

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, APRIL 26, 1868.

(From the Catholic World.)

NELLIE NETTERVILLE; OR, ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER III.

"Set in the sun of the Netterville's glory!
Down in the dust its bright banners are trailing!
Hence in our anguish we whisper the story,
And men, as they listen, like women are wailing."

"Wee! wee! wee!—wee! we shall see him no more;
Our tears like the rains of November are flowing;
Wee! wee! wee!—wee! for the chief we deplore
Alone to his exile of sorrow is going."

"Alone!—not alone! for our dastardly foesmen—
As cruel as base in the day of their power—
Have lifted their hands against maidens and women:
Uprooted the tree, and then trampled the flower."

"And so they have sent her to weep by strange waters—
The joy of our hearts and the light of our eyes—
The latest and fairest of Netterville's daughters,
In whom the last link of their destiny lies."

"Sad will be, mother, thy waking to-morrow!
Waking to weep a'er thy dove-eyed nest:
Widowed and childless—two-fold is thy sorrow,
And two-edged the sword that is lodged in thy breast."

"Well may we mourn her—when we, too, deplore her—
The vassals and serfs of thy conquering race;
If blood could but do it, our blood should restore her—
Restore her to thee and thy loving embrace."

"Yet not for her only, or these, are we weeping;
We weep for our country, fast bound in that chain
Which in blood from her wrong heart the foe-man is steeping—
Till it looks as if reddened and rusted by rain."

"Oh! when shall a leader to true hearts be given,
To fall on the stranger, and force him to flee?
And when shall the shackles that bind her be riven,
And Erin stand up in her strength, and be free?"

So sung Hamish, the son of the last long line of minstrels who, with harp and voice, had recorded the triumphs of the house of Netterville, or mourned over the death or sorrow of its chieftains. For, in spite of the law by which it was strictly forbidden, the English of the Pale had persisted in the national custom of keeping a bard or minstrel—whose office was always, or almost always, hereditary—attached to their households; and, in its palmy days of power, the family of Netterville was far too jealous of its own importance not to have been always provided with a similar appendage. Its last recognized minstrel had fallen, however, in the same battle which had deprived Nellie of her father, and Hamish being then too young to take up his father's office, the harp had, ever since, literally, as well as figuratively, hung mute and unstrung in the halls of Netterville. But grief and indignation over its utter ruin had unlocked at last the tide of poetry and song, ever ready to flow over in the Celtic breast, and Hamish felt himself changed into a bard upon the spot. Forgetting the presence of the English soldiers, or, more probably, exulting in the knowledge that they did not understand the language in which he gave expression to his feelings, he stepped out into the midst of the people, pouring forth his lamentations, stanza after stanza, with all the readiness and fire of a born improvisatore; and when at last he paused, more for want of breath than want of matter, the keeners took up the tale, and told, in their wild, wailing chant, of the goodness and greatness, the glory and honor of their departed chieftain and his heiress, precisely as they would have done had the twin over whom they were lamenting been that very day deposited in their graves. Up to this moment, Mrs. Netterville had preserved, in a marvelous degree, that statue-like calmness of outward bearing which hid, and even at times belied, the workings of a heart full of generous emotions; but the wild wailing of the keeners broke down the artificial restraint she had put upon her conduct, and, unable to listen quietly to what seemed to her ears a positive prophecy of death to her beloved ones, she hastily re-entered the house and retreated to her own apartment. This was a small, dark chamber, which, in happier times, had been set apart as a quiet retreat for prayer and household purposes, but which now was the only one the mistress of the house could call her own—the soldiers having, that very morning, taken possession of all the others, devoting some of them to their own particular accommodation, and locking up the others. It was, in fact, as a very singular and especial favor, and as some return for the kindness she had shown in nursing one of their number, who had been taken suddenly ill, on the night of their arrival, that the use even of this small chamber had been allowed her; for it was not the custom of Cromwell's army to deal too gently by the vanquished, and many of the "transplanted," as high-born and educated as she was, had been compelled, in similar circumstances, to retire to the outer offices of their own abode, while the rough soldiery who displaced them installed themselves in the luxurious apartments of the interior.

Hidden from all curious eyes in this dark retreat, Mrs. Netterville yielded at last to the cry of her weak human heart, and, flinging herself face downward on the floor, gave way to a passion of grief, which was all the more terrible that it was absolutely tearless. One or two of the few remaining

women of the household, knowing how fearfully her soul, in spite of all outward show of calmness, must be wrung, tapped occasionally at the door; but either she did not hear, or did not choose to answer, and they dared not enter without permission.

At last, one of them went to Hamish, feeling instinctively that, if any one could venture to intrude unbidden, it would be the foster-brother of Nellie, and said:

"The mistress, God help her! is just drowned with the sorrow, and won't even answer when we call. Hamish, a-bouchal, couldn't you manage to go in, just by accident like, and say something or other to give a turn to her thoughts?"

"Give a turn to her thoughts?" said Hamish, crustily; "give a turn to her thoughts, do you say? My certie, but you take it easy! Hasn't the woman lost husband and child, to say nothing of the old lord, who was all as one to her as her own father? and isn't she going, moreover, to be turned out of house and home, and sent adrift upon the wide world? and you talk of giving a turn to her thoughts, as if it was the tooth-ache she was troubled with, or a wasp that had stung her!"

"As you please, Mr. Hoity-toity," said the girl, angrily; "I only thought that, as you were a bit of a peke, on account of our young mistress, you might have ventured on the liberty. Not having set up in that line myself, I cannot, of course, attempt to meddle in the matter."

But though Hamish had spoken roughly, his heart was very sore, for all that, over the sorrows of his lonely mistress.

He waited until Cathleen had vanished in a puff, and then, going quietly to the study-door, knocked softly for admission.

But Mrs. Netterville gave no sign, and, after knocking two or three times in vain, he opened the door gently, and looked in. The room was naturally a gloomy one, being paneled in black oak; but Hamish felt as if it never could have looked before so gloomy as it did that moment. Half study, half oratory as it was, Mrs. Netterville had spent here many a long hour of lonely and impassioned prayer, what time her husband and her father-in-law were fighting the battles of their royal and most ungrateful master. A tall crucifix, carved, like the rest of the furniture, in black oak, stood, therefore, on a sort of *prie-dieu* at the farther end of the room, and near it was a table, arranged in desk-fashion, at which she had been in the habit of transacting the business of her household.

Room and *prie-dieu*, crucifix and table—Hamish had them all by heart already.

Here, in his baby days, he had been used to come, when he and his little foster-sister were wearied with their own play, to sit at the feet of Mrs. Netterville, and listen to the tales which she had invented for their amusement. Here, as time went on, separating Nellie outwardly from his society, yet leaving her as near to him in heart as ever, he had been wont to bring his morning offerings of fish from the running stream, or bunches of purple heather from the rocks. Here he had come for news of the war, and of the master, on that very day which brought tidings of his death; and here, too, even while he tried to comfort Nellie, who had flung herself down in her childish misery just on the spot where her mother lay prostrate now, he had wondered, and, young as he was, had in part, at least, comprehended the marvelous self-forgetfulness of Mrs. Netterville, who, in the midst of her own bereavement, had yet found heart and voice to comfort her aged father-in-law and her child, as if the blow which had struck them down had not fallen with three-fold force on her own head. In the darkness of the room, and the confusion of his own thoughts, he did not, however, at first perceive Mrs. Netterville in her lowly posture, and glanced instinctively toward the *prie-dieu*, where he had so often before seen her take refuge in the hour of trial.

But she was not there, and a thrill of terror ran through his frame when he at last discovered her, face downward, on the floor, her widow's coil flung far away, and her long locks, streaked—by the hand of grief, not time—abundantly with gray, streaming round her in a disorder which struck Hamish all the more forcibly, that it was in such direct contrast to the natural habits of order and propriety she had brought with her from her English home. There she lay, not weeping—such misery as hers knows nothing of the relief of tears—not weeping, but crushed and powerless, as if her very body had proved unequal to the weight of sorrow put upon it, and had fallen beneath the burden. She seemed, indeed, not in a swoon, but stunned and stupefied, and quite unconscious that she was not alone. Hamish trembled for her intellect; but young as he was, he was used to sorrow, and understood both the danger and the remedy.

His lady must be roused at any cost, even at that, the very thought of which made him tremble, the recalling her to a full knowledge of her misery. He advanced farther into the room, moving softly, in his great reverence for her desolation, as we move, almost unconsciously to ourselves, in the presence of the dead, and occupied himself for a few minutes in arranging the loose papers on her desk, and the flowers which Nellie had placed upon the *prie-dieu* only a

day or two before. They were faded now—faded as the poor child's fortunes—but instead of throwing them away, he poured fresh water into the vase which held them, as if that could have restored their beauty. Yet he sighed heavily as he did so, for the thought would flash across his mind, that, whether he sought to give back life to a withered flower, or joy to the heart of a bereaved mother, in either case his task was hopeless. Mrs. Netterville took no notice of his proceedings, though, as he began to get used to the situation, he purposely made rather more bustle than was needed, in hope of arousing her. At last, in despair of succeeding by milder methods, he let fall a heavy inkstand, smashing it into a thousand pieces, and scattering the ink in all directions, an event that in happier times would certainly not have passed unreported. But now she lay within a few inches of the ink stream, as heedless as though she were dead in earnest; and, hopeless of recalling her to consciousness by anything short of a personal appeal, he knelt down beside her and tapped her sharply on the shoulder, half wondering at his own temerity as he did so. She shuddered as if, light as the touch had been, it yet had hurt her, and muttered impatiently, and like one half asleep:

(To be Continued.)

MARINERS' CHAPELS.—In an article on yachting published in the last number of the *London Society*, we find the following allusion to Catholic customs and holy edifices:

The lighthouse on Lundy Island is eighty feet in height; the light is revolving, and being placed on the highest part of the island is visible both from the Channel and the Western Ocean. On emerging from it, we came upon the ruins of an ancient chapel surrounded by a small graveyard. We could not mistake it, for the turf beneath us was swollen into wavelets, although the rude headstones and wooden crosses which had once marked it, had yielded to time and tempest. The site of the chapel, which was dedicated to St. Anne, could be distinguished—a small oblong mound of grass-grown earth and stones; and its proximity to the lighthouse was remarkable as illustrating the fact, that long before any beacons were established by government the charitable work of lighting the coast was performed by ecclesiastics. In the time of the Roman Church, or of the "Romans" as the seamen have it, there was a line of chapels extending round all the coasts of England, and along the dangerous coasts in this vicinity they were particularly numerous. It was a beautiful idea that the friendly light, which warned them of danger should also remind them to look above for protection, and that the same shrine where their thank-offerings were dedicated should be the place of their habitual worship. That in very early ages it was the habit of sailors to make thanksgiving offerings for preservation from shipwreck. Such offerings are still common among the Roman Catholics; and it is probably to them the sailor owes the development of his religious feeling and the beautiful union of the beacon and the sanctuary. I should here observe, in confirmation of my opinion regarding this chapel, that its position is plainly marked on the Admiralty charts, copied no doubt from earlier plans, although I have never found it mentioned in any description of Lundy. It is said to have been the burial place of Lord Saye and Sele—of that celebrated earl, perhaps, to whom the island belonged, and who defended it for Charles I. A little farther on the moor were shown the foundations of a house, and a well said to belong to the priest.

When we would fashion ourselves into saints our strokes are like those of an apprentice,—they often miss their aim and are seldom very effective; but the strokes that God sends us are from the chisel of a Master. He knows when, and where, and how to wound us; His blows are all perfectly well directed, and did we receive them with the same submission with which the unconscious marble receives the strokes of a great sculptor we should be among ordinary mortals what the production of Michael Angelo are among those of ordinary artists.

Simon, 85 Baronne street, has all the new issues for the month of May, as well as the weeklies. To enumerate would simply be tedious. A visit will convince all that No. 85 is the place to get every thing in the reading line, at once instructive and amusing.

Mrs. DR. SAMUEL REYNOLDS.—This lady offers her services to the public for the cure of cancer, ulcers, bone-felons, and many other diseases, at her residence, 124 Washington street, corner of Constance. She is the relict of the late Dr. Samuel Reynolds, who enjoyed a wide reputation in the line of the profession which he pursued, and, we are informed, fell a victim to the persecutions and cruelties heaped upon him by Gen. Butler, while in command here. See the card in another column for several complaints which are treated.

IN A CITY 'BUS.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

Few of the habitual dwellers in London have occasion to visit the city less frequently than I have. I have never set foot inside the mansion of the Old Lady of Threadneedle street in my life. To me, the Stock Exchange is a complete *terra incognita*. Of the thousand and one different methods of coining money, as practiced by merchants, bankers, brokers, and that countless army which flocks cityward every week-day morning from nine till eleven, I know absolutely nothing. Neither, to the best of my belief, has the Money Article of the *Times* ever been read by me from beginning to end. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it has so happened that, on certain rare occasions, I have been compelled, "by urgent private affairs," to join the throng of city bees for a few hours, and wing my way eastward with the swarm. At such times, I have generally chosen to survey mankind from the box-seat to an omnibus, as from a "coign of vantage" not to be surpassed, and hardly equaled, for any one who loves to watch the wonderful, ever-shifting panorama of London life.

On one such occasion, now several years ago, the morning was so intolerably rainy that I was obliged to give up all thought of my favorite perch, and to seek the shelter of an omnibus. At that time, I was only three-and-twenty years old, and had been sent up from my far-off home, in one of the northern counties, to attend the classes of, and to study under, a certain then famous analytical chemist. On the morning to which I have just referred, after waiting twenty minutes in the rain, I was glad to find a vacant place inside one of the numerous city 'buses that passed the end of the street in which my rooms were situated. After having squeezed into my place, and been well scowled at for my pains, I proceeded to take stock of my companions in misery. We were eleven men and one woman. All of us men were more or less moist, and each of us had a very damp umbrella. We had all put on our severe business air, and we were all more or less suspicious of the company in which we found ourselves; and, in consequence, perhaps, of the badness of the weather, we were all more than usually inclined to bully the conductor, and to poke him viciously in the ribs with the ferrules of our umbrellas.

But the twelfth inside? Well, she was a lady, young and nice-looking into the bargain; and enveloped with the prettiest air of unconsciousness that she was in the company of eleven blocks of wood, rather than in that of as many beings of flesh and blood, not quite unaccountable, let us hope, to the charms of female loveliness. I have no doubt in my own mind, that if she had travelled any length of time in our company, the mere fact of her presence would have softened our manners, and have weaned us, in some measure, from that touch-me-not voraciousness with which, as a rule, all passengers are omnibus love to cloak themselves. But fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, our young lady asked to be set down at the corner of Cheapside. Previously to this, however, we had stopped some half-dozen times to let down and take up other passengers, all of them of the masculine gender, so that I was beginning to look upon myself quite in the light of an old acquaintance, when our lady got up to leave us. I was sitting next the door as she alighted, and I could not help noticing how pale she seemed all at once to have become. Without heeding the rain that still kept falling, she began to feel for her purse, in a trembling, nervous sort of way, first in one pocket, and then in another.

"I have either lost my purse, or else my pocket has been picked!" she said at last, with a sort of gasp.

The conductor expressed no surprise, but merely put a fresh straw in his mouth, and then asked us "gentle" to move while he looked for the purse, "which," if young ladies was 'bus conductors," he murmured softly to himself, "they would learn to take better care of their money."

But the purse was not to be found. "If it really ain't anywhere about you, miss," said the conductor, as he emerged from among the straw, "then your pocket has been picked. How much was there in it?"

"Half-a-sovereign and five-and-six-pence in silver," answered the young lady, with teeth trembling on her eye-lids. "But that was not all. It also contained a valuable diamond ring, the property of the lady with whom I am living, and from which I was taking to the jeweler's, not far from here, to be repaired."

The conductor turned an eye of compassion on her. "Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered, "to think of anybody in their senses being so green." Then turning quickly on the remaining inside, he scanned us over, one by one, ending with a solemn shake of the head. "Can do nothing for you, miss," he said. "You had better go to the police, and give them a description of your property. I know most of my morning passengers for respectable city gents; but there was one nice-looking cove—him as got in at Edgeware Road, and sat next you, miss, all the way to Farington street—what I didn't like the looks of; and if your purse was taken by anybody after you got into the 'bus, I'll lay odds that was the cove as took it. And wasn't he a downy-looking card! Oh, no, not a bit of it!" And the conductor winked at me portentously, to signify that his last remark was meant for "sarkasm."

"But I have not even money left to pay my fare with," urged the young lady.

Half a dozen purses were out at once, such was the influence of beauty in distress.

"Never mind the fare, miss," answered the conductor, affably, as he mounted to his perch. "A tanner won't either break the company, or make its fortune. You go to the police—that's what you've got to do. All right, Joey; go ahead."

The 'bus drove away, leaving the young lady standing on the curb. She put down her fall, to hide her wet eyes, and was turning sadly away, when our conductor leaped nimbly down,

ran back to her, said a few words, and was on his perch again in less than two minutes. "Thought it best to give the poor young creature my number," he remarked confidentially, to me, "and the address of our secretary, in case of anything turning up. But that isn't likely, you know, sir. As it was that fishy-looking cove, you may depend upon it."

I was detained in the city till five o'clock. At that hour, I set off westward, with the intention of walking home. The rain had ceased hours ago, and a fresh crisp breeze was now blowing. Over the murky city roofs the moon was rising in an unclouded sky, and all the shops were ablaze with light. My rooms were in a street leading out of Oxford street; but, having one or two calls to make, I chose, this evening, to go round by way of the Strand and Charing Cross. My calls all made, I turned up St. Martin's Lane, as my nearest way home, and was walking carefully along that classic thoroughfare, when, whom should I see a little way in front of me, staring intently into the window of a jeweler's shop, but the "fishy-looking cove" of my friend, the conductor. I recognized him in a moment, having taken particular notice of him while he was my fellow-passenger in the morning. Not that there was anything either in his appearance or manners that made me suspicious of his honesty, but rather that he offered such a marked contrast to the respectable, well-to-do city men who made up the rest of the passengers. He was a thin, frouzy, disreputable-looking man, dressed in a suit of rusty black; with a hat and boots that had been carefully "doctored," and might still do some fair-weather service, but which were ill calculated to stand the brunt of a rainy day. His mouth was that of a habitual dram-drinker. His eyes were weak and watery; and his high-ridged aquiline nose had an inflamed look about it, suggesting, in many a deep dejection. His chin had evidently not felt a razor for several days; and the minute fragments of straw and chaff which clung to his dress, and were mixed up with his unkempt hair, hinted at the style of accommodation to which he had been reduced, during the preceding night. Yet, with all this, the fellow carried a jaunty little cane, which he swung to and fro, as though he had not a care in the world; and he had on a pair of dog-skin gloves that would have looked stylish if they had not been quite so dirty.

But was it he who took the young lady's purse? That was the question; and the officer I looked at the man, the more inclined I felt to endorse the opinion of the 'bus conductor. A brown morocco purse, containing fifteen-and-sixpence in cash, and a lady's diamond ring, of the value of fifty guineas—not a bad morning's work for a gentleman in reduced circumstances. In such a case, however, all the surmising in the world was of no avail. No one had seen him take the purse, and so long as he kept his own counsel, he was safe from dejection. The grand point was to ascertain whether he really had the ring, or a pawn-broker's duplicate for it, about his person! But how to do this?

This was the problem that I kept turning over and over in my mind as I cautiously followed up my man when he went on his way from the jeweler's shop. At the top of the lane he seemed to hesitate for half a minute; when he turned to the right, and went up Long Acre, I still following cautiously about a dozen yards in the rear.

"I will put you to a simple test, my friend," thought I, "and as you come out of it, so will I judge you innocent or guilty."

Hurrying up behind him, I tapped him lightly on the arm. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but did you drop this pencil-case just now?"

He started as I touched him, and seemed for a few seconds as if he could not take the meaning of my question. He looked at me with eyes full of suspicion. Whether he recognized me as one of his fellow-passengers by the morning's 'bus, I could not determine. We had halted opposite a large shop, and the light from the window shone full on my silver pencil-case, on which, at length, when he was apparently satisfied with his scrutiny of my face, his glance fastened greedily.

"Picked it up, did you say?" he asked, as he began to fumble with thumb and finger in his waistcoat pocket.

"Just behind you," I answered. "But if it's not yours, I shan't bother any more about it, but pocket it myself."

"But it is mine," he put in eagerly. "How stupid of me to lose it! I put the pencil-case in his hands without hesitation. 'I am really much obliged to you,' he went on, 'for your kindness in returning it. As you grow older, young gentleman, you will find that honesty is the exception in this world, and not the rule.'"

"Well, I'm glad to have found the owner," I said, with a laugh. "You seem to value the case."

"I do value it, young gentleman," answered the old hypocrite. "Less, perhaps, from its intrinsic worth, than from the fact, that it is the sole relic now left me of a very dear friend. Friendship ever let us cherish. A truly noble sentiment!"

"Then, if you value it so highly," I said, "you can hardly object to stand half a go of brandy for its recovery."

"Half a go of brandy!" he said, in a horrified tone. "Young man, young man, I'm very much afraid—"

I had taken out my watch, a valuable gold lever. As his eye fell on it, his intended remonstrance came to an abrupt conclusion.

"Well—ah—yes, you are quite right," he resumed, "and I shall be happy to treat you to a go of brandy. To what place shall we adjourn?"

"To the nearest house, please. I want to get home to my dinner."

So we went into the nearest tavern, where my new acquaintance ordered a glass of brandy for me, and half a pint of stout for himself. Not to be behind-hand, I ordered a couple of cigars.

"Been in London long?" asked my companion, as I was lighting my weed.

"No, only a few months. Fresh from the country."

"At the risk of being thought impertinent,"

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHT PAGE]