MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1868.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF HEAVEN.

In an article with this caption, published in a contemporary, we find some thoughts worthy of note and sufficiently interesting to transcribe for our columns. Occasionally the tone is not to our taste, and has been modified, but with this cautionary reservation, give it as it stands. The Father Southwell alluded to below has had his poetical works recently collected and published, and their merits have extorted praise from the descendants of those who doomed the heroic Jesuit author to martyrdom:

An early poet of the Elizabethian age, himself a martyr, had availed himself of these celestial blossoms. One of the most graceful and suggestive of the beautiful collection of poems of Southwell, is his "Flowers of Heaven."

These flowers do spring from fertile soil
Though from numanu'd field;
Most glittering gold instead of globe,
These fragrant flowers do yield.

Whose sovereign scent surpassing sense
So ravishith the mind,
That worldly weeds needs must be loathe,
That can these flowers find.

A similar fancy may be found in the Eleventh Book of Southey's Thalaba—"Domdaniel's Dreadful Son."

These poets have only employed the legends and traditions of the early Christian Church, devotion and revelation and faith so ingeniously and efficaciously united.

In the very commencement of the first homily addressed by St. John Chrysostom to the people of Antioch, during that period of agonizing suspense, when the young deacon was endeavoring to allay the terrors and calm the passions of the turbulent but penitent mob, and the good Bishop had journeyed to Constantinople to deprecate the anger and avert the vengeance of the insulted Emperor Theodosius I, there occurs an allusion to this Christian manna which sustained saints and martyrs, and comforted the wretched in the cares of life. It was the hypostasis of a metaphor, the transmutation of a figure of speech into a reality, which might beguile, but would scarcely delude any one. The acceptance of the fact had, however, grown out of the currency of the fancy in a very primitive period of the Church, and such incidents, accordingly, took their due place in the popular Acts of the Saints. The earliest of these holy biographies, which have been much abused, but more misunderstood, and still more misrepresented, which is noticed in the loose fragmentary papers of our heterogeneous collection, is Tertullian's account of the Martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicity. *Passio S. S. Perpetuæ et Felicitatis.* It is not in the corners of streets, nor on the highways and byways, nor under the shade of hedges, nor in the green fields, nor in the angles of worm-fences, nor amongst the fallen leaves of the autumnal forest, nor by purling brooks, nor in the places of trade and change, nor on railroads, nor on steamboats, nor in dull and dreary offices, nor in camps and winter quarters—*Æstroa et statroa*—that the literary pilgrim, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," encounters Dom Bolland's *Acta Sactorum*, or Mabillon's *Acta Benedictinorum*. The story of Perpetua and Felicity is given by Tertullian, as it was written by the first during her incarceration, and left by her after her execution. It is in consequence devoid of the torrid exuberance and African vehemence of the Carthagenian father. It is the language, the sentiment, the experience, the agony, the joy of Vivia Perpetua, as chronicled by herself, and it bears along with it the air of those distant ages of Christian torture and of Christian fidelity. "*Hæ ordinem totum martyrii sui jam hinc ipsa narrabit, sicut conscriptum manu sua et suo sensu reliquit.*" Pardon the Latin; its hue and aroma would vanish in a translation, like a flower crushed for preservation in a *hortus siccus*. Pardon the Latinity, it is the provincial utterance of the brazen age. S. Perpetua gives an account of her imprisonment, of her distress, of her infant famishing at her breast, of her anxieties and strange consolations. She asks a vision of the Lord, and she is favored with a vision of her martyrdom. "I see a golden ladder of wondrous height, reaching up into Heaven, and so narrow that only one can ascend at a time, and on this side of the ladder are fixed all kinds of sharp irons, swords, and lances, and hooks and cutlasses, so that whoever mounts negligently, or does not look continually upwards, is lacerated by the sharp irons, which tear and retain the flesh. And immediately under the ladder was lying a dragon, wondrous huge, which lain in wait for those who went up, and terrified them so that they should not ascend. * * But when I had trodden on the first round, I trod on the dragon's head. And I went up, and I saw a vast garden, and in the midst of the garden a man sitting, hoary-headed, large, milking sheep, and around him were standing many thousands, robed in white—and he raised his head, and looking on me, and said to me: 'Welcome, daughter.' And he called me, and he gave me, as it were, a mouthful of the cheese which he was preparing, and I received it with clasped hands, and I ate it; and all around said Amen. And at the sound of the voices I waked up, still chewing the inexpressible sweetness. And I immediately told my vision to my brother; and we understood the passion that would be, and began to dismiss all hope in this world."

But S. Perpetua had another and more complicated vision, the details of which need not be reported. The angels at the gates of heaven accorded her and her fellow prisoners the opportunity of rest and refreshment. "And we recognized many brethren—but they were also martyrs. We were all nourished with an unutterable fragrance. Then I woke in my joy."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon these legends and imaginations—these visions and dreams gradually cooling down and hardening into imaginary facts, under the freezing atmosphere of a prosaic age, and the substitution of intellectual scepticism for excited sensibility.

The Papal authorities do not wish any more recruits to be sent out to Rome, except such as are able to support themselves at their own expense. The barracks are now quite full.

CATHOLIC PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.

It would scarcely be thought possible that such a manifestation of fanatical bigotry as the following extract shows could find a place among a community that boasts its advancement and liberality in all that pertains to individual rights. If such a state of things existed in Italy all England would be aroused by the indignant denunciations of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, calling for a prompt reform in the name of humanity. Exeter Hall would pour forth its usual tirade of malignant vituperation, and its co-laborers of the New York Tabernacle, headed by Beecher and Greeley, would join the chorus with the exclamation, "Are we living in the nineteenth century?" But occurring in enlightened, Protestant England, every device that ingenuity can invent will be sought to explain away what no right-minded man can read without blushing for his species. Here it is not merely injury to the body, but it is sought to kill the soul by depriving it of that means established by God himself for the spiritual advancement of His children. Four hundred Catholics are incarcerated without any religious ministrations being provided by the Government. A Catholic priest offers his services *gratis*, and he is only allowed to minister to them through a grate window! One-third of that number of Protestants are provided with a chaplain at a salary of $2500 per year, and all the conveniences of a formal chapel. Well may we exclaim, "Can such things be in the nineteenth century?"

The exposure of this disgraceful state of things was due to the exertions of Mr. Maguire, whom our readers will remember as the honored guest of some of our prominent citizens last winter:

In the House of Commons Mr. Maguire said: Sir, I venture to ask the attention of the House while I briefly refer to a case of great hardship inflicted on the most miserable class in the community, and which is perpetuated in direct violation of the spirit and meaning of an act of parliament which was passed with the expressed intention of putting an end to causes of complaint as to the treatment of Catholic prisoners. My attention has been specially directed to an admirable article that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 19th of November, in reference to the religious instruction of the Catholic prisoners in Tothill Fields of Correction; and I cannot but express my admiration of the tone and temper of the article, and remark that were such subjects dealt with in the same manner by other English journals, abuses of the nature complained of would soon be at an end. (Hear, hear.) As I understand the state of the case, it is this—there are in this House of Correction 600 prisoners—400 of whom are Protestant, and 200 are Catholic. The Protestants enjoy the advantage of the spiritual ministrations of a chaplain, who has a salary of £400, and who commands the services of three teachers of his persuasion. Now, sir, if the Protestant chaplain had twenty instead of three teachers to assist him in the performance of his duties, I should not complain; on the contrary, I should rejoice that through their aid his ministrations were rendered more efficient and therefore successful. But how is it with the two hundred Catholic prisoners? The Catholic clergyman, whose services are entirely gratuitous, is only allowed to see his unhappy flock one at a time, when he unusually communes with them through the trap door of the cell. He is not allowed to assemble any number of them—even two or three—at the same time; and thus the advantage which results from an appeal to the feelings of a congregation by a clergyman is altogether denied to the unhappy Catholic inmates of this house of correction. Visiting them thus singly, he can only visit each prisoner once in the course of four or five weeks. There is no public worship, no public instruction. Bad as this state of things is at this moment, it was worse some time since. There is now a room in which the priest can instruct the prisoner; but he is not permitted to see or speak with more than one at a time.

Another clergyman, a man of distinguished birth and attainments, who had also volunteered his services, had no other place to instruct the prisoners, or hear confessions, than one of the ordinary cells, which might have been occupied the day before by a prisoner; and such was the result alike of his zeal and the hardship to which he was subjected, that his health broke down and he was compelled to abandon his labors in the prison. Happily, he has been succeeded by a gentleman of more robust constitution, to whom such treatment is a matter of comparative indifference. The practical operation of this shameful system is, that the Catholic prisoners are denied the benefit of all religious teaching, and consequently that they go out of the prison as bad, if not worse, than when they came in. If this were not a Christian country, and if we did not believe in the purifying influence of religion on the mind and heart of the human being—if, in fact, we held all that kind of thing as so much humbug and delusion—one might in that case understand the conduct of the miserable justices who prosecute these unfortunate people; but the provisions made in every jail of this country for religious instruction—of Protestant prisoners—prove that we do believe in the efficacy of the ministrations of a clergyman. I, for one, fully believe in the influence of religious teaching and religious consolation on the most helpless classes—the inmates of prisons and the inmates of workhouses—and therefore I complain of the wrong done to these two hundred poor Catholics, who, in spite of the wish of this House, are not allowed a fair chance of reformation or even of the smallest improvement.

There is a rumor in London that a daily Catholic penny paper will make its appearance about Easter.

FATHER LAVELLE.

The indomitable energy and perseverance with which this gentleman maintains his peculiar opinions on Irish affairs is quite noteworthy. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of his views, he has given evidence on numerous occasions that he was willing to incur inconvenience, censure, and more or less obloquy in maintaining a cause to which he is sincerely attached. Of undoubted ability, he sometimes permits his feelings to obscure his better judgment, and thus comes in collision with authority to which, however, he invariably yields when calm reflection comes to his aid. We do not indorse his views in many particulars, but nevertheless admire his consistency—a rare virtue in these days. We give some extracts from one of his latest letters to a New York contemporary, with the reservation referred to above.—[EDS. MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.]

Prayer and petition are very good and useful. As men, we are bound—and "the dictate of nature written in our hearts," proclaim the obligation—to worship and supplicate the Almighty and All-seeing author of existence. As men and Christians we are still more bound to adore and to thank and to implore the All-loving purchaser of our spiritual ransom. But let us pray to doom's day both as men and as Christians to our Creator and to our Redeemer for our temporal release from the chains of this world's enslavement, our chains still continue to clank all the same; and our supplications are so many mockings of God unless sustained by practical action. Moses was not content with praying for victory against Amalec, but—"He said to Joshua: Choose out men, and go out and fight against Amalec. To-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill, having the rod of God in my hand. Joshua did as Moses had spoken, and he fought against Amalec. * * * And when Moses lifted up his hands, Joshua overcame; but if he let them down a little, Amalec overcame. * * * And Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands on both sides. * * * And Joshua put Amalec to flight *by the dye of the sword.*" (Exod. cxvii.) Here we have a fair illustration of how God would have people that seek the land of their inheritance to act. By all means let there be a Moses at their head—one who will advise them in peace and pray for them in war; who will confirm their resolutions and decide their waverings. But let them know also that they must have a son of Nun, who, while the prophet prays, will bravely marshal his "men," "and go out and fight against Amalec." Who will presume to say that the arm of the Lord was too shortened to strike down the Amalacite in the Hill of the Raphidim as effectually without as with "the edge of Joshua's sword?" No. God will not perform miracles for people who fail to employ the ordinary means which He in His wisdom has amply furnished them.

And just as I was writing the last lines of the above, the post has brought me the text of his Holiness' late allocution, in which he fully recognizes the value and importance and necessity no less of argument, of supplication, and of money, than of armies and of bloody battles in the sustainment of his cause.

"While Satan," says his Holiness, "his satellites, and his children do not cease to let loose their fury in the most horrible manner against our divine religion, against us, and against the chair of St. Peter, oppressing and tormenting the populations of most unhappy Italy, so long devoted to us, the God of mercy and goodness unveil Himself in an open and wonderful way to His Church; He hastens to its aid, and grants to it the support of His all-powerful might. And hence it is, venerable brethren, that all the prelates of the Catholic world, closely united to us by the bonds of faith and of charity, unanimous in supporting the Holy See, and moved by one sole thought, one common sentiment, constantly defend, some by the living voice, others with the pen, the cause of Catholicity, ourselves, and the Holy See. Even the laity in the great public assemblies of Europe raise their voice for the protection of the Catholic Church and of this Holy See, on behalf of our temporal power and of the sovereignty of that see. Above all, the cause of our temporal power has, in the Senate of Paris and in the Corps Legislatif, just been splendidly and magnificently defended, with almost unanimous votes, and with the applause and to the joy of all good men. The Catholic populations, deeply execrating the abominable perfidy of our enemies, have hastened and rejoiced to testify their filial affection for us by public and brilliant demonstrations, to proclaim their piety and their veneration for the Holy See, and to assuage its sorrows by frequent contributions; and the faithful of both sexes, even the poor, have brought us the aid of their money. And we can point, among ecclesiastics as among laymen, to the most illustrious writers who, in their speeches in the midst of great political assemblies, glory in defending and supporting the venerable and indisputable principle of righteousness, of truth, and of the Holy See; and they have defended them with ardor and talent, victoriously refuting all the falsehoods of the adversaries. And how many men of the noblest birth, in almost all countries, full of fervor for the cause of religion, leaving their relations, their wives, and their children, have hastened to the defense of our city, and, disregarding all fatigues and all perils, have not hesitated to enrol themselves in our army and to expose their lives for the Church, for ourselves, and for the sovereignty of our Holy See. Catholic parents themselves, inflamed with the spirit of religion, have sent their sons, even an only one, for the defense of the Holy See; and, imitating the illustrious example of the mother of the Maccabees, they have gloried and rejoiced at seeing them shed their blood for such a cause. You know also, venerable brethren, how our soldiers, worthy beyond contradiction of all praise, have distinguished themselves by their fidelity; with what admirable bravery they have fought against the bands of those criminal men, and with what glory they have fallen on the field of battle in the cause of the Church. Moreover, you are not ignorant, venerable brethren, how great has been the fidelity of our soldiers, how worthy of all praise and with what admirable valor they have fought against a band of most wicked men, and with what glory they have died in combating for the Church. And you well know that the most serene and most powerful Emperor of the French nation, considering our most serious perils, sent his valiant troops, who, with their most excellent leaders, were glad to aid, with all joy and zeal, our army, especially in the combats of Mentana and Monte Rotondo, to fight bravely by their side and to face death to the glory of their high fame."

English Views on Ireland.

The unfeeling course pursued by the English government and leading British journals toward Ireland—pretending that her grievances were, if not imaginary, at least in great part attributable to the perversity of its people—their want of enterprise, industry, and the usual clap-trap about the inherent imbecility of the Celtic, as contrasted with the Saxon race has called forth comment from unexpected sources. The injustice of this view is becoming daily more apparent, and in a brief period no man will be found so shamefaced as to repeat these stale charges—originated to pander to a vile prejudice—perpetuated because serving a purpose in its day, it has been continued in the face of justice and common sense. But it can no longer serve its original purpose. Right-minded Englishmen are becoming ashamed of these foul slanders, as witness the following:

It is useless for us to assert that the grievances of Ireland are trifling. The Irish Church, for example, is a shameful and a standing wrong, and justifies profound dissatisfaction. And when a nation is infected with a just dissatisfaction, it resembles the human body when some poisonous element has found its way into the blood. Fenianism and its savage developments are the eruptions and the ulcers which the diseased body politic breaks out into. They prove the taint that has crept into the constitution. Nor till that taint is removed, and health is restored to the whole functions, will any local treatment avail for remedy. Knife and caustic and emolient will all be fruitless to extirpate the external malady while it is fed by a continuing poison at the heart. Repressed at one point it will only break out in some new and worse form in another. Our duty and our only safety lies in removing the cause, sure that when that is gone the surface manifestations will cure themselves.

Dr. Franklin's Wife.

In heroic times the wives of philosophers and statesmen as well as those in lower stations occupied themselves in a far different manner from that now adopted by the strong-minded women of our era. Instead of seeking positions which nature never designed them for, the former were content to help their families in the way most in accordance with their sex. Dr. Franklin's wife, for instance, to promote the welfare of the family was content to attend in his little shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblack, blanks, and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant. Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which he ate out of a two-penny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon his table a beautiful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to $10. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors. Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.

The Seven Ancient Wonders.

These were, 1st. The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 121 feet in height, built by Cyrus, A. D., 288, occupying 20 years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass. 2d. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen thirty years in building, and has now stood at least 3000 years. 3d. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the censor. 4th. The Labyrinth of Psalmetichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall, 1009 houses and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3000 chambers and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282 B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed round the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year, by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the sixth king of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 feet broad and supported by 126 marble pillars.

Carleton, the Irish Novelist.

Who that has ever read the "Poor Scholar," can fail to feel an interest in its author? Perhaps no man has ever more faithfully portrayed Irish habits and traits, especially those belonging to the peasant class, than William Carleton. We have lost sight of him for some time, and are glad to find a new work from his gifted pen has recently been published, which was the occasion of drawing from the editor of the *Irish Citizen* the following remarks:

This is a handsome reprint of one of the most powerful and passionate of Carleton's Tales. Our judgment must be qualified:—Carleton is only at home in Tyrone, Monaghan, Cavan and Fermanagh, where his own early life was spent; and the language of his own country-folk belongs more particularly to those "far-downers." Take Carleton away from under the shadow of Cuilcagh and Shantavny mountains, and he is no longer in his element. He belongs to "Tyrone among the bushes," just as Burns belonged to Ayrshire; and this, far from being a disparagement to either, is the main secret of their power. Each was inspired by virtue of this full profound sympathy with the whole life, the whole action and passion of the people amongst whom he grew up. They interpreted their thoughts differently; for Carleton was not a poet; yet there is a very close analogy between the men; and Carleton's stories have probably drawn more tears than ever did the songs of Burns.

For ourselves we prefer Carleton's earlier tales, written before he became a pensioner of the British government; in his "Poor Scholar" he will live forever, while Irish people can read the English language. Still, even in his later novels, like this Fardorougha, though he sometimes reads a sort of mock lecture to his readers, warning them against the failings and vices of the Irish character (for a man must somehow earn his pension,) yet he is Irish to the backbone, and can't help it. Carleton was (*is*, for he still lives) a splendid specimen of manhood: over six feet in heigt, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, light-flanked, long-armed; a blow from Carleton, struck right from the shoulder, would hurt. The last time this present writer saw Carleton, it was in company with Thomas Carlyle. In one of the pleasant suburbs of Dublin, upon the green sward, we engaged in a leaping match; and the grave and stern Scottish Thomas, with a cigar in his mouth, and a straw in his hand, gravely and solemnly marked the exact spot of indentation of our heels.

A French Edition on the Irish Question.

Our readers are aware that the Paris *Constitution* is a semi-official organ of the French Government—hence its utterings are entitled to more than ordinary considerations on a subject that bids fair ere long to compel the attention of all Europe. It may not be long before we may be called upon to chronicle a call from the Great Powers to settle the "Irish Question."

In ordinary times English rule finds sufficient guarantees in the very state of things in Ireland. The ancient confiscations which have transferred the soil into the hands of absentee English families; the impoverishment, the discouragement, the progressive decrease of the population in consequence of the destruction of the farms, and the cessation of cultivation of cereals, and their replacement by pasturage; the presence of numerous functionaries, English, or at least Protestant; the impossibility for the mass of the Irish people to get themselves fairly represented in Parliament, and to obtain redress for their grievances from such a body, of which more than five-sixths are hostile or indifferent to them; finally, an exceptional legislation, always ready to renew its rigors—such are in general the reasons of the security of the English Government toward Ireland. Supported by all these guarantees, England can, up to a certain point, permit Ireland to enjoy some inoffensive liberties, which course she boasts of, and which produce abroad an illusion flattering to her liberalism. But let the Irish people, which has never allowed what it calls its rights to lapse, finding in the excess of its sufferings the strength of despair, strive, as in 1848, after terrible wars of famine, to rise against its powerful neighbors; or even let a new Ireland, which has risen across the Atlantic, threaten England with it avengeance, and seek to organize an insurrection in old Ireland; let the national sentiment strikingly manifest itself in processions and speeches which seem of a nature "to excite to hate and contempt of the Queen's government;"—let the English Government at length consider that the peril surpasses the measure of her ordinary guarantees, and at once it acts with all the severity of the least liberal governments.

THE PONTIFICAL ANNUAL.—According to the *Annuario Pontificio* for last year, published at Rome by the Propaganda College, the number of patriarchates, archbishoprics and bishoprics in the Catholic Church throughout the world, amounts to 1,092. This includes all the prelates of the Oriental Churches that are in communion with Rome—namely, those of the Armenian Catholics, the Maronites, the Greek Catholics, the Syrians, the Bulgarian Greeks, and the Syro-Chaldaic rites. The Catholic prelates, whose sees or districts are in the British Empire, amount to 110—namely, 9 archbishops, 63 bishops, and 32 Vicars apostolic. Of the 9 archbishops, 1 has his see in England, 4 in Ireland, 2 in Canada, 1 in the West Indies (Trinidad,) and 1 in Australia. The 63 bishops include 12 in England, 24 in Ireland, 1 at Malta, 1 at Gibraltar, 17 in North America, 1 in the West Indies (Island of Dominica,) 1 in the Mauritius, 10 in Australia, and 2 in New Zealand. The 39 vicars apostolic include 1 in Scotland, 2 in North America, 2 in the West Indies, 3 in the Cape Colony, 1 at Sierra Leone, and 20 in the East Indies. Of the 1,092 sees in the Catholic world, 131 were vacant when this list was published; leaving 961 prelates throughout Christendom, of whom 490 were present last July in Rome, and signed the address to his Holiness. Since then many of the vacancies have been filled up. There is no a known tongue in the world in which the Gospel is not preached in the dioceses of one or other of these prelates.