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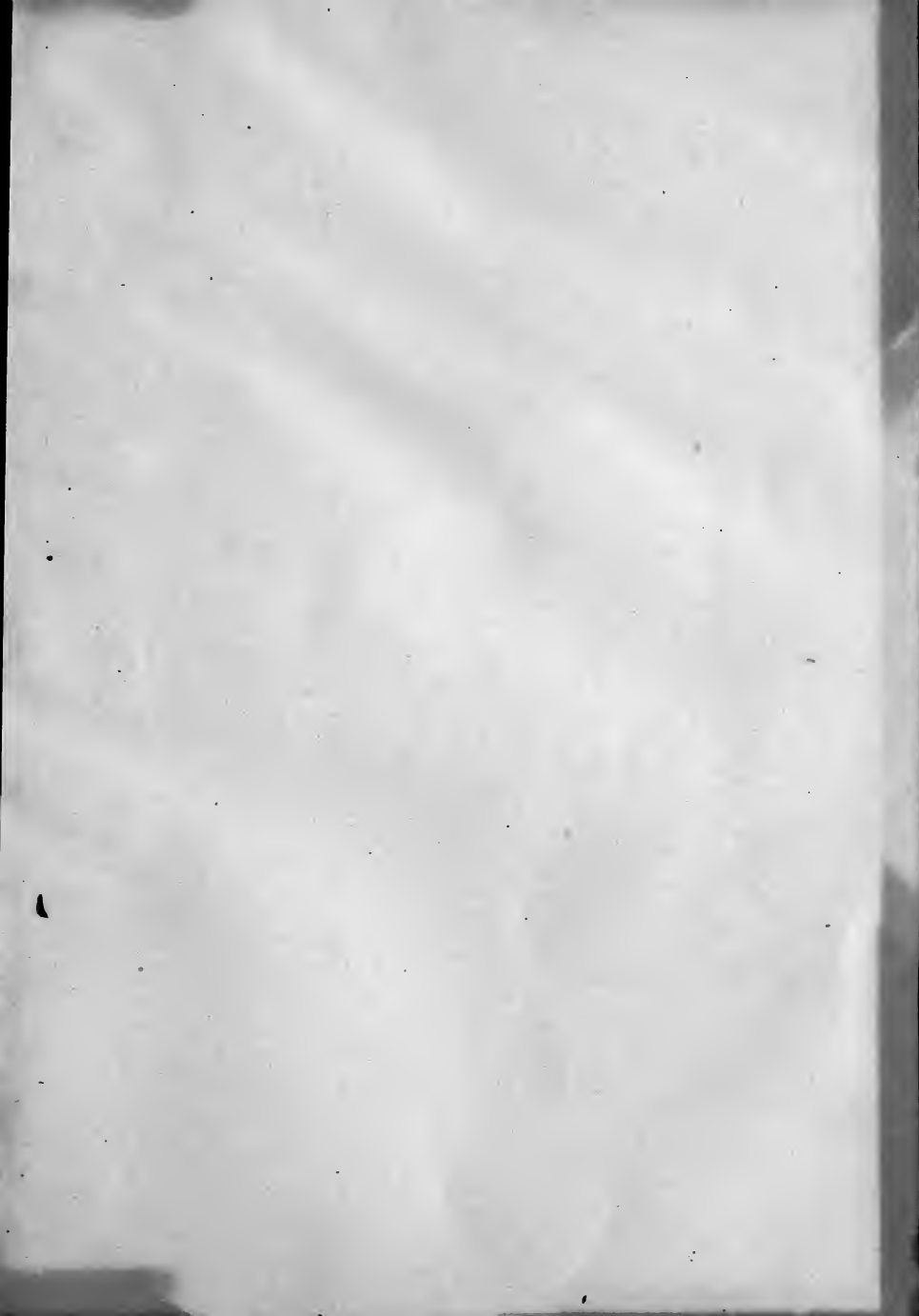
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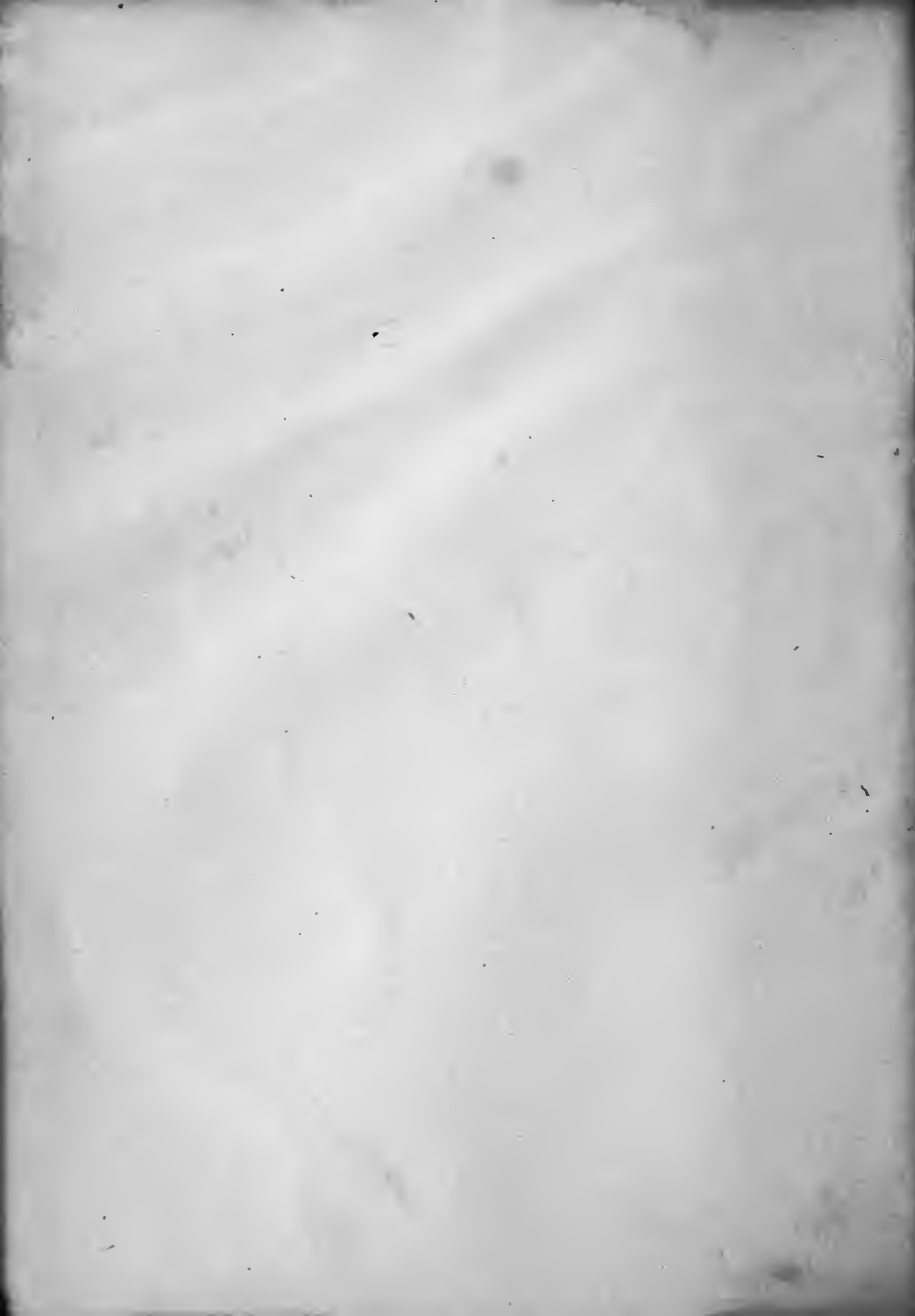
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









THE
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE



OF THE

Roman · Catholic · Irish

IN

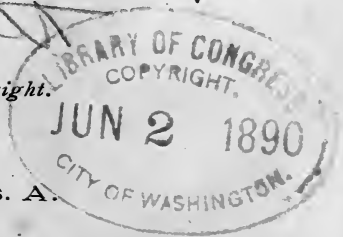
NEW ENGLAND

BY UNCLE SAM, JR.

John H. ...

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PREFACE.

IF Protestant emigration to America from European countries continues to increase in the same ratio in the next half century that it has during the past decade, in the year 1950 the Roman Catholic Irish will bear to peoples of that day and generation in America, about the same proportion as the Chinaman does to the peoples of to-day. But this state of things will depend almost wholly upon the energy and watchfulness of the Protestants of to-day, as the Jesuits of to-day are doing all in their power to restrict and retard Protestant emigration from Europe, by framing laws of every conceivable form and shape in order to accomplish this end, and having them presented to Congress to become laws of the land. They are fathers of the Chinese exclusion act, the contract labor law, and the bill to exclude paupers (a Jesuit pretence) which is before the present Congress. As a matter of fact, Roman Catholic Ireland has emigrated; the Jesuits are aware of it, and now their great aim is to head off Protestant emigration from Europe, and to this end they are working night and day; for no one knows better than they, that when in America Protestants are as ten to one of Roman Catholics, their death-knell is sounded. If Protestant emigration from

Europe is unrestricted from this date to the year 1950, it will be hard for the young men and women of that day to comprehend or realize what a curse their grandfathers and grandmothers of to-day have had to contend with in the shape of these Roman Catholic Irish sons and daughters (at present known as hoodlums) of the originally imported dudeen-sucking bogtrotters. It was for this purpose, and their enlightenment, that this book was written. If by chance there should be a reader of this book in 1950 who should doubt any of the statements therein, he or she is respectfully referred to the criminal statistics of the present time as satisfactory proof of them, "for by their names ye shall know them"; and the author hopes and trusts that his Protestant readers will hereafter be more watchful of these Jesuits, more especially of those with this accursed Irish blood in their veins, who are at present being educated, in the Jesuit colleges, from one end of the land to the other for future mischief. Let every true American remember that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

CHAPTER I.

THE PAST.

ON the night of August 11th, 1834, the Roman Catholic Ursuline Convent, on Mount Benedict, which is situated on the easterly side of Broadway, in that part of Somerville, Massachusetts, known as East Somerville, near what is now the new Park, was destroyed by a party of men, the majority of whom were supposed to be truckmen, who had come from the neighboring city of Boston. While this party of men were making a rush up the hillside, toward the convent, with the intention of destroying it, for what to them at that time seemed to be a good and sufficient reason, a duty, and for the public good, they were met at the entrance by the Irish woman who was at that time acting in the capacity of Lady Superior of the convent. As she came out on the steps of the front entrance, she, in an excited manner, and in a very authoritative tone of voice, probably the same as she was in the habit of using in addressing the poor, ignorant, and deluded victims that had been placed in her charge: "Disperse immediately," she said; "for if you don't, the Bishop (meaning Fenwick) has one hundred thousand Roman Catholic Irishmen at his command in Boston, who will whip you all into the sea." But this party of men, not being made of the ignorant, superstitious, and cowardly material of her countrymen, and having about as much fear of, or respect

for, the Pope of Rome, Bishop Fenwick, or the Irish priests as they would have for a wooden donkey, kept right on about their duty and the business that had called them together, and, to use a common expression, "They did not scare worth a cent."

The blood that coursed in the veins of those men was the same quality as that which coursed in that of their fathers at Bunker's Hill, but a few years before, and the same as that which coursed in those of their great-grandfathers, the pilgrims, who had landed on Plymouth Rock some centuries previous to the time that they were there assembled. It is an old saying that "blood will tell," and there is a possibility that some of that stock of the present day, which has some of that same blood coursing through its veins, may come to the front in the course of the next decade. This Irish woman was laboring under great excitement about this time, or else she might have been imbibing a drap of the crathur, or in other words some of that good, pure old Medford rum which was known to have been kept in the cellar vaults of the convent for the benefit, use, and entertainment of the old bishop and his young and robust Irish priests, whenever he or they paid the nuns a visit,—and at that time it was a well-known and established fact that they greatly differed from angels' visits, in the respect that they were not "few and far between." In their drives out of town they made this convent their half-way or road house, as it would be called at the

present day; but be this as it may, as a matter of fact if this Irishwoman had said five thousand instead of one hundred thousand Roman Catholic Irishmen, she would have made a statement which would have been nearer the truth. There are thousands of persons now living who will bear witness the truth of the statement that in the year 1834, outside of the old limits of the then city of Boston, Irishmen, or bogtrotters, as they were then called, were as much a matter of curiosity to the children of that day as are Chinamen to the children of the rural districts of New England to-day, and neither were they any more plentiful than the Chinamen of to-day, or half as much respected. The majority of them were paupers, dirty and filthy, and were at this time looked upon by the native Yankee much the same as they are considered by decent people of the present time, as representatives of the scum of the earth, and the criminal records of all the large towns and cities of New England, from that time to the present date, will prove the correctness of this estimate of them; as to-day ninety per cent of all our paupers, thieves, robbers, and murderers which fill our almshouses, houses of correction, and States prisons in New England are of this Roman Catholic Irish descent. Paddy would land at the wharf in Boston, do up his extra clothes in a cotton handkerchief, tie it to one end of his shillelah, and placing that over his shoulder, light his dudeen, and thus equipped start out among the farmers looking for a

job, and when passing a group of village boys if he was not deaf would hear one of them say, "See there, boys, there goes a paddy, there goes a bog-trotter," now called tramp, and he and his have been tramps ever since.

The Roman Catholic population of Boston at that time (1834) were more largely composed of people of French and Spanish descent, than of the Irish blood,—there was comparatively little emigration from Ireland to America until about eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the year of the great potato famine, as the emigration statistics of that date will show. It was in January or February of that year that word was sent from Ireland to America that owing to the failure or loss of the potato (murphys, the Irish call them) crop upon which most of the inhabitants of that island depended for subsistence, that whole families were dying from starvation, and as the then Yankees of New England, like many of their descendants of to-day, were never backward about coming forward at the cry of distress whether at home or abroad, two or three large government vessels were filled by contributions from whole-souled Yankees from the length and breadth of New England, and were soon speeding across the Atlantic to old Ireland's shore, to give relief to her starving children. There are many of the sons and daughters of those contributors now living, who are inclined to think that those contributions may have been a blessing to Ireland, but have

proved a curse to America, for from that day to this, this accursed country of Ireland has been flooding New England with paupers, thieves, and murderers; and though we have here representatives from every nation inhabiting this terrestrial sphere, it is the general verdict of every respectable man in New England, that the representatives of this accursed nation are the worst that have ever set foot upon New England's shores.

At this date, 1847, there was but little manufacturing going on in New England as compared with the present time. Farming was the principal occupation of the inhabitants at that time. Lynn, Lowell, Haverhill, and Fall River, Mass., and Manchester, N. H., as compared with to-day were but small factory villages, and the present large and beautiful city of Lawrence, Mass., was but a sandheap, and its now valuable lots of land went begging at five dollars an acre. The then Yankee laborer went to his work at sunrise and left off at sunset. This constituted his day's work. There was no eight hours or ten hours then, and he worked hard and steady, with no boss to stand over him to see that he did not shirk. The laborers of that day vied with each other to see which would turn off the most work during the day, and at haying time each was ambitious to cut the largest field of grass with the old-fashioned scythe. Every man worked for his neighbor as he would for himself. But with the Irish bogtrotter came the shirks, and the boss

came into fashion; and any observing person can see that the Irish children of that day, who are the common day laborers on our streets and elsewhere of to-day, came honestly by, or, in other words, have inherited their sires' labor-shirking qualities to perfection. In those days there was no Roman Catholic League in existence known as the Knights of Labor, as there is to-day, banded together as they are, from one end of the country to the other, with the intention of controlling all of the industrial trades to the exclusion of other nationalities. Take the plasterers, the masons, plumbers, stone-cutters, and rumsellers in New England,—nearly all Roman Catholic Irish to a man. Take the laboring force of nearly every large city. Through the influence of the Irish over the dough-faced politician it is almost impossible for a Protestant to obtain work on a city force.

But let us follow Paddy from the day he lands at the wharf. In those days he was invariably a pauper when he landed. The man who was starving at home for the want of a peck of murphys, was not usually very flush when he reached New England's shore. A cotton handkerchief usually held his surplus clothing; his brogans weighed pounds, and their soles were solid with large-headed nails. If that kind were worn at the present day, two moderate-sized Lynn factories would supply the whole needs of the country, as a pair of them was never known to wear out. His clothes were

corduroy, and, as the old saying is, "wore like leather," and he would be more likely to forget the holy Virgin Mary than his dudeen; and in those days a fresh bogtrotter was never known to be without his sprig of shillelah, more especially if he was from County Cork, and it was generally one that he had brought with him from the old country. With these equipments, after lighting his dudeen, Paddy would start on a tramp to the suburbs among the farmers, looking for a job; and Paddy has the credit of being the first tramp this country ever knew, and his children seem to have inherited that habit from him, as ninety-five per cent of all of the tramps of the present day are Irish Roman Catholics. To the truth of this, every keeper of the country almshouses throughout New England will attest. At this time laboring men throughout New England were receiving from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents a day for their long days of toil, but a more contented set of men it would be hard to find; but Paddy the pauper was abroad, and he must have work or starve, and the farmers were not slow to take advantage of his necessity; so Paddy was hired for from four to six dollars a month and his board, to fill the place of the Yankee laborer. As board among the farmers of that day was but one dollar and fifty cents a week, Paddy was working for less than fifty cents a day; and his descendants, who now compose the rank and file of what is known as the Knights of Labor,

are very free to call out "scab." Let them in the future bear in mind that their fathers and mothers were the first scabs ever known in New England. These brogan-shod McGintys came so fast from Ireland's bogs about this time that the labor market was overstocked, and many is the McGinty that, with his family, of from eight to twelve children, went direct from the vessel at the wharf to the poor farm; and their descendants have seemed ambitious to keep these institutions filled from that day to this,—and well have they done it, as the list of names of the inmates of the almshouses in New England will readily show; for "by their names ye shall know them."

In 1847 the now flourishing city of Lowell was but a factory village, and its employees were young native American women, daughters of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, as well as Massachusetts farmers. Young women with fair education, many of them wrote for the magazines of that day, and one or two magazines published in Lowell were edited wholly by them during their hours of leisure, and many is the farm in Maine and New Hampshire that has had its mortgage lifted by the earnings and savings of these dutiful daughters; but McGinty's daughters must have something to do, and one after another were these young American women crowded out to make room for the low-priced female McGinty scabs, until to-day the native American female wage-earner in the mills is as scarce as cherries in

winter. About this time (1847) certain far-sighted moneyed men, or capitalists of Boston and Lowell, purchased for a trifle several hundred acres of sand-bank on the north and south sides of the Merrimac River, where at present is located the large and beautiful city of Lawrence, and commenced to build a dam across the river at its present location, as also the canals which now furnish the water-power for the numerous mills located along their banks on both sides of the river. The building of these absorbed a large amount of surplus Irish paupers and tramps, and a settlement was commenced. Up to this time Paddy, like John Chinaman, had got here just the same, but his numerous family hadn't; they were munching murphys and feeding the pigs and hens, and burning peat on their native bogs, waiting patiently for McGinty to say the word and send the cash, that they might come to "Ameriky," and leave dear old Ireland behind them,—that dear old country they are continually harping about, but to which they seem to have no desire to return, much to many people's disappointment. The aforementioned settlement was christened Dublin, and such a settlement the inhabitants of New England never saw before, and in all probability never will again.

The McGintys went to work constructing houses after the style of those they had left behind them, on dear old Ireland's bogs. First, Paddy would look round to find a boggy spot of ground, it came

so natural ; then he would inclose some twenty feet square of land by first setting four posts in the ground, some twenty feet apart ; after being set they would be four or five feet in height above the surface or level of the ground ; then he would set posts between, and then commence to nail boards outside of them. Many of these boards were obtained in midnight raids on the neighboring farmers' fences. There was no police force then, and Paddy was happy and unmolested. He would then bank up the four sides with loam, leaving an opening on one side for an entrance ; then, if fences were near and boards were plenty, he would board the top ; if not, a thatch of straw taken from some neighboring farmer's rye field during the wane of the moon answered his purpose.

Now Paddy was ready for business. Bridget and the spalpeens were sent for. In the meantime Paddy had got a goat, some hens, geese, and two or three mongrel pups, and a pig. The former he had probably bought of one of his neighbors, and been obliged to pay for it, but the latter had, without doubt, escaped or strayed from the farm from which he had taken the fence, and he had only taken them into his hut. "so as to kape them from getting lost, begorrah." There was not less than fifty of these huts, all built the same way, and about the same size ; and here lived Pat and his family, in which was included the pig, the hens, geese, pups, and the goat,—all in one room, with

nary a curtain between, all seemingly happy and contented; and at the end of every third year Pat could generally count on four additional spalpeens, as they breed as fast as rabbits; and every Sabbath it was fun for the farmers and their sons, for miles around, to visit this modern Dublin, to see the McGintys, as it were, on their native heath. No heathen Chinees ever yet came to this country and lived in such filth, even for a day, as did the families of these bogtrotters for years. Up to this time the neighboring farmers never thought of locking up their barns and houses at night, any more than they do now away up among the farms of the interior towns of Vermont. A strong wooden latch, with string, was deemed sufficient to keep out all intruders, and hinges made of leather on the barn doors was the rule rather than the exception. But a change was soon to come over their dreams, for Paddy and his family had come to stay, and to steal from a heretic was no sin according to their creed; fences disappeared, the farmers called their chickens in vain, the familiar squeal of their pigs at meal time was among the things that were. Then came a boom in padlocks, and locks of every description were fast getting to be at a premium; men's brains were set at work to contrive new combinations, and they have been at work in that direction from that day to this; still Paddy gets there just the same, as the criminal statistics of New England will show. And many is

the fortune that has since been made way down in the Nutmeg State by the manufacture of locks. These fortune getters can thank Paddy for that.

The majority of these Roman Catholic Irish among us seem to prefer filth to cleanliness. It is possible that this mode of life keeps them in mind of the beautiful bogs of ould Ireland, about which they and their children are always harping, and which to all appearances they are delighted to emigrate from; for let one of them, by the sale of rum and whiskey, or by robbing some city treasury, accumulate a fortune, you never hear him lisp a word about returning to those dear old bogs, not he! How different with the heathen Chineese! You never hear him bragging of China's beautiful bogs; he does not accumulate his riches by selling rum and whiskey; he does not rob his neighbor, or make him have the feeling that neither his property or life is secure; he does not fill the almshouses and State prisons of New England as do these Irish; but he is cleanly, works early and late, pays promptly his house and shop rent and for what he eats, and practices the most rigid economy that he may accumulate money enough to once more return to his native country before leaving this mundane sphere. What a blessing it would be to New England if these Irish would but follow his example! But no; with all their blarney about old Ireland and its beautiful bogs, it is a notorious fact that when an Irishman has once shaken its bog dirt off his feet he never

wants any more of it, not he. America is good enough for him. If the Chinese exclusion act is constitutional, would it not be a good idea to apply it to Ireland, and make it retroactive to 1850? This would empty every almshouse in New England, and the majority of the State prisons.

These Irish bogtrotters never seemed to be so supremely happy as at a wake; some Irish man, woman, or child would die, and the family would as soon think of going without eating as not to have a wake. Everybody in the neighborhood was invited, and all looked happy, and seemed to enjoy them as much as going to a ball. These were held in the night. Plenty of dudeens, tobacco, and rum were provided, as also a bushel of murphys. The corpse was laid out in the middle of the room, or else seated in a chair in some corner, and the exercises commenced by all the old women in the neighborhood collecting about the corpse, making a crooning or horrible noise; then the dudeens and whiskey would be freely circulated among the younger portion, who would soon be pelting each other with murphys, and then would be enacted a scene very fitting for Dante's Inferno: the most of the participants would be stupidly drunk, and before the end of the carousal they and the corpse would be lying in a heap together on the floor. It is almost impossible for the young men and women of to-day to realize that such disgraceful scenes were ever enacted in this civilized country; but as a

matter of fact, at that time, it was the rule for every Roman Catholic man, woman, or child to have a wake; while to-day it is the exception. And at all these wakes the same disgraceful scenes were enacted over and over again. Then rum and tobacco were plenty and cheap, and at these wakes they were free, to all, and Paddy made the best of his opportunities, as he probably would to-day under the same circumstances. A dog could not die in that neighborhood but Paddy would have an itching to have a wake, such good times were they then considered by these people.

About the year 1850 several railroads were projected in New England. The grading of these railroads was pushed forward with great energy by several of the, at that time, leading capitalists of New England, and the services of Paddy were in great demand, as he seemed to take to pick and shovel as naturally as a duck to water. A hill would have to be cut through, a valley filled up,—such a thing as a steam shovel at that time had not been heard of in New England, but horses and Paddies were plenty and cheap. Fair horses brought twenty-five dollars each, and Irish pauper bogtrotters could be had for seventy-five cents a day. The first thing to be done in starting to build a railroad at that date was for Paddy to commence at some point at the proper or established grade, with his pick, shovel and Paddybarrow (this was where a certain kind of barrow in use to-day first got its name). These men

were divided into three sets ; one set plied the pick, the second set did the filling, and the third set trundled the loaded Paddybarrow to its destination or dumping-place. When the excavated and filled surface had reached a length of three or four hundred feet, wooden sleepers, as they were called, would be laid down, and two wooden rails some three or four inches square spiked to them at the proper distance apart, and upon these, cheap-built dump-cars were placed, and a horse attached ; the Paddybarrows were then thrown aside, the cars were filled, drawn to the end of the leveled surface and dumped.

Sometimes there would be hundreds of these bog-trotters employed at one excavation or cut, and among all of these there were but few that came from the same county in Ireland. Some were from County Cork, others from County Down, others from County Tipperary, and still others from County Dublin. They were housed in large shanties built of rough boards, and situated in the field near the railroad where they were at work. The shanties had a long table in the centre made of rough boards, and bunks along the sides also made of rough boards where they slept, and one or more of their number did the cooking ; and the bill of fare was not usually a very elaborate affair. One day they would have boiled murphys and fried salt pork, and the next day they would have fried salt pork and boiled murphys, just for a change. There were no women or children about the premises, ex-

cept once in awhile a sly and curious Yankee boy might be seen peeping into the shanty door, just to see how the Paddies lived; very much the same as the curious Irish boy of to-day peeps into John Chinaman's apartment, that he may get an idea of his manner of living. On rainy days there would be no work for Paddy, and one of the number would be delegated to take the gallon jug and go to the nearest grocery and get it filled with Irish whiskey or good old Medford rum. At that time whiskey and rum was sold by grocers over the counter, the same as milk is sold to-day. There were no so-called liquor stores at that time. It was pure, then, and it was so cheap it did not pay to adulterate it with anything but water, and there were no licenses to pay at that time, either high or low.

On Mike's return with the well-filled jug each man took his turn, and the tin dipper was passed around till the contents of the jug was a minus quantity,—and then the fun commenced. First came the singing of Irish songs, then the dancing of Irish jigs; and as the liquor decreased, in the same ratio the fun increased, for by this time they were fighting drunk, and soon the fighting commenced and Pandemonium reigned, and the Paddy from County Cork went for Dennis, the bloody fardowner from County Down, and Paddy from County Tipperary went for Mike from County Dublin, and in a short time every man of them would be fighting and acting like so many demons, and never did the re-

nowned John L. Sullivan have a more interested audience than did the bogtrotters, while pummeling each other to their hearts' content. As the inhabitants of those days were quiet, order-loving citizens, who respected themselves and their neighbors, no village had more, or occasion for more, than one constable, and he had but little to do; but on these occasions he was powerless, except to see that their fighting was all done with each other, and within their prescribed limits, or on the railroad grounds. The next day, if it was pleasant, it was hail fellow well met, and things would go along as if nothing had happened; and though black eyes and broken noses were plenty, all was forgiven, and it was all laid to the whiskey; but every rainy day brought a repetition of the scenes, which brought terror to the hearts of the women and children of the neighborhood, but afforded excitement to the male citizens.

Previous to the year eighteen hundred and fifty the grocers of that day monopolized the liquor business, and liquor, as the saying goes, "was as free as water," and could be had for the asking, and a drunkard at that time was the exception rather than the rule. They sold it over the counter by the gill, pint, quart or gallon, as the customer might wish; but if only a drink was wanted, the kind wanted was asked for, and a bottle containing that particular kind, as well as a tumbler, was placed on the counter; the customer would then

turn out what was called three fingers,—this was the usual amount or regulation quantity for a single drink. After the customer had deposited the drink where (as he supposed) it would do the most good, he would lay down a Spanish silver piece called at that time fourpencehalf-penny, representing six and a quarter cents: this at that time was the regular price for a drink, nickels and dimes not being then in use.

Liquor saloons and drunkards are Roman Catholic Irish innovations that have been introduced into New England since the above date by these same Roman Catholic Irish, and as a rule this class have monopolized this business in New England from that day to this. Many people of the present day think that the sale of rum and whiskey should be prohibited, and have not a single word to say in its favor; but did they ever stop to think that even rum and whiskey may have their virtues? They read in their daily paper, very often, an item like the following: “The body of Mike McSorley, an ex-State prison convict, a tough, and the terror of his neighborhood, was picked up this morning on South Boston flats. A flask partly filled with poor whiskey tells the story of how he came there.” Now, it does not take much of a stretch of the imagination to see that that flask of whiskey may have prevented a murder from having been committed in the near future; and did it not thereby save considerable expense to the State? Truly whiskey has some vir-

tues which are not paraded before the public. It is this class of Roman Catholic Irish citizens at the present date who seem to be the most anxious to have, and clamor and vote for, free rum and whiskey; and what could be the objection provided they were prohibited from selling it to any but their own kith and kin. Might it not be an important factor in settling the Irish Roman Catholic question, which is sure to come to the front within a few years, and possibly avert a religious war.

Though all kinds of liquors were so plenty and low-priced at that time, it was a rare thing to see a citizen go staggering home to his family the worse for liquor. The laboring man of that day had too much self-respect to allow himself to lower his manhood to the level of the brute; he would have been despised by his neighbors and have been the talk of the town. But the importation of Paddy has greatly changed public sentiment; so common has become the sight of the drunken sons of these Irish bog-trotters, that they at the present day are hardly given a passing glance; and hardly a day passes but in some part of the country one or more of these, lower than brutes, murders his wife or children, or both. There is no brute so low but that it will defend with its life its mate and offspring.

About the year eighteen hundred and fifty there commenced to arrive in goodly numbers that curse of the Irish and every other nation wherever they have planted their footsteps—in the shape of a man

but with the look of a beast—the Roman Catholic Irish priest. These priests were invariably known as Father So-and-so, as they are to this day ; and if all that is said of them is true, the name is very appropriate. We have had French Catholic priests and German Catholic priests among us in the past, and peace has reigned ; it is this accursed Irish blood in the Roman Catholic priestcraft that has made and will make the trouble in the future,—this accursed blood that fought each other in Ireland until England conquered them all ; and were Ireland free to-day from England's rule the Roman Catholic Irish would probably soon be assassinating each other as in days gone by. These Jesuit priests have kept Spain two hundred years behind the times ; Italy is to-day where she should have been one hundred years ago ; France has felt the Roman Catholic yoke ; but Roman Catholicism is short lived in Republics, and as their hold in Europe is fast passing from their grasp, America now seems to be their objective point. But there is a little of the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers still in the land, as the near future will prove. Plymouth Rock was good solid material to land on, and it is as solid to-day as it was in 1620 ; and until it crumbles to dust, the children of the Pilgrims will be ready to resist the encroachments of the enemy of their forefathers. Let the Jesuits in America take warning. The firing of but one gunshot at Sumter brought hundreds of thousands of men to arms. This brings us down to the year 1860.

About this time that noble man and orator, Wendell Phillips, was in his prime, and was using his utmost endeavor, in a legal manner, to liberate the Southern slave. One beautiful Sabbath afternoon he was lecturing on the slavery question in Music Hall to an audience composed of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of the city of Boston, when the audience were suddenly startled by the yells of a great mob, composed of Roman Catholic Irish. They cried out, "Kill the friend of the nagur!" While the doors at the Winter Street entrance were fastened and held against the mob's attacks, Mr. Phillips was hurried out of the Tremont Street entrance by his friends into a hack which they had in waiting for him, the driver drove rapidly down Tremont Street to Boylston Street, from there to Essex Street, where Mr. Phillips resided, the howling mob following in the rear, and yelling, "Kill the friend of the nagur!" Some of Mr. Phillips' friends had ran across lots and got there just before the hack drove up, and formed in two lines, one each side of the door, and when Mr. Phillips arrived he alighted and passed between them into the house. Those men then stood with their backs to his door and kept that howling Irish mob at bay for some twenty minutes, until the police arrived in sufficient numbers to disperse them. Within an hour all was quiet, and every mother's son of those cowards had slunk into their hiding places-among the slums of the South Cove.

Soon after came John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, and the Civil War soon commenced in earnest.

Where was Paddy about this time? Let us see. Paddy from some reason or other has seemed to take naturally to the Democratic party, and at this time that party was opposed to making war on the South, as the South at that time was pretty solidly Democratic, and it seemed to Democrats like fighting their friends and political associates; and for that reason they were very backward about coming forward to fill up the ranks, and Paddy kept in the rear of all.

Soon the draft came; the Union army was hard pressed for men, the prison doors were opened to all criminals who would enlist, and these were about the first McGintys that entered the Union army. Then drafting commenced, and the Roman Catholic Irish of New York City commenced a riot; and before it was ended these cowards, these wolves of our civilization, had murdered hundreds of innocent and defenceless colored men, women, and children. At the same time this same class commenced a riot in Boston, and broke into the gun stores in Dock Square, with the intention of getting firearms with which to murder the innocent and defenceless colored men, women, and children of Boston. But thanks to the energetic Mayor and Governor of that time the riot was soon quelled, with but small loss of life; and those principally among the ranks of the

rioters, these cowardly assassins, found the descendants of the Pilgrims and of the veterans of '76 too much for them. Then came the offering of large bounties to men who would enlist; then Paddy began to come forward,—he was ready then to fight for his adopted country. This fact cannot be denied, as the rosters of the enlisted men of that date can be seen at the State House of any New England State, and “by their names ye shall know them.”

Then came bounty-jumping and desertions. Paddy had got a handsome sum for enlisting, either from some State, or from some private individual for whom he was to go as a substitute. Before he reached the seat of war he would desert, and enlist in some other city or State, and secure another pile of bounty money. This was known as bounty-jumping, and the list of deserters and bounty-jumpers which is kept on file at every State House will prove that the McGintys got there every time. There are some of the so-called leaders of the Roman Catholic Irish of to-day who would like to obliterate the memory of these cold facts from the public mind. They pronounce eulogies on Mr. Phillips. They get up Wendell Phillips Clubs,—a little different from the kind they would have liked to have used on him if bold men had not come to his rescue. They prate about the brave Irish who were so ready to go to the front in defense of their adopted country; but history has been made, the rosters are safe, and open to the public. Facts are cold and

stubborn things, and truth will eventually come to the front, no matter what barriers are placed before her.

“And phwat about Sheridan, and his ride?” exclaims some McGinty. Well, as a matter of fact, according to a statement of a correspondent of a New York daily paper, who was present at that battle, Sheridan that night was off on a bum, away from his post of duty, when the enemy met and defeated our army, or that part of it under his command. No man knew better than he that unless something was done to change the state of affairs, his life was not worth a picayune; he would be disgraced, and possibly shot. This made him desperate, as it naturally would any man under the same circumstances, and he did what he could to retrieve his own personal fortune. His luck happened to be with him; but, reader, how many poor privates lost their lives that day? How many mothers were made widows, how many children fatherless, by a drunken bummer being away from his post of duty? This may be strong language, but let the truth be spoken without fear or favor. Who can deny the above facts? Honor to whom honor is due. If the veterans of to-day would speak their minds, they would tell you that one fourth of the men who lost their lives in the Union army might have returned alive to their families, were it not for the incapacity and drunkenness of many of those who were in command when they went into battle. Is not this

the same man who is quoted as saying that "the only good Indian he ever knew was a dead one"? Would it not be fully as appropriate and true if he had applied it to his own breed and creed, the Roman Catholic Irish? When men of this class are made heroes, we are reminded of one of Josh Billing's philosophic sayings which reads as follows: "Take all the good luk out of this world, and millionaires and heroes would be dredful skarse."

CHAPTER II.

THE PRESENT.

DURING the war a great many American laborers and mechanics who enlisted were killed; many others, when the war ended, emigrated South or West; many others were incapacitated for labor by wounds and exposure. In the meantime the Roman Catholic Irish having learned, or partly learned, the several trades most in demand, as marbleworkers, stonecutters, masons, plasterers, painters, bricklayers, slaters, plumbers, and shoemakers, have formed a combination known as the Knights of Labor and crowded representatives of other nationalities out; so much so that it is almost impossible for a Protestant to get a day's work in either of those lines of business.

A few years ago a Roman Catholic Irishman in Pennsylvania, by the name of Terence Powderly, got the idea into his head to organize Roman Catholic Irish workingmen, throughout the length and breadth of the land, under the name of the Knights of Labor. Whether this idea originated in the head of Powderly, or was placed there by that long-headed old Jesuit, Cardinal Gibbons, is something to be guessed. At any rate, it is a well-known fact that Cardinal Gibbons and Powderly are very close friends. When the first meeting of the different

delegates at Richmond, Va., was ended, the daily papers of that date mentioned Powderly as going directly to pay Gibbons a visit at Baltimore, before returning to his family in Pennsylvania; and it looked to many people as though he had gone for further orders. Be this as it may, Powderly was spoken of as a good Roman Catholic; and to prove it some of the daily papers stated that he had often assisted his pastor at mass when he was short of help. Now, who is there that can deny, with any semblance of truth, that the Knights of Labor is an Irish Roman Catholic organization? Are not ninety per cent of its present officers rank and file Roman Catholic Irishmen? Why has the Federation of Labor been formed, and nearly all Protestants who were members of the Knights of Labor joined it? Was the cause of their leaving it because they had found this to be a fact? Was the master workman finding fat places for those of his own nationality and creed, to the exclusion of others? We leave the intelligent reader to judge for himself. With the birth of this organization the labor troubles, the length and breadth of the country, began. They do not allow employers to take any apprentices to learn trades, except such as they shall approve. These are invariably Roman Catholic Irish, or of their own breed and creed; they even oblige an employer to pay the same wages to an incompetent Roman Catholic Irish workman that he does to a skilled workman, and this in a free country.

So anxious and avaricious are this breed among us at the present day to get valuables and money belonging to other people, that they not only break into houses and stores in the nighttime, but stores are broken into in broad daylight in crowded thoroughfares, and in many instances the proprietors are maltreated or murdered, and private houses are plundered with impunity; and as many of the police force in large cities are composed of this same breed, the majority of these criminals escape capture. The policeman Coughlin, who murdered Cronin, is a fair sample of the majority of these Roman Catholic Irish policemen. No heretic's property is safe on their beat. They have allowed heretics' property to be stolen without remonstrance. Take, for instance, the stealing piecemeal of a house in South Boston, the last timbers remaining becoming so weakened that they fell on a crowd of these Roman Catholic Irish thieves, killing several of them. Several houses in Cambridge and Somerville have been stolen on the beats of this class of policemen; by this same class of thieves, windows are broken, and buildings defaced, and the miscreants go scot free, and still these Roman Catholic Irish are daily added to the police force in large cities. And so anxious and avaricious are the female portion of these Roman Catholic Irish among us to get every cent, that they stoop to the lowest depths of human degradation to obtain or accomplish that end. For a small sum they are ever

ready to expose their persons in swimming-matches and low ballet dancing to the public gaze of rowdies and others in the dime museums and cheap theatres ; and, as a matter of fact, ninety-five per cent of all the prostitutes in New England to-day are of this Roman Catholic Irish blood.

When the late Civil War ended, the two political parties, Republican and Democratic, outside of the Roman Catholic Irish, were about evenly divided ; and as the Irish are led by a few political leaders, and those leaders by the priests in their ward or district, to whom they are obliged to look for votes to place them in political office, and they are thereafter their tools, to do their every bidding, the parties were so evenly divided, that with whichever party these Roman Catholic Irish voted political success was insured ; and though by birth and nature these Irish are Democrats, yet they have always been open to purchase by the Republicans, provided they were the highest bidders, either with money or offices ; but a true Republican with Roman Catholic Irish blood in his veins, is as scarce as teeth in a hen's mouth. But to-day a change is coming over Paddy's dream. It is but a few years ago that he thought he owned the earth, politically at any rate, as one of the Roman Catholic papers of Boston, some three years ago, had the effrontery to publish a paragraph in which it claimed that Boston was now the Boston of the O'Briens, the O'Reillys, and the McGuires ; but there were a few voters in

that old Puritan town that thought otherwise, and they went into the next city election with their heart (Hart) in the contest, and have since proved the falsity of the statement. As a matter of fact the Roman Catholic Paddy has reached the height of his political greatness, in America in general and in New England in particular; and it is this fact that worries the cardinals, bishops, and priests, as well as their political leaders.

As a matter of fact Roman Catholic Ireland has emigrated; the majority of the bogtrotters are here, and to-day Germany, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and England, are sending to our shores one hundred emigrants to Ireland's one; these are mostly Protestants, and despise this Irish race, and more, if anything, than the native American. To offset this, and in order to prevent or retard this Protestant emigration, at the last session of Congress a bill was presented by a man named Oates (said to be a Roman Catholic). This bill was said to have emanated from Terence Powderly, or possibly it would be nearer the truth to say from his master, Cardinal Gibbons. This bill was disguised with true Jesuit skill under the head of a "Bill to Restrict Pauper Emigration." Now, bless Terence's little soul, didn't he know that the paupers had all got here in the shape of his Roman Catholic Irish countrymen from the boggy isle? There is no other place in all Europe that has sent us paupers, as statistics will prove. Protestants are not paupers,

and never have been; it is only the Church of Rome that makes paupers. They are the majority in every country that is under its control; even the Protestant Irish (God bless and protect them) that come from that boggy isle are never known to come as paupers. This bill as presented obliged every person intending to emigrate to America to go to the American consul at the nearest port, and give him notice three months previous to embarking for America. Now think of a poor Protestant emigrant coming three hundred miles from the interior of Norway or Sweden, taking his family of eight or ten and going that distance and returning; the expense would be as much and more to him than it would to come to America. He has also got to bring the consul a certificate of character, and also show or prove to him his ability to support his family when he arrives, and also pay a tax of fifty dollars. If this bill passes to become a law, it will practically prohibit future emigration of a good class of Protestant emigrants, which are greatly needed here at this time, and labor troubles will be of ten times the magnitude that they are at present, and the manufacturing industries of the whole country will be at the mercy of the Roman Catholic Irish. Now, if this bill had been passed and been enforced when Terence Powderly was an infant, Paddies and paupers would be as scarce in New England to-day as blooming roses in the open fields of Norway in winter. Bless you, Terence, you are fifty

years behind the times! Frame your bill so as to send back the paupers and thieves that are here already, and you will hit the nail square on the head. This bill, for some reason or other, did not get to a head at the last session, but Terence is on hand again. There are very few people outside of the leaders of the Democratic party who realize how near this same Powderly came to being the Democratic nominee for President, at the time of Cleveland's nomination. With Powderly as President, there would have been at Washington (not a Punch and Judy, but) a Terence and Bridget show, with old Gibbons as a manipulator of the puppets.

Let every Protestant voter in this land of the free (too free for these Roman Catholic Irish) see to it that the Representative of his district in Congress does his duty, and uses his individual influence to squelch this bill. To-day Protestants are to Roman Catholics as six to one in these United States; with the present influx by Protestant emigration, in the next decade they will be as ten to one; and as this class of Protestants increase and multiply equally as fast as these Roman Catholic Irish, in a quarter of a century the Roman Catholic Irish will be to Protestants as one to twenty-five, and powerless religiously and politically. Stop the present Protestant emigration, and increase the Roman Catholic Irish ascendancy, religious and political, and within another quarter of a century you will have a religious war the like of which this world never saw.

The time is now ripe for a new political party. As there was a time for a Free-Soil party, it came, did its proper work, and passed on into eternity. Then there was the Know-Nothing party; it also came, did its proper work, and passed on. Then came the Anti-Slavery party; it did its proper work and passed on. The better element in the Democratic party are disgusted with their Roman Catholic Irish contingent, and the time is ripe for a new party. There is no great public question to-day to keep the better element of both parties apart. The tariff question is a bugbear, being used by the political doughfaces and bread-and-butter politicians in the Democratic party who are in the political soup at present, and are anxious to get in the swim. This bugbear is only a political ruse, used to obtain votes in the future from ignorant voters throughout the length and breadth of the land, and not worth a moment's thought of an intelligent man. It is acknowledged that to-day the laboring man is better off in America than in any country on the face of the globe, then let us let well enough alone. Let all good men, Republican and Democrat, unite; let us have a know-something or anti-Roman Catholic Irish party; let the new political wave pass over the country, and more especially over New England, and let it relegate this class of voters back to their proper sphere and place. Men of New England, you have placed too many political pearls before these swine during the last decade. Their natures

are too low and depraved to properly appreciate them, and it is time they were placed before better men.

It seems to be the endeavor of these Roman Catholic Irish to get some one of their number at the head as superintendent and director of the large establishments, and then comes the weeding out of heretics, and the placing in their places of his own breed and creed. Take for instance the labor department of all large New England cities, the fire departments and the police force. Take the West End Railway laboring force, and the men at both ends of their cars; this mode of procedure is kept alive by the Roman Catholic priests, knowing as they do that for every dollar these men earn a tenth of it reaches their treasuries. These Jesuits are the fathers of the Chinese exclusion bill. By this act of Congress something for washing has been saved to the Roman Catholic Irish washerwoman, and the Chinaman is kept from being converted to Protestantism; for where could the heathen Chinese (so called) be easier or quicker Christianized than on American soil? The Jesuits are also responsible for the defeat of the Blair educational bill, by which it was intended to have the national Government appropriate millions of dollars for the education of the colored men, women, and children of the South, in order that they might be educated and enlightened as to their political and other duties, and thereby make

good citizens in the future. Since its defeat, these Jesuits have flooded the South with Roman Catholic priests, and established a college in Baltimore for the purpose of turning out young Roman Catholic Irish priests, and none are allowed to enter its door but those who are willing to give the rest of their lives as missionaries for the conversion of the ignorant colored population of the South (who are now Methodists) to Roman Catholicism. They have also established a university under the shadow of the United States capitol at Washington, and enconced therein a marble statue of the present Pope of Rome, being the preliminary, without doubt, of trying to place a live one there. There are two things about these Roman Catholic Irish that appears to be common to the whole breed, and that is, that from the day they leave the cradle, to the day they go to their grave, the majority of them are beggars and thieves. This can only be accounted for by their low birth, origin, and breeding. The majority of them are brought up on murphys, which is the lowest of the vegetable kingdom, and being bred in the same hut with dogs and swine would naturally obliterate any sense of shame,—a virtue which these people always lack. If one could be found who had the least sense of shame about them, man, woman, or child, it would be the making of the fortune of the manager of some dime museum to have them as an exhibit. They go to the almshouse or the house of correction with as much alacrity, and with as little shame, as they go to mass.

It is this breed which has the credit of furnishing all the assassins and would-be assassins of the nineteenth century; for instance, our honored and lamented President, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by a Roman Catholic. Soon after, President Garfield was assassinated by another; also, the poor defenseless colored men and women in the streets of New York during the war of the Rebellion, as also it was the Roman Catholic Irish that furnished the assassins who did such devilish cowardly work at Phoenix Park, Dublin. It was these cowardly, would-be assassins that placed the dynamite in the hold of the steamship Oregon, which now lies with its cargo at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean; and but for almost a miracle hundreds of innocent men, women, and children would have gone down with it. And these same Roman Catholic Irish have furnished the assassins who recently murdered poor Cronin in Chicago, to say nothing of the Protestant-Irish men and women who have been ambushed, waylaid, and murdered during the last decade by this same class on the greensward of Ireland. This class seems to be born cowards; any nation that breeds assassins naturally breeds cowards. The hoodlum element in our midst, which are always, without an exception, the American born of these Roman Catholic Irish, dudeen-sucking sons of bogtrotters, are the wolves of our civilization, and seem to have the same nature as the wolf. Singly they are as meek as a lamb, but collectively or

in packs, as they usually travel, they exhibit the same disposition as the wolf, going as far at times as to rob or destroy each other. There is a certain prominent Irishman who occasionally lectures in different New England States, taking for his subject "Celebrated Irishmen." He forgets to mention to his audiences that the majority of those celebrated Irishmen were not Roman Catholic Irishmen, but Protestants. He forgets to tell them that if they would go to Charlestown States Prison, or any other States Prison in New England, and hear the roll-call, that they could learn the names of more celebrated Roman Catholic Irishmen (no Protestant) in half an hour than he could name in a day. Celebrated! What for? For thieving, robbery, and murder. At a certain meeting or hullabaloo held, not many moons ago, not many miles from Boston, got up with the intention of frightening Johnny Bull and firing the Irish heart, it was reported that a certain leading Roman Catholic Irishman made a speech, recommending the use of dynamite to annihilate Ireland's enemies, if the daily papers of the following day reported his speech correctly. Now, any man who will in this enlightened nineteenth century advocate the use of dynamite is a sneak, a coward, and an assassin at heart, and after such public speech should be put out of any country for the country's good. See the contrast! Here is Charles Stuart Parnell, a Protestant, using every legal and legitimate means to better the condition

of his native country ; and had the Roman Catholic Irish micks with whom he is surrounded been kept in the background, Ireland would be ten years nearer to Home Rule than she is to-day. Johnny Bull is notorious for being easier led than driven.

The cowardice of the male portion of this race is seen whenever a riot is occasioned by a horse-car or labor strike. They invariably crowd their women and children to the front, but these cowards, they keep back well to the rear, and throw stones and missiles ; and it has been recently confessed by a Roman Catholic Irishman that he was one of four delegated at Chicago, that if the police interfered with the meeting of the Anarchists, they were to throw the bomb,—and they did, and with what effect is too well known ; and innocent men have been hung for a crime they never committed. There were thousands who believed them innocent at the time of the trial, for it was so like the Irish method of warfare, and so little like the German. Their past history proves that they are not cowardly dynamiters or assassins. They marched to victory like men when they conquered the last Napoleon. See the contrast when compared with those celebrated Roman Catholic Irish Fenians, who a few years ago marched so boldly up to the Canada line to whip England over the backs of the Kanucks, but when they got sight of the enemy they turned face and travelled double-quick home again.

It is frequently said that the Chinaman comes

here, makes money, and goes back to China to remain till death shall call him hence. Now, as a matter of fact, has he not given value in labor for every dollar that he takes away? Is it not far better than if he had sent it home, and with it brought back hundreds of thousands of paupers and thieves, as the Roman Catholic Irish have been doing the last quarter of a century? As these Chinese rarely carry an average of over five hundred dollars, as that sum is a great competence in China, is he any worse than the Irishman who takes his family for two or three months sojourn in the old country, which costs him a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, which he has stolen from some city treasury, after the manner of Maloney of New York, and Burke of New Orleans, and hundreds of others of the same kith, kin, and creed who might be mentioned?

These Irish affect to despise anything English. They believe in their priests; they prate about the beauties of ould Ireland and the Irish language; but let us see,—are not most of them, after they have accumulated some of this world's goods, so disgusted with their native country, their low origin, and their former common Christian names, that they try to screen themselves and their origin, in the second generation, by giving their children the most approved and pleasant sounding English Christian names to be had? Forty years ago, if you should have thrown a stone into a crowd of a

dozen Irishmen, you would have hit either Mike, Pat, or Dennis; not so now,—it is John, Frank, or William. No christening of spalpeens as Mike, Pat, or Dennis in this day and generation,—not much; they want to be dacent people with dacent names. The Paddies of to-day want none of the bog mud in theirs. How about the female portion? Well, forty years ago it was Bridget, Honora, or Maggie, but these are a thing of the past; to-day it is Lillian McGinty, Mamie McSorley, and Bertha Flanigan,—and still these Irish do so despise anything English, you know! We often see the Irish-American mentioned in the daily papers, but never German-American, Swede-American, Scotch-American, or English-American; no, these latter are not given to stealing what does not belong to them as are the former. When oil and water freely mix then will there be Irish-Americans; when by curling a wolf's hair and banging his tail you can make a lamb of him, then and not till then look for a true Irish-American. The look of the lamb may be there, but so is the nature of the wolf; the look will wear off quicker by far than the nature will disappear. The name of Irish-American every time it is used in public or private, taking the Irish antecedents into consideration, is a disgrace and a shame to every true American, son or daughter of the Pilgrims, or of the veterans of '76. Even the Irish criminals at the bar of justice of late, in order to hide their origin, give English names, such as

John Smith and George Brown, etc. To this fact every police officer in the large cities will testify. And it has also come to pass at the present time, that when any Roman Catholic Irishman has accumulated a little money, so that he feels a little above the common Mick, and is able to keep one or two servants, it is a notorious fact that he never employs any of his own class or creed, but hires a colored or Swede man or woman, or of some other nationality than his own, as the case may be. There are two principal reasons why he does this. First, he knows the general cussedness of the race, and their proneness to pilfer and steal, and never feels safe with one under his roof. Second, he knows that as long as he has one of them in his employ, that all the family secrets are liable to be exposed at the confessional; he knows how it is himself, for the chances are that he has been there; and if Protestants who employ Roman Catholic help in their families did but know that all their family secrets were told the parish priest by these servants at the confessional, and a record kept of them by this same priest, and known by him as the heretic black list, we think they would take heed and reflect before hiring and taking them into their employ.

Many good people bewail the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in America. They forget, or perhaps they have never stopped to think, that one dollar out of every ten which they pay to this class

of help goes to strengthen the Roman Catholic Church in New England. There is a certain good old Methodist deacon, not a hundred miles from Boston, who gives to his church for its support, say, \$500 a year. His pay-roll to Roman Catholic Irishmen amounts to more than \$100,000 a year; so that indirectly he contributes \$5,000 to the Roman Catholic Church,—ten times as much as to his own,—and at the prayer-meeting he calls on the Lord to retard the progress of the Romish Church in our midst. If spoken to about the matter, he will say this is all the kind of help he can get for his foundry; or, in other words, my business must not be interrupted, but must go on, even if the Lord's goes to the Devil. And so it is going on from day to day all through New England; one tenth of all that Protestants are paying to their Roman Catholic help goes directly or indirectly into the treasuries of the Roman Catholic churches, and then they hold up both hands in holy horror at the rapid growth of this church, which were it not for their past unthinking, indirect contributions, there would not be one Roman Catholic Church in existence to-day where there are twenty; they claiming with the good deacon, that this is all the class of help that they can get, when as a matter of fact there are thousands of good Protestants, better men and women, lying idle all over the country, some of them even committing suicide, because of lack of employment to aid them to supply those dependent

on them, having too much self-respect to beg or go to the almshouse. Not so with the shamefaced Irish ; they go to the almshouse with apparently as much pleasure as they would to visit a friend. They are notorious as the class who wish to get something for nothing. They vote away the hard-earned taxes of Protestants to erect statues to Roman Catholic Irish drunkards, to be placed in our public squares and commons ; when if the money were to come direct from their own pockets, these monuments would be as scarce as those erected to perpetuate the memory of Adam.

Many people seem to think that the boycott originated in Ireland within a few years past ; but, as a matter of fact, Protestants have been boycotted here in New England by the Roman Catholic Irish for this quarter of a century past. If a Protestant congregation wants a church built, if a Roman Catholic Irishman underbids twenty respectable or responsible Protestant contractors fifty or one hundred dollars, he gets the contract. Not so with the Roman Catholic priest ; he is wiser ; he makes a business of putting Roman Catholic dollars into Roman Catholic purses, knowing that by so doing many of them will get back into his money box again. He is not so foolish as to turn them into a channel that runs in an opposite direction from his church ; and he tells his congregation openly and at the confessional to spend their money only with Roman Catholics and those of their creed. Let an

Irishman open a small grocery in a basement, and the McGintys from far and near will trade with him, and it will not be long before he'll own a block. Go with me to the large dry and fancy goods stores in Boston or vicinity which are owned and run by Roman Catholic Irish, and every employé without exception is of the same creed and kin. Watch the crowd who come and go; ninety-five per cent are Roman Catholic Irish, following the instructions of their priests, while the other five per cent are thoughtless Protestants. Notice the difference of the large stores managed by thoughtless Protestants: ninety per cent of the help in some of these are Roman Catholic Irish, and with the stealing behind the counters as well as in front, it is a wonder to many of their patrons how they ever accumulate enough for a competency, unless it is after the same manner as the Dutchman, who said he "lost something on every thing he sold, and the way he made anything was because he sold so much." When will Protestants open their eyes, and work Protestant dollars into Protestant pockets after the manner of these Roman Catholics? Their example in this respect is well worth following. Take, for instance, the street hawkers of vegetables, fruit, and meats,—Roman Catholic Irish to a man. The majority of these men are back-door thieves, and cheat you in quality, quantity, weight, and count; they place the large fruit on top, and give you the small and rotten from the bottom of the pile, when you purchase?

Do you ever stop to think that every dollar paid these hawkers is so much from the till of some decent Protestant, who is paying rent and doing a square, responsible, and legitimate business? Would it not be better for your sons and daughters, and the country in the future, if the money you pay for the necessaries of life went into Protestant pockets, remembering as you ought that every tenth dollar you spend in the other direction goes into the treasury of the Roman Catholic Church, and from there to the support of Roman Catholic churches and parochial schools, to be the curse of our country and your children in the near future. As a matter of fact, many of the Roman Catholic priests are silent partners, and have capital invested in many of the largest retail stores in the largest New England cities, which are managed by Roman Catholic Irishmen. This is no secret; and, my innocent reader, were you ever informed that these English syndicates who are buying up the breweries and other paying industries from Maine to California, were composed of men who have been receiving contributions for poor Ireland? Who would ever suspect an Irish leader in Parliament of being a trustee for an English syndicate? What would be more ridiculous? The supposed canard of the Pope of Rome investing \$400,000,000 in America was not so much of a canard as some people have been led to suppose. A published list in the daily papers (which is carefully avoided) of the trustees

of these syndicates would soon enlighten the public. This is an easy matter to do, as they are all to be found in the public records.

There are many things deeper than this being planned to-day by the Jesuits in America. For instance, let us consider the political aspect of the Roman Catholic Centennial, recently held at Baltimore, and the Pan-American Congress held at the same time. What is the meaning of Pan? According to Webster, "the ancients believed him to be the god of shepherds; he is usually represented as combining the form of a man with that of a beast (the Roman Catholic Irish priest), having the body of a man, a red face with a flat nose, horns upon his head, and the legs, thighs, tail, and feet of a goat." Reader, did it ever strike you that there was a singular coincidence in the assembling of the Roman Catholic Centennial, engineered by long-headed old Jesuit Cardinal Gibbons, and the assembling of the Pan-American Congress, occurring as they did at one and the same time? The Pan-American Congress was supposed to be engineered by James G. Blaine, but later events make matters look as though they both were conceived in the brain of Gibbons, the Jesuit. Was Blaine his tool?

The Pan-American delegates were seated in front of Gibbons at the Centennial when he remarked that "America would soon be Roman Catholic," meaning that the majority of its inhabitants would.

What gave the old man faith to make that utterance? Were these Pan-American delegates here to make a commercial treaty with the Government, or is it a deep-laid plan of the Jesuits to make the majority in America Roman Catholic, as Cardinal Gibbons said they would be. The delegates were Roman Catholics to a man, and each represented a country composed of Roman Catholics. They have been taken throughout the length and breadth of the land, from Maine to California, and feasted at the best hotels at the Government's expense. Now, was this to show them what a wealthy and prosperous people we are. And have inducements been held out to them to go back to their countries and bring about, or to work up, a sentiment in those countries for annexation to the United States? Was it not Blaine who wished to annex San Domingo in Grant's time? Is he not working his every card for the annexation of Cuba to-day? The annexation of these Roman Catholic countries would give the old Jesuit Gibbons the Roman Catholic majority in this country he is longing for. What occasion did a Commercial Congress have to hold a secret session with locked doors, as did these Pan-Americans at Washington? It was a noticeable fact, that all the prominent Roman Catholics throughout the country hastened to pay their respects to these Pan-Americans when they were in their vicinity.

At the time these Pan-Americans were assembled

here, Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, steps quietly down and out, probably at the request of his acknowledged master, the Pope of Rome. Being the only monarchy left in South America, it must become a republic before it could be annexed to these United States, and its delegate was already here. Dom Pedro had hardly left his native land before the archbishop, who represents the Pope of Rome in Brazil, rises up and blesses the republic, thus carrying out the programme of his master. Now, was not this Pan's Congress? Was not Gibbons the originator of it? Does not the look of every cardinal, bishop, and priest in America show a combination of the brute and the man? Gibbons is American born; his is the best chance of any man living of being the next Pope. Through him old Pope Leo is at present installed (in marble) in the University at Washington. Is he not expecting to be there in the flesh soon?

With the Pan-American States annexed to the United States, and Gibbons at Washington as Pope in 1894, and Gibbons as nominee for President in 1896, and, by his majority Roman Catholic vote, elected and made President of these United States, you have a Pope-President; and what are you going to do about it? Has he not been legally and constitutionally elected? Why did the Pan-American delegates hold a secret session in Washington, from which the reporters were excluded? How about that private dinner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New

York, at which a select few were invited, among them notably a rank Roman Catholic who is now at the head of our army, and who is reported as saying not long since, that "he would as quick have his children go to a bawdy house as to our public schools." If this man did say what it is reported he said, is he the proper man for the public position he holds? Would he not show a little self-respect by passing in his resignation papers? His son is a Jesuit priest, and, if reports are true, his daughter is a guest at the Vatican, at Rome, and probably for some well-rendered service his wife has been presented with the Order of the Rose by the Pope of Rome. Taking everything into consideration, and putting this and that together, does not that congress look more like old Pan-Gibbons Roman Catholic Congress than a Pan-American Commercial Congress?

Their first move has been to connect North and South America by Railroad,—this scheme is now developing; next comes the annexation business, and with that Gibbons' prophecy will come true. Let every true Protestant and friend of America and her Constitution be awake to the consequences that will result from the successful carrying out of this Jesuit scheme.

CHAPTER III.

FUTURE.

My Protestant reader, the future of the Roman Catholic Irish in New England depends upon yourself. If for the next fifty years you go on employing and patronizing them, as your fathers and mothers have for these past fifty years, thereby strengthening the Roman Catholic Church by their indirect contributions, your children and your children's children will feel its blight and curse to a greater extent than the men and women of the South have for the past quarter of a century, and are to-day, the curse of African slavery, which has been entailed on them by their parents and grandparents. But African slavery is but a trifle as compared with the supremacy of Roman Catholicism; the former may destroy the body, but the latter destroys both body and soul. Your grandfathers and grandmothers, in their innocence, nursed the infant adder which has nearly reached its maturity; its sting to-day is of the deadliest poison. It has already struck a blow at our public schools, which are the foundation of our liberties; let it be strangled before striking the second blow: age will give it strength. By decreasing its income you can strike a fatal blow to its future growth. The quickest and most efficacious method

to rid a house of rats is to starve them out. There are other rats than four-legged ones to which this principle may be applied, with profit to the community and the State. Johnny Bull understands this principle, and has applied it where it would do the most good, and the consequence is, New England has the rats. But the ladies of New England, who are foremost in every good work, and quick to know a good thing when they see it, are already at the front. The following tells the story.

Though the majority of the female employment offices in New England to-day are managed by Roman Catholic Irish, still, they are very careful not to advertise Irish help, as can readily be seen by perusing the proper column in the daily papers. To entice their customers in, they advertise Nova Scotia, Swedish, German, and Scotch girls, even though they have not one about their premises. But when a lady applies at the office, she finds dozens of Roman Catholic Irish girls, and much effort is made to palm one off on her; but of late the trick does not work, as they are not wanted, but a Scotch or Swedish girl can hardly cast a shadow across the threshold of an office before she is engaged, be she ever so green. If men of business would apply the same principle to those they employ, and put none but Protestants on guard, Roman Catholics would soon be obliged to go begging for ducats in order to hold their own; and give attention to politics, and see that Protestants got their

share of the city pap, which is being poured exclusively into the laps of Roman Catholic Irish laborers in every city in New England. Let them elect only such men to office as they can depend on to see the principle faithfully carried out; the dough-face and bread-and-butter politician is getting altogether too numerous for the good of the community just at this present time.

The question which faces the respectable, law-abiding Protestant population of New England of to-day is, how to get rid of these Roman Catholic Irish hoodlums, paupers, and thieves. A little scheme after the following plan might be a help toward getting rid of a majority of them, and at the same time be a profitable one to those interested in it. Let a syndicate be formed (as English syndicates seem to be the fashion at the present time, let it be an English one; Johnny Bull's past successful management of the race would be an advantage to him). Let the syndicate purchase several thousand acres of land in Alaska, bordering upon a good harbor or seaport, and christen it Hibernia or New Ireland; let them erect large buildings for manufactories of such imperishable goods as there is a market for; anything made from wood or timber, or wood-pulp might do well to start with, as there would probably be abundance of timber on the land purchased, wagon and carriage wheels, staves, shingles, laths, clapboards, pails, etc. When ready for business let them contract with the different governors of

New England to take all of their paupers and all criminals who have been sentenced to correctional institutions for six months or upward ; let the States deliver these prisoners at some designated wharf in Boston, where shall be waiting for their reception a vessel or steamer belonging to the syndicate, the prisoners to be transported and taken care of, clothed and fed by the syndicate during the term of their sentence, free of expense to the States, for the labor that can be obtained from them during that time ; all sentences to commence from the day they arrive in Alaska. This would relieve the New England States of one half of the Roman Catholic Irish ; one fourth more would probably soon follow. Let those who had been guilty of robbery or any crime that would entitle them to from five to ten years' sentence be branded on their right cheeks with a large letter C, and those who had been guilty of murder be branded with a large letter C on each cheek. By this plan it would be known to the general public that they were criminals, and they could be quickly recognized as such. It is about time to treat criminals as criminals, and then when pardoned or released they will not be committing more atrocious crimes than before in order to get back into prison, in order to get less work and better fare than they can get outside, as has been the case in numerous instances. Let them have such treatment as to dread a return and you'll have less crime in the community. Let the syndi-

cate refuse to allow any one of these criminals passage back to New England at the expiration of their sentences on its vessels, but leave them to return as best they can. Let the syndicate also lay out a city in town lots, and build houses, and lease or sell them to those who wished or were obliged to remain, as no doubt that hundreds of the criminals, male and female, after being released would unite their fortunes and settle down to business. Let the syndicate have a certain number of steamers, so that one would leave the wharf in Boston on a certain day of each and every week; there would be no doubt but that they would have a full complement of steerage passengers every trip for years to come, and every shipload landed in this Alaskan city would naturally cause a rise in their real estate. Let them purchase gold and silver or other mines, and let all criminals marked with the letter C be put in them to work; and as those with the C on each cheek would have life sentences, they would always remain there; for if they should escape to the States they would be easily recognized and returned. This would settle the hanging question. Let all murderers be given a life sentence, branded, and turned over to the syndicate. There is no doubt the criminals would be very thankful for this state of things, as it would be so much pleasanter than hanging, and soft-hearted men and women would be delighted to think that the hangman, like the Dodo, was a thing of the

past. This letting out of criminals by the State is nothing new, as it has been practiced in the South this past quarter of a century.

The free ocean trip which each one would get would only be carrying out the liberal policy for which New England has always been noted as practicing toward its criminals, for it is a well known and established fact that the majority of them at present in our houses of correction are better off, both as to clothing, shelter and fare, than they were when at liberty ; and many of them have been known to commit crime in order to get into the State institutions during the winter months. Then the vessels of the syndicate when returning could bring back the goods that had been manufactured by the criminals ; and no doubt but that their stock would soon be at a premium, for when their lumber gave out they could manufacture boots, shoes, or clothing, etc. They would not be troubled with the interference of the order known as the Knights of Labor, or the eight-hour days. From sunrise to sunset was the length of the labor day of our fathers, and ought to be good enough for the ordinary criminal of to-day.

Let the thinking reader stop and consider what a great yearly debt would be lifted from the shoulders of the State, or in other words from the respectable people in the State, and with how much more of a feeling and sense of security would every citizen have when he retired at night, that his family and

property were safe, knowing as he would that these Irish thieves and murderers were far away in Alaska; and if he should be the lucky possessor of a block of the syndicate's stock, there might be a tender spot found in his heart, whereby he would feel glad that they still lived in the enjoyment of good health and strength. If the syndicate did not realize a cent on their manufactures, with the weekly influx of so many criminals, it would be but a few years before the profits on the rise in their real estate would be enormous. They would not be troubled by prohibitory laws, and it is said that there is a good profit in whiskey, and their released Irish convicts, when their sentence had expired, would probably want to set up shop at once on some corner lot, and remain there to grow up with the country. They could lease farms in the suburbs to others, and purchase their products for their criminals. In a short time Australia, which was colonized by this same breed of criminals, would have to stir herself, or she would be left in the background. But laying aside all frivolity, what a change would there be for the better in all our large towns and cities. Within three years from the time the syndicate commenced operations, the Roman Catholic Irish in New England would be to Protestants as one to ten. The towns would be able to sell their poor-farms, and the State its Houses of Correction and State prisons, and the remaining respectable citizens would be relieved of

one half of the taxes with which they are at present burdened, and a burden and a curse would be removed at one and the same time.

These Roman Catholic Irish, through their Jesuit priests, are each year having laws enacted for their own especial benefit; for instance, the Chinese Exclusion Act (which is a disgrace to any free country), which was enacted to protect the Irish washerwoman as well as to prevent the Chinamen from coming under Protestant influences. Take the contract labor law. Now, if a manufacturing firm in New England wishes to employ skilled labor, they are obliged to hire those of Roman Catholic Irish blood, which most of them object to, as since the enactment of this law they cannot bring skilled Protestant workmen from European countries. The Jesuits felt safe in having this law enacted, as it only excludes Protestants; for the boggy isle has no skilled workmen, as sucking a dudeen, drinking Irish whiskey, and digging bog mud for fuel are the principal industries there. But as these pauper bogtrotters are being landed on our shores every week, as the contract labor law does not reach them, let one of these Gilhooly's be employed for thirty days by a mason to help lay a drain-pipe, within the next thirty days you will see a large sign on the main street, with gilt letters, reading, "Michael Gilhooly, Sanitary Engineer"; and this is a fair specimen of the skilled workmen one is obliged to employ, for by cutting under prices they soon crowd the decent man out.

These Roman Catholic Irish resort to all sorts of subterfuges to accumulate riches, as also to retain them. These lessons they have learned from their Jesuit priests; for instance, in times past these priests have, with the help of Protestant dollars, built institutions in New England, more especially in Boston, and given them such names as would attract the attention of charitable Protestants; for instance, such as the "Home for Destitute Children," the "Little Sisters of the Poor." Many misguided Protestants have, in times past, contributed liberally for the support of these institutions, thinking that by so doing they were doing God service. But they have since realized that they were only helping to fill the coffers of the Roman Catholic Church, and thereby helping to strengthen them, and increase the number of their churches in New England. These institutions are nothing more nor less than parochial schools under another name. It has in times past been the custom of these shrewd Jesuit priests to send out women whom they have under their control, whom they designate as "Sisters of Charity." These women array themselves in special robes, and put on a very meek look and appearance, but their faces beneath their deep bonnets readily betray their Irish origin; these are sent out among Protestants begging (being Irish they take to it naturally), and through them thousands of Protestant dollars have found their way into Roman Catholic treasuries.

The daily papers of the present time in New England, more especially those of the largest circulation, if not under Jesuit control, seem, from their contents, to be largely under Roman Catholic Irish control; for instance, Pat McCarthy's goat has eaten some indigestible article, possibly a broken bean-pot or tin can, and this causes his death. The next morning the paper with the largest circulation has not only the pedigree of that goat way back to the one that Noah let out of the ark, but has the picture of Pat McCarthy, and his autobiography and pedigree way back to the time of Cain, who (if we may judge from the present representatives of the race among us) was the originator of the Irish race; but there are some daily papers, to their credit be it said, that do not, and are not obliged to fill up their columns with trash of this kind, in order to insure eight pages of reading matter for the perusal of the public, the majority of whom, daily, see more of this race than they care to, and reading their too-well-known pedigree is only a waste of time to the average reader.

It is a noticeable fact that the Roman Catholic priest never does anything for the starving poor of his parish; he leaves that for the town or city authorities to do. When money gets into their hands it is never known to leave, unless it is for their personal, or the church's benefit; and the last person in this world whom a Roman Catholic looks to for help, if starving, is the Roman Catholic

priest. They will beg of heretics, or steal, before going to their priest, as no one knows better than they that it would be time wasted and thrown away; but there are thousands of these Roman Catholic Irish paupers in the large cities of New England, who will manage to keep out of the public charitable institutions until after the elections, as their political leaders and priests hold them in hand like so many sheep until they have voted as they may direct. By referring to the records of almshouses and public institutions, it will be found that the O'Flanagan paupers and criminals, immediately after the elections, begin to arrive five to one as to what they did previous to election; and in order to get there, and have good feed and winter quarters for the remaining months of winter, many of them steal a tub of butter, a pair of shoes, or some other article. For this the presiding judge gives them two or three months at some institution which is supported by heretic taxes; this is just what Paddy wanted. More go to the State almshouse. This is an easy matter, as in most cases the majority of the State Directors are of the same breed and creed, and here heretic taxes support them; and in the spring they come out with their bank account (which most of them have) untouched; and this state of affairs has been going on from year to year for these past fifty years, and still unthinking heretics have failed to catch on to it.

It has been the custom of this Roman Catholic

Irish race for these past fifty years to underbid in the labor market in New England, until they now have got the control of nearly all the trades in their own hands. This is a wrong state of affairs, and it is a duty which every Protestant employer of help owes to himself, and to his children, and his country, to see to it that he does his part at once toward remedying the evil that lack of observation and thoughtlessness has brought upon this generation. To-day, wherever there is a strike of French Canadians, or of those representing other nationalities, it is a noticeable fact that a fresh importation of these Roman Catholic Irish are the first ones to come forward to fill their places, even at reduced prices. This is the policy of their political leaders and priests, for work at any price for Roman Catholic Irish laborers means money and votes for both political leaders and priests; and, with Flanagan of Texas, that is what they are here for.

It has been the experience that Roman Catholicism, in whatever country it has gained a foothold, has been able to hold its own only by, and for such length of time, as it could keep the people in ignorance. Take for instance Italy, France, Portugal, and Spain, in the two former of which they have lost their prestige, and in the two latter, it is but a question of time (as events are daily occurring), when they will lose it there. It is the cursed Roman Catholic religion, and the enforced ignorance of its people by the Roman Catholic priests,

that makes Ireland what it is to-day. As a state, or part of England, it would be much more for England's benefit to have it prosperous, than to have things as they are to-day. But Johnny Bull knows, from years of experience, what he has to deal with in the shape of these Roman Catholic priests, who are the real leaders of the ignorant and superstitious people with which they are surrounded. And it is a noticeable fact, that with all the poverty and degradation in Ireland, that the Roman Catholic churches in which they worship are as elegant and costly as any in other or more prosperous lands. The money to build and maintain them has been ground out of this God-forsaken race by the officiating priest of each diocese, and still the cry is continually coming to America for help for the starving poor.

Most of the Roman Catholics of to-day have taken their children from the public schools by order of their priests, who have from their pulpits proclaimed them as Godless, and the female Protestant teachers as no better than harlots ; but for all that, they have failed to request the Roman Catholic teachers in the public schools (of whom there are many) to resign. O no ; that would stop many heretic dollars from getting into the Roman Catholic Church treasury. It is a notorious fact that dollars always take the precedence of principles ; with these Roman Catholic priests, a small sum of money at the confessional will absolve from much sin if profitably committed against heretics.

It is a notorious fact to every observing person, that whenever or wherever there is a labor strike where these Roman Catholic Irish are employed, it is only the Protestant shop or yard that is struck; the Roman Catholic Irish employer's business goes on without a ripple; and it is suspected by many that these strikes are only another device of the Jesuits to embarrass Protestant employers, and worry them out of the business, so that Roman Catholic Irish employers can get their trade; at any rate it has a decided look that way. And it has been asserted by some who think they know whereof they speak, that Roman Catholic Irish employers have contributed to the support of the strikers in a majority of the cases during a strike; for instance, in the case of the marble-workers and cigar-makers of Boston, and shoe manufacturers of Haverhill, and other places in New England. The hand of the Jesuit is readily seen in all these movements. Old Cardinal Gibbons' puppet, by the name of Powderly, was the first to come to the front in these labor movements; but now the old superannuated fossil of the Nineteenth Century, known as the Pope of Rome, is coming to the front as a champion of labor; but at the same time he is establishing priest manufactories from one end of the earth to the other. These priests are expected to squeeze the last cent from the laborers in or out of the church, that it may be rich and rotten as it has been in times past; but with judicious and

proper management and education of the present and coming generation, popery of to-day in America, in the year two thousand two hundred, will compare with the religion of that time about the same as the tallow candle of old compares with the electric light of to-day.

These Irish are the only race in New England who are continually abusing and maltreating the industrious and cleanly heathen Chinese, as they designate them; but it is a notorious fact that the only women who have been married to representatives of this Chinese race in America have been, without exception, those of Roman Catholic Irish blood,—and more's the pity for the Chinese; and those who have traveled the earth over will tell you that nowhere on its face are there such heathen, or worse than brutes, as can be found right here in our midst in the shape of these Roman Catholic Irish. Such a curse are they considered, that whenever one of them moves into a respectable neighborhood, it makes little difference how respectable he may be, the real estate in that neighborhood commences at once to depreciate, and half the estates in that location are soon on the market for sale; and where these Roman Catholic Irish have colonized in a particular part of a city, real estate is valued at about one half of what it is just outside of that neighborhood, and can hardly be disposed of to anyone outside of this Roman Catholic Irish race. So great is the dread of respectable people

to owning property in the neighborhood of these breeders of hoodlums, more especially those who have had experience with real estate in such neighborhoods, and so well known is it that this feeling exists, that many of them make a practice of going into a respectable neighborhood and purchasing a lot of land commence to dig a cellar, and pretend that they are going to put up a tenement house. The respectable neighbors are obliged to club together and buy them off, in order not to have a breeding-pen for hoodlums in their midst. This species of blackmail is practiced on respectable Protestants (or heretics) by these Roman Catholic Irish year in and year out, and as yet there is no remedy for it. Their priests set them the example, for they purchase the most desirable lots in the best neighborhoods for their churches; and no matter how good the neighborhood was previous to the erection of that church, houses in it can be let only to Roman Catholic Irish afterward.

Observe these young Irish hoodlums in front of the church: they ascend the steps with bowed head; they remove their head-covering and kneel on the threshold; they cross themselves before a picture of the Virgin Mary, and sprinkle themselves with holy water; in five minutes from that time, in sight of that church, you will find them robbing some heretic's fruit orchard, and using the most blasphemous, obscene, and profane language which could proceed from a human mouth; and this is called Christianity

here in America, in this enlightened nineteenth century!

Go take a look into the back yard of one known as Father Scully, in Cambridgeport, Mass. See the life-size images of saints, martyrs, virgins, angels, and Christ on the cross; notice the crowd of young hoodlums that daily congregate there; from their language and actions in and out of that yard shows the truth of the old saying that "Familiarity breeds contempt." One need not go to India to find heathen; every man has them in his midst, within ten minutes' walk from where he resides in any large New England city, in the shape of these Roman Catholic Irish hoodlums. "For by their acts ye shall know them."

When will deluded laboring men learn and realize that they cannot add to the cost of every manufactured article by an increase in wages and a reduction in time or hours of labor, without increasing the cost of every article consumed or used by themselves or families; by the increased price of building leads to an increase of the price he has to pay for a home, as also the rent he pays for a house. The employer has the advantage every time. For instance, if a shoe manufacturer is making a certain class of shoe which costs him 90 cents per pair, and he is selling them to the retailer for \$1.00 per pair by the case, and the retailer is getting \$1.25 per pair, but the laborer insists on getting \$1.00 a pair from the manufacturer, or ten per cent advance,

then the manufacturer charges the retailer \$1.25 per pair by the case, and the retailer gets \$1.50 a pair from the laborer, who thought he was doing a smart thing to get ten per cent advance for the price of his labor, when in fact he is fifteen cents more out of pocket than he would have been if he had made them at the old price. This is the way it works with every article of food and clothing which comes into the laborer's family. In war times laboring men received \$3.50 a day for their labor; but they paid 20 cents a pound for sugar, which to-day is 7 cents; they paid 30 cents a yard for cotton, which to-day is 6 cents per yard; and everything else was in the same proportion, and they would have had more money in the end with wages at \$1.50 a day and articles of consumption on the market at the same ratio. There is a strike in the coal mines, and every laboring man in the United States is charged 25 cents a ton advance on his coal, so that a hundred laborers at the mine may get an advance of 5 cents a ton. There is a strike in several shoe shops or tanneries; and so that a few men may add ten or fifteen cents a day to their wages, and laboring men throughout the United States pay an additional 25 cents for every pair of shoes they purchase for themselves and families, then the labor leaders (who toil not, neither do they spin, but yet live on the fat of the land) proclaim to their deluded followers, through the daily papers, that a great victory has been obtained for the labor-

ing man. The cost price of the production of any article will be its market price, or value,—and to that the manufacturers' profit will be added every time; and if the laboring man wants that article for himself or his family's use, he has got to pay the manufacturer's price or go without it; and the only men who are reaping any real benefit are the men known as labor leaders, who do all their labor with their mouths, and draw their fat salaries from the pockets of their deluded victims. When a manufacturer's business does not pay him a reasonable sum on his investment, he will go out of it, and seek a better investment; but the poor, deluded laborers whom he will then be obliged to discharge, will look farther and fare worse.

But the fact is plainly evident to any intelligent observer, that the Irish Knight of Labor is digging his own grave; for when laboring men receive four dollars a day for eight hours' labor, then a better class of men are going into the trades, and the manual training schools now being established throughout New England are going to furnish them. Then these Irish micks, who at the present time think they own, or at least want to own, the earth, or that part of it known as New England, will have to stand aside and make room for their betters.

Protestant women of New England, it is to you we have to look for help to crush the head of this serpent in our midst known as Roman Catholicism. It is you who can be the mothers in Israel of this

day and generation. With your influence you can accomplish a great work by preventing thousands of dollars reaching the treasury of the Roman Catholic Church. See to it that in your households none but Protestants are employed ; use all your influence with your friends to follow your example ; see to it that those parties who supply your households with the necessaries or luxuries of life are not the servants of that to-be-curse of America, the Pope of Rome ; use your influence on your fathers, brothers, and sons, who give employment to men, women, or children, to have them employ only Protestants, for by so doing collectively, you will be the agents indirectly of keeping thousands of dollars out of the treasuries of the Roman Catholic Church. Lack of sustenance leads to starvation, and means sure death to this hydra-headed monster in our midst, which has reached its present bloated condition through the thoughtless and indiscreet, indirect contributions of your fathers and mothers to its treasuries during these past fifty years. Let every Protestant woman of to-day do her duty to herself, her family, and the State, and her sons and daughters in generations to come in the future will rise up and call her blessed.

There is a story sometimes told in regard to the origin of the Roman Catholic Irish breed, though the author cannot vouch for its truth. It is as follows : A she wolf and a male ape were in pens adjoining each other in the ark, and are said to have

fallen in love with each other during the voyage, and on being released strayed off together and did not stop until Ireland's shores were reached: result, the present race of bogtrotters, with the nature of the wolf and look of the ape. It is reported that so firm was the belief of the New York Park Commissioners in this story, that when an ape was brought to them for the Zoo in Central Park they unanimously christened him Mr. Crowley. At any rate, it has been observed by observing men that there is nothing so low in the scale of humanity that ever reaches our shores but some Roman Catholic Irishwoman is ready to join her fortunes with it. Enumerations are unnecessary, as the daily papers are constantly furnishing proof, and it is said that ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the dime museum freaks or abortions of nature, such as half animal and half human beings, can readily be traced to a Roman Catholic Irish source.

And to show that these Roman Catholic Irish people among us to-day are no different from their grandfathers and grandmothers who resided on Ireland's bogs upward of a hundred years ago, and to all appearances their cussedness is hereditary, we quote the following paragraph, word for word, from a chapter of "Young's Travels in Ireland," in June, 1776. He says: "Another circumstance was the excessive practice they have in general of pilfering. They steal everything they can lay their hands on, and, I should remark, that this is an account which has been

very generally given me ; all sorts of iron hinges, chains, locks, keys, etc. ; gates will be cut in pieces and conveyed away as fast as built ; trees as big as a man's body, and that would require ten men to move, gone in one night. Lord Longford has had the new wheels of a car stolen as soon as made. Good stones out of a wall will be taken for a fire-hearth, etc., though a breach is made to get at them. In short, everything, and even such as are apparently of no use to them. Nor is it easy to catch them, for they never carry their stolen goods home, but to some bog-hole. Turnips are stolen by cart-loads, and two acres of wheat plucked off in a night. In short, their pilfering and stealing is a perfect nuisance."

How perfectly the above description fits the sons and daughters of those Roman Catholic Irish bog-trotters of to-day, I leave my Protestant reader to judge.

Very often we are told by some doughty leader of these Roman Catholic Irish, from a public platform, of their patriotism, which is extolled by the large and loud mouthed orators to the very skies ; but let us take a few cold facts from the history of the War of the Revolution of 1776 : During the month of June, 1776, a strange woman came into General Washington's camp and wanted an interview with the commander, which was granted. She then and there unfolded a plot of the Tories to assassinate the father of his country. Then, as to-

day, if a man or body of men wished for some one to do dirty work, whether it is the clearing out of a privy or the assassination of a fellow-being (as in the case of Cronin of Chicago, or Sawtelle of Boston), they naturally look around for some Roman Catholic Irishman as being most likely to accept the job, and at the lowest price. In this case the Tories had made a contract with a Roman Catholic Irishman, by the name of Tom Hickey, who was one of Washington's life-guards. On investigation of the conspiracy it was proved that for a certain sum of money, to be paid by the Tories of New York, Hickey was to assassinate Washington. After learning these facts, Washington directed Hickey to be tried by court-martial, and the trial having resulted in his conviction, he was shot in the presence of the whole army.

Only one year later a conspiracy was formed in the army, probably through the influence of Tory money, to oust General Washington from his position of Commander-in-chief of the American Army. The leader in this conspiracy was a Roman Catholic Irishman, by the name of Tom Conway, who was formerly an officer in the French army, and when he enlisted in the American army was given the rank of General; but as treachery seems to flow in the blood of this race, Conway was no exception to the rule. It is this experience that Washington had with this Roman Catholic Irish race that caused him to make that now famous order to "Put none

but Americans on guard” ; and “Put no R. C. Irish-Americans on guard,” should be the order of to-day.

It is reported, with how much truth the author cannot state, that one or the other of Benedict Arnold's parents had Roman Catholic Irish blood in their veins (blood will tell) ; at any rate, his treachery would seem to verify the truth of the statement. There was another Roman Catholic Irish General named Tarleton, connected with the British army. He commanded two regiments of cavalry composed wholly of picked Roman Catholic Irishmen. This Tarleton was to the British army of that day, what Fitz Hugh Lee was to the Confederate army of the late war, though he lacked Lee's honor, and was little better than a wholesale assassin. For instance, on the occasion of General Buford's retreat with his army from North Carolina, his men were so tired and exhausted that they were ready to drop in their tracks. This cowardly monster in human shape rode up with his fresh Irish cavalry and captured Buford's rear guard, who immediately threw down their arms and cried out for quarter ; but this band of Irish assassins immediately killed one hundred and fifty of these unarmed men on the spot, and mangled and maimed one hundred and fifty more so badly that they were left on the field for dead, and only about fifty were made prisoners, and nearly every one of these were wounded. It is also a matter of history that another Roman Catholic Irishman, by the name of Pat Ferguson,

commanded several regiments of Irish Tories, and did all in his power toward destroying the American army. There was still another Roman Catholic, by the name of Lord Rawdon, who commanded several regiments composed of Roman Catholic Irish, and the same was constantly being reinforced by new recruits from Ireland.

At the introduction of the man Powderly at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of April 5, 1890, by a leader of the Knights of Labor, a man said to be an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, the following paragraph, taken from the *Boston Daily Globe* of the following day (let us bear in mind, that man was addressing an audience ninety-five out of every hundred of which were Roman Catholic Irish), reads as follows: "It was my pleasure to listen to an encomium upon that speech from the lips of one of the leaders of the bar of Massachusetts (did the speaker mean Pat Collins?), who said that our leader (meaning Powderly) had only voiced the gospel of humanity (applause), *and we are here to-night to do our part in disseminating and spreading that gospel* (does he not mean Roman Catholicism?), *which every true Knight of Labor believes in* (loud cheers)."

After that speech, does any person deny that the Knights of Labor, headed by Powderly (or possibly, more appropriately, by Gibbons), is a Roman Catholic Irish organization? Have not those words the same ring as those spoken by Gibbons at the

Roman Catholic Centennial recently held at Baltimore?

In conclusion, we must say to the Roman Catholic Irish in New England, do not encroach further on our established institutions; established by the men and women who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock; established by the patriots of '76, and sealed with their blood. There is a line which you may approach, and you are near it; the minute men of 1890 (the Knights of Equity), that mysterious order, are close up to it on the other side. They are not saints, church-members, or Quakers. They are the Miles Standishes of the present time. In their veins runs the blood of their ancestors of 1620 and 1776. They believe that the founders of American liberty intended America to be a Protestant country, and they are as ready to resist encroachments against human liberty and human rights as were their ancestors before them.

They approach you peaceably with the ballot in one hand, but are ready to resist encroachments with the repeating Winchester held in the other. You can boast of the prowess of your Sullivans, but don't forget that a repeating Winchester in the hands of a fifteen-year-old boy is equal to twenty Sullivans. Protestants of New England, be on your guard. This farce has gone on long enough; if forced much further it is liable to end in tragedy.

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