

good subsistence under their native sky; they suppose that they should not be exterminated from their houses and holdings for the sake of fat cattle for the Saxon glutton; they conceive that it is their duty to do well for their families; and they are stubborn in the conceit that there must be something hellish in the government under which prosperity is impossible, starvation frequent, beggary universal, want and woe and broken hearts a general feature, dreadful decline in the race a constant fact, and fugitive emigration to strange lands a perpetual necessity. All these devilish errors of mind and feeling the Irish have. The Bishops can remove them. They would do immeasurable good by removing them—for they are the radices of Fenianism. Let them put the axe to the root. By all means let us have a manifesto enlightening the wretched people on these devilish errors.

In the meantime, let us all, every man of us, stand up erect and do courteous homage to the national idol, proudly called—**THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.**

Fenianism and Garibaldianism.

From the Glasgow Free Press.

Nevertheless, we have the following language from the *Weekly Register* in connection with this subject:—Speaking of "a fillibuster in a red shirt," that papersays, "he is probably not a whit more an honest man than the vulgar bog-trotter who has engrafted all the cunning vices of the Yankee upon the headstrong violence of the Irishman. Both are to us Catholics as unclean as the pig is to Moslems; and, therefore, we meddle not with either, but to condemn him and his doings. *The curse of God and his Church* is upon Fenianism and Garibaldianism alike."

This is pretty bold language for any one to use, especially a writer in a newspaper. We were not aware heretofore that the "curse of God and his Church" had fallen so suddenly on Fenianism; neither were we aware of the strange prerogative of omniscience being vouchsafed to our English cotemporary. This presumption of knowledge as to the working of heaven's decrees is, to our mind, not half so Catholic as the practices of the Fenians we have mentioned. We are not sufficiently theological as to pronounce whether this daring use of language borders on blasphemy; but we candidly avow our opinion that it partakes in no way of the spirit of religion, much less of that propriety which English Catholics look upon as their individual inheritance. The continued perpetration of injustices on the part of one country to another, centuries of penal persecution for conscience sake, and the building up of a national prosperity on the blood of millions and the ruin of nations, such as England has been guilty of in India, Jamaica and Ireland, are more likely to call down the curses of God, and to deserve them, than Fenianism has or ever will be.

The world is fast getting sick of the insufferable impertinence of English writers. Their intolerance, begotten alike of national boorishness and stupidity of apprehension on any and every subject; their puffed-up conceit and pharisaical declarations may please others of their class and country; but, for our part, we can assure them that their pretensions to occupy the highest place in the confidence of God, to know on whom the curses of the Creator are likely to fall, or where they are to descend, are merely treated as the ravings of Johanna Southcote, or some of her deluded followers. There should be a becoming modesty in the Catholics of a nation which, like England, has done everything that evil ingenuity could suggest for the purpose of destroying the Church of God, and which we would like to see exemplified in the writers of Catholic journals. As yet we have not been much edified in this way, but we trust to be able to announce an improvement even in this respect.

REMARKS.—The above is noteworthy, as it is the judgment of the organ of the Irish Catholics of Scotland respecting the spirit and behavior of the English Catholics. Had our cotemporary taken time to reflect, he would have seen that English Catholics first invaded Ireland; have always been the deadliest enemies and persecutors of her people. In fact, being of the same religion, they seem to imagine that they have a better right to flog the Irish slave than their Protestant countrymen.

Carrying the Money Off.

From the Dundalk Democrat.

In a week or two all the rent offices and all the excise offices in the country will be opened for the purpose of receiving rack rent from the farmers, and enormous duties of every kind from merchants and traders. Millions of money will be wrung from the people; at least double the amount reason and honesty would declare they should pay. If this money were spent in the country, it would not be so bad, for then it would be employed to improve agriculture, give a new soul to our drooping commerce, and revive all but extinct manufactures.

But this is not its destination. It will be carried off to England and spent there to enrich that country. The absentee must get his share of it, for this beggarly nation has no attractions for him, and he resides in England. If he is to spend his money on luxuries, he will do it where his munificence will be admired, and where his splendid equipages may outrival those of Great Britishers, and win him the applause of the fashionable world. There is nothing in this plundered country to attract the attention. The miserable Viceregal court and its motley levees have no charms for him. And as for the tenants on his property, what does he care about them, except to squeeze all the money he can from their earnings?

Some of this money also goes to the government coffers. It is far more than Ireland should be called upon to pay; but what of that? Has not Ireland lost her parliament, and is she not a part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, an honor which she should not grudge paying for? She is now under the special care of an Imperial legislature, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer increases her taxes; and like the absentees, puts on the screw, and drains all the money he can from her oppressed people. Upbraid him with the injustice of his conduct, and what will be the nature of his reply? He will state that the increased revenue Ireland pays is a proof of her increasing prosperity!

This is the kind of treatment Ireland experiences in her union with England. And this was what the advocates of the Legislative Union expected from the measure. Ireland was becoming the rival of England in manufactures. She was competing with her in the home and foreign markets,

and to reduce her power, to strike a blow at her commerce, and extinguish her manufactures, her parliament was destroyed. Let our farmers and traders be prepared. The rent offices are being opened to carry away the farmers' profits, and the Excise officers will sweep off the profits of the distillers and traders. The money, to the amount of £20,000,000, will be carried off to England before the first day of next May. How can Ireland prosper under such a drain as this? We do not call it robbery, but it is legalized plunder. England is not dealt with in this manner. Her landlords mostly live at home, and if the taxes are heavy, they are mostly spent in the country. France is not treated in this fashion. The French taxes are spent in France, and come back again to the people who pay them, in the course of trade.

But unfortunate Ireland must sell her corn, her cattle, sheep, pigs, fowl and butter, and when the money comes home from England, it is paid in enormous rents and taxes, then swept back again to England. Thus England gets all our good things, and afterwards the price of them is expended amongst her people. If this £20,000,000 which we lose yearly were spent at home, employing the people, what a change would soon take place in this country. But it is carried off, and when plundered of our earnings, we are upbraided with our poverty. We leave it to any sensible man if a change is not much required in this fearful state of things. Who will aid us to provide a remedy for such gigantic wrongs? No one will assist us. We must do the work ourselves. Our representatives in parliament are "dumb dogs." Had they been true to the men who elected them, some relief would have come to us before now. But when most of them went to London, they were dazzled by its wealth. They forgot Ireland; neglected their duties; and session after session we have seen them returning home to find us just as they left us, paying enormous rents and taxes, and after selling the produce of our fertile land to keep the wolf from the door, living on the rubbish of our own and other countries.

THE FAIR FIELD.

The Downfall of King Brain!

BY SLASHEM M'DOLAGER,
(Poet Laureate to the Fancy.)

SCENE: A cellar in the Five Points—The Poet rises to chant the inauguration of Muscle.

The dexter
egis, vulgarly
the right
mauley.

Arise, my scientific muse,
And raise aloft your dexter ægis;
The echoes of your hobnail shoes
Shall ring along the halls of sages.
No more above the haunts of crime
Your raven wing shall cut gyration;
For Freedom calls you up to time,
Within the arena of the nation.

The poet grows
eloquent in de-
nouncing vice,
and hails
the good time
coming.

Sing the glories of the Points;
Set the true game chickens crowing;
Hurra, for slugs and double joints,
To send the dark red ruby flowing.
Let Mullberry and Baxter cry,
"Damn all law"—from sink to attic;
The time is coming, by and by,
For bully boys and Democrat—hic!

The cry is, "On
to Wash-
ton." Con-
tempt for mind.
The manly art
sufficient for all
purposes.

No more we'll rope the twelve foot ring,
Nor, better still, the murd'rer's throttle;
We'll fight beneath the eagle's wing,
And make Columbia hold the bottle.
To the devil with your mood and tense,
And all the fudge of school and college;
The manly art of self-defense
Shall be our science, shield and knowledge.

First knock
down for
Muscle.
The admirers
of the "art"
requested to
rejoice thereat.

The poets sang the Age of Brass,
And hymned the rise of sword and buckles;
But we have sent them all to grass;
And now we hail the reign of knuckles.
It was a long and merry mill,
'Twixt Mind and Matter—Mind's the loser;
So, thief and pimp and harlot fill
A flowing bowl to the Jolly Bruiser.

King Brain
being floored,
Muscle attacks
the eldest
daughter, who
seems to be
fighting shy.

Hurra, for the downfall of King Brain,
His tyrant rule of jail and gibbet;
The land is now herself again,
Freedom to kill, to burn and cribb it;
Too long this dainty lady, Mind,
Hath kept us in tormenting bustle;
But now she's sparring 'round for wind,
Before the ponderous blows of Muscle.

A grand wake
on the tapis—
Lots of weed—
Johnny Mac-
kay leader of
Lower House.

And headed by our Trojan blade,
The tiger fighting Johnny Morris—
See if we don't use up the maid,
In spite of all the odes (oaths) of Horace.
And when we've made the dainty bleed,
And waked her well with pipes and baccy,
Oh, then, me boys, we'll sport Thu. Weed
(Thurlow Weed) and shout for Macey.

Puritans no-
where. They
kept the tailor
Head (Center)
on the itch
during his
swing round
the Circle.

We've got the ring in City Hall,
In spite of Puritans, 'od rot 'em;
Who'd make our breasts and muscle small,
And swell our heads—but here we've Got-
hem!
Like bees a-buzzing round a bull,
They've kept the tail-or Head a-goin'
Swinging round the circle, full
Drunk as blazes, goring, b'lowin'.

A straight hit
at the Maids of
"Athens," who
brought on the
war. Mind
and Muscle
both caught it
here.

Forever ding-dong about schools
Of virtue, and such botheration;
As tho' the Boxiana's rules
Weren't good enough for this tar-nation.
'Twas the Maids of Athens' subtle thread
That needle-ss got so mixed and tangled,
Then Muscle wove the web, not Head,
Tho' Head and Muscle both were mangled,

Washington
captured at
last. Fellows
with enlarged
brains to be
cashiered.
Columbia un-
der training.

Hurra for Washington, my sweet,
The Jolly Bruisers soon will hustle
Each big-browed loony from his seat—
Columbia travels on her muscle.
No more shall gabbers prate their jaw,
Get lost, like hunters in a forest,
In labyrinths of misty law—
Giving the nation gas, but no rest.

Babies with
water on the
brain is a beau-
tiful simite for
those big-
headed loonies.

But in the place of paper shells,
That would not stand a mill a minute;
Like babies o'ergrown water wells,
And called a Congress and a Senate.
The land at last, grown tired of Brain,
Has now her low-browed modern Gullies,
The soldiers of the ball and chain—
The gouging gents, the bruising bullies.

Congress in
session—Apos-
trophe to
Muscle—Col-
umbia having
taken a lesson,
got a rap in the
peeper.

Behold the ring of bulldog jaws,
And arms like slings, with ten pound
boulders,
All tiger lads that live on raws—
Oh, hevings, see their cross-road shoulders!
Columbia calls the ring to time,
One of her peepers dressed in mourning;
A lesson in the art sublime
She's had, and shows its neat adorning.

Columbia, with
sleeves rolled
up, calls the
House to order
—She announ-
ces the victory
of O'Slashem
over O'Bald-
win.

Well, boys, to biz—what's on the tap's?
And as she beats upon the table,
She shakes the House, like thunder claps—
Slashem's won! so says the cable.
This sets the Congress in a whirl;
But 'twas a story worth the telling;
Hunkey maiden! Bully girl!
Castors shying, throttles yelling.

A catastrophe
and a threat of
cleaning out
the Bowery—
(much needed.)

One takes his cud, and lets it fly—
Damn the expense, he knows he'll lose it;
It struck a member in the eye—
Good gracious, one from Massachusetts;
Who jumps upon the neighbor's seat,
And says, in words more strong than flow-
ery,
That he can clean out Baxter street,
And drag his coat-tail thro' the Bowery.

Columbia's
muscles rise
with indigna-
tion—the
growlers sub-
side.

And thus the House looked rather rough,
For things had nearly crossed the border;
But then Columbia cried "enough
Of jaw! the House will come to order."
* * * * *

A petition
from Boston is
being read for
the hundredth
time. Enter
waiter from the
bar of the
House with
some demo-
cratic refresh-
ments.

Read Petitions, Mr. Clark;
The first is from some ladies, saying,
The land is groping in the dark,
Lost in shadows, humbly praying,
That your high and mighty Ring
Would repeal the law on learning"—
WAITER—"O'Gougern's comps., and a whisky
sling,
Madame."
COLUMBIA—"A man of much discerning!"

Petition con-
tinued—The
com. appointed
to blow up Ply-
mouth rock
and choke the
harbors had
failed to come
to time.

"And once again reopen schools,"
Dated Boston, Massachusetts.
Confound the jades, do they think we're fools,
To fetter mind and then to loose it?
I thought we'd blasted Plymouth Rock,
And dammed their harbors with the pieces;
Yet, here's the same old canting flock,
Of pious wolves, in lambkin fleeces.

Boxing schools
to be opened in
New England
—happy idea
to send a box-
ing master and
gloves to the
ladies. Make
tea of, instead
of for, the old
ladies.

Aye, give them schools of our design,
With cuts and busts and and lots of plas-
ter;
And they shall have of muses nein—
Send the ladies gloves and a boxing master.
Petition referred to the committee
Of Woods and Forests, North and South-
ward
Would they were steeped in the Boston tea-
Pot and drawn—we're fairly bothered.

The Yankee
cock crows
schools for the
people. Mem-
bers rise to
settle their lit-
tle difficulty.

From the crowing of this Yankee cock,
Who wants to roost on every steeple,
He'll burst his lungs on Plymouth Rock,
Crowing sku-sku-skools for the people.
I see the member from the North
Has left the House, and the Bowery cham-
pin
Has riz, and now is hurrying forth—
Shut up the books—they're all decamp in.

The House
adjourned to
the square in
front of the
Capitol, where
a ring is always
formed. Col-
umbia is ref-
eree. Andy Johnson
is bottle holder by request—Columbia keeps
her good eye on him, knowing his weakness for the drop.

As these things must be on the fair,
As laid down in the sacred volume;
We'll rise to meet upon the square,
And fight it out at freedom's column.

TO BE CONTINUED (THE FIGHT).

Andy Johnson is bottle holder by request—Columbia keeps her good eye on him, knowing his weakness for the drop.

AFFAIRS IN PERU.—It was reported on board the steamer before she left Islay, that Colonel Tines, commander of the troops in Arequipa, was assassinated by his own men. He was standing in front of the barracks, where a company was drawn up, so as to be ready to move to any place where their services might be required. Chancing to turn his back upon them, the company fired a volley at him, and killed him. The rumors are so conflicting that it is difficult to form a correct idea as to the success that the Arequipenians claim. General Bustamente is at a place called Torata, four days march from Arequipa, with 2,500 men, a force sufficient to bring that place to its senses, but his fealty to Colonel Prado is doubted, whether justly so or not I cannot say; but, be that as it may, two more battalions left here the night before last for the post of Islay, which port has been declared closed until order is restored. Colonel Ugarteche, Prado's father-in-law, takes command of the corps of operations. The artillery corps will leave here upon the return of the Govern-
ment transports from Islay.