

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, AUGUST 9, 1868.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine?
So bright, whom I have brought so dear?
The tent-rope flapping lone I hear.
For to bright converse, aim in arm
The jangle's shrill, but on my ear.
When milk and music went to charm.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
Where came this shadow all the while,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Tevion lov'd while still a child.
Of castle rocks stupendous piled,
By Eak or Eden a classic wave,
Where love of youth and friendship smil'd,
Encured by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perils of bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred mental shrine,
I haste to an untimely grave.
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
Are sunk to ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light,
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear;
A gentle vision comes by night,
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer.
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine.
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear,
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that lov'd me true;
I cross'd the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in clime unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blow
Chill on the wither'd heart—the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view,
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn?
Now, that his native land he seeks,
Of sinners, ripe with death, has borne?
From love, from friendship, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets they prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn;
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay.

[From the Catholic World.]

NELLIE NETTERVILLE;

OR,

ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Having thus somewhat summarily dispatched poor Nellie's business, but little dreaming of the great service he had done her in appointing young Ormiston her guardian, Henry Cromwell dashed over the bridge, and followed instantly by his escort, galloped northward. The moment Nellie saw that her efforts to hold speech to the lord-deputy himself would prove in vain, she had risen of her own accord, and the hood once more drawn modestly over her head and face, had stood aside to let him pass, with a calm, sad dignity in her look and bearing which had its due effect upon the rough soldier who had made her captive. He did not again attempt to touch or even address her, but standing near her silently and respectfully, seemed to wait until of her own accord she should return with him to the Gate-house. Thus unmolested, Nellie forgot his existence altogether, and equally heedless of the crowd which, having gathered in the wake of the lord-deputy, was now gazing curiously and compassionately upon her, she stood considering what her next move should be, when, in obedience to his orders, Harry Ormiston approached her.

As he took Corporal Holdfast's place beside her, Nellie lifted her eyes to his face, and recognized him instantly as the young officer who had been riding with Henrietta on the day of their first meeting in the wilderness. A soft cry of joy escaped her lips, and Harry Ormiston broke down in his half-uttered greeting. He also remembered her face—have we not already told our reader that it was by no means one easily to be forgotten—but of the when or where that he had seen it, he had no such distinct a recollection. Silently, and with a look of timid hope stealing over that fair face, Nellie drew Henrietta's misivite from her bosom, and placed it in his hands.

Ormiston glanced at the superscription, and with a flush of honest joy mantling on his features, eagerly tore it open. Scarcely, however, had he read three lines ere the scene among the mountains, which had ended in his quarrel with his betrothed, rose before him like a vision, and instantly remembering Nellie as the fair girl who had been in some measure, albeit unwittingly, its cause, he turned sharply upon Corporal Holdfast.

"How is this, corporal? I fear me you have made some grave mistake! This young maiden whom you hold a prisoner is the bearer to me of a token from one whose zeal and faithfulness in the good cause cannot be suspected—even from a member of the household of that brave and God-fearing Major Hewitson, who has set up his camp on the very edge of the wilderness, and thus made of his small garrison a very power of strength against the incursions of an enemy."

"Nay, and if your honor says it, it must needs be true," the man—a bluff old sol-

dier, with little pretensions to sanctity in his composition—answered with suppressed impatience; "and, therefore, I can only marvel that a maiden, known and esteemed by the family of worthy Major Hewitson, should not only have sought to cheat our vigilance by crossing the river privately in a boat, but should have done so in the company of a man whom I myself can testify to having been a chief of some repute in the army of the Irish enemy, having crossed swords with him at the battle of 'Knock-naclashy,' as I think they call it in their barbarous language, where he fought (I needs must own it) with a valor worthy of a better cause."

Major Ormiston turned, gravely but kindly to Nellie.

"I fear me much," he said, "that you have been but ill-advised in all this business. Why not have presented yourself openly at the bridge if the matter which has brought you hither will bear investigation? and why, more than all the rest, have you come attended by a person whose very company must needs render you suspect yourself."

"O sir!" said Nellie, weeping sadly, as she began to fear that even Henrietta's recommendation to mercy might, perhaps, avail her little; "we had not the password, without which we never should have been permitted to enter Dublin by the bridge; and our errand is, alas! of such a nature, that every moment lost is of deep and sad importance."

"Our errand," Ormiston thoughtfully repeated. "This errand, then, is not entirely your own, but is in some way or other interesting also to the man by whom Master Holdfast tells me you are accompanied."

"He should have said 'a gentleman,'" Nellie answered, with a slight rebuking emphasis on the latter word—"a gentleman who, at his own great trouble, and, I fear me, risk, has enabled me to accomplish this journey; in which, however, he has no other interest than such as any kind and noble heart might feel in the sorrows and perils of an unprotected girl."

"Where is he—this other prisoner?" Ormiston asked, turning for information to the corporal.

"In the Gate-house, sir, where we have him safe under lock and key; for he was no prisoner to be left at large like this silly maiden, who begged so hard to be allowed to see the lord-deputy go by, that I found it not in my heart to deny her so small a favor; for the doing of which I trust I have not incurred the displeasure either of your honor or of his highness the Lord Henry."

"Certainly not, honest Holdfast; you have acted both well and mercifully in all this business. And now lead the way to the Gate-house, and trouble not your wits about this young maiden. I myself will be her surety that she attempt not to escape."

He offered his hand very respectfully to Nellie as he finished speaking, and she suffered him to lead her in silence toward the bridge. As they entered the Gate-house, however, she quietly withdrew her hand and glided from his side to that of Roger.

Ormiston instantly recognized the latter as the dispossessed owner of the "Rath," and an officer, besides, of some standing in the recently-disbanded army of the Irish. Courteously saluting him, therefore, he informed him that he had been deputed by the lord-deputy to inquire into the nature of the business which had brought him to Dublin, adding an earnest hope on his own part that it might prove to be in no way connected with political affairs.

"That, most assuredly, it is not," said Roger, pleased and touched by the young officer's manner, and satisfied by Henrietta's letter, which Ormiston still held in his hand, that he was addressing the person for whom it had been intended. "My business is one which solely concerns this young gentlewoman, and concerns her, in fact, so nearly that, if you cannot aid her, as Mistress Hewitson half-hinted that you could, I trust, at all events, you will give me as much of my liberty for this one day as may enable me to do so myself. I, too, am a soldier and an officer, Major Ormiston, and you may trust me that I will not abuse your favor."

"Sir," said Nellie imploringly, "you have not read the letter—if you would but read the letter! Mistress Hewitson half-promised that you would help me!"

Thus called upon, Ormiston ran his eyes over Henrietta's letter, which, concluding it to be on matters merely personal to himself, he had been reserving for more private, and, therefore, more satisfactory perusal.

Nellie watched him anxiously as he read on, and with a spasm of anguish at her heart, she saw that, as he gradually took in the nature of its contents, his first look of eager joy disappeared, and was succeeded by one of deep and tender pity—pity which made itself felt in the very accents of his voice, as he exclaimed:

"Young Mistress Netterville! Good God! And I never even dream of the relationship! Alas! that you should have come so far, only to find sorrow and disappointment in the end!"

"Oh! not dead! not dead!" cried Nellie, terrified by his words and looks. "Say, not dead—not dead—I do entreat you!"

"No, no!—not dead—yet," he answered nervously. He could not bring himself to say that she was to die upon the morrow.

"Nay, Major Ormiston," Roger here interposed, for Nellie was sobbing in speechless anguish, "if not dead, all is well—or may at all events yet be well—for this most injured lady. I have hope still—hope in the honor and justice even of our enemy. See this paper! It was writ by the soldier who hath lately received as his share in the Irish spoil the house and lands of Netterville, and who is ready to aver on oath that he took it down word for word from the lips of the very woman who did that deed for which Mrs. Netterville stands condemned to die."

Ormiston glanced rapidly over the paper which Roger had drawn from his bosom and given to him.

"Yes, yes!" he cried joyfully. "I doubt it not in the least. Sergeant Jackson is well known as a man of truth beyond suspicion; and these lines, moreover, do but repeat the defense which the unhappy lady urged over and over again upon her trial, insisting that the accusation against her was an act of private vengeance. But all this can be discussed hereafter. Time presses; and whatever is to be done to save her, must be done at once."

"The Lords Chief Justices," suggested Roger; but Ormiston shook his head with a little smile of scorn.

"Little likely they to reverse a sentence pronounced in their own courts!" he said. "No, no! it is to the lord deputy we must appeal. I will ride after him at once, and in a couple of hours at the furthest you may look for me with the result. I trust in God that it may be a good one."

He left the room without waiting for an answer, and in another minute they heard him gallop across the bridge. The next two hours were passed by Nellie in an agony of expectation which was painful to behold. She could not stay still a moment. Sometimes she paced the narrow guard-room with rapid and impatient footsteps—sometimes, regardless of the presence of the English soldiers, she flung herself on her knees, weeping and praying almost aloud in her agony. Every stir about the bridge—every sound from the street beyond seemed to announce the return of her messenger, and at these moments she would stand up, shivering from head to foot in such a fever of hope and fear, that Roger at last became seriously alarmed, and remonstrated firmly and affectionately with her on her want of self-command. At last, to his inexpressible relief, a bustle at the door-way announced Ormiston's return, and a moment afterward the latter entered the guard-room. Nellie stood up, as white as ashes, and utterly incapable of either speaking or moving toward him. Shocked at the mute anguish of her face, Ormiston took her hand in his; but when she looked at him, expecting him to address her, he hesitated, like one doubtful of the effect of the tidings he was bringing.

"For God's sake, speak at once!" cried Roger. "Anything is better for her than this suspense! Say, is it life or death?"

"Not death, certainly—at least I hope not," said Ormiston, vainly seeking in his own mind for some fitter words by which to convey his meaning.

The blood rushed to Nellie's temples, and the pupils of her eyes dilated; but still she could not answer.

"You hope?" Roger repeated sadly. He saw, though Nellie did not, that there still existed some uncertainty in the matter.

"There is a reprieve at all events," he said, in the same joyless tones in which he had before replied.

The color faded from Nellie's cheek, and gladness from her eye. "Only a reprieve—only that!" she muttered, in tones so hoarse and changed that the young men could hardly believe it to be hers—"only that!"

"But the rest will follow," said Ormiston, trying to reassure her. "The lord-deputy will himself inquire into the business, and—"

"Nay, then, she is safe, indeed!" Nellie interrupted him to say. "With that confession, furnished by her chief accuser, her innocence must be clear as daylight. O sir! she is safe—surely she is safe!" she added, trying to reassure herself by the repetition of the word, and yet sorely puzzled by a something in Ormiston's eyes which looked more like pity than sympathy in her joy.

"Safe? I trust so—with all my heart and soul. I trust so," he answered gravely. "Nevertheless, my dear young lady, I would counsel you, as a friend, not to suffer your hopes to soar too high, lest any after-disappointment should be too terrible for endurance."

"If she is reprieved, she will be pardoned; and if she is pardoned, she will live," Nellie repeated slowly, like one trying yet dreading to discover the hidden meaning of his words.

"She will live," he answered gently; "yes, certainly, if God hath decreed it as well as man."

"Nay, if she is in God's hands only, I am

content," said Nellie, with a sudden return to confidence, which somewhat astonished Ormiston. "I also have been in God's hands," she added, with an appealing look toward Roger, "and can tell how much more merciful they are than man's. Sir, I conclude from what you say that she is ailing; may I not go to her at once?"

"If you are strong enough," he was beginning; but she interrupted him with a burst of grief and indignation.

"How? not strong enough? and I have come all this way to see her! O mother, mother!" she sobbed convulsively, "little you dream your child is near, bringing peace and pardon to your prison!"

Roger saw that Ormiston knew more than he liked to tell, and asked in a low voice: "The poor lady, then, is very ill?"

"Dying!" the other answered curtly.

"Will her daughter be in time to see her, think you?"

"In time; but that is all. She has burst a blood-vessel, as I have just now learned, and this reprieve seems little better than a mockery; for no one dreams that she could have survived for the tragedy of to-morrow."

"Then let Nellie go at once," said Roger promptly. "She has ridden night and day to see her mother, and, sad as the meeting may be, it would be sadder still if they met no more. Let her go at once."

And so it was decided.

CHAPTER XV.

Before leaving the guard-room, Ormiston poured out a large goblet of wine from a flask which he had sent one of the soldiers to procure at a wine-tavern hard by, and insisted upon Nellie drinking it to the last drop.

The remainder of the flask he gave to Roger, who, truth to say, was almost as much in need of it as Nellie; and they then all went forth together. Ormiston having previously pledged his word, both to Ormiston and Holdfast, to consider himself merely as a prisoner at large, until they themselves should release him from his parole.

Their way led them from the Gate-house into Bridge street, and from thence to Ormiston Gate, Earl's Gate, "Genta-na-Eorlagh," as it was then sometimes called. With Major Ormiston in their company, this was opened to them without a question, and they afterward proceeded, as fast as Nellie's strength permitted, up the steep hill street, debouching into the Corn Market. Entering the latter, they found themselves face to face with Newgate, the great criminal prison of the city. There it stood, dark, strong, and terrible—too strong, Roger could not help thinking, to be a fitting prison for the frail, dying woman it was guarding for the hangmans. It seemed, indeed, almost like an abuse of power to have cast her there, so helpless as she was, and powerless, in the strong grasp of the law.

Newgate had originally formed a square, having at each of its four angles a tower, three stories high, and surmounted at the top. Two of these, however, those facing toward the city, had been recently taken down; and when Nellie looked upon it for the first time, it consisted merely of the Gate-house, with its portullis and iron gates, and a strong tower at either end. Near the prison stood the gibbet, metaphorically as well as really; for few, indeed, in those sad days were the prisoners who, once shut up within the walls of Newgate, ever left them for a pleasanter destination than the gallows. From the position in which it stood, they could hardly avoid seeing it as they passed onward toward the prison; but in the faint hope of sparing at least poor Nellie's eyes this terrible apparition, Ormiston stepped a little in advance of his companions, and placed himself between her and it. Roger, however, upon whose arm she leaned, knew by the sudden tremor which shook her frame that this tender caution had been in vain. Nellie, in fact, had already seen and guessed at the ghastly nature of its office there; and as her eye glanced reluctantly—and almost, as it were, in spite of herself—toward it, she felt as if she had never before thoroughly realized the awful position in which her mother stood. What wonder that she grew sick and giddy as the thought forced itself, in all its naked reality, on her mind; that her mother—her mother, the very type and personification of refined and delicate womanhood, might at any hour be dragged hither, shivering and ashamed, beneath the rude hangman's grasp? What wonder that her very feet failed to do their office, and that Roger was compelled rather to carry than to lead her past the spot, never pausing or suffering her to gaze until they stood before the gates of Newgate?

Here, as they entered the same and a doorway of Ormiston receiving them with courtesy, and showing them at once into a low, vaulted room on the ground-floor of the prison. Notwithstanding this, however, Ormiston had no sooner announced the name of the prisoner they had come to visit, than the man showed symptoms of great and irrepressible embarrassment.

"The prisoner had been very ill," he muttered; "had burst a blood-vessel in the

morning, and the bleeding had returned within the hour. A doctor had been sent for, and was at that moment with her; but if Major Ormiston could condescend to wait he would call his wife, who was also in attendance on the poor lady, and would tell her to announce the arrival of a visitor. It must be done gently," he replied over and over again; "very gently, for the doctor had already told him that any sudden shock would of necessity prove fatal."

Ormiston eyed the man curiously as he blundered through this statement. He knew enough of Newgate, as it was then conducted, to doubt much if the visit of a doctor was a luxury often vouchsafed to its inhabitants; and feeling in consequence that some mystery was concealed beneath the mention of such an official, he was almost tempted to fancy that Mrs. Netterville was already dead, and that, on account of the presence of her daughter, the man hesitated to say so. The next moment, however, he had leaped to another and more correct conclusion, though for Nellie's sake, and because intolerance formed no part of his character, he made neither question nor comment, as the jailer evidently expected that he would, on the matter. Greatly relieved by this apparent absence of suspicion on the part of the English officer, the man brought in a stool for Nellie to sit upon, and then once more announced his intention of going in quest of his wife. Just as he opened the door for this purpose, Ormiston caught a glimpse of a tall, gray-haired man, who passed down the passage quickly in company of a woman. The jailer saw him also, and with a sudden look of dismay upon his features, closed the half-opened door, and turned again to Ormiston.

"It was the doctor," he said with emphasis—"the doctor, who had just taken his departure; and as there was nothing now to prevent their seeing the sick lady, he would send his wife at once to conduct them to her cell."

A long ten minutes followed, during which time Nellie sat quite still, her face hidden by her hands, and shivering from head to foot in fear and expectation. The door opened again, and she sprang up. This time it was the jailer's wife who entered.

"The poor lady had been informed," she said, "of the arrival of her daughter, and was longing to embrace her. Would the young lady follow her to the cell?"

Nellie was only too eager to do so, and they left the room together. Ormiston hesitated a moment as to what he would do himself; but not liking to leave Nellie entirely in the hands of such people as jailers and their wives were in those days, he at last proposed to Roger to follow and wait somewhere near the cell during her approaching interview with her mother. To this Roger readily assented, and they reached the open door just as Nellie entered and knelt down by her mother's side.

[To be Continued.]

FATHER LAVELLE IN ENGLAND.—The patriotic priest, who has for so many years defended the rights of his people against the aggressions of fanatical Protestants, whether bishops, Bible vendors or soupers, is now in England, and, as will be seen from the following extract, his tongue has not lost its cunning, or his heart its soul-stirring pulsation:

On Monday evening, Father Lavelle, the patriot priest of Partry, delivered a lecture at the Temperance Hall, Sheffield, on the subject of the Irish Church Establishment. The hall was crowded almost to suffocation, for Father Lavelle's name is a "household word" in England as in Ireland—in deed, there is not a corner of the earth in which an Irish exile has found a home where the great tribune and patriot priest is not known and loved. The chair was taken by Mr. Delany, who introduced Father Lavelle to the meeting as a champion of civil and religious liberty. Father Lavelle was received with enthusiastic and long-continued applause. His exposure of the "Monster Iniquity" was, as may well be imagined, most masterly; but, during the entire lecture, he did not give utterance to a single sentence to which the most sensitive Protestant or Dissenter could take offense—merely dealing with the establishment as a State institution as injurious to Protestants, by bringing scandal upon their religion, as it is monstrously unjust to the Catholics, who have to pay for its maintenance. He concluded by stating that, "as regards the supremacy of the pope, the Catholics of Ireland would give down their lives for that supremacy in ecclesiastical matters; but he himself would be the first man to stand on the shore to repel the attempt of Pope, cardinal, or any foreign potentate—spiritual or temporal—to interfere with the political or social rights of the Irish people." This sentiment was enthusiastically applauded, and a vote of thanks was subsequently passed to Father Lavelle by acclamation.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.