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VOLUME III.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1870.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Who neighbor? It is he whom thou meetest to aid and bless; Whose aching heart or burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

Who neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor, Whose eyes with tears are dim; Whom hunger sends from door to door—Go thou and succor him!

Who neighbor? 'Tis that weary man, Whose years are at their prime; Bent low with sorrow, care and pain—Go thou and comfort him!

Who neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft Of every earthly gem; Widowed and orphan, helms left—Go thou and shelter them!

Who neighbor? Younger telling slave, Fettered in thought and limb; Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—Go thou and cheer him!

Who neighbor? One who's met at a human form, Less favored than mine own, Remember 'tis thy neighbor form, Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by! Behold the broken hearted man; The breaking heart from misery—Go, share thy lot with him.

THE PRIEST HUNTER, An Irish Tale of the Penal Times.

BY M. ARCHDEACON, ESQ. (Continued.)

On the day in question—to give some of our youthful readers of the present day an idea of what means their forefathers were obliged to resort to in order to offer up Sabbath worship on the rare occasions they had a priest to officiate for them—we shall give the scene as described to us by a person still living, who had it in youth from his father, one of the sufferers on the occasion.

Myles Bourke, the proprietor of the lodge, stood in front of his house that Sabbath morning, surrounded by a considerable group; a few of them eagerly engaged in the vile game of "pitch and toss," for the profanation of the Sabbath through which, there was no legal infraction; the majority, too, affected to be better on the game, and of course, interested lookers-on.

There was jarring and disputation, and tumult beyond what the paltry game might warrant. Not lacked their oaths and imprecations to increase the Sabbath profanation; while, during the uproar, the pretended lookers-on alid, one by one, through the open gateway, and clambered to the granary, to join in the worship offering up there.

The ceremony had little more than commenced when, to the dismay of poor Myles, who, as well as his brother-in-law, was more than half suspected of having become a relapsed Papist, Shawn joined the gamblers, and became at once, apparently, the most interested, and by far the most voracious of the lookers-on, invoking "the glory of hell" and other similarly fearful imprecations on his head.

"Mr. Mullyoway" said Myles, in a quiet tone, "remember it's the Sabbath day, and that you'll draw attention by this noise and blasphemy."

"You don't mind keeping the Sabbath much yourself, Mister Bourke. I can hear you weren't seen in a church this three weeks; ay you know the fine for every Sunday you wor absent, Mister Bourke. Were you there the day the other?"

"It is not church hour yet, Mr. Mullyoway," said Myles, hesitatingly.

"But your prayers is begun, I think, Mr. Bourke," said Shawn, dashing through the gateway to the granary. Instantly there was a crash heard, and fearful shouts of suffering and terror; as, some of the congregation nearest the archway having observed his approach, the dreaded name was pronounced, an instantaneous rush was made by those behind towards the upper part of the granary where the priest was.



Catholic Messenger

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!" NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1870.

self in the dreaded clutches of the notorious priest hunter; and, by a powerful effort, he shook himself free from Shawn, and in the same moment struck him in the ear with his clenched hand, and with such tremendous force that he fell like a butchered animal on the rugged pavement, the blood gushing plentifully from his nose, and mouth. And there he lay in utter insensibility for some moments, amid the jeers and laughter of the spectators, not one of whom would approach to render him the slightest assistance, while the priest made a rapid clearance over wall and hedge towards the river in rearward, on which was a boat with a stout rower, placed there to provide for such an emergency.

CHAPTER VII. There were three persons assembled, on the Sabbath day, we have treated of, in what was termed the library of Ingram Castle, a dim-lighted room with oak paneling and compartments, and which contained some hundreds of volumes seldom or never opened, with the exception of some of the recent statute books. The principal person of the trio was the redoubted Sir John Ingram himself; a tall, swarthy man of middle age, and with features of peculiar sternness. The next in standing was Arthur Ffoliot, senior, who possessed no distinctive marks of personal character beyond a florid complexion and a rotundity of paunch, which he spoke strongly of freshly indulgence, and an eternal smile that ought to have told of "a mind at peace with all below." The third was Attorney Baker, a man too well known to the ill-fated Catholic gentry in his neighborhood, with a small, inflamed, ferret-like eye, and cheek as fleshless and colorless as his own parchment. And, Sabbath day as it was, the latter was seated at a table, spectated and deeply engaged in examining a number of papers and a stack of books, piled before him, as it was only the evening before he had returned from Dublin, after a protracted sojourn there, while Sir John walked to and fro the room with some marks of impatience, and Ffoliot looked occasionally at his watch, occasionally from the lawyer to Sir John, and occasionally at a paper he held in his hand.

"I am now confident, Sir John," said Baker, taking off his spectacles and rubbing his hands with glee, "that we have a clear case against the M'Donnell property, Arduin, as I have in my hands this moment quite sufficient proof that the same (the blind) was a relapsed Papist, and, of course, incompetent to make any settlement, so that, though his nephew is, or affects to be, a Protestant, his title can be easily set aside, coming from one incapacitated by act of Parliament—I will not trouble you with the act—to confer such title."

"So far you have done well, Baker," observed Sir John, with a stern smile, "as that stripe of Arduin which runs in between my two quarters at the sea, has been a complete eye-sore, and the sooner you take steps to attack it, the more to the property nature intended it to belong, the better. But what of M'William Eigher particularly?"

"It's my decided opinion," said Baker, in a measured and important tone (we divest the reply of its technicalities) "that, as far as Sir Ulio Bourke's property is concerned, there is clearly no title in him. In fact, in my judgment, it is a point blank forfeited one, of which a discovery was made about thirty years ago; and though I know a large sum was paid to the government, with many others under the same circumstances, to ward off the effects of this discovery, as you are aware of, Sir John, yet, as the new grants have never since, to my knowledge, been perfected, the want of title must be—that is—I think it may be still fatal. But as this is a matter of high importance, I should like to have some opinion besides my own."

"No, by heaven!" exclaimed Sir John, striking the table energetically, "we shall seek no better authority than your own. We have other serious charges against Bourke (or M'William as he chooses to call himself), who has dared to give us opposition on more than one occasion; and we will crush him—ay, crush him root and branch."

"Very well, Sir John, I shall commence the proceedings at once; and I think we could include Madden's little adjoining property, which is, I believe, in the same predicament."

"Oh, don't the fellow, never mind him at present. His property is too insignificant, and he hasn't the spirit to give provocation."

"You're right, Sir John; his little patch is but what the savages would call a *foeden*," said Baker, the thought readily occurring to him that, as the patch was beneath Sir John's notice, it would suit very well for an attorney to make a discovery against it in his own favor.

"Then," continued he, "as for Sir Robert, conformist, as he has become,"—a look of peculiar meaning from Ffoliot, who flung down the paper he had held with a start, on hearing the name, arrested the half-formed words he was about to utter, and without a moment's hesitation he resumed, utterly reversing the words, and the importance of what he had intended to express—"that circumstance in itself will oblige us to be more cautious, so that we

must exercise patience till we have laid our hands on additional proof, or till the young reprobate shall have committed some overt act, which will lay him entirely prostrate before us."

"Oh, give him as much line as you please; there is but little fear of his escaping," observed Sir John; "but who cares to make this riot in our very presence?" he added fiercely, as the voice of Shawn was heard in the hall calling down the usual imprecations on his head, if he shouldn't see Sir John forthwith, no matter who was with him.

A scuffle then ensued for a moment—the door was unceremoniously thrown open, and Shawn, with blood-stained face and garments, made his unexpected entrance.

"How now, scoundrel!" said Sir John, angrily, "do you dare to braw in the very castle, and approach us, even while engaged, without permission, and bearing about you the filthy marks of drunken rioting? Over much indulgence to a ruffianly nature and the effect of drink have made you forget the awe our presence should inspire; but a brief period in the dungeon or the stocks will soon bring you to your senses again."

A good deal abashed by Sir John's wrathful tone and stern aspect, as well as by the presence of Baker, who, he well knew, liked him not overwell latterly, since he had appropriated to his own use some unholy spoils which the attorney had intended exclusively for himself, Shawn, despite the native assurance, so long tolerated, slunk into a corner, stammering in an apologetic tone: "Sir John, I wouldn't attempt to trouble your noble honor at all now, particularly when you war so well engaged"—he could not suppress a villainous sneer, despite the check he had received, as his eye glanced from Ffoliot to Baker; "barrin to show you afore the blood was dry, the usage I'm like to get from the priests for my loyalty, since your noble honor went to pursue one o' them with your own hands, as the story goes."

"Come hither, sirrah, in the light!" Shawn advanced towards the window; and Sir John, after having examined the damage his satellite had received, asked him, in by no means a sympathizing tone, how many blows he had received.

"He sartilly struck me only wanst, Sir John. But yallow Tom never tumbled one o' your noble honor's beeves with such a blow; signs on me, it knocked me dead for near a quarter of an hour."

"That was all, Sir John; an' that was more than enough."

"I wish we had a score of such hitters in the fifth troop. Arthur would have no objection to command such fellows—eh Ffoliot?"

"I should think not, indeed, Sir John," responded Ffoliot.

"Did he strike you without provocation, or are you sure that he was a priest at all?" asked Baker, coolly.

"Am I sure?" replied Shawn, in a tone of irritation, produced by the utter want of sympathy he had met with. "Ye, as sure as I am that you're hatchin' roguery this mornin', and that you'd chate your own mother."

Sir John gave vent to a low chuckle, while Ffoliot observed, "Mr. Mullyoway, you should learn to be more respectful to your superiors, and I think you should not interrupt Sir John on the Sabbath, and while engaged on business, with a story which concerns only yourself."

"True," said Sir John, "as if it was the slightest consequence, if his vile carcass was commended into a mummy, and particularly by a priest."

Shawn glared from Sir John to Ffoliot, whom he could have strangled where he stood, and on whom the bitterness of his heart was instantly showered.

"Well, then," he said, "may be I could tell Mister Ffoliot a story that might concern him a little, seein' that his son still goes purty often to visit the Papists o' the lake cottage."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Ffoliot, eagerly.

only, every corner of the cottage and grounds, and that it should be under the command of Cornet Ffoliot, for the purpose of compelling him to the irksome duty of giving annoyance to those he loved as fervently as his father dalked them, to see that the duty was sternly performed.

Shawn was now dismissed with a double gratuity, in order that he might recongnize for a day or two, before the party should be dispatched. Ffoliot and Baker soon after left Sir John also, after having assisted him to sanctify the Sabbath, in the manner described.

"The conduct of Arthur is very undutiful and provoking," observed Ffoliot, as the pair emerged from the castle, "in thus continuing his visits to such noted recusants after my having peremptorily forbidden them, and insisted on his not thinking further of the girl."

"It is provoking, indeed. If it had ever been before that drunken boy became a conformist, there might be a chance of large settlements with her. But now, the connection would bring only disgrace and beggary, if he took it into his head (like a goilin as he is) to marry the girl."

"Marry her, after all the pains I have taken in planning his agrandizement! By heaven, he should sooner marry the young goilin's maid! No, no, I'll soon clip the young goilin's wings; and it'll go hard if I shall also drive the old recusant and his scheming daughter from the neighborhood, and put them out of the way of giving me further annoyance."

"But have you not yourself to blame in any degree? Did you ever give encouragement to the intimacy of the parties?"

"Sir John, I believe, that foolish woman of mine, up to her death, gave some kind of sanction to their acquaintance. But what of that? The girl is beggared now, together with being a marked and irreclaimable Papist; and I shall sever the acquaintance for ever, if the jade was to be sent across the water."

"Ay, but that wild brother of hers, undutiful as he has been, I hear has been always attached to her; and there's no saying what desperate thought might come into his head, if any violent steps were taken towards her. Heigh ho! we have all our own rubs. God help all industrious and not over-wise fathers, that waste time and talent in accumulating for thankless offspring. You see that unfortunate boy of mine, after squandering a large portion of my hard-earned property, thought fit to become a common soldier, when I thought I had him almost fully qualified to engross a deed or prepare a brief, and nearly as well versed as myself in all the intricacies of the penal statutes."

"Well, we've had enough of an unpleasant subject—my audacious boy will, I think, be better managed, however. But you startled me a good deal a while ago about the Lynch property."

"Yes, but you saw I took a hint very readily from your looks, though at the same time in reality, the conformance of Sir Robert (as they call him) will be a serious obstacle in the way of a discovery."

"Pshaw!—a—nonsense between you and me. We know one another a long time, my boy; and you're aware I have no objection to be generous when it's worth my while. Sir John has ample room and opportunity elsewhere for extending his lauds. Make the Lynch estate mine, and the two thousand shall be made four. It would be along time before you could get Sir John to offer such terms."

"Your terms are liberal beyond doubt, my old friend. But seriously, after long consideration on the subject, though in the end we might effect our purpose in the way you wish, still, if the dissolute conformist could be ejected and humored, a purchase in my opinion, be the reader and more certain way. I shall lend it every assistance in my power, claiming, of course, the same remuneration."

"Well, perhaps you are right, at least as far as appearances may be concerned. But it must be always understood that, whatever mode of management may be necessary with him, it shall, by no means, interfere with my plan for expelling his father and sister from Arthur's neighborhood."

"And it need not, my dear Sir. You are alarming yourself with shadows. One of the objects of your suspicion, Sir Edmund, is, I understand, on the very threshold of death; and the poor drunken conformist's perceptions are not so sharp but that, with my assistance, you will be enabled easily enough to prevail on the sister to give up her views and change her residence, unless your contrivance be very lucky indeed."

"Then the sooner we begin to act the better."

"Well," soliloquized Baker, as he entered his dwelling, after having parted from his companion, Mr. Ffoliot, since he has picked up the wealth, is becoming more rapacious than Sir John himself. At all events, I must manage my cards badly indeed if I don't play a winning game, with two such trumps in my hand."

In a race between two steamers on the Upper Mississippi last week, the winning boat ran twenty-five miles in fifty-five minutes. For a wonder, we hear of an explosion, but 'twill come in due time.

PAULINE; A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

(Continued.) CHAPTER XXVIII.

We must now return to persons and scenes with which the course of this narrative has made us more familiar.

"You have not heard the talk of the day?" said Miss Crawford to Pauline.

"No, no; I am happily too much excluded from the world to hear much respecting it."

"Well then I must tell you. Mr. La Zouche and Miss Clara Stephens were this morning married by Bishop Horrie."

Before the ceremonies, the then Miss Clara made her renunciation of Protestantism, and was formally admitted to membership of the Catholic Church; so that the same day has witnessed the twofold celebration of her earthly and her heavenly espousals."

"How wonderfully is the hand of Divine Providence oftentimes displayed in the events which overrule our destiny," musingly observed Pauline, in view of the example just presented to her.

Miss Crawford was now obliged to take her leave, when Betty announced, "Please, ma'm, the bishop sends his respects to you, ma'm; and has called to see you."

Bishop Horrie had several times called to make his respects to our heroine; and on two occasions at least he had seen and conversed with Mr. Seward. After a conversation, slightly touching on the historical subject in which the Pope acted prominent parts, his lordship departed, leaving the most favorable impression upon Mr. Seward's mind.

Excepting the letter, which Eugene had received from Mr. Seward on his return to Toledo, he had not had the slightest intimation as to the effect upon Mr. Seward's mind of the course he had been pleased to pursue and the intimation he had exhibited to his uncles and brother in return for his troubles, and the remote idea of the sad events which in the meantime had lowered upon his devoted home.

He therefore once again found himself in the city of his disappointment, of his hopes, and of a thousand faded joys, with a tumult of contending emotions agitating his troubled breast.

The morning had considerably advanced before the force of these emotions had sufficiently subsided to enable him to rally forth and present himself before the inmates of Mordant Hall.

To his inquiry at the door, a gentleman presented himself. "I have the pain to inform you, Mr. Neville," replied the present owner of Mordant Hall, "that since the sudden reverses of Mr. Seward's fortunes the hall has been tenanted by a stranger, who has withdrawn to some retired part of the city, though to what part I am not able to inform you."

Eugene's brain reeled under the force of the astounding announcement.

When Eugene returned in finding out the residence of Mr. Seward he hastened there.

During a lengthened interview, each party related what had transpired in the interval since they parted. Eugene depicted in sorrowing and moving terms the death of his brother, and the state of his mind at the time, and thus continued: "Eight years have elapsed since his wife had been left by him, without a protector, without means, without a home. From letters found in his portmanteau I learned that she was an orphan, a stranger in New Orleans, with a young child in her arms, married her in despair; that he was never happy; and that he deserted her and his infant daughter when he found that being a Catholic, he could not wear her from the attachment to which she was now passing away, and that it was to be feared that they were all to render up their account before the Protector of the widow and the fatherless; I fear it, because I have now for years sought them in every city, I have made every effort that it was in my power to make, and I have never discovered them, efforts which could not have been other than successful, if they were living. Now my dear sir, I must risk offending you. I have estates of sufficient extent to satisfy the proudest ambition. I have an income which I know not how to appropriate to my own use, and which is yours, and you must not refuse its acceptance."

"No one, Eugene, could more fully appreciate the nobleness and worth of the heart that has dictated it, but believe me that the sentiment to which I now give utterance, is one too deeply implanted in my breast ever to be eradicated; a world of wealth, an empire of gold, would be dearly purchased at the price of independence."

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 failures, 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.

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

TERMS—Four Dollars Per Annum, in Advance.

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not disapprove of its reaching its destination. Mr. Seward read his note with deep sympathy both for Eugene and his daughter, and approaching the latter, with Eugene's letter in his hand, said to her: "Bear up, my love, this trial will soon be past. Here is a letter from Eugene. I do not wish to influence you, Pauline, but I think that you had better see him. If you still think that you cannot, your answer to this will afford you an opportunity to acquaint him with your final decision."

Pauline received the letter without attempting to reply. It contained all that she feared, and more than she dared permit herself to read; yet many long and listless pauses, interrupted by the real want of sleep, which she had made vain efforts to suppress, struggled for emission and marked its conclusion. She hesitated for a moment, and then laid the letter beside her upon the table, and sinking upon her knees, breathed her prayer in the ear of One who never grows weary of listening to humble and contrite souls.

"Sovereign Lord of my life, divine Arbitrer of my destiny, I am in Thy hands; mould me according to Thy most holy will. Do with me what Thou wilt, as Thou wilt, and at what time soever Thou wilt. I have no other struggle, and can see no triumph over the weakness that would now lead me to shrink from that state of life to which it has pleased Thee in Thy mysterious providence, to call me."

Pauline seemed no longer a being of earth. She arose from the kneeling posture into which almost unconsciously to herself she had sunk, filled with the inspiration of divine grace. Heroically resolved, she stood for a moment before her father, while calm resignation imparted its radiance to every feature. Her fair hand, lately so trembling and powerless, was now nerve to the performance of the task which she had undertaken. She took her pen and calmly traced the words which were to give to her father from him who had from earliest childhood been the idol of her pure and trusting heart.

When finished she presented the unfolded letter to her father. He read: "Eugene, with what words of tenderness shall I reply to you to heal, not wound, the generous heart which I am called upon to disappoint. I am in the hands of God; whatever is for my good He will do. I have no other struggle, and can see no triumph over the weakness that would now lead me to shrink from that state of life to which it has pleased Thee in Thy mysterious providence, to call me."

"Peace be still, all will be serenely calm. Why then should you be anxious for me? why should you fear or seek to tempt me to shrink from the endurance of trial? I have no other struggle, and can see no triumph over the weakness that would now lead me to shrink from that state of life to which it has pleased Thee in Thy mysterious providence, to call me."

Dr. Brownson.—We take the following from the last New York Tablet:

In consequence of some misunderstanding with regard to his position in relation to the Papal infallibility and so-called Liberal Catholicity, Dr. Brownson wishes us to say for him, that he firmly believes and always has believed since he became a Catholic, that the Pope, as the successor of Peter, is the Supreme Pastor and Teacher of the Universal Church, and that he declares the faith or condemning errors opposed to it, he is by the assistance of the Holy Ghost infallible, and his definitions are irrefragable. As to so-called Liberal Catholicity, if for a brief moment some years ago he seemed to yield too much to his Liberal Catholic friends, he has never knowingly made or sought to make any concession to the revolutionary or so-called Liberal spirit of the age, and that he regards what is called Liberal Catholicity as a mixture of Heathenism and Christianity, and not a whit better than Heathenism pure and simple. He has always refused to subordinate the Church to nationality or to any particular form of government, and holds that he can as a Catholic defend nationality and no political order in conformity with the law of God, as interpreted and declared by supreme authority of the Catholic Church. He is a republican for his own country, because republicanism in his own country is the legal and the only practicable form of Government, and while it is so, his Church commands him to be loyal to it. He defends civil and religious liberty in their Catholic sense; because the Church is the basis and support, here and everywhere, of all true liberty; but he has never understood liberty in the sense of modern infidels, non-Catholics, or even Liberal Catholics. He wishes to be regarded as the defender of liberty by authority, not of liberty against authority.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—Many an error would be avoided by parents if they would bear in mind that every part of their conduct which comes within their child's observation is part of that child's education. They create the moral atmosphere in which their children live. It is very common to find that the man, in his public or professional capacity is what his public education has made him; while in his private and home life; in all that touches the inner springs of character and feeling, he is governed by the influence of his early home.