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THE POOR GOVERNESS;

OR,

MRS. STODDARD'S PLOT.

"Why, Annie, what in the world makes you so foolish? Why, when I was young I would have jumped with joy if I had received an invitation to attend a party like this. Only think, child, what an honor she has conferred upon you by inviting you to a party where the elite of the town will be assembled. If you do not go, you will surely offend Mrs. Stoddard. And I would not have you do that."

And Widow Blaine laid down her work, and gazed lovingly in the face of her handsome daughter, who was sitting in the corner, nervously twitching the invitation which she had recently received from Mrs. Stoddard to a party to be given in honor of her son, who had recently returned from a long continental tour. This party was the sole topic of conversation in the lively little town of Elms; and it is no wonder that Mrs. Blaine was surprised that her daughter decided not to attend it.

"Annie, you will always regret it if you do not go."

"No, mother, I shall not. And, if you wish, I will give you my reasons. As I was returning from the Watkins', with my music books in my hand, I was compelled to pass a group of young ladies engaged in conversation about the party. I heard one say, 'There goes a governess; I've heard she has an invitation to the party; if I really knew it was true, I would not go, as papa would discountenance my associating with such a person.' I presume she has an idea," said another, "that she will be able to cope with us for the hand of Walter Stoddard!" And the others laughed loudly at the rude sally. This, mother, is the cause of my deciding not to go."

"Never mind those young girls or their conversation; they were rude and unladylike. Mrs. Stoddard deems you as good as they are, or you would not have been invited. So go to please me."

"Mamma I will go to please you and kind Mrs. Stoddard, but I shall be unhappy, I know."

"Well, go, then, child, to please me, and at the same time to be pleased yourself."

Annie rose reluctantly from her chair, as if she was going to sacrifice herself on the altar of devotion rather than to prepare for an evening's pleasure. In a short time she came down all arrayed for the party. Her dress was plain white muslin, relieved by blue ribbons; and as she stood there, with the last dying rays of the sun playing on her features, she seemed to be a consummation of all that was fair and beautiful.

"Mother, I see Mrs. Stoddard's carriage coming; so kiss me good-bye."

"There, darling; now go, and may you pass a happy evening."

The widow stood gazing at the receding carriage, which was soon lost in the lowering shades of night.

"Wealth! what a charm there is in that word! Its influence is unfair and unjust; yet we have the assurance that it is for this life only; in that great hereafter all will be equal; money cannot purchase the favor of God, if it does of men."

Leaving the widow employed with her work and her thoughts, we will enter the festive halls.

When Annie arrived, the guests were nearly all assembled; and when she entered the room, a hum of voices arose that brought the blushes fast and thick to her face. Some admired her beauty and praised her; while others declared they were very much shocked at the conduct of Mrs. Stoddard in inviting a "mere governess" to her party. One young lady, in particular, who was leaning on the arm of her gallant, said she thought it "too bad," and she would inform Mrs. Stoddard that if she persisted for the future in inviting such characters, she would take the liberty of declining her invitations.

All comment at this moment was hushed by the entrance of the lion of the evening, Walter Stoddard. All eyes were turned upon him. Introductions were sought on all sides, and obtained. In due course of time Annie was introduced to him and his cousin, Claude Neville, who seemed to be a dependent upon him, a travelling companion—in short, a polite substitute for a servant.

Soon after the music broke out in lively strains, and scores of dancers were whirling round the room. Annie, timid and unnoticed, placed herself in a corner, and, during the first part of the evening, enacted the part of "wall-flower." Here it was that Claude Neville found her.

"Miss Blaine, may I not share the pleasure of banishment with you?"

"Certainly, if there be any pleasure in it."

"To be banished with you would be pleasure. Do you dance?"

"Soldier; the amusement has no charm for me; I would rather be a looker-on than take an active part."

"Oh, that point we seem to agree. When travelling with my cousin on the Continent he would pass away many evenings in this enjoy-

ment, while I remained at home from preference."

"From my remarks, Mr. Neville, I do not wish you to infer that I hold any orthodox ideas against it. On the contrary, I deem it a harmless amusement."

"Certainly. We may dislike what we really know to be right."

Mr. Neville took Annie into the supper-room; and when the party broke up he placed a carriage of Mrs. Stoddard's at her disposal, and begged the pleasure of calling upon her, which permission she readily granted; for, to tell the truth, she had been captivated by his manners, whilst, in return, she had made fearful inroads upon his heart.

After this, day after day found Mr. Neville at Annie's side. Rambles in the garden, *à-tête* conversations in the house, walks to and from church on Sunday, and all the little pleasures that young lovers indulge in were enjoyed by them.

But as the brightness of day must give way to the darkness and gloom of night, so had these days of pleasure to give way to a day of sadness.

It was nearing the day of Mr. Neville's departure. The evening previous they were strolling along the bank of the river, when he said, "Annie, to-morrow I leave here, for how long I cannot tell."

"I shall regret it."

"And nothing more?" he exclaimed.

"Why?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Why? Because I love you—love you dearly, Annie. It is out now; don't kindly with me. I cannot offer you wealth, as my cousin could; neither do I believe money could purchase love like yours. I can only offer you an honest name, untainted, and that which is better than money—my love. Annie, I love you; will you be my wife?"

"I cannot, with justice to myself, answer you now; yet I can assure you that since I first saw you I have learned what love is."

"Thanks, darling, thanks; you are mine, and when I return I will claim you as my wife."

A week after Mr. Neville's departure, Walter Stoddard drove up to the house of Mrs. Blaine with a handsome turnout, and remained there for more than an hour. On rising to depart, he begged the privilege of calling upon her, which privilege Mrs. Blaine took it upon herself to sanction. Day after day he called. But still our young heroine seemed cold to him; she was heartless, for her heart was with her absent lover.

One evening he pained her with an avowal of his love.

"Mr. Stoddard, this avowal afflicts me; even were I free, I could not love you."

"Free! Are you not free?"

"No; I am the promised wife of Mr. Claude Neville."

"Claude Neville?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, modestly.

"What can he be to you. He is of obscure parentage, and poor. He can give you nothing, while I will give you an honored name, wealth, and make you mistress of Stoddard Hall!"

"What will Claude give? He will give me an honest name, and the whole love of his noble heart, which love I prize far more than all the gold you could place at my feet, Mr. Stoddard."

"Think of the future. You cannot live on love."

"Whether I live or die, my heart is in Claude's hands, and he will guard it sacredly," she said, firmly.

"If you are resolute, Miss Annie, I will leave you; or do you wish time to decide?"

"No, I have decided; my decision is irrevocable."

He left her, and for months she did not see him or hear of Claude.

A year had passed, and hope had nearly fled, with broken wings. Yet she lived on, trusting that each coming day would bring him. After the lapse of that year, she was visited by Walter Stoddard.

"Miss Annie, have you heard of Claude Neville yet?"

"I have not," she sadly answered.

"Do you ever expect to hear from him again?"

"Why? Oh! do not say he is dead!" she cried out, excitedly.

"Oh, no; calm your feelings. He is not dead; but he may be dead to you."

"Dead to me?" she ejaculated.

"Yes," he rejoined.

"Never, sir, never! I pray you, if you respect me, not to insult him in my presence."

"Then you still hope for his return, when you might become my wife—become wealthy and honored?" Well," he added, "you may be right; nor do I think I would wish a purchased wife. I hope I may still be your friend."

"Certainly; and a valued one."

"Then I shall take the liberty of inviting a friend of mine here this evening."

"Certainly."

When evening came, Annie anxiously awaited the arrival of Mr. Stoddard and his friend. She was seated in the little parlor, which was only lighted by the dying rays of the day, when he entered.

"Miss Blaine, allow me to introduce to you an old friend."

She arose, and, as she faced him, she gave utterance to a suppressed cry of joy. It was Claude Neville. Drawing her to a seat, he told her of his absence; how it had been unavoidable. Then and there he reminded her of her former promise.

"I only learned how well I loved you, Claude, during your long absence."

"Thanks, my little trusting darling," he said, tenderly.

At this moment Mrs. Blaine entered. Claude arose and greeted her.

"Mother—for may I not call you such now?—I have gained your daughter's consent to be my wife; all that remains to complete my happiness is your acquiescence."

"Which you have. Take her, remembering that you remove her from home, as we remove a rose from its parent bush, from the sunshine of home and all influences. May your love be the sunshine to beautify, and your words as dew that falls from heaven to invigorate."

"Thanks for your advice; I shall lay it at heart, and profit thereby. Yet just here I have a slight disclosure to make, in justice to myself and to you: I am not Claude Neville."

"Not Claude Neville?" they both cried, excitedly.

"No; I am Walter Stoddard, who, to win the love of some pure girl, changed places with his cousin. My mother instigated the plot, and all have acted their parts well. My cousin has been lionized, while I have been jilted and set aside, except by this true girl. My cousin, at my request, tried her faith, and, to my satisfaction, found her as true as gold. I am ashamed that I ever doubted her love, and I ask your forgiveness; will you forgive me, Annie?"

"Oh, yes!" she said.

"I hope you will forgive me," said the cousin, interposing.

"Certainly; all are forgiven."

And just here let us drop the curtain upon the happiness of Walter Stoddard and Annie Blaine, and once "poor governess."

KATE HEATH.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

The year 1781 was a dark and gloomy one for the Americans, who were then struggling for independence. In South Carolina, affairs were in a critical situation. General Green made an unsuccessful attack on the British post of Ninety-Six, and withdrew his men beyond the Tiger and Broad Rivers. Lord Rawdon followed him, but could not draw the patriot general into an engagement.

At that period there stood, in North Carolina, a plain and unassuming house: it was a one story building, neatly whitewashed, and surrounded by a fence. The garden contained many choice flowers; and the beautiful honeysuckles shaded the doors and windows. It was the house of Mrs. Heath, who lived with her two daughters, while her son George was in Washington's army fighting for freedom.

Kate, the eldest of the daughters, was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers; her auburn hair hung in graceful curls down to her shoulders, and her face beamed with kindness, while her eyes shone like the stars that lit up the azure vault of heaven.

One evening, as Kate was standing at the cottage door, she beheld two mounted officers approaching. They were richly dressed, and one of them she recognized as Lord Rawdon, the commander of the British forces in that part of the country. They rode up to her, and Rawdon leant over in his saddle, and said, in a kind voice, "Well, miss, can you let me have the use of a room, for a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir; our house is open to you."

"Come, colonel, let us hasten to business," said Rawdon, dismounting, while the colonel did the same, the latter leading the horses to the stable.

Lord Rawdon advanced to where Kate was standing, and said, "Whose house is this, miss?"

"Mrs. Heath's, my lord."

"Ha! her son is in the rebel army, under Washington, is he not?"

Kate trembled at the insult, and she looked at the Briton with a searching glance.

"My brother is no rebel, Lord Rawdon; he is fighting for his country."

"I am sorry for that. He is a brave boy, and would, no doubt, make a good British soldier," returned Rawdon.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me. I would sooner see George die a felon's death than see him in the King's army," was the prompt answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss Heath. But here comes the colonel," said Rawdon, as he saw that worthy coming from the stable.

"They entered the house, and went into a small room to hold a consultation." Kate thought they might have something important to say, so she resolved to play the eavesdropper. She told her mother of her intention, who ap-

proved of it; and Kate placed herself in a position to overhear the Briton's plans.

It was a dangerous undertaking; and she knew that if she was caught in the act of listening she would be treated as a spy, and perhaps executed, for Lord Rawdon knew no mercy. She cautiously approached the door and looked through a crevice. Rawdon and his colonel were seated before a small table, on which lay maps. They were examining them closely, while Rawdon was explaining them to the colonel.

"Here is Green's camp," said he, "and here is ours. We must make a bold stroke; and if it be successful, Green will be destroyed."

"I don't see why it should not succeed, do you, my lord?"

"No; if our troops fight as well as they have heretofore, we shall succeed," said Rawdon, his face assuming a triumphant expression.

"I shall feel happy when the rebels are driven away from Carolina, and then their rule will be over," said Colonel Roberts.

"We must crush Colonel. I do not want to go back to England and let it be said that I was out-generalled by a rebel. No, never!" exclaimed Rawdon, rising to his feet.

"Then we make that attack at daybreak, do we not?" asked the colonel.

"We do. Have your regiment ready, and make your men fight like demons."

"Let us go now. But hold! what is the countersign for the picket to-night, my lord?"

"England," answered Lord Rawdon, lowering his voice.

Kate listened to the Briton's plan with a wildly beating heart and she resolved to save the patriot army. When she heard the countersign, she left the door, and busied herself in her household duties; and soon the two officers emerged from the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath; but first let me thank you for your kindness," said Rawdon.

"Your thanks are received," replied Kate.

Their horses were saddled, and the officers were soon on their way. Kate watched them till they were out of sight, and then prepared for her perilous journey. She threw on a shawl, and went to the stable. Her fleet-footed horse neighed as she entered, and she patted him on the head, and said, "Well, noble Selim, you must carry me safely to-night; for if you do not, General Green will be destroyed."

The animal seemed to understand her, for he gave a loud whinny. Our heroine saddled Selim, led him from the stable, and was soon riding towards General Green's camp, which was eight miles distant. She rode swiftly, for she wanted to reach her destination in time to let the patriot General form his men to meet the assault. The British pickets were four miles distant; and she would be compelled to pass through their lines; but as she was in possession of the countersign, she did not fear the result. Soon Kate saw the picket's bayonet gleam in the moonlight, and heard him cry out,

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, with the countersign."

"Advance friend, and give the countersign."

She approached the picket, and whispered, "England!"

"All right; pass on. But stop!" cried the picket, as he caught a glimpse of her face.

Kate stopped her horse, and laid her hand on a pistol. "Is that you, Miss Heath?"

"It is, Guy," returned Kate; for she recognized the soldier to be Guy Jackson, who had often visited the gardener at their house.

"Where are you going to-night, Miss Kate?" he asked.

"To see Mrs. Blake; she is very ill."

"Just like you, Miss Kate—always visiting the sick; you are a ministering angel," said the British soldier.

"Thank you for the compliment, Guy.—But I must be going. Good night!"

And Kate was again on her journey, while the picket returned to his post. She had to pass four miles yet ere she would be safe, so she urged on her steed. Before she had gone a hundred yards from Guy Jackson, a dozen mounted Britons rode furious up to the picket, and their leader cried out, "Did any person pass this post a short time since?"

"Yes, sir," was the picket's reply.

"Do you know who it was?"

"I do; it was Miss Heath."

"Had she the countersign?"

"She had."

"I fear she is safe. Forward men! If she escapes, General Green is saved! A hundred golden guineas and a commission to the man who catches her!" cried the leader of the band, as they dashed after the brave girl, leaving the picket in a state of bewilderment.

Kate soon heard the sound of her pursuers, and she pushed on faster. It was a race for life or death. The British horses were fresh, while hers was beginning to show signs of fatigue.

"Forward, Selim! You must take me to General Green's camp!" said Kate to her horse.

But her enemies gained upon her, and one of them seemed bent on catching her, for he was some yards in advance of his comrades. Kate heard the ominous tramp of his horse, and drew her pistol. Nearer he came, until he

was at her side, and then cried out, "Halt, you vile rebel!"

Those were his last words, for Kate fired, and the bullet crashed through his brain.—The others did not stop to look at their comrade, but pressed on. They neared her again, and another trooper received his death wound. The remainder halted; and a moment afterwards Kate heard the American picket cry out, "Who goes there?"

"Kate Heath!" cried our heroine, as she dashed through the line.

The soldier raised his gun, but when he heard her name, it was lowered, and he answered, "All right."

The American camp was reached; Kate threw herself from the saddle, and placed her faithful horse in charge of a soldier.

"Where is General Green's tent?" she asked.

"To the right, there, where you see that light," replied the man, pointing to the place.

She entered the General's tent, and found him engaged in writing. He raises his eyes, then arose to his feet, and said, "You come here at a late hour, Miss Heath."

"I do, General. You are in danger."

"How is that?" exclaimed Green.

The brave girl told her story, and the General grasped her hand, while the tears trickled down his war-worn cheeks.

"Thank heaven! you have saved my army, Miss Heath! I can never repay you!"

"I want no payment. The thought that I have done my duty, and the thanks of General Green are worth more than gold and diamonds," was the heroic reply.

"Take my thanks, my brave girl, and may the Great Jehovah watch over and guide you through the changing scenes of life," responded Green.

"And may He save my country, too," added Kate.

"You need rest. Here, sleep in my tent to-night, while I seek a resting-place among my men," said the kind-hearted Green.

"I do not wish to rob you of your couch, General."

"You will not. I shall be engaged in forming my troops to meet the attack." And General Green left the tent.

Kate enjoyed a good rest that night; and in the morning General Green came to her, and joyfully exclaimed, "Good news! Lord Rawdon is in full retreat. We took a prisoner this morning, who says you frustrated their plans and saved the army. Heaven bless you for that good act! But I must leave you now, for I am going to follow Rawdon, and teach him that we can fight. When are you going home?"

"In a few minutes, General."

"Good-bye; and may you have a safe journey," responded Green, shaking her by the hand.

Her horse was led forth, and she was soon on her way to her home, which was reached in safety.

Kate Heath lived to see the war close, and peace and plenty spread their wings over the land, and not long afterwards she was wedded to Walter Gordon, who had been a colonel in the American army.

[Written for the True Witness.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TERESA-SAGE."

PATRICK SANSFIELD.

Amidst the galaxy of patriots, whose names are held in affection and reverence in Ireland; teaching the people by their recollections, the noble lessons of untarnished honor and unswerving rectitude, that of Patrick Sansfield is ever regarded as one, presenting to us the highest type of knightly honor and devoted patriotism. His name is lisped by the babe upon its mother's breast, and the man of mature years feels his heart in conscious throbbing when pouring over Ireland's history in the past, he reads of Limerick and the deeds of the Earl of Luenn. Descended from an olden Norman family "more Irish than the Irish themselves," Sansfield inherited their castle and estate in Lucan, Co. Dublin. Inheriting from a warlike race a passion for arms, in his early life he served as Ensign in Monmouth's regiment in France, and afterwards in England as Lieutenant in the Guards. But it was in Ireland, as the soldier of honor, "Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," the gallant defender of the Altar and the Throne, that Sansfield the Good won his noblest spurs and consecrated his name forever in the hearts of a people who, never forget the Saggart, who offers for them, the Voice that pleads for them, the Poet who sings for them, or the Warrior who, with his sword, inscribes his devotion upon the broad banner of their land. To understand Sansfield's position it is necessary to be acquainted with Ireland's. From the time of Henry the "wife-slayer," until the reign of Charles I., excepting the period during which the much-belied Mary occupied the throne, the Catholics were the victims of dire persecution. This persecution of course, fell most upon Ireland; because her children had preferred God to Man, and had chosen to suffer like the early Christians, sooner