VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1876.

NO. 39.

ACENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

	:	per ann'm	
New York Tablet,	Weekly	\$3	00
u u Freeman's Journal	"	3	00
" " Gatholic Review,	££	3	20
Boston Pilot	46	2	50
Dublin Nation	"	3	50
" Weekly News	41	2	50
London Tablet	46	6	50
" Register	44 ,	4	50
New York Catholic World	Monthly	4	50
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London Month	"	7	50
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	370		

JUST RECEIVED, A fine LITHOGRAPH of BISMARCK-"SATAN

AND THE CHURCH"-size 19x24 inches,

Price, 25 cts.
It represents Bismarck attempting to pull down
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JUST RECEIVED,

SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,

who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.

We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUB-JECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871.

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IN MEMORIAM

Of Mary A. Ford, wife of Augustine Ford, Esq., brother of the Editor of the Irish World, who departed this life on the 18th of April, 1876. She was known in literature as "Una." Many of the deceased lady's poems have appeared from time to time in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS. The following verses "In Memorian" are from the pen of William Collins, Esq., the poet of the Irish World :-

Well may the fond and cherished few Who watched her latest breath, Mourn darkly o'er the grave of her Whose light is dimmed in death. And well may mother Erin sigh Above her hallowed clay, For never from her azure sky

Were freedom's towering altar raised Within our own bright land, Did freedom's fearless banner blaze On Irish sea or strand, A nation round her grave would mourn,

A nation's tears would flow. And from its inmost heart resound The piercing note of woe.

Ah! Una, blithesome was your heart As stream that pours along, Lit up with light and melody, And sunshine, love and song And pure and spotless as the dew The shamrock's petals bear

Were the bright hopes and burning thoughts Eashrined and cherished there. The harp—our ancient bardic harp,—
Thrilled to thy magic hand, In tones of sweetest minstrelsy,

For love of motherland: And breathed as if around its chords The soul of freedom hung, As gushed the glorious melody A Sappho might have sung.

It told of Erin's hopes and joys, fler aspirations high, And of her brehons, chiefs, and bards Who dared for Erin die. And not in weak and trembling tone

Or spirit tame or cold, But like the clash of battles spears The glorious cadence rolled. It lit in every Irish breast,

And kindled into flame The burning hopes and longings linked With Erin's honored name, And taught the wronged and injured slave To wear his chains no more, But gazing proudly to the sun,

Might upward shine and soar. As lightning through the darkness leaps, Night's shadows to illume,

So in its vivid brightness burst Thy sunlight through our gloom. Though brief the light that dazzling shone,

Yet while time's cycle rolls, Its warmth and love shall cheer us on, And burn within our souls.

Hushed is the harp: no more its swell Shall freedom's notes prolong; Silent the heart whose breathings were The very soul of song; Pulseless and cold, that woke the chords

To freedom's thrilling tone, Whose every life-throb, every thought, And hope was Erin's own.

Sweet be thy sleep. We do not weep Above thy hallowed dust, God's love is surest recompense

For those who love and trust. And though our hearts are dark to see Our brightest from us torn, Una, we do not weep for thee, But for ourselves we mourn.

rn, April 18.

BROOKLYN, April 18.

COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

WINIFRED.

CHAPTER XVII .- (Continued.)

BY LADY DACRE ..

"Hush, hush, dearest!-remember the children:

they must not be orphans:-but we will not unnerve ourselves; I have still much to hear; as yet I have thought but of myself,—I blush that private feeling should so wholly have engrossed me. Did you see the king? for thus I must still call him, though I well see that he is fated never to rule over this land. And I begin to think that it might not be for the general weal that he should do so. The actual sight of civil war makes one view matters in a different light."

"Yes, my dearest lord, I waited on his majesty at Scone; for I imagined you would have wished me so to do.

" Assuredly, assuredly!"

"Though many whom we believed to be his most faithful adherents heeded not the summons to attend him, I thought that my dear lord would be the more anxious I should not be backward in my ser-

"My Winifred judged of my feelings as she is ever wont. And did the king receive you graciously?"

"Yes, graciously; they told me most graciously: but I know not how it was; he seemed ill at ease, suffering in body and mind. He said as much, I suppose, as is usual and fitting; and yet, methought, under the circumstances, there lacked something of that warmth which might have relighted the expiring flame of loyalty in one's bosom."

"The expiring flame of loyalty in your bosom, my Winifred! If I had spoken so, having seen all I have seen—

"Oh! but I have seen enough! I passed through the blackened ruins of the burned village,-burned by his own orders. I saw the houseless inhabitants of what once were flourishing and happy homes; I saw the helpless children perishing in the snow, the old and the infirm without a shelter; I saw the de-solated fields: and had heard—oh! I had heard how the noblest of the land had been treated on their approach to this city, and I felt that it was for his sake that my husban! had been pinioned, that his hands had been tied with cords; for his sake that he had been exposed to the gibes of the multitude! And there he stood, cold and unmoved, and 'hoped my good lord's health continued unimpaired!'-Oh! at that moment my loyalty died within me! and I felt—oh! how agonizingly did I feel—that we had sacrificed all for one who was so little worthy of the sacrifice."

"Alas! I have, as you know, long feared that such was the case. His spirit has been early crushed and it does not possess the elasticity to spring up again. They still retain Perth. Do they expect to hold it?"

"The proclamation orders that a public thanksgiving for King James's safe arrival should take place on the 26th; but there were vague rumors that the Earl of Mar had resolved to evacuate the town; still these were only rumors."

"A thanksgiving for his safe arrival!" Lord Nithsdale repeated with a faint sad smile; "one for his safe departure would be more to the purpose, I fear. Did you see the king but once?"
"It was on my return from Scone I received the

good duchess's letter, and you may well imagine I did not linger on the way." "Some one told me the roads were impassable

from the snow; that all carriages were stopped, and that even the post was delayed; so I did not look for you to cheer me yet."
"I rode from York," she replied, "with Walter

Elliot, and our faithful Amy Evans" "You, Winifred, who never could be persuaded to amount the gentlest and best paced palfrey!

"Oh! I forgot those foolish fears, those fears which were bred of too much happiness, and of befear but one—that of being delayed on my journey.' "My own love! that soul of thine will ever have the mastery over that fragile form "

"Hark! The clock strikes. I have but a few moments more. The hour is wearing away. I have seen the duchess, and she has told me to whom I must most strenuously apply; and she has warned me that I must not do what, as you may well believe, my heart would prompt,—share your prison. I must be at liberty to act in your service; but I have bribed a kindly guard, and he will admit me when it is possible. I understand others, without the holy claim I have, gain access to some within the walls: so, trust me, I shall soon be here again: and, as I hope, with news to cheer us both." Lord Nithsdale shook his head slightly, but then, with an assumed cheerfulness, listened to what she had to communicate. "Lord Danby and Lord Notting-ham are friendly; the Duke of Richmond, though Lady Nithsdaler not friendly, cannot be forward in the prosecution, related as he is to Lord Derwentwater; and I feel persuaded the next news from Scotland will be such as to quiet the fears of government."

"And is the time come when one calculates upon the failure of the cause to which one's self and all one's house have ever been devoted?"

"Nay! can I now think of any cause but my own dear lord's? such days are past, and gone for ever! To accomplish all that may be compassed with honor is now my first, my only object!" and she tore herself from the husband who, whatever might be her devotion to him, repaid her with the nounced on the ninth of February. love and reverence he might feel for a guardian angel.

She was gone! He remained in his solitude, gazing upon the door through which she had disappeared, and almost doubting whether he had been blessed with her actual presence, or whether it had been a cheering vision vouchsafed to him in mercy.

How often had he thought that were she near to part of his present condition was the entire separation from her who was the partner of all his feelHe listened to the details of all she had done, and

anxieties. But alas! while life was so dreary, so irksome, it was far less precious to him than when the sight of her had brought before him all he was ject. to lose. He was sad, hopeless, resigned, before .-He felt that, if wrong, he had not been wilfully so in the course he had pursued; he consoled himself with the reflection that no stain could rest on his fair fame; that though his name might be attainted, he left behind him to his children a character of unblemished honor. He had deliberately, and with a little hope of any better result than the present, upheld the pretensions of the prince for whom he was now suffering; and he felt it would not become him to repine at an event to which he had

always looked forward as probable.

At honorable death in battle, a more awful one on the scaffold, or at best an eternal banishment, were the alternatives which he had ever contemplated; and he thought he had schooled his mind to acquiesce calmly in the fulfilment of that which awaited him, although it might be the least wel-

come of the three.
Once more to see his beloved wife, to pour forth all his thoughts and feelings into her bosom, to deliver to her his last injunctions concerning his children, to arrange with her some plan for her future life, to give and to receive the last adieus, and then placidly and composedly to lay his head upon the block,—such had been the course in which he had guided his feelings and reflections.

He had seen her! He had felt how dearly he was loved! He had felt what charms life still possessed for him! He had also felt how utterly impossible it was that she could ever acquiesce as he did in his fate—how completely her happiness was bound up in his! And where were now the resignation, the cheerful submission, the philosophical indifference with which he had brought himself to anticipate his probable sentence?

Never since the first night he had become an in-mate of the Tower, had he experienced such a struggle of conflicting feelings! The picture which he had himself drawn of the gradual approach of age, of the happiness of descending hand in hand into the vale of years, had awakened a desire of life which he had hoped no longer lurked within his bosom, and it required the aid of prayer to subdue, and all the pride of man to conceal, the agitation of his

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is God's indulgence which gives me the space, but man's cruelty that gives me the sad occasion,

for these thoughts.

Rikon Basilike.

The greater part of the night which succeeded the Earl of Nithsdale's interview with his wife, was spent by him in restlessiy measuring with hasty strides the mean apartment to which he was confined.

In the morning he obtained permission to refresh himself by walking on the leads over the warders' lodgings, an indulgence occasionally granted to the prisoners.

The fresh air, chilly as it was, and loaded with London smoke, revived him; and as he paced the narrow limits, his eye turned involuntarily to-London Bridge. As he watched he saw one whose sails were beginning to be unfurled, while all was bustle, hurry, and confusion on board; she was getting under weigh, and he sighed to think how impossible to be surmounted were the obstacles which interposed between him and the vessel which seemed so near.

His eye dropped, and tested on the Traitor's Gate, and he almost thought he once more heard the jarring sound of the iron bolts and bars which had closed behind him.

As his eye passed on, it was arrested by the Bloody Tower, which, as some say, was the spot in which the tragic murder of the young princes was acted. "They knew not the pains of life," he thought, "neither knew they its joys! They knew not that mutual affection which so painfully yet so sweetly attaches one to existence! But there," and he looked upon the stone which marks the place where Lord Guilford Dudley and Lady Jane Grey were executed - "there did two pure creatures, bound to each other by every holy tie of faith and love, yield up their innocent spirits. ing too tenderly cared for; I never thought of any | They, who had scarcely tasted of Lappiness,—the cup was snatched from their lips ere they could fully know its sweetness! They would have esteemed themselves most blessed, could they have been assured of as many years of mutual affection, of wedded bliss, as I have already enjoyed. Alas for you, innocent victims of the ambition of others ! When I remember you. I must not repine! And there, again I" as his thoughts followed the oljects on which his eye dwelt,—"that was the prison of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn,—pampered with flattery, surrounded with pomp, enervated by splen-dor, only to be the more cruelly and suddenly plunged into the depths of misery and disgrace. No | no | I must not repine !"-and he again schooled his mind to resignation and submission. "I have neither met with falsehood nor with ingratitude! my honor is not impeached! I must not, Lady Nithsdale meanwhile was not inactive She

visited the Countesses of Derwentwater and Wintoun; and they agree that, should the sentence not prove favourable, they would together present a petition to parliament, and in the intervening space of time that each should exert her private influence with those in power, to win as many as possible to their interest. She visited her husband's cousin, the Duchess of Buccleugh, and obtained the duke's promise to present a petition, should the necessity occur; and having taken every measure that p u dence could dictate, she had but to await in tremulous anxiety the sentence which was to be pro-

She frequently contrived to see her lord, though she was always obliged to do so by stealth. These visits, although so ardently desired by both, were to

both hours of bitter anguish.

The Earl of Nithsdale, fully aware of the feeling which prevailed against him, anticipated but too justly the sentence which would be pronounced, and could not bring himself to echo the hopeful console and to support him, he could meet his fate sentiments with which his wife buoyed up her without a muchur. He fancied that the bitterst spirits; neither had he the heart fully to express to

which saddened and dispirited her, although she could not, she would not, adopt his view of the sub-

This produced a certain reserve. She felt he restrained his own feelings for her sake, that he smothered the anticipations of which she could not endure to hear the utterance; and the open communication of thought was at an end! She dared not allude to the future, his countenance so plainly expressed there was no future for him; and they both shrunk from a recurrence to the joys of that dear home which neither hoped again to inhabit.

To a third person it would often have appeared strange that under such circumstances, a wedded pair, so devotedly attached, should be able to dwell at such length upon thr public affairs of the day, and to discuss with so much interest the movements in Scotland.

But the earl could not be indifferent as to what befell the prince to whom he had sacrificed himself; while lady Nithsdale, on the contrary, since her interview with the chevalier, in which her feelings had been so little gratified, and looked on him as the unworthy ebject for which her happiness had been wrecked. As her sorrows pressed more heavily upon her, she felt more and more that he had seemed careless of the sufferings of others. As her fears increased, and as her hopes diminished, she more and more resented the cold inquiry after "the health of the earl, her husband;" and the behaviour, which at the time had only seemed measured and unsatisfactory, assumed, as she dwelt upon it, the character of selfish hardness

Alas I the keen edge of sensibility must have been blunted long ere this in the heart of the unfortunate Chevalier de St. George! Inured to misfortune, he appears to have been stupified by it. With the resolution already taken to evacuate Perth, three days after that appointed for the general thanksgiving, did the infatuated prince carry on

the pageant of royalty.

The address then offered up—" O Lord, who hast preserved and brought back our dread sovereign King James safely into his own dominions, to the comfort of all those who, is obedience to thy holy word, fear God and honor the king "-could to none present have appeared a more sickening mockery than to the dispirited, desparing descendant of a hundred kings.

Surrounded by a scanty train of heart-broken attendants, in the midst of those very counsellors who had declared the absolute necessity of abandoning the only town of importance which they yet held -the very spot where they were assembled in prayer and thanksgiving, did he listen to the words
"Bow the hearts of all his subjects as one man, so that they may only contend who shall be the first to bring the king to his own house."

When, upon the approach of the Duke of Argyle, a vague rumor arose, that it was purposed to retire before the enemy without striking a blow, the indignation of the Highlanders knew no bounds. The love of fighting, inherent in that hardy race, had caused them to look forward with joy and alacrity to the desperate conflict which they imagined

But when they found that the unwelcome report was only too true, grief and disappointment turned all to rage, and they assailed their officers as they passed in the streets with every species of reproach. "What can we do?" was the answer of one who was supposed to be intimately acquainted with the counsels of the Earl of Mar.

"Do!" replied the Highlander. "Letus do that for which we were called in arms, which certainly was not to run away."

Nor was the retreat carried into effect without meeting with strenuous and vehement opposition, even in the council of the chevalier; although, atter much violence of discussion, at length it was agreed by the majority, that to attempt the defence of Perth would be an act of desperate chivalry.

To appease the feelings of those who appeared most irritated, it was given out that a halt was to take place at Aberdeen, where supplies of foreign troops were expected.

It was on the 30th of January, the anniversary of his grandfather's martyrdom, that the chevalier's Highland army filed off upon the ice, which, as the Earl of Mar had anticipated, rendered the Tay, it of no avail as a protection, no impediment to the movement which he even then projected.

The town was immediately occupied by a body of the Duke of Argyle's dragoon's. The chevalier arrived at the seaport town of Montrose, from whence it was his intention to make his escape by ses. To mask his design of thus relinquishing his ill-concerted attempt, and abandoning the faithful few who still adhered to him, his equipage and horses were brought out before the gate of his lod, ings, and his guards were mounted, as if te proceed on the journey to Aberdeen.

But before the hour appointed for the march, James had secretly gained the shore, and, accompanied by the Earl of Mar, had safely reached a small vessel which had been prepared for their reception. Thus did he, for the second time, abandon the shores of that land over which so many of his ancestors had reigned, and in which so many of them had given proofs of personal prowess and manly courage. As some of his contemporaries have observed, the only purpose accomplished by this expedition seems to have been that of bringing off in safety his general, the Earl of Mar.

On General Gordon devolved the unwelcome and difficult task of leading to Aberdeen the remains of the Highland army, who were only restrained from acts of insubordination by knowing that the Duke of Argyle's forces hung upon their rear. At Aberdeen a scaled letter, which had been intrusted to General Gordon, was opened according to the chevalier's instructions. In this, after expressing his thanks for the faithful services of his adherents, he gave them full permission to treat with the enemy, or to disperse to their several homes, as might best suit the exigency of the

Thus ended the rebellion, which proved so fatal to many of the noblest houses both of England and Scotland! And the Countess of Nithsdale felt almost relieved when each day brought intelligence of the hopeless condition of the insurgents; for she judged, not unwisely, that the less cause there retion from her who was the partner of all his feelings, the depositary of his sorrows, the sharer of his all she projected, with a gentle, hopeless gratitude, exist o intimidating them by measures of severity.

He listened to the details of all she had done, and mained to fear them, the less need would there which puts to naught the ings, the depositary of his sorrows, the sharer of his all she projected, with a gentle, hopeless gratitude, exist o intimidating them by measures of severity.

The 9th of February, on which day the lords were to receive their sentence in Westminster Hall, was fast approaching. On the 8th, Lady Nithsdale passed some hours with her husband. The hopes to which she had so long and so pertinaciously clung, had gradually given way before the cold and constrained demeanor with which all her inquiries and intercessions had been met. Evasive answers, professions of inability to be of service to her under the present circumstances, declarations that they must not flatter her, were all the satisfaction she could procure from those who might be supposed to know the probable decision of the court.

The earl, always hopeless, looked upon the worn and anxious countenance of his wife, till every feeling for himself was lost in commiscration for her wretchedness. "It will be better for you, my love, when it is all over."

"What mean you?" she replied quickly, wilfully misapprehending his meaning, which it would have been too paintul to comprehend, and vaguely trusting that he would not dare to explain his thoughts more clearly.
"I only mean, this state of supense, dearest

Winifred, has almost worn you out. I shall be glad when the morrow is past, for any certainty is preferable to suspense; though," he added, in a lower tone, "I cannot say it is suspense that I feel."

"Spare me, spare me!" she said; "to-morrow is soon enough; but there is hope-there must be hope! Man is not a wild beast, that he should find pleasure in destruction! When self-preservation no longer impels to cruelty, human sympathies will again influence the heart. James's hasty retreat must set their fears at rest. I must—I will hope!

"Against all reason, dearest!", he added, with a

smile, taking her cold passive hand in his. "My Winifred's firm and well-ordered mind has always hitherto been the stay, and the support of mine: it has been from her gentle lips that I have learned true piety and real submission; from her that I have learned or tried to learn, to bend my will to the decrees of Providence! Her support will not now, in my utmost need, be withdrawn from me; she will not make my task more hard; neither will she say or do aught that shall unsettle my mind, or render me unfit for what is to be done to mor-row. She would not have her husband appear in Westminster Hall before his assembled peers, before the court, and before the people of England, with excited feelings and nerves unstrung! And trust me, when I gaze on you, it is no easy task to face death with composure, and to brace my mind to bear unmoved the sentence which awaits me to-morrow. The love of life, of life with you, is only too strong within this bosom. Speak not to me of hope! I must not admit the notion; but speak to me of that heaven where we may be reunited! Tell me that by unrepining submission I may best make myself worthy of once more meeting you, my love; tell me that life is short, and that we have already enjoyed many years of happiness; that we have already mounted the hill, that we must soon descend it; that probably we have known the best cars of our existence; that before us may be a future of sickness, sorrow, suffering-the death of friends-the loss of children I' He paused; then, overcome with pity, he added, in a broken voice, "Alas, alas!" and shall your gentleness be left to meet these sorrows alone? to buffet with fortune alone? Oh, my poor, poor Winifred! pardon me for having indulged in such sad anticipations; pardon me for having pictured sorrows, which can only be alleviated by being shared! for sickness would not to me be suffering, if tended by you! grief would lose half its sting, if you were near to whisper consolation; and who but the beloved of one's heart can administer comfort under the other deprivations to which I so cruelly alluded . Alas for you, my poor, poor Winifred!"

And the composure which he had so striven to preserve completely gave way when he thus painted to himself the desolation of her whom he should leave behind. He pressed the hand he still held to his lips, and the tears, which he could no longer

restrain, fell fast upon it.
"Hush, hush! not another word," she said: "I will speak neither words of hope nor fear | my own noble lord shall bear himself in the sight of his fellows as it is fitting he should. No weakness of mine shall enervate the manly mind; though my beart-strings crack, I will be composed and firm. And now we will part for the night; we will each to our orisons: prayer and solitude will best s'rengthen us for the morrow. Should your anticipations prove only too correct, there is yet much to be done, and I will seek confidence and calmness from that God who will, I trust, take you this night, and ever, into His holy keeping!"

"Amen to your good wishes, love! (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A SINGULAR HORSE DISEASE .- A horse belonging to Mr. J. R. Smith, was a few days ago discovered to be sick. He gave him rest, and applied such remedies as he thought would relieve him. The other day Mr. Smith thought he would lead him to the river for water. It was a short distance, yet he had not gone more than half way when Mr. S. noticed that one of the horse's fore feet had turned upward in front, leiting the pastern joint came on the ground. He went on this way for a few steps further to the water, drank, and started on the return. The other fore feet turned up in the same way, and the horse was unable to proceed. Being in the street, Messrs. Lester and Helms come, and the three lifted the helpless brute to the side, where he would not be in the way of passing teams, where he stood for a few moments. Both his hind fert then turned in the same way, and he was unable to stand longer. Skillful men were called to see the animal, but could render him no assistance. Indeed, all who saw him said that they never had heard of anything of the kind before. His feet were utterly useless to him, and dangled about as if they were held by the skin only. After satisfying himself that the horse was incurable Mr. Smith mercifully had him killed. The feet were then dissected. Nothing thrushel was discovered the matter except that the joints were perfectly dry. This is a most singular disease; one which puts to naught the skill of our scientific