Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1872.

(Continued from third page.)

his life, only when he was signing the bill of Emancipation; and then he wept the devil's tears. The Act was passed and declared law on the 13th of April, 1829; and to use the eloquent words of my brother in religion, Lacordaire, "Eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." And yet, mark the spite, the deliberate spite of the government. After the Act of Emancipation, they would not let him take his seat, until he had to go back to Clare to be re-elected. After the Act of Emancipation was passed, they made a number of Barristers—English barristers—King's Counsel—members of the bar; and whilst the young men—young counsel—received this privilege—the head of the Irish bar—the head of the Irish people, was denied it. They thought to vent their spleen on him, and leave him in the back-ground, if he could be left in the back-ground whom the Almighty God brought forth.

And now, my friends, the great crowning act of his life being thus accomplished, he did not rest one moment; but he turned his thoughts to the second great object for which he lived. And, indeed, it was scarcely the second but the first, viz: the Repeal of the Union. Some people in Ireland—and elsewhere—think that the Repeal of the Union was an after-thought of O'Connell; that he did not intend it in the beginning; that he never thought of it until he had coerced them into emancipating the Catholics. It is not so. Twenty years before Catholic Emancipation was passed, O'Connell declared that he would labor to the last hour of his life for the one purpose of repealing that accursed Union. Even in Grattan's time—(and Grattan lived until 1820)—even in Grattan's time, the Catholics of Ireland already petitioned for the Repeal of the Union, and Grattan told them: "If ever you, Catholics of Ireland, rise up in your united strength you will get the Repeal of the Union, or anything else England may have in her power to bestow upon you!" From 1829 until 1830—for a period of ten years—O'Connell sat in the British Parliament, opposed to all the rivalry, all the opposition, all the contempt, that the bigotry of English Protestantism could bring to bear upon him. Every man in that House hated him as the devil is said to hate holy water. But he stuck to his own courage, and his own trick of giving names. Stanley, the late Earl of Derby, rose to oppose him, and he turned upon him in this way: "Sit down, scorpion Stanley!" And until Stanley went to his long home, he was known by the name of "Scorpion Stanley." Disraeli attacked him, and O'Connell turned round and said: "Oh, here is a Jew; a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief that refused to be converted on the cross." Mr. Sugden, the Chancellor, deprived him of the magisterial power. O'Connell called him "the man with the ugly name;" and whenever he spoke of him, or replied to him, he never alluded to him by name, but in his supreme wit, O'Connell would say, "he should have said, as the man with the ugly name has observed." And so, by his undaunted courage, by his wit, by his tremendous argumentative power, and by his swelling eloquence, he crushed the opposition of the English House of Commons, and, as he opened the door by the violence of his genius, he held his footing there by the same genius; until, in a few years, the fate of the two great parties of England was in the hands of O'Connell. O'Connell and his "tail"—as it was called, commanded such influence, that, on any great question affecting the existence of the government, the Premier of England always in his necessity, came to O'Connell to beg him have pity on the government, and not to turn them out of office.

And now began to take form and symmetry the great Repeal agitation. He who had united Ireland as one man in the sacred cause of religion, united them again, as one man, in the cause of nationality. From end to end of the land he travelled; and wherever he appeared, the enthusiastic heart and manhood of Ireland gathered round him. Oh, how grandly does he rise before my imagination now! Oh, how magnificent is the figure that now looms up in the halls of my memory, as I look back to that glorious year of 1843—the "Repeal year" of Ireland. He stands within the honored walls of Dundalk, and three hundred thousand Irish men are around him. Not a voice of discord; not a word of quarrelling; not a single jarring, even of thought; not a drunken man; not a criminal amongst the three hundred thousand of Ireland's stalwart sons! He stands upon the Hill of Tara! He stands by "The Croppy's grave;" and he has, there, upon the slopes of that Hill, two hundred and fifty thousand men—a quarter of a million of Irishmen before him. Oh, who was able thus to unite Irishmen? Who was able to inspire them with one soul,—with one high, and lofty, and burning aspiration? Who was able to lift up a people whom he had found so fallen, though not degraded, that they could scarcely speak words of freedom—of rights—the thoughts in their minds? It was the mighty genius—it was the grand, the magnificent mind of Ireland's greatest son—of Daniel O'Connell! The Government got afraid; and well they might be. Oh, for the shining arms of the Volunteers! Oh, if on that day of Tara,—if on that day of Mullaghmast,—oh, if on that day, when the soldiers barred the road to Clontarf,—if, on that day, Ireland was aroused, where, on the face of the earth, is the race of oppressors that this army of men might not have swept from their path in the might of their concentrated patriotism! But Ireland, though united, was unarmed; and the brave and heroic man who said, with so much truth, that his highest glory would be to draw the sword for his native isle, was obliged to preach conciliation, and peace, and submission, to the people. The meeting at Clontarf was dispersed, and I may say, with truth, that the dream of the Repeal of the Union of Ireland with England was dissolved. Some days after found O'Connell in prison, where, for months, he languished; his health and his heart broken for the sake of Ireland; until at length the iniquitous decree, the blasphemous judgment was reversed—even by the English House of Lords;—and O'Connell, in September, 1844, came forth from prison, a free man. But he never recovered from that blow. Never. It was followed by disunion in the councils. Brave and generous hearts, to be sure there were, full of the young and warm blood. They were for drawing the sword, whilst they had no sword to draw. Ireland unarmed arose in rebellion; whilst near Clontarf, and in and around Dublin, there were twenty thousand soldiers ready to pour out the people's blood. The glorious dream of emancipation for the people—fled away, for the time. Then came the hand of God upon the people. Oh, well remember the fearful scenes that aged father of his country saw before he died! Then came the day when the news spread from lip to lip: "There is famine in the land; and we must all die." So and eight millions; eight millions in that terrible year of '46,—eight millions in that awful Autumn that came upon us, when the people cried for bread and there was no one to break it to them." The strong man lay down and died. The tender maidens, the pure and aged matrons of Ireland, lay down and died. They were found dead by the roadside, unburied; they were found in their shallow graves,—scarcely buried. They were found crawling to the chapel door that they might breathe out their souls in one last act of faith and love to Christ! Then did the Angel of Death spread his wings over the land. The patriot and the Emancipator—the Father of Ireland—was compelled to see his people sink, and he had not the means to save them. Literally heart broken in his house. And a few hundred men, in January, 1847, he saw in his bed and followed to London. With aching steps the aged man—the wreck of all that was once so glorious—appeared before the astonished eyes of Parliament. The voice that used to fill the land with the thunders of its eloquence, was now lowered to the merest whisper,—the language of a broken-heart. He rose. He pictured before those men the agony of Ireland. With streaming eyes he implored the mercy of England upon the dying people; and a subsidy to save their lives. That subsidy was denied. Ireland was told that she might die. England closed her hand, and the heart-broken father of his country was told to go and seek some genial clime; and there he might die; but there was no mercy for his Irish people. O'Connell set out for Rome; the Irish people started for America. O'Connell is in Heaven, to-night, I believe in my heart and soul; and I believe also, in my heart and soul, that if anything on earth could brighten his joys in Heaven, his joys would be brightened to know and see the glory, the increased strength, the manhood of Ireland as it exists to-day in America! With the instinct of Catholicity he turned to Rome, journeying by slow stages; and, on the 15th of May, 1847, he breathed his soul to God, having received all the sacraments of the Church; and with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, he died in the city of Genoa, in the North of Italy; and his last words were: "When I am dead, take out my heart and send it to Rome; let my body be brought back to mingle with the dust of Ireland!" The Doctors who attended him could not make out what disease was upon him. The first men in Ireland, France, Italy—came and studied his case. They could not make out what sickness or what infirmity was his. They had never, before, been called upon to attend a man who was dying of a broken heart. O'Connell's heart was broken—the heart that was sent to Rome—the heart that is embalmed in Rome, to-day—was broken for love of Ireland!

And, now, what was the genius, what the character of this man? What was the secret of his strength? I answer again: O'Connell was all that history tells us to-day, and all that history shall tell the nations in a thousand years to come; O'Connell was all that, because of the Faith and Catholicity that was in him—because he was a Catholic of the Catholics;—he was Irish of the Irish;—and consequently the instincts of Ireland, and the heart of Catholic Ireland sprang to meet him, and identified themselves with him; so that he made Catholic Ireland as if it had but one heart, and one thought, and one mind. Over all his human efforts, over all his tremendous exertions in the cause of freedom—in the sacred cause of liberty—there was ever shining over all, the light of Divine Faith; and he knew that in doing battle for Ireland, he was battling for God, and for God's Church. What made him refuse the "Veto?" It would not have affected him; it would only have affected the Church; it would only affect the priesthood and the episcopacy of Ireland. What made him refuse that bill of Canning? It was because his Catholic instincts, his Catholic mind and heart, told him that the State had no business under Heaven to interfere in the regulation or in the government of the Church. He gave to the Irish people not only the voice that pleaded for their freedom—the magnificent life that was devoted to their service,—but he gave something far higher, greater than this; he gave them the bright example of a pious, sincere, Catholic man. He showed Ireland, he showed the world, that the highest genius can be exalted still more when it is consecrated to the sacred cause of the Church and of holy religion. He taught the youth of Ireland the lesson they had learned so well from him and from their fathers;—that the secret of Ireland's strength and of Ireland's ultimate glory and freedom and nationality lies in Ireland's adherence to her glorious old faith. He taught the youth of Ireland that that man alone is sure to conquer every enemy in this world who has learned to conquer his own passions and himself amongst other things. He has contributed largely to make a priest of me; for amongst the tenderest recollections of my youth,—amongst the things that made a deep impression on me as a boy, was when I stood in the chapel in Galway, to see the great O'Connell; the man that shook the world; that frightened every man that crossed his path,—to see that great man coming to eight o'clock Mass in the morning; kneeling amongst us and receiving his Holy Communion; to watch him absorbed in prayer before his God; to read almost the grand thoughts that were passing through that pure mind; to see him renewing again and again, before Heaven, the vows that bound him to his religion and to his country. This was the grand principle of his life; this was the secret of his genius; this was the inspiration that produced his success. And in this devotion well did the Irish correspond with him. Whatever he told them to avoid they avoided; whatever he told them to do they did it. Oh! If God had only left him and left us united councils. And if God, in His infinite wisdom had only averted the terrible stroke that prostrated Ireland, and broke O'Connell's heart, the glory that we still looked forward to might be ours to-day. But although he is dead and gone, his genius, his soul, his heart and his hopes, still live in the breast of every true son of Ireland. You and I will look forward to our brighter human hopes, after the happiness of Heaven, to behold Ireland what he so often wished and prayed she might be, "Great, Glorious and Free." Great, as her history tells us in the past she has been; Glorious, O'Connell made her in her glorious victory of Emancipation; Free! oh, there is a God of justice in Heaven,—there is a God that treasures up the fidelity and sufferings of a nation;—there is a God that accepts the people's sacrifice, and, sooner or later, crowns it. To that God do I look, with the same confidence with which I look for my own salvation,—I look to thee, oh, God! this night, to send down the crown, the reward of freedom, to my glorious country! And when that freedom comes we will know how to use it; we will know how to respect our neighbor's rights, and not trample on them; we will respect our neighbor's property, and not plunder him. We will never raise our hand in the effort to deprive any people on the earth of that sacred boon for which we have sighed so long; the sacred boon of national freedom; because we are Catholics, and the Catholic Church alone teaches man how to preserve and defend so high a gift, and how to use his freedom.

The Rev. lecturer concluded by saying: I have now to announce to you, my friends, that on next Thursday evening, I shall be here again, to deliver a lecture on "The Pope's Tiara: its Past, Present, and Future." I may as well tell you at once, and you may believe me when I say, that my whole soul is in that lecture, and that I will consider your attendance here on that evening a personal favor to myself, which I shall be slow to forget. Remember that our Holy Father is poor. He has been offered money by Victor Emmanuel, who robbed him; money which he refused. But, fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics, we will kiss his hand with greater fervor and devotion, because he has refused to pollute that sacred hand by touching Victor Emmanuel's money. I would rather beg from a beggar than take from a robber. He won't take Victor Emmanuel's money; he won't dishonor himself by touching it; but he will honor us by taking ours; and we must give it to him. We know that he wants it, and neither the Pope, the head of the Catholic Church, nor the Catholic Church herself, ever yet wanted anything that the Irish heart and Irish hands were not ready to give to them. Then, on the evening of next Wednesday week, 22d of May, I shall come before you again. The subject of the lecture on that evening will be a beautiful and interesting one, "The Exiles of Erin," I am one of them myself, now; so that I hope to be better able and prepared to give it here than if I were at home. (A voice: "I wish you would stay with us!") then if I were speaking in Dublin on that subject; on "The Exiles of Erin;" speaking of people that were far away from me. I am now in the same category with you; and "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Lake Erie.

PROBABILITIES OF ITS DRYING UP.

A correspondent of the Boston *Globe* says: But intensely as I enjoy this lake view, I propose to show reasons for believing that Lake Erie—the path of a mighty commerce, and the admiration of the traveler and the dweller on its shore—will not continue always. The time will doubtless come when it will be a vast marsh—even when it will be the home of a teeming population, and covered with vineyards and orchards and thriving cities. A careful survey has shown that while Lake Michigan has an average depth of 1800 feet, Lake Superior of 900 feet and Lake Ontario of 500 feet, Lake Erie has an average depth of 120 feet. The upper part above Point Pelle island has an average depth of but thirty feet. The middle position between Pelle Island and Long Point is but 60 feet deep, while the lower part, below Long Point, averages only 120 feet. The bottom of the lake is quite level, and composed of soft clay. This clay is constantly accumulating from sediment carried down by tributary streams. The south shore is composed of easily disintegrating blue gray and olive shales and gray sandstone. The western and northern coasts are made up of limestone of the Heidelberg group, which quickly yields to the action of the waves. Consequently both shores are constantly contributing to fill up the bed of the lake. The work is not rapid, but it is as certain as fate.

There are frequent land slides on this shore, which are quickly taken up and deposited in sediment beneath the blue waters. Indeed, along the shore, especially after a storm, the water can hardly be called blue. It is brown as far as the eye can reach, with the clay washed down from the hills and taken up along the shore. Let this process continue—and the time must come when the upper part of the lake, which is scarcely navigable now in rough weather, will cease to be navigable except through a very narrow channel, when even the middle and lower portions will cease to be covered with white sails, and become a vast marsh where the swamp alder and wild whortleberry will grow. Even if this did not come through the filling up process Niagara is slowly but surely cutting a ditch that will one day drain Lake Erie. Every observing man who has visited the great cataract knows that it has cut its way up from Lake Ontario to its present position. It is now many feet further up the river than it was the first time I listened to its roar, and gazed entranced upon its wonders. The soft limestone that lies beneath the "table rock" is constantly dissolving and then the "table rock" cracks and drops away.

When the cataract shall have worn its way back to the head of the rapids, its progress will be much faster than it is now. It is easy to see that it will one day reach the deep waters of the Niagara river. Then Lake Erie will be effectually drained, and there will only be a deep river flowing through its central channel. Then what digging and boring there will be to find the treasures that have gone down in sinking ships and will yet go down. For of all the great lakes, Erie, owing to its shallowness, is the most treacherous to the navigator. A severe storm lashes its waters into the utmost fury, and woe to the luckless sailors that find themselves on a lee shore. So great is the commerce carried over this lake, that there is scarcely a storm which does not find vessels in this unfortunate position.

MISSIONS.—On the 21st of April the Mission was opened in the Church of St. James, Newark, N. J., by Rev. A. Damen, S. J., and his zealous associates. It lasted until the 1st of May, 4500 persons received Communion, 90 adults were prepared for First Communion, and 25 converts were baptized, besides whom several are under instruction. The Mission in St. Michael's Church was closed on Sunday, May 5th. It had continued three weeks, during which the Rev. Father Glackmeyer, and his fellow-Missionaries, labored assiduously for the complete triumph of religion, in the large and populous parish of St. Michael's. We have to announce as the results of the Mission 9000 communicants, 200 adults who made their First Communion, and 25 converts to the faith.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

HOW THE AVERAGE YOUNG GIRL ATTACKS THE PIANO.—The Poet of the *Breakfast Table* gives this vivid description of the manner in which a girl of the period makes ready to play and plays the grand piano:—It was a young woman with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soap suds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs, as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her hands and wrists, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board from the growling end to the squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than anything I call nice.

EDITORIAL.—Some ladies in Texas were desirous of doing honor to the editor of a local journal, so they presented their hero with an embroidered shirt, which contained a splendid history of Texas, and also pictures of the fruits and cereals of the State, worked all over it in red worsted. Now, this particular editor had never worn a shirt, and supposed the brilliant specimen before him to be a banner for an approaching temperance procession. In his speech of thanks he puzzled the lady donors by declaring that he would "fling it out for ever to the breezes of heaven, that they may kiss its folds; and till his hand palsied it should never be trailed in the dust." Being informed of the purpose of the gift, the editor wore it over his coat, to the great edification of the boys of the town, who followed him in regiments, studying the history of Texas behind his back.

The Last Scene at Appomattox.

SPEECH OF A FEDERAL OFFICER.

There was a reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, held at Cincinnati, on the 7th inst. At this celebration the oration was delivered by Gen. Stewart L. Woodruff, of New York, and from this oration we make the following extracts:

The morning crept slowly on—first into gray dawn, then into rosy flush. Still on! still on! The mists crept upward and into line you wheeled, and on your muskets lay down, each man in his place, to get scant rest, which even in the exhaustion of those thirty-six hours of terrible marching, you neither sought nor heeded. You were squarely across Lee's front, and had closed forever his last line of retreat.

The enemy, reaching your cavalry advance, saw the serried line of Union troopers. Gordon gathered and massed his men for their last charge. Tattered and hungry, worn by ceaseless marching and fighting, with no hope of victory, with little possibility of escape, they closed their lines with a fidelity of discipline and a soldierly resolution, to which words can do little justice—but which each soldier's heart must recognize and honor.

As the old guard closed around their Emperor at Waterloo, so these men closed round the flag of their lost cause. My heart abhors their treason. But it warms beyond restraint to their manhood so grandly brave, even in disloyalty. Slowly they advanced to their last attack. No battle yell, no crack of the skirmisher's rifle broke the strange stillness of that Sabbath morn. Steadily, silently they came on. Sheridan drew back his horsemen, as parts some mighty curtain, and there stood the close-formed battalions of your infantry, the cannon gleaming in the openings, quietly awaiting the coming of Gordon's men.

Instinctively your enemy halted. Meanwhile Lee has turned back to meet Grant and surrender his command. Sheridan swung his cavalry around upon Gordon's left, and was about to charge, when Custar reached Longstreet. Assurance of surrender was given, and the end had come.

That sabbath day, with tears and in sorrow, Southern men folded the banners of the "Lost Cause," and their bravest and best sought honorably to bury them from sight for ever.

How sad it is that poor ambition, jealousies of race, the wretched greed of pelf and place, and the miserable hates of social rivalries, should so often disturb the hearty reconciliation of that surrender, and for a time revive the bitterness which you then sought to bury in a common grave.

This hour is no time for politics. Mine not the lips, I trust, to introduce them here. But when I think of that heroic past, which your faces and presence so vividly recall, and then how trading, trickster politicians, forgetful of what baptism of blood sealed the new birth of the nation, seek to array races in needless hostility, to excite the ignorance of the one and the brutal prejudices of the other, I would like to summon a guard, half from the rebel army of Northern Virginia and half from the loyal army of the Potomac, take such malcontents out, give them drum-head court-martial, immediate execution, and soldierly burial under the apple tree at Appomattox.

Marrying a Fortune.

No young man of thirty, well-educated, prepossessing, with already a fair literary and scientific reputation, ever had a brighter promise in life than my old college friend Dan F——. But Dan was poor, and he had found out that brain work was not over-profitable. He had worked hard in his profession for three years, and lived economically, yet he had not succeeded in getting that one thousand dollars ahead which Astor found it so difficult to acquire, and which he called the "nest-egg of fortune." Dan grew gloomy over his prospects and solitary in his habits, and altogether got in that condition of which Satan so well knows how to avail himself; and he tempted Dan with the suggestion, "What a fool to waste your life in drudgery, you, so young and dashing, and altogether so proper a fellow and likely withal to marry a fortune! Marry a fortune, Dan, and cut physic!" The suggestion took, and Dan waited impatiently for the season to open at Saratoga, and thither he went when it did open, with all his worldly wealth in his pocket-book, determined on matrimony. I need not say how he really got in love with one fair young girl without a fortune, nor how he managed, toward the cool days of September, to secure an ugly old girl with a fortune. It is true, in marrying her he married her three sisters, each older and uglier than the other, and the widowed mother also, older and uglier than all; but then they owned a thousand niggers between them, somewhere down in Alabama, and bad plantations to match. The wedding was grand—I can't say gay—and Dan was triumphant—but I can't say happy. And off he went to look after the niggers and the plantations. That was twelve years ago. Last year I met him in Paris; he was no longer dashing Dan, but an old man, quite nervous and fidgety. I was glad to see him, nevertheless, and urged him to dine with me at Felipe's. But he excused himself on some frivolous pretext, which I wouldn't accept. Finally the truth came out—*he couldn't.* The wife, the three old maids and the mother were all in Paris; none of them spoke a word of French, and he was obliged to be with them constantly. They couldn't get their dinner without his aid. And he had been three years with them on the Continent; they had dragged him to Egypt and Jerusalem; and Dan drew a profound sigh.

"But, Dan," I exclaimed, "after all, you are a lucky dog; it isn't every one who marries a fortune!"

"Marry a fortune!" he interrupted bitterly; "do you know what it is to marry a fortune? Of course you don't! But I'll tell you what it amounts to: *head-butler in-doors, and real estate agent out!* Marry a fortune? Marry the dogs!"

And Dan buttoned up his coat and strode off to his five women—and a fortune.

A new safe has been invented which makes things very unpleasant for burglars. The walls are filled with gunpowder in such a manner that the blows of a sledge or the cutting of a chisel, in the attempt to rob the safe, will ignite the powder, blow off the outer crust, annihilate the burglar, and leave the contents of the safe uninjured.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., expired by limitation on the 30th April, 1872, either of the undersigned being authorized to sign in liquidation.

New Orleans, May 1, 1872.

C. E. GIRARDEY,
THOS. L. MACON,
NICH'S J. ROEY.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned will continue business at No. 17 Exchange Place, as heretofore, under the name and style of C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., and will attend to the liquidation of the affairs of the old firm.

Mr. JOHN H. O'CONNOR has this day become association with them as a partner in the firm.

Grateful to the public for the liberal patronage bestowed on the old firm, they hope to merit a continuance thereof by devotion to the interests entrusted to their attention.

New Orleans, May 1, 1872.

C. E. GIRARDAY.
NICHOLAS J. ROEY.

Referring to the above, I take great pleasure in recommending to my friends the new firm of C. E. GIRARDEY & CO.

New Orleans, May 1, 1872.

my25 1m THOS. L. MACON.

P. COSGROVE,
BAKER,
No. 108 St. Mary Street,
Between Magazine and Constance.
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