

Bishops were its object; then, when it was found impossible to sever the inferior clergy from them, the whole body of the priesthood. Switzerland heads the frantic march; other countries follow. Their cry is, "Reform of the outward constitution of the Church," and it has been raised too in the Italian Parliament. The following sentences are taken from a speech of Signor Vigliani's, the Keeper of the Seals—"When once we get a clergy who stand face to face with the laity, and are bound to consult the faithful, then we shall have a clergy with whom it is possible to deal, who will hear reason, who will come to an understanding with the people, for such an understanding will be one of the duties of their office. But so long as we have a clergy who oppose the Government, . . . there is no possibility of an amicable arrangement, because there is no confidence, and confidence is the basis of every reconciliation. Ardently do I desire the coming of the time when we shall at length be able to place what remains of the Church's temporal possessions in the hands of the people, for they are and must be the right administrators of those possessions. When once that day dawns, then, gentlemen, the flock will have shepherds such as they desire, and the shepherds will correspond with the views of the faithful" (i.e., of the Freemasons!). Or, in other words, the "brethren" must put aside the Pope, make the bishops puppets of the State, and the priests the playthings of a majority of laymen, before the Government meets the wishes of the secret societies. It is impossible for the line of march to be marked out more clearly.

"II.—The Socialistic movement of Italy in the hands of the Freemasons.

It has been known for a long time that "Internationalism," "Mazzinism," and Freemasonry, are of one and the same family. It is, however, undesirable for the lodges that this should be universally believed, and they treat the statement with "indignation," as an "Ultramontane calumny," though it is an open secret that the brotherhood aim at realizing their ideal of an atheistical and socialistic Republic. In monarchical States and reactionary times they are satisfied, certainly, with propagating Liberal and enlightened ideas; as the fox puts up with mice when no fowls are to be had. But besides that, their constitution is admirably adapted for temporising. In Conservative times they put forward their aristocratic-looking "high grade," with all its frippery of scarves, ribbons, ornaments, and colors: in democratic periods it is put in the background, and the three lower, or "symbolical grades," are paraded as the only correct and authenticated ones, and the "Rosierucian Knights," &c., are not allowed to say a syllable of objection: it is a wonderful system of mutual understanding. The Milanese "Luce," the organ of the "symbolical grades," overwhelms that of the "high grade," the Roman "Rivista," with contempt; and yet they are not the least angry with each other in reality: they know that crows are not in the habit of pecking one another's eyes out. These squabbles gave rise to the notion which was so often expressed last year, that Italian Freemasonry was falling to pieces, and torn by dissensions: when all on a sudden the "Gazzetta d'Italia," that enfant terrible of Italian journalism, blundered out the following indiscreet announcement—"Some days ago we mentioned a probable fusion of Freemasonry with the Mazzinists and Internationalists; we are now in a position to add that the leading men ("les grand bonnets") of these three different (?) societies have already held several meetings in Rome, which will be resumed early in October for the purpose of drawing up a common code and programme, and of deciding on a name for the combined society; this latter will, in all probability, be "Società democratico-unitaria Italiana." This rash statement was put down as ridiculous; but the "Gazzetta" stood its ground, adding that in the November of 1873, above sixty delegates from the three societies would meet in Rome to finish the work of fusion begun in Florence. This forced the Grand Master, Mazzoni, to write a letter to the "Gazzetta" representing the body of Freemasonry as a white dove, which "only occupied itself with its peaceful, educational, and humanitarian task;" but admitting in the same breath, that "individual members were independent of their lodges in their views of state, policy, and economy." That is, if the plan for which the fusion if effected, proves successful, the Brotherhood will come forward and claim the wreath of victory; otherwise, the individual members will be disowned as "erring brethren."

(Concluded in our next.)

THE FLOODS IN AMERICA.

THE most terrible disaster in the annals of Massachusetts, (says the "Alta" of May 27,) occurred in Hampshire County, on Saturday. The Williamsburg reservoir, covering a tract of over one hundred acres, gave way early in the forenoon, precipitating the vast mass of water it contained three miles down a steep and narrow valley into the thriving manufacturing village of Williamsburg, and thence further down the valley, through the villages of Hadenville, Leeds, and Florence, into the Northampton Meadows, where the stream empties into the Connecticut river. The huge torrent, dashing into Williamsburg with resistless power, swept away in a moment the manufacturing establishments and numbers of dwellings, causing enormous destruction of property, and terrible loss of human life. The lower villages suffered, only less awfully. The reservoir which burst was a wall of masonry five feet at the thickest, backed and faced with fifty feet of earth. It was twenty-five feet in depth, and four hundred and fifty feet long. Behind it was a lake of one hundred and four acres, holding three million tons of water. On Friday night last it rained hard. At half-past seven on Saturday morning, Cheney, one of the dam watchers, was in front of his dam when he saw in the east branch a spurt of water near the base. In a moment he turned to his barn, jumped on his mare, and ran her for dear life down the road to Williamsburg. He looked back once, and saw that out of an enormous breach in the earth and masonry, a torrent of water had burst into the air. There was no dam, there was nothing to be seen but the front of a huge, rolling wave, which was carrying on its very crest the great stone blocks of the wall, and dashing them down the steep incline of the valley. The speed of this torrent increased every moment, but Cheney was gone, riding recklessly over the stoney and muddy roads

to give the warning where fifty homes were in the direct path of the flood. He went over the terrible two and a-half miles at so rapid a pace that in ten minutes he was crying and yelling like a madman among the cottages of Williamsburg, "The dam! the dam is burst; get up to the high ground, the water is coming." It had come. Ten minutes was fully enough for that mountain of water going down a decline of one foot in six to reach the first victims. There they stood, pretty white cottages in rows and rectangles on the flats. The gorges had been narrow above, and a thirty foot moving wall of water and lime-stone rock undistinguishable was upon them, over them, and spread out upon the plain, roaring like the crash of near thunder, and tumbling down the frightful valley at twenty miles an hour. Those who were safe before the news came escaped; for the rest they took the chances of the flood. Some clung to their houses, but houses were mere toys of paper, swept like feathers here and there, piled one upon the other, upset, spun round, lifted bodily and broke in twain against the trees, lifted into the air and ground to splinters between flood, beaten and buffeted and tossed adrift with all that was human in them, shaken into the railway speed of the deluge of timbers, and quartz rocks, and water. Some fled and were overwhelmed before the eyes of their friends; some went mad, and rode the deluge down the valley shrieking. Here and there one could be seen sitting upon the roof of his shaking house, and clinging to it as the billows struck it. Of these last, one or two escaped by the sudden staying of the waves. It was all over in a short half-hour, and the waste had gone down the valley not unheralded entirely. An hour from the alarm at Williamsburg, the waters had done their work, and in half an hour more had lost their power. 120 buildings are destroyed, hundreds of acres covered with stone and mud. No one has attempted to estimate the loss in money. As for human life, to-night 90 bodies in all have been found, and squads of men here and there through the valley are looking for the missing. Scarcely a trace has been left of the removed habitations, so completely had the torrent ploughed up the ground in all directions.

THE OBJECTS OF FREEMASONRY.

WE select the following passages from the long and able pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Redwood, the Bishop of Wellington:—

This hell-born foe of Religion and order, aspiring to universal sway, chiefly assails Europe, the head and heart of the world. Its ULTIMATE AIM is the annihilation of Catholicity—nay, of the Christian idea—for ever. Its invisible head is Satan, its visible head are the Secret Societies, or—as the Pope calls them in his last Encyclical—the "Sects," whether masonic, or of any other name. "They form"—His Holiness says—"the Synagogue of Satan, which leads its troops against the Church, and gives her battle." Its PLAN OF ATTACK is to destroy, firstly, the Temporal, secondly, the Spiritual power of the Pope, and thirdly, all Christianity. Its MEANS to that effect are any whatsoever, provided they are effective—violence, cunning, fire and sword, poison and the dagger; but chiefly—as being more applicable, far-reaching, and universal—they are the following: to deceive Princes and Governments, and thus get the reins of power, as it now has them in Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere; then to destroy the influence of the Clergy by the systematic corruption of the masses, by Godless education, falsified History, immoral Literature, an audaciously lying and slanderous Press, perverted Arts and Sciences, and lastly, by the marshalling of all Religious Sects adverse to Rome, into one huge host against the common foe—the Roman Catholic Church. "We Appeal," wrote a well-known Revolutionary, Edgar Quinet, to the "Vente," or Headcentre of secret societies in Piedmont—"we appeal to all the beliefs and religions that have ever warred with Rome: they are ALL willing or unwilling in our ranks; for, at bottom, their existence is as irreconcilable as ours with Rome." Moreover, the Revolution has its fair pretences to beguile the simple and unwary—sometimes the upright and honest. These are certain high-sounding, magic words—such as liberty, progress, enlightenment, law, civilization, the welfare of nations, the destruction of abuses, the abolition of misery, the amelioration and comfort of the working classes—in short, endless prosperity and a golden age. And yet history and experience are there to give the lie to such promises; for the boasted material superiority of our times is not due to the Revolution, but to natural progress, which has been impeded rather than quickened by its baneful influence. The Catholic Church, whose object is neither science, nor art, nor industry, nor wealth, nor bodily comfort, but the salvation of souls, has INCIDENTALLY done more for the promotion of them all than any other corporation. On Historical evidence, she claims to have founded Christian civilization, preserved Literature, encouraged Arts and Sciences, promoted industry in every age and clime. England is indebted to her for the foundation of our liberties and the destruction of serfdom. (Macaulay's History, vol. 1.) And the whole fabric of the British Constitution is based upon her prudence, her wisdom, and her laws. And when calumny and falsehood brand her as the deadliest foe of mankind, she—as a mother stung to the quick by foulest ingratitude—meekly and sorrowfully exclaims: "I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised me." (Is. 1.—2.) To murder this beneficent mother is the object of the Revolution. Against her it summons all its forces: Infidelity, Protestantism, Caesarism, Rationalism, Naturalism, false politics, false science, false education." "On, on!"—it cries—"against our common foe. Away with the Pope, away with the Church, away with Christianity. On, on, to the emancipation of mankind." Such is the formidable adversary which the Catholic Church has now to conquer. For she has the "Promises"; "The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against her"; her victory is certain. Her glorious head, Pope Pius IX., stands as an immovable tower of strength against the fiercest onslaughts. Bishops, priests, and faithful march in serried ranks round their leader. Such unity is invincible. It foretells a future which will shortly amaze the world. The day and hour of its coming we know not, but we do know that we can hasten it by our prayers and good works.