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CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', and 'Catholic Review' with their respective prices and frequencies.

Subscriptions to the above ends on January 1st of each year, except Catholic World which ends on April 1st. All Subscriptions are payable in advance.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

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.

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 public houses of his 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.

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 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.' 'Hellas!' 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.'

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 his clasp. '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 yes! Why should I not?' she answered after a moment's reflection. 'I am Pamela Capet, the adopted child of Madame de Genlis, and the favorite companion of her pupils, the princesses of 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—who is called here by her affairs—permitted me to accompany her. It was on returning from a 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, jumped out and fled I know not where, without counting the consequences of my rashness. Now, monsieur, you will be good and generous, and restore me to my friends, n'est ce pas?'

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 her travels, and description to give them of persons and places; but she had one secret from her merry companions, who, although they teased her repeatedly about her nocturnal adventure, little dreamed that it was to influence her future life. She had told them of her encounter with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and how she had induced him to believe her an aged woman till her own amusement at her success betrayed her; but of his declaration that he would seek her in France, she said not a word, although it was always in her thoughts.

pected to curtsy humbly, and say, 'I thank you, monsieur, for trying to heal this aching heart with a rousseau 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 gnarled fingers select as my spouse.' 'But though Pamela called pride to her aid, and went back to the salon, to dance and sing, and utter 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 eyes 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 herself.' 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, in the intervals of political affairs, the Duke was endeavoring to decide on which of these gentlemen she should be allowed to bestow herself, and the handsome dowry with which her royal friend intended to present her. Through Madame's influence, 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 reunion to be given by Madame de Genlis, before any final decision was arrived at.

(CONCLUDED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)