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Price 5 Cents.

Harrah for Munster, stout and brave;
For Ulster, sure and steady;
For Connaught, rising from the grave;
For Leinster, rough and ready!
The news shall blaze from every hill,
And ring from every steep,
And all the land with gladness fill—
We're one united people!

May the ghosts of the dead
Come in troops round his bed!
The ghosts of the priests that are gone,
Ochone!
On his breast lay the old Treaty-Stone—
For a nightmare, the old Treaty-Stone.
May they carry him out in his sleep,
And creep
Through the lanes where God's sufferers keep
And weep;
Where the mother looks wild
On the face of her child
That hunger has rocked to death's sleep,
So deep,
Ah! where were the shepherds to keep
This wolf from the Master's sheep?
Then into each workhouse ward,
Well barr'd,
Where horror and hopelessness guard
Each ward;
Where husband and wife
Are both parted for life,
To meet in the cold churchyard.
Oh, Lord!
How they sigh for the green churchyard—
For rest in the green churchyard.
Ho! true men of old Garryowen—
Our own—
'Tis spirit, and muscle, and bone,
Alone,
That make up a land;
Let the proud and the grand
Slink aloof—we can go it alone,
YES, ALONE.
Stand true for the old Treaty-Stone,
And the glory of old Garryowen.

SONG OF THE SKIRMISHERS.

Brightly the sun o'er the ocean is shining,
The shore of green Erin is bright with its sheen;
The dark shades of night in the West are declin-
ing,
The skirmishers' standard is plain to be seen:
Tremble, ye tyrants dire;
Dynamite and Greek fire
Strike at the yoke we so long bore in pain.
Fiercely, at dead of night,
We shall prolong the fight;
Vengeance we'll have, and our freedom regain.

In vain have we craved for our rights from the
stranger;
Accurs'd is the slave that submits to a wrong,
While tyrants defy every vengeance and danger,
And Science makes equal the weak with the
strong.
Rush at the tyrant's throat;
Dynamite each red-coat!
Forster and Gladstone, it was your death knell
When with the thunder's crash
Buildings and shipping smash,
And Salford re-echoed ancient Clerkenwell.

The Sassenagh horde all our homesteads are raz-
ing,
Eviscerating our brothers by day and by night;
Shall we, spaniel-like, crouch? or with torchlights
ablazing,
Like men, raze their castles with petroleum's
might?
Tyrants, no more rejoice,
Vengeance will raise its voice
And all your vast commerce we'll sweep from
the sea,
And swift as the tiger's spring,
We, your base laws will bring
Down to the dust, and make Irishmen free.
THOMAS MOONEY.

THE KERRY DANCE.

Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing!
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like our youth—too soon!
When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a Summer night,
And the Kerry pipers tuning,
Made us step with a wild delight.
Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears!
Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing!
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth—too soon!

Was there ever a sweeter darling
In the dance than Eily More?
Or a prouder lad than Thady,
As he boldly took the floor?
"Lads and lassies, to your places,
Up the middle and down again."
Ah! the merry-hearted laughter
Ringing through the happy glen!
Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears!
Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing!
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth—too soon!

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts all fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen
Where the bright, glad laugh will never
sound again.
Only dreaming of days gone by,
Fills my heart with tears!
Loving voices, dear companions,
Stealing out of the past one more,
And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore;
When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a Summer night,
And the Kerry pipers tuning,
Made us step with a wild delight.
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Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth—too soon!

Can ye speak from the graves
To those British-led knaves,
Ye who trailed in the dust this same Red,
And bled
To raise up the Green in its stead—
Our own darling Green in its stead?
One word with this Father Malone,
Alone!
Whose heart must be molded of bone,
Or stone,
If he'll fast a few weeks
On potatoes and leeks,
And go barefoot through old Garryowen,
Mavrone!
I'll go bail that he'll alter his tone—
When our sorrows reach him and his own.
O shame on this Father Malone—
Ochone!
He's a strange bird for old Garryowen
To own.

Prose and Poetry from England.

To the Editor of The United Irishman:

I cannot find words to express the pleasure
I feel in reading your patriotic Irish journal.
It is, metaphorically speaking, an oasis in the
great Sahara of modern Irish national jour-
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Nepht's snow is above the swamps at its base.

I wish, dear Rossa, we had a few more such
men as you. I have never had the pleasure of
seeing you, but I have heard and read so much
about you from time to time that I almost
imagine I am "taking stock" of your tall, manly
figure as I now pen these lines. Years ago,
when I was a boy, your courage and daring
deeds in British dungeons, and outside British
dungeons, often caused me to raise my clenched
hand to smite a Britisher twice my own size
and age, in defense of the "ould land." I hope,
dear Rossa, you will never go in for any of
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pleasing or gratifying the maniacal whims of
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the goal of complete freedom, the grand object
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in my next letter, which I trust will be accom-
panied with something more substantial and
practical than mere idle words. I am sending
you herewith a few rhymes which I hope you
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**"THE IRISH PEOPLE" NEWS-
PAPER.**

Dublin, 1863-'65.

[The first number of the Irish People was pub-
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of it was published Sept. 15, 1865. On Friday
night, the English broke into the office, No. 12 Par-
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possession of the office, seized all the type and
books and machinery and took them off to Dublin
Castle, and seized every one connected with the
paper whom they could catch, and put them in
prison. We are going to publish an article or a
poem from that paper every week, and we pre-
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tors, led that time by The O'Donoghue and A. M.
Sullivan, were in full blast then, as now, and one
effort of the paper was to kill "agitation" and edu-
cate the people for fight.]

"Two Sets of Principles."

A memorable event happened in Ire-
land some three months ago. A treach-
erous memory prevents us from giving
day and date for it precisely just now;
but no matter—history will take note of
it. What we allude to is the startling
fact that in English Lord Lieutenant of
Ireland, in speaking of the state of
things then (and now) existing in "that
part of the United Kingdom," actually
told the truth! The fact in itself is
sufficiently startling. But when it is
taken into account that the particular
Lord Lieutenant who departed in so sig-
nal a manner from long-established
usage, was a Whig, and the blandest of
that conciliatory tribe—even Carlisle,
the amiable—the thing wears a look of
improbability which nothing but the
most unimpeachable testimony could re-
move. Add to this the time and the oc-
casion—the time being the Autumn of
1863, the occasion a cattle show—and
the above-mentioned startling incident
seems to us to be beyond the bounds of
credibility. Yet it is a fact; the amiable
Carlisle, in the Autumn of '63, at a cattle
show banquet, told the truth, and we
have no doubt, "shamed the devil."

The Marble City—for it is historic
Kilkenny that has been immortalized by
the miracle—was startled from its pro-
prietry. We are assured that the land-
lords and flunkies gaped and gazed in
utter consternation. If the well at the
bottom of which it is said truth is to be
found had opened at the orator's feet,
and, in a moment of virtuous inspiration,
he had unrobed and taken a "header"
into its depths, coming up like a success-
ful diver with the pearl of price in his
possession, the audience could not have
been more confounded. It is even said
that the prize bull bellowed furiously at
the moment, as if his right to reign in
the land was questioned; and the "great
boar Carlisle" rolled his unwieldy bulk
to the farthest corner of his sty, as if
the porcine faculty of seeing the wind
enabled him to catch a glimpse of an
approaching hurricane.

"There are two sets of principles,"
said Lord Carlisle, "striving for mastery
over this island. One is represented by
the Royal Agricultural Society (that is,
by the landlords and the flunkies, and
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"and the other set of principles find
shrilly voices on the summit of Slieve-
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Now we know this strife for "mastery
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the same more or less. But did not
Providence create the island expressly to
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are not the Irish gone with a vengeance?
And are not the West Britains who re-
main prosperous and loyal and genteel?
What could His Excellency mean?

The fact so pithily enunciated by His
Excellency is an old one. Not to go
back further than the reign of Queen
Elizabeth, we find a political predecessor
of Lord Carlisle's recommending, in
order to insure the triumph of his set of
principles that the crops should be laid
waste, and the Irish allowed to "quietly
consume themselves and devour one
another." This political gentleman gives
as proof of the happy results of his plan
of laying waste the crops, what he had
witnessed in Munster himself where the
plan had been tried. We quote a few
sentences:

"Out of every corner of the woods and
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their hands, for their legs could not bare
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**Crúinnighadh na n-Gaodhal a Ché-
cage.**

1. Is cosambuil go m-beidh an có-
chrúinnighadh Eireannach a bheidhas
Chicago a d-tosach na mbliana so chugainn,
'na cheann is mo do bhi riamh annsan
tir so, agus beidh ann de'bhann, nar
facadh fos ag aon chochrúinnighadh
Eirianneach ann America no ann Eirinn,
'se sin re radh, teachdairidhe letaisbean-
adh na Gaedhige.

2. Is mor an nidh e go de'mhin, go
bh-fil suilidhe na n-Eireannach fos-
gailte faoi dheire um cuis a d-teangad,
agus go nach udeunann siad dearmud
uirthi a measg na h-uile triobloide ata or-
tha fein agus air a g-cine anois.

3. Ma chuireann an cochrúinnighadh
so dian-smuineadh amach, agus deun-
faiidhe se e gan amhras, gur riachdanach
do na h-Eirianneach sa m-baile agus a
g-cian a d-teanga do shaoradh o bhias,
agus ni sin amhain, acht gur riachdanach
dhoibh mar an g-ceudna do fhoghuim
agus do chlachdadh a d-teangad agus a
g-ceoil cho mor agus is feidir leo, beidh
meas agus ionad ag Eirinn a suilbh na
g-cineachadh eile air feadh an domhain-
nach raibh aice riam roimhe. Is riach-
danach duinn taisbeanadh d'on chrúinne
go bh-fuil duile agus miana againn os
ciunn ciosa aca mona. Da m-beith ag
na h-Eirianneach amarach gach orlach
tadman ann Eirinn saor o chios, agus
iad do bheith sasta le sin amhain, gan
aon mhian na duil nios mo 'na nios airde
aca, ni fu iad meas' na graidh roim
duine.

LAIGHEANACH.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THE GATHERING OF THE GARLS IN CHICAGO.
1. It is probable that the Irish Con-
vention that will take place at Chicago
on the first of next month, will be the
largest that was ever in this country,
and there will be one feature in it that
has never appeared in any Irish conven-
tion in America or in Ireland, that is to
say delegates representing the Irish lan-
guage.

2. It is surely a big thing that the
eyes of the Irish are at last opened about
the subject of their language, and that
they do not forget it amid all the trou-
bles that are on themselves and their
country at present.

3. If the convention publishes a reso-
lution, and no doubt it will do so, that it
is necessary for the Irish at home and
abroad to save their language from death,
and not only that, but that it is also
necessary for them to practice and to
learn their language and their music as
much as they possibly can, Ireland
will have a respect and a position in the
eyes of the nations throughout the
world, which she never had before. We
must show the world that we have de-
sires and aspirations beyond the rent of
an acre of bog. If the Irish had every
inch of land in Ireland free of rent to-
morrow, and they to be satisfied with
that alone, without a desire or an aspira-
tion greater or higher, they would not be
worthy of the esteem or love of any man.
LAIGHEANACH.

UNITED IRISHMEN, Philadelphia.—The
Hon. William E. Robinson would be
with you on Tuesday, only that he can-
not make time. Writing to us he says:
"I must be in Washington on Dec. 5,
and ought to have some strength of
body and voice left to say something
about matters in Ireland, and the insult
to the American people by saluting the
English flag at a moment when it was
the emblem of the worst despotism in
Europe or Africa.

"Should I go with you, I should
probably seriously injure my already
precarious health.
"Were it not for these things, I should
be very glad to be with you, without
'victuals or drink.' Believe me very
truly yours,
WILLIAM E. ROBINSON."

Help.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18, 1881.
To the Editor of The United Irishman:
Inclosed you will find \$10 for THE UNITED
IRISHMAN. Michael L. Scanlan, No. 3,810
Walnut street, Philadelphia; P. Duffy, No.
1,317 North Tenth street; Peter Fullan, No.
4,022 Poplar street; Owen Cassidy, Seventh
street, above Master street.
Respectfully,
WM. CURRAN.

IRISH COUNTY NEWS.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

BALLYMENA.—The Ballymena Land Commission reduced the rents of twelve tenants on two estates...

Table with columns: Tenant, Val. ation, Old Rent, Present Rent, New Rent for 15 Years. Lists tenants like J.S. Campbell, Joseph Bell, Robert Heron, etc.

COUNTY ARMAGH.

BALLYMAGNAB LAKE LEAGUE.—A meeting of the above branch of the Land League was held on Friday, Nov. 11, and the following resolution was passed...

COUNTY CARMARTHON.

HACKETTOWN LAND LEAGUE.—A large meeting of this branch was held in the community hall, Hacketstown, on Nov. 8, the President, Mrs. Byrne...

COUNTY CARLOW.

HACKETTOWN LAND LEAGUE.—A large meeting of this branch was held in the community hall, Hacketstown, on Nov. 8, the President, Mrs. Byrne...

COUNTY CAVAN.

CARNAGAR, Bailieborough, County Cavan, Nov. 5, 1881. To the Editor of the United Ireland.

DEAR SIR.—Seeing a letter in your issue of Oct. 29, from a Bailieborough correspondent, concerning Sub-Inspector Stanley Shaw, Mr. McEvoy (your agent in Bailieborough), &c., why did you not...

COUNTY CLARE.

A herdman in the employ of Mr. Enright, a magistrate near Clonsilla, County Clare, was shot in his own dwelling recently.

COUNTY CORK.

The Millstreet Land League School was transferred on Wednesday, Nov. 9, to the residence of the teacher, Mr. Thomas McCarthy, at the residence...

COUNTY DOWN.

The land and magistrates around Ballyshannon, Donegal, Letterkenny, and Raphoe have a second time held county meetings, asking for the more active coercion against the "rebelly" Irish.

more than 1s., the Hon. Ward considered it value for (some) 18s. and (some of) it 11 a acre. For the boy he charges 5s 6s. In reply to Mr. McMorris he admitted that this estimate represents...

COUNTY DUBLIN.

Mr. James W. Finn, of Mount Brown, Secretary of the St. James' Branch of the Land League, was arrested on Wednesday, and conveyed to Dundalk Jail...

COUNTY FERMANAGH.

Mr. James W. Finn, of Mount Brown, Secretary of the St. James' Branch of the Land League, was arrested on Wednesday, and conveyed to Dundalk Jail...

COUNTY GALWAY.

Mr. John P. O'Connell, of the County of Galway, was arrested on Wednesday, and conveyed to Dundalk Jail...

COUNTY LIMERICK.

A curious case came before the Southern Commission, while sitting in Limerick, on Nov. 8. It was that of Rev. George O'Connor, P. P., Patrickswell...

COUNTY LONGFORD.

The tenants on the Edgeworthstown property of George Errington, Esq., M.P., met the agent at Tynan's Hotel, on Monday, Nov. 13, and asked for a permanent reduction of 15 per cent...

COUNTY LONDONDERRY.

The magistrates around Ballykelly, Dungiven, Garvey and Ballymore are asking for more active coercion. They'll soon get it, please God!

COUNTY LOUTH.

A convention of delegates from the different branches of the Land League was held in Dundalk a short time ago. The delegates in attendance were: Rev. W. Quinn, P. P., Clunlough, Rev. F. J. Donohue, P. P., Clunlough, Rev. F. J. Donohue, P. P., Clunlough, Rev. F. J. Donohue, P. P., Clunlough...

COUNTY MONAGHAN.

The Monaghan Magistrates.—On Tuesday, Nov. 15, a number of magistrates: the bench and grand jury from the Monaghan Court House to take into consideration the state of the county...

COUNTY ROSCOMMON.

Gladstone arrested Bernard O'Brien, of Hillstreet, on Wednesday, and conveyed to Dundalk Jail...

COUNTY TIPPERARY.

A large meeting of magistrates, land owners, tenants and traders held at Roscrea, County Tipperary, Nov. 19, passed resolutions supporting the Land League...

COUNTY TYKONE.

DUNAGANNON LAND LEAGUE.—The usual monthly meeting of the branch took place, notwithstanding the threats and intimidation used by Head-Constable Devine, who warned the owner and responsible officers of the Irish Street Public House...

COUNTY WATERFORD.

Gladstone has arrested John Sheridan, of Traamore, on Wednesday, and conveyed to Dundalk Jail...

COUNTY WEXFORD.

United Ireland, of Nov. 12, says: On last Monday eight hundred men, with ninety-five police, assembled in the neighborhood of Ennischorry for the purpose of meeting the Winter corn for Mr. Gregory Murphy, who is at present in Kilmainham...

COUNTY WICK.

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miscority, and they took possession of the town. It happened there was no intention of holding a meeting, and therefore no opportunity of shooting the people in sufficient numbers to pay the expenditure of buckshot. Among the force dispatched was the Goresy sub-inspector, who marched around Ennischorry accompanied by various members of the force. The sub-nincompoop wished to overawe the public; but one of the boys asked his neighbor concerning "Harvey Duff." Flesh and blood could not endure that. The gallant sub-illiberal whooped out, "Fix bayonets—charge!" and the whole force made a fierce onslaught on a dozen children. The name of this individual is P—, but the particulars of his birth no man knoweth, and probably would more than puzzle the Quaker (not Buckshot) to find it out.

Four arrests were made on Tuesday night, Nov. 8, in Wexford.—Messrs. J. A. Ennis, President late Garesy-Burrow Land League Branch; Denis Crosbie, member of the same branch; John Ryan, Vice-President of the late Tuolum Land League; and Pierce Meany, Secretary. The usual grounds of intimidation were alleged in the warrants. The prisoners were sent to Kilmainham.

COUNTY WICKLOW.

A frightened "loyalist," the Rev. H. E. Ellison, speaking at a shivering Shillelagh defense meeting, said: There are some things rulers cannot do—they cannot neutralize "this vile system of boycotting, which has been great a weapon in the hands of the disloyal. Government could not cope with that unless it took the form of actual crime."

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

ARMSTRONG.—Merron, Nov. 2, at Kilginnary Church, George William Armstrong, of Dunganary, to Grace Constance, daughter of Wm. Morcor, Kilmacoliver, Carrick-on-Suir.

ANGIER.—Nov. 6, at the Convent of the Faithful Companion, Paris, Margaret Selby (in religion Mother Margaret Stanislaus), second daughter of the late Mark Angier, Cork.

CONAN.—Oct. 31, at Rosneath, Sandymount avenue, Dublin, Joseph Conan, aged 61 years.

CONNAUGHT.—Oct. 31, Rose Connaughton, Killeenagour, Moate, aged 78 years.

GARRETT.—Oct. 30, Edward Hoare Garret, younger son of the late Henry Garret, of Ballinacraha House, County Cork, and Garrigue, County Waterford, Esq., aged 69 years.

GIBBINGS.—Oct. 27, at Agra, Bengal, Major Arthur Gibbings, King's Dragon Company of Gloucesters, County Cork, and Toberna, County Limerick, aged 35 years.

GREGG.—Oct. 28, at Sandymount, Dublin, the Rev. Thresham Gregg, D. D., in his 82d year. (And so Thresham is dead at last.)

LALOR.—Nov. 4, at Rosneath, Queen's County, Miss Catherine Lalor, aged 84 years.

MALONE.—Oct. 30, Kate Malone, Moate, aged 17 years.

MURPHY.—Oct. 29, Robert Murphy, Moate, aged 70 years.

RYAN.—At Shanakill, Oct. 28, Patrick Ryan, aged 46 years.

SAMPLE.—Oct. 26, at Clonmel, Henry Sample, youngest and beloved son of the late Alexander Sample, of Kilkenny, aged 21 years.

SMYTH.—Oct. 20, drowned at sea, when the steamship Clan Macdonald, of the cost of Wals, Edward Smyth, eldest son of the late John Smyth, of Carrigrohane, County Limerick, aged 30 years, the youngest son of the Rev. Henry Smith, rector of Cullen, County Tipperary.

SPILLANE.—Nov. 8, at Shanahan, Limerick, Ely, child of W. Spillane, J. P., aged 11 years.

THE CELT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

DEAR SIR: I have made a thorough trial of the Indian Blood Syrup and do, without hesitancy, pronounce it a splendid Blood Purifier. GEORGE PLUNKETT.

A Valuable Medicine.

DEAR SIR: Having used your Indian Blood Syrup myself and in my family, I can recommend it to others as a valuable Blood Purifier. Those who are anxious to know more fully of the good of your medicine can apply to me personally. JOHN PURDY.

Remedy for Headache.

DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with Headache and Dizziness and was unable to rest at night. Being advised to try your Indian Blood Syrup I did so and it soon restored me to perfect health and strength. MRS. E. A. FORD.

Sciatic Rheumatism.

DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your Indian Blood Syrup has completely cured me of Sciatic Rheumatism. E. A. FORD.

Liver and Kidney Complaints.

DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent Indian Blood Syrup for Lameness, Dizziness and Liver and Kidney Complaint, and have received great benefit from it. MRS. S. WARD.

Disease of the Stomach.

DEAR SIR: I have used your Indian Blood Syrup for Pain in the Stomach, and can recommend it to all similarly afflicted. L. I. STANTON.

Liver Complaint.

DEAR SIR: I have used your reliable Indian Blood Syrup for Disease of the Liver, and it has relieved me. I recommend its use to all similarly afflicted. THOS. J. MEYERS.

Never Fails to Cure.

DEAR SIR: I had a severe attack of Bilious Fever, which left my system in a debilitated condition. I was induced to try your Indian Blood Syrup, and it restored me to perfect health. S. S. NORRIS.

Remedy for Rheumatism.

DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your Indian Blood Syrup has completely cured me of Rheumatism and Liver Complaint. I recommend its use to all similarly afflicted. MRS. C. GILBERT.

Would Not be Winded.

DEAR SIR: I was severely afflicted with Nervousness, and the use of your Indian Blood Syrup effectually cured me. I would not be without it. MRS. MARY SEBOR.

Restored to Health.

DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with poor health for several years, and failed to get any relief until I began the use of your Indian Blood Syrup, which effectually cured me. My family have also used your medicine with the most beneficial results. SENECA DURAND.

Sure Cure for Liver Complaints.

DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent Indian Blood Syrup for Liver Complaint with very beneficial results, and can recommend it as a highly valuable medicine. AMASA CARRICK.

Disease of the Stomach.

DEAR SIR: I was troubled with Derangement of the Stomach, which your Great Indian Blood Syrup soon effectually relieved. MRS. RUTH VAN MARCKE.

Dyspepsia Cured.

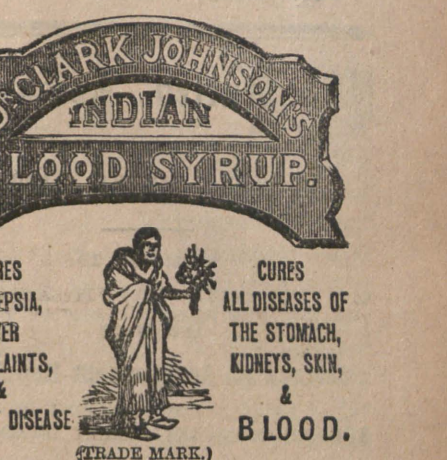
DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with Dyspepsia for several years, and failed to get any relief until I began the use of your Indian Blood Syrup, which effectually cured me, after various medicines and doctors failed. MRS. PAMELLA LEWIS.

Erysipelas Cured.

DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your valuable Indian Blood Syrup has cured me of Erysipelas. I recommend its use to suffering humanity. MRS. S. C. POER.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

DEAR SIR: I was troubled with Dyspepsia and indigestion, and failed to get any relief until I began the use of your Indian Blood Syrup, which completely relieved me. JOHN DUNNING.



Doan's Indian Blood Syrup. Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and Heart Disease. It promotes digestion, purifies the blood, and restores health.

This Syrup possesses Varied Properties. It stimulates the Pineal in the Saliva, which converts the Starch and Sugar of the food into glucose. A deficiency in the Pineal causes Wind and Souring of the food in the stomach. If the medicine is taken immediately after eating the fermentation of food is prevented.

TESTIMONIALS. For Kidney Disease. Dr. Troy, Rensselaer County, N. Y. Dr. Troy, Rensselaer County, N. Y. Dr. Troy, Rensselaer County, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I have used your Indian Blood Syrup in my family for the past five years, and it is the best remedy in existence for the Kidneys, Liver and Blood. WILLIAM DORE.

DEAR SIR: Having used your Indian Blood Syrup with entire satisfaction, I pronounce it the most efficient family medicine in use. To me it is not simply desirable, but necessary and indispensable. MRS. S. A. YALE.

A Good Blood Purifier.

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OFFICE:

No. 25 Beekman St., New York City. NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING DEC. 10, 1881.

The Convention at Chicago.

Our readers are aware that in Chicago, in Illinois, a convention is about to assemble for the purpose, as we are informed, of "enunciating sound principles" with the view of "uprooting landlordism" in Ireland, and "giving the land of that country to the people who fill it." It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this object. Of all the projects ever entertained by man, this, perhaps, involves the most momentous consequences, and is, indeed, among the most weighty, difficult and perilous ever contemplated. It implies nothing less—in its results, at least—than the subversion and destruction of the proudest and most powerful aristocracy in the world, which in Asia commands millions of subjects, and is little less potent in America and Europe—for, of course, if the Irish landlords succumb, the aristocracy of Great Britain must be likewise overturned. To effect a purpose of such enormous magnitude some more potent machinery will be required than the "enunciation of sound principles."

The work which in Paris, in the last century, was performed by the Mirabeaus and Dantons is to be performed in Chicago (minus the blood) by men who may prove equal, to those intellectual giants. We sincerely wish them success, and hope they will prove as capacious in mind and as invincible in resolution, as fertile in expedient and as pregnant with the divine fire and inspirations of practical genius as the founders of the French revolution of the last century. The task which is before them is identical; the instrumentality they must employ to accomplish it should likewise be similar. It is not easy to overthrow an aristocracy so deeply rooted in the soil, so gnarled in its growth, so lofty in its flourishing ramifications as that of England by making eloquent speeches, or passing unanimous resolutions 4,000 miles from the scene of action.

Before they enter upon those deliberations, which contemplate such momentous results, we would respectfully remind them of what has been written by a foremost member of that very aristocracy whose destruction they design. Speaking of the Clerkenwell explosion, Lord Derby says:

"A few desperate men, applauded by the whole body of the Irish people for their daring, showed England what Irish feeling really was; made plain to us the depth of discontent, whose existence we had scarcely suspected, and the rest followed of course. Few persons now regret the disendowment of the Irish Church, &c."

The English people, according to Lord Derby, are susceptible of education, but it is only by the thunder of explosion and the flame of combustibles, the light of corruption and the crash of falling edifices that a lesson can be taught to a race so dull of comprehension. When danger is at a distance they are wholly incapable of fear; when danger is present they are equally incapable of courage. According to the Venerable Bede the Irish in old time instructed his countrymen, the English, in the Christian religion; there is no reason why in modern times we should not instruct them in the principles of better government.

A great many subjects, we dare say, will come under the consideration of the convention during its approaching deliberations. There is one which we ourselves would suggest to them. Let us hope they will not overlook the extreme combustibility of London. No city in the world, we are persuaded, is more readily consumable by fire. It contains such quantities of spirituous

liquors, such stores of brandy, rum and wine; such floods of petroleum and mountains of coal and timber, such immeasurable masses of inflammable substances; it is built of such wretched materials, that the Irish inhabitants might easily wrap London in crimson conflagration. The terrors of its destruction in that case could hardly be surpassed by that of Babylon the great, as described by St. John. The smoke of its burning would darken the noonday sun; the flame of its conflagration would brighten the midnight hemisphere. It would appal the world and avenge seven centuries of wrong. Let us hope that the convention will consider this, among their other deliberations. There is no time to be lost. In a telegram, dated Nov. 22, we read:

"Yesterday a flying column of 500 men, consisting of military and police, assisted the civil power in evictions on the estate of Mr. A. L. Tottenham, M. P., at Killyclogher, County Leitrim." It is quite evident that if we do not kill them the English will kill us.

Solemnity and Utility.

"The coming convention," according to a contemporary, "will not be an ordinary occasion; it will be a solemn occasion." We make no doubt whatever of its solemnity. We are quite certain that it will be solemn; but we have reason to believe that it will not be practical. Solemnity is a respectable attribute, but we regard utility as much more desirable. The convention in Chicago, we have reason to apprehend, will resemble the convention in Dublin, which, held in the rotunda and attended by delegates from every part of Ireland, was productive of no benefit whatever to the Irish people. We are firmly persuaded, nevertheless, that the convention will endorse the command which was issued from the "sunless prison" of Kilmahnam, "Pay no rent; keep a firm grip of your holdings." But how the tenants are to do this, will not, we apprehend, be revealed to them by this convention. Could the convention, meantime, tell Mr. Parnell how to get out of jail, it might then instruct the farmers in the more difficult art of keeping possession of their holdings. Liberty is doubtless as dear to him as their farms can be to the tenantry, but he could not retain his freedom. He and his friends were stripped of their liberty and hurled into jail. So it will be with the tenantry; they will be robbed of their holdings and turned out upon the highway. Far from giving liberty to the people, the leaders of the Land League are not able to maintain their own liberty. What was wanted was some new expedient which tyranny was not familiar with—which it had not foiled, frustrated and trampled on a thousand times. The Land League was merely a resurrection of O'Connell's "Repeal Association" with another object. Now the government, which had overwhelmed the repealers with defeat, was prepared from the beginning to crush the Land League, scatter its public meetings and hurl its leaders into prison. Having followed in the footsteps of O'Connell, having imitated his legal agitation, they inevitably participated in his evil fortunes and fell into the same quagmire. They were dwarfs mimicking a giant. Instead of awaiting the action of the government, they should have anticipated its assault; they should have paralyzed its attack by some bold and novel line of action which would have foiled and parried its onslaught. The government consists of men whose talents are respectable, but by no means invincible. They are commonplace men. Mr. Gladstone is a fluent speaker; but a new idea—a thought that belonged to himself—which he had not appropriated from some one else—never issued from his lips. The expedients he employs are as hackneyed as the staple of his oratory. Coming from a source so commonplace, they might have been easily anticipated and readily counteracted.

Meantime, the men who are in prison for Ireland are true patriots, with benevolent minds and excellent intentions. We regard Mr. Parnell as a man of knightly purity—a chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and his companions are worthy of their leader.

Good for Canada.

CANADA, NOV. 25, 1881. To the Editor of The United Irishman: DEAR SIR—Inclosed please find \$10 from the Peep-o'-Day Boys, of Canada, who entirely approve of your policy. They do not wish you to send it to the land thieves, emergency men or peelers; but you are at liberty to send them value for it in the shape of something warm for the winter.

THIGIN THU? Received \$5 for the "Resources of Civilization" from the men of Little Rock, Ark.

The Use of the Alabamas.

According to a recent number of the New York Herald this Republic is almost powerless at sea—its coasts open to the ravages and its commerce to the destructive efforts of any European power which may choose to quarrel with America. Here is what it says:

"England, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, even Turkey, all possess iron ships-of-war in comparison with which ours are almost worthless. The rest of our so-called navy is in an equally pitiable condition. Were we, unfortunately, to become engaged in a foreign war with a first-class Power to-morrow we hardly have a vessel that we could send to sea. The Naval Advisory Board, which has just made its report, says that we have only twenty-one ships at all worthy of the name. How long they would last when arrayed against the iron monsters of other nations does not require a very profound knowledge of naval matters to foresee."

The remedy for this deplorable state of things—so far as we understand the Herald—the acquisition or construction of a war-fleet as powerful and formidable as that which England or any other maritime nation may possess.

It would seem from this advice that in the opinion of the Herald ships are more important than mariners, that vessels are all we require to render our coasts secure and our commerce defensible. But this is a great mistake. It is not ships which give supremacy or even security at sea. It is skilled and experienced mariners. It is, in a word, the possession of the carrying trade—the nursery of seamen.

This is what Sir Thomas Brassy, M. P., said the other day, when speaking in Maidstone, at an agricultural dinner: "Never since the days of Nelson has the navy of England occupied greater supremacy than at the present time, not only on account of its fighting strength, but taking into consideration the immense reserve to be found in our commercial marine."

What Sir Thomas Brassy means to say is this—the possession of the sea is the empire of the land, and it is the carrying trade which gives the English nation the mastery of that element, because it supplies her war ships with efficient recruits—with practical mariners, who can "hand reef and steer." It is not ships that are important, but the men that navigate them. No people—in the early part of the present century—constructed more formidable men-of-war than the French; but no people were more unfortunate in their naval conflicts and maritime enterprises. They were overwhelmed with repeated disaster. Britannia ruled the waves. This is evident not only from the records of history, but the very names of the men-of-war which under "the meteor flag" of England scoured the seas and triumphed in battle. There was, for instance, the Hironde, which English mariners misnamed the "Iron Devil," the Courageux, whose name they metamorphosed into "Currant Juice," the Bellerophon, which the old salts loved to term "Billy Ruffian," the Areolus, which was known in nautical circles as the "Ale House," and the Andromache, travestied into the "Andrew Mackey." The French names indicate the origin of the vessels, while the English misnomers indicate the melancholy fortune of those captured ships.

The Turks, according to Admiral Slade, possessed, when he commanded their fleet in the Black Sea, the finest ships that England could supply them with. But owing to the incapacity and inexperience of the seamen they were the laughing-stock of the Russians.

The miserable inferiority of the American Navy at the present moment—her inability to man a fleet if she had one—proves the wisdom of England in building the Alabamas. It was money judiciously expended. It has given her the carrying trade of the ocean—that trident of Neptune which is the sceptre of the world. It has given her the empire of the seas, which implies the dominion of the land. The Alabamas not only swept the Stars and Stripes from the surface of the ocean, they have left the coasts and commerce of this country at the mercy of Great Britain—equally destitute of the "hearts of oak" and the "jolly tars" who manned them. Not only England—the very weakest of the maritime powers of Europe would be an overmatch for America in her present condition.

Let it never be supposed that the ruling class of England—the most arrogant on earth—will allow themselves to be pauperized with impunity by American competition; their rents unpaid and their tenants reduced to insolvency, their artisans idle, their factories shut up and mill-owners beggared, while they possess the naval supremacy which Sir Thomas Brassy boasted of. The meanest reptile will make an effort to preserve its existence. How much more the aristocracy of Great Britain?

Notes for the Chicago Convention.

Many experienced soldiers say that when a crisis of fight is at hand, many men would rather keep out of the fight than go into it, and, if it was left to a general vote of the army, they would vote to turn into some bohreen to avoid the battle-field.

A stern discipline, that has in it a fear of shame as well as a dread of punishment, is necessary to get a people into fight.

One bad general in sole command of an army is better than two good generals in joint command.

In a revolutionary movement the primary essential to success is the one-man power.

In seasons of great peril 'Tis well that one hold sway; Then choose we a dictator, Whom all men shall obey.

Revolution is Ireland's remedy. Let this Chicago Convention manage the preliminaries to success.

"Waiting for the time" and "waiting for the opportunity" is all nonsense. The "time" or the "opportunity" never comes to a people who are not prepared.

Prepare for the opportunity; and then we can make the time.

Many Irishmen believe that the skirmishing way is the most effective way to bring England to her senses about Ireland; but these many Irishmen cannot openly go in for skirmishing, because English interests in America would boycott them. The Chicago Convention will do well to choose such a council as will not hesitate to have recourse to resources of civilization, to meet Gladstone's "Resources of Civilization." That council can select its executive officer, with full power to act, and the rest of the council can be safeguards of all the interests that surround him.

In the list of delegates from New York to the Chicago Convention, we find these:

First Ward—John Devoy. Nineteenth Ward—John J. Breslin.

At that Chicago Convention will be many men who contributed to the Skirmishing Fund, and they would act right if they seized those two delegates and rifled their pockets of every copper they contained. Indeed, if they took the clothes off their backs, they would be only taking their own from them. How those "delegates"—those "trustees" of that money—can have the brass to face a public convention of Irishmen, to do any work for Ireland, surpasses our comprehension. Probably Mr. Reynolds, of New Haven, and Mr. Carroll, of Philadelphia, will be at that convention, too, as there is a game playing to have that crowd capture the body. We recommend the convention to give a wide berth to any proposition made or supported by them. They are the "Dangers," the rocks, on the coast of Ireland on which mariners are wrecked.

"No Rent" is a grand cry for Ireland when Ireland is ready for revolution; it was the cry proposed by the men of '48 to insure a general resistance to the working of English law in Ireland; the cry suggested to insure a general "rising." But the '48 men meant fight, and the cry of "No Rent" without fight, and preparation for fight, is only playing child's play with revolution. England's horse, foot and artillery will collect the "rent" or evict the people. It is all very well to succor and support the evicted, houseless people, and we desire to see it done; but England, in the long run, is sure to eat up every penny the Irish race all over the world can contribute while we play that game with her; and then we will be no nearer to Irish national independence. Indeed, if this Chicago Convention adopted the more advanced cry of "national independence" and did nothing to acquire and use against Gladstone those "Resources of Civilization" that Gladstone uses and threatens to use in Ireland, we would be as far from independence as ever. This Chicago Convention will be fairly representative of the Irish race in America. The men at home—the men who mean fight—the men who believe that fight alone will right their wrongs—will be looking to this convention with some hope that the "resources of freedom" may be organized there; but if we are to have nothing but resolutions of indignation and resolutions to spread the light, there is nothing before the Land League in America but collapse. And 'tis a pity such a splendid organization should have such an end. Our hope is that, publicly or privately, a plank will be put in the platform, on which, publicly or privately, a revolutionist can stand, and then we are heart and soul with the work.

The Ancient Order men at the Chicago Convention will be among the men who have the most intense hatred of English rule in Ireland, and of all the agencies by which it is supported there. A pity

the A. O. H. men in their own organization would not introduce an Irish political plank in their Constitution; they have the thorough skirmishing spirit individually in them, and they have among them, too, the spirit to do and dare what is necessary.

It is not of the Irishmen in America England is afraid; it is of the Irishmen in England and Ireland. When England is afraid of a man at home she gives him every encouragement to come to live in America. Our duty here is to help the men at home; to encourage them to stay at home, and to assist them in those preparations that are necessary to enable them to "stick to their holdings" at home.

If every Irishman in Ireland was as intelligent as the most intelligent Irishman who will be at this Chicago Convention; if every Irishman in the old land carried a calcium light in his head, and if every cell in his brain was papered with the Irish World's truisms about the land belonging to the people who till it, and God having created it, and created "land, air and water" for the Irish people, England is not going to yield anything to their extraordinary intelligence. England has the "heavy artillery," and having that, takes it for granted she has God on her side, and exercises her right to send us to hell or to Connaught. We hope the descendants of the men who escaped hell a few hundred years ago will take measures at this Chicago Convention to make a return of the "vengeance."

We don't know will the Chicago Convention develop any of the "intensity of Fenianism." Gladstone admitted it was the intensity of Fenianism that knocked down the "tall steeples" of an Established Church ascendancy in Ireland. Here are his words:

"Down to the year 1863, and the dissolution of that year, the whole question of the Irish Church was dead. Nobody cared for it. Nobody paid attention to it. In England circumstances occurred which drew attention to the Irish Church. I had, in 1864, said that I believed it was out of the range of practical politics. Now it came to this that a jail in the heart of the metropolis was broken open under circumstances which drew the attention of the English people to the state of Ireland, and when in Manchester a policeman was murdered in the execution of his duty, at once the whole country became alive to the question of the Irish Church. It came within the range of practical politics. The Irish Church act followed."

Now, men of Irish blood in Chicago, let you see if you can bring the question of Irish Independence within "the range of practical politics," and for heaven's sake don't be fooling with the political fiddlers that talk about "ten years of this Land-League agitation" to free Ireland. Gladstone plainly tells you it is the Fenian spirit, or the spirit of skirmishing, that alone has power to bring him and his crowd to terms.

Isn't it a pity the Clan-na-Gael Society is not represented at the Chicago Convention! The Clan-na-Gael men swore, just as we swore in Ireland, that it was by the sword alone the rights of Ireland were to be won; but the leaders rattled; they got afraid to come to the scratch, and they started the "New Departure" to return good men to Parliament, as part of the programme to free Ireland. We believe, taken as a body, that the Chicago Convention will have a respect for men who stick to their principles and beliefs—who honestly believe and avow, as we believe and avow, that it is the sword alone will free Ireland. But, though that Chicago Convention is not called for men like us, we see that the "New-Departure" gentlemen are going there in force, under one guise or another. With their trickery before, they got hold of the skirmishing money, and they must have the devil's face now to face that Chicago Convention with a view to get hold of that money.

There will be many men in Chicago this week who believe in their hearts that there must be some other work besides Land-League work to free Ireland; it would be well if those men met in private convention of their own, and set to work to organize some "Resources of Civilization."

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION AND THE SKIRMISHING FUND.—As we see that the "Trustees" of the Skirmishing Fund are to be at the Chicago Convention this week, we authorize P. W. Dunne and Maurice M. O'Connor, of Chicago, and other contributors of that fund who will be in Chicago this week, to receive from those "Trustees" that balance of the money, \$38,000, they say they have still on hand. We would rather have that balance in the hands of the convention than in the hands of those "Trustees," and we hope the convention will not listen to a word they have to say, until they deliver up that money. When they asked us to resign and give up the money to them, we did so. Since then they have spent \$50,000 of that

money, and have done no skirmishing work. We now ask them to give up what they hold of that money to this convention, or to P. W. Dunne and Maurice M. O'Connor, that it may be used for the "Resources of Civilization."

Mr. Redpath's "Talks About Ireland."

That the prosperity of England is the result of English statesmanship is generally admitted; but it is equally certain that the misery of Ireland—the wonderful frustration of the obvious designs of Providence—is likewise the work of English policy. Both are miraculous, and the astonishment which strangers experience when contemplating the opulence of England can be only equaled by the compassion they feel when beholding the misery of Ireland:

"Seeing how man hath cursed What Heaven hath made so glorious."

Misery, hunger and nakedness cover a land naturally the richest in Europe. Idle and mendicant wretchedness is visible everywhere. Craving penury is the first object which the traveler meets when he lands on the Irish coast, and which never ceases to be visible so long as he continues in Ireland. In one place it may be seen in the form of limping pauper scarcely covered with a mass of rags; but in one shape or other it was always revoltingly visible. It sometimes cropped up amid the most beautiful scenery, where the laughing landscape waved with verdant trees and rustled with golden harvests, as if misery were inherent in the soil—one of its inevitable products. The body politic of Ireland is covered with pauperism, as with leprosy; even the wealthy, who, in the midst of their luxuries, cannot separate themselves entirely from the miseries of the poor, were pestered and annoyed by it, and made vain efforts to rid themselves of a mendicancy which they themselves had created, and which clung to them almost incessantly. There is always a dumb war in Ireland between the rich and the poor—a war of the stomach against the purse—a war of desperate passion, on behalf of and for the relief of hunger—of the right to live, original and inalienable, against the right to possess—the creation of conventional society.

These recollections of Ireland have been forced upon us by Mr. Redpath's book, entitled "Talks about Ireland." On this book we have only two observations to make: It ought to be translated into every language in Europe, and particularly into Russian. If the statesmen of that country are desirous of showing the Nihilists the true nature and effects of constitutional government—the grinding oppression which may be exercised under its emanciating forms—by Satanic miscreants who "work their wantonness in form of law." If they wish to show what a mockery it is, let them contrast the blessings conferred on the Russian people by the Mir, or village republics of that country, with the appalling wretchedness produced by the tenant-at-will system of Ireland. Let the Ignatiefs, we say, get this book translated and scattered broadcast through the length and breadth of Russia, and it will demoralize the Nihilists. It must arrest the progress of revolution which, concocted in London, assassinates crowned heads and their attendants in St. Petersburg for the promotion of British interests.

This is what we have to say with regard to the book; but with regard to the author, we must observe that the Irish in common gratitude ought to send him to Parliament that he may repeat these "talks about Ireland" in the presence of the "six hundred scoundrels" whom Mr. Gladstone terms "the noblest assembly of freemen in the world."

Speaking of England, Mr. Redpath says: "Her evil eye has blighted every industry (in Ireland) except agriculture alone, and that industry she suffers to exist at the price of the serfdom of the tillers of the soil. She makes the landlord the absolute master of the lives and fortunes of her people. He can drive them into the roadside, or into the poor-house, or into exile, or into the grave; leaving the land a desert, or a game cover, or a grazing farm; destroying every village trade, and every calling, and every profession at his sovereign will and pleasure, and then blaspheming the God who made this earth for the people thereof, by calling this heartless, this heathen system the enforcement of the rights of property. The landlord confiscates, not the wages of toil only, but the visible results of it; and this is defended, not by English opinion only, but by English law. Whoever dares to deny the right of any man to drive an innocent people into exile is called a Communist by these brawling parasites of the greatest Communists on earth." If any one doubts the propriety and justice of applying dynamite to the aristocratic palaces, governmental establishments, shipping and factories of England, let him read this pamphlet and he will be convinced of his error. ARDASA.

A PRIVATE LETTER FROM HOME.

For the Edification of Land-League Men, Olan-na-Gael Men, A. O. H. Men, United Irishmen, Fenian Men, and all Irishmen in Exile.

Societies and organizations and Brotherhoods in America may talk of getting reliable news from Ireland about the state of the country, and special missionaries may be sent over to Ireland occasionally, at thousands of dollars of expense, to cook up reports for conventions in America; but give us, in preference to all these, the plain, simple, truthful story that one brother in Ireland sends to another in America. We have read such a story just now, and we will take the liberty to publish it for other Irishmen, who are just as interested in the freedom of Ireland as we are. We would ask the coming convention in Chicago to take into consideration the state of Ireland, and the state of the people there, as this letter puts it. We will know some reliable man going to that Land-League Convention in Chicago, and we will put the original letter into his hands, that its genuineness may be assured. It comes from Connaught, and here it is:

OCTOBER 30, 1881.

MY DEAR ROSSA: I received your very welcome letter on yesterday, and I am glad to hear that you are in good health, and we also, thank God. I am glad to know that you are corresponding with Uncle Edward. I shall be very glad to receive a copy of his letters, and the photos of Kathleen and himself. What about his other children? Does he give you any information concerning them in his letters? Please remember us to him when you are writing to him again. I shall feel anxious until I receive the photos and the letters. You had better not forget sending your photo also. James D. wrote to Pat lately, and he spoke very flatteringly of you. He said that you were one of the finest men in New York. How my heart leaped with joy and pride when I heard that sentence! He also said that you were going on well, and that you had grown worldly-wise, and that you were as steady as a rock. My boy, I have hopes yet, great hopes; I often build my castles in the air, and I need not tell you that in the mental picture which my imagination paints, you are the central figure. I hope to live to see the day when you shall deal a death blow to the flunkies; I mean to the troop of flunkies and vampires who fattened and gorged themselves on the people's miseries, who had no compassion for the sorrows of the misery-ridden poor; but, ghoul-like, fattened themselves with the blood and bones of the poverty-stricken. But, to come down to the commonplace, material, every-day world, the money-grubbing, heartless, cold thing, whose idol is the almighty dollar. What trash! I cannot give you much news this time, but some strange happenings have taken place lately. Miss Elly, of B. street, got married to an army pensioner named L., a perfect stranger in those parts. It was as if a bombshell had exploded among the ranks of that class of hypocrites, those publicity-loving devotees, who are never tired of vaunting of their piety. It exercised the minds of that class. "Oh, dear! What a thing it is to think of a foolish old woman thinking of marriage. She must be dotting." Such were the comments of the people who interested themselves in the matter. Was she not demented, think you? Think of one who was all her life the same as a nun—taken vows and the rest of it—think of her going to the Bishop to get herself released from her obligations! How strangely some minds are constituted. She is now, sir, "wooded and married and a." Miss, the female teacher is married to Mr., male teacher. Father Stephens, it is said, made the match. Pat O. (a brother of Mrs. L.'s) is dead and buried. He it was who told father (Lord have mercy on him) that Uncle Edward had so many blocks of houses in Chicago, "and, my dear sir, he lets them as dear as two eggs a penny." That is all the local news which I can remember. The political outlook is black-looking enough just now.

The landlords are exulting at the "vigorous policy" of the government. The poor tenants are like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, rushing blindly about, not knowing what course to adopt, having no leaders, now that the League is suppressed and the priests unwilling to take up the position which they have often asserted is their right—that of directing the people in their struggles for rights and freedom. This governmental coup has done incalculable wrong to the tenant's cause, for it swept away at one blow their advocates and mediators. By this time you are doubtless aware that the League is declared an illegal organization by proclamation, that the leaders and the chief clerks in the central office—Dorris and Quinn—have been arrested and the whole machinery of the League thrown into disorder. After this act of the government calling on the people to pay no rent on any consideration. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke disapproved of that step, and the whole thing is in a muddle. The people have not the pluck or courage of acting on the advice they got from the League, and, instead of keeping the rents in their pockets, they are paying them or rushing into the land courts—a suicidal policy, in my opinion. The poor fools! They had the game in their own hands if they willed; now they have lost an opportunity which they may never get again. But I cannot blame them much, on account of the slavish doctrine that is being preached from the pulpit and taught in the so-called Freeman's Journal and the provincial press. I send you along with this a copy of the Freeman's Journal which contains a pastoral from that partisan prelate, Dr. McCabe, which is very nice reading, morayoh, for chaps of your ilk. You will see therein what chance of heaven (according to McCabe) men of your way of thinking have got. Well, God forgive us all; but this kind of thing makes me indulge in profanity to a great extent. God help this poor land of ours. Doheny's words are running through my head now as I write these lines. Shall we see another '48 fiasco? May God forbid. We have another Bishop of

West-British feelings ruling over this diocese now—McEvilly. He was inculcating the doctrine of paying rents to the landlords, in Tuam to-day in the Cathedral, but a great portion of the congregation got up and left the church. More power to them! That is the proper way to treat men of his class who take opportunity to air their politics when they should be teaching the word of God. It is hard on one's feelings to have to resort to that mode of expressing disapproval of the acts or utterances of those churchmen who, it would seem, always make it a point to go against the wishes and the feelings of the people, and side with the enemies of the people and the enemies of the Church also—if they dared.

Around here they are as slavish and cowardly as ever they were. It sickens me at times to hear the cant of some of them. I often ask myself are they worthy of having sacrifices made for them, but I do not blame the poor country people so much. It is those other canting hypocrites, who try to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," that I abhor. When an agitation is started—or no matter what project is started—if this class of sneaks see that it is likely to succeed, and that the masses are interested in it, they try to crawl into it. Once having got a foothold, who then "so brave, so patriotic as they?" But when they scent anything like danger they rush off the scene—their places know them no more. Like rats, they desert a sinking ship. And unfortunately we have many of that sort.

I believe myself that it was owing first to the opposition the priests gave the League here when it was started, and secondly to the men who had the direction of it here, that the people were never properly organized. The President and Treasurer were not much good. They were good enough while the sky was serene, but when the horizon grew dark and gloomy they lost hope, and their courage or patriotism oozed out at their finger ends. It is a true saying, "The old dog for the hard road and the pup for the boreen," or "There's no one fit for the army but a soldier." I was often very sorry I ever identified myself with that movement, and only for certain promises I made to abstain from working for the "firm," I would not; but I thought, as I was debarred from working in that way, it was as good to help the spouters. I have learned wisdom since, and I am now a believer in sterner logic than moral suasion, where the freedom of a nation is concerned, and I intend while I live on this planet never to countenance or lend my aid to moral suasionists, no matter who or what they may be. That is my firm resolve.

You have often boasted of being an American citizen. Well, never boast so again. It is a barren honor. You swear to maintain the Republic, to sacrifice your life for it if necessary; and the Republic, if you happen to get into trouble in any other land, or become a "reasonable suspect" in Ireland, leaves you to pine in jail, and ignores your very existence altogether. You have got another sneak as ambassador here now—a second edition of Adams, who allowed the Catharigians to hang Michael O'Brien and immerse some of the noblest and bravest men of our race in prison bells, and left them there to die without even making an effort to get them a fair trial, to which they were entitled. I honor Mr. Bull. If one of his family or any of his children get into a row he will look after them and get them out of it; he will even go to the length of waging a war if not properly apologized to by the nation who dares to molest his people, until he satisfies his wounded honor. Uncle Sam does not give a damn what becomes of a fellow, no matter who or what he is. The almighty dollar is his idol, and my opinion is that he is afraid to insist upon his subjects getting proper treatment, for fear of displeasing Carthage.

For my part, I would as soon swear allegiance to King Cetewayo as to the American Republic; for my rights as a man would be as likely to be respected by any European government as those of an American citizen. Dear knows it is the worst-spent dollar ever was, that dollar given for your naturalization papers. I have enough written about affairs political. "Too much," you are likely to say; but I could fill five or six more sheets of paper on kindred subjects, if I were so minded, or if it were not too much labor. Another thing prevents me from giving you fuller information, and that is espionage of letters in the postoffice. Every letter I receive from the States is opened, I can easily see; and I suppose every letter I write receives the same treatment. So it behooves one to be cautious about expressing his feelings or his ideas.

Now, to give you my opinion on your programme of settling down and getting married in the States. You seem to believe that there is no happier state in this world than the married one. Well, that is not my idea. In any case that notion has not entered my head yet, and I cannot imagine how it is that you are so tired of the state of "single blessedness" and that you so ardently wish to become a Benedict. It is beyond my comprehension.

I believe that if you are serious in your resolve to get married and settle down, that the States is not the country to try the experiment in. My belief is that when a young man gets married he should be able to support a wife and family by the labor of his hands or his brain, and that before he ventures he should have a reserve fund—to meet any contingency that happens, sickness, &c.—laid by. That is my view of the matter. For I believe that when a young fellow gets married early, he handicaps himself in the race of life; he imposes burdens upon himself which assuredly, sooner or later, will weigh heavier upon him than he thinks in the first flush of wedded bliss. I think that the wisest thing for you to do is not to mind marriage yet awhile, but try and amass some money.

We are in the hands of God. We know not what an hour may bring forth; but this you may rest assured of, that I am anxious and willing to do all in my power—for you—for all our interests. Things are going pretty hard with some fellows, who hold high heads, in this town. Some of the parties who thought to rival Saint Martin are, I am told, getting a pinching to try and make ends meet. I am told that F. and K. are very hard up lately, and I do not wonder—it is very hard to get in any money.

I expect that ere long business houses will be at a discount here, because if things remain as they are (and I see no sign of improvement) people in business who have not reserved capital cannot stand the strain, and they must eventually fail in business. Would you wish, if you were in my position, to embark in trade

to any large extent? The answer to that question shall decide my action.

This country is passing through an unparalleled crisis. One does not know what an hour may bring forth. The action of the landlords, backed up by the powers of the government, may precipitate a struggle, which is sure to be stifled in blood if such an outbreak should occur, which may God forbid, but which one would think, from the doings of the party in power, is the settled policy of our rulers. If such an eventuality should occur, what a terrible trial would the people have to undergo—the horrors of '98 re-enacted; the country made a battle-ground of; the people dragooned and shot down mercilessly, and the country given up to plunder, murder and rapine! Do not think the picture overdrawn, nor such an occurrence improbable. Every day we hear of collisions between the people and the armed forces of the crown, and the people shot down ruthlessly and in cold blood by the police, who, one would imagine, take a fenshish delight in this hellish work. It is hard for one to write calmly or control his feelings when he hears of such pranks played before High Heaven in a Christian land under the benign rule of the British Government (?). Oh, God! Sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky; Why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?

I'll write no more to-night. I am not able, for it is cursing I am in humor for now—not writing. I am sure you will be surprised at the incoherency of this letter. I was in a queer mood when I was writing. My blood was boiling at the wrongs that are being perpetrated, and I could not write collectively or calmly.

Yet another tenant has taken —'s house. M. — has sold his interest therein to a young man named —, a son of —, of —.

I am certain his stay will be short. Put out of your head the idea of marriage yet awhile, if you take my advice. It makes or mars a man's life, and it is a responsibility not to be lightly taken upon one. Things must settle down soon, or otherwise we shall have a state of things not calculated to encourage one to risk his property on such an uncertain foundation.

I shall write soon again. I am perplexed and annoyed with the state of things, and I cannot convey my ideas as clearly as I could wish. Write soon again, and write a long letter. I shall write a real business letter soon. Send me the paper I admire above all others. I may write a letter on the situation for it soon. Had a letter from Hughes a day or two ago. Health a good deal improved. All well here.

Affectionately yours,

John Brennan, of Sioux City, Will Be at the Convocation.

Yes; the crisis is an important one, and we see no harm in printing another personal letter we have from John Brennan, of Sioux City; he, along with being our "war-horse," is our head Pacificator:

SIoux CITY, Iowa, Nov. 24, 1881.

MY DEAR JERRY: Your letter received, and very glad of it. I was in a quandary. The leading members of the club want me to go, and I desire to be there; but was deterred by two considerations: First, would not my presence be regarded by our folk as a letting-down of our principles; second, would not the milder type of moral-force people look upon me as a firebrand. Your letter settles the matter in my mind—sanctions my own opinions. I tell you, Rossa, in my humble judgment a time has come when every man must fling aside every petty consideration, disregard even aspersions upon his motives and lend a hand to the Irish people in the desperate struggle in which they are engaged. That struggle may not be in its character according to my wishes. But I commence to question whether the great mass of our people at home, face to face with the enemy, cannot appreciate the situation and gauge the force and character of the contest they are able to make and maintain better than I can, living here in security and peace on the Missouri River. We know that Ireland is on her knees; and the force pitted against her is the best evidence of the power of her resistance. The people are making a gallant struggle in their chosen way. They call for aid and comfort, and to withhold the one or the other from them would be sin. In the expression of these opinions I am surrendering no principle. In the convention or out of it, I would and will keep the old flag flying in the forefront of the battle-ground, and urge all Irishmen to keep it there; but in the face of such a crisis as now presents itself I cannot and will not withhold my assistance if it only amounts to a single dollar or a single cheer.

Ever affectionately yours,
JOHN BRENNAN.

The Michigan Irishmen Forward.

HANSOCK, Mich., Nov. 12, 1881.

To the Editor of The United Irishman: Inclosed you will find post-office order for \$8.25, from a few patriotic Irishmen of this place, to be forwarded to the Skirmishing Fund. The sum is small, though I had on hand a part of it for the past three months or more, hoping to swell the amount to a higher degree. I have made an appeal to some of my countrymen to aid us in the dear old cause, but all in vain. So we thought it might be forward this trifle, as things are looking very gloomy on the other side of the water, and also to see if any more of our boys would take example and send in their mite to blow up Johnny Bull's head or his horns. The names of the subscribers are as follows: Peter S. Harrington, \$1; Denis Crowley, \$1; James F. Sullivan, \$1; Denis Reilly, \$1; Patrick S. Sullivan, \$1; Peter Sullivan, 50 cents; Bartholomew Harrington, 50 cents; John Sullivan, 50 cents; Daniel Kelly, 50 cents; Timothy Crowley, 50 cents; Patrick D. Crowley, 50 cents; John F. Sullivan, 50 cents; Denis Murley, 25 cents. Yours respectfully,
DENIS REILLY.

WILLIAM O'DONOVAN.

A New Contributor.

Old friends are turning up to help us on in our journey over that rocky road that is left us to travel. The smooth way, the way of peace, the way to get Ireland's rights without fight, is not for us. We, through all wiles and persecutions, as our fathers did of yore, stick to the old faith, and it strengthens us to fight on when we see any of the old stock sticking to it, too.

Thirty years ago we used to read the Dublin Penny Journal. At that time it had very interesting articles on the pedigrees of Irish names and places. We thought we ought to have a pedigree, and we wrote to John O'Donovan, the great Irish scholar, the writer of those articles. From that time till the death of John O'Donovan we had the acquaintance and friendship of himself and his family. He had six or seven sons; William, our present contributor, was the third eldest of them. He asks us to print all he writes, as he signs his name to his communications and is himself responsible for what he says, and we give him his liberty. This is an extract from his private note:

DEAR ROSSA: I am only just recovering from a very severe rheumatic attack, which nearly carried me off, as it almost stopped the action of my heart. I have given you my honest opinions, and if you print them over my name, leaving me the responsibility for my own views, I think the matter ought to suit.

I suppose you have heard about Edward's exploits as "special" of the Daily News in Central Asia. I believe he is somewhere between Merv and Sarakhs, on the frontiers of Independent Tartary and Afghanistan.

Richard has been the first of the family to plunge into matrimony.

Yours, very faithfully,
Wm. O'DONOVAN.

Now for the public letter:

DUBLIN, November, 1881.

MY DEAR ROSSA: The number of THE UNITED IRISHMAN in which you asked me and some other of your old friends to give you our views on current Irish politics reached me in due course. Illness and other causes have hitherto prevented me from complying with your desire. And now that I have sat down, at last, with a blank sheet of paper before me, I am somewhat puzzled, not only as to how to begin, but as to how to continue. Of skirmishing, dynamite, or the application of the watchmaker's art to other objects than the measuring of time, I daren't, of course, say a word, under penalty of finding myself laid by the heels in Kilmainham on the day following the return mail. Of the condition, hopes and plans of those whom we used to call the "earnest men," I can write not a syllable without running a similar risk. To do either one or the other would furnish the worthy ex-Quaker who governs us with a superabundantly solid basis for "reasonably suspecting" me of treasonable practices. By the way, if you had been living in this country for the last couple of years, and were as familiar as I am with the character of some of the mushroom spouters who have got the honor of incarceration, on suspicion of being engaged in "treasonable practices," you would laugh until your sides split. To their treason Disraeli's words, in "Lothair," apply perfectly. It is "a fairy tale," and their "sedition is a child talking in its sleep." Nothing but the densest ignorance of Irish character and of the present political and social condition of this country can account for the blundering policy (from the point of view of English interests) adopted by Mr. Bucksot Forster toward some of these loud-tongued but weak-kneed aspirants for political notoriety. I don't mean to cover by these remarks any large number of the "suspects." Not many of the latter are accused of treasonable practices; but, curiously enough, the majority of those against whom the charge is brought are men with whom I would as little think of "going out" as with so many school girls. To return from my digression. I think the best thing I can do in the present letter is to give you my impression of the influence exercised by the Land League party on the Irish people generally. I have no hesitation in saying that that influence is immense—at first sight almost unaccountable. There is nothing strange, of course, in the enthusiasm of the tenant-farmers for a movement which has taught them the great lesson of combination against the landlords, and which has kept millions of money in their pockets that would otherwise, ere this, be in brisk circulation in the hells of London or the Continent. But how account for the fact that Land Leaguism has had from the first such strong support from the laborers in town and country, and from the artisans and all the genuine Irish population of the cities? Both the agricultural labor-

ers and the hand-workers in the towns have suffered fearfully from want of employment since the inception of the anti-landlord campaign, and they know right well that it is from it that the stagnation in business, of which they are the victims, directly results. Yet they are heart and soul with the movement. Last Spring I was a witness of the reception given in Cork to the President of the League, and the people then told me that the streets of the city on the Lee had never been burdened by such a mighty throng since the days of O'Connell. In Dublin recently every man, woman and child outside the West British clique turned out to give Parnell a triumph of which a victorious Roman general might have been proud. Are we to conclude from this that the Irish nation regards the programme of the League, or of any of its leaders, as covering the whole Irish cause? Emphatically, no! The unquenchable fire of nationality still burns steadily and brightly as ever in the breast of the people. Were landlordism extirpated root and branch—ay, were there a Federal Parliament sitting in College Green—the yearning of the Celt for a total divorce from the English connection would still be unextinguished. In supporting the Land League the Irish people instinctively obeyed the impulse which invariably leads them to join any movement which they believe likely to embarrass their oppressors. Again, they felt the need to be doing something of a national and anti-English complexion. The wretchedly bungled rising of 1867, following on the complete falsification of all James Stephens' boastful promises, left the country in a state of political prostration, and from that day to this it has never recovered the tone of the years preceding the abortive insurrection. Whatever stories may be current in America, I can aver of my own personal knowledge that many districts which were hottest and most enthusiastic some sixteen years ago have long been mere Sloughs of Despond, as far as practical national feeling goes; 1867 cleared the country of the most energetic and devoted of the young men who had up to that date been the life and soul of national feeling and practical work, and their loss was never repaired. For a time almost all organization lapsed, and it has never—at least on the Irish side of the Channel—been re-established on anything like its former scale. The growing young men had no tangible system to become affiliated to, and when from Land-League platforms it was proclaimed that the liberation of the soil was to be the prelude to something else, they clung to it as the representative Irish national movement. The "earnest men" at first attempted to react against this tendency, but it soon became apparent to them that their organization was neither numerous enough nor extended enough in the rural districts to contend against the influence of an association which was for a long time free to use the press and the platform for the propagation of its doctrines. It became evident, too, that no fault could reasonably be found with men who, pending the occurrence of an opportunity to do better, set themselves down to the task of battering a breach in the fortress of alien ascendancy. Accordingly, at the present day many a sterling Nationalist who hasn't the smallest faith in the good intentions of the British Government or Parliament, but who believes that the Tithes war is not altogether unworthy precedent to follow, may be found among the ranks of the advocates of Boycotting and combination, either to pay no rent or to pay only what can be paid without entailing beggary on the tenant. The recent convention in Dublin comprised many a delegate who had taken a pledge which was neither the oath of allegiance to the Queen of England, nor an engagement to abstain from alcoholic beverages. This could never have been the case had not the more responsible chiefs of the League carefully abstained from denouncing or condemning those of their countrymen who are in favor of a more thorough programme than their own.

I now come to the question: Has the Land League been instrumental of good or evil? Viewing the bulk issue of its operations I think I may say that it has done more good than harm. It has done harm by diverting men's minds from the only road which can ever lead to the complete satisfaction of Irish aspirations. It has done harm by substituting material interests as a motive for the sentiment of patriotism which has kept alive our national individuality for more than seven centuries, and which has enabled us to resist shocks and trials unparalleled in history for violence and duration, save in the record of Spain under the Moorish domination. It has done harm by re-awakening hopes that Irish self-government may be obtained from the English Parliament by badgering it. On the

other hand it has taught the farmers—and the example is there for all other classes—what an immense force resides in union and concerted action. It has brought into friendly relation men of different creeds who hitherto regarded each other either with suspicion or actual enmity; and those who have once fought shoulder to shoulder against a common foe are likely to get on well together afterward. It has utterly broken down the slavish feeling of subserviency to his "superiors" which a few years ago was the most notable characteristic of the Irish tenant-farmer. The tenant no longer touches his hat to landlord or bailiff. Think of the peasantry, a few years ago, combining to stop a hunt because a bad landlord was following the hounds and compelling the aristocrats of a county, as occurred in Wexford the other day, to apologize for the offensive language of one of their number, and actually to Boycott the offender! Well, then, whatever good there is in the Land Law act is due to the Land League. There is a vast diversity of views here as to the value of the measure. My own opinion is that it is as yet too soon to pronounce on the subject. The earliest decisions of the Northern Sub-Commissioners have brought down the rents 30 per cent, and the first judgment in Limerick reduces a rent of £19 2s. 6d. to £9 11s., or 50 per cent. In every case, however, the landlords have appealed to the Dublin Commission, and they have a further appeal still. Manifestly it would be impossible for the poor tenants of the West to sustain the cost of such prolonged litigation. Combination, it is true, would enable them to do so, each helping another in turn; but for many this would postpone the day of relief to the Greek Kalends. It is impossible as yet to say what reception will be given by the superior courts to these landlord appeals. If in some dozens of cases they confirm the decisions of the Sub-Commissioners and mulct the appellants in the entire costs, the game will probably be given up and the measure will then confer substantial advantages on the tenants. But I very much fear the Court of Appeal will do its best to neutralize the good intentions by which the Sub-Commissioners and Justice O'Hagan's court appear to be animated toward the tenants. You will see by your exchanges that an attempt is being made to resurrect the semi-defunct Home-Rule League. The attempt will be a failure. The country is sick of the Home-Rule cry and convinced that self-government cannot be attained by the means advocated by the late Mr. Butt. When the movement collapsed in his hands, it is not likely to succeed under the leadership of the Sullivan family and such fossils as Major D'Arcy—who, by the way, is a J. P. and a D. L. and a most loyal subject.

Your former colleague on the Irish People and fellow-prisoner in England, James O'Connor, has resumed his functions as acting editor of United Ireland. The rumor about a warrant having been issued for his arrest, which induced him to remain some time away in England, seems to have been a false alarm.

Your old friend,
WILLIAM O'DONOVAN.

Irish Affairs.

LONDON, Nov. 26, 1881. The Dublin Freeman's Journal states that Mr. Egan, Treasurer of the Land League, has issued a circular to all the Parisian journals stating that as the English press systematically misrepresents the cause of Ireland he will forward to them from time to time faithful extracts from Irish papers. Mr. O'Donovan, recently editor of the United Ireland, will take charge of this Irish news agency.

But he mustn't forget our agency. We have engaged him at a salary, something less than a thousand pounds a year, to write his opinions on men and movements in Ireland. We give the first of his communications this week, and he must continue them all the year round.—ROSSA.

United Irishmen.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 17, 1881.

To the Editor of The United Irishman: I send you the small sum of \$15 from the Emmet Club No. 1, of San Francisco.

Respectfully,
J. S. KENNY.

The "Whin-Pounder" of Glasgow, sends us a few words with the foregoing:

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15, 1881.

To the Editor of The United Irishman: The Emmet Club of United Irishmen remit you the sum of \$15, and, remember, not one cent of it is to go to Ireland; it must be all used for the benefit of the Irish Government in England—there is nothing like helping the lame dog over the stile. As I am a Christian man I believe in returning good for evil, and as England has plenty of coal, we ought at least to supply her with matches. Send her plenty of them, Rossa, and may the devil do her good with them; it will please the poor old widow that sits in London to know that her stepchildren, the United Irishmen, Fenian Brotherhood, I. R. B. and Advanced Nationalists, remember her. Oh, won't she remember us in her prayers! Well, whether she does or not, the world will give us credit for good intentions. Rossa, send the matches.
Yours,
"THE WHIN-POUNDER."

MARTYRS FOR FREEDOM.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien and their Tragic Death.

The Manchester Martyrs Honored as Patriots who Loved Ireland More than Their Lives.

MASS MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

In commemoration of the fourteenth anniversary of the deaths of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the Manchester martyrs, a meeting was held on last Wednesday evening, in Clarendon Hall, under the auspices of the Fenian Brotherhood of the District of Manhattan. Messrs. George Smith, John Murphy, Walter J. Elliott, John Barry, Paul Leonard, Wm. Keohane, of the Council of the Fenian Brotherhood, and many other gentlemen, occupied seats on the platform. The hall was packed, not even the disagreeable storm deterring ladies and little children from flocking into the building. At the rear of the platform was a black-bordered banner, on which were inscribed the names of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, and appended to it the words: "We Mourn Our Loss."

When the Head Centre of the District introduced the Chairman of the meeting, the audience, anticipating from what he had said to whom he referred, arose, and cheer upon cheer greeted Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, as the Head Centre pointed to him and spoke his name.

MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S REMARKS.
"We are here," said Mr. O'Donovan, "to commemorate the death of the Manchester martyrs, and to encourage men who have the same cause at heart as that for which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien died on the gallows. England has made every effort, by the pen, fire and sword, to exterminate our race," he continued. "Only a short time ago she cried out in exultation: 'The Irish are going—gone with a vengeance.' It was true that many of us are gone; we are scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and cannot we hope that they carried with them a vengeance that would return? My sympathy is with the man, men or party of men who look for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland. My sympathy is with those men, who, like the men who dared and died, are willing and anxious to keep on in their work until landlord rule and English rule are driven from Ireland. [Applause.] I am, in fine, in sympathy with all—the Land Leagues, the Hibernians, the Clanna-Gaels, the Mutual Alliances, with all and every class which seeks to keep the Irish united and against England."

FORCE MUST BE USED.
Referring to a declaration made by Palmerston, that England, even if it were only a rock, she held in the middle of the trackless ocean, she would never give it up except by force.

It is my honest belief that we will have to use force to meet that force. To meet Gladstone's resources of civilization, cannot we have recourse to the resources of civilization. Speaking of his acquaintance with one of the martyrs, Michael O'Brien, he said:

"If I were to die to-night, and an angel were to ask me if I would wish to go where Cardinal Cullen is, or where Michael O'Brien is, I would reply, to where O'Brien is." After a reference to the first meeting with O'Brien, who though not a soldier yet fought with his friends in the battle of Gettysburg, and his enlistment in the army shortly after, he said:

"I would like to obtain what we desire from England; but I believe that we will have to force her to her knees before we can accomplish anything, and I am willing and ready to be with and of the party which will try it."

REMARKS OF STEPHEN J. MEANY.
Turning to the gentlemen on the platform, he said: "I will now introduce as the first speaker one whom I met with in Millbank prison, herding as I herded among thieves, and burglars and murderers. Mr. Stephen J. Meany." Mr. Meany was received with loud cheers.

Counselor O'Neill next addressed the meeting at considerable length, and his words elicited much applause.

Mr. Meany concluded by saying: "The pledges which our martyrs gave for our truth, the promises they made of our fidelity, the hopes they cherished of our perseverance—shall all be vain and fruitless? Shall the echoes of the harp they swept with bold and nervous hand not remind us of the thrilling glory of their noble hopes and lofty aspirations? Shall all their efforts—the songs they sang of Ireland's ancient fame and proud pre-eminence, the words of earnest truth and lightning power they penned to guide her thoughts and aid her mental energies—the heart-whole eloquence they poured forth to rouse to action worthy of Irishmen—shall all be fruitless, and shall the purpose of their lives, the spirit of their actions be lost when they withdraw from the scene? Has the seed fallen on stony ground? or will it bear fruit for Ireland. [Cheers.]

"There is no cause for despair! Ireland's brave and gifted and true have been struck down by brute force or assassin-like fraud. But we have a new Ireland in America and men enough to man the breach. The elements of nationality are still strong in the Irish heart; the thoughts of freemen are still

pent in Irish breasts. [Cheers.] The collar of bondage may still gall the neck, and the hand of the oppressor be still mailed to strike, but in the name of the Manchester martyrs—in the name of those who have suffered and have gone—in the name of a suffering country—in the name of God—be true, and the victory will be yet for the right only. No, no. Never give up the ship!

"Never give up! 'Tis the secret of glory; Nothing so wise can philosophy preach; Look to the names that are sacred in story— Never give up is the lesson they teach. How have men compassed immortal achievements? How have they moulded the world to their will? 'Tis that 'mid sorrows and woes and bereavements, Never give up was their principle still.'"
[Immense cheering.]

Concluding his speech, Mr. Meany read a poem written by Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy. The audience had called for the author to read the poem, but he besought them, on account of a cold, to excuse him. Mr. Meany gave the spirited production its full force, bringing out the cheers of the audience at every stanza.

SENATOR FITZGERALD SPEAKS.
Following the reading of the poem, Mr. James Fitzgerald, Senator-elect, was introduced, to whom Mr. Rossa humorously referred as one of the descendants of the Fitzgeralds who, six hundred years ago, drove the O'Donovans from Limerick to Cork. Recalling the meeting held Nov. 23, 1867, in Cooper Union, to protest against the imprisonment of American citizens in England, Mr. Fitzgerald said: "On that night a poem was read by the author, the lamented Miles O'Reilly, and while the speaker who followed with an address was speaking, Horace Greeley, the Chairman of the meeting, sprang forward from his chair with a dispatch in his hand, which he had just received, and read it. It announced the death by hanging of the three men whom we honor as martyrs. It would be impossible to describe the horror which we all felt; everything was hushed and we thought of nothing save vengeance. We were burning with the same desire as that which filled every Irishman's heart when the news came to him on that night, and which comes to him now as we think of those men and the cause for which they died."

After a brief reference to the working of the Land bill the Senator closed by reciting a poem.
A beautiful floral offering presented by some unknown lady was placed on the table and a vote of thanks tendered to the unknown donor. After remarks by Captain Meledy the meeting was addressed by Mr. O'Neill, of Cork; Colonel Cavanagh and Adjutant Moran of the Sixty-ninth Regiment.

Colonel Cavanagh said he had shed his blood for this land of his adoption, but he had one abiding hope in connection with his military life; and that was that he may never die until he would have an opportunity of meeting face to face, on Ireland's battle-ground, some of those aristocratic commanders who are so brave when trampling on a disarmed people.

James Redpath Advancing.
"A Duhalloy Lady" laid a plot a few weeks ago to get us to take part in the Land League; she gave us \$10, and enjoined on us the duty of giving five of it to the Land League; she gave the other five for the "Resources of Civilization." We gave the Land money to James Redpath, and we give the lady the following acknowledgment for it:
NEW YORK, Nov. 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNITED IRISHMAN:
DEAR SIR—I owe you an apology for not having acknowledged at an earlier date the receipt of \$5 from you for the Land-League fund. It was accompanied by a note, in which the writer stated that she inclosed \$5 for the Land League and \$5 for the Skirmishing, or, as it is called, "The Dynamite Fund." As I am neither an officer nor an agent of the Irish National Land League, but only an honorary member and volunteer advocate of its principles and policy, I have handed over the donation of your contributor to the first officer of the Land League whom I met, Dr. Wallace.

I used to be astonished that you should advocate a policy of such relentless warfare on England; but a few months ago, when I saw a poor man evicted from the farm whose whole arable value he and his father and grandfather had created, and this outrage done within sight of that terrible Abbey graveyard, at Skibbereen, where 3,000 of your race are buried in coffinless graves—victims of landlord and Royal avarice and hate—I swore that never again would I throw so much as a feather in the path of men who sought to strike England, whatever their methods or agencies.

Your son was looking on at that scene, and I tried to have his portrait in the photograph I had taken of the eviction.

Yours truly,
JAMES REDPATH.

Did James Redpath see in Skibbereen a lame man who was dumped into that Abbey Strowrey grave-pit one time? "Racketeer," the Poorhouse Undertaker, struck his legs with a shovel to straighten him out in the pit, and the man screamed. "He came to life," and we often talked to that man in Skibbereen afterward. Those landlord guardians did not think the people were dying half fast enough. Loney Fleming was Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and every board day, coming to the entrance gate, his first salute to the porter—Neddie Hegarty—would be, "Well, Hegarty, how many this week?" "Only four hundred this week," Neddie would answer, in case of a decrease in the deaths; and then Loney would grumble: "Too bad, too bad; last week was a better week than this."

A Glimpse of Tipperary.

A friend in Tipperary has sent us a letter, in which he informs us "that the landlords, it is generally believed, will carry out a series of evictions throughout the country. And to whom," he asks, "may these death sentences be attributed? They may be all attributed to the base and cowardly British Government that is steered to the cries of the widows and orphans it has made."

Now, it is our persuasion (of course, we may be mistaken; we would submit it respectfully to the Chicago Convention) that whenever a house is pulled down in Ireland by the crowbar brigade—whenever an eviction takes place—a castle should be blown up in England. We think the morals of the Irish landlords, particularly those of Tipperary, would be greatly improved by a *lex talionis* of this nature.

Our correspondent goes on to say: "I send you a slip which I have cut from the Clonmel Chronicle, which may interest the readers of your paper, as it relates to the much talked of Land Question." Here is the slip:

A meeting of landed proprietors was held on Monday last, at the Court House, Thurles. The chair was taken by Henry Jesse Lloyd, Esq., J. P., High Sheriff. There were also present: John Trank, D. L., Dovea; Benjamin F. Going, D. L., Ballyphillip; George Langley, D. L., Coalbrook; Richard Phillips, J. P., Gaile; Francis Wise Low, D. L., Kilsbane; Percy Gough, J. P., Salisbury; Thomas Lalor Cambie, J. P., Killoran; Charles Lloyd, J. P., Lisheen; G. E. Ryan, D. L., Inch House; Captain Fitzgibbon Trant, J. P., Dovea; Lieutenant-Colonel Knox, J. P., Brittas Castle; Robert Roe, J. P., Loran Park; Richard Power, J. P., Ballydavid; Captain Armstrong, J. P., Mealfreigh; George V. Steele, Farney Castle; Austin Cooper, J. P., Killeenure Castle; Captain Butler Kearney, Drom; John Bray O'Brien, J. P., Ardfor House; W. P. Hanly, Cottage; Captain G. Fox Grant, J. P., Ballylanigan; F. K. Izod, Templemore; Thomas B. Penekather, solicitor, Thurles; Major D. C. Mansergh, J. P., Cappamurra; Sir John Craven Carden, Bart., J. P.; Captain W. Gibson, J. P., Rockforest; Richard J. Lloyd, Cranagh; Captain J. Archer Prendergast, J. P.; Robert Popham Bell, Tipperary; Robert Langley Hunt, Cooliney Lodge.

We see here many of the names borne by Cromwell's soldiers; many of the names to which were assigned the lands that were plundered from the people of Tipperary. And so wholesale was this plunder, and such a *leit-scrios* was made of the Irish to "hell or to Connaught," that when Tipperary came to be divided among the Cromwellites they could not define the boundaries of places, and had to get an "Order of Council" to bring back from Connaught a few Tipperary men to point out the boundaries. This is the order:

"Whereas, Mr. Henry Paris, late one of the Commissioners of Revenue of Clonmel, hath informed us that the transplantation hath been so effectually carried on in the County of Tipperary, and especially in the Barony of Eliogarty, that no inhabitant of the Irish nation that knows the county is left in that barony, which may be a great prejudice to the Commonwealth, for want of information of the bounds of the respective territories and lands therein upon admeasurement; it is, therefore,

Ordered, That it be referred to the Commissioners at Loughrea to consider of four fit and knowing persons of the Irish nation, lately removed out of that barony into Connaught, and to return them, with their families, to reside in or near their old habitations, for the due information of the Surveyors.

"THOMAS HERBERT,
"Clerk of Council."

So much for the "rights of property" of those Tipperary landlords, who take it on themselves to exterminate the Irish race of the present day.

We are under the impression (we may be mistaken) that a reward should be offered for the destruction of the noxious vermin that infest Tipperary and whose names are recorded above—some what as in old times a reward was offered for the destruction of carnivorous animals, particularly wolves. Compared to Tipperary landlords, the wolves of our back settlements are harmless animals. The wolf may kill a sheep; he does not destroy female morals. He does not dispense that worst form of oppression— unjust laws. Thus the reason which urged the extirpation of wolves urge with tenfold force the extirpation of the noxious vermin whose names are already given.

We read in Irish history that during the seventeenth century three animals were obnoxious to the English settlers, who offered a reward for their heads. The first was a wolf, for whose head—if a female—ten pounds were paid. The second was a priest, for whose murder the assassin received a like sum. The third was the patriot of the woods, the Rapparee or outlaw—the Tory, as he was then termed—for whose destruction so much as £20 were sometimes paid. Here we find a precedent which may be commended to the consideration of the Chicago Convention. Nor is it the Tipperary magistrates alone—all the land thieves who have come out like evil spirits at the

evocation of Mr. Gladstone should be subjected to condign punishment—a sound horsewhipping, at least.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM PARIS.

The French Indignant about that English Celebration at Yorktown.

PARIS, Nov. 4, 1881.

To the Editor of the United Irishman:

In behalf of two or three more Irishmen and myself, I beg to be permitted to congratulate you on the able and manly journal that you have brought into existence—a journal, we are sure, that is destined to play an important part in all future Irish movements; for, from its strong, vigorous columns, new hopes will spring, and as opposition to the Carthaginian enemy is no new day dream of yours, but, on the contrary, a life-long avocation, the venomous hate with which your soul has ever been filled must yet find a responsive echo in every Irish bosom, and England learn, once and for all, that—in your own expressive words—every Irishman is born into this world a rebel to her power. THE UNITED IRISHMAN is read here with the greatest interest. Before it the Dublin papers, called "National," have to pale their uncertain lights. Your gifted correspondent, Mr. Davis, with whom, I am sorry to say, I am not personally acquainted, will, I am sure, be able to bear me out, not only in this, but also in the fact that at Reynold's bar, Rue Royale, where it is to be found on file, Frenchmen may be discovered there any day, devouring it as eagerly as any true-born "son of the sod." This is nothing to be wondered at, seeing how thoroughly in earnest you are. The only thing about it that surprises us, who are not altogether so well up in the Irish-American way of thinking, is that all our countrymen in the States do not join you. What is it they would have in a man that they cannot find in you? Constancy, fidelity, uprightness of principle, are not these things to be admired? and where do we find them more strikingly exemplified than in your person? The Land League, for a while, may have sown dissensions among you over there, with its fine plausible cry of
Land for the landless people,
Land without striking a blow!

but that is dead now; for as its moral force is proscribed, and its advocates so far will not resort to the physical, of course there is no more about them. They are gone, and all that remains of their work for history to catch at is this just mentioned shibboleth of theirs; and even that, I fear, is not stable, for without the employment of much torture it can, I think, be very easily converted into

"De l'argent, de l'argent,
Toujours de l'argent!"
—nothing in the world can compare to the "straight ticket," which means downright fight, and the one means which is the sword. No rhetorical effort, no stage effect about them. They are sanctioned by the highest law. But who has ever read about blue-books or moral-force agitation in the Scriptures—about war? Often. And, "a greater love no man hath for his country than this—to be willing to lay down his life for."

Having said so much, I may now conclude, but I am anxious before doing so to bear testimony to the truth of the assertion put forward by you in the last issue of your journal to hand, namely, were it not for the Irish element America would be a queerly governed country. Could anything be more absurd than the way the Yorktown celebrations were carried out? The French are furious about what they consider the studied insult that was offered to their envoys, and, through them, to the country at large.

England praised, and German flags flaunting everywhere! Is it any wonder that with a view to such things, *La France* and some other independent-minded journals should demand if the sympathy, which they thought so long existed between the sister Republics, was all on the one side? Time was when this was not so. But, of course, *tempora mutantur*, and, I suppose, also *nos mutamur in illis* since the days of Washington and Lafayette! Yours sincerely,
J. P. L.

I inclose my card, but not for publication.

"Noineen," of Quebec, called in to us as we were going to press, and gave us \$34 for the "Resources of Civilization" and \$5 for the paper. Our foreman-printer says he has no room for the letter this week—nor for many other letters.

THOMAS, of Houston.—Your letter is set up, but the foreman says he must either leave it out this week or leave out the notes that we have made for the Chicago Convention. So, as the Chicago Convention won't hold over for our convenience, we hold over your letter.

Daniel O'Mahoney, of the U. S. steamship Trenton, called on us this week.

A Rebel's Letter, from Rebel Cork.

REBEL CORK, Ireland, Nov. 3, 1881.

To the Editor of the United Irishman:

"How is old Ireland and how does she stand?" is a question that must be very frequently and anxiously asked just now at your side of the herring pond. If they are not hanging men and women for the wearing of the Green, they are next door to it. They run every prominent Land Leaguer, who exhibits any of the stern stuff manhood is made of, into the bastiles. They garrote popular editors and despotically stamp out freedom of the press and of speech. Their villainous bludgeoners, the rotten Royal Irish, break into Land League rooms, and assault and disperse the members in the most summary and provoking fashion. The ungallant vagabonds had even the supreme meanness to arrest a young lady—an old neighbor of yours, Miss Hodnett, of Ballydehob—for keeping the "No-Rent" manifesto hung up on the inside of the windows of her private dwelling-house. Our fair Amazon's spirits must have been roused to desperation by the incarceration of her noble-hearted old sire as a suspect in Limerick jail for many months past. Threats and remonstrances were unavailing to make her haul down that rebellious battle-cry. She was seized and dragged before the local Dogberrys, who ordered her to give bail for her good behavior and to keep the peace. Victoria Regina ought to sleep easy now, and England cease to tremble, as the heroine of Ballydehob is muzzled up at last, but Victoria and England are going slip-slapping down the slippery and hazardous path of despotism, and shudder at the bare idea of an Irish revolution. On Monday last a little race meeting was held at Rathkeale, County Limerick. The flurried Irish Executive, on seeing large bodies of our noble peasantry wending their way to the course, and that Mr. Givan's black mare entered for one of the events bore the very rebelly name, "Remember Sixty-seven," got frightfully alarmed lest the race meeting was only a cover for a rising. Accordingly horse, foot, artillery, constabulary, ambulance corps, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, were hurried up to the battle-field—Limerick County shook beneath the tramp of ten thousand British warriors, prepared to nip an Irish revolution in the bud. The pleasure-seekers laughed in their sleeves at the great nonsensical military display. It was a part of the programme they did not expect, and was, therefore, all the more enjoyable. The lads and lassies ate their cakes, picked their crubeens, drank their porter, cracked their jokes and broke each other's hearts, as usual, though hemmed in by this mighty force, ready and willing to commence the work of slaughter. The people did not proceed to crack each other's or the enemy's heads, nor to break the peace, but dispersed quietly, and the British forces were drawn off. Sold again.

I notice particularly that most of the men arrested under the Coercion act are those of more advanced national principles than mere Land Leagueism, and now they are taking up men who never had the remotest connection with the League. Of three men, John Healy, Michael J. Nolan and William Moore Stack, arrested in Tralee yesterday, not one was a Leaguer, and the latter was convicted of treason-felony in 1865. This shows our rulers' dread of fight and not froth.

Land Leaguers are being arrested by the score these days. In nearly all cases they are men of good social positions, many of them being town councilors, poor law guardians, &c., these titles being conferred on them by the people as marks of esteem, respect and confidence. It is those whom we thus honor our Saxon tyrants mark out for their dungeons and chains. 'Twill be ever thus until we spring to our feet, assert our manhood and free our land from degradation and tyranny.

One of the latest victims of England's insane despotism is Dr. E. Kenny, of Dublin. He was beloved throughout Ireland for his disinterested labors in the cause of poor suffering humanity. His arrest adds another to the many outrages and burning sins that cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance on England.

The Land League branches in even the remotest districts, are showing great pluck and determination. The mighty army of soldiers and police that garrison us are not one-tenth numerous enough to disperse and overawe them all. Great concentrations of troops and Royal Irish Buckshot-shooters are made at Dublin lest the street gamins should take the Castle and snatch the reins of government from Forster's palsied hands; also at Limerick, Athlone and other centres. When such a rumpus is caused by trying to crush and intimidate the moral-force agitators a loyalist might well shudder to think what would be the consequence if a little army of armed rebels took the field.

Notwithstanding Dr. Croke's pronouncement against the "No-Rent" manifesto, the majority of the priests of Ireland have indorsed that cry and stand shoulder to shoulder with the people. In some instances where open-air meetings were proclaimed and dispersed they led the people into their chapels, and there, before God's altar, fiercely denounced British tyranny and Irish landlordism.

That sturdy patriot, Father O'Regan, C. C. of Coachford, is hurling defiance at the bothered heads of the English Ministers. On Monday, a small army of soldiers and police was poured into the village. The people, fearing they were there on a priest-hunting expedition, rang the chapel bells, and a thousand stalwart peasants collected as if by magic, and mounted guard over their faithful *Soggarth*. The invaders were treated to a few thick showers of stones, and, deeming discretion the better part of valor, they raised the siege and fell back on Cork, leaving the people the victory and their beloved pastor.

As I write, two more Cork men are added to the honored roll of suspects—Mr. P. P. O'Neill, Secretary of the Cork Land League, and a cousin to the martyred Peter O'Neill Crowley; and Mr. C. P. O'Sullivan, one of the extremest of our Leaguers and a reputed '67 man. These are the sort of men the Coercion act is strained to put out of the way now when freedom of speech and press is trampled under foot, and there is nothing left for us but rifles and dynamite. Yours unflinchingly,
SARSFIELD.

The Herald says: Our Dublin correspondent sends the following: For those only distantly interested in the important struggle it is enough for them to know that the Land act gives the Irish tenant everything and more than any other tenant has on the face of the earth. It gives him security in his holding and a special court to arbitrate on matters of dispute between himself and his landlord; it assists with money all those who desire to purchase the estate of the landlords; it furnishes means for those who are not satisfied and desire to emigrate.

Of course! The landlords and the English want to root out the Irish—they'll send them to America "with a vengeance;" but perhaps the Irish in America will yet return that vengeance!

IRISH REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERHOOD.—The I. R. B. meets every Sunday evening, at 3 o'clock, at Clarendon Hall, Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, New York. All Irishmen, who desire to promote active revolutionary work toward Ireland's freedom, are eligible for membership.

NINETY-EIGHT CLUB OF UNITED IRISHMEN, PHILADELPHIA.—This club meets every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, at St. Agathe's T. A. B. Hall, Havford street, below Thirtieth. All who desire to work for Ireland and against Ireland's enemy will attend.

WILLIAM ORR CLUB OF UNITED IRISHMEN, PHILADELPHIA.—This club meets every Sunday afternoon, at the Shearers' Club rooms, corner of Eighth and Walnut streets. "Remember Orr" and Ireland. All who go in for active work are welcome.

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NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1881.