

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1873.

THE IRISH WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

Remember, Denis, all I have you say... But of your trouble since he went away... You'll find me as good as dead...

ANGELA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

CRINOLINE.

An express train was just on the eve of leaving the railway station in Munich. Two fashionably dressed gentlemen stood at the open door of a railway carriage...

Richard smiled. "Poetical fancy," said he. "My unhappy friend Emil Schlegel often declared and sang with passion that same poem of Schiller's. Love had even made a poet of him."

"You are unjust and prejudiced. Must all women, then, be Ida Schlegels?" "Perhaps my Ida might be still worse," retorted Richard sharply.

"I tell you, Richard," said he emphatically. "Your time will come yet. You will follow the universal law, and this law will give the lie to your one-sided view to your contempt of women."

"That impulse, father, can be overcome, and habit becomes a second nature. Besides—well, what besides?" "I would say that the time of which you speak is, in my case, happily passed," answered Richard, still gazing through the window.

"You are not a man, you are a woman," said he. "I suppose I must bow to the yoke of destiny. But, father, this necessity does not exist. There are intelligent men enough who do not bind themselves to woman's caprice."

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"Do you not think this change in the monotony of the race quite magnificent?" said she. "I made no answer. With an apology, I left the party and returned alone to Baden."

"Very well," said the father, "your Isabella was an unfeeling creature—granted. But now for your application of this experience."

"No, the revolutionizing propensity to show and frivolity characterized our women, and therefore they wear crinolines in spite of the protestations of the men."

"No; I want no wife," answered the young man somewhat pettishly. "And I am not going to this. The young men are beginning to awake. A country natural feeling revolts against the vitiated taste of the women. Alliances are forming everywhere. The last papers announced that, at Marseilles, six thousand young men have, with joined hands, vowed never to marry until the women renounce their ridiculous costume of crinolines, and return to a plain style of dress and frugal habits."

"Do you wish to see striking examples of this kind of gaming saloons—into those horrible places where fever and consuming passions seethe; where desperation and suicide lurk. Go into the corrupt, poisonous atmosphere of those gambling halls, and there you will find women every day and every hour. Whence this disgusting sight?"

"Honor to woman! she scatters life heavily roses, and earnestly life. Love she weaves in gladdening bands; she is the source of all our joys; beautiful thoughts eternal flow. Watchful, she feeds with holy hands."

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