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PHILIPPINE DE DAMPIERRE.

(From the Lamp.)

CHAPTER VII.

A few days after this conversation the sound of trumpets was heard within the silent walls of the Louvre, and attracted Philippine's attention.

'What is it?' she asked; 'do you know, dear child?'

'Yes,' replied he, gloomily; 'I know well enough.'

'What is it, then?'

'It is a tournament which they are holding below in the great lists.'

'And you are not there to see it?' said Philippine, in astonishment.

'No, lady, the cause of the tournament does not please me at all.'

She smiled faintly at seeing the serious and decided air of the child.

'May one know what it is that displeases you? Come, tell me?'

The boy blushed, stamped his foot, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he replied falteringly:

'If I were big, I would enter the lists, and defy this proud English knight; I would tell him that he is a false knave!'

'And what has this poor knight done to you, my dear little page?'

'I would tell him that he lifts his lance in a bad cause,' continued the child. 'It is you, Lady Philippine, that the Prince of Wales ought to marry, and not Isabelle of France!'

The boy, in his generous wrath, had let out the secret which he wished to conceal; Philippine blushed, clasped her hands, and said—

'My poor Alice foresaw this. May the will of God be done! Is it, then, to celebrate the betrothal of Isabelle and Edward that this tournament is given, tell me, dear Ralph?'

'Yes, lady,' replied Ralph Advenier, bursting into tears; 'I did not mean to tell you. I wish I could kill all those traitor English!'

'Calm yourself,' said she; 'you see I am quite calm, and I pray God to bless their marriage.—All I ask of them is to set my poor father at liberty.'

For a long time the trumpets sounded, they heard the neighing of the horses, and the exclamations of the people. Philippine seemed not to hear, but on that day she passed a much longer time in the chapel than usual. To the prayers which she offered for her dear parents and for Alice, she added one for Isabelle of France, the future queen of England.

From this time she appeared more calm, for all human hope was now cut off at the root.—She prayed much, spun with her weakened hands the flax destined for the poor, and talked cheerfully with Ralph. Sometimes she said to herself—

'Ralph will go away before long; he will be grown up, and will go to serve his king; then I shall indeed be alone.'

But she would smile and add: 'Then I shall be dead; or, if I am alive, will not God be with me still? I desire nothing more, but liberty for my father and brothers.'

The day came when Ralph actually went away: he was fourteen, and went as page to Robert of Artois. 'Ah!' said he, kissing, for the last time, Philippine's hand, 'no school of chivalry will ever be equal to yours, for you have taught me all loyalty and nobleness.'

'Be faithful,' said Philippine; 'faithful to your king; and, above all, to your God.'

'And to you?' said the boy. 'I shall always dress in mourning, in memory of your sorrows, my noble lady.'

She smiled sweetly on him; and when her last friend was gone, she went to pray to God for him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A burning day of July was closing on Paris; the last rays of the sun penetrated the narrow windows of Philippine's room; they stood open, and her panting breast sought the fresh pure air. A remembrance rose in her mind.

'It was thus,' she said to herself, 'that I sat by the window of the castle of Winendale, on the eve of my departure for France. But then my mother was there. I saw the green fields of my own country, instead of this damp court and these gloomy towers. I was free; and that was seven years ago—seven centuries!'

She raised her eyes and looked at the sky, where the first stars were twinkling.

'Thou hast tried me, oh Lord,' added she, 'and hast looked favorably on me! In Thee, oh Lord, have I hoped.'

She made the sign of the cross, and remained lost in thought. The door opened; she looked up in surprise, and was more astonished still to hear a voice say to her: 'Lady, do not fear; it is I, Ralph, your servant.'

The women lighted the lamps, and Philippine beheld Ralph in rusted armour, covered in blood and dust. He was very pale, and seemed worn out with fatigue and suffering.

'Great God!' said she, 'how is this! You appear before me like a phantom from the tomb.'

'I have escaped from death,' said he; 'God has given me my life. I have come from the war, noble lady,—your Flemings are victorious. On the 11th of July, the citizens, artisans, and bourgeois, defeated, near Courtray an immense army, led by the noblest knights of France.—My master, Robert of Artois, fell beneath the stroke of a butcher; and, at the cry of 'The Lion of Flanders!' the chivalry of France were defeated and cut to pieces. The confusion was terrible; the waters of the Lys were red with blood, and the ground was strewn with slain.'

Philippine rose: her pale face was flushed, and, in a voice trembling with joy, she said,—

'Flanders is then free?'

'Who can doubt it after such a victory?'

'And my father and brothers—'

'They will be liberated.'

'And you, dear Ralph?'

'I have done my duty, though I have lived to bear to Paris the news of our defeat. But, though I wept for the loss of my master, and so many brave knights, I was happy when I thought of your joy; and this very evening I obtained permission from my uncle to speak to you.'

'Thank you, dear boy,' said she; 'and now pray God to send us peace; if I am one day happy, Ralph, you shall be so too.'

A ray of hope had once more penetrated that submissive and broken heart, but it lighted only the last days of the poor captive. She believed—and who would not have done so?—that the brilliant victory of the Flemings would at length open the gates of her prison; and that, under the protection of her father and brothers, she would once more see her own country. During many nights happy dreams visited her; during many days she listened for the footsteps of those she longed for; but the wished-for moment never came. Hope, so often deferred, indeed made her heart sick; and though the pious resignation with which she supported her afflictions was very great, yet her body, weakened by grief, imprisonment and solitude, could not sustain this last sorrow.

CHAPTER IX.

A very short time was enough to consume Philippine's young life; the lamp had been too often roughly shaken to burn still gracefully and brightly. She felt her end approaching as autumn came on; to the last day she dragged herself to the chapel, to the last days she tried with her weak and trembling hands to work at her spinning.

At last her illness was stronger than her will, and she was obliged to allow her women to put her to bed. The chaplain came immediately; for the last time she excused herself of the faults of her short life, sins of frailty so often washed in the tears of sincere repentance; then she said to her confessor:

'I wish to dispose of what little I possess. A short time ago the king, my godfather, returned to me the jewels I had as dowry to Prince Edward: they are there.'

They gave her the little chest; she looked thoughtfully at the ornaments which she had never worn. She took two very valuable rings, and gave them to her women and put aside a gold chain, saying:

'This is for Ralph Advenier, who has always been my faithful friend.'

Then taking a medallion set in pearls:—

'Father,' said she, 'will you see that this is given to Isabelle of France,—to the wife of Prince Edward? Tell her that my last prayers were for her happiness. Take all my other jewels, and sell them for the poor—for poor prisoners.'

She could speak no more. Her confessor promised that her last wishes should be attended to, and asked her if she were ready to receive the holy Viaticum. She made a sign of joyful assent; he left her for a moment, and returned bearing the holy ciborium, followed by the governor with several servants bearing torches.—Before giving the sacred Host to the dying girl, he said to her aloud,—

'My daughter, do you forgive your enemies?'

'Most freely,' said she; 'and I hope that God will unite us all in Heaven.'

An ineffable expression of peace lighted up her countenance when she received the last token of the love of her God. She seemed wrapped in holy thoughts; once only she opened her eyes, and said,—

'None of my relations; but God is here.'

These were her last words on earth; and soon the tower of Louvre held only the mortal remains of Philippine de Dampierre.

Divine justice overtakes the sinner even to the fourth generation. Philippe le Bel died young, hated by his subjects; his three sons reigned but a short time, and died without issue; while his daughter Isabelle, brought into England by her marriage with Edward II., fancied rights to the throne of France. In after days her son, Edward III., struggled to establish these pretensions through bloody wars, which brought France to the brink of destruction,—a fit retribution for the cruel treachery of Philippe le Bel towards the young and innocent Philippine de Dampierre!

THE END.

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre, for the Metropolitan Record.

BY M. N.

Although at the commencement of the present century the town of Dieppe had declined in importance, its commerce was more wide-spread and flourishing than its present condition would lead one to suspect. The era of fabulous fortunes had not completely passed away. From time to time there returned from distant countries some of those unexpected millionaires so common on the stage; therefore, without being too credulous, one might actually believe in the reality of Uncles from America. There was living then in Dieppe more than one merchant whose ships crowded the harbor, and who had sailed from that port twenty years before as a common sailor. These examples encouraged the sanguine and gave hope to the needy and destitute. They rendered the improbable possible, and the impossible probable, and many an unfortunate consoled himself for present suffering by hoping that some such miracle would happen in his own case.

A miracle of this kind seemed about to happen in favor of a poor family who lived in the little village of Omonville, nearly four leagues from Dieppe. Widow Mauvaire had her own share of trials. Her eldest son, the only support of the family, perished at sea, leaving four children to his mother's care. This misfortune had delayed, and perhaps broken off, the marriage of her daughter, Clemence, and destroyed the prospects of her son Martin, who was obliged to give up his studies in order to take part in the labor of the farm.

But lo! in the middle of the trouble and affliction of this poor family, hope suddenly shone. A letter written from Dieppe announced the return of the widow's brother-in-law, who had left home twenty years ago. Uncle Bruno returned, to use his own expression, with some curiosities from the New World, and fully determined to settle down in Dieppe. During the evening nothing was thought of but that letter. Although it contained nothing definite, yet Martin, who read it, declared he recognized in it the style of a man who was too liberal and too good humored not to be rich. Evidently the sailor had returned with lots of money, which he would not refuse to share with them. Once set agoing, imagination travels fast. Every one had something to add to Martin's supposition. Julienne, the widow's god daughter, who lived at the farm less as a servant than as an adopted child—even Julienne began to speculate on what the uncle from America would give her.

'I will ask him for a cloth cloak and a gold cross,' she said, after Martin had once more read the letter aloud.

'Oh,' said the widow, sighing, 'if my poor Didier had lived, he would have found a protector in Uncle Bruno.'

'His children are here, god-mother,' said the young girl, 'and Mam'selle Clemence, too, who will not refuse a marriage portion.'

'What good would it do me?' said Clemence, shaking her head sadly.

'What good?' repeated Julienne; 'why it would leave M. Marc's parents nothing to say. How quick they sent him to sea to hinder the marriage; but if Uncle Bruno wishes it, he will return just as quick.'

'It will remain to be seen whether he wishes to return or not,' said the young girl in a low tone.

'Well, if you don't get him, you can get another,' said Martin, who thought only of the wedding, while his sister thought of the husband.

'With an uncle from America, one can always make a good match. How do we know but he has some friend and comrade with him—some millionaire that he would like for a nephew.'

'Oh, I hope not,' exclaimed Clemence, thoroughly frightened; 'there is no hurry about my getting married.'

'But there is about a situation for your brother,' replied the widow, fretfully.

'Monsieur le Comte has always promised me the situation of steward,' observed Martin.

'But he has not decided yet,' said the old woman; 'and while waiting time passes, and our means are wasting away. Great lords don't understand these things; they think only of pleasure; and when they recollect the help they promised, we may be dead of hunger. It's live horse and you'll get grass with them.'

'But we have nothing to fear now, when we have the friendship of Uncle Bruno,' said Martin; 'he will not deceive us. His letter says, 'I will not arrive at Omonville to-morrow, with all that

I possess. That means that he will not forget us.'

'He must be on the way now,' interrupted the widow; 'he may arrive at any moment.—Have you everything ready, Clemence?'

The young girl, rising, displayed the buffet stocked with unaccustomed profusion. Near a shoulder of mutton just taken from the oven stood an enormous quarter of smoked bacon, flanked by two plates of cheese cakes and a pan of fresh cream, while several bottles of the best cider put the finishing touch to the whole affair. At this splendid sight the children could not restrain cries of admiration and desire. Julienne spoke, moreover, of apple pies and buttered tarts then in course of preparation.

The widow then went to her drawers and took therefrom a table-cloth and napkins sadly discolored for want of use, and the youthful domestic carefully selected the plates that were least cracked, and began to set the table, placing at the upper end the only silver spoon possessed by the family.

These preparations were scarcely finished when one of the children, who was on the watch outside, ran into the house, exclaiming wildly—

'Here he is! here he is!'

'Who? who?' resounded from all sides.

'Why, parbleu! Uncle Bruno,' replied a hearty, jovial voice.

Every one turned to the door, and there saw standing on the threshold and framed, as it were, in the space left by the suddenly opened door, a sailor, holding on his right hand a green parrot and in his left a monkey of a very rare foreign species.

The little children, terrified, hid behind their grandmother, who could not repress a scream; while Martin, Clemence and the servant looked on in silent wonder.

'What! are you all afraid of my menagerie?' said Bruno, laughing. 'Come, good people, pluck up courage and let us embrace; I came three thousand leagues for that.'

Martin was the first to venture, then Clemence, then the widow and her two eldest grandsons, but nothing could induce the youngest boy or the little girl to approach; and so to make up for the disappointment, Uncle Bruno embraced Julienne.

'By my faith, I thought I should never get here,' he said. 'Do you know, Mother Mauvaire, that it is a good stretch to walk from Dieppe to this house of yours?'

Martin looked, and saw the shoes of the seaman covered with dust.

'Why, Uncle Bruno, did you come on foot?' he asked, completely surprised.

'Parbleu! Would you have me come by boat across your corn fields?' replied the sailor, gaily.

Martin turned to the door.

'But your luggage?' he ventured to say.

'My luggage! I carry it about me,' said Bruno. 'A sailor's wardrobe, my boy, is complete when he has his pipe and his nightcap.'

Astonishment was depicted on every countenance.

'Pardon me,' persisted the boy; 'but after your letter, I thought—'

'What—that I would bring a three-decker with me?'

'No,' replied Martin, trying hard to laugh pleasantly; 'but your trunks—for a long stay; for you gave us reason to hope you would stop with us a good while.'

'I did?'

'Yes; and the proof is that you said you would bring with you all that you possessed.'

'Well, here is all that I possess,' cried Bruno—'my monkey and my parrot.'

'What! is that all?' exclaimed the family in a breath.

'That and my chest, where there is plenty of stockings without feet, and shirts without wristbands. But we won't grieve for that. As long as the conscience and the stomach are right, the rest is only a farce. Excuse me, sister-in-law. I see cider over there, and my long land journey has made me as dry as a whistle. Hop, Rochambeau; salute your relations.'

The monkey made three hops, then withdrew a little, and began scratching his head.

In the meantime the sailor had reached the table and helped himself to cider. The family were in consternation. Seeing the table set, Bruno drew over his chair without ceremony, and declared that he was as hungry as a hawk. He then helped himself to the bacon and apple sauce, which were in view, but Dame Mauvaire closed the door of the buffet, and hid the rest of the dainties from observation.

As Martin continued to question the sailor, he told him of his voyages—how he had sailed the Indian seas for twenty long years, now under one flag, now under another, without making anything but his pay, which he spent as quick as he received it. In short, at the end of an hour, it was very evident, that the only fortune Uncle Bruno could boast was an excellent appetite and unconquerable good humor.

The disappointment was general, but the manner of showing it was peculiar to the individuals. In Clemence it excited surprise, shaded with a slight sorrow. In Martin it assumed the form of mortified vexation; while in the heart of the widow it aroused anger and bitter grief. The change of sentiment soon became apparent. The ape, having pursued and frightened the little girl, her grandmother insisted that it should be banished to an empty stable; and on the parrot being permitted to peck at the sailor's plate, Martin declared that it was impossible to put up with it. Clemence said nothing, but went on with Julienne to attend to the house, whilst the widow, taking her wheel, went out of doors to spin. When left alone with his nephew, who endeavored to conceal his dissatisfaction under the appearance of absence of mind, uncle Bruno quietly put down his empty glass, whistled a moment, then leaning his elbows on the table, he looked Martin full in the face.

'Do you know, my lad,' he said composedly, 'that it appears to me the wind has shifted a little to the northeast hereabouts? Your looks would chill a man to the heart, and not one of you has addressed the smallest word of friendship. That's not the way to receive a relative you haven't seen for twenty years.'

Martin replied, brusquely enough, that the welcome was as good as they could afford to give; that it was not in their power to give him better cheer.

'But it's in your power to give me a kinder welcome,' replied Bruno; 'and instead of that, parbleu! I'm getting the cold shoulder. However, we have talked enough over the matter, my lad; I don't like family quarrels. But remember, that you will repent of this one day; that's all I'll say.'

So saying, the sailor cut another slice of bacon, and began eating again.

A suspicion flitted across Martin's mind.—

'Uncle Bruno,' thought he, 'would not have that self-confident air if he owned only an ape and a parrot, as he says. He has made dupe of us all, that's clear; he wished to prove us, but that threat has betrayed him. Let us repair our folly and win him back to us.'

He ran immediately to his mother and sister to make known his discovery. Both hastened to return, and they entered the room with faces radiant with smiles and good humor. The widow excused her absence on the ground of attention to her household duties, which had obliged her to leave her dear brother-in-law for a while, and expressed her astonishment at the meagre condition of the table.

'Well! Where is the cake?' she cried, 'where is the cheese and the cream that was put aside for Bruno? Julienne, what are you thinking of, my dear? And you, Clemence, sea if there are not some filberts in the little buffets; they will sharpen the teeth and give a relish to the wine.'

The young girl obeyed; and, when all was on the table, smilingly took a seat opposite to Uncle Bruno.

'Well, all in good time!' he said 'That looks something like a true relation. I see once more the daughter of my poor George. It's not to-day I knew you, little one,' he said, chucking her fondly under the chin; 'I have heard somebody talk about you often enough.'

'Who was it?' asked the astonished girl.—

Before the sailor could answer a quick, loud voice shouted 'Clemence!' She turned round in amazement, but no one was to be seen.

'Ah, ah! you don't know who is calling you,' said Uncle Bruno, laughing.

'Clemence! Clemence!' repeated so many voices.

''Tis the parrot,' cried Martin.

'The parrot,' repeated the young girl, 'and who, then, taught him my name?'

'Somebody who has not forgotten it,' said Bruno, with a knowing wink.

'You Uncle?'

'No, my dear, but a young sailor, who is a native of Omonville.'

'Mark?'

'I believe that is his name.'

'You have seen him, then, Uncle.'

'A little; because you see, I returned in the vessel to which he belongs.'

'Then he has come back?'

'Yes, that he has, and with money enough to marry and keep the pot a boiling without applying to father or mother.'

'And he has spoken?'

'Of you,' said the sailor, guessing her thoughts, 'often enough for Jacob to have caught the name, as you see.'

Clemence blushed with pleasure, and her mother could not conceal her satisfaction. The projected marriage of Clemence and Mark had received the cordial approbation of Widow Mauvaire; and she was sincerely grieved when the family of the young man raised objections to it after her son's death. She was, therefore, pleased to hear from Bruno that as soon as some