

The Nihilist in the Czard.

FROM THE POEMS OF OSTROGOF, NOW UNDER ARREST IN RUSSIA.

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

So, giving a rapid account of events at Fairy Dell, and of the incidents of his journey through South Carolina, Hiawasse encouraged them to complete their meal in comfort, while Fanny De Beaumont and Rose were placing before himself the materials of a most substantial repast.

"I only wanted to save you the description of Gaston's being carried from the battle-field," added her father. "You could have guessed yourself, from what Hiawasse said, how dreadfully mangled your brother was."

"Here is a letter for you from Miss Hutchinson," said her aunt. She writes to you without any thought of concealment. Had she not better read it, dear Lucy?" she asked of Mr. D'Arcy.

"I leave that to your judgment, my dear sister," he answered. "But, Rose, darling, you need have no apprehensions about Gaston's life, or his being reduced by his wounds to utter helplessness. Here is Mr. Bingham's letter. Read that first, and then you can read your friend Lucy's."

"Thank you, papa!" said the now reassured girl, as she kissed her father, and ran to her own room to read the pregnant letters. Thither she was soon followed by her aunt, whose motherly nature yearned to give to the mangled girl all the comfort she needed under these bitter trials.

"I have only read Mr. Bingham's letter," said Mrs. De Beaumont. "Well, read Lucy's letter—or, rather, let me read it for you, and you shall see how well cared for Gaston is. I think it is a mercy that you did not see him in the beginning. Come, sit here by me, darling, and let me find you ever the brave-hearted little girl I always loved in my own sweet Rose." And with a motherly kiss to the niece she loved so well, Mrs. De Beaumont began reading the following letter.

NEAR FREDERIC CITY, MARYLAND, August 28th, 1863.

"ROSETTE, My own dear Sister: How often did you not bid me call you by that dear name in the sweet and blessed days at Fairy Dell! And have I not always loved my Rosette as the dearest and best sister that God could have given me? And could you or I ever have dreamed that mamma and I should have been trying to do for dear Gaston just what your mother and you would have done had you both been with him here. Indeed, I know that both papa and mamma felt as deeply for him and cared for him as tenderly as if it was their own Frank who had been left dying on the battle-field."

"Mamma often says: 'I wonder if dear Mrs. D'Arcy sees from heaven what I am doing here? I try to do exactly what I think she would do.' And I often said to myself: 'What would Rosette do if she was sitting here by his bedside as I am? And I have tried all along and am still trying to do for Gaston just what I think you would do.' Well, dear, thank God, the dear patient is improving every day. I promise to say Yes and No distinctly enough. But the doctors does not want him to be in too great a hurry to see his tongue. They have removed two pieces of bone from the left side of his face; and now the wound is beginning to heal nicely. So is the left eye, for as deeply as it had feared greatly, the inflammation has now gone down, and when the bandages are removed from the right eye you can see that the eye-ball has not been injured seriously. Only it is still all red and sightless. Dr. Ambrose, however, thinks he will recover the use of that eye. What a blessing!

"He can move the fingers of his right hand pretty well. They think his arm must have been shattered by horsemen or artillery carriages passing over him while he was lying wounded, for the whole right side was all terribly bruised."

"Of course, darling, he won't be again the handsome Gaston of whom we used to be so proud. But he will be better than handsome. A soldier's wounds are glorious. And he received his in doing what he thought to be his duty, although you and your father, as well as papa, may think that the Confederates are all in the wrong. Yet I do not think so. Yesterday I was taking my turn watching him, and he was sleeping very sweetly. As I looked upon the bandaged face and the helpless arm, I could not keep back the tears. I thought how Gaston would be, when he had recovered, and was once more in Fairy Dell. I asked myself if everybody would not admire him and love him more than ever. And Rose, dear, forgive me—I knelt down and softly kissed again and again the poor mangled left hand with its two remaining fingers."

"When he had wakened from his sleep, I told him what I had heard Dr. Ambrose say to my mamma and Mrs. Lancaster, that he had every hope of saving the right eye. Do you know I think I saw something like a tear stealing down on his cheek beneath the bandage? A tear of gratitude you may be sure."

"As Mrs. Lancaster and her two daughters now take their turns in the sick-room, mamma will only allow me to be there an hour in the forenoon and early in the night. But I manage to be in as often as I can. I believe my attendance at the hospitals in Washington, and my watching by Gaston's sick-bed, have done me good. I know I am not half so fretful and fidgety as I used to be at Fairview."

"By the way, do you know that our Frank is doing extremely well? He has been promoted to the rank of Colonel for bravery at Gettysburg, and is now with his regiment on the Rappahannock. He wanted to come up here and see Gaston. But as his cavalry are much needed to watch the Confederates, they would not give him leave. He writes every week—sometimes often—and sends always the most affectionate messages to Gaston. I know that poor Frank hopes, by obtaining a glorious record during the war, to make himself more worthy of a dear friend of mine now in South Carolina. Of course, I do not encourage him. So, through-out the day, he moved about cheerfully, conversing at table with Hiawasse and

Maud, and a dozen kisses to darling Mary. Pray tell Mrs. De Beaumont that I am carrying out to the rules of conduct. But with night came a sense of utter prostration; and before morning there were unmistakable symptoms of brain-fever.

"During the next six weeks Mr. D'Arcy's condition was such that Rose could have no thought of leaving him. Indeed, their constant presence by his bedside became to him indispensable. It was most pitiful, during his long ravings, to hear the sick man speak uncaringly to his lost Mary, as if she were still conversing with him, or with his father, or with some one or other of his children. But, occasionally, the sense of their loss would be uppermost in the disordered brain. Once or twice he called aloud on Gaston to "come back, come back," with an accent of desolation that almost broke poor Rose's heart."

"Ah, poor Rose in very deed! To the brilliant spring of happiness, which first lighted her, how bitter and long a winter has succeeded without any intervening season of preparation! To see her sitting, pale and colorless, day after day, and often night after night, by the side of her sick parent, one would scarce recognize the bright and sunny girl who first lit a sunbeam across the lawn. Fairy Dell, and brought joy with her wherever she shone, whether in her father's factories, or among her devoted school-children, or in the dwelling of the sick or the laboring poor. It was the same sweet girl, nevertheless, to whom every body was as a superior being—so gentle was she, so helpful, so ready with words of comfort or thrilling persuasions, so full of useful knowledge and cunning industries! The rosy cheeks had lost their glow during those long months of watching in the sick-room, and the grief that had fallen so redly, wave after wave, on the young heart, unacquainted with sorrow or care, had set a stamp of seriousness on the girlish countenance, till then wreathed with smiles."

"Suffering and sorrow had imparted to her features an air of majesty which seemed the very consecration of her uncommon loveliness. The natural firmness and decision of her character had been strengthened by her many trials. It seemed to her, after all she had undergone, and after having twice, within the space of a few months, seen her dear father's death-door, that she could endure anything."

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

Diego had expressed the hope that circumstances might permit or compel him to travel across the continent from Sonora to South Carolina. The chance that might thus oblige him to take refuge in the United States, and bring him at length to Mortlake, occupied her mind continually, and formed a lightsome background of hope to the dark and sad feelings of her present life of anxiety and suffering. "Oh! if he would only come, he would sometimes find herself saying audibly."

And so, as golden autumn, so incomparably beautiful among the Carolinian hills, increased daily in splendor and loveliness, Rose was gladdened by seeing her dear father's once restored to her from the dark shadows into which he had been entering. There was in his eyes, in his words, in his innermost soul a wonderful increase of tenderness for the angelic child whose figure had ever been half visible to him through all his delirious fever-dreams. And with his return to consciousness and strength, Rose gained a no less wonderful accession of youthful joy and hopefulness."

One of her father's first requests, in the early stage of his convalescence, was that she should sing to him some of his favorite melodies. And so, she would only come forth from the dark shadows into which he had been entering. There was in his eyes, in his words, in his innermost soul a wonderful increase of tenderness for the angelic child whose figure had ever been half visible to him through all his delirious fever-dreams. And with his return to consciousness and strength, Rose gained a no less wonderful accession of youthful joy and hopefulness."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PILGRIM KNIGHT COMES TO MORTLAKE.

"He sent him a sharp sword, whose belt About his body there As though he were a knight, He kissed its blade, all bare, And with one white banner wrought With one white lily stem, To bind his lance with when he fought. He wrote upon the same And kissed her name."

On the morning, Mr. D'Arcy, who had never quite recovered from former vigor, made himself ailing and feverish after a night of wakefulness and great mental suffering. It was in vain that he had resigned himself and the fortunes of his family, even more fervently than was his daily wont, to the will of the Father in heaven. The sick man was much touched as he stood in the chapel that evening while the servants and laborers were reciting morning prayers, to hear Joe Porter, who held the devotions, say: "Let us pray for Mass Gaston D'Arcy." And with unmistakable fervor all responded to the supplications put up for the young officer by Gaston's favorite servant and companion, Joe.

The father was almost moved to tears by the affectionate piety of these simple souls, and felt that he and his were well protected when such prayers went up for them morning and evening. So, throughout the day, he moved about cheerfully, conversing at table with Hiawasse and

the family with a tone of joyous thankfulness that his bed was preserved to them. But with night came a sense of utter prostration; and before morning there were unmistakable symptoms of brain-fever.

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THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

To me nothing is so consoling, so pleasing, so thrilling, so evergreen, as the Mass. I could attend Masses for ever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but if I dare use the word, the evocation of the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of that which is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient, to fulfill their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are work too great to delay upon, when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because the lightning which strikes down one part of the heaven unto the other, so it is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for as they are the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore." So we, all around, each in his place, look for the great Advent, "waiting for the moving of the water," each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his

own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly, following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners, but out of these many minds rises one Eucharist hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it—

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

MOTIVES OF FORGIVENESS.

At first it may seem a hard saying, the command of our Lord to love those who hate us, and to pray for those who persecute and calumniate us. To obey this command through the fear of eternal torments or the hope of an eternal reward is perhaps the more general way, but it is not the easiest or the best. Look in the face of your neighbor, and beneath the shades cast upon it by passion behold a fellow-creature, one, like yourself, made to the image and likeness of God. Behold within him a soul to be lost or saved, like in your own, and beholding that soul a slave to the world, the flesh, or the devil, is not that neighbor more deserving of your pity than your hatred? Notwithstanding the many sins that disgrace his soul in the sight of God—each and every one of which sins, as also your own, were present to our Lord when He endured cold in the manger, and when He sweated blood in the Garden of Olives—yet our Divine Saviour loved that soul so much that He offered Himself a voluntary sacrifice to redeem it, making himself obedient to the death of the cross. He looked away from the hope of reward or the fear of punishment—looking away from the callous, or darkened, or passion-suffused face of him or her who has wronged you in your character, your property, or your affections—turning his eyes to the throbbing heart and blood-bespattered face of our Lord—beholding every pore sweating blood for him mankind in the garden—beholding Him bound, naked, to a pillar, and cruelly scourged for our sakes—beholding him buffeted, spat upon, insulted and blasphemed—beholding His sacred shoulder gored with the heavy weight of the cross on the painful journey to Calvary—and, lastly, beholding Him die a shameful and ignominious death on the Cross, between two thieves—forgiving His enemies (yourself and your neighbor among them) with His last breath—seeing all this, can you still find it in your heart to hate your enemy, to wish him evil, to refuse to palliate his conduct, or to return him good for evil, in word or in act, when occasion presents? Should you, not rather, take opportunities to return good for evil?

BETTER THOUGHTS.

God converses familiarly with man in prayer and often reveals to him many truths between an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary."—Father Orant, S. J.

What can be more pleasing than a family picture? But yet one disagreeable feature casts a shade over happiness of all! Every member of a family has, in his keeping, the happiness of all.

He who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest and he defrauds mankind of their just dues.

RELIGION.

Religion excites the nature of man; it tames his rebellious passions; it gives proper direction to his aspirations, controls his actions, and animates his hopes. Without it he would be, like a rudderless vessel amidst storms and tempests, the sport of every gale of passion and of every wave of the waves. It is the most precious of all his titles, the most sublime of his prerogatives, and the chief of those attainments that likens him unto God.

He possesses nothing that he can compare with the rights of a citizen, with honors, possessions, great learning, popularity—all these are mere vanity compared with dignity which religion imparts to him.

"I never performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I knelt to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my adoration, and publicly confessed the Catholic faith; for the basis of all true nobility and honor is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God on his own authority."—Dr. Bronson.

THE NUN.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere has been called, and with good reason, "the Catholic poet of the nineteenth century." His "Legends of the Catholic Saints" abound with true poetry and true piety. From the old Saxo chronicles he recasts a legend, and gives to it a freshness without novelty. St. Cuthbert being asked, when at Carlisle, what life was best for a woman, he answered that there were three, "each best," the maiden, the wife, the widow. But there was also a fourth—the nun. The nun thus lives! What maid is maid Who, free to choose, has vowed a maidenhood Secure against choice or choice? What bride like her Whose bridegroom is the spouse of vestal souls? What widow lives in such austere retreat, Such hourly thoughts of his she never can join Save through the gate of death? If those In separation lived are fair and sweet, How sweet they blend in one.

A REMINISCENCE OF MARQUETTE.

A very interesting and instructive paper on "Early Illinois," by E. G. Mason, Esq., was read at the annual meeting of the Chicago Historical Society held in that city on Dec. 17. Mr. Mason related that "when Father Marquette returned from his adventurous voyage on the Mississippi in 1675, by the way of the Illinois, he found in that region an Illinois town called Kaskaskia, composed of seventy-four cabins. Its inhabitants received him well, and obtained from him a promise to return and instruct them. He kept that promise faithfully, undaunted by disease and toilsome journeys and inclement weather, and, after a rude wintering

by the Chicago River, reached the Illinois town again, in April, 1675. Its site has since been identified with the great meadow south of the modern village of Utica, and nearly opposite the tall cliff soon after known as Fort St. Louis of the Illinois, and in later times as Starved Rock. He instructed the chiefs and the people in the approved maxims of Christianity, and gave it the name of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

Some interesting details relative to the Catholic Church in this country may be gathered from the edition of the "Catholic Directory." It will be seen that during the past twelvemonths the former diocese of Beverley has been suppressed, being now divided into those of Leeds and Middlesbrough. Three new dioceses are also devoted to a list of those saints connected with England and Wales who have been formally recognized as such by the Holy See, whether by actual canonization, or by the concession of offices in their honor, or by the approval of names in the approved martyrologies. The list of the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals on pages 35-9 shows that there are 6 Cardinals—archbishops, 50 Cardinals—priests, and 12 Cardinal—deacons, the latter including the name of John Henry Newman; and also that there still survive two Cardinals who received their secret hats from Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pope Pius IX. There are three vacancies in the college, and already nine Cardinals have died during the present Pontificate. In the three kingdoms and our colonial dependencies there are 14 archbishops and 17 episcopal sees, besides 34 vicariates (that is, vacant Vicars-Apostolic) and eight episcopal prelates, and no less than 27 of the above vicariates are held at present by Bishops and Archbishops who take their respective titles de *partibus infidelium*. Including 11 coadjutors or auxiliary Bishops, the total number of Archbishop-Bishops now holding office within the limits of the British Empire in the four quarters of the globe is 127; and there are also a few reserved Bishops, of whom four reside permanently in England. To the list of Catholic prelates the names of Lord Bury, Lord Bly and the Earl of Ashburnham, bringing up their number to 28. The Catholic baronets are 48 in all. The Catholic priests in England and Wales are 1,929, serving 1,158 churches and public chapels; including Scotland, there are 2,211 serving 1,436; and this total does not include domestic and private chapels in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen to which the public have no access. The directory ends with a tolerably full, but not quite complete, list of the Catholic colleges, schools, and educational convents in the three kingdoms.

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Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reflection it meets in the world and that so very few are offended with it.

Words, ways and actions are the index of character, and it would be well if the pages of our life-volume were brightened by golden utterances and beautiful deeds of charity.

The lofty snow-capped mountains whose peaks soar into the ethereal sky, seem to remind us of ages, with its whitened brow-crowned crest of years over which the storms of fourscore winters have swept; what is highest, purest and whitest in this world is nearest the heavens.

There ought to be in every Catholic house a picture of the Blessed Virgin, an image of a saint, or some other symbol of Catholic faith, and such symbols will always be found where Catholic faith has taken deep root, or has been partially smothered.—Dr. Mahan.

The God of the Christians is a God who makes the soul feel that He is its own good; that it can only rest in Him; that it can have no gladness but in loving Him; and who, at the same time, makes it hate the hindrances which keep it back and weaken its love. The self-love and egotism which clog its upward flight are hateful to it. God Himself makes it feel that it is clogged by this self-love, and that He only can cure it.—Lusca.

It has been truly said that the first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forebodings and hardships induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant, should always feel that the labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

He who can choke the sweet flowers of social love and taint them with disease, or in the paradise of earthly bliss, where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the blight of mildew of desolation, hatred, and distrust; who can crush his neighbor's fame to dust and build on its ruins; who can write infamy upon the brow of others to prove his own purity, is neither man nor beast, but a heartless fiend. Those who have seen their dearest interests tampered with; who know what it is to have the priceless gem of good name sullied by the poisonous breath of cold unprincipled slander—these best can say he has no heart. If the lightning's flash ever darts from heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast and toilsome journeys and inclement weather, and, after a rude wintering