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St. Mary's Church



# Catholic Messenger.

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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1868.

### HIDDEN SAINTS.

#### FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Earth heareth not their names nor knows their worth,  
Not theirs this world's renown,  
Yet one by one they fill their measure up,  
And go to claim their crown;  
Not censured or praised in sight of man,  
They have no glory here,  
And yet perchance above earth's holiest saints,  
God holds them still more dear.

He called and chosen! faithful ones and true,  
Known unto Him alone;  
Who lived indeed for Him veiled, hidden lives—  
These are his very own!  
They knew His secrets—how to seek and find,  
Even in life's common ways,  
The martyr's palm, the brave confessor's meed,  
The spotless virgin's praise.

The home in Nazareth where Mary dwelt,  
When Jesus lived and grew,  
God sees in countless homes on earth,  
Good earnest souls renew,  
Their beautiful lives, each in its lowlier path,  
Yet faithful too to grace;  
Hid from our eyes by earth's deceitful glare,  
Their steps we cannot trace.

Nearer to Jesus and to Mary still,  
Than human eyes,  
Their lives but look the common lives of men,  
Mid common human ties,  
Yet bright and shining with a supernatural light  
In angel's sight above,  
And sanctified by patience, faith and hope,  
And love, divinest love.

God knoweth each, the lofty and the low,  
Alike in spirit poor;  
The meek of heart, the patient souls that mourn—  
Yet mourning still endure;  
And they who thirst for grace while they freely quaff,  
With thirst unquenched still,  
For holiness and justice, until God  
Their souls with grace shall fill.

And they who give, what they are fain to seek,  
And thus most surely find—  
God's mercy—And the Mary-like in soul—  
The pure of heart and mind—  
These gentle ones, who whosoever they go  
God's peace and quiet take,  
And they, who scoffing word and scornful smile  
Endure for justice sake.

These are all "Blessed," though not one by one,  
We call upon their names;  
Not unto holy church hath God been pleased  
To tell their separate claims:  
Matron or maid—the man of wealth or toil—  
Mary and Mary's foes,  
Whose hidden life in heart and mind they share,  
As child or brethren own.

And while we tell in supplicating tones  
The long and glorious rolls  
Of holy names that God's sainted one  
For pity on our souls,  
Let us beseech them too, God's hidden Saints,  
Who walked life's common ways,  
And made life's common pains and daily toils  
Turn all to prayer and praise. Ave Maria

### A NEW LIFE'S WORK.

Concluded from our last.

The old jailer coughed to hide a groan, pulled at his ragged whiskers, then took her hands in his and told her the story. It was short and direct enough. Last night Joe Stiles, the flour inspector, had been passing down Pleasant street on his road to the meeting, when he saw a man come out of Ford's Lane, (which opened on Pleasant street, running, a knife in his hand, the knife and his clothes bloody. Stiles hurried after him, when the man, who was Sam Carton, dropped the knife, and told him, with a husky voice and every mark of terror or guilt, that he had found young Bob Fuller dead in the lane, lying against the fence of a back-yard, this knife beside him. Stiles' suspicions were aroused by Carton's manner, and, after finding that Fuller was actually dead, he had caused him to be arrested.

"Though he's not formally gone afore a magistrate yet," said the jailer, "there's many as has heard Sam swear revenge agin Bob Fuller, myself for one."

Martha's heart grew sick as she remembered the last night's conversation.

"An' now, Matty, I don't believe Sam did this thing; 'twan't a fair fight, or it might have been—'twas a foul, back-handed murder. I don't think as he did it, mind you—but I do say as his actions have been unaccountable this night on any other ground of explainin'. There's not a man as saw him that would believe he was not guilty, savin' myself. That's how the matter stands. Questions him. 'Was nobody by when you finds the body?' No answer. 'Was any human person in that lane?' Who do you believe was the murderer? Dumb as a mule. Then, says I, 'Sam Car-

ton, did you kill this unfortunate man?' 'No; I declare I found him as I told you, the knife beside him, then seven wounds in his breast and stomach,' he says, clear and round. 'Who do you think did the deed?' then, says I, 'I have no more to say,' he answers, growing sullen."

"This was early in the night," said Martha. "Where was he until he brought him here?"

"In the station-house, close guarded. Lord, child, the town was wild with it; the meetin' was broke up. The Fullmers have more influence than any family. It'll go hard with Sam." He was silent for a while, then, clearing his throat, he began to stammer. "After breakfast time Sam'll be took before a magistrate for examination. Now there's one point, Matty, as I haven't told you on. It were just nine o'clock when Sam Carton met Stiles coming out of Ford's Lane. Dr. McCoy says as Fuller had at that time been dead nigh unto an hour; he was on the spot near as soon as Stiles, and examining the body. Now, what time did Sam Carton leave this house? If but a bit before nine, only enough to give him time to go through Ford's Lane, then his story is true, an' he found Fuller dead already there. But if he left you an hour before going into Ford's Lane—do you see, where was he all that time until he goes out and finds Stiles, an' what was he about?"

Martha Tolivar sprung to her feet and walked to the window. She did see. O, Heaven, where had he been?

"Gilton, the 'torney, was there last night," pursued her father, eyeing her keenly askance, "an' he says to Sam, 'Carton,' says he, 'doubtless you can prove an alibi. If you can account for yourself up to fifteen minutes of nine, it's all right, for Fuller had evidently been dead some time,' he says. Sam said nothin'. Now, Matty, they'll call on you as a witness in an hour or two." He affected not to see her shiver, but went on hurriedly. "If you can prove that Sam Carton left this house nigh unto nine o'clock, his business is all right. There's none knows but you an' him. Mother—she was asleep down in the kitchen; I was at the meetin'. It rests with you, Martha."

"I—"

"Well, well," opening the door, "don't say nothin' to me. Wait till you—you think a bit. This matter of time is such an uncertain thing; it'll take you to consider a spell. It might 'a' seemed eight to you when he left, when it was really nine. Don't be in a hurry; it's Sam's life as is dependin' on it."

He shut the door and then went down the hall, rapping at the prisoners' doors who were noisy, and swearing at them.

She dressed herself mechanically, and sat down on a wooden stool by the fireplace, where there were only a few half-burned coals, hiding her head in her lap. Her mother came in, bringing hot tea, presently, and one of the women to make the fire followed, watching Martha curiously.

"You can go, Sukey," said Mrs. Tolivar, her voice more gentle than Martha had ever heard it. "I'll build the fire." And when she was gone: "O, Matty, kin you save him? What do you mind of the time?"

"None o' that ere," said the jailer, who was watching at the door; "you quit worritin' that child, wife. You build that fire an' then come out o' here. Did I ask her questions?"

Mrs. Tolivar took Matty's fingers in her fat hands and squeezed them, then obeyed and left her alone.

At ten o'clock she was to go to the magistrate's office, they told her.

Yesterday, when Matty had planned a strong heroic life for herself, she had fancied how self-poised, serene she would be when Heaven's great judgments met her face to face. New Year had come. Was this the supreme new life, the grapple with destiny she had hoped for? She never thought to ask. It was the old mill of thoughts and people—Sam, the jail, crime; but soul and body were wrenched alike with the fierceness of the struggle. It was only the old lover, Sam, with his stubby, sandy hair, red hands, and truth-telling eyes; but she loved him so madly that day, that she could have been glad to let out drop by drop from her veins to save him from pain—to save him from death.

It was no new revelation of sublime duty flashing on her to-day. She crouched down on the floor, picking at the chain of the rag-carpet, her eyes swollen, the "tick, tick" of the town clock vexing her dull thought, trying to thrust this new grappling agony out of her brain—to think of the shirts she was making for her father, of the dinner to cook; anything to bring her back to her old life, and waken her out of this horrible dream; now and then, when its reality grew too sharp to bear, sobbing, "O, Heaven, have pity on me!" her head on the stool like a whipped child; when nine o'clock came, and the brass hands of the clock pointed slowly to ten, no calmer, no more certain than at first, still wringing her hands, looking helplessly out into the bright blue air.

A sudden sound made her stop and stand motionless, listening. It was the jar of one of the cell-doors; they were taking Sam out. She heard his slow, firm step among all the others passing through the hall. It seemed to quiet, determine her. She ran to the iron door of her room, by which he must pass, and laid her head on it as if it had been his breast. "I'll save you," she said, in a hot whisper. He was innocent; if she lived to prove the truth, would Heaven blame her? Then she pushed that mean sopitism away—she was too clear headed to accept it. "I love him," she said, looking up, a fierce light in her homely face. "He'll save him. God can do to me what He will. That's all."

The steps went out on the pavement, the hall door clanged, and there was a noise of wheels driving away.

In a few moments her mother and father came in. "Time's up, Matty," the latter said cheerfully. "It's only a few rounds to Squire Dutton's office. Sam was put in rather informal last night, as much to get out of the mob as any other reason. We'll have him taking tea with us to-night, as usual on holidays."

"No; I'll put off the New Year dinner till late. That's better," said his wife. "Sam's monstrous fond of turkey;" trying on Martha's hood and furs as she spoke.

O, if what they said were real words! Was she ever to sit down beside Sam again at the cheery little table, with the four happy faces about it?

"I'll go speak to Holster before we start," said the jailer, with a warning look at his wife to be silent.

She did not heed it.

"I was dozin', Matty, last night," said the mother in a rapid mutter, her hands trembling as they smoothed the pelerine. "But I'm dead sure as the clock struck nine just as Sam went. You know, for Heaven's sake save him, child. He's aged ten years since they put him in."

"Come, Martha," cried her father's voice, interrupting her.

She went out to where her father stood in the hall; his face had a trouble on it.

"That poor wretch we took in last night is dyin'," he said. "You'd best stay with her, wife. Dr. McCoy says as she's took some drug, and took more on it through the night. It's too late to save her, he says. An' she's turned out to be Marget Hench, Sam Carton's cousin; her as was unfortunate some time ago."

All this in a rapid undertone to his wife; then, tucking Martha's hand under his arm, he led her briskly down the street.

The sun had broken from behind the gray pall of cloud, and glittered brightly on the white snow, the dripping icicles, the long rows of red brick houses, with cheerful fires shining through their windows; the streets were full of happy faces; crowds of young men, furred and cloaked, dashed along, making their New Year's calls. One, more earnest, honest, hard-working than the whole of them, waited for the gibbet; she could save him; only she. Her father, who was watching her, stopped short.

"Ye's sick, Matty," kneading her hands in his. "It's so then as you can't speak the good word for Sam?" in a voice of blank disappointment.

"Come on," she said steadily. "It's only a step farther."

The magistrate's office was a one-roomed wooden shed at the corner of Pleasant and John streets. There was a crowd of loafers on the steps and about the door when they came near, trying to catch any crumbs of news from within, for the door itself was

locked. They made way for Tolivar and his daughter, with whispers about "Carton's sweetheart," "prove an alibi," "neat foot and ankle." And this while the man that had loved her so was near death on the other side of the door.

He had loved her—she knew now how well; she could curse herself, bitterly as a man would, remembering how selfish she had been with him.

When she entered the office, she saw him first, standing alone, his arms folded on his breast, by the window, the sun lighting up his shoulders and head. It was a homely face, but there were grand steady lines about it, an air of quiet strength and truth that none of these flimsier men shared who sat in judgment on him. He changed color when he saw her, and then smiled. There was always something sad and tender in the man's smile. She felt herself breaking down, the tears coming. Going straight to him she took his hand.

"Sam, I—"

"It would be better you had no conversation with the prisoner, Miss Tolivar," said the policeman.

Her father brought her a chair in a corner a little out of sight.

They went on with the examination. It only proved the story I have related more clearly, though carried on in a rambling, discursive style. Squire Dutton was a friend of Carton's—in fact, an old employer; he addressed him as "Sam," and affected a lightness of tone as if the whole accusation was a mere farce. But all his petty schemes could not throw discredit on the facts as they were plainly elicited; he bit the end of his goose-quill impatiently. The men owed each other a grudge. Carton had sworn revenge. ("Them was idle words, spoke in heat," Sam said. "But I don't expect none to credit that.") The death-wounds had been inflicted with this knife, that lay, with its fresh blood-stains, on the squire's green-baize table; the knife was found in Carton's hand. Fuller lay dead in the lane. Only they two had been there alone.

"For how long? That's the point," said Dutton. "Doctor says Fuller had been dead an hour. Where was Sam an hour back? It all depends on that, gentlemen."

The jailer whispered to him.

"Eh? Yes. I heard of this." Trying not to look too boyishly pleased, rubbing first one gray whisker then the other.

"A few words from Miss Tolivar will settle the matter, then."

Carton started, took a step forward, turned deadly pale.

"An alibi, you understand, Simons. If Carton left Mr. Tolivar's house at nine, or but a few moments before, it is clear he is an innocent man. The blood on this knife was frosted and dried when Stiles took it from him."

The jailer led the girl forward and stood beside her.

"Don't be feared, Mat," he whispered. "It's Sam's chance."

Carton leaned his hand on the squire's table; it trembled, but his voice was steady as he looked at every face in the room.

"I've a word to say." The reporters looked up, the old squire laid down his pen. "As God lives, there's no blood on my hands. But that's all I'll say. I could clear myself of this murder by a word; but I've made up my mind not to speak it. I want no lies sworn to for my sake, Squire Dutton, either." He stopped here as if his strength failed him; no one broke the silence. "Not that Matty Tolivar," with a pitiful smile crossing his lips, "is the woman to speak it. I'm not feared of that." His eyes fell, his fingers working nervously on the table; then he raised his head, and said in a hearty cheerful tone: "I'm in a bad risk. I see that. But I think I'm doing right in not clearing myself. I've no mind to be a martyr, either. But I thought the matter over when I found Bob Fuller layin' there dead, and I concluded to keep quiet. I believe God will see me righted. I'm sure of it." He turned and looked at Martha, nodding for her to go on.

There was a pause—a little stir then; one or two men drew a long breath, as if they had been startled by a strong true word, in cognisance of a better life than that of every day.

"You can sit down, Miss Tolivar," said the old squire, then rubbing his hand uncertainly across his forehead.

She sat down. How clear the air had suddenly grown, how easy her duty! She did not think hardly of the doom she was bringing on this man she loved. For the first time in her life Heaven was so near and actual, waiting for help, listening for the true unflinching word. Question and answer came sharp and quick.

"Mr. Carton spent part of yesterday evening with you?"

"A part of it."

"At what hour did he leave the house?"

"At five minutes to eight."

She could not help but hear the low murmur that passed through the room, nor her father's smothered groan. Sam Carton had not inspired them with the security he had given her.

"Are you positive as to the time?"

"Yes," her voice falling.

"That is all that is required of the young lady," said Simons, in a compassionate tone.

"No," said Dutton, his face brightening. "It may be that—you did not notice where Carton went after leaving the house? You didn't see if he went in the opposite direction to Ford's Lane—eh?" eagerly.

It was a long time before the answer came.

"I did see."

Even Carton had not looked for this. He lifted his hand to his forehead—let it fall.

"Where did he go?" asked Simons. "I am sorry to compel this answer, but it is important. 'Did he enter Ford's Lane?'"

He scarcely could catch the reply.

"He did."

"You doubtless, then, were at the window or door? Did any other persons enter the lane immediately before or after Carton?"

She got up, her face white, her eyes burning. Mr. Simons had time to notice that it was a beautiful face, clear-cut for tragedy. He was a connoisseur, and hunted men to death coolly.

"I will not answer," folding her shawl about her. "I—O, God! I'll not murder you for the sake of any lie, Sam;" with a smothering cry.

Carton stopped forward and took her in his arms as she fell; then turned to the lawyer, who was hesitating how to apply the thumbscrews.

"I know what she saw, Mr. Simons. There's no need to force her to speak the words that'll condemn me likely. She's seen Robert Fuller follow me into the lane. He must have come about five minutes after."

"You are a mad fool," said the old squire, seating himself, in a rage. "D'ye mean to risk the girl's happiness—if your own life counts for nothing—to save some wretch I do ye?"

"No," said Carton, huskily, chafing Martha's face. "It'll come right. Where's her father?"

"He was sent for post-haste," said the policeman. "Somebody dead or dying at the jail. Said he'd be back in half a minute."

"You will make out the necessary papers, squire?" said Simons, lowering his voice. "You cannot refuse to commit this man for trial?"

"No, certainly not, Mr. Simons. I will make them out."

The trial was over—her trial. It had left her like one dead. She knew nothing but that she was kindly enough lifted into a carriage, and found herself lying on her own bed, looking vacantly into the great charring fire in the grate, her mother crying softly beside her. She did not know how long she lay there—it might have been minutes or hours. Sam was to die, and she had killed him—all the world thought so. Was it true? He said if she spoke truth God would help them. The thoughts came to her faintly, touched her with dull points; then she slept. This was like death, she thought; she wished it might be death. Life was too horrible for her to bear.

It grew toward evening; the room was dusky but for the pleasant red firelight shadows. She heard a faint stir in the room. After a while some fresh cold hand took hers, not her mother's. It was a long time before she looked up; then her father's grizzly face met hers, with the old eyes dim with tears watching hers.

"Why, Mat," as though he was speaking to a baby; "I've waited long to have

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