

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE. CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

quired in the land where her youth had been passed; and though very witty, she was too sensible and well-disposed to wound anyone by sarcasm. Madame de Genlis had found one fault with her—she was indolent—but the adoring husband saw none; and some of his letters to his mother, the Duchess of Leinster, are still extant, in which he speaks of Pamela with the greatest tenderness.

CHAPTER III.—THE BURNING OF THE STORM. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was naturally too sensitive to the sufferings of others to be long content with living for himself. Although his affection for his wife never decreased, he continued to speak of his home as a perfect Paradise, he took a deep interest in all the political questions of the day.— Brave and satisfied in his own mind that the views he had adopted were correct ones, he did not suffer any personal considerations to keep him silent, nor stay to consider how much there might be to risk by his impudence. Others might warn him that he was rendering himself obnoxious to the ruling powers, and advise him to be more cautious, and to temporize for a while; but it was to no purpose.— He could not trundle to circumstances; his high and haughty spirit disdained to bend, and he would not be induced to desert those whom his example had influenced. Nor did his Pamela distress him with womanly terrors, for she was satisfied that he could do no wrong; and as ardent a lover of freedom as himself, she was buoyed up with hopes of his ultimate triumph—hopes which were never to be realized.

The long-impending storm broke over their heads at last; the brief, sweet summer of their lives was over, and a bitter wintry blast had succeeded. The order was given for the arrest of the leaders of the party with which Lord Edward identified himself. It was carried out by a magistrate named Swam, who seized several of them at the house they met in Bridge Street, Dublin. Lord Edward was warned in time to evade this capture, and he also contrived to elude the search made for him, for he had friends in all classes. The humblest peasant would have perilled his safety to secure that of the Fitzgerald whose hand was as open as his heart was warm; and had he been prudent, he might have escaped the country at once, and lived abroad till better times.

But his friends, were in captivity, his wife was in uncertainty as to his fate, and he disdained to fly. He learned that Pamela had borne the tidings of his danger with tolerable fortitude, but had immediately resolved to quit Leinster House, where, with her children, she was then residing. "I will not live in luxury," she firmly said, "while my beloved husband is enduring privations and in hourly danger of imprisonment. I will take a lodging in an obscure street, and be ready at any moment to join him, whether it be to escape with him from the pursuers or to share his captivity."

She insisted on being allowed to act on this determination, for the knowledge that Leinster House was closely watched, and that her residence there compromised its inmates, made her all the more eager to depart. With only one servant in attendance upon her children, Lady Edward Fitzgerald removed to a quiet street at the rear of Merrion Square where the few who saw her, simply dressed and apparently in the care of her little ones, dreamed not that this silent woman had once been the ornament of a Court, or that her ear was continually strained for news of her husband.

That he would make his way to her sooner or later she felt certain, and this had been one reason why she preferred an obscure lodging to the splendor of a ducal mansion. There, not a foot passed in or out but was noted by unfriendly eyes; here, they might meet, and none be cognizant of it, save those whose fidelity there was no reason to distrust.

And so it proved, for one evening as she walked her humble sitting room slowly, to hush her infant to rest, the door opened, and a tattered mendicant appeared; but the gesture that warned her to silence spoke volumes. In another moment the door was secured, the disguise thrown off, and Lord Edward was in his wife's rapturous embrace.

Anxiety and sorrow had much changed the face he loved; the riant beauty that had distinguished the belle Pamela of the French Court was marred by tears and nocturnal watchings; yet we question if she was ever so lovely in her husband's eyes as when she lay on his breast hushing her sobs lest they should distress him; and bravely hiding her terrors lest he should only quit her loving arms for the clutch of those who were relentlessly seeking him! How tenderly she strove to smile and make light of her own share in his troubles, may be better imagined than described.

"Did he know," she asked, ere he left her, "that a reward had been offered for his capture?" "I do; and were it not for you, my precious one I would no longer skulk in concealment, seeing a betrayer in every one who looks at me suspiciously. I still glory in my cause, and for that I am ready to die."

"But not to yield yourself a prisoner to your enemies," she urged. "Not to risk a long captivity and perhaps exile to some land where I should not be able to follow you. For my sake, Edward, be patient, and keep close." "Ay and play the coward a little longer," he cried, bitterly. "Nay, Pamela, it would be a more honorable course to give myself up to those who seek me, and let my fellow-men judge between me and my accusers."

But the devoted wife shrank in dismay from such a dangerous step. "You must not do this, my dearest lord," she urged. "If all men were like you generous and honorable, I would not oppose it! But to let you give up your liberty and throw yourself into the hands of men incapable of appreciating your motives—ah, no, no, have patience a little longer. Think of our children and be not rash! In a short time the angry feelings you have aroused will have subsided. The duke will then be able to obtain a pardon for you."

"Which I should never accept!" he interposed. "Could you, who have shared all my aspirations, who have dreamed with me of seeing old Ireland free, ask me to receive aught from my oppressors?" And, Pamela, pale as if she were signing his death warrant, but still truthful and heroic, bravely answered, "No!"

"But you will consent to leave Ireland?" she was entreating the next moment. "Yes," he replied, with despondency. "If it can be arranged without compromising any one, I will go to France for a while. It galls me to sneak away from danger, but I cannot look at you, and refuse!"

When this plan had been discussed, the husband and wife felt it prudent to separate. Lord Edward assured his lady that he was in safe hiding, and her hopes rose again, for she knew that the means would not be wanting to secure him a safe convey to the Continent. She communicated with his relatives, and very secretly the preparations were made for his departure. Again the fondly attached couple met, and Lord Edward was apprised that all was nearly ready. So secure were

they both that the eagerness of pursuit had died away, and that his escape could easily be managed, that Pamela, as he kissed his sleeping children, smiled through her tears, and pictured the joy of the moment when she and they should join him. But that night, Lord Edward was tracked from his wife's lodging to his own place of concealment, and, within an hour after he reached it, his arrest was attempted.

He heard the stealthy steps on the stair; he knew that a long dreaded moment had arrived; but he started up fiercely, determined not to be taken alive. At first with his sword, and, when that was broke, with a dagger he had about him, he bravely defended himself. A fierce conflict ensued, for a few friends who were near, rushed to his aid. With his own hand, he disabled the officer in command of the men sent to capture him, but was eventually overpowered. The brave, the handsome, the heroic Fitzgerald was carried to Dublin Castle a prisoner, and a desperately wounded one. Yet, though faint and bleeding, his courage was unflinching, and not a murmur escaped his lips. Had he succeeded in his enterprise, he would have been lauded as a hero and a patriot. Yet he never testified greater heroism than in the hour when he felt that death was upon him, and that he would never more lift hand or voice for the dear, dear country he loved so well.

Whether his manly composure melted the hearts of those about him or not, it is certain that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was treated by all who came in contact with him with the greatest sympathy, and commiseration was openly expressed for his hapless wife. The secretary of the Lord Lieutenant offered, in all secrecy, to transmit to her ladyship any confidential communication he might wish to send her. But he had none to send; his only request was that the tidings of his capture be broken to her as gently as possible.

The wish was obeyed, but no human efforts could avert the blow such terrible and unlooked-for news inflicted.

Pamela, rudely awakened from her contemplations of a happier future, could scarcely be made to believe that her Edward was a prisoner. He had so many hair-breadth escapes from capture, that she had conquered her first terrors and learned to think that he was permitted to evade his enemies; but when the first passion of despairing grief was over, she reminded herself that he must need her to comfort and nurse him, and she hastened to his prison.

Here, however, her entrance was forbidden. With what we must now regard as a refinement of cruelty, the unhappy wife was rigorously excluded from the presence of her wounded and dying husband. Frantic at this treatment, she had recourse to bribery; and to soften the hearts of his gaolers, she parted with every article of value she possessed.

But her efforts were made in vain. Neither the money she lavished upon them, nor her piteous and oft repeated entreaties, procured her permission to share Lord Edward's captivity. She could but pace the street outside his prison, asking anxiously for him, and finding cold comfort in the pitying looks of all who beheld her.

This is a sad record of grief that seemed too terrible to be borne, yet, a still heavier trial was in store for the poor Pamela! Ere long she actually received orders to quit Ireland with her children, and was compelled to obey! Perhaps it was feared that her beauty and her grief might stir the adherents of the Fitzgerald to attempt his rescue; but at this distance of time, the measure seems both harsh and unjustifiable.

And thus, after five years of domestic happiness in the land that gave birth to her beloved husband, Pamela bade it eternal farewell. She entered Ireland a blooming girl of nineteen, with the brightest prospects opening before her; at twenty-four she quitted it, with her little ones, still a loving wife, yet with every hope blighted.

Friends still gathered around her, and strove to console her with the prediction that Fitzgerald would be speedily released. And so he was. Shortly after his Pamela was compelled to quit Ireland her brave husband expired from the effects of the wound he had received. He died as he had lived, heroically enduring his sufferings, unselfishly thinking more of others than himself, and bequeathing all he possessed to his wife as a mark of his love, esteem, and confidence in her affection for her children.

"It would have been better for you, my poor child," Madame de Genlis sorrowfully exclaimed, "had you never met this unfortunate young man." "But the bereaved wife proudly retorted: "Not so! I would rather be as I am, despite all the sorrow I have endured, than have been preserved for a happier fate. The memory of one of the bravest and best of men is enshrined in my heart, and it is my proudest boast that I was the chosen bride of the Fitzgerald!"

But there were trying moments to be gone through ere she could revert to the past in this manner. While Pamela lingered in London, trying to believe, with her friends, that Lord Edward would be pardoned, the news arrived that he was no more. Who was to break them to the grieving wife? Only yesterday they had been holding out hopes that had brought smiles to her faded though still beautiful face, and now those smiles would be banished for ever!

And the scene was even sadder than her friends had anticipated. Pamela had been heroic in her devotion to her spouse, and patient and gentle under her own trials; but she was a veritable woman when the Duke of Richmond told her that Edward Fitzgerald had expired in the prison to which she was denied access. Her anguish prostrated her; and when the Duke of Leinster, the brother of her dead husband, came to mingle his tears with hers, she mistook him for the lost Edward and suffered fresh agonies when un deceived.

Their union had been a very romantic one, but it was hallowed by a purity of love that knew no decay, and in those five years of her wedded life, Pamela had known more felicity than often falls to the lot of mortals. It was this that made her loss so hard to bear. Not a reminiscence of her beloved one but filled her with the most poignant regrets that she should have been torn from her under such terrible circumstances.

Yet it was now that the diviner element in Pamela's character displayed itself. In the midst of her own overwhelming grief she could be thoughtful for others, and never forget that there were many besides herself who loved Edward Fitzgerald. For their sakes she stifled her own sorrow, winning their esteem and admiration by her fortitude.

As if fortune still resolved to persecute her, Pamela found herself and children reduced to poverty, as well as deprived of their natural protector. By his attainder, Lord Edward Fitzgerald's property was forfeited to the Crown, and his widow and offspring left destitute. Several efforts were made to get this harsh decree reversed, but without effect, and Pamela returned to France, to end her life in obscurity. She survived her husband for many years, but always tenderly cherished his memory. Until her death she retained the charms that first won Lord Edward's affection. Her beauty faded, but she did not lose with it the grace and vivacity, the sweetness of temper, and thoughtful kindness to those about her, that endeared her to all who knew her. One of the sincerest mourners at her grave was an aged deacon, who had known her happy, frolicsome girlhood—one who well remembered how lovely she had looked when, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage, she gave her hand to the gallant young Irishman, who won her heart on a dark night in the streets of the English metropolis.

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PROVINCIAL OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 969. DAME CELESTE TRUDEL, of the Parish of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of OLIVIER BENONI DURAND, Baker, of the same place, judicially authorized to enter in this Court in her own name, Plaintiff.

The said OLIVIER BENONI DURAND, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been this day instituted against the Defendant in this cause. Montreal, 22nd February, 1876. N. DURAND, Attorney for Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the matter of GABRIEL L. ROLLAND. An Insolvent. The undersigned has filed in the Superior Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on Tuesday, the fourth day of April next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. Montreal, 25th February, 1876. ARCHAMBAULT & DE SALABERRY, Attorneys for Insolvent.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the matter of EDMOND L. FETHER, An Insolvent. On Tuesday, the fourth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 25th February, 1876. ARCHAMBAULT & DE SALABERRY, Attorneys for Insolvent.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the matter of PIERRE POULIN, An Insolvent. On Tuesday, the fourth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 25th February, 1876. ARCHAMBAULT & DE SALABERRY, Attorneys for Insolvent.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the matter of JOSEPH BELIVEAU, An Insolvent. The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court, a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on Tuesday the fourth day of April next he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. Montreal, 25th February, 1876. ARCHAMBAULT & DE SALABERRY, Attorneys for Insolvent.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 729. DAME CAROLINE BOURDON, of the Town of St. Henri, District of Montreal, wife of PIERRE E. BARSALOU, of the same place, Painter, duly authorized to appear in judicial proceedings, Plaintiff; vs. The said PIERRE E. BARSALOU, of the same place, Painter, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause, on the seventh day of February instant. AUGÉ & NANTEL, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 7th February, 1876. 27-5

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In re XISTE VIGEO, Insolvent, and LOUIS JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. The undersigned will make application for his Discharge on the Seventeenth day of March next, according to the said Act. XISTE VIGEO, By PREFONTAINE & POCTRE, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 22nd January, 1876. 26-5