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THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

BY LOUISA CROW.

[Rarely has the halo of romance been flung around the head of one more deserving the affection he inspired than that unfortunate young Irishman, the of Leinster, and not only well born, but endowed by nature with every gift that constitutes an accom-plished and intelligent man. Even his enemies combined with his friends to speak tenderly of him when he was gone, and acknowledged that no one could have been more high-minded or chivalrous than the poble Geraldine.

Any account of his political opinions, or the course which they induced him to pursue, would be out of place here. It suffices to say that he was an ardent lover of his country, and that it was the stand most patriotic motives that led him to enrol himself in a band of dissentients from the policy of the Government, known as the United Irishman. The results of this step will be related in the following pages.]

will direct me there, n'est ce pas? I would not trouble you, but that I am, as you perceive, too old and infirm to wander much further."

Lord Edward laughed merrily. "Faith, madame, you could not have made a worse choice of a guide. I am positively in your "Be me own predicament. I was in too great a hurry to pay proper attention to the directions given me, and now I find myself-where? Whether I am in the north, south, east, or west of London, for the life of me I cannot tell l"

"Helas!" sighed the unknown; "what shall I do? The darkness affrights me, and my friends will be desolated at my absence !"

"Do not be uneasy," he good naturedly responded. "I can see the glimmer of a watchman's lantern at not great distance; and, with this man's help, I will either procure you a vehicle, or see you safely to your destination."

while Lord Edward advanced to meet the guardian of the peace, and learned from him that neither a hackney coach nor sedan chair could be procured in besought his assistance with such a piteous air.

Cheerily, "Madame," he exclaimed, as he rejoined her, "I cannot procure a vehicle, but if you will accept my protection, I engage to take you to your friend's without further mischance."

"Le bon Dieu reward you, monsieur !" she an-swered, as she let him draw her hand through his arm. "But ought I to permit you to go so far out | returned. of your route for a person you know not-a person. too, who can make you no recompense but he thanks?"

" It it the duty of the young and strong to aid all mile or two further on, than that you, at your age, should be wandering here all alone."

The old lady made no further objections, but trotted along beside him on her high-heeled shoes, while he accommodated his pace to hers with much thoughtful consideration of her infirmities. A little while, and she was sighing so loudly, that he stooped to ask if he was hurrying her too much.

"No, no, monsieur. I was but thinking that if I Spired than that unfortunate young Irishman, the had a tall, stalwart son, a young man like this good Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He was a son of the Duke friend of mine who has lent me his arm so courtcously, I should grieve to know that he was in these dark, dangerous streets at such an unholy hour as the turn of midnight."

"And so would my dearest mother if I were about any work that shamed me," he pleasantly replied. "But I have been at no greater harm this night than visiting an old servant who lies dangerously ill at his poor home in one of these streets you are justly abusing, and it was going back to my lodgings that I lost myself."

"Then monsieur has a mother? Ah! but she is ery happy l

But the unknown began to sob in such unmistakable terror as soon as he would have pushed back her hood, that he desisted, although he continued to hold the hand that would have struggled out of

"Be merciful, monsieur," she said at last, "and continue to protect me as you have hitherto done. If I have resorted to a stratagem, it was simply because I was frightened when I found myself in the streets alone."

"But you will tell me who you are ?" he urged. "Ah ycs! Why should I not ?" she answered after a moment's reflection. "I am Pamela Capet, the adopted child of Madame de Genlis, and the France, with whom I have been educated. I am told that I am of English birth, and it was to gratify my wish to see my native country that Madame to your destination." She murmured her thanks, first in French, then in English, and stood patiently in the background, ball, to which she led me, that I discovered that the men who carried my sedan were tipsy. They quarrelled, and set down the chair to exchange blows; and I, already alarmed by their language, She put back her hood as she spoke, and per-

mitted him to behold so arch and lovely a counte- future life. She had told them of her nance that he was entranced. He could no longer doubt that she had been telling him the truth, and raising her fingers to his lips, he entreated her to forgive his rudeness with such earnestness, that la her; but of his declaration that he would seek her belle Pamela was quite reassured, and all her gaiety in France, she said not a word, although it was al-

"I have no fears now," she declared, " and tomorrow I shall be able to make merry over my adventure. It has been a veritable one, has it not ? only I have spoiled it in permitting Monsieur to those who need it," he told her more seriously, "I learn my true character too soon. If I had kept up should be sorry if you were to refuse such a trifling my assumed one more cleverly, you would have service from me. It is better that I should go a evoked a blessing on my venerable head at parting, and I should have quavered in reply, 'Fare thee well good youth ! Avoid this wicked town, and do not lose thyself again in the streets o'nights, less worse mischief befall th e than being tricked a little by a woman."

"No worse mischief could befall me than to hear you say that this is our last as well as our first recontre," he replied, so ardently that the young lady blushed and hung her head. But still she was ready with a reply. "You should wish me better fortune than to find

myself again in such a predicament. I have no de-sire to be at the mercy of your tipsy chair men any more."

"Your friends will guard their precious charge too carefully, to let such an occurrence befall you a second time," said Lord Edward, who was becoming more and more fascinated by the bewitching little creature who hung on his arm so confidingly ; "and therefore I must not hope for another chance of being of service to you, But I may call upon you in the morning, to learn whether you have felt any

bon dieu preserve you my lord. I do not think we shall ever meet again, but my prayers, my best wishes, shall always be yours-always !" Yet ere she crossed the road to the dwelling of

her friends, the act at which Lord Edward had hinted; was committed. For one moment his arms enfolded her slight, graceful figure, and his lips were pressed to hers. Then he did but wait to see her fly towards an elderly servant man, who had just emerged from the house, torch in hand, ere he turned his steps towards his own lodgings, to dream away the rest of the night in visions of the beautitiful Pamela; while the object of this romantic and singular meeting joined her friends, who had favorite companion of her pupils, the princesses of been anxiously awaiting her return, her mind full of bright fancies regarding her protector.

CHAPTER II .--- A PROMISE FULFILLED.

The young lady embarked for France with Madame de Genlis on the dawn of the morrow, and at Tournay rejoined the daughters of the Duke of Orleans, and shared their studies and amusements as before She had much to tell them concerning in the intervals of political affairs, the Duke was from Pall Mall, whither, however, he determined to molecur, you will be good and generous, and re- companions, who, although they teased her besought his assistance with such as a site of the site o jumped out and fled I know not where, without her travels, and description to give them of persons endeavoring to decide on which of these gentlement little dreamed that it was to influence her encounter with Lord Edward Fitzgerld, and how she had induced him to believe her an aged woman till her own amusement at her success betrayed ways in her thoughts.

In spite of her natural high spirits she began to have fits of pensiveness, and astontsh her friends by losing much of her natural relish for gay scenes and brilliant reunions.

"What ails Pamela ?" asked Mademoiselle D'Orleans, one evening when they were dressing for a "She is careless about the style of her robe, ball. and when I ask her what flowers she would wear, scarcely answered me. The fogs of that horrid London have so dampened her vivacity that she cannot recover herself, and I am beginning to be quite uphappy about her." " Are you ill, my child ?"asked Madame de Genlis,

attentively surveying the changing countenance of her pretty protege, to whom she was much attached.

"Nay; I have but a headache-extremely slight -it is nothing !" she answered hurriedly, for the scarching glances of her friends embarrassed her. If Madame should penetrate her secret, and discover that she was making herself unhappy because a thoughtless young man, seen but once, had not kept a promise too rashly made, what would she thing of the silly, credulous Pamela ?

" There is not a word of truth in those denials !" exclaimed the amused Princess, with mock solemnity. "I am 'positive that our unfortunate little friend has been suffering from severe indisposition ever since she crossed the Channel. She sighs in her sleep ; she

pected to curtsey humbly, and say, 'I thank your monseigneur, for trying to heal this aching heart

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with a *irousseau* and a casket of Jewels' But what matters? I have done with love; it leaves too much bitterness behind it. Henceforth I must strive to be a good little wife to whomsoever my gnardians select as my spouse."

But though Pamela called pride to her aid, and went back to the salon, to dance and sing, and inter brilliant repartees with such vitality that every one was delighted, she could not get rid of the sorrowful yet sweet reminiscences of that last night in England; nor always hide her sadness from such observant eves as Madame's.

"The child is out of health and spirits," the latter said. "We must press on the marriage. She will then have a change of scene, and recover hercelf."

The daughters of our Gallic neighbors have never been accustomed to have much liberty of choice in their nuptials. Pamela, therefore, did not dream of remonstrating when informed that more than one eligible suitor had presented himself, and that she should be allowed to bestow herself, and the handsome dower with which her royal friend intended to present her. Through Mademoiselle D'Orleans, who was far more inquisitive respecting Pamela's future than she was herself, the bride elect learned that one of her suitors was a certain Comte Montfaucon, whom she had always regarded as a stupid, apathetic fellow, whose attempts at conversation bored her. But then he was very rich, and so the Duke inclined towards him ; though with more consideration for Pamela's own wishes than is often accorded to young girls in France, it was whispered that she would be permitted to see the claimants for her hand, at a re-union to be given by Madame de Genlis, before any final decision was arrived at.

But this was an act for which Pamela felt no gratitude. To her, in her present state of mind, all men were alike, and she would far rather have had her fate determined for her than lead the favored claimant to imagine that she felt a spark of affection for him.

"Spare me this ordeal, madame!" she cried, agitatedly. "It is your will that I should marry, and obey you; but I cannot pretend that my heart is in the affair."

"You are capficious, Pamela," madame rather frigidly, replied. " Let it be as I have said ; presently you may thank me that I did not yield to your whims. Mademoiselle herself, a princess of the blood royal, would behave with more discretion and sense of her duty than you are doing '

Pamela humbly treated pardon and tried to keep the word duty ever before her. "It is my duty to obey and please madanie."

In this half restless and wholly miserable mood she made her tollette for the evening-Madame superintending it, and the Princers fluttered in and out, pleasantly excited at the prospect of beholding Pamela's wooers. Even the busy maids who asnisted in attiring the young girl shared in the excitement, and rivelled each other in their endeavors to make her appear altogether charming. And the costume of the day was pretty and coquettish enough to have heightened the charms of less lovely woman than Pumela, who, as she glanced at herself in the mirror, was forced to acknowledge that the picture it presented was a very pleasant one. For a little while the flush of conscious beauty was on her fair brow, but it faded when she entered the salon, leaning on the arm of Madame, and the chill of indifference-that suddest of all conditions for the young-settled down upon her. Her fato was taken out of her own hands; she had nothing to do but to endure. Whether they gave her to a good or a bad man, her vows at the altar would be but mockery, and she knew this without the power to utter it. One listicss glance at the groups around her, and Pamela became very pale. For a moment, she looked as if she were about to faint, but the blood quickly returned to her cheeks, and the smile to her lips, for her fingers were in the warm clasp of Edward Fitzgerald. The gallant Irishman had followed her to France, and hope and energy sprang up within her throbbing bosom once more. But her suitors-the Duke-what would he say ? What should she do? And, remembering her position, even as she listened to the ardent whispers of her lover, she turned affrightedly to Madame .---However, a smile from that kind lady reassured her, and she learned afterwards that it was not of Lord Edward that the Duke had spoken, but of the celebrated Sheridan, who had been smitten with Pamela's beauty during her short sojourn in England. Before evening was over the impassioned Fitzgerald found an opportunity of telling her then, backed by Madame de Genlis, whom his ardor delighted, he had been pleading to the Duke his prior claim to Pamela's favor, and that he had come to Tourney with the full permission of his noble parents to woo and win, if he could, the fair creafure whose charms had taken so great a hold on his imagination. It is not often that love of so sudden growth ends in a happy marriage, but the attachment of Pamela. and Lord Edward proved an exception to the rule. Both were young, vivacions, and generous; their tastes assimilated, and the state of affairs in France just then was to make Pamela-a frequent auditor of the political debates carried on in the saloons of the Duke of Orleans-thoroughly able to sympathize with the patriotic views of her lover. The Duke and Madame-by many supposed to be really the parents of the young lady-placed no obstacles in the way when Lord Edward pressed his suit. The disturbed state of France, and their own doubtful fortunes, made them prudently resolve to assent to a marriage which would give Pamela a home in another country, and, as they then imagined, relieve them of all anxiety concerning her future. And so Edward Fitzgerald won his bride, and carried her off to Ireland in triumph, that their honeymoon might be spent amongst his own relatives, to whom he was eager to introduce her. They found her as charming as he had described her. To her slight but well-formed figure and regular features, she added a grace only to be ac-

CHAPTER I .--- A MEMORABLE MEETING.

At the time that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, then in the full vigor of his early manhood, paid a flying visit to the English metropolis, a stroll through its streets were not the simple and tolerably safe proceeding that-thanks to gas and the police-it has now become. All readers of the history of their own country will remember how, in the good old times of George the Third, dissolute young men, calling themselves Bloods, and Bucks, and Mohawks, were fond of playing pranks that, in their most innocent form, rendered pedestrianism, after a certain hour, dangerous to the timid or weaker sex. It was not so long since actresses had been carried off, and duels fought in the heart of London; while foot-pads had molested the neighbor-hood of Lincoln's Inn, and even meditated an attack upon royalty itself.

But the gay, fearless young Irishman was not to be daunted by any warnings he had received, and one intensely dark, murky night found him alone and unattended in one of the worst purlieus of our great city. He could scarcely grope his way along some of the close courts and alleys through which he had been directed, to take a short cut to his lodgings in Queen Anne street; and ere long he was obliged to conclude he had contrived to miss the route. Still he neither muttered nor swore, as gentlemen did in those days with impunity ; but | of the unknown was of some light, lustrous matewith that bonhomic and easy good humor for which he was always distinguished, strode on and on untiringly.

It was rather awkward, certainly, to find himself in such a dilemma, but he was readily comforted by the thought that he must eventually extricate himself from the ugly, inodorous labyrioth into which he had plunged. More than once a door opened as his brisk, yet steady step passed by, and gave him a glimpse of a squalid interior, or a face laced hat more firmly on his head, and drew his bass voice, one of the airs then in vogue at Vauxhall and Ranclagh Gardens.

At last he found himself in a wider and more respectable thoroughfare; but the miserable oil lamps that flickered and sputtered in the night minutes." breeze did bat make darkness visible, and the young gentleman halted inesolutely. It was no use proceeding any further, till he could ascertain his whereabouts, and he was debating how to do this when a female, hitherto concealed in a projecting doorway, into which she had retreated on hearing him draw near, emerged from her hiding place and timidly approached him.

Almost before he knew she was there, this years old, and why not mine?" stranger was accosting him in the quivering tones of extreme old age, and he saw that the hand that those I beheld when your hood slipped back a mindrew a large riding cloak round her bent form was ute ago, or her little hand feel as smooth and sbaking as if with the palay. "Pardon, monaleur, my good sir," she said, in sbaking as if with the palsy.

the accents of a foreigner, "I am une strangers-stranger you call it? and I have lost my route; my way, to my friend's house in the Pall Mall. You neither old nor ugly" <u>т</u>

"Yes," he answered, simply; "for she is one of

not answer it, till, fearing he had grieved her, he apologized for his indiscretion.

"Nay, monsieur, you have not affected me as much as you suppose, although it is quite true I have neither sons nor daughters. But we will not speak of myself. You are a habitant, a resident of this great Londres !"

"No; I am an Irishman, and merely here for a few days or weeks as the fancy takes me."

"But, doubtless, monsieur has many acquaintances in the quarter to which we are going?

"A few," he admitted.

"Then it is well that the heavens are so dark, or he might blush to be seen pacing the rottoir, or pavement as you call it, with a poor, little old woman like myself."

"Why should I blush at doing an act of common politeness to a female?" asked the nobleman brusquely.

ment face to face with any of the gay messieurs. who swagger to and fro in this Pall Mall to which vou take me ?"

"Why so?" he asked, again detecting the merriment she was trying to conceal, and beginning to suspect that some way or other he was being imposed upon. A temporary disarrangement of the mufling cloak had enabled him to see that the dress rial, and that it glistened as if brocaded with silver. Buckles, too, were glittering in the rosettes of her shoes, as though they were set with diamonds; and

altogether he felt considerably mystified, especially as the sound of his question she broke into a little peal of laugheer.

"Why so, monsieur? Eh, then because I am so old-so very old-have you not been compassionating my infirmities ?---and so ugiy ? Ah, but I am frightful !" and again the rippling laughter could that wore a sinister look; but he only stuck his not be controlled. "If monsiour were to see the laced hat more firmly on his head, and drew his face of the poor little aged woman, who has no chilsword hilt nearer to his hand, in case of a surprise; dren to take care of her, he would—well, he would go and even whistled as he went, or trolled, in a rich, home and dream of the wicked old fairy in the story-book."

"I believe you speak truly," he retorted, " when you call yourself a fairy, for a strange transformation has been taken place during the last few

"Monsieur is pleased to jest," she told him, with a relapse into gravity. "Not I. It is a fact that as we passed under

your lamp I caught a glimpse of a pair of eyes too bright to be set in the face of a decrepid old dame."

"Pardon," she answered, readily. "Monsieur forgets that the orbs of Ninon de l'Enclos retained all their brilliancy when she was nearly seventy

"And did her lips look as rosy and pouting as plump as this I now make prisoner in mine ? Confess, mistress fairy, you have been masquerading,

ance, may I not 7

" Madame de Genlis shall thank you to-night, sir, the best of women. And you, madame, have you no children to take care of you. She shock convulsively at the question, and did ceive only a few intimate friends whom Madame has long known."

"This is a tantamount to telling me that if I call I shall not obtain admittance ; and yet I cannot consent to be deprived of the hope of seeing you ! When I tell you that I am the son of the Duke of Leinster, you will understand that my position in life entitles me to request this favor, always supposing that you were as kindly disposed as you are beautiful."

"But, Monsieur, it is impossible; we leave for Paris at daybreak," she said, in softer tones. "We have already outstayed the term for which we came -and, behold, we are close to the house in which we have been residing ; and I can see by the open doors, and the lights in the windows, that I am sought for anxiously. Will not Monsieur come with me to my adopted mother and let her thank him for his goodness to me this night ?"

"I want no thanks for an act of common courtesy "Why, indeed? And yet confess that it would to a defenceless woman; therefore, by your leave, not be pleasant for you to find yourself at this mo-lady, it is here we will part. But, remember, I shall not say adieu. If I do not see you in England, I will in France, where you may expect me shortly."

"Nay, monsieur ; this would be folly-madness!" the beautiful Pamela expostulated, although she heard his determination with a throb of pleasure. " Not if you promise to welcome me kindly-not if you tell me you will smile upon me !"

"I must not make so rash a pledge," she answered, bashfully. "Those to whom I owe respect and obcdience would rebuke me for such forwardness; and if Monsieur saw this poor face by daylight, he might not think its owner worth the trouble he proposes to take. It is better for both to agree to forget what you have been saying." "I will not ask you to do aught that is not be-

fitting a fair and discreet maiden," was the earnest reply. "Neither will I plague you to-night with protestations; but my heart assures me that it will not be my fault, if we do not meet again. Tell me this, and this only-are your affections already bestowed on another ?"

He was gratified with a low, but very decided aogative.

"Then as surely as I stand here, will I follow you to France! And so, for the present, sweet Mistress Pamela, adieu! You will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

"And by what name shall I remember my noble protector ?" she whispered, becoming as reluctant as himself to utter the final good-bye.

He told her, and she repeated it with her pretty foreign accent.

"Edourd-I like that name; and-and I am greatly your debtor, my lord, as 1 would be glad to prove to you if I knew how."

"You could do more than that!" he cried, agitatedly. "You could send me from you the happiest of men, if only you would promise to pardon me the one little act of presumption I am meditating." She drew her hands from him in much confusion. He was growing too bold and must be checked.

ly not mine l"

"For pity's sake be silent !" entreated the blushing Pamela, but Mademoiselle D'Orleans only laughed and talked more rapidly.

It is a fact, a veritable fact that our belle amie left her heart behind her, and has brought back an aching void instead. Unlucky maiden !"

But Madame de Genlis did not join in her pupil's mirth. If she had looked grave before, she appeared graver still when she saw that instead of retorting merrily, as she had been wont to do, her adopted child was overwhelmed with confusion. She had herself noticed that Pamela had changed. A little while ago she had been wont to reprove her for her headlessness ; now she would have given a great deal to see her as light-hearted and thoughtless as before.

In the course of the evening, weary of stimulating a gaiety she did not feel, the young girl contrived to escape from her partner, and made her way into a large balcony, where she threw herself on a cushioned seat in the darkest corner. She did not perceive until it was too late to retreat, that the balcony was already occupied. Philip, the Duke of Orleans, the father of the princesses, her companions, the indulgent friend who had always a kind smile and greeting for their pretty companion, was pacing its length with Madame de Genlis.

They did not see her glide hy, and satisfied that they would shortly return to the saloon, she did not emerge from her retreat, but was falling into a reverie when her own name met her ear.

We must find a suitable spouse for our little girl, and without delay !" the Duke was saying imperatively. "She must not be allowed to dream her life away in silly fancies for one of these arrogant islanders."

"I am assured that he is both intellectual and handsome !" madame replied.

"And reckless, and a gamester !" the Duke added "I have heard too much of him to trust him with the future of our pretty Pamela, even if he were her suitor. But it is not so ; he is already at the feet of another. I have caused a good friend to make searching enquiries into his character, and if the child loved him ever so dearly-which she cannot : it is but a fancy,fleeting, evanescent, as such fancies should be-if, I say, she loved him, she must forget

Pamela, in her dark corner, wrung her hands in a frenzy of grief and indignation, then hid with them her burning face. Her secret was known not only by Madame, but the Duke ; discussed by them, commented on, her weakness ridiculed, and worse than all, Lord Edward spoken of disparagingly! She was about to assure herself that he did not, could not deserve this, when she recollected the crushing words-already he is at the feet of another !-and was overwhelmed with shame at her own folly in cherishing the image of one who could so soon forget her.

Presently, other feelings had the sway, and she began to think of the part the duke had played in the matter.

"To me, he has ever been good and generous," she said ; " and it appears that he would have given me to Lord Edward, if—alas! how can I speak the "Presumption | Ab, no! I could not forgive words ?--if he had been worthy of me. I must be that | And yet I owe you so much | But no ; I grateful for his kindness-grateful, and obedient | have lingered here too long. Good-night, and k He will select a spouse for me, and I shall be ex-

(CONCLUDED ON SEVENTE PAGE)