



NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

VOLUME 2—NUMBER 69. Price 5 Cents.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Harrah for Munster, stout and brave; For Ulster, sure and steady; For Connaught, rising from the grave; For Leinster, rough and ready!

Suppose some penniless, shoeless Irishman, who made his way across the channel on the deck of a steamer, found himself in Manchester or St. Giles, and collected a number of Irishmen about him, and one would ask him, 'What news?' to which he would reply, 'Your father was cut down by a dragon; your mother was shot by a policeman, or your sister—but I will not say what has befallen her; let this happen, and I will ask Peel how many FIVES WOULD BLAZE OUT IN THE MANUFACTORIES OF ENGLAND?'

OUR PARIS LETTER.

HOTEL BACQUE, No. 338 RUE SAINT HONORE, PARIS, March 29, 1882. AN IRISH NATIONAL BANQUET was held on last Patrick's night, at the Restaurant Richard, Palais Royal. James Stephens presided over the entertainment, and was ably assisted by Professor William Murray, who proposed the toasts with his usual verve and tact.

delivered a few well-chosen and appropriate remarks, which were loudly applauded as he resumed his seat. The speaker dwelt at some length on Ireland's past struggles, and reviewing her present position, he denounced in vehement language the parliamentary nostrums of the day.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE AT ROME is as strong, as active and as powerful as ever. Archbishop Croke exposed it in scathing terms, at Kildare, the other day. It was through English cabals, aided and abetted by O'Hagan, of Dublin, and the Whiggish rabble rout that look up to him as its "friend, philosopher and guide," that Dr. McCabe was raised to the Cardinalate a day or two ago.

bosoms. The Irish people in general will pay as little attention to Cardinal McCabe's political pastorals, as they did to Dr. McCabe's ones. Persons who imagine that the ecclesiastic has gained more political influence over our race by becoming a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church, than he had as a Bishop, are egregiously mistaken; for the Ireland of to-day—many as are its faults—still sees and still can see that within the domain of public and purely political affairs, churchmen's opinions must be taken on their intrinsic merit or demerit, and not judged in respect to the position which may be held by the author thereof.

It, therefore, matters not what honors the Archbishop of Dublin may be awarded—it is a matter of the purest indifference to the masses of our people practically speaking. While they can afford to look with self-complacency on the expiring efforts English duplicity is making at the Vatican to encourage the Pope to interfere once more in our affairs on England's behalf, they know that in all this sub rosa diplomacy, in all these secret intrigues and cabals, history is only repeating itself.

LATE CARDINAL CULLEN had not attempted to ultramontize the Irish people, he would have done much service to the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and would not have estranged from its communion many persons who could never believe that there was anything wrong or criminal in an Irishman striving to regain liberty and independence for his country.

follows that any religious authority has no right to dictate to either of the belligerents, as it follows, too, that if such authority should raise its voice, the words it would give utterance to would and should have no weight more than the ordinary. To my mind, at least, the complete separation of religion and politics is the only practicable solution of

THE HIBERNO-ROMAN PROBLEM. Any patchwork, or effort to make both agree by a mutual compromise, is sure to fail, and deserves to fail. One suffers by contact with the other, and vice versa. The Roman Catholic Church may flourish in Ireland for years to come, as it has flourished in the past, but its representatives should remember that the secret of its power in our midst lay in the fact that for centuries it threw in its weight with us and against the English because we remained faithful to its spiritual teachings.

I have noticed in a late issue of your journal a letter from the pen of one of the "J. P. L.'s" of Paris, in which I am brought to account, in one way or another, for my connection with Land Leagues in this city. This "J. P. L.," who is modest enough to hide his light under a bushel, asserts in the first place that I am acting editor of United Ireland, and in the next that I have become a Land Leaguer.

had not attempted to ultramontize the Irish people, he would have done much service to the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and would not have estranged from its communion many persons who could never believe that there was anything wrong or criminal in an Irishman striving to regain liberty and independence for his country.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF CORK has added another laurel to its garland. When it heard that a starving Scotchman made a harmless attempt on Queen Victoria's life it became as uneasy as a hen on a hot gridiron till it passed a resolution in reference to the "wicked crime." Barney Sheehan came forward the other day at the board and gushingly proposed "that we, the Council of the City of Cork, take this the earliest opportunity of tendering to Her Majesty Queen Victoria our hearty congratulations upon her escape from the recent

dastardly attempt upon her life." Barney had not much to say in speaking to this motion. He floundered through platitudes after platitudes, and alluded in terms of the highest commendation to the virtues of his sovereign lady.

Does the Cork flunky, I wonder, think that virtue, after all, is the exception and vice the rule when he wants Victoria as the incarnation of the former? We have really heard too much of this royal morality, and are heartily sick of the incantations of praise, and the fulsome incense offered up to the throne by parasites and office seekers, whose shriveled souls are incapable of anything but self-prostration and abasement before a woman, who, after all, is a very ordinary person indeed, and in whose character we fail to find those superior qualities, either of heart or mind, which her purblind henchmen are never tired of ascribing to her.

"THE QUEEN WAS THE BELOVED OF THE IRISH PEOPLE!"

"Her Majesty," continued the Alderman, full of a patriotic loyalty, "would be received in Ireland to-day as she was received on her previous visit." These remarks were received with raptures of applause from the municipal representatives of Cork; and when the Mayor stood up to put the resolution, he proclaimed that the Queen was entitled to their sympathy and congratulation. In the chorus of plaudits that greeted this outburst, there was, however, one wailing voice—that of poor Alderman Jones, who cried out, as if his very heart would break: "It is a great pity the Royal Family do not come oftener among us!" Ah, yes, Alderman; it verily is! If the Hanover stock condescended to pay a visit to the city by the Lee, how contented you would be to rub your coat-skirts against those of royalty; how happy you would be to lick the dust that Royalty trod, and think yourself a Fortunatus himself, if you would be allowed to bow your neck and kiss Royalty's big toe! Yes; you are the true type of Irish shoppocracy, Alderman—of that shoppocracy which has nothing but a belly in it, which looks to personal greed and rapacity and vanity as the motive powers of its groveling existence, which has no God save Plutus and no country save the counting house, whose glory is a plethoric till, whose enthusiasm is limited to the ledger, and whose temple is the bank!

would willingly and self-complacently forget his great ancestor, Sharrin na Glean-na; would trample on his country and her ambition with a heart and a half, would only feel too delighted to deny his race and that political creed which should be his—if he only got orders for a few dozen yards of silk from the Viceregal Secretary. Jim O'Gilligan, jeweler, would bargain his soul with the devil for the presence of royalty in his shop, and would move off into ideal regions of ecstatic bliss if royalty's fairy fingers touched a ruby or an amulet on his shelves; and, to add to this, no pen could adequately describe the feelings of exultation that would animate his fellow-bourgeois over the way, by name Thady McCarthy, if he (Thady) secured the permission of labeling on his window "Grocer and Wine Merchant to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!"

has added another laurel to its garland. When it heard that a starving Scotchman made a harmless attempt on Queen Victoria's life it became as uneasy as a hen on a hot gridiron till it passed a resolution in reference to the "wicked crime." Barney Sheehan came forward the other day at the board and gushingly proposed "that we, the Council of the City of Cork, take this the earliest opportunity of tendering to Her Majesty Queen Victoria our hearty congratulations upon her escape from the recent

Irish revolution that would be undertaken. In case of such revolution many members of this bourgeoisie would follow the examples of the yeomanry of '98, and murder and pillage the people as of yore. And thus it is why this corporation of Cork, composed, as I am given to understand, almost exclusively of the portion of society I allude to, passed unanimously their vote of sympathy to the foreign potentate, Victoria. Ah, shades of the brothers Sheares, must you not have looked grimly down on that city by the Lee when it hath such corporations and aldermen as these! Certainly it was not the shoppocracy of bygone days that had ought to do with giving that city the proud title of

"REBEL CORE."

No! The brave toiling mechanics, men who are ever found true to the old cause, and whose spirit of self-sacrifice has been often tried, and never found wanting; the laborers who belong to the people, and who have never shirked from their duty to Ireland—such were they, who, by their constancy, courage, patriotism and devotion made the city of the Shandon bells the synonym of all that is most deadly in its hatred and most determined in its opposition to English rule. In conclusion, it may be well to add that the sooner Cork gets rid of this Town Council the better. It has acted meanly and flunkily in the vote which it has passed relative to Victoria; for, although we may respect Victoria as we would any ordinary woman, and would condemn any attack on her as we would on any ordinary lady, we cannot see the necessity or the advisability of indorsing a vote of condolence with her as Queen of the realm. In her private capacity, she may possibly be of some merit; but in her public capacity she symbolizes in our eyes a tyrannous and a brutal government which has ruined and devastated our country, murdered and expatriated our kith and kin, and deserves not the slightest respect at our hands.

The government will not interfere, Mr. Daly! It is the aim and object of that government to root out the Irish people; and the Irish people must pull England up by the roots, or strike her to her knees outside of Ireland, before she will allow us to have peace and happiness in the land of our birth. We are directing our attention to that work, and the men at home must help that work.

Cromwell's Spirit Living To-Day.

Scratch the most liberal Englishman you can catch, and you'll find him a bitter hater of Ireland's independence and nationality. Goldwin Smith was a great English liberal, and we suppose is still; but he cries out that Ireland must be reduced to subjection by the strong iron hand or iron heel of military law. Bradlaugh said to our face that he'd take his sword in hand and fight against Ireland, if Ireland fought for separation from England. And Gladstone and Forster are great liberals, too! And there are Irishmen in the world, innocent and good-natured enough to think that if Gladstone could do what he liked, he'd give Ireland her freedom! Mo leir! Wait, many of our countrymen would wait for Ireland's freedom till the Queen was dead—when dead sure, there would be a republic proclaimed in England, and then Englishmen would let Ireland go. All these delusions will be dispelled in their time; but our time is passing away, and the duty that devolves upon us to do, is put off till another time. If we don't work for Ireland and strike for Ireland's freedom while we live, and while we have strength to strike, we may be very sure we are going to do very little good for it when we are dead—and dead we're sure to be before we see English monarchists or English radicals or English republicans give up Ireland without striking a blow. Cromwell's government was republican, and who was a greater scourge to Ireland? You have to-day the same spirit in Gladstone and Goldwin Smith, and every other government Englishman that you had in Cromwell. Croid e.

Monsieur Maurice! Is maith linn annso, go bh-fuil cuimhne agat orainn.—Ed.

The Shooting of Carter, of Belmullet.

We are just as much of an "honorable-warfare" man as any other man to be met with, but we don't want to have all the warfare at the English side of the house and all the victims of murder at our side. We tell the boys at home that we don't at all approve of their shooting each other (except that some one positively turns "informers"). We don't like this shooting of tenant farmers because they pay rent, or don't pay rent; but we have no words of condemnation for the execution of Justice on those tyrant landlords who will murder whole families by evicting them from their homes. The Connaught Telegraph of March 18 has the following remarks on the case of Carter, who was fired at near Belmullet.

let, as may be seen in our Irish news of Mayo County:

We regret to see that one other outrage has been added to the category of crime accredited against the fair fame of our country in the attempted assassination of Mr. Carter, Belmullet. That Mr. Carter was a rank-renter and an evictor cannot be gainsayed; and he, like many more of his class, instead of trying to reconcile the sadly troubled state of our country, was, by his acts, the promoter of discord and agrarian strife, and for which obstinacy, we regret to state, he has well nigh paid the penalty with his life. While we rejoice that this outrage is not a warning voice to have the effect of retarding others from pursuing a course that is not calculated to promote peace and harmony in our deeply-oppressed country. It is quite evident that landlords are taking advantage of the snail's pace rate at which the Sub-Commissions are fixing "fair rents," some of them by the wholesale service of ejectments for one year's rent and civil-bill processes for one-half year's rents to November last, while others of our heartless tyrant class are, after having transfer notices served, wholesale on the tenants, taking all their cases out of the County Courts and before the Sub-Commission, for no other cause than that the procrastination and roundabout style of the latter will give these grinders of the poor the more time to exact their rack-rents and keep the country in a state of disturbance and discontent, bearing such fruits as periodical attempts at assassination, such as that attempted at Belmullet. If the government do not interfere and make it compulsory on these lords of the soil, who threw every obstacle in the way of the tenant to settle their rents fairly, our countrymen will be for twenty years hence in a state of turmoil and periodically cursed with attempts at outrage, which every peaceably-disposed person must condemn.

The government will not interfere, Mr. Daly! It is the aim and object of that government to root out the Irish people; and the Irish people must pull England up by the roots, or strike her to her knees outside of Ireland, before she will allow us to have peace and happiness in the land of our birth. We are directing our attention to that work, and the men at home must help that work.

Cromwell's Spirit Living To-Day.

Scratch the most liberal Englishman you can catch, and you'll find him a bitter hater of Ireland's independence and nationality. Goldwin Smith was a great English liberal, and we suppose is still; but he cries out that Ireland must be reduced to subjection by the strong iron hand or iron heel of military law. Bradlaugh said to our face that he'd take his sword in hand and fight against Ireland, if Ireland fought for separation from England. And Gladstone and Forster are great liberals, too! And there are Irishmen in the world, innocent and good-natured enough to think that if Gladstone could do what he liked, he'd give Ireland her freedom! Mo leir! Wait, many of our countrymen would wait for Ireland's freedom till the Queen was dead—when dead sure, there would be a republic proclaimed in England, and then Englishmen would let Ireland go. All these delusions will be dispelled in their time; but our time is passing away, and the duty that devolves upon us to do, is put off till another time. If we don't work for Ireland and strike for Ireland's freedom while we live, and while we have strength to strike, we may be very sure we are going to do very little good for it when we are dead—and dead we're sure to be before we see English monarchists or English radicals or English republicans give up Ireland without striking a blow. Cromwell's government was republican, and who was a greater scourge to Ireland? You have to-day the same spirit in Gladstone and Goldwin Smith, and every other government Englishman that you had in Cromwell. Croid e.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.—Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., delivers his "Farewell Address" at the Cooper Union, Wednesday evening, April 19. And after that he goes to beard the lion in his lair.





