

## THE DYNAMITERS.

(The Melbourne Advocate.)

CABLE messages given in another column report three additional dynamite outrages in London, and we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that they have been perpetrated by Irishmen. On any other reasonable supposition the explosions could not be accounted for. Two of the Melbourne dailies on Tuesday made these dastardly crimes the subject of leading articles, and of the tenor of these we have not much to complain. On the more material points, our views entirely concur with those expressed in the articles, for we condemn and abhor these outrages and the perpetrators as strongly as any Englishman could. As Christians, we have the same reasons as Englishmen for denouncing the murderous ruffians by whom the explosions are caused, and, as Irishmen, we have even more reason than people of any other nationality for earnestly hoping that the guilty parties in all cases of the kind may fall into the hands of the law, and that the damnable society of which they are emissaries will be soon crushed by the cordial co-operation of all governments and all people in whose power it is to assist in such a work of common humanity.

It is only natural that Englishmen should feel hotly indignant at the renewal of these dynamite outrages, and should in their excitement be betrayed into passing harsh judgments or making unreasonable demands. The articles to which we refer are not wholly free from these exaggerations; but, under the circumstances, they offend us not at all, and, putting ourselves in the position of the writers, we are more inclined to acknowledge forbearance on their part than to condemn them for being both rash and unjust. We shall, therefore, overlook in the articles referred to a few passages to which we should take exception were the provocation less than it is, and merely seek to impress upon our English fellow-colonists that Ireland is more injured by these outrages than England is, and that from the same cause all true and decent Irishmen are greater sufferers than Englishmen of any class. Irish lives, though in smaller proportion, and Irish property, also, are imperilled by the acts of the dynamiters; but neither the loss of life nor the loss of property, whenever these losses may occur from this cause, can bear any comparison to the weighty loss inflicted on Ireland and on her good name by her few miscreant sons who, in defiance of all law, human and divine, are madly attempting to right her wrongs by means as foul as devils themselves could invent. In the injury inflicted on Englishmen and on their property national interests are not at stake, for the brood of murderers will surely be either caged or hanged before they can carry their wicked purpose much further into execution. But, as the matter concerns Ireland, the interests involved are national in their magnitude, for the atrocities committed by the dynamiters are calculated in one or two ways to frustrate the efforts of the moral and constitutional party, and thus bring about the collapse of a great agitation which has already gained much and promises to gain much more. In one way the dynamiters are deeply wounding Ireland by alienating from her the good opinion of honest Englishmen and intelligent foreigners, and in another way they are guilty of the same crime by dispiriting many of their countrymen and raising obstacles to the progress of the national cause. Thus the dynamiters are no less traitors to Ireland than they are enemies to England.

The time has come, as it seems to us, when the Irish people, both at home and abroad, should take some action for wiping out these dynamite vipers. We do not propose this as a concession to the unreasonable claims and offensive insinuations of any section of the English Press. Irish newspapers—with, at most, two or three unworthy exceptions—have done their duty by oft-denouncing the Rossa faction and their agents; and Irishmen as a body—abhorring as they do the works of the dynamiters as those of the devil—are no more responsible for them than the London Cockney whose life is thereby endangered. So far as Englishmen and the English Press are concerned, their demand for public disavowal cannot be recognised, for its admission would be a humiliation. But Irishmen may honourably, of their own motion, do that which they are forbidden to do as a concession to outward pressure; and as the dynamiters seem to have recovered from their first discomfiture, it would well become the Irish people to universally denounce them, and pledge themselves to afford the English Government and the English people all the assistance in their power in tracking the conspirators and defeating their hellish scheme. A declaration of the kind, made on the scale we design, would utterly annihilate the lying pretensions on the strength of which alone the Rossa faction contrives to maintain its unholy existence. If it were seen as well as known how despicable they are in number, and how utterly at variance their principles and doings are with the Irish conscience and the Irish sentiment, their resources would soon fail them, and, bankrupt alike in cash and credit, they would be obliged to turn to some less odious means of sustaining their notoriety and filling their purses. For our own part, we would not purchase the legislative independence of Ireland at the cost of one dynamite explosion and the loss of a single life so occasioned. Independence won by means so foul would dishonour Irishmen, and could not be expected to have either a happy or long life. But the means to the end adopted by the dynamiters are as foolish as they are wicked, and, if it were otherwise, civilisation would be a much greater fraud than anyone believed; Englishmen would be cowards—which they are not; and the sense of right and wrong in the public conscience would be utterly debased.

The Russian Government has bought the steamship *Kinfaus Castle*, on board of which James Carey met his doom, and had the vessel renamed.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll is a good deal like a circus in some respects. He always draws a crowd. He makes the people laugh very much as the trick mule does. He gives a certain kind of a "show" which passes with many for magnificent oratory, and he takes good care that the man at the door shall have 50 cents or 1 dol. for every person who gets in. There is no crawling under the canvas at the Ingersoll circus. It is purely a matter of business.—*New York Herald*.

## THE APOSTLES OF DYNAMITE.

(The Sydney Freeman's Journal.)

THE success of the Paris Dynamitards in London last Friday should at last convince the public that their crime is one of no ordinary magnitude. There are criminals for whom we do not altogether lose some sort of respect, however much we may detest their crimes. Crimes committed under the pressure of over-powering temptation may excite our pity, crimes which demand courage in their commission may arouse feelings akin to admiration; but for these common enemies of the human race, there can be but one feeling of detestation. Had these bad men raised the standard of revolution and met their foe face to face, misguided as the act might have been, even their enemies would have respected their courage. But these skulking area sneaks never risked their hides, they showed no front to an enemy, they ran no risk when they went forth to deal out death and destruction to the innocent and the helpless. One is sorry for the rebel who falls in his hopeless cause, or for the hungry wretch who steals, or for the wronged one who slays; but these wretches had no cause to serve, no hunger to appease, no personal wrongs to avenge—all they had was the opportunity of injuring their fellow-creatures, and that was enough for them. To cause sufferings or death to a few harmless cooks and housemaids; to blow up a few buildings; to strike terror into the hearts of women and children—it was by means such as these that they hoped to shake the resolution of the proudest and most obstinate race in the world. If these Continental Dynamitards—of course Ireland repudiates them—were not criminals ripe for the hangman, we would take them for raving lunatics. They are taking the very surest means of preventing that which ought to be done. No people and least of all the Anglo-Saxon race, would allow itself to be scared into even reversing a policy of wrong, by such means as these. If justice is to be had for any country, it can, and ought only to be had by rightful means. Political union and combination, and above all the pressure of European and American opinion, will effect that which no crime or assassination can or ought to effect. Whoever these scoundrels are—and all we know of them is that they come from Paris, and that they belong to some secret society condemned by the Church—they are the worst enemies of our land and race.

In estimating the danger to be apprehended by society from the commission of such a crime, it is of the first importance to know who and what these criminals are. If they are a mere fortuitous collection of political conspirators they may be dealt with as the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish were, with comparative ease. Ignorant, cowardly, greedy, it would be impossible for all of them to keep their guilty secret. But there is too good reason to believe that these criminals are not of that class. If the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* of April 21 is to be trusted, this conspiracy against law and order has its seat in Paris—that nursery of wickedness—and the conspirators belong to that motley crew who murdered the Czar, who plann'd the death of the Emperor William, and who have threatened our civilisation during the last seven years. "Among the members are Russian Nihilists, and at least four French Communists of doubtful Irish extraction." The crime of Friday last was not the work of ignorant, poor men, but of foreigners whose education and scientific knowledge have pre-eminently fitted them to do their diabolical work. Their organization could only have been conceived and carried out by men of education. Their organisation demands the expenditure of large sums of money, and the money is forthcoming. It is this that makes the crime so terrible. Hitherto, the crimes of such men as Gomez, Rousakoff, and Brady have been mere national affairs, and terrible as their offences were, they sought the secrecy of criminals rather than the publicity of belligerents. But now our civilisation is threatened by a society composed of different nationalities, whose object is not a particular ruler's head, but all their fellow-men who are on the side of law and order. And this has been allowed to grow up, to organise, to hold meetings, to edit papers, to issue proclamations, and to solicit subscriptions in the very heart of European civilisation! What a terrible commentary on the Holy Father's denunciations which men can still be found to scoff at! A quarter of a century ago, when Pius IX. issued his famous Encyclical, and condemned the International, Europe split its sides with laughter, and England opened her ports if possible wider for any Carbonari or Socialists who wished to plot therein. London has vied with Geneva for the honour of entertaining conspirators. The result, long foretold, is now just appearing. Where could the Nihilists and Socialists strike better than in the wealthiest and most populous city in the world? A few more dynamite outrages, and society will learn in the bitter school of experience that the Holy Father was not so much behind the age as the world thought he was.

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A cruel trick was recently perpetrated with great success on the inhabitants of Pau and its neighborhood. The entire issue of the *Memorial des Pyrénées* for the 1st of April was devoted by its facinorous editor to a circumstantial account of the alleged restoration of the monarchy in France by a vote of the National Assembly on the 31st ult., whose proceedings on the occasion were reported *in extenso* together with the proclamation of the Count of Paris as Philip VII. The leading article, general news, money article, fugitive items, and all were given up to the elaboration of this hoax, while a very short postscript, unobserved by most readers, explained that the whole affair was simply a *poisson d'Avril*. The mystification was rendered more complete by an ode on the proposed coronation of the new King of France at Rheims, signed "Victor Hugo."