

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

The words came back to her memory with a fullness of meaning she had never perceived before.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

As the entranced girl went on, singing in the deep secret of her soul's sanctuary the pregnant words, and drinking in their hidden melody, it was as if from near the Throne on high divine harmonies came down to her, and the "angel faces," so lately lost and so loved, were smiling on her.

"Why, Rosette, I have been searching house and garden for you! And here is Lucy to;—you is always afraid that something or somebody will spirit you away again."

Rose, blushing and confused, tried in vain to conceal the letter which lay open on her lap. To Genevieve her secret was no secret. But she did not wish to be questioned on this point even by Lucy.

"How you rattle away, Lucy!" Rose replied. "But I really cannot go immediately. I have to give a few orders to the servants. So, if you will wait for me in the shrubbery I shall be with you in a few minutes time."

CHAPTER XXV.

GASTON D'ARCY JOINS THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

It was in vain that Louis D'Arcy made every sacrifice to rebuild his ruined home at Fairy Dell. As his father had foreseen and foretold, the opposing sides of armed conflict had poured into the valleys between the parallel ridges of the Alleghanies, and devastated alike the homes of rich and poor.

Thus it came to pass that both the Hutchinsons and the D'Arcys were harried by the bands who preceded or accompanied either of the invading armies. Mr. Hutchinson's mansion was sacked because he was a member of Congress at Washington, and Fairy Dell, even when spared by the Confederates, was utterly ravaged by the Union troops.

Charles could not be induced to abandon the old home and such of the factory men and lumberers who still clung to the fortunes of the D'Arcy family, and hoped for better times. Charles had formed his men into a local guard, well equipped and armed, and their number was increased by volunteers from the neighborhood.

His enforced sojourn at Mortlake during his aunt's long illness and her protracted convalescence, had confirmed him in his sympathies. Louis De Beaumont was an eloquent advocate of Southern rights, and the affection which Gaston bore her—and which was second only to that which he bore his mother—had made him an easy proselyte.

General De Beaumont had been raised, and his splendid services, were not without their fascination on his young cousin. The General had paid frequent, though brief visits to his sick mother during the most glorious period of Confederate success, and his very presence was sufficient to fire the soul of Gaston.

The repulse of the Federal armies before Richmond, and the subsequent series of victories achieved by Lee and his subordinates, impressed Gaston with the conviction that the South was irresistible; while the enlightened piety of his aunt, no less than the virtues of her son, and of her son's admirable family, did away with the least scruple about a possible violation of his duty to the Central Government.

federate army in the great battle of Chancellorsville, saddened as the victory was by the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, the idol of the South.

On the very morning that the telegraph flashed the news of this victory and this irreparable loss as far as Mortlake, Louis D'Arcy was taken ill with swamp fever, and it became his sister's turn to nurse him, with the aid of Rose and her sisters. They were both discussing the exciting news which had just reached them,—though from most opposite points of view,—when Gaston entered the sick-room, followed by Rose. The latter was all in tears, laboring under some extraordinary emotion.

"Papa," she said, speaking with an impetuosity that her father had never before witnessed in her manner. "Papa, Gaston is breaking his heart with his wild resolutions—"

"Breaking her heart!" said Gaston, throwing his arms around his sister, and kissing her forehead; "I would die again and again to save her heart from grief that would break it."

"What has happened, Gaston?" inquired his father. "What have you said to her?" "He says he will join the Confederate army this very day!" said Rose, again bursting into tears. "And he means what he says, papa!"

"I was coming here, sir, to speak to you and to Aunt Louisa about this," Gaston said, "when Rose stopped me. Of course, if your indisposition turned out to be serious illness, my duty would be to remain here till you had recovered."

"Your duty must be not to think of leaving this till your father is entirely well," said Mrs. De Beaumont. "Your father will think that I have been talking you into this."

"Do not trouble yourself about it, Louisa," Mr. D'Arcy replied. "Gaston has often spoken to me of late about this same determination of his. He must have his own way."

"Dear father," said Gaston, "I know that I am giving you great pain. I know how much opposed you are to my views of political duty. But it is duty, after all, and duty alone, that impels me not to remain idling and living pleasantly here, while the South is pouring forth her best blood on the battlefield."

"I wish," replied Mr. D'Arcy, "that the same murderous hand which took my father's life had also taken mine. Then, like him, I should have been spared the pain and the shame of seeing my oldest son fighting against the free government for which my grandfather fought and died."

"Dear sir, let us not discuss the question of justice over again," said Gaston, sitting down by his father's side, and kissing the hand that lay on the coverlet. "I wish I could see things as you do, and as dear grandfather did. I belong to a younger generation, in which different maxims and principles prevail."

"I know it too well," said Mr. D'Arcy, bitterly. "And I am glad that both your grandfather and your mother were spared the pang which I must now endure."

"You are too hard on your dear boy, Louisa," said Mrs. De Beaumont. "Surely, it can be no sin or no shame to support a cause in which my dear Frank and so many of our noblest Catholic men have shown such zeal and won such renown."

"Pardon me, Louisa," said her brother; "it is intolerable to me to think that the blood of the D'Arcys should be shed in any other cause than that of the religion for which our fathers died, and that of the United States, which they helped to establish by imperiling both their fortunes and their lives."

"The United States established by Washington and his peers," said Gaston, "never aimed at sacrificing one-half of the Union for the benefit of the other."

"They have taught you your lesson well," his father answered; "and they found in you a willing learner. Such were not the doctrines taught me by my father, or taught you by me. But why consult me at all? Why not spare me the anguish of such a parting as this?"

Rose and her sisters, overcome by this manifestation of feeling in their dear parents, in one from whom they had never yet heard an angry or loud word, were weeping bitterly. Gaston too was much moved by this unexpected resistance. So, kneeling, and pressing to his lips the hand which had continued to hold, "Father," he said, "you do not believe that I could do what I know to be wrong? You do not think your son capable of sinning deliberately against his conscience and his honor?"

"You have made up your mind to go," said the father, gently but firmly.

"I have; but shall only go when the physician assures me there is no danger." "Dear sir, let me go for that," the other answered. "I do not think there is danger. If there should be, and that God should call me to join those I have so lately lost, I shall be consoled by the thought that death shall spare me the pain of seeing my son return with his hands stained with the blood of his brothers, and wearing a uniform that Washington never would have acknowledged. It is better that you should go at once, and that I should see you no more."

"And am I thus to leave you, without one word of love or of blessing?" asked Gaston, in a broken voice.

"Oh, do not go! do not go!" sobbed Rose, throwing herself on her knees by his side.

"Were it my determination to leave this moment for the ranks of the Federal Army," Gaston said, slowly, and looking his father full in the face, "would you not bid me go?"

"Aye, were I on my death-bed!" replied Mr. D'Arcy, raising himself up, and speaking with startling energy. "This is the crisis of our national life. And when the news of yesterday's disaster to the Union arms came to us this morning, I should have gone myself to Washington to do a soldier's service in my country's hour of need."

"in defending it. Here," baring his arm—"is still the scar of one wound; the other is on my left side and near my heart. And you ask me to bless you, my own oldest son, as you go forth to war against that glorious flag of my country,—the flag of Saratoga and Yorktown?"

"At least, father, pray that God may bless me," the poor fellow pleaded.

"Yes, my poor erring boy," he said, "I pray God to keep you. But I fear that no blessing will come to you in this course, condemned as it would have been by your grandfather, and condemned as it is by me."

"Dearest father," Gaston urged, "say that you love me still. It almost breaks my heart to do a thing—the first thing in my life—to pain you. Oh, how I love you! how I revere you! how I cherish the remembrance of your unbounded affection for your own little boy!" And he threw himself, sobbing, into his father's arms, while the fond father pressed him silently to his heart for awhile, and then whispered into his ear: "Be true to God! never wilfully offend Him by outward act or word or most secret thought!"

And Gaston loved himself away, his sisters following him, and Mrs. De Beaumont remaining to quiet and soothe her sick brother, after this most trying ordeal. This was not an easy task, under the circumstances. Sorely tried as Mr. D'Arcy had been within the last two years, his physical power of endurance was now reduced almost as much as they could by his serious nature. He had not what might be called political passions. But his opinions in politics, as well as in religion, were based on deep and conscientious conviction. They were inherited from his father and grandfather, and had their roots in his earliest education, in the most cherished memories and associations of his life. As with his father, so with him, the love of liberty—of liberty founded on law and order and religious principle—was indeed a passion with him. And all his life he had been accustomed to look upon the Constitution of the United States as the surest and only safeguard of the nation's liberties, both in the temporal and the natural order.

It was not that he considered it perfect. He clearly saw, on the contrary, its imperfections. But his religious training under a father and grandfather brought up in conscientious habits, had taught him to revere in institutions of man, as he had seen the growth of a people's life, the august handiwork of nature herself, sanctioned and blessed by nature's God. Louis D'Arcy, like his ancestors, would have touched as reverently every part in the sacred edifice of American constitutional liberty that needed amendment, as he would have approached the consecrated altars of his faith to repair or adorn them.

This reverence was, therefore, in his family both a worship and a passion. Hence the intense suffering caused him by the thought that his eldest son—so worthy in every way of being the head of the family—should take up arms to destroy the Constitution of the United States.

It was in vain that Mrs. De Beaumont tried to soothe and comfort him. He considered Gaston's course to be the result of her persuasion and of the arguments and examples of her son. So, he besought her to send him Rose, and begged that Gaston's name should not be mentioned, till his fever had abated and his strength had returned.

And thus Rose found herself once more the angel of the sick-room, the comfort of her suffering father, as she had been of her lost mother. With a heavy heart, burdened with sad forebodings about her sole remaining parent and with deep grief at the departure of Gaston, the devoted girl began her ministrations of love. This time, Genevieve and Maud—no longer the thoughtless, merry pair we have known them—were the zealous and intelligent assistants of their eldest sister. Thus spring and early summer passed at Mortlake, between the long delicious sufferings of the noble father and his tedious and uncertain convalescence.

From Fairy Dell came rare messages, in which Charles briefly told how the tide of war—of alternate success and disaster to the Union arms—ebbed and flowed along the courses of the Tennessee and the Cumberland. From Mexico came another letter of Diego's, forwarded across the Texan frontier to the nearest Confederate headquarters, and thence sent on its erratic way to its destination. Diego had been a bitter opponent to the measures of the French commanders, and to avoid capture and ill-treatment at their hands, had taken refuge among the more moderate opponents of Almonte, determined to use all his influence in counselling a conciliatory policy. The letter was full of expressions of the most tender regard and chivalrous devotion. It was, indeed, most welcome to Rose. She read it over and over again, weighing each expression, and beseeching fervently the continuance to the writer of the Divine guidance.

Mr. D'Arcy, by the middle of June, was able to leave the sick-room, and wander out with his daughters beneath the grateful shade of the woods around his sister's mansion, or to sit on the border of the beautiful lake while Rose and her sisters strove to make the hours pass most delightfully. Gaston wrote to them every week, dwelling more on his own health or the incidents that nearly concerned himself, than on the ancient and ancient of the Confederates. He had given a staff appointment.

But with the latter half of June came to the South the thrilling intelligence that Lee, at the head of a mighty force, and seconded by his brave generals, had crossed the Potomac, invaded Maryland, penetrated to the capital of Pennsylvania, and was threatening Washington itself. The friends of peace in the Northern States—and they were said to be in overwhelming majority—were to profit by this successful invasion to compel Congress and the President to come to terms with the victorious Confederates. There was rejoicing in Southern homes, and Southern mothers and wives could look forward to a glorious peace and to the speedy return of their dear ones.

We must now beg the reader to accompany us to Washington. Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter, now that they were deprived of the revenues hitherto yielded by their property in the South, were compelled to live very modestly. Nor was this very irksome to Mrs. Hutchinson's quiet tastes and gentle disposition, nor to Lucy's present temper. The girl had never seen much of city life. The solid comforts of her own home at Fairy Dell, had been Lucy's social world till then. The glimpses she obtained of fashionable Washington society, at her first arrival in that city, only forced her to look back with infinite regret to their delightful intercourse with the D'Arcy family. Her best, and indeed her only friends in Washington were some old Maryland families,—the descendants of those who had founded the colony under Lord Baltimore, and whose heart, though sorely grieved by the breaking up of the Union, was nevertheless set against the war.

Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter, as long as they had been in North Carolina, had firmly and consistently upheld the policy of the Republican party,—not so much, perhaps,

because Mr. Hutchinson was himself a leading Republican, as because the Union men were only a small minority among the large proprietors in their country. In Washington the Republicans were the government, controlled the army and navy, and ruled the country at that moment with a rod of iron. So, despite the position held by Mr. Hutchinson, his wife and daughter surprised others—and were sometimes surprised themselves—by their outspoken Southern sympathies. Our readers may reason about the matter as they will, but the fact is, that the good ladies were glad at heart when Burdick was repulsed with such fearful slaughter at Fredericksburg, and when Hooker was so badly defeated at Chancellorsville.

Mother and daughter—to their praise be it said—gave much of their time to the service of the hospital. Lucy, especially, was untiring, devoted, and most skillful in her attendance on the sick,—on those, in particular, who hailed from the border States. And thus, with but scanty tidings from their dear home amid the Carolinian mountains, the summer of 1863 dragged wearily along for Lucy and her mother. At length all Washington was thrown into a fever of excitement and alarm by the progress of Lee's splendid army into the richest valleys of Pennsylvania.

It was on the morning of the 2nd of July that Mr. Hutchinson was roused from his bed by the arrival of a special messenger, who informed him that Lee had concentrated all his forces for a decisive struggle at Gettysburg, and that the Union army, which had been hastily thrown forward to oppose him, had been almost annihilated on the preceding day. General Meade, it was said, who had suddenly superseded Hooker in the chief command, was hurrying up with all his available troops to repair the disaster. At the same time volunteer nurses were called for to go to the front and attend to the wants of the thousands of wounded, abandoned without shelter or help of any kind in the fearful heat of early July. It was to be—as was the rule with all the great battles of the war—a deadly struggle of several days' duration.

Mr. Hutchinson resolved at once to go forward to the battle-field, and Lucy petitioned hard to leave to go with him. She was herself, who was now in Mrs. Hutchinson's stead, as the sole companion of her husband and daughter. For her boy—the only son—was a major in the Federal cavalry under Reyolds, and, mother-like, she must be near him in danger.

Why recall the terrors of these never-to-be-forgotten days? Lucy and her mother had contracted a warm friendship for a family living near Frederic City, bearing a historic name, and devotedly attached to the D'Arcys. In their hospitable mansion Mr. Hutchinson was invited to stay with his wife and daughter while the battles of the second and third of July were in progress. There he forced the ladies to remain while he hastened forward himself to the neighborhood of the battle-field, and put himself in communication with the cavalry corps in which his son was serving. Frank, though much exposed during the unequal and sanguinary battle of July the first, had escaped without a wound, and had distinguished himself in the desperate battle of the third. During the torrential rain that fell on the evening and throughout the night of that memorable day, Mr. Hutchinson used his influence as a member of Congress to visit thousands of Confederate wounded and unwounded prisoners within the Union lines, inquiring particularly after those of North and South Carolina.

What were his surprise and horror to discover among those who had been most dreadfully wounded, Gaston D'Arcy! A ball had burst under his horse's feet as he was bearing, in the hottest of the last day's fight, an order to the Confederate commander on the extreme right, and the fragments had shattered his left arm, tearing away two fingers of the right hand, breaking his left jaw, destroying almost totally the cartilage of the nose with the left eye, and so injuring the right eye that, even if he could recover, Gaston must remain maimed and blind for life.

His own men, as they were beaten down from the slopes of Cemetery ridge, had passed over him, crushing him still more, and late in the evening only, with some prisoners who had surrendered there, and the mingled Federal and Confederate wounded, poor Gaston was picked up and borne to the ambulance. Was the spirit of his mother, and the guardian angel of her home, hovering near that field of slaughter, and watching over that young life, to preserve it for nothing, and for the heroic purposes which can never be achieved without suffering? Let us believe it.

Mr. Hutchinson forgot everything in the joy of having found one whom he loved as dearly as his own son. Poor Gaston had fortunately fallen into good hands. For even there, amid all the horrors of that night of storm, succeeding three days of blood, there were noble women who had come from far and near to minister to the wounded as only women can. Gaston, faint from loss of blood, had received at the kind hands of these ladies such restoratives as his sad plight demanded, and grateful for the care of which so many thousands were at that moment deprived, he was waiting for the surgeon's coming, lifting his soul to the throne of the All-Father, and thinking of the dear ones at Mortlake, and of his brother Charles at Fairy Dell.

Thus, faint but calm, patient and hopeful, Mr. Hutchinson found the noble boy, guided to him by one of the Confederate prisoners, who was only slightly wounded, and who was trying to make himself serviceable.

"Gaston," he said, placing his mouth near the wounded man's ear, "is your old friend and neighbor, Hutchinson. Press my hand if you recognize me."

There was a warm pressure from the only available hand.

"Gaston, my dear boy," he continued, making a great effort to be calm, "I shall not leave you one moment till I see you safe in the hands of Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy. They are not far from this. I have sent a note to Frank to bring them here. And, in case he is indisposed to the retreating Confederates, I have paid a farmer-lad to go for them immediately, promising him three times 'the amount as soon as he brings them here. So, thank God that you have not been left on the battle-field this awful night! And now keep my hand for I will not quit you till my wife comes."

The wounded man could only squeeze again and again the friendly hand that he held in his own. His mouth was thick with clotted blood, and his tongue torn and swollen. Only a heated groan could accompany the grateful pressure to testify the sense of security and the perfect confidence that Gaston felt. Early the next morning, Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter were by the side of the sufferer. Lucy had wept all the way. But the nights they met with at every step were more than sufficient to call forth the tears of any true woman. So, Mrs. Hutchinson did not divine the real cause of Lucy's grief.

When, however, they stood in the crowded

farmhouse, over the mingled form of the youth who had been innumerable in their house as he had been in his mother's home, Mrs. Hutchinson was struck dumb with grief and horror. But Lucy's tears were dried on the instant. Kneeling down by the straw all stained with blood, "Dear Gaston," she said, "it is indeed, Lucy who is near you. And here is mamma, too, who has come to be a mother to you. You are going to be taken quickly along to Mr. Lancaster's, where we shall nurse you tenderly."

"Yes, Gaston, my dear, dear boy, I am so happy to be near you," said Mrs. Hutchinson through her tears.

What could the poor sufferer do but moan pitifully in his mute agony, and press in recognition of all their kindness the hands of the dear friends thus so providentially sent to him?

"Now, Julia, my dear," broke in Mr. Hutchinson, "we must not distress Gaston by too much talk. You—said Lucy must keep his wounds as cool as you can in this dreadful weather, and he must be kept quiet, if we would not have him in a raging fever. Gaston, my boy," he continued, addressing the invalid, "we are going to take you home now by slow stages. I have hired six men to carry you gently in a hammock, resting by the way, and your three friends shall not leave you side a moment."

And thus with every care and precaution which true love could suggest and money provide, Gaston was carried to Mr. Lancaster's ample and hospitable mansion. There, by ties of friendship running through several generations, he was surrounded with all the consolation of his own religious faith,—so welcome always to the heart of the stainless youth, and nursed with unparelled tenderness by Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy, as well as by the ladies of the Lancaster family.

Here we must leave him awhile, and return to Diego de Lebrija in Mexico, and to our friends at Mortlake and Fairy Dell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BANE OF BEAUTIFUL MEXICO.

While this memorable month of July was filling with unexpressed grief so many hearts and homes in our once happy and united country, Mr. D'Arcy was steadily regaining strength at Mortlake; and Rose, to whom her sister looked up with a singular mixture of half filial reverence and unbounded affection, was pushing them rapidly through their studies of music and literature, while she was herself completing her own education under the direction of her dear Aunt Louisa.

They had agreed never to discourse on the vexed political question, and to derive from each other's society all the pure pleasure they could, without allowing the events which were happening in the outside world to disturb the sweet calm of their own fireside.

In the first week of July, just when the telegraph and the press in the South were disguising, as best they might, the disasters befallen the Confederates at Vicksburg and in Pennsylvania, Mr. Ashton, from New Orleans, contrived to send to Mortlake the following letters from Mexico, which had come from Vera Cruz by steamer:

"OPOTERA, State of Sonora, June 5, 1863

"MIS' ROSE,—My most dear and honored Lady:

"I owe your dear and revered grandfather, Don Francis D'Arcy, a deep debt of gratitude for his letter written to me as you were leaving Ronda. The fatherly advice it contains, and the description he gives in it of Mexican parties and politics, are to me most invaluable. Indeed, I find out daily more how profound his insight is into the causes of Mexico's weakness and chronic unrest."

"But he must forgive me if I say here, that the few lines which he permitted you to write to me at the end of his letter have in my estimation a far greater value. I have cut your words out of the letter and have placed them near my heart, with the hope that they may daily warm it to high aims and still higher deeds."

"Shall I tell you that my coming to this remote place, almost on the frontier of the United States, is mainly due to my ardent desire to follow your grandfather's counsel in seeing with my own eyes and studying on the spot the great things achieved for Mexico by her former missionaries, and thereby to appreciate the blessings conferred on New Spain by Religion, and the still more precious blessings contemplated by her, when an unchristian policy ruined everything? This same study, I also hoped, would dispel from my mind the prejudices in which unbelief had taken root, and which you, my dearest Lady, labored so eloquently to combat while I was privileged to be in your company."

"This city is the capital of a district chiefly inhabited by the Opoteras, a tribe of American Indians numbering still some 50,000 souls, and admirably civilized by their ever-to-be-regretted religious teachers. Among the best families of the country are some connected with me by blood; in the neighboring mountains are mines of incalculable richness that belonged to our family in colonial times, and in the valleys are beautiful and fertile haciendas that were our property. Among the early missionaries, too, who devoted their lives to the work of christianizing the native Mexican tribes, was one of my mother's ancestors."

So, besides the wish to tear myself away from the theatre of war around Mexico, and that of diminishing the distance that separates us, I had the greatest inducements to visit Sonora.

My friend, Senor Don Vicente Aguilar, himself a native of this State, and highly respected by all parties in the republic, accompanied me, making my long journey hither a perpetual delight. Our friends had a swift coasting steamer ready for us at Mazatlan, and a pleasant sail up the Gulf of California brought us to Guaymas. Thence to Opotera we travelled leisurely, received everywhere with unbounded hospitality, and helped by our entertainers at every town to examine all that was interesting in the neighborhood.

"Of course I was charmed by the varied magnificence of the country surrounding the City of Mexico, and of its incomparable mineral and agricultural resources. I had, however, no conception of the beauty, fertility, and mineral wealth of this remote province. More even than the Valley of Mexico itself, it reminded me of the rich districts of my native Andalusia. But what above all impressed me were the establishments left behind by the missionaries so ruthlessly expelled in 1767, and in particular, the system of intelligent agriculture and domestic manufactures to which they had so carefully trained the Opoteras in this part of Sonora, as they did the other native tribes elsewhere."

"The splendid residence and college which they had erected in Opotera, striking even in their ruins the eyes of the beholder with wonder, were the central schools for both the Indian and Spanish youth. Both studied, in the now desolate hills, all the sciences of Europe under men who belonged by their birth to the first nobility of Spain, and added every intellectual accomplishment and every apostolic virtue to the distinction of rank. Their church stands there still, magnificent in spite of the neglect of man and the ravages of time. In the beautiful valley below the town

and along both banks of the river Opotera are the homesteads of the Indian population, so marked out to them by the men who had brought them the Gospel and whose lives were the Gospel in action. From the river a network of canals, dug out under the direction of the missionaries, brings water the whole year round to the tilled land and the home gardens. There grow luxuriantly not only the useful forest and farm timber introduced by these devoted men, but the maize, and all the most precious products of European culture. In the pastures and on the hill-sides wander immense flocks of sheep, horned cattle, and horses, and a boon from the provident hand of those who were truly the fathers of their people."

"Far more elegant monuments of their zeal, however, are the two populations who live here side by side, uniting in the practice of the same faith, and the zealous performance of the same civic duties,—mingling in the church, the public square, and the camp, fifty thousand Opoteras have their own scores of towns where they dwell in security, having a large and well-armed military force, under their own leaders, industrious, thrifty, sober, patriotic; treasuring, in spite of the too evident degeneracy around them, the virtues taught them by the guides whose loss they still deplore, and tainted, as well as their Spanish neighbors, only with the vices which these guides alone could have effectually combated."

"The Basques and Catalonians, who were the first colonists of this lovely mountain region, are as pure-blooded to-day as when they left the North of Spain. There is the same bright complexion and, in very many families, the same blue eyes, still meets with in the Biscaya and Catalonia. There is, moreover, the same chivalrous sense of honor, and the same noble hospitality. What is that the abundance of money and the many leisure hours enjoyed after labor in so favored a climate, did not supercede the horrible vice of gambling? Would to God, also, that the voice of their former religious teachers and models were still here, to regulate their pastimes as well as to denounce their passion for the monte tables!"

"I have questioned the oldest inhabitants I have met with—Indians as well as Spaniards—about the abuses that led the Spanish King to destroy these beautiful beginnings, and thus to mar the bright and rich promise of this moral and religious springtide. I could only obtain one answer from all,—the answer handed down among them from father to son,—that the local authorities here and in the mother country were jealous of the influence exercised by the missionaries over the civilized Indians. Add to this the resistance constantly opposed by the priests to the greed and adventures, and their heroic opposition to the efforts constantly made by the colonial governments and the great landed proprietors, at introducing into these flourishing missions the system of servitude imposed on the native population near Mexico."

"With the suppression of the mission, the exile of the missionaries, and the downfall of the glorious system of graduated education over which they presided, came the degradation of all ranks of the clergy and laity. No body of men were found or could be found to take the place, in schoolroom and professor's chair, of the thousands of men who taught most efficiently and taught gratuitously in the splendid establishments that covered the whole territory of New Spain."

"Since then Freemasonry has enlisted in its ranks nearly all the men of Mexico; the men, I mean, who are active and foremost in every walk of life, in every one of the learned professions, in every line of trade and industry. In most parts of Mexico a man can do nothing, can do nothing, can expect neither patronage, influence, nor power, or success, unless he belongs to these secret societies that are the sworn and deadly foes of the Church."

"I have had the misfortune to join these societies myself, when only a student in Paris, and, though I have never reached the highest grades in them, I have risen high enough, and know far too much, not to be convinced that, as they chiefly or solely wrought the bane of our colonial empire a century ago, so now they are consummating their work by degrading the clergy of Mexico, by despoiling the Church, by debasing education, and with education, the laws, the administration of justice, the policy of government, the whole of Mexican society."

"I am, as you see, daily discovering how widely I had departed from the true path. I had not fallen into other snares, said my ignorance, my inexperience, and my ignorance, I must owe to the prayers of my dear and saintly mother, now with God, and to those of such intercessors as the holy missionary, who labored so long and so well on this same soil. But, just as I can measure the effects of a lot drought over the most fertile regions, or the destructive energy of the plague of locusts by the destruction and barrenness they leave behind, even so can I now, here in Mexico, estimate the malign influence of infidel Freemasonry by the moral ruin caused in a land which was once a joy to men and angels."

"It was to me a bitter disappointment to find, while in the city of Mexico—and in official and confidential intercourse with the most trusted leaders of both of the great political parties,—that the Conservatives, by appealing to foreign aid, and by marching against their countrymen by the side of foreign invaders, had forever ruined their own lives."

"I came up here for this purpose,—apart from the motives I have already enumerated, to see whether the populations of these remote provinces were still heartily attached to the ancestral religion; and how far they could form a nucleus for the Conservative party of the future, since they have not had any part in calling in the stranger and his bayonet."

"There is a feeling of weariness about the leading men with whom I daily come into contact. They are prosperous and happy here among their native hills. They are desirous of cultivating all the resources of their country to the utmost. They would willingly see lines of communication for commerce opened by sea and by land between their teeming uplands and the valleys. They are great 'Republics' of the North. They are most anxious to see their churches and other religious establishments as secure, as prosperous; as progressive; as they know them to be in the United States. Hence, in my conversations, I have discovered that more than one enlightened and truly religious Mexican would not be sorry to see his own native state annexed to your confederation."

"Moreover, enlightened men of the world in these parts do not believe that the Slave States will succeed in the present gigantic war. Nor do they desire it. They know that the Confederacy, once it was acknowledged as an independent power, would become aggressive towards Mexico, and that, too, solely in the interests of slavery. They do not wish to see slavery repeating once more on their soil."

(To be continued.)

Some things are most valuable when they are upside down. A figure 6, for instance