

MORNING STAR



STAR

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THE MORNING STAR has been started with the approval of the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese, to supply an admitted want in New Orleans, and mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church. It will not interfere in politics except wherein they interfere with Catholic rights, but will expose iniquity in high places, without regard to persons or parties. Next to the spiritual rights of all men, it will especially champion the temporal rights of the poor.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop
 We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese.
 J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS.
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Catholic Messenger

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"
 NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1876.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

FOREIGN
 ITALY.—Victor Emmanuel opened the session of the Parliament on the 6th. His speech treated of the prosperous condition of the country, perfectly friendly relations with foreign States, and the recent visits of the Emperor of Germany and Austria; expressed pride at the progress and efficiency of the army and navy. Cardinal Ledochowski has arrived in Rome.

FRANCE.—The newly elected legislative body met at Versailles on the 6th. The town presented a crowded and brilliant aspect. The Deputy elected Grevy President pro tem, and immediately commenced verifying the election returns. It is certain that the Duc D'Audiffert Pasquier will be elected President of the Senate and Grevy President of the Assembly. The French ministry has been definitely constituted as follows: M. Dréaux, Vice-President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. Léon Say, Minister of the Interior; M. Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship; M. Christophel, Minister of Public Works; M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Agriculture; Admiral Flicheux, Minister of the Marine; M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance; Com. de Cassagnac, Minister of War; Duc de Cadoux, Minister of Foreign Affairs. All the members of the new cabinet belong to the Left Center. The London Times correspondent classifies the Deputies, including those elected last Sunday, as follows: Republicans, 270; Bonapartists, 92; Liberal Conservatives, 58; Radicals, 60; Legitimists, 38.

ENGLAND.—On the 9th in the Commons, Mr. Disraeli moved the second reading of the bill, which declares that the title of the sovereign shall be "Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India." Mr. Disraeli referred to the objections that the title as Empress was not English, and the colonies were neglected. He declared the colonists were Englishmen. Mr. Massie Brooks, Home Rule member for Dublin city, inquired if the Queen, on assuming a new title, would extend clemency to Feilan and other rebels. Mr. Disraeli promised to reply to this when the bill passed. After some opposition from Gladstone and other Liberals the bill passed its second reading.

SPAIN.—A royal decree permits the Carlists who fled from the country since the 1st of February to return to Spain, if they do so within forty days. Leaders must first swear allegiance. But all Carlists who formerly held offices in Spain are excluded. Quesada will occupy Biscay and Navarre with forty thousand men.

NEW YORK.—Instead of praising the disaffected provinces the Porte's efforts to carry out the resolutions of the Great Powers have resulted in alienating the Mussulmans while the Europeans refuse still absolutely to lay down their arms. The Mussulmans are incensed because of the religious toleration granted and have commenced persecuting the Christians in Herzegovina and Bosnia. It is estimated that there are 17,000 Herzegovinian refugees in Dalmatia, 40,000 in Croatia, 13,000 in Slavonia, 7,000 in Serbia, and 50,000 scattered along the frontier. On the 25th the Turks were defeated with the loss of 800 men and all their artillery and ammunition.

MEXICO.—Gen. Porfirio Diaz, for some time past having his headquarters at Brownsville, Texas, has gathered a small army which, under the command of Col. Pena commenced its march to the interior of Mexico. Pena took the town of Oaxaca on the 7th, and forced a loan of \$40,000 from the people. Col. Parrott, of the Federal army, with 500 men is in pursuit of Pena.

UNITED STATES.
 BELKNAP CASE.—The excitement caused by the exposure of the malfeasance of the Secretary of War, Belknap, continued throughout last week. Belknap is now in the hands of the law, and his home is guarded by the police. By order of the President criminal proceedings have been commenced against him in the courts of Washington, as also against Marsh, the party who paid the money for the bribe. The court espoused the members of the House Committee to appear bring papers, etc. in the matter. Clymer, Chairman, called attention to the subject in the House, whereupon Lamar offered a resolution declaring the history of the case, declaring the members of the court to be a breach of the laws of the House, and directing the members of the committee to disregard such matters. A heated debate followed, participated in by Lamar, Blaine, and Blackwell, the latter making one of the most brilliant speeches on record. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 130 to 75. Proceedings in the impeachment case in the House and the impeachment in the criminal court seem to have been a temporary halt on account of the escape of Marsh to Canada. The impeachment of the Secretary of War has taken the necessary steps for proceedings without questioning the jurisdiction of the Senate on account of Belknap's resignation.

PROTECTION OF WITNESSES.—The purpose of President and Attorney General to prosecute accomplices in bribery cases who testify against officials has necessitated the passage of a following resolution by the House, which will also be adopted by the Senate: That, whenever any person shall be called to testify against his protest before

either House of Congress or any committee thereof, or the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment, and shall so testify under protest, he shall not thereafter be held to answer criminally in any court of justice, or subject to any penalty or forfeiture on account of any act concerning which he shall be so required to testify; provided that nothing herein contained shall be so construed to relieve any person from liability to impeachment.

DEFEAT OF PINCHBACK.—On the 8th inst, Pinchback's case was taken up and after a long debate was finally disposed of by the adoption of Senator Edmund's amendment to Morton's resolution by a vote of 32 to 23. Morton's resolution said "Pinchback be admitted as a Senator," etc., and Edmund's amendment was the insertion of the simple word "not" before admitted. Christianity, Edmunds, Morrill of Vermont, Morrill of Maine, and Paddock, Republicans, voted with the Democrats.

APPOINTMENTS.—Alfonso Taft, of Ohio, has been appointed Secretary of War, and R. H. Dana, of Massachusetts, Minister to England, vice R. C. Schenck, resigned.

INVESTIGATIONS.—The House committees continue their investigations into the management of the Navy Department and the Attorney General's office, and it is said they have already discovered grave frauds in the former and irregularities in the latter. The Attorney General it is said is guilty of interfering in the Babcock trial. Parman of Florida, and Hays of Alabama, both Radical members of the House, are also being investigated upon charges of having sold cadetships.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE SISTERS' HOME IN BROOKLYN.—New York, March 7.—A fire broke out in the House of the Aged Sisters of Mercy, a large four story building, with two wings, at Bushwick Avenue and Chestnut street, Williamsburg. The fire originated in the south wing, and before the aged inmates were aware of its presence the flames had made considerable progress. A panic was caused among the inmates, who rushed hither and thither through the building until they became exhausted or suffocated from the smoke and sank down. The police rendered valuable assistance, and carried out a number of old people who had become unconscious. There were 150 old people in the building, and one part of it escaped had been cut off by the flames and smoke, so they went up to the roof, uttering piercing shrieks. The smoke and flames which shot up completely kept them from view. The firemen and police succeeded in rescuing all who were on the roof, but there were a number who were suffocated and burned in the ruins. Michael Cummings, 75 years of age, threw himself from the third story window, and was instantly killed. Jeremiah Sullivan, 65 years old, was fatally injured by jumping from a window at the same height. The police and firemen at 8 o'clock had taken five bodies from the ruins. It was impossible to tell how many lives were lost, as those who were rescued were carried away and cared for by friends. The loss on the building and furniture is estimated at \$23,000. The House is maintained by the aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor, of Brooklyn, and was established several years ago. The loss of life at Little Sisters of the Poor fire is greater than first reported. Eighteen bodies have thus far been recovered and more are still missing.

THE PRICE OF GAS.—The Baltimore Sun has been to the effect of ascertaining the prices at which gas is served in the principal cities. The price in Baltimore is \$1 per thousand feet (or \$275, being 1 1/2 off for prompt payment), while the prices in the following cities are: Chicago, \$2.25 per thousand feet; St. Louis, \$2.25; Cincinnati, \$2.25; Detroit, \$1, for gas made from naphtha; Pittsburg, \$1, from its adjacent cheap coal; Buffalo, \$2.25; Philadelphia, \$2.15 from the 1st of March next; New York, \$2.75 to \$3; Boston, \$2.25; Brooklyn, \$2.75, with a prospect of an early rise to \$3.25; Richmond, Va., \$2.50, and Lynchburg, \$3.

The Sun has slighted New Orleans, which claims the distinguished honor of paying more for gas than any city in the Union. \$4, a thousand, less 50 cents for cash, distances the foremost of our competitors. Many of our citizens who do not care for glory are, making arrangements to use oil.

Marshals of processions in other cities as well as in New Orleans, find some difficulty in selecting routes satisfactory to every one. In the last number of the St. Louis Watchman we find the following paragraph on the subject: The grand marshal for St. Patrick's Day has informed us that he has studied long and deeply the subject of St. Patrick's Day processions. His conclusions may be summed up as follows: "St. Patrick's Day processions are not gotten up to advance any man to political office. They are not gotten up to do honor to any one man, nor any number of individual men. They are not gotten up to shed lustre on any particular street or alley. The one sole, and only justifying motive that can animate the promoters of such processions is to do honor to the occasion. Mr. McEnnis holds himself in readiness any day during the year of his term of office to join in a procession of two, three, or more, past any and every man's house, whose premises have been slighted in the programme. More than this no man can ask, none with any regard to the claims of a family could accord."

For pure ground coffee go to the great original tea house, 677 Magazine street.

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

Translated for the Morning Star from the French of Mar. de Segur.

(Continued.)
 XXX.
 SUDDEN CURE OF AN EX-GENDARME

John Mary Fosses, a native of Tribons, (Upper Pyrenees), a retired gendarme mustered out of service, and at the present day an inn-keeper at Arsaac, (Lower Pyrenees), was suddenly freed from an incurable disorder, on the eleventh of November, 1877, at the grotto of Lourdes.

On the first day of the preceding August, Fosses, lately risen from a bed of sickness, was seated before his door enjoying the cool evening air. Suddenly a rush of violent heat overpread his face; then, a cold, clammy sweat broke out over his whole body, and after awhile, his neck grew stiff and rigid. In a short time frightful pains shot through his head, and seemed to ransack its every nook with a species of implacable rabidness. Thenceforth, the poor man did not know a moment's rest. The days were lengthened out by frightful sufferings, but the nights were intolerable; his body was visited with racking tortures for which there was no respite. During several hours, always the same, he groaned in anguish a prey to this strange disorder. The inside of his head seemed tunneled in all directions, whilst the outside felt as if barrowed and barrowed over its whole surface.

The physician endeavored to master this atrocious distemper, but his efforts were fruitless. To complete the wretchedness of Fosses, gloomy fancies and veritable imaginations worried his day and night thoughts. Anxiety, irritation came over him by degrees; he lived in a state of permanent exasperation. He was conscious of the change operated in his temper. Formerly he was good natured, cheerful, affectionate, master of himself; now, his humor was harsh, and even brutal. He bitterly bewailed the impossibility in which he was to put a check to these involuntary and uncontrollable outbursts. This impotence added greatly to his sufferings.

He refused no medication. One remedy after another was called for and applied, week after week dragged along; never was there a lull in the storm.

In the month of October, his appetite failed altogether. Thus tortured by unremitting bodily anguish and deprived of all rest, he declined visibly, and soon became a complete wreck.

He felt the hand of death laid upon him. He summoned home his son and daughter, who were at a distance, in order to embrace them once more, and bestow upon them his final blessing. After a few days his daughter was compelled to return to her grandmother's. "Good bye, my poor child," said he, with tears in his eyes, "good bye, I shall see you no more in this world."

Fosses fell into the deepest dejection, grew mere gloomy and sullen, and finally determined to reject all medicines. The physician attempted to reason with him to no purpose. "As for you, I esteem you as a kind, devoted man," replied the sick inn-keeper with firmness; "but of all your remedies, not a single one has given me relief, they only help to kill me. It is useless to prescribe more."

At this stage of affairs a peddler happened to put up at the inn. Fosses was seated near the fire, silent and depressed in spirits. The traveler broached a subject of conversation, and by degrees drew him from his moroseness. The inn-keeper related his sad story, and despairingly depicts the state of hopelessness into which he was sunk. "Well," said the peddler, "I have been in the same straits in which you are now; like you I have been very ill, nay, even despaired of. I consulted physicians, flooded myself with medicines during three years; all was labor lost. Yet I am cured. But the skill of men had no share in my recovery. I am in no wise indebted to the college of doctors. On my neck, festered and rankled an old sore of a most repulsive nature, whence distilled a flow of fetid suppuration. I suffered cruelly. My profession and the meagerness of my resources, obliged me to be continually tramping around; heaven alone knows what I endured in these expeditions. I went to the waters of Canterets, Bagneres-de-Bigorre, Bagneres-de-Luchon; I spent good round sums of money, and all without result."

"People had spoken to me of Our Lady of Baglose, and of the miracles operated at her sanctuary. Hopeless of being further benefited by doctor's stuff, or mineral waters, I resolved to apply elsewhere for assistance—to the Blessed Virgin. Once more, however, I tried the waters at Bagares. During my stay I heard for the first time of the pilgrimage of Lourdes. From the reports current, I conceived great hopes of being soon relieved. I determined to spend two days at Lourdes. When I beheld the uninterrupted streams of people that hastened to the grotto, my confidence grew firmer and firmer. The waters of Bagares had left my wound as gaping and as frightful as previously. I went to the grotto, I prayed, drank, and bathed my sore. On the spot I removed the dressing that covered the sore. The next day I repeated my remedy; there scarcely remained anything of the wound. I was cured. You can easily imagine my joy. Nevertheless, I went to Baglose in accordance with my first intention. There, the sore closed up completely."

"Look," continued he, uncovering his neck, on which no trace of a wound was perceptible, "do you see any sore? Well, just there, on that very spot was the inveterate and rotting sore of which I am speaking. Put your trust in Our Lady of Lourdes, I speak from experience. Go to the grotto, I repeat, go with confidence."

These words were received as a message from heaven. Fosses was a faithful, practical Christian. Since his youth he had never ceased to love and honor the Blessed Virgin. When the traveler had concluded his recital, and had made the miracle palpably evident, even to the senses, the suffering man felt a strong feeling of confidence springing up in his heart: he would be cured by Our Lady of Lourdes. He became settled in this idea, and the conviction filled him with expectant joy.

A pilgrimage to the grotto was resolved upon. But when should he set out? How would he reach the place? His strength had all dwindled away; his sufferings were most intense. Would his head be able to endure the jolting of the conveyance? These preoccupations abated his joy, and smothered his previous hopes.

The Blessed Virgin vouchsafed to despatch to him a second messenger. A boarding-house keeper at Arsaac, Mr. Dussan, happens, by a mere chance, to entertain him with the details of a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which he had just accomplished. "I also," said he, "I also know what marvels the Blessed Virgin can, and does operate at the grotto. I was in the town, whither I had gone to enjoy a few days rest in the home of some relatives of mine.

I saw crowds constantly flocking towards the grotto; I fell into the current, and let myself be borne thither. For a couple of days I had been suffering from indisposition. The symptoms, I must say, were not alarming; still the lassitude that resulted put me to great inconvenience. The pilgrims were drinking and laving themselves at the spring. In presence of the lively faith, which evidently inspired these acts, something whispered to me that I should imitate them. I confess that there was little earnestness or fervor exhibited by me in petitioning for the removal of my bodily indisposition; but I drank and laved myself. Immediately every uneasy sensation disappeared. It was done in the twinkling of an eye, as if I jerked off a coat and threw it down. My good Fosses, you know that I am your friend. Take my advice. The doctors are all at their wit's end; apply now to the Blessed Virgin. Go to Lourdes."

This time the pilgrimage was determined for good, and notwithstanding an increase of suffering and exhaustion, the poor fellow bravely set out with his wife on the tenth of November, 1877.

The journey was a protracted agony. The unfortunate sufferer lay crouching at the bottom of the vehicle, without strength or animation, powerless to support his aching head, which bent low upon his breast, swang helplessly from side to side with every jar of the wagon. A gloomy melancholy brooded over his soul, whilst his body was weighed down by extreme pain. Not a syllable escaped his lips: the excess of mental and physical depression rendered him speechless.

The wagon finally rolled into Lourdes. A short rest was taken, after which Fosses, leaning for support on his wife, dragged him-

self with tottering steps in the direction of the grotto. The hues of death were imprinted on his features; and as he crept along, like a mere shattered remnant of humanity, the people by the wayside whispered among themselves: "That poor wretch will never see the grotto; or, at least, he will never return from it alive."

As Fosses proceeded on his toilsome way a feeling of deep reverence rose in his heart. "So near the spot where the Blessed Virgin manifested herself, so near!" murmured he softly.

The grotto at length meets his gaze; then the white statue of the Virgin, looking out from the hallowed niche. He next sees the miraculous spring; he even hears its pure waters gurgling in its little channel with a soft, low tinkling. He stops short and stands motionless in silent contemplation of the scene before him. Thoughts, too deep for utterance, were at that moment stirring in the inmost chambers of his soul.

Years afterwards, whenever he recurred to the period of his trials, and related the story of his deliverance, the recollection of these first emotions that swept over him, as his eyes rested longingly on the blessed grotto, still caused his heart to throb with a quicker pulsation. "An indescribable emotion suddenly mastered my entire being. I was there rooted to the spot; startled, flooded with inexplicable sensations of joy, quivering with a strange tremulousness. I felt a great respect and awe creep over me; neither the gorgeousness of a palace, nor even the sacred precincts of a church, could have inspired me with such reverential feelings. At the same time, a certain fear possessed me; but it was very vague and indistinct. I was as one before whose eyes a glare of intensest brilliancy had flashed out from the darkness; blinded and bewildered by the unexpected lustre, he is brought to an abrupt stand, and remains motionless in tremulous uncertainty. But," added he, in a broken, husky voice, "I cannot make you comprehend my state: if it were something in the natural order of things, I could find terms that would convey my meaning; but here I am at a complete loss. No words can I discover which would adequately express my thoughts."

Thus overpowered by contending emotions, he prostrated himself before the Virgin, but he was unable to pray. Memory failed to recall the proper words, the trembling lips refused to articulate the sounds. Yet, what need had he of speech, whose sole presence was a mute, voiceless appeal to the Heart of Mary.

The exertion of retaining his kneeling posture could not be prolonged; weariness compelled him to rise sooner than he felt inclined. He then approached the fountain, and in its salutary waters bathed both head and neck, wherein such exquisite tortures had lodged themselves. He straightway experienced a sensible allayment of his agonies. He again made an effort to pray.

The remembrance of the Apparitions filled his thoughts anew. "The Blessed Virgin has visited this spot with her presence! O happy, thrice happy child, to whom was given the privilege of beholding her! I shall be cured; I feel that I shall. And still, I am very low and, moreover, how do I deserve a miracle?" And meekly he bowed his head before heaven in humble self-abasement; and from the profoundness of his wretchedness, he lifted up his voice in an earnest cry of supplication.

In order to make his soul more worthy of becoming the receptacle of celestial favors, he cleansed it from all stain in the purifying fires of Penance. "If I be not deceived, I feel a greater strength and vigor in my limbs," remarked he to his wife on their way back to town. "I am confident that I will recover by the help of the Blessed Virgin." "So be it," replied the wife; "this idea has fixed itself in your head, and there is no possibility of beating it out." She shared little in the hopes of her husband.

At half-past five the following morning, Fosses assisted at the Holy Sacrifice in the crypt, and partook of the Bread of Life. He was then led to the grotto, where he prostrated himself upon the flags of the pavement, and spent some moments in earnest prayer. His weakness again forced him to relinquish his devotions; yet, he found such sweetness in this humble intercourse with heaven, that he would fain have lingered there hours instead of minutes. He drank at the spring, and whilst in this act his heart was buoyed up with the most lively assurance, that the merciful Virgin would extend to him the benefit of her intercession. "Had a hundred voices bade me to dash aside the cup I had in my hand with the warning that it was filled with a poisonous compound, I would have swallowed its contents without hesitation or anxiety, so entire was my trust in the Blessed Virgin."

(To be continued.)

THE BETROTHED:

BY MANZONI.
 (Continued.)
 CHAPTER XVIII.

The carriage now approached the precincts of the castle. Poor Lucy awoke as from a deep and painful slumber. She opened her eyes, and her horrible situation rushed with full force upon her mind. She struggled again in vain, she attempted to scream, but Nibbio said to her, holding up the handkerchief, "Be tranquil; it is the best thing you can do. We do not wish to harm you; but if you do not keep silence, we must make you."

"Let me go. Who are you? Where are you taking me? Why am I here? Let me go, let me go."

"I tell you, don't be frightened. You are not a child, and you ought to know that we will not harm you. We might have murdered you before this, if such had been our intention. Be quiet, then."

"No, no, let me go; I know you not."

"We know you well enough, however."

"Oh, holy Virgin! Let me go, for charity's sake. Who are you? Why have you brought me here?"

"Because we have been ordered to do so."

"Who I who? who ordered you to do it?"

"Hush!" said Nibbio in a severe tone. "Such questions must not be answered."

Lucy attempted to throw herself from the door of the carriage, but finding the effort vain, she had recourse again to entreaties, and with her cheeks bathed in tears, and her voice broken by sobs, she continued, "Oh, for the love of heaven, and the Holy Virgin, let me go! What harm have I done you? I am a poor creature, who have never injured you; I forgive you all that you have done, and will pray to God for you. If you have a daughter, a wife, or a mother, think what they would suffer in my situation. Remember that we shall all die, and that one day you will hope that God will show mercy to you. Let me go, let me go; the lord will guide me on my way."

"We cannot."

"You cannot! Great God! why can you not? Where are you taking me?"

"We cannot; your supplications are useless. Do not be frightened; we will not harm you. Be quiet; no one shall harm you."

More than ever alarmed to perceive that her words produced no effect, Lucy turned to him who holds in his powerful hand the hearts of men, and can, if he sees fit, soften the most ferocious. She crossed her arms on her breast, and prayed from the depth of her heart, fervently; then again vainly implored to be set free; but we have not the heart to relate more at length this painful journey, which lasted four hours, and which was to be succeeded by many hours of still deeper anguish.

At the castle, the Unknown was seized with an arrival with extraordinary solicitude and agitation of mind. Strange, that he who had coldly and calmly disposed of so many lives, and had regarded as nothing the torments he inflicted, should now feel an impression of remorse, almost of terror, at the tyranny he exercised over an unknown girl, an humble peasant! From a high window of his castle, he had for some time looked down upon the valley beneath; at last he saw the carriage approaching slowly at a distance, as if the horses were weary with their rapid journey. He perceived it, and felt his heart beat violently.

"Is she there?" thought he. "What trouble this girl gives me! I must see myself from it." And he prepared himself to send one of his ruffians to meet the carriage, and tell Nibbio to conduct the girl immediately to the castle of Don Roderick; but an imperious No, which made itself heard by his conscience, caused him to relinquish his design. Tormented, however, by the necessity of ordering something to be done, and insupportably weary of waiting the slow approach of the carriage, he sent for an old woman who was attached to his service.

This woman had been born in the castle, and had passed her life in it. She had been impressed from infancy with an opinion of the unlimited power of its master; and her principal maxim was implicit obedience towards them. To the ideas of duty were united sentiments of respect, fear, and servile devotion. When the Unknown became lord of the castle, and began to make such horrible use of his power, she experienced a degree of pain, and at the same time a more profound sentiment of subjection: in time she became habituated to what was daily acting before her; the powerful and unbridled will of such a lord she viewed as an exercise of fated justice. When somewhat advanced in years, she had espoused a servant of the house, who being sent on a hazardous expedition, left his body on the high road, and his wife a widow in the castle. The revenge that her lord took for his death imparted to her a savage consolation, and increased her pride at being under his protection. From that day she rarely set foot beyond the castle walls, and by degrees there remained to her no other idea of human beings, than that of those by whom she was daily surrounded. She was not employed in any particular service, but each one gave her something to do as it pleased him. She had sometimes clothes to mend, food to prepare, and wounds to dress. Commands, reproaches, and thanks were equally mingled with abusive raillery; she went by the appellation of the old woman, and the tone with which the name was uttered varied according to the circumstances and humor of the speaker. Disturbed in her idleness and irritated in her self-love, which were her two ruling passions, she returned these compli-