

solid basis for the people to stand upon; and until that time comes, good-by order and tranquillity.

I see by the last number of your paper that you have celebrated the union of the F. B. in Chicago, (that is, the I. R. A. in Ireland and the F. B. in America,) and I am very happy to hear of such a union being consummated; but am sorry to say that the Fenians in St. Louis have not strength enough, in point of working Fenians, to say that they can do the same as you in Chicago have done. It will be a glorious day in America, and in Ireland also, when it is proclaimed in trumpet tones to the world that the past differences in the F. B. are now laid aside, and that they are again massed in one solid body, to drive the tyrant, root and branch, from the green isle. The day is not far distant when we shall hold the national holiday for the union, and then to work with renewed vigor. We in St. Louis were promised, some time ago, (by the "Dean" of the faculty of the F. B.,) two physicians to cure the patient. We were given to understand that Fenianism was sick in St. Louis, and required a few doses of copperhead physic. Well, not being physicians of the Jeff. Davis order, we were not supposed to know anything about the state of the patient's health. However, we waited for the true physicians to come.

Messrs. Editors, if you have any good Fenian physician in Chicago, you ought to induce him to come to St. Louis and prescribe for the patient, and I will guarantee he won't have his labor to go for nought. All the sufferer wants is some little excitement to bring him around again, and make him as strong as ever. Respectfully, M.

**Light and Liberty.**

BELLEVUE, MICH., August 31st, 1867.

To the Editors of The Irish Republic.

Messrs. Editors: Having read several copies of your valuable journal since it first started, and being very much benefited thereby, I can safely say, with all truth and justice, that it is the best paper I or any other Irishman ever yet read; and it should be in the hands of every Irishman who feels any interest in the cause of Irish independence. I only regret one thing, and that is, that it did not start earlier. How many thousands would it have enlightened by this time, as there is nothing that the Irish need so much as to be enlightened in this important struggle for national independence? All whom I have introduced your paper to give it the praise it so well merits; but, alas! how much it is to be regretted that so many of the Irish people, who read nothing, but only drag along through the saloons of the world as best they can, without taking any trouble about anything only their own selfish gratification. They are always croaking against the leaders of the Fenian Organization, as acting dishonestly. Such ridiculous talk is alike provoking and disgusting to all true Irishmen. There is nothing puts such a damper on these croakers as THE IRISH REPUBLIC. The time will soon come when they will have to hide their cowardly and brainless heads with shame, from the scoffs of the true and faithful Fenian men whom they are trying to hold up to contempt. Such low-lived creatures are beneath the dignity of notice. The true and faithful of the Irish race can bear a little longer with their sneers.

Go ahead, gentlemen, with the noble work you have so well begun—that of enlightening a people who stand much in need of it, as it is of the utmost importance to our holy cause. A SOLDIER OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

**THE OMNIBUS.**

DANTE'S BEATRICE.

Her eyes were shining brighter than the star;  
And she began to say, gentle and low,  
With voice angelic, in her own language:  
"O spirit courteous of Mantua,  
Of whom the fame still in the world endures,  
And shall endure, long-lasting as the world;  
A friend of mine, and not a friend of fortune,  
Upon the desert slope is so impeded  
Upon his way, that he has turned through terror,  
And may, I fear, already be so lost,  
That I too late have risen to his succor,  
From that which I have learned of him in heaven.  
Bestir thee now, and with thy speech ornate,  
And with what needful is for his release,  
Assist him so, that I may be consoled.  
Beatrice am I, who bid thee go;  
I come from there, where I would fain return;  
Love moved me which compelleth me to speak.  
When I shall be in presence of my Lord,  
Full often will I praise thee unto him."  
Then paused she, and thereafter I began:  
"O Lady of virtue, thou alone through whom  
The human race exceedeth all contained  
Within the heaven that has the lesser circles,  
So grateful unto me is thy commandment,  
To obey, if 'twere already done, were late;  
No farther need'st thou ope to me thy wish.  
But the cause tell me why thou dost not shun  
The here descending down into this center,  
From the vast place thou burnest to return to."  
"Since thou wouldst fain so inwardly discern,  
Briefly will I relate," she answered me,  
"Why I am not afraid to enter here.  
Of those things only should one be afraid  
Which have the power of doing others harm;  
Of the rest, no; because they are not fearful.  
God in His mercy such created me  
That misery of yours attains me not,  
Nor any flame assails me of this burning.

A gentle Lady is in heaven, who grieves  
At this impediment, to which I send thee,  
So that stern judgment there above is broken.  
In her entreaty she besought Lucia,  
And said, 'Thy faithful one now stands in need  
Of thee, and unto thee I recommend him.'  
Lucia, foe of all that cruel is,  
Hastened away, and came unto the place  
Where I was sitting with the ancient Rachel.  
'Beatrice,' said she, 'the true praise of God,  
Why succorest thou not him, who loved thee so,  
For thee he issued from the vulgar herd?  
Dost thou not hear the pity of his plaint?  
Dost thou not see the death that combats him  
Beside that flood, where ocean has no vaunt?  
Never were persons in the world so swift  
To work their weal and to escape their woe,  
As I, after such words as these were uttered,  
Came hither downward from my blessed seat,  
Confiding in thy dignified discourse,  
Which honors thee, and those who've listened to it.'  
After she thus had spoken unto me,  
Weeping, her shining eyes she turned away;  
Whereby she made me swifter in my coming;  
And unto thee I came, as she desired;  
I have delivered thee from that wild beast,  
Which barred the beautiful mountain's short ascent.  
What is it, then? Why, why dost thou delay?  
Why is such baseness bedded in thy heart?  
Daring and hardihood why hast thou not,  
Seeing that three such ladies benedict  
Are caring for thee in the court of Heaven,  
And so much good my speech doth promise to thee?"  
Even as the flowerets, by nocturnal chill,  
Bowed down and closed, when the sun whitens them,  
Uplift themselves all open on their stems;  
Such I became with my exhausted strength,  
And such good courage to my heart there coursed,  
That I began, like an intrepid person:  
"O she compassionate who succored me,  
And courteous thou, who has obeyed so soon  
The words of truth which she addressed to thee!  
Thou hast my heart so with desire disposed  
To the adventure, with those words of thine,  
That to my first intent I have returned.  
Now go, for one sole will is in us both,  
Thou Leader, and thou Lord, and Master thou."  
Thus said I to him; and when he had moved,  
I entered on the deep and savage way.

THE DERBY DAY.—There is one event, and only one, which brings all classes of Londoners into contact with one another on terms of equality, and on neutral ground. The Derby Day resembles the Saturnalia of the Romans, and the French Carnival. It is a day devoted to the most absolute license, and to the wildest mirth. The road from London to the Epsom Downs is literally a mass of moving vehicles. The tinker in his spring-cart casts a critical eye upon the duke who passes him driving four-in-hand, and makes caustic remarks upon his equipage or his attire. His Grace or his friends condescendingly rejoin, and penny flour-bags are sportively exchanged. All distinctions are leveled: the only person who can drive to the Derby without being "chaffed" is the heir-apparent to the throne. He is regarded rather as something to be looked at with curiosity, like the horses in the Paddock; and frequently on the course an individual in the humbler walks of life will leave his friends and stroll toward the Grand Stand, announcing that he's "just going to have a squint at Wales." It must be acknowledged that the workmen who go to the Derby do not display the "monastic virtues" which Lord Houghton has politely ascribed to them; their buffoonery is of the grossest description; so much so that it is impossible to take a lady to the Derby. Their pleasantries, too, are without geniality; they are marked by excessive bitterness. Mr. Tom. Hughes, who in a letter to the *Tribune* accounted for the frequency of colliery explosions by the fact that miners are generally without a vote, would no doubt assert that their defects are to be attributed to the same cause. But these are really the defects of the English character. English fun and English wit are naturally coarse and cruel. It is certainly a more pleasing sight, in my humble opinion, to see a French or Italian crowd on a great holiday, than to go to Epsom. In the latter case the merriment seems forced; it is like that of actors on the stage; it is loud and boisterous, but unreal, as if it had to be "kept up;" till drunkenness steps in, when it becomes more expansive, and character is displayed. It would seem that the uncultivated British mind requires an artificial stimulant of a strong kind: take the agricultural laborer for example; he is taciturn, sullen, and dull. Drink a pot or two of ale with him, and you find him rich in sly humor, and in quaint proverbs and expressions. One race is just like another so far as the horses are concerned; but the Derby Day stands by itself. As the moment of the great race approaches it is awful to contemplate that enormous crowd—the carriages massed in hundreds together; the great, black, moving crowd; the tiers of faces in the grand stand. A bell rings; the multitude surges and divides, a green road appears in their midst; far in the distance can be seen the prancing horses, and the gay colors of the jockeys. A bell rings, and there is a mighty shout; the horses gallop a few yards; then silence, and a laugh; it is a false start; they disappear behind the hill; they reappear; the colors can now be plainly seen; there is a yell from many thousand throats; on they come, a cloud of yellow dust rising from their hoofs; they pass like a flash of light and with a sound like that of a rushing wind. Another yell, louder than ever, but not from all; then silence, and a scattering of the compact mass. Carrier pigeons fill the air; horses are harnessed; the cries of the cake-sellers are raised again; the organ-grinders begin to play; the negro minstrels dance and sing; all goes on as merrily as before. But the Derby is over, and the great event of the year has passed; fortunes have been won and lost. There are men who, as they return along the crowded road, must chaff the costermongers and drink champagne with their companions, while one thought strikes eternally upon their brains—*settling day*. There are men who, as they return with laughter on their lips, are contemplating with a firm mind the new life which they must soon begin to lead. "How shall I ever be able to tell her? It is not all gone, to be sure, and in five years, if I work hard, I may put myself all right. But poor Ned! he will have to leave school, and Julia must go out as a nursery governess, I suppose?"

PRIMEVAL MAN.—If we were to restrict our romance to the first Lacustrine races, and to others which may be prob-

ably synchronous with them, we might sketch a bare outline of life and manners. In these men we see fishers, hunters, shepherds and agriculturists, all in rude and barbaric style, and with few of the appliances of later periods. Domestication of animals was but partly in practice, and the large quantity of grain discovered at Wanger doubtless belonged to a public granary. These people could get food, and perhaps had quite enough of it; but their dwellings were mere huts, smoky, narrow, and wretched. They had no tables or chairs, and they probably slept on the ground. A good Swiss mountain chalet of the present day is probably superior to what the most ancient Lacustrine huts were, although those who have spent a night in a bad chalet may possibly consider that no antecedent human dwelling could have been so intolerable. Still we must say, the nearest conception we can form of a Lacustrine village would be a large collection of rough mountain chalets placed on piles on some one of the Swiss lakes. Eating and drinking in the lake villages must have been barbarous enough, as no knives or forks have been found. Beards grew thick on the men, for there were no razors. Perhaps they had some sort of chief or ruler, who legislated for the entire lake town or village, and there must have been some guardian, or watch, or defender against enemies, and some one to take charge of the bridge which connected the town with the mainland. Perhaps, too, there was some assembly of sages, venerable men and speakers. As there were often several lake towns on one large lake, it further seems probable that they all united into a kind of lake federation for mutual aid and defense against foes and invaders. No doubt they could talk by the hour together, but as they could not write, or cipher, or draw hieroglyphics, we shall never know what they said or thought. Human passions must have dwelt in those rough breasts, as well as in later races. No doubt they had their intestine discords, and perhaps they fought with flint weapons; but the fiercest enmity would show itself in endeavoring to set on fire such combustible habitations. There are reasons for thinking that many of the lake towns were burnt; and M. Lehon has given us his idea of one in flames as a frontispiece to his book. Fire, whether from foe or from accident, was their greatest calamity, and appears to have overtaken a large proportion of these communities in the end. One can imagine that it must have been a grand sight to behold an entire town, or possibly two or three of the Lacustrine towns, in flames at one time, all sending out athwart the thick darkness of the night darting flashes and showers of sparks, and throwing a broad glare on the dark surface of the gloomy lake, lighting up the long, desolate shores, and flinging ruddy gleams high up the lofty rocks, perhaps even to snowy summits beyond the waters. Add to this the crackling of the burning piles, the cries of the terrified inhabitants, the yells of the rude men and the screams of the scarcely escaping women, the hurling of bodies into the lake, and the cries of cattle caught by the fire, and then we have the needful accessories for the final catastrophe.

BURGLARS.—There are in all large cities great numbers of juvenile vagabonds who are ready to commit any species of crime, from pilfering apples from a street stand to highway robbery. The tenement houses of New York, occupied by the offscourings of the four quarters of the globe, are especially prolific of these young depredators. Many of these are expert house-breakers, who bestow their attention more particularly upon dwellings which are temporarily bereft of occupants or which are in the course of erection. They are organized into gangs of from six to ten, the ages of the members of each gang ranging from seven to eighteen years. They are the boys who loiter around the street-corners, shabbily dressed, swearing, drinking, scuffling, and insulting passers in the daytime, and in the evening performing their more criminal work. The gangs are organized to "work" particular neighborhoods, and they speedily become familiar with every dwelling-house, store, manufactory, and workshop in their district. Their richest harvest is made in the summer, when vacant houses are to be found in every block. A gang of juveniles having anxiously watched the summer flitting from the houses in the district of which it has burglarious charge prepare to "go through" the dwellings of the absentees. Armed with skeleton keys and other implements of their trade, the juveniles assemble at night by installments in the vicinity of the house selected for initiating their enterprise. If the skeleton keys obtain them admission, well and good; if not, they resort to the back-yard, where they are less liable to be observed. They are sure to gain an entrance in some way—by forcing shutters, or breaking windows, or climbing fences and walls to the second story windows. Sometimes the smallest of their number is crowded through a fan-light or transom window, or shoved down the coal hole: one of them once inside, the doors are opened for the remainder. The house in their possession, they ransack it from top to bottom, carrying off such "swag" as they desire, and in some instances returning night after night. Two summers ago, a policeman, while on his post at night near St. John's Park, saw a light shining through the shutters of a dwelling-house, which he knew to have been closed by its owner while he rusticated with his family at the sea-shore. The officer obtained assistance, took the responsibility of forcing the door, and proceeded to an investigation of the premises. In the dining-room everything was found in the greatest disorder. A table, loaded with dishes and the remains of a hearty meal, occupied the center of the room, while the floor was covered with broken trunks, wearing apparel, and a conglomerate mass of household goods. From cellar to garret the house had been rummaged, while on the roof three juvenile thieves were discovered hiding behind the chimneys. It was ascertained that these boys, the oldest of whom was sixteen, belonged to a gang consisting of seven, and that for two weeks they had made this house their headquarters. Two other houses in the same block being vacant, they had entered them by passing over roofs of the intervening dwellings and forcing the scuttles. These two houses were found to have been robbed in a manner similar to the first. Whatever plunder they fancied, had been taken away and converted into cash through the medium of those receivers of stolen goods, who find a profit in anything, from a penny whistle to a grand piano. Every professional burglar of mature age has a mistress, and she not unfrequently contributes to the general fund by her dexterity in criminal pursuits. Some of them are pickpockets, others shoplifters, and others are of that still more degraded class to whom virtue and chastity are unknown. More frequently they are the deceived victims of their lovers, taken from among the poor working-girls of our large manufactories. Sometimes the burglar finds his sweetheart among the nurses or the chamber-maids, who