THE TWO BRIDES.

"And I remember, too, your D'Arcy. "Aud I remember, too, your prophesying so truly of the happiness our dear Mary was to shed around her on parents, husband, children, servants, all-

within her own home and outside it. And so they set out, but without old Hunter.

Our travellers met with Hiswassee and Jamie McDuffie at Lebanon. A most joyous meeting it was, amid the dangers that beset them, though it recalled to all except the Kentuckisns the disasters that had of late darkened the home of the D'Arcys. Still, joy far predominated in the minds of the girls. For they knew that, of all living men, the faithful Cherokee could best guide them through the labyrinth of mountainpaths between them and their home. Captain Hunter and his friend, Lieutenant Boone, refused to turn back. They had promised old Mr. Hunter to see his friends safely in Asheville or Fairy Dell, and they would fulfill their promise. Besides, Mr. D'Arcy had fascinated the two young officers by his varied learning, his most interesting conversation, and the ascendancy of a proud name, most honorably borne, and of a character superior even to the advantages of birth and education. They forgot the political opinions that divided him and his family from them, as they listened to his story of the settlement of Kentucky by their own ancest rs,-the noble descendants of the M ryland Pilgrims, and of the part which they and the D'Arcys bore in the establishment of American independence and nationality. Had they fallen earlier under the spell of Francis D'Arcy's superior learning, wisdom, and patriotism, it is doubtful whether they had ever espoused the Contedederate cause, so lofty was the ideal which he held up of American freedom, and of the duty to sacrifice everything toward preserving and promoting it. The chivalrous young men had also contracted a warm triendship for Charles D'Arcy. He was one of their own,—one of whom they might well be proud. And there was in him a charm that made all his great qualities most invaels; he was as innocent as a babe, and as brave as a lion.

However, it was not only respect for the grandfather, and friendship for the grandson, that made the companionship of the D'Arcys so delightful to our Kentuckians. Admiration for the granddaughters-sincere, respectful, and but ill-concealed -made all the fatigues and perils of the road

seem to the young men a perpetual holiday.

And now, with Hiawassee to guide them,
and brave, j by Jamie McDuffie to give them the aid of his steat arm, his keen eye, and nafailing humor, they pushed on rapidly for Jonesville, avoiding the most frequented roade, and er sing the Bald Mountain ridge where the Nolichucky river breaks through From that sp t their path homeward was one of extreme difficulty and danger.
The initiary leaders on both sides were

guard all approach from North and West to the very beart of the Cotton States. The Federal Government, uncertain of the support its armies might expect in the border States-I ke a man threading his way through a cedar emany-cas slow and hesitating in possessing itself of the principal passes or "gaps." The Confederates, among whom there was more unity of purpose, more enthusiasm, and more "push," had determined to be masters of the Aileghanics. They were thoroughly acqueenred with the country, and had ready and Z a one auxiliaries in the native population. ay through these mountainous tracts,

were beset by numerous bands of vincer horsemen, many of whom soon afterward under John Morgan command such havec among the Federal The country all around tic Bac Mantains, and westward along the ... of the Tennessee and its . flivente, was swarming with marauders, -too many of whom had nothing to loss and everything to gain in predatory warfare. Hiswassee knew well that the band which

had desolated Fairy Dell, and was holding in terror the neighboring counties, was increasing daily in numbers and holdness, and was held equally in execuation both by Union men and Secessionists. He and his companicus had to use no little wariness in making their way to Lebanon without falling in with these cat-throats and outlaws. The difficulty now was to get back again unknown to

Net far from Bakersville, Captain Hunter met with some men of his own side, and two of them volunteered to join the party for further security. Thus they pursued their journey, not without apprehension or every needful precaution, but pleasantly, as befitted the levely May weather and the marvelously beautiful country through which their way led .- all the more beautiful now, all the more full of new surprises at every step, that the

memory of Andalusia was still so fresh, Nor were the farmers—the regular inhabitants of this wild and picturesque region-out of harmony with the clorious nature amid which they lived. They were manly, independent, truthful, honest, and most hospitable. Hiswassee, who had mapped out carefully the path which he intended to follow, was also personally acquainted with nearly every one of these Carolinian mountaineers, at whose door he might have to knock for shelter or hospitality. They all our valleys on their errand of invasion and know Frances is arey, at least by reputation: destruction. They shall meet here like adknew Frances D'Arcy, at least by reputation; and so as they wended their way unward verse tides in a narrow channel, fourning and around the shoulders of the Black Moun contending for the mastery,—making our taine, no settler's hat was so small that it had not a warm welcome for the man who had been far half a century the benefactor of the whole country. Politics had not chilled: the warm currents in these generous hearts. The men had, like the grand forest-trees of their mountain slopes, a rough exterior that out of the reach of the storm of war."

covered virtues uncounted and priceless. a fair day's journey of their goal. They had saw-mill at a favorable spot on the creek, which he and his three stalwart sons worked to their no small profit, doating the heavy planks and the loak staves, which they manufactured down to the heavy

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"What do you prophesy of my little lose?"
Mr. D'Aroy had "saked him, on, he eve of their departure for home:

"That I shall be blessed with possessing my dailing grandpaps for twenty years my dailing grandpaps for twenty years my dailing grandpaps for twenty years are little to the steep mountain glope, the time is to leave at the prophet," said Mr. D'Aroy, and the seller's large and the prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet," said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet," said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet," said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet," said Mr. D'Aroy, languing; full prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, "so far the full prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, "so far the full prophet, "said Mr. D'Aroy, "so far the full prophet, "so far during the said here prophet, "so far during the sa I remember the day well," said Mr. Probably these lawless men had a wholesome

fear of the Coolidge rifles, which rarely, if ever, missed their aim. But once or twice since the beginning of the present month of May single wayfarers, of no prepossessing appearance, had dropped in under one pretext or another. This circumstance had made the family suspicious, and the father and sons agreed

among themselves that the house should not be left unprotected by day, and that they should never absent themselves by night. Old Thomas, however, had two cr three days before the 25th returned from Augusta, where be had withdrawn a handsome deposit in one of the city banks, alarmed, as he well might be, at the commercial ruin which was already falling on the South. This journey and its motive had not been unobserved in the neighborhood of Asheville, little as homas Coolidge and his sons troubled the inhabitants with visits or business transactions.

He was a not unpleasing type of the North Carolinian mountaineer, this Thomas Coolidge, whom his sixty years of unceasing toil had hardened into the roughness of the oak or hickory of the surrounding forest. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with abundant gray hair that shaded a face as brown as mahogany, but lit up by a pair of large blue eyes, and a smile as sunny as that of a girl of thir teen. His three sons were even more stall wart than their father, with frank, open countenance, abundant black hair, and an easy, cordial manner that bespoke a fearless spirit and a warm heart. Their two sisters were married and living at some distance. Their mother, an intelligent and mild-mannered dame of forty-five, showed signs of robust health and hard work, but bore no mark of decay. She was now aided in her household duties by a niece.—a handsome girl of nineteen, named Nancy, not unnown to Rose D'Arcy and har sisters.

The whole family had come out to meet their visitors, and stood in front of their spacious and comfortable dwelling house every countenance beaming with pleasure and flashing a hearty welcome to their guests.

"Well, Thomas, you see I had to go a! the way to Spain in order to pay you and Mrs. Coolidge the visit I have so often prom ised you," said Mr. D'Arcy, shaking warmly the farmer's hand. And you, Mrs. Coolidge, I am so happy to see you with your good looks and your good health."

"Thank you, sir," the good dame replied. 'I reckon it would improve my good looks any day to see y urself and Miss Rose, and her bonny sisters, and Mr. Charles, who is grown to such a fine gentleman.'

There was a hearty hand-shaking all round. Mr. Coolidge and his sons busied themselves in finding shelter and fodder for the horses, and in conversing with the gentlemen on local news, while Mrs. Coolidge and Nancy were attending of the mighty Appalachian range, where it to the comfort of Rose and her sisters. Rose, he seemed to pass behind the Veil, as the confort of fortifications, to There was delicious milk to slake the thirst, he closed the door of his little room, and break after their long and exciting ride, and some good old apple jack for the soldiers. It must oo said that all preferred Mrs. Coolidge's sweet milk to the stimulating beverage. And so, the first travel-stains removed, and their thirst appeared, the whole party were assemblad, some seated, some standing, on the broad veranda of the house, overlooking the clearing on the almost precipitous hillside, with a full view beyond the tree-tops beneath them of the valley of the Tselica, and the mountain walls that inclosed and intersected the vast table-land through which the river flows.

The sun had gone down behind Mount Piagah a few minutes before: the blue. transparent haze of evening shrouded the shoulders of the lofty hills, but all seemed impenetrable darkness in the shadows of the deep valleys and ravines. Their eyes turned half-wistfully, half-foarfully toward Fairy Deli : but the Deli itself was concealed from their view by a spur of the intervening mountain, and all gazed in momentous silence toward the loved spot, as if they would pierce billside and forest and gloom, and scan every hidden feature of the familiar landscape. Even the Kentuckians followed with instinctive sympathy the direction taken by their friends' eyes.

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

"It is so unlike sunset at Ronda," said Charles, turning to his grandfather. "This seems a world untenanted by man: the beautiful world seen at evening from Rouds is all full of man's creations and presence."

"God preserve our valleys," said Mr. DArcy, reverently, "from the desolation which men's passions have inflicted again and again on Andalusia l'

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

"Ah, my child," he replied, "the high-ways of commerce are like the streams that fertilize and bear with them plenty and peace; but the highways of armed warfare only bring pillage, plunder, and bloodshed,-fire and sword, and slaughter and rnin. Armies, even now, are preparing, on both sides of these mountains, to sweep through contending for the maetery, making our poor people the prey, alternately, of the victor and the vanquished, as the fortunes of

hattle chance to change.' "I fear it must be just as you say, sir," said Captain Hunter; "yet I think that our friend Mr. Coolidge has placed his seat far

"Yes," said Mr. D'Aroy, "this spot It was the 25th of May. By avoiding the is entirely out of the way armies would most traveled roads, and proceeding slowly be likely to take. And so, I once thought, and cautionally, the party had arrived within is Fairy Dell. But maranders always find a fair day's journey of their goal. They had them wherever they can find forage or plum reached before sunset a plantation, or a clear—them wherever they can find forage or plum reached before sunset a plantation, or a clear—them wherever they can find forage or plum reached before sunset a plantation, or a clear—them wherever they can find forage or plum reached before the plantation at the continued of the co

the South to cover their own crimes."
"By Heaven, I would shoot them like digg "exclaimed Captain Hunter.) "And I rejoice to have come here, if for no other purpose, to tear the mask from these murderous

villains." . And in such discourses the evening passed away rapidly. :

The travelers were too weary to push their vigil far into the night. Besides, it was need ful that they should be on foot and on their way to Fairy Dell before dawn. So the family relinquished their beds to the ladies and Mr. D'Arcy, old Coolidge, with his wife, occupying the small attic overhead, and the military gentlemen, with Charles D'Arcy and the three young Coolidges, stretching themselves on floor and bench wherever they chose. Sleep, with the deep calm of the lovely May night, soon settled on the entire household,—on the eyes of Francis D'Arcy last of all.

This strange way of coming back to his ruined home, without having by his side either of the angelic women who had made that home so bright, so blessed by the poor or weary-hearted; the memory the day when he first resolved to find amid the wild solitudes of Fairy Dell a refuge in which he might be free to profess and to practice, in perfect independence, the cear religion of his fathers, free rear his children according to his own lofty ideal of parental duty, and free, as well, to employ his wealth and his energies in benefitting the laboring classes around him; all this came up vividly before his mind's eye. He had, as was his wont, heartily thanked the all-directing providence of the Father for the preservation of his dear ones and his own. Much had been given to him; what he held most dear had been taken away. But Death had only come to his household, like an angel of light and consolation, to claim back the precious souls that this life had been constantly chastening and enriching for the higher and more blissful life of the never-ending future.

It had been, throughout his long career, the custom of Francis D'Arcy—one contracted under the noble masters who had trained his boyhood and early youth-to close his day by a brief review of his conscience, call ing himself to account for the uses to which he had put the last twenty-four hours, and concluding with the Litany of the Saints. In this most beautiful but little understood form of prayer, he had ever found a new and increasing delight. For, both in examining to what he had put the day just passed, and in reciting the Litany, the blessed company of the City above seemed to become present to him; the veil was withdrawn, and there before him was the Mercy Seat, the Majesty of the Godhead wighly enthroned, and the glorious throng of faithful angels and faithful men.

On this night, after blessing, as usual, his grandchildren, and saying sweet words of comfort and encouragement to his cherished for his nightly devotions. A sweet and heavenly sense of nearness to that Blissful Presence, and that exultant multitude on high, stole over him. And when the old man of eighty-two laid his weary limbs on the cottager's humble couch, the vision departed not. From out the shining ranks of glorified men and women came well-known and most dear forms and faces—father, mother, wife, daughter-inlaw, children and grandchildren, dead in infancy or childhood or early youth-forms and faces that had made of Fairy Dell a paradise on earth. His wife, whose teacher and guide in spiritual life, he had himself most truly been, and his lately-lost daughter-in-law, whose soul leaned, like that of her husband, so much on his great fatherly soul, they stood by him, he thought; they smiled on him ineffably; they spoke words that flooded his heart with joy; they seemed to beckon to him as to one whom they were waiting for.

From this half-scatatic trance he is anddenly awakened by the loud and angry barking of the farmer's watch-dogs, by shouts and muttered curses, and the sharp cracking of rifle shots. He is on his feet in an instant, for he had only divested himself of his cost as he threw himself on the bed for a brief rest of a few hours. In another instant, he stands, fully dressed, in the farmer's kitchen, and hears Rose's voice calling to him in hurried, fearful tones.

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

'Oh, do not go out, dear grandpapa,' en-

treated Rose. "Come in and stay with us, grandpapa," said the terrified voice of Mand, while the bolder Genevieve uttered not a word, but

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

"Tom Coolinge," shouted a voice from the nearest bushes at the end of the clearing, and where the shadow was deepeat, "we have no quarrel with you. We only mean to get that old Cherokee and Jamie McDuffie. We have scores to settle with them. Send them out, and we'll let you alone. If not, we'll burn your house about your ears, and shoot yourself and your white livered curs of sons." "Let me go out and speak to these men," said Mr. D'Arcy. "I think I know that voice. I can settle with them, and they would not

dare to harm an old man like me. "You shall not go while I live," said Hla wassee. "Or you shall go by my side."
"And I say the same," MoDaffie added.

"I am putting you all in danger, sir," con-tinued the brave young fellow. "Let me speak to that midnight murdorer. For I jestic, so unutterably beautiful in the sleep anow that voice, if I know that of my own of death, seemed to have passed into the bosom of his son. Not one revengeful or father.' "Not one of you, gentlemen, shall leave

rifles. I don't think they il promble Fally, harking of the dogs intimated that the as Dell again, with the Bear of the Kentuckians who could not tell the There are always some twenty or thirty, number of enemies they had to deal with men, well armed, who sleep there Besides, that examined their weapons carefully, Hiswasse and our friend Jamie bere have and kept themselves in readiness to act

"By Heaven! Suclaimed Captain Hunger,
your barn shall not burn while I carry a
rine. Now, who it tollow me? And out no sprang through the window, shouting, 'Three cheers for Davis and Dixie!"

At the sight of the Confederate gray, and the gold-laced uniform, a man advanced from behind the nearest trees, crying, "I say, too, three cheers for Davis and Dixie. But, who the h-l are you?'

"If you come out here to meet me face Yours."

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

The reports of rifles from the roof of the dwelling-house, and the shricks of women in the attic, soon recalled Captain Hunter's at tention to the real post of danger. This is what had just happened.

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

tain moonlight and the deep shadow of the verands, the long white hair was not distinguished. At Jamie's appearance, therefore, a yell went up from the nearest timber, and several shots, but too well aimed, were fired at the two tall figures. Jamie's right arm fe'l powerless by his side, and Mr. D'Aroy, with a slight group, staggered heavily forward against the nearest post, and then lay pros-trate at the feet of the wounded man.

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

At length Captain Hunter ran up at the shouts of McDuffie, and seeing the, bleeding form of his father's meno, no used where the assailants were, still keeping up "Man !" he shouted, " or incarnate devile, as I think ye, do you know that you have murdered Francis D'Arcy?"

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

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

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

"The Cherokee was not there. And now listen to me, man. The Concederate Government will have ten thousand men here before another week is over-and I shall not stir from this until they come. I vew to God that I shall never rest until I have brought every man concerned in this night's ontrage

to punishment!"
Alas! war is at all times cruel and undiscriminating, but civil war 18 ever the most fiendish in the passions that it evokes and the destruction it works.

Still, the truth of history demands of us to

say, that for one instance of inhumanity called forth by our civil strife, there are a hundred known examples of the most exalted generosity,

CHAPTER XXIV. LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

The next morning brought to Coolidge's farm-house Louis D'Arcy and his son, and with them, one would have thought, all the men of Fairy Dell and its neighborhood; indeed, all the male population of the aurrounding country. For the news of this foul murder had spread with the rapidity of lightning,

and awakened in every broast a deep feeling of horror, indignation and grief. All political differences gave way to the one overwhelming sentiment of respect for a man who was the impersonation of all true nobleness, and of hatred of the lawless violence that bore such fearful fruits as these.

Over the meeting of Louis D'Arcy with his

children, by the side of his murdered parent, we shall drop the veil. The calm and indomitable spirit of him who lay on the lowly couch of Farmer Coolidge, so maresentful word escaped Louis D'Arcy lins. this house, while I and my boys have arms to His dying parent's only words had been words detend it and you," old Coolidge here said, as of torgiveness, and a prayer that no blood be fied his ammunition belt around his water, should be shed in atonement of his death.

"Come, my lads, keep a sharp look out at Besides, Louis D'Aroy, knew how blameless

men, Charles D'Aroy included, were stationed at the openings in the house. Every light was put out; and eyery voice husbed.

Don't firetill, you see your man and are sure of your mark. Raimer Coolidge said, as they were separating. These varmin ain't going to do us any harm.

Soarcely, however, had they all taken their appointed stations, His wassee and Charles D'Aroy being posted near the two little windows in the attic, where the women were oroughing and praying in silence when Prant Coolidge, the farmer's eldest soil, as old aimed. nest tones the measures to be taken to repress

pullet aimed at his own breast, the Cherokee presented a most toughing picture of manly grief. He had thared all the deep religious "They only want to get us out and shoot at joys of Francis D'Aroy as he had shared his labors, his perils, his home, and his unbounded confidence. He sat now by his life-less remains, praying silently but fervently, that they might not be long separated. In his had died out beneath the mighty influence of the faith he professed

so sincerely. In the farthest and darkest corner of the room, Rose sat caressing her little sister. Mary, whom no entreaties could keep at home, face, and hand to hand," was the reply, I when she learned of Rose's arrival and of her shall tell you my name and insist on knowing grandfather's death. It was a blessed divergrandfather's death. It was a blessed diver-sion to Rose's intolerable grief to pour out on the child the pent-up mingled love and grief whose swellings, at times, seemed to break her heart. Poor Rose! the sight of her grandfather, bleeding and unconscious, had seemed to freeze all the currents of life in soul and body. She had been a mute and tearless wit-

ness of his death, while all was lamentation, despair, and loud anger around her. And the whole remaining night, and during the long hours of the early morning, she had stood, or knelt, or sat by the side of the insensible form so dear to her, without shedding a tear or uttering more than meaningless mono-syllables. She had paressed and soothed by her caresses the loud grief of her younger sisters. And the physician who had been summoned to attend to Jamie McDuffie's wound, began to entertain very serious fears for the much-tried girl's reason.

But no sooner had Louis D'Arcy arrived from Fairy Dell with Gaston and Mary, than the latter darted into the house in quest of Rose; and Rose, at sight of her, uttered a loud cry and clasped her hysterically in her arms, while the looked-up tears gushed forth abundantly.

Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy arrived just as the mournful cortege was about to set out for Fairy Dell. Their coming, by calling forth still more the afficted girls tears, relieved the too full heart. And Mrs. Hutchinson's true motherly tenderness, together with Lucy's sisterly friendship, did much to temper the desolation of such a coming back to the dear old home.

If ever sen could be consoled by the outpouring of a people's grief around the bier of be assailants, and Mr. D'Arcy was about the assailants, and huild of Hiawassee. In the uncerit not for the solemn silence, the uncovered heads, and the tearful eyes of hun dreds in the crowd, one might have deemed the progress toward Fairy Dell a triumphal pageant.

Alas, no clergyman of Francis D'Arcv's own faith was near at hand in that calamitous period to perform the sublime service of the Church before committing "the Patriarch of the Hills" to his last resting-place here below. But during the two days and nights that the body had to be exposed to the veneration of the people far and near, the little chapel near the ruins of the Manor House was never empty of those whom the dead had been the truest of friends, and who now repaid him in the way of all he prized most dearly, -in prayers for his eternal repose sent up in that same chapel he had built for them.

In it they buried him, surrounded by thousands of sorrowing hearts. His life had been devoted, and his words and examples had mightily contributed to spreading among them the seeds of true brotherly charity. His untimely death, more than all the elequence of such a life, now brought their souls to-gether again. Over his grave they resolved that, come what might, they should not be divided by warring factions. From that hour no more midnight outrages disgraced the county and its people. Even when Confeder ates and Federals poured alternately up and down their valleys, no man of the countryfolk worried his neighbor because that neigh bor differed from him in his politica! lean

On the mourners, too, fell that sweet and healing comfort which arises from the deep conviction of the worth of him they mourned The beatific vision that shed its aplendors on his soul just as the veil of this mortality was about to be withdrawn for him, became a blissful reality to their minds' eye, -dimly but surely discerned through the mists which try our faith. The spiritual world has most wondrous analogies with the world of sonse; the tree wounded even to the heart will hasten to cover the wound with balm from its own vital substance, and over the place where the axe has lopped off the branch nature will hasten to spread a covering that will preserve the trunk from the unkind air, the cold wind, or the excessive heat Even the soil rent by the earthquake or seared by the lava stream, once the destroying force has ceased, will soon be closed up by nature's loving agencies, and clothed anew with green grass and waving corn.

So, on Louis D'Arcy and the dear ones once more united in his ruined and widowed home. Heaven shed the soothing and healing influences that enable the heart to bear, and the will to apply itself anew to life's labor and all its charities.

" I have a letter from Mexico for you, my darling," Louis D'Arcy said to Rose on the morning after the funeral. "Should you like to read it now?" 'Judge for me, desrest papa," she replied.

"Is not our present grief too socred to allow even such affections as this to intrude upon "No, my child," her father said. "A visit from the Count de Lebrijs himself, were

he near at hand, would be a duty instead of

an intrusion." "Oh, papa," she exclaimed, throwing her arms round his neck, "why should I encourage such an attachment, when I feel that I owe myself entirely to you? It would be utter misery away from you now. And am I not to gather the indications of the Divine will from all those accidents that bind me

more and more to home?" 10 a 1 - 12 July 1 Yeu are weary and depressed, my love," roplied Mr. D'Arcy. "The need of what their religion purposed doing, and repose and solitude is now so im would certainly bave accomplished, if the reached before sumset a plantation, or a clear—them wherever they can; find forage or plun. Come, my lads, keep, a sharp look out at least them wherever they can; find forage or plun. Come, my lads, keep, a sharp look out at least them wherever they can; find forage or plun. Come, my lads, keep, a sharp look out at least l

Louis D'Arcy, on learning of the second is beginning to pull you away from your bereavement following so close on the first, father."

thought less of his own loss than of the dreadful blow that had fallen on his daugh! earthly love could draw me away from you ters; on his dear Rose above all the removal of the corpose to Bairy Dell, and the your father's heart are present as the needs his little Rose to neat tones the measures to be taken to represent the two of his darking. "Dear papa, don't you know that no earthly love could draw me away from you and from the spot where he reposes !"

"Vido believe," he said that you heed your father's heart appresent just as much as he needs life little kose to he the sun of his dark med room." And he kissed her toderly the boys and I must now go down to the factory, he continued, "for something must be done to pratent our people from being discouraged by the suspension of business here, and the interruption of commerce between North and South."

"Thenell shall read the letter will be you are gone," she said, "and then attend to my household dutied."

"And you gan also read what Diego."

And you can also read what Diego writes to me," added her father, placing a second letter in her hand. "So be not afraid of that dreadful ghost, 'separation,' but lis-ten kindly to poor Diego's account of him-∎elf." The letter to Rose ran thus :

"YAUTEPEC, MEXICO, May 3, 1862. Miss Ross, My dear and honored Lady: To your revered father I have given many details concerning my journey across many details concerning my journey across the Atlantic, and the result of my mission to Mexico. To you I must now say what I think of the country and people.

"This place for the most beautiful I have ever seem is about fifty miles south of the City of Mexico, in a country that vividly manifes one of Andalusia, with its white

reminds one of Andalusia, with its white houses embowered in crange-groves, and its numerous plantations of augar-cane. My kinsman, the Duke of Monteleone (the lineal descendant of Cortes) formerly possessed large estates in these valleys, and we also had an interest in them. So you see that I had a personal motive in coming here.

"I have endeavored, in my rapid journey to Mexico, to study the aspect of the country with an eye of love. Most of the districts in the Table-Land, the valley of Mexico itself, and such districts as that from which I now write to you, have impressed themselves so favorabiy on me,—a native of Andalusia,—that I believe God designed Mexico to be the paradiss of America. Why it is not the most prosperous, powerful, and happy country on this side of the Atlantic you may best learn from your honored grandfather, whose varied learning and extraordinary wisdom I cease not to admire since I left Ronda. For I find that on European affairs as well as on American politics and social questions, he has taught me more in a few hours' conversa. tion, than I could have learned by long study or by intercourse with statesmen. These study the science of concesling the true condition of things in Church and State; he, on the contrary, lays bare to the eye of a child the causes of public discontent as well as the proper remedies for national disorders.

" In this country-designed to be an earthly paradise-man's passions have marred, and still continue to mar, the bountiful purpose of the Creator. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm which led Cortés, with his little band of heroic soldiers, to attempt and achieve the conquest of such a glorious land-most glorious, especially, as it must have been in his day. And I now can admire still more the far-sighted wisdom that prompted him-when he had become the undisputed master-to take such large and liberal measures for promoting the religious interests of the natives, as well as the material prosperity of the country itself.

"What a calamity it has been for America that the jealous, selfish, and narrow-minded policy of the kings of Spain and their immediate connsciors served only to thwart the lofty policy of such men as Cortés and Columbus, and to substitute the domination of one race over another to the rule of Christian brotherhood and equality, which these great men contemplated ! What a pity for Spain, as well as for America, that the welfare and greatness of our magnificent transatlantic empire should have been sacrificed by government of Madrid to the false

and fatal policy of metropolitan supremacy ! "Had we been more Christian in our treat ment of the native Indian populations in the beginning, as well as of them and the nativeborn Spanish populations afterward, there had been no hatred of the mother-country, no revolt against cruel misrule and crying monopolies, no angry passions croused against the Church and her possessions! But your revered grandfather can explain to you in detail I here only indicate briefly.

"You wished to see me in the mission which I undertook to Mexico, serving, to the hest of my ability, the cause of religion as well as the interests of Spain. I have not been slow to perceive that the interests of Spain are in no wise connected with the present war, declared by the French Emperor (not by France herself, i am convinced,)

against this most unhappy country. "And I am now-after seeing with my own eyes and hearing with my own ears on the spot-free to confess that Sener Francis D'Aroy was right in his estimate of the policy of what is called here the Church Party, and of the probable result of their alliance with a foreign and half-infidel power. " Miramon, who was described to us, at Madrid and Peris and Vienna and London, as the all powerful chief of the Catholic conservatives-the great majority of the nation, we were led to bal'eve-is but very little of a general, and nothing stall of a statesman. As to the conservative majority—if, indeed, it can be called such—it is made up of fragments that can never be made to unite and to act together. They, too, have their rival military and civil leaders, whom no sincere love either for their country or for its religious interests can induce to act in concert. The victories achieved on any point of the national territory by one of their leaders are remdered useless by the revolt or defection of his rivals. Miramon was triumphant a short time since; to-day, he can only look to the favor or active support of the invading French forces for any power or position in his own country, which, at the present moment, he is forbidden to enter. nonte and his associate emissaries to Europe, now the French flag is upfurled on Mexican soil, will be used as instruments by Napoleon and his generals, and broken or cast aside the moment they cease to be dooile to the hand of the master.

"I have discovered that I could neither serve Spain 'nor Mexico, neither benefit the Mexican Church nor the Mexican people, by approving or abetting the ambitious or absurd projects of a European sovereign, who favors revolution in Italy while repressing constitu-tional liberty in France, and who promises Mexican churchmen to see their rights 10. spected and their confiscated property 16. stored, while he is in open league with Cavour and Mazzini to destroy, root and branch, the

Church establishment in Italy. "As to the people themselves, I have in the respect paid by the Spanish race, both herore and since the revolution, to the rights of the conquered population, an evidence of