

# THE MORNING STAR.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

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## Catholic Messenger.

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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. It will not interfere in politics except wherein they interfere with Catholic rights, but will expose iniquity in high places, without regard to persons or parties. Next to the spiritual rights of all men, it will especially champion the temporal rights of the poor.

Approval 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 12, 1871.

“HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!” Terms—Single Copy, 5 Cents; By Mail, \$3—in Advance.

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NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1874.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

**GERMANY.**  
The Archbishop of Cologne was arrested on the 31st March, for violating the ecclesiastical laws. The arrest was made without demonstration. Parliament has adjourned to April 9.

**AUSTRIA.**  
Several deputies have presented resolutions in the Lower House of the Reichsrath requiring the government to expel the Jesuits and other Orders from the country.

**SPAIN.**  
From the very meagre telegrams concerning the fight at Bilbao it would seem that Serrano has not succeeded in raising the siege of that place. His losses have been very heavy, and an armistice of three days was agreed upon to bury the dead. The town was not included in the truce and the Carlists continue to bombard it. 5,000 men are making forced marches to reinforce Serrano.

**FRANCE.**  
A motion was made in the Assembly last week by a Monarchist that a vote be taken on the 1st of July to decide the future form of Government. He urged it was impossible to make a constitution without first settling the question whether France would be a Monarchy or a Republic. The motion caused great excitement in the Chamber, and a heated debate ensued. Kerdrel and the Duke de Broglie spoke against the motion, and it was rejected by a vote of 230 to 256.

**ENGLAND.**  
The London Times acknowledges the existence of a financial crisis there, and attributes it to the effect of those late falls in America and Vienna and to the Indian famine. The annual race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat crews came off on the 25th, and was won by the latter.

**FENIAN PRISONERS.**  
In the House of Commons Mr. Anderson asked how many Fenian convicts were still undergoing sentence, where they were imprisoned, and whether the government was or was not of opinion that the time had come for their release. Mr. Cross, Home Minister, replied that the total number of prisoners was sixteen. Two were now undergoing sentence for Manchester murder, but none for Clerkenwell outrages. Two prisoners were sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years; one for seven years, and eleven, who had been soldiers, who were sentenced for life, having been convicted of supplying arms to, and otherwise assisting the insurgents. They were distributed as follows: three in England, eight in one part of Australia, two in another, and three in Ireland. Mr. Cross concluded by declaring the Government had no intention of interfering with the execution of their sentences. This announcement was received by the House with cheers.

**THE FAMINE IN INDIA.**  
Reports from the districts affected by the famine show a great improvement in the situation. The measures taken by the Government to relieve the distress of the people have proved very effective. There are now no actual cases of starvation outside of Tirhoot, and in that district there are but few.

**UNITED STATES.**  
The Senate has nearly concluded its consideration of the Finance bill, the inflationists having carried everything before them by decided majorities. The volume of currency is fixed at \$400,000,000.

In the House a large number of private bills were received and referred, as also a number of memorials. The bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi was made the special order of the day for April 21st at 1:30, the previous question to be called at 4 P. M.

**GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE IN PENNSYLVANIA.**  
At Susquehanna Depot, Penn., the employees of the Erie Railroad, to the number of 1,500, struck last week and took possession of the shops, tracks, cars, etc., refusing to let either passenger or freight trains pass. Gov. Hartranft finally ordered a regiment of State troops to Susquehanna when quietness was restored after much difficulty.

**THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATORSHIP.**—Balloting continues daily with no prospect of an early decision. Dewey is still ahead, Hoar and Curtis (Dem.) third, a few votes being scattered among a number of other candidates.

On the subject of gas, the Savannah Morning News says: "Atlanta complains of having to pay \$4 50 for gas, while Nashville pays only \$1 43. Savannah seems to be well satisfied with paying \$5 50 for a very inferior article. Why this is so, when kerosene is available, we are at a loss to know. The Morning News office is now illuminated at a cost of not exceeding three dollars a week, whereas the smoky gas used to cost as fifty—that is to say, kerosene costs us twenty-four dollars every two months, while gas for the same period used to cost us two hundred and forty dollars; and the difference in the illuminating powers of the gas and kerosene is altogether in favor of the latter. Both the lynx-eyed public catch our meaning!"

### Savonarola.

While we know that the Head of the Church is not impeccable as a man, although infallible as a teacher, still we believe that the part taken by Alex. VI. in the condemnation of Savonarola would largely admit of justification, were we only familiar with all the circumstances brought to bear upon this particular case. We do know, however, that another Pope, a few years later, vindicated the memory of this illustrious Monk and held him up to the veneration of all Christians. This was on the occasion of the canonization of St. Catherine of Ricci, against whom it was urged that she had implored his intercession as a Saint, but the result of the process so re-echoed to the credit and glory of Savonarola that portraits and medals in bronze were struck in Rome, bearing the inscription: "Doctor and Martyr," and being exposed for sale were eagerly purchased by pious members of the Church.

While reading the life of Savonarola, whether written by his adversary or his admirer, we cannot fail to perceive that his zeal exceeded the bounds of moderation, and that his fiery eloquence set all Florence in a flame. Yet, with the distinguished writer, Montalembert, we rejoice that all his glory and his genius belong to the Church, and that as time rolls on, his character and mission become more and more admired.

When Savonarola was appointed Prior of St. Mark, in Florence, the fearful tendency of the age was towards Paganism. Its impress was upon everything—science, poetry, art, morals and opinions were being blighted by its touch. Pagan pride and voluptuousness were fast crushing out all Christian virtues, and profanation was even in holy places. The impious example of the dissolute Lippi had found imitators; and crowds assembled in front of a painting of the Madonnas, not to pay homage to Her who was conceived without sin, but to criticize and admire the features of some well-known and infamous woman.

It was at such a time that Savonarola, with a heart all on fire with love of virtue, and conscious of the greater dignity of Christian principles over all that can be opposed to them, determined, almost alone, to stem the tide of popular error. Imagine his zeal and perseverance when he was able to gather together eight thousand of the children of Florence, and make them go in solemn procession from door to door, to beg that the *Anathema* might be given up to them—by which was meant the vanities of pride in dress or decoration, all irreligious books, obscene pictures, immodest statuary, everything that could stain the purity of the soul, or displease the eyes of God. And this not for one year alone, but for several consecutive years; and on each occasion the collections thus obtained were formed into a pyramid and burnt upon the public square of Florence.

Upon these children, whom he so tenderly cherished and carefully instructed, he founded all his hopes for the future regeneration of his country; and although the master-mind was usually stayed in its noble aspirations, still the impress once given, was not lost, and many of its results still remain. Two features of his career, one a want of submission to the Pope, the other his refusal to absolve Lorenzo de Medici at the hour of death unless he could receive a guarantee for the future liberty of Florence, both of which are subjects of dispute by contemporary authorities—make him dear to Protestant writers, who have even styled him the fore-runner of Martin Luther.

Save the mark! how unlike they were! One denounced the authority of God, the other the vices of men. One, all pride and arrogance, insinuated himself into the favor of princes, that their power might be used against his enemies;—the other, full of zeal and holiness, won the hearts of children only that their innocence might shame the sinner into a return to virtue. One, feasting and sitting in public places; the companion of the dissolute and vain;—the other, pale from prayer and fasting, spent whole days and nights in the solitude of his convent-cell. One, regardless of the most sacred vows; induced a consecrated virgin to break hers also; and the two, a priest and a nun, became man and wife;—the other, pure in every thought he breathed, in every word he spoke, infused the same spirit into all who came within his influence. As every object turned to gold beneath the touch of

fabled Midas, so every thought and every aspiration crystallized into the purest form beneath Savonarola's influence. It is this fact, so notorious and so beautiful, that made us select his name as the subject of our sketch; and upon it we wish to dwell at length. The impression made by his heroic mind upon the artists of his day, both in their lives and in the productions of their pencil, is one of those grand triumphs of virtue over vice, of Christianity over Paganism, which justly belong to the Faith.

So many artists had sold their honor to the Medicean patronage, that art, whether in its sculptured or painted development, showed only the features of the Vice, the False, the Lewd! Savonarola breathed his burning words against this profanation, and beheld! the world is indebted to him for many of art's most glorious master-pieces. Ten years after his judicial martyrdom,—for his enemies having triumphed, he was strangled and burnt upon the public square of Florence, 1498—Raphael, prince of Christian art, placed him among the greatest doctors of the Church in that magnificent painting of Theology which now adorns the halls of the Vatican palace. Fra Bartolomeo, whose pencil seemed ever fresh with the purest dew of virtue, retained the impress given by his holy monk to the latest hour of his life, and never sullied the talents he possessed by a single production unworthy of a Christian artist.

The celebrated engraver, Baldini, is another bright example of this individual influence, which seemed to be in itself alone, the very genius of the True, the Good, the Beautiful.

The painter Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, one perhaps of the eight thousand children whose hearts were purified by Savonarola's zeal, is another artist whose productions reflect the radiance which emanated from the burning soul of this lowly monk.

How many artists we might name whose whole careers seem encircled by this holy influence, and whose pencils always shone with the pure and beautiful colors spread out by his hand; but we must pass on to the dark cloud that hung so fatally over Savonarola's life. That his zeal was excessive, no one need deny, that his motive was the holiest, all must admit; his zeal was directed against Paganism, his motive was the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon earth; but we can well understand how violent must have been the opposition he encountered, and how deep the personal hatred he evoked.

One of his acts alone, was sufficient then, as it would be now, in a similar community, to doom him to proscription and death. This was his crusade against usurers, who charged their cruel interests regardless alike of humanity or charity. His establishment of the Monte di Pietà, or loan office, where the poor might obtain money at low rates, was the crowning act of his iniquity. And judging men, as we know them to be to-day, we can understand how fierce was the storm which eventually swept this noble reformer into disgrace and death.

Ah! but we need a Savonarola to-day, even in our own country! Yet if such should arise, would not his doom be a like defeat and martyrdom? Are not youth, beauty and talent, all employed to-day upon the public stage for the sole purpose of inculeating lessons which sculpture and painting dare no longer teach? Are not its representations offensive to Christian purity and injurious to Christian morals?

How loudly now would Savonarola's voice ring out against this growing abuse! How he would hurl his burning invectives against the dress, the attitudes, the significant expressions that draw such vast crowds into these halls of vice and pleasure! How he would gather up the youth of our city and lead them in solemn procession far from these places where virtue is sure to suffer, and where modesty needs to hide itself within a blush! And if he did all this in thunder tones, out in the public places, could we wonder if he should raise up enemies deadly both to his reputation and his life?

Ah! there is one voice that is always ringing in our midst, that forbids the vice and teaches the opposite virtue; and this voice, never silent, stamped with authority, endowed with prophetic knowledge and sealed with Divine grace, is that of the Holy Catholic Church, delivered to us by the mouth of her Chief Pastor. This voice, which re-echoes from the lips of the humblest priest, does not

stir a nation to strife, does not disturb the order of society; but sweetly, yet surely, it moves the hearts of men and directs them anew into the path of rectitude and virtue.

Savonarola was a noble hero, a grand and holy monk; but he is also an example of the impotence of man alone to check the current of wickedness or to reform the world: The Church alone can do this work, and is doing it every day; and the bands of innocent children which moved through the streets of Florence, obedient to the voice of Savonarola, find a counterpart in our midst every blessed Spring, in the long procession of white-robed children whom the Church leads for the first time, to the feast of Angels, the Table of the Lord.

The Church's influence is silent, gentle, yet most gracious; and it is rare indeed that such gladiators of the Faith arise as Savonarola, to struggle with all the varied forms of vice. Alas! when zeal outshines humility, is it to punish them, that they are overcome, and the grand arena watered with their own heroic blood?

And yet to them be honor and thanks, for all they did and all they tried to do: and among the noble names of the Faith's true sons, none shines with purer lustre than that of Savonarola, Monk of the Dominican Order, Prior of the Convent of St. Mark, Doctor and Martyr!

Death of Father McSweeney.  
AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 25th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Morning Star:  
I exceedingly regret to announce to the readers of the MORNING STAR the melancholy death of the Rev. Father McSweeney, who died at Nacogdoches (in this State) on the 1st of March last.

Father McSweeney was born in the County Donegal, Ireland. His family is said to have been noble and wealthy. The humility of the deceased had ever prevented him speaking of himself, and his friends, out of respect for his religious profession; but presuming that your numerous readers would like to know something of a good man who had labored for several years in this State, I recall to my memory my first interview with the deceased, I believe in the year 1870, as far as my memory serves me. At an early age the learned divine was sent to France, by his parents, to be educated for the holy ministry. In due course he was ordained priest and devoted himself to the labor of the missions throughout France, Spain and Italy, speaking the languages of those countries fluently. In this employment he acquired great celebrity as a preacher, both for zeal and eloquence.

In 1870 Father McSweeney, I believe, arrived at New York, to fulfill his promise to Bishop Dubois, of this diocese, that he had made the year previous in the city of Paris. On his arrival in the United States, the learned Bishops of New York, Illinois and Wisconsin, were anxious of securing his services, offering all reasonable inducements for him to take charge of some of their flocks. To all he turned a deaf ear, his promise to his beloved Bishop he had to fulfill. On his arrival in this State he was ordered to Brenham, Washington county, to build a Catholic church, notwithstanding there were not over a dozen of Catholic families. He accomplished his object. After he completed his church, rather than tax his parishioners he taught school in the church for a livelihood; he was well patronized by all denominations. A few years afterwards he was sent on the mission from Crockett to Nacogdoches.

Father McSweeney at the time of his death was about thirty-five years old. He was learned as well as pious. Fulfilling the counsel, if not the obligations of the gospel, he literally sold what he had and gave it to the poor. He literally left father, mother, sister and brother to take up the cross and follow Jesus. He left, too, his country, "The Gem of the Sea," and sought our shores; not, like most emigrants, to better his temporal fortunes, but to preach the gospel, as he understood it, and to give souls to Christ. For this he labored; for this he sacrificed all worldly considerations, and at last his life. He died like a true soldier of the cross, battling at his post. Yours truly,  
T. M. S.

Do not forget that the collections to-day at all the churches are for the support of the Seminary.

### DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL,

BY MILES GERALD KEON,

Author of "Harding, the Money-Spinner," etc.

(From the Catholic World.)

(Continued.)  
PART II.  
CHAPTER II.

Next morning, before the family were out of their beds, Phyllis the slave had returned from Monte Ciroello with the following note: "Marcus Lepidus Æmilias hails the widow of his brave and valiant brother. Come with your children. The last of mine has, alas! died under the clemency of one man, and the liberality of another. The clement man is Augustus, the liberal man was Mæconas. All that I now retain is yours; and yours shall be all I may be able to leave. Farewell."

But despite of this note, Paulus could not persuade his mother to depart from that neighborhood till after the trifling display of horsemanab, as he called it, which he had to afford for the amusement of the Roman world on the evening of the third day ensuing. A little ruffed at his failure to persuade the Lady Aglais to go away, he summoned their freedman Philip, and with him for a companion started on foot for Formia before noon, along a road as thronged at that moment and as animated as the road to Epsom in the eye of what Lord Palmerston has rather affectedly, and, as applied to an annual event, very incorrectly, called the Isthmian games of England.

Scarcely had he and Philip entered the southern gate, when they noticed a little crowd around some nurses, one of whom, apparently a Nabian, held the hand of a magnificently-attired child of any age between five and eight. At his side was an eastern-looking youth of about eighteen, whom the reader has met before. The child, the gladiator, was standing with folded arms on the outskirts of the suddenly-collected concourse. The child had dropped some toy, which a dog had seized in his mouth, and had thereby defaced. The dog was now a prisoner, held fast by the throat in a slave's hands.

"The poor dog knew not what he was doing," said the nurse.

"I care nothing for that," cried the child, who was purple with passion. "Strangle him, Lygduus."

And accordingly Lygduus tightened his grasp of the dog's throat till the animal's tongue was thrust forth; the grasp was yet longer maintained, and the dog was throttled dead.

"Is it dead?" screamed the child.

"Quite; see," replied Lygduus, casting away upon the street the breathless carcass.

"Ah! beautiful!" cried the child; "now come away."

"Nice and neat as an execution," said a powerfully-built, dusky, middle-aged man, having a long, ruddy beard, streaked with gray, around whom were several slaves in Asiatic dress. This person also the reader has met before. "But," added he, "I am going up for my own trial, and I hope it will not be followed by another execution."

"I only hope it will," cried the interesting child. "What fun it would be to see a man strangled."

"Who is that infant monster, Theilus?" asked Paulus.

Lictors moved, making large room among the crowd. Sejanus appeared in the robes of a prætor; and Paulus and his friend Theilus found themselves borne along, like leaves in a stream, toward the back of the Mamurran palace, in a large room on the ground floor of which they presently beheld the big, dusky-colored man of fifty or thereabouts, with the long, ruddy, gray-streaked beard, standing before a sort of bar. Behind the bar, on a chair of state, like the curule chair of the senators, Augustus was sitting. A crowd of famous persons, many of whom we have already had occasion to mention, stood behind him, and on either hand Livy, Lucius Varius, Haterius, Domitius Afer, Antistius Labio, Germanicus, and Tiberius Caesar were there. In a row behind were Cneius Piso, Pontius Pilate, and the boy Herod Agrippa.

"And so," said Augustus, "you tell us you are the son of Herod the Great, as he is called; in other words, Herod the Idumean; his son Alexander?"

"We have seen," said Paulus to Theilus, in a whisper, "the fate of a dog; we are now to learn that of a king, or a pretender to the dignity."

"Great and dread commander, such I am," answered the red-bearded, big, dark man.

"But," said Augustus, "the accredited rumor runs that Herod condemned his two sons, Aristobolus and Alexander, to death. Nay, I have the official report sent to me at the time by the prefect of Syria, and letters from Herod the Idumean himself."

"Herod condemned them, but the executioner killed others instead," answered the Jew. "They escaped to Sidon."

"Them and they!" said Augustus "you mean that others were executed instead of them?"

"Yes, my commander."

"Why do you not," pursued Augustus, "say instead of us?"

"I do not understand," replied the Jew.

"Are you not," asked Augustus, "one of them?"

"I am the son of Herod."

"You speak as though you had gone out of that person. You speak rather like a historian than like a sufferer and an actor. You are talking of yourself and your brother, yet you say they, not we!"

"Such is the style of the east, emperor."

"Pardon me," said Augustus; "I know the style of the east perfectly well. Solve me now another difficulty: I also well know Herod the Idumean, many cases connected with whom were litigated before me, and decided by me. Now, I never knew a man who, having determined that anybody was to die, took such methodical pains to carry that determination into effect. He dealt largely in executions; and if there was a person in the world, it was Herod, who saw with his own eyes that his intended executions should be realities."

"Mine was not," said the Jew, and a laugh arose in court. "All the Jews in Sidon know that I am Alexander, son of Herod; all those in Crete know it; all those in Melas know it; and when I landed at Dicaarchia, all the Jews received me as their king; and you are not ignorant, great emperor, that thousands of my countrymen in Rome, the other day, carried me upon a royal litter through the streets, and clothed me in royal robes and ornaments, and received me, wherever I went, with shouts of welcome as Herod's son."

"And you have then," replied Augustus after a pause, "been nurtured as a royal person in the east?"

"Always," answered the Jew.

"I myself," returned Augustus, "have seen and known the son Alexander, as well as his father Herod; and though you are not unlike the son, yet you—show me your hands."

The Jew stretched forth his hands.

"Those hands have toiled from infancy. Uncover your neck and shoulders."

This was done.

Augustus immediately ordered the room to be cleared; and it was afterward known that he had extorted a confession of his imposture from this Alexander; and that, sparing his life, he condemned him to row one of the state galleys in chains for the rest of his days.

"Not much like dotage, all this," muttered Tiberius to Cneius Piso.

The eastern-looking youth, holding the hand of the child Calus Calligula, and followed by Pontius Pilate, waited for Augustus in a passage—through which Paulus and Theilus