[Cotinnued from First Page.]

## **McDERMOTT**

"I left because I knew I was suspected and well watched, and felt that I would be arrest. ed at almost any time. I did not want any martyrdom or

" CHEAP NOTORIETY." " Do you know any of the parties arrested and now being tried for conspiracy to mur-

er?"
" Personsily I know none of them; but it appears from the evidence that was brought out in the segret inquiry in Cork that I had associated with Mr. Featherstone, and all I know about him is that he represented him self to me to be smamorican journalist. We made an excursion to Blamey Castle logether and beyond that I know nothing of the gentleman, excepting that I believe that he is the victim of circumstances. The British Government evidently wants victims they need them-I thought so then, and hence it was that I wrote to our American Minister in Jondon concerning Mr. Featherstone and his arrest. The reply was satisfactory as far at the ink went, but I took little stock in the assurance of an American flunkey, and such a one as could listen to the expression of a cockney cub, who declared of the organizations in this country was that any kind of a picture could be sent to his associating the names of Bossa and Devoy America and be sold so long as it was incased in a gilt frame; but that is of a piece with the expression I heard from an-Other Englishman at a dinner table, which was, that the knives in Yankee land were plated, so that the ladies could feed them-

"Were you in London at the time of the blowing up of the Home Office?" "I was not; but I was there a few days afterwards and inspected the ruins as thousands of others did."

"Do you know who did it?" " I do."

"Ol course it would be useless for me to ask who it was ?"

"Yes, rather;" and here Mr. McDermott mmiled very pleasantly.

"I suppose, then, you are also familiar with the parties who attempted to blow up the London Times office ?" My general answer as to both these questions is that it was done by men whom the Government never can reach and who believe

in the old saying: " If at first you don't suczeed, try again." "Then there is really a danger still of dynamite or some such explosive being used

in England?" "Oh, yes, and we won't stop there, or at that. Gladstone himself admitted that the Ohurch disendowment was forced by the Fenian organization, and we all know that it was fear and not love for the Irish people that gained for them Catholic emancipation. England never conceded anything to Ireland until she was forced, and now we propose forcing the war into Africa.' By that I mean that we propose to hit John Bull in the stomach and in the pocket, two of his sorest points. The capitalists of England whose money is invested in marine and other insurance cannot, and will not stand long the wariare now waging against them. There is not a ship bearing the British penmant on the high seas, war or merchant vessel, that is not at this day in danger. There is not a Government building or assenal in the whole of the (dis) United Kingdom but will hereafter be the target of our vengeance."

"But will not this kind of warfare while carried on give the English Government a raison d'eire for grinding down the poor unfortunate peacant who is defenceless, and consequently at their mercy?"

That kind of argument can be met with the suggestion, that there are as many Irishmen in England as there are in Ireland. (and I leave America out of the question altogether), and insamuch as they are all good men in America who asserted toat they been outwardly, there had been an inward Christians, of course, they'll have 'an eye for would give the last cent they had in the gnawing all the time. A smile and bright an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' It's all nonmense to suggest that the peasantry of Ireland can ever be made to believe in the right that England claims to rule their nation. With England 'tis the good old rule-

'The simple plan, That they may take Who have the power, And they may keep Who can.

"England rules Ireland by force and fraud. She has no business there. Ireland has as good a right, even according to England's own theory of ruling England, as England has to rule Ireland, and Ireland never will, nor never ought to be satisfied with anything less than absolute and complete independence."

"Well, but is it not a favorite theory with Englishmen that even if Ireland had independence, that her sons would fight amongst

"That is a favorite British libel, uttered for effect on the political market of the world. And supposing that were the case, what is it the business of England whether they would or not? Who has a better right to fight than an Irishman? He has more reason to do so than anybody else; and most of the faction fights which I am corry to say have from time to time, to some extent, disgraced the name of Ireland, are things of the past and were the result of English intrigue. the motto of our enemies being to divide and conquer.' I think I can say from experience that the only faction fighting that is now-a-days indulged in by Irishmen is in America. Fenianism querched that spirit forever in Ireland, and nothing pains the men at home so much as to hear occasionally of the squabbles amongst the so-called leaders of the Irish in America."

" Was there any scorecy about your leaving Ireland recently?" "Well, there was some. I left Ireland in my own name, but when I reached Scotland I found that I was the chief subject of enquiry by the Government investigators in Cork, and I concluded that it would be wise, since I was suspected of being an Irishman, of adopting a name other than my own. Under that name I went by sea to Belgium. I left England on the anniversary of Lord-Beaconsfield's death ('Primrose Day' they call it there). I donned a huge bottonnier of primroses and a Scotch bonnet, and looked as loyal as the meanest man in Britain. It took me four days to reach Antwerp, and thence I proceeded to Paris, where, under the advice of friends, I assumed my Roman

"What is your Boman title?"

"CHEVALIER ST. SYLVESTER."

"This was done because my friends in Paris were afraid I might be demanded by the British Government, and the French generally presume a man to be guilty of something who assumes a false in me. Hence, it was very much in the favor of Frank Byrnes, when arrested in Paris, that he had been living in France under his own proper name."

"Have you any idea as to the effect of the Pope's letter on the Irish cause?". I have the opinion as one of the recent lrish orators expressed it and he quoted D'Connell- We take only our theology. from Rome. I am somewhat in sympathy

ter. Antonelli would never have made the blunder of Simeoni; but then, of course, its to be considered that the first named had a voice in Europe, and the other is caged in the Vatican. That letter of the Pope's will, in my judgment, be the means of completing the scoret revolutionary business in Ireland. Ireland will never submit to England, and it is all nonsense to auggest that even what Parnell claims—a local parliament—would satisfy the Irish people. Of course, I should be glad to see a local parlia. ment, buttonly as a stepping stone, as it might

be, to their complete independence."
"But as to the letter of His Hollness?" "Why, he sees himself now that he made a political blunder through that fellow Erring— ton, and it has been so modified and explained away since that there is nothing left of the letter and a good deal less of Errington." "How do you account for so many in-

formers?" ormera?" "There have not been half as many as are Lynch in London. There is not a tri- battle. Dr Gallagher and his so-called companions would have been convicted. Lynch never was even a Fenian, and the best evidence in the world that he knew nothing together. They are bitter personal enemies, and are each working entirely in a different direction, but for the same object, it is true. Then take the case of the "Invincibles." Why, even the informer James Carey never eyes. betrayed his companions until after his arrest, and I am almost inclined to the belief that he really was satisfied that he himself had been betrayed before he went into the wholesale business himself. I'll tell you how they did it : For instance, the twentytwo men were arraigned together today, charged with the murder of Lord Cavendish and Burke, and they were all remanded until tomorrow. When the morrow came there were three or four kept back and, of course, their companions wondered, and the authorities whispered, and the result was the conclusion that those who were kept back had sold the pass. Of course, they had no means of finding cut and so they became demoralized, and several of them, the blackguard Carey leading, were frightened into a race for saving their necks. Once they betrayed anything they know they stopped at nothing, and upon their perjured testimony and packed juries at least two innocent men have been sent to the gallows. The power of English money, too, is sometimes all powerful, but even in this Invincible case we know that they were all, with the exception of Carey, very poor men, and yet for a whole year not one of them made a claim for the £10,000 reward offered. Ireland has no more informers, all things considered, or as

informers heresiter." "You meet people, Mr. McDermott, I sup- A few days after came a letter from pose, who, while they claim to be Irish Mrs. Williams to Edith. It was Nationalists, yet maintain that Ireland's inde- what might have been expected from "You meet people, Mr. McDermott, I suppendence can be only acquired through legitimate and legal means?"

" Now that brings me again to the subject serted or maintained through illegal means, self in a Cathelic priest's house instead of or by a violation of law. It's a poor rule that does not work both ways, and this reminds me of that the present Pope's predecessor organized and virtually enlisted men in Ireland, myself amongst the number, prevent it. to serve in the Pontifical army. Now Leo XIII. will not say or assume that that was an unjust cause, and yet a part of the means to maintain it was this very enlistment in Ireland and England, in violation of Acts of Farliament, and of the Queen's proclamation the leash that held her hidden feelings, one sgainst it at the time. I have often met could see that, however calm she might have men in America who asserted that they been ontwardly, there had been an inward

HELP TO FREE IRELAND,

and I have no doubt they would if the first one could be coaxed out of them." "What do you think of Mr. Parnell and

his associates?" " I think that the denial of that right to others which we claim for ourselves is as great an evidence of deviltry in man . as the highest crime known to law. I have no faith in Mr. Parnell's policy, but I know him to be sincere and honest, and know also that since we are all aiming at a common goal there is room enough for all, and I will never be found doing the dirty work of England [just what she wants] by even opposing Mr. Parnell or any other good Irishman who strives in any way for the Irish people or the Irish nation, and I've no doubt but if England's difficulty brought about Ireland's oppertunity to morrow, Parnell would be found in the front rank of the armed patriots."

The following is a copy of Mr. McDer-mott's commission of Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester, which he refers to in the interview. It is translated from the Latin:

CHEVALIER ST. SYLVESTER. To our beloved son, James McDermott, of

the Battalion of St. Patrick, Plus P. P. 1X. : Beloved Son,-Health and Apostolic Bene-

diction: It is becoming of the Roman Pontifi

to bestow every mark of honor on those men who, intimidated by no danger, never departed from the chair of Peter; but you especially do we crown with the honors of war, whose sincere devotion shone forth in so singular a manner in the recent war, or, rather, wicked incursion of robbers. You are, therefore, hereby absolved from all excommunications, interdicts, or whatever other ecclesiastical punishments or censures you have incurred if such has been your unhappy lot, and you are hereby by these letters patent created a Kright of the Order of St. Sylvester, restored into honors by Gregory XVI. and permitted to wear all the insignia of said Order, viz: the golden collar, sword and gilt spurs, together with an octangular golden cross on your left breast by a red and black ribbon, bearing the image of St. Sylvester. Also that you may use and enjoy all and each of the privileges, prerogatives and indulgences which other Knights of this Order are entitled to, excepting, however, the same may be revoked under decisions of the Council of Trent.

Dated, Bome, 15th day of December, 1860, in the 15th year of our Pontificate. J. CARDINAL DEGENGO. The Great Seal of the Fisherman was at-

tached to the document. Another medal, obtained in the war, was also shown by Mr. McDermott. It is of allver, with the inscription upon one side:-"Pro petra sede Plo IX. P. M., A. XV." On the reverse side is the inscription, "Viotoria ore vincet mundum fides nostra/

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nerveusness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers Price 25 cents, all drugglets. 146tts

Lowell, Mass, consumed 85,279,322 gal with the letter, but not the spirit of the let- | lons of water during May, not

works represented to which of every governity of the first morning to be the docut, which to what will not a surface the work and the way when the works are

## EDITH YORKE

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED, EXPLANATIONS.

She stood in the door now, with her face half turned, and her forehead reeting against the door-frame, so that he saw only her profile. And, so leaning, as though from faintness, she put her hand back, and held out her letters to him, and he took them. The Read them both," she said, them for me! And, Carl, I shall not sae you

again before you go. And he stopped, as though her voice had failed her.

" I will not ask you to," he said. "And, afterward," she went on, "I shall not see you in Boston. If you are at home, Tshall go to stay with Dick's mother. She did not look round again, but went up

"There have not seen half as many as are stairs quickly, and shut herself into her represented. Many of them are of English room. If is not for us, to intrude in that manufacture. Take the case of the scoundred privacy wherein a young heart fought its first

No one saw her that day; but the next morning she came, out, and went about her usual employments, much in nef usual men-ner. Whether like that Bussian empress, she was "too proud to be unhappy," or she had been soothed by that trust in God which makes every yoke easy and every budden light, or the elasticity of youth made continued pain seem impossible, we do not pretend to say. Human motives are not always easy to be read by human

mverybody tried to not as though nothing were the matter, and there was enough for all to do. Many things had to be planned and arranged in preparation for their leaving Seaton, and Edith had her own business to attend to. There were the Pattens needing double care since they were so soon to lose her; and the Catholic school to visit, that being permitted now; and a great deal of shopping to be done for her little flock of pen-

sioners. Within a fortnight came a letter from Carl to his mother, taken up chiefly with business details. But he wrote; "I called yesterday on Mrs. Williams to ask for her son. was not at home, and I have not seen him yet. He has given up his ship, for this voy-

age, to Capiain Cary." Carl could have added, but did not that the call had not been a pleasant one. Mrs. Williams had just seen Captain Cary, and gleaned from him all that he had thought best to tell, which was, merely, that there seemed to be a slight misun-derstanding between Dick and Edith. Her suspicions pointed at once to Carl, and she had not scrupled to express them to him when he came to her house.

"I am sorry not to see Mr. Rowan," he had said, when he got a chance, ignoring her acmany perhaps, than any other country. And cusations and reproaches; and with that, had after a few examples are made-and they will taken a ceremonious leave.

be made soon I hope—there will be very few "A pretty mother-in-law for Edith!" was his conclusion. her. Dick had not been to see his mother; was stopping with a priest and had refused to What had Edith and those proud see her. of the Pope's letter. In that letter it is said Yorkes done to her son that he gave up everythat no cause, however just, should be as thing and everybody and went to hide him-

> coming to his own home? Poor Dick! could he have foreseen that such a letter would be written he would have sacrificed himself a good deal in order to

> Edith Gropped the letter at her feet after reading it and said, not for the first time since Carl went away, "Oh! that Father Basle

> would come!" As she said it, and far a moment let alio words can mask a good deal. When she dropped them there was visible a whiteness shout the mouth, shadows under the eves. and even a thinning of the cheeks-the work

> of that short time. Hearing her aunt's voice at the chamber door asking admittance, Edith caught the let-

> ter up again, and her self-control with it. Mrs. Yorke came in with an air of quiet decision, and took a seat by her niece. saw the outside of your letter, my dear girl and know whom it was from," she said; "and I have no intention of allowing you to be killed by others, or to kill yourself. I under stand and respect a mother's feelings. Edith. and I respect the obligation of a promise. But there are common sense and justice to be taken into account. Feelings, and, especially, the feelings of a young person who has scarcely learned to know herself, are not to be weighed and measured, like iron and lumber, and stored away, and left unchanged, till called for. You know, my dear, that I have a great affection for Mr. Bowan, and would do him no unkindness nor injustice, do you

> not ?" "You were very kind to him, aunt," Edith replied quietly. "I am not siraid of any-

> thing that you will say or do." "You need not be," Mrs. Yorke said. " will not ask you if you have learned to think that promise of yours a hasty one; but there are certain points which I wish to insist upon. They are of general application. Honor does not require that one should keep a bad promise. The fault, if fault there be, is in the making, not the breaking. Also, a woman cannot make a worse promise than one to marry a man whom she does not love. Many very good and pious people will tell you that esteem is enough, and that you will grow so love your husband after a time. That it You may learn to endure him, but it will be after all the bloom is wiped from your faellings, and love and delicacy both are dead in you. Let no one make you believe that your feelings are romantic folly. Believe, rather, that your adviser is coarse, though honest. One other dictum: there is no favor, nor obligation, nor affection which a man can confer on you, for which your hand is not too high a price to pay. Give gratitude, affection, even service, but not yourself. Do not sell your hand for any price : it should be a free gift. This is all that I can pronounce positively upon. For the rast, do not act hastily and without advice; for, aside from the question of your personal good, you might bitterly wrong some one elso. If you have been hasty, it is a pity; but that cannot be helped now, and should not be too deeply mourned. There must have been some doubt in Mr. Rowan's mind that you did not know what you were promising, for his first. word to you was, 'Are you willing, Edith?'
> Your answer was, 'I am more than willing.' If you deceived him then, unconsciously, from a loving and generous feeling, it was pardonable. But do not deceive him nor yourself again. He deserves from you a perfeet frankness, and he has too fine a nature to take your hand if it is reluctant."

"But, Aunt Amy," Eilth said, after a mo-ment's thought, "if a woman, out of gratiwould that be right ?

and the cold the delicer or that the bereda I had the transference ground and the half

"A man worthy of inspiring such a resoluhe is reconciled, that might be soothing to both. Is there anything elso you wish to less Christian humility than natural lettiness. Bay ?

very kind."

This conversation scothed Edith; but, still, she returned to her wishing for Father Rasle; not entirely for his own sake, though that was much, but because her need of conlession and communion had become a great

fled; for the very next day, when Mr. Yorke true humility which the mean heart plucks came home to dinner, he brought his niece a in the lowlands, calling on God 'twixt swamp

letter from the priest. She read it immediately, in presence of the nor yet does it shadow the untried maidel's family, and her face prightened. "How brow, over her lowered eyelids. We must delightful!" she exclaimed. "He will say come out above the belt of pines and Mass here next Sunday. He is to come the gentian meadows, we must scale saturday, that is, the day after to-morrow. the dizzy track where to look down He sends his regards to you all. Let no one is destruction, and face the bitter know that he is coming, he writes, but Miss cold of the glacier, and, over all, we shall Churchill, and Mr. and Mrs. Kent, at whose find that exquisite blossom. Its pure blue house he will stop. There will be time drooped earthward under the infinite blue of enough to notify the people when he shall heaven. have arrived. How glad they will be! That

saw his face clouded. "Is there any trouble?" sheasked anxiously. "If he had come while Carl, and Rowan,

and Captain Cary were here, I should have been better pleased," Mr. Yorke replied evasively. "He has, however, the right to come whenever he chooses. Answer his come whenever he chooses. letter today, Edith, and invite him to stop with us."

"Dear Uncle Charles I murmured Edith, and glanced enquiringly at her aunt. "Tell him, for me, that we should all be

very happy to have him as a guest," said Mrs. Yorke.

A smiling nod from Melicentand from Clara confirmed this assertion.

"Dear me!" Edith sighed out, wiping her eyes, "I do think that you are the most beau-

tiful people I ever knew." They all laughed at her way of saying it and the little cloud disappeared. Mr. Yorks did not think it best to tell them that the Know Nothings had called a public meeting for the next evening. There had been no such meeting for several months, and this

might not be of any consequence. The invitation was written, and sent, and on Saturday morning the answer came, only a few hours preceding Father Rasle.

He thanked them for their kindness, but found it necessary to decline their invitation. He must be where all Catholics could come to him, bringing their infants to be baptized, and going to confession themselves. Besides the distance, he could not think of subject. ing their house to such a visitation, which was likely to continue till late in the even. ing. His flock peeded every moment of his

CHAP. XXIII.

THE TOWN MEETING, Before allowing her ausband to go to the town meeting, Mrs. Yorke had given him a word of admonition, not the usual wifely charge to keep himself out of danger, but an exhortation to justice and reason.

"Justice and reason!" he exclaimed, "Why, for what else have I been contending, Mrs.

Yorke?" "True !" she answered gently. " But may it not be possible that there is more cause than you will allow for this upheaval, and that it is not a superficial excitement which can be easily smoothed or beaten down? These sailor friends of ours have told me that, when the water is dimpled and green it has a sand bottom, and when it is black and easily fretted into foam there are rocks underneath Now, this anti-Catholic excitement is dark and bitter enough to show that there is some fixed obstacle, which breath, though it be ever so wisely syllabled, will not remove."

"So there is," Mr. Yorke replied promptly.

The devil is there." "Charles, the devil, or human weakness, lurks under the surface of every side of every question," his wife said with sarnestness. Good men are not entirely good, nor bad men utterly bad. There are men, and not ignorant ones, either, who have engaged in this movement from an honest conviction that there is need of it. They may be prejudiced and short-sighted, but they are worthy of a patient, if not a respect-ful, hearing. My wish is that tonight you would be in no haste to speak, and that, when you do speak, you would address the real meaning of the trouble, and not the miser-

able froth on the surface." What man likes to be told that he is not reason personified, especially by his wife? Not Mr. Charles Yorke, certainly. But the little lady was not one to be scouted, even by her liege lord, and he heard her respectfully to the end. Manhood must be asserted, however, and he compensated himself for the mortification after a manner that is often adopted by both men and women; he first absurdly exaggerated the charge made against him, and then answered to that

exaggeration. "I am much obliged to you, my dear, for explaining the matter to me," he said with an air of meekness. "I am afraid that I cannot stop to hear more, for it is time to go. But I will remember your warning, and try

not to make a fool of myself." Nine women out of ten would have made to call forth—a shooked and distressed denial of having had any such meaning, a senseless begging pardon for having been so misunderstood, and a final giving up of the point, and temporary utter humiliation and grief, followed later, on thinking the matter by a mental recurrence to OVer, abandoned position, and a disenchanting conviction that men are some-

be pleased by flattery. Mrs. Yorke was not to be so entrapped. She accepted her husband's submission with perfect tranquillity, as though she believed it both proper and sincere, and laughed a little as he went away. "My poor Charles!" she said, looking after him with tender indulgence.

times artful creatures, after all, and only to

Those little faults are so endearing !

The hall where the meeting was held was filled in every part; a dense mass of people struggled up or down the two flights of stairs leading to it, enthroned, with his loity tlara, and the and a throng of men obstructed the street bishops stand with mitres, and the priests and a throng of men obstructed the street outside. Edith Yorke hadabeen in the lane lift their hau; hty foreheads, the people canlingered longer than was prudent, hoping for therefore, though the wall of the temple were her company home. Starting off alone, at of jasper, its pillars of malachite, its ceiling of last, she found herself in the midst of this sapphires, its pavements of beaten gold, and insults and maledictions on "that Catholic I still would cry, Down with the temple! Rowan girl," and seemed every moment on the point of stopping her. Not far in advance was Miss Churchill. An enthusiastic has looked out from heaven, and asked each Our atmosphere is black with these same boy threw a stone at her, and the teacher in turn, Where shall my children find peace,

one may have had, those who looked in her tion would not accept the promise," was face stood aside, and kept slience while she the reply; "and the woman has no right to passed. If the spirit that hardened her brow make it. But if she should offer to wait till to the likeness of marble, shone in her eyes, it was at least no petty pride, and it needed "Nothing now, thank you, aunt. You are but the sense of cactual personal danger to change it to supernatural lowliness. Her conviction, 4 They date not touch me!" prevented the advent of that martyr spirit which brings, with it every

virtue. Humility is a flower that grows on the mountain tops of the soul, and is reached longing. mountain tops of the soul, and is resched Her wish was destined to be speedily grati- only by striving and endeavor. That is not and slough; nor does the child's hand bear it,

Therefore we claim not humility for Edith. was a letter worth bringing, Uncle Charles!" for she was not wise enough for that, and she Looking up with her smile of thanks, she was too true and brave for its counterfeit; but she had that scorn for meanness and tyranny which is one of the first milestones on the road to humility.
While his niece was walking unprotected

through the crowd without, Mr. Yorke was in the hall, seated near the platform, on which were all the ministers and the prominent Know-Nothings, several of the latter town officers. One after another spoke, and was loudly applauded. The excitement and enthusiasm were immense. Mindful of his wife's charge, Mr. Yorke restrained his indignation and listened attentively, sifting out what was essential in this commotion and common to all its participants. As he listened, the vision of a possible future of his country sopeared before him, and made the hair rise on his head. He saw the anarchy and bloodshed of a religious war more terrible than any war the world had seen—a massacre of innocents, a war of extermination. This was possible, was probable, was inevitable, unless men would listen to reason. And why would they not? He weighed all that was said, carefully attending to the most revolting and worthless arguments, and under all that foam and roar saw the one rock. However different might be the principles and feelings

of those anti-Uatholic speakers, they all con-

verged, consolidated, and struck fire on that

one point.

It was not that they were fanatic, for fanaticism cannot exist without some strong religious conviction, and by far the largest number of them had no religious ballef; while many interpreted religious freedom to mean freedom from religion. It was not that they were intolerant of any man's simple belief. The majority were more likely to laugh at faith than to be angry with it. Indeed, their scepticism made them incapable of practising real religious toleration, for that is to bear, without any manifestation of resentment, that your neighborshall tacitly scorn what you hold sacred; a virtue most difficult to the faithful, but comparatively easy to the sceptic. It was not that they cared for its own sake whether the Bible was read in school or not, for the larger number of them never read it at home, many quoted it only in mockery, and every one denied the truth of some of its 'most plainly uttered tests. In chort, the rock on which this tempest rose and dashed was a deadly fear and hatred, not of the Catholic Church, but of the Catholic olergy. The only question which interested these men in connection with any Catholic dogma was, How much temporal influence will it give to the priest? The supernatural side they cared not a fig for. To their minds it was impossible that a Catholic priest should be truthful, ward man. He shuffled, evaded, intrigued. His aim was less to Christianize the world than to govern it, less to enlighten than to

direct. Let us give the Know-Nothings and their sympathizers their due. Bad as they were, clanderers and law breakers, and absolutely irreligious for the most part, the worst fault of many of them was that they knowingly used bad means to what they believed to be a good end. There was some sincerity in the movement. though it was, at its best, irrational, inconsistent, and un-American, as alien, indeed, to our republic as it charged the church with being. They believed that the Catholic clergy acquire power by insidious means. and that, once in power, they will destroy all that makes our dear country the abode of freedom and equal rights, and the bountiful home where all the starving exiles of other lands may feed and warm themselves. Once prove that the church is friendly to the republic, and the vertebra of their opposition is broken.

Mr. Griffeth was the only one of these speakers who oleated the question from the debris of personal alender and misrepresenta tion of doctrine. "You mistake, gentlemen," he said, "li

you think that the doctrines of the Catholic, place, set my bare denial against his bare as-Church are either ridiculous or bad. Such sertion. an opinion would show you ill-informed or incapable of comprehension. On the contrary, they are glorious. But they Nine women out of ten would have made are such as can be safely preach-the reply which such a pretence is calculated ed and enforced only by saints and angels, or by men of such exalted holiness as the world seldom sees. In the hands of weak men, they may be, and have been, perverted to base uses. The dogma of the infallibility of the church is a crown of living gold on the head of the mystical Spouse, and a mantle of cloth of gold about her form; but the priest has drawn the shining folis about his own human shoulders, and made it a sin to criticise him. Confes. sion, which I proclaim to be, in its essence, one of the most comforting and saying in-stitutions that ever existed, they can and do use to learn the secret workings of society and obtain power over individuals. I need not detain you to go over the list, for all are the same. It is it. Michael's sword in the hands of Satan.

"No, gentlemen, it is not because their theology is bad that I say, Down with the church! It is because its fair niches and shrines harbor thieves, and robbers and tyrants-because, though the Pope can sit there to see a sick woman, and, hearing that Miss not walk erect as God made them walk, but Churchill also was in the neighborhood, had must crawl on the pavement like worms. And crowd. They surged about her, muttering its gates like the gates of the New Jerusalem,

"From the time when peoples first began to orystallize upon the face of the earth, God is sealed when the bats take the lead of the eagles! tude, and from an utter impossibility of allowing herself to give such pain to a friend, should promise never to marry any one class, straight on, looking neither to the right not should that be right?

Sometimes as a state of blood where and freedom, and room to grow? and each in the same of and the set settle of these produced with severage and earlies the toolers of all the first contributions and a second settless of the second settless of the second secon

the institution for his post of the Arccon and become figure as dear or programmers.

hand, and has effaced the boundaries of that perjured nation, and touched her people with blight. The kingdoms of old lied to the Lord, and they have perished; and in our own day there is a wavering and tottering in the battlements that wall the nations in. "One hundred years ago America rose up and made the covenant: Here, Lord, shall Thy children find peace and freedom, and here shall they grow to the stature of a perfect man and woman lit is for us, brethren, to see that the pact is kept. It is for us to watch that the oppressor gains no foothold here, lest we perish for ever. For there is no Phosnix among the kingdoms of earth, from whatever cause they die. When a matter lies in the dust it vises no more, save a nation 1188 in the dust it these no more, have to walk, a ghost, in the dreams of its orphaned children. Ireland, Poland, Hungary—they sleep that knows no waking. They are in the past, with Greece and Rome. with Babylon and Nineveh:

'Youthful nation of the West, Rise, with truer greatness blest! Sainted bands from realms of rest, Watch thy bright ning fame !

" Brethren, when we in turn shall join that company of silent-watchers, God forbid that we should hear rising from our beloved land such a lamentation as went up for that ruined city of the East: Nineveh is laid waste! who will bemosh her? She is empty and vold, and waste; her nobles; dwell in the dust; her people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them.

For the sake of humanity, may God forbid!
"There is now but one name written in living characters on the future, and that name is America. It was writ in blood by our fathers, and accepted in fire by the God of nations. Palsied be the hand that would quench one letter of that sacred legend!" During the loud applause that followed,

Mr. Yorke mounted the platform. Had they not known that he was soon to leave them, and had not his manuer been quite unlike what he kad shown on former occasions of this sort, they might have refused to hear him. As it was, a reluctant and impatient silence was accorded. Some listened, doubtless, because they wished to be examperated, and hoped for another pretext for outbreak. But he looked like one who fully appreciates the strength of his opponent, and does not hope for a spacedy victory.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a certain grim emphasis on the word, "after Mr. Griffeth's pyrotechnic display of elequence, I cannot hope that my words will not fall with a duli sound on your cars. He has gone up like the rocket, and I must come down like the stick. promise, however, to be brief, and to speak to the point. First, I thank him for having spoken like a gentleman, and left the subject clear enough for a gentleman to touch. On all that preceded him, I have but two com-ments to make. Concerning the attacks on the personal character of the Catholic clergy, I will only say, 'Set a thief to catch a thiei!' To the misrepresentations of their creed, I would say, theologians should be better educated than to make them sincerely, and honest men should not fear to tell the truth, even of a 100.

"I come, then, to Mr. Griffeth's argument that these men, simply from human weakness, not from personal depravity, have always abused their power, and, being men. always will abuse it, and that, therefore, we must, in self-defence, either banish them from the country, or deny them the rights of citizenship; their doctrines all the time being perfect, or, at least, tolerable.

"I am not here to defend the character of the Catholic clergy. I know well that your deep-rooted prejudice will not yield to any word of mine or theirs. They must live down your enmity with what patience they may; and the day will come, believe mo 'when the still, small voice of those lives that have been consecrated to God will silence and put to shame the blatant accusation and pseudo-patriotism now overwhelm it. Whatever may have been proved against some, the whole world knows that that clergy has given for its admiration many a model of Ohrfstian behavior, and that among its missionaries have been, and are, men worthy to stand beside Peter and Paul and John-men enamored of the things of God, and dead to the attractions of earth. If it be true that you can find Judases in their company, it is equally true that aportolical laborers are not found outside of their fold. It may still be the apostolical church though one in twelve were a Judas.

"This part of the question is, however, irrelevant. We stand here, if we are worthy to speak, for principal and not for men. If the faults of partizans are to be used as an argument against an institution, no institution on earth can stand, and Protestantism and freedom must shake to their foundations.

"Assuming, though, that his ascertion is true, and that the clergy have always been the enemies of freedom and enlightenment. though that would be strong circumstantial evidence against their future trustworthiness, still the conviction which he invokes is too grave and arbitrary for so just and enlightened a judge as our country promises to be. But I deny the truth of his premises. and, since proof is out of the question in this

"But if his assumption and conclusion were both true, if these men were untrustworthy, and if we had therefore the right to refuse them equality, we are still bound to give that refusal, not with the howling of wild beasts, not with mobs and threatenings, but decently, and according to law, or we are ourselves unfit to be trusted with that freedom which we deny to them.

" No. I am not here to prove that the clergy of the Catholic Church are all saints, or even all good man; but I am here to say that, hate them as you may, you cannot, in these United States, under the constitution, you cannot with impunity persecute them nor deprive them of any of the privileges which that constitution guarantees to them as rights. 'Work in secret,' do they?' Undermine,' do they ? And from whom does this accusation come? What of that society in which this movement takes its rise?--that society which now dominates the land, stirring up riots from Maine to Louisians, making laws and changing laws, and setting the off-scouring of the earth in our high places? What of those lodges where men assemble to concert measures for governing the country, yet where no citizen can enter without the pass-word and oath of secrecy? Josiah Quincy, Senior of Boston, a man whose name carries as much

weight as any name here in this hall, has said of these same societies, ' The liberties of a people are never more certain in the path of destruction than when-they trust-themselves to the guidance of secret societies. Bards of the night are never birds of wisdom.... They are for the most part birds of prey. The fate of a republic

bats!