

THE MORNING STAR

AND Catholic Messenger.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

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VOLUME I.

MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1868.

LOST!

HERMINE.

A bark comes riding o'er the wave,
Its canvas spread for home;
Upon its deck the pilot stands,
By feeling overcome;
For memory brings him back the scenes
Of all life's early time,
And sets his thoughts to music sweet,
His words to flowing rhyme:
"I soon shall see my boyhood's home,
That home upon the hill,
Which looketh o'er the ocean's storm,
Yet peace her in my prayer,
My boyhood's home like Eden bright,
Where virtue reigned supreme—
Shall I soon reach its hallowed light,
Or is this all a dream!"
"I see my mother fitting past
The casement opened fair,
I long to clasp her to my heart,
And bless her in my prayer,
Oh! hasty, my bark, that I may see
My father's face once more,
And fold my arms around his neck,
As in the days of yore!"
Within the harbor now he sails;
He sees the signal sweet,
With which a mother's heart was wont
Her son's return to greet.
Day's glorious orb is shining bright,
Its rays in beauty fall,
And that with soft and golden light,
The humble cottage wall!
He sees his mother's arms outspread,
He hears the tender tone
That tells him love, and joy and peace
Are all again his own:
One moment more—and all the storms
That ocean can command,
Shall not avail to wreck the bark,
Safe moored beside the land!
But ah! Behind that point of rock
Is hid a pirate's mast!
He sees, alas! the fragile bark,
And bears upon her fast!
With cruel-grapple now she's seized,
Her sails are torn aside,
And at the sport of every wind
She drifts across the tide.
The pilot's hands and feet are bound;
They cast him in the hold—
His father's face, his mother's smile,
No more shall he behold!
With tear-dimmed eyes and breaking heart,
He settles 'neath the wave,
Where life, and love, and hope and youth
Soon find a yawning grave!
But ere he sinks, upon his sight,
By darkened shadows cross'd,
Flashes the vision's torturing light,
Of all life's blessings—lost!
Even so the immortal spirit flies
On Hope's exultant wing
Toward its own, its native skies,
Where joy eternal springs,
"My happy home—my happy home!"
Thus floats the spirit's song,
Ascending into Heaven's bright dome
The angelic host among,
Beyond the gloomy clouds of life,
The throne of God it sees,
And hears with yearning, raptur'd sense
Celestial harmonies!
The glory of its Father's face
Shines out upon the sea,
While round it breaks the radiant light
Of blest eternity!
A Mother's hand is stretched to guide
The wanderer's trembling feet,
While songs of angels far and wide
Proclaim a welcome sweet!
A moment more—and near the Throne,
With happiness bowed down,
From hand of God the spirit's brow,
Shall claim the crown's crown!
Alas! in fearful shadow hid,
The demon-angel waits!
He checks the spirit in its flight,
And drags it from the gates!
He beats its pinions down to earth—
He binds each fluttering plume,
And far from realms of heavenly light,
It falls to realms of gloom!
The spirit feels its pinions torn;
It cannot reach its mark!
And back upon the surging sea
It drifts into the dark!
Backward it drifts from looks of love,
From smiles of tender grace,
From all the angels' bliss above,
From its great Father's face!
From scenes of bliss and beauty rare,
From melodies most sweet,
From joy's own perfume-laden'd air,
From Blessed Mary's feet!
But ere it sinks into the night,
By angry tempests toss'd,
It sees once more, by Faith's own light
The glories it has lost!
Oh! had the pilot turned aside
From Pleasure's golden sand,
His bark had flown across the tide,
And moored near Eden's strand;
And had the spirit proved but true
Unto its mission given,
It would have scaped the demon's view,
And soared in peace to Heaven!

ELLEN FITZGERALD.

BY MRS. S. B. ELDER.

Reverently dedicated to the Memory of Dr. E. D. W.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

Just then a party of emigrants entered the cabin with lights, while a pleasant-faced woman who was going to join her well-to-do husband in the new country, offered the poor mother some supper.

"Take a bit," she said, "Ye had not time to cook your own, and sure it's but little ye ate any how."

Ellen seconded the kind woman's request, and laying the babe on Nora's lap, she told her to eat for the little one's sake.

The poor mother's face brightened a little as she took the child, and at the same time held out her hand for the offered food.

"Sure she ought to eat twice as much as that, the crature! and he such a fine boy!" said the kind-hearted woman as she turned to her own humble fare. "And yet, she'll be making two halves of that same, or my name's not Annie O'Brien!"

That evening, as Ellen passed up on deck, she was met by one of the sailors, a young boy who always seemed delighted to be in her company. George Brown was the lad's name, and Ellen liked him for his easy, friendly manners, and for his kindness to many of "her people," as he called the band of exiles.

"Ah, miss Ellen!" he exclaimed, as he saw her coming toward him; "Where have you been all the day long? Some one else beside myself has been impatient for a sight of your bonny brown eyes."

"Some one else! Why, who could it be?" asked Ellen, surprised, for she knew no one on board, outside of that humble band of countrymen, except George himself.

"Ah! It is one of your own people, too, miss Ellen! A nice, Irish gentleman, whose eyes brightened up when he heard your name, and who seems impatient for your coming, for there he is pacing the deck like a sentinel on duty."

"Do you know his name, George? for I do not think I ever met him before."

"He told me that he had known your father," said George, "and I believe his name is Doc Dalton. He is a sad, quiet sort of gentleman, saying but little, yet thinking a great deal."

Ellen started with joyful surprise as soon as she heard the name, for it was that of one of Ireland's most gifted poets and most devoted patriots. One who had lost lands, riches, honors, all, in his country's cause, and who had now turned his face from her green shores because found guilty of loving her too well. Ellen had often heard of the sweet poet by name, and her heart thrilled with pleasure at the thought of meeting him.

"Ah! he has seen you!" exclaimed George, "so I must go off alone and disconsolate, for I know he wants you all to himself."

With a timid blush and trembling heart, Ellen awaited the approach of him whose songs had stirred a nation's heart, and fired her own with nobler feelings of patriotism.

She gazed on his slight figure as it advanced toward her with feelings almost akin to reverence, for she knew him to be as pure and humble in his faith as he was great and lofty in his intellect. She marked the bright, clear eye, the sweet expressive mouth, the fair white forehead, and the timid, wavering hand that came and clasped her own.

"I loved your father," he said, "and have therefore a right to know his child."

With what pleasure did Ellen listen to him as he spoke of one whose memory was so dear, and how proud she felt to be a child of one, and the countrywoman of another gifted soul!

"Your father," Ellen, he continued, "was one of those gentle-hearted men who wrote for the hearts of the people, and who reveled in painting the glories of that olden time, when Ireland had a great and glorious history, when she was the seat of virtue and

learning, the school of the West, and the habitation of literature and holiness. And you too are leaving the old land!" he added, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; my parents are dead, and my mother's brother, now my only surviving relative, wishes me to come to him."

"Do you go to New Orleans, doctor?" asked the young girl; the very name of the place becoming of more interest, now that there was a possibility of his living there.

"I shall make if my home for the present," he replied, "but my plans for the future are very unsettled; indeed, miss Ellen, life to me now seems very cheerless."

He leaned against the side of the vessel as he spoke, and looked out dreamily upon the star-lit waters.

Ellen's heart was moved to compassion, and all unconsciously she found herself recalling his own musical words:

"The day is dark as the night with woes,
And my dreams are of battles lost,
Of collapse, plantations, wrecks, and foes,
And of exiles, tempest-tossed."

This dream was indeed being fulfilled! His bright hopes for his cherished country had all gone down in darkness; and to-day he stood alone and penniless, an exile and a wanderer from the land of his birth.

Rousing himself from his moment's reverie, he inquired cheerfully, "Like all of Ireland's poets, your father, I suppose, miss Ellen, had no riches to leave you but those of his gifted mind?"

"You are right," she answered; "while he lived he gave me all the advantages in his power, so that I was enabled after his death to support my invalid mother by my teaching. Now, that she too has left me, I can no longer refuse to join my uncle in America."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, sir. His wife is a Northern lady. My uncle mentioned in one of his letters that she had a son, but as he was off at sea, he had never seen him."

"I believe your uncle has done better in the new country than he did in the old."

"Yes, he writes that he has 'galore,' and that I must come and share it all with him."

"I am glad, indeed, my child, that such bright promises shine upon you from the unknown shore before you. It were, perhaps, useless to offer myself to you as a 'friend in need' should occasion for one arise. I am not old enough to entice myself to your veneration, but I wish you to think of me as one who would be both friend and father to the sweet daughter of a fellow-laborer and kindred spirit. No, I am not old," continued he with the same sad smile; "I am scarcely thirty, and yet, like Marie Antoinette, I can say of my whitened locks, 'they are bleached by sorrow.'"

And then Ellen saw with pain that over his forehead, white as a woman's, the soft, dark hair was interwoven with many a silver strand that gleamed through the silky locks with a kind of phosphorescent light, while upon his pale cheek, burned a luminous spot that seemed to brighten as she gazed.

Some one has truly said that "genius is like the burning taper, which gives, indeed, a brilliant light, but consumes itself while giving it."

Perceiving that the doctor was lost in thought, and that her presence was unnoticed, Ellen retired from his side and joined George, who had been acting in pantomime his eager desire to have her company, and his opinion that the grave doctor was only a tiresome companion.

"Did I tell you, miss Ellen," he said, as soon as she had joined him, "that this is to be my last trip at sea?"

"No, indeed, you did not. When did you arrive at this conclusion?"

"Well, if you won't laugh, I'll tell you that I dreamed last night of my dear, old mother, and she was crying about her truant boy. Won't it make her heart happy when I tell her that I will stay at home with her now for good and all?"

The boy's eyes moistened as he pictured to his thoughts his widowed mother's joy,

when she would learn [from] his own lips that he would never again leave her.

"I am glad, indeed, for your mother's sake," said Ellen, kindly. "Are you her only son?"

"I am her only child," miss Ellen, and she a widow!"

After a moment's pause, he continued, "I can much better support her at home, too, for I have learned a trade and mean to set up for myself soon."

Bright hopes that were soon to be crushed! Loving dreams that were never to be realized!

"As soon as I learn to walk steady on shore, I shall call to see you; and if you will permit me, miss Ellen, I shall be proud to show you the sights in our Crescent City."

Ellen thanked him kindly, and assured him of her delight to have his escort; when George burst out in a hearty laugh, changing with all the versatility of youth from a grave to a merry mood, "I forgot I had something very particular to tell; in fact, I've been wanting to see you all day for this very purpose. What a fellow I am, to come so near forgetting it!"

"Do you know that our mate, Mr. Davis, found a poor rascal of a black boy this morning, hid away under the hatches, and the captain has ordered him to be tied up to-morrow morning and flogged. Now, I want your assistance in making up some plan to save him from the captain's wrath."

Ellen promised all that was in her power; and after a long and quiet conversation, both herself and George seemed perfectly satisfied with the part they were to take on the next morning, and parted for the night with mutual wishes in behalf of the poor black boy.

That night, as Ellen lay asleep, dreaming of her idolized mother, she was roused from her sleep by the impression that some one had softly and tenderly imprinted a kiss upon her.

Sitting up in bed, she tried to collect her thoughts, but she felt sure that some one had touched her cheek and then hurried away in the darkness.

Groping her way to Nora's bed, she felt for the mother and child, but both were missing, and Ellen's heart misgave her as she hurried up on deck.

Near the stern of the vessel, with her boy in her arms and her black hair streaming down her shoulders, stood the poor, hapless woman of whom Ellen was in search.

Approaching her noiselessly but steadily, Ellen heard her murmuring words of endearment and regret over the precious burden in her arms.

"My poor, fatherless babe!" she moaned, "no one will miss thee; and perhaps God will forgive me for the sake of the innocent soul I take with me."

She looked up and out at the dim water, just lighted by a few trembling stars. Ellen laid her hand upon Nora's dress, but the poor woman was unconscious of the saving presence beside her.

"I cannot leave thee behind me, baby, and O, God will surely not part us there!"

She raised her arms wildly, while an agonizing cry parted her cold and pallid lips; but just as Ellen's arms were thrown around her, a something, large and heaving, rushed swiftly and noiselessly before their straining eyes; a silent, white-sailed ship passed as it were within reach of Ellen's hand; and in the rush and whirl and wonder, Nora started back, and Ellen, folding her to her heart, knew that she was saved!

It was a full-rigged ship that had just passed them, bearing right across their stern. The man at the helm had only seen her when she seemed ready to pass amidships, and with a powerful hand he made the unconscious vessel leap beyond reach of its fearful neighbor. While so close had been the struggle, so appalling the danger, that he had heard a cry of despair from the passing ship as it swept by in all its terrible night and beauty.

The only words that Ellen spoke, as she

led Nora back to her lowly couch, went to the erring woman's heart.

"Let us thank God, Nora, for all His mercies this night!" and the poor, subdued, and suffering mother answered, "Amen!"

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

All men are good actors when they perform their duty.

A dentist is not necessarily mad because he shows his teeth.

What letters can you play upon the best? The P N O's to be sure.

Neatness is not gaudiness, any more than mere words are good sense.

A Connecticut joker was recently fined fifteen dollars for playing ghost.

The best cure for drunkards, says an old philosopher, is, whilst sober, to observe a drunken man.

The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool.

In renting farms in England there is often an arrangement called "a screw," which forces the farmer to vote as the land-owner wishes.

Speak of men's virtues, says a Chinese moralist, as if they were your own, and of their vices as if you were liable to their punishment.

The young Chinese Emperor, twelve years old, rejoiced in the celestial title of "His High Prosperity." His imperial father was "Perfect Bliss."

Plato compared his wise master Socrates, to the gallipot of an apothecary, which had on the outside apes, owls, and satyrs, but within, precious drugs.

"Pa, do storms ever make malt liquor?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

If you feel a little dull, stupid, ennuish, run out and take a little oxygen. It is a good drink, very cheap, and don't require a stamp except from the foot.

Never despise counsels from whatever quarter they may reach you. Remember the pearl is keenly sought after in spite of the coarse shell which envelops it.

A young man who was about jumping from a train, while in motion, was deterred by a reporter who asked him for his name, age, business, and residence for an obituary item.

Better wait five years to go into business upon adequate means which are properly your own, than to rush in prematurely, trusting to loans, indorsements, and the forbearance of creditors, to help you through.—Horace Greeley.

A lady resident at one of the fashionable up-town hotels in New York says that a dinner there, and a subsequent drawing-room parade, differ only from a menagerie performance in that at the former they first feed and then exhibit, and at the latter they first exhibit and then feed.

A Paris landlady requested a Christmas party on the third floor to cease dancing, as a man below them was dying. The guests acquiesced. Returning an hour later, "My dear children," she exclaimed, with the most benevolent smile, "you may begin again; he is dead!"

A country gentleman walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbor. "What!" says the master, "asleep, you idle dog; you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I lay myself down in the shade."

There is no need of buying umbrellas—they can easily be procured without; thusly: Take your stand in a doorway or a rainy day; as soon as you see a man with a nice umbrella, step out and say to him, "Sir, I beg your pardon, but you have my umbrella!" Nine times in ten he will surrender it at once, for how does he know that it was not you he stole it from?

INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE.—The young lady reads romances in bed; the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.

GENTLE PEOPLE.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spreading her hands; the miss who wears tin shoes on a rainy day, and the gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

HAPPY FOLKS.—A child with a rattle, a small chap drumming on a tin pan, a school-boy on a holiday, two lovers walking by moonlight, a gent imbibing a sherry cobbler, a boy sucking now cider through a straw, and two country misses over an ice cream.

KIND FOLKS.—The man who makes you a present you do not want, the friend who gives you so much advice, the lady who insists that you have not made out your dinner, the old gentleman who is starving himself to lay up money for you, the shopkeeper who abates the price of the article just because it is you, and the mother who lets the dear children do as they please.