

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1874.

In Memory of Very Rev. J. E. Etienne, Superior General of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Our Rev. Editor, who is now on a mission at the North, has written the following tribute to the late Superior General of the Lazarists for the Indies, a paper published at the Seminary of our Lady of Angels, the headquarters of the Order in this country:

A shadow slept folded in vestments The dream of a smile on its face, Dim—soft as the gleam after sunset, That hangs like a hale of grace, Where the daylight hath taken its place, And the twilight hath taken its place— A shadow! but still on the scroll, There rested the tremulous trace Of the joy of a spirit immortal, That had passed to its God in His grace.

A shadow! hast seen in the summer A cloud wear the smile of the sun! On the shadow of death there is flashing The glory of noble deeds done; On the face of the dead there is gleaming The light of a holy race run; And the smile of the face is reflecting The gleam of the crown he has won. Still, shadow! sleep on in the vestments Unstayed by the Priest who has gone.

And thro' all the nations, the children Of Vincent de Paul wall his loss; But the glory that crowns him in heaven Illumines the gloom of their cross. They send to the shadow the tribute Of tears, from the fountain of love, And they send from their altars sweet prayers To the throne of their Father above.

Ye! sorrow weeps over the shadow But faith looks aloft to the skies; And hope like a rainbow is flashing O'er the tears, that rain down from their eyes, They murmur on earth "De profundis," The low chant is mingled with sighs; "Respite" rings out through the heavens, The dead Priest hath won his faith's prize.

His children in sorrow will honor His grave—every tear is a gem, And their prayers round his brow in the heavens Will brighten his fair diadem,— I kneel at his grave and remember In love, I am still one of them.

[From Our Own Correspondent.] OUR IRISH LETTER.

DUBLIN, March 17, 1874.

This is the national anniversary—St. Patrick's Day, and all Celtic and Catholic Ireland is en fete. I cannot yet give the readers of the STAR an account of how the festival has been kept in the different parts of the country. But here in Dublin there has been a general holiday, so far as the poorer classes are concerned. Almost every one is wearing the shamrock, and green ties and ribbons are as plentiful "as leaves in Vallambrosa." Great numbers of country people are in town, dressed in their best attire. As far as I can judge, there has been little or no drunkenness, and the various chapels and churches were this morning densely crowded at every Mass. But alone of all the cities and chief towns of the country, Dublin is to be without any particular public demonstration in the shape of ball or banquet. The reasons for this (apparently) disgraceful fact are not far to seek; but I cannot allude to them here just now. The anti-national or Castle party affect to celebrate the day, too, but while they take good care to show that they are not animated by any sympathy with the mass of the people. The soldiers quartered here used to perform in the Castle yard the ceremony of "trooping the colors;" this year the absurdity was omitted.

The Dublin election will take place tomorrow. Nobody can say much more about its probable result than that it is likely to be extremely close. Col. Taylor, the Tory candidate—himself said to one of the opposite party on Sunday that he expected to win but by a very small majority; and he added that if all those who are entitled to the franchise were put on the registry, the Liberal and National party would be in a majority of over one thousand. The fact is that only one half the number of qualified voters have registered themselves, the reason being that the tenant-farmers when they could not vote as their conscience told them, preferred not to be called on to vote at all. Since I wrote last a score of meetings at least have been held in support of Mr. Parnell, and about six or seven in support of Col. Taylor; and to-day there was a final monster meeting held at Swords at which several of the leading members of the Home Rule League attended and delivered addresses. The language held by Col. Taylor has been impudent and defiant in the extreme, and ought to array against him every Catholic and every Liberal. Yet some miserable Catholics have been found to support him. He called the Home Rulers impostors and traitors; and yet he had beside him at the time one or two men who were amongst the earliest members of the old Home Government Association but who have now dropped out of the Home Rule ranks for some reason or another—I suppose, because they expect as Conservatives to profit by the Conservative government.

The seat for Dublin University rendered vacant by the acceptance by Dr. Ball of the office of Attorney-General, was filled up on Monday. Dr. Ball was re-elected—and in his absence, His address soliciting re-election was just two lines long, and he did not attend the hustings to explain his past career or made any pledges for his future. In fact, nothing could well be more contemptuous than his treatment of his constituents. Yet he was re-elected without opposition. But though he was re-elected, yet it was made pretty plain that he would be the "last of the Mohicans," and that all future vacancies will be filled up by any person rather than by lawyers on the look out for a place. Dr. Haughton, Fellow of Trinity College, in a most witty and severely sarcastic speech exposed, as they had never been exposed before, the lawyers who have used the representation of the University as a stepping stone to the bench. "The University and the bar," said he, "have mutually debauched each other," and he related how Senior Fellows of

the College used in former days for the purpose of being made bishops, propose to their brother electors and brother clergymen law officers for the vacant seats. On the whole, the bar has got a great slap in the face, and it deserves it. It is thoroughly corrupt and its great stronghold for the purpose of providing seats in Parliament for its members—was Trinity College.

The junior M. P. for Tipperary who was one of the three Irish Home Rule members who neither attended the recent conference nor sent an apology for their absence, has satisfactorily atoned for his conduct. He has written a public letter saying that an accident caused him to overlook the matter and that he fully accepted the conference resolutions. He at the same time called at the offices of the Home Rule League to make his apology in person and the same day attended a Home Rule meeting in support of Mr. Parnell. Finally he has become a member of the Home Rule League.

The Louth and Dundalk business has been settled satisfactorily. After much delay, Mr. Philip Callan, elected for both places, has chosen to sit for the latter. This decision is a most patriotic one. Had he chosen the county seat, neither he nor Mr. A. M. Sullivan (the other M. P.) would ever have had a contest in seeking re-election; in the borough he had only a small majority and will have to fight a fight at every election. Besides, the county seat is, of course, the more important and dignified. But, had he given up the borough an anti-Home Ruler might possibly have been returned—a contingency perfectly impossible in the county—and he, therefore, retains his borough seat. For the county Mr. B. C. Molloy—an ex-Pontifical Zouave and a thorough Home Ruler—has come forward already, and either he or Mr. George Harley Kirke—a local tenant-farmer of similar political principles—will be selected as the popular candidate on Monday next by the Louth Independent Club, and will, of course, be elected. Either man will be a thoroughly good man.

The Galway election is to be decided on Friday next. I have already noticed in previous letters, I think, the various candidates, their merits, and their chances; and I have here now only to mention that the general impression is that Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, the great opponent of the Queen's College and the candidate supported by the Bishop and clergy and the great mass of the people will ride the winning horse.

The late proprietor of the Theatre Royal in this city—Mr. John Harris—was found drowned last Saturday evening on the coast below Kingstown. The event has caused much regret in Dublin as the deceased had won for himself during his long management of the principal theatre, a high place in the esteem not only of his employees, but of the general public. He had just sold the theatre to the Messrs. Junn—proprietors of the Gaiety Theatre.

I am in a position to inform you of a fact which is not yet known to the public at large. The executive committee of the Home Rule members have called upon the party to be present in the House of Commons on Thursday next. The expectation is that the Queen's speech which will be delivered that day will give an opportunity to the Irish members of beginning the Home Rule campaign in Parliament, and their best orators are holding themselves in readiness for the fray.

A long and important letter on the tenant-right question appears in this week's Weekly News and Nation, and in the Freeman and other popular journals, from Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P. It is addressed to Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, M. P. for Limerick county, and it is likely to give rise to an important discussion, as it puts forward a well devised plan for preserving the ancient custom of Ulster and extending it to all the rest of Ireland.

Lieutenant Henry B. Holt, of Augusta, was wounded in the head at the battle of Chickamauga. It healed, but he subsequently became subject to epileptic convulsions which finally grew insupportable, and he concluded to have an operation performed. The Chronicle says that Dr. DeSaussure Ford warned him that trepanning was a very dangerous operation. Lieutenant Holt replied that he wished it performed nevertheless, as he would rather die than suffer any longer as he had been doing. On last Wednesday Dr. Ford performed the operation, which was commenced at half-past twelve and concluded at half-past one o'clock. A piece of the skull, one inch in diameter, was taken out just above the old wound, an instrument called the trephine being used in the operation. The lower side of this piece formed the top and ragged edge of the fractured bone. Underneath this piece, and adhering to it, was a spiculum of bone, which pressed upon the brain and caused the convulsions. The operation was completely successful. Lieut. Holt was doing well on Friday. Several other surgeons were present and witnessed the operation, which was performed by Dr. Ford alone, and which is said by those who know, to have been one of the most skillful in the annals of surgery. It certainly reflects great credit upon Dr. Ford. This is the fourth operation of the same kind performed by that surgeon, the skulls of three other parties having been successfully trepanned by him.—Savannah News.

Eggs are among the most important articles of home consumption, and can be used in so many ways that to have them cheap is a great blessing. Mr. John McManis, Nos. 578 and 574 Magazine street, opposite the Market, has well earned for his store the name of the "Great Egg Depot of the Fourth District," and those who want fresh eggs or fine groceries at low prices should visit him a call.

We direct attention to the route of the Upper City Railroad and the easy terms on which the stock in said road will be found in the card on our fifth page. The officers are pushing the enterprise forward with energy, and all who can do so, should aid them by subscribing at once.

Not every one can be President, but all can buy SILVER TIPPED Shoes for children, and thereby lessen their shoe bills two-thirds. For sale by all dealers.

The Bravest of the Brave.

[London University.]

France is about to render a slight and tardy justice to one of her best and bravest and most neglected heroes. The conqueror of Algeria, the Monve-maker, the preserver of his country from the horrors of civil war, and (highest of titles) chief soldier of Pius IX., received during his lifetime little or no recognition of his great services from his fickle countrymen.

On the very surface, indeed, it was the honesty of General Lamoriciere that stood in the way of his preferment. It was this virtue that would not allow him to accept the deeds of Napoleon III. He was not afraid to call certain "accomplished facts" "accomplished villainies," and he suffered (and was proud to suffer) for the upholding of the right. In the eyes of this noble Catholic soldier oath-breaking and treachery of every hue were crimes even when the offender ranked for the hour amongst things imperial. Thus General Lamoriciere was left in the shade, and younger, less able, and of course less deserving men were put over him and basked in the warm rays of that sun which was to set so coldly and so soon at Chiselhurst.

It was a painful sight to behold Abdel Kader feted at the Tuilleries, whilst his conqueror was hardly allowed footway upon the Paris boulevards. But Lamoriciere believed in God and the Church—in Divine Providence and in the temporal power; for all these "in the front rank he fought," leaving to Heaven his justification and his reward. Like the poet he knew that—

Noble blood, poured for faith and freedom, Hath a stain which never can be washed away. And make its high appeal sound unto heaven! Generous hope knows that the soil shall yield Being forth a glorious harvest. Earth receives Not one red drop from the faithful hearts in vain.

How Lamoriciere strove for the Sovereign Pontiff in the face of desperate odds—how he was betrayed by the imperial government of his own country and sold by Austria, is a story too well known to be repeated here. The vengeance of Heaven has already fallen to punish some of the criminals in the deliberately-arranged slaughter of the hills, of Loretto—the rest will not escape. The length of their impunity is no proof that they are forgotten. The old German proverb says, "God's mill grinds exceeding slow, but then it grinds exceeding small."

Lamoriciere was spared the humiliating spectacle of his country's terrible defeat at the hands of her traditional enemy, whom she herself had before so humbled and destroyed. He died, as our readers are aware, some years previous to the commencement of that fatally-blind policy of the late emperor which led to the capitulation of Paris and to the temporary ruin of the great French nation.

At the death of her bravest and best soldier a subscription was commenced in France to raise a monument to his memory. It proceeded, however, but slowly for all the worshippers of success, all the "gadflies," were on the other side. These, the "insects of an hour" have been pitilessly swept away by the pelting storm of battle, and France, in sackcloth and ashes, with all her gliding gone, has come to herself, in her right mind, and more than ever can think keenly now of those her sons who never brought disgrace upon her name, but upon whose helmets a monument that shall wondrously commemorate the career of him—

Whose holy courage did parade his woe As light the troubled waters. Now at peace, He whose bright spirit made itself the soul Of all that were around him. He did not live In vain.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF EYES.—No branch of science has been more thoroughly mastered than optics. The principles of vision must be essentially the same in all eyes, but they differ remarkably according to the needs of the animals. Birds of lofty flight, as the condor, eagles, vultures, and carrion seeking prowlers of the feathered race, have telescopic visions, and thus they are enabled to look down and discover their unsuspecting victims. As they approach noiselessly from above, the axis of vision changes—shortening, so that they can see as distinctly within one foot of the ground as when at an elevation of one mile in the air. This fact explains the balancing of a fish-hawk on its pinnions, half a mile above a still pond, watching for fish. When one is selected, down the savage hunter plunges, the local axis varying always to the square view of its intended prey. As they ascend the axis is elongated by a curious muscular arrangement, so as to see so far off again. Snails have their keen eyes at the extremity of flexible horns, which they can protrude or draw in at pleasure. By winding the instrument round the edge of a leaf or stalk they can see how matters stand on the opposite side. The hammer-headed shark has its wicked looking eyes nearly two feet apart. By one effort they can bend the thin edges of the head, on which the organs are located, so as to examine the two sides of an object the size of a full-sized codfish. Flies have immovable eyes. They stand out from the head like half an apple, exceedingly prominent. Instead of smooth hemispheres they have an immense number of facets, resembling old-fashioned glass watch seals, each one directing the light directly to the optic retina. That explains why they cannot be approached in any direction without seeing what is coming.

DOING OUR BEST.—Every one has observed one peculiarity in himself: the difficulty of keeping his abilities always level, so that work may never be up hill. No human being is always at his best. It takes a thousand circumstances of weather, season, diet, repose, social stimulus, interior consciousness, to put a man or woman into the highest working condition. Most of us labor under some physical or mental disability in much that we do. A headache or an East wind, an untimely interruption, a grief or a sudden joy steps in just at the wrong time, and hinders or mars our work so that we cannot get it done to our satisfaction. These things are common to all. "I must have been mad when I painted that," said a distinguished artist, as from the walls of a public gallery he surveyed one of his masterpieces; and he ordered it back to his studio that he might retouch what displeased him. Most of us in surveying our work can see where it might have been done better, and yet in doing it again we are apt to fall into fresh errors. Notwithstanding, we must press on, doing the best we

can in spite of humors, oppositions, difficulties, ever keeping our sails in such trim that when a favorable wind does blow we may be wafted swiftly along our course.

The success of almost every enterprise depends upon the degree of assiduity with which it is followed by the party engaged in it. Many things seemingly impossible have been overcome by persons who have bent their whole energies of mind upon the accomplishment of their object. From observation we can see genius and high intellectual attainments outstripped by moderate talent, when the latter brings its full powers of mind to the work. Some persons who have had a fair course to the gaining of a particular point have broken down, while other men with not even as good an opportunity would have been successful; thus showing that success may be obtained by a man who can bend occasions and conditions to his will, notwithstanding the force of circumstances. As to luck, there is less of success due to chance than is commonly supposed. There is no doubt that many escape the consequences of mis-steps as if by miracle, but this is not the rule of life; success is obedient to a law that can be traced throughout the whole of one's career. So that, whether in the school-room or in the every-day business of life, in labor physical or labor mental, in invention or execution, in theory or in practice, it is not he who has the strongest powers, but he who the most persistently brings those powers into use, that will become master of the secret of being successful.

The Boston Transcript observes: "In 1792 Timothy Pickering was Postmaster General at a salary of two thousand dollars, with a thousand dollar assistant and a clerk to match. He asked permission of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, to hire two rooms, a cellar and a servant, for the department, at a cost to the Government not to exceed three hundred dollars. Hamilton thought the arrangement seemed consistent with the interests of the United States, though what that had to do with it would puzzle a modern statesman sorely."

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