

Outside the Prison Doors.

Al—'Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.' Round the well known prison door, As we gather, boys, our names...

Bishop of Cork, Ireland. He had three brothers who took part in the struggle for freedom. He is buried in St. Mary's Catholic cemetery, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our army and navy, of which we are so justly proud, have among them still some of the Catholic Church whom the world places in the first rank of their professions.

The mass of Catholic people are church-going and listen to the instructions given by the Bishops and priests, and these are the people of whom we have been writing.

The influence exercised over them by their (people's) own good. This is evident from the facts we have recorded.

Catholics are an intelligent people, their schools for boys and girls, their academies and their colleges, rank with the very first of our educational institutions in our country.

They are preferred. In works of charity, their institutions take the very first prominence. Religious govern them and these work for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls.

They are paid no salaries, and the poor receive from them the care which the love of God prompts.

America and America, irrespective of creed or color, are proud of them.

Catholics yet we are not allowed to hear them say "Glory be to God who is the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit."

Now all these Catholic schools, academies and colleges, in which thousands of children are educated and receive the very best of moral training, are built and sustained by these Catholic people, who are, at the same time, taxed for the support of institutions which they do not support.

The first people in our country to take the initiative in granting freedom of conscience and worship were those of Catholic Maryland. This colony was then small and surrounded by religious bigotry and persecution.

The Catholic pilgrim Fathers of Maryland were the founders of religious liberty in America.

Let not the Protestant historian of America give grudgingly. Let him testify with a warm heart and pay with gladness the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early (Catholic) forefathers.

Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts, and their names repeated in our households. Let them be canonized in the grateful regards of the Americans; and handed down, through the lips of a living tradition, to their most remote posterity.

"In an age of credulity, like true men, with heroic hearts, they fought the first great battle of religious liberty, and their names were repeated in their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America."

This is the testimony of the learned historian, Davis, a Protestant. "The Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake."

From Protestant intolerance." Bancroft, the learned and venerable historian, adds this word of honest praise.

The very first men of civilization who went through the forests of this country and called the aborigines to the worship of the true God, were Catholics, priests and laymen. Long before Elliot preached to the Indians, six miles from Boston, Catholic priests had made the forest resound with hymns of praise to God, had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the length and breadth of this country.

The fathers who settled with their people on the Canadian shores, and those priests who planted the cross on the Pacific slopes, led by divine wisdom and love for the salvation of souls, grasped the friendly hands of each other in the wilds of Texas, and there knelt together before the same altar. There sanctified our rivers and mountains, our brooks and lakes, by giving to them names in memory of God, the Blessed Virgin, the angels and the saints. The pathway trodden by them is marked by the mile stones of holy names, which the love of God and zeal for the glory of His Church put into their mouths.

These are facts of history, which no honest man can deny. "The friend in need is a friend indeed," and Catholics, when the great struggle for the independence of the colonies began, were all on one side. From the private in the ranks to the very first assistants and counselors of our great chief, Catholics could be found, but among them all, no traitor. Washington's life guard was largely Catholic.

Catholic nations gave their aid and countenance in favor of the struggle for independence. The Lexington of the seas was fought and won by Jer. O'Brien and his four brothers, in Michas Bay, Maine, on May 11, 1775. Commodore Barry, the father of the American navy, was a Catholic. He died at the head of this service and his remains lie in the graveyard attached to St. Mary's Catholic Church on 4th st above Spruce in Philadelphia, Pa.

"But never yet on a braver heart, more honest, more true, more devoted, than that of our country's hero, the Irish Commodore, Sir Isaac Hull."

The Irish were the first people in Europe to sympathize with America in her battle of freedom, and this was given as a reason by the British court for refusing political and religious enfranchisement to the Irish people. Gen. Moylean, the Marquis of the Revolutionary Army, was the brother of St. Rev. Dr. Moylean,

AT MONTE CASINO.

AT MONTE CASINO. AMONG THE BENEDICTINES OF THE PARENT HOUSE—A FOREIGN WRITER'S VIEW.

M. Eugene de Vogne has said, in the Revue des Deux Mondes: I had read somewhere that there existed in the archives of Monte Casino, amongst many unpublished treasures, manuscripts and other unpublished treasures, manuscripts and other unpublished treasures.

A few days ago, finding myself at leisure and at the gates of Italy, I started one morning to go to read at Monte Casino those folios of Cressental. Next morning, the train from Rome to Naples dropped me at San Germano; this hamlet, from all time entitled, "infelix," to the abbey which dominates the mountain above it and serves as a chapel-of-ease (sacculum) in the plain. The bishop-abbots descended there and still descend, to hold

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at Capua and at all their gardens of Magna Grecia. The indulgent gods of these in their last paradise. This inflamed the zeal of the apostle and determined his choice.

There was, he said, upon Monte Casino a statue of Minerva, he destroyed with his own hands, and, on all occasions, religious establishments occupy this summit from the remote antiquity. The inmates of the convent carried from places, upon hurdles, fragments of cyclopean blocks attributed to Palas. St. Benedict built first house of his family. It is well for Catholics to know the story of his life, as told in their simple fashion by those who had spent their lives with him and his comrades. Moreover, in many ways he is a true model of earnest perseverance to all who promote God's glory, and may we not hope it—a patron in Flanders where he belonged, he was long held in veneration and received the title of Blessed.

In the year 1093, says the old chronicler, a priest named Peter and surnamed the Hermit, and who was such in deed as well as in name, a man born in the kingdom of the Franks, in the diocese of Amiens, undertook, out of fervent devotion and to have the happiness of praying at the tomb of Christ, the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He was small of stature and of common appearance. But the fire of his looks and the eloquence of his words made known the ardor of his soul. When he came to the holy city he was obliged, like all the pilgrims, to pay the tribute which the Turks exacted of every Christian before allowing him to pass the gates. He received hospitality in the house of one of the faithful, who had himself the honor of suffering for the name of Jesus Christ and who recounted to him all the persecutions exercised by the infidels.

A gold dust (in value more than fifty dollars of our money) was exacted of every pilgrim at his entrance into the city. Now, along the way to be passed, they were to reach the end of their journey, the caravans were attacked before and despoiled by the Turks, so that, having absolutely nothing left on arriving, thousands of pilgrims, naked and without food, died from the heat of the sun. The native Christians in spite of all the efforts of their charity did not suffice—I say not to feed them, this was impossible—but to give them burial. As to the few strangers who were able to pay the tribute and enter Jerusalem, their presence in the holy city became a new subject of terror to the Christian inhabitants. The pilgrims were not well enough escorted in their visits to the Holy Stations, the unbelievers attacked them violently, spat in their faces, and clubbed them until death.

Still, there was inside the city walls a monastery kept up by the Italian city of Amalfi, under the title of St. Mary of the Sea. A monk who was also a layman, and his religious devoted themselves to helping and gathering in the pilgrims, but their efforts and their zeal were insufficient; for out of a thousand strangers scarcely one was able to do without their assistance.

The situation of the native Christians was not much better. Death was hanging over their heads at all times. When they were not killed, they were subjected to a slavery more cruel than death itself. To bring their misery to its height, the churches, which they kept up or repaired at great cost, were every year broken into by the unbelievers. These chose the moment when the Holy Sacrifices were celebrating; they rushed in, their naked swords in their hands, striking right and left, overturning the altars and the sacred vessels, trampling them under foot, seating themselves on the altar and breaking the marble of the sanctuary, and looting the treasury with blows. One day dragged off the venerable Simeon, who was then patriarch, by his hair and beard, knocking his head about the pavement, and threw him into a dungeon, where he remained until his people had bought him out of the weight of gold.

One day when the stories of Simeon had been more than usually touching, Peter melted into tears and cried out: "Can we find no means of