THE MORNING STAR AND Catholic Messenger.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

The New Orleans Catholic Publication Company, at No. 124 Carondelet street, between Poydras and Lafayette streets.

The Directors of the Company are:
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All communications are to be addressed to the Editors of The Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

Terms of subscription, Four Dollars per annum, in advance.

Single copies Ten Cents.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 50 per square, the space of eight lines, solid Nonpareil constituting a square. Each subsequent insertion 75 cents per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as new each insertion.

Advertisements for a month or over will be inserted at a fixed discount, to be ascertained from the Agents and at the office.

All business notices of advertisements to be charged 20 cents net per line, each insertion.

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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.

To prevent all failure, and to guarantee the permanency of the undertaking, it is based on a joint stock company, the capital of which is one hundred thousand dollars, in five thousand shares, of twenty dollars each.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese.

† J. M. Archbishop of New Orleans.

December 12, 1867.

Publication Office—No. 124 Carondelet street. "HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!" Terms—Four Dollars Per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME III: NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 13, 1870. NUMBER 41.

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NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1870.

The following beautiful lines, written by Father Faber, have a melancholy interest at the present moment, when Rome is in possession of the "Spoiler." They were written during the Pope's exile at Gaeta. The last line in the fourth stanza alludes to his preparations, then making, for his definition of the Immaculate Conception.—*Eds. Morning Star.*

ST. PHILIP'S HOME.

O, Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing fast,
For mighty Rome, St. Philip's home, is desolate and waste;
Where are wild beasts in her palaces far fiercer and more bold
Than those that lick'd the martyrs' feet in heathen days of old.

O, Mary! Mother Mary! that dear city was thine own,
And brightly once a thousand lamps before thine altars shone;
At the corners of the streets thy Child's sweet face and thine
Charmed evil out of many hearts, and darkness out of mine.

By Peter's cross and Paul's sharp sword, dear Mother Mary! pray—
By the dungeon deep where thy St. Luke in weary durance lay,
And by the Church thou know'st so well, beside the Latin Gate,
For the love of John, dear Mother! stay the hapless city's fate.

For the exiled Pontiff's sake, our Father and our Lord,
O, Mother! bid the Angel sheathe his keen avenging sword;
For the Vicar of thy Son, poor exile though he be,
Is busied with thine honor now by that sweet southern sea.

O, by the joy thou hadst in Rome, when every street and square
Burn'd with the fire of holy love that Philip kindled there!
And by that throbbing heart of his which thou didst keep at Rome,
Let not the spoiler waste dear Father Philip's home!

O, by the dread basilicas, the pilgrims' gates to heaven,
By all the shrines and relics God to Christian Rome hath given
By the countless Ave-Marias that have rung from out its towers,
By Peter's threshold, Mother! save this pilgrims' place of ours!

O, all the words of peace and power, that from St. Peter's chair
Have still'd the angry world so oft, this glorious city spare!
By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted sway
A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother Mary! pray!

By the pageants bright whose golden light hath flashed through street and square,
And by the long processions that have borne thy Jesus there;
By the glories of the Saints, by the honors that were thine,
By all the worship God hath got from many a blazing shrine,

By all heroic deeds of Saints that Rome hath ever seen,
By all the times her multitudes have crown'd thee for their queen,
By all the glory God hath gain'd from out that wond'rous place,
Mary! Mother Mary! pray thy strongest prayer for grace!

O, Mary! Mother Mary! thou wilt plead for Philip's home,
Thou wilt turn the heart of Him who turn'd St. Peter back to Rome;
Yes, thou wilt pray thy prayer, and the battle will be won,
And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City of her Son!

THE PRIEST HUNTER,

An Irish Tale of the Penal Times.

BY M. ARCHDEACON, ESQ.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Now, my old boy," said the pedlar, after Fergus' departure, either wishing to derive amusement from the old man, as apprehension of danger he had none, or desirous to keep up the spirits of his companions by his liveliness, "as there's no use in being either sad or sulky, and we can't venture to sing to raise our hearts, what would you think of another story?"

"I'm no story teller," said Ned, "but you have an illigant one there beside you" (pointing to Martin).

"Well, I'm sorry to hear yourself say that," said Johnny, "for it was only last week that I flatly contradicted Dan Heraghty, when he said that you knew no more than a horse how to tell a story. He said something, too, about your writing being now but an old, shaking hand; that you were a botch at fractions, and didn't know how to pronounce the dative case of *hic, hæc, hoc.* But young fellows will be talking, and I didn't mind much what he said, though there were others by (friends of his, I suppose), that seemed to believe it all."

"A shaken' hand—fractions and dative *hic!* The spalpeen that I taught myself the little he knows."

"And I forgot that he said, too, that you could no more build the bridge in Cæsar (I forget what book he mentioned) than you could talk good English."

"Oh, the big *bosthoon*, that has no more brains than a goat; I'd make a bridge of his crooked body, the disciple—I would by—God forgive me for cursin';" the old man clenched his withered hand and looked, if not martial, at least not very pugnaciously inclined.

"Pooh, my old boy, don't vex yourself about him. He's but a young whelp, and will give tongue; and surely its not the one day ye should be spoken of. I never believe the half of what he says, though (as I said before) he has friends that believe it all."

"The half of what such an ignoramus as him would say."

"Pho', choke the dog, he's not worth wasting any more words about, particularly as, though he has certainly the gift of the gab, he hasn't a line of the poetry in him like you or me, old boy."

"*You*, Johnny—poetry!" exclaimed Ned with considerable asperity, as he had relished neither the matter nor manner of the pedlar's recent allusions to Dan Heraghty.

"Yes, me, old boy; surely I've a knack for poetry."

"Why, Johnny," rejoined Ned, rather contemptuously, "you can rhyme doggrel fair enough in the way of your business, but what do you know about the classics or the Haithen Mythology—about Jupiter or the Sybils, Diana or Hector, Venus or the Styx, or any o' th' other ould gods or goddesses; and how could you make a line o' *rale* poethry without allusions and similys about them?"

"A fig for goddesses and gods,
A bet I'll make, and give you odds—
This bottle to your *dhudeen* black."

(Johnny drew forth from his bundle a bottle as ample in its girth as that before produced by Fergus, and full to the brim, and placing it before him, he continued his rhyme)—

"Without their help, that I've the knack
To spin a verse, and faster, too,
Than you, with all their aid, can do.
The stuff—prime stuff, as I'm a sinner,
To be divided by the winner
'Mong all friends here. So now, old Ned,
Do you agree, or hang your head,
And own yourself a beaten man,
As many did, by Jack M'Cann,
The roving blade that rhymes at pleasure,
As easy just as cloth he'd measure!"

"Rhymes, indeed! you call them rhymes?" said Ned, with much contempt. "Johnny, you might measure a yard of linen or dimity ready enough, bnt you don't know the first principle o' versifyin'. Sure you have eight syllables in one line and nine in another, so that it seems you didn't know how even to reckon them on your fingers, not to talk of your knowin' nothing at all about the feet in a line accordin' to the measure."

"Is it that I don't know how to measure, you're saying?"

"Oh, I don't allude to the measure o' wares, but to the measure o' poethry. But there's an ould Latin proverb that ses——

"No Latin, Ned."

"I wont coat (quote) it, as, of coorse, you couldn't undherstand it, but it means, 'let the cobbler not go beyond his last;' so do you, Johnny, stick to your pack, and lave feet and syllables, and invocations to thim that undherstand the poethry."

"Invocations, and syllables, and feet! oh, murther in Irish!"

"For feet this minute what care I!
'Tis wings we want when we would fly,
And mouths we use when we are dry,
So as we're them inclined to wet,
Let us your own bould verses get,
And ev'n tho' gods and spouses help you,
Upon my soul I think I'll skelp you."

There was a burst of low laughter at this effusion, and Ned looked, if we must tell the truth, a little stupid after Johnny had closed, and as if undecided whether he should accept the challenge or not. Then after a moment's pause, he wispered into Martin Grehan's ear, "did you ever hear my verses about the rosebud of Ballintubber, Martin?"

"Did I hear the winds blowin'? But don't repate thim verses, for all that, befear that dhroll rogue, Johnny, nd say you wor like the piper that had but the wan tune."

"Come, Ned, my ould buck, where's your heathen gods now, and what value are they, if you can't draw on them for a verse or two when there's a demand in the market?"

"Johnny's right," said Martin, "an' now, Ned, let's see what you can do for the honor ov ould Ballintubber."

Ned looked up to the roof of the cavern, then down on its floor, then to the right and left, then simpered and looked foolish, then turned up his eyes again, as if to catch the inspiration, and chaunted forth, with a serious, though ludicrous emphasis,

"Minerva, Wisdom's goddess, shine,
And aid me, too, ye tuneful nine;
Bright Phœbus also, god of day,
Incline thine aid to me, I pray.
Diana chaste, and Juno grand,
It's you I beg my friends to stand.
Ould Homer, blind, sung wars of Troy,
Caused by the amorous Trojan boy;
And Virgil, in his Eneid bould,
Of Dido and Æneas tould;
But if to me you will incline,
Ye gods and goddesses so fine,
Bright Venus, Jupiter, and Mars,
Bellona, too, that rules o'er wars,
With th' other gods, if ye'll combine,
In junction with the tuneful nine,
To sanction my poor humble verse,
I will an Irish ryme rehearse,
That shall ould Rome and Greece surpass
As does a racer a lame ass——

"That's a vulgar simile," said Ned, balking in his rhyme.

"Ned's fairly beat when he's obliged to descend as low as his brother for a rhyme," exclaimed Johnny, chuckling, "isn't he, boys and girls?"

"Why he gev up himself, sure enough," said Martin, tho' some of his rhymes must be very grand, as mysel' couldn't undherstand only an' odd word in them. But, may be if you'd let him thry agin, an' mind his hand——"

"No! no second offers; he's as beat as ever a badger was after a hard day's fighting. I knew all along, with all his stuff about heathen gods, and blind poets, and the muses, that he couldn't do it; and I only wonder he wasn't stuck in the mud before the third line.

"Right well I knew the tuneful rhyming nine
Would not to help out Ned's bad verse incline.
His heathen gods too, left him on his back,
Because they were no match for rhyming Jack.
And for his idle busey goddesses!
I'd cage them up in iron boddices,
Where every other lazy, crazy slut,
That turns poor silly brains should still be put;
Instead of wasting every foolish phrase,
To smear them thick with flattery and praise,
Hoping they'd help *him* with a drawling chime
Whom nature never gave the power to rhyme.

"Do you mane—have you the assurance to say, Johnny M'Cann, that I can't versify?" asked Ned, in high wrath.

"I mean," rejoined the pedlar, winking at his other comrades, "if you had any knack at all, would you be obliged to fall on a lame jack ass for a rhyme? Oh, Ned, Ned, I wouldn't wish for a baloon, poor as I am, that Dan Heraghty was listening to you a while ago, when you were so completely floored."

"Why, Johnny, you're almost as big an ignoramus as that spalpeen himself, to think you could sack me in rhyming, because I stumbled in one line."

"Come, Ned, own yourself well thrashed, like a man, or we must put it to the vote. For the matter of that, I don't doubt but I can flog you to day in Latin as well as in the rhyming."

"*You* speak Latin!" exclaimed Ned, opening his eyes wide with astonishment, "why, you couldn't talk a syllable o' that grand language, if you were to get all Ireland for it. I'll bet you this ancient silver snuff-box that I got from Sir Edmund—*requiescat in pace*, that is, 'may he rest in pace'—to your scissors and tape (for measuring), that you can't talk a word of even bog-Latin."

"Done, Ned—it's a bet; and mind I'll keep you to it; boys and girls be witnesses. Now, Ned, isn't *whiskey* good Latin for goose?" And he uncorked the ample bottle.

"Ned's lost his bet fairly," was echoed round.

"Well then, as I'm the conqueror. I'll be generous and leave Ned his own stakes. But surely I've a right to divide the liquor?"

"Sure enough—sure enough."

Johnny now produced also from his wallet a small tin measure, and the liquor was again passed round, Ned now completely restored to good humor, taking his share as willingly and as merrily as the rest.

"Never mind Johnny, afther all, Ned *aric*," whispered Martin, "some o' your rhymes was grander than anything he could give."

"No shame for them either," whispered Ned, "seein' they were composed long ago as the openin' ov a grand poem about Roderic O'Connor and Brefney. But between ourselves, that Johnny is the divel himself at ready rhymin'."

The pedlar had now completely succeeded in his aim, namely to banish despondency for the present, from the minds of the fugitives, and cheer for a while, at least, their spirits. Even the children had enjoyed the keen encounter of words, though they could comprehend, of course, only a portion of them. For Johnny himself, though he was, as we have seen, under provocation, deeply stained with one of the characteristic passions of his countrymen, revenge, he was, in other respects, of that enviable disposition, that neither too much fears the future, nor regrets the past.

He was flinging out an additional jest at Ned's expense, when they were all startled by a rustling noise above them. But the next moment a fox's head showed itself, peering through a crevice in the roof of the cave, which had been previously concealed from their view by tangled briars and furze and fern. Reynard, however, on perceiving the unexpected intruders on his domain, withdrew his head rapidly, without further seeking to add to the occupants; and with his tail between his legs, sneaked quietly off to a near hedge, to await their departure.

"Well, Ned," observed Johnny, "Reynard sneaking away with his tail between his legs, 'll make a better simile for you again than the lame ass, when you're hard set."

"Joke away, masther Johnny, as you sacked me in the Latin, I give up intirely to you."

"Well, we'll all keep the secret from Dan Heraghty, at all events."

Leave we now the occupants of the cave to pass as they may the next two hours—the last they were ever to spend on Irish ground—to look after other characters of our tale.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

At about half a league's distance from the point of Kilglass, the main road ceased, and a rocky *boreen* succeeded, which, for some distance, was in winter the bed of a torrent.

"Aylmer, I think your fellows had better dismount here," said Sir John, addressing the captain; "yourself and myself, with Rorke and Dixon, can keep the saddle till we meet more obstruction than those stone ditches."

The men dismounted at the word of command, each leading his horse, advanced slowly along the *boreen*, according to orders.

"Now, sirrah," exclaimed the baronet to the forced guide, "lead us on briskly, and at your peril, by the shortest direction to the point."

"But, your honor," said the frightened peasant, "I tould you afore I don't know those parts well at all."

"We'll soon make you know them, rascal, with a touch of the steel—Aylmer, your glass for a moment; have you perceived anything in the little offing?"

"No, Sir John," replied Aylmer, reaching over the glass. The wind had risen considerably, and the clouds and vapor from the ocean had thickened and extended, and now hung, like a dense curtain, between earth and sky, shutting out all objects to seaward, except that they were occasionally swayed to and fro by the wind, like the waving of drapery, when a momentary glimpse of the sea beyond might be caught for a short reach.

After looking intently for a moment or two, Sir John reached back the glass to the captain, exclaiming eagerly: "Yes, she's there still, and we're all right. I see what I conceive to be her mast above the hilly point. Now, rascal, can we reach Kilglass without doubling round that cursed strand—eh?"

"Mysel' knows nothin' at all at all, about the say or the strand here, yer honor, if you wor to kill me out an' out, barrin' to take the road afore our eyes round the point."

"The omadhawn is tellin the truth to yer honor; what nd the like ov him know about the shore?" said a voice from behind a near hedge. The speaker, a tall young man, was standing with his arms resting on a spade with which he had been apparently ditching, and looking over the hedge at the party, though he had not been perceived before by Sir John or his comrades, in their eagerness to observe the appearances about the point.

"Ha! then *you*, I presume, know those inlets well—eh?" said Sir John, dashing up to the point of the hedge over which the speaker's head appeared.

"As well as I know my right hand, yer honor."

"Then you'r our man—can we reach the point beyond without rounding the strand?"

"The point o' Kilglass, yer honor?"

"The same."

"Why there is a place the strand can be crassed aisily, though the bottom is only mud everywhere else; but it's not many knows that place, an' it's only in very dhry weather like this it could be crassed at all?"

"And can we reach the strand and cross it without quitting our horses, sirrah—eh?"

"Faix, yer honor, by takin' a few bould leps an' tumblin' an odd wall, ye'll aisy enough get to the sthrand, an' the place I know a whole ridgment o' horse could crass it together. But what am I to get, yer honor, for bringin' ye acrass an' lavin' my work?"

"Your reward shall be a bullet through the body, or to be shortened of your head by a broad-sword cut, if you waste any more time in asking questions. So out and forward at once."

Shemus Fadha, for he it was, either was, or affected to be terrified for an instant. The next, however, he jumped across the hedge, and calling on his comrade, a younger and slighter man—in fact, no other than our acquaintance, Tony Grehan—to fling by his spade and follow him, he pushed boldly forward alongside Sir John and his three companions.

"Now, then," said Sir John, "as I see you are a *willing* and fearless rascal, you shall have five guineas if you pilot us smoothly and quietly."

The troopers were directed to lead their horses still and clear away, as rapidly as possible, any obstacle that might intervene between them and the point of the strand towards which Sir John and the captain, with their two companions, should precede them.

"Well I'm sure I saw that 'ere feller wot's with Sir John and the captain afore," said Heavisides, addressing Donald Frazer, and pointing to Shemus—"Aint he like the lad as was shot last Hantum comin' hout o' the Mass-place?" continued the troop-serjeant-major, after having again closely regarded the person of the guide.

"Weel," rejoined Frazer, whose eye had taken the same direction, "I winna say ye're a' the gither wrong. Certes the lad has an unco likeness to yon chiel, wha met wi the accident in the Mass-place. But, gin it's the same mon, he maun ha' thruv weel since, as yon's a strappin' cummer noo."

"Pon my sowl," said Tim Murphy, Frazer's comrade, "I don't doubt at all but yourse' and Sandy's in the right box, serjeant, though if it's himsel' that's in it an' no other, he must surely have the luck of a thousand to get over his shattthered leg so well. I helped to carry him, an', if it's himsel', a fine patient he was, without a grunt or a groan, *nee mogon shin*, (that's no joke), an' maybe he's not grown a sthrappin' fellow since. I hope he won't give us the slip an' lave us in the lurch—I wondher does Sir John or the captain know he was shot wan Sunday for bein' at Mass."

"My eyes, Tim, speak low. What does Sir John or the captain care wot happened him, if he shows 'em the short way?"

"Nae mair nor wad I wha mixed the jorum, whether she was papistical, prelatical or covenanted."

Sir John and Almyer dashed gallantly over the obstructing walls and hedges. Charley, too, by the aid of a gelding, that pushed himself through the stone fences, or clambered, cat-like, over the earthen ones, kept nearly parallel with them, with the trifling mishap of a few insignificant falls. But what between having a wayward animal that shied at every little obstacle, and his own bad horsemanship, which obliged him to search for gaps whenever he met a fence, and even to dismount when he found none, the curate was considerably behind when his companions reached the strand; even the dismounted dragoons was there some minutes before him.

"Now, Aylmer," said Sir John, as the dragoons came up to the beach, "order your fellows to mount."

"The curate is not near us," observed Aylmer.

"No matter. We can't lose time and he can follow us—Aylmer, your glass again for an instant."

The glass was again handed to him; but after applying it to his eye for a moment, the baronet flung it back exclaiming, "there is no use of trying to see anything through those cursed clouds—they are growing as black as ink. But he can't have stirred since we saw her before. Hallo, sirrah (to the guide) lead the way and—hark you, Aylmer, are your fellows' arms in good condition?"

"They have been just examined, Sir John, and are in prime order."

"Then let a bullet be sent through that fellow or let him be cloven to the chin, if you perceive the shadow of anything suspicious about his movements—you hear what I say: now on, sirrah."

"My ears are wide awake, yer honor; an' I suppose you wish me to bring you to that smugglin' vessel behind the point."

"Never mind your suppositions, for fear your ears should be shortened, but lead on."

"Why, I only mintioned it, yer honor, bekase if that's what you wanted, after crassin' the sthrand, I could take ye a shorter cut than goin' round by the shore; and sure enough, it's glad we'd be hereabouts, if yer honor was goin' to banish the impident vagabones, that there's no livin' with since they kem to the point, with their dhrinkin' an' impidence, an' haulin' about poor peoples' wives and sweethearts."

"No more words, but push on."

(To be continued.)

The London *Times* publishes the following portion of the report of an English surgeon in China, as to the cruelties there inflicted on converts to the Catholic faith. About Protestant converts the Chinese do not seem to bother themselves: "At the request of the French Minister, four Roman Catholic converts have been removed from the yamen to the foreign settlement. One is an old man over sixty years of age. They have all been more or less tortured in various ways, and present a perfectly horrible appearance, their bodies fearfully emaciated, and covered with gangrenous sores filled with maggots. One man has been placed on a rack, and all his joints cracked. Another has been beaten so severely on the hands and feet that the tendons are exposed. There are still in the yamen three men and six women, converts, but these are in such a deplorable state that the authorities dare not move them. One of these women has had needles driven underneath her finger nails, and her body sprinkled over with drops of boiling oil. Another, a young girl aged 16 years, has had all her fingers chopped off by an all piece. It is reported that they have suffered other indignities to horrible for publication.

Archbishop Spalding.—The latest news that has reached this country of the movements of the Archbishop of Baltimore, represent him as presiding over a convocation of the Bishops of Switzerland, met together at Geneva, for the purpose of protesting against the occupation of Rome by the troops of the filibustering Victor Emmanuel.

False Sympathy.

There is, notwithstanding the perversity of human nature, much that the species may be proud of and thankful for. But unfortunately we are constantly called upon to deplore pitiable exhibitions of human frailty and mental imbecility. The execution of Margaret Waters, the baby-farming murderess, in England, is a case in point.

Great exertions were made to have this woman reprieved. Because there were persons who happen to have particularly sentimental views on the subject of capital punishment, they have not ceased to ring the changes on the barbarity of executions. One reason of commiseration urged was that the culprit was a woman, and as such, should not be put to death on the scaffold. The full force of this is confined to those who urged it. Another reason for leniency was, that her victims, if indeed they were her victims, were only children. That such a notion should be held by any large number, would seem to be hardly credible. They forget that the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is binding on all, and at all times. The delusion on this head can only be uprooted by demonstrating what the law of murder is in the sight of the law, if they are unwilling to learn what it is in the sight of God. Yet, although there was not one particle of palliation shown in the course of the trial, a large body, a not uninfluential body, made strenuous exertions to arrest the arm of justice. This maudlin sympathy is shown both in religion and politics. Italy's sentimental grievance is fooled to the top of its bent, and English gold aids the Italians in making Italy one, whole and indivisible. But Ireland's real ills are passed over, and her aspirations after freedom, her demands to be treated with at least simple justice, are ignored or stamped out with an iron heel. An united Germany is hailed as the noblest idea of the day, but the notion of an India self-government by her native princes is scouted as impious and sacrilegious. For starving Ireland, in her years of famine, money is tardily voted by the Government on stringent conditions, and the deficiencies supplied from English pockets only on the understanding that none but Protestants and "converts" from Romanism should be relieved. Nay, English public vessels could not be made available when generous hearts on this side of the Atlantic would gladly freight them with breadstuffs. Ostentation, therefore, and sentimentality, to say nothing of inconsistency and injustice of the grossest, too often enter into British notions of mercy. In the same way, missionary societies and souper confraternities manage to feather their nests well at the expense of a credulous public, which prefers to see the natives of Borrioboula-Gha supplied with red shirts and moral pocket-handkerchiefs, to doing anything towards abolishing the festering, seething mass of wickedness which every day discloses itself in every English town and the cottages of laborers, and thinks that there is greater glory in perverting one little Irish peasant boy from faith to infidelity than in evangelizing the courts of London or educating the street Arabs. With regard to the sentimentality in behalf of Margaret Waters, the baby murderess, the *Weekly Register* says:

In any case, the last words of Margaret Waters, that if there were no illegitimate children, there would be no baby-farmers, ought to be laid to heart, and some means devised to put the system down forever, even if it should come to registering nurses for the reception of the poor infants. A Catholic cannot but be at once prompted to recommend a return to the old religious system of the past, and would fain see, as of old, the basket hung outside the door, and the bell handle close by the "turn," so that at the sound of the bell the poor victims of man's deceit and iniquity might be enabled to see the only traces of her fall removed, and, taking heart of grace at her fresh chance of reformation, might go off comforted to sin no more.

She deserved her fate, but there were those who ought to have swung with her—those whom the Government, out of respect for the class from which its members are taken, refused to expose, lest haply, one member suffering, the whole body should suffer with it. In the name of common justice, in the name of humanity and religion, as Catholics and journalists, we solemnly protest against such a state of things, and demand that the reproach shall no longer be thrown in our teeth that in England there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

English Liberty in Ireland.

It will be remembered that immediately on the collapse of the Fenian insurrection in Ireland, in 1867, the British government suspended the *Habeas Corpus*, and the Parliament passed an act authorizing the arrest of any person discovered in the streets of the proclaimed districts after dark. For a long time this act remained a dead letter, owing to the orderly behavior of the people; but of late some Dogberry, who represents Her Majesty in a town called Kells, gave it effect, and assured his unfortunate fellow subjects that the act, if it slept, was not dead. On this piece of infamy the Dublin *Irishman* makes the following remarks:—

Hitherto the tranquility of Ireland has been, if we may use the expression, too strong even for the provisions of the Algerine Act. In their good order and peacefulness the people have exhibited a passive resistance to its despotism which has made it a dead letter. At last, however, the police have found an occasion for reminding us of the amount of liberty we really enjoy. Seven young men have been brought up before the magistrates at Kells for being in the streets of that town after twelve o'clock at night. The offence was one which subjected them in the absolute discretion of the magistrates to imprisonment for six months. Six of them were strangers who had come over by an excursion train; waiting for its return they had remained in Kells, and not knowing that they were in a proclaimed district in which it was a criminal offence to be out of bed after twelve o'clock, they had added to that criminality the further and more heinous enormity of wandering in the streets of the town. For this offence they were seized by the police and carried off to prison. We infer from the meagre report, which appears in the papers, they were detained there for several days. Finally, they were brought before the magistrates at Petty Sessions; they were put to their oath to give a satisfactory account of themselves, and having done so to the perfect satisfaction of the magistrates, they were discharged.

It is, perhaps, one of the worst signs of the degradation of the country that this monstrous outrage upon our principle of liberty is passed over as a matter of course. A meagre report of it is thrust into a corner of the papers, headed, "First Prosecution under the Peace Preservation Act," and this is all. The first ringing of the curfew bell, in this free country, is really a matter of no note.

Yet, the Irish nation bitterly note it as the first fruits of that infamous Coercion Bill which we owe to the blessed Gladstone Ministry, and their lay and clerical coadjutors in Ireland. It is "the messenger of peace," the forerunner of innumerable blessings of the same nature as the imprisonment of these innocent and blameless young men. Fortunately for them, there was no excitement of terror prevailing among the magistrates on the bench. Had the very same incident occurred at a period when social alarm disturbed the serenity of the higher classes of Kells; had a gentleman's bailiff been beaten, or some hob-goblin story of Fenianism filled old ladies with fright, every one of these young men would, most assuredly, have been in jail for six months, for the heinous offence of being out of their beds at midnight, when away from home.

And this is Irish liberty! This is the law under which we Irishmen live! There is not one of us, from the highest to the lowest, who is not liable to be dragged to prison by the police if he happens to venture abroad after sunset. An hour after sunset is the limit of the time fixed by the Algerine Act. If he happens to be unpopular with the stipendiary magistrate before whom he is brought, it will fare well with him if he is not locked up in prison for six months.

We have almost forgotten that there was a seventh young man whose fate was somewhat different. It is, however, instructive to observe that this poor youth was a townsman. He was sent to jail for a fortnight!! The excuse was that he had a small stone in his pocket. He attempted to account for it by saying that he had been drinking in a public house, and staying a little too late made his way out over a wall and that in doing so he displaced some stones, one of which fell into the pocket of his coat. Thereupon the owner of the public house was brought before the bench, fined in the sum of ten shillings and threatened with the withdrawal of her license—we presume if ever again any young man went from her home or house after sunset into the streets.

We must leave the picture as we find it.

Happy, happy, town of Kells, blessed with a Liberal ministry, a paternal Government, and the freest Constitution on earth.

Happy, happy Ireland, blessed island to which the first notes of the curfew bell have rung from your friendly rulers the latest "message of peace."