

**ROSE FORTESCUE; OR,
THE DEVOUT CLIENT OF
OUR LADY OF DOLOURS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649412419

Rose Fortescue; Or, the Devout Client of Our Lady of Dolours by Letitia Oliver

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LETITIA OLIVER

**ROSE FORTESCUE; OR,
THE DEVOUT CLIENT OF
OUR LADY OF DOLOURS**

ROSE FORTESCUE.

ROSE FORTESCUE;

OR,

THE DEVOUT CLIENT OF OUR LADY
OF DOLOURS.

BY

LÆTITIA OLIVER,

AUTHOR OF 'FATHER FLACID, OR THE CUSTODIAN OF THE
BLESSÉD SACRAMENT.'



R. WASHBOURNE,
18, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
1884.



ROSE FORTESCUE;

OR,

THE DEVOUT CLIENT OF OUR LADY
OF DOLOURS.



CHAPTER I.

ONE hot day in August, two little children were sitting in the shade of some of the large beech-trees on the smooth, well-kept lawn of Fernleigh Manor. The elder of the two, a dark-eyed, intelligent girl of seven years old, looked the picture of discontent, and cast uneasy looks in the direction of her cousin, a fairy-like, golden-haired child, a year younger, who was nursing a large wax doll with the utmost satisfaction.

At a little distance sat their nurse, a quiet, respectable woman of middle age, who was busy knitting a stocking, now and then raising her eyes to her young charges. The dark-eyed child, after watching her little companion's movements with considerable impatience, at length called out :

'That doll is mine, and I want to have it back ; give it to me, Edith !'

'It is not yours, it is mine now,' replied Edith defiantly, 'and I mean to keep it.'

'It is mine,' replied the other very angrily. 'Leonard gave it me a year ago, and I have kept it so carefully since. You *shall* give it up !'

'For shame, Miss Rose,' said the nurse, rising to go in, 'let your cousin have it a bit longer ; and now both of you be good children whilst I go in and see about tea.'

There was silence for about five minutes after nurse had left, then Rose called out :

'You are holding my doll's face in

the sun ; it will make her ill ; do sit more in the shade.'

'The sun will do her good,' answered Edith, without moving an inch ; 'she has got a cold, and the sun will warm her.'

'It will not do her any good—it will hurt her beautiful pink cheeks,' replied Rose, half crying. 'See, the wax is getting quite soft ; it seems all covered with blisters ; *do* move !'

'I won't move,' said Edith ; 'I like the sun.'

This was too much for the fast diminishing patience of little Rose ; she started up and exclaimed :

'Then you shall not have her another moment,' and seizing hold of the doll, she endeavoured to drag it from Edith's arms.

A struggle ensued between the two children, both equally determined to have possession of the wax baby, which till now had been the pride of Rose's heart. The contest soon produced deplorable results : first a wax arm, then a wax leg

was broken, whilst a stream of bran issued from a rent in its body. Rose was at last victorious: she succeeded in dragging her treasure from her cousin's arms; but, as she did so, Edith, with a fiendish look of triumph, contrived to smash in the already melting face of the no longer beautiful doll. Rose uttered a cry of vengeance, and raising her arm, struck her little companion with all the force she could command.

'Miss Rose, how dare you!' cried the sharp voice of the nurse, who had returned unperceived; 'go into the house this minute, and do not come out again till you are really sorry, and can promise to behave better.'

Rose darted away, quivering all over with passion, carrying with her the mutilated remains of her still precious doll. She entered the hall, but instead of going to the nursery, or to her own bedroom, she turned down a long passage, and, raising a heavy curtain, softly lifted the latch of the door concealed behind it, and passed into the chapel. It was a

simple, unpretending little building, possessing no architectural beauty; its altar was of plain wood, surmounted by a modern picture of no particular merit, representing the Crucifixion. There were no stained-glass windows, no bright flowers, no signs of its being much frequented; only the small silver lamp suspended from the roof told of the presence of the silent and unseen Dweller in the Tabernacle. But it was not to the Tabernacle that little Rose turned; at the entrance of the chapel there was depicted in stone Our Lady of Dolours, holding in her tender arms the bruised and wounded body of her Divine and crucified Son.

The countenance of that desolate Mother of Sorrows was the very ideal of grief, anguish, and affliction, blended with a touching resignation to the will of the Eternal Father. It was the perfect realization of those words of the *Stabat Mater* :

'Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam, et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.