

MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1868.

CONSOLATION.

BY LEONA LEE.

"I love them that love me; and they that in the early morning watch for me shall find me."

Blessed consolation to a weary heart, When at length from earth we part; If we've loved our Father well, If we've listened to His warning, Watching in the early morning, That we'll find Him, truth doth tell.

"I love them that love me," What a greater joy can be To the careworn mortal! If ye seek me, ye shall find Greater wealth than diamond mine At my golden portal.

In the early morning rise, Watch for me beyond the skies— Watch for me until I come; And you'll surely find me then, And you'll love through every gleam In my heavenly home.

NEW ORLEANS, June 17th, 1868.

[From the Catholic World.]

NELLIE NETTERVILLE;

OR,

ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER X.

Early the next morning Nellie found herself gliding over the waters of Clew Bay in one of the native carriages of the country, under the protection of her host. He was captain and crew, all in one, and she was his only passenger; for it had been decided on the previous evening that Lord Netterville was not in a fit state to endure the fatigue of such a voyage, and with old Nora to look after his creature comforts, and Maida to guard him in his lonely fortress, Roger assured his granddaughter that she need have no scruple in leaving him during the two or three hours required for their enterprise. And Nellie had readily obeyed; for, if the truth must be told, she had begun to rely implicitly upon his judgment, and to submit to it as unquestioningly as if she had been a child. The little shyness produced by Lord Netterville's thoughtless action of the day before had entirely worn off, partly because she herself had striven womanfully against the feeling, but chiefly because Roger, thoroughly comprehending how useful it was to her comfort that, during her residence in his lonely kingdom she should be entirely at her ease in his society, had adopted, as if by instinct, precisely the affectionate, brotherly sort of manner which was of all others the best calculated to produce this result. Nellie therefore gave herself up without a thought to the pleasant novelty of a brotherly sort of petting and protection which seemed to call for nothing more than quiet acceptance on her part, and she listened to Roger with the keen and unaltered interest of a child as he told her the names, one after another, of many of the clustered islands and rugged rocklets, glittering like jewels in the deep bosom of the bay, almost always contriving to add some little legend or stray scrap of history, which gave each for the moment an especial, and (if the expression may be allowed toward inanimate objects) an almost personal interest in her eyes. At last he turned her attention toward the mainland, pointing out the graceful windings of Clew's varied shore, its wave-worn caverns and rocky arches, its cliffs with their mantles of many-colored lichens which made them look at that distance as if nature had stained them into an imitation of most curiously-colored marble; and beyond these again, its broad tracts of uncultivated bog-land, purple with heath in autumn, but now yellow with gorse or dark with waving fern, its hills rising one above another in lonely, savage grandeur, with Crough Patrick, the monarch of them all, standing up on the south side of the bay, and looking down in haughty, cold indifference upon its waters as they flowed beneath him. Nellie followed his eye and finger eagerly as he pointed out each individual feature that he lingered for a moment on Crough Patrick, she turned toward him for explanation.

"It is Crough Patrick," he said; then perceiving that she was not much the wiser for the information, he added in some surprise, "Do you not know the legend, that it was from the cone of yonder hill St. Patrick pronounced the curse which banished all venomous hurtful things from Ireland? Had the saint lived in these days," Roger added, in that undertone which Nellie had by this time discovered to be natural to him in moments of deep feeling, "it is not I think, against toads and snakes that he would have directed his miracle-working powers, but against the men who, coming to a land which is not their own, make war in God's name against God's creatures, hunting them down with horn and hound, and snaring and slaying them with as little compunction as they would have snared or slain a wolf."

"Would he then have expelled me also?" said Nellie with a wicked smile. "You know that I, too, (and more's the pity!) have blood of the hated Saxon in my veins." "Certainly not," said Roger promptly, "with your blue-black eyes and blue-black hair, he would without a doubt (saint and prophet though he was) have been deluded into believing you a Celt."

"And so I am almost," said Nellie, with childish eagerness; "only consider, Colonel O'More, we have been in the country almost three hundred years, and in all that time, until my dear father's marriage with my mother, (who is, unfortunately, an Englishwoman,) it has been the boast and tradition of our race that its sons and daughters have never wedded save with the sons and daughters of their adopted land."

"Remember, then, that it will be for you to renew the tradition," said Roger suddenly, and without reflection. He repented himself bitterly a moment afterward, as he caught a glimpse of the flush upon Nellie's

half-averted face, and in order to undo the evil which he had done he added hastily, "Yonder is our destination, that bare, black rock jutting out from the mainland far into the deep waters."

"It is not then an island?" said Nellie, a little disappointed. "I fancied you said yesterday that it was one." "Perhaps I did, for it juts out so far and so boldly into deep water that, from many parts of the bay, it looks almost like an island. You cannot see the hermitage from this, but yonder is the church, perched right upon the cliffs above."

"Perched!" repeated Nellie with a sort of shudder; "I should hardly say even that it was perched, for to me it looks as if it were actually toppling over."

"And so it is," said Roger, "the tower is out of the perpendicular already, and I never hear a winter storm without picturing it to myself as going (as you most certainly it will some day) crash over the cliff. It is safe enough, however, in this calm weather," he added, for he saw that Nellie was beginning to look nervous, "or I never should have thought of it as a refuge for its present occupant, though for that matter, it was but a choice of evils, his life being in jeopardy whichever way he turned."

"Is he then especially obnoxious?" Nellie asked; "or is it only that, like all our other priests, he is forced to do his mission secretly?"

"Especially obnoxious? I should think indeed he was," said Roger, "for he was chaplain to the brave old bishop whom they hanged at the siege of Clomel, and was present at his death. How he managed to escape himself, has always been a marvel to me; but escape he did, and came hither for a refuge. I stowed him away in the ruined hermitage over head, with a few other poor fellows who are outlawed like myself, and in greater danger, and his presence has never been even suspected by the enemy; so that he might, if he had been so minded, have escaped long ago by sea. But when he found us here, without sacraments or sacrifice, (for our priests have been long since driven into banishment,) he elected to remain, and now at the peril of his life, he does duty as a parish priest among us."

"Brave priest! brave priest!" cried Nellie clapping her hands. "He must feel very near to heaven, I think, engaged in such a mission, and living like a real hermit up there on that barren rock."

"And so, in fact, he is; or at least he lives in a real hermit's cell," said Roger. "It was built in the time of Grana Uaille by a holy man, in whose memory the rock is sometimes called 'the hermit,' though more generally known as 'the chieftain's rock.'"

"But why the change of names?" asked Nellie. "Because," he answered, with the least possible shade of bitterness in his manner, "because, as often happens in this wicked world, persons who have been made heroes in the eyes of men are made more account of than those who are heroes only in the sight of God. This hermit had lived here for many years in peace and quiet, when the chief of a tribe of Croaghats, at enmity with Grana Uaille, having been beaten by her in a battle, took refuge with him among these rocks. The hermit hid him in the church, which, being an acknowledged sanctuary, even Grana Uaille, stout and unscrupulous as she was in most things, did not dare invade in order to drag him from its shelter. But she swore—our good old Grana could swear upon occasion as lustily as her rival sovereign your own Queen Bess—Grana swore that neither the sanctity of his hermit friend or of his place of refuge should avail him aught, and that sooner or later, she would starve him into submission. She landed accordingly with her men, and surrounded church and hermitage upon the land side, that toward the sea being left unguarded and unwatched because, owing to the height and steepness of the cliff itself, and the position of the church tower, built almost immediately upon its edge, there seemed no human possibility of evasion that way. The chief, however, and his hermit proved too many for her after all; for by dint of working day and night, they succeeded, before their store of provisions was entirely exhausted, in cutting through the floor and outer wall of the church, and so making a passage which gave them instant access to the cliffs outside. This was by no means so difficult a task as at first sight it seems; for the floor of the building is only hardened earth, and its walls a mere mixture of mud and rubble, the very tower itself being only partially built of stone. I have often, when a boy, crept through the aperture, but it is nearly filled up with rubbish now, and almost, or I think quite forgotten among the people, who have been using the church for the last twenty years as a storehouse for peat and driftwood for their winter firing. Useful enough, however, the poor chieftain found it; for one fine moonlight night he walked quietly through it into the open air, swung himself down the cliffs as unconcernedly as if he had been merely searching for puffins' nests, and finally escaped in a boat left there by his friends for that very purpose. Next day, the hermit threw the church gates open, and sent word to Queen Grana that her intended victim had escaped her. You may imagine what a rage the virago chieftainess was in at finding herself thus outwitted; but I have not time to tell you now, for here we are close into shore, and it is time to think of landing."

Roger had lowered the sail while speaking, and he now began sculling the boat round a low sandy point which hid the harbor from their view. While he was occupied in this manner, Nellie chancing to turn her head in the direction of Clare Island, perceived another corragh fast following in their track, and rowed by a boy, who was evidently working might and main in order to overtake them. She mentioned the matter to Roger, who instantly ceased his toil, and turned round to reconnoitre. "It is Paudeen," he said at once. "What, in Heaven's name, has sent him to us here?"

The boy saw that he was observed, and without stopping a moment in his onward course, made signs to them to await his coming. Roger did as he was desired; and in a few minutes more the two corraghs were

lying together side by side, and so close that their respective occupants could have conversed easily in a whisper.

"What is it, Paudeen?" asked O'More; "have you any message for me, or is there anything the matter that you have followed us so far?"

"It's Mistress Hewitson who is wanting to see you," said the boy. "She was prevented leaving as soon as she intended, and she sent me on before to ask you not to quit the island until she had spoken to you. You were gone, however, before I could get there; so guessing well enough where you would most likely be upon Sunday morning, I followed you down here."

"But if you came straight from the mainland, how is it that I did not meet you in the way?" asked O'More suddenly, a strange suspicion of even Paudeen's simple faith passing rapidly through his mind.

"Because I didn't come from it at all, at all," the boy answered curtly. "It is yonder they're staying now," he added, pointing to Achill Island; "and they do say in the house that Clare Isle will be the next to follow."

"And is it to tell me this that Mistress Hewitson is about to honor me with a visit?" Roger answered bitterly. "The formality, methinks, was hardly needed, considering all that her father has robbed me of already."

"Sorrow know, I know what she will be wanting; but this, at all events, I know for certain, that it is for nothing but what is good and kind," said Paudeen; adding immediately afterward in a musing tone, "though how she can be what she is, considering the black blood that is running in her veins, it needs greater wit than I can boast of to be able to discover."

"Well, well," said Roger, "I believe you are about right there, Paudeen. So now go back at once, and say to Mistress Hewitson that she shall be obeyed, and that I will return to Clare Island in time to receive her at the landing place."

"Let me go back also," said Nellie, in a smothered voice. "If I and my grandfather brought this danger to your door, it is only just that we should share it with you."

"Share it, Mistress Netterville? nay but you would double it!" cried O'More vehemently. "In the face of anything like real, present danger, I should infallibly lose my life in anxiety for yours. In point of fact, however," he added, seeing that she still looked distressed and anxious; "in point of fact, the danger (whatever it is) cannot be immediate, since it is evident that Mistress Hewitson expects by her intended visit to give me such information as may enable me to evade it. Probably she has heard further details concerning those plans of the old man, her father, at which yesterday she obscurely hinted. It may even be, as Paudeen seems to think, that they intend to put an English garrison on the island, and she may hope to soften matters for us by giving me this previous notice. Any way, I entreat you not to be over anxious; for though I acknowledge that we live in perilous times and places, yet still, and if only for that very reason, it behoves us to keep our common sense intact, and not to allow it to be scared by every passing cloud that seems to threaten us with

After such words as these, Nellie felt there was nothing for it but to land the moment the boat reached shore, and Roger helped her out with a sort of graceful tenderness, which seemed intended tacitly to ask forgiveness for the constraint he had been compelled to put upon her inclinations.

Then he pointed to a scarcely discernible path among the brushwood, and said hastily: "That path will take you straight to the church. If any one ask you any questions, the watchword is, 'God, our Lady, and Roger O'More.' Farewell! Get as near the altar as you can; tell them not to wait for me, but I will be back in time to fetch you."

He waited one moment, to make sure that she understood him, then pushed the boat out into deep water, and without even venturing to look back, pursued his way diligently homeward.

The breeze had died away, so that he would, he knew, be infinitely longer in returning to Clare Island than he had been in coming from it. As he passed Paudeen, he had half a mind to hail him, but reflecting that he would probably lose more time by the stoppage than he could gain by the boy's assistance, he changed his mind and went on his way alone. It was hot and weary work, but he put all his strength and will to it, and did it in a shorter time than he had expected. Not, however, before his presence was apparently sorely needed; for just as he neared the harbor, the deep, angry bay of the wolf-dog Maida reached his ear. This was followed by a woman's voice, endeavoring probably to soothe the dog, and this again by a long, shrill whistle which came like a cry for aid across the waters. Thus urged O'More pulled with redoubled energy, and next moment was in the harbor. A corragh, ownerless and empty, was lying loose beside the pier, and a few yards from the landing-place he saw a girl standing motionless as a statue, one hand raised in an attitude of defense, confronting Maida, who with head erect and bristling hair, seemed to bid her advance farther at her peril. Had she attempted to retreat, had she shown even a shadow of timidity or of yielding, the dog would, undoubtedly, have torn her into pieces; but, with wonderful nerve and courage, she had so far stood her ground, and rebuked by her stillness and unyielding attitude, Maida, up to that moment, had fortunately contented her sense of duty by keeping a close watch upon her proceedings. Horrified at the sight, and dreading lest Maida might mistake even the sound of his voice for a signal of attack, Roger hastily leaped on shore. Henrietta heard him, and without even daring to turn her head in his direction, whispered softly:

"Call off your dog—for God's dear sake, call her off at once!"

Roger made no reply, (for, in fact, he did not dare to speak,) but he made one bound forward and placed himself between her and her foe. Maida instantly abandoned her

threatening look to greet her master, and for one half-moment he employed himself in caressing and calming down her fury.

Then he turned eagerly to Henrietta: "How is this, Mistress Hewitson? For God's sake, speak! The dog has not injured you, I trust?"

Henrietta did not at first reply. She was as white as ashes, and her eyes glittered with a strange mingling of courage and of desperate fear. "Send away the dog," she cried at last; "send away the dog. I cannot bear to see her," and then burst into tears.

Roger said one word, and Maida instantly flew toward the castle. He was about to follow in the same direction in order to procure some water, but the girl caught him by the arm, and held him so that he could not move.

"Calm yourself, I entreat you," he said, fancying she was still under the influence of terror. "No wonder that even your high courage has given way. Let me call Nora. She will help you to compose yourself."

"Call me one!" Henrietta gasped. "Call me one, but tell me, is there not a priest and some other outlaws, in hiding on the chieftain's rock?"

"What then?" he asked, the blood suddenly rushing to his heart, as he thought of Nellie.

"What then?" she repeated fiercely; "because, (oh! that I had known it but an hour ago,) because death is there, and treachery and woe! But whither are you going?" she cried, following him as he broke suddenly from her grasp, and began to retrace his way toward the pier.

"Whither? whither?" he answered, like one speaking in his sleep. "There, of course. Where else? My God that I should have left Nellie there!"

"The girl!" cried Henrietta; "and you have been there already, and have had time to row all this way back? My God, then it will be too late to save her. The church must be in flames ere now."

O'More made no reply, but leaped at once into the boat "What do you want?" he asked, almost savagely, as Henrietta followed him. "What do you want here—you, the child of her assassin?"

"I want to save her, and, still more, to save my father, if I can, from this most fearful guilt," she answered promptly. Roger made no further opposition. Once fairly out of harbor he rowed with all the energy of despair, and Henrietta helped him nobly. They were obliged to trust entirely to their oars, and the delay was maddening. Roger never cast a single glance toward the spot where all his soul was centred, but Henrietta could not resist a look once or twice in that direction.

Suddenly she cried out: "What is it?" he asked nervously: what is it?"

"They have fired the church," she said, in smothered tones. "There is a cloud of smoke; and now—my God!—a jet of flame going through it to the sky!"

He made no reply, but he bent to the oar until the bead-drops of mingled agony and toil stood thick upon his brow.

"God help them! They must be trying to escape," she muttered yet again, as something like a shot or two of musketry reached her ear.

Faster he rowed, and faster. The boat leaped like a living thing along the waters. They were close to the cliff at last. Overhead, the sky was hidden by a canopy of heavy smoke, with here and there a streak of fire flashing like forked lightning athwart it. Underneath, the water lay black as ink in the reflection of the clouded heavens, as the boat rushed through it. One more effort, and they were in the cove—another, and they were flung high and dry upon the beach. Roger jumped out without a word. Was he in time? or was he not? His whole soul was engrossed in that fearful question.

"What are you going to do?" asked Henrietta, uncertain as to what her own share in the enterprise was to be. He had been searching in the bottom of the boat for something; but he looked up then with a kindling eye, and said:

"Will you be true to the end?" "So help me God, I will!" she answered in that quiet tone which tells all the more of steady courage that it has no touch of bluster in it. He had found what he wanted now—a cutlass and a coil of rope—and answered rapidly:

"Take the boat out of this, then, and wait beneath the cliffs. Wait till I come, or until yonder tower falls, as fall it must, and soon. After that, you may go home in peace. Yes, peace! For happen what may, your soul at any rate, will be guiltless of this day's murder."

He shoved the boat back into deep water as he finished speaking, and then, without even looking back to see if Henrietta followed his directions, strode rapidly up the cliffs.

[To be Continued.]

THE LONDON RABBLE AT BARRETT'S EXECUTION.—We, in this country, can scarcely conceive of the depths of degradation to which an English rabble condescend. The very nature of the people seems to be eliminated and replaced by the foulest and most loathsome traits of brute instinct. A London correspondent of an Irish paper, describing the execution of Barrett, says:

"People cannot realize an idea of the ruffianism of a London rabble. For an execution, all the hells here give up their quota of brutalized and bedeviled humanity, and the result is an assemblage of faces such as the most malignant of the fiends would be ashamed to wear. Eyes averted, broken noses, and no noses at all, hanging, doglike and brutally sensual lips, and a general play of features which meant nothing if it did not mean utter recklessness—these startled one on every side, and appalled people unused to a London crowd. Such were the remarkable points of the last public execution. Many of the leading journals condemn the execution as being unjustifiable on more than one ground. The Times and Telegraph, who have gone in for 'hang-id' (and who have hanged Barrett) seemed ashamed of the transaction, and their leaders on the subject are miserably weak.

HATRED OF CATHOLICS.

Among Low Church or Evangelical Protestants in the Church of England, among Scotch Presbyterians, among Dissenters from the Church of England, whether Baptist, Independents, Methodists, or what not, there is genuine horror and hatred of Catholicism. It is, as far as we could ever discern, an earnest, deep-seated, unquestioned conviction among them that Catholicism is a very bad, very shocking religion, and that to become a Catholic is to commit a great crime. And the consequence is that, as a rule, they do not dream of applying their own principle of the right of private judgment for the benefit of Catholics. Dr. Newman's fifth lecture on the present position of Catholics in England, 1851, illustrates this, and is unrivaled "What is a more fruitful theme of declamation against us (he asks) than the charge of persecution? Yet Protestants have felt it right, just, and necessary to break the holiest of earthly ties, and to inflict the acutest of temporal suffering on those who have exercised their private judgment in the choice of a religion. They have so acted and they act so daily. A sense of duty to religious opinions, and of the supposed religious interests of those intrusted to them has trampled over the feelings of nature. Years have passed, perhaps death has come without any sign of recognition passing from the father to the son. Sometimes the severance and its consequences may be sent away, her children taken from her, because she has felt a call in conscience to join the Catholic Church. The son has been cut off (as they say) to a shilling. The daughter has been locked up, her books burned, the rites of her religion forbidden her. The malediction has been continued to the third generation. The grandchildren, the child unborn, has not been tolerated by the head of the family, because the parents were converts to the faith of their forefathers. I have been speaking of the upper and middle classes; in the lower the feeling is the same, only more uncourtously expressed and acted on more summarily. The daughter on her return home tells the mother that she has been attending and means to attend the Catholic chapel, whereupon, the mother instantly knocks the daughter down and takes from her her bonnet and shawl and the rest of her clothes to keep her indoors; or if it is the case of a wife, the husband falls to cursing, protests he will kill her if she goes near the Catholics, and that if the priest comes there he will pitch him out of the window. These scenes come out of the very depths and innermost shrine of the Protestant heart; it is undeniable; the very staunchest Protestants are actors in them—nay, the stauncher they are the more faithfully do they sustain their part; and yet, if a similar occurrence were reported of some Catholic family, in Italy or Spain, those very persons whose conduct I have been describing would listen with great satisfaction to the invectives of any intemperate declaimer who should work up the sternness of the father, the fury of the mother, the beggary of children and grandchildren, the blows struck, the imprecations uttered, the imprisonment, the over-persuasion or the compulsory promise, into a demonstration that Popery was nothing else than a persecuting power, which was impatient of light and afraid of inquiry, and which imposed upon fathers, mothers, and husbands, under pain of reprobation, the duty of tormenting their servants at an hour's notice. The hatred of Popery is no where more intense or more violent than among the English Protestant Dissenters from the Protestant Church of England. Yet it is with these English Dissenters that the wise men and chosen representatives of Catholic Ireland, have thought fit to contract an alliance.—London Tablet.

MURDER OF O'FARRELL.—The dastardly Australian officials have endeavored to identify the act of O'Farrell with the Fenian organization. Although the insane ravings of the man himself at first gave some coloring to this, yet, in his last moments, he prepared a statement of the whole transaction, placing it in the hands of the secretary of state, with a request that it might be published. This the Government refused to do, fearing the truth would sink them still lower in infamy for the nefarious precipitancy with which they barbarously hurried the man to his doom. Fortunately, a copy of the document was retained, which completely exonerates the above body from any connection with the attempt to murder the Duke of Edinburgh.

Being now about to appear before my Creator, I feel it my duty to give expression to my heartfelt sorrow for the grievous crime I have committed. From the very bottom of my heart do I grieve for what I have done. I have hitherto said that I was one of many who were prepared to do the deed, had not I done it. I had not the slightest foundation for such a statement. I never was connected with any man or any body of men who had for their object the taking of the life of the Duke of Edinburgh. Never was I in any other than an indirect manner connected with that organization in Ireland and elsewhere, which is known by the name of the Fenian organization. I wish, moreover, distinctly to assert that there was not a human being in existence who had the slightest idea of the object I had in view when I meditated on and, through the merciful providence of God, failed in carrying into effect the death of the Duke of Edinburgh. I have written to the printers of two Irish periodicals an address to the people of Ireland; and so certain was I of the death of the duke that I stated therein that which I believed would be the fact; and I think I have more than implied that I was but one of an organization to carry the same into effect. I need but say that the truth of the latter portion rests upon slighter foundation than the former; in fact, that, unless from mere hearsay, I had no foundation for saying there was a Fenian association in New South Wales. From continually thinking and talking of what I may still be allowed to call the wrongs of Ireland, I became excited and filled with enthusiasm on the subject; and it was while under the influence of those feelings that I attempted to perpetrate the deed for which I am most justly called upon to suffer. H. J. O'FARRELL.