5. "GLORY TO SATAN."

article in December, 1881, declared that Proudhon's initiation in 1847 forms an epoch in the development of masonry. "It was, above all, to his friends and dis-

"It was, above all, to his friends and disciples that masonry owes the importance which marked its existence during the second period half of the empire. Masonry has not forgotten Proudhon, for the life and work of Proudhon were in unison with the aspirations of Masonry." But it was Proudhon's mission. He avows himself "to deliver men from the ideas of the immortality of the soul and a Supreme Being, and to teach them that the idea of God was not only foreign to no reality, but

God was not only foreign to morality, but hurtful to morality." I could cite col umns from the authorized publications of

continental Masonry. I could show by innumerable extracts from the minutes of lodges and grand lodges how the Masonic temple models itself like a real anti-church and opposes anti-cities a real anti-church and opposes anti-cities are insignificant.

church and opposes anti-rites, anti-minis-

trations, even a blasphemous anti-sacra-ment to the rites, the orders, and the sacra-ments of the Catholic Church. I could

quote the record of Masonic Baptism

where the ministrating Grand Venerable proclaims over the innocent and helpless infant, "we do not baptise thee in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost." I could quote Masonic Marriages

where the nuptial pair make solemn prom-ise to renounce "the confessional and the superstitions of Catholic religion" amid

the applauding beat of Masonic mallets and the triumphant flourish of Masonic

swords. I could quote the horrid prepara-tion for the grave by which the brethren

vow neither themselves to seek the priest

at the last hour "nor to permit"—utter and unspeakable infamy of Satanic intol-

well, when they do not find it expedient to skulk behind a show of temporal loy-

alty for the better prosecution of their anti Christian designs. The Secret of

Here is an extract from the minute

the lecture of "Brother Gaston" at the

meeting of the Grand Lodge of the so-called Scottish Rite of Paris on the 21st of

December, 1882:"Mesting of December 21st. Brother

Gaston, member of the Lodge, delivered

a most interesting lecture on the subject,

publish a work entitled 'God, he is the Enemy,' in which will be set forth the

views he could only summarize in a lec

It is the worshipful Brother Dumonche

who thus reports the proceeding in the January number of the Bulletin Maconnique

of the Grande Lodge Symbolique Ecossaise

osue Carducci's Infernal Hymn

and the substitution of a new

things in accordance with their ideas, which the foundations and laws shall

same, the Freemasons, like the Manichee

but their own members."
What an authoritative commentary

In the same year, 18:2, a great assembly

God in the presence of science.'

Socinus.

of the ancient church.

for the year 1882.

Spirit of Evil :-

It is the secret of Adam Weis

It is the secret of Guiseppe Maz

[Arthur M. Forester in Donahoe's Maga I have knelt in great cathedrals, with their wondrous naves and alsies, Whose fairy arches blen! and interface, Where the sunlight on the paintings like a ray of glory smiles, And the shadows seem to sanctify the

place:
Where the organ's tones, like echoes of an angel's trumpet roil,
Watted down by seraph's wings from heaven's shore—
They are mighty and majestic, but they cannot touch my soul
Like the little white-washed Church of Ballymore.

Ah! modest little chapel, half-embowered in the trees, ough the roof above its worshippers was low,
And the earth bore traces sometimes of the
congregation's knees,
While they themselves were bent with
toil and woe!
Mian, Cologne, St. Peter's—by the feet of
monarchs trod—
With their monumental genius and their
love.

Never knew in their magnificence more trustful prayers to God Than ascended to His throae from Bally-

Its priest was plain and simple, and he scorned to hide his brogue
In accents that we might not understand,
But there was not in the parish such a rene-As to think his words not heaven's own

command!

He seemed our cares and troubles and our sorrows to divide,
And he never passed the poorest peasant's door— In sickness he was with us. and in death still by our side— God be with you, Father Tom, of Bally-

There's a green graveyard behind it, and in dreams at night I see
Each little modest slab and grassy mound, For my gentle mother's sleeping 'neath the withered rowantree,
And a host of kindly neighbors lie around!
The famine and the fever through our stricken country spread,
Desolation was about me sad and sore,
80 I had to cross the waters, in strange lands to seek my bread,
But I left my heart behind in Ballymore!

I am proud of our cathedrals-they are emblems of our love
To our ever mighty Benefactor shown;
And when wealth and art and beauty have
been given from atove.
The devil should not have them as his

own:
Their splendor has inspired me—but amidst
it all I prayed
God to grant me when life's weary work

sweet rest beside my mother in the dear embracing shade Of the little white-washed church of Bally-

## THE SECRET OF FREEMASONRY.

## A Key of Modern History.

BY F. HUGH O'DONNELL, M. P.

CONTINUED. "It is necessary to introduce the reader into the mine which was then being dug under thrones as well as altars by a band of revolutionists far more deep and active than the Encyclopedists themselves revolutionists organised in an association composed of men of all countries, of all religions, of all ranks, bound together by symbolical signs, engaged under the penalty of an eath to guard inviolably the secret of their inner existence, holding themselves to be equals though divided into three classes—Apprentices, Companions, and Masters, for that is what Freedrich the companions of the Freedrich and the Freedrich and the Freedrich and the Freedrich and Freed masonry is. On the eve of the French Revolution Freemasonry had acquired an enormous development. It was spread throughout the whole of Europe. It aided the meditative genius of Germany. It obscurely agitated France. It presented everywhere the image of a society founded upon principles contrary to those of the

What a terrible confession! What tremendous revelation! It was Masonry that "dug the mine under altars and thrones." It was Masonry that presented for the imitation of its dupes and instru ments "the image of a society founded upon principles contrary to those of the civil society." And yet there are sapient Catholics who believe that the awful work of terrorism and destruction which ravaged the civilization of Europe a hundred years ago had no suggestors, had no inciters, and no agitators, and that the efforts of honest reformers only failed through some accidental fatality or chance misfor tune. The men who were "digging the mine under thrones and altars" throughnume under thrones and artars' through-out Europe kept their secret well enough for their infernal purpose. But the secret is no longer undiscoverable and undis-covered; and we know that the successors of the oath bound "miners" of 1789 are still sapping and mining Christian altars

On the eve of the French Revolution in 1782 the Masonic lodge of "Candour" at Paris claimed in its encyclical letter of the 31st of May of that year that there were m'llion of sworn Masons in France

4. THE FINAL DEVELOPMENT. VOLTAIRE AND WEISHAUPT. THE CONVENTION OF WILHELMSBAD AND THE CONVENTION OF

In sketching the transitional period of Masonry in the last chapter, I have been obliged to touch on matters which overlap, strictly speaking, the proper subjects of the chapter. Conversely, I am obliged to go back in dealing with Voltaire upon a time which falls within the last period. This difficulty arises from the essentia nature of a time of transition. In the eighteenth century, especially, the practi-cal work of founding lodges, to which the Grand Lodge of England devoted itself, went to a considerable extent side by side with the speculative advances of daring theorists and rationalists, who, cach after his disposition, set himself to developing and cultivating what he had received from his English exemplars. The old Secinian slip which had been set in English soil had taken root and stretched out powerful branches and long tendrils to the continent back again, and continental cultivators in turn undertook to train and foster with added skill the in-

creasing and vigorous growth.

Voltaire died in 1778. His career of satanic sarcasm had lasted for half a century. By his own repeated avowals, by the admission of his admirers, it was during his residence of three years in 1726, and 1728 in England, that he became a Past-Master in the anti-Christian Philosophy of which he was to be so wichty, and presentation are expensely. mighty and unscrupulous an exponent. In the society of Bolingbroke the Deist, and Toland the Atheist, Voltaire learned with avidity the precepts of showy scepti-cism and sneering infidelity which he was afterwards to pour like a deluge over

literary France. There scarcely ever was a society intellectually and morally more depraved than existed in some regions of deprayed than existed in some regions of English life in the days when Sir Robert Walpole kept a market for votes at Whitehall, and when the religious and social corruption kept the political cor-ruption well in countenance. Hanoverian grossness had adapted to itself whatever was worst in the licence of the Restora-tion, and had debased and bestialised it. But let me quote what Godefroy in his great "Histoire de la Literature Francaise''-a work crowned by the French Academy, says of Voltaire's connection with the English infidels. And here I would, in passing, recommend to every Irish student of the higher letters not to remain longer than can be helped without procuring the ten masterly volumes of Godefroy's "French Literary His-

"The talent of Voltaire as a prose writer had hardly been suspected when he published, in 1731, 'The Letters on the English,' more commonly known as 'The Philosophical Letters.' It was after his return from England, where he had passed return from England, where he had passed three years in the company of the Free-thinkers. The 'Philosophical Letters' had the double object of popularising in France the opinions and the reputation of the English infidels. They were accordingly denounced by the clergy, and a decree of the Parliament of Paris of the 10th of June, 1734, condemned them to be burned by the common executioner as contrary to religion, morals, and the

contrary to religion, morals, and the respect due to legitimate authority.

All the letters insinuate an epicurean deism, and exalt the superiority of England in religion, philosophy, law, war, art, and commerce." and commerce."

It was the fitting prelude and opening
of a career henceforth devoted to one

of a career henceforth devoted to one prolonged attack, varied with inexhaustible inventiveness, against the Catholic Church. Ecrasons Unfame—Let Us Crush The Infamous Thing—was the perpetual exhortation of Voltaire to his corresponexhortation of Voltaire to his correspondents and allies to destroy the Catholic Church. If the reader will look back to a preceding chapter he will see that Eng-lish Masonry had only been introduced into France ten years previous to Voltaire's importation of English sceptical phil-

Under Voltaire and around Voltaire laboured with furious zeal the entire array of conspirators whose grand work in the of conspirators whose grand work in the century, forerunning the elevation of a prostitute Goddess of Reason on the altar of Notre Dame, was the destruction of the vast Jesuit missions not only in Europe but in America, in Asia, in Africa, in the pagan isles of ocean. The man who still wants to know why the Italian Masonic organs and leaders demand with such release hatred the archarting of the Prolentless hatred the spoliation of the Pro-paganda in our day would be amply edi-fied on the subject of his artless curiosity by simply turning back to the eighteenth century record of the mission churches left without a ministering priest, of the mission schools left without a teacher, of the native races thrown back upon the aboriginal heathenism, while thousands have done with the Christian civilization. and thousands of servants of God, loaded and to erect the new temple on the ruins with chains, fainting with starvation, were cast to rot in the dungeons of Pombal and D'Aranda amid the frantic exultation of

all the Voltairians and all the Brethren of

While Voltairianism was soddening and sapping the society of France, and wille the Masonic lodges—burrowing in the edifice of the State like the teredo in the timbers of the stout ship it will gradually bring to the bottom-were spreading in every direction, a great organising genius of evit had arisen in Germany. This was Adam Weishaupt, a Bavarian, who from meditating upon the spread of Masonry around him, conceived the daring project of making himself master of its organisa-tion by indoctrinating it with his pantheist philosophy, and subjecting it to his vowed disciples. For years Weishaupt pursued this end. He first established the secret society of the Illuminists or Illuminati. signifying men who were enlightened by a higher knowledge than the vulgar herd, and gradually insinuated his influence among the lodges. He early divined that Masonry was ripe for its final development. A powerful section of the French Masons, in the so-called Convention of the Gauls, held at Lyons, encouraged him by the practical adoption of his views. Luth-erantsm had denied the authority of the Church. Socinianism, which is the off-spring of Lutheranism, had denied the Divinity of Christ, and Socinian Masonry had carried the denial into practical poli-tics which, while maintaining a vague deism, implied the equal value of all creeds. Weishaupt drew the legitimate deduction that "as all creeds were equally true, they must be all equally false, and the Secret of the higher knowledge which he communicated to his Illuminati, and which his adepts conveyed under the veil of fan-tastic rites, and under the penalty of horrid

imprecations to selected organs in the regular lodges, was—
"Religion is superstition. There is no God. Nature is God, and reason is Nature's only priest. Men are the divine and equal children of Nature. All means are good to destroy superstition."

and equal children of Nature. All means are good to destroy superstition."

Thousands had arrived at the same conclusion. All the disciples of all the Free-thinkers had prepared the way. Mirabeau became its apostle in France. The idea spread like wildfire, now that an organising mind had arisen. The official convenience of the conveni ing mind had arisen. The official convo-cation of the Duke of Brunswick, a high and venerable Mason, and the secret in-fluence of the Illuminist Chief gathered together at Wilhelmsbad in 1781—three years after the death of Voltaire—a vast convention of Masonic delegates from all parts of the world, and the New Non-Credo received the enthusiastic sanction of all the worshippers of the goddess of Reason and the Infinite Potentiality of Matter. The men of theory crowned the work at Wilhelmsbad. It passed into the hands of the men of action, when the sickle of the guillotine reaped its red harvest on the Place of the Revolution; and when the possessions of the Church were se'zed by the French Republic; and again, when the lying Liberalism of Spain and Portugal confiscated the property of a thousand convents; and again when the received the enthusiastic sanction a thousand convents; and again when the Mazzinians drove Pius the Ninth to Gaeta; and when Palmerston and Cayour let oose the Garibaldians on the march to the Porta Pia; and when the Gambettist Jacobins, all sworn Masons, expelled the religious orders and decreed a law of Atheistic Education for the Catholics of

A VISIT TO THE ROOM OF ST.

By Eliza Allen Starr, in Ave Maria "Not on the feast-day, but during its

To explain with any approach to completeness the part played by the great Freemasons during the past fifty years alone in executing the policy of the oathbound order would be utterly beyond even the most generous limits of a newspaper's hospitality. The activity of any one of them, Mazzini or Proudhon for example, would be found to be inextricably involved with half the events of half of continental Europe for generations. "Why not on the feast-day?" said Cornelia, who, we must own, was inclined to be persistent. "See the crowds pressing towards the door leading to the chamber! It is so much more like the visit of pilgrims to go on the festa itself!"
"But do you not perceive that the crowd moving towards the door is made up altogether of gentlemen and youths? No 'Why not on the feast-day ?" said Corbly involved with half the events of half of continental Europe for generations. Who, without examination, would suspect the preponderating influence of Proudhon, the Socialist philosopher, in directing the policy of the lodges? Yet the Monde Maconique, the journal which shares with the Chaine d'Union the official representation of French Masonry in the Press, in an article in December. 1881, declared that

gether of gentlemen and youths? No the feast-day. Even if we joined the crowd, we should be stopped at the

There was nothing to be done, certainly There was nothing to be done, certainly; and Cornelia, although unreconciled to the disappointment of not visiting the "Room of St. Aloysius" on his Feast, was convinced in her heart that Rome understood proprieties. They stood for many minutes, however, watching the tide setting with such a steady intention towards the door leading to the passage-ways of the great Jesuit monastery, and to the chambers of her youthful favorites, St. Aloysius and Blessed John Berchmans, as well as of their grand founder. St. Ignatius of as of their grand founder, St. Ignatius of Loyola, for whom the magnificent church had been named Sant' Ignatio—a name modern when compared with her Sebastian, her Laurence, but still dear to the hearts of the Romans.

As they stood, representatives from almost every nation on earth passed before them; but far more impressive were the groups of Italians, as one could easily tell them by their manner, who were thus vis-iting, as a place familiar to them, the shrines of their beloved examples in virtue. One peculiarity struck Cornelia very forcibly. Although every one in the crowd seemed inspired by the most lively devotion, it was not made up of superannuated men or little boys—who are supposed, if men or little boys—who are supposed, if old, to have leisure; if young, to have curiosity, and, therefore, sure to be found in such places—but of gentlemen in their ripe and most busy years, and of young men in all the flush of happiness. Very often a gentleman, with his hair just threaded with silver, would be seen accompanied by two fall seen whose who had better the control of the control o threaded with silver, would be seen accom-panied by two tall sons, who walked beside him with a peculiar veneration and affection, as if they had come in each other's company intentionally—the father to renew the consecration of himself to his youthful patron, to commend also to his care the sons who had been taught to walk in the same path of virtue as himself, under the same patronage; and the sons, to obtain still more powerful graces as the years and temptations increased, by securing the friendship of the Saint whose prayers had preserved the virtue of the father they honored as much as they loved. Then came blooming boys, not ranging along by themselves, but holding the hand of a father or older brother. The Masonry! It is the secret of Faustus whole made a domestic picture more touching than a mere group at a table or fireside, inasmuch as it showed a oneness of mind, of ideas, of traditions, far more

vital than any fireside re-unions.

"We Americans," said Cornelia—as if she had spoken what we have written— "are continually harping upon our domestic virtues springing from our domestic ways! Yet how seldom do we see mothers and daughters, saying nothing of fathers

and daughters, saying nothing of fathers and sons, practicing their devotions together—preferring, instead, to go each one by himself, so soon as the period of infancy is over! This visit to the room seems to be a part of the exercises of the day; for we have seen all these groups among those who communicated at the altar of Saint Aloysins at some one of the Masses which have God in the presence of science.'

Space prevents us entering into details.
The applause of the meeting frequently
emphasised the words of the lecturer.

Brother Gaston intends in a few days to sius at some one of the Masses which have been going on ever since we entered the church. And this is merely a day of devotion; no obligation laid upon any one. It is like reading a chapter in some book of legends, to watch this tide moving s ctedly, without jostle or hurry, to wards the door opening upon the stair-ways to the rooms of the monastery."

It was with a sigh that Cornelia turned of Italian Freemasons in the theatre of Tu-rin chanted together the fearful impiety of at last and knelt again before the altar of the dear Saint of the day, to see still other crowds pressing to partake of that Sacrament of Love which had so nourished the "Behold him as he passes, ye peoples,
Behold Satan the Great.
Beneficent he pssses on his chariot of flame.
Hosannah, O Satan, hosannah, Great Rebel.
May our prayers, may our incense, mount
consecrated to thee.
Thou hast conquered the Jehovah of the
priests." piety which all admired and followed, though at a long distance. For the first time that morning, Cornelia's mind was sufficiently disengaged to take in the beauty of the altar itself. The vast church, stands only a little to one side of And this is the Secret of Freemasonry the gay Corso, has been frescoed by Padre And this is the Secret of Freemassiny.

And this is why Pope Leo XIII, renewing and amplifying the warnings and censures of his predecessors, Clement XII, Benedict XIV, Pius VIII, Leo XII, Pius VIII, Padre Pozzi, and been freecoed by Padre Pozzi, a Jesuit, who shows himself a master of the perspective; the whole ceiling being seen perfectly from a circular stone in the middle of the church. The same Padre Pozzi furnished the designs for the Gregory XVI, and Pius IX, and citing and adopting Saint Augustin's celebrated Image of the City of Satan which opposes the City of God, has solemnly declared that modern Freemasonry is the City of Satan. In the words of the Pontiff— Chapel of St. Aloysius. Its altar, erected at the expense of a prince of the Lancellotti family, is of extraordinary richness "The ultimate purpose of the Masonic sect is the utter overthrow of that whole religious and political order of the world which the Christian teacher has produced which the foundations and laws shall be drawn from mere naturalism."

And this why, as Pope Lee adds —

"There are many things like mysteries which it is the fixed rule to hide with extrape are not only from extraperate. of mortality, sustained by angels, and his rapt soul conversing, not with angels or saints, but with the Lord of angels and the Beatitude of the blessed. The meekness of the enraptured face can never be treme care, not only from strangers, but from very many members also; such as their secret and final designs, the names their secret and final designs, the names of the chief leaders, and certain secret and of the chief leaders, and certain secret and inner meetings, as well as their decisions, and the ways and means of carrying them out. This is, no doubt, the object of the manifold difference among the members as to right, office, and privilege—of the received distinction of orders and grades, and of that severe discipline which is maintained. Candidtee generally as a second of the severe discipline which is maintained.

tained, Candidates generally commanded to promise—nay, with a special oath, to sweat—that they will never, to any person, at any time or in any way, make known the members, the passes, or the subjects discussed. Thus, with a fraudangels, without a trace of mortal weak-"Yet it was devotion which inspired these incentives to the devotion of people like ourselves," said her companion. "The time was when Rome lacked all these inulent external appearance, and with a style of simulation which is always the of old, strive, as far as possible, to conceal themselves, and to a imit no witnesses spirations to piety, as we regard them, as much as our own land, so bare of every-thing which touches or elevates the imagination. These wonders of religious art are the fruits of a devotion fed by communion with God, familiarity with the sweet and nourishing ceremonies of the Liturgy; moreover, by the practice of what the Church has always regarded as necesupon that saying of Benjamin Disraeli— who probably knew many things through the cosmopolitan fraternity of the Jews— "There are only two Powers in Europe to-day: the Church and the Secret Societies."

sary to a living faith. It is this living faith, this interior spirit, fed by the feasts and fasts of the Church's year, that is to give to the ages succeeding our own still other incentives, still other helps, to a holy and pious living."

"How consoling you are. Aunt Sarah!

"How consoling you are, Aunt Sarah! for every one speaks and acts as if the golden age of art were over—as if we

could expect no more pious pictures, admirable even in the eves of unbelievers; no more reliefs in marble; no more statues, unless of the worldliest of worldly subjects, while you declare the existence of fountains of inspiration which never grov

A few days after, before the close of the Octave of the Feast of Saint Aloysius, Aunt Sarah and Cornelia secured the com-panionship of Padre Battista, and visited panionship of Padre Battista, and Visited the room of St. Aloysius. The vast church seemed even vaster, as it was empty, save the visitors to the church, or before the Blessed Sacrament, and the relievo of St. Aloysius above the altar of lapis lazuli seemed to belong, still more than ever, to

Heaven.
"Yes, Miss Cornelis," said Padre Bat tista, "the true likeness of the Saint, which you inquired for when coming to

"And the one," said Cornelia, "of which rant the one," said cornella, "or which Father H—— asked me to get a photograph, if possible. If had no idea when he asked me to do this, of the charms of the picture, which will make all the others seem insipid. It would be vain to try to idealize this. But are you sure, Padre Battiet, that the photographs are to be Battista, that the photographs are to be

Padre Battista immediately asked the custodian in attendance, who assured him that they could be had upon the spot; and Cornelia secured one for herself and one for Father H——. "How wonderfully good they are!" she exclaimed, and then have here they are the special to the original terms of the special secured to the original secur good they are!" she exclaimed, and then her hungry eyes turned to the original picture again, as if she would keep forever in her memory what might not be fully imparted to the photograph. First of all, an ineffable peace; not the mere absence of care, of concern, but such a lifting up of the mind and heart and the desires, as to be incapable of concern for transient or human things—a peace which transient or human things—a peace which was an actual and positive good, not the mere absence of pain or of evil. An ineffable peace, as Cornelia repeated again and again. The thin cheek, the delicate nostril, the eye bent with such a glow of devotion upon the Crucified One; the lips meeting with a singular blending of firmness and tenderness; the gravity so sweet, so meditative; one thin hand of exquisite form laid on his breast, the other, which has cast behind him the ducal coronet, is extended, as if he were exclaiming: "Oh, infinite Love, how shall I ever return love for love?" and all this crowned by a soft halo, like a bright atmosphere, around

the head, in itself radiant with sanctity.

There was a long lingering look at the room and the true picture, as they stood in the door-way; and although good Padre Battista had often visited the place, his look was one more venerating, it possible, than that of Cornelia herself. There is a familiarity with holy things which in-creases veneration, and the veneration in the face of Padre Battista was that which comes from an ever increasing realization of the value of sanctity, and the possibility of its existence, by the grace of God, in the world, whose very snares and tempta-tions proved steps to perfection to the youth, Aloysius, of the Society of Jesus.

## SERGEANT MOLLY PITCHER

Boston Pilot

suitable commemorative exercises.

The battle has an exceptional interest, both because it was the famous occasion on which Washington forgot his austere dignity enough to swear roundly at the traiter or blunderer, history is hardly certain which, General Charles Lee, and because of the gallant episode which made [Walls Bitches] the because of the Barry. "Molly Pitcher" the heroine of the Revol-

ever, that during a temporary captivity in the British camp he formed plans for

During the prolonged engagement which followed, Molly Pitcher displayed her courage and patriotism. She was a young Irishwoman, of twenty-two, the wife of a cannonier, under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. A British shot killed her husband, and, as nobody was compedescribed, but once seen, it can never be described, but once seen, it can never be forgotten. It forever hushes the sighs of sentimental piety by inspiring a blissful awe, as if the eyes beheld, verily, the face of Jesus in glory. The beauty of this youthful face, too, is like the beauty of the lattery ordered the piece away. Just then Molly, who had been carrying water to the hot and weary artillery men from a spring pear by came on the scene. She angels, without a trace of mortal weak a spring near by, came on the scene. She ness; and the ecstasy has all the vigor of saw her husband dead at his post, and ness; and the ecstasy has all the vigor of the young eagle's flight toward the sun.

"Oh, who could not be devout before such visions of bliss!" sighed Cornelia.

such visions of bliss!" sighed Cornelia.

"You it was devotion which inspired the ranger from his cold hand, voluntary of the dead man's side, and seizing the ranger from his cold hand, voluntary of the ranger from his cold hand. teered to serve the gun in his place. Her offer was accepted, and the piece w silent again while the battle lasted. ece was not General Greene led the heroine into the presence of Washington next morning, while the powder and grime of battle were

yet on her young, brave face; and the great General, with his noble courtesy, thanked the heroine, and then and there commissioned her "Sergeant Molly Pttcher," of the Continental Army.

Be sure it was a striking scene, and one

that did not lose its dramatic effect on the chivalrous Frenchmen who witnessed it, as well as on the brave veterans of Valley Forge. The incident reveals Washington in a gracious and tender light, as the hu-

man, emotional gentleman he doubtless was in real life. was in real life.

Sergeant Molly was placed on the retired list of the army with half pay for life. The stepson of Washington, Colonel Custis, made a spirited painting of her exploit, and a bas-relief on the Monmouth monument will further commemorate it.

"A beautiful young woman. She stands barefooted and bareheaded in front of a cannon ramming a charge home. Her dead husband lies at her feet. The pon-derous wheels of the gun, with old-fashioned iron bands holding the joints of the felloes, are well brought out. A bareheaded gunner stands close by, ball in hand. Opposite another gunner thumbs the vent, holding the flinstock in his hand. The sponge bucket stands in place. An enemy's ball ploughs the grassy field. A battery flag sticks in the sod, with the old Freehold meeting-house in the back-Freehold meeting-house in the back-ground. Artillery men spproach beneath its steeple. In the foreground General Knox rides away flourishing his sword." The country does well thus to honor the Irish-American heroine of the Revo-

lution, the fit descendant of the women of Limetick whose valor England's redcoats had learned to respect long before the day of Monmouth and Molly Pitcher.

THE SPECIES OF LIBERAL CATHO.

An excellent definition of that obnoxious species, the Liberal Catholic, is quoted by La Verite, of Quebec, from La Croix, of Paris. It is credited to a "great Bishop." The Liberal Catholic is defined to be "a certain two-footed animal, who wants to clease God in such a way as not to dislease the devil."

please the devil."

Nothing could be more accurate than this. The species is very common in this country, particularly in those circles of society where "gentility" holds sway. The animal is generally of the male sex. A little learning, a superficially good man-ner, has perhaps helped him to mingle with that class of Protestants or Indifferents with that class of Protestants or Indifferents who are too ignorant to conceal their surprise when anything they deem good comes out of the Catholic Church. It is delicious to the common species of this animal to hear these excessively "genteel" Protestants say: "But you are a Liberal Catholic—so different from the others." The fur is rubbed the right way: he purrs with delight. He accepts the dubious compliment, and eats flesh meat on Friday, just to show that he is not superstitious, like the others!

tious, like the others!
His anxiety to prove to non-Catholics how very much like their opinions the Liberal Catholics are, is pitiable. He is eager to disclaim any reverence for the rosary or the scapular; those devotions are only for people who cannot read, and he smiles in a superior way when anecdotes of Catholic superstition are related. It is a strange truth, that Protestants, who would feel outraged and insulted at an insinuation against the character of Luther or John Knox, consider them-Luther or John Knox, consider them-selves privileged to speak, with an air of unrs allable conviction, worn-out and ancient lies against the Church. The Liberal Catholic—that is, the common American species—is like the typical Jew of the old plays. He stretches out his hands deprecatingly when he is spat upon; he fawns and bends his slender backbone before the conceited and ignor-ant sneer at his Faith. He is willing to barter his manbood for a mess of pottage. The 106th anniversary of the battle of Monmouth Court House will be celebrated on the 28th inst, by the unveiling of a monument on the battle-field and the considered many districts it is not considered the content of the content o ican may be, he admires "grit," although he may tolerate complaisance. The Liberal Catholic has no "grit;" he minimizes, he apologizes. He would blush if any of his Prostr Henry Clinton, obeying imperative orders, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was crossing New Jersey in order to embark on the Raritan, when Washington broke camp at Valley Forge and started in pursuit. Lee, an Englishman who had in pursuit. Lee, an Englishman who had in pursuit in the Rritish Army embark on the Raritan, when Washington broke camp at Valley Forge and started in pursuit. Lee, an Englishman who had resigned his position in the British Army in a fit of pique, had attained by good service in the patriot ranks the highest position next to that of Washington himself. The evidence is pretty strong, however, that during a temporary captivity in ever that during a temporary captivity in nhow-ty in for wants to please God in such a way as not

the British camp he formed plans for betraying the patriot cause. On his exchange Washington, ignorant of this fact, retained him in his command and even gave him charge of the advance at Monmouth, which had been previously given to Lafayette.

By Washington's direction, he attacked the enemy's rear, but soon ordered a the enemy's rear but soon ordered a the enemy's rear, but soon ordered a the enemy's rear, but soon ordered a track of the devil."

There are many Catholics, who, without being so despicable as the "Liberal Catholics," prefer to remain silent when their Faith is attacked. And they always expect attack, but they are never ready to repel it. When pressed too hard, they may make an apologetic feint at defence. If lotti family, is of extraordinary richnes, being of lapis landi-the blue of this exquisite marble seeming to typify the love of Saint Aloysius for the Blessed Virgin. Within this urn, as it is called, or the body of the altar, repose the relics of our body of the altar, repose the relics of our balayad Saint: while, high above the body of the altar, repose the relics of our beloved Saint; while, high above the altar, on the wall which springs to meet the lofty ceiling, is a representation in relief, in choice marble, of the Saint in an estacy of prayer. It is a full-length, life-size figure, clad in the habit of a novice of the Society of Jesus, raised by the feror of the Society of Jesus, raised by the feror of mortality, sustained by angels, and his or ignorance, of its opposite. If the apologetic Catholic would strike out from the shoulder, he would never again occupy his usual position, as of a man pressed against the wall and pommelled.—N. Y. reeman's Journal.

Would You Believe It.

Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, nas cured many obstinate cases of piles. This most distressing malady generally arises from constipation and a bad condition of the bowels. Kidney-Wort acts at the same time as a cathartic and a healing tonic, removes the cause, cures the disease and promotes a healthy state of the ease and promotes a healthy state of the affected organs. James F. Moyer, carriage Man'fr, of Myerstown, Pa., testifies to the great healing powers of Kidney-Wort, having been cured by it of a very bad case of piles which for years had refused to yield to any other remedy.

Great Fatality. The ravages of Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints among children is truly alarming. The most reliable cure is Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction. hope,
That haply for a that haply for a that haply for a that haply for a that happy for a Till wildly selzed to be headlong tide. The boundless dee Thus mused the particular than the same are oft-times querburned. Renown is but the That off resolves to And love itself inc And sympathy a palas! should man a law like this? Alas! should man
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> Mr. T. D. Su M. P., arrived 'clock, and sho sion of several t formed, and pro chair was taken expressed the pri he, as an Ul ssembled so m native province, their adhesion to They knew that of Ulster of all They knew wel ven of the Ora slipping away fr with corrupt would welcome every Irishman creed might be. for what had pa day could affor Nationalists had did forgive (ch tion would soon desired to send who would star

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