

of the Irish Republic—the holiest that ever saint or patriot prayed or fought for. Marshal your ranks for the conflict; and on your march to victory, let no danger arrest your progress. If “Cardinals’ hats” and civic robes gleam in the ranks of the enemy—let them perish with shattered scepter and blazing throne. We have been cajoled too long—and the holiest mission we can engage in, is the effort to make Ireland a land fit for a free people to inhabit. After we have accomplished this, it will be full time enough to look after other people’s souls. As it is, we are a rather poor set of missionaries to effect anything worth while, for our own or any other nation’s eternal well-being. The day that witnesses 50,000 Irish soldiers in line of battle, on the enemy’s soil, will witness the fulfillment of our exiled mission. For this we have congregated here—six millions of people—with 200,000 veteran soldiers. Ireland asks for 50,000 with breach-loading rifles in their hands. Must she ask in vain? In the days of Sarsfield and Lord Clare, she looked for the “Wild Geese” to return. We are the “Wild Geese” of to-day. But here, on Freedom’s soil, we have acquired the strength and daring of the eagle. Let us, for once, use that strength for Ireland. Thus shall we spread the Faith, and thus erect a temple on Irish land, where all men of all faiths may meet and live as brothers and freemen.

### The Devil Counseling his Dupes.

So long have the leaders of the self-styled Democracy held a portion of our people in leading strings, whipping them here and there like pack-horses, that at last every sorry scribbler who hoists his filthy rag at the head of a (so-called) Democratic journal, imagines himself the autocratic commander of the Irish people. The following notice, from a paper called the *Milwaukee News*, is a fair sample of the insulting stuff given, in the shape of “medicinal advice,” by those quacks who have poisoned our people heretofore:

“THE IRISH REPUBLIC.”—A newspaper by this title has been started in Chicago by radical leaders, in the probable expectation that it will influence the Irish-born electors of the northwest to support a worse despotism in the United States than that which curses Ireland. A considerable effort is being made to circulate this paper in Milwaukee, and many are induced by its title to suppose that it is devoted to Irish nationality. No one should be deceived as to the character and object of the paper.

We give this, in order to show to our countrymen, and to all lovers of liberty, the meanness of those men who, having no power to help themselves, and consequently being wholly unable, even if they had the inclination, to assist Ireland, would drag us down into that political perdition into which they are settling with such bad grace. We have hoisted “Universal Liberty” at our masthead, and at once those things look on us as their enemies. We have said that the men or parties who are not willing to assist Ireland to establish a Republican form of government, cannot be true to the American Government, or to the cause of liberty anywhere; and at once those wretched copperhead creatures begin to squirm and hiss and spit at us the poison of their serpent natures, which are alike “rebel” to the laws of God and the best interests of man.

They declare that, because we advocate the rights of all people to liberty and independence, we must be their enemies. Well, they know best whether THE IRISH REPUBLIC, with a Green Flag at its mast-head, on which is inscribed “LIBERTY FOR ALL MEN,” is a privateer preying on their slave crafts or not. All we have to say is, that we are in for the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and that we are also willing to assist any struggling people to rise and demolish all sorts of tyranny. If, as those papers seem to imply, the old Democratic hulk drifts across our bows, and endeavors, for any purpose of its own, to change our course, we will run them down, as we would any other accursed pirate that sails in the same slave trade.

We do not know what our countrymen in Milwaukee may think about the advice of this disinterested (?) friend of theirs; but we can assure the *News*, and all other pro-slavery blotting sheets, that they cannot drag the Irish people through the hell of their political infamy any longer. The Democratic party had used the Irish people so long, and laughed at them so often, that they began to think they could use them for their pack-

horses forever, on whose shoulders every ignorant and unprincipled ruffian could ride into office.

When our people begin to compare the present with the past, and remember the old masters of the Democratic ship—Jefferson and Jackson—they will at once see that the present Johnsonian skippers are but rats; and the Irish people are invited on board that these same rats may pick their bones. We care not who is pleased or displeased, we have started out with LIBERTY on our Green Banner, and we will not regulate our ideas of the duty which we owe to our country and our kind to suit any party of political plunderers, who, after vainly endeavoring to murder freedom in their own country, continue to exert their evil energies to bar its spread into those hapless lands which still quiver beneath the heels of tyrants.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### Wild Egerton in Europe.

LETTER VI.

BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY, August 3, 1867.

Coming on in the wake of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, (who in company with about half the sovereigns of Europe, had been present at the distribution of Exposition prizes at Paris,) we stopped over at *Strasbourg*, on the borders of France, for a look at that famous cathedral—higher than the highest pyramid at Cairo—which contains the wonderful clock of the world. A letter’s narrow limits would not hold even a sketch of this marvel of mechanism, which for three hundred years has been the admiration of Christendom. The fame of its crowing cock and midday procession of apostles need not be dwelt upon at present; but it is stated for a fact that the inventor had his eyes put out by a barbarous decree, to prevent the construction of any similar work. This is how *Strasbourg* comes to have the only clock of the kind, and such was the gratitude of its early possessors, and such the reward of genius.

As a calm after a storm, or like peace after a battle, came the tranquillity of *Carlsruhe* after the whirl and excitement of Paris life. Here we made a halt of many days, enjoying the charming hospitality of a lady, whose husband is an honored citizen of Chicago, and the head of one of your most useful and eminent colleges of learning. The faithful and accomplished wife and mother is cheerfully enduring a protracted, self-imposed exile from home and country to superintend the education of her sons, four of whom are becoming finished scholars under the most accomplished teachers of Europe. We refrain as much as possible from detailed descriptions of the towns, cities and standard “sights” which are encountered along our continental wanderings, because they have been written of so often that the story has grown stale, and even the untraveled world of America is familiar with all objects of interest which lie so thickly along the beaten paths of the continent. Sketches in brief, of incidents and events, the untold peculiarities of peoples and individuals, a record of personal adventures, and the picture of characteristic pilgrims, make up well nigh all that our task demands. But it is sometimes hard to steer entirely clear of the province of the guide books and pass over in silence the impressive and suggestive features of courts and capitals. Especially difficult is it to refrain from a full length portrait of *Carlsruhe*, (Charles’ rest,) when we recall the splendor and brilliancy of the Grand Duke’s court, here held, the neat but striking uniforms of his handsome, Saxon-looking soldiers, (who receive six cents a day for their services,) the odd ugliness of the city’s ancient quarters, and the surpassing beauty of its more modern portions. We were fortunately located in the latter, occupying a large breezy apartment of Madame D—’s lodgings, which gave us a look out through the vast marble arches of a grand colonnade upon the lovely little park of *Friedrick Platz*. In this delightful retreat, with the weather unchangeably charming, the people respectfully attentive, the scenery incomparable, and the deep quiet scarcely broken, excepting with strains of sweetest music from the Duke’s band at the palace, or a student’s chorus in the street, we dreamed away so many happy days, that the recollection of them is a lasting joy, and learned to realize why this bright garden of the Rhine’s green valley has been called the “Paradise of Germany.”

With the classic Rhine flowing beside us, and such points of interest as Heidelberg, Trefels, Stuttgart, Wildbad, and the Black Forest in close proximity, you can fancy, possibly, the many ruined castles we explored, and the magnificent romantic scenery we wandered through in our excursions. Words cannot tell the joys of the enchanting regions, and if they could, we have not space to write them. Hereafter, they may form the basis of some reminiscences for publication; but we know not when. The old gentleman of Chicago who favored us with a button-hole buzz previous to our departure, and urged us pathetically to abstain from writing about the big bugs (nobility) of Europe, and confine our observations to the people, will hardly care to learn that the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden have a profound admiration for America, and are invariably extremely polite to Americans; nor will

he be likely to thank us for the information that the Princess Wilhelm—wife of the Grand Duke’s brother and a niece of the Russian Emperor—is enthusiastic on the subject of our country, and often exclaims with sincere emotion: “I do so love and respect a people who are able to govern themselves!” But we hope these lines will reach the eyes of some kind readers, less severely democratic than our old Chicago friend, who will be glad to hear of such disinterested royal tributes to their nation’s greatness and intelligence. For these appreciative patrons of our story the items are inserted, though it certainly is not our custom or our inclination to dwell upon the doings or the sayings of the great to any material exclusion of humbler matters possessing equal interest. But at last we bade good by to beautiful *Carlsruhe*, with its old tiled roofs, (descending in a steep slope almost to the pavement, and so low down that one must bend to enter below their eaves,) with its homely and ill-shaped dwellings on one side, its bright, cheerful, French villas on another, its lovely gardens everywhere, and the bloom and freshness of a gentle summer glorifying all things. And here we are, at last, in the legend haunted, mountain-guarded town of Baden-Baden. You know it, perhaps, as the Saratoga of Europe, the great fashionable watering place of Germany. It is all this and something more. It is the grand gambling hell of the world. Its architecture resembles that of Paris; and, indeed, it is a sort of miniature Paris squeezed in among the hills on which the mighty warriors of ancient Rome once fought and conquered. Through most of the year it slumbers in loveliness and loneliness; but the summer swells its population from six thousand to near fifty thousand, and then with hot, health-giving springs gushing up in its midst, a broad stream of crystal water murmuring through it joyously, and the ruined castle of *Hobenbaden* (built a thousand years ago,) frowning down upon it from the edge of the Black Forest, it gives way to the wildest revels in which mankind indulge. The hotels are splendid and the prices moderate. The air of the valley is pure and fresh, and its scenery is not surpassed, even in Switzerland. The waters are famed for their virtues, and were known to the Romans centuries since, as possessing wondrous healing powers. The throng of visitors are not all invalids, however, and represent every title known to the court journals of this hemisphere, giving a tone and brilliancy to society here, which no single capital of Europe ever equals. The crooked, narrow little streets of Baden-Baden have an ancient, picturesque air, something like certain portions of the *Quartier Latin*, relieved from homeliness by an elaboration of ornament and a showy style of architecture which belong to itself alone. Then, as a relief and contrast, you come occasionally upon a broad, gently-sloping avenue, with two rows of stately trees and a promenade, gracefully shaded thereby, through the center; and wherever you may be, in the labyrinthine windings of this classic city, it is only necessary to lift one’s eyes heavenward to behold a picture of grandeur and beauty unrivaled. Just above the tallest roofs and church spires, hangs the Duke’s chateau, or New Schloss—so called because it is only four hundred years old—showing its wandering, irregular outline against the dark mountain side, and thrusting many a turret, tower and gable up towards the clouds. It rests, as it were, on a shelf against steep rocks and somber pines, and contains many pictures, curious tapestries, dungeons, and instruments of torture which we have not yet been able to examine. A secret passage is said to lead from this medley of connected buildings to the ruin of *Hobenbaden*, which is high above it on a sort of cliff, and stands out with imposing effect from the edge of the Black Forest. This, too, we have yet to explore, for the scene as viewed from an opposite hill, where stands a little Greek chapel, of exquisite finish without and within, has thus far enchanted our senses to satisfaction; but we have an excursion planned to the ruins of *Ebersteinburg*, and the winding mountain road thither leads us past the summer palace or chateau and the older castle, which was a royal residence previous to the fifteenth century. This will give us a taste of the mysterious and romantic, of which you shall have the benefit hereafter. To most visitors, however, the vast and palatial gambling establishment, known as a *Conversation*, is the fascinating center of attraction. Its history is one of strangely blended splendor and sorrow, for while some of the gayest scenes of European social life are enacted within its limits, here also many a proud, bright being has madly trifled away both health and fortune, and been pushed relentlessly over the verge of despair to find dishonor in the grave of a suicide. The intoxication of gaming seizes on the old and young alike, and the father and son, mother and daughter, sick and well, lofty and lowly, priest and infidel, gather daily and nightly under the gilded ceilings of this fashionable hell, and plunge into its excitements with perfect recklessness. The freshness of youth grows haggard, the eye of beauty grows dim, and the hands of strong men speedily become as shaky as the fingers of old age; but the game goes on. It is infectious; and many a pure young woman who approaches Baden-Baden with a horror of gambling finds herself, in time, bending as eagerly as the most hardened sinners over *roulette* or *rouge et noir*, and risking her florins with a flushed cheek and breathless expectation. The various and ever varying faces of the players furnish the watcher with an endless series of extraordinary pictures no gallery of art affords; and pious people from America, who would shun a