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The Herald.

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(From the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.)

SCRET SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries. By Hargrave Jennings. London, 1870.
The Mystic Tie. By A. G. Mackey, M. D., author of *A Lexicon of Freemasonry.* Charleston, 1849.
History of Intertionale. From the French of Edmund Villetards. By Susan M. Day. New Haven, 1874.
The Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy. By John Rutherford. 2 vols. 1877.
"Qui male agit odit lucem et non venit ad lucem, ut non arguantur opera ejus."
EVANG. S. JOANNIS, III., 19 J.
(Concluded.)

This A. O. H. would seem to be in essence *Fenianism*, without the salient external extravagances of the latter. But, instead of the ridiculous toggery of Fenianism and its dagger of lath, the A. O. H. seems to carry rifle, revolver, and bowie-knife. Great pains have been taken to wash the association clear of connection with the Mollie Maguires; but the common sense of the community, to say nothing of the actual knowledge of those who followed the testimony given during the late trials in the coal regions, must indignantly spurn the attempt as not only an utter failure, but as a supererogatory work of unblushing impudence.

Its rulers are a little clique who meet in England, Ireland, and Scotland (alternately in each) to decide in secret what is to be done, and to determine the quarterly password, which in their *argot* they call "goods." Said "goods" are sent quarterly by an agent to New York. He delivers the "goods" to the member accredited for the purpose, collects the funds due from all subordinate lodges in this country, and conveys them home, nominally to swell the amounts hereafter to be used in overthrowing the English Government!!! All this came out quite clearly during the trials of the murderous Molly Maguires; and also that there are quite a number of such lodges all over the United States. It did, to be sure, come out with equal clearness, on the same trials, *that the vast majority of the members really know nothing about the organization, but think that in joining they are merely contributing money for the liberation of Ireland*, which to the average Irishman (if he believes the tale) is quite enough. So far as the writer has been able to discover, oaths are not a condition of admission for the ordinary contributing members, and are only exacted for the members of a "ring within a ring," such as was that in the coal regions. Hence it is, that clergymen have often been deceived in regard to the nature of the Order; since they are assured with great and evident sincerity, that there are neither secret oaths or oaths of secrecy required for membership. The men who take and those who administer the oaths never come near a priest themselves; but they know fully the value of a money-contributing element, which is largely found amongst those who would not join the society were there any oaths of secrecy required; and the leaders purposely keep these poor fellows in the dark as to their aims and doings.

But, we do not wish to be understood as putting in a plea for the extension of a fool's pardon to clergymen. There never was any ground for mistaking the nature of the Order, or any reason to suppose for a moment that it was exempted from the general Papal condemnation of all and sundry its *confreres*, the secret, oath-bound societies of the world. If less were possible there would be still less now, since the judicial trials of its murderous members in Pennsylvania. The truth is that individual clergymen have shown themselves quite too willing to be deceived or to pretend that they were so. They were about to have a church dedication, and an invitation to the A. O. H. was sure to bring the lodge, with banners flying, and a dollar per man towards the payment of the church debt. A church fair was about to take place, and some article—an Irish flag, or what not—is put up to be voted for. The members of the A. O. H., pleased with the quasi recognition, were offered books, which they filled liberally; and thus the temporary and temporal interests of a congregation were allowed to override the prohibition of the vicar of God!

It may very reasonably be asked, why are Irishmen so ready to join these societies, condemned as they are by the Church which they profess to love so much? To this the answer is fourfold. 1. A great many clergymen take more pains in getting up stylish sermons, than they do in explaining practical points of dogma and morals. Many again explain the catechism with great care, who never mention, nay, perhaps do not know the existence of any of the recent decisions of Rome, some of which touch the individual Catholic quite as closely as any point of morals or practice in the catechism. 2. An Irishman who, to gain favor with his employer, or from a notion of "fashion," or simply because he has become wealthy, has abandoned the Church of his fathers, is usually of all human beings the most hard-headed, hard-hearted, the most disagreeable, and the least amenable to reason. Such he remains until the coming of that final day when, penitent and broken, with death staring him in the face, he becomes once more humanized in the presence of the priest of God. It is of this class, while still hardened against the Church, that the officers, those who know the secrets of Mollie Maguirism and the *isms* and clandestine institutions, are made. 3. The Irish, in general, have deeply implanted in them and dating from those times when there existed neither law nor justice for Catholics, a hereditary feeling prompting them to wild, lawless revenge. It is a legacy left them by the massacre of Drogheda, the broken treaty of Limerick, the confiscated lands of their ancestors, and the Penal laws. It is not Christian; but it is human nature, and human nature is not yet a perfect institution. It is only God Himself that can freely and fully forgive. 4. All of the Secret Orders that stand any show to catch the Irish, invariably put forth the deceptive cry of a spurious patriotism, by which the Irishman is peculiarly liable to be caught, on account of the bitter wrongs, sorrows, and hardships that he and his have endured in behalf of their country. He cannot yet be made to see that patriotism, so called, is but a pagan virtue at best, and is always the watchword by which tyrants and knaves have caused dupes to rally to their standards. The Irishman is not alone in being fooled by this pretentious sham, yclept *patriotism*.

Your plausible, smirking, smiling man, who says "I'll see you to-morrow," and puts off everything—whom you cannot bring readily to the definite point of a *Yes* or a *No*, is not one with whom it is possible to do much or successful business. So in matter of right or wrong, the wishy-washy style that says nothing compactly and distinctly, will not answer any purpose. "This is right and must be done," is distinct and intelligible. Equally so is "That is wrong and must not be done under pain of sin." Anything that shuffles between these is nonsense, or worse. The people ask for bread and a stone is given them. In the matter at issue what the people want to know and what they should have compactly set forth to them is, on what clear and intelligible principle they shall be enabled to judge what they may do as Catholics, and what they must leave undone. In our country, Catholics like other people live in communities, where interest, curiosity, urgency, and example all tempt them strongly to enter some of the various "*brotherhoods*." To such an extent has this pest permeated the country that there is not a trade or business but has its Union—not a profession without its municipal, county, and state association—there are political rings in every city and State; while perhaps the corrupt of all has its seat at Washington. The very bootblacks of our streets are banded together, and woe betide the poor boy not in the ring, who shall attempt to earn a surreptitious dime without having paid footing to some Head Centre or other! The educated, and those who have time and leisure, can readily find out what is the right and the wrong in the matter; and if they go wrong they do so with their eyes open, knowing the consequences. Almighty God left to man his free-will; and if those who knew the right, choose to sin against light, our skirts are clear and our consciences free from responsibility. But all, whether rich or poor, educated or ignorant, with leisure or without, have a right to know from the priest of the Church what is wrong and what is right. It is a portion of our solemn duty to tell them this, wherever and whenever, in any new phase, faith or morals are endangered, and in the matter before us, as in all others, this explication should be, not *per ambages*, but in direct manly words, such as become God's priest and the sacred trust committed to him.

Theoretically there is no wrong whatever in a simple combination of workmen for the pupose of preventing an undue lower of the price of their labor, or for the purpose of gathering funds to support their fellow-workmen, should a "*strike*" become necessary. The wrong begins the moment such associations attempt by intimidation or actual violence to prevent other workmen from accepting what they please. *Rattening* is wholly wrong and unjustifiable; *Packeting* is just as fair and honorable as would be the insertion of an advertisement in the morning paper, or the placarding of a handbill to the same effect. If a number of fanatics choose to make a set—let us say against the hotel or restaurant-keepers,—the latter not only have the right to combine for their own protection, but the law of self-defence requires them to do so. When railroad officials combine to keep up or raise rates of transportation, shippers and forwarders will soon band together against them; but the tendency of all such combinations always is *in pejus ruere*, and those who commenced with a good enough object soon super-add others, get charters, administer oaths, and become, *e. g.*, "Grangers." In fact, while (if in any) certainly in a country like ours, there ought to be no necessity for such extrajudical oaths and combinations to carry out economic reforms, and while we are unable to see any valid cause for them, deeming it much better, in every case, to let public opinion and its concomitant law work out the problem, still there is absolutely no harm in the combination of two, ten, or two hundred men, who mutually agree not to sell a given article in which they traffic for less than a given price. Of course, in that case, there is just as little wrong in the agreement of any number *not* to give that price. Equally there can be no harm in merely beneficial societies; but those who are simply such need no such oaths nor any envelopment of mystery, any more than does an ordinary business partnership. It is, however, always fair and reasonable, as well as accordant with experience, to suspect that such of them as present an appearence of mystery, and especially such as exact an oath of secrecy, contain or may involve something more than appears on the surface. In that case the Catholic may rest assured that the wire-pullers either have already in operation, or intend soon to set in vogue, some scheme of their own; and it is sure to be one in which the conscientious Catholic cannot safely join. Nothing is truer than the truth seeks the light, and that craft and falsehood shun it. "A burnt bairn dreads the fire;" and Catholics, of whom many have been trapped by these institutions, should dread being singed.

Cruel Outrage on a Highly Respectable Boston Lady while travelling on the New York Central Railroad.

The following story of an outrage on a newly married lady, said to be possessed of many attractions of person, mind and manners, is told by the *New York Times*, and vouched for as being true in all material points by the Providence *Journal*:

After the drawing-room conductor had taken the fare from one of the terrible villians, he said to the lady, according to the writer: "You must pardon me, Madam, but these gentlemen tell me you are insane, and that they have been engaged to take you to the State Asylum at Utica. They had given me your name and place of residence before you had mentioned them." "I insane?" she echoed. "I go to the State Asylum? Oh, heavens! What dreadful mystery is this? What horrid plan have they formed against me?" and she pressed her hands to her head; her eyes, and indeed her whole face blazed with an intensity of feeling, and she evinced a degree of dread and agony that went far toward corroborating the charge of derangement. "You perceive," said one of the assumed custodians, in a loud tone, the condition of the poor [illegible] lady. She is ordinarily gentle and [illegible]table enough; but when her disorder is referred to she becomes wild as you see her now. "Great God!" exclaimed she, "can anyone believe this fearful story? I am as sane as anybody; but I fear I shall be mad unless I am delivered from those dreadful men! What do you want? what do you intend? They want to abduct me to rob me. I assure you (to the conductor), I call heaven to witness that I am not insane. I do not know, I have never before laid eyes on these men."

"OH, DO NOT LEAVE ME ALONE WITH THEM.

"But they are acquainted with your name and residence, Madam. They must be what they assume. Pray do not be alarmed. I'm sure they are your friends. They will do you no harm."

"Oh, do not leave me alone with them! They are not my friends. I do not know them. I cannot imagine how they learned my name. I appeal to you, to any gentleman for protection."

The conductor was somewhat moved in spite of himself. Her youth, her beauty, her great anguish appealed to him strongly, and yet she certainly acted like a person bereft of reason. While he hesitated as to his course, the elder of her pretended guardians said, "Poor creature, she is often thus. It is the effect of my speaking of her condition. It is a very pitiable case, very," and heaved a sigh of sympathy. "Her friends are greatly distressed at her state, but they hope that she can be cured, and have determined, therefore, to send her to Utica."

These words convinced the conductor of the truth, and other passengers in the car, who had become deeply interested, felt as he did. "But somebody may know you, Madam," he resumed. Let me take you through the train. If anybody whom you recognize will corroborate your story, I will protect you. Will you come with me, please."

"We will accompany her," observed the elder custodian. "We have strict orders not to let her out of our sight. She may destroy herself; she is often desperate, and her friends constantly fear suicide when she is in one of her moods. One of their objects in sending her to Utica, is to place her where she will be incessantly watched and can do no harm to herself. We will accompany you, Mrs. ——," and he stepped to her side and took her arm.

She recoiled as if she had been stung, and exclaimed, with blazing eye and pallid face, and in the greatest agitation, "For God's sake, do not let that man touch me!"

"Let it be me, than, Mrs. ——," remarked the younger of the couple, advancing toward her. Again she started away shuddering, with the words, "Your are no better than he. You are both in league against me. You have some dreadful plot of which I am the innocent victim, Oh, God! oh, God! these men will kill me!"

THE POOR THING.

She allowed the conductor to lead her through the train, her custodians following, and speaking to the passengers as they went along, expressing pity for her, explaining the nature of the case and the painful duty they had to perform. Their statements were universally credited. Everybody thought the lady insane, and her excited, frenzied appearance was reason for their thinking so. "Poor thing;" "Poor lady;" "Unhappy case;" "How wild she looks," were heard as she passed. But nobody knew her; nor could she find a single face that was not strange to her. She looked eagerly on both sides of the aisle, and in the last car said, in heart-breaking tones, "No one I know: not a face I have seen before—not one. What will become of me?" And then she sank into the silence of despair. Her face had the appearance of a mad woman's, and everybody on the train believed her mad. As the conductor rather drew than accompanied her back to the car, she moved mechanically, as if half unconscious and in a dream. Having taken her seat she burst into hysterical tears, sobbing bitterly, and exciting the commisseration of her fellow-passengers. Then she grew comparatively calm, and scarcely moved a muscle, conveying the impression that she was about to swoon. She did not, however. She sat upright in her seat, pale as marble, her features working and her limbs twitching as though she was suffering from epilepsy.

All this had been done in less time than it has taken to tell it. She had not been long in her seat before the whistle sounded for Utica—only fourteen miles from Rome—and the two men approached, saying gently, "You must come with us now, Mrs. ——. We will not harm you, we wish you well; we are your friends; we are doing what your friends desire." Again she expressed her horror of them, appealed to the passengers, besought them to protect her, declared that she was perfectly sane, and that these men intended to carry out some base design. Nobody believed her, of course. The train stopped. The conductor stood near her, having told one of the brakesmen to get a carriage, and the custodians caught each an arm of the lady. She resisted for a moment, gave a little shriek and then seemed to faint. One of the men caught her up in his arms once more, saying "Poor lady!" bore her to the carriage, and while his companion opened the door, placed her inside; both got in after her; the carriage was driven off, and the train dashed forward and disappeared in the darkness, many passengers talking of and pitying the pretty but unfortunate young woman who had gone to the State Asylum at Utica.

THE AGONY-STRICKEN HUSBAND.

The train arrived at Albany in due season, and the devoted husband, who had been at the station for near an hour, was impatiently waiting to received his wife. He waited and looked in vain. Everybody had gone, and still she was not there. He was directed to the conductor of the drawing-room car, who, on learning of the appearance of the lady sought for, perceived at once that she must be no other than Mrs. ——, who had been pronounced insane. He remembered, too, that she had said she expected to meet her husband at Albany; but one of the false guardians had explained that meeting her husband was one of her delusions, that her husband was in Boston and had himself engaged them to take her to Utica. The revelations made to the husband were terrifying, of course, but he felt that not a moment was to be lost, and the conductor was most anxious, as any righted man would be under the circumstances, to atone, so far as possible, for his fatal though not unnatural blunder.

The latter secured an engine and with the dismayed husband, started at the earliest practiable moment at full speed for Utica. Arriving there about 4 o'clock in the morning they could get no trace of the men; but they discovered the hack-man (whom the conductor knew) that had been engaged by the pretended custodians. He said the men had told him nothing of an insane person in an asylum, but had ordered him to drive to a certain house in a certain part of the town, and he had obeyed unquestioningly. But would show the conductor the house, and in a few minutes he and the Bostonian, who preserved outward calmness despite his terrible excitement, were at the door of a house in the outskirts of the town, where the hackman had gone the evening previous. He had noticed that one of the men had carried a woman in, but he had thought nothing of it, as he had been told that she was ill, and it was none of his business anyhow.

THE TERRIBLE REVELATION.

The inmates were aroused, not without difficulty, and, frightened by the intense manner of the husband, admitted that a lady had come there the evening previous in company with the gentleman such was the language as reported); that they had been shown to a room, and that the gentleman had gone way soon after, saying that the lady was tired, and not very well, and desired to stay till morning. The proprietress of the house declared she had never seen the gentlmen before; had no knowledge of them; that gentlemen were in the habit of visiting her house with ladies, but that she never asked any questions. As may be inferred the house was of disreputable character, and the intelligence of a kind to make the agonized husband fear the worst.

THE LAST SAD CHAPTER.

He went to the room as directed, and, to his horror, discovered his poor wife almost nude, lying in bed, nearly insensible, and well-nigh deprived of her reason. She did not recognize her husband for some time, and when she did, her mind wandered off again, and, being once more brought to herself, went into hysteria, and fainted from the violence of her convulsions. She had been drugged in the carriage—chloroform had probably been administered—taken to the house, robbed of her jewels, and rich wearing apparel. It is feared her reason has been impaired.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8.

We have lately experienced a slight outbreak of labor troubles here in Washington, but their prompt suppression is something of a guarantee of the future. The contractor in charge of a Government job—excavating for the new Bureau of Printing and Engraving building—has been paying laborers $1 per day and had no difficulty in getting plenty of them at that price. But the labor league said they should not work for less than $1.50 per day, and annonymous notices were posted to the effect that any workmen taking the contractor's price would be shot. But still the work went on. The attempt to carry out these threats was summarily dealt with by the police, two or three persons being wounded—one fatally.

The object principally aimed at by the desperate League is to force the Government to do its own work, and pay laborers good wages, instead of sub-letting it by contract. The theory of all these combinations is that every employer and every contractor is getting rich off the labor of his employes. Yet how fallacious this theory is. In this case the contractor, estimating upon the basis of cheap labor in these idle times, took the job at about one-third the price per yard that was formerly paid here for the same class of work, and cannot possibly come out with a profit beyond reasonable pay for his own time and services, to say nothing of the capital invested in carrying it through. The men he employs are glad enough to get $1 per day, and the dangerous principle of these Leagues that a man may not work for what he can get; that the employe may regulate the business of the employer and compel him to pay certain wages and conform to certain regulations of trades' unions, whether he is able to or not, and whether it suits him or not, is one that must be put down.

The suffering, laboring men must remember that almost all employers, whatever their business, have long been working at a loss, or lying idle and eating up the savings of former years, and that it is only by the return of the prosperity which the country formerly enjoyed and the redistribution of labor to those points where it can be profitably employed that their condition can be permanently bettered. Attempts to keep labor up to an unnatural price by strikes and violence will only recoil upon the working class and make their condition worse than it would otherwise be. When money is plenty and business is brisk, and enterprises of all kinds are competing for labor, prices will be high. At present there are in Washington and in all our cities many more laborers than can find employment. Three-fourths of the able-bodied negroes who composed the mobs seen on our streets have no business here at best, and ought to be at work in the cotton, corn and tobacco fields where they are needed. They live during the winter on what their women and children beg from door to door, or at the soup houses scattered about the city, and when summer comes refuse to work when offered all their services are fairly worth.

This will be my last letter from Washington for a few weeks. "Phono," somewhat out of health, worn and weary with close application and hard work, is going to the mountains to recuperate. But he will not neglect his weekly readers who surely will be glad of a brief change from Washington gossip and happenings to something new and fresh from the "Realm of the West," of which most of us really know comparatively little—something of the majesty and grandeur of the Rocky mountains and of Colorado scenery. This is the time when all who can do so seek relaxation and recreation—when thousands flee from the dog days and "hay fever," and the many ills of the season. How much more they enjoy and gain in pleasure, mental improvement and vigor of body, who spend these weeks in the study and the admiration of nature's works than can those who at some fashionable resort pass the time in routine amusements and frivolous excitements—the same day after day and year after year. To those who have means and leisure for a summer trip, a journey across the fertile plains to the mountains, and a short sojourn among the wonders there to be seen, costs less than a few weeks at the sea shore, and offers inducements not to be eclipsed by even a tour of Europe. Your correspondent will be accompanied by a party of fellow-journalists, taking the new and magnificent Atchison, Topeka and Santo Fee route, which, by its connection with the Denver and Rio Grande road at Pueblo, approaches the famous San Juan mining country, and passes through nearly all the important points in Colorado, including Colorado Springs and Denver. In my next I will give you something about the route, the country through which it passes, and what is to be seen beyond.

PHONO.