

The Legend of the "Forget-Me-Not."

Here this earth of ours had fallen beneath sin's and Satan's sway, Into Eden's blooming garden...

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'BRIEN, L.D. CHAPTER XXIII.

Not were the farmers—the regular inhabitants of this wild and picturesque region—out of harmony with the glorious nature amid which they lived.

It was the 25th of May. By avoiding the most traveled roads, and proceeding slowly and cautiously, the party had arrived within a fair day's journey of their goal.

The proprietor was an old friend of the D'Arcys. Indeed, he had worked for the founder of Fairy Dell long before the latter destroyed mansion had acquired the princely proportions in which the incendiaries found it.

This circumstance had made the family suspicious, and the father and sons agreed among themselves that the house should not be left unprotected by day, and that they should never absent themselves by night.

For one good reason among several, said the old chief. "Both men wear the Confederate uniforms; at least they pretend to bear commissions from the Confederate government."

"Don't fire till you see your man and are sure of your mark," Farmer Coolidge said, as they were starting.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Captain Hunter, "your barn shall not burn while I carry a rifle. Now, who'll follow me?"

"Thank you, sir," the good dame replied.

plied. "I reckon it would improve my good looks any day to see yourself and Miss Rose, and her bonnet sisters, and Mr. Charles, who is grown to be such a fine gentleman."

There was a hearty hand-shaking all round. Mr. Coolidge and his sons busied themselves in finding shelter and fodder for the horses, and in conversing with the gentlemen on local news.

"I had never conceived anything so magnificent as such a sunset, and such a country!" exclaimed Captain Hunter, carried away by his enthusiasm.

"God preserve our valleys," said Mr. D'Arcy, "for the desolation which man's passions have inflicted again and again on Andalusia!"

"But what can man's passions find in our valleys to tempt them to destroy and desolate?" asked Rose. "We are not wealthy, as were the Spaniards of the Moors."

"Ak, my child," he replied, "the highways of commerce are like the streams that fertilize and bear with them plenty and peace; but the highways of armed warfare only bring pillage, plunder, and bloodshed—fire and sword, and slaughter and ruin."

"I fear it must be just as you say, sir," said Captain Hunter; "yet I think that our friend Mr. Coolidge has placed his nest far out of the reach of the storm of war."

"Yes," said Mr. D'Arcy, "this spot is entirely out of the way armies would be likely to take. And so, I once thought, is Fairy Dell. But marauders always find men in every country who are ready to lead them wherever they can find food or plunder."

"I'm about the only one they've not troubled, so far," replied Coolidge. "They don't like to get within reach of the boys' rifles. I don't think they'll trouble Fairy Dell again, sir."

"There are always some twenty or thirty men, well armed, who sleep there. Besides, Hiawasse and our friend James have nicely caught and punished the leaders. They are now safe in the country jail, and I reckon they will either get the halter for all their ill deeds, or we'll give them a dose of lead, if ever they get free again."

"This is news to me, Hiawasse," said Mr. D'Arcy. "Why have you not told me this?"

"For one good reason among several," said the old chief. "Both men wear the Confederate uniforms; at least they pretend to bear commissions from the Confederate government."

"And you were not willing to offend our dear friends and companions by mentioning the names of cut-throats, who boast the honor of serving the same cause?"

"Precisely!" was the answer. "The scoundrels only make use of a name dear to the South to cover their own crimes."

"By Heaven, I would shoot 'em like dogs!" exclaimed Captain Hunter. "And I rejoice to have come here, if for no other purpose, to tear the mask from these murderous villains."

"This strange way of coming back to his rented home without having by his side either of the anglic women who had made that home so bright, so blessed by the poor or the weary-hearted; the memory of the day when he first resolved to find amid the wild solitudes of Fairy Dell a refuge in which he might be free to profess and to practice, in perfect independence, the dear religion of his fathers, free to rear his children according to his own lofty ideal of parental duty, and free, as well, to employ his wealth and his energies in benefiting the laboring classes around him; all this came up vividly before his mind's eye. He had, as was his wont, heartily thanked the all-directing

providence of the Father for the preservation of his dear ones and his own. Much had been given to him; what he held most dear had been taken. But Death had only come to his household, like an angel of light and consolation, to claim back the precious souls that this life had been constantly chastening and enriching for the higher and more blissful life of the never-ending future.

It had been throughout his long career, the custom of Francis D'Arcy—one contracted under the noble masters who had trained his boyhood and early youth,—to close his day by a brief review of his conscience, calling himself to account for the uses to which he had put the last twenty-four hours, and concluding with the Litany of the Saints.

A sweet and heavenly sense of nearness to the Blessed Presence, and that exultant multitude on high, stole over him. And when the old man of eighty-two laid his weary limbs on the cotta's humble couch, the vision departed not. From out the shining ranks of glorified men and women came well-known and most dear forms and faces—father, mother, wife, daughter-in-law, children and grand-children, dead in infancy or childhood, or early youth,—forms and faces that had made of Fairy Dell a paradise on earth.

His wife, whose teacher and guide, in spiritual life, he had himself most truly been, and his lately-lost daughter-in-law, whose soul leaped, like that of her husband, so much on his great fatherly soul, they stood by him, he thought; they looked on him ineffably; they spoke words which flooded his heart with joy; they seemed to beckon to him as to one whom they were waiting for.

From this half-ecstatic trance he is suddenly awakened by the loud and angry barking of the farmer's watch-dogs, by shouts and muttered curses, and the sharp cracking of rifle-shots.

"Do not stir from your room, my darling," he says to the frightened girl, whose head is thrust out from behind the door. "Dress yourselves quietly and in silence, and keep away from the window in the corner of the room. We shall soon drive away these vagabonds."

"Oh, do not go out, dear grandpapa," entreated Rose.

"Come in and stay with me, grandpapa," said the terrified voice of Maud, while the soldier Genevieve uttered not a word, but completed her toilet in silence.

"I shall be with you presently," the old gentleman said. "Only be quiet and do not say a word."

"Tom Coolidge," shouted a voice from the nearest bushes at the end of the clearing, and where the shadow was deepest, "we have no quarrel with you, and we don't mean to get old Cherokee and Jamie McDuffie. We have scores to settle with them. Send them, and we'll let you alone. If not, we'll burn your house about your ears, and shoot yourself and your white-livered curs of sons."

"Let me go out and speak to these men," said Mr. D'Arcy. "I think I know that voice. I can settle with them, and they would not dare to harm an old man like me."

"You shall not go while I live," said Hiawasse. "Or you shall go by my side."

"And I say the same," McDuffie added. "I am putting you all in danger, sir," continued the brave young fellow. "Let me speak to that midnight murderer. For I know that voice, if I know that of my own father."

"Not one of you, gentlemen, shall leave this house, while I and my boys have arms to defend it and my boys," old Coolidge here said, as he tied his ammunition belt around his waist. "Come, my lads, keep a sharp look out at the windows. Let the women folk go up to the attic, where they can't be reached. I reckon we can lay out a dozen or more of these scamps before they can force our doors or set fire to the house. Come, be quick there!" he continued, as the fiercer barking of the dogs intimated that the assailants were breaking cover.

The Kentuckians—who could not tell the number of enemies they had to deal with, had examined their weapons carefully, and kept themselves in readiness to act as a bodyguard to Mr. D'Arcy and the ladies—now allowed themselves to be directed by old Coolidge. The men, Charles D'Arcy included, were stationed at the openings in the house. Every light was put out, and every voice hushed.

"Don't fire till you see your man and are sure of your mark," Farmer Coolidge said, as they were starting.

"Let the barn burn!" cried his father. "They only want to get us out and shoot at us."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Captain Hunter, "your barn shall not burn while I carry a rifle. Now, who'll follow me?"

"I shall tell you my name and insist on knowing yours."

There was no time given to answer this challenge. For, fast on the heels of Captain Hunter, the three Coolidge boys had rushed out and made for the barn, whence the smoke was already issuing in thick volumes. A volley of rifle bullets was aimed at them, and one or two shots whistled by Captain Hunter, without doing any harm. The barn door was open, and the frightened animals were driven out, while old Coolidge and those who remained in the house felt tempted to join Captain Hunter. He, with his three Kentuckians, was advancing to where the bulk of the assailants seemed to be concealed, calling on the latter in the name of the Confederate cause, to go home and abstain from such cowardly work as these midnight attacks on peaceful people.

The reports of rifles from the roof of the dwelling-house, and the shrieks of women in the attic, soon recalled Captain Hunter's attention to the post of danger.

This is what had just happened. Mr. D'Arcy, anxious to recall his Kentucky friends from evident danger, had gone out on the veranda in spite of the remonstrances of Jamie McDuffie. So far there had been no bloodshed. And Jamie himself had kept indoors by the earnest prayers of Mr. D'Arcy, who hoped that the marauders would depart without adding murder to arson. No sooner had Mr. D'Arcy shown himself out of the door, than two bullets in rapid succession whizzed by him, one of them penetrating the door itself. In an instant Jamie was outside, with his arms around the old gentleman, and covering him, as well as he could, with his own body.

Jamie's gigantic stature was well known to the assailants, and D'Arcy was about the size and build of Hiawasse. In the uncertain moonlight and the deep shadow of the veranda, the long white hair was not distinguished. At Jamie's appearance, therefore, a yell went up from the nearest timber, and several shots, but too well aimed, were fired at the two tall figures. Jamie's right arm fell powerless by his side, and he staggered heavily forward against the nearest post, and then lay prostrate at the feet of the wounded man.

Let us hasten over the scene that followed. Jamie McDuffie almost forgot his shattered arm in the horror and grief that came upon him at the sight of the man, whom all his lifetime he had loved and revered above all human beings, lying bleeding and helpless at his feet. Even wounded as he was, he knelt by the side of his worshipped benefactor, protecting him with his own body against the bullets that still kept dropping around the door.

At length Captain Hunter ran up at the shouts of McDuffie, and seeing the bleeding form of his father's friend, he dashed back to where the assailants were still keeping up their deadly fire.

"Men!" he shouted, "or incarnate devils, as I think ye, do you know that you have murdered Francis D'Arcy?"

"No!" said a gruff voice from the timber, and which was soon followed by the appearance of the speaker himself, who advanced to within some ten paces of the Kentuckian. "No! You do not tell me that we've hit old Francis D'Arcy?"

"You have, as sure as I stand here, and yonder he lies, with his white hairs all stained with blood. And cursed be the hand that fired that shot!"

"Amen!" said the man, "for that man is myself, I believe,—if you tell me it wasn't the Cherokee who stood yonder by the side of Jamie Duffie."

"The Cherokee was not there at all. And now listen to me, man. The Confederate Government will have ten thousand men here before another week is over—and I shall not stir from this until they come. I vow to God that I shall never rest till I have brought every man concerned in this night's outrage to punishment!"

And yet it is at all times cruel and undiscriminating, but civil war is ever the most fiendish in the passions that it evokes and the destruction it works.

Still, the truth of history demands of us to say, that for one instance of inhumanity called forth by our civil strife, there are a hundred known examples of the most exalted generosity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOMAN A LADY.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing that cannot be lost or found. No art can restore the grape in its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and endearing.

"The world is wide, these things are small; they may be nothing, but they are all."

Nothing! It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman are immorality. Awkwardness may be inexcusable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and not be unbecoming or women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possession, unshinishing and aggressive comeliness of demeanor may be reckoned a State's prison offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right indignantly worthy of respect. To a lady, prince or peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men will look up to you for reward not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man towards woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideas not wounded when a woman fails in worthy wisdom; but if in grace, in fact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she would be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—Gail Hamilton.

The established Church costs England \$85,000,000 annually.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

It is all very well to have wealth, if good use is made of it, but houses and farms and bank stocks and bonds are not unfailing sources of happiness; nay, they often prove an annoyance and blemish to life. There is something that often comes with wealth that mars the joys that should accompany it. Before a man is aware of this something has sapped his humanity, and he stands out alone in the world, soiled, vain and selfish—a being to make angels weep and devils grin and chuckle.

"Go sell what thou hast and give to the poor," was an injunction to a young man who was made for happy men and women. Its beauty and variety, its beautiful supplies of comforts and luxuries teach us the fact more forcibly than words that this world was designed for the abode of happiness. But happy men and women are never found outside of happy homes. We pity the millionaire who boasts in his pride that he can purchase with his gold the precious commodity of happiness. It is something that gold will not buy. It is not for sale. Therefore, if any reader of these lines feels that his home is not the ideal place he has in years gone cherished and anticipated, it would be well to stop and inquire the reason.

Does the tired wife who has been fretted with the annoying duties of domestic life light up with a smile at your coming? Do the little ones stand at the window and peer into the gathering gloom to note your earliest approach, or make the house ring with joy when the door opens to admit you? No? Well, then there is something wrong. Stop, before you live another hour and seek out the cause of this discord in your life.

Husband and wife may well stop occasionally and consult together as to the best plan to make home happy. Wealth alone will not do it. The honors of the world and the rounds of fashionable life soon grow insipid, and we must ever turn to the home to find the chief object of life.

If there were some potent method of obtaining it, or if it could be purchased, what a demand for it there would be! And yet, when it lies at our doors, or is placed in our hands, we often fail to grasp and retain it.

It is said that "familiarity breeds contempt." This can only become true between husband and wife when the nobility of manhood and womanhood has been forgotten and laid aside, and selfishness and vulgarity taken the honored place. People must try to make their homes happy. Let the husband try for three months to enter his house and leave it as he did in the days of his wooing. Let the wife practice the easy charms that won her lover. It won't be a costly experiment; and if the trial of a year does not make every room of your home, no matter how humble, ring with happiness then you may set it down that the devil has a mortgage upon it, and the sooner he forecloses it the better. But you will not be disappointed. The happy heart will make the happy home, and a happy home will make a happy life.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

A letter from Munich says: "The good people of Oberammergau, who, in addition to the ordinary occupation of their mountaineer life, are, like the people of Berchtesgaden, famous at woodcarving, to which they devoted the long enforced leisure of the winter, are just now engaged, night and morn, in pushing on the preparations for the celebrated Passion Play, which will be performed in the Alpine valley next year, according to the traditional rule which fixes its representation at intervals of ten years.

Next summer, a miniature migration of nations will be taking place into those Bavarian highlands, where, according to Goethe's saying, dreaming and reality are so interwoven that it is not easy to distinguish the one from the other. In order to give sufficient accommodation to the crowds who are expected to flock to see those celebrated performances, the people of Oberammergau have built a new theatre, which will give room for nearly six thousand spectators. Almost the entire space allotted to the spectators is uncovered. We may be allowed to see, in this ad hoc arrangement, an assurance that the inhabitants look forward to fine weather on the days (only Sundays and holidays) upon which the performances will take place. There are one hundred rows of seats, each intended to accommodate sixty persons. The front seats, the admission fee to which will be moderate, will be fitted with wooden benches. But the seats at the back, which are raised, will be provided with cane-bottomed chairs, and will be sheltered from rain and sun by a roof; the occupants of these more comfortable positions will naturally be required to pay a higher entrance fee. The orchestra will not be visible. This is precisely as in the Wagner theatre at Bayreuth. Possibly, the influence of the highest personage in the Bavarian kingdom may be traceable in this arrangement; the royal chateau of Lindenstadt will be enclosed on three sides. In front is a great open space, at either side, of which the choruses, which play so important a part, will be ranged. The amount expended up to this by the people of the valley is about 2,000. But, to complete the preparations, including new scenery and costumes, another 15,000, or more will be needed. The entrance prices will vary from one shilling to eight shillings. The number of persons who will, in one capacity or another, be engaged in the performance will amount to nearly 700. The chief actors and solo singers are nineteen in number. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire population of

the valley, with the exception of the infants and a few old people, will take part in the performances. All the decorations and costumes are being prepared on the spot.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Talent if divorced from rectitude will prove more of a demon than a god.—Channing.

Popular education to be truly good and socially useful must be fundamentally religious.—Gutted.

The education of a young man to behave well in society is of still greater importance than making him a Solomon in knowledge.—Lord Karnes.

All education should be religious and intended to train the child for a religious end; not for this life only, but for eternal life.—Catholic World.

We value the enlightenment of the mind, but we don't prize less the culture of the heart; and of the two the latter is the more important.—Archbishop Alenmanny.

We shall never know our real calling or destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything else as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.—Sir Walter Scott.

Religion is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people.—Lord Derby.

He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked.—Leo XIII.

A lower dogma never was maintained than this of a wholly secular education, or one more utterly impracticable. The subject must inevitably die under the operation, and religion must come back again into our schools and colleges, to save them from infamy and extinction.—Prof. Taylor Lewis.

AFFECTION.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unattractive sight on earth than one of these families without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boys' eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart?

Who would not rather bury his wife, than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everything, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love their God, to love their parents, to love every one; to love all that is beautiful in nature, birds, flowers, etc., and all the works of God.

Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong ties. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God; love to man.

STRANGE MISTAKE.

A queer story reaches the correspondent of a contemporary from St. Petersburg. Lady Dufferin went to court to be presented to the czarina. On arriving at the Winter Palace she was shown into an ante-room, as the theater, where an aged lady whom she took to be a mistress of the ceremonies, was seated on an ottoman. The lady entered into conversation, but in a frigid Russian style. The handsome Irishwoman with the Hamilton blood in her veins has a little pride of her own, and thinking the Muscovite waiting-woman was rather patronizing to the wife of an ambassador, assumed a "stand-off" air on her side. The ceremonious dame became more ceremonious and almost haughty. At length she asked, "Have you seen my daughter lately?" "Pardon me, ma'am," said Lady Dufferin, "I fancy we do not move in the same circle. Pray, who may your daughter be?" The answer led up to a tale. "The Duchess of Edinburgh," said the stately old female, who was no other than the Empress of Russia herself.

Felix Meyer of Detroit has devoted ten years and \$7,000 to the construction of a clock. It is eighteen feet high, eight broad, and weighs two tons. It has a great variety of automatic devices, but the most remarkable are those connected with the striking of the time. At the end of every quarter hour an infant in a carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell, which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour a youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters of an hour a man, and at the end of each hour a greybeard. Death then follows to toll the hour. At the same time a large music box begins to play, and a scene is enacted upon a platform. Washington slowly rises from a chair to his feet, extending his hand, presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by a servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time; also the Presidents of Hayes. Each is dressed in the costume of his time, and the likeness are good. They raise their hands as they approach him, and walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by a second servant.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mgr. Zach, a devoted champion of the Church which occurred at Paris on the 19th ult. His virtues and apostolic labors, of which it would require a volume to speak adequately, were admired and appreciated throughout the Catholic world. He died at the venerable age of seventy-six. R. I. P.