

# THE MORNING STAR

## AND

# Catholic Messenger.

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

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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.  
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1868.

(Written for the Morning Star.)  
**ELLEN FITZGERALD.**

BY MRS. S. B. ELDER.  
Reverently dedicated to the Memory of Dr. R. D. W.  
CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

Oh, how the words struck cold and terrifying upon her heart! Accepting the doctor's proffered arm, she leaned her slight form upon it, while her hands trembled as they clasped themselves together in an agony of fear and apprehension. She saw the captain and Mr. Davis standing at the stern conversing earnestly together, pointing at the same time to the small boat which had been hastily lowered, and which was now about a mile from the ship. She knew that help had gone to the unfortunate man, and yet it seemed hard that any one should stand there idle while a fellow creature needed succor. Supported by the kind doctor, she hurried toward the group at the stern, asking in a tremulous tone:

"Who is it?"

"We can not tell you yet," answered Mr. Davis, advancing respectfully toward her. "The boat was lowered and manned so quickly that we do not know who are in it, nor consequently who is overboard."

"Is George on board?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"He is not, but it is supposed that he is one of the men in the boat. It was a fearful fall the poor fellow had! He was aloft, and must have missed his hold. See; there are the shoes he had on, knocked off by the violence of the blow. He struck against the ship's rail, and was, I fear, completely stunned."

Ellen listened with a faint, cold feeling at her heart, while the doctor laid his hand upon her arm to still its trembling. She saw the boat like a speck upon the water, and heard some one say that there were four men in it. At last she knew that it was returning to the ship; that it had failed in the mission for which it went; that sadly and slowly the brave men in it were turning away from a fruitless search, and were leaving behind them their doomed and ill-fated comrade. How bright the sunbeams were! Right in their shining track steered the boat; nearer and nearer it came toward the ship. She heard the captain hailing the men, and the indistinct replies of the voices from the water, and yet she could not distinguish the four faces in the boat. The boat at last was drawn up, and the men leapt on deck. Ellen looked up from the arm over which she was covering in the agony of suspense, and, glancing at the four stalwart forms before her, she saw that George was not among them, and realized with a shuddering horror, that he had gone from her sight forever!

Mr. Davis stood in silent sympathy before her, while the gentle doctor, with all a father's tenderness, encircled her in his protecting arm.

Covering her face with her hands, and drooping over in her sorrow, Ellen moaned aloud:

"This is terrible, most terrible!"

And so, indeed, it was. There, before the eyes of all, in the bright morning sunlight, under those quiet glittering waters, that proud young life had gone down to death—that merry smile had been changed to one most strange and ghastly; that clear ringing voice grown silent in a vain appeal for help.

The shining path upon the sea was now only a mockery; the waters seemed hideous in their soundless gloom, and Ellen shuddered as she heard one of the sailors say:

"There was more than fifty sharks around the ship; in fact, since Jones has been so sick the pesky things have kept us company."

"A noble, gallant heart has met its doom to-day," said the mate, anxious to rouse Ellen from that tearful, trembling spell. "We will miss him sorely here on board."

"But oh, his mother! his poor mother!" wailed Ellen; "who now shall comfort her?"

"He was so generous, kind, devoted, so everything that makes young manhood beautiful," spoke the doctor. "His memory will be sweet and pure as flowers are, and we do not know from what sin and sorrow he has been taken away."

"Poor boy!" Ellen murmured. "But a few short hours ago he told me we would soon be home. Ah! he has gone there before us all."

"Yes, Ellen, let this be our trust and consolation."

"It will be a terrible blow, indeed, for his poor widowed mother," said the mate. "You must go and see her, for a woman's sympathy alone avails at such a time. You can well comfort her afflicted heart by your tender recollections of her son. He gave me his confidence," continued Mr. Davis. "You were his ideal of womanhood, and he meant, he said, to make himself more worthy of your friendship."

"Poor boy! Poor boy!" sobbed Ellen,

as she recalled his last, kind words, that 'her smile was sunshine to him.' Alas! no smile could cheer him now.

"Let me lead you back to the cabin," said the doctor, for the young girl stood there as if fastened to the spot. "Come, my child, you must not tax your tender heart so much."

"Oh! no, not yet," pleaded Ellen, gazing out upon the deep. "It seems so hard to go and leave him there—there, so far away from all he loved."

His coarse, heavy shoes were on the deck beside her, and, with trembling hands, she picked them up and laid them tenderly together.

"What will be done with these?" she asked.

"I shall have everything belonging to him carefully packed in his trunk, to be delivered to his mother as soon as the ship is ashore."

"But I may keep this little book?" she asked, showing him the Bible that had fallen from George's pocket.

"Certainly," replied the mate. "No one has a better right to it than yourself, I think."

"Now come, my child," again said the doctor, tenderly. "Let us leave this place so fraught with painful memories. He whom you mourn is far beyond the reach of pain or any feeling of desolation. Your tender watching can not rouse him from his sleep, nor can your loving tears soften the pillow on which he rests. He has gone home. We have no other duties to perform toward our dead. We must pray for him."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Ellen. "I promised him playfully, only a little while ago, that I would pray for him. Ah! I did not think he would need these prayers so soon."

Long after Ellen and the doctor had passed into the cabin, Mr. Davis stood on deck, gazing, even as Ellen had done, on the beautiful dancing waters, beneath whose sparkling ripples lay his dear young friend.

The deck felt lonely and deserted, as the noble-hearted watcher thought on the bright smile that never more should brighten at his coming; on the kind, honest heart that ever sought the happiness of others before its own.

Toward evening he noticed Jim, the black boy whom the captain had relieved, standing in the place where he had stood, and like him too, watching the treacherous waters with such a simple, genuine look of sympathy and sorrow on his black face, that Mr. Davis felt sure that another mourner, in whose breast were mingled deep gratitude and grief, deplored the untimely fate of one so young and good.

Then came thoughts of that girlish, black-robed form, whose heart was so true and tender; and as he paced the deck that night, perhaps like Dr. Dalton, he too, dreamed

—Of woman's steadfast faith, unchanged by grief or years;  
—Of thinking, trusting, loving still through bitterness and tears.

CHAPTER V.

The good ship Northumberland was in port; and all day long a stream of friends and relatives had been pouring over her sides. There had been such happy meetings, such boisterous salutations, such hurry and delight.

As the morning slowly passed away, Ellen wondered why her uncle did not come, but hope was strong in her young heart, and still whispered of a bright and happy future.

She stood for hours on deck by Dr. Dalton's side, watching the emigrants as one by one they left the ship, each in the care of husband, father, or dear friend. Only Nora still remained, holding her boy in her arms and seated on a coil of rope, with the old hopeless, friendless look upon her face.

Ellen had been whispering words of affection and encouragement to the poor lonely woman, and promising her the protection and assistance of her uncle, whose kind and loving heart was always open to the claims of earth's poor creatures.

"We will go out into that great city together, Nora, and though the prospect before us seems dark and uninviting, through God's help, we will walk its ways with cheerful hearts and willing feet."

Sweet Ellen! Was she so rich in friends and hope and happiness, that she could promise a share of all to the lonely creature beside her.

"My uncle will soon be here Nora, and he will need no word from me to give you home and shelter. So cheer up, for your sad face makes my own heart sore and heavy."

"God bless you, miss Ellen. Don't be dreary for me!" And the grateful, humble woman, looked up in Ellen's sweet, sympathizing face with a smile most touching in its meek sadness.

"You know that God wishes us both to live for some wise purpose, Nora; otherwise his hand would not have guided that unknown ship safely across our path on that fearful, ever-to-be-remembered night."

Nora shuddered as Ellen spoke, and clasped her babe closer to her heart.

"It was His mercy alone that saved us all from a sudden and unprovided death. We might almost have touched that terrible ship as she flew by in the dim star-light;

but He said: 'So far shalt thou go and no farther.'"

"Oh! be assured dear Nora, that He wishes you to live. Live then cheerfully and humbly in His service, and one day He will himself bestow upon your tried and suffering soul, that exceeding great reward which He has promised to all who do His holy will."

Simple yet sublime words! "That exceeding great reward!"

What heart, so worn and weary, with all life's care and toil, does not read in this divine expression the perfect rest from every pain and labor; the full fruition of all its hopes and earnest longings. What soul, baffled, and often times discouraged with the wild struggle between right and wrong, yet striving ever to walk on in faith and meekness toward the promised goal, does not find in these all-expressive words the light, the strength, the joy it needs, to continue faithful to the end.

The full force and comfort of the words seemed to fall on Nora's heart, for her eyes brightened while she answered:

"May God, in His infinite mercy, bless you for all the peace and comfort ye have given to a poor creature like me!"

Ellen bowed her head as the simple benediction fell upon her, and prayed that when life's final voyage was over, she and Nora might receive from the Father's hand that exceeding great reward, whose thought alone filled their hearts with unutterable peace and joy.

As Ellen looked up from her silent orison, she saw a bright-faced woman hurrying up on deck. Rushing past the doctor, and unheeding Ellen's presence, she made her way to Nora's side.

"Isn't this my own little sister! my pretty black-eyed Nora? Sure it's no other."

And Ellen saw the stranger's arms encircle in their strong embrace the mother and her child.

"Do you know?—Do you mean?—Sure you are not in earnest," faltered Nora's trembling voice, her heart divided between emotions of surprise and joy.

"I know everything, Nora. Did he not tell me himself? see he is there, afraid to come nigh you, but sent me first to ask his forgiveness from you."

"Here Patrick, man! Perhaps the sight of you may bring life back to her face! Sure the poor heart was picked out of her by trouble for you."

Nora had fallen on her sister's bosom and looked, indeed, in her pallid unconsciousness, as though her heart had broken beneath its unexpected weight of happiness.

A tall, fine-looking man was soon by the side of the fainting woman, and bending over her, he whispered: "Say, darlin'! can you forgive me, for leaving you? For the sake of the boy, speak a good word to me now!"

She could not speak, but laying the child in its father's arms, she looked all the love and pardon her bursting heart could feel.

After a little while, she beckoned to Ellen, who still stood near, and murmured in her ear:

"You took the sorrow and despair out of my heart."

"And now God fills it with hope and happiness. You can trust him now. Can you not?"

A long, lingering kiss on Ellen's hand was Nora's only answer. Soon they, too, left the ship and passed away from Ellen's sight. The sister supporting Nora on her arm, and whispering as they went:

"Father John will be round at the house to-night, and Patrick has promised him to be a good husband to you. So cheer up, my pride, and thank God and His sweet Mother for this blessed mercy; for when a man once comes back to the priest's feet, little fear is there of his going astray again. Ah! But you'll be the proud, happy wife and mother yet, Nora, mavourneen!"

Still Ellen stood on deck, waiting for her uncle's coming. Her heart shared in all of Nora's happiness; and so unselfish were her thoughts and fancies, that she did not notice the lateness of the day, nor that, of all the passengers, she alone remained on board the ship.

Dr. Dalton, too, was leaving her.

"I don't like to go without you, Ellen," he said, taking her hand in his, "but your uncle must soon be here to take you home."

"Yes, yes," replied the young girl, hopefully. "I expect every moment to see him. He will not long delay when he knows the ship is in."

"Then I will say farewell, dear child, for it is growing dark, and I must seek for a home in this strange city. I trust your young heart will long be a stranger to sorrow, and that your new home will realize your brightest fancies. But," he added, thoughtfully, "do not forget Old Ireland, Ellen; do not forget her sorrow and her tears. Let not the new love wean you from the old. Oh! no—"

"Remember, with a pitying love, the hapless land that bore you.  
At every festive season, be its gentle form before you."

"But I am a bird of gloom," he exclaimed, as he saw the tears start to Ellen's eyes. "I will not sadden you with my own bitter thoughts. God be with you, and farewell."

"Oh! do not say farewell, sir," exclaimed

Ellen, a feeling of loneliness for the first time sweeping across her heart. "You have promised to be a friend to me, to feel an interest in my welfare, and I will not release you from your trust."

He pressed her hand and passed down the gangway. The pure-minded, humble-hearted, gifted poet; the true and well-tried patriot hero! Ellen's heart paid homage to his worth, as she watched him on his way. How little did she dream, that quiet, starlit night, as she gazed upon his retreating form, that around his lowly grave, in a distant village churchyard, should resound that clash of arms he had both pictured and deplored.

How quiet the ship was now! Every vestige of the poor emigrants had been removed, the decks thoroughly cleaned, and everything put in complete order. The city before her was not at all inviting, with its long rows of dun-colored, dusty buildings; but she knew these were business places, and that the homes of the people were away in some green, pleasant spot, where the eye might see a trace of nature, and the heart feel that there were other things in the world beside trade and toil.

Mr. Davis stood on deck beside her, and pointed out to her notice the principal churches and public buildings. St. Patrick's unfinished tower riveted her thoughts as soon as the name was mentioned, for it brought with it memories of home, and made her feel less like a stranger in a city that thus honored the patron saint of dear Old Ireland.

[To be Continued.]

THE PROPAGANDA AT ROME.—A Protestant's Impression.—The College of the Propaganda which was established at Rome for the purpose of educating missionaries to disseminate the doctrines of the Roman Church in all parts of the world, held its annual exhibition on the 12th and 13th of January. These gatherings or commencements are intended to be among the most imposing and important in the annual record of Catholic events. The exercises this year were particularly imposing. A Providence clergyman, who witnessed them, writes:

I have witnessed the magnificent pageant of Christmas at St. Peter's, when the Pope himself officiated, surrounded by all the paraphernalia both of his temporal and spiritual power. I have also seen many ceremonies of the Church upon other occasions, when every adventitious aid and influence were brought to bear, to make the occasion imposing. But nothing has occurred since my stay in Rome, to impress me so profoundly with the idea of the tremendous force which the Roman Church is capable of exercising, as the exhibition at the Propaganda.

Thirty-one of the young men gathered at the Institution from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America delivered addresses in as many different languages, viz:

Latin, Hebrew, ancient and modern Chaldee, Syriac, Armenian—two dialects, Arabic, Persian, Kurd, Hindostanee, Telugunese, Canarese, Tamil, Turkish, Theban, and Memphisitic, Coptic, African, ancient and modern Greek, French, Italian, Celtic, Irish, Dutch, German, Danish, English, Illyrican, Bulgarian, and Albanian.

After the close of the exercises ten of the students ranged themselves in a line on the platform, and returned thanks to the group of Protestant hearers for the attention displayed and bade them good evening, one after the other, and simultaneously, in Italian, Arabic, Coptic, Turkish, Greek, French, German, English, Illyrican, and Albanian.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

A SAMPLE OF PIOUS PROFANITY.—The New York Commercial Advertiser—edited by Thurlow Weed, for many years a friend of the late Archbishop Hughes—administers the following just rebuke to Beecher's notorious organ:

The Independent, in a desperate attempt to be harsh and bitterly sarcastic on occasion of the Te Deum ordered by the Pope to be sung in the Italian churches for the victory at Mentana, chose, as the most effective means to that end, a travesty of that magnificent hymn of praise, in which Louis Napoleon is made to take the place of the Deity, while the Chassepot rifle represents the Saviour of mankind. Now, all this may be savoury proper in a religious paper with high pretensions to extra piety; but in a secular journal it would probably smack strongly of irreverence, if not downright blasphemy. But to the ordinary mind it is a somewhat curious coincidence that while it was reserved for a clergyman to shock the sensibility of the whole country by a public performance of a mock marriage, it should also be the destiny of a pious journal to desecrate with vulgar political burlesque a song of praise that is inseparably associated with the highest and purest emotions of Christians of all climes, tongues, and denominations.

"A constant reader" of the Independent was so surprised by the paraphrase or parody of the Te Deum on which the Commercial commented, that he thus expressed himself:

Such articles may be very funny from a religious point of view, but they are extremely shocking to the secular mind.

A NEW SECT IN ENGLAND.—As in the past, every day develops the fatal tendency of private judgment in matters of faith. Sometimes, as in the following, the results are ridiculous:

A great Frenchman said that the English had three hundred and sixty-five religions and only one sinner. We have added to the count, and now, not to speak of the saucers, we have at least three hundred and sixty-six religions, for the "Peculiar People" could not have invented themselves in his day, or he would have made a special epigram in their honor. Who are the Peculiar People? It is difficult to say. They are people, it appears, who believe in letting little children die for want of a tea-spoonful of physic. Two Peculiarians appeared recently before the city coroner, who was inquiring into the death of their child, aged fourteen months. The little thing had caught cold, and his perverse parents tried to save him by prayers and brandy and water only, instead of calling in the help of the doctor, because they believe that "Cursed is man that trusteth in man," and that they should "Trust not to an arm of flesh." Inflammation of the lungs set in after the prayers, and the child died. They had nothing to say in defense but that they belonged to the sect called the "Peculiar People," which has its headquarters somewhere in Essex, and when it is laid low prays to the Lord, who heals it again or not at His pleasure.

Being very ignorant, they called an elder to speak for them, who justified their want of faith in the fleshy arm on the ground that "all men were afflicted to die," and that they had a conscience they wanted to keep clean. He was a gem, this elder, and, to prove how absolutely they threw flesh over, he handed in a manifesto of the visiting elders of the sect, in which the dear brethren visited were requested to pay the elder for his time and traveling expenses. They were all perfect futilities, and there was no making any thing out of them; so the coroner committed the precious father and mother to take their trial for manslaughter at the Central Criminal Court. This appeared to frighten them a little, and their friend, the elder, mildly observed that in Essex, where deaths from neglect were common among the brethren, the recorder had decided "it was not manslaughter when they sincerely believed in the Lord." Mr. Payne, however, was not quite of the recorder's way of thinking; but he took bail for the appearance of the father and mother.

Two wealthy Peculiarians signed the bond and were then asked for the usual fees. They refused to pay, however, and as the bond was accepted nothing could be done, and they went on their way rejoicing in the Lord." This certainly beats any achievement of the fleshy arm.—English Paper.

BRavery of Catholic Women in Russia.—The suppression of the Catholic Parish Church of Washikof, in the government of Kiev Russia, having been lately decreed by imperial ukase, the bells of the church were to be transferred to the Russo-Greek church of that locality; but when the Greek Pope came with workmen to effect their removal, a number of the Catholic women drove them away. The women continued to watch night and day; and two days later the chief of police of the district arrived, accompanied by several Cossacks, to inform the women that they owed obedience to the authorities. His orders were unheeded, and he had to withdraw. The number of women increased daily; and after the ineffectual effort of another civic functionary, escorted by a larger number of Cossacks, the governor was compelled to send another officer at the head of sixty armed Cossacks. By that time the number of the heroic women had increased to four hundred, who marched boldly against the Cossacks. In the front rank were the mothers, with their nursing infants in their arms. As these proceedings had already lasted twelve days, and as the excitement was spreading among the neighboring Catholic villages, the officer ordered the Cossacks to disperse the crowd, which was accordingly done. How this was effected the Invalide Russe does not say.

From other foreign papers, chiefly German, we glean the following:

In other localities an armed guard arose at the door of a Catholic bishop or a priest, and without warning they were hurried away to Siberia. Elsewhere converts are made by a process peculiar to Russia. The plan is this: A Greek pope stands with a host in his hand; the person to be converted is brought by force before him, and a soldier on either side compels the victim to swallow the communion according to the Greek form.

The government inflicts a penalty of ten roubles for every child baptized in the Catholic Church.—Freeman's Journal.

ROME AND THE CHURCH.—One of the tests of the true Church is its universality. On Christmas morning a Mass was celebrated at the chapel of the Propaganda, the celebration of which was from Ireland, the deacon from Australia, the sub-deacon from Germany, the first master of ceremonies from Armenia, the second from Egypt, the incense bearer from Smyrna, one of the Acolytes from Syria, the second from Illyria, one of the torch bearers from America, (U. S.), the other from Persia. Seeing persons from parts so remote one from the other, all engaged in the celebration of the same Holy Sacrifice, who could deny the universality and unity of our Holy Church. Turning from the altar and looking round on the students, the same diversity of race met the eye.

Where else than in Rome could such a spectacle be witnessed?