

MR. JOHN O'LEARY ON IRISH POLITICS.

SERGEANT MOLLY PITCHER.

MR. HUGH MURPHY sends the following letter to the *Nation* :—
Paris, June 4, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter announcing my election as president of the Glasgow Young Ireland Society has been prevented by some mishap from reaching me before now. I am sorry for this, for I fear my silence must have seemed to at least some of you to savour of discourtesy, which is, I hope, altogether foreign to my nature.

It would certainly be an ill return for the compliment you have paid me. I grant I am willing to accept the position of president of your Society, it being, of course, understood—as from the nature of things it must, I suppose, necessarily be—that the office is, and, indeed, must remain, an honorary one. I shall, however, as soon after my return to Ireland in the beginning of next year as I possibly can, make it my business to visit Glasgow, and offer a few words of thanks, or probably more of counsel, to my young Ireland friends.

In the meantime, though I am in little mood for writing just now, and more or less disinclined to express any very definite opinions on the present state of public affairs, I still feel as if I owed it to you to say something.

You are right in thinking that my political opinions have undergone little, if any change since '48, and I think they are little likely to suffer any material modification while God grants me the full possession of my faculties.

Now, as then, I have little faith in Parliamentary action (which does not, however, involve want of faith in all public action), and still less in Parliamentary men. Now, as then, I am for the straight course at all times, and for the strong course whenever possible.

Of course you do not need to be told how much I deplore and detest the new and horrible dynamite and invincible delusions that have seized upon some few of our countrymen everywhere, and, unhappily, upon a good many of them in America. I should almost begin to despair of our future if I did not believe that this was a mere passing craze—the Irish form of that Nihilistic movement which, in some shape or other, seems spreading everywhere at present. "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis tempus egit.*"

It is by far other men and far other means Ireland must be served if she means to be free, or ever to take any forward steps on the road to freedom. As to what these measures should exactly be, and what men or classes of men are destined to carry them out, these are questions I cannot enter into with any fulness now.

One measure, however, is always urgent, and never more urgent than now, no matter what dishonest or ignorant spouters may constantly tell you to the contrary. "Educate that you may be free," said Gavan Duffy long ago, and no man living has done so much to help us to educate ourselves as the very author of the maxim himself. I hope I have in my time done a little in that way too; but, alas! how much of that sort of education that tends to make a nation free—as, indeed, of any sort of education—we still need, the most cursory perusal of Irish or Irish-American papers but too clearly shows. In fine, to put the thing in a nutshell, to *do more* we must turn more.

To turn from measures to men, we must learn to be tolerant of all sorts and conditions of men. Our sole standard should be whether a man means honestly to serve Ireland. As to whether a man thinks wisely for Ireland, it is generally only the few can know, and, mostly, time alone can with any certainty tell; and we, none of us, can be so certain of our own wisdom as to be entitled to condemn a man simply because he differs from us. But I cannot do better than end this letter, as I end my letters, by giving you the words of the man who has taught us all sorts of high and noble lessons, too easily forgotten by some of us, and probably never learned at all by others :—

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men;
We curse their greed for blood and gain,
We curse them now again.
Yet start not Irish-born man—
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
We have no curse for you.

What matter that at different shrines
We pray unto one God—
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod?
In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel.
And neither can be safe or sound
But in the other's weal.

—Sincerely yours,

JOHN O'LEARY.

The titular Bishop of Esbon, formerly Bishop of Wilna, Mgr. Adam Stanislaus Krasinski, who was exiled to Siberia for twenty years by the Russian Government, was received in special audience by His Holiness lately with whom he conversed in Latin for a lengthened space of time. The Bishop afterwards presented to the Holy Father several students of the Polish College at Rome.

The London correspondent of *The Boston Herald*, in describing the terror and stupidity of the London police after the recent dynamite explosions, says : " Meanwhile, at the base of the Nelson column a solitary constable paraded, his orders being, as he told me, to allow no one within three yards of the lions. Strange to say, he was on speaking terms with two individuals with whom I entered into conversation. One of them was a Frenchman, and the other an English republican, and both of them informed me that it would be the greatest pleasure to them in the world to assist in laying the monument low. What the two were doing in Trafalgar Square I could not find out, but they remained there for some considerable time."

THE 106th anniversary of the battle of Monmouth Court House will be celebrated, on the 28th June, by the unveiling of a monument on the battle-field and suitable commemorative exercises.

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

Sir Henry Clinton, obeying imperative orders, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was crossing New Jersey in order to embark on the Baritan; when Washington broke camp at Valley Forge and started in pursuit. Lee, an Englishman, who had resigned his position in the British Army in a fit of pique, had attained by good service in the patriot ranks the highest position next to that of Washington himself. The evidence is pretty strong, however, that during a temporary captivity in the British camp he formed plans for betraying the patriot cause. On his exchange Washington, ignorant of this fact, retained him in his command and even gave him charge of the advance at Monmouth, which had been previously given to Lafayette.

By Washington's direction, he attacked the enemy's rear, but soon ordered a retreat without notifying the commander-in-chief. Washington's first intimation of the disaster was when he met the disordered mass of fugitives on the road. He promptly reformed them, after freeing his mind, in language more vigorous than polite, to their unworthy leader, and presently brought up the main army to turn the tide of battle.

During the prolonged engagement which followed, Molly Pitcher displayed her courage and patriotism. She was a young Irishwoman, of twenty-two, the wife of a canonier under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. A British shot killed her husband, and, as nobody was competent to take his place, the captain of the battery ordered the piece away. Just then, Molly, who had been carrying water to the hot and weary artillery men from a spring near by, came on the scene. She saw her husband dead at his post, and heard the order for the removal of the gun. Dropping her pail of water, she sprang to the dead man's side, and seizing the rammer from his cold hand, volunteered to serve the gun in his place. Her offer was accepted, and the piece was not silent again while the battle lasted.

General Greene led the heroine into the presence of Washington next morning, while the powder and grime of battle were yet on her young brave face; and the great General, with his noble courtesy, thanked the heroine, and then and there commissioned her "Sergeant Molly Pitcher," of the Continental Army.

Be sure it was a striking scene, and one that did not lose its dramatic effect on the chivalrous Frenchmen who witnessed it, as well as the brave veterans of Valley Forge. The incident reveals Washington in a gracious and tender light, as the human, emotional gentleman he doubtless was in real life.

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

"A beautiful young woman. She stands barefooted and bare-headed in front of a cannon ramming a charge home. Her dead husband lies at her feet. The ponderous wheels of the gun, with old-fashioned iron bands holding the joints of the fellows, are well brought out. A bareheaded gunner stands close by, ball in hand. Opposite another gunner thumbs the vent, holding the flint-stock in his hand. The sponge-bucket stands in place. An enemy's ball ploughs the grassy field. A battery-flag sticks in the sod, with the old freshhold meeting house in the back-ground. Artillery-men approach beneath its steeple. In the foreground General Knox rides away flourishing his sword."

The country does well thus to honour the Irish-American heroine of the Revolution, the fit descendant of the women of Limerick whose valour England's redcoats had learned to respect long before the day of Monmouth and Molly Pitcher.—*Pilot.*

The greatest whispering "gallery" in the world is that of the Grand Canyon, Colorado. For years this chasm has been a matter of great surprise to the prospectors and miners on account of its wonderful transmissions of sound, and it has only been since the advent of the railroad that any definite idea has been entertained of the great distance it travels within its walls. A train of cars crossing the bridge at the Needles can be plainly heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, a distance of eighty-four miles. The fife and drum at Fort Mojave is distinctly heard at Bull's Head, a distance of eighty-four miles. The report of the sunrise gun at Fort Mojave can be heard at El Dorado Cañon, a distance of ninety-six miles.

Our Lady Perpetual Succour, says the *Catholic Review*, venerated in the Equiline in Rome, and in almost every Christian household, has again evinced her power in favour of her clients. Bishop Lacy, of Middlesborough, England, has written a letter to the Redemptorist Fathers, testifying his miraculous cure by her intercession. After stating that he had said Mass at her shrine for a special purpose, he said : " Our Lady heard my prayer, and vouchsafed me a miraculous cure of an internal ailment which has for the last nine years caused me much trouble and suffering, and been a sad drawback to me in my work. The cure was instantaneous and complete. At first I could hardly believe it. I felt confused at the thought of a miracle being wrought upon me. It has, however, proved to be not imagination, but reality. I need not say how overwhelmed I felt with a sense of gratitude for such a favour. For the honour of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, I think this ought to be made known, although if I were to be guided by my own natural instincts, I should prefer my name not to appear. I wish you would get as many prayers of thanksgiving as possible for this extraordinary proof of Our Lady's loving heart."