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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1869.

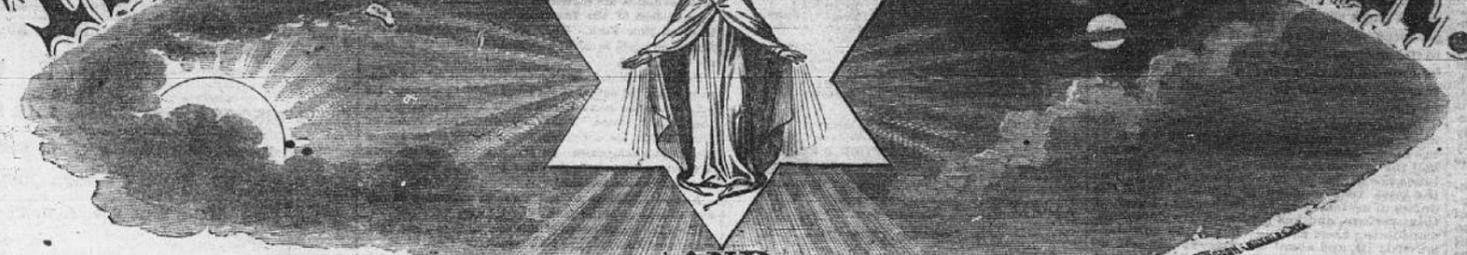
CHRISTIAN LOVE.

BY E. S. BULLMAN. Like the love of God the Father, Like the Saviour's love so pure, Like the love that dwells in heaven, May our love through all endure. God the Father sendeth blessings Not alone unto the good; But the sunbeam and the shower Give to ev'ry creature food.

THE OUTCASTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CALL TO THE ALTAR."

CHAPTER I. It was a strange scene. On one side stood a dark but beautiful Indian servant girl, clasping to her heart a little child of three years of age, who seemed clinging to her for protection. Opposite the pair was a young barrister of high family of the name of St. Leger. Next to him was seen the honest, open countenance of Capt. Thornton, who had lately commanded the ship which had brought the child and nurse from India.



Catholic Messenger.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 3, 1869.

will I resign her. No power on earth shall separate me from Cecilia? And the Indian, still sobbing, pressed the child closer to her breast.

"No body shall take the child from you," said the barrister compassionately, for he was moved at the affection of the young nurse for her charge, "my brother's orders are strict enough on that point. I am Cecilia's uncle, and though the family will not receive her, I will protect her; only I own I do not know where to take you to-night."

"As to that," replied the captain, "I have a sister who keeps a school. Perhaps she would not refuse to take them, though the little one can't yet learn anything."

By this time Monna had recovered her composure, and turned a thankful eye towards the captain.

"Allah will shield us both," she cried; "and Cecilia will never want whilst I have life, even should her father forsake her. Ay, those hands shall be worked to the bone ere that child shall know want." She held up her small hands with an expressive gesture, yet those elegant taper fingers seemed ill calculated to enable her to gain by hard work her daily bread.

"Ah, did we fear man less and God more, how would the ranks of the battle of life open before us! Ah, doubt it not, the compact battalions will give way before the determined purpose, the unswerving pursuit, the aim that points to heaven."

"That little outcast child, even to the two men now regarding it with compassion, seemed fully protected by a poor servant girl, herself an outcast from station, wealth, power, all that command respect."

"Well, sir," said Captain Thornton, "I told you Monna was a fine-spirited girl, and the little one is safe in her hands."

The above scene took place in an hotel where Capt. Thornton had conducted the servant and child on landing in London, and where Mr. St. Leger, on receiving intimation of their arrival, had gone to meet them.

It was now resolved that they should all go directly to Miss Thornton's establishment.

Miss Thornton was a worthy old maid, very different in every respect from her sailor brother, and the very type of a stiff school-mistress. At first she seemed averse to receiving so young a child with so outlandish a nursery maid, but the premium which his brother authorized Mr. St. Leger to pay was so high that it silenced her scruples.

Monna and her charge were accordingly installed in a room set apart for them.

Mr. St. Leger shook Capt. Thornton's hand most cordially for having helped him out of a dilemma.

CHAPTER II. The Indians soon became domesticated in the school.

Monna, with her strange but gentle ways, ingratiated herself with all the household, whilst Cecilia's delicate health made her petted like a baby. The school girls laughed at, whilst they corrected, Monna's broken English, and taught her to sit upon a chair instead of sinking on the floor in her oriental manner.

Her dress also underwent a thorough transformation. She laid aside her Indian costume, and adopted a close-fitting dark merino gown which showed her exquisitely formed figure to still greater advantage. No persuasion, however could induce her to try stays; and the light French "corset" was thrown aside; her falling shoulders and slender waist were confined only by the body of her dress, which the modest took a real pride in making, for she said she had never before seen so perfect a form. Monna was very dark in complexion; but the contour of her face was faultless as that of a Greek statue, to which her mode of dressing her hair gave her a further resemblance, for it was simply braided in front, and drawn into a delicate exotic plait which required a hand as careful as Monna's to rear into health.

Perhaps there never was a little girl happier at school than the outcasts. She was the general darling, and strange to say, Monna was the general comforter. If any child, just come to school was shy and unhappy, the lady's bright smile beamed upon it and made it forget its momentary sorrow. Even Miss Thornton relaxed her rigidity when she watched Monna playing with Cecilia. There was one point, however, in which she and the Indian were sorely at variance. Miss Thornton wished to convert Monna, who listened quietly enough but always obstinately adhered to her Mohammedan creed.

Notwithstanding some little passing clouds, young gently and happily rolled away on the outcasts, and both progressed in every respect. Monna gradually became a sensible and well informed woman, speaking English correctly and even elegantly, for she was present at a dinner where was given to Cecilia, who had learnt her letters on her faithful nurse's knees.

Col. St. Leger was duly informed of his child's improvement by mysterious scrolls that Monna wrote to him in Arabic characters, which proved that in her own country the girl

had received more education than is usually given to Indian women.

From a delicate baby Cecilia had grown, under Monna's fostering care, into a fine girl, now nearly eleven. Happiness gleamed from her bright dark gray eyes, whilst health was seen on her rosy, softly rounded cheek. She gave promise of first-rate talents, and was a favorite with all the professors, who were flattered by her rapid progress. She was ever the first in her class. Loved and caressed, could Cecilia be justly termed an outcast?

CHAPTER III. One day Cecilia had been writing a letter to her father, and addressed it, "Col. St. Leger," when one of her school-fellows, happening to see the direction, said, with malicious acuteness,

"How strange it is, Cecilia, that you have a different name from your father? Why are you not called St. Leger instead of Brown?"

The name of the inquirer was Armstrong, and she was, perhaps, the only girl in the school who disliked Cecilia, for she was jealous of her success in her studies.

For one moment Cecilia turned towards her in strange perplexity; the next she rushed out of the room into the garden, where Monna was sitting quietly reading.

"Monna, Monna," cried the agitated child, throwing her arms around her nurse's neck, "why am I called Brown instead of St. Leger, like papa?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet the Indian could not have sprung up with greater fright. She glanced wildly at Cecilia, the taking her by the hand, said, "Show me the person who told you this."

But now the aspect of the schoolroom had completely changed. Cecilia's rush into the garden had been noticed and commented on by the other girls, who had gathered into groups whilst the teachers approached to know the matter.

Miss Thornton herself, surprised to hear the unusual bustle and noise, fancied some accident had occurred, so came hastily to inquire.

"What is the meaning of all this, young ladies?" she sternly asked, as she gazed with astonishment at the strange excitement.

Monna and Cecilia now came in, and they would at this moment have formed a study for a painter. The child, shrinking behind and clinging to the Indian for support, whilst Monna's graceful head was thrown back with a look of proud defiance, as if she would not own that she had been wronged by the whole world, at bay. Thus the stag turns back on its pursuers, and dies in self-defence. So strongly did varying passions contend in her beating heart, that for some moments Monna stood utterly speechless. At length, in accents which trembled from very intensity of emotion, she said, "Which of you have dared to insult Cecilia?"

There was a dead silence. Miss Thornton herself was taken aback, as it were, by the Indian's undaunted deportment. She instinctively felt that she dared not now treat as a menial the devoted, courageous Monna, who would ward off every blow ere it reached the helpless child beside her.

At length Miss Armstrong said, "Why, what harm have I done? I only said that Cecilia's mother must have been some very strange person, or else her father would allow her to bear his name."

This speech was meant to wound Cecilia; but its cruel meaning was felt, by Monna more, for as soon as she heard it she felt senseless on the floor. All now gathered round to restore the poor Indian to consciousness. Cecilia's tears fell on her cheek, and did more to revive Monna than all the remedies employed.

"Dear darling Monna, open your eyes," cried the weeping child. "I love you only; I don't think of all about my mother, who is dead; do not care what they say about her."

Miss Armstrong alone marked this strange speech, for all the others were too busily engaged.

At length Monna opened her eyes, and bursting into tears clasped Cecilia to her heart. They then both retired to their own room, but the poor Indian passed a restless night, and the next morning rose feverish and complained of a severe headache.

Miss Thornton indeed found her so unwell that she sent for the school physician, Dr. Horton, who, on seeing the invalid, shook his head as if the case was serious. He talked apart to Miss Thornton in a low voice, but Cecilia heard the words, "It must be done."

"What must be done?" anxiously asked Cecilia.

"Miss Brown, leave the room," Miss Thornton harshly said.

"I will not leave, Monna," replied the child, holding to the bedpost.

An expression of intense suffering passed over Monna's pallid brow as she heard her darling ordered away from her. Dr. Horton, seeing that a painful struggle was about to ensue between the refractory child and her school-mistress, now interposed.

assumption of authority. "Go, my heart's treasure; go, my darling; approach me not, touch me not; I would die ere I would convey infection to you."

Cecilia so little thought of or feared infection that she would have thrown her arms round Monna's neck, had not Dr. Horton lifted her up and carried her out of the room, notwithstanding her piteous entreaties to be allowed to remain.

It was nearly two hours before Cecilia was left to herself, for the teachers had received orders from Miss Thornton to watch her closely and prevent her leaving the schoolroom on any pretext whatever.

As soon, however, as Cecilia felt herself at liberty, she bounded up the stairs to her room, and listened at the door ere entering. Deep was the silence within; cautiously the trembling child opened the door. The caution was useless, the room was untenanted! No Monna was there; the windows were thrown wide open, whilst a strong smell of vinegar pervaded the whole chamber. Cecilia rushed frantically from the room, thinking that Monna might have been placed in another part of the house. She was stopped by Miss Thornton, who could not notice unmoved the deep misery depicted on Cecilia's saddened face.

"Where is she gone?" gasped Cecilia.

"To the hospital," returned Miss Thornton. "You know, poor child, that I could not keep Monna here any longer, for she has a contagious complaint, which might spread in the establishment. However, the doctor says it will not be long, and when she has recovered she will return."

To do Miss Thornton justice, she did try to soothe the disconsolate Cecilia, who begged with heart-rending cries to go to the hospital with Monna.

CHAPTER IV. Meanwhile Monna lay prostrated by suffering in the hospital. Scarcely had the most virulent kind had broken out, and the poor Indian's dark face presented almost a lifeless aspect, whilst her swollen eyelids rendered her nearly blind. Such was the violence of the disease that even the attendant nurses shrank from her. To bodily suffering was added the anguish of her first separation from Cecilia.

One morning, whilst racked with pain and heartbroken with sorrow, Monna was giving way in Hindostanee to passionate lamentations, she heard a step approach her bed, and felt a hand kindly take her own which was burning with fever. The unfortunate woman started, and wondered what strange hand thus bore contagion to the sick moment she had been entranced to a deep, manly voice, who, in her own native language, poured forth a flood of consolation such as the poor creature had never before heard in her life.

Rapt in joyful astonishment, Monna held her breath to listen to the words which told her in glowing terms her native land, that her every throbbing of suffering was noted in heaven; nay, that her every moan and tear were recorded in the book of her life, which would in the dread judgment day be opened before men and angels. The voice promised eternal bliss for earthly sufferings meekly borne. It spoke of that glorious land, her native land, which she had so longed and the weary are at rest; it bade Monna's troubled spirit rise and press on to that realm of light.

As the parched and fainting pilgrim hears a gush of waters in the desert, so did Monna now listen to the soft murmuring of the fountain of truth.

"Speak without fear, for I am confident," cried the sufferer.

"Unburden your heart, my daughter, in all sincerity," replied the voice, in a tone whose kindness made the tears trickle down Monna's blistered cheek.

She, a poor forsaken outcast, to be thus gently comforted! All the world seemed to have left her to her fate when this mysterious being came with words of consolation. In vain Monna essayed to open her swollen eyelids, that she might discern the features of this stranger who had not deigned to call a poor Indian servant his daughter.

"I speak without fear," the voice resumed; none here understand the language in which we converse."

Strange to say that Monna, who had ever shunned any allusion to her former life, now unhesitatingly told the unknown her history from her birth.

What was there in the recital of that life which so strongly moved the stranger? It sufficed it to say, that ere Monna concluded he had brushed away a tear.

A weight seemed to be taken off Monna's mind as she finished. At length she inquired, "Who are you?"

"A Catholic priest."

"Go, go, my darling," he said, "do not stay near me; when I am better you shall return."

Cecilia again lingered, and looked at Monna with streaming eyes. The Indian turned away to hide two large burning drops that coursed down her fevered cheeks.

"Cecilia, I command you to go," she now added in low deep tones, but with a strange as-

A Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Chartres.

A solemn consecration to Mary of the parishioners and congregation, followed by the impressive rite of Benediction, had sent us, late in the evening of Sunday, to our homes. We separated full of the thought of the coming morning, when we were to meet once more as pilgrims bound for the ancient shrine of our Lady in the magnificent cathedral of Chartres.

Early, then, on the morning, and in eager haste, the servants of Mary, nearly 800 in number, rushed up the steps leading to the train, anxious to secure their places; the venerable Cure of St. Sulpice, director of the feast, smiling as they passed him by, his welcome and delight. The signal at length is given, and the train starts.

The morning, which had been cloudy, was brightening into a glorious day. The country, too, looked fresh and beautiful after the rain. Prayers, the singing of hymns, agreeable conversation, and the charms of nature, beguiled the tedious of the journey. We reached Chartres about half past eight A. M. Here we were received in right royal fashion by the clergy of the grand old cathedral, who were awaiting us at the station, attended by a troop of choristers in their surplices of snowy white; the choirboys, dressed in white, with banners flying, and the cross, of course, leading.

Falling into procession, two by two, and in two long lines, the pilgrims set out for the cathedral, not far distant, and were accompanied by a band of music, priests and people chanting in unison during the march.

On reaching our destination, we placed ourselves at the disposal of the venerable Cure of the pilgrims, who, after a short discourse, alluding to the words of St. Peter to Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," and reminding us that God who is everywhere the dispenser of His own mercies, does not deny us as of old, makes choice to Himself, mysteriously, of certain places which he hollows with His presence; dispensing thence, as from a throne of mercy, the treasures of His goodness to men.

Our souls thus invigorated and refreshed, it behooved us to think ever of our corporal food; we had come from afar, and our pastors would not that we should faint on the way. After a few words of advice, then, from the saintly parish priest of St. Sulpice, we departed for breakfast, with orders to meet again for Vespers at half past two P. M.

Returning, therefore, to the cathedral, after a frugal but sufficient meal, the pilgrim was escorted to the choir, where the Cure again commanded his attention; the statue of our Lady of the Pillar, that of our Lady in the Crypt, and the holy shrine containing the tunic of the Blessed Virgin. The statue of the Virgin of the Pillar is placed in a chapel near the sacristy; it dates from 1437, and has ever been venerated as the only relic of the Virgin's own time, and is the only one which remains in its present position only since the year 1806. Numerous graces are here obtained through the invocation of Mary; and, judging from the numbers engaged in praying at this favored spot, it would appear to the writer to be a more favorite resort of poor-afflicted hearts than any other shrine which we have seen.

As the pilgrim enters the choir, he is struck by the most vast and most remarkable of all those which exist in France—let us now descend.

It was here that Anne of Austria, kneeling before the miraculous image of Mary, obtained from Heaven a son, who was Louis the Fourteenth. Here also that the prayer of the present Empress of the French was responded to by the birth of the Imperial Prince. This sacred spot, hallowed by the blood of martyrs during the reign of Orléans, was formerly richly endowed by the piety of kings and princes; innumerable ex-votos testifying to cures and favors obtained. But the Revolutionists of 1793 scattered to the winds these memorials of the gratitude of ages, burned the statue and profaned the holy place. The present statue was erected on the exact model of the ancient one; and in 1800 the whole of the crypt, which contains thirteen chapels, was consecrated to the purposes of religion and the worship of God.

To attempt to describe the cathedral would be an undertaking beside the purpose of this sketch, intended merely as a passing record of an agreeable day, spent chiefly in the exercises of religion, and evidencing the words of one who exclaimed, "My God, I live for pleasure when I live for Thee!"

Thus much, however, we will say, that the trouble of a visit to this ancient gothic pile will be amply repaid. It stands on the summit of a hill, "boasting," says the Abbe Bulleau, "the sign of the cross high above the town, as if to avert the effects of the justice of God, and to inspire His mercy." The interior abounds in works of art, and contains, among other beautiful specimens, the celebrated group of the Assumption, in Carrara marble, by Bridan. The painted glass is magnificent. No cathedral in France exceeds that of Chartres in the height of its steeple except that of Strasburg.

Returning to the cathedral, priests and people unite their voices in praise to God. Vespers are followed by a discourse; and public prayer is offered up for the Pope, the Church, and the intentions of all the pilgrims. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament gives a parting blessing to His children. Then the pilgrims form into solemn procession, and singing the

THE MORNING STAR has been started with the approval of the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese, to supply an admitted want in New Orleans, and is mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church.

To prevent all failure, and to guarantee the permanency of the undertaking, it is based on a joint stock company, the capital of which is one hundred thousand dollars, in five thousand shares, of twenty dollars each.

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese. J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS, December 13, 1867.

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Litany of our Lady, descended all together into the crypt, to present, in one united body, their homage and requests at the feet of Mary their Mother, who is all-powerful with her Son.

PROTESTANT BISHOPS.—The debate on the Bishops' Resignation Bill was remarkable, not for what was said, but for what was not said. For several years past all the Bishops in the west of England have been hors de combat—in fact, the western dioceses have practically been for a long time without Bishops. By the way, I have never heard that anything has seriously happened in consequence. Heaven seems to have shown no anger; it has not thundered or lightened more than usual; the sun has shone, the rain has descended, the crops have come to maturity. Indeed, there have been no signs whatever that the western countries have suffered from the loss of their Bishops. The churches have been all open on Sundays, the people have prayed in them as usual, and been edified as much as common by the sermons. In short, these western dioceses have not on as well without Bishops as they did with them.

But what by the way, what was it that was not said that ought to have been said? I will tell you. These Bishops have long been laid aside, and although they have duly received their salaries, most of them extravagantly large, they have done no work whatever. Well, surely this fact ought to have been noticed in the debate, and by the way, these Bishops, who have not done any work, ought to have retired, even if they could not have secured a retiring pension, which is honorable to those who have done their duty.

As to the Bishops who have done their duty, while it is utterly impossible to name all the names, no retiring pensions, forsooth! Why, think what salaries these men have had. The Bishop of Winchester has held the see for forty-two years, and has during that time received £17,000 a year, making a total of £714,000—seven hundred and fourteen thousand pounds; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, he clings to his post as with the grip of death. And let us remember that this is a specially pious, evangelical bishop, a bishop of the evangelical school, the name of him Sumner, who used years ago to preach and print sermons very edifying to the laity. In short, he and his brother, late Archbishop of Exeter, were thought to be bulwarks of the faith, and when they were made Bishops all the saints praised the Lord, and gave thanks for His goodness. Ugh! It makes one's gorge rise to think of such stuff. But good will come of it; it will hasten another disestablishment.

—London Correspondent of the Liverpool Journal.

PONTIUS PILATE'S PALACE.—Amongst the accumulated ruins of the Holy City there are two more obscure and neglected than the rest, which have lasted to our time as a symbol of the ancient prophecies. One of these ruins is the interior wall of the temple of Solomon; the other is the indestructible arch of the terrace of Pontius Pilate, the only remains of the triumphal arch which the divine Messiah received His sentence of death. On the 3d of April in this year the arch of the Ecce Homo, freed from the surrounding ruins, was solemnly honored. Hardly ten years ago Notre Dame de Sion had on strange conditions gained possession of the holy ruins. Circumstances permitted the construction of a monastery and a sanctuary on a large portion of the site of Pilate's palace. This work was visibly blessed, and continued uninterrupted in spite of difficulties and opposition impossible to relate; but the hand of God was there. His hand began and ended the building. He laid the first stone. It was on Friday, the 3d of April, the feast of the Compassion of our Blessed Lady, that the Holy City celebrated the blessings of the expiatory building. The holy Bishop, Monsignor Braeco, joined the splendid procession, accompanied by the Vicar-General, the canon of the Holy Land, and the missionaries and priests of the Holy Land. He went at once to the monastery of the Ecce Homo, and there vested himself in his Pontifical vestments, and re-appeared with his acolytes on the Way of Sorrows, and began the ceremony of Benediction. For centuries nothing like it had been seen in the streets of Jerusalem, and it is remarkable that during this long procession in the public streets, and in the most frequented parts of the Mussulman quarter, the peace of this beautiful day was not disturbed by any discordant voice or by the slightest disorder. Would it be the name in many Catholic and civilized countries? The sanctuary is finished, it is blessed, and has become the home of the immortal and Eternal King. A crown of gratitude has been offered to Him instead of thorns. It must have been a consolation to His mother. May this consolation meet its height when the faith rises under one shepherd and the souls are united in the blood of Jesus Christ. Circumstances, which the mission of the Holy Land, the most precious of the Holy Land, may be written in the history of the world.

C. C. Haley, of Commercial Place and Poydras street, the indefatigable literary and news caterer, has the honor of the South Irish People, Irish American, United States, Liverpool Mercury, London Illustrated News, Appleton's Journal, Glasgow Herald, Mississippi and the New York Weekly, Saturday Night, Round Table, America, Harper's Weekly, Saturday Night, Round Table. Some of the October numbers have been received which, with the large catalogue of his foreign publications on the counters, make a visit to Haley's a most pleasant thing.

(To be Continued.)