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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 under-  
taking, and commend it to the Catholics  
of our Diocese.  
+ J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS.  
December 12, 1867.

# Catholic Messenger.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"  
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1876.

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VOLUME VIII.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.  
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1876.

REVERIE.  
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

How swift they go!  
Lives many years,  
With their wings of woe,  
And their storms of tears,  
Their darkest nights whose shadowy slopes  
Lit with the flames of starkest hopes,  
Their sunny days in whose calm heavens loom  
Clouds of the tempest, the shadows of gloom.

And ah! we pray  
With a grief so dear,  
That the years may stay  
When their graves are near;  
The brows of To-morrow be radiant and bright,  
The love and with beauty, with life and with light,  
The hearts of Yesterday, cold on the bier,  
The hearts that survive them, are evermore dear.

For the hearts so true  
To each Old Year cleave;  
The hand of the New  
Flowers garlands weave;  
The flowers of the Future the fragrant and fair,  
The Past's withered leaves may never compare,  
From each leaf that falls a dearer smell there—  
The wreaths which the brows of our Past years have  
worn.

Ye! men will cling  
And with a love to the last;  
And wildly sing  
Their arms round the past!  
The vine that clings to the oak that falls,  
The ivy twines round the crumbling walls;  
The dust of the Past some hearts higher prize  
Than the stars that flash out from the Future's bright  
skies.

And why not so!  
The old, old Years,  
They knew and they know  
All our hopes and our fears;  
They walked by their side, and we told them each grief  
And they kissed off our tears while they whispered  
relief  
And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed  
And the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.

Let the New Year sing  
At the Old Year's grave,  
Will the New Year bring  
What the Old Year gave!  
Oh! the Stranger Year trips over the snows,  
And his brow is wreathed with many a rose,  
In how many thorns do the roses conceal  
Which the roses when withered shall so soon reveal!

Let the New Year smile  
When the Old Year dies,  
In how short a while  
Shall the smiles be sighs?  
Oh! the Stranger Year, thou hast many a charm,  
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,  
Dearer than to us—in his shroud of snows—  
The furrowed face of the year that goes

Yet, bright New Year!  
O'er all the earth  
With song and cheer  
They will hail thy birth;  
They will trust thy word, in a single hour,  
They will love thy charms, they will land thy power,  
For the New has charms which the Old has not,  
And the stranger's face makes the friend's forgone.

At each of the apparitions, Bernadette renewed the acts of penance and humble self-abasement which we have noticed above. In obedience to the order of the Blessed Virgin, she went regularly to drink at the spring; on certain days she was seen to repeat her draughts several times.

During one of those unavoidable aways, to which the concourse was subjected by the efforts of those in the rear to satisfy their curiosity more fully, the wild rose-bush was for an instant shaken. Bernadette, in the greatest alarm, stretched her hands forward, and moved hastily towards the niche. Her eyes were bathed in tears. "Who has disturbed the rose-tree? Do not touch it!" She looked with anxiety into the cavity. After a moment, the bush became motionless: the countenance of Bernadette recovered its serenity—the happy smile returned to her features. To all it was a subject of wonder that Bernadette, although so absorbed in ecstasy, so lost in a world of silence and mystery, should instantaneously give utterance to so loud a cry. In the course of the day the person who had touched the branches came to Bernadette and begged pardon for the pain she had inflicted. "Oh! you grieved me very much. When I saw the bush shaken, I feared that the Lady might fall. She was standing on it, and she made me a sign that no one should approach it."

The person in question was struck by the feeling that betrayed itself in the words of the child. She had so far entertained very little belief in the vision; she now, with all her soul, accepted its reality. The thought of having failed in respect to the Queen of Heaven, by displacing the branches on which her feet rested, caused her extreme grief. From that day, Bernadette was the object of her special affection. At each succeeding apparition, she never failed to be at her side.

Since the fourth apparition, Bernadette would, on her arrival at the grotto, light a blessed candle and hold it in her left hand as long as the Blessed Virgin remained visible. At first a lady of the town lent her one; afterwards her aunt, one after the other, gave up the tapers they preserved for the solemnities of their Sodality.

One day, towards the close of her ecstasy, Bernadette arose, still suffused with the pale radiance, and leaning towards her youngest aunt, whispered to her: "Will you give me your taper, and permit me to leave it in the grotto?" "Yes, yes, take it, go and fix it up right if you can." The child went to the bottom of the grotto, and planted the extremity of her candle in the ground, leaning it against the rock for support, and, leaving it lighted, returned to her place.

On the way home, her aunt inquired: "But why did you ask me to give my candle, and why did you bring it inside?" "I wished to leave it burning in the grotto when I went away, and as it belonged to you, I could not do so without your permission."

Several pious persons had already placed in the grotto their little offering of lighted candles—touching homage of reverence. These first tapers were the forerunners of thousands of blazing lights that now ceaselessly illumine the rough, rocky sides of the Massabielle cliffs, to the greater glory of the Immaculate Mother of God.

The devotion of the blessed candles is traceable to the primitive ages of the church. The lighted taper is a symbol rich in mysterious meanings. The pure white wax of which it is made symbolizes the sacred Humanity assumed by our Savior in the most chaste womb of Mary; which Humanity, by its hypostatic union with the Divinity, has been constituted the light and sunshine of the world. Like the untarnished wax of the taper, this human nature consumes itself before God, in flames of love, adoration, thanksgiving, supplication, penance, sacrifice. The burning light that gleams only the brighter when surrounding glooms are deeper, typifies the Divinity of the Son of Mary.

The lighted taper may be also considered as the figure of the Christian, who, all ablaze with the ardors of faith and love towards our Lord Jesus Christ, offers himself before the throne of God as a victim of penance and charity.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, Bernadette again sought an interview with the parish priest of Lourdes, and renewed the demand she had already made on the part of the Lady. "She

wishes that a sanctuary be built at the grotto, and that processions be made to the place."

Events had been springing on at a rapid pace. The wonderful spring had issued from the depths of the rock; miracles of incontestable authenticity had added the weight of their authority to the assertions of Bernadette, and to the reality of the apparitions. Notwithstanding his prudent reserve, the good priest was convinced that the finger of God was here, that the Blessed Virgin was again manifesting her power by a fresh deluge of wonders. The same opinion was current throughout that region.

"I believe you," said he to Bernadette, "but what you ask in the name of the Lady does not depend upon me. The Right Rev. Bishop himself must decide the point. I have already sent him the minutest informations respecting all that has occurred. I will now moreover go to see him in person, and lay before him your request. He alone can act."

Mr. Peyramale went without delay to Tarbes. He stated all the facts of the case to the venerable Bishop, Mgr. Laurence. This latter resolved to carry his prudence, even apparently to excess. The matter should be left to ripen of itself. For the moment it would be sufficient to take the first steps towards a judicial investigation, by which all facts, past, present and to come, should be submitted to the ordeal of a most rigid inquiry. The examination would be conducted with scrupulous impartiality. Thus would the way be leisurely prepared for an official judgment on the question at issue.

On Wednesday, March 3d, the gathering at the grotto was a monster demonstration. In despite of the pickets of regular troops, and the squads of gendarmery, with which the civil authorities had stupidly lined the road to the Massabielle Rocks, the crowds came pouring in from all quarters. The wise heads of the administration were evidently under the influence of a night-mare: the fear of a riot! The apprehensions, nay, rather the hopes of these short-sighted men, were not fulfilled. During the whole day not the slightest symptom of disorder could be detected.

[To be Continued.]

[From Our Own Correspondent.]  
OUR IRISH LETTER.

DUBLIN, Dec. 7th, 1875.

Mr. Butt and Professor Galbraith—especially the former—gave Sir M. H. Beach, the chief Secretary for Ireland, a smart rap on the knuckles at the last meeting of the Home Rule League for his insolent speeches to the Belfast Orangemen. Mr. Butt hinted pretty broadly that that official went down to Belfast to fan the flame of Orange bigotry, and that it is not his fault if the streets of that town are not now in the possession of riotous mobs. The Nation and Freeman have taken the same line, and they are pretty correct. But what takes the wind out of the government sails most effectually is just to state exactly the strength of their following in Ireland. They have only about thirty of the Irish members at their back, and after the next election it is certain that they will not have twenty. At present, Belfast is about the only place where a British minister or any party could find a hearing in the public meeting. The significance of Sir M. H. Beach's appearance at Belfast is about the same as would attach to his appearance in a Scotch or English borough to speak on Irish affairs. But what an insult to the nation, and how great a proof of its enervation, that one of its rulers should alight on a condition, that one of its rulers should go down to one little corner of it—the only one in which he could find a sympathizing audience—and there declaim against the politics of the rest of the country! The strangest part of the story, however, is that, although the Belfast Orangemen are the only set of Irishmen in Ireland who can be got to welcome a British minister declaiming against their country, yet even they are in the long run the treated badly by those who use them for the purpose of keeping Irishmen divided. Not a single Orangeman is allowed inside the government ranks. And by the way, Sir Michael Beach himself it was who the other day at the banquet in Belfast offered his Orange guests the gross insult of taking out his letters and proceeding to answer them while the speeches that followed his own were in progress! The fact followed his own were in progress! The fact followed his own were in progress! The fact followed his own were in progress!

of Parliament. The time fixed for the conference is the 4th and 5th of January—the two days immediately preceding the day of the unveiling of the Grantan monument in College Green—and the place in Morrison's Hotel. There is every likelihood that there will be a good attendance, though certainly there are a good many members of the party who, at heart Whigs, like identifying themselves as seldom as possible as distinctively Home Rulers. These will be compelled to attend by the force of public opinion and by the knowledge they have that they will be got rid of on the first opportunity if they do not do their duty. I may add that the recent demonstration of the Fenian leaders in New York against Home Rule meets here with very little attention. Those politicians did so very little, when they were at work, beyond getting themselves and their friends into prison that their advice to abandon a constitutional policy which so far has resulted in no little good to Ireland in various ways, and which if it be persisted in promises before long to compel a settlement of the Irish question by producing a deadlock in the House of Commons, is regarded as, to say the least, somewhat wild.

Dublin is to have a grand musical festival next Autumn in the Exhibition Palace. We are to have, it is said, some 2000 persons in the orchestra, band, and chorus; the music will be of the most classical and popular; Mr. Joseph Robinson of this city will conduct it; and the best vocalists in the world will be engaged as principals. Under Home Rule this would be a grand speculation; but I don't think it will be successful under present circumstances. An Irishman on artistic matters I may as well mention the great Irish sculptor Foley, who died about this time twelve months ago and who is the author of the monuments of Grantan and O'Connell, bequeathed to Dublin by his will (which was proved only the other day in London) about thirty of the original models of his finest works.

The Chevalier O'Clary, M. P. for Wexford, has just received from the Pope the honor of knighthood of the military order of St. Gregory, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who some time since received the grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory, announced a few days ago (as I intimated in my last) that he was going to Rome immediately to say his respects in person to the Sovereign Pontiff. If he would stay here, he wouldn't be much missed at home in politics.

The O'Connell monument have concluded their resolution to have an undeposited statue of the Liberator surmounting the monument. The original resolution to have a figure with the cloak so characteristic of O'Connell, has been finally adopted.

A statement having been made some time since that there was an inmate, a gentleman West Work visited that institution a few days ago and found there, sore enough, Matthew Collins, an LL. D. of Trinity College, Dublin, and one of the first mathematicians in Europe. He was first Science Sizar, Lloyd Exhibition, Senior Moderator and Gold Medalist in Mathematics and Physics, and honorary member of the Société des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles de Bordeaux; and he has contributed various times to various continental publications. He is now insane! "Great wits are sure to madness near allied;" but I fear in this case the insanity was brought on by want of that patronage on the part of T. C. D., which poor Collins had a right to expect, and which a true Alms House would have readily extended. Another Irish poet—is as this moment in a strait asylum in this city, and he, too, was driven insane partly through neglect on the part of the Irish literary public. The proprietor of the Nation proved a generous friend to him, I have heard, but no one man could be expected to do the part of a whole people.

I will conclude by giving a list of the Irish Mayors elected by their respective corporations. Dublin has chosen G. B. Owens, M. D., (C); Cork, Alderman Penrose, (L); Belfast, Alderman Boag, (C); Limerick, J. F. Walker, (H. R.); Drogheda, W. Whitworth, M. P., (L); Waterford, J. T. Ryan, (H. R.); Wexford, J. L. Simpson, (L); Clonmel, Alderman Kenny, (L); Kilkenny, P. McDermott, (H. R.); Londonderry, W. Miller, M. D., (C); Sligo, J. Doherty, J. P., (H. R.). "C" means Conservative, "L" Liberal, "H. R." Home Rule; although in all the Corporations but two the Catholics are in an enormous majority, only five of the Mayors are Catholics. This is the Catholic liberal; Protestant liberal; and no other.

J. J. C.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

That the delegates to choose Senators be elected January 9; that they proceed to the election of Senators January 23; that the general election for members of the Chamber of Deputies be held February 20, and both houses meet March 5.

SPAIN.—Heavy reinforcements have been sent to the Alfonso army in the north and it is expected that active operations will commence at once. Meanwhile the Carlists are so vigorously harassing Heraldo that it is thought that the town will surrender. There are rumors about in Madrid and other European capitals to the effect that several European governments are about to take joint action with regard to the pacification of Cuba.

GERMANY.—Berlin, Dec. 29.—The meeting called last Monday by citizens of the United States residing here, to give expression of their abhorrence of the Bremerhaven crime, and to protest against the unjust comments of the press, was held to-night, and was attended by two hundred Americans. A resolution was adopted declaring that the act of Thomas or Thomassen, is in no respect a fruit of American civilization; it affects the honor of humanity, not that of a particular nationality; and further protesting against the character which have appeared in some German newspapers, in connection with the crime.

IRELAND.—It is stated the principal feature of the great powers' proposition relative to reforms in Turkey is that the Ambassadors of neutral powers at Constantinople shall exercise a permanent control in the execution of reforms in the provinces.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—A dreadful hurricane took place in the Philippine Islands on the 30th of November. Two hundred and fifty villages were lost, thirty-eight hundred dwellings were destroyed, many cattle perished, and the crops are ruined.

CANADA.—Montreal.—Fifteen hundred extra hands have been given work on city improvements at 7 cents an hour.

UNITED STATES.

Washington, Dec. 30.—It has been ascertained that the majority of the Committee on Appropriations favor Government aid in building the Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas levees, and will bring in a bill for that purpose. The President is active, in private conversation, in denouncing Secretary Fish's duplicity, and proposes to remove him at the earliest opportunity. The Administration organ, the Chronicle, opens war to-day on Secretary Bristol, in behalf of the President. It seems Bristol is held to be too cautious and impartial. The President refuses to send additional troops to Texas, alleging that none can be spared from other localities. He says further that if the army is reduced, as proposed in the House, he will not have sufficient force to answer the ordinary requirements of the country. Advice received from Minister Foster in Mexico, state that he officially called on the Mexican Government to stop the outrages on the frontier. The United States he said could stop the raids by following the marauders into Mexico if the Mexican Government consented. The Foreign Minister said the Government could not consent to this. Mr. Foster then stated that the press in the United States was creating a strong public sentiment in favor of an aggressive and vigorous policy on the part of the Government, and the acknowledgment by the Government of Mexico of its inability to restrain the lawlessness of its own citizens, would afford the strongest possible argument to all advocates of the acquisition of territory there may be in the United States.

ALABAMA.—The Legislature met on the 28th, when the governor's message was read. On the 30th the Committee appointed to investigate the facts connected with Spencer's election to the U. S. Senate, reported. The report was a terrible indictment of Spencer and certainly led to his expulsion from the Senate.

MISSISSIPPI.—Collector of Internal Revenue Shannahan, at Jackson, telegraphed to Washington on the 29th that his deputy, Redmond, had been driven from his home by armed men who publicly defied the authority of the Government. Being asked if the evidence was sufficient, he replied: "In evidence positive, Redmond notified by the Mayor of Summit, Pike county, to leave at once, as he and the posse officers could not protect him. Armed bodies, numbering from fifty to seventy-five, assert he can not remain in the division. A commissioned officer and twenty-five soldiers, if stationed at Liberty, Amite county, and instructed to support him for thirty days, and in the meantime parties are arrested, would be sufficient. Canally, preferred as an escort, could accompany him on a tour through the bad counties, and have good effect." It now appears that the difficulty was simply a personal row that Redmond got into with some young men on their Christmas spree.

MICELLANEOUS.

The town of Jasper, Fla., was partially destroyed by fire last week.—The Pacific Mills, Lowell, employing 5,300 operatives, have given notice of a reduction of wages of from 10 to 15 per cent. after January 1st.—Sunday evening a terrible tornado passed twelve miles East of Hickman, Tenn., destroying dwellings, forests, etc. Many persons were killed and wounded.—A suspension of mining operations in the Wyoming coal region for three or four weeks has been decided upon.

The Marshal de Faber at a siege was pointing out a place with his finger. A spy once must have carried off the finger. Instantly stretching out another he continued his discourse: "Gentlemen, as I was saying—"

THE BETROTHED:

BY MANKONI.

CHAPTER I.

That branch of the Lake of Como, which turns toward the south between two unbroken chains of mountains, presenting to the eye a succession of bays and gulfs, formed by their jutting and retiring ridges, suddenly contracts itself between a headland to the right and an extended sloping bank on the left, and assumes the flow and appearance of a river. The bridge by which the two shores are here united, appears to render the transformation more apparent, and marks the point at which the lake ceases, and the Adde recommences, to resume, however, the name of Lake where the again receding banks allow the water to expand itself anew into bays and gulfs. The bank, formed by the deposit of three large mountain streams, descends from the bases of two contiguous mountains, the one called St. Martin, the other by a Lombard name, Resegone, from its long line of summits, which in truth give it the appearance of a saw; so that there is no one who would not at first sight, especially viewing it in front, from the ramparts of Milan that face the north, at once distinguish it in all that extensive range from other mountains of less name and more ordinary form. The bank, for a considerable distance, rises with a gentle slope, and then, in places, breaks into hills and hollows, rugged or level land, according to the formation of the mountain rocks, and the action of the floods. Its extreme border, intersected by the mountain torrents, is composed entirely of sand and pebbles; the other parts of fields and vineyards, scattered farms, country cottages, and villages, with a gentle slope which extends up mountain sides. Less, the least of these villages, and which give its name to the district, is situated at no great distance from the bridge, upon the margin of the lake; nay, often, at the rising of the waters, is partly embraced within the lake itself; a large town at the present day, and likely soon to become a city. At the foot of our story, this village was also fortified, and consequently had the honor to furnish quarters to a governor, and the advantage of possessing a permanent garrison of Spanish soldiers, who gave license in modesty to the wives and daughters of the neighborhood, and toward the close of summer never failed to scatter themselves through the vineyards, in order to thin the grapes and lighten for the sake of the labor of the vintage. From village to village, from the heights down to the margin of the lake, there are innumerable roads and paths: these vary in their character; at times precipitous, at others level; now bank and buried between the two ivy-clad walls, from whose depth you can behold nothing but the sky, or some lofty mountain peak; then crossing high and level tracks, round the edges of which they sometimes wind, occasionally projecting beyond the face of the mountains, supported by prominent masses resembling bastions, whence the eye wanders over the most varied and delicious landscape. On the one side you behold the blue lake, with its boundaries broken by various promontories and rocks of land, and reflecting the inverted edges of which they sometimes wind, occasionally projecting beyond the face of the mountains, supported by prominent masses resembling bastions, whence the eye wanders over the most varied and delicious landscape. On the one side you behold the blue lake, with its boundaries broken by various promontories and rocks of land, and reflecting the inverted edges of which they sometimes wind, occasionally projecting beyond the face of the mountains, supported by prominent masses resembling bastions, whence the eye wanders over the most varied and delicious landscape.