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**THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.**  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."  
(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

PART SECOND.  
CHAPTER XIV.—IN MEMORIAM.

"Hark! that is my summons, my dear boy," said Lord Balmerino to Edward; and his eyes grew humid and his hand trembled as he pushed back the clustering locks from the brow of his young friend and imprinted a fervent kiss on his forehead.

He was right. The ghastly scene of Kilmarnock's execution was over, the scaffold set in order for the next victim, and the entrance of the Warden was of itself a notice to him that his own time had come.

Edward was on his knees, the hand of his old friend closely locked within his own and wet with his tears, and it required a strong effort of courage on the part of Balmerino to break from him. Affection can make the bravest man weak as any woman, and can produce emotion such as torture or even death itself cannot cause.

"I suppose my Lord Kilmarnock is no more," said he to the Sheriff. "How did the executioner perform his duty?"

"With one blow, my Lord."

"Then it was well done. And now, gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life. Farewell, a last farewell, dear Edward," he said. "May you and Marion and my dear Peggy spend many happy days together." Then, cheerfully saluting all present, he drew tears from every eye but his own. Graceful without affectation, cheerful but not presumptuous, the aged peer had won the affection of all who had come in contact with him during his incarceration in the Tower.

Accepting the offer of refreshment, he took a small piece of bread and a glass of wine; but before swallowing the latter, he said:

"I beg you, gentlemen, drink me ain de grace to heaven." Then he besought God to help and succor him, and avowed his willingness to die.

"I am ready and prepared to meet my death. Lead on, gentlemen, I beg you, lead on," said he, and with an undaunted step he went on his rough and thorny way, and astonished those present who knew not the greatness of his soul. His noble form was arrayed in the very same regimentals, blue turned up with red, which he had worn at the battle of Culloden.

He then walked round the scaffold, bowed to the assembled crowd, and paused to read the inscription on his coffin. It ran as follows:—*Arthurus, Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus, 13 die Augusti, 1746. Aetatis suae 58.*

"It is quite right," said he, and passing to the block with a smile on his face, he looked calmly upon it, calling it his pillow of rest.

Then he drew a paper from his pocket, the contents of which he read to those immediately around him, and delivered it to the Sheriff, to

do with as he should think fit; and calling for the executioner, who was about to ask his forgiveness, Lord Balmerino stopped him, saying: "Friend, you need not ask my forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable. Here are three guineas for you," he added, placing them in the man's hand; "I never had much money, and this is all I now possess; I wish it was more for your sake; and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat."

Drawing them off as he spoke, he placed them on the coffin for the executioner.

Then, amidst a dead silence, he prepared himself for the block by putting on a flannel waistcoat that had been made for the occasion, and a plaid cap upon his head; then, going to the block, he showed the executioner what he intended to be the signal for the blow; it was to be the dropping down of his arms.

Then he turned to Edward, who had insisted on accompanying him to the scaffold, saying: "Be calm, and comfort my dear wife and poor Marion. Remember death is but the gate of eternity."

Then glancing round on the concourse of spectators, he said:

"I fear lest there should be any who may think my behavior bold;" and turning to a gentleman near him, he added: "Remember, sir, what I tell you: it arises from a firm confidence in God and a clear conscience."

He then took the axe from the hand of the executioner, felt the edge, returned it to him again, and showed him where to strike the blow. "Have no fear, I beg you," he said. "I exhort you to do your work firmly and with a good heart," adding, "for in so doing, friend, you will show your mercy."

Then, with a glad countenance, as if bidden to a wedding feast, he knelt down at the block, and with his arms extended, he prayed aloud: "O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, and receive my soul."

Then he gave the signal to the executioner. Terrified at his intrepidity and the suddenness with which he had given the signal, though the executioner gave the blow in the part directed, unhappily the force was not sufficient to sever the head from the body, though enough to deprive the sufferer of all sensation.

After the first blow, the head of the sufferer fell back heavily upon his shoulders, but it was not severed until two more blows had been dealt by the clumsy headsmen. The head was then received by the valet of young St. John in a piece of red baize, and, with his body afterwards deposited in his coffin and delivered to the latter for burial.

The paper given by Lord Balmerino to the Sheriff when on the scaffold ran as follows:

"I was brought up in true loyal and anti-revolution principles, and I hope the world is convinced that they stick to me to the last.

"I must acknowledge, however, that I did a very inconsiderate thing, for which I am heartily sorry, in accepting of a company of foot from the Princess Anne, who I know had no more right to the crown than her predecessor, the Prince of Orange. To make amends for what I had done, I joined the Pretender when he was in Scotland in 1715, and when all was over, I made my escape and lived abroad till the year 1734.

"In the beginning of that year, I got a letter from my father which very much surprised me. It was to let me know he had a promise of a remission for me. I did not know what to do. I was then, I think, in the Canton of Berne, and had no one to advise with, but next morning I wrote a letter to the Pretender, who was then in Rome, to acquaint the Pretender that this was done without my asking or knowledge, and that I would not accept of it without his consent.

"I had in reply a letter written in the Pretender's own hand, allowing me to go home, and told me his banker would give me money for any travelling charges when I came to Paris, which accordingly I got.

"When the Pretender's son came to Edinburgh, I joined him, though I might easily have excused myself on account of my age; but I never could have had peace of conscience if I had stayed at home.

"I am at a loss when I come to speak of the Pretender's son. I am not a fit hand to draw his character. I shall leave that to others. This much only I will say: he is kind, generous, and affectionate to a fault.

"Pardon me if I say wherever I had the command I never suffered any disorder to be committed, as will appear by the Duke of Buccleuch's servants at East Park; by the Earl of Findlater's minister, Mr. Latio; and by Mr. Rose, minister at Nairn, who was pleased to favor me with a visit when I was at Inverness; by Mr. Stewart, chief servant to the Lord President, at the house of Culloden; and by several others. All this gives me great pleasure, now that I am looking upon the block, on which I am ready to lay down my head. And even had it not been my own natural inclination to protect everybody, it would have been my interest to have done it, for (the Pretender's son), abhorred all those who were capable of doing injustice to any one.

"I have heard, since I came to this place, that there has been a most wicked report spread, and mentioned in several of the newspapers, that the Pretender's son, before the battle of Culloden, had given out orders that no quarter should be given to the enemy. This is such an unchristian thing, and so unlike the Pretender's son, that nobody (the Jacobites) that know him will believe it. It is very strange that if there had been

any such orders, neither the Earl of Kilmarnock, who was colonel of the regiment of foot guards, nor I, who was colonel of the second troop of life guards, should ever have heard anything of it, especially, since we were both at the headquarters the morning before the battle, and I am convinced that it is a malicious report industriously spread to injure.

"Ever since my confinement in the Tower, when Major White or Mr. Fowler did me the honor of a visit, their behaviour was always so kind and obliging that I cannot find words to express it. But I am sorry I cannot say the same of General Williamson; he has treated me barbarously, but not quite so ill as he did the Bishop of Rochester, and had it not been for a worthy clergyman's advice, I should have prayed for him in the words of David, Psalm CIX., from the 6th to the 15th verse.

"I forgive him and all my enemies. I hope you will have the charity to believe that I die in peace with all men. Yesterday I received the Holy Eucharist from the hands of a clergyman of the Church of England, in whose communion I die."

CHAPTER XV.—FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Barefooted, arrayed in an old black kilt coat, phylabeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt and a long beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side—such was Prince Charles Edward Stuart when joined by his friends Macdonald and Cameron, fugitives like himself. The three took up their joint residence in a small hut amidst the mountains, and from thence he sent a messenger to his beloved Lochiel, begging him to join them.

Lochiel having heard that the Prince had escaped from Skye, sent his two brothers in search of him, and after wandering about apart for some time, they at last fell in with each other again, and were so fortunate as to meet with Cameron, who took them at once to the Prince.

Notwithstanding the great hardships Charles had endured, and the destitute appearance he presented, they found him in good health and spirits. Some of Cameron's retainers were busily employed roasting a cow which had been killed on the previous day, and from which he afterwards made a hearty meal.

During several days he had taken refuge in a wood, sometimes concealing himself in one of the huts, and then again removing to another.

Altogether, the Prince's party now numbered eight persons, and their quiet was suddenly disturbed by Cameron ascertaining that a body of military were on the lookout in the immediate neighborhood. He had resolved, as well as his friends, to sell his life as dearly as possible if caught.

"There is nothing to be done but at once to leave the wood," said the Prince, and accordingly, they departed under cover of its friendly shade, and reached the top of a neighboring hill, and from thence toiled wearily up a rugged and craggy mountain path. Wounded repeatedly by the jutting rocks and stunted trees with which he and his party came in contact, the Prince, who had fasted the whole day, suddenly gave way, exclaiming, "I can proceed no further, I am faint and exhausted."

"Try, your Highness, if you can by any possibility continue, if supported," said Cameron; and signing to two sturdy Highlanders, they came forwards and tendered their support, one on either side of him; and onwards he tottered for full another mile, and was at length cheered by beholding in the distance a couple of well known friends, busily engaged in cooking by a cheerful fire a portion of a cow which was intended for supper.

But he might not tarry long; he must still proceed on his onward course. Could he but reach Badenoch he should see his beloved friend Lochiel. Thither he accordingly directed his steps, and when nearing the end of his journey, beheld him advancing to meet him. The chieftain at once prepared to do him homage on his knees, when Charles exclaimed: "My dear Lochiel, forbear! how do you know who may be perched on the top of yonder trees? If there be anyone there they will be sure from such actions that I am he whom they seek so anxiously, and we may apprehend very quickly what the consequences may be."

"Allow me, then, to introduce your Royal Highness to my hovel," replied Lochiel, leading the way; and on entering the hut, for it was no better, the Prince was speedily entertained at an excellent dinner, consisting of minced collops and sundry other luxuries. He was in excellent spirits and well pleased with his fare, and during the few days that he dwelt with Lochiel, often made the chieftain smile by protesting that "now he lived like a prince."

Still continuing his onward course, on bidding farewell to Lochiel, he traveled on to the heart of a wild and desolate district, in which he remained till the happy day on which he made good his escape to France.

It may readily be conjectured that the old Chevalier had felt the deepest anxiety and grief concerning the fate of his son. He had caused two vessels to be fitted out, and had deputed a certain Colonel Warren to seek for and carry off the Prince. Glenaladale selected Cameron as the person through whom all communications should be made, and at last the long delayed

hopes of the unfortunate Charles Edward were realized.

A misty morning, preceded by a heavy dew which had fallen since daybreak, concealed from the eyes of Charles, till he neared the coast, the vessel which was destined to bear him far from the persecutions of his foes; and the poor Prince was overwhelmed with joy when, the haze suddenly carried away by the beams of the rising sun, he beheld the masts of two vessels in the distance.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is the tree of life." All his past sufferings were forgotten in the joy that filled his heart as he returned thanks to God for his miraculous escapes.

But the generosity of his character prevailed over fear of danger to himself; for even at this, the eleventh hour, he had a sharp contest with his friends for persisting in increasing the terrible risk of lingering nearly two days on the coast, in order that if any of those who had followed his fortunes were lurking about the neighborhood they also might be afforded a chance of escape.

At last the moment came when Charles Edward Stuart was for ever to bid farewell to the land where his forefathers had reigned. Twenty-three gentlemen and one hundred and seven men of the humble class embarked on board these two vessels, and some amongst them shed tears, so great was their love of the country they were leaving forever.

Can I do better, now that we are about taking leave of the unfortunate and dispossessed heir of three kingdoms, than quote to you the words of Lord Mahon, as used by Mr. Jesse in his History of the Rebellion?

"He went, but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders.

"For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause, and maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie."

THE END.

**ARMACH CATHEDRAL.**  
DEDICATION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL TEMPLE.  
SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

The dedication of the National Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick took place, as already announced, on Sunday, August 24, with unusual circumstances of pomp and magnificence. No less than fifteen archbishops and bishops, along with the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin took part in the ceremony, and upwards of 400 priests were present. The Church, which is the most capacious in Ireland, capable of accommodating more than 8,000 persons, was filled to its fullest capacity, while thousands congregated in its neighborhood, unable to obtain admission. The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, visted himself as celebrant for the performance of High Mass, at which the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin presided. Immediately after the Gospel, the Very Rev. Thomas Burke ascended the pulpit and preached the dedication sermon.

After the sermon the collection at the offertory reached fully £3,000, and the general receipts were close upon £10,000. Among the congregation were a large number of Protestants and Dissenters, and it must be mentioned that during the day the joy bells of the Protestant cathedral rang out several festive peals.

After the celebration in the cathedral, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops were entertained at a dinner by the Lord Primate.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON.

The distinguished preacher having taken the following for his text: "The just man lives by faith," proceeded to deliver an eloquent and impressive sermon. He said: These words, dearly beloved brethren, are from the writings of Saint Paul. May it please your Eminence, most rev. lords, and dearly beloved brethren, the Apostle of the Gentiles, divinely inspired by the Holy Ghost, laid down in these words one of the grandest and most consoling principles that can fall upon the ear of man. He says men live for various objects—some live to enrich themselves, some to gain power; but among the various ends, objects for which men can live, the Apostle selects one, and he says: "There is something else which a man can live for." My just man—this is to say, the just man in my estimation—is the man who lives by faith. As it is with individuals, dearly beloved brethren, so it is with a nation. A nation may live for this object or for that; a nation may live for the purpose of war or gain; a nation may live for the purposes of com-

merce; but a nation or a people may also live the higher life of which the apostle speaks.

A NATION MAY LIVE BY FAITH.

Now, dearly beloved brethren, what do these words mean—to live by faith? Whether we consider it in the individual or the nation it means simply this, that the Almighty God condescends to offer himself as the object and purpose of man's life. He places himself in the category of objects for which man may live. He takes his place, as it were, amongst created things and he says, "You may live to obtain riches; you may live to obtain power; you may live for political influence; but there is one grand object you can live for, and that is faith. And this, according to the apostle, is the highest form of justice, the highest, noblest nobility of man—for a man or a nation who lives by faith, first of all rises to the dignity of realizing the unseen. We cannot see Him, and yet we can live for Him. Therefore, the faculty of realizing the unseen, of realizing that unseen God with so much fervor, with so much vigor, as not only to live for Him, in pleasing Him, but to manifest that life in acting for God, in spreading the Kingdom of God, and, if necessary, in dying for God. Now, we are assembled here to-day, dearly beloved brethren, to make one great act of faith—

THE GREATEST ACT OF FAITH,

perhaps, that the Irish people have been called upon to make for several hundred years. We come together not merely as representing a nation, but as representing a race; and in the consecration of this mighty cathedral to God for the Catholic Church of Saint Patrick, we have the eyes of all the Irish race throughout the world fixed upon us, and we have, moreover, the legions of the saints of Ireland looking down from their high thrones in heaven upon their successors in the episcopacy in this faithful land, upon their successors in the ministry, and upon their faithful people. I regret, in common with you all, that the eloquent voice which we expected to hear will not resound in the midst of us to-day. It was befitting that one so high in intellect, so pure and holy in heart, so devoted in his life to the Irish people, that he has bound up his life and labors with them; it was befitting, I say, that such a man, who would have brought majesty to the consecration, and the weight of dignity upon his words to-day, were he here to attest and to render homage to the great head of the Irish race. We can only hope that God will prolong to him that high and holy life, and that on some future occasion, if not on many future occasions, we may have the opportunity of listening to that matchless and unrivalled eloquence that falls from his lips. This, I say, is one of the greatest occasions that ever presented itself to the Irish people, for it is the uprising, indeed, if not the manifestation of the resurrection of that Church which has never died, and of that race which never can be utterly conquered or utterly perish, because God, whom that Church represents, and to whom that race has consecrated itself, is within them and about them. Nearly 1,500 years have passed away since that most memorable event in the annals of the world and of the Church, when a stranger landed upon the shores of Ireland, and in an old Celtic town proclaimed to the princes and to the kings of this ancient land the name and glories of Jesus Christ, the son of God.

ST. PATRICK WAS FORTUNATE IN HIS APOSTLESHIP,

for he came to a people who seemed naturally created for a life of divine faith. He found amongst the Irish race the men to whom he preached a strange faculty of realizing the unseen and realizing the truth of their apostle's words; no difficulty crossed him; he had only to proclaim the name of God and the true God, the name of Jesus, the name of Mary, the mother of our Lord, when instantly, as if it came to them naturally, the whole people all like one man arose, and without taking from their apostle the testimony of one tear of sorrow, or of one drop of blood, the Irish nation, the Irish people sprang to the truth which came to them from St. Patrick's lips, and if the apostle was fortunate in the people to whom he preached, Ireland was also fortunate in the apostle whom Almighty God sent to her. He brought with him not merely the unction of his episcopal consecration, not merely the authority of the holy Church of God, not only commission from Celestine, the Pope of Rome, but he brought also with him a kind, loving heart, so like the hearts of the people to whom he preached. He brought also with him immense learning, and yet a simplicity of character most child-like because most Christian. He brought with him a becoming love for the nation and for the people, and a deep appreciation of all that is most beautiful in the natural character of the Irish race. At once, and with a divine instinct Ireland took her apostle to her bosom, and Patrick clasped the young Church in the embrace of his apostolic love. He remained

\* For account of trial and execution of Arthur Lord Balmerino, see State Trials of 1746. Inscription on his coffin: "Arthur, Lord Balmerino, beheaded the 13th of August, 1746. Aged 58."