

PASTORAL LETTER FOR LENT, 1861. JOSEPH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOUR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP, ETC., PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Armagh. DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN.—The next approach of the holy season of Lent once more admonishes us to prepare ourselves carefully for the reception of the abundant graces which a good and merciful God loves to pour down at this time on all those who place no obstacle in the way of His goodness and mercy. It is true that God is ever rich in mercy, and always ready to receive the sinner when he returns to Him with his whole heart; but still there are certain times and seasons which are specially remarkable for the more frequent and impressive appeals of His mercy to the heart of the sinner, and the more abundant pouring out of His Grace on the souls of the just. Lent has been ever considered one of those propitious seasons, both for the sinner and the just man; and hence we can well apply to it the words of the Apostle—'Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.'—(2 Corinth, vi. 4.)

We must avail ourselves, dearly beloved brethren, of this occasion to solicit once more your fervent prayers for the Head of the Church, our beloved Pontiff, Pius IX. We need not call your attention here to the outrages which he has still to endure at the hands of impious men, who have conspired together against the Lord and against His Church. Those outrages are known to you—they are known to the whole world. In thus asking your prayers for the Holy Father we are carrying out his own wishes. But remember that it is not so much on account of his own personal sufferings that he seeks the prayers of his flock, as on account of the multiplied evils which his persecutors have inflicted on the Church, particularly on that part of it which was before subject to his Temporal authority. Oh! dearly beloved brethren, if you could realize to yourselves the miserable change that has taken place—the very reverse of that on which the Prophet Isaiah dwelt, when contemplating the glory of the coming Church of Christ! It is no longer the desolate and flourishing as the lily, but, on the contrary, we behold the noxious weeds of vice increasing where the fragrant flowers of virtue bloom. Before we behold those religious houses in which God was served so faithfully, from which so many zealous preachers went forth to dispense the word of truth to a faithful people, or in which the sacrifice of praise ascended from the chaste lips of holy virgins consecrated to God, now turned to profane uses, and their inmates banished; while in the cities thus desecrated, the teacher of a false creed and the shameless prostitute are openly patronised. Wretched, however, and lamentable as is the change which we witness, we ought not to be surprised at it, when we consider the means which have been used for its accomplishment. It is a great testimony in favour of the temporal power of the Pope, that it could only then be effectually assailed when the principles of honour and justice were trampled upon by its assailants. Let the invasion of a weak and unoffending state, without a previous declaration of war, or without the least colorable pretext for such a huge injustice, speak for the esteem in which those principles are held by the wicked invaders of the patrimony of the Church, and their foul abettors in other countries.

Taking, then, into consideration, dearly beloved brethren, a state of things so much to be deplored by every true Christian, let it be our part to have recourse by means of fervent prayer, to Him who alone can apply a remedy to so great an evil. Let us beg of Him to touch the hearts of those wretched men who have conspired together against Himself, the person of His Vicar, the supreme visible Pontiff and Pastor of His Church, Pius IX.—to inspire them with respect for his holy law, and horror for that course which they have hitherto followed. And if they will continue to close their hearts to the inspirations of His grace, let us beseech Him to take them down from their elevated position, and humble them before the whole earth—placing them where they will no longer be able to carry out the wicked projects of their ambition; and let us hope that thus at length they will enter into themselves and escape His everlasting vengeance. We are indeed full of confidence, dearly beloved brethren, that our good and merciful God will soon gladden the hearts of His faithful people by restoring to their rightful Sovereign the provinces which form so important a part of those states of the Church, which, by a special arrangement of His allwise Providence, He has granted to His Vicar as a safeguard for the independent exercise of his spiritual prerogatives. To obtain from God this triumph for religion, the Clergy of this diocese recite in the Holy Mass, every day on which the rubrics permit it, the collect *pro quacunque necessitate*, with its corresponding *secret* and *post-communion*. This will continue to do until the end of the present year of our Lord, 1861, if it should be found necessary. But, if before the end of the year, the hopes which we entertain of seeing the Holy Father soon restored to the rightful possession of his states should be realized, then this prayer will cease, and due notice will be given to each parish to prepare for a solemn thanksgiving, to be rendered to God on one and the same day throughout the diocese, for so signal a favour and mercy to His Church.

In conclusion, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to convey to you all the apostolic benediction wherewith the Holy Father has vouchsafed to make us the bearer. His Holiness desired us to say to you that he blesses you all—that he is full of gratitude to you and all his faithful children of Ireland for what you have done, and are doing in his cause which is the cause of God and His Church; and that he lets no day pass without remembering the Irish people in his prayers to God. It must be, indeed, beloved brethren, a source of the greatest joy and consolation to us all to reflect that we hold such a special place in the affection and the prayers of the great Pontiff of the universal Church. Let us endeavour to render ourselves, each day, more worthy of such a great and distinguished favour.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.—Rom xvi. 24. JOSEPH DIXON, Drogheda, 6th February, 1861.

WHAT CAN THE IRISH DO?—Of all Christian races or nations, the Irish at this hour present some of the strangest phenomena. There are above six millions in Ireland, two in Britain, four in America; and will soon count half as many in Australia. Groups of them may also be found in India, at the Cape of Good Hope, and on the Pacific Coast of this Continent. At home and abroad (with their foreign-born posterity) they cannot be far from fifteen millions of souls. This people at the present hour are politically among the weakest, but morally among the strongest. For it is not true, as some theorists assert, that power is always in proportion to morality. Geographical position, internal resources, worldly wisdom, the necessities of neighborhood, have much to do with national, as apart from moral greatness. If Christian morality governed nations, how many restitutions would have to be made?—how many frontiers altered?—how many hoisted conquests ceded? It has not rained since the Council of Florence, yet the greatest powers (all but Spain) have grown greater, stronger, richer, and enjoy to-day greater political unity than they did then. The people of whom we speak were ranked first of all their neighbors of the Isles, at the Council of Constance, in 1413, and if their claim was renewed in Rome to-day, it would be admitted upon precedent. But in the modern period, while France consolidated and England centralized, Ireland did not succeed in clothing herself with adequate political institutions. With her enemy for her neighbor, and the ocean only at her back, she strug-

and sanction its operation: one could not recognise between them any likeness. The system was had from the beginning, less so, perhaps, than its predecessors; soon it gradually became worse, so much so, that the institutions of the Holy See for diminishing its dangers have been contumaciously set at naught by the Board, by its Catholic as well as its Protestant members; and at length the manifest and acknowledged evils of the system, have elicited a strong and unanimous memorial from the Bishops of Ireland, to the Government, for a denominational education, and excited a confident hope, that if that memorial was not listened to, some practical, and vigorous action should be taken to obtain it. Should it be found that the convictions of the hierarchy and the aspirations of the people, are to be thwarted by the schemes of some few Catholics, who, to promote their own ends, are never engaged in supporting the policy of the enemies of our faith, the worst stage of the history of the Board and its working, is yet to be witnessed. The Government taking courage from those exhibitions of verbal unanimity and practical disagreement, and supported, as it has been, by law advisers, looking to the bench with a steeper eye than to the altar; will no longer conceal their hatred of our creed; nor think it necessary to use those disguises to which they have hitherto resorted. Then unless the Almighty avert such a calamity, will Ireland have to deplore her too easy credulity, in the promises of statesmen, and what neither the sanguinary statutes of Elizabeth, nor the savage barbarity of Cromwell, nor the more refined and prosecuting policy of William could effect; the more destructive patronage of cunning ministers will have achieved, and the wicked, but abortive schemes of Usher and of Boulter, will be forgotten, in the more disastrous triumphs of Whately and the Marlborough-street Schools, over the stern and uncompromising principles of the Catholics of Ireland.

No doubt you would tremble at the idea of such a prophecy being realised. We know it, yet it will assuredly come to pass, if we entrust, as we have been doing, to the ravenous wolves, the keeping of the little innocents of our fold, already so contemptuous of our authority as to select Presbyterians, and pupils of the Infidel Colleges, in our Catholic province, as directors and controllers of the instruction, nay, the religious instruction, of the young Catholic generation! What then is to be done? To bestir ourselves, and to gird with our spiritual armour. You will not, henceforward, be writing to those commissioners, for any schools as supplicants for a boon, receiving their arbitrary and penal conditions, without inquiry or remonstrance, and without, first, in every such case, consulting your ordinary. And next, you will not send henceforward any master or mistress to be trained for any of the schools, without similar reference, and without having his written sanction. We may then state at more length our reasons for those preliminary measures. For highly qualified teachers to conduct elementary schools, the young men already educated by the Christian Brothers in Tuam can furnish a sufficient number. And as for female teachers they can be supplied in abundance, from among the young women educated in the schools of the six convents of this diocese, entirely unconnected with the National Board, and free from the taint of its dangerous teaching.

Though every sinister scheme, long so familiar to the enemies of our faith, has been resorted to, to seduce the rising generation to the infidel colleges, their efforts have, thank God, most signally failed. There were some, five or six, from the diocese who went to the college of Galway, it is said, and their plea was that they did not think it harmful, nor having heard any frequent denunciations of those infidel colleges, after their first condemnation. The fact may be true; the conclusion concerns their own consciences and that of their parents. It was a matter of notoriety that the Queen's Colleges have been solemnly condemned by his Holiness, which ought to have been sufficient for all good Catholics. To have been repeating such prohibitions amidst a rural population, who, under the pressure of severe local persecutions, thought but little of such Colleges or their interdiction, would not be a prudent exercise or zeal, however ardent and well intentioned. It would appear to us to resemble those denunciations of unknown practices, against which we are cautioned by holy casuists, and on the same principle several have refrained from denouncing those indecent and dangerous frivolities, deserving a harsher name, which require salutary correction wherever they prevail.—But because they are unknown, and will, we hope, continue so, to our simple flocks, they are passed over, lest, on catching a glimpse of them, they too should, from the folly of the age, be smitten with a desire to make a trial of those fashionable, but forbidden amusements.

It is scarcely necessary to announce what the regulations of the Lent will be, having repeatedly signified that we would never extend the relaxations regarding the abstinence, beyond the limits to which we brought it some years ago. To recede from a relaxation or privilege once granted, however urgent may be the grounds of the special indulgence, we know to be as inconvenient as might be the first dispensation, and, therefore, we have resolved never to carry the relaxation farther. It is therefore sufficient to announce that the rules of the coming Lent remain the same, as those of the last, which we repeat for the sake of those by whom they may have been forgotten.—On the three usual days, Ash-Wednesday, Spy-Wednesday, and Good Friday, all milk-diet, as it is called, is forbidden; on all other days, except the aforesaid, eggs are permitted, even on Fridays, if fish cannot be procured, and flesh meat is allowed on all Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, from the first Sunday in Lent, to Palm Sunday, inclusive. Though the higher classes are not wanting in becoming devotion during Holy Week, by no class are the sufferings of our Redeemer more especially celebrated than the poor, who share in His sufferings. They are the most assiduous assistants at the offices of the Tenbré. You will, therefore, advert to the particular instruction which we gave last summer, that whilst on Holy Thursday the instruction may be in English on the next Good Friday, the sermon in every parish where the office of the Tenbré is celebrated, is to be in the Irish language, immediately after the Gospel, to be preached by either of the parochial clergy, or by one of the many clergy of the diocese, so qualified to instruct the faithful in their native language, whom the Parish Priest may choose to invite for that purpose.

In the midst of the perils with which our holy faith is menaced, we cannot have an advocate in whom, next to Mother of God, we should have more confidence than in St. Bridget the revered patroness of Ireland. How dear is her memory, every bishop can learn, from the continued groups of young females presenting themselves for confirmation, bearing her cherished name—a consoling proof that, notwithstanding all the efforts to naturalise strange and outlandish names amongst us, there is a religious love of country in the hearts of the people, and a reverence for its noble traditions, for its saints, for its festivals, for its language, and for its every hallowed monument, that will not easily suffer such high incentives to imitate our Irish saints, to be disregarded. Recommending all the children of the diocese, lay and clerical, to the powerful intercession of this illustrious saint, we remain, dear and venerable brethren, your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ!

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam, St. Jarlath's Tuam, Feast of St. Bridget, 1861.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know a little.

Proud looks alienate the hearts of men; but courteous words attach them.

Serpents annually shed their skins, which, remarkable as it may appear, extend over their eyes.

inflicted by weapons against which one is guarded, and seldom are people surprised or overwhelmed by foreseen calamities.

These reflections, together with the unsettled state of the world, which suggested them, are applicable now as well as then and equally instructive. Besides that our Redeemer himself has foretold how the world would war against His holy religion, and that St. Peter desires the faithful, not to wonder at the heat of persecution which they already felt; the entire history of the Church, is one continued record of the combats it has had to sustain from the combined enmity of fraud and violence, and of the glorious triumphs with which these severe trials have been crowned. Let those, then who have paid no attention to the predictions of our Divine Redeemer or to the records of history in which they are fulfilled and who are panting for the downfall of the Catholic religion, rejoice, if they choose, in the present distracted state of Italy, and proclaim that it must end, as they term it, with the destruction of Papacy. In the fall of its thrones, in the flight of its princes, and in its popular heavings, now more fearful than the earthquakes by which those regions are so often shaken, let the ruin of the Papal power be bossfully announced by those false prophets, who seem to fancy that by plundering the patrimony of St. Peter, they annihilate for ever the spiritual authority of his successor. Little do those men, whose range of vision seldom stretches beyond their own epoch, imagine that they have been only exalting that personage, whom of all others they were anxious to cast down, and consolidating that power which they have so furiously labored to destroy.

They have succeeded, perhaps, for a year or two, in forcibly abstracting two or three provinces from the Pope's territories—sacrilege sometimes perpetrated before, and they have helped to open a vista of his dominions, often but little attended to, having no boundaries but those of the world. Like the early despoilers of our own Church, they have squandered in riot and luxury, the equitable tribute of those provinces, with which the Holy Father endowed the temples of God, and fed his poor children, and in return they have assisted in rendering tributary to him, the remotest kingdoms of the earth.—Some of the potentates in his own vicinity, jealous of the august majesty with which he overshadows them, affect to show them an hypocritical homage, whilst their acts display the sincerity of their hatred of his reign. And in the mean time, the men of the East bring their gold and the frankincense of their faith, laying them at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, whilst the inhabitants of the vast continents of the Western and Southern Seas prove that the boundless dominion of the world is neither a fanciful nor barren one, recognising the claims of the Pope, by their seasonable contributions to his plundered treasury. Truly his iniquity lied unto itself; truly has the Almighty destroyed the wisdom of the wise, and brought to nought the counsels of the wicked.—Those men now find, to their confusion, that they have been only opening new veins of wealth to sustain the Pope, and to render more visible to the world the loftiness of the mountain, as well as the firmness of the rock, on which his kingdom is erected; and ere long, the baffled projectors of the ruin of that kingdom, will be amongst the foremost to insist on the full restoration of every sod of his rightful territories.

We have dwelt on this subject, at any time not out of place, but particularly seasonable at a time, when it becomes our grateful duty to return our sincerest thanks to the clergy and people of this diocese, for the truly noble generosity with which you all responded to our appeal for the Holy Father in the course of last year. You heard his own touching acknowledgments of your liberal piety, in his own eloquent language, accompanied by his repeated Apostolic benediction to the entire of our flock; a blessing which, like wisdom, the devout prize far beyond gold and silver, and a grace, like other precious gifts, which has never been under-valued by any, but those who feel conscious that they have no claim to it. For 'the father's blessing establisheth the houses of his children.' When we cease to acknowledge the claims of our Holy Father, our right hand must be forgotten.

We beg likewise to acknowledge, with similar thankfulness, the Lenten offerings sent from every portion of this diocese, in aid of the remotest and poorer missions, as well as to assist in the erection of purely Catholic schools, becoming daily more and more necessary, in consequence of the untiring exertions of our enemies, to flood the country with an impure mixed education, and to withdraw, as far as they feel it yet safe to attempt it, the rising generation from the protecting control of the Catholic priesthood. We trust, therefore, that your offerings, on the approaching first Sunday of Lent, in support of our diocesan fund, will be still larger than those of the preceding years, in consequence of its growing necessity, and of the manifest blessings of which it has been already so productive. You are aware that in dispensing, in the times of abstinence, from flesh meat in Lent, as Apostolic Delegate, we grant the liberty only on the principle of a substitution of other good works. We have selected the Missionary Diocesan Fund, as the special good work which we substitute for the abstinence from flesh meat; and therefore we require from all, clergy and laity, rich and poor, that they contribute according to their means, to this holy charity, as a condition of the granted dispensation. We naturally expect that the several districts will contribute to this good work in such proportions, as they are found to do, at their own local collections, and that the clergy will take down the several sums of the charitable contributors, for the purpose of recording them in the annual registers of the receipts and disbursements of this fund, all of which are first published, and then regularly preserved in the archives of their diocese.

The ready replies which you have all sent, to the several questions contained in our recent circular, require that we should not omit to direct your particular attention to that which should be more properly termed Government Education. Those questions, together with the information which you have supplied upon this all-important topic, are so connected not only with the religious faith of the people, but also with their dearest domestic and social interests, in which they have an intimate and influential bearing, that at present, we can but merely glance at them. The first and greatest anomaly of the system, especially in this diocese, and over the entire province, is that nearly in all the schools, the children are entirely and exclusively Catholic, a circumstance so far favorable for which we are not beholden to the National Board or to the Government. But our obligations to them consists in this, that out of an immense sum entrusted to the National Board not a penny is expended on Catholic education, but on the unrighteous condition of subjecting their children to the discipline of a mixed education, and depriving them of that valuable instruction, which it is the wish of the Catholic Church, as it is our duty, to impart. Contrary, too, to the principles of the Catholic Church, and the rights of the episcopacy that board assumes in theory, and exercise in practice, such a control over books and teachers, that several of their books utterly worthless, and others leavened with heresy, and offensive to Catholic morality, have been circulated in those schools.

The authority of the Catholic Church, and of its pastors over these agencies and instruments of education, is disavowed by the commissioners, and their officials, encouraged by the prospect of increasing salaries, in proportion as they promote the views of an anti-Catholic Government, labour to root out of the minds of the little children, the affectionate reverence for their pastors, which has been such a distinguished feature in the character of our Catholic people.

Let any dispassionate person compare the system, as now conducted, with any of those models, on which alone the Bishops of Ireland, unanimously and repeatedly declared, they would consent to accept it

'How have I been so unfortunate as to displease you, my dear aunt?' asked the young girl, raising her tearful eyes imploringly to Annunciata. 'Why abandon us? I will ever be a tender and devoted daughter to you. Why quit your native country, and the tomb of your ancestors?'

Annunciata sighed mournfully, as she looked long on the family portraits hanging on the walls; and imprinting a kiss on Clarita's forehead, while she furtively wiped away some tears 'hat stole down her thin cheeks, in spite of all her efforts. 'Listen to me, and do not interrupt me,' said she in a solemn tone.

'Nearly two years have elapsed since a human being expired in the thicket, without assistance, without the consolations of religion.'

'The murderer of the unfortunate man was but a passive instrument; a woman had directed his arm, marking as it were, on the body of the victim, the very spot where he should receive his death-blow. Nothing had that woman spared to accomplish her revenge; artifices, falsehood, perfidious advice, imprudent measures, everything had been employed to further her ends; but scarcely had she obtained the sole object of her whole existence, when, far from enjoying the gratification she expected, remorse entered her soul and preyed upon her; gnawing little by little, as the worm in the fruit, at length reaching the heart. Remorse tore her with its iron nails, and left nothing but a living skeleton.'

'The victim was Giuseppe Fabiano! The assassin stands before you!—It was myself.'

'Since that fatal day I have languished, without tasting one moment's peace—not even the guilty pleasure of revenge; for scarcely was the crime consummated, when I thought it pitiful and mean, as a stranger had been the instrument. That, I confess, was my deepest regret. One circumstance, however, brought some consolation to my unceasing anguish. I had long admired in silence the piety and calm of Clarita, though I believed them to proceed from the weakness of her mind. But during the long illness which nearly brought me to the grave, the voice of that dear girl uttered words and exhortations which, thanks to God, reached my heart. It appeared to me that a thick veil fell from before my eyes, and that I saw everything in a different light—under a new aspect. The charms of sincere piety caused me to comprehend all the horror, all the enormity, of my crime. Theobald's generosity and its happy results have caused me sincerely to repent.'

'Well, then, my dear aunt, we will weep together over what is past,' said Clarita, who had not listened to these terrible revelations without shuddering.

'Child,' said the latter, in a mingled tone of disdain and tenderness, 'do you think that living happily with you, in the daily enjoyment of your happy home, in a country where now the name of my family is extolled to the skies, can prove a penance worthy of Annunciata and the God who calls her to Him? No, no. Innocence and happiness are your portion, my sweet and pure Clarita; for me—repentance and the austerities of a cloister.'

'My dear, dear aunt, reflect, I implore you, before you decide,' cried her niece, shedding abundant tears.

'Nothing can alter my decision.'

'Where do you wish me to conduct you?' asked Theobald, kissing Annunciata's hand, for he knew too well the inflexibility of her character to believe that anything would alter her resolution.

'To the convent of the Lady Capucines at Marseilles,' replied his aunt. 'Let us depart at once.'

The following day Mademoiselle Loncini was seated on the deck of the steam-vessel, and lost sight once by one of the different landmarks on the shores of her much loved country, which she was leaving for the first and last time. She watched with intense anxiety until the whole island appeared no more than a distant spot in the midst of the vast ocean. At the moment she was about to lose sight of it for ever, Annunciata rose suddenly, stretched her arms in despair towards the beloved land which was disappearing from her view, and exclaimed, while tears flowed down her cheeks—'Adieu, land of my race, country of my ancestors, cradle of my infancy! Adieu, tomb of my forefathers! Adieu to all I love! Adieu to all forever!'

Four and twenty hours later the gates of the convent closed upon her for life.

Theobald continued his way to Paris, where his regiment was in garrison.

It was then, and at that precise time, just after he had left his aunt in the convent of the Lady Capucines, that the Baroness D— and myself had the pleasure of meeting him again. He was a fine and most accomplished young man, as well as an excellent officer. He related to us the eventful story which I have the pleasure of offering to the perusal of my young friends.

We listened with the most lively interest, and when he had concluded, gave thanks to the Almighty, who sends trials to the just, only to render them still more deserving, and who frequently rewards, even on earth, those virtues which He crowns with everlasting glory in a better world.

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. MACHALE, TO THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL OF THE DIOCESE OF TUAM.

Venerable and dearly beloved Brethren.—Witnessing the wars and seditions which overspread a great portion of Europe, especially of Italy, in his time, St. Gregory the Great, a name familiar with the grown people of this country, frequently diverted the attention of his flock from the evils of this perishable world, to fix them on that lasting inheritance which no casualty could take away. In the striking contrast which he exhibits between the fleeting pursuits of this life, and the fixed enjoyment of the other this holy Pontiff is so moving and persuasive, that the Church has embodied a large portion of those eloquent passages with the divine office, to furnish a subject of continual meditation to the clergy, and of solid instruction to the people. They afford us, likewise, an occasion of comparing the afflictions and persecutions of our own times, with those of remoter periods of the Church, and of drawing from the comparison strength and consolation. Slight are the wounds, remarks the saint that are

and raised the young Madame Fabiano, whom Clarita embraced, this happy family were allowed to enter their home.

The evening that followed this affecting scene, Theobald, placed between his aunt and Clarita, gave them a detailed account of all the events of his military career from the moment of his departure, the difficulties he had to contend with at its commencement, the kindness of the officers to whom he had been recommended, and the ever-increasing good will of Colonel Belmont who had really become a second father to him. Divine Providence had not abandoned him for a single moment, removing all obstacles, so as to enable him to gain the desired end, and, in short, raising opportunities and favorable circumstances in which he could distinguish himself, at the same time supporting and consoling him in the midst of fatigues and dangers. The two women, listened with delight, looking at him with affection as well as admiration, for his uniform set off his handsome person to much advantage.

'My gentle Clarita,' said her brother, when the story was ended, 'God is my witness that the fear of injuring your prospects by a reputation of cowardice which I never deserved, far more than any selfish feeling, induced me to embrace a military career. The Almighty has deigned to bless and prosper my intention; and you, my dear sister, will you not recompense your brother's devotion by according pardon to a man entirely worthy of your affection, who had no part whatever in the insulting refusal which decided my fate. I met Francesco Peroncelli as I passed through Bastia on my way home; I had named him your affianced husband; his sentiments will ever change, and all I can say is that he earnestly desires to bear a dearer title.'

'My very dear brother, I am very sensible of all you have done for me. This day more than ever you possess the right to choose my husband; you have acquired my eternal gratitude, and I am most happy to gratify your wishes on the subject.'

'I expected such a reply,' replied Theobald, 'and as I have but a short time to stay with you, I will advise Monsieur Peroncelli, so that the marriage may take place in a fortnight, which I am sorry to say is the extent of my present fortnight.'

Clarita passed the two intervening weeks in greater retirement than usual, while Annunciata, whose former ailments appeared entirely restored, busied herself in preparing the marriage festivities. The linen which was to form part of Clarita's trousseau, spun by all the cleverest work-women of the village, had long been carefully locked up in large wooden chests. The best shops in Bastia supplied the other articles, and everything was done in very handsome style.

The morning of the happy day having arrived, Francesco Peroncelli, his father, mother, and their numerous friends and relations arrived at Piovola, and presented themselves at the door of the mansion of Loncini, where the bride, her head encircled by a nuptial wreath, and beaming with beauty, modesty, and innocence, received them, supported by her brother and aunt. All the friends and allies of the Loncini family were assembled in great force, dressed in their holiday attire. They left the house in procession with the happy couple, and at the same moment were joined by a large concourse of people, at the head of which appeared the Signora Tecla Fabiano in person, her beautiful face radiant with joy, and followed by all her friends and relations, who were determined by this public demonstration to cement their eternal reconciliation with Loncini; the latter warmly expressed their gratitude for this proceeding. The partisans of the two families composing nearly all the inhabitants of Piovola and its neighborhood, Clarita's marriage became in reality a public rejoicing. All these men, divided and estranged for hundreds of years, embraced fraternally—and it might truly be said that this gentle Clarita, who went on her brother's arm, covered with a transparent veil, was to all a pledge of peace and happiness. The long procession advanced in silence, for the joy of the Corsican is ever grave and reflective. They first went to the Hotel de Ville, and from thence to the church, which was illuminated and decorated with flowers for the occasion. Francesco and Clarita were then united before God, the good cure giving them his benediction, after which the company returned to the Loncini's, in the midst of a most deafening discharge of firearms, the only recreation at a Corsican wedding.

On the road home, a number of young girls strewed wheat before the newly-married couple, in sign of prosperity and abundance, others presented them with flowers and honey, as omens of happy life, and all wished them "good luck and a boy"—*buona ventura e figli maschi*; that being the usual felicitation in many parts of Corsica. On their return home, Francesco and Clarita, with all their nearest relations and the old people of the party, took their seats before an immense table, laden with various most delicious fruits and with many descriptions of confectionary; the rest of the company remained standing, until those that were seated had finished, then advanced and took their places in turn.

The following day each of the guests sent the newly-married lady a large cake of marmalade, or "bruccio," she received upwards of two hundred, which she distributed herself, with the remains of the feast, to the poor of Piovola, so that all might share in the wedding festivities.—Francesco, who knew how attached Clarita was to her home, had obtained his father's consent for residing some time at the manor. The only regret that troubled the happiness of these young people was the approaching departure of Theobald; but he promised to pass six months with them very shortly, which greatly diminished their sorrow, and the pain of separation.

At the moment that he was about to depart, after having embraced Clarita and his brother-in-law, the young officer went in search of Annunciata, to bid her farewell, when she advanced to meet him, equipped in travelling costume.

'My nephew,' said she, 'we will depart together.'

He was stupefied, and Francesco, with his sister, exclaimed against her leaving them.