A ROD FOR ENGLAND.

A DAY OF RECKONING COMING.

SECRET IRISH NAVAL EXPEDITION.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about house 323 West Twenty-first street, in this city, but a remarkable expedition is being there organized. Our reporter visited the p[illegible]e yesterday, and was courteously received by Mr. Wm. J. O'Connell, a prominent member of the Fenian organization. The following conversation ensued:

REPORTER (handing Mr. O'Connell a copy of the morning SUN)—I find in THE SUN to-day an advertisement calling on all earnest Irish Nationalists and all other Irishmen of action to join an Irish naval expeditionary corps, now organizing. Can you give me any information concerning this corps.

Mr. O'CONNELL—Well—well—I don't know about that. Are you an Irishman?

SUN REPORTER—"I was born in Kilnaley, county Clare, of Irish Catholic parents, and am Irish from the sole of my foot to the crown of—"

MR. O'CONNELL—"But, sir, you don't look like an Irishman."

REPORTER—"I have lived in America for the past twenty-seven years. If such an expedition is being formed, I would be much obliged if you would give me a few particulars."

MR. O'CONNELL—"Have you ever been at sea?"

REPORTER—"I came from Liverpool to New York when I was a small boy."

MR. O'CONNELL—"What we particularly want are Irishmen of nautical experience—men of nerve, and of a generous daring Irish disposition. We could enlist 100,000 in a month, and have already enlisted hundreds. But this expedition is to be composed entirely of picked men. What is your business?"

REPORTER—"I am a reporter for THE SUN, which, by the way, shines for all."

MR. O'CONNELL—"You must excuse me, sir, if I refuse to give you any information concerning this expedition. It is of the utmost importance that our operations should be, so far as possible, kept secret. I feel under obligations to THE SUN for its aid to struggling Ireland, but it would be out of place for me to give you any information concerning our plans or movements. Before eight months are over you will hear a good account from us, I assure you. Innocent blood, shed by Englishmen, will be avenged, and it will take more than one issue of THE SUN to give the details of our expedition. Good day, sir."

The following is the advertisement as it appeared in THE SUN:

TO HARDEST IRISH NATIONALISTS.—All Irishmen of action, desirous of taking part in the Irish Naval Expeditionary Corps, now organizing, are requested to communicate at once with WM. J. O'CONNELL, Secretary, 323 West 21st st., City. Men of nautical experience are particularly called on.

The door being closed at No. 323, information was sought elsewhere. The air of our city had again been disturbed with expeditionary rumors. Since the sailing of the "Cuban Army of Liberation," nothing has been heard from it. The corps of Greeks for the relief of Crete had on their roll one General Commanding, one commissary, one sutler, and one orderly. No recruits volunteering, the squad was paid off and mustered out.

But we have an expedition on foot now which has been inspired by the thunder of G. F. Train's guns, and which is to make things hot for Brittania when she least expects it. Determined Irishmen are organizing a band of experienced soldiers and sailors for a long and daring naval cruise. The list is nearly complete, and the persons are unknown even to Marshal Murray's deputies. The movers are true Fenians, and have no idea of sleeping while any of their countrymen are immured in British prisons. Their precise object they decline to state, but hint indirectly that a good fleet vessel with a heavily armed crew and a marine corps could make a sensation on the coast of Australia, or a West India Island. Like Paul Jones, they might land on the sands of the West Indies, make a raid into the interior, and carry off the plate of some English magnat.

It is known that there are Irish prisoners in remote British colonies, and their liberation would be but a slight retaliation for the sufferings endured by Train and his companions in the Dublin bastile.

We have certain information of this bold project, and have confidence that Irish blood will carry it through.

Meeting of Irish Nationalists.

There is to be a monster meeting of Irish Nationalists at Cooper Institute on Monday the 15th inst. Mayor Hall will preside. Gov. Hoffman, Horace Greeley, Gen. O'Neill, and several of our most distinguished lawyers and Congressmen have been invited to address the assemblage. The present is a very interesting juncture in Irish affairs, and Irish nationalists are sanguine of speedily achieving the independence of their country. They say that they are better prepared than they have ever been to cope with the power of England, and that with a little aid from us they will settle the Alabama claims in a much more satisfactory manner than Reverdy Johnson. Alexander cut the Gordian knot with his sword, and perhaps it were as well if we cut the knot of our difficulties with England by the willing sword of Irishmen. It would cost us little, and the result would be far more favorable to our claims than the wriggling diplomacy of Seward, or the vinous after-dinner speeches of Johnson.

TRAIN AFTER THE ESCULAPIANS.

King James's Counterblast Eclipsed—The Irresistible Train on Therapeutics—The Faculty Filling the Grave-Yards.

Oriental Hall was filled last night long before the arrival of the erratic orator, Mr. Georr Francis Train, and when that distinguished and valiant defender of the Irish race made his appearance he was greeted with the wildest applause. The gentleman magnetized his hearers, as usual, and had it all his own way of course, getting a unanimous aye for the following astonishing preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, M. D. means money down—and merchants, bankers and brokers, who would feel insulted if addressed how is your wife? how is your family? or launch a ship—the moment they get "a cold" surrender their entire individuality to some little one-horse doctor, who puts two small white pills on the end of their tongue to bind up six cigars, drink glasses of whiskey, a dozen fried oysters, and three hard boiled eggs; and, *whereas*, the Faculty, presuming on man's ignorance, are filling the graveyards of Brooklyn, and our grave yards before their time, advising the wearing of flannel, leather, cotton or silk next the skin, which acts like a coat of varnish, closing up the seven millions of breathing pores, and thus preventing the three-fifths of what we eat from passing through them, and thus clogging the twenty-eight miles of arteries, canals, and sewers in the body, producing *Fiddlers of Gonnagalis*, which is the precursor of paralysis and death—

Resolved, That as a blunder is worse than a crime, so those physicians must be fools or knaves—fools not to know that the Russian or hot air Irish bath is a panacea, curing ninety-five chronic cases of all kinds of disease in a hundred; knaves if, knowing it, they advise their deluded patients not to try it, saying, "It will do for some, but is not adapted to your case," thus sending out people to eternity for the sake of a fee.

Resolved, That in the time mankind to be wondered at, and shame that he should wear linen rags in his sleep with windows open, never drink at meals, never exercise immediately after dinner, always wash all over every morning in cold water, never take any medicine for any disease, never sanction vaccination or the speculum, never read in bed, sleep in daytime, or eat late at night; but the moment the flesh becomes flabby, the blood acrid, the blood inflamed, the stomach disordered, the bowels extended, bringing hemorrhoids and low spirits, go at once to Angell's hot air baths (one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit), corner of Twenty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, and take twelve baths in succession, and, if not restored to health, send the bill to George Francis Train.

Resolved, That in George Francis Train's efforts to elevate man, ennoble woman, improve the laborer's condition, heal the sick, cure the deaf, and open the eyes of the blind, we the Father Mathew men and women of America, recognize in Mr. Train the true philanthropist, and will do all in our power to assist him to establish the Turkish-Irish bath for the poor, and hope that he will succeed in his noble endeavors to introduce them into all the lunatic asylums and hospitals in the land; and that, as Irish men and women, we feel proud to learn that the great reformer has uncovered a panacea for all disease—which will close rum shops, and rescue man from the drug doctors and whiskey sellers, was discovered, invented and introduced into Western Europe by an Irishman—Richard Barter, Esq., M. D., the Head Centre of Medical Reform, St. Ann's, Blarney, Cork.

The Workingmen's Independent Club.

At Monday's meeting of the Executive Committee of the Rollins Workingmen's Independent Political Organization Bamberger, a guest at their rooms last evening, made his first appearance in the chair. Resolutions denouncing the Seventh ward the gamesters of Wall street, who are trying at the same time to evade the payment of taxes levied by the Government through the bearment on capital, and commending the public services of Mr. E. D. Webster, Assessor in the Third District, in enforcing the law and collecting revenue in the district, in the law and collection of taxes, which I occupied before the Government, were unanimously adopted. His Honor President,