

THE IRISH IN WAR.

MEMORIES OF CREMONA AND
DEVIL'S DEN.

A Writer in the Illustrated American
Dwells Upon the Glory of Irish Arms
in Two Great Wars.

It is a favorite condescension of Sassenach speakers at St. Patrick's banquets to stifle the celebrating Celts with the veiled sarcasm: "You have conquered every country but your own; how strange that you have never turned your great powers to Ireland!" Irishmen listen to this faint praise, this hardly civil leer, year after year, and cheer the satirist to the bottom of the bottle. When Rome had made civilization a trust and held all known lands under the rod, it was a favorite amenity at feasts and in social oracles to laud the Greeks and confess the superiority of Hellas to all existing peoples. Just before great wars—or wars in which the Briton finds that his purse is going to be filled—the heroism of the Irish is a topic exploded with cynical fervor. The wonders they performed under flag of St. George are recounted, and the names of battles and places arrayed in long lines that involve a new study of the earth's surface.

THE FIGHT AT DEVIL'S DEN.

Recently there was an animated, vehement discussion going on in a metropolitan journal as to the presence and number of the distinctively Irish engaged in Burnside's blundering onslaught upon St. Mary's Hill, at Fredericksburg, in 1863. Not long ago some querulous "American" scouted the inspiring incident that preceded the immolation of the Irish Brigade near the Devil's Den at Gettysburg. The leading regiments were aligning to make a charge or to meet the swarming ranks in motion before them. As if by instinct,

A PRIEST FLED AHEAD OF THE FORMING phalanx, motioning the leading color-sergeant to raise the flag; then, holding up his hands in the attitude of benediction dropped on his knees and raised his voice in prayer. So careful an historian as the writer of the Count of Paris's history of our civil conflict declares that the line of battle sank silently upon its knees and for one inexpressible moment war and piety stood face to face. But next moment full half the devout soldiery were laid low; but they had not prayed in vain, died in vain. The rebel hosts, fired by an equal love, equal valor, a serene confidence—for they had the prestige of unchecked victory—were battled, withered, scattered. The Irish who couldn't win a conquest at home, could destroy the Texan daredevils of the audacious Hood. This, like all other evidences of the Irish devotion to alien interests, is now, like a hundred score others, questioned, cogently disproved, and readily denied.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMIES.

There are three hundred years of just such denial. In 1660 there were from 25,000 to 30,000 Irish refugees in the armies of France, while 40,000 other Irish unfortunates swelled the armies of England or King James. After the treaty of Limerick the official existence of "The Irish Brigade" is recorded in state papers and the actual glory of the body attested in scores of historical papers. Of the hundred battles and the fifty years' campaigns in which this astonishing phalanx took part, it would require a volume to tell in full. Two or three episodes, which even in an age of military dard-evilltry rang through Europe, will prove that the disputed intrepidity of the Irish in the war between the States was a heritage, not an accident to men of Irish blood.

THE STORY OF CREMONA.

In 1702 the city of Cremona was the headquarters of the French army. The town, like all cities in those days, was commanded by a citadel. The Austrians, under the renowned Prince Eugene, were completely checked while the French held Cremona. Marshall Villeroy, the commander-in-chief of the French, was a fribble who knew little of war and the Germans made little account of him. Arthur Dillon and Walter Bourke, in command of 600 men of the Irish Brigade, held the principal gate of the city opening to the bridge across the Po.

Prince Eugene, who never despised treason or artifice to gain his ends, corrupted a friar to open a passage between

the cellar of his house and a sewer that emptied into the Po. Villeroy maintained no discipline. Before daylight on the morning of February 1, 1702, Prince Eugene had 500 men in the city ready to open the gates to his army corps, while another body, under the Prince of Vaudemont, 6,000 strong, attacked the Po gate where the 600

IRISH WERE ON GUARD.

By the merest accident an ambitious young French colonel was out with his regiment in the public square drilling—at four o'clock in the morning. He discovered the strange body moving toward the gates, and just as they were flung open he beset the entering masses with fury. Villeroy, meanwhile, and all the ranking French officers had been captured, and Cremona, the key of the French position, was in the hands of the enemy.

The 600 Irish were beset by 5,000 Germans. Indeed, at first there were but 250 Irishmen, under Major O'Mahoney, who held the gate. The rest arrived and then charged the leading lines of the Prince of Vaudemont. For nine hours this 600—charged by cavalry, beaten upon by artillery, accessible from both flanks—held the walls and bridge. Indeed, during the heat of the conflict a body of 50 moved under a musketry fire some distance down the river and burned a bridge that would have enabled the enemy to concentrate greater forces on the besieged *tele port*. Fifty times the Austrian cuirassiers, by sheer force of weight, plunged over the obstacles and struck among the heroic Irishmen. They were beaten back, slaughtered, captured, every time. Prince Eugene, confident that he had won the town as he was unmolested in the city hall, learned of the desperate resistance. Prince Vaudemont was

ORDERED TO CARRY THE ENTRANCE AT ANY PRICE,

but he sent word that bone and muscle were well nigh worn out. Prince Eugene then resorted to his favorite tactics. There were Irishmen in the Austrian ranks as well as in the French. The Prince selected one of these, Captain MacDonnell, an aide on his staff, to go to O'Mahoney's and offer him a dazzling bribe and other recompense within reason he might name. O'Mahoney's answer was to send MacDonnell under guard to the prison, and a message of defiance went back to the prince. At 6 o'clock in the evening, after fighting from 4 in the morning, the Austrian acknowledged the Irish unconquerable; withdrew from the part of the town he had won, carrying with him the French marshal and all the leading personages of his staff.

In this incredible contest the Irish 600 was reduced to 260—88 of which were officers! The faithful O'Mahoney was sent as bearer of the despatches announcing the event to Louis XIV.—a mission always equivalent to promotion under that monarch.—*The Illustrated American*.

FREEMASONRY.

Some Recent Revelations About Its Doings in France.

The Justice, which is considered to be the organ of Cornelius Herz and of Clemenceau, says that if Catholics wish to have their sick tended by Sisters of Charity in the hospitals, they have only to build hospitals and support them at their own expense. This gives the Paris Croix an opportunity of coming down upon M. Herz, and showing at the same time what his real position is with respect to Freemasonry. This is a curious point and one worthy of notice. The statement has appeared in several Paris papers that in the list of Inspectors-General in Freemasonry, published in 1891 by the supreme dogmatic directory of Charleston, the name of Cornelius Herz figures as Inspector-General for England, France, and Germany. Allusion was recently made at length in this column to the supreme directory of Charleston as the centre of Palladic Freemasonry, or, in other words, of Occultism and Luciferianism, erected in recent years into an international system under the headship of Albert Pike, the anti-Pope, now dead. Facts which ordinary Freemasons, whether in good faith or not, persist in denying, events are revealing, clear as the light of day. It is now certain that Satan's vice-regent on earth is the anti-Pope of Charleston, and that the satanic wire-pullers there direct the movements throughout the world

against the Church of Rome. While, no doubt, numbers of Freemasons know not what they are nor what they do, being, in reality, uninitiated, Cornelius Herz knows perfectly what he is about. He derives his authority from Charleston. Perhaps the Pope's recent Encyclical on Freemasonry, in which he urges the unveiling of Freemasonry on the part of the faithful, has already borne fruit.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

DOMESTIC READING.

A vast distance separates a high failure from a low success.

Scientific temperance instruction is now given in all the public schools in Sweden.

The merit of crosses consists not in their weight, but in the way in which they are borne.

Love cannot be idle. He who loves God cannot live without giving Him continual marks of affection.

One "God be praised" in moments of trial is worth a thousand of thanksgivings when everything goes smoothly.

Put in practice these precious words; Suffer, be silent. By doing so you will become in a short time holy and perfect.

How beautiful is the starry firmament! Yet it is but the portal of the blessed country where we hope to go one day.

He that resists the grace of God can have neither rest nor peace. "Who hath resisted Him and hath had peace?"—(Job ix., 4.)

Do that which you judge to be right, whatever the vulgar may think of you; if you despise their praise, disregard also their censure.

You must bow your head and bear yourself contrary to your habits or inclinations. Live humbly before God, amiably with your neighbor, and sweetly with yourself.

Love is an evergreen; in winter and summer alike it possesses the power of budding forth. Love is an everlasting flower; it cannot wither for it has within it the bloom of immortality.

Oh, souls, whose only desire is repose and pleasure, did you but know how advantageous it is to suffer, you would no longer seek your consolation in anything whatsoever.

A careful education is a great importance, for the mind is easily formed in youth. Habit becomes nature, and after a while we conform with pleasure to that we at first did with repugnance.—Seneca.

Be faithful to correspond with the wonderful graces which you have received from our Lord; they are a preparation for greater graces and more sublime lights, which will cause you to love God more, to acquire more solid virtue and to practise it in a more heroic degree.

Cast your cares earnestly upon the shoulders of the Saviour, and He will support and strengthen you. When He calls you to a kind of service which is contrary to your taste, your courage should not be less, but rather more, than if your taste concurred with His pleasure, for where there is least of self the work goes best. Do not permit your mind to consider itself, its powers, its inclinations. You must keep your eyes fixed upon the good pleasure of God and the accomplishment of His holy will.

THE CHOLERA SCARE.

Fear kills more than cholera. Severe diarrhoea, purging, colic, cramps, etc., are often mistaken for choleraic troubles. A few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will remove both the disease and the terror it inspires.

A Ghost in a Hospital Ward.

There is a lively story in the London Month, entitled "Footsteps in a Ward," told by a hospital nurse who asserts that it is true. For an hour or more when she was attending a dying man footsteps were heard going up and down the ward. They were audible by herself and another patient in the hospital. The sound of the invisible footfalls followed her about the ward when she went to get the medicines, and on one occasion when she turned sharply round she was conscious of being in some kind of communication with an invisible spirit, whether a man or angel she does not know. Of this, she says, she is as certain as that she is alive at the moment she is writing this account. When she went downstairs the footsteps followed her. She says:—"I shall never forget my going down those great silent stone stairs, with the

doors shut on the landings all round, and my own footsteps echoing through the silence, whilst behind, at every step I took, came the sound of a man's foot, just two stairs above me. I tried to think it was only the echo of my own, though I knew all the time that it was nothing of the kind, but a totally different and heavier sound, such as a man's boot would make on the uncovered stone. There was one very strange thing about it—the tramp of that invisible foot made one single distinct sound as it ascended each step, but there was no echo to it, whereas my lighter footfall was repeated—as all human footsteps were repeated on those stairs—in the hall below."

Finding that the patient was a Catholic, and had only a short time to live, she sent for a priest. As soon as the priest came, the footsteps ceased. The patient died an hour afterwards.

TAKE A PLEBISCITE.

Should a plebiscite be taken it would be found that Burdock Blood Bitters is by long odds the most successful and popular cure for dyspepsia, headache, constipation, biliousness, bad blood, etc. It is purely vegetable.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,
Consulting Counsel,
SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS'
Montreal.

Scholastic Municipality of the Parish of St. Jean Chrysostome, No. 1, Chateauguay County.—WANTED, for the School district No. 1 of the above municipality a female teacher, with first-class elementary diploma in both French and English languages. References required. Apply to
I. J. L. DEROME,
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443

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

No. 1482.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame ODILE MORAND, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of CLEOPHAS CHENETTE, trader, of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against her said husband.

Montreal, May 5th, 1893.

DUPUIS & LUSSIER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

42-5

M - Emmanuel - Champigneulle
PARIS. BAR LE DUC. FRANCE.
FIGURE WINDOWS } FOR CHURCHES.
STATUARY

Approved by His Holiness Pope Pius IX., Brief 1865.
Gold Medals at all the Universal Expositions.
Grand Prix d'Honneur, Rome, 1870.

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DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

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