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THE

LIMERICK VETERAN;

OR

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

BY THE AUTIOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."

(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER VII.-DENIS MAKES PROPOSALS TO THE WIDOW REGAN.

Some little distance from the residence in which the Marshal and Lord Mar resided, apartments had been engaged for the widow, and thither honest Denis bent his steps, the his way crying lustily in his arms. Widow Regan was a pretty little woman, with a clear skin, a pair of flashing black eyes, and hair of the same color, which was neatly gathered together in a snood or net. Her dress. was clean and simple, but coquettishly arranged, and she sat alone at her little breakfast table, on which was spread porridge, milk and banhand, whilst with the disengaged arm she held the orphan child to her breast. "Why, Mr. Denis, man, how you startle a body; and holy St Bridget, why, if it is'nt a baby he's got in his arms. Arrah, thin, bring it to me to kiss; sure, and I love babies. Sorra's the day my own child died, though I ought not to say so, for it's in heaven, it is."

"Be angry wid yourself thin, the beauty that ye are. I-' "Well, what on airth can you do wid a

baby, Mr. Denis? Yez has no wife to look afther it at all, at all." "Whisht, mayourneen; that's just the thing

I came to consult ye about. I want a rale 7 20 purty colleen like yerself, Mrs. Regan, to marry me, if yez know any sich about here. I would say, 'My darlint, will ye take me for small vessel." better, for worse,' and, Mrs. Regan, she should "And the have her lines in her pocket afore the blessed sun sets to-night."

"Ah, Mr. Denis, its the droll boy ye are. I 4 25 know a power o' purty girls in ould Ireland, but niver a one in this place, and that's the thruth of it."

"Ooh, but you do though, Mrs. Regan, and by this token, my darlint, it is yer own sweet self I mane. Say the word, mayourneen, am I too ould or too ugly? If not, I've a purty bit o' money to the fore, good wages, and a kind master, and barrin I'm a bit hot at times, I back; time wears away; two hours hence the

beg lave to say I'm the boy who would make a good husband to the Widow Regan. So make me happy, darlint, and say yes. "Oh, yes, Mr. Denis, sartainly," said the

blushing widow. "I'm sure you have so surprised me. And the wee thing, will I be afther suckling it as well as t'other."

"Yes, ycs, plase, my own darlint. Och, but it is the happy boy I am," said Denis, capering with delight. But now I must go to his honor, and thin to bury the poor woman, God rest her sowl; thin afther that I'll come back to yer, and if we cannot get a priest in this haythenish place, we must be afther gettin the lines as soon as we are in France, and its the happiest couple we'll be in the big, wide world, alanna, and—"

A loud knock at the door interrupted the overjoyed Denis. It was a boy with a message from the Marshal,

"Yer honor must ralely forgive.me," he said, when he reached his master's room, " the purty widow has said she will marry me, and it's the happiest boy in life I am."

"And has she agreed to nurse the baby?" "She took to the wee girleen as if it was the

rale proper thing for her to do. It's the obadiant good wife she'll be afther makin. But. yer honor, I forgot to ask yez kindly to rade those bit lines that dyin sowl gave me; and little waif who had so unexpectedly fallen in sure as it's the duty of a good Christian to position of which he had so indignantly rebury the dead, I must go and put her in a bit jected when first suggested to him, and which grave before the mornin is over." "Thank God, Denis, that we turned our steps in that direction last night," said the Marshal, as he perused the words written on the torn and crumpled sheet of paper. "The poor child's father was a promising young officer well known to Lord Mar. She shall be nocks, pouring out a cup of hot milk with one | reared with the child I have already adopted, and I will amply remunerate your wife that is to be for nursing her." A blank look of disappointment spread itself over the face of honest Denis. Poor fellow, with all the generous impulse of a true Hibernian heart, he had intended to rear the little waif himself. The Marshal observed the cloud pass over his face, and said: "Why, Denis, do you feel sorry to give the child into the keeping of Lady St. John. Remember, my good fellow, your wife may have a family of her own, and, if so, may well spare the child of others; besides, its father was under Lord Mar, and"----

CHAPTER VIII .- OVER TO FRANCE. True to a moment, at the hour the Marshal had appointed, Denis was in attendance.

"The clans march at eight o'clock for Aberdeen, Denis," said his master; "but, before that hour, you will be in readiness to follow the king by a back way to the water-side. He will be accompanied by Lord Mar. A boat will be in readiness to convey him on board a

"And the king's baggage, your honor ?" It has been sent forward with the main body of the army, in order to excite suspicion. For this reason, sentries are as usual placed at the door of his lodgings. Several gentlemen of his household will follow later, joining him in the same vessel. But we have unfortunately two poor infants to look after. Rather awkward baggage," he muttered to himself. "So you must at once hurry to Mrs. Regan and bid her go with you to the vessel directly; see her and her charge safely stowed away, and then hasten king must be on his way to the boat."

Denis bowed in true military fashion, and hastened to Mrs. Regan.

"Its sorry I am, darlint, that you cannot have your lines till we get out of this place; but barrin that, 'tis a lucky colleen yez are, for of my man Denis." shure his honor has sint yez ten gould guineas for a weddin presint, and its married we're to be as soon as we get over to France."

"Ten guineas!" ejaculated Widow Regan, gazing with no small satisfaction at the glittering coin which Denis counted piece by piece into her outstretched hand.

"And now, my darling," he added, "no time must be lost, the masther says, for its this very night yerself and the wee things must go wid me to the vessel."

The Marshal's handsome gift had much to do in soothing Mrs. Regan's feelings under the disappointment she felt at not having become the wife of Denis that very day, and with his help, for he was as handy as any woman, the two babies, which had so strangely fallen in the way of the good Marshal, were snugly wrapped in warm plaids and carried in the arms of the valet and his intended bride to the boat, which the vessel.

Chevalier during the two hours which preceded poor friend's orphan child." that flight from his native country. The pro- "Brave as a lion in the field, my good Mar he had only acceded to later because his best friends and advisers had urged upon him that by so doing he best consulted not only his own personal safety but that of his numerous followeri. Pale and dejected, the unfortunate Prince was seated at a table busily occupied in tracing a few lines to the Duke of Argyll. That letter contained the remains of the money he had brought over from France when about to start on this disastrous expedition.* He begged that it might be distributed amongst the inhabitants of some villages which the necessities of war had compelled his followers to set fire to on his retreat from Perth. His tender conscience thus satisfied, he signified his readiness to depart. Two men whose fidelity could be relied upon had been placed as sentinels before the door of his lodgings, and after a careful reconnoitering of the immediate neighborhood by his friends, the Chevalier stepped cautiously out, attended by Lord Mar, one servant, and Denis. Turning speedily into a dimly-lighted back street, they approached a desolate and little frequented spot which brought them to the water's edge, at which the boat was in readi- either by so-called friends or by the meretriciness which was to carry him to the vessel, and before eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the clans to march, he had embarked, together with several persons of distinction, most of whom marriage with some young Princess. The poor the valet, with Misset, were to act as armed belonged to his household. Every care had been taken by the buxom Widow Regan that her infant charge should be kept as still as rossible, and she succeeded well in her effort, so that when, after several hours had passed, an infant voice was at last heard to give utterance to that particular squall with which we are all more or less acquainted, it you know, of Prince James of Poland, and her gave rise to many curious conjectures and some badinage on the part of the friends of St. John, in which the Ohevalier himself joined, and finally Mrs. Regan was bade to bring the two babies for the inspection of the prince and the other distinguished personages on board. "By my faith, St. John, this is an increase to your family; what will her ladyship say," said the Chevalier, when the burst of laughter, which had greeted the advent of the two infants, had died away. "Like a good dame and gentle lady as she is, your highness, she will yield to them a mother's care. I nothing doubt her willingness in that respect. God hath taken from us our

place.'

"One hath eyes as black as the raven's wing, those of the other are blue as the azure of an Italian sky," muttered the Chevalier. "I pray you, tell me, St. John, what you know of the parentage of these baby specimens of humanity, and how it was, that amidst the perils attendant on our departure, these young damsels fell in your way."

"They have been both made orphans by the evils of our times, your highness. The lassie with eyes of jet is the little waif whose cries we both heard when in the glen two nights since. She was in the care of a dying woman, who gave a paper to my man Denis, declaring her to be the orphan child of a Jacobite gentleman, one Robert Lindsey. The paper, more-over, adds that her maternal grandfather is a woolen merchant of Edinburgh, who turned his daughter out of doors because she had married a Jacobite and a Papist, and that the child bears her mother's name of Margaret. The woman was on her way to Dundee to seek protection from a friend of the child father, when she fell ill. After this paper was written she appears to have bought shelter in that miserable hut in which she expired, in presence

"And what of the blue-eyed bairn, St. John," looking intently at the infant, who, in true baby fashion, held one of his fingers tight in her baby hand. "What may be her parent-age, Marshal. I must have all the ins and outs of these little ones."

"The little blue-eyed lassie, your highness, is of real Milesian extraction. She is named Isabel Fitzgerald, and"---

The Chevalier started at the mention of the name. "Surely," he replied, "you are not about to tell me that this helpless infant is the child of Captain Fitzgerald.'

"The same, your highness; she is his post-humous daughter. His beautiful young wife was on intimate terms with Lady St. John, and begged me to protect her child should she die, and if her life was spared to allow her to accompany me to France. She died at Perth speedily conveyed the nurse and her charge to when the child was but a week old, and true to my promise to the poor young lady, I en-The Marshal remained closeted with the gaged the good woman now present to rear my

only daughter, and hath sent us two to fill her in his person. So that they exerted their vigilance by spies, and intrigues, and villainies in every direction, to prevent him from having a wife.

> A nice business it seems, on looking back through the dim vista of years gone by. One hundred thousand pounds set on his head; and though they had driven "the King over the waters," as the Jacobites called him, to Rome for a refuge, yet this poor Chevalier and. his friends had to carry out their plans by dint of stratagem; because Englishmen at the head of the British Government had elected that he whom they had cast away should not espouse a

> The gallant Irishman, Charles Wogan, who had been in the field at Preston, and then taken prisoner and sent to Newgate, and who had cleverly managed to make his escape, was chosen by the Chevalier as his envoy to the young lady whose hand he sought; and she who had pitied the misfortunes of the Stuart race—and pity is near akin to love, we are told -after all preliminaries were settled, set off with a small escort to meet her future husband at Bologna.

But matters cozed out, as they often do, when of a necessity there are many perforce invited to keep a secret; added to which, we are told, that the Princess was a long time making her preparations, just as ladies do now-adays, I suppose. But, however, be it as it may, it got bruited abroad that the Lady Clementina and her mother were passing through Innspruck in the Tyrol. Whereapon the English Minister at Vienna applied to the Emperer for aid, who, by the way, shines in this rascally piece of business, seeing that this Clementina was the grand-daughter of that John Sobieski, who defcated the Turks before the walls of Vienna.

Nevertheless, there are wheels within wheels in political as well as in private matters. The Emperor cared very little about Clementina's grandfather having saved his own father, and very much for the support which England afforded him in his efforts to acquire fresh possession, and not at all, one may well suppose, about the lovely young girl whom it was just likely might prove a thorn in the side of a certain party in England, as by becoming the bride of the Chevalier she might also perpetuate the Stuart line.

Fancy, young ladies what your feelings would be, if on your way to meet your future husband, you were suddenly arrested and put in confinement, as was this Clementina. In company with he: mother she was arrested and detained under guard of General Heister, at lanspruck. More powerless than the meanest man in the land to obtain an act of justice, such as the immediate liberation of his intended bride, the Chevalier was fain to allow Wogan to descend to stratagem in order to extricate the Princess from the position in which she was placed by the vigilance of the English Government. He obtained fietitious passports, and induced three of his own kinsmen to help him carry out his plans. He decided that they, with one trusty valet, should form the male portion of the party. Mrs. Misset, the wife of Captain Misset, one of Wogan's relations, was prevailed on to lend her aid and personate the aunt of the Princess, and a smart, intelligent maid of her own, by name Jeannette, was to be introduced to her, change clothes with her, and remain in her bed for one day after the flight of the latter, in order to deceive her Austrian keepers and lead them to believe she was still under their charge. Wogan had taken out passports as for the Count and Countess de Cernes, who were traveling to the Santa lake at Loretta. The supposed Count and his wife were one Major outriders. Clad in a shabby hood and riding habit, both made in the English fashion, Jeannette, pleading that the Princess required her attendance on some feminine occupation, was allowed to pass unquestioned, the gentleman usher, Chateaudean, having asked permission to let her out at what hours he pleased. No fear as to the chance of failure dismayed the mind of Clementina; on the contrary, the excitement was a source of pleasure to her .---a throne, should the Chevalier finally succeed She was infinitely delighted at the hope that in wresting the crown of his forefathers from after all she and her friends might prove more than a match for the cold calculating policy of the English Ambassador and the crafty Emperor, who, to answer his own selfish political ends, was prosecuting even to imprisonment the grand-daughter of the man who had so heroically delivered Vienna from the Turkish army.

"Och, thin, mayourneen, cast the light of your bright black eyes on my girleen, and tell me if this one is'nt prettier a dale than the wee thing the Marshal gave you to suckle."

"Nay, thin, Mr. Denis, I shall not go far to say that same," and the pretty widow laid the pretty Margaret on her lap beside the other child, adding, "but I do myself think black eyes the prettier by a dale; the wee thing is smart enough shure."

* Ab, mayourneen, and ye have the sparkling black eye yourself that dales death and distruction to a poor boy's heart, The wee thing is widout food; give it the suck, darlint, and let me dandle t'other fer you a bit. Jist plase a boy, honey, and do as he asks you,"

Scarce knowing why she complied with his request, Mrs. Regan took the famished little waif in her arms. It at once nestled itself in her arms as if it was in its own natural and nourishment nature destines for infants, though hitherto its little existence had been chiefly derived from goat's milk.

"Well, thin, ralely, Mr. Denis, but the wee thing is pretty, and where on airth did you meet wid her ; whose girleen is it ?"

These questions followed rapidly one on the other ere Denis could reply.

"Well, thin, honey, the truth of the matter is, I found the baby in a bit hut in a glen. The ould sowl who had care of her was dyin fast, and that makes me remimber, darlint, I wife on one and the same day. must look till her barial. I fetched away the

"Arrah, yer honor, what you plase to say is the truth entirely, and I would be afther doin the purty girleen an injury to keep her in my humble home."

"Well, then, Denis," replied the Marshal, placing ten sovereigns in his man's hand, " you will give this to Mrs. Regan as a small present from myself, and I advise you not to think of marrying till your return to St. Germains. You have to go to the hut and get some one to bury the old nurse; it will be late in the afternoon before you can get back, and in the evening, well"-and here the Marshal paused, as if proper place, and drew forth right heartily the net knowing how to proceed; then he added, "I may require your attendance on myself."

> Denis was profuse in his thanks for the present to his intended bride, and the Marshal having supplied him with abundant means to defray the expenses of the interment of the dead woman, as well as a present for the wretched inmate of the hut, he set off on his errand; nor did he make his appearance again till the afternoon had somewhat advanced, thus verifying the truth of the Marshal's words, that he could not bury the dead and marry a

When the faithful servant returned to the girleen, and his honor has given me lave to Marshal's apartments, he found him closeted bring up the wee Maggie. Your own name, with the Earl of Mar. After a while, on the darlint, is'nt is the thruth?

"Ralely, Mr. Denis, I must beg you not to "You are a trusty man, Denis," said the darlint me so often. It is not the decent thing Marshal. "I shall have much work for you

shal, and yet tender and compassionate as a woman," said the Chevalier. "I wonder now what fate has in store for you, my little ones. Your lot hitherto has not been as bad as it might have been, seeing that the Marshal St.

John had you under his wing." In order to escape the vigilance of the English cruisers, who maintained a sharp lookout for the exiled Prince, it was deemed safest to make over to Norway and coast along the shores of Germany and Holland; having done which the Prince and his companions arrived safely at Gravelines, between Dunkirk and Calais, five days after the flight from Montrose.

CHAPTER IX .--- A PRINCE AT A DISCOUNT.

It has been well said of the most unfortunate Stuart race, that they were in advance of the times in which their troubled lot was cast .---The pages of history also reveal to us the fact that they were gifted with great affability and natural kindliness of disposition.

The flight of the unfortunate Chevalier de St. George, who undoubtedly was the King of England, as to hereditary succession, terminated the Rebellion, as it was called, of 1715.

* Easy, good natured and naturally inclined to indolence, the Chevalier was easily led astray, ous beauties by whom he was speedily surrounded, and his true friends and advisers looked anxiously forward to the time of his Gaydon and Mrs. Misset. Captain O'Toole, Chevalier, however, was at a terrible discount in the matrimonial market.

But a fair, amiable and high-spirited Princess came to the rescue. I wish I could tell you that in the end he requited her love as he ought to have done. Some seventeen years old was Clementina Sobieski. She was daughter, young heart became deeply interested in the fute of the last scion of the Stuart race, and dazzled, too, perhaps, at the glittering prospect of the Elector of Hanover. She joyfully acceded to the proposal of the envoy of James, when he presented himself at her father's court.

Of course, one may easily understand that it was death to the plots and plans of the Whig Government of him who really occupied the throne of England, this overture of marriage on the part of the unfortunate man who had

To be Continued.

been despoiled of his birthright. If he remained unmarried, well and good; of the people should be to cultivate common sense. The sim of all intellectual training for the mass the male hereditary line would become extinct to qualify them for forming a sound, practical uaring zo so often. It is not the dagent thing starshal. "I shall have much work for you at all, at all; and my dear bey, the Sergeant to do before the night is over; do not fail to not been a year cowld in his grave," a with me at an o'clock:" (acut manual 10 and 10