TRUE KNOW-NOTHING AND SPIRIT OF '76.

piness of a lifetime is sometimes wrecked upon the shoals of vanity—and if a home is devastated by this fire of folly, why, blame it upon the head of that system of progression which has established wealth instead of worth for the foundation of its society, and which closes its eyes upon the *contents*, so long as the casket is glitteringly bound! A woman can no more contend with all these influences of fashionable life without impairing the delicacy of her nature, than a peach could be roughly handled without effacing its luscious bloom! The desire for admiration becomes at last a necessity. The rude, homely tenderness of the husband is contrasted with the delicate attentions of the lover, and in the end, if there comes no fatal moment whose memory shall embitter a life time, it will not be because of the moral force of the woman, or the self-sacrificing devotion of the man.—There are impulses which to the passion-hearted seem only *wrongs* when they are betrayed. It is dangerous to play with edged tools, even to a *practiced* hand; what then must it be to one new and fresh in the world's ways? So thought Uncle Job Thornton, and so said he to that very confidential fellow—*himself*, as he saw his "pet gone," arm in arm with a youthful, elegant gentleman who, in spite of hints and insinuations, had fastened himself upon their party.

True Know-Nothing
and
SPIRIT OF '76

BOSTON, September 9th, 1854.

To Correspondents.

☞ Articles and letters intended for the TRUE KNOW-NOTHING, will be considered as gratuitous offerings to the American cause, and the writers thereof will receive our hearty thanks. As there is a strong corps of writers engaged to contribute regularly to the columns of this paper, every new correspondent should send only short, important and racy communications, and in every case the name of the writer should be given, confidentially, of course.

The Irish Military and the Governor's Reprimand.

GOVERNOR WASHBURN has sealed his doom by publicly censuring the disgraceful conduct of the officers and privates of the Irish Military Companies B. and G. of the Fifth Regiment of Artillery, and C., of the Third Battalion of Light Infantry, in the First Brigade. The Governor has so deeply offended the Irish in this State by his severe censure that he will not receive their votes at the ensuing election, although the name of Emory Washburn is again put forward for the Gubernatorial office. Lieut. McCarthy, of Company C. has published a long letter relative to the "riotous and turbulent conduct towards each other" of the Irish Companies at Long Island, and says that it is "a grave charge," especially as the information on which it is based was gathered from "the public press." Indeed, Lt. McCarthy! The Commander-in-Chief distinctly says his information was received throught the press "*and the official report of the Major General of the First Division.*" We consider that pretty good authority. So Lieut Mc C. of Company C., speaks by authority, we suppose, when he says that as for the Governor's "clemency," "they (*i. e.*, the Irish Soldiers) fling it back—they *defy coercion*, and are not afraid of competition in arms, or of a comparison in physical or *moral* (?) qualities with any branch of the "active State Militia." The very best course we *must* take with such riotous and "turbulent" foreign soldiers is to take their guns away and disband all their companies,

The Boston *Bee* was the only daily paper that contained at the time a full and *correct* report of the Irish Row at Long Island. And yet that spirited and fearless journal was accused of manufacturing the report! It has so manfully thrown back the unjust accusation, it has so promptly and truthfully informed the public ot the riotous conduct of the Irish on every occasion, that we do not wonder the editor should "crow" a little over his great victory, and denounce all foreign military organizations in this country. We throw aside for a week one of our own articles upon the Irish to make room for an article in the *Bee* on the Governor's Reprimand of the Irish Military. It is a fine article and here it is.

Governor Washburn's reprimand of those Irish military companies that behaved so badly on the 19th of July, at Long Island, though clothed in the dignified language of official intercourse, is nevertheless a severe document, and will be felt all the more on account of its dispassionate calmness. It is a dignified rebuke of men who have richly deserved it, and even more. It settles, too, a disputed point, a question of veracity that arose out of the accounts of the Irish "row at Long Island. It will be recollected that when it was stated that there had been a fight there, and that neither military discipline nor respect for their guests could keep *our* Irish soldiers from acting as if they were at a fair or a funeral in the very "green island," where broken heads and black eyes are the normal conditions of humanity—the statement was denied, and one would have thought there had been a Peace Congress at Long Island, instead of a sort of Irish wake, with howling to correspond. The deniers talked as if it were not possible for Irish Papists to engage in a quarrel, and as if fighting were of all things the one most abhorred to Hibernian nature! We think that the matter may now be considered as settled, and that there was a very heavenly time at our friend Morgan's—an Irish heaven, we mean, for that portion of humanity who had the misfortune to be born out of the Isle of Saints are so absurd in their notions as to consider peace as one of the conditions of celestial existence.—We have the grave authority of the Commander-in-Chief, a gentleman not likely to look with any hesitation upon an Irishman so short a time before an election, for saying that these peaceful and lamb-like sons of meekness behaved in a "riotous and turbulent" manner! We think that the question of veracity may now be considered as settled.

The disgrace that has been brought upon our military by the misconduct of certain Irish companies—their "riotous and turbulent" conduct—is nothing more than might have been expected. It was no more than was predicted by those who best understood the nature of the animals, and who were, therefore, most zealous in their opposition to the incorporation of foreign military organizations That government which places power in the hands of such persons must expect to suffer in consequence of what it must finally admit to have been the worst kind of folly. The Irish make good enough soldiers in places where they are kept under the most iron discipline, but under all other conditions they are of all military the most intolerable of nuisances. This is one of the chief reasons, after their religious servility, of their being conquered and held in slavery by the English.—They lack all the elements of order, without which, bravery can be of but small value in the military character, while the English are as brave as themselves, and thoroughly amenable to discipline. In the English service, where the discipline is rigorous, the Irish have been made excellent common soldiers. These facts are not very creditable to them, but they ought to be very instructive to us. They should teach us that the Irish Papists are not the proper kind of people to be entrusted with arms and military privileges. As citizens, as individuals, the better portion of their number might be admitted into the regular American companies, but to give them separate organizations, to allow them to exist as *Irish* companies, to aid them to perpetuate their factional traditions in this country, are among the most foolish of acts, and must lead to a great deal of evil. All military organizations in this country should be exclusively *American* in character, purpose and name, and every prosopition to get up others of a different nature should be studiously discouraged, if not positively forbidden by law.

Even if there were no other reasons for keeping such organizations out of existence, the fact that those engaged in them are almost entirely Romanists, should be imperative with Americans. No Romanist can be depended upon to be a good citizen of any country. He owes allegiance to the government of his country where he lives and also to the Pope; and his allegiance to the Pope is as much more important in his view, as compared with that which he owes to the civil authorities, as his eternal welfare is superior to mere temporal prosperity. He knows that the civil government can but take his life, and he believes that the Pope can influence his condition through all eternity. *When the two obligations come into collision, the Pope must have the benefit of his action.* Let us not, under such circumstances, increase the power of the Romanists to injure us by bestowing upon them arms and a legal military organization. Why should we provide Swiss Guards for the Pope, the enemy of the rights of mankind?

Wholesome Advice to the Irish.

The best friends of the Irish in this country are the *N. Y. Irish American* and the *Citizen*. Although we are compelled to dip our pen occasionally into John Mitchel's bottle of vitriol, and burn out some of the festering wounds in both papers, yet, we like Lynch and Mitchel, because they have little or none of the Jesuitical blood in them. They speak out fairly, openly and fearlessly, just what their full hearts prompt. We know the men, and we believe they are the *true* friends of the Irish in this country. The *Irish American* advises the Irish to avoid clanship at the ballot-boxes at the coming elections, and to cast their vote "for the honestest and best man." Moreover, congregate not, and make no mobs, or parties, around the ballot-boxes. "Deposit your voting paper quietly and unobtrusively, and thence proceed to your place of business. Come into no collision with the Know-Nothings, for they have set their hearts on provoking you to violence. Above all and beyond all, drink no ardent liquors on election day. This is the grand secret. Drink no ardent liquors, and take our word for it, you will conquer the Know-Nothings." This is wholesome advice and we hope it will be taken. The Irish will conquer the Know-Nothings if they don't taste any *rotgut*. That is the grand secret! Go ahead, Pat!

The Irish Military.

It is stated that the Irish Military number throughout the United States, up to the present date, 50,000 armed and well disciplined troops. Captains Oliver Byrne and George Dowling have been actively engaged in organizing the Irish adopted citizens for several months past. The design is to arm and equip no less than 100,000 men within a given period. —N. Y. *Sun*.

And what for? Is it for any *good?* These organizations are fundamentally illegal. Besides they are not formed like our own companies, to aid in the public good. Not at all. They have objects which are dangerous. They are centering a fearful power into a church which will not hesitate to use it to its base purposes. They should be disbanded, every one of them.

Dr. Newman.

Dr. Newman, a distinguished English divine, formerly, but now a firm advocate of the Church of Rome, will soon be sent to America by the Pope. He is the best man the Pope can send, and the report that he is coming shows the Jesuit's cunning.

American Papers in the Cause.

By "American papers," our valuable cotemporary in New York, *The True Freeman*, means, papers devoted to the American cause, a cause that is now, thank God, so triumphant throughout the land. We hope that our heart is thoroughly *Protestant*, and we shall ever be, as our worthy ancestors of the Pilgrim band were, faithful to God and "Protestant Americanism." The *True Freeman* of the 26th ult. has the following remarks upon journals devoted to Americanism:

There are a large number of ably edited periodicals, published at different points in the country, which ably advocate the cause of Americanism. We read them with much satisfaction and profit. We have regretted however to find among them in some instances, a want of harmony and fraternal feeling. Occasionally, there are insinuations regarding persons and motives, which however well founded, it would be as well not to make public. In this world of error and imperfection, these things, in a measure greater or less, must prevail. It is our earnest desire that, so far as possible, we may be able to preserve amicable relations with our cotemporaries. But one condition is requisite to a most cordial understanding with our humble self—and that is fidelity to Protestant Americanism. Where this is evident, we will not stop to enquire who the editors or the publishers are, or what may be their motives. In the work they do, so far as that work is in favor of Protestantism, we extend to them our friendship and hearty co-operation. We are all aiming to do good. Our object is both uniform and commendable. Let us therefore bid each other "God speed." The time for action is begun. We want to present an unbroken front. The foe is in the field. Let us go out to meet them fully prepared for the struggle. We can afford to allow posterity to determine our motives and worth. But to return to the point in mind at the time of commencing this article. The "*True Know-Nothing and Spirit of '76*" is before us. We don't exactly like the title "*Know-Nothing*," for the Editor seems to know "considerable and more too." Every week he fires a sweeping broadside against Hughes, Brownson and Co. His sheet will enable all who read it to know *something*.

We admire your remarks. They are prompted by, and flow from, a pure, true and good Protestant heart. They are truthful, even down to the point where you speak of us, for we do know "considerable and more too" about Romanism, the arch-hypocrite and and impostor, Pius Ninth, and all his miserable satellites—beyond this knowledge we Know-Nothing.

Is it True? "Don't Know."

Is it true that Bishop Fitzpatrick has sufficient funds in the Bank to enable him to purchase the whole establishment known as the *Boston Herald*? Is it true that Andrew Carney, the wealthy Irish Catholic of this city, invested sometime ago for the Bishop upwards of seventy thousand dollars, a portion of which amount was received from the Cathedral estate on Franklin and Federal streets? Is it true that since the Bishop's return from Rome he recommends that the Irish Catholics possess a daily penny paper as their exclusive organ? Is it true that if the *Herald* cannot be purchased on fair terms, then Fitzpatrick, Roddan, Carney & Co. propose to publish a new daily penny paper? These queries are founded on information just received from our Jesuit spy, who remains at Providence.

Accusations against the Irish.

You, the Know-Nothings—says the *N. Y. Irish American*, (a much more respectable and widely circulated paper than the *Pilot*,) accuse the Irish—"and the Irish only—with impudently and presumptuously exercising the franchise, and actually making laws to govern Americans born! Now, we ask has not the Irish vote been counted in the late Presidential contest, even by General Scott himself?" Yes—true, perfectly true, and so true, that the backs of all the old fogies are chalked with the sign of the †, and the "Irish vote" will hereafter and *forever* be a cipher in this land of WASHINGTON—a land consecrated to LIBERTY!

A Bedinian Gallery.

The bloody Bedini, of Ugo Bassi notoriety, will have his hated figure and countenance distributed widely in this country, as the *N. Y. Crusader* has commenced the publication of a series of faithful full length portraits of the monster murderer, under the title of the "Bedinian Gallery." Portrait No. 1 represents the arch-devil in his monster hat, with his blood-stained dagger, beads and cross, and illuminated missal, or mass-book, under his arm. He *looks* like the butcher of Bologna.

Pat and Rat Exterminator.

Some lively, intelligent Yankee pedlar, recently placed on every corner and on every wall about town the words "Rat Exterminator." One of the "Sachems" went round one night with a pot of white paint, and carefully altered the letter R. to P., and the next day the "Know-Nothings" inquired everywhere, and somewhere else, for the new patent "*Pat Exterminator.*" Wasn't *Paddy* wrathy? Well, he was!

A Pic Nic.

A grand old fashioned Pilgrim Picnic took place at Little's Grove, near Georgetown, on the 30th ult. Major Ben Perley Poore was the great gun on the occasion.

Slaveman's Journal—Know-Nothings Exposed.

John Hughes of New York, sometimes called "Archbishop of York," with a †, has a weekly sheet under his control, the *Freeman's Journal*. He recently ordered an article purporting to be an exposure of the "Know-Nothings" to be published in its columns. John of York was not only *sold*, but he sold all the ever deluded victims of Romanism as effectually as Brownson sold them, a few weeks ago! Another paper, the New York *True Freeman*, thus disposes of the remarks of the well-named "Slaveman's Journal." The notorious sheet under the editorial supervision of Hughes, McMasters & Co., has a long quotation from the Richmond *Examiner*, that purports to be a full revelation of the oaths and customs of the mysterious order above named.—after delivering the initiatory ceremonies, the writer concludes thus:—

"Such is Know-Nothingism. It out-Jesuits Jesuitism. It makes its council greater than the State. It makes more of its President than Catholics make of the Pope. It enslaves the conscience, the heart, the mind, the tongue, the purse, the pen—it enslaves the soul. The freeman will not bow his neck to the yoke. Alas for him if he does.

Such is the picture. It is too true for a jest. The Know-Nothings must keep their temper. We mean to keep ours.—We are not done with the subject."

Look out ye Know-Nothings. Your day will be short. Your doom is at hand. You need not however, wholly abandon yourselves to despair.

"Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel," etc.

On account of the recent extraordiary drought, the famous Papal saw-mill at Jordan has stopped running. The proprietors state, in a private note to us, that they will be unable to supply to Messrs. Hughes. Brownson, Fitzpatrick & Co., the great contractors for plank, any more of that material for making the "hard road to Jordan," (that is, to Washington, if you please) an easy one to travel!

One of the Masses.

We read in one of the English papers that "a working man," Gerald Massey, is a poet for "the million." Of course he is, stupid John Bull, for how could he be Massey the poet, unless he touched his lyre for the *masses?* But, tell us, John, have these Masseys anything to do with the liar of Rome and the *masses* of the Papal Church? If they have, we shall pour our editorial vitriol on their heads, according to John Mitchel's Irish recipe of '43. So, look out!

The Naturalization Laws.

It appears that during the month of August, there arrived at New York over *one thousand* emigrants *each day*. At this rate by another year the number coming will doubtless reach two thousand; or perhaps more than that. The *Bee* says that under the present loose laws, which amount to nothing, any of these male emigrants of age, can be transformed into American citizens, and become at the first elections full privileged voters. We who have been obliged to live here twenty-one years for a right to vote, are thus put down on a footing with men who smell freshly of the emigrant ship. Without doubt, the emigration to this country in 1855 will reach at least *one million*.—Through fraudulent means, practiced every day, 300,000 of these will be allowed to vote on the Presidential question in 1856. Now this is all wrong. It should teach the stern lesson that we must have more stringent naturalization, as well as emigration laws. Let us in this American movement think of these matters.

The Protestant Irish.

A correspondent of the *Bee* says it is pleasant to turn away from these American "hards" to the Protestant Irishmen and Germans. They endorse the American movement heartily. They have seen and felt the deadly hostile power of Rome, and feel confident that the "Know-Nothings" will upset Rome's apple-cart. They are ready and willing to help all they can. But let American fogies and fools fret and grumble about the "Know-Nothings," secret societies, &c., as much as they please. There is a rod in pickle for them, and a lesson to learn which, before many months shall have rolled away they will be able to appreciate and understand.

Going Back.

It is whispered that Brownson thinks seriously of going back to Atheism or Mormonism. If he turns his back on the Pope and nunneries, we advise him to join the Mormons, as he can there have as many temporal and spiritual nuns as he pleases.

The Circle Extending.

It is stated that the "Know-Nothings" are extending the circle of their operations in Mississippi. The *Mississippian* warns all persons against their very secret machinations. To this the Cincinnati *Times* well remarks;—"A thousand such warnings could not make any difference. There is a deep seated feeling within the breast of every pure American, and it cannot be smothered any longer by politicians and political parties."

Daggers and Revolvers.

The time has come in this Great Republic—this land of Liberty—when an American-born citizen cannot walk quietly through our streets without seeing a dagger aimed at his heart, and brandished by an ignorant, priest-directed, Irish Catholic! Colonel Colt deserves a fortune for inventing that curious revolver!

A Naturalization Tour.—Thomas Rowean, has recently been at South Reading, on a naturalization tour, manufacturing "good American citizens," out of ignorant, priest-ridden Irishmen, who are ready to break their oath of allegiance to this country whenever it inflicts with the duty they owe to His Holiness, the Pope of Rome. The following is a copy of a hand-bill put out by him:

"PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1856.

Welcome, old Countrymen, to your adopted Land! Know ye not that the Know-Nothings are in the Field?

Important to Foreigners!—Aliens, who have, or shall have resided in the United States three years prior to the first of November, 1854, and are desirous of voting for President, Nov. 1st, 1856, should procure their first papers immediately.

Remember first papers must be obtained before the 1st November, 1854, to insure a vote for President of the United States, on 1st November, 1759.

THOMAS ROWEAN,
Justice of the Peace, and the oldest Naturalization Agent in Boston.
Office, 124 Federal street, Boston.

Smash your Enemies!

An Irish Catholic paper says, "the sooner we smash these enemies on the wheel of an indignant public the better.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse!"

This language, including the couplet, is applied to such friends of the Irish Catholics as Brownson, Bakewell, Ives, Roddan, and others, who have upset and ruined the Papal cause in America by their headstrong and powerful go-ahead-a-tiveness! Their only fault is, that they have spoken too frankly, or too Jesuitically, for this latitude and longitude. In other words they have given us their cards, by which we may know them when they call again! Thank you, gentlemen. We will not "smash" our enemies, or "knock them down," but we will give them good and kindly advice.

A "One Idea" Party.

We find in the *N. Y. Herald* the following notice about a party of "Know-Nothings," who have only "one idea." "An Indian chief—it may have been our whiskey-loving enemy, Mr. William Bowlegs—once remarked that the pale faces were "berry onsartin." That's our opinion about the charter election, although the Whigs are in high spirits, and this hilarity is produced by the fact that they consider themselves sure of the undivided support of that mysterious power in the State 'yclept the Know-Nothings. This body, as our readers are aware, is a secret political order, with but one idea, viz: the proscription of all foreign born citizens, more especially Roman Catholics. We have no doubt that the order has many members, and if united upon the Whig candidate his election is more than probable. The softs have read the Know-Nothings out of Tammany Hall, (what a blow!) but the hards may yet steal a march on the Whigs and the softs, by putting forward some candidate for whom the Know-nothings can vote. It would be necessary for that candidate to be a member of the order, and to pledge himself to remove all foreigners and Roman Catholics from office, and to appoint none but native born citizens in their places."

The Lover of Kate Myers.

Kroeger, the Catholic priest, who took liberties with the charming Kate Myers at Cincinnati, has taken our Naturalization papers *and is now an American citizen*. Here then we are soon to have another foreign papal ballot, to annul the vote of a Native American. When the elective franchise is extended to such vile miscreants, who can say that our naturalization laws are not a *Liberal Institution?*

Whiskey for the Irish.

An Irishman, who was once on a journey, said he never liked to see tables full of books and newspapers where he stopped over night, for he could never find any whiskey at such places!

Papal Poor-houses.

A corespondent of the *American Banner* says, "the Catholics seem to possess ample means for building spacious churches, schools, nunneries, etc., would it not be well if they would build, at least, one big poor-house in every large city, for the special accommodation of their own paupers, whose name is legion?"

☞ Old Bullion Benton, since his defeat, has announced his intention of "stumping" it through Missouri, with the view of securing his election to the Senate. God and the devil have mercy on him!

Law—Law.

Why get angry about the Fugitive Slave Law, when we are afflicted with so many Irish who acknowledge no law, but the law of Rome!

Organ of the Catholics.

The Boston *Herald* is noted for its liberality towards Catholicism and Irish Catholics. The editor, "Mr. Job Sass," always rushes to the defence of his Irish friends. He has now opened his columns to a series of letters "from a Catholic to Catholics." In his introduction the writer says that he would be pleased, "as an Irish citizen and a Catholic, to have a chance of furnishing something of the kind, from time to time, and for one reason only, *i. e.*, that the *Herald* being very generally read by the Irish, such communications may open their eyes to their own errors and to the importance of cultivating better habits."—The writer then proceeds to give an account of a gang of Irish boys, who were recently arrested in Brookline for stealing fruit from the gardens on Sunday. It is stated that thousands of these Irish boys leave Boston on the Sabbath, and range over farms, doing great mischief. Four boys were arrested and they were each fined $8,66. What kind of religious instruction has been taught to these young thieves? What will be their ultimate fate? The prison at Charlestown will not be large enough to hold them. As the *Herald* is so widely read by the Irish, we trust that the editor will occasionally give its *pat*-rons a little wholesome advice.

Papal Intolerance.

An American, residing near Hanover, York county, a member of the Catholic Church, recently sent his daughter to a Protestant school in an adjoining county, there being no institution of the kind of his own denomination within the same limits. The priest on hearing the fact, threatened the father with excommunication from "Holy Mother" church, unless he immediately withdrew his daughter from the *Godless heretic school!* The gentleman, however, having always held liberal views, and believing that he was capable of managing his own business in his own way, refused to comply with the insolent demand of the son of the "Mother of Harlots," and the result was, that he was excommunicated from the Catholic church for one year, because he sent his daughter to an American Protestant school! Such is the presumptive arrogance and the unwarrantable insolence of this corrupt and foreign Roman Catholic Priesthood. Would that ALL American Catholics had courage to throw off the yoke of bondage that Rome is hanging about their necks.

The New Comers.

In permitting foreigners to acquire the rights of citizens, it never was designed that they should after a residence of only a few years, become our rulers. There has been no disposition heretofore manifested to exclude intelligent and worthy adopted citizens from a due share of public offices, and of control in public matters; but new comers are not contented to remain long enough to have their qualifications and merits developed before getting into office; they demand as a right, that they shall be promoted over the heads of others, and become insolent and factious if their claims are denied. They have been too generally gratified, and even unnaturalized foreigners have received the preference in appointments over old natives who have served their country in the field of battle. But these abuses will now cease, and such men be compelled to stand back.

A "Mad-Stone."

Somebody in Virginia, has in his possession, an article called a "mad-stone," which he offers to sell, and which is said to be an infallible remedy for the bite of any poisonous reptile. If the fortunate possessor of the precious stone will come to Massachusetts and apply it to our Irish madmen, and *if* it cures them of Papal madness, we will sacrifice our right hand if we do not raise ten thousand dollars for the Virginian. But we fear this "infallible" remedy comes from that accursed "infallible" church of Rome! Is it not another Bambino? (*Il Sanctissimo Bambino*)—the greatest Barnumbano, humbugano, of the nineteenth century?

Bogus.

The Romanists say that the Native Americanism of the present day is not the genuine coin—it is a spurious metal—it is a bogus coin. It is counterfeit paper. It is a fraud and imposture. Will any one of our fifty thousand readers send to our editorial sanctum a few specimens of this counterfeit circulating medium, that we may have them engraved and published as a warning to the public?

The Father of Romanism in America.

To Lord Baltimore we are indebted for the germ of Romanism in the States, who first settled it in Maryland, where in 1810, it had come to be so popular, as well as in other sections of the country, that it was deemed advisable at Rome, to erect the episcopate of Baltimore into an Arch-espiscopal See, and to establish four suffrage dioceses; namely: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown, Ky.

☞ It is stated that there is a citizen now residing in Taunton, New Jersey, who voted for George Washington for President of the United States. Give us his history.

Paddy Whacks and Irish Groggeries.

The *Courier* of this city complains of the rapid increase of drunkenness in Boston amongst the Irish. The Police Court is crowded every morning with Paddy Whacks. The *Courier* thinks that "something should be done to break up this morning show—this exhibition without license—this procession of barbarism—this crew of sotted idlers—whose only ambition seems to be to create a prejudice against their countrymen and to break the peace of the community which is outraged by their presence. The experiment of imposing fines has been well tried, and it has failed. It is hard to prescribe a cure for all this; but since there is a disease, would it not be well to put the probe to the seat of the disorder? Break up the groggeries and prosecute the keepers of them. They are the chief sinners and disturbers of the peace. Their traffic can be carried on only by the debasement of men and the violation of law. Let the officers, then, turn upon the real offenders. Let them arrest and bring to justice the Paddy Whacks and Widow Malones, whose dingy grog shops are flourishing in almost every part of the city."

Family Quarrels.

The editor of the *Western Tablet*, an Irish Catholic paper, owes the editor of the *N. Y. Irish American*, "the paper without a name," (*vide Pilot*) some three or four dollars, "cash out of pocket," advanced three years ago, to enable the aforesaid editor to reach the West, to take the editorial charge of the *Tablet*, and the aforesaid editor is now paying Patrick Lynch, Esq., the money in weekly instalments, with interest, by abusing him in true billingsgate slang? Is this Irish gratitude?

Americanism.

We are glad, says the N. Y. *Crusader*, that Americanism has begun to attract the attention of leading statesmen and politicians; but, while the professional beggars for office are learning a good lesson, and will be ready at a convenient time to abandon the ranks of their party, we hope that true Americans will be very watchful, lest traitors should enter their camp, and never support men simply because they are whigs or democrats, but because they are AMERICANS, by birth, by tried services to the country, and by a willingness to support the reading of the Bible in our public schools, and to modify the laws of naturalization. Let it be remembered that the approaching contest will not be between Americans and adopted citizens, but between Americans and Irish Catholics alone. Neither Mr. Pierce, nor Father Campbell, nor Gov. Seymour, nor Mayor Westervelt, nor Gen. Cass, nor any others who have supported Catholicism against Americanism, Bedinianism against Republicanism, and courted Irish demagogues, bishops, and priests, will ever again be chosen by the sovereign people to serve the country in any capacity.

An Edict.

Since Fitzpatrick (we don't mean the beautiful actress of that name) returned from Rome, an edict has been privately issued to the editors of the Catholic journals not to take their texts from Brownson's Review. We receive this information from our Jesuit spy, who is now with the fascinating nuns at Providence.

"Heads I Win—Tails you Lose."

This is an old game, and is played by all classes. There is a set of boys in Virginia who play it, and they are called "Iron Heads." We used to play it with the "Blockheads," but we are now playing it with the Paddy Heads, which is the same thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobson.

Dobson is of the opinion that there is an organization of "Know Nothings" in town; but as his opinion does not amount to a certainty, he would be very grateful for further information, as he has several candidates in his eye who are well qualified to become members. Mr. Dobson is exceedingly anxious for the necessary information, and Mrs. Dobson joins in the request. If we did not know that Dobson is constantly quarrelling with Mrs. Dobson, we would not gratify him, but, as it is, the probability is that there would be no harm if we impart to Dobson the secret.

The Pass Word.

It is said that the pass word of the Know-Nothings has been discovered by some cute Western editor, by dint of great industry and sharpness. Here it is:—"Ctsmm-Ca-Knourumnbummuuns-Keljimmpst ksamiuximimux." The only omission is the key, to ascertain how to pronounce it.

Pirates.

The piratical manner in which some "outsiders" in the country so nicely scissorize from this journal, shows that they admire the "*Spirit of* '76," while they possess none of that "spirit," themselves!

☞ The dreadful cholera is about town. It always attacks an Irishman's hovel before it reaches Beacon street.

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