VOL. XXVI.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1876.

ACENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

ver ann'm.

New York Tublet,	Weekly	\$3	00
" " Freeman's Journal	и -	;;	00
Boston Pilot	51	2	50
Dublin Nation	н	3	50
" Weekly News	11	2	50
London Tablet	11	6	50
" Register	ie	4	50
New York Catholic World	Monthly	4	50
Messenger Sacred Heart	u	2	00
London Month	"	7	50
Dublin Review	Quarterly		
Catholic Review, Philadelphia	"	5	00
Subscriptions to the above end	on Januar		
each year, except Catholic World	d which	nde	ະດາ
each year, except Catable Work	u water		
April 1st. All Subscriptions are payab	la in advar	100	
All Subscriptions me payab	16 111 90 101	Q1	nη
Sadlier's Catholic Directory	Duitain and	Φr	UU
Catholic Directory for Great I	ornani and	^	۵۸
Ireland			60
Kehoe's Catholic Family Almana	.c	v	25

Month of St. Joseph..... 0 60 " Mary 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

tions when to kneel, stand, etc..... 0 60

Office of Holy Week, containing Instruc-

Haverty's Irish American

Irish American Newspaper

Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me, For those I know are true, For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit, too; For all human ties that bind me, For the task by God assigned me, For the bright hours left behind me, And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story, Who've suffered for my sake, To emulate their glory, And follow in their wake; Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages, The noble of all ages, And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season. By gifted minds foretold, When men shall live by reason, And not alone by gold-When man to man united, And every wrong thing righted, As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion With all that is divine, To feel there is a union Twixt nature's heart and mine, "I'o profit by affliction, Grow wiser from conviction. And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me, For those I know are true, For the heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit, too; For the wrongs that need resistance, For the cause that lacks assistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.

WINIFRED,

COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By LADY DACRE..

CHAPTER VIII. The virtue of her lively looks Excels the precious stone; I wish to have none other book To read or look upon. The modest mirth that she doth use

Is mixed with shamefacedness. . Attributed to Lord Rechford, Anne Boleyn's Brother. Although they differed widely in politics, the

Duke of Montrose was one of the persons whom Lord Nithsdale looked upon as a true patriot, and a young man of great promise. He was the grandson of the great marquis, and had been by Queen Anne lately raised to the dignity of Duke of Montrose.

The family of the Earl of Nithsdale was, through Douglas, Earl of Moreton, nearly connected with that of the duke; and also, through the marriage of Lord Nithsdale's sister, the Lady Mary Maxwell, to the Earl of Traquhair, with that of his young duchess, the Lady Christian Carnegie, daughter to the Earl of Northesk.

This double connection had assisted to foster a friendship which the opposite tendency of their political opinions might otherwise have prevented from attaining maturity; and consequently, when the young Duke of Montrose first brought his fair bride and cousin into Scotland, he failed not to present her to a family with which they were mutually connected.

The duke was a zealous supporter of the Protestant succession, and was at that period high in favor with Queen Anne. His youthful wife had shone as one of the most brilliant stars at her court; and gay, levely, and volatile, she had not failed to adopt the style and manners then in vogue; she was esteemed the most modish lady about the court : the furbolow of her petticoat was no sooner seen than it was copied; her commode attracted alleyes; the and I will let you kiss my hand upon it."

jaunty air of her hoop was envied by all the sex and she no sooner appeared in one of the small muffs which we see represented in pictures of the time, than all the muffs about town were cut in half.

She enjoyed the admiration she excited, as was natural to one who was aware, though not vain, of her powers of fascination; and there was a grace in the harmless coquetries, and a joyous good-humor, a frankness, piercing through the court air, which had become, as it were, second nature to her, that took captive the hearts of all.

The young duchess would sometimes rally Lady Nithsdale on her antiquated notions, her housewifelike avocations, her retired habits; she would try to persuade her to follow the fashion of the day, and would urge her to taste with her the exciting pleasure of being swifty borne by a spirited steed over bill and vale, dell and dingle; but Lady Nithsdale, unaccustomed to such exertions, would shrink from the very idea, and trembled when she saw her fair friend mounted on her palfry, and dressed according to the mode which has excited the indignation of contemporary writers, dash from the hall-door, like an arrow from the bow; then, turning gayly back, laugh at her timid cousin's Her hair, which was suffered to hang at some length upon her shoulders, was loosely tied by a scarlet riband, which played like a streamer behind her; her small hat was edged with silver; her dress was of green camlet embroidered with the same material; and a cravat of the finest lace completed the toilet of the elegants of the year 1711. The horse, as though proud of so fair a rider, seemed to share in her vanity: he was adorned after the same airy manner; and tossed his pretty head, as if ne despised the silken rein which hung loosely upon his neck.

Lady Nithsdale watched the party of equestrians as long as they continued in sight; and Amy. whose blighted hopes enabled her to give her undivided affection to her lady, and her undivided thoughts to her dress, had not allowed this opportunity to escape of enlarging her notions upon the subject of the prevailing mode. Presuming upon her favor with her mistress, she had stolen away from Annie Bell and Jeannie Scott, and glided to the oriel window of the hall, that she misht see the great London bride in her new fangled garb.

"By my troth, madame, but her grace is very fair and wears a goodly dress, and mounts a jennet, such as might befit a lady in one of my own bal-

"Yes, Amy," replied Lady Nithsdale, "the dress is strange but graceful, and well does it suit my gay and sprightly cousin: yet she must have marvel-lous good courage; I think I never could mount any horse, much less a pawing, prancing steed, such as delights her grace. It is strange thus to peril one's life for pleasure!"

"And yet, my lady, such a close-fitting jaunty coat as that would right well set off your ladyship's slender waist. Trust me, madam, but I should like to have the curling of your soft brown hair, and the shaking in a thought of powder (her grace's maid showed me the powder-puffs they use now), and the making it hang in just such ringlets as my lady duchase's" lady duchess's."

"Nay, Amy, such tlighty doings are not for me!" In the evening, when the company were sipping their chocolate, and the servants preparing the ombre-tables, the lively duchess again rallied the Lady Nithsdale upon her taste for staying at home. "Now we will put you upon your trial," she said, playfully tapping her with her fan; "and you, my lord duke, and the Earl of Nithsdale himself, and Sir Hector McGregor, and Mr. McKenzie, and my fair cousin Crawford, of Kilbirny, and young Mrs. Rose Scott, of Murdiston, shall sit in judgment, and pronounce whether I have not passed a more profitable morning than our demure hostess there! Now, stand forth, Countess of Nithsdale, and answer the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth !"

The Lady Nithsdale smiled, while a slight color mounted to her cheek a theing called into notice; but she professed her willingness to submit to the verdict of so goodly a tribunal.

" After our morning meal," resumed the duchess, which I grant you was somewhat to the credit of the housewife-there was no fault to be found with the bannocks, nor with the saffron-cakes, nor the honey, nor the marmalade, nor the Fignan haddocks, nor any of the other delicacies for which our good land of Scotland is renowned-after this meal, what were my lady countess's avocations?"

"Even such household duties as your grace must needs attend to when you reach your own castle of Kincarn. I visited the still-room, and gave the housekeeper directions for making of some mintwater, and some julep, and other simple medicines which the neighboring poor are used to procure at the castle. And, moreover, this is the season when the distilled waters for the year must be made; the elder-flowers and the roses are all in bloom."

"Oh, stop, my dear countess! This last employment was most vain and useless i for who could endure such homely scents? It is impossible now to use anything but orange flower water; so you have indeed misspent your time most shamefully! Now yon, by your own confession, did only one thing at a time, while I cultivated my mind and improved my beauty at one and the some moment. I studied Locke on the Human Understanding, while my woman curled my hair; after which I read two chapters on the properties of loadstone, and-I would fain have studied the mathematics, only my wicked lord"-and she shook her fan at the duke-" would not give me the lesson he promised." She put on the prettiest pout of her ruby lips, while her gay eyes laughed through their fringe of eyelashes, as she looked down her cheeks with a mock air of pettish anger; then raising them suddenly on the duke, she continued in a repreachful tone, "You know, my lord, you would not wish your wife to be quite out of the fashion; and every lady now talks of the mathematics, and speaks but in words with a Latin derivation; and I will learn these things too,

in spite of you!" The duke looked upon her wilh delight and love, while he replied, "Learn of our fair hostess how to

make a sack-posset, Christian |" "Not unless your grace will teach me the mathematics! Now promise, and it shall be a bargain,

The duke most gladly availed himself of her permission to imprint on the fair hand she extended more than one kiss.

"Nay, you are too bold " she a ded, withdraw ing her hand suddenly, and frowning for a moment while she expressed a perty anger in the eloquent, language of the far, by quickly opening and shutting the sticks so as to produce a somewhat sharp noise. "But, my lord duke, you interrupt the trial. Silence in the court! The Lady Nithsdale had not made an end, when If to my shame be it spoken, somewhat rudely interrupted her. Proceed, fair countess."

"I visited my children for a while, and then I practised to my new spinet some of the songs your grace showed me last night; for my lord loves sweet sounds so well that he will sometimes listen to such poor music as I can make."

"That is well. But now, fair countess. how did you pass your time while I, having duly attended both to my understanding and my person, now took heed to my health, by galloping in the fresh air, many and many a mile, over sweet heath and thymy downs ?"

"Why, after seeing my maidens at their embroidery, I wrote and despatched a letter to my dear sister Lucy, at Bruges."

"Uscless! still vain and useless! If your letter had been addressed to some court lady, who might have informed you in return of what color was Mrs. Masham's new hood, and whether the queen had yet adopted the fashion of my last commode whether her grace of Marlborough had yet left off the philomot-colored petticoat of which we are all so weary,—well! But what news can your devout sister send you from the dull convent?"

"Nay, your grace is jesting now! Every word that comes from Bruges, and tells me of the dear, dear friends of my childhood, is precious to me."

"I can well believe it." replied the duchess with a winning frankness; "for dearly do I love a letter from old Eupheme Stuart the sister of our minister at Ethy; and I would often rather sit and con over her prosy epistle than dress myself for a court ball. But you know, Lady Nithsdale, that all other considerations must give way before our loyalty to our monarch."

"Most true, your grace," answered the Lady Nithsdale, in a tone of voice which showed she thought of the "king over the water," while the volatile duchess watched her with a laughing and malicious countenance.

"Oh, my dearest countess !" she exclaimed, "do you know how you have patched yourself in a most factious manner! For Heaven's sake, remove that shocking patch on the wrong side of your face! it might lead to much mischief. It is an old saying, that extremes meet; and they say that some of the discomfited Whigs are even now plotting with the Jacobites. This is a season when it behoves every one to be most discreet in such tokens of sentiment and your imprudent patching might bring suspicion on your good lord."

"Does your grace speak of the mole on my right temple?

"Is it indeed a mole? I pray your pardon, dearest cousin. But this is very sad! quite a misfortune ! Do you not know we all of late express our political opinions after this fashion? may perceive I always wear a patch on the left side

of my chin, to evince my loyalty."

"If such be the case, my loyalty is born with
me, and cannot cease but with my life!" replied the Countess of Nithsdale, whose feelings were to strong and so devoted she could not jest or banter on the

"Treason! treason!" exclaimed the duchess: we shall have to put you on trial for still higher crimes and misdemeanors."

"A prisoner cannot be tried for two offences at once, and your grace has not brought the first accusation to an end," interposed the Earl of Nithsdale, somewhat anxious to give the conversation an-

"To tell you the honest truth, my lord, I thought the evidences seemed likely to go against myself, and I was not forry to drop the prosecution. We will let the judgment go by default ! Is that good law, my Lord Privy Seal, for you should understand these matters?" she continued, turning to her husband with an air of mock solemnity.

"You are a madcap, Christian!" replied the duke, who, while he half attempted to repress her lively sallies, listened to them with pleased amusement, and, like the mother of a spoiled child, looked round upon the company to see if they also did not applaud her wit and grace.

In truth, though she was somewhat the spoiled child of fortune, no one could wish her other than she was. What in another would have been frivologs or impertment, in her was graceful and most fitting. She was in the vein for playful malice, and with an air of mock penitence, replied, "Well, then. my lord, I will be most staid and serious. I will not play one single game at ombre to-night, but I will sit by my gentle cousin's side, and learn of her to ply my needle as good housewives and virtuous matrons should;" and seating herself on a low stool in the window, she fell to sorting and choosing shades of silks, till she had confused and mixed

them all. "I must look at you, fair cousin," she added suddenly, "to learn how I should begin; but methicks you have not chosen your colors with that taste which all admire in whatever else you do. Surely a white rose on that pale blue ground lack contrast: a red rose, or a tulip, or a piony, would better please the eye; a white rose is to my mind but a mean and insipid flower," she added, with a side-

long glance at Lady Nithstale.
"In my eyes it is the fairest flower that blows," replied the countess. "This stoolis for my mother; and well may the white rose be dear to the widow, and the daughter, of the Duke of Powis!"

"Well may it be dear, for it has cost you dear, or rather it might have cost you dear, had it not been for our gracious sovereign's clemency in restoring to your brother his estates. Now own, sweet coz, that never was Old England so great or so glorious as, she is at present; our navies triumphant, our armies crowned with laurels, our commerce flourishing, our colonies prospering, our negotiations successful,-anything else, my lord duke? for I often hear a recapitulation of our glories, and I ought to know them by heart."

" Nay, dearest cousin, I do not understand such communicated to the government; and, in truth, cannot loose us from our allegiance." "Nay, nay, constancy to a falling cause is treason,

not allegiance; for you know Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason That when it prospers, none dare eall it treason."

"Methinks, if any are guilty of treason, it is not those who, through weal and through woe-through danger and distress, at the risk of their fortunes and their persons-preserve their fidelity to the king of their ancestors!"

The Earl of Nithsdale turned a warning glance

upon his wife, whose feelings had for a moment outrun her prudence. The blood rushed into her face —her eyes filled with tears.

"Nay, dearest cousin, you are moved. Forgive my giddy bantering, and trust me, that whether Whig or Tory, Protestant or Catholic, Jacobite or not, I love you dearly; and if ever there should arise occasion to prove it, you shall not find your cousin Christian Montrose wanting." And she threw her arms around her neck, and embraced Lady Nithsdale with a warm-hearted frankness which caused their playful dispute to draw still closer the bonds of affection between them.

Although the earl would not have denied his attachment to the exiled family, he wished not to be unnecessarily forward in expressing his sentiments. He respected the sincere patriotism of the Duke of Montrose; he did him the justice to believe that it was from firm conviction that he was so strenuous a supporter of the Protestant succession; and it was no matter of surprise to him when, two years afterward, the duke retired from the ministry, rather than support the Earl of Oxford in measures of which his conscience did not approve.

CHAPTER IX.

Wighton's coming, Nithsdale's coming, Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming, Derwentwater and Foster's coming, Withrington and Nairne's coming: Little wot ye who's coming, Blythe Cowhill, and a's coming. The Chevalier's Muster-roll.

The queen's health was now declining; and Lord Nithsdale, in common with many others of his party, looked forward to the chance of a peaceable restoration of the Stuarts.

His impartial judgment acknowledged that, under the rule of Anne, England enjoyed a more than common measure of prosperity; and, though she was not the rightful keir, still it was Stuart blood which ran in her veins. He augured, from her relations of the latter of the relation silence upon the address of both houses of parliament, urging her to press the Duke of Lorraine and her other allies to exclude the Pretender from their dominions, and from her open disapprobation of the Elector's sitting in the house of peers as the Duke of Cambridge, or even taking up his abode in England, that her secret inclinations were in favor of her brother.

All these considerations combined to render Lord Nithsdale unwilling to disturb the tranquillity of his native land; and it was with satisfaction that he found month after month clapse without his being called upon to sacrifice either the peace of his country, or the principles of loyalty in which he had been brought up.

The moment, however, came at length, in which conflicting duties made it difficult for the most conscientious to preserve a fame untarnished, or so to conduct themselves that their motives should not be liable to misconstruction. If, in times comparatively settled, when loyalty and patriotism may and ought to go hand-in-hand, it is difficult for public men to steer clear of suspicion, we should not be too severe on those who were exposed to trials, and placed in difficulties, from which all are now hap-

pilv exempt. Queen Anne died; and it might have afforded a lesson to both the claimants to her throne, that she, under whom this country had ranked higher in the scale of nations than at any previous period of its history-under whom the British arms had been crowned with unexampled success—under whom no British subject's blood had been shed for treason that "good Queen Anne," the mild and merciful. sank a victim to mental anxiety, a martyr to the harassing dissensions of her ministers and of her confidential friends and favorites. But when was such a lesson of any avail? The prize was sought by both parties with unabated ardor, and Lord Nithsdale's hopes that the title of King James the

Third might be acknowledged were quickly blasted. The Duke of Montrose, true to the Protestant cause, hastened to Edinburgh, there to assist in the proclamation of the Elector, and the Jacobites lost no time in communicating with the Pretender.

Both pity and indignation had been roused in the Earl of Nithadale's bosom, when, upon the queen's leath, the King of France intimated to the chevalier that it was expected he would immediately quit his territories, and return to Lorraine; and when, on the other hand, the King of England refused an audience to the minister of Lorraine till the unfortunate exile was removed from his master's dominions.

That the descendant of a long line of monarchs should thus be hunted from country to countrythat the lawful sovereign of one of the fairest realms of Europe should not have where to lay his head, overcame all other considerations; and it was with zealous passion that he joined himself with the Earls of Mar, Carnwarth, Kenmure, and the other most ardent Jacobites. It was the generous impulse of compassion for the injured-indignation, reckless of the consequences, which prompted his conduct, rather than hope of seeing their efforts crowned with success.

While others were elated at the unpopularity of the king, whose foreign language, manners, and habits were not calculated to please the multitude, and who, by the favor shown exclusively to the Whigs, had indisposed the Tories, with whom lay the great mass of landed property, Lord Nithsdale perceived that the new monarch was determined, spirited, and active. While others relied on the secret assistance which Louis the Fourteenth, notwithstanding his engagements with England, afforded to the chevalier, Lord Nithsdale was convinced, from the effectual measures taken to defeat them, that the chevalier's designs must be by some means

things; but I know full well that adverse fortune the Earl of Stair, the English Ambassador at Paris, found means to discover, and transmitted to his own court, all the plans and intentions of the Pretender, while yet in embryo.

Not many months after the king's accession, some tumults and riots took place, which tended greatly to raise the spirits of the more sanguine; and ven to Lord Nithsdale himself seemed to augu. well for the ultimate result.

Those who celebrated the king's birthday were insulted; while on the following day, which was the anniversary of the Restoration, the whole city was illuminated, and its streets re-echoed with the sounds of mirth and rejoicing.

The government, aware that the spirit of disaffection was making considerable progress, adopted measures of some severity towards the Scottish Jacobites; they resolved that all who were in any degree liable to suspicion should be summoned to appear at Edinburgh, and there required to give bail for their peaceable behavior.

The Earl and Countess of Nithsdale were one evening on the bowling-green of their castle of Terreagles, watching the gambols of their children: the little Lord Maxwell, a stout, bold boy, was exerting all his might to drag one of the garden seats up the steep grass bank. He had turned it upside down; had stuck in it a tall staff, with a handkerchief for its streamer; and having christened it "his gallant vessel, the lloyal James," had laden it with all the bowls and bowling-pins he could find scattered about the grass.

The parents for a moment forgot the disputed succession to the throne, the claims of James the Third, the dangers which beset their country, the perils which awaited themselves—lost in the pride and delight of watching the enger-spirited boy, whose sua-burned cheek was flushed with the exertion, every muscle called into action, every sinew strained, as by turns he pushed, and dragged, and shoved his unwieldly plaything.

"He is a brave boy, is he not, my lord?" exclaimed Lady Nithsdale, looking into her husband's face, her eyes beaming with maternal pride; " ne will not bring disgrace upon the Maawellst Methinks he may one day fight as gallantly for his king and country as his ancestors have done before

"God bless him!" ejaculated the earl; and he turned half away, ashamed of the emotion which suddenly surprised him.

At that moment a servant approached, and delivered to him the summons issued by government, requiring his attendance at Edinburgh, there to offer bail for his good behavior, under pain of being denounced a rebel.

"Winifred, my love, the decisive moment is arrived," said Lord Nithsdale, turning to his lady with a sad, a serious, but a determined air. "I am here ordered to Edinburgh; a summons I cannot and will not obey. I am henceforward a robel to the existing government. The die is cast. Alas! alas! for this poor land! Let the event be what it may, ruin and desolation must fall on many. Blood must flow!—the bland of our country fred, it is an awful thing to take the first step which must inevitably lead to civil war!"

" Nay, nay, my lord; if our gracious prince but set foot upon his native land, all loyal hearts will at once acknowledge him. Was not his uncle's restoration bloodless? and was not the public mind less prepared for such an event than at the present moment? Oh, think more hopefully, my dear, dear lord! The 'rose of snow' will be triumphant vet!"

The earl shook his head sorrowfully. "I cannot join in the sanguine hopes of those who think this matter can be brought to a speedy termination. I tremble, Winifred,-nay, do not look at me as though you scarcely believed, and yet blamed me," he contined, with a smile in which there was little mirth. "I tremble for my native land: God knows I honestly and sincerely wish for its welfare. During the just and mild reign of the late queen, it would have gone hard with me to assist in any disturbance, for her people were happy; but now, when a stranger and a foreigner persecutes my rightful sovereign — when he is driven, like a hunted beast, from one land to another-when all the persons of note in the country are prosecuted. banished, or disgraced-when my honored friend and consin the Duke of Ormond's name and armorial bearings are razed from out the list of peers; his achievement as Knight of the Garter taken down from St. George's Chapel,-no, it is not in mortal man to sit down calmly under this tyranny! I should disgrace my name, my ancestors! Let the success be what it may, it shall never be said that William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, proved false to the cause of his king through coward fear of the event!"

Lady Nithsdale watched his kindling countenance with love and awe: the color flushed into his pale cheek; his eyes, so full of care, gleamed from beneath the coal-black eyebrows.

"King James must succeed," she cried; "a few such spirits as my noble lord's must carry victory with them. Let the king but set foot in Scotland----'

"Yes, Winifred," he resumed, and an expression of care again stole over his countenance; " let the king come in person, and come quickly !-but, alas! he is in the hands of those who use him for their own purposes. I fear-but I scarcely dare own the fear to myself-that he lacks that decision, that boldness, that promptitude of action, which in such an undertaking are so indispensably requisite! Why is he not here even now? Why does not the Earl of Mar receive his commission? Yes, Winifred, I tremble. Should we plunge our native land in strife, should the 'rose of snaw' be indeed steeped in ruddie heart's bluid,' and should we fail in our object, shall we not have much to answer for ?"

At that moment the little Lord Maxwell came running to his parents, breathless and exulting :-"I have towed the Royal James to land, father; there she is in port!"

"Oh, take this for a good omen, my lord!" said. Lady Nithsdale, kissing the boy. Lord Nithsdale shook his head; but, bending over the boy, he kissed. him likewise."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]