# Oftwe 

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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## THE

mystery of the bloody hand

## ariginal story

(Conciuded.)
(Robert,' I said, sit has gone over a gate 'must gi, too! Where are we? ? deepest hor
'He anwered, in a tone of the deper 'MMiss Dorothy! Thunk what pou are doing, sore effiction ; but it's an anfial hhing to bring an 'The innocent man is in trouble? I said passionatefy. 'Is it nothing that he should die, it trutb could save save bim? You may go back
if you like; but $I$ shall go on. Tell me, whose
 Bootbin be But be careful. You're sure you see it now ?
'Cerlan,' I said. 'It is moving. Come on.? We went forward, and I bard a click behind ${ }^{\text {me. }}$ What was that? I sand.
'Hush,' be whispered ; 'make no solse! It was my pistol. Go gentip my dear roung lady.
It is a farm yard, and you may stumble.? "It has stopped over a building "' I whispere I am goong on,' What is it? Whose is
He came to

He came to me ant whisrered solemaly Miss Dorolay ! farmer Parker's mard; and noise We
Then the terror came over me:
'Let us turn back'? 1 ead. ' You're right.
One may bear one's own troubles, but not drag One may bear one's own roumes; But Robert would not take me home ; and
my courage came back, and I held lhe lantern bastly band pasect into the barn, and we folghastly
lowed it.
it
'It has stopped in the far corner,' I said. 'There seems to be wood or something.'
'I's bundles of wood,' he whispered.
'If's bund les of wood, he whispered.
I know the place. Sit down, and tell me if it moves.' I gat down, and watted long and wearily, Thile he moved heavy buadles of firevoon, paus.
at jug now and then to ask, ' Is it bere still ? Ar bour he only spolke once; then it was to sayThis plank bas been moved. After a while be came away to look after a Apade. He last a smothesed sound made me spring up and rush to bum; but he met me, driving me ${ }^{\text {back. }}$ I beg of you, dear Miss Dorothy, keep amay. Have ynu a bandkerchief with gou? had one, and gave it to him. His hands were covered with earth. He bad
back agaun when I gave a cry—
: Robert? It has gove! 'He came up to me, keeping one hand behind ${ }^{\text {binc }}$ 'Miss Dorothy; if ever gou were good and brave, bold out now!'
I beat mp hands logetber-' It bas gone! It 'If has not gone !' be sald. Naster Edmund's under a plank of the flooring.
I gasped. 'Let me see it!?
But he would not. 'No,
yon he would not. 'No, no, my dear lady you must not-cannot. I ooly knew it by the
ring?
Then be made me sat down again, whilst he replaced the firewood ; and then, with the utmost quiefness, we set out to return, I bolding
the lantern in one band, and with the other chngrgg to bis arm (for the apparition that bad heen my guide before mas gone, and be carry-
ing the amful relic io has other hind. Once, as iog the awful relic in his other hina.
we were leaving the yard he wiispered-

## I see nothing', said I.

'Hold up your lanfern;' be whenpered.
'There is nothing but the dog-kennel;'
'There is nothing but the dog-kennel,' I saiu.
'Miss Dorothy;' he said, 'the cog bas not barked to-night.'
By the time we reached bome, my mind had and the terrible sbort time left us in which to profit by it, supposing, as I fully bellered, that it Was the first step to the rindication of George'e innocence. As we turned unto the gate, Robert,
who bad been silent for some time, broke outWho bad been silent for some time, broke outinocent as I am; and God Corgive
doubting bum. What shall we do?
I Im gong ip to town' I said, ' and you are
going mith me. We will go to Dr. Penn. He
 himself couid not undo the in ip,
©Rather more than elght hours. Hearen
 I will be ready.
I went up stairs and met Harriet at the door hande.

- Harriet! Robert has foond poor Edmunds Harriet? Rovert has fonod poor Edmunds Thomas Parker's baro. I am govg up to tow with him at oace, to put the matter into Dr.
Penn's hands, and to save George Maners'life, Penn's hands, and to
if it be not too late
She mrencled ber hands away, and flung her self at my feet. I never saw sucb a change
came over any face. She had time in the (what must have been) anxious interzal of our absence for some painful enough reflection, and my announcement bad broken tbrough the blindness of a selfish mind, and found no was where she sel1 Ob anthag come-- 0 der feeling
'Ob, Dolly, Dolly! mill you ever forgive me?
Why did I vot tell jou before? But I thought Why did I vot tell you before? But I though
t was only a dream. And indeed, indeed I
hought Mr. Manners bad done it. But that thaught Mr. Manners bad done it. But that
man Parker. If it bad not been for Mr. Manners being found there, I should hare sworn that
Parker bad done it. Dolly, I saw him that oight. He came in and belped. And once saw bim look at Mr. Manners with such a
strange expression, and he seemed so anxious to strange expression, and he seemed so anxious to
malke bim say tbat it was a guarrel, and that he had done it in self defence. But you know 'bougbt it must be Mr. Manoers-and I dià so love poor Edmund.
And sbe lay sob I said-
r My
ma My love, I pray that e must not waste time. Help rie now Har
net She sprang up at once. ball not go muth you. I am not worthy, but will pray till pou come back again.'
ou to do. you to do. Eet as soungo oat or come rato the house till I return, or some gossip will bring it
Parker's ears that we have gone to London? Parker's ears that we bave gone to Lod
Harriet promised, and rushed off to et me lood and wive. With her own bands she filled a hot-water bottle for my feet in tbe chariot, sup phed my purse with gold, and sewed some notes upon my staps; and (as if anxious 10 crowd zoto his one occasion all the long witheld ofices of sisterif kindoess) came in mith her arms full of a cuffe, muff. \&cc.-and in these she dressed me And then we fell into each othel's arms, and I wept upon her neck the first tears I bad shed
hat day. As I stood on the door step, she held a My dear!" she sat 'bo
' My dear!' she sald, 'bow pretty your sweet
ace does look out of those great furs! You shall keep them always.' Dear Harriet. Her one idea-beauty.
uppose the 'rullog passion,' whaterer to mary be is strong with all of us even in the face of deatb.
Moreover, bers was one of those stallow minds Moreover, hers was one of those stallow miods
that seem instunctively to escape by any zvenue from a painful subject; and by the time that bock, and there was an almost infectious cheer fulness in her farewell.
'It must be all right, Dolly
Then I fell back, asd we started. The warm ligbt of the open door became a speck, and then notbing ; and in the long dark drive, when every
footfall of the horses seemed to consume an age the sickening agony of suspense was almost inOrget that night. The black trees and hedges whirling past us in the darknens, alwaps the same ike an enchanted drive: then the endless subinbs, and at last the streets where people lounged
corne:s and stopped the way, as if every sec. nd of lime werg not worth a king's ransore $;$ and edan charra tootted lightly home from gay par the way was stonped, once we lost it. That mistalse nearly killed me. At last a watchman
helped us to the little $3 f$ street where Dr. Pena was lodging, near whicb a eers worceedingly. After mich koocking, an upper window was opened and a bead put out, and my
dear friend's deair voice called to us. I sprang Dr. Penn pavement and cried

Dr. Penn, thus is Dorothy
He came down and took us in, and then (my voice faling) Robert explanoed to hum the nature
o our errand, and showed bim the ghastly proof, Dr. Penn came back to me.
My 'lore,' he said, 'you must come upstar 'Retit' I drreked, 'never. Get your bat,

On hearing of the findog of whe body, and of poor George's nosition, be determined it
carve it out, with what almost fatal success w bave seen. He dared not then sell the ring, and so buried it in his bara.
Need I tell you dear friend, mbo know it so ell, that 1 am bappy.
rotten ; thove, bat sucb tragedies can be forone brought my husband's white hairs, and took of careless gaie: y bas gone from life if $\boldsymbol{\sim}$. little' old before our time,' it may be that this state of things bas ils adrantages. Perbaps, baving known together such real affliction, we
can not now afford to be disturbed by the petty can not now afford to be disturbed by the petty
vexations and worthless m:sunderstandings that vexations and worthless misunderstandings tha haps, having been all but so arfully prited, we an never aford, in this short hife, to be other my dear, in short, the love that kept fatt
through shame, and was cemented by fellow through sbame, and was cemented by fellow.
suffering, can hardly do otherwise than floursh to our beart's best content in the sunghane of

THE HOLLOW ROCK
Tranalated from the Freooh of Emile Souvester for
the Cathohic Mirror.)
(irror:) and stared vacantly as before. Exbaustion ba hoost become stupor, and it was in a short drean and fro, lightiog the fire, and bringing an air of comfort over the dreary little narlor. Then ahe was gone for a little bit, and I relt a little more
lonely and weary; and then I beard that cheerful tlatter, commonly so grateful to feminne ex toasted glow upoa ber face, bearing a tray with tea and such hospitable accompaniments as she
cnuld command. She set them down and came to to with a ari of determioation. 'My dear, you must be a good young lady an
Wke nome tea. Wall have our troubles, but good heart goes a loog way.'
Her pitying face broke me down. How sedly
without femmine sympathy I had been through Il my troubles, 1 bad uever felt as I felt it now hat it bad come. I fairly dropped my bead upon her shoulder, and sobbed out the apparently - Dear majam, I ha

Dear majam, I have no motber.'
She understood me, and flinging ber arms round me, sobbed louder than I. It mould bave been wicked to offer further resstance. She brought down pillows, covered them ritb a red haw, and propped me up till the K.orsebar sofa mile, I eastrived to smallow a fer mouthfuls. 'And nom, dear lady, she sard, ' you will have ome wa.m water, and mash your hands and face nd smooth your bair, and go to sleep for a bit. 'I can not sleep,' I sand.
I I sball greith was not to be baffled.
'I sball give you somelhing to malke yous'
And so, when the warm water had done it? Arbs, I had to swallow a sleeping. draught, and hacked me up, were oddly enough-
'The tea's brought back a bit of color to. you
beeks, and, I will sap you do look pretty in hem beautiful sables.
A very d:\{erent thought was working in my
head as the sleepsug draught tingled through my
' Will the birds sng at sunrise
Nelly, I slept twelve hours wilbout a drearn. was tour ocloct on the afternoon of Monday
ben a woke, and only then, I believe, from he mesmeric influence of being gazed at. Elebe morld. George Manners was kneeling by

Abraham was still sacrificing his san unon the wall, but my Isaac was restored 10 me. I sat pand fung myself into his arms. It was long, nough, one of the first things be said was twitching mp cloak with the quant curiosity of man rery ignorant about feminine belongrigs.
My darling, you seem sadly ill, but jet, Doraice, your sweet face does look so pretty in these reat furs.
My story is ended, Nelly, and mp promise ctive who left London hefore four o'clock that morning, found the rusty knife that had been buried with the hand, and apprehended Parker Who confessed his guilt, The wretched man
said, that beng out on the fatal night about some
sick cattle, he bad met poor Edmund by the low bim ; that the opportunity of revenge Was too strong, and be bata murdered him. His first idea
had been flight, and being unable to drag the ring from Edmund's hand, which was swollen, he

## by miss <br> Near the coast of Brest, towards the extremity

 of the promontory called the Penonsula of Kelern may be seen a bamlet sougly nesthing in a grove its belfry, toweriog above all surrounding objecis, is balled as a chesrful beacon by the wearytraveller in the distance. This little village contraveller in the distance. This little village con-
tans scarcely thirty houses, in the centre of tanos scarcely thirty houses, in the centre of
which, stands the bumble Village Cburch sur which, stands the bumble Village Cburch sur
rounded by a small grave-jard, overshadowed by two gigantic walout trees.
A few steps from one of these, we observe a lemp made grave; the modest black cross, the ast been planted and is still moist with tzars. anguish towards the earth, bneels spon the grass, and two sweet chldren are praping beside him. That loose mound of earth covers the mothe nd pattent creaiure, who, during ten loog yeat bad meekly endured anziety, misery, poverty and ackness, and yrelded her pure soul into the hand of her Maker
Atter a long and fervent prager for the repose of her to whom be so lately bade a last, a loog
arewell, Claude Morvan arose ; bis chldrea lol lowed bis eximple, and a sad trio in sleace took The teath led to Kelern.
The death of bis faillfoul Catharine was a cruel low to the beart of the foor peasant, for he tad muded man alone can love woman; but, stricken as he is, his courage fals not. Awas
in bas beart of hearts be hides his sorrow, as one conceals a frıghtful wound, uawing to bear the sight of it. And thus, burring his effliction, he
continues to love the deal wife and mother in continues to love the deau mie and mother in
the children she has left bum. Haviog followed for some
that wound along the side distance a foot-pa his motberless children at leagth came in sigh of therr lowls cabin situated balt-way between Roscanvel and the ciladel of Kelero. As his
epes rested upon the thatched roof now reflectepes rested upun the thatched roof now refluct-
ing the last raps of the sethog sun, poor Claude's past arose hefore him. In spite of himself the rine's volce in the distance, apnouncing the $f$ a ther's coming to the chuldren; agano the poyous
shouts of poung Pierre fell like most welcome music on his ear, as with childish glee, be ran band in band with the liflle Renee, to meet and
embrace him as he relurned from his daily toil. Now a silence deep and mournful as that the grape reigas all round ! Alas ! daath has
entered that once cheerful dwellige, and robbed it of its hife and sts jor. Claude sighed deeply took his little ones by the hand and drew then trength and consolation.
in the road brought them just in front of their cabin, and seated upon large stone near the coor, was M. Rojer, evidently awaitug their arrival.
Royer formerly
Royer formerly kept a restaurant at Brest, but had lately relired to Roscanvel, wbere be honse of Morvan. Royer lived a short dis tance from the town in an old half rained manor folks, who accused bim of avarice and cruelt and many were the charges brought against hims
for baving ill treated bis morkmen.

On appraaching his landlord, Claude Morvan
look off his hat, and Pierre politely imitated bim. Roofer remained seated without eren touchang ' Well, your wife is dead at last,' sald be, in and bard bearled men affect towaris waich vulgar hey colsider therr ioferiors ; 'do you know that is a great misfortune for you $?^{\prime}$ 'I ought to know it, sir,' replied Claude in a
sad tone; f for I knew her worth better than ay ane else.
But the worst of it is, that abe has been the cause of you losing a good situation mith M. ork for erght days?" I hail to take care
Catharine, Catharine Catharıne.'
部 le:t her with the children. You knew she ould not get over it anjioom 'We never like to believe that the one we
love must die, sir,' said Claude in a sumple and tfecting manner; ' as long as she could look at

The hardenec mas ahook ars hear
'You see mhat you have doae, fool! Your wife is dead-and dead eigbt days too late; for
M. Lenoir could not wait for you, and got a man from Brest to attenit his brick-kilns. Where
'I will look every place,' rephed Morvan. 'And you won't find it,' added the old ts verathe dull seasoo. There are more hands than
obths
'and I will pay you as soon ous poor, peaf¿How rill you pay me? With the pig you
sold to buy medicues for pour wite or furniture which you gave to procure ber a coffin, grave and a cross $?$ As if the charity tuneral ' ${ }^{\text {Alave }}$ ! more not good enough for ber!' said Morvan, ' It mas the last thing I could do for ter ; we canbot command our feeings at such a tume. In reluging ber a
decent burial, I would think that I insulted her memory. She who lived and died for us, should at least he honored after death. The cross,
though poor enougb, will mark her grave, and hough poor enougb, will mark her grave, and
we shall koow wiere to kneel and pray for her. shall koow where to kneel and
Roser shrugged bis हhvulders.
'Some more of , your superstutions,' be mur
'Sured ; 'but that's
nured; ‘'but that's nothing. The fact is you re ruined, and 1 suppose, not able to past me,
' It is true, 1 am penniless now,' - sighed Mor-
Well then, you may look for another honse d you must leave to ' T have another tenso ad you must leave to morrow, this man,
ered me two crowns more than you pay.'
Altbough Clande was taken aback, by thas
brupt dismissal, he neither maje any resistance, ar showe.d ill-bumor.
${ }^{\text {B }}$ ' Every one is master of his own,' said be oouse, T'll not deprive you a better rent for four ringe, at the bay of Dinant, who I ame a cours, will
lo © But my children
'But see here,' said Royer, who had arisen,
when you once leave bere, when you once leave here, I may whislle for
my rent ; we must settle our accounts first.'
' I thought I told you, sir, thal I had nothng 'I understand that well enough,' replied with me to mind my cattle, and I will forgive the At his unexpected proposition, Pierre anil iadiference, suddenlp looked up suddenly looked up.
added be, 'you would then be rid of these litlle The children clung closer to the poor fa
'I don't want to go with you!' exclamed the sithe giri, looking at him feartally;
sind not go to the manor,' added the bas qually frightened, ongry Royer, seizing the latter by the
'You will go when I take jou, you little
'Yor must excuse me, sir,' interrupted
Claude, who drew bis son towards bum ; 'that I
dren.'
'What ? do you refuse to give them to me?
exclaimed the excited landlord.
CI I would rather keep them near me !' replied been away from home and it would go very bard tib hem, to be mong strangers now,
Ah! But I'll not be put off that way, m

