



Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

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

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

ROME.

The Berlin Germania states that the Pope has peremptorily refused to join the European powers in the recognition of Serrano's Government.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

The Standard says the Schleswig question is assuming a serious aspect in consequence of the daily expulsion of Danish subjects and the hostile tone of the German press. Public opinion will compel the government to send a formal protest to Berlin and ultimately retaliate by the expulsion of German subjects from Danish soil.

FRANCE.

The vote in the Maine and Loire department was: Republican, 45,000; Septenate, 26,000; Imperial, 25,000.

Col. Vilette and the guards of Bazaine have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment for periods ranging from one to six months, the former for assisting his chief and the latter for negligence.

UNITED STATES.

The news received this week over the wires related principally to Louisiana affairs which are fully stated in other parts of the paper.

The negroes of Charleston, S. C., are displeased with the nominations made by the Republican Convention and are preparing to put forward an Independent-Republican ticket. The movement is developing great strength throughout the State.

LETTER FROM NEW IBERIA.

NEW IBERIA, September 14, 1874.

To the Editor of the Morning Star:

I send you a short account of a touching ceremony which took place in our little town of New Iberia on last Sunday. This was the celebration of grand High Mass for the first time by the Rev. M. Coughlin, who was ordained last the Sunday previous by his Grace, Archbishop Perche, in his visit to our locality.

The faithful, all eager to witness the ceremony, soon filled the church. The holy Mass began at 9 o'clock with all the magnificence that the Catholic Church knows so well to add to her sacred rites. The Rev. M. Coughlin, robed in the sacred vestments, assisted by deacon, Rev. Father Blatterer, sub-deacon Mr. Joubard, and master of ceremonies Mr. T. Golden; the sanctuary filled with altar boys, clothed in their pretty red cassocks and white surplices, the altar adorned with its many lights and choicest flowers, all presented a scene worthy of the dignity of Catholic worship; and capable of inspiring a love and reverence which we would in vain seek for outside of her holy influence.

The Rev. Father Le Cozic, pastor of the parish, addressed, in his usual forcible style, the assembled congregation. In his discussion he touched upon the important subject of Christian education, its influences upon families and States; and on the dangerous effects of Godless teaching.

The music during the holy Mass was excellent, for all deemed it their duty to add to the solemnity of the day. The choir under the able direction of Miss Knight, the organist, certainly deserves great credit for the charm it lent to the occasion.

In the evening the Rev. M. Coughlin officiated at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; and thus the first great day in the life of the young priest passed away the happy harbinger of a life of zeal in his sacred calling, of charity towards the poor, and of sacrifice in seeking above all things the glory of his Divine Lord.

The Rev. Father Coughlin is named by the Archbishop assistant to the Rev. Pastor, M. Le Cozic, and at the same time to teach in the college in company with Rev. Father Blatterer and two ecclesiastics from the seminary. The college is styled College of Holy Cross. It is the property of the diocese and is under the immediate patronage of the Archbishop with Rev. M. Le Cozic as Administrator, and Rev. Father Blatterer, President. The course pursued in the college is principally commercial, but a preparatory classical course will be given to those who desire to enter the priesthood.

[From Our Own Correspondent.] OUR IRISH LETTER.

DUBLIN, September 1, 1874.

A remarkable band of emigrants left Dublin on Thursday morning last for Cork, en route for New York. Some months since the Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Michael's, New York, came over here for Nuns to teach in the new school he has erected in his parish. At once, six professed Sisters, six Novices and two lay Sisters volunteered for the arduous but holy service. They were all of the Presentation Order, and came from three Convents—Terenure and Clonalkin (both of which are in the immediate vicinity of this city), and Tnam. The Superiors of the little band is Mrs. Hickey, who has been Superior twice of the Terenure Convent, and her brother—Father Hickey, Curate of the parish of Dondrum, in this Diocese—goes out in charge. They were all accompanied to the Kingsbridge terminus by a large number of friends, male and female, and it was a touching spectacle to witness the leave-taking that ensued as the train was signaled to leave.

Faction-fighting in Ireland is now a thing of the past. I spoke in a recent letter to the Star of the success which attended the labors of the small band of Oblate Fathers who gave a mission in New Pallas; and the same holy and devoted band achieved an equal measure of success in the neighboring parish of Cappamore. On Sunday last, when the mission concluded in the latter place, the communicants numbered thousands of the erstwhile hostile factions; and in the afternoon about fifteen thousand people who had been engaged in faction-fighting in both parishes, assembled near the chapel, bearing lighted candles, and at the call of the chief of the missionaries solemnly pledged their faith to be evermore friends, and then shook hands one with another. Those who witnessed it, say that a more impressive or remarkable sight has scarcely ever been witnessed.

The Oblate Fathers reconciled the hostile factions in Limerick; but they did more. They advanced the cause of temperance immensely. I think I mentioned in my last letter that the people of New Pallas took, every man of them, the pledge to abstain for five years from intoxicating liquors, and that the publicans promised voluntarily to keep their houses closed for the future on Sundays. In Cappamore the same thing took place. Here in Dublin there are signs of an earnest and active temperance agitation this winter. The open-air meeting which was to have been held in the Phoenix Park on Sunday, under the auspices of the Permissive Bill Association, was postponed in consequence of the terrible down-pour of rain the whole of that day; but it will be held next Sunday, weather permitting; and now I find that this week's Irish Temperance Banner is able to state that arrangements have been made for a great conference and meeting on the 20th of October, under the auspices of the Sunday Closing Association. The business meeting and conference will be held during the day, and in the evening there will be a great public demonstration. Business of the greatest importance will be brought up for consideration; in fact, the whole plan of action for the next session of Parliament will be arranged. Ireland will convince the Government, I promise you, that she is in earnest in this Sunday closing movement, and is determined to possess the boon of having public houses shut at least on one day of the week. I may add, that at the annual meeting of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, which is to be held at Glasgow, on the 29th of this month, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., will represent the Irish Permissive Bill Association, and the Rev. J. M. Rodgers—a Presbyterian clergyman in Derry—the Irish Temperance League. "Ireland," says the Irish Temperance Banner, "will appear at its very best with two such men."

The Belfast strike is over. The operatives had to "cave in." The only concession made by the mill-owners was a trifling one to the men; there was more made to the women or boys. The British Association is credited by some persons with this result. There is not much in the said result to boast of, but whether there is or not, the Association in question had no more to do with settling the dispute than I have to do with settling the dispute between the moon. By the way, talking of the British Association, I have just seen a

come out again in a body, protesting against and denouncing the Atheistical doctrines of the Darwinians. One of these gentlemen has challenged Professor Huxley to come over from London in the winter and discuss with him before an Ulster audience the doctrine that all animals are automata; but the Professor has laughed at him; and, indeed, it is laughable to see men who have no firm standing-ground themselves in the matter of their religious tenets proposing and trying to overthrow other unbelievers.

A rather melancholy suicide occurred last week in the military barracks, Fermoy, County Cork. The Hon. Mr. Bellew—son of Lord Bellew of Barmeth, County Louth—shot himself, after having the previous day made an attempt to shoot a brother officer. He was quite a young fellow, and had been drinking hard for some time. Ah! there it is—drink again! A truly fine position and a splendid fortune awaited him. He was not the oldest son of his father and, consequently, would not have succeeded to the barony and the paternal estates; but his uncle—Mr. Bryan, M. P. for Kilkenny County—whose children have all died, and who has a rent-roll of £20,000 a year, had picked him out as his heir! The family are not unpopular, Lord Bellew being a good landlord and in favor of tenant-right and being also not averse, as I understand, to Home Rule. Both he and Mr. Bryan are Catholics.

Two distinguished Irishmen have passed away within the past week. Mr. John Henry Foley, the greatest sculptor in the British dominions, died on Thursday last in London, and Michael Banim, the survivor of the two brothers who wrote "The Tales of the O'Hara Family." Born in Dublin in 1818, and educated here, Mr. Foley, at a comparatively early age, went to London, and there at once took front rank in his profession. He executed statues of at least a score of the most public men in his day in the United Kingdom, and some of the most famous monuments in London are the work of his facile chisel. At his death he was engaged on several works, including a statue of Grattan, for College Green, and the great monument to be erected in Dublin to the memory of O'Connell. The former work he had finished, and it is in process of casting, but the latter, alas! (though it had been in his hands for ten years), is far from complete, and the intention of unveiling it on the Centenary of O'Connell next year must now be abandoned.

Of Michael Banim I need not say much. Few there are in America or here who have not heard of "The O'Hara Family"—that pair of writers that first applied themselves with success to the delineation of rural life and manners in this country. Like most authors who confined themselves to purely national subjects, Michael Banim had to seek outside literature for a regular source of income. For many years he had been postmaster in Kilkenny. About twelve months ago, when he was compelled by advancing years to retire from this employment, a movement was set on foot to present him with a testimonial, and at the same time the Government granted him a pension of £60 a year. I regret to say that this pension ceases with his life, and that his wife and daughter are now dependent upon the charity of the public.

A very interesting correspondence has taken place between Father O'Keefe and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P.; and the P. J. Smyth affair has developed itself further since I last wrote to you on the subject. But I must defer dealing with both these topics till next week.

J. J. C.

THE SAVANNAH CATHEDRAL.—The Catholic Cathedral, corner of Abercorn and Harris streets, of which we have already given a full description, is rapidly assuming proportions in accordance with the handsome design, the work being pushed forward carefully, thoroughness in every particular being desired, under the superintendence of Mr. John G. Butler. The walls have reached within six feet of their intended height and the minarets at the eastern end of the building have been placed in position. The window frames have been set, and the iron columns for the interior, which were cast at the foundry of Messrs. Monahan & Son, are now being hoisted to the building, and will shortly be erected in position.—Savannah News.

A man advertised for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine—and adds that the medicine is highly recommended.

LETTER FROM "THEMIS."

MOBILE, September 17th, 1874.

Editor Morning Star:

The all-engrossing topic of thought and conversation here for several days has been the admirable coup d'etat in your city. Monday night, until a late hour, the telegraph and Register offices were besieged by multitudes of anxious people waiting for news. And as each succeeding telegram announced that the work of redemption was going bravely on, hearty congratulations were exchanged, and wishes of God-speed in the noble work filled the air. The people were deeply moved, and the light of former days—the light of battle—shone upon their faces. Tuesday night there was an enthusiastic mass meeting of the people to congratulate Louisiana upon her deliverance from the yoke of the alien and the renegade. All honor to you for your wise, moderate, and gallant achievement, and thanks for the lesson you have given us to treasure up in our hearts.

Our absentees are returning from the dolce far niente of the springs and the sea side to struggle once more with the realities and anxieties of business life. The notes of preparation for the commercial campaign are heard on every side. The banquettes in front of the stores are crowded with boxes, new buildings are erecting and old ones being reconstructed, the very air seems to be filled with the hum of industry. Many people are looking for employment, and many who are out of employment seem to thrive wonderfully upon idleness. These latter gentry have always been a mystery to me. "They toil not neither do they spin," yet they air themselves in faultless broadcloth upon the street corners and freight the air with the fumes of their fragrant Havanas, and make not unfrequent visits to the wine tents. These glittering butterflies must exist for some wise purpose, but I must confess that it is a problem which has long baffled my philosophy. And yet—if they indulge not in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain—I should like much to know their secret. For I would dearly "admire to know" how to thrive upon nothing, as I have always on hand an abundance of nonentity.

As I was passing by an auction store a few days ago, my attention was arrested by an imposing array of books. Here, I thought, is the collection of some old bibliomaniac, and a good chance to secure a few rare old volumes. I entered, and was informed that it was a "circulating library" belonging to the estate of a lately deceased newsdealer. Casting my eyes over some of the titles, I read "The Bloody Tab, or the Euraged Washerwoman," and many other red-hot sensations of the same sort by such choice authors as Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Buntline, et id omne genus. And this "circulating library" furnished the mental and moral pabulum of many people in this good city! Who can tell how many minds have been poisoned by this villainous trash? how many young hearts have been corrupted? 'Tis sad to think that the hammer of the auctioneer will scatter these pernicious books throughout the city, and that they will enter many peaceful households to accomplish their mission of death. I fear me, Mr. Editor, that parents are not watchful enough over the reading of their children. The devil loves printer's ink—it is one of his most potent instruments—and he makes prodigal use of it.

I have no religious or church news to chronicle this week. Right Rev. D. Manuay, Bishop elect, is now here. Right Rev. A. D. Pellicier is expected in a few days. It is not known when they will assume charge of their respective Sees.

THEMIS.

We learn that M. de Lessep's scheme for making an inland sea in Algeria is meeting with serious opposition from certain of the French Journals. The cause of this appears to be the fear lest the evaporation from such a wide expanse of shallow water should bring about disastrous climatic changes, the influence of which would be felt across the Mediterranean, extending over France itself. One writer ventures to predict a return of the glacial epoch. In spite of the dismal forebodings, M. de Lessep has entered upon the work in earnest, and with the prestige of his former success as a canal-builder, will doubtless soon settle the question by actual experiment, arguing doubtless that, if the inland sea prove to be a nuisance to France a dam across the canal will soon restore to a deep and healthy channel, and to France

THE LION OF FLANDERS; OR THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[Continued.]

Robert was deeply moved by his father's tears; he felt, as it were, the pains of martyrdom in his heart. At last his emotion burst all bounds, and almost beside himself, he exclaimed:

"My prince and father! your curse upon me, if you will! but this I swear to you,—never will I creep or bow before a Frenchman! In this thing I cannot obey you."

But even amid all his excitement Robert was terrified at his own words. Pale and trembling in every limb, he clenched his hands convulsively, till the iron scales of his gauntlets might be heard grinding upon one another throughout the hall. He felt his respiration shrinking, and awaited the curse he had defied in an anguish like that of death.

All present waited for the reply of the old Count with anxious expectation. At last he threw his aged arms round his son's neck, and cried with tears of love and joy:

"O my noble son! my blood,—the blood of the Counts of Flanders, flows undegenerate in your veins! Your disobedience has bestowed on me the happiest day of my life. Now willingly could I die! One more embrace, my son; for words do not suffice to express the joy of my heart."

Admiration and sympathy filled the hearts of all the noble company, who looked on in solemn silence, while the old Count, releasing his son from his embrace, and turning to his barons, exclaimed enthusiastically:

"See, my friends; such was I in my younger days, and such have the Dampierres ever been. Judge by what you have seen and heard whether Robert de Bethune does not deserve to wear his father's coronet. Such are the men of Flanders! Yes, my son, you are right; a Count of Flanders must bow his head before no stranger. But I am old; I am the poor imprisoned Philippa's father, and yours, my brave son. I will myself kneel before Philip; since such is the will of God, I humbly submit. And you, Robert, shall go with me; but not to bow the head or bend the knee before the oppressor. Hold yourself, as ever, erect; that so there may be a Count of Flanders after me free from shame and reproach."

The various preparations for the journey were now discussed at length, and many important points were deliberated upon and settled. Robert de Bethune, now calmer and more collected, left the hall, and proceeding to the smaller apartment, where Matilda still remained, he took the maiden by the hand, and led her to a chair; then drawing one for himself, he sat down beside her.

"My dear Matilda," he began, "you love your father, do you not?"

"You know I do," was the reply, while she caressed the knight's bearded cheek with her soft hand.

"But," he continued, "would you not also love a man that ventured his life in my defence?"

"Yes, surely; and bear him eternal gratitude."

"Well then, my daughter; a knight has risked his life in your father's quarrel, and is sorely wounded, perhaps even unto death."

"O God! I will pray for his recovery forty days, and more too!"

"Do so, my child, and for me too; but I have to ask yet something more of you."

"Speak, my father; I am your obedient child."

"Understand me well, Matilda; we are going for some days on a journey, your grandfather and I, and all the knights that are here with us. Who, then, shall give the poor wounded knight to drink when he is thirsty?"

"Who? I, my father; I will never leave his side till you return. I will take my hawk into his chamber, and be his constant attendant. Fear not that I will leave him to the servants; my own hand shall hold the cup to his lips. The recovery shall be my best hope and my

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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 foregoing undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese.

J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS, December 12, 1867.

"That is well, my child; I know your loving heart; but you must, moreover, promise me that in the first days of his illness you will keep his chamber perfectly still; make no noise there yourself, nor let any one else do so."

"Fear not for that, father; I will talk to my hawk so softly, that not one word of it shall the wounded knight hear."

Robert took his daughter by the hand, and led her out of the chamber.

"I must show you your patient," he said; "but speak low while you are with him."

Meanwhile Adolf of Nieuwland had been carried by the attendants into a chamber of Robert's lodging, and laid upon a bed; two surgeons had bound up his wounds, and now stood with Diederik die Vos by the bedside. No sign of life was to be perceived; the countenance of the young knight was pale and his eyes closed.

"Well, Master Roger," inquired Robert of one of the surgeons, "how goes it with our unfortunate friend?"

"But badly, my lord," answered Roger; "but badly indeed. I cannot at this moment say what hope there is; and yet I have a sort of presentiment that he will not die."

"Then the wound is not mortal?"

"Well, it is and it is not; nature is the best physician, and often works cures which neither mineral nor simple could effect. I have laid upon his breast, too, a thorn from the Holy Crown; the virtue of that relic will I trust, assist us."

During this conversation Matilda had gradually approached the bed; and her curiosity having led her to look at the wounded knight's face, she suddenly recognized that of her dear friend and playfellow. With a mournful cry she started back, tears burst from her eyes, and she sobbed aloud.

"What is this, my child?" said Robert, "are you no better mistress of yourself than that? Know you not that one must be calm and quiet by a wounded man's bedside?"

"Calm shall I be! Calm when our poor Adolf lies at the point of death! He that taught me such sweet songs! Who shall be our minstrel at Wynandael? Who shall help me to break my hawks, and be to me as a brother?"

And then approaching the bed again, she wept over him as he lay insensible, and at last sobbed out: "Sir Adolf! Sir Adolf! my good brother!"

But no answer came. Covering her face with her hands, she fell back in an agony of grief into a chair.

After some little time thus spent, Robert, seeing that she was unable to command herself, and that her presence would be more injurious than useful, took her by the hand.

"Come, my child," he said, "leave this chamber till you are somewhat more mistress of your sorrow."

But she would not leave the room. "O, no!" she replied, "let me stay here, my father! I will not weep any more. Let me care for my brother Adolf. Those fervent prayers, which he has himself taught me, will I pour out for him by his bedside."

And thus saying, she took the cushion from a chair, laid it on the ground at the head of the bed, and kneeling on it, began to pray silently, while suppressed sobs burst from her breast, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

Robert de Bethune remained till far on in the night by Adolf's bedside, hoping to see him come somewhat to himself. His hopes were, however, in vain; the wounded man breathed freely and slowly; nor was there the slightest movement perceptible either in limbs or body. Master Roger, too, began to fear seriously for his life; for a slight fever had made its appearance, and the sufferer's temples already began to burn.

Those of the nobles who were present at the conference and were not lodged in the castle had already taken their departure, not without a feeling of contentment at what had happened; for, as true knights, they rejoiced at having an opportunity of once more doing their old prince a pleasure and a service. Such of them as were the Count's guests betook themselves to their bedchambers. Two hours later not a sound was to be heard at Wynandael but the call of the sentinels, the baying of the dogs, and the screech of the night owl.

CHAPTER IV.

The journey which, at the suggestion of Charles de Valois, Count Guy was about to undertake, was a matter of no little risk, both to himself personally and to the whole land of