

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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VOLUME I.

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"HOLY MARY."

The incident these lines recall was fully detailed in volume II, page 250 of our publication. For recent subscribers, it may be well to say, it was afterward discovered that the stranger—who was stricken down with a fit in a street of one of our Eastern cities—was actually a fervent Catholic, and the words "Holy Mary," which alone he was able to utter, were the sole means of obtaining for him the last rites of the Church and Christian burial. —*See Maria.*

A shout in the busy street, and a hurried rush—
The gathering of a throng, and a sudden hush—
A prostrate, gasping man, feeble and gray—
And the awe-struck, reverent crowd shrinking away.

Who lo! vainly they ask. A stranger lone.
From the lips of the stricken man came only a moan;
And a wild, beseeching look, from his dying eyes,
Tossed in his agonized prayer to the pitying skies.

anon, the struggling lips quiver apart,
And the utterance of a name, from his inmost heart:
Of sister, or wife, or child, or of friend most dear!
Nays—a name to each faithful soul yet still more dear.

It hath spoken to Christian hearts, in every clime,
As the pass word of their faith, through ages of time,
And now by one listening ear that gives pious heed,
It is caught, and telleth all the soul's last piteous need.

"Holy Mary!"—the words failed on the faltering tongue—
"Holy Mary!"—the words from the dying lips were wrung—
"Holy Mary!"—he prayed with his fast expiring breath—
But only in his soul—now, at my hour of death!"

How often, in thoughtless mood, we thus on our Mother call,
And idly, from our lips, let this dread petition fall!
Well for us that she who hears, hears not as we dare to speak,
But keeps in her mother's heart the prayers of her children weak.

Peace to the dying! Peace! For Our Lady his prayer
Has heard,
Perchance by his dying ear unheeded the sacred word,
But our holy Mother Church takes to her arms her son,
And with tender, reverent love, she claims him for her own.

Peace to the departed! Peace! The holy rite is said,
And pious, faithful souls have cared for the faithful dead.
The nameless stranger's grave no kindred dear surround,
But by holier than kindred ties are all Mary's children bound.

TRUE TO THE END.

CHAPTER V.

For some years, Richard Dunne never crossed the path of his early companions. Frank was a clerk in the same banking-house, but their departments were different, and they rarely even saw each other at a distance. When Frank had been married about five years, one of the partners of the house died suddenly—a piece of great good fortune for Richard, who at once became junior partner. Now Frank did come in contact with him, and always was treated by him with great civility; he asked after Ellen, and soon after came to call. His visit was repeated, and various little attentions, in the shape of presents to the children, were sent from time to time. Frank was pleased, and pronounced him to be a very good fellow. Ellen shrank back, wished he would not come, and felt much inclined to put his presents for her children into the fire. When her husband reasoned with her about it, and wanted to know why she could not let bygones be bygones, she had only a woman's answer to give, *i. e.*, that she didn't know. Her instinct bade her be on her guard, but she could not put it into words.

Willie never happened to meet him at his sister's house, but once he had occasion to intercede for one of the servants belonging to the bank, who had been dismissed for some trifling offense. He wrote courteously to Richard, quite ignoring what had passed at their last meeting, and received a most civil reply, granting his request.

It was not long afterwards that on entering Ellen's house, Willie one day found Richard seated in her drawing-room, playing with two of the children, who were flushed and delighted with a packet of magnificent toys, which the kind visitor had brought with him. They ran eagerly forward to show them to their uncle. As he stooped to caress them, Ellen, who happened to look at Richard, saw an expression of either intense anger or pain pass over his features; it was gone in an instant, and Ellen thought her eyes must have deceived her, as she witnessed the cordial greeting which Richard accorded to her brother. After a short conversation on desultory subjects, Richard took his leave, the children ran off to show their treasures in the nursery, and Willie administered one of his gentle scoldings, as Ellen called them, to his sister, for a strong outburst of dislike and distrust of Richard which she indulged in when they were alone. She promised faithfully she would try and get rid of the feeling, which she owned had no real foundation to rest upon. While they were talking over the matter, Frank burst in with radiant face to tell his wife that he had been called into the partners' private room, and informed that they were about to promote him to the post of second confidential clerk, with nearly double his present salary. They did this at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Richard Dunne. "Is not he a glorious fellow?" continued Frank, "so truly generous! We were rivals, and I was successful; and if he had entertained a grudge against me, small blame to him; but to be such a friend as this, to heap benefits upon us, is so truly noble!"

Ellen was shedding tears. "Yes, I am ashamed of myself," she said; "I will never have another unkind thought about

him. May God bless him, and reward him for his goodness, and make him happy!" "And so he is going to be," cried Frank. "He's going to be married himself. So, you see, you didn't quite break his heart, Nellie, after all."

"To be married!" exclaimed Ellen; who is the lady?" "I don't know, Mrs. Curious," returned her husband. "He told it to me as a secret, only to be confided to us three. 'I would rather not mention her name, Frank,' he said; 'but I believe I have won as great a prize as you have, and I am indeed a happy man.'"

"Thank God!" said Willie fervently, as he rose to leave. "I must be going now." And the united entreaties of brother and sister that he would stay and dine could not prevail on him to leave his sick people and his night school. They could do nothing more than extract a promise that he would come the following day and talk over the good news.

From that day forward Richard Dunne found a marked difference in Ellen's manner towards him; he was welcomed with real cordiality, and her nature was so naturally trustful, that when she had once taken him into her good graces, no further suspicion ever crossed her mind. And Frank was so happy! Not only did the increase of income lessen his cares, but the employment was more congenial to him; he felt himself of use and value to his employers; his work was no longer mere dry mechanism; he was required to think and to judge, to be in his employer's confidence, and to know some of the wheels within wheels on which the business of the firm turned.

And so the months flew on; there was a pleasant visit paid to the home of Frank and Ellen's childhood, where Margaret delighted to hear the voices and watch the gambols of her children's children. Then the party returned to town, and soon the winter drew on, with its short days and dull leaden skies. Ellen was not very well, and had to keep much at home, and rest on the sofa, while her fingers, which could never bear to be idle, employed themselves on sundry tiny articles of wearing apparel.

One day, Frank, came home, looking pale worn, and harassed. After a hasty kiss to his wife, he went to a writing-table, containing various drawers, kept expressly for his own use, and made an eager search among his papers.

"Have you lost anything, Frank?" said his wife presently; "let me come and look, dear; you know I always find your things." "I can't have you tiring yourself and getting ill," said Frank, in a tone of such dejection that Ellen was instantly at his side.

"What is it, dearest; what am I to look for?" To her intense surprise Frank, instead of answering, flung down the mass of papers he was examining, let his head fall on the desk, burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. Ellen had one moment of dismayed silence, and then, like a true woman, the sight of a man's grief gave her courage to act for him.

Gradually she drew the truth from him. A bundle of notes had been lost which had been given to him to pay into an account at another banking-house in the city. He had, he was certain, placed them in his pocket-book, buttoned it up in an inside pocket of his coat, and was preparing to go out, when Richard Dunne came in with a bundle of letters requiring answering and consultation. When Frank stated the business he had in hand, Richard bade him "never mind it" for that day; but took the notes up in his private drawer at the banking-house. This he had done, he was positive he had done it; he had stayed talking over matters with Richard till long after the bank had closed. The next morning, on looking in his private drawer for the notes, they were not there. The lock had not been picked, nor was there a single paper in the drawer disturbed; it was impossible it could be the work of a robber. The only solution of the mystery was that he had not put the notes into the drawer, but had, in the hurry of talking, thrust them into his pocket. Frank, however, felt certain and maintained that he had put them in. He remembered every circumstance; he had taken them out of his pocket, but placed them in a thick blue envelope, put them in the drawer underneath an old red pocket-book containing some papers, and then locked the drawer with his own key and put the bunch of keys into his pocket.

"And Frank, darling," said his wife when the story had been told, "what were the numbers of the notes; cannot they be stopped?" "O, Nellie, that is the worst! I did not put them down. I ought to have done so; it was an act of great negligence on my part, anyhow, and now that they are lost it tells terribly against me."

"Tells against you, my dearest Frank? you don't mean to imagine that for one instant you are suspected?" "Ah, Ellen, you don't know how soon a man's reputation may be gone in business life. Suspicious circumstances, unproved

guilt, are often as ruinous as if one had been condemned by a jury." "What do the partners say?" said Ellen, swallowing down the sobs that were rising in her throat.

"They are kind," said Frank, "I can't say they are not; but, of course, it is an uncomfortable state of things. Richard, indeed, is most kind; blames himself so bitterly for having hindered my going to the bank yesterday. We are waiting now to find out the number of the notes. Mr. Brown will know them, he went to Cork, you know, two days ago; we have telegraphed to him."

"Mr. Brown? that is the clerk above you?" "Yes," said Frank, sighing; "and the only one above me, until now. Ellen, unless this matter is cleared up, I shall certainly be sent back to my old place in the bank!"

"I don't think Richard Dunne will allow that," answered his wife. "Perhaps not," said Frank wearily, "but it will be entirely through his influence if it does not happen; my only hope is in him."

"And now, Frank dearest, come and dress, and then have some dinner; you will feel better and more hopeful afterwards; and we will have a good hunt over all your papers, and be able to look the matter calmly in the face. Let us put our trust in God, dearest," murmured his wife, leaning over him and kissing his hot dusty forehead. "He has been good to us all our lives, and if it is His will to try us, must we not be content?"

"My precious wife, my life's comfort!" was Frank's reply, as he folded her in his arms.

CHAPTER VI.

The search in Frank's house proved fruitless, no notes were to be found; and when the next morning he re-entered the banking house he found that no tidings of them had reached the firm, save that Mr. Brown had answered the telegram in person, having traveled by the night mail. He had furnished the numbers of the notes—they were down in his pocket-book; and he spoke with much asperity of the great carelessness of his subordinate not having done the same. Frank knew he was not a favorite with Mr. Brown, and that the latter took every opportunity he could of pointing out a trifling mistake or negligence on his part to the notice of his employers.

Frank supposed that Mr. Brown would have preferred that one of the older clerks should have been raised to the position he enjoyed. He did not know that he had been led to believe that his own son would be admitted into the bank if Mr. Grady, the next clerk in standing to Mr. Brown, had been raised to Frank's place, but that on Frank's elevation the vacancy had to be given to a relation of Mr. Grady's, to content him for the apparent injustice. All this had been insinuated to Mr. Brown by Richard, who said Frank Murphy was a good fellow, no doubt; but somehow had a way of g-tting into Mr. John Dunne's good graces, which was very remarkable. However, it was just as well to keep on good terms with him, no one knew what might happen; old men did take such odd fancies into their heads; sometimes they displaced faithful and long-tried servants for the sake of young favorites who ingratiated themselves with them. It was hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Brown disliked Frank, and entertained a suspicion of him.

Frank came home that night in very low spirits, and his wife had much difficulty in cheering him up. She was disappointed, too, at not seeing her brother, to whom she had written, saying they were in trouble, but not stating the nature of it. He had written a line back to say he was attending a family attacked by malignant fever, who had already given the infection to some of their neighbors; and as several were in a dying state, he could not possibly be absent from his post for a day or two; she was to write and tell him what was the matter. She was also feeling very unwell; and after sitting down to a dinner for which neither husband nor wife had much appetite, Ellen lay down on her sofa, and her husband sat beside her, both very sad, but both trying to conceal the extent of their depression from each other. The servant entered the room:

"If you please, sir, there is a policeman below wanting to see you."

Frank's face brightened for a moment. "Perhaps there is some news, Ellen. Richard would be sure to send if he heard anything." And he hastened from the room.

Ellen, too anxious to wait, followed him half-way down the stairs. A policeman was standing in the passage, and as Frank came up to him, the man said, in a tone of real distress:

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Murphy, very sorry, sir; but there is my warrant."

"Your warrant for what?" said Frank, in a bewildered tone, taking the paper the constable offered.

"For felony, sir," answered the man in a low voice; "about them notes, sir. One of 'em has been found, it seems, and rights look odd; but no doubt it'll all be right enough by and by."

The noise of a heavy fall on the stairs startled both.

"Ellen, Ellen, my darling!" cried Frank, rushing to her.

"Poor thing!" muttered the policeman, as he followed closely at his heels.

Ellen was insensible. Frank took her into his arms, and turning to the policeman, exclaimed:

"I must carry my wife to bed, and send for her doctor, and then I can go with you. Be kind enough to wait in the dining-room."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man respectfully, "but I can't do that. It's felony, you see, sir; and where you goes I goes, sir. I don't mind waiting a bit; but if you'll take my advice, sir—and I have seen a good many of these sort of troubles—I'd leave her while she is in a faint. She'll only feel the more if you stay on."

Frank vouchsafed no answer, but carried Ellen into her room. By this time all the servants had assembled, and all knew that some disgrace and sorrow had entered the once peaceful, happy home.

Nora, the nurse, who had been with them since the first baby was born, and who was one of those faithful, self-sacrificing servants seldom found except in Ireland or of Irish blood, at once took in the bearings of the case, and joined her entreaties with that of the policeman, that her master would go at once, before her mistress woke up from her deadly swoon. Her advice was taken; and Frank, getting into a cab with the policeman, soon found himself within the gloomy walls of a prison cell. The inspector of police asked what solicitor he should send for, but Frank was too convulsed with horror and grief to be able to answer him. Presently, however, came Richard Dunne, apparently broken-hearted and full of sympathy, showering imprecations on his uncle for having been so hasty as to take proceedings.

"However, Frank," he continued, "as the unhappy thing did happen, it is as well it should be cleared up. It would have been painful for you to be always laboring under a cloud. Now the matter will be sifted, and when your innocence is fully proved, they will all be so ashamed of having accused you, that they will be anxious to make any reparation in their power."

"But it will meantime have killed my wife," groaned Frank, not raising his head from his folded arms, on which he had laid them on first entering the prison.

"Is she ill?" said Richard, while a twinge, as if some strong pain, passed over his face.

A groan was the only answer.

"O, she will not die, my dear fellow; she will live to see you righted, and the future brighter than even the past has been. Now try and take some supper, and go to bed. You must not get unwell, remember; appearances go a great way. The first thing in the morning I'll be round again with Fox. You know George Fox? You can't have a better man; and he will advise about counsel."

"Thank you," murmured Frank. "Any one you like. But my wife! if I could only know how she is!"

"I'll go and see," said Richard, catching up his hat; "and bring you word." And so saying he hurried out, and seemed glad to breathe in the open air. It was a still, fine night, without a moon, but the sky was radiant with stars, "keeping their watches" over the sins and sorrows of men. "Will she die?" he murmured. "Better for her if she does, perhaps. Well, she chose her own fate. She must be sacrificed; though, if I could, I would spare her. But suffer through them to some degree she must. O, my revenge is at hand now, and it is sweet indeed!"

In answer to his inquiries after Ellen, he was told she was extremely ill, that Dr. Grant was with her, and her father and mother-in-law had been sent for. Richard made minute inquiry of the weeping servant, who told the rest afterwards he was the kindest-hearted gentleman who had ever lived, and who willingly assented to his going into the drawing-room to write a letter, which might do somewhat to help her beloved and falsely-accused master out of his troubles. He was accordingly taken up stairs, furnished with paper, pen and ink, and left to write his letter in peace. He was not many minutes over his letter, and descended the stairs again, holding it in his hand. As the servant opened the door to let him out, William O'Donnell hurried up the steps, full of astonishment and alarm at the abrupt message which had reached him.

"What is all this, Mr. Dunne?" he exclaimed, as he perceived him.

"A sad, sad thing, indeed," returned Richard. "I am deeply grieved at it, but I trust it is only a cloud which will speedily blow over. I have been with Frank just now, trying to comfort him. I am going to take him word how his wife is, and then to go off for a solicitor; and I shall be up all night. I must strain every nerve in Frank's defence."

"May God bless you for your goodness!" said Willie, fervently pressing his hand.

The other shrank back for a moment, as if the touch had scorched him, or the words

troubled him. Even at that moment his good angel made another effort, and cried aloud to his soul not to fill up the measure of his iniquities. The stars, with their thousand eyes, looked down upon him, and tried to flash a thought of fear into his soul—fear of Him whose Eyes are brighter than a thousand stars; but all was in vain. He drowned the voice of conscience in the fury of his passions, and chafing his revenge to his heart, hastened on his way.

Before the morning dawned in the silent, deserted drawing-room, Willie poured the waters of baptism on the head of a feeble, wailing infant; and before the sunrise had reddened the heavens, the little soul had taken flight from this world of care and sorrow, and was singing with the angels a song of endless bliss. Meanwhile, the poor mother continued in a most critical and dangerous condition.

[To be Continued.]

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—more likely to cut himself than any one else.

TEAS.—Platt & Co., No. 102 Camp street, announce that they have twenty different qualities of teas, which they are selling at prices lower than goods of equal quality can be bought elsewhere. See advertisement.

The officers and members of the Young Men's Catholic Friends' Society of St. Patrick's are notified to attend a meeting of the Society this day, at 12 o'clock. As an election of officers for the ensuing year takes place, punctual attendance is requested.

WINES, &c.—We would specially direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of C. Cavairet on the fifth page. They have a stock of goods unequalled in this region, and the position which this eminent firm holds in the community is sufficient to decide the doubts of numbers who wish to avoid imposition, by dealing with gentlemen of worth and standing. St. Julien is a favorite of ours. We defer our opinion of the latest importation till we hear further from No. 5 Exchange Place.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.—It will be seen from an announcement in another column that our townsmen of the Orleans Dramatic Relief Association propose giving yet another entertainment for charitable purposes. It is to take place on the first of October, in the National Theatre, and will be for the benefit of the St. Joseph's German Catholic Orphan Asylum. It will be seen that the bill is very attractive, and it will probably be given with all the skill of that accomplished association.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY CROSS.—We refer our readers with pleasure to the prospectus of this excellent institution, published elsewhere. Parents will there find a full list of charges, with a synopsis of the principal regulations by which order is enforced, health maintained and progress ensured. This convent is located in the Third District, on Rampart (formerly Love) street, at the corner of Congress street. The healthfulness of that district, and the reputation of the Order in charge of the school are well known to the public. To those who are anxious to promote the advancement of their children in the French language, perhaps no institution of the country would offer superior inducements, and we would advise such persons to call there and examine its claims before deciding in favor of any other.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, CARONDELLET, MO., NEAR ST. LOUIS.—This academy, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, has been in successful operation for several years. It has long since, by the untiring energy and professional talent of the Sisters, won its way into popular patronage.

The beauty of its location, situated on a lofty plateau overlooking the Mississippi—its elegant and extensive buildings, the healthy woodland country surrounding it, where the pupils find exercise and recreation, recommend this institution to those families in the South who wish to send their daughters from home for their education.

The steamers pass the academy on their way to St. Louis, and the railroad carries the passengers in a few minutes from the city to the door of the convent.

To the ordinary branches taught in respectable academies, music and all the refined accomplishments of a young lady's education are cultivated with the utmost care that well-skilled and experienced minds can give to them. The expenses for all are moderate. The session of ten months commences on the first Monday in September and ends at the close of June. We refer to the prospectus in another column.