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sailors were overborne in an instant, but the Mallows, with their fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the Moslem with an even wilder, fiercer ery, and dropped two hundred of them with a single point blank volley. The howling, leaping crew swerved away to the right and dashed on into the gap which had already been made by them.

But C Company had drawn no trigger to stop that fiery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their Martinis. Some had even thrown them upon the ground. Conolly was talking fiercely to those about him. Captain Foley, thrusting his way through the press, rushed up to him with a revolver in

'This is your doing, you villain !" he cried.

"If you raise your pistol, capt'in, your brains will be over your coat," said a low voice at his side.

He saw that several rifles were turned on him. The two "subs," had pressed forward, and were by his side.
"What is it, then?" he cried, looking around from one fierce mutinous face to another. "Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for, but to fight for your country?"
"England is no country of ours,"

cried several. "You are not fighting for England. You are fighting for Ireland, and for

the empire of which it is part.' "A black curse on the impire!" shouted Private McGuire, throwing down his rifle. "Twas the impire that backed the man that druv me into the roadside. May me hand stiffen before I draw thrigger for it."

"What't the impire to us, Captain Foley, and what't the widdy to us ayther?" cried a voice.

her. than pullin' a poor man's thatch about

"It was the impire laid my groanin' mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ye can put that in the charge sheet in the next court martial."

In vain the three officers begged, menaced, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fight raging in its en-trails. Even while they had been speaking they had been shuff-ing backwards, and the useless Gardner, with her slaughtered crew, was already a good hundred yards from them. And the pace was accelerating. The mass of men, tormented and writhing, was trying, by a common instinct, to reach some clearer ground where they could re-form. Three faces were still intact, but the fourth had been caved in, and badly mauled, without its comrades being able to help it. The guards had met a fresh rush of the Hadendowas, and had blown back the tribesmen with a volley, and the cavalry had ridden over another stream of them, as they welled out of the gully.

A litter of hamstrung horses, and haggled men behind them, showed that a spearman on his face among the bushes can show some sport to th man who charges him. But, in spite of all, the square was still reeling swiftly backwards, trying to shake itself clear of this torment which clung to its heart. Would it break, or would it re form? The lives of five regiments and the honor of the flag hung

upon the answer.
Some, at least, were breaking. The C Company of Mallows had lost all C Company of Mallows had lost an military order, and was pushing back in spite of the haggard officers, who cursed and shoved and prayed in the cursed and shoved and prayed in the they were coming back in the quiet they were coming back in the quiet they were coming back in the quiet they were shadow of Mallows work business fashion of men whose work business fashion. captain and the "subs" were elbowed and jostled, while the men crowded towards Private Conolly for their orders. The confusion had not spread, for the other companies, in the dust and smoke and turmoil, had lost touch with their mutinous comrades. Captain Foley saw that even now there might be time to avert a disaster.

Think what you are doing, man, he yelled, rushing towards the ring-leader. "There are a thousand Irish in the square, and they are dead men if we break.

The words alone might have had little effect on the old moonlighter. It is possible that, in his scheming brain, he had already planned how he was to club his Irish together and lead them to the sea. But at that moment the Arabs broke through the screen of camels which had fended them off. There was a struggle, a screaming, a mule rolled over, a wounded man sprang up in a cacolet with a spear through him, and then through the narrow gap surged a stream of naked savages, mad with battle, drunk with slaughter, spotted and splashed with blood - blood dripping from their spears, their arms, their faces. Their yells, their bounds, their crouching, darting figures, the horrid energy of their spear-thrusts, made them look like a blast of fiends from the pit. And were these the allies of Ireland? Were these the men who were to strike for her against her enemies? Conolly's soul rose up in loathing at the thought.

He was a man of firm purpose, and yet at the first sight of those howling fiends that purpose faltered; and at that "when a priest leaves his Church the second it was blown to the winds. He saw a huge, coal black negro seize a shricking camel driver and saw at his throat with a knife. He saw a shock-headed tribesman plunge his great spear through the back of their own little bugler from Millstreet. He saw a dozen deeds of blood—the murder of the wounded, the hacking of the man system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

and the right front of the line. The the good, wholesome faces of the facedabout rear rank of the marines. The Mallows, too, had faced about, and in an instant Conolly had thrown himself into the heart of C Company, striving with the officers to form the men up

with their comrades.
But the mischief had gone too far. The rank and file had no heart in their work. They had broken before, and this last rush of murderous savages was a hard thing for broken men to stand against. They flinched away from the furious faces and dripping forearms. Why should they throw away their lives for a flag for which they cared nothing? Why should their leader urge them to break, and now shriek to them to re-form? They would not re-form. They wanted to get to the sea and to safety? He flung himself among them with outstretched arms, with words of reason, with shouts, with gaspings. It was useless; the tide was beyond his control. They were shredding out into the desert with

their faces set for the coast. "Bhoys, will ye stand for this?" screamed a voice. It was so ringing, so strenuous, that the breaking Mailows glanced backwards. They were held by what they saw. Private Con-olly had planted his rifle stock down-wards in a mimosa bush. From the fixed bayonet there fluttered a little green flag with the crownless harp. God knows for what black mutiny, for what signal of revolt, that flag had been treasured up within the corporal's tunic! Now its green wisp stood amid the rush, while three proud regimental colors were reeling slowly back-

wards. "What for the flag?" yelled the private.
"My heart's blood for it!" "And

"What't the impire to us, Captain foley, and what't the widdy to us yther?" cried a voice.

"Let the constabulary foight for er."

"Ay, they'd be better imployed nan pullin' a poor man's thatch about is ears."

"Or shootin' his brother, as they did in or shootin' his brother, as they did in or."

"It was the impire laid my greanin' the seething square strove for a clearer." the seething square strove for a clearer space where they could form their shattered ranks; but C Company, grim and powder stained, choked with enemies, and falling fast, still closed in on the little rebel ensign that flapped from the mimosa bush.

> It was a good half hour before the square, having disentangled itself from its difficulties, and dressed its ranks, began to slowly move forwards over the ground across which in its labor and anguish, it had been driven. The long trail of Wessex men and Arabs showed but too clearly the path

> they had come.
> "How many got into us, Stephen?" asked the general, tapping his snuff-"I should put them down at a thou

sand or twelve hundred, sir."
"I did not see any get out again.
What were the Wessex thinking about! The Guards stood well, though ; so did

the Mallows. "Colonel Flanagan reports that his front flank company was cut off, sir."
"Why, that's the company that was

out of hand when we advanced." "Colonel Flanagan reports, sir, that the company took the whole brunt of the attack, and gave the square time

"Tell the Hussars to ride forward, Stephen," said the general, "and try if they can see anything of them. There's no firing, and I fear that the Mallows will want to do something recruiting. Let the square take ground

by the right, and then advance." But the Sheik Kadra of the Haden was before them. He took counsel with Moussa the dervish and Hussein the Baggarra, and a woe-struck man was he when he learned that the third of his men were safe in the Moslem paradise. So, having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors flitted off unseen

and unheard, even as they had come. A red rock plateau, a few hundred spears and Remington's, and a plain which, for the second time, was strewn with slaughtered men, was all that his day's fighting gave to the English

general. It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the rebel flag had waved. A dense litter of flag had waved. Arab dead marked the place. Within, the flag waved no longer, but the rifle still stood in the mimosa bush, and round it, with their wounds in front, lay the Fenian private and the silent rank of his Irishry. Sentiment is not an English failing, but the Hussar captain raised his hilt in a salute as he rode past the blood-soaked ring.

The "Exs."

The opinion seems to be spreading among Protestants in this country that 'converted priests" are men in sore need of conversion. It is a well-grounded opinion. Managers of lec ture bureaus have long since learned to their confusion that, like bad eggs, these pretenders are to be handled with caution. the subject of "The Savannah Riots and Religious Intolerance," remarked that "when a priest leaves his Church it, there is something radically wrong

with him. There always is, Brother Dixon. You may be sure of it. From Luther down to the latest of them, apostate priests are bad men. - Ave Maria.

### DR. BATAILLE.

The Devil in the 19th Century. CONTINUED.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. Phileas Walder, a Luciferian chief, of whom something was said in a former article, was already very sick when he attended the general Luciferian convention at Rome, in September, 1893; and he died in England in the beginning of October of the same year. His body was brought to Charleston and buried there in the Luciferian Holy of Holies. Paliadists claim that he there revived eleven times in succes sion. His body was brought in the coffin to a meeting of the Grand Triangle and placed in the Grand Master's throne, where he presided at the meeting, and made his speech as formerly, just as if he were alive. The eleventh time he declared that it would be the last time and that they should after this leave him in his tomb. In one of these meetings he declared that Lemmi was duly elected as Supreme Dogmatic Pontiff and should be acknowledged by all as such. In the last few meetings Walder's body was already in a far advanced state of decomposition and entirely unit for a receptacle of the human soul. If these stories are true they would show, not that Walder was restored to life, as the Luciferians claim, in order to ape the miracles of Christianity, but that an evil spirit, for the time being, entered the corpse of Walder and used it to dupe his adherents. Surely the resurrection of Laz-arus, and a thousand similar wonders performed by Jesus and His saints, are of an entirely different character and cannot be placed on a level with Walder's apparent temporary revival! Bataille relates another strange ap

pearance witnessed by him in a Triangle meeting at Berlin. The session had not yet been opened and members were still coming when a strange, dirty bearded, old man in antique clothes, entered. The President assured himself that the man, who was taken for a maniac, was not an intruder, and asked him who he was. "I am Julian the Philosopher," he replied, and made eleven steps in advance, followed by two more exact copies of himself so that the one Julian had now become three, each one sitting down on a vacant chair. Then all three Julians spoke together and gesticulated in exactly the same manner, saying: "Are you convinced now of my identity, my you convinced now of my identity, my dear Grand Master brothers and sisters?" Having said this the last two Julians suddenly disappeared, leaving only the one who had appeared first. He was offered the honor of presiding at the meeting, which he refused.
When, according to the order of business the time came for the orator to address the meeting, Julian asked leave to act as orator of the evening, and made a speech on the death of Christ, full, of course, of awful blasphemies At the end of the discourse he suddenly disappeared with a flash of lightning.

A certain brother-Luciferian of Paris, named Painblanc, is said to have the faculty of assuming gradually an enormous size when presiding at a Triangle meeting. As he grows his clothes grow with him. At the end of the meeting his size grows gradually less till it comes back to its normal proportions. Dr. Bataille never saw this performance, but has it from various sources which he considers trust-

worthy. The reader will please remember that all these apparitions and wonder ful performances are only brought about by long, blasphemous invoca tions and conjurations of Lucifer & Co. and accompanied by interminable ceremonies. According to Bataille ceremonies. According to Bataille there is a marked difference in degree

while spirituses obtain stranged at the service of meeting as well as privately, obtain extraordinary results much more frequently than failures. Then their results are often very surprising and often approach quite nearly to the miracles performed by Christ and His saints, so that eye witnesses can easily be led astray unless they are firmly grounded in their faith. A Catholic, however, who is one not only in name, need not fear Lucifer's prodi gies, because he can instantly put a stop to the most wonderful ones by a little mental prayer or by a secret sign of the cross, thus proving apodictically the power of God over Lucifer and his adherents, no matter how powerful they may consider themselves. Dr. Bataille relates a great many other strange and wonderful performances many of which he saw personally, but in importance none of them come near to those of bilocation, passing through the wall and coming back to life. similar feats are real-and it would be difficult to do very many of them-they would only show that anti-Christ, with away by their strangeness. And, therefore, it is time to warn and cau-And, tion the faithful against these pseudo miracles and those that are addicted New York, in a sermon to his flock on to their performance. Spiritualism crucifix, pictures, stations of the cross and Luciferianism certainly consti-

moral, intellectual and political beauty

HENRY A. ADAMS.

The Former Rector of St. Paul's Episcopate Church, Buffalo Complains of the Omnibus Character of Episcopal Doctrines—Hustration of the way a Layman Might be Puzzled in New York.

New York Herald.

Redeemer, Park avenue and Eightysecond street, was known as Father ing more than concessions to the Adams, but who resigned two years tic requirements of the age, and ago to become a Roman Catholic, is no 'doctrinal significance,' says the the author of an article in the current pastor. number of the Catholic World, in which he points out the lack of unanimity in the ritual as followed by the Episcopalian churches. It has awakened much interest and some consternation in Episcopalian circles. Mr. Adams characterizes the Episco

palian faith as an "India rubber Orthodoxy," capable of stretching and permitted to be stretched from the Low to the High Ritualistic churches. The to the High Ritualistic churches. The larger Episcopalian dioceses he regards as happy families, that include "every variety of believer, from a shouting anti-sacrament salvationist up to a tonsured monk." Over this

'ecclesiastical omnibus," as he calls it, sits the Bishop smiling and dodging. The Episcopal Church, Mr. Adams says, is the best illustration of the all

comprehending toleration of divergent views. While the Church is numerically strong and powerful, it is des-tined to provide a neutral ground for those escaping from crumbling and disintegrating systems of other sects. The elastic temper of the Church during the last twenty years has drawn to its fold most of the converts. Ministers have recognized within the Episcopalian latititudinarian bonds room for their ever-widening eccentricities.

He adds: "The Broad Church party in the Episcopalian Church boast of this fact as the chief glory of that communion, but Ritualists, especially the self styled Catholics, deplore it, and prophesy the gravest possible results. And yet it is to its existence that these latter owe their new-found freedom to exercise their Catholic proclivities. We find the Bishops staving off all ecclesistical trials of even the most lawless, with the very sensible, if not dignified, observation, Don't make me prosecute Father Chasuble, dear Mr. Hazey, for if you do he will be certain to make me go for you!' 'Ecce quam bonum,

etc. "To an indignant old lady who complained of her rector's Popery the other day, the Bishop said: 'Madam, the Greek word for Bishop is episcopos, which is composed of over and to look. Therefore, I overlook everything, Good-morning.

This last remark by the Bishop, Mr. Adems says, pleases the rank and file of the Episcopal Church, as it makes the Bishop a favorite with the millionaire, who is a necessity so far as vestry purposes are concerned, and also when the "hat goes around." But it scan-dalizes many pious souls, who see it as a "betrayal of the Son of Man with a paradox," and hundreds of the clergy are humiliated and disheartened by it. Such a condition of "self-contradict

ing and mutually destructive teaching," Mr. Adams holds, would logically lead men to the Catholic Church, and does, except when the spirit of the times breathes of "tolerance" and "breadth" and "comprehensive ness "-three splendid mental virtues No one would dare attack these, so 'man's logic is prostituted to the prevailing hallucination and every ludicrous absurdity countenanced in the name of freedom.

Mr. Adams said he did not intend to there is a marked difference in degree and frequency between Luciferian feats and those performed by ordinary spiritists.

While spiritists obtain strange regults savely area in one hundred at the savely area. with a usually mussy and enormous

surplice on him. The Virginian had always wor shipped in what looked like a meeting-There was an altar, a marble house. topped, rickety table but little used which served three or four times a year for the administration of a rite which this layman regarded as a mere memorial love feast. There were no cross or flowers. Saints days and fasts The rector of the were ignored. church denied being a priest, that there could be any sacrifice, or that sacraments were life giving.

This very Low Churchman from

Virginia takes up a residence near Stuyvesant Square, and Mr. Adams

continues: 'He attends church-St. George's Is this his Episcopalian church? Choir boys in Popish vestments? the service and sermon reassure him. They are Protestant. After a little he grows accustomed to the breathless allaround humanitarism in vogue there, his followers, is allowed considerable power in his battle against Christ and His Church: so much power indeed that even the elect might be carried himself at the Church of St. Ignatius. to the west side, our pilgrim finds himself at the Church of St. Ignatius. Hears solemn High Mass! Is paralyzed when one of the fathers preaches on the necessity of auricular confess sion! Holy water, incense, candles

"On May 1st he moves to a flat on tute one of the greatest dangers to Caristianity. But the best way to counteract the danger is by exposing the nefarious practices, together with preaching our layman loves so! he is teachable, and he listens to serthe perverse aims and methods of devil worshippers. Forewarned is forearmed. Later, in a series of tion orthodoxy — the very divinity of tion, orthodoxy - the very divinity of

forearmed. Later, in a strictles, it will be shown what kind of a articles, it will be shown what kind of a his Lord.

"Next May be moves westward and "Next May be moves westward" "Next May be moved by "Next May be moved now stands at the head of universal into St. Agnes's parish - a chapel of

Freemasonry, in the person of its Old Trinity.
Supreme Chief, Adriano Lemmi. "Here he "Here he finds via mediaism. Some

ritual-but not too much to frighten Some innocent teaching o people. innocent doctrine-but a cautious in distinctness which leaves the worshiper to think as he pleases. If they hear confessions, they do so on the sly. "Some of the congregation bow and

genuflect and cross themselves; others loll around on the cushions in reassur Henry Austin Adams, who, when ing Protestant indifference. And rector of the Episcopal Church of the although there are suspicious touches of Romish error, they are really noth tic requirements of the age, and have

> "Moving again, our Virginian is once more compelled to set the focus of his telescope on faith, for he finds him-self at the church of the Redeemer, on Park avenue. With a ritual as Catho lic as that at St. Ignatius, and confessions and Masses and all the para-phernalia of an advanced parish, he finds here doctrines on social questions which are, indeed, novel to the Episco-The single tax is taught him palian. along with prayers for the dead, and the Mass is shown to be a socialistic center of the life of the world."

It is at this point the Virginian finds the poor really reached, Mr. Adams says, "and the easy-going, well-fed, selfish, snobbish, dominant class," to which the Virginian thought his Church limited, are scarcely repre sented.

The Virginian asks for an explanation of the differences, and on being assured they are trifling, replies:
"But," answered the victim, "if my

rector says he is a priest with power to offer sacrifice and to ab-solve, and my last rector denies it, one of them is wrong-and wrong on a matter of stupendous import. What is true in 45th street and 7th avenue is true in Stuyvesant square, isn't it?"

The Virginian is represented as having appealed to the Bishop. The latter was busy. A friend told the perplexed man that an "L"train would always take him to a church of his lik-

### To Convert Protestants.

Could not every Catholic buy one copy of of some instructive book to lend to his non-Catholic acquaintances work like "The Faith of Our Fathers." or "Points of Controversy," or "Catholic Belief," or "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" Could not every Catholic who is earning money, invest one dollar for God's sake and his own soul's sake, in this work of conversion? And just imagine, if you can, the good that would result if two million books were thus kept circulating among well-disposed Protestants! And as the Pope says, "A Catholic paper is a per petual mission in Catholic families," it could be made to do missionary duty also among Protestants. No copy of a Catholic paper should be torn up, or burnt. or otherwise destroyed. It burnt, or otherwise destroyed. It should be handed or mailed to some non-Catholic. Thus with priests and people, books and papers giving mis-sions to Protestants, the conversion of our neighbors would be hastened.-Catholic Union and Times.

### Nuns the First Women Printers.

The British Printer says that the general belief that women were for the first time employed in typographical work in 1631 by Rignoux, a printer in Montbard, is declared to be erroneous a printing press worked exclusively by women having been in regular use in Italy a century and a half before

The printing office was the convent of St. James at Mt. Ripoli, and the women printers were Sisters of the Dominican order. The Sisters of this convent had practiced the art of copying and illuminating manuscripts since

the 13th century.
When Gutenberg's invention made its appearance the press spread rapidly in Italy, and every town soon pos-sessed its printing-office. Florence had one as early as 1472.

The Sisters appear to have devoted themselves to their typographical labors with ardor and success, for be tween 1476 and 1484 more than 100 works-a large number for that period -issued from the conventual press.

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