THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

him, and accompanies him everywhere. I have seen him—when he thought himself unobserved—look at her as if in a trance,

and pronounce her name with unspeak

the moderation I could command, the offers made me by both the Confede-

rates and the agents of the Federal Gov-

Went Home to Die.

2

He took her warm hand in his cold wasted fingers, He looked in her face with his languid blue "My Maureen, my darling, the 'Oriole' lin-Look up, and bid Lawrence a loving good-

"Look up, ere he launches upon the blue (Acushla alannah, the mute bird must sing). Oh ! say, love thou'lt join him beyond in old Omagh,

Omagh, Before the sweet 'violets bloom in the spring! "Across the green Island he'll hasten,

movourneen, To welcome the barque that shall bear him his bride; Oh ! soft be the breezes that waft her to Erin, And gentle the pulse of her incoming tide!"

She sits at the window, the poor little Maureen, Alone in the twilight she sits, like a wraith; She sees the sweet violets bloom in the gar-

And all the spring blossoms enamel the

But out where the moonlight is touching the The swift fading lights of the "Oriole" And soft are the breezes that waft her to Omagh,

Omagh, And gentle the pulse of the outgoing tide.

Ah ! never across that green island of ours Shall hasten youug Lawrence to welcom the ship; The slumber of death the strong limbs o'er-

powers, And hush'd is the voice on the eloquent lip.

In the sunniest nook of the grassy old grave-Where

yard, Where the sweet-singing robins are build-ing their nest, He lies with the cross at his head, and a gar-land Of daisies and violets starring his breast.

She sits in her chamber, the desolate widow. He lies in his grave—and between rolls the

The cross at his head on her heart casts its shadow— May God in His mercy her comforter be !

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

CHAPTER XXII.

The probability of probabi

 rendumber of daring the atomater weike of laces. "In the standing in the motion of the standing o afternoon,—for she was very ill, and we too had been warned that we should quit our home, or have our home burned down. Besides, nearly all our negroes had managed to run away into Wes Virginia, where the people are opposed to the Confederates. Gaston was not afraid of these outlaws carrying out their threats, and said he would not call any of the men from the factory to guard your house, but would only have the servants armed and He, however, had six of his most trustworthy workmen to come and watch our house every night,-two re-maining by the day near the premises to

about him. But Gaston is now as grave as an old man. The people say that he shows splendid executive ability. He will not allow the works to be stopped for a single day, in order that the people may have money to earn and bread to eat. He says your father and grandf.ther are re-solved to spend all their fortune to support and defend the families that have been faithful to them. And it would do your heart good to hear all the blessings you get every day. "One word about our schools, and I shall end this long, dull letter. Gaston volunteers at Washington, and has written to some of his friends at Asheville that he hopes soon to be there with a force of Unionists sufficient to awe the 'rebels,' as Unionists sufficient to awe the 'rebels,' as he calls our enemies. Of course they swear that if they catch him here they will hang him like a dog to a branch of the nearest tree. Papa is also at Washington, and is very active in urging the govern-ment to march an army into Tennessee and North Carolina, so as to prevent the Union men there from being oppressed and murdered by the Confederates. Your family are looked upon as being at the family are looked upon as being at the head of all the Unionists in these parts,

shall end this long, dull letter. Gaston and your father have taken more pains since the war began than ever before, to because your father voted openly for Lincoln. have the schools, the Sunday-school par-ticularly, carried on without interruption. Both of them, or, at least, one of them, visit the schools daily. Mr. Bingham has sent us two excellent teachers in the Well, dear Rose, I'm only wandering away from what I have to tell you. Your people were all in the chapel on last Sun day morning, because good Mr. Bingham had sent one of his own clergymen to celebrate Mass at Fairy Dell, and to enable has sent us two externer teacher in the place of those who have gone away. They are both from St. Louis, and are strongly Southern in their feelings. But they never allow themselves to speak of all of your people, as Gaston said, 'to perform their Easter duty.' There were politics.

only one or two servants in the house. Old Hiawassee, who had also come over from his own home near Waynesville, "It was most touching, the people said, on that dreadful Sunday afternoon, when your Catholic children had all come for lept, as usual, in the house. He had been your Catholic children had all come for catechism-class to the clapel, to see how bitterly they cried in passing near the smoking ruins. Aunt Sallie says that when she called them into the chapel to recite the Rosary, all the grown up people who were there—and very few had gone home—joined in prayer with them, kneed-ing inside and outside, and one could hear the stifled sobs of young and old,—as Gaston led the Rosary prayers, as usual. "Oh, I wish you were all home ! I believe the hearts of the whole country would be turned to you if you came back now. Mamma would be so glad to have you all at Fairview till the new Manor House is built ! And you know, Rosette, the last to go to confession to the priest, and noticed that there were among the men who were waiting for their turn, two or three faces that he did not know, and him. As they perceived that the keen-eyed old Cherokee was watching them, they dis-appeared. After having been with the priest, Hiawassee said that, on his way from the chapel to the house, he observed

the figure of a man lurking in the shrub-"Both he and Gaston, before retiring, visited all the out-houses and let the dogs loose in the grounds. Gaston thought Hiawassee—who is very old, and has been House is built ! And you know, Rosette much annoyed of late on account of his who would be even more delighted than friendship for your family—was mistaken, and no more was said about his suspicions. mamma.

"Give my fond love to Viva and Maud. "Give my fond love to Viva and Maud, my kind regards to Charley, and my love and respects to Mr. D'Arcy. Please tell him I am no longer 'a little girl.' I have grown much taller and much stronger. I am never sick now. Gaston says I am nearly as tall as Viva, and 'quite a young lady.' But I am always my darling Rosette's own foolishly fond, The next morning-Sunday morningat morning service. The people expect to hear a panegyric of your mother, or to hear practical advice given about which side to take in the war: and so there were

said. "There is no one dead at home, said. "There is no one dead at home, nor even sick, for that matter, thank God! This is only news about one of Mr. Hutchinson's neighbors, who has met with a great loss. And, I suppose, I can-not bear anything exciting." "What neighbor ?" asking Viva, scan-ning her countenance closely. "Any of our deer friends ?"

our dear friends?" our dear friends " "We have no very dear friends, but the Hutchinsons, around Fairview," answered

Rose. "Then why are you so alarmed ?" in-

quired Maud. "Because I am fatigued, and a little -our family shall have the same influence and command the same respect in a log cabin as in marble halls. cabin as in marble halls. "From this you can understand how we all yearn for your return. Little Mary weeps, I verily believe, a dozen times a day, when she thinks of Rose and Genevieve and Maud. When father is here, the child cannot bear to lose sight of him and accommanis him construction for

weak. And now, darling, won't you and Viva leave me alone for a few moments? Viva leave me alone for a few moments? This is something that nearly concerns grandpupa. When I have shown him the letter, you shall hear everything you desire to know," Rose said, kissing Maud, who was already weeping bitterly. And the two docile girls withdrew to their own room, making all kinds of conjectures, though greatly reassured by hearing there was no death or dangerous illness at Fairy Dell. No sooner had they gone than Rose

and pronounce Fer name with unspeak-able tenderness, and then press her fondly to his bosom, as if dear mother lived over again in her 'baby-girl.' Mary is very fond of Lucy Hutchinson, because they speak constantly of Rose and her sisters. "And Lycarm almost a fondly for No sooner had they gone than Rose knelt for a moment in prayer, begging for strength for her grandfather and herself, to bear with this new blow from the chastening hand of Providence. She then rose and read quietly the remainder of "And I yearn almost as fondly for your return, dear grandfather. I have a kind of foreboding that this war is going to try me in more than one way. How, then, can I help wishing that you were with me rose and read quiety the remainder of the letter, pausing again and again to let the bitter tears flow freely. When she had read it through, she again lifted her soul to the Mercy-Seat, and prayed for grace to comfort and sustain her grandto advise and sustain me in my difficulties? "So far I have refused firmly, but with

father. And, composing her countenance as well as she could, she went straight to his room. He, too, after reading Gaston's letter, had been praying for strength from the back and been praying for strength from his

rates and the agents of the Federal Gov-ernment. Your absence, the death of my dear mother, and the large business that we have to manage here, have furnished me with ready reasons, if not very con-vincing ones. Indeed, I have been told that the time would surely come when I should bitterly regret having chosen to obstain and remain idle at home, when all on high, and head only reserving for strength from on high, and had only risen from his knees on hearing Rose's footsteps on the marble floor of the adjoining room. A glance at her face told him that she knew all, and the bright look of love on was such as the Angel of Consolation wight wear when coming to prior to prior might wear, when coming to raise some drooping soul on earth. He opened his arms to his child, and she wound her arms abstain, and remain idle at home, when all the youth of my country were taking the youth of my country were taking sides in the struggle. "To such implied threats I had no an-swer to make. And so we stand, with the smoking ruins of our house lying around us, and enjoying a brief quiet, full of fear and foreboding, on what is in reality the seething crater of a political volcano. "I know that my saintly mother.—oh.

around his neek. "God had given, and God has taken away, my own darling," he said. "Shall we not both say, 'Blessed be His holy

[FRIDAY, DEC. 12.

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THE MRMPHIS ORPHANS.

HOW A THANKSGIVING DINNER WAS BOUGHT

While collections were still making through the boxes at the New York Post Office, a lady, carefully concealing her name, sent us a note from a Southern city, saying her family were no longer in circumstances to enable her, as she would wish, to contribute money for the Orphans in Memphis, abandoned through the plague—but that she would send a braid of her hair, with the request to have it of her hair, with the request to have it sold in New York, and the proceeds sent

sold in New York, and the proceeds sent to the orphans. It was an embarrassment, as no fair price for the braid, which was of very-beautiful hair, was offered. Our admir-able postmaster, Colonel James, again came to the rescue. The collection, that had been made up to one thousand and fifty dollars, had been closed. Colonel James suggested to have the hair raffled— fifty chances at a dollar a piece. The idea was warmly taken up by the heads of denartments in the post office, the of departments in the post office, the raffle was made on the day before Thanksraffle was made on the day before Thanks-giving—all the chances being willingly taken by officers of the post office, except a very few by special friends of the post-master. Colonel James telegraphed to Father Kelly that the postmaster and his aids had made up fifty dollars for a dinner for the orphans; and the Park Bank, once more, very kindly gratuitously telegraphed the transfer of the money.

more, very knowly gratuitously telegraphica the transfer of the money. This makes \$1,100 for the orphans, through the boxes at the post office; \$1,075 transferred at sundry times, by the Park Bank and \$25 by money order on the post office in Memphis.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The collections thus far in the Catholic Churches in Cleveland Diocese for the suffering poor in Ireland amounts to \$3,000

\$3,000. Bishop Riley, who has just been made Bishop of the Church of Jesus, in the city of Mexico, has come into a fortune, and given \$100,000 of it to the Roman Catholic Church.

that were anxious not to be seen by

there was a very large crowd in the cha

factory, —and you must know that a great number have left, the most part being mechanics from the North, who were threatened by the Secessionists,—as well as the lumberers and farmers, are at work preparing materials, and getting ready to put up a new house. They say they will build a finer and a better house than the other, even if they had to work night and

day. "So you see there is some gratitude still left in the world. This burning has created a good deal of indignation among in the same mound, and can stand the same of fire as worthily as their parents. "I forsee that we shall have much to endure before the present conflict is so you see there is some gratitude still left in the world. This burning has created a good deal of indignation among the most moderate people now,—every-body being afraid not to be either an out-

the wrong. "I hope I am not selfish in wishing that " I hope I am not sellsh in wishing that we were again all united. There may be for our family worse trials in store than those which have lately been sent us. I know yours has not, dearest sir, and that my father's has not. I can venture to hope that neither my brother nor my-self will belie our ancestry. And I am sure that my isiter's souls have been east in the same mould, and can stand the test of fire as worthily as their parents.

watch our house every hight, two re-maining by the day near the premises to keep a good lookout. Indeed, darling Rose, I believe what he did to save us only made the villians more intent on ruining you. "My brother is now a captain of

news from their dear old home, and teased Rose till she consented to sit down and break the seal. She had not gone be-yond the first line, when she laid the latter on her law and presed her heart

with an exclamation of pain. "What is the matter, dear?" cried Maud, frightened by the deadly pallor that overspread her sister's countenance. 'Oh, Viva, there is some dreadful news from home !' she called out to Genevieve, who was a little way off, pretending in-

difference, and taking off her hat. Genevieve was no less startled by Rose's pellor, and Rose, alarmed at the probable consequences of giving way to her feel-ings, mastered herself with a mighty

"Do not make a noise, Maud !" she

teemed journal a few years ago I informed your readers that I had discovered the tomb of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, bearing

the following inscription: A Pamela, Ladye Edward Fitzgerald, Son ami le plus devoue, L. L.

The ground was purchased for ten years only by the heirs of Mr. Pitcarn. Accord-ing to the rules of the Paris cemeteries, the remains of the noble lady should have long ago been put into the "fosse com-mune," but they escaped by chance such a desecration. Since I found the place where they were interred I carefully watched the grave, and finding a few days ago that the four cypres-trees that had been planted on it at the time of her death and the iron railing were removed, I obbeen planted on it at the time of her death and the iron railing were removed, I ob-tained permission to have the body placed in a strong oak coffin. On Friday, in pre-sence of the conservateur of the cemetery and my friends, Viscount O'Neil de Tyrone and Count O'Connell, the exhuma-tion took place. The remains were taken to the ground I possess in the cemetery, Clichy Batignolles. The coffin, with a black pall, was placed in a he rse, and we followed it to the place where it is now followed it to the place where it is now safe. Our intention is to open a subscription, sure that our countrymen, at host and abroad, will subscribe the funds need ids neces sary for the purchase of a piece of ground "in perpetuity," and a suitable monument for the lovely being whose life was stain-less, and who, for five years, was the observe iffe of our counterman. The adored wife of our countryman. Trust-ing you will, with the other Irish papers, Trustassist in this good sir, yours faithfully, John P. Leonard. assist in this od work, I remain, dear

Committee in Paris-President, John P. Leonard; Viscount O'Neil de Tyrone; honorable treasurer, Count O'Connell, 68 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

you not the light and joy of my me every day ? Be satisfied, then, my dearest. You must now bring me Charley and the girls, affd I shall break the news to them. Afterward—after supper, I mean—we shall read the letters to our guests." And Rose went to seek her brother and sisters, whom she found deeply engaged in guessing who the neighbor was that Lucy Huchiason had written about, and what was the great misfortune that had so startled their dear Rose. TO BE CONTINUED. LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD. Be Rue Constantinople, Paris November 1, 1875. To the Editor of the Dublin Freeman. DEAR Site: In an article in your es-teemed journal a few years ago I informed your readers that I had discovered the tomb of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, bearing

SHOWING CATHOLICS THE WA ...

The Boston Congregationalist-the lead-The Boston Congregationalist—the lead-ing organ in the United States of those orthodox Calvinists who just two hun-dred years ago began, near Plymouth Rock, the work of planting churches and denominational schools—recently related the incident that in a large New-England High School, when all were called upon, only four knew what the Ten Command-ments were. Of these one was an Episco-palian, and the others "Romanists." "Some indeed," it said in a sort of regret ful comment, "have gone so far as to in-sist that the Decalogue went overboard sist that the Decalogue went overboard with the Mosaic ritual, and is no more binding than the command to sacrifice \mathbf{a} bullock every day as a sin offering." The *Congregationalist* urged more direct religi-ous and parental influence on the school-

children. This is naturally supplemented by the following rules laid down by Bishop Coxe, an Episcopalian, for the guidance of his denomination on the public school difficulty

1. When you can do no better utilize the common schools, and supplement them by additional means of doing good. 2. But where you can do better, let us

do our full duty to our children, and to all children, by gathering them into schools and colleges thoroughly Christian. And yet in the face of these and numer-

ous other declarations that we can produce, the organs of these denominations have stirred up prejudices against Catholics for daring to think of the very thing which they have themselves recommended and practiced.-Boston Pilot.

The man who labors most to augment the happiness and contribute to the pleasure of others, will, in spite of all ad-verse circumstances, be the hap iest of all men himself.

...