

THE IRISH REPUBLIC

'Liberty—Her Friends Our Friends, Her Enemies Our Enemies.'

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 25, 1867.

Notice to Clubs.

Clubs will bear in mind the following rules:

Papers to clubs are to be sent to one address and then distributed by the receiver.

The reason why clubs receive newspapers at reduced rates is, that it takes no more time to wrap and address 20 copies for one person than one copy.

Where clubs require the name of each subscriber on each paper, full rates must be paid.

What is the difference to us in a club of ten who require ten papers wrapped and addressed separately, and ten single subscribers? No difference in the labor, and the ten single subscribers are charged \$1 each more than those in the club. This is an injustice to the subscribers and a loss to us. We trust our club friends will bear this in mind, and live up to the regular requirements. Send the name of one person for each club to whom the papers will be sent, and after they are received by this person he must distribute them. By informing the postmaster in each town that the package of papers are for so and so persons he will distribute.

Where members of clubs remove to other towns, by notifying us we will send them their papers, but in all such cases we expect them to pay the difference between club rates and single subscriptions, unless they join some club in the town to which they remove.

N. B. We again call attention to the offer to clubs of 30 or over at \$3 each per year. Not less than a year, remember. This will be withdrawn after the 4th of July, and the regular rates adhered to. We request our friends to notify us of any delay or mistake in the reception of their papers, and assure them that we will do all in our power to make things right.

Can we have an Independent Press?

Our people are forever crying out against intolerance, and on close investigation it will be seen that there is no nation more intolerant than our own. This intolerance, in its most malignant and hateful form, is shown towards men of our own race who have the hardihood to break away from the majority, and to bring forward new and advanced ideas for their general consideration. Victims ourselves, to the longest and blackest intolerance and persecution in the world's annals, the consistent course should be the most unfettered liberality towards men who think fit to differ honestly from us in all movements looking towards the restoration of our shattered nationality. The contrary is the case, however, and to-day there are no men so hated and calumniated, by a portion of our people, as the men who have given their years and talents and youth to the cause of their country. There are Irishmen at home and abroad, and their name is legion, who, for some petty personal difficulties with prominent men in our movement for Irish liberty, feel a demoniacal delight in every reverse to our cause. Indeed this is nothing new in our history. From the days of O'Rourke to our own this blot on the race has never been effaced—that of men sacrificing their country for personal malice. Let an officer of the organization have a personal quarrel with a member, or *vice versa*, and ten to one but the aggrieved party will from that moment become hostile to the whole movement, to be revenged on his enemy. Pulling down the temple to kill his enemy, even though his whole race is crushed in that fall. All these things are the fruits of slavery. Our hereditary foe has been sowing the seeds of disunion, and distrust, among us for centuries, using all means, spiritual and temporal, to accomplish his purposes, and all men attainable, native and foreign, to propagate his doctrine.

How far the enemy has succeeded in subduing, by cunning and fraud, the spirit which he could never subdue by persecution and force, those who have worked in the Fenian organization, at home and abroad, can testify. It is not too much to say that Irish nationality was a corpse, shrouded and ready for the grave which England has dug for her, when the Fenian organization called it back to life again, and breathed the breath of hope into its darkened soul.

Had another generation passed, without some such organization springing into life, Ireland, as Ireland of old, would be known no more; for a race of slaves would fill the land, whose highest duty would be to "pray for the Queen, and all the royal family that they might lead quiet and holy lives." Fenianism then has saved our nation from burial. The great majority of the Irish people seven years ago, and a good majority of sleek satisfied slaves to-day, would, to please their foreign masters, fold up three thousand years of History in Manchester calico, blow out the lights, and so consign our glory and our shame, our sorrows and our joys, our blood and our tears, and, greatest of all, our future hopes, to the tomb of oblivion.

During the eight years of our organization's existence it has had to contend against Irishmen alone. Neither the British Government, nor the people of England, have ever given us the least trouble, until within the last year. So far we have been fighting the slaves whose freedom would come with our success. Whatever defeats the organization has suffered it has suffered at the hands of Irishmen. England has played us against each other now, as she has often done before, for our own enslavement. She has met us, in the shape of Bishops and Priests, hurling their anathemas against us as blood-thirsty infidels. She has met us, in the shapes of plethoric Parsons, denouncing us as butchering papists, ready to cut the throats of all our Protestant brothers. She has met us in the goodly form of the exterminating landlord and the cringing shoneen. She has met us in the shape of the lowliest slave who delved the barren earth for a miserable sustenance, and in a thousand other forms, but never in her scarlet robes until the last few months. She has also met us in the shape of a cowardly *Irish* press that had not the manliness to take the side of the enemy openly, but who "dammed us with faint praise" from a seemingly friendly stand-point.

A national press is the greatest engine for good or evil according as it is directed. In the hands of bold, uncompromising men, it is the lever that upsets tyranny, and establishes liberty on the ruins of thrones. In selfish and cowardly hands it demoralizes the nation, feeds it on lies, flatters it to destruction, and paves the way for despotism.

For years we have felt the want of a journal whose principle would be to speak the truth, and correct error, even at the risk of arraying ninety out of every hundred against it. We do not mean to say that there are not Irish Journals ably conducted, and, from their own standpoints, boldly and honestly carrying out their principles. All papers that we know of are owned by individuals, and started as legitimate and honorable business undertakings. It follows then that the first duty of such papers is to attain the largest circulation. This cannot be done by boldness. It is done by a cautious pandering to the tastes of its readers, and never advocating a great truth, or a great principle, where either would be likely to offend any member of its supporters. This is not the fault of the press; it is the fault of the people, who will not tolerate expressions distasteful to themselves.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC, was started to speak boldly, regardless of consequences. It assumes that truth is indestructible and has nothing to fear from assault or criticism. It is "the galled jade that winces." Therefore it was to be a Journal where men could write their thoughts on all things, that either might read and compare notes. It does not follow that, because men support a paper on general principles, they are to require a strict compliance with all their notions. There can be no honesty, nor virtue, when intolerance allows no liberal margin. We have been forced to this explanation in consequence of the many "lessons of admonition" we have received since our first issue. Had those "warnings" come from the timid, or the cautious, we would have received them with that respectful reverence due to our grandmother's, when they warn us against progression. But coming from men whom we regarded in advance of

ourselves we are a little stunned. Is THE IRISH REPUBLIC to be what it pledged itself in its Prospectus, to become—or must it trim its sails to catch the popular breath? The Irish revolutionists of America must answer this, if there are any such in our sense of the word. We have been working for years for liberty, and boasting of progression and enlightenment. It is time to test the truth and sincerity of our people in these matters, and we propose the test.

The directors and stockholders of this paper prefer to talk bold truths to ten thousand than to preach inanity to the million.

There are five millions of the Irish race in America. Are there ten thousand willing to support a Journal that, in addition to advocating the independence of Ireland, will also advocate universal liberty? Are there ten thousand men in America who, while supporting the friends of liberty everywhere, will attack her enemies wherever found? If there are such men we want to know it at once. Not only can ten thousand such men support a Journal of freedom, and spread its doctrines in the face of all opposition, but actuated as they must be by the highest and purest motives they can work out the Independence of Ireland. Ten thousand men of this type can save a nation. And if we cannot count this number of true revolutionists in five millions of our race, how are we to accomplish our national regeneration?

If after all our years of labor and sacrifice, a certain number of our friends are not able to bear plain talk without flinging THE IRISH REPUBLIC back in our teeth, why our work has so far been thrown away. We are still confident—so hard it is to shake our faith in the people—that there are enough of men left to raise the banner of Ireland and Liberty in the face of all opposition.

Should the worst come, and that we find out that our paper is printed for the next generation, why we can let men take our places whose cool philosophy will teach them to tell as much truth as will suit their purpose, and suppress the remainder.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC as far as we are concerned, will go to our people with truth on its lips and will spare no man, and no party, that are false to Ireland and Liberty. There are a certain miserable portion of almost every race whose blind enmity is the highest recommendation of every honest man. So far are they sunk in the sloughs of ignorance and slavery that never in their wildest dreams do true men ever hope of advancing them to the high ground of independence, or of receiving from them anything but stupid opposition directed against those who would raise them from their degradation. An absolute or complete unity of the Irish race, or of any other race on earth, is a sheer impossibility. Revolutions, and all great whirls of the world onward, have always been accomplished by the intelligent, and self-sacrificing minority, who, like the advance guard of grand armies, hew the forests, bridge the rivers, and storm, and die in the breaches, that the heavy columns may come on, and pass over their lifeless bodies to victory.

Again we say if there is nothing to be said in the columns of THE IRISH REPUBLIC but what will please our old grannies, why its establishment was uncalled for. We have had vehicles enough to convey compliments and eulogies from the living to the dead. If our people want all our great dead, from Ollamh Fodla to Daniel O'Connell, trotted out continually, to show to the world what we were, why, we suppose, we can be tomb searchers, as well as others. If, on the other hand, they want "to see themselves as others see them," they must allow the utmost freedom of expression to Editors and correspondents. The intolerance of readers makes a subservient press.

SCENE AT HEADQUARTERS, WAR DEPARTMENT.—Enter Garry-owen.

General Spear.—Garry, can you tell me why the War Department is like a pole with a sharp instrument on the end of it?

Garryowen.—Yes; 'cause there's a Spear at the head of it. Exit Garry Owen, double-quick.