Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1875.

PERE MARQUETTE.

BY HATTIE TING GRISWOLD.

Oh, pale young priest, whose dreamy eyes
With more than Rembrandt splendors gleam,
Standing beneath the tender skies
Of fair, soft France, dreaming thy dream:
I gaze back at thee, through the years
Glorious with many a dear-bought fame,
And nowhere falleth tenderer tears
Than on the page which bears thy name.

I see in thy youth's first flush,
Full of the burning dream of fame,
Longing, adown the breathless hush
Of coming time, to bear thy name;
Aglow with all the maddening wine
Which surges in the veins of youth,
Drunk with the splendor of the fine
Grand dreams, thou boldest for the truth.

Oh, matchless splendor of the days!
Ere yet we have unlearned our dreams;
How, from the sunset side of life,
The radiance of them gleams!
I see thee standing now amid
The fragrance of those early hopes,
Why, yet, from thy deep eyes, are hid
Life's saddened western slopes.

And then I watch thee, while the thought
Of duty slowly fills thy soul,
Till, by degrees, thy life is brought
'Neath its divine control,
And slowly, sadly, one by one,
Thy dreams, thy hopes before it fall,
Till the one thought—work to be done
For God and man—is all.

Across the sea it speeds thy feet,
Across the trackless western wild,
Where the rude savage, stern and fleet,
Lists to the words, so mild
And gentle, thou dost speak;
While others perish quick as thought,
They seem to read, though poor and weak,
The message thou hast brought.

Around Superior's pictured rocks
They gather, listening to thy words,
While far away the battle's shocks
Seem to recede, and chords
Of tenderer feeling softly stir
Within each dull and savage heart;
Christ's name upon the page they blur
With tears from founts which rarely start.

In lodges of each warlike race
I see thee welcomed with great cheer,
And many a stern and sombre face
Lights up to see thee near.
Through dales of rivers broad and deep,
Wisconsin and the turbid Fox,
Fearless and strong, I see thee leap,
Adown each bed of rocks.

Beside thee stands a trusted friend,
The stern brave, red with war-paint stains,
While on each side widely extend
The savage, unknown lands.
Portage, and marsh, and sandy bar
Impede thy course and hide their track,
But onward led, as by a star,
Thou never lookest back.

Safely through Mississippi's waves,
They lead thee on thy goodly quest,
Dotting the shore along with graves
Of bravest and of best.
O, journey grand, on unknown trail,
Amid a new world's darksome shades,
This new quest for the Holy Grail,
Glows like the old crusades!

Now, by Lake Huron's stony shore,
They point us to a lonely grave;
Rudely the inland sea doth roar,
Wildly the pine trees wave,
And jagged rocks flung everywhere,
Bear scant and sombre coats of moss;
No vine, no flower is swaying there,
Naught save a moss-grown cross.

Yet more than sculptured monument,
Or flower-strewn grave in Pere la Chaise,
Is that low mound where he, content
To rest so, shines adown the ways
Of this dull age, and shows us so,
A man to fill our longing eyes,
Wherein with saintly radiance glow
The beauties of self-sacrifice.

The Two Temples.

Letters recently received at the State Department, giving account of discoveries made in Jerusalem, by the English party working under the direction of those who control the "Palestine exploration fund,' are of much interest. Excavations have now been in progress for nearly three years. In spite of the obstacles thrown in the way by the ignorance, stupidity and cunning of the Orientals; in spite of perils from falling stones and poisonous air, freezing waters and suffocating heat; in spite of the superstitions of Turkish dignitaries, the results thus far reached are most satisfactory. In fact, topographical controversies centuries old have been settled by positive discoveries. As an example of the Moslem stupidity which the explorers had to encounter, take the objections of the Pasha of Jerusalem, a well educated military man, not wanting in brains. He assured Captain Warren that it was unnecessary to dig about the Holy City to settle archæological doubts. Mohammedan traditions were all sufficient, he said. Sakhra, the sacred rock, lay on the top leaves of a palm tree, from the roots of which sprang all rivers. To pry into such matters, he thought, was a sure precursor of dire calamity. The excavations proceeded nevertheless.

Jerusalem is built on a ridge of rock which is the backbone of Palestine. It is approached only by rough mountain roads. The position has great natural strength. It is at the present time surrounded by a massive, well built wall. Five of the city gates are open, five closed. All are ancient.

Upon Mt. Moriah there is a large open space, studded with cypress and olive trees, and surrounded with, perhaps, the finest masonry in the world. In the centre of this area rises Sakhara, the mosque with its surpassingly beautiful dome. This mosque Christians call the "holy sanctuary." Within the same area once stood both the Temple of Solomon and that erected by Herod. All traces disappeared years ago, and the exact positions occupied by them have for years been fiercely contested points in regard to the topography of Jerusalem. Was Solomon's Temple coextensive with the sanctuary? Was it confined to a square of 600 feet in the southwest corner? Or was it placed elsewhere in what is now the great open space? These questions excavation only can answer. It is certain that *stoa basilica* built by Herod stood on the souther[illegible] than this we do not yet know.

Father Ryan will lecture this (Su[illegible]ing, at 7½ o'clock, in St. Patrick's H[illegible]ject, "The Great Men of the South." [illegible]sion, fifty cents.

Biographical—Right Rev. Dr. Doyle.

Below we give a brief outline of the life and labors of a great and sainted prelate, whose name is cherished as one of the bright luminaries of the Irish Church, and who was a contemporary with Archbishop Hughes, both whose majestic intellects, under different circumstances, were bulwarks of Catholic unity and progress, and swayed, by their force and brilliancy, the public opinion of two countries.

James Warren Doyle was the son of James Doyle, a respectable farmer, near the town of New Ross, county Wexford, and was born in the autumn of 1785. At the age of eleven years he witnessed the most terrific doings of the first insurrection of 1798, as he lived within view of Vinegar Hill, which, if success had crowned the efforts of the Irish in the unequal contest, would have become as great an object of historical interest as Bunker Hill is at the present day.

In his boyhood he felt that he had a vocation for the Church, and received his classical education in an Augustinian monastery, and he pursued his subsequent academical and classical course in the University of Coimbra, Portugal. He was distinguished even in his youthful days for intellectual tastes and for a remarkable aptitude for study and learning. The even tenor of his collegiate life was interrupted by the invasion of Portugal by the French. He shouldered his musket to repel, in conjunction with Wellington and the allies, the invaders of the country of his temporary sojourn. "I was," says Dr. Doyle, "a sort of nondescript with the rank of captain, and an interpreter between the English and Portuguese armies * * * I was present at the battle of Caldas, Relica and Vimiero. I was greatly exposed to the fire of the enemy, as I was obliged to keep going to and fro with orders and dispatches to the Portuguese General." He brought up General Anstruther's division, then returning from Sweden, within a comparatively short distance of Vimiero. They were in time to take their position in the field, and contributed to the success of that great day. But if young Doyle put on the soldier, he did not put off the saint. "Before and during the bloody engagements," he says, at Rolica, where the French lost fifteen hundred men, "I was intrenched behind a strong wind-mill, ball-proof, employed in giving spiritual assistance to a number of soldiers, who, knowing that I was in priest's orders, sought my aid."

In 1808 he returned to Ireland, and was chosen professor of rhetoric in Carlow College, and, a short time after, was promoted to the chair of theology, which onerous and arduous duties he discharged with exemplary zeal. He was chosen bishop in 1819, at an age but little over thirty years. After his elevation to the episcopacy his letters over the signature of "J. K. L." (James of Kildare and Leighlin) began to appear, which, by their style, force and reasoning, startled the public mind, and impressed weightily the literary as well as the political circles of the day, and were as much looked for by the reading public, as were the writings of Junius in his time. No political writings have appeared since which could compare with Dr. Doyle's in ability, force of argument or lucid expositions of his subject. Strength and decisiveness were the great characteristics of Dr. Doyle's mind. These he manifested even at an early age—first, when he was in imminent danger of being shot near one of the battlefields of '98, and subsequently in Portugal, when he donned the military costume. They were still more manifest in the House of Lords and Commons, where he stood undauntedly before the leading men of the United Kingdom, as a witness on Irish questions, when several able men were overpowered by the ordeal. *He* entertained nor moral fear nor trembling before leading Englishmen—on the contrary, he was resolute and collected amid a host of importunate and insolent questioners who were directly opposed to him.

He differed with O'Connell on very important questions, and one in particular, that of the Irish poor laws, which Lord John Russell, in later years, used with vengeance for the destruction of Irish life in doleing out unwholesome and insufficient food.

The English Government frequently made overtures of patronage for his friends, which he spurned with indignation—asserting that "gifts corrupt the heart, abase the mind and pervert the conscience." "My kidgdom," he replied, "is not of this world; I have no link to bind me to it." Dr. Doyle's charity was unbounded, and his self-abnegation proverbial. A zealous prelate and a patriot, he performed much labor in a few years, and died, in what is generally termed the prime of life, at the age of forty-eight years, on the 15th June, 1837.

PRINCELY MUNIFICENCE.—The well-known capitalist and mining speculator, Alvinza Hayward, has dispensed his Christmas charities on a scale commensurate with his great wealth and truly philanthropic disposition. He has given away no less a sum than twenty thousand dollars to charitable institutions, and five thousand of it has been donated to the Catholic Orphanage. For this magnificent liberality Mr. Hayward will receive the warmest thanks of all classes of his fellow-citizens, who will cheerfully acknowledge that, with him at all events, the possession of great wealth does not harden the heart against the claims of the poor and friendless. Mr. Hayward evidently believes that not in "bonanzas" alone are good investments to be found, and he does not forget that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.—*San Francisco Guardian.*

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The consumption of spirits in the United Kingdom in the first three quarters of the year 1874 appears to have been greater than in the corresponding period of last year, but the increase is much less than that which 1873 showed over its predecessor. In the first three quarters of 1874 duty was paid on 11,717,850 gallons of home-made spirits, entered for consumption as beverage in England, an increase of 688,122 gallons over the quantity in the corresponding period of 1873; in Scotland, 4,877,752 gallons, an increase of 169,072 gallons; in Ireland, 4,384,669 gallons, a decrease of 131,140 gallons. Therefore, for the United Kingdom the quantity of 30,980,271 gallons, an increase of 726,051 gallons over the quan[illegible] the corresponding period of last [illegible] the foreign and colonial spirits (not [illegible] at the or mixed) entered for consump[illegible]able and in the nine months amounted to [illegible] T. J. O'S[illegible] of gallons, an increase of 134,[illegible]sionally arose over the quantity in the cor[illegible]ectant to contribute[illegible]od of last year.

The Year of the Jubilee, 1875.

[N. Y. Catholic Review

Our Most Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., has issued, we learn from the American Press Association, an encyclical ordering the celebration of the Jubilee during the current year, 1875. This year is the natural season for it, according to prescription, but there was some fear that, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the Eternal City, there would be no public celebration of the Jubilee. We presume that, so far as the visit of crowds of pilgrims to the Eternal City is concerned, the Jubilee of 1875 will be shorn of much of its grandeur and solemnity. But there appears to be no reason why, the visit to the tomb of the Apostles being dispensed with, the whole Church of God should not blaze with an enthusiasm of fervor and penitence such as has been evoked by no Jubilee since Boniface VIII. ushered in the fourteenth century with the first. We have much to do penance for; we have also much for which a Jubilee of joy is demanded. We are persecuted everywhere, but is there a weak spot in any part of the Church? Many of our bishops are in prison, so even is the Pontiff in his own Eternal City—the City of the Jubilee—but have we not this to console us: that his days have been prolonged as it were by miracle, and that he still lives to guide us by the voice of Peter, spoken through the mouth of Pio? Has he not, too, demonstrated over and over again that even if kings are not with us, the Holy Ghost remains with the Church during all time?

While the universal pilgrimages of the old days to Rome are perhaps not possible, during this Jubilee, we desire to remind Catholics of the exceedingly great benefits which resulted from the American Pilgrimage of last year. There would be a special appropriateness in undertaking this year such another pious journey. We trust that the Catholic Union, or some other responsible organization will undertake such a holy enterprise.

The Tomb of the Blessed Virgin.

On quitting Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate on the east side of the city, one descends through a ravine into the depths of the valley of Josaphat, having to the right and left the Mussulman cemetery. After passing the bed of the torrent Cedron, which is always dry, you perceive to your left the facade of the Church of the Assumption, which is built at the foot of the Mount of Olives and at some little distance from the grotto where our Lord sweat blood on the eve of his passion. Forty-eight steps which the feet of thousands have nearly worn away, conduct to a vast and dark chamber, cut out of the solid rock. The tomb of the Holy Virgin is hewn out of the living rock and like that of her divine Son, is covered with white marble, so that pilgrims may not commit any acts of vandalism by carrying off fragments thereof. One may repeat of this tomb what Chateaubriand said about the Holy Sepulchre, that "it will have nothing to yield upon Judgment day," for tradition says that the body of Mary was assumed into Heaven three days after her death. St. Helena built here a noble church in honor of our Lady, but the builders, following the bad example of the architects of the Holy Sepulchre, isolated the tomb from the rock, leaving only just the block on which was the tomb itself, intact. The walls of the church have all been all cut out of the solid mountain, and it is large, but damp and dark. This church contains the tomb of Melisinda, wife of Baldwin II. and mother of Baldwin IV., Kings of Jerusalem. This princess conducted the affairs of the kingdom for thirty years as regent. Her tomb is to the right on entering the sacred edifice, and it is reported that the vaults below contain also the tombs of St. Joachim, St. Anne and St. Joseph. But this is probably an error founded on the well-known fact that the Jews usually chose one burial place for all the members of their family. Arculph, who visited the tomb in the seventh century, mentions a church above ground, probably built by St. Helena. It was round like the London "Temple." In the year 1100, Godfrey de Bouillon established here a convent of Benedictines, but in 1263 Queen Joan of Naples signed a treaty with the Sultan whereby the church passed into the charge of the Franciscans. In the seventeenth century the Greek schismatics obtained possession of it; but in 1666, Count La Haye, French Ambassador to the Sublime Porte caused the Franciscans to be restored as guardians of the sanctuary. In 1757, the Count de Vergennes obtained from Turkey a firman whereby the rights of the Franciscans were clearly defined, and since that period, as at the Holy Sepulchre, the Greeks and Latins have shared this sacred spot between them. Some authors seem to think that the Holy Virgin died at Ephesus, but this opinion is only founded on a chance phrase inserted in a synodial letter addressed by the Fathers of the Council, A. D. 471, to the clergy and people of the city of Ephesus which contains this unfinished phrase:—"The heresy of the Nesterians was condemned in the town where John the *theologian, and Mary the Mother of God*"—But the Fathers of the Council did not say that Mary died here, but seem only to have wished to call attention to the great respect paid to her at Ephesus as is easily proved by Father Russelli, a monk of the Holy Land in his work "On the dogmatic definition of the Assumption of Mary Most Holy." Tradition assures us that she died at Jerusalem in the Cenaculum on Mont Zion and not at Ephesus. Dionysius the Areopagite, a contemporary of the Virgin thus expresses himself in the book of "Divine name" [Book I, Chap. III.] in speaking to Timothy on the subject of the death of Mary. "You remember that when we were assembled near our pontiffs (the disciples,) and filled with the Holy Ghost, and with many of our holy brethren we reverenced that holy body which was the asylum of the Author of life, James, the brother-cousin of the Lord and Peter the great ornament and principal column of the theology were with us. After contemplating this holy body all the pontiffs praised the goodness of the Lord and Gerotides more than all the rest." Saint Meliton of Sardis, who wrote towards the year 170, says in his book *De transitu Virginis* that the Mother of God died in Jerusalem. Polycratus, Bishop of Ephesus, who lived in the third century, affirms also that the Blessed Virgin died at Jerusalem and Juvenal, bishop of the city, in reply to a letter addressed him by the Empress Palcheria on the subject of the tomb answered that Princess thus: We have an ancient and very true tradition that Mary Most Holy died in Jerusalem and was buried in the Valley of Josaphat—and that all the apostles were miraculously gathered together around her death-bed having been summoned from all parts of the world for the purpose, for they were greatly dispersed upon its face." St. Gregory of Tours also wrote in the sixth century: "Mary was buried near Jerusalem and over her tomb Helena, wife of Constantine, built a fine church." In the sermons of Andrew of Crete, Archbishop of Jerusalem we find this allusion to the subject. "O Zion, receive thy new queen, prepare for her a tomb and enrich it with spices.' Guerle of Tournay in his second discourse on the Assumption says: "No one doubts that the Holy Virgin was buried in the valley of Josaphat where her tomb is venerated." Urban II., at the Council of Clermont A. D. 1095—says: "St. Mary the Virgin died at Jerusalem and was there buried." The ancient Greek menology thus speaks of the death and Assumption of Mary: "It pleased God to call Mary His mother to himself, He sent her an angel to announce to her, her death. This news filled her with joy. She ascended the Mount of Olives and there prayed after which she returned to her house and prepared for her end. Her Son appeared to her. Afterwards a rumbling sound like thunder was heard and all the Apostles were gathered together having been brought to her bed side by angels. Having blessed them Mary expired. They then buried her and three days afterwards God raised her body and took her to himself." Another menology states that" the apostles saw her rise up into Heaven" and that "her tomb was filled with roses." The day of the death of our Lady is believed to have been August 15, the day on which the Church commemorates her glorious Assumption. The origin of this feast dates back as far as the fourth century.