Mersing Star and Catholic Messeager MEW URLEANS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER S, 1178,

THE POEMS OF THOMAS IEWEN.

Dublia Nation

Songs and Romanoes, etc. By Thomas Caulfield Irwin. Dablin: M. H. Gill & Son

Songs and Romances, etc. By Thomas Caulaeld Irwin. Dablin M. H. Gill & Son
Readers of the Nation will be glad to learn that a new selection from the poetry of an old and well-known contributor to its columns, Mr. Thomas Irwin, has lately been issued in a very neat form by Mesers. M. H. Gill & Son, Sackville atreet. Of the characteristics of Mr. Irwin's poetry it is almost unnecessary to say a word in this place. The present collection of his poems represents a series of artistic moods and moods of natural feeling, descriptive and lyrical. "L'art c'est is forme," says George Sand, and nothing can be more complete than the appropriateness of the form of very many of Mr. Irwin's compositions. To speak in artistic parlance, his drawing and grouping are a laways correct; add to those light and shade, color and grace, and you have, as in his verses, all the artistic requirements. His metrical excellences are also of a high order; the music, so to speak, is an echo of the picture or theme. The volume opens with a cluster of song; and, in reference to Irwin's lyrics generally, we would call attention to their imaginative and picturesque beauty, the variety of their melody, and the artistic form which they exhibit. Of the romances, that of "Little Effe" is, perhaps, the most atriking; the story is worked out in the most imaginative manner, both as regards picturesque and emotional effect. It is of the chief functions of the poet to express the highest aspirations of life, human, patrictic, religious. There are several poems of this sort in the volume—such as "Eumorphis" a Greek word signifying beauty of form, and in which we have an account of the life and progress of the poetic mind devoted to embody all that is best in life in forms of literary beauty. This composition which is an expression of the doctrine of culture, is alike philosophical in its epirit and poetic in its treatment, and will, we have an amay a thoughtforms of literary beauty. This composi-tion which is an expression of the doctrine of culture, is alike philosophical in its spirit and poetic in its treatment, and will, we have no doubt, please many a thought-fulfand imaginative mind. As the book opens with a cluster of songs of which beauty is the soul, so it appropriately closes with several which breathe the spirit of aspiration, the hopes, patriotic benevolence contemplate the future of humanity, the development of the divine in life, and the ultimate perfection the hu-man race will attain. Such is the hymn or

Let us unto the three most bright
Spirits of Time in thu age of ours.
The Greek love of beauty:
The Greek love of beauty:
The Chiesian of daty.
The modern of progress developing powers.
In the same spirit is "A Vision of Erie."
This is a hymn to Ireland. In its brief reference to the past of this country the writer merely touches on whatever is worthy of estimation or conservation in that past—namely, the good which has therein been achieved for the Irish people and for all peoples—the benefits effected by Christianity in the Middle Ages, and by great Irishmen who have thought for this country and for the world in later time. His sympathies are with those who, For the races here
Andthe seel's truer sphere,

This poem is an imaginative co-operation towards the days when the nations of this planet, having erased war from their book of life and founded universal civilization on the basis of industry, shall in families consult what is best for be everywhere. Then, says the poet in prospective visions:

Our genine atrong and fair.
Stretched forth a band to Europe and the West
To make the world's wide home
One true bright Christendom.

Our readers will thank us for quoting from the volume, ere concluding this brief notice, the following light, graceful, and tender poem, which is in the author's happiest style:

WINDOW AND HEARTH.

WINDOW AND HEARTH.

Around my chan ber books are piled
Save where my favorite pictures are.

In turned unto the setting sun;
Thus, o'er my papers, morning mild
Now glories, now the evening star.
In Summer, from the parden trees,
A blackbird warbles with delight—
In Winter, roofed from ane wa and breeze
A cricket obsers my hearth at night,—
Fing containing, me,
Who, as your nearest, I lave best;
Wake me with song, blackbird; prolog
Your ditty, cricket, when I rest.

Your disty, cracket, when I rest.

So full of life thy liquid note,
That I in anualize drop my pen,
That I in anualize drop my pen,
We then the life thy liquid note,
We have the liquid note of you morning shore,
By which, in Summar days remote,
We rambled to some Wichlow gien,
Or Howth, whose bine back yonder looms;
And argued miles of road away.
Feasted: and back through golden glooms,
Shuger and back through golden glooms,
Shuger from the lawn, and arkening day;
At a cattered
Those hours; but ye have atood time's best.
Bird, from the lawn, sing to the dawn.
I on cricket, when night fills the west.
A brees; radiance sites the ake;

Xon orickes, when night fils the west.

A brees; realisance sites the skies;

The withering corract-tunkee shake
ab a vector the crainfel red-brick wall.
Where, as the orisp leaves carring fi
Bow up and down the cobweb dies:
The anubeam; and the midges take
Their last of life, till aftermoon,
Sianting the pictured wall with gold,
we shut out soon the pale chill moon.
A substitute of the cold:
Smile from your tooks,
Brown olden books,
Which vanished hands so often pressed
Cricket prolong through night your o
Our blackbild slumbers in his nest.

Now darkness falls; the funnel ing blast Ott inferrupts your chimney song. Between the curtains I can trace Orion's arm in fey space; Abeve, the white clouds voyage fast, Below, the dead teaves whirl along; And as you infinite waste of fire

Makes us, poor issects, equal seem.
Methinks at times you would inquire
What of this little life I deem I
Where we bith choose
Song to amuse
The tranquil hours which we love best,
Till falls our strongth, and we at length
Alike be lapped in nature's rest.

Childhood's an Eden ever young
In which the searce blessom sweet;
Youth, a vague dream, whose every
Int colored by the sarnest blood;
Into mone is former man is dung
To muse and menid anid the heat
I's powers, as the ripesting light
Develops from the lower the lot.
In overleps from the lower thet.
In overleps the lower the lower
Chant, bird of youth,
Your song of truth,
Enjoy your Summer, build your neet;
When shadows fall, cricket, recall
The firedick memories you love best.

Cetaber's gone: my bird has flown
Ta hards of Summer past the sea;
Through barren boughs I now behold
Bine sires, pale sunshine, enow clouds
But by the hearth I'm not alone,
Yor still my cricketsings to me;
Thus, when I've passed from dreams of et
To new bright life beyond our sir;
Perchance some friend beside my hearth
Will read the verses I made there;

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE

Irish Priests and Irish People By the Rev. M. J. MacHale, Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. Irish Pricate and Irish People By the Rev. M.
J. MacHale, Dabin: M. H. Gill and Son.
The unshaken and indestructible attachment of the Irish priests and the Irish people to their faith, the loving union they maintained through ages of dire persecution, the triumphs which they won at last, and the splendid victories which will yet be theirs—these form a noble theme for song, and the song has been well sung in the little volume now under our notice. The poet is an Irish priest, and it is easy to see that he has thrown his heart into his work. His poem is, in fact, a brief history of the religious life of the Irish race, written in a prirted and musical numbers. It opens with a reference to the quick and splendid success which attended the labors of our patron saint:—

When first the Christian sunshine broke Athwart our light of Paran gloom.

or patron saint:

When first the Christian sunshine broke
Athwart our night of Fagan gloom,
The long-dead land leaped up, awoke;
Its Saviour's voice had touched its tomb.
Our island's won gave answer high.
Our island's won gave chorus meet,
That bleased sawn of Heaven to greet.
No gradual, gimmering morn was ours,
Bat one swift streaming rain of gold.
It flung broadcast its glowing showers,
Its warmth eswrapped us fold in fold.
We beard our great Apostle's voice call;
We beard our great Apostle's voice call;
And grasped at once Redemptions sign,
And vowed, whate'er the years might brin
Allegiance to the Lord Durine,
Unfalling faith be Christ our King.
But bone and muscle, blood and brain,
All; all were spent to overthrow
The Old false rite, the New to gain.
And churches rose, and spires were set,
In sheltered vale and towering fall;
We scorned what curse Time might beget,
If Friests were with the Teople still.

that may be, the phrase is made very good use of by the Rev. Mr. MacHale. The second section of his poom relates how the good seed sown by St. Patrick grew and flourished, and how piety and learning overspread the land:—

We have the second section of the property of the second section of the second second section of the second s

rapread the land:

We built the schools where scholars flow
In sager flooks from foreign shores,
To fill their minds with knowledge true
As flowers are steeped in shining dow.
Our native songs were first of praise
On earth to rise before God's throse,
Our vesper prayers were last always
To sue for Light when Light had flown.
And so in peace these days went by
Scure, and feated from earthly ill.
Cur Friests were with the Feople still.

The poet next proceeds to tell how the faith of priests and people was tried by the outburst of a frightful persecution. But—

St. Patrick; prayor was answered yet— Their faith in their might never fail, Whatever shock of storm beset: From core to shore of Inniafail, and all our seints looked down and smile To find their kepes for us fulfill: That, irrated, true, and undefile: The Pricate were with the People still.

In the eighth section or stanza of the poem we are brought to the time and the labors of O'Conneil, the ninth relates the terrible trial brought on the people by the famine, the tenth and eleventh refer to the recovery of the laud from that terrible affliction. the tenth and eleventh refer to the recovery of the land from that terrible sffliction, the twolfth relates the great dispersion of the Irish race and their labors for the faith in foreign lands and their thiors for the faith in foreign lands and the thirteenth is an outburst of joy, and hope, and bright anticipation for the future. Each division of the poem ends with the same refrain, the text and burden of the song, the prond boast—"The Priests are with the People still." In many of its passages great fer your of religious feeling is shown, together with a warm spirit of patriottem. The atyle of the composition is smooth, flowing, and melodious, and the whole poem forms a highly agreeable piece of reading.

THE DONEGAL TRAGEDY.

THE BONEGAL TRACEDY.

The Rev. J. D.berty, P.P., Donegal, its letter to the Doblin Freeman acknow, hedging receipt of subscriptions, any:

"If the prisoners were the apillers of the blood of the murdered men, I would not trouble you with these thoughts. More will be the prisoners were the apillers of the blood of the murdered men, I would not trouble you with these thoughts. More will be the prisoners were the apillers of the blood of the murdered men, I would not trouble you with these thoughts. More will be the prisoners were the apillers of the blood of the murdered men, I would not trouble you with these thoughts. More will be the trouble you with these thoughts. More will be the trouble you with these thoughts. More will be the trouble you with the seed to the prisoners were the place of the controllers of the prisoners were the prisoners of the mensor of defence. It is more of the noblest works of charity—the test of the noblest works of the noblest works of the noblest works of the noblest works of

Would they trust any person ontside their own party? It is admitted that there was no small amount of wariness and forethought in planning this murder; but would they not, beyond and above every other precaution, take all possible precaution to save their own lives? Would they not try to make it impossible for each look over their right shoulder and their look over their right aboutder and their look over their right about the 22 do f this month a contract was made in Lexington, Rockbridge county, Va., for all the bridge county, Va., for all the bridge county of nature, on our guand. The pressmen who were the would not leave it in the power of a whole district to let it leak out as all bring their necks to the gallows. No person ever premeditated murder that did not at the same time premeditate secrecy and take every precantion against detects to breat the pessants of this district long and well. They have could not know anything until it was committed? I know the peor pressants of that district long and well. They have semfered many heartless and cruel wrongs at Lord Leitmin's hand. But I have no heatstaton in asying that they would suffer them still, or even suffer themselves to be tortured as the early marryris wers, sooner than imbrue their hands in his blood. It is true some party did murder him. Unfortunately he sowded the whirely middle they not the precision of the femeral to the Presidency of the soft that district long and well. They have semfered many heartless and cruel wrong at Lord Leitmin's hand. But I have no heatstation in asying that they would suffer them still, or even suffer themselves to be tortured as the early marryris wers, sooner than in the provided the sorm. But

tortured as the early martyrs were, sooner than imbrue their hands in his blood. It is true some party did murder him. Unfortunately he sowed the whirlwind and reaped the storm. But it is my solemn conviction that the men imprisoned in Lifford had neither hand nor part in it—that they are not only in a technical sense, but in fact, in reality, innocent of the crime laid to their charge. I mention this as it must give immense satisfaction to the contributors to this fund to know that their efforts go to rescue innocent men from a shameful and ignominious death.

You are aware that this trial has been postponed to the next assizes. This is a matter of serious regret. We fear the Crown may manage to have them tried at a winter assize held out of this county, and thus adroitly change the venue. If our fears be realized, would it be on the part of this Crown fair play and justice? Becaides it would entail a much larger amount of expenses in bringing witnesses from this to some distant county. This long imprisonment, moreover—even if they were at length liberated—will utterly ruin their homes and reduce their families to extreme want. Under these circumstances, what do you think if, over and above defraying their legal expenses, we open a list that men of feeling and charity may have an opportunity to recoup their loses and help to support their families?

GRANT AND MEADE.

HOW NEWSPAPER MEN MADE THE ONE AND BELITTLED THE OTHER.

Correspondence Philadelphia Tim

Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

Noticing frequent references to the egotistical estimate of General Meade by General Grant, and the criticisms of the press, friends and partisans in reference to the same, I have been reminded of an incident in the history of the war of which many berides myself were cognisant, but to which I have never noticed an allusion. While General Meade was in command of the army in Virginia and while the campaign of the Wilderness was progressing, the headquarters of the General in Chief, like that of General Pope on another occasion, was "in the hut" of the general. That is, General Grant's headquarters were shifting about, but always near the headquarters of General Meade. General Grant's repudiated the idea that he was in direct command, as serting always in answer to queries, "that General Meade is commanding this army. I command all the armies. I direct the movements of all from here without interfering with the duties of any." At the time referred to a number of newspaper correspondents accompanied General Meade's army, and a stringent general order from headquarters was issued and in force, regulating the duties and responsibilities of such persons. Among them was one by the name of Crapsey, I believe, of the Philadelphia Inquirer, well and favorably known for his skill and energy in his profession, and for many gentlemanly qualities. But in his zeal to get ahead of the season of the profession, and for many gentlemanly qualities. But in his zeal to get ahead of the season of the se

contain on the level of the basement of the church, a sort of open vestibule, paved and reached through a large open arch. Within this vestibule are doors, one of iron opening into the vault, two others to the basement of the present church, and one to a covered stairway reaching conveniently to a vestibule above, which divides the church from the manueleum or chapel. One of the lower vestibule doors opens into the office of General Lee. It is found in the condition he left it. It is carefully preserved, cleaned or dusted and the into the office of General Lee. It is found in the condition he left it. It is carefully preserved, cleaned or dusted and the visitor sees it exactly as the General did for the last time. All the new building accords with the present church, but it is of very superior construction and entirely fire-proof. The old chancel arch remains; a corresponding one in the mausoleum walls gives a full view of the attue, but is arranged with heavy iron sliding doors, and every precantion has been taken to cut off even the access of smoke to the mausoleum chamber. This portion of the building, about twenty-five feet square, is to be built inside of Baltimore pressed brick, laid with red joints, and dished with a considerable quantity of creamcolored stone. These colors will contrast well with the pure white of the statue and its heavy base. The ceiling of the mausoleum will be of ground glass in panels of a richly moulded iron construction. The light will come in through a skylight on the northern side of the roof. There will be in the mansoleum also two windowsfor the admission of air. There will be in the mansoleum also two windows for the admission of air.

HOW LAZZARETTI WAS KILLED

THE ITALIAN FANATIC WHO PROCLAIMED HIMSELF THE SECOND CHRIST.

London, Aug. 24—Lazzaretti, the fanatic of Grosseto, Italy, who proclaimed himself Prophet and King, was killed at the head of 3,000 followers, who first fired upon the gendarmes after they had been ordered to disperse. The Rome correspondent of the Times gives the following account of the circumstances of his death: "The Lazzaretti affair has turned public attention for a time completely away from European polities. On the hills near Grosseto, a little town off from the railway, between Leghorn and Civita Vecchia a semi political and religious sect had established itself under David the Saint (as Lezzaretti was called), who declared himself to be Christ come again. He had chosen twelve apostles, and surrounded himself with a large number of proselytes, who required the surrender of all property for comments the felt of the label of the label of the comments and contained to the comments of the co London, Aug. 24 -Lazzaretti, the fanat-

WONDERFUL LEAPING.

THE BEST STANDING JUMPS ON RECORD.

Some time since George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., issued a challenge for a standing board and high jump, for \$200 a side. J. Emerick, of Ypsilanti, Mich., accepted the defi., August 8th. Moses McAllister and D. A. Slaight were judges, George Bellanton, referee, and George B. Colbate, stakeholder. The Buffalo N. Y., base ball grounds were selected for the contest. The Buffalo Star says:—"J Emerick is a medium sized man, and one of the last to pick out for an athlete. George Hamilton is about five feet five inches in height, weighs about 125 pounds, and is a wiry little fellow. The first jump was made by Emerick, who cleared 13 feet. Hamilton then with great ease jumped 13 feet 2½ inches. Emerick now atrained himself for a final effort, and with a bound he left 13 feet 10½ inches behind him, beating the best jump oa record by 3½ inches. Hamilton did not look worried or frightened a bit, and picking up his 18 pound weighte he merely raised them above his head, gave a tremendoue spring into the air, and cleared 14 feet ½ inch.

This beats the records all hollow, the best previous being that of Joseph Greaver, Woodpark Grounds, Bardsley, England, Sep. 18th, 1875, who, using 11½-pound dumb-bells, cleared 13 feet 7 inches—the best previous American record having been that of A. S. Thompson, San Francisco, Cal., who, on Nov. 25th, 1875, cleared 13 feet 5½ inches, using 14 pound dumb-bells.

A lady at Binghamton while looking over her husband's old clothes recently discovered a letter which she had given him to post eleven years ago. The letter was addressed to a lady friend, and its non-arrival was the cause of an estrange-ment between the two families ever since.

The little bit of a girl wanted more and more buttered toast, till she was told that too much would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish a moment, she thought she saw the way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed: "Well, give me annuzer piece, and send for the doctor."

'Those who love the poor in life shall have no fear of death.'-St. Vincent of Paul.

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