# (a) cuctic 1 <br> CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

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ROSE EEBLANC;
tele trigmpe or singerfitt
cifapter v.-Contunued. The storm was still going on ; the rain jeat-
ing againe the panes. The onise of the torrent
mocresing every moment. Henr. came ia at last. Sipper was on the table.

 answered the young mana, without raising bis
eyes from the plate wuich bad zeen set before $\underset{\text { Thim }}{\text { him }}$ The guor bourgeois subbed bis baads, thrust
thera mino bis pocket, and walked about tbe room wirit a thoroughly happy expression of countenaice. Then stopping opposite the niece, be
said.
You shall hare a splesidid wedidiog diess. sadal
litle girl. The bess that can ne fouad at M.
Barton's. W Won't she be pretty or her wedding

 hatd for the weddiog teast-ay, Rosy, the two
buedred and eighty fracs jou said you wanted girl-we must lose no teme and get you riarried shand bpeak to M. le Cure, and to get him to pub-
lish the names on Sunday. Come, Henri, what

 crypge bitterif. - What does ali this mean?
cried M. Dumant angrify. 'Hare you bee quarrelling again? Come, ber's have no more
 it ep, and behare hise sevsibe prople. What
no aswer? Am It uaderstad there is some
thing serious in all titis? Ob, then, I can be serious too, I assure you. Sir, i shall give you up
for teper. I shall turn you out of my bouse if you don't marry my niece., it is mot has faut, uncele, it ant has fatit, cred Rose, clasping her hands. 'It is I who 'Yau!' cried her uncie in surla astonishwent that he. eeened ready to drop.
' Yoze! re-echoed Babet,
© But I do mean that. burst out Rose, poritat 'Sut I do mean it, burst out Rose, worsed ur you care for kim, and if you don't joe don't. afterwards, and I had a great deal zather not
maryy at all, than be made to accept a man
agaiost ny will. I mill not do it:
 'Henri! reared out M. Dumont. 'Fheari,
speak! What does she mean? what does it all creaia? Is this some foolish whin? some sense less love quarrel! Is she giving berself airs?-
Have not you made preity sperches enough to
 Heari coldy repled, and rater
titude

- Taken a fancy to another mas: ? repaated $M$ Dumont, cienching his fist and striding un
Rose as if hardy able to command himself.
© A demonselie? How dare you dreann of such a tugnotselle thall teaci you to go and disgrace your-
setit.? 'Gently, gently, father,' staterposed "Hesri, placing himself betwe
and his weeping oiece. she thad been my own child. She bas beea made mueh of, and petted and dressed like the daugh
ters of che wealthiest tradesman ta Pau, and she has now the audacity to stand up and tell me she will. act marry jou. I have a great rsind this
very moment 10 turn her out of doars. 'It is raintag too hard,' whispered Babet, who almaps understood thage in their most litera
seose. Then raisug her roice slue added, 'No beut that she would richly deserve it;' for 'Henri's deadly paleness andiootik of intense misery wea - Mer heart tar more than Rose's tears. 'May we néquire,' said M. Numont, in a con
straned and ironical tone, may we be permetted to inquire who it is Mademolselle has falien in love never sand I was in love will any body, Rose answered in a vonce broken by ther sobs; bropose for ine, unless indeed be has changed his mind siace this morning.
- Only let him come, only let him come? 'ex clamed M. Dunont, strikung the table at the
same time with :he utmost violence. 'I will speak my mind to hm if be dares set his foot in
this house. A wretched penviless beggar wio this house. A wretched punuiless beggar who
pretends. to be a gentleman, and who bas had the pretends to be a gentleman, snd who has had the
insolence to tamper with the affections of my
 log hypocrte!
it is very unjust, it is pary unkind to speak
so. On, dear, ot, dear! what will become of une !" and Rose fell on her traees with her head
leaning agaiost the table. When she looked up leaning agaiost the table. When she looked up
3gain her uncle and her aunt bad left tbe room.
'Oh, dear, dear, she agan exclaicled, 'cow drealfully angry they are with me.
'There now, don't err so bitterly, Rose's satd Henri, wiping her efes and drawing ber hair on
ber face as if she had been a sobbiag child. You are as white as a sleet; dria

'Husi, doon't talk of that mowe, After a pacse did pou pretend not to care wheu Andre todd you of bis bad luck." yesterday that fou would till any one who
Henri pressed his badds agatnst his temp Henri pressed his bands agananst his temples as
to still teer throbbing, and his hips quirered as to still twen' throbbag, and his has quirered a, and taking the crucifir from bis bosom, tie devouly sissed it, 'if it bad not been
knows what I tright have done?
'You wouid have killed him,' said Rose, shouddering. - Who can answer for aimseif? I was
a while; but God did not forsate And a bu you are grcwn quite reasonable - I tope 60 ,' be saswered in a tone of the deepest dejectuon.
'It is all very sad,' ejaculated Rose with Do you feel ancy better
- My bead acies very much

I dare sary it does; you are tired to dealu
o along to bed. Come, lay hold of nay arm will help you up stars. And Babet,' he called out as they passed her room, 'come here, wit fatigue and can hardly stand. And hark ye aunt', be added in a whisper, 'mind yoa don' scoid her to-night.
enough for one da
Henzi closed the shutters and faatened the door of the house, extinguisted the lights in the kitchen, and then slowly went up io bils bed-
room. Babst, who slept in the next attic to his, heard hima sighing and groaning through the night heighteued ber indignation agaisst Rose to such a pitch that sbe would have wllungi) given her a
beating, but ibe nest moinent her feelings were sofiened by the thought of the poor child's head ache, and the wething she had bad.
shouid bave tokea cold,' she suddenly
and in an instant she was out oi bed and hentin and in aa instant sue was out of bed and benuing
orer the sleepung gril. ' Was there ever such a
pretty cresture? she prety creature, she hought, as the light of hee
cande fell on the lopely face of her young nece - does not ste look just like a picture with the tears lying on her cheeks just like the rain-drops
on our damask roses ; and that lock of hair curton our damask roses; and that lock of hair curt
ing so prettily on her white neck as if hat hat strayed she sigh in purpose? The litcle too with young paeple! almars makng trouble to themselres, and other people too.
Rose woke up at that moment screaming so
riolendy, 'Don't Lill hum, Heari, den't kill bim, that Babet, terrified, took some boly mater from thed ber wiop at the foot of the otd and spria to her own, a change orer the spirit of her
dream, and burstug out laughing she saad, catch cold.' go to bed, Aunt Babet. You wil 'I dare sap I shall. It would be odd of I did teeth. 'Erery thing is upside down in the diouse. Night .turaed iato day. Nothing but
groaning and crying and calling out murder. But Heaven torgre me, the child is of asleep again.
Well, $f$ gris are not queer articles to deal with. There she is snoring away as if nothng was the
matter. Ab, well, I am not going to stop here any longer, catching my death of cold (the goad lady forgot that it was summer); I'll just .wrap
my shaw round my head, get into bed, and shut my ears to all their sighings and groaungs.-
Charity begins at home. So sapiog, Babet witburew asleep, regardless of the iomantic troubles of ber asleep, rega
neigbbors.

One Sunday evening after respers, a short time after the draving of the conscription, Andre Vidal and Rose were sitting together under a pillagers were dancung, not near enough for their cienily apart to draw notige upoa themselizes.-

Pose was making a variety of little nosegays
with the wild flowers within wher reach, and tying
them up with as much care as those she had been them up with as mucli care as those she had been
in the ababt of arrangrig for the market-place of in the
Pau.
" So you are no more to go to markers and fruit?" said Andre he belped leer to collect the rosy tipped daisues and sbining buttercups with which the grass
about thema was stadded. ' No ; so it bas been
'No; so it has been decreed in the family
council held three days ago in M. Dumont's parlour. He bas engaged a substisute for ine to
ite person of M . Roojeant's niece, and there is to be an end. of my daily gourdeys to town and my walks home across the meadows. It with be
rather dull stlting at tome all day with Aunt Babet, especiaky as you are going away so soon,
M. Andre, and I shall hare nothing to look forWard to, or to thent of in the mean tine. Do you reaily mean that you will be absent seven
years? Dear me, mas all be dead and juried by that time.
Oh, no, ne siall live to meet agatu; you must not be so downbearted, Rose; and to the
inean time we can dwell on the recollectious of the past and bright hopes for the future. ${ }^{6}$ That is all very foln, but though the past
and future are very well in ther was and future are very well in their way, it is rather
like telling a person to think of their breakfast and rheir stpper at the ti:
be eating thatr dinuer:
be eating their dnner:'
This smile made Alure snile, and be said, bave sometumes been obliged to have recourse to that system whien things bare gone sery hard 'Indeed!' said Rose thoughtfully. : Who
mould bave supnosec that you Lad ever sutiered rould bave supposec that you had ever sufered
from -'
'Real bard poverty, you would say. Well there are harder things to bear than that. We We
bave always kept our heads abore kater, and please God, I way work my way some time or
other to a position in which I may reuture to claim you as my wife
: Bui gou will

- But you will in the mean time be making a places fou will be staping at. If sou were forget me!
'Forget thee, Pajse: I.cas say mith the


## "The monarch maj forget tha crown That on his brow an bour has been: <br> The bridegroom may forget th brid Wus made bis wedded rife yestree The mother mar forwet the hild <br> The mother mar forget the child That smiles so sweily on her knes, <br> But y'l :emember thee, 'dear Rose, And all that thou hast beea to me.

- That is rery pretty, M. Andre; bat if the bridegroom caa forget the bride that is reails
married to him, that is just the reason why you may forget me who am not yet your 'wedjed
wife. Thal's way I doa't like poetry. There is oo common se
Andre took her band and sail gently, ' Do
you really turk a man is ithely to forget a girl Whorm be has loved since bus childtood?
'Have you really loved me so long? Wei
now, I must tell Sister Theresa so. Sue wanted me to unarry Henr! for that vety reason, that he had cared tor me such a long time. Not that i
is true. I don't beliere a vord of it, but I shouid
it

That you bave ret

- That I bave a regard for jou, M. Andre Rose answered with dignity. 'I am not sure
- Tinat story that $I$ wrote or purpose to amuse
iEes; it was olways running ta my neaù, and t last by diot of thinking of the storg 1 began to think of you??
'It was my fi 'It was my first attempt to give life and form
to the rague imaginings that had hauated my mind for years,' murmured Andre in an absiract-
ed manner.
'Is it very difficuit to write a tale ?' asked Ross. Rather more dificuit than to make a bouquet,' ie a nswered gaily: ‘but botio tales and
bouquets may be colorless and scentless, or beautiful and sweet,' according to the skill of tho makes. How do you set about it, Rosy,
when you want to produce a very charouing nosegar ?'
'First I select the most iovei'y flower I can
find for the centre? ' Aod I choose the best subject [ can fand for 'A Ad
my ' I talise
my 'ale.'
'I tale care not to use the full.
because the leapes drop off so soon.'


## Cll of as I proceed

${ }^{1}$ Then I mux
colours : the purple with the yellow ; the pink
and blue with the white? and blue with the white?
Adud Imix top what is gay with what is sor-
rowful, fight thoughts with serions ones,' Andre
said with a sigh.
'Ah! that is pers true,' exclaimed Rose, reechoung the sish, and arready yosing sight of the
literary and literary and pictorial side of the subject, in the
realities which bis tast words had recalled to lier mind. 'It is pleasant to think that we care
about each other, and that we bope some day to be married; but it is rery sad to thank that you must go avay, for such a long time too. It is
a great blessing that we have made it up befcre a gratat blessing that we have made it up befor
parting.' ' Indeed I was on the point of giving way to word of explanation. I was so hurt, so wounded by what semed to me your inexcusable cen-
duct, your beartiess iodiference, I felt as if I ould never forgive you. The whole of that state of perfect disiraction.

- Daar! bow strange! Heari stayed out in he garden for ever so long that night. Aust
Babut said ive ruyst of mad to go out for a walk the pouring
No words
No words can descrive what I weat througb the night:' 'What, dus you go to sleep st all, MI
 ande mes so wretcied, M. Audre, for I was
: Not resy quielly, M. Aus
 Slip nto our garden. I heard him thrompogg sant against the panes, ist plor a long time I would to open my widdow, as I mas afratd he would

He is the sharpest litue fellow, that $j$ ules! $!$
${ }^{\text {ght. }} \mathrm{He}$ had ooticed,' continued Andre, 'he had
suspected and he had understood ererything that
bad happened the previous day, and succeeded after a while in making it clear to me. I shall always feei gratelul to that bor. The relief wa mexpressibe. from my lieart. I could not bear to think of may dear Ense as of a. selfish, bearlless
firt., "Good litile Juies i he has aimaps been rery
fond ol me; and then he tutes Henri. But, good gracious, how he did frighten me the next me ail of a sudderi, 'M. Andre is close upan my heels. Hfe will be bere in a minute! ' Don't
laugh, MA. Adre; if you bad seen my uncle the night before thumpung the table and roaring out,
'Oniy let bim corse! only let him come? you would not think it a joke 1 can tell you.
'I must oun that I did not meet with d very
cordiai seeftion from han of from that good lady, lus sister, the day that I ventured to cal frozen visages than therrs when l unfolded nay tale
of lore add of porerty. They did all but show of lare and of porerty. They dida all but show
me to the donr. Ttere eras bitter irony also in hite:r allusions to my claims, my pret
called then, to nobilly of descent.?

- 1 can't torgive them for beng so rude $t$ you, M. Andre, exclaimed Rose, with Cushe
cheeks ans sparkling eves. © It was too bad of
: Well, we must be just, my dear Rose, and I an seady to admit that a proposal of marriage
or cather a declaration of attachment on the part of a man totally without fortune, and who to make things betier had just drawn a bad number
for the conscription, did net really deserpe ang other treament. !3ut considering the promises in honor to lay the state of the case before gour relations, and not to saeak away as it were in sileace whathout terealing to twer the secret of of that on the evening after the ballot. 1 got into a pasion with Huari when be joomed me on
the Place du Chatean, and I let it all out. And so when my uncle iranted to insist upoo fixing the day of our marriage, he repeatad to bur
what I had said. My uncle would bave scolded me decallully, indeed I think be might have beat me, he was in such a rage, if Heori had not pre--
rented bim. Henri behaped very well. He said at once that he did not. Wist ang longer to marry me. That tbere was no occasion to
angey with me on his account ; and that since I
hau made up my mind bau made up my toind to have you, they bad be
ter leave me alone. That it was bad enoug for me your going away, aod as to the future, why it must be' ay God pleases, and many other
thiogs which pacifed them a litte. It is really very fortunale that he took it in that ray. conscriptign. Musf. you go, M, Andre ! Is
there no possible way out of it ? there no possible way out of it? ? None in the world, ing dear child. We are
loo poor to pay a substitute, whicd is the only ${ }^{1}$ ' You will come home sometines on leave of bsence ?'
'If we If we are not sent to Algeria. It is in Africa, mer dear Pose. - Oh in Africa! , Doy dear Roose.
the four or five parts of the world, i suppose. I forget bow many there are. We used to learn tliem at the
Convent School, but I tave aever thooght of it since.'
"Don't you ever read, Rose")
Sometimes, a ittle; if I liad za aunusag ' You swill write to me every weet when I am ${ }^{\text {gone }}$ ? ${ }^{\text {mill try }}$, M. Andre. But, deac me , it ts talking to each other.'
' Well, at to that, $I$ bave sometumes found it essier to pour forth the deepest and strangest
feelings of my heart upon paper than to give utlerance to them un conversation. Can you undeastand, ny love, hat it has bappened to me to the thought of what you have been to mee, to summor up your image amidst the shitary woods
and tulls of this beautiful land of ours, to engrave your name, your sweet name, on tts wild rocks and majestic trees, thus associating my lore for
gou with mey intense worship of nature. beautifol, elaculated you call poetry. But, M. Andre, if you will not be argry with me for saying so, are you quite
sure that it is a proof of love to like to go awar and thiak about people instead of liking to be a ways wilu taem? ${ }^{\text {a }}$ Do not wisunderstand me, my dearest Rose. I have no dearer wish on earth than to spend ny past the jor and the brightness of my sad existence. If it bad not been for the interest yous
hare taken in me, and the books which our goold hafe taken in me, and the books which our good
Cure has supplied me with, I musl lurg ago bave died of melancholy.'
'Books and litle Rose Leblanc! Who would have ever thought thes could have serped the same purpose? satd Rose laughing.
'It is quite true, ${ }^{2}$ rejoined Andre; ${ }^{\text {' }}$ your
loveliness ard gaiety, the fascinations of eloqueace, and the charms of poetry-'
:What, are you going to find son?e cikeness more amused. "Who ever heard tae tike of that as Aunt Babet would sar ?'
'Why, what is there so poetical on earth my sweet Rose, as youlh, beaut, and nno "Oh, I am very glad of it, M. Andre, if it cau give jou pleasure. But it we could ouly get a - Did aot your uncle agree to give fourteex
huadred francs for one in case M. Lacaze had dramed a band number.
'Yes, I believe so. That is not guch an ira
mense sum after all,' sard Rose thorghtult anse sum after all,' sard Rose throghtfully
'It is an immense surf for poor people,'

But, M. Andre.

- How long do you meaz to call mexM. Addre
 treasure. Shut your left eye and peep through several pieces of five francs, presents from ony uncle? I used to be alwass asking hum for
money tor one bit of faery or another, which I noney for one bit of fanery or another, which I
don't care a pin abcut now. I can see a sub sont care a pinabout now. I can see a sub-
stitute just beginnog to grow up at the bottom
of this box. Won't it be nice, M. Andre when he steps out of thad tukes pou all Andre
'You are an angel, Rose; and I too will try
to save out of my pay.
' No, no I mall not bear of that ; your paj will only just enable you to live respectably, and Leave t all to me. I sball have pleaty of
'ing, 'h, Rose, how I love gou!' be exclaimed, She shoots her head
She shoois her head reprovingly, ratiled the oined a group of young grrls who were joining ands for a dance.
So M. Andre ns gone,
Indeed he is Julee,
Rose answered mith a
'He looked very well in bis uniform,' observed Joles, who hau mintary lastes which bis relations did not encourage. - 5 It Madacie Bertrand per-
sists za ber narrow-mided aotions on the subject It the armp, I shall ealist some fioe day wilhout
Gor shame Jules, you ought to koot, better
than to say such things. Thík of whatitis to

