OR THE

PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

A TALE OF CASTELFIDARBO.

Translated from the Flemish of the Rev. S Daems Canon Regular of the Order of Premonstratensians. (Abbey of Tongerloc, Belgium.)

CHAPTER IV. - (CONTINUED.)

11 go to Rome, mother? But I have never learned my letters.2

Silly boy, you want no learning; you must go to Rome to fight.'

· To fight, mother. You always told me when I was a boy that I must never fight.'

· To fight in the streets or with your companions, like a good for nothing boy-certainly not; but this is quite another matter. You must go and fight for the Pope.

What for, mother? What are they going to do to him?

To take away his land; to drive him out of Rome; who knows? perhaps to murder him; that's what they are going to do to him. Mar tin, you know what I taught you when you were a child, that the Pope is our Father, and that we must love him as our Father, and therefore as you would have helped your dead father when he was alive, so you must now go and help the

Pope.?

You said so just now. But what can the The cause of press and monks? Pope do with me alone to help him?

· Foolish fellow, you are not going alone .-Volunteers are setting off from every country to Rome; many are already gone from our own land. Well, why do you stand there hesitating? You are going, I hope?

Going! surely; for the Pope is the Pope and we are his children. But-

What's the use of but? There are no but's

wanted bere.

Only how to find the way, hesitated Martin; I have never been there."

true. I ought to have told you at the beginning take care of him, for I trust him in your hands. who has put this folly into your head. You know very well whom your mother has to debt. and if ever you see Joseph in danger, spare not your life to save him."

Enough said, mother; I will go. Why it? And yet,' he hesitated.

What now then? asked Teresa a little impatiently.

When I am gone, mother, you will be all

alone in the world 'Come, come, good youth; I am but a poor

'It is all settled, mother. When are we to set off?

'I am going at once to Joseph to find that out, and I will come and tell you to morrow .-Now go and tell the farmer that you are going | my consent That is my last word.

to leave bim. The mother and son parted.

triffes. It is all settled, is it not?

she wended her way back, 'but only just let me | consent. Father must I receive my death stroke have beard him say 'no'? And she lifted her from your band? Could you look calmly on the crutch with a threatening air.

At about the same time that Teresa was on her way to Laurhoeven to find a companion for Joseph, a heart-rending scene took place in Mynheer Morren's library. The old gentleman | paternal heart shuddered at the possibility, and held in his hands the fragments of the letter even probability of such a catastrophe. which he had found on his table. Before him stood Victor, like a criminal before his judge.

I bave torn to pieces? I can hardly believe

'It is from me, father. Forgive me for mak ing known my resolution by letter. I had not bullet. But no, Victor, continued be more

courage to do it by word of mouth. 'I can well believe it; but I do not under stand how you could have the presumption to

write me on such unreasonable folly.? 'Folly, father? So vou called Joseph's determination; but you added that it was an heroic folly. Would you acknowledge this in the per The young man left the room with head bow. folly. Would you acknowledge this in the per son of your nephew, and deny it in that of your

'Folly ! unreasonable folly !' muttered Morren to bimself, while he paced the room back- mother, who looked at him in am.zement. wards and forwards with heavy steps. 'Phan-

tome of a sick brain. He stood still before Victor.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1870. And you ask my consent to carry out this

As an obedient child! Mockery! As a venomous serpent which stings the bosom that bas fostered it! What did I read in your letter? Did you not write to me that you had heard the voice of the Lord bidding you to leave your father and your fatherland, to fight for the boliest cause, and that you feared to be untrue to that voice? Does not that mean that, in your fanaticism, you will make no account of my consent, but will follow your vissionary fancies at all costs.3

Assuredly, father, as an obedient child."

mad resolution of yours?

'No, father; I repeat it. I ask your con sent, and without it I will not go; but I ask I implore it earnestly. Ob, father, torgive my boldness for the sake of my love; for I must tell you that you have too long provoked Heaven by your unbelief. Oh! do not place your. self at last between God and me, to separate me from Him, to make me untrue to Him; for fathen, then I fear that being withheld, against His heart; but unless I make my trouble known to will, from following the call of God, the punishment of disobedience will fall upon your dear Mother, I did not mean Joseph to go alone to bead.

'Come, come; no sermons,' said Morren contemptuously; 'you know very well, I be- of Christendom rise before me, Sebastian and leve, that they have little effect upon me. But, Victor, you will not go without my consent ?-Be assured then that you will never go. What,' - beginning again to pace up and down the field. I seemed to see the mighty warriors who, room- what! I give the consent that you ask! in the Middle Ages, fought for the redemption I offer up my child, my only son, the joy of my of the Saviour's Tomb. They seemed to life? And that for a cause which is nothing to becken me to follow them in the glorious path life? And that for a cause which is nothing to

· Father, father!' interrupted Victor.

'For a Pope of Rome, who is nothing to me. Ah! the Father of the Faithful, so they call And you would leave me! Ungrateful child! What has the Pope done for you that he should sent for me; I tried every means to move him. be preferred before me?

· Forgive me, father, I am not ungrateful, cried the poor boy. 'Oh, if I could only tell you how dearly I love you.

Love me? cruel boy. I do not believe it, Bah ! said Teresa, 'men get to Rome by or how could you wish to leave me? Yet,' he asking the way, says the proverb; and, it is continued. I am unreasonable in my anger; I bave no one but myself to blame for having Joseph Van Dael is going to Rome, and you given your mother free leave to bring you up in shall go with him. Mind, young man, that you ber own bigotry. Yes, I see very well it is she von who have never given us the slightest pain? If so, I am sure you will agree with me that the point.

'N', father,' interrupted Victor, raising his thank for her life. Now, Martin, I can never head with digoty, and stretching out his arm .repay Mevrouw Van Diel; but the mother's I have said nothing to my mother of my intention. Your suspicion is unjust, father; she Do not give way to unreasonable sorrow over knows nothing . f at.

'And I am now,' continued Morren, 'I am should we spend any more time in talking about | now to crown my imprudence by a last piece of folly, by casting your life into the fiery jaws of the revolution, for the sake of I know not what principles. No, Victor; if you asked my leave to fight under the banner of Garibaldi, or Victor Emmanuel, you should not have it."

But, father, answered the young man with old woman, but I shall manage to get along so hesitation, as if he had resourse to this means not be less generous than my sister at Schramlong as I live; and when I die, there will be only in his utmost need. 'did you not say, only some one found to lay the old cripple un | yesterday, that you respected the man who would der ground. Trouble not yourself about such lay down his life for his principles? Father, ere you not contradicting yourself?

'Principles!' growled Morren, taken aback by the justice of the remark, 'principles-what are they? Bigotry, fancy, dreams! Go, Vic tor; you understand me, you shall never have

· On, father, and the young man fell upon his knees, ' be not so stubborn in your cruel decree. me.' 'He is a good youth,' muttered Teresa, as I shall pine away and die if you refuse me your

Mynheer Morren well knew Victor's sensitive feelings, and his steadfastness of purpose. His

" Unhappy child!" he cried in a hourse voice of mingled love and anger. 'Victor! oh, Vic-What has come over you, Victor?' said tor! I shall go mad. Well,' thundered he, Morren. Can this be a letter from you which after a short pause, as if hell had gained the mastery, 'be it even so; for rather would I see it may. Yes, God calls me; I must go. you die slowly at my side, than become a mark in a foreign land for the stranger's murderous calmly, 'you will not die so easily and I am a fool to tremble at such an imagination. Go, then, and put all this nonsense out of your head. amazement. He rested his head upon both his as angels. Go, continued he in a tone of severe command, hands, and big tears forced themselves through or I will leave the room myself. I have lis-

ed down, and tearful eyes, while his father contimued to walk up and down for a long time in visible emotion. At the door Victor met his your sorrow.'

What has happened, Victor? said she. 'I heard your father speaking very loud, and what Listen.' do I see? You seem to have been weeping.

very unhappy. I have grievously displeased my in the green boughs might hear them. father.'

What say you, child? I cannot believe it: it would be the first time you ever did such a

'Yet, so it is, mother; and I do not repent it. I have done my duty.

'Ah, it will not be so bad, Victor, as you think. Come with me into the summer-bouse, and tell me the whole matter. We shall be able to set it all to rights."

They went into the arbor, and sat down together on the beach. Mevrouw Morren took her son's hand.

' Now, Victor,' said she, in that tone of tender sympathy, the secret of which belongs only to a mother's heart, 'lay open your trouble to me, your mother, your best friend.'

"Mother," said Victor with a sigh, "it will be a great pain to me, for I shall grieve you to the you, I have no one else to whom I can impart it. Rome, I also would offer blood and life for the Church's cause. I seemed to see the old heroes Maurice, and so many other detenders of our Holy Fath, who shrank no more from the martyr's death than from the soldier's on the battle which they had trodden before me, and to wave the palm of victory before my eyes which await ed them at its end; and, like them, I cried enkindled with the same boly fire- God wills it. Ah, mother, yes, God wills it, but my father wills it not. I had made my decision known to him in writing, imploring his consent. He then Alas ! reasoning, entrenties, tears, all were in vain. He loaded me with reproaches, as an ungrateful child, called me a snake that wounds the breast which fostered it. Ab! mother, this is hard. No, ob, no! I have never been ungrateful. 'God wills it.'

Meyrouw Morren pressed her weeping son to

her bosom. Poor boy!' said she softly. 'Ungrateful! your father himself did not mean it; it was only a word which escaped him in the excitement of his feelings and for which he is already sorry .a hasty word.

But my resolution, mother? to the fulfilment of which my father places an unsurmountable ob

stacle. 'Your resolution, my son? Ah, God knows how hard a sacrifice it would be to my mother's beart to let you go; yet not for a moment would I venture to stand in the way of the offering which the Lord has required of you. I would beek, and. Victor, if the worst were to come. I should account myself happy to be the mother of a martyr. Yet, my child, your father will not consent; he does not see the duty which lies upon you. Be at rest, then, in the assurance that Gad will not call you to an account for its non fulfilment, and that he is satisfied with your

good will." 'Then the punishment will fall upon my fa ther. Mother, that thought is equally painful to

My son, we will pray for your father yet more fervently than we have butherto done, and God will at last reward our tears by his conver corpse of your son, sent by you to an untimely sion. So, Victor, be tranquil, and do not lose your peace.'

The young man was silent for a while as if absorbed in his grief.

· Mother, mother,' cried he suddenly, 'I must

How, my son. You must go. But your father forbids it. Will you go without his consent.7

No, mother; but I must have it, cost what But, Victor, dear Victor, bave I not shown you that God is satisfied with you?

"If I could but explain it to you, mother .-But no; it is a secret tha will die with me. Meyrouw Morren looked at her son with

Well, Victor,' said she, 'you have secrets which even your mother is not to know. Vic-

tor, this is not well. I am your mother, then, no longer. Come, my child, entrust me with Well.' said the young man, raising his head, if you will have it, I must not keep it from you.

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A light beamed upon the mother's face, and a glance shot from her kindling eyes, which assuredly pierced to the throne of the Almighty. Oh, Victor, dearest son, what a treasure has

God given me in you. Go, my son; the Lord is with you! Victor, continued she, 'you shall go, cost what it will." And she pressed her son to her heart, and im-

printed a kiss of the fondest mother's love on his forebead.

'No, mother,' said Victor, hopelessly, 'my father will keep bis word.

Well my child, we will pray, we pray till he gives his consent. And leave it to me, your mother, to speak to him on the subject. Our Lord, I am assured, will do the rest. Now go to your room, Victor, and be of good courage; we must and shall conquer.?

'What secret could Victor have entrusted to his mother, which had so suddenly determined her, at all costs, to help him to carry out his re solution?

It was a secret between them; and it must have been a weighty one, for Mevrouw Morren, after having left her husband's anger to cool a little, began the very same day to make an attempt upon his obstinacy. But she seemed to have reckoned too much upon her influence.-Mynheer Morren remained hard against every entreaty, immoveable by any argument, obstinately bent upon persevering in his decision .-I have said it,' was invariably his cold and and short answer. 'I will never consent,

Victor visibly pined away. The bright, cheerful youth had been replaced by a mouraful sufferer, for whom the grave seemed already

The change could not escape his father's eye. He shuddered, and yet he would not give way. 'My consent? Never, never!'

' How, indeed, should an unbelieving father be able to offer his only son upon the alter of

CHAPTER V .- THE DEPARTURE.

Have you ever, dear reader, on your return from some city in Holland, looked from the deck of the steamboat, on a summer's day, upon the Scheldt below Antwerp?

Oh, put the cruel thought out of your head; It is a fair and pleasant sight. The broad river shines like a smooth, bright mirror, save when now and then a light wind plays upon its surface, and breaks it up in a thousand tiny ripples. -Here and there a sand bank lifts its head above was followed by Teresa and Martin. the water; or you come unawares upon an island, which, with its towers, trees, and houses, s ems to rise suddenly from the bed of the steam; while on the horizon, in the far distance, the eye tests upon a green strip of land, which divides the azure of the sky from the azure of the water.

But see; that water, which just now lay so bright and calm, except where it foamed round stirred by an invisible band.

Its whole surface is now ploughed by deep, broad furrows. From the seaward side, the clamor. waves roll on, and foam, and rush, and roar, and fling themselves upon each other, as if at strife which should outroar and outride the other; the busy stir of life now reigns where, but a few moments before, al was calm with the very stillnose of death.

It is the advancing tide.

Is that roaring flood the tranquil stream of yestereven? It is the self same water, but it has felt the mastery of a higher power, under whose hand it heaves, and seethes, and swells, until, after it has tulfilled its work, it flows again as smooth and as tranquil as before.

So, for many years, had the peaceful homeife of these youths flowed on under the calm light of their mother's eye, whose hearts were now suddenly fired by a mysterious, electric touch, sending the blood burning through their veins, to defend the insulted majesty of God.

had enkindled that sacred flame.

These heroes, the crusaders of our day, glowiog with faith and chivalrous ardor and self-deof battle, could scarce be recogn zed from the gentle boys, who had dwelt in their fathers?

And so it was with Joseph.

From the moment when his decision was strengthened by his mother's consent, he seemed an altered being; his bearing was firm and dignified, as that of a triumphant solder; and his eyes flashed with enthusiasm when he spoke crowd of villagers. of his approaching journey.

ever shone.

Oh! mother!' said he, with a sigh, 'I am low that it seemed as if he feared that the birds | The trees with which the market place is planted were adorned with the Belgian tri color, or with banners bearing the Papal arms emblazoned with the triple crown and the keys of S. Peter. Several houses were bedecked with mittoes wishing victory to the Papal volunteers .--Schrambeek, it was plainly to be seen, would send her sons forth in festal array.

No. 29.

Some of the villagers were still putting a last touch to the decorations; others, and among them some of our old acquaintances, stood gossip. ing near the church.

What are they waiting so long for ?' said the bost of the 'Cross Bow.' Should they not be coming out now?

'That's to say,' said Peerjan, 'I believe we shall not have long to wait. I saw Martin, dressed all in new clothes, go, balf-an-hour ago, into Merrouw Van Diel's house.'

Was Teresa with him? asked the baker. 'You may be sure of that,' said Sus, the smith. That Teresa is a wonderful old wo-

'A good soul,' assented Wouter. 'Do you know all? Mevrouw Van Dael and Joseph left no stone unturned till they got Teresa taken into the hospice. The poor woman is now sure of a shelter in her old age."

'The Vac Daels are excellent people,' said the smith. 'If I can do anything for Mevrouse in Joseph's absence, she may depend upon me. There is nothing that I would not do to below

It is a great pity, interrupted the Piquet, that Victor Morren is not going too. The youth, would have given his eyes to go, but old Morren will not hear of it, otherwise he would have come here yesterday: but Joseph told me that he had a letter from him by which it appears the old man is obstinate as ever.'

. What ?' enquired the baker. ' Victor Morren go to Rome to fight! But he is not a youth fit for war; he is so good natured that you may sharpen a vine-stake on his head without make ing him angry.'

· Just so, said the smith; but you must not think to much of that. Look at Joseph now, so gentle as he is, and now he looks for all the world like o soldier.'

"That's just it,' said Peerjan ; 'and Morrec is not so soft as you perhaps think. Be sure he will have plenty of courage when it comes to

'There they are! There they are!' cried some of the villagers suddenly

And Mevrous Van Dael approached with her two children, one on each side of her. She

The widow was calm, but pale. Mary seemed to have been crying, but was now calm .--Joseph walked with head erect, and with an expression of mingled joy and sorrow. Martin looked as if he was doing the most ordinary thing in the world; and Teresa fixed her eyes with great complacency upon her son.

When the little party drew near to the group of villagers, they were greeted with great the busy wheel of the steamer, has suddenly been hurrahing, shouting and clapping of hands -Peerjan, especially, who had placed himself in the foremost rank, made an indescribable

'Bravo, Joseph, bravo! Martin you are ac honor to Schrambeek.

Young Van Dael seemed somewhat taken aback by this triumphant reception. He shook hands heartily with the Piquet and his companions, saving:

'Friends, you are too good; we do not deserve so much honor.

'That's to say,' answered Peerjan, 'you deerve a great deal more. I have served under Napoleon, and proud enough I am of it; but I would be far prouder to serve under the Pope. I wish I could go with you, Joseph, but my old bones will not let me.'

'Well, friends,' answered Van Dael, 'while we are fighting, you will all pray for the Pope and for us, will you not? So we shall all be working for the same good cause. When I get to Rome, I shall ask the Pope to send his bless. It was the breath of the Lord of Hosts, which ing to his loving children at Schrambeek.' A hearty hurrah was the reply.

Within the church the solemp tones of the organ were sounding through the aisles. It was votion, and burning with eagerness for the day like a victorious war song, mingled with lowly prayer. Now the thrilling accents of the 'vox humana' arose to implore power and strength house docile as lambs, and peaceful and loving from heaven; then the mighty voice of the trumpet seemed to treaten the enemy with vengeance and death, and the rolling sound of the trombone spoke like the thunder of the offended

> The Papal Volunteers, with their relations, entered the church, and were followed by a

Joseph and Martin knelt side by side before The day of departure broke at last. It was the altar, and the venerable parah oriest soon one of the brightest on which the summer sun appeared, in his white surplice, from a side

door. And he whispered a few words in her ear, so | All Schrambeek was in great excitement. | He slowly approached the altar, and, kneeling