Merning Star and Catholic Messenger. NEW ORLEANS, BUNDAY, OCTOBER 1 1876.

welcome to remain until he is entirely restored to health. I will work a little more than usual, and I will not omit going to catch shrimps. In this way we will hardly perceive that we have one more in the family."

"It is my intention to do as you suggest, Bella, and should M. de Milvai remain six months, I will not say a word to him about leaving."

re obeying a hely command! Go to bed now, ather," added the young girl, rising; "Aunt hara will be here before long. Give me your

Clara will be here before long. Give me your blessing."

M. de Milval saw her kneel before her father, and bow her head; he heard the blind man pronounce a solemn benediction, and then he saw him make the sign of the cross upon her forchead and embrace her tenderly, and their simple affection brought tears to his eyes.

The door opened, and Aunt Clara entered on tiptoe. The young girl signified to her that their patient slept.

"I will not disturb him," said the old woman in a whisper. "Now go to bed, both of you. Joseph will come to relieve me early in the morning."

morning."
Thanking her for her kindness, Bella and her

Ather retired for the night.
Aunt Clars seated herself near the lamp, and
ommenced knitting on a large stocking, which
ould be intended for no one else but Joseph.

CHAPTER VI.

M. de Milval Hears of His Family's Misfortunes

The invalid had risen.

Joseph, like a devoted servant, had aided him
o dress, and offered to support him in descend-

ing the staircase.

Thank you, my friend," said the young gentleman. "Your extreme kindness over-powers me. You give yourself too much trouble; I am strong enough to walk down

"Perhaps you are, sir," answered the fisherman; "but I cannot trust to it. I promised my consin to watch over you. Should you fail, I would never forgive myself."

The young man took Joseph's arm without reply. Joseph supported him with paternal solicitude, and said confusedly, as he assisted him:

m:
"Your nurse has rough hands, sir; hands
ore accustomed to handle a cable than to
upport a suffering gentleman; but, as the prosrb says: 'He gives all that he ought, who

As the wounded man entered the room, he walked to Father Stock, who was working upon his net, took his hand with emotion, and

agon his net, took his hand with emotion, and said:
"My good man, I know not how I shall ever be able to express my gratitude for your generous hospitality. I will indemnify you for your sacrifices, but I can never repay you for the tender interest manifested in me by all your family. Whatever fate may in future have in reserve for me, never will I forgot this house and the noble hearts of its immates."
"Indeed, sir, you value too highly the little thas been in our power to do. All the recompense we desire is to see you restored to heasth."

health."
Joseph fearing that the patient would become fatigned, interrupted the conversation, took the young man by the arm, and conducted him to a comman in which a constitution had been "What care!" said the gentleman; "it is too

"What care," see much of this dushion."

"Bella put it there," replied the isherman.
As if this were an order which could not be disobeyed, the wounded man seated himself in the chair. He soon became absorbed in thought.
Joseph fixed his eyes upon him, but respected

Joseph fixed his eyes upon him, but respected his silence.

M. de Milval was a handsome young man. He was tall and well formed; his features were regular, and his manners were noble and dignified. His long black hair and dark brown eyes gave beauty to a countenance which indicated a superior intellect and strength of sool. His shirt was of the finest linen. Aunt Clara had exhausted her art, as washersoman and ironer, to render it suitable for wear; his head was partly bandaged with linen, and he carried his arm in a sing. His dress was black, and it was rather genteel and plain than showy.

After a long silence, his eyes wandered around the room, and when Joseph, rising, asked what he desired, he replied:

"Nothing, my friend. I do not see the young girl who nursed me so assidnously during my illness."

"Bella? she has gone to buntabrimus." said

Bella f she has gone to hunt shrimps," said

"Bella f she has gone to hunt shrimps," said Joseph.
"Yes," mntrered the young man to bimself;
"I know yesterday she was going. Generous child, who is so early at work for me! The weather is the to-day, is in not?" he asked, after a panse. "I think the sun is shining."
"The weather is mid and pleasant, sir," replied the disherman.
"Is Rells on the beach?"
"She is on the sea, sir?"
"Is it if at to the seashore?"
"Not a great distance."
"Pardon me, my friend, if I give you trouble. I would be most grateful to you if you would point out the beach to me. I would have to see the sea."

point out the beach to the sea."

"Do you hear him, Father Stock ?" exclaimed
"Do you hear him, Father Stock ?" exclaimed
Joseph, in dismay. " The gentleman wishes to

"Do you bean." The gentleman ...
Joseph, is dismay. "The gentleman ...
go to the beach."
"That would be very improdent," objected
"That would be very improdent," objected

"That would be very improdent," objected the old man, "when you are sitting up tor the first time to-day."
"Do not be anxious; I feel sufficiently strong. The sun shines and it is warm out doors. I would like to walk in the open sir. This good man will accompany me."
"Do as you like, sir. The sea air is very strengthening to those who have been reduced by illness."

by illness."
"But the gentleman has no cap to protect him," said Joseph; "and I dare not offer him "But the general state of the control of the contro

hat. If it is not too large, it will answer too purpose."

The straw hat produced by the fisherman appeared perfectly new. Joseph approached the gentleman placed it upon his head, and, looking at him with amiszement, said:

"It may be impolite and foolish to compare you with people like ourselves, but you certainly resemble our Unole Louis; it is not a very strong resemblance, but a sort of family likeness."

ness." It is singular," said the gentleman; " the

young girl who attended me resembles my sister, and, besides, she bears the same name."
But as if these words awakened painful thoughts, he walked to the door, and said, with a sight:
"Gome, my friend, I need the open air."
Joseph took him by the arm and conducted him along the path which led to the beach. When they had reached it, the gentleman said:
"The downs seem a complete desert. I suppose there are but few inhabitants in this country?"
"I have been a complete desert. I suppose there are but few inhabitants in this country?"

Very few, sir," replied the fisherman. "In

a circuit of nearly half a league there are only six or seven families; in all, about twenty-five persons. But yonder, where you see that high mountain, which we call Personnill, there are mountain, which we can be about twenty fishermen's cablus. That is Kerkepanne; it is also called senetimes St. Joseph's Village.
"Is that your church?"
"No, sir; our parish is at the village of Adinkerk, about a half league in the other

direction."
"Are the fishermen a pious people?"
"Yes, sir; whatever may be the weather, no matter how far he is out at see, a Fremish fisherman will never fail to return home ou Sataday in order to fulfil his Sunday duty."
The young man was silent for a moment.
"You name is Joseph, I believe. You call the

blind old man, 'father,' and yet you cannot be the brother of Bella ?

"I am her consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm an expectation of the property of the consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm an expectation of the season of the consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm an expectation of the word of the consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm of the word of the consolpair of the consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm of the word of the consolpair of the consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm of the word of the consolpair of the consolpair. Annt Glara, the old worm of the word of the consolpair of the consolpair. The consolpair of the consolpair of the consolpair of the consolpair of the consolpair. The consolpair of the consolpair of

in the sunniger, massing beauty. When the tide was low, the beach itself appeared to be a continuation of the waters of the sea. The heat of the sun made the moist sand smoke, and the atmosphere above reflected the images of the few objects which broke the monotonous barrenness of the shore, and

ed the images of the few objects which broke the monotonous barrenness of the shore, and magnified them to an enormous size. M. de Milval seemed to be intently gazing upon some object in the distance. "What is that dark gray building whose outline is rendered so indistinct by the misty atmosphere?" he saked, at length. "It is the tower of Dunkirk," replied the fisherman. fisherman.
"The tower of Dunkirk! Is Dunkirk so

"The tower of Dunkirk! Is Dunkirk so near?"

"Four leagues by the sea chore, sir."
The gentleman raised his eyes to heaven, and said, with a sigh:

"O my God! what terrible events are they concealing from me? Only a few hours journey distant; and for ten days! have in wain sought for information!"

Turning to Joseph with a kind of feverish agitation, he said imperiously;

"What dost the doctor know concerning the fate of my parents and my sister? I implore you to take pity on me and tell me."

The fisherman turned pale. He had no doubt heard the fatal news from Bella and her father, but he replied, hesitatingly:

"Your sudden emotion terriles me, sir. I have not seen the physician for four days."

The young, man bow d his head, overpowered by painful thoughts. He remained silent for a long time, his eyes fixed upon the ground, evidently struggling to master his emotion; at last, glancing again over the beach and sex, he saked!

"Where is Bella! You toid me shehad gone t last, glanding again over the beach and sea e asked: "Where is Bella!" You told me she had gone

"Where is Bolls! You told me she had gone to catch shripps."
Joseph pointed down the shore.
"Look, sir," be replied; "a little way out at sea, opposite Kaesboerhill; do you not see eme black specks which seem to float on the waters! These are our wives and children fishing for shrimps; they employ for this purpose a net fastened to a long stick, which they push before them.
"Is Bella with them!"
"Notice the second one on this side, who wears a bine cap and hight red jacket; that is

"Is Bella with them?"

"Notice the second one on this side, who wears a bine cap and light red jacket; that is my cousin. She must have recognized you, for she is waving her hand."

"Poer child, what hard work! How long do they remain out fishing?"

"About two or three hours.

"And do these women remain all that time exposed to the cold sea water?"

"The weather is still pleasant, sir; we have many days much colder, but our women do not mind it; they are accustomed to it from their

cap. Your cousin is a good and noble girl, he

said.
"Good?" repeated the fisherman, enthusi-

"Good?" ropeated the heart of an angel. The man whom she marries may well say that he has found in his wife a pearl without price; for you must have remarked, sir, that she is as beautiful as she is good."

The gentleman looked at Joseph with as tonishment.

The gentleman looked at Joseph with astonishment.

"Yes indeed, sir," exclaimed Joseph, "I acknowledge it; if I were lifteen years younger, none other but myself should marry my consin. But at my age!—and, hesides, under no circumstances would Bella ever marry during the lifetime of her father."

"She is traily devoted to her father. The evidences of her filial love have brought tears of mysters."

"She is tryl devoted to her lander. In evidences of her filial love have brought tears to my eyes."

"She has reason, sir, to be deveted to him. Until his fiftieth year, Smoon Stock's life was as uneventful as that of the other fishermen. He had married a good and managing woman, and he had five children, four sons and one daughter. He had also a younger brother, who lived with him,—that was Unole Louis, whose hat you now wear. It has often been said that misfortunes never come singly to a man whose life has previously been prosperous. Such was the case with Simon Stock. His wife died of pleurisy. His brother Louis went te the codesheries on a boat from Donkirk—the boat was shipwrecked, and the crew had never been heard of. Que fishermen did report that Louis Stock had evespent; it was even said at Donkirk that he had been seen in the capacity of a sailor, on board a French vessel of war, in the neighborhood of Ginadaloupe"

Oh, no, sir; these reports were very vague, and only invented to console the blind man. But a few days had passed after timen Stock received the news of his brother's death, when his eldest son, who was accompanying his father as a sailor, 'ell overboard in a dark and stormy night, and was drowned. A little while after, the small pox desimated Adinker and its invirous Three of Smoo's children fell a prey to the disease. In three weeks, of all Simon Stock's happy and united family, there remained but one little girl of seven years of age. She, in her turn, was attacked by the contagion, and Simon was near losing his soness. For six weeks, night and day, he watched by his darling onlid, trembling for her life, and neglecting no precaution to save her from being disfigured, should she live. The girl recovered and was not pitted. She was so grateful to her father, that, from that day, she followed him as his shadow, and weptif deprived, even for a short time, of his presence. He was often obliged to take her with him, when the bark was out at sea during the night. Two years afterwards, Simon was threatened with blindness, which made so rapid progress that he was cone entirely deprived of sight. Bells is convinced that the germs of this malady were laid while he hung over her to preserve her from the consequences of small-pox. She is, I am sure, mistaken; but that will explain her excessive tenderness

sand, and who carefully transported you to be house of Father Stock."

"I am very grateful to you, and I will recompense you generously for your trouble and humanity."

"I am not so certain of that," said the vagrant, with a sarcastic smile. "I have jour returned from Bergues. Your chateau has been burned, and all your property confiscated. You are poor, and I am richer than you are."

ted. You are poor, and I am are are."

"The chateau burned!" gasped the young man, with intense anxiety. "You have been to Bergues. Do you know what became of my father!"

"Yes, I know. I am sure you can well imagine his fate."

"Alas, yes!" said the gentleman, with a sigh

"Alas, yes!" said the gentleman, with a sigh
"He was shot," said Ko.
"In the name of heaven tell me what was done with my mother and sister?"
The vagrant answered by passing his hand across his throat.
"My God!" exclaimed the young man, the paleness of death apreading over his face. "What do you mean?"
"Your mother and sister were both taken to Arras, where they were guillotined."
A piercing shriek ran through the downs; the gentleman, crushed by the weight of sorrow, covered his face with his hands.
Ko regarded him with triumphant mockery, and muttered a few unintelligible words, as if he wished to console the victim of his crucity. Bella, from the distance, saw the vagrant

he wished to console the victim of his crucity.
Bella, from the distance, saw the vagrant
conversing with the gentleman. She sprang
upon shore, threw down her net, laid saide her
basket, and can heatily to the spot. Arriving
at the place where the young man was still
scated, his head bowed upon his breast, she seated, his head bowed upon his oreast, sue noticed that he was weeping. Suspecting what had passed, she knot beside him, and said repronohifully to the vagrant! "Ko, miserable creature! what have you been saying?" "Of course, you throw the blame on me,"

een saying!"
"Of course, you throw the blame on me,"
nuttered Ko Suel. "I thought I was doing
im a service by bringing him news from
https://www.

Sirgues."
"D) not attempt to console me, angel of mercy," said De Milval. "Alas! my father, my mother, my sister! Death has deprived me of all I held dear on earth. Why cannot I

me of all I held dear on earth. We get all it do die, too?" What is the matter here, Ko Suell? I do not know; but I would nearly love to twist your need," growled Joseph, who came up with his pipe in his mouth, "It would be surprising if you were not the messenger of some evil. Wherever you appear, sorrow accompanies you." "Hat, Joseph, what could I do ?" replied Ko.

"Have just come Bergues, and I told M de Milvat the news I bad heard"

"And what old you tell him, internal prat-tier!"

That his chatean was burned; that his

father, mother and saver—"A perfect row escaped from Joseph's throat, and his eyes flyshed tre. With one bound he sprang upon Ko, serzed him by his cravat, and shock him so violently that his face became Bella ran to Joseph, and endeavored to ap-

peaso him, saying:

"Come, dear Joseph, be calm. Ko did not, I am sure, intend to do harm."

"Possibly not." gasped the inforiated fisherman; "therefore I will not strangle him today; but he must swear never again to come near that gentleman. If ever you meddle in our affairs, be certain, Ko, that I will kill you without mercy." 'Let me go, Joseph, and I promise whatever

"Let me go, Joseph, and I promise whatever you wish."

The fisherman relaxed his grasp, and Ko ran at full speed down the hillook. Bella returned to the invalid; she took his arm and forced him to rise. He made no reply to her words of consolation, but permitted her to lead him as a child. His tears had ceased to flow, but his syes were fixed and glased. The unhapy man was overwhelmed by the extent of his misery. Bella whispered in his ear words of tender compassion. Joseph followed, expending his wrath against Ko in angry words.

They thus walked on to the path leading to the cabin of Father Stock.

CHAPTER VIL

M de Milval About to Leave the Downs.

M. de Milval, crushed to the earth by the terrible news, was insensible to consolation. Immediately upon entering the house he went to bed, and insisted upon being left alone. Fear and anxiety pervaded the household of Father Stock; for the family naturally dreaded the effect of such a shock upon the young toble in his feeble and soffering condition. The physician was sent for, but his evident inquietude did not tend to reassure them.

1. Paring the night which followed Ko Snel's impradent communication, Father Stock, his

sportment. Aunt Clara and Father Stock reoned at this, persuading themselves that the
orey excess of grief had caused the young man
o sloep.

Have they not had their brain seared, their hear
rives?

Hopes sapp d, name blighted, Life's life lied away!"

breasts of all, which caused their tears to flow in sympathy.

Thus weeping, they remained all night watching, and the sun was already an hour above the horizon before they moved. Annt Clara and Joseph went to their own home, promising to return soon; Father Stock resumed his usual work, and Bells attended to her little bousehold duties.

Buddenly sue uttered a cry of surprise. M de Milval entered the room, bade his nost good morning, and took his seat on a chair near the fireplace.

It was evident that the young girl was not

nistaken in her supposition the night before, for his eyes were a wolten from weeping. But his tears no one an expression of calm resignation. There was even a sweet smile upon his in a supposition to a suppose the control of the c

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH. (Birmingbam Iron Age.)

(Birmingbam Iron Age.)

What pen can write its history? What tongue can epeak its fate? The wisdom, the good sense, and the courage of our Southern sires, have made the names of Washington and the founders of this Republic household words in every clime and country. Southern eloquence has forever associated the names of Clay and Calhonn with the nation's history. The heroic valor of the Southern soldiers, who, like the dying Gladiator, even in death "conquered agony, has placed a wreath upon their trows, which may not be twined with laurel, but which will not decay as long as the memory of gallant deeds and love for noble souls animate the mind or thrill the heart of man. With his life blood ozzing drop by drop, the dying Gladiator "reck'd not of the life he lost." His thoughts were about that spot,

"Where his rade but beside the Dannlo lay."

Where his rude but beside the Danube lay There were his young barbarians all at play There was their Daciau mother."

For such did the Southern soldier die. And th For such did the Southern soldier one, And the world saw that he knew bow to die. But he died in wain. His life-blood, freely offered as alwing sacrifice for his country's good, served not to save. The ruin and desolation which hover around so many Southern homes are silent witnesses of defeat and disaster. Our

to sleep.

Bolla was not so easily consoled; she maintained that M de Milval was still alive to his sorrow. Whilst the othersheard no sound, she could perceive the subs which he stifled, that he might indulge his deepair without being intruded upon. Aunt Clars, after combating her niece's opinion, went softly to the door of the apartment and listened a moment. On her return, her eyes were filled with tears. She reammed her place near the table, saying: "Alas! Bolla is right. The poor young man is not sleeping; he weeps bitterly."

These words awakened a lively pity in the breasts of sil, which caused their tears to flow in sympathy.

Thus words would work some "arcaese of sorrow." Our sous must bring deliversnoe, but not with desperate deeds and violent countries. When the lion-hearted King of England wished to show to the mighty Saladin his greatest feat of arms, his good broad-swoard descending as weered as not sleeping; he weeps bitterly."

These words awakened a lively pity in the breasts of sil, which caused their tears to flow in sympathy. severed asunder the bar of iron. But the mighty Saladin performed agreater feat. With skill and dexterity he out in two a siken verifloating in the air, and each part floated on undisturbed by the blow. This is the lesson for Southern statesmen to learn. More can be accomplished by skill and dexterity than by stubborn strength. Our sons should study the science of politics and become accomplished statesmen. Then they may accomplish for our country what by force of arms they could never do. Then will life return to the old land. Then will prosperity beam upon us and bless us and our work. Then will the South be rehabilitated. And our fields, which are now desolate, will be made to blessom as the rose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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