward heart, that I dare confess such weakness. To my companions in arms and in misfortune, such sentiments would appear the sickly fantasies of a distempered mind: even to her I will dwell on them no longer.

"My Winifred will have learned, with pride for the land of her husband, that the Scots were the last to yield at the fatal affair of Preston; indeed, all our party fought with une qualled bravery; each several street was obstinately defended. General Willis's troops set fire to the houses between themselves and the barricades; but we still fought all night by the light of the conflagration, and we had the advantage in every several attack. Yet what could be done by a small body of men, cut off from all assistance, and cooped up in a burning town!

"The English were for submission, while our brave men were for rushing on death, or regaining liberty by one desperate sally. The English accomplished a capitulation; but Forster's life was near becoming the sacrifice! Many of our Scots still loudly accuse him of treachery; and Murray levelled a pistol at his head when he heard what was the mission on which Oxburgh had been sent to the English general. Had not a friendly hand struck the weapon upward, Forster must then have fallen! But I sincerely believe that he has acted with loyalty and sincerity throughout. When the cause is hopeless, is a commander justified in wasting the blood of those under his command? Each of us, individually, may prefer death to submission; but has a general a right to sport with the lives of

"Should my Winifred have an opportunity of seeing our king-who, though his coming is now too late, must, I imagine, be by this time in Scotland—it would be but justice towards a man who, though unfortunate, and perhaps ill-judged, is, I believe, a faithful servant of King James, to let his majesty know that such is my impression.

"We have not yet been told our ultimate destination; but we conclude we shall be conveyed to London, there,—let not my dear wife be startled, for she must be aware it is the inevitable consequence of defeat—there to take our trial. Let her rather rejoice that it is an honorable, though perhaps mistaken cause, that her husband will appear before the tribunal of his country; and that among his fellow-prisoner he may count the noble Derwentwater, the good Viscount Kenmure, and many more of unsullied honor.

"When I make use of the word 'prisoners,' let her not picture to herself handcuffs and irons, a dark and damp dungeon: we are poorly lodged, it is true, but we are not deprived of necessary comforts. If I could see my Winifred— But that is now

impossible.
"She may reply upon my summoning her when there is a hope of her being allowed to cheer me with her presence. I should think myself unworthy of her true and devoted affection, if I did not place on it the implicit reliance which it deserves.

The chevalier's arrival, which Lord Nith his letter had a section of the control of the chevalier's arrival, which Lord Nith his letter had a section of the chevalier's arrival. Adieu, my beloved! I know that, next to Heaven, I am ever in your thoughts; neither do you need to be assured that you are loved with equal truth and fervor. Professions are needless between those whose souls are united as ours have been ! And yet there is a satisfaction in tracing with my own hand the words which I trust will reach my Winifred's eyes,-that whenever, however death may meet me, my last prayer shall be for her, my last thought on her, and that I firmly believe the affection which fills my soul must survive death itself: that I am, and ever have been, her true and faithful husband.

" NITHSDALE.

" P.S.—I hope I have engaged a countryman of these parts to convey this safely to your hands, under the promise of a handsome reward upon the safe delivery of the letter."

Full many a time did Lady Nithsdale read over the assurance of that affection which she had never doubted. She laid the precious document next her heart; and then she summoned once more the English peasant, who she thought had probably beheld her lord with his own eyes.

He was ushered into her presence; and never did two human beings form, in their outward appearance, a more striking contrast, than the pale. slender, high-born countess, whose anxious countenance bore the trace of deep feeling, whose transparent complexion varied with every word she uttered, whose shrinking form seemed as if every breath of wind might blow it away, while the light which shone from her eye success of our expedition. My Winifred, who spoke a soul capable of withstanding the storms of knows what have been my fears from the beginning adverse fortune; and Dickon, who with stout and sturdy limbs, and a ruddy countenance, beaming with health and good cheer, mixed with a sort of

rustic, merry cunning, stood unawed before her, "You saw my lord your own self, did you say

"And it please your ladyship," answered Dickon, with a scrape of the foot and a pull of the hair, "I saw a many of the rebels, great and small, one day, when they were changing their quarters.'

" But it was my lord himself, the Earl of Niths dale, who entrusted you with the packet you brought even now?"

"Yes, I take it, it was; for the packet was directed to the Counters of Nithsdale, and the gentleman told me to take it to his wife, and to be sure and give it into her own hauds, without fail, myself; and he said, if I did, I should be sure to get a handsome reward; that nothing would be too good for me, and such like, he said. He was a civil-spoken gentleman, and very free of his promises."

" You have been rewarded for your pains, I hope. I gave orders to my waiting-woman to see to your wishes in every respect."

"Oh! she is a smart lass, that, and she behaved very civil to me, and I am nowise dissatisfied. Only perhaps a trifle from your ladyship's own fair hand; she is but a waiting-woman after all," added Dickon, not forgetting the eleventh commandment, and making another scrape, which he meant should

"Yes, very well, my lady, as far as I know. only a trifle paler. He did not look, my lady, as if he had visited his own buttery-hatch quite so lately as I have.

"Alas! was he very pale? Tell me, in pity tell me all the truth."

"Nay, madam! don't put yourself in such a fluster. He looked pale, just like all the rest of

Lady Nithsdale turned away for a moment. She could scarcely endure to commune with one who saw in her noble husband but a man, like other men: and yet this peasant had seen him, he had heard his voice; from him alone could she hope to learn any particulars. Dickon, who was not wanting in natural shrewdness, perceived that his answers did not give entire satisfaction; and when Lady Nithsdale again turning towards him inquired whether her lord moved with a firm step, or whether his health did not appear to have suffered from long confinement, he answered-

"Oh, bless your heart, my lady, he walked as strong, and looked lusty and hearty; quite different from the other lords! Oh! he's a fine gentleman, sure enough, and looked more like a prince than any thing else."

'He has a noble carriage, in good sooth," rejoined Lady Nithsdale; "and sorrow has not yet subdued his lofty bearing?"

"Lord save you, my lady! he was quite of different sort from the rest of them. They seemed like a rabble by the side of him: anybody might have known him among a thousand!

"They might, indeed. And when he spoke, die his voice sound full and mellow as ever?

"Why, he spoke somewhat low, for he did not wish everybody to hear: but methought it was a marvellous good voice, quite different from the

Lady Nithsdale hung upon his words with de-light, and forgot that at first she had thought him incapable of estimating her lord's superiority over his fellows.

"And can you tell me how my lord was lodged and how he was attended?"

"Why, as I have heard say, very well lodged; not so handsomely as he would here in such a castle as this, but right well lodged as times go; and they say that the rebels they live like fighting cocks, and there is revelry of all kinds going on among them. But that's among the young lords," added Dickon, who saw he had now touched the right string; "not my Lord Derwentwater and my Lord Nithsdale, they are quite of another sort; but some of the young gallants, and young Bottair of Athol-oh! he's a comely young fellow, that!and they do say that pretty Kate Musgrave-"

The countess began to think she had conversed long enough with the trusty messenger, especially after his supper at the buttery-hatch; and repeating her thanks in the manner most satisfactory to the worthy Dickon, she dismissed him to seek the

his letter had considered almost certain, had not yet taken place: and although the Earl of Mar was resolved, by keeping possession of Perth, to retain at least one town where his master might be sure of an honorable and safe reception; the defection of the whole clan of Fraser, the advance of the Earl of Sutherland, the reinforements which strengthened the Duke of Argyle's army from the regular troops, whose presence was no longer required in England, rendered each day the situation of the Jacobite general more desperate.

Still, having formally invited the chavalier to out himself at the head of the insurrectionary army Mar felt himself under the necessity of keeping his remaining troops together, to protect the person of the prince when he should effect his landing. In this dilemma, he proposed a military oath in the name of King James the Eighth; but the attempt to bind together those who were only waiting for an excuse to disperse, proved as unavailing as his previous proposal of an association. All the principal chiefs and leaders complained that they had been deluded by promises which had never been fulfilled. They insisted-and there was much reason in their arguments—that they had no more grounds for now believeing that the king on the point of arriving, than that the long promised arms ammunition, and treasure, should be sent from France; and from this period a party was established in the very army of the Earl of Mar which declared for opening a negotiation with the Duke of Argyle.

CHAPTER XIV.

· · · · Since I parted hence, I have beheld misfortune face to face; Have marked the ills of desolating war In all the sad details kings never see. The sun that rises on the peasant's toil, In happy lands not visited by war. And gilds their waving harvest with his beams With barren splendor glares on desert fields Depopulated by the sword. The gale Sweeps sullen o'er them, loaded with the cries Of frantic widows and of orphan babes, That else had borne upon its gladsome wing The careless carol of the husbandman, Tilling in peace and liberty his field. Gonzalvo of Cordova.

Reports of the indignities to which the noble prisoners bad been exposed on their journey to London, failed not to reach Scotland; indignities which, galling enough in themselves, were not likely to be softened in the recounting.

Upon their arrival at Barnet, they were all, without distinction of persons, pinioned with cords. By some of the younger and more hot-headed of the rebels this humiliating ceremony was not submitted to without remonstrance and resistance. Lord Nithsdale simply remarked to the Earl of Wintoun, Degrade not yourself, my friend, by bandying words with those who are appointed to execute the behests of their superiors; this disgrace is on them who exult in this unworthy triumph; not on | maining partisans—that the unfortunate descendus who are thus triumphed over. Surely, Seaton, ants of the house of Stuart landed in his native you would rather endure than inflict such insults.' you would rather endure than inflict such insults." country, at Peterhead, on the twenty-second of Presently, however, he added, while he held out his December, in the year 1715. savor of gallautry,

Lady Nithsdale slipped some additional gold inhands to have the cords attached, "I grant you, I

gentle Winifred! thy shrinking, sensitive pride would never brook seeing thy husband thus man-Just as well as the other lords he was along with; acled. For the first time, I rejoice that thou art far, far way."

At Highgate the prisoners were met by a large detachment of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards, and here a halter was placed around the neck of each horse, which was held by a common soldier, walking by its side.

In this mode did they make their entrance into the metropolis, accompanied by a concourse of people, shouting at them and reviling them; some loading them with abuse, some singing scurrilous songs, and many beating upon warming-pans, in allusion to the popular notion concerning the birth of the chevalier.

With these increased indignities the spirit of Lord Nithsdale was excited. As he rode on, his carriage became each moment more lofty; his dark brow assumed a more awful gloom; his eyes, from beneath its shade, flashed deflance on the mob; his nostrils dilated; the curl of his contemptrous lip plainly expressed how utterly he despised the mean taunts the senseless rabble! Thus erect, undaunted; he passed through the suburbs; but before they entered the streets, a separation took place between those whose destination was different.

MCGeneral Forster and Brigadier Mackintosh were taken to Newgate, some to the Marshalsea, some to the Fleet: while Lords Nithsdale, Derwentwater, Kenmure, Widdrington, Nairne, &c., were conveyed

The moment of parting from their companions in misfortune, those with whom they had shared hopes and fears, with whom they had enjoyed triumph and endured defeat, was one of bitterness a parting, too, which to all might be, and to many proved, an eternal one; one which took place under the gaze of an insulting populace, and under circumstances which admitted of no words of kindness, no last injunction, not even the pressure of the friendly hand!

At the moment all former differences of opinion were forgotten; the prudent counsel neglected, the headstrong perseverance in contrary measures, the impatient rejection of advice, the contempt of timely warnings, all faded from the mind. As the different bands receded from each other's view, they saw but the trusted companion in arms, the fellow-sufferer, endeared by similar misfortunes.

The Earl of Nithsdale and the other noblemen proceeded towards Westminster Bridge, where, according to custom, they were placed in a government barge, and were rowed down the river to the Tower. The boat shot London Bridge; it was admitted through the Traitor's Gate; and, as it darted from the open daylight under the three low and loomy arches, each prisoner cast a lingering look behind him, and, as he withdraw his eyes, met

those of his companions.

There was no need of words to express the feelings of that moment; each read his neighbor's but too plainly in his own; each was aware the other felt he had taken his last look at the free bright houses, corn, and forage had all been laid waste, more than was it indeed but truly his last glimpse of freedom; more than one was doomed never to pass those barriers, but to take his trial at Westminster Hall, and then to mount the scaffold upon Tower Hill.

Not a word was spoken. The splash of the waves against the stone stairs, at the sudden entrance of the barge into the narrow landing-place caused the muddy sullen water to overflow the bottom steps and as quickly to recede, the hollow echo of the oars as they were shifted, were the only sounds heard.

The barred gates were unlocked, and the prisoners, one by one, mounted the dark steps, and emerged into daylight, opposite the Bloody Tower. They heard the portals closed and barred behind them; they heard the splash of the portcullis as it delivered over to the warder, in whose apartments lodgings were assigned to him.

As long as he remained exposed to the observation of others, the most acute physiognomist could not have perceived any alteration in the countenance of the Earl of Nithsdale. He had, as it were set his features to an expression of calm contempt and stoical endurance, which he would allow no circumstances to alter. With a firm step—a lofty, unembarrassed air-he followed his guide into the small and narrow apartment which was destined to his use. He showed no emotion when the cords were removed from his wrists, and he replied with punctilious politeness to the civilities of the warder.

At length the door was closed upon him-he was left in solitude; no eye was upon him, and he was able to relax for a moment from the imperturbable composure which he had forced himself to maintain. He hid his face in his hands, and allowed the thought of his beloved wife, the memory of his innocent children, whom he perhaps was never, never more to behold, to rush over his soul!

With what tenderness did the recollection of home overpower him !—the thousand every-day enjoyments, which are not prized till they are lost! The current of these enervating thoughts was checked by the sounds of steps upon the stairs, and he had only time to resume the unmoved countenance he had before preserved, when the entrance of some menials and attendants again forced him to repress the emotions which, though repressed, could not be extinguished.

The bringing in of his few necessary packages. the arrangements for his personal accommodation the preparations for some refreshments, were all inexpressibly irksome to him; and he impatiently awaited the welcome solitude of night, when he might revel in the luxury of thinking of the happy past, the wretched present, the fearful future, without a witness.

It was at this moment of general dismay, when, as we have already mentioned, each day saw the gradual diminution of the Earl of Mar's army when the greater portion of the most zealous Jacobites were already in the hands of government-in the midst of increasing disaffection among his re-

He arrived almost as a fugitive. He had been

"And did my lord look well?" she should be sorry my wife should witness this. My obliged to traverse Normandy in disguise: his retinue consisted but of six gentlemen; and when the Earl of Mar, the Earl Marischal, and some others, to the number of thirty, went from Perth to kiss the band of the prince for whose cause they were in arms, they found him at Fetteress , suffering with a severe attack of ague.

Neither in body nor mind was he capable of inspiring his adherents with the ardor which could alone turn or even arrest the untoward course of events. Mutual discouragement was the feeling consequent upon this melancholy meeting. The unwelcome news which awaited the che valier, that, for a month previous to his landing, the resolution had been taken to evacuate Perth, did not tend to dispel the despondency natural to him; while, in the speech which he made to the privy council, whom he had immediately proceeded to name, the despairing view which he took of his own situation pierced every moment through the words of hope which he thought himself bound to utter, fle closed his address by saying, "That for him it would be no new thing to be unfortunate; his whole life, even from his cradle, had shown a constant series of misfortunes; and he was prepared, if it so pleased God, to suffer the extent of threats

which his enemies threw out against him." With a spirit thus crushed by repeated disappointments, and a constitution impaired by illness, did this ill-fated prince proceed to act the sovereign to a diminished and dispirited party of disunited followers.

The intelligence of his arrival was speedily communicated to Seaforth, Huntley, and all the other chiefs who had formerly flocked to his standard, and who had withdrawn, wearied out by his protracted delay; but they were summoned in vain-none of

them heeded the notice. Preparations were made for King James's coronation at Scone; a day of thanksgiving was appointed for his safe arrival; prayers were offered up for his majesty in all the churches; the currency of foreign coins was enjoined; and the convention of the

Scottish estates was called together.

The Countess of Nithsdale experienced a momentary sensation of hope and exultation when she heard that the monarch to whom all belonging to her had been so constantly devoted, had actually set foot in the realm of his ancestors; and her generous heart throbbed with indignation when she heard of the nobles who neglected to obey his summons. She thought how different would have been the conduct of her own brave lord; and she resolved to do as, if he had been at liberty, he would himself have done, and as he seemed, by what he said concerning General Forster, to expect her to do. She therefore prepared berself for a journey to

Scone, there to pay the homage she conceived to be due to her lawful sovereign. She travelled privately, not to attract the notice of the royalists; but as she passed through the country which lies between Sterling and Perth, all was one scene of desolation. By an edict of James's the villages of Auchterarder, Blackford, and Dunest they should afford quarters to his enemies.

Helpless women and desolute children had been deprived of their homes; the blackened walls of the buildings which had been burnt, contrasted cheerlessly with the snow which covered the ground.

Lady Nithsdale's journey was one of sorrow and dismay. She thought upon the days of her youthful enthusiasm, and she looked into her heart in vain to find it there. She remembered how, in a Femish convent, her girlish heart had beaten when she imagined her king actually on British land. and herself a witness of the joyous restoration; and

her childish dream was fulfilled : the king was Hame, hame, hame-Hame to his ain countree:

but misfortune, disappointment, time, had worked was let down into the water, and each was then their effect; and, with her husband a prisoner, her delivered over to the warder, in whose apartments children banished, her country laid waste, she could not work up her feelings to the pitch of loyalty which she had deemed it her duty to experience.

At length the fair town of Perth rose to her view

and the broad Tay swept gracefully cround it. She saw the ancient palace of Scone, the spot where all the Scottish Kings had been crowned, and she tried to feel assured that "the king would enjoy his own again."

That night she took up her lodgings in Perth; and the following day she repured to the royal palace of Scone, there to kiss the hand of her

She felt a universal trepidation: not so much from the awe which majesty inspires, as from the fear of seeing her king in a condition so unbecoming his dignity. A noble mind shrinks from seeing the nobility degraded; and she felt more abashed at poor attendance around the king, and at the want of state in his appointments, than others do at all the pomp and ceremony of the most gorgeous and splendid court.

The chevalier received the Countess of Nithsdale with what he meant to be marked attention; but his manner was subducd-his bearing dejected : partly through his late illness, and partly from that consciousness of being marked out for misfortune which pervaded his every look, his every action .-There was a melancholy majesty in his thin person, and his handsome but pale features, which (although united with a certain stiffness and reserve, little calculated to find favor in the sight of the adventurous and the desperate, who alone adhered to his cause) interested Lady Nithsdale while it saddened her.

The Earl of Mar presented her to the chevalier, whom, upon her entrance, she found engaged in conversation with the Earl of Marischal in one of the windows that overlooked the flat country between the palace and the Tay She dropped upon both her knees, overcome with emotion at finding herself in the actual presence of her king, and with grief at the desolate appearance of all around him of all without and all within his presence.

He quickly raised her, and, imprinting on her marble forehead a royal kiss, he professed his satisfaction at becoming personally acquainted with one whose family had ever been faithful servants to

The measured expressions chilled her; she had