

the right to dictate to him a public record on a foreign political question, else he shall be banished forthwith.

What a delectable body of men they would be to give the laws to a free country! What about *their* landlordism over the priest?—turn him out neck and crop, evict him if he does not choose to fawningly feed and entertain his guests of *their* selection; if he did not muzzle or has not apologized for a brother-priest, a welcome and invited guest at his table.

Now we ask any man of common sense how long can this class of incidents continue upon this soil without effecting a grave injury to an honest Irish cause—misrepresented by these brawling bigots—or without seriously weakening in this country the influence of the Irish-American element and its just claims to a high and intelligent order of American citizenship?

We know these disturbers are comparatively few, are in the main notorious traffickers in our own local politics, or nobodies seeking notoriety—but is it not time for the true American of Irish blood or birth—men who love and respect the old sire land, who would joyfully hail its rehabilitation among the nations—is it not time for them to rebuke the insensates and adventurers and isolate them to their own insignificant representation and the disaster they are invoking?

How long can these men go on attempting a distinct nationality within these States without incurring a decided American hostility? Can we have a distinctive Irish, German, or any other national life in the land without destroying our own political autonomies and the freedom of our institutions?—autonomies and institutions in which to-day the Irish-American element justly predominates as the chief builder and prop among the many building races that have upreared this splendid fabric; but in which the Irish-American figures only and truly as *American*, seeking no special privilege, claiming only the equal right which is his own, and asking no higher franchise than that of faithful American citizenship.

This is a serious condition of affairs, when a handful so to speak of brawlers and adventurers seek to compromise the citizenship of so faithful a body as is the Irish-American. It is the old Know-nothingism re-vamped, this time by the very parties who once suffered from it. In those past days we justly complained, and with bitterness, of the un-American rable who sought to make us alien on this our own soil—either of our adoption or our nativity—now we have a self-seeking, irresponsible, unreliable class within our own ranks who go about proclaiming themselves aliens, and denying in deed and in name that they are Americans whose first allegiance is to their American citizenship. Certainly we shall not stand idly by without protesting against this impudent falsifying of the Irish-American record.

True it is that at present the two American political parties are so gravely divided and so equally balanced that these proceedings meet with but slight open condemnation from the press of either side; but that does not alter the fact that the mistake being made is fundamental, and that Nemo is sooner or later overtaken all such vicious departures from the right social road. The present goes on record and builds into the future.

If that future is to be erected out of a continuation of the present criminal blundering that seeks to alienate the Irish-American from his first allegiance here, that seeks to draw a line in this country between Americans of Irish tradition and Americans of other European traditions—it will be a future in which all

the *Irish World* will be impotent to stem the torrent of an indignant popular opinion.

And though we know that the brawlers will vehemently denounce us for this warning of our honest opinion; will privately seek to introduce their abused system of "Boycotting"—well aimed in such a case as gave the policy its name, but an indefensible and reproachful system when employed in general to gag the right of free speech—though we know this, and know as well the noisy, mischievous tactics of these brawlers, we prefer to be right to the purchase of their favor at the expense of our principles and conscientious course as a journal devoted to the Catholic and American interests in which are embraced the great body of our Irish-American citizens.

We can afford to encounter the most unscrupulous opposition, we cannot afford to remain dumb dogs when such vital interests are compromised.

We have trepassed beyond intended space, but before closing our remarks must point one other moral.

Who—in the majority of cases—are these men who are working this mischief to the Irish cause and Irish race? How do they compare with our Irish-American fathers, who even in the very humblest avocations were the grand missionaries of our faith in this land? They were indeed peer to the Irish, Catholic and valorous, faithful at home and abroad, who upheld the Celtic name and fame on every battle-field of Europe, and peers to that remoter ancestry that Christianized the half of Europe, and illumined its every hall of learning.

Fit generations those to rear, guide and sustain the fabric of a Christian empire. No grandeur would have compensated them for their Catholic faith, dearer to them even when in poverty and chains than the dominion of an entire world. For what does it profit a people if they gain the whole world and lose their own soul?

But the mischief-workers on this soil, who are they?—Let every community answer for itself. We know what the honest answer will be.

The ruffianism of to-day may help to swell a mob, may even engage in the secret cowardly assassination—but no country or cause was ever saved by such means and by such men. The Church and the priest is the ready taunt on their lips. They have forgotten to learn their own duties and business in attempting to teach the priests theirs. They raise no hat on passing the church; beads would burn their fingers. If they go to the Mass, what is the next immediate place they resort to?

What kind of a Fontenoy would such as they fight? Are they Catholic Irish? "Boycotting" the very priest at the Altar of God!

Let us back to the days when the faithful Irish peasant trudged through the lone watches of the night, where in some cave or on a mountain top beneath God's canopy of heaven the old and young in silent secrecy were gathering to bend with prostrate knees before the elevated Host—possibly to hear the silence broken by the crack of the pistol and the Cromwellian curses as the "priest-hunters" rush in upon the affrighted concourse;—let us admire that fidelity, that devotion, that consciousness of the inestimable privilege to kneel before the Real Presence, our Lord and Savior, to lay before Him our burdens and place at His feet our petitions;—let us reflect on the dangers braved as that loyal peasantry sought through the black night the hidden ministry of their priest, or protected their loved *saggart* at the peril of their lives, scorning in their starvation the infamous price set upon his head;—and then let us pass from this splendid stalwart Ca-