## THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPIER XXIX.

A PILGRIM KNIGHT COMES TO MORTLAKE. In the morrow, Mr. D'Arcy, who had mover quite recovered his former viger, found himself ailing and feverish after a night of wakefulness and great mental su!fering. It was in vain that he had resigned himself and the fortunes of his family, even more fervently thin was his daily wont, to the will of the Father in heaven. The image of his son reduced to the wre k which he must now be through life. haunted him, and banished sleep from his eyes. He rose, however, at his usual early hour, asked for a cup of fragrant coff e, drank it with a great sense of relief, and then went to perform his morning devotions in the little chapel a tached to the Mortlake mansion. Like the house itsel', the little oratory -which could seat about two hundred persons -was built on the designs made by Mr. Prancis D'Aray.

Mrs. De Braumont had always taken an especial delight in makin, this chapel a gem of nextness and beauty. Fanny, whenever she and her husband were parmitted to spen ! any length of time in th ir be utiful home, vied with her mother-in law in decorating this favored spot. She painted admirably, and the walls bore evidence of her taste and skill. The place was then made a great attraction to the colored people on that plantation,-their masters encouraging them to come there, morning and evening, before beginning and after ending their daily labor, to ite daughter, and had so far succeeded that say such prayers as they preferred.

Mr. D'Arcy was much touched as he stole into the chapel that morning while the servants and laborers were reciting morning prayer, to hear Joe Porter, who led the devotions, say: "Let us pray for Massa Gasten D'Arcy," And with unmist kable ferenrall responded to the supplications put up for the young officer by Gaston's favorite servant and companion, Joe.

the affection ite piety of these simple souls, their class throughout the country. and felt that he and his were well protected when such prayers went up for them morning and evening. So, throughout the day he moved about checrfully; conversed at table with Hiswassee and the family with a tone of joyous thankfulness that his boy was still preserved to them. But with night came a sense of atter prostration, and before morning there were unmistakable symptoms of brain-fever.

During the next six weeks Mr. D'Arcy's condition was such that lose could have n thought of leaving him. Indeed, her constant from Racine's Athach, with a purity of account presence by his bedside became to him indispensable. It was most pitiful, during his long ravings, to hear the sick man speak unceasingly to his fost Mary, as if she were still conversing with him, or with his father, or with some one or other of his children. Tim, occasionally, the sense of their loss would be appermest in the disordered brain. Once or twice he called sloud on Gaston to "come back, come back, ' with an accent of deselation that almost broke poor Rose's heart.

An, poor Rose in very deed! To the

brillant springtide of happiness in which we first found her, now bitter and how long a wint I has succeeded without any intervening season of preparation! To see her sitting pule and colorless, day after day, and often night after night, by the side of her sick parent, one would scarce recognize the bright and sunny girl who fluted like a sunbeam across the lawn at Fairy Dell, and brought joy with her wherever she shone, whether in her father's factories, or among her devoted school-children, or in the dwellings of the sick or the laboring poor. It was the same sweet girl, nevertheless, to when everybody at Mortlake looked up to as to a superior being,—so gentle was the cause of Kac's exclamation, she, so helpful, so ready with words of com. Suc had but coming from the fort or thrilling persuasion, so full of useful her father's seat, when her attention was knowledge and cunning industries! The drawn to the two strangers on the path b raddy cheeks nad lost their glow during these long months of watching in the suck-room, this direction. And there it se stood, pills and the grief that had fallen so rudely, wave and motionless, with her eyes fixed on the after wave on the young heart, unacquainted with sorrow or care, had act a stamp of soriousness on the girlish countynance, till then wreathed with smiles.

Suffering and sorrow had imparted to her features an air of majesty which seemed the here to me," he continued, "and t ke my very consecration of her uncommon loveli. arm." ness. The natural firmness and decision of her character had been strengthened by her many trials. It seemed to her, after all she andergone, and after having twice, within the space of a few months, seen ber dear father at death's door, that she could

chause anything.
No! there was still one whose trials and dangers--for she had been made acquainte i with Dego's peril-occupied a great place in her thoughts. To no one did she ever willingly speak of her absort lover. Nor did she refuse to speak of him when her father, or her aunt, or Fanny De Beaumont mentioned his name. Then she gave up her whole soul in its perfect innocence and perfect love to the pleasure of conversing with them of his excellences and virtues. To her sisters or to stringers she never gave him permission to make him a topic of conversation.

Diego had expressed the hope that circumstances might permit or compel him to travel across the continent from Sonora to South Carolina. The chances that might thus ablige him to take refuge in the United ing to Rose, he had hissed her hand again States, and bring him at length to Mortlake, occupied her mind tinually, and formed a lightsome back of hope to the dark and sad realiticpresent life of anxie'y and suffering. if he would only come!" she would some

was gladdened by seeing her dear father once what happy train of events has brought you more restored to her from the dark shadows to us, when you are refreshed and have into which he had been entering. There was in his eyes, in his words, in his manest soul, a wonderful increase of tenderness for the said, "in having so generous a guide and angelic child whose figure had ever been half prote to trom New Orleans hither ?" visible to him through all his delivious feverdreams. And with his return to conscious. ness and strength, Hote gained a no less wanderful accession of youthful joy and hopeful-

One of her father's first requests, in the early stage of his convalescence. w.s. that she should sing to him some of his favorite melodies. And to. she would pour forth strain often strain of divinest music, like the lark, thankful that Fancy in ! Count, we shall trust Rose to night and its dangers are past, and that the you. She should with a bright small, while sun is peoping over the casteen little, neurs forth its whole soul is sone, as it soons bigher her arm to Diego.

distant music room. But the win leve were open to admit the being sir und the roft sunshine, and on the stillness came loating the desightful music of Tempys of a " Brook," the melody rippling in liquid drops as live's value poured out each note with great distinctness. It was like the music of the stream sparkling and singing down her native dells | condial hospitality, and were in return deeply up yander among the mountains. And so Mr. D'Aroy listened, entranced. At length, when the last notes had died away, he rang the hell and Rose was by his side in an in-

"Oh, my darling!" he said, "I must go

where the little river comes bounding into the lake. I think I am atrong enough, and hostile Mexi an factions, or the certain rethis good news from Washington has made me ten years younger "

Good news had indeed reached Mortlake journey to the capital?" the day before, which we shall relate further on. So, Rose, delighted beyond measure that her father was in such buoyant spirite, immediately summoned Jos Porter, and left him to the day latore, which we shall relate further dress his beloved master.

Meanwhile Rose busied herself in preparing a little rural least for him at one of his favorite resorts near the head of the lake, where the stream, protected in its entire course from the hills by a done growth of oak, came tumbling from cascade to cascade into the silvery expanse beneath. The overseer. Eben Jamiesou, had his cottage, a large and pretty wooden structure, almost on the river bank, where the rushing water made music the whole year round; and there liose determined the whole family should picnic. Into her plan Mrs. De Beaumont and Fauny entered most heartily. Even Jamieson had a capacious tent reserved for such occasions, and that was put up beneath a clump of oak, chestnut, hickory, and magnolia, on the margiu of the principal cuscade, where there was a splendid prospect of the rich undulating country below, with the little lake nearer, enclosed in a luxuriant growth of lorsly trees. It was the spot on which Francis D'Arcy used to reside while they were builting the Mort lake mansion, and laying out the grounds. The noble-souled father wished to make of the place a paradise for his oldest and favor-Mrs. Do Beaumont and her son pever felt happy away from this beautiful abode. The spirit of the venerable man seemed to

brant it still, so dearly and so constantly was he remembered, not only by his own children and grandchildren, but by every one of the servants. And no wonder these enerished his memory; for he had made their los so happy, and had attended so amenat rvant and companion, Joe. tingly to their religious instruction and The father was almost moved to tears by moral training, that they were the crey of

It was, therefore, with a feel ag of interse erjoyment that Louis D'arry found himsel seated, during the sulmy nountiels, on the spot where his dear fat at had spent so many pleasant hours. Little Mary, with Panay De Beaumont's two lown, Ashton. Now, there is no living man yourgest children, girls of Mere's own age, | m re welcom than you." gave the invalid exquisite pleasure their in occur practic and a thousand devices for his amusement. Mary, in near halmourning dress of white and purple, was scated at his feet, reading favoring scenes and a spirit tout showed the careral enitor received from her dear mother is well as forn Rose. Mrs Da Beaument, Fanny and her nanothers, and some of the favority servants formed the audience, the firmer scated or camp stools, the latter on the messy earth kept ever green in this spo, by the spray true the neighboring cascade and the overen in ing trees. Rose, Evend unicson, an take Par der, were quality prepared everying for a their as must stay much in the tent. And so Mary's musical young voice was el nos, she ing the inspired lines of the great from poet, -the dashing of the waters only face her truse her fullest ten is and most listingt emple sis, -when the attention of the ground was attracted by a startled "On! On!" from

Two gentlemen, accompanied by one of the servents, were advencing up the steep put! by the side of the river, one of ordings stature, with white hair and auday count is auce, in whom Mr. D'Arcy and the latter recognized our former acquaintance, Mr. Ashton: the other, much tailer, with a presid military bearing, a bronzed complexion, and a young and graceful figur, was evicently

She had been coming from the tent toward neath by her seeing the servants gazing in advancing strangers, and her hands chapte

en her bosom, half in fear, half in joy.
"It is surely Diego de Lebrija, said Mr D'Atey, vising and making a few steps towards his fetends. "Rese, my love, come

This roused the girl from her half trance, and enabled her to gain her self-possession, us she stood by her father spide, and put her arm within his. But Maud and Viva had no sooner beheld their old friends of Ronda. than down they bounded to meet them.

"You see, I bring you back an old acquaintance," Mr. Ashton said, as he took Mrs. D. Beaumont's hand. "An, my deer D'Arcy, have you been in the war? he asked, looking with concern on Mr. D'Arcy's emaciated countenance.

"We thank you heartily, Ashton," was the answer, spoken most carnestly and affec-tionately, "for this great favor. Thego, my dear boy, how changed you are from the stripling of four years ego. And how glad I am to see you here," he said, embracing the young man, who was evidently touched by the hearting sact his welcome. While Ashton had to ou shak ut Mr. D'Arcy's hand, Diego was affectionat, ly greeted by Mrs. De Beaumont and her daughter-in-law, both of whom had known him well in Spain. Then turn-

ard again. in could only stammer, and " set to possed that you are safe !"
"I manufe, he said, looking into the deep

and with a leve full of reverence, " thanks to

And so, as golden autumn, so incompressibly beautiful among the Carolinian hills, increased daily in splendor and loveliness, fuse will tell us how this has come to pass, and

" Have I my been most privileged," Diego

"Ar, you forget, my dear Count," Mr. Ashton replied, "this I was only paying you modified this."

"You have repaid it a hundred-fold," said the other, "and left me forever your debter

"Luncheon is ready, my lady," said Eben, addressing Mrs. D. Beaumont " And ; only at the right moment," said

ready. "Luis, my dow, will you take Hose with a bolt of grateful happiness, gave

And, as they sat down bereath the grat fal-One morning as no sumbered sweetly, there was practising with he sist was not be the first for the field so daming set out by those was practising with he sist was not be the first for the field for fitter's boldey. the repekter of the dear end whom dear and war had taken away from the loving family circle. Thanklat for the blessings of the present home and the brightening prespeers of the Intire before them, they made their Linuared guests happy by the show of genuine affection muon more than by their gratified by the story told them by Mr. Ash-

> ton and his companion. "You see, my dear sir, that I am not so brave as I believed myself," said Diego to as long as you may desire me to do so. Nay.

Mr. D'Arcv.

out into the sunshine with you to-day. I proved your courage by braving the perils of want you to sing me 'The Brook' down so long a journey," the latter said, "rather where the little river comes bounding into than by off on ing the uncertain hiendship of why did you turn back in your proposed

"I did not journey for beyond Openua," not safe so ling as I remained in Mexico. They urged me to seeck the nearest and safest road to the frontier of the United States, accompanied me with two brave and trusty Onata guides, and only left me when I Mr. Asht n, who were all three sested on a the letters I had from them, to the precis: instructions they had given me about the route I was to follow, and to the frends to whom they had recommended me, I have moment of this sudden meeting.
been able to reach New Orleans without any 'It was one chief source of anxiety to me, been able to reach New Orleans without any serious difficulty."

" Not without serious fatigue and suffering, however," said Mr. Ashton. the Count arrived at our house, he was so exhausted, so ill, indeed, that it took my wife a couple of weeks to set him on his feet

again.' ' I can never forget or repay the motherly kin hess of Mrs. Ashton," said Diego, "as well as that of her accomplished daughters." "Do not be jestous, Miss Rose," said the jolly old gentleman "My daughters, as well as my wife, were only thinking how happy they would make you."

"Rose never ceases to praise Mrs. Ashton and her daughters,' Mr. D'Arcy said, coming to the relief of his blushing child. "And she and her whole family thank you and yours for what you have done, as much as if Gaston D'Arry had been the object of your to accept him." generous hospitality."

"Ah, my dear D'Arey," replied Ashton, "if Caston had been two weeks sick in my house, I doubt if my wife and daughters had been as widing to part with him. You see, our friend, the Count here, was ever sighing for Fairy Dell and Mortlake and both my duanters, as well as my wife, were so anxious togetrid of him and send him sale to you, that they encouraged me to come with him

"There was but one man living two years ago," said Mr. D'Arey, "whose fare I cou'd to k on with more pleasure than on your

"Turnk you, my dear and best friend," said Mr. Askyon, with emotion. "And you know how dear to me was he who had not his equal among living men, though he does

There was much to tell of the fortunes of the way as it still raged along both sides of the Mississippit, away to the frontier of Mexico on the one aims, and down to the Prante on the other. The fall of Vick biggard Pert Hudson had been a sad has to the top a of the Confederates in the South, the gig nite straight of Gertysburg mility total issue but despeloi and their creationed a samessful investiga of the Northern States. And now Lincoln, with heal indonatude faith in the final triumps of the Une mean e, was concentrating all the milit ver sources of the government, and all the effects of his concil atory temper, toward partial can cad to the dreadful conflot.

To both Mr. D'Arey and Mr. Ashton the vi tory or the North had never been a matter of doubt. Belonging, as we have seen, to the same pointical party before the war, they differed in tale, that Air. Achten had given aivadh sam and support to the Confederacy. without believing in its right to begin the war, or in its chances of tramphing, while Mr. D'Arcy had continued fast iful to the Union through all its darkest dais, never the Constitution, nor in his belief that it would survive the protracted storm.

Of these things the two old gentlemen only quike when they were alone or had only Mrs. De B-aumont and F may as listeners. Acht n snow how deep a joy he was causing his friend-his friend's daughter especially-by bring ng him, at the cost of so much latigue and peril, the Count de Lebrija. Of Geston's having joined the Confederate stray, or of what had befallen bim at Gettyeburg, be had heard nothing, and was, therefore, shocked and prined beyond measure to learn this new all ction.

Dirgo, too, when he had learned all the details of Gaston's wounding, -there of Francis D'Arcy's murder he had learn d while in New Orleans, -was deeply grieved; an i he year and f r an opportunity to express his sentiments of filial sympathy to Mr. any food that requires mastication. Hospells D'Arcy."

When the party returned to the house in home with Diego. Her aunt had encouraged ber to do so, and so had her father. This the atternoon, Rose was left to find her way was a kindness to both. For she, with a true woman's instinct, felt that she owed it to him to honor him with this open mark of confidence; and he was most grateful for so early an opportunity to open her whole heart to the lady of his love.

"I wish I could go to Washington," he said to Rose, after the first expression of sorrow at the death of her gran liather and hev brother's cruel misfortune. "It would be such a happiness to me to begin by proving to your dear brother that I know how to do a brother a past by him."
That would be like yourself," Rose said,

warmly " And I know how grateful papa would be, without speaking of myself or the other members of the family.' "Are they not almost my own family

a'ready ?" he said, looking down at the blushing face of his companion. Indeed, you can see they do not look

upon you as a mere stranger," Rose replied, without raising hereyes. "I intend to propose it to your father this

very night," Diego said. Bas you need rest, and must have it," Rose said. "Besides, it is not easy to get to Washington from here." "On, I am a foreigner and a diplomat"

he rudged, "and shall manage to find my way through red tape and army lines. "I had hoped to go myself, but papa's second illness prevented me. Ind should go now if I could," she aided. Indead, I

"Will you not give me the right to go as your representative, and as your dear lamer's accepted son?" he asked, his voice trembling with emotion. " Have I not neen, so far as I could, my lady's faithful knight? "You have been all I could wish," the low

sweet voice said, firmly, "God has been good to us both." "Il : has been good to me," said Diego, reverently removing his hat. "With all the voi es of my soul I thank Him. And now I only west ther we should both thank Him torether. and publicly, for this most precious gift of cur nervaal love. On, Rose," he continued at or short panse, "is there no vony oust al-

hetween us, that our betrothal should not b. confirmed by you?" "None," she roplied, "except my father's landmess. Oh, Diego," she said, colling him by his name for the first time, and her eyes, filling with tears, "you would not have me

leave papa at present ?" "God forbid, my own love," he said, taking her hand and kissing it. "I am ready to remain near him and near your dear Gaston more, my father would willingly permit me . I am delighted that you should have to reside in the United States till you were free to return with me to Andalusia as my own honored wife and lady."

"I have no right and no wish," she satd, hostile Mexican factions, or the certain resolvely, "to surject your love to further venge of their French fees. But where and trials. Our hearts are known to each other," she continued, looking up at him, timidly. "Speak to papa, and be advised by him."

And from this moment you permit me to

They and been watking on slowly behind their friends, when a sudden turn in the montapiece to your father, to Rose and the shady and narrow path brought their lines a | girls, to Charley and Mrs. De Balmont? tace to face with Mr. D'Arcy, his sister, and was safe within your territory. Thanks to | rural hench, to bllow Mr. D'Arey a little rest The relation in which the young needle stood toward each other was the subject of conversution between their elders at the very

the latter gentleman was saying to his friend during my late illness, that Rose should be without proper protection in case of my death. I consider the Count's arrival as providential, and wish with all my beart to see them married as speedily as possible."

"Ah, my pretty pair !" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, as they came into view, "to see you to-gether reminds me of Ronds. Only you, See Count, could not terry with us then, hat you are now a prison r in the Confederacy." "You are unwell, darling," Mrs. DeBeau-

mont said, as she rose and kissed her niece, whose vivid blush had given place to a deathly pallor. "Gome, walk on with me," she continued, putting her arm round the girl's

"It is nothing, dear Aupt Louisa," the ther said "I could not refuse any longer

"That would have been wrong in every way," her aunt replied. " He is worthy of you, dearest, and has notly won your ac ceptance. This will make your father very happy- Yes, he was just expressing the hope there should he no further delay, when you came on us. And now, my own dearest and best, let me give you your mother's kiss as well as my own to congratulate you," said the warm-hearted old hady, as she folded Rose to her heart, kissing her again and again.

"I hope dear mamon will bless me from braven." the girl said, as the terra stole softly down her cheeks, "as well as my darling grandpapa i

"You may be sure of that; and now, dear, us put away all sad thoughts, and do our to make our two guests happy,

By this time they had overtaken Fanny and the girls, who were at once made a quaited with what had happened. Fanny, who lived Rise with a true sisterly devotion. kissed her while pouring int her carthe fundest expressions of joy and tenderness. And Genevieve and Mand wept hitter terrs at the thought of their derlings possible separation from them.

They were a most happy household that His happiness, he said, would be complete, were his two noble hoys present to receive their new brother, and to congretulare their worshipped sist : on this consummation of all their wishes.

And so, for a few days, we leave Bose

and Diego to the delicious on ymar of each other's society among the percetal solitudes of Mortlake, far away from every celloor the trightful tumult of civil war, as its;

Beaution to be note to Mortleke most welcome lettuetive. Rose had taught the child some for a moment wavering in his allegiance to letters from the sect of wer on the Potomore, of the most beautiful ball als of early Spanish and among them was the following from Lucy to her friend :

"Washington, November 8, 1863.

"My DEAREST ROSE: - We left Frederic City last week, Gaston ism. being well able to bear the fatigue of tire ourney, and Doctor Ambrose urging as very strongly to be near a professional coulist, who should do everything that skill can do to save our patient's right eye. That is now the great object to be gained. Thank God your dear brother is now ablleft car is almost entirely deaf, and the wound in the lift eye is healing rapidly. The feactured jaw is now firm, but we dare not give some words and sentences ensity enough. The doctor says all will be well, in that respect. before many weeks are over. The shattered Two Sisters of Charity attend him daily; and, basides, there is a trained hospital nurse --colored man-who sits up with him every night; and, during the daytime, one of our own colored servants is always at hand to aid

the good Sisters. "You cannot imagine the delight it gave mamma and papa to hear Gaston pronounce his first words. It was to papa that the house. The conversation had renfor a few he spoke first, and he could only moments on the probability of a near termination of the civil war, and then Depo and Mr. cried like a child, and sent immediately for mamma and me. When we had come into the sick-room-a levely room on the southwest--papa said, 'Gasten, here is Mrs. Hutchinson. Can you say one word to her?' He answered Yes, and opened his hand as a sign that

she should take it. "'Oh, Gaston, she said, 'I heard you say, when you were a baby, the words you ever said to your mother. And I feel as happy to hear you speak again, as if I were that same

dear angel of a mother. "Mamma was holding his hand between both of here, and kissing it while she spoke through her tears of joy, and from his right eye a tear was falling. And this checked mamma's emotion.

" You, too augel, he said, painfully, "'I ve only tried to do what your mother Lucy has been taking Rose's place. God bless-lieth both! he said very

distinctly, but slowly. "The next morning I came in to see him inst after he had had his breakfast and the Sisters had put the sick room in order. He was sitting near the window, and one of the Sisters was ceading to him a boutiful passage from ' The Imitation of Christ They were divinely beautiful words, and I stopped almost at the door to listen to them. But I perceived that he noticed my entrance. and turned his head slightly towards me. Then the sister went on reading of the blesseiness of the soul intent on hearing within berself, as in the most searct eanstunry, the Creator teaching her and comfortng her. They spoke of the bliss to be gained by estehnic through the inmost sense the faintest whisper of the still small voice, while & happiness. shutting out all exterior scuads; of the bliss of him who can close his eyes to the initiale would, one can supplied in the fevine light, interiorly vouchasied, the beauties of toe

ing his attention, I sat quietly down on the nearest chair, avoiding even to make my dress rustle.

of the eternal day. I could see that Gaston

was greatly moved, and so, fearful of divid-

approached his chair, and eat down near him. Have I come too soon, Gaston?" I asked. "'No!' he said, 'Never!' On, that work went to my heart, dear Rose, as if he told me that I was always welcome or always

"I am going to write to Rose,' I said and I want you to tell me what meesages am to send for you to all at home. If you wish, I'll put it off till to-morrow."

"'No!' he answered, 'write now.'
"Then," said I, 'I shall just be your

Or. Gaston, I said, unable to restrain Janif, 'in a week or two you will be able to natate a whole letter yourself. And perhaps at Christmas you will be able to see well enough to write.

" He shook his head in redulously. "I have another piece of good news for you, I continued. 'P pa has obtained permission to have our letters sent through the War Department to the headquarters of Gene al Lee. Besides, we have trusty colored folks along the fords of the upper Potomac, who will take our letters to the nearest Confederate post-office. So you shall soon have news from home. On, Gasten,' I added, 'if we could only have

Rose here with you ?'
"' No ! no !' he said, almost with a groan. " You think they cannot do without her at home?' I said.

" Yes,' he answered. " Well, dear Gaston, I could not help saying, 'you may be sure that mamma is most happy to see you getting on so nicely. And I'll do my heat to take Rose's place.'

" 'I krow, I know!' he replied. 'You are too good !' " No, Gaston, you must not say that. And now I shall go to write my letter."

> CHAPTER XXX THE TRUE KNIGHT'S GUERDON.

In spite of the intoxication or these nost bliseful days spent at Mortlake with the family which was now his own, Diego, now hat his long pilgrimage was over, began to feel a sense of atter lassitude stealing over tom. His nights were spent in wild dreams of adventure and armed struggle with the Apaches or the border desperadoes. And in his waking hours, his limbs were tacked with shorting plane, and no effort of his will enabled him to shake oil the mortal torper that oppressed him.

the persisted in continuing his early morning walks with Rose and her sisters, -- Mary becaming, from the very first hour he spent at Mortlake, on especial favorite of Diego's. It was to him a great delight to sit with Rose by his side, with Mary at his fect, and the other girls near her, on the border of the lake, and relate to them his experiences in the European courts and capitals, or his romantic adventures in Mexico and through the Southern States. Mrs. D'Acco had left in Diego's soul a deep and tonder night. Mr. D'Arcy load d his o'dest memory. She had conceived a mother's daughter with marks of the most teneer love. affection for him, and he remembered her manifold loveliness with a filial gratitude and reverence. Mary, who was her mother's living image, entered at fir-t sight into the young Spaniard's heart, and the little marries, for some time bereft of her or there, felt drawn to this new brother by the speil of all the ex-

cell nees attributed to him in his absence, tus well as by the fascination of his presence He fascinated her also-indeed, he ton fires lit up the distant herizon on every siles, character all, by that lefty couriesy, that While Rose and her be rothed were dished grace, to be found in the highest thus wandering hand in hand, through weeks of the ancient aristocracy, and by the what seemed to both an earthly ready enquence with which he could make clysium, a trasty messenger from General Deservery topic of conversation charming and in romuse, and Mary could sing them with we at swrit. Indeed, she sang some of them every evering for Diego, and he would liazen personned, with his heart for away among the historic scenes of his forefathers' hero-

During these delicious hours the fever which burned in his blood, seemed to love its malignity. Nor less delightful were the hours which he spent with Mr. D'Arcy. He had transferred to him the love and veneration with which he regarded Franciz Arcy, and to this were added the sentiments of resome one to guide and support him, he can never to him. It is not to one who had given over to him-Diego-the pear' of his own take a little exercise in the open air. They heart, and the admiration called fourth by Lones D'Avey's monv great virtues and excellences. The laster found in the accomplished young not le one who was an admirat le comjunion, possessed of an exhaustless faul of ! varied browledge, and dersing to great t dents still greater inodesty and wisdom

So, during the first week of this most norceab e companionship, Mr. D'Arcy's health and pirits improved wonderfully, while the inspitous disc-se, who germs the young traveler had brought with him, was spreading its poison through his whole system. One evening-os lovely as any that ever shed its soothing inthrences over the troubled spirit of men or the face of nature-the family were seated. after supper, beneath the wide and lifty veranda that can all round the lower story of D'Arcy began to discuss the influence of war in creating a national literature, -a national peetry in particular. The Spaniard sketched apidly the history of the early heroic literature of his own country, of the heroic balled first, and then of the heroic romance, both embodying the postical conception of the nation's glorious struggle against the foreign foe of both faith and country.

Warming with his subject, Diego seng and ecited some of the most sucient ballads as they are still sung by the peasantry of Spain,-the proud descendants of the men who murched to battle under the Cid Com peador and St. Ferdinan I. Theservants and farm hands, attracted by his splendid voice. were grouped at a respectful distance. Rose's eyes were fixed on her lover's noble features, and she followed with intense happiness his would have done, maining added. 'And every word as he spoke so elequently, and his every note when he sang.

All at once, she saw nim grow pale, while his voice mak, and a perceptible shudder shock his whole frame. "You are exerting yourself too much, dear Diego," sho said, rising and laying her

han I on his arm. "It is nothing, dearest," he answered in Spanish. "I have been only a little too much moved by my subject.

" Let us go in hijo mio," said Mr. D'Arcy, " and Rese will sing us a few more of your favorite national songs." So in they went to the drawing room.

which was soon brilliantly lighted, the windows and doors bemaining open, affording the numerous plantation folk every facility for hearing the music and seeing their mass ters in the full enjoyment of their new-found

Rose surpassed herself. She never played or same so well. From the old heroic poetry of the eye of Cid she selected one or two interiorly vouchaited, the bewates of too genes which her grandtather never thed invisable world, and the twilight-dawn in hearing, and then, at Diego's especial request, she sang Ponce de Leon's "Alma region buciente," and concluded with Herrera's beautiful "Ode to Sleap," the sonorous and majestic Spanish verse adding wonderful force to the music. There was in the singer's "When the Sister had ceased reading, I voice the passionate earnestness of prayer,

which awoke every pulse of Diego's heart, as the glorious strain was poured forth to the listening ear of night:

Sweet Power, that dost impart Gent e oblivion to the suffering heart— Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow A solace for my woe ! Thrice happy be the hour
My werry limbs shall feel thy sovereign

Why to these eyes alone deny The cain thou pour'st on Nature's boundless Why let thy votary all neglected die,

Not yield a respite to a lever's pain?
An i must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentie Power, oh, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet

Diego, as he listened, felt that the singer knew his need, and that her soul soared higher than the falled deity of sleep, to the Threne whence every healing gift de-

"I am so grateful to you, dearest!" he murmured in her ear, as the family were about to retire, "I know that prayer was for me."

"It was indeed," she replied. "You are

w arv, dear Diego?"

Yes, a little," was the unwilling answer. But you have soothed my spirit. And I hope this fever in my blood will be allayed by the sweet rest you have neen invoking. And now, good night to my guardian angel!" "Diego," she said, suddenly, as he was bendeng to kiss her forehead, "would it not

be better to have the physician sent for ?" "On, no! no! he said, warmly. "I only want sleep, and you have made me so happy that sleep must come tome. Good-night, then, my own swest love! And may all the brightest visions of Paradise bless your re-

And so they parted, but not for rost, Louisa Da Beaumoud's experienced eye had seen Diego shudder as the fever shill passed through his frame. She had also from anxious about his wak-fulness, and the stuper which, he rail, seemed to dul his brain and caused his young limbs to seem of

Both she and Mr. D'Arcy attended him to his room. She I read him to take a draught that might good his blood and help him to seen. But both she int her brother found their dear guest too feverish to be satisfied with such procesutions. So, the two best horses in the stable were mounted by Eben and Joe, and wen soon gailoping toward the neighboring town for the family physician. It was five tielo k the next morning when they returned with Dector Northrup.

Not a moment too soon had be heen went for. Al the symptoms of malanut for had deelered tremselves during the night, and poor Direct brave and resolute spirit was struggling in vain regainst delirium. The down brought sim but slight relief, and Dr. Northup. when seriously questioned by his put ent about the danger, declared that he could not conceal from him the extreme perlof his condition. Diego for hwith begged that the he rest priest should be sent for. Already, white at Opesura, he had sought the dearest and deepest constitutions of his religion from the ministry of an erlightened and exemplary misaconary. The approval etrenati derived therefrom had stad him in god stead our ny his territous, journey nerose, the frontier and three, h Texas, At New Orleans he did not full to teetify his gratitude to Heaven by partaking new of the Gift be towed on us pilerims as a foretiste of heaver.

So now our poor weary pilgrim-knight hastener, infore deficion had bereft bin a conrecousness, to prepare bis soul for the find passage. In all this he wished not only a to his outy toward the Got of his endidined but to bestow on his betroshed the bog piece she most coveted in the aread prospect hefore

True love, in her beautifu soul, wes que beloved. She could be the keptaway room! pedside through any fear of convagion. The ween fear which would never enter into a hear irke hera. Besides, her publication is a and her consin Fanne, as we like her father had no thought of personal danger. The indeed, they did force to keep away for a children's sake. But Rose, her auer, al wher, with the most experienced and tran of the household servants, gave up to whole time to the service of the sick room

While waiting for the priest's army liego was very caim. He distated to lies s short and loving letter to his father. He placed in the hands of Mr. D'Arcy all his nest important papers -a duplicate of which were with the Consul-General of Spain a New Orleans.

"There is one thing, dear sir, dear fathermay I call you so? he said to the latter, a they were alone together. You may, my dear boy," Mr. D'Arcy replied. "You know I have always loved

you as my son." " Dearest father, then, I have one favor to ack, -that you will allow lose to wear this from to-day. It belonged to my mother. It belongs by right to her I must be pe -to call my wife," Diego said, as he ga pe cut the last words. And then he placed in Mc D'Arcy's hand a sapphire ring, set in brilliants and pearls.

"Rose will not refuse you that," Mr. D Arey replied, "Shall I call her?"
"Not yet," Diego pleaded. "One thing mere I washed to key to you. In my will, which is among the e papers, Rose is to inherit all the property I hold from my mother. This is the express desire and command of the Marquis de Lebrija, my der and honored parent.'

Mr. D'Arey was about to remonstrate when both Rose and her aunt came in tasy that the priest was coming up the lawn in light Northrup's carriage. Mr. D'Arcy whispera in his daughter's cay the purport of Diego "Oh, not now, papa!" she request. claimed, and then, hastening to When you have received Holy Viction dearest," she said to him, with her brighter "and when we are both in the Presence."
"You are right, my own angel," he are

swered; "you are always right. It shall be

It was providential, during the trials to which the small but heroic hand of the South Carolinian clergy were put in those years 6 destruction and bloodshed, that a prisercon he so easily found outside of Charleston. Northrup, who taken it on himself to find am, had also informed him of the extrem gravity of the illness. So he had comes

Mortiske, pleaded in vain for the privileged nony. Mrs. DeBeaumont was incom mony. lib. The poor things had to be on the truth praying fervently in the inner of . the manyion, while the priest was fall his sacred duty in the other. Mand welreseartly. She remembered how like her of brother Diego had been to them at Sevil and Malaga. And little Mary sobbed on the grief, "Oh, dear brother Diego!

The younger girls, to where Diego

doubly ordered himself during his stay

brother Diego !" (To be continued).