

MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER  
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1868.

(From the Catholic World.)  
**NELLIE NETTERVILLE;  
OR,  
ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.**

CHAPTER VII.

Left to herself, Nellie Netterville sat down to collect her scattered senses. The situation in which she found herself needed, in truth, a calm sense and courage, not often the heritage of a petted girlhood, in order to bear up successfully against its difficulties. Happily for herself, the brave Irish girl was possessed of both in no common degree, and the trials and troubles of the last few months had ripened these faculties into almost unnatural maturity. The tale she had just told to Major Hewitson was free of the smallest attempt at exaggeration, being, in fact, rather under than over the measure of the truth. Lord Netterville, in common with many another unfortunate gentleman of the English Pale, had been kept dancing attendance on the commissioners at Loughrea until both hope and money failed him. The absence of home-comforts told heavily upon a frame already weakened by age and sorrow; and just at the moment when he could least bear up against it, he was attacked by the plague, which at that very time was making most impartial havoc among the native Irish and their foes. Thanks to an iron constitution, he recovered, but he rose from his sick-bed, if not absolutely a child in mind, yet as utterly incapable of aiding Nellie by advice, or of steering his own way unassisted through the troubled waters on which his ill fate had cast him, as if he had been in very deed an infant. His servant was already dead, therefore the whole responsibility of their future movements devolved upon his grand-daughter. She proved herself, fortunately, not altogether unequal to the occasion, never losing sight, for a moment, of the purpose which had brought her to Loughrea, and tormenting the commissioners until, less moved by her youth and helplessness than by a desire to rid themselves of her troublesome importunities, they gave her the certificate which she had shown to Major Hewitson, and which, as he had instantly perceived, was rendered worse than useless to its possessor by the fact of its being merely a temporary arrangement. Ignorant alike of Latin and law language, Nellie had, naturally enough, supposed it to be a permanent appointment; and, selling her horses, and every article of value in her possession, in order to pay the debts contracted at Loughrea, she had made the rest of the journey on foot, leading, soothing, and encouraging the old man as if he had been a child, and buoying up his courage and her own by fanciful descriptions of that home in the far west, where she trusted his last days might be passed in peace. She had tried to deceive him; she never attempted to deceive herself as to the nature of their future prospects; yet unpleasant as her anticipations had been, they were so much more agreeable than the terrible realities upon which she had just stumbled, that she felt for a few moments, as she sat there alone among the hills, as if the very gates of an earthly Paradise had been closed against her. But it was no moment for the indulgence of such natural regrets. She looked at her grand-father, and felt that his life was in her hands. She remembered, too, her promise to her mother to be son as well as daughter to his age; and sternly and tearlessly, for tears were too weak an expression for such resolution as she was feeling then, she set herself to consider what her next move ought to be. Food and shelter for the old man—and it needed not another glance at his pale face to tell her how much both were needed,) food and shelter—these must be her first object. It would be time enough after they had been secured to decide as to the feasibility of a return journey to Loughrea. She rose, and drawing her hood, which, in her struggle with Major Hewitson, had fallen back upon her shoulders, once more over her head, she took her grand-father by the hand, and led him quietly and silently down the path pointed out to her by Henrietta. It had originally been a sheep-path, and proved far less difficult than she had expected, winding gradually round the hills until it reached a sort of creek, or estuary, formed by the intruding, for a couple of miles, of the waters from the sea beyond. It was a lonely, but a lovely spot, and Nellie's heart beat more calmly as she paused to listen to the soft rocking of the waters in their inland bed, and to feel the fresh breeze which they brought from the ocean playing on her soiled brow. There were no visible signs near her of that human habitation of which Major Hewitson's daughter had so confidently spoken; but at last, after having searched the landscape steadily in all directions, she thought she saw something like a blue curl of smoke rising out of a sort of mound, which, at first sight seemed neither more nor less than a cairn of unusually large dimensions, nearly hidden by clumps of gorse and heather at least six feet high, and bushy and luxuriant in proportion. On nearer inspection, however, it proved to be a hut, such a hut as even to this day may be sometimes seen in the wildest parts of the wild west, rounded at the gables, built of rough stones, rudely yet solidly put together, and with a roof laid on of fern and shingle, carefully secured from the violence of the western winds by bands of twisted straw. A hole in this roof stood proxy both for window and for chimney, and the doorway was literally doorless. A sort of grass mat hung across it from the inside, being evidently considered by the inhabitants as ample protection against cold and wet, the only foes which extreme poverty has got to boast of. For five seconds, at the very least, Nellie stood gazing on this frail barrier with a feeling as if it would require more than human courage to announce her presence to the human beings (she knew not whether they were friends or enemies) who might be stowed away behind it. At last, with a shaking hand, she drew back a small corner of the matting, and, without daring to look

in, saluted the possible inmates, as the natives of the country salute each other on this day in Irish, "God save all here!" There was no answer, and lifting the curtain a little higher, she looked in.

The hut was empty, though a few cinders barked on the floor gave sufficient evidence of its having been recently inhabited. Of furniture, save a single wooden settle, Nellie could discover none; but a gun was leaning against the opposite wall, and near it hung a very Spanish-seeming mantle, looking as much out of place in that miserable abode as its owner would probably have done if he had been there to claim it. The solitude, and the sight of that gun and mantle, made her feel far more nervous than she would have felt if a dozen of the natives of the soil had been congregated within. It seemed to imply some mystery, and, to the helpless, mystery always has a touch of fear about it. Moreover, it made her suddenly conscious that she was an intruder, an idea which would never have come into her head if her possible hosts had been of that frank-hearted race to whom the virtue of hospitality comes so easily that it does not even occur to them to call it "virtue." On the other hand, her grand-father's pale face and sunken features seemed to plead with her against all unseasonable timidity. Hastily, therefore, and as though she were about to commit a theft, she put aside the matting, drew the old man inside, and then replaced the screen as carefully as if she hoped in this manner to hide her audacious proceedings from the owner of the hut—or rather, if the truth must be told, from the owner of the mysterious mantle. This first step fairly taken, Nellie suddenly grew brave, and resolving to make the most of their impromptu habitation, she drew the settle nearer to the fire, and made Lord Netterville sit down upon it.

The sight of the embers seemed to revive the latter, less, perhaps, from any need he felt of its warmth on that bright sunny day, than from the home-like associations which it awakened in his mind. He smiled a wintry smile, with more of old age than of gladness in it, and stretched forth his withered hands to warm them in the blaze. Then, as if suddenly waking up for the first time to a perception of his being foodless, he asked Nellie if supper would soon be ready, for that, in truth, he was well-nigh starving. Starving he must have been, that poor Nellie knew well enough already; for they had exhausted their scanty stock of food that very day, and he had tasted nothing since the early dawn. She soothed him, however, and besought him to have yet a little patience, and then, with a desperate resolution to appropriate to his use whatever of food the hut might happen to contain, she commenced a careful examination of its hidden nooks. There were, of course, neither shelves nor cupboards, or anything, indeed, which even suggested the idea of provisions having been ever kept there; but at last, when she had almost begun to give up the search in despair, she espied something like the handle of a basket peeping out from beneath a bundle of firewood which lay heaped in one corner of the hut upon the floor. Pouncing upon this at once, she discovered that it contained a couple of sea-trout, upon which the owner of the mansion had probably intended making an early dinner, for they were already prepared for broiling. With renewed energy Nellie took a handful of dried brushwood, and threw it upon the half-extinguished fire, after which she proceeded, in her new character of cook, to lay, in a very leisurely and scientific manner, the fish upon the embers. So engrossed was she in this occupation, that she never perceived that the mat curtain over the doorway had been once more lifted up, and that some one was watching her proceedings from the outside. This some one was a man, apparently about twenty-five or thirty years of age, with a figure rather above than below the middle height, and a face which, full of energy and expression as it was, was by no means regularly handsome, though the large, Murillo-looking eyes by which it was lighted up deceived casual beholders into a conviction that it was.

He was clad in a garb which might have belonged to the native fishermen of the coast, yet no one could have mistaken him for other than the gentleman and soldier, as he stood there, holding back the screen of matting, and gazing, with a look curiously compounded of amusement and annoyance, at the scene presented by the interior of the cottage. The latter feeling, however, was evidently in the ascendant—so much so, indeed, that he had actually made a half-movement, as if to retreat and leave the hut to its uninvited occupants, when something—was it a glimpse of Nellie's delicate profile, as she stooped over the glowing embers?—induced him to change his mind, and stepping quietly over the threshold, he dropped the screen behind him with an energy and good-will which seemed to indicate that, instead of his premeditated flight, he had made up his mind to accept with a good grace, and perhaps even to enjoy, this unexpected addition to his society. The sound of the falling mat warned Nellie of the advent of a stranger, and, crimson with shame and fear, she stood up to receive him. He gazed upon her steadily, the half-feeling of annoyance, still visible on his clouded brow, yielding gradually to a look of intense but reverent admiration, and removing his fisherman's cap from his head, he bowed courteously, and said in English:

"God save all here, and a hundred thousand welcomes also, if, as I apprehend, you are fugitives like myself from tyranny and injustice."

There was an indescribable tact and courtesy in the way in which he combined this announcement of his being the master of the hut with a frank and ready welcome to his unknown visitors, which made Nellie feel at once that she had to do, not only with a man of gentle birth, but of high and polished breeding also. Yet this fact seemed for the moment rather to add to her difficulty than to decrease it, and secretly wishing that the fish could be made, by some magical process, to disappear from the embers upon which it was comfortably broiling, she placed herself as much as she could between it and the stranger as she stammered out her apology for intrusion. Did

he see the fish? and did he guess at the petty larceny she had just committed? He fancied she saw something in an unkind look in his eye, which made him feel cold and cold by turns, with the consciousness of discovered guilt, but then, as his features wore no smile, nothing but an expression of kind and courteous sympathy as he eagerly interrupted her excuses—

(To be Continued.)

**THE ROMAN GATHERING.**  
BY W. G. DIX.  
(Concluded.)

The Catholic Church, so frequently and unjustly denounced as ever behind the age or even as facing the past, has been foremost in all parts of the world. She has sent her faithful soldiers of the cross where the spirit of commerce dared not go; she was the first in the east and the first in the west; it was her lamp of divine light which dispelled the gloomy terrors of the barbarous north of Europe; it was her sceptre of celestial beauty, which, under the guidance of Heaven, transformed the political and social wreck of southern Europe into order.

In what part of the world which man could reach has she not planted the cross? Where on the face of the earth is the mountain whose craggy sides have not, at one time or another, sent back into the sounding air the echoes of Catholic worship?

Daniel Webster gave a vivid picture of the extent of the power of England, in what, I think, to be the grandest sentence which America has contributed to the common treasure of English literature. He said: "The morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." That grand figure of speech may be applied to the extent of the Catholic Church. Yet it is not by martial airs, but by hymns of praise and penitential orisons and the continuous sacrifice that the Catholic Church daily celebrates, "from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same," the triumphant march of the Prince of Peace. How like "the sound of many waters" rolls hourly heavenward the anthems of Catholic worship throughout the world! Not only is every moment of every day consecrated by Catholic hymns sung somewhere on earth; but how majestically roll down through eighteen hundred years the unbroken anthems of Catholic devotion? Minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, night after night, month after month, year after year, century after century, the holy strains go on unending. To the mind's ear seem blended in one almost overpowering flood of holy harmony the unnumbered voices which have sounded from the very hour when the shepherds of Bethlehem heard the angelic song to this very moment, when, somewhere, Catholic voices are chanting praise to the Lord and Saviour of men.

And, in this view, how literally has been fulfilled that consoling prophecy, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Wherever the Divine Son has been duly honored, there also she, who was remembered with filial love even amid his dying agonies for a world's salvation, has been remembered and called blessed; called blessed from that lonely home and from that mount of sorrow in the distant east, in millions of lowly homes, and under the shadow of mountains to the farthest west; called blessed by millions of loving and imploring voices through all the ages since; called blessed in all the languages that have been spoken since that time in all the world; called blessed in the rudest forms of human speech and in the most ecstatic music of voice and skill; called blessed by the lips of the little child that can hardly speak the name of mother, and by the lips that tremble with age and sorrow; called blessed by the sailor on the deep, by the plowman on the land, by the scholar at his books, by the soldier drawing his sword for right upon the battle-field; called blessed by the voices of peasant-girls singing in sunny vineyards, and by the voices of those from whose brows have flashed the gems of royal diadems; called blessed in cottages and palaces, at wayside shrines, and under the golden roofs of grand cathedrals; called blessed in the hour of joy and in the hour of anguish—in the strength and beauty of life, and at the gates of death. How long, how ardently, how faithfully has all this loving honor been paid for so many generations, and will continue to be paid for all generations to come, to that sorrowing yet benignant one, who bore Him who bore our woe!

The recent gathering at Rome indicates that there is no demand which civilization can rightfully make of the Christian Church which she will not eagerly, fully, and faithfully meet. The largest assemblage of professed ministers of Christ which this age has known—leaving here out of view the claims of the Catholic Church to an apostolical priesthood—has been held in Rome by the Church, so extensively proclaimed and derided as being behind the age. If there is life, deep, full, pervading life anywhere on earth, it is in the Catholic Church and in all her movements. She will continue to draw to herself all the qualities and capacities of life which are in harmony with her spirit; and this accumulated spiritual force will constantly weaken the barriers that divide her from the sympathies of a large part of Christendom, until at length she will be acknowledged by all as the only living and true Church of Christ.

"The restoration of the unity of the Church" has been the subject of many thoughts, of many words, of earnest and devout prayer, of much and noble effort, and when understood as referring to the reconciliation of those who have left the Catholic Church, or who are now out of it because their fathers left it, the phrase may pass without objection; but the phrase is greatly objectionable, even to the extent of expressing an untruth, when it is used to convey the idea that the unity of the Church has ever been broken. This has not been, and could not be. The Church, intended to be one, and to endure until the end of time, could not, in its organic structure, be really broken at any period of its history, without destroying its title as the one Church of

Christ. Individuals, communities, even nations, as such, have been broken off from it, but the essential Church herself has remained one and unbroken through all vicissitudes of time. The theory that the Church of the Greek Church, and the Church of the East, and are equal and co-ordinate branches of the one Church of Christ has no foundation as an historical fact, and is as destructive of all true ideas of the unity of the church as the wild vagaries of Protestantism. Is there on earth an institution which schism, heresy, and political ambition have tried to destroy and have tried in vain? There is; it is the Catholic Church. Is there an institution on earth which, leaving out of regard all its claims, has had the quality of historical continuity for eighteen centuries? There is; it is the Catholic Church.

The charge, if not of bigotry, yet of most unreasonable arrogance, has been more or less directly made against the Catholic Church, because she has not received overtures of reconciliation from enthusiastic and earnest individuals claiming to represent national Churches, as cordially as was expected. But how can she accept, or even consider, any such overtures, proceeding as they do from the assumption of equal position and authority; without disowning herself, without denying even those claims and prerogatives, the existence of which alone makes union with her desirable; if there is no institution on earth which has a valid title to be the continuous Church of Christ, all efforts will be vain to supply the gap of centuries by an establishment now. A union of churches will not satisfy the design or promise of our Lord, when he founded the unity of His Church. If the Christian Church has really been broken into pieces, it will be in vain to gather up the fragments for, on that supposition, the divine principle has long since departed, and the gates of hell have prevailed. Those men of strong Catholic predilections, who, nevertheless, have clung to the theory that the Church of Christ has been really broken, and must be repaired by management, will yet thank God from their inmost souls for the immovable firmness with which that theory has been denied at Rome.

The Catholic Church has never condemned a heresy more false or destructive than the proposition that she is herself but one of the divisions of the Christian Church having no authority to speak or to rule in the name of her Lord. To deny that the one Church of Christ is now existing, and that she has existed for ages, is to deny not merely a fact in history, but it is to deny the word of our Lord; and to do that, is to deny alike his holiness and his divinity. How can the Catholic Church treat with those who wish to make terms before submitting to her authority, on the basis of a positive untruth? Catholicity is not an inheritance, to be decided among many claimants, no one of whom has any right to be or to be regarded as the sole heir of the homestead; but it is an estate left by the divine Lord of the manor, in charge of the Prince of the Apostles and his successors, on the express injunction that it is to be kept one and undivided, in trust for the benefit of the faithful for all time. The estate has been kept one and undivided, according to the title-deed; the injunction has never been broken; notwithstanding all defections from the household, the homestead of the Christian world remains in the hands of the same faithful succession to which it was committed by our Lord himself. May God grant that all the younger sons who have gone astray, may return with penitential alacrity to their Father's house!

The Catholic Church will not stop in her progress, until she has converted the world to Christ; but she has not denied, and will not deny, her sacred trust and prerogative of Catholicity for the sake even of adding whole nations to her fold. Whoever enters her fold must admit by that act her claim to be the one, undivided, indivisible Church of Christ. There can be no "branches of the Catholic Church" which are not directly joined to the root and trunk of Catholicity. A severed branch is no branch.

It is not the fault of the Catholic Church that multitudes "who profess and call themselves Christians" are not members of her communion. She affords the very largest liberty for individual or associated action that can be yielded without denying her faith or her communion. The highest poetry and the severest logic may kneel in brotherly harmony at her altar. Gifts and talents the most diverse have been consecrated to her service. The Catholic Church, advancing, century after century, under the banner of the cross and dove, to the spiritual conquest of the world! how far more sublime a spectacle it is than that of some parts of Christendom, which are broken into little independent bands of sectarian skirmishers, keeping up a kind of guerrilla warfare against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and each other.

There are inspiring tokens which show the depth and breadth of the conviction, that the great schism of three centuries ago has proved a terrible mistake. Multitudes outside of the Catholic Church are inquiring with earnest solicitude about the meaning of Catholic unity. The main course of intellectual inquiry is, in both hemispheres, respecting the claims of the Catholic Church. There are evident signs that the chaos of Protestantism is about to be broken up, and the wild and dreary waste to bloom and glow with Catholic beauty and order. God grant that it may be so, and that not only thousands of individuals may know how precious a prize it is to kneel devoutly and sincerely before the altar of God; but that even mighty nations may be convinced what priceless gifts they have forfeited by three centuries of separation from the source of all they have that has been or is worth keeping.

In view of the fact that the revival of Catholic feeling kindles also the enmity of those who scan it, the gathering at Rome is not only an assurance before the world that the Catholic Church will continue to be the guide of life and the empire of civilization, but it is also a sublime challenge against all the agencies of every kind that have been, or may be tried, to eliminate

Catholicity from the age. The Catholic Church has a work to do, and she will do it. She can no more forego it, than she can die by her own will. She has never finished yet; she never will. It is the very necessity as well as the reason of her being that she shall fulfill her charge without wavering or diminution; and this she will do. If the "gates of hell" cannot prevail against the Church of God, she may safely defy all mortal powers. The sun might more easily have been extinguished at the bidding of the Creator, than the Church can refuse to do His will in conquering the world for Christ. And speed the day when the division of Christendom shall end; when all who profess to be the disciples of Jesus Christ shall seek and find consolation in His one, true, enduring fold; and when the sceptre of God, manifest in the Church, shall be extended in benignant power over an obedient and rejoicing world.

**OUR ROYAL VISITORS AND THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.**—The Attorney-General favored the world in his own fashion, with a recondite piece of wisdom, *tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*. We shall give him an example of its truth. Only a few years have gone by since a Lord Lieutenant refused to meet a cardinal at Dublin Mansion House festivities; so runs the story, that "the chivalrous Eglington" whose image is the delectation of University Club windows, would not meet such an embodiment of "Papal aggression" as his late Eminence Cardinal Wiseman! "Under which King Bezonian," did that piece of knightly liberality occur? Under a Tory Prime Minister, whose English Attorney-General was an active lawyer who, with true Tory tact, slipped into the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill a clause which gave to that insulting but innocuous enactment its bitter sting. Times have changed since then; year after year have shown the hideousness of bigotry more plainly; effete notions of intolerance grow mustier and mustier; exclusion is no longer a recognized policy, and Ascendency has seen its day. A wise toleration now guides the statesman, and a generous liberality regulates the policy of the governing class. So a line of action toward the Catholic priesthood, far different from that revealed in with impunity in other days, becomes imperatively necessary, and we recognize the workings of the wise change in the minds of men. Now again, under Tory rule, a Lord Lieutenant sits in a Dublin Castle dispensing with befitting dignity, with "hand open as the day," princely hospitalities to princely guests. All honor to the feeling which seems to move the noble heart of an Irish proprietor, who lives among his Irish tenantry and who has learned to comprehend what is due to Irish feeling. The Roman Catholic prelate of this diocese is invited, with every circumstance of honor and respect, to share the viceregal hospitalities, by his proper designation: "The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin," is invited to meet the eldest son of the sovereign, the future king of these realms and his illustrious consort. Amongst the distinguished personages present, to his Eminence is given his proper place, next immediately after royalty and all that is due to his rank is freely accorded to it. Nay more, that princess, whose winning beauty and gracious mien are making Irish hearts her subjects indeed, shows especial favor to the head in this country of the Church which is the Church of the affections of the Irish people; to his Eminence invitations are repeated, and the respect and favor in which the Prince and Princess of Wales have learned to hold this Prince of the holy Roman Church are openly and nobly evidenced. No act of the royal visit will be more gratefully received than this. It shows that our royal visitors know that the way to the hearts of our Catholic people is by showing to their beloved pastors that respect and consideration which are due to them. Long withheld, the recognition of the rank and position of a Roman Catholic prelate in this country has now been freely and boldly made on an occasion so momentous that henceforth intolerance, bigotry, or weakness cannot, must not, draw back from a like acknowledgment. All honor to the Marquis of Abercorn for acting on the dictates of a noble feeling! All honor to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who boldly despise foul faction, and show openly how they desire to win a grateful and a pious people's love.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

**DEATH OF GEN. W. H. CARROLL, C. S. A.**  
We observe, by the following extract from the Montreal correspondence of the St. Louis *Guardian*, the death of Brigadier General Carroll, of the late Confederate States Army:

Among the many Southerners who have visited Canada within the past few years, none was more respected or deserving of consideration than he. He was a son of Governor Carroll, well known in the South and throughout his State as an ardent supporter of Gen. Jackson, in the fierce political battles of that indomitable old hero. He himself was postmaster of Memphis for some time. In 1860, he was a staunch Douglas man, opposed to secession and favorable to the neutrality of Tennessee; but when his native State was invaded by the Federal troops, he took up arms, and rose rapidly to the rank of brigadier. When stationed at Knoxville, he once had the notorious Brownlow prisoner, but he treated him well, and ultimately released him.

During his quiet residence in Canada, Gen. Carroll superintended the education of his daughters, at the Sacre Cœur-Sault-au-Roccollet, and he himself devoted his leisure to the contemplation of Christian truths. After a stormy life, when he had tasted the bitter roots of disappointment, he found a refuge and an unruffled haven in the bosom of the Catholic Church. His funeral was attended by a host of friends and all the Southerners in the city.

People who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all that live around them.