

The Butte Independent

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THE BUTTE INDEPENDENT,
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1910.

THE INDEPENDENT.

Ere the opening days of the New Year are far advanced, the "Independent" lisp its infantile greetings to the men and women of the Irish race, be they born at this or the other side of the Atlantic, and wishes them health and prosperity during 1910. Coupled with this wish we give an unqualified assurance of a clean, upright, healthy newspaper. While rising above the mediocrity of contemporary journalism, we shall ever scorn to countenance that type of newspaper which debauches the minds of its readers by pandering to the vilest sensationalism and then sustains an evil existence on the tainted shackles of public depravity. The "Independent" will be a paper qualified to enter every Catholic, every Christian, every American home, fitted alike for the perusal of child and adult, the advocate of civic righteousness and public purity.

OUR POLICY.

The title of our paper is the "Independent," our policy shall also be a policy of independence, both with regard to American and Irish political controversies. We gladly recognize that here in America, and particularly in this city of Butte, and throughout the state of Montana, conscientious and honest men of our race are associated with both the Democratic and Republican parties. True, indeed, the majority of our people are historically and temperamentally affiliated with the advocates of Democracy, but this shall be no reason why a man on the Republican side, whose record is otherwise clean and whose character is above reproach, cannot command our commendation and support. Independence, not neutrality, is our watchword and the advocate of constructive policy and civic purity may claim in the "Independent" a devoted champion.

THE OLD LAND.

As in America, so in Ireland, there are many parties, each containing good men; all animated according to their lights by sound principles. The Home Rule party, the Unionist party, the Sinn Fein party claim between them the almost unanimous support of the people. The Home Rule party acting in consonance with the will and under the instructions of the Irish people at home, has secured lasting and beneficial reforms for every section of the Irish people though failing to accomplish the chief object of its existence, viz. Home Rule; and it is not improbable that by keeping in touch with Irish sentiment and guided by native genius, though operating in a foreign parliament, it can yet procure many advantages of national importance. Its present leader, Mr. John Redmond, is a skillful parliamentarian and, with the confidence of a united Ireland at his back, should utilize the present political crisis in England to Ireland's best advantage, altogether regardless of the consequences to either or both English parties which should only be regarded as his tools for the amelioration of Irish grievances.

The Sinn Fein party is doing excellent work in concentrating the thought of Ireland within Ireland, in teaching the necessity of individual duty and individual responsibility without which there is no permanent foundation for national freedom or prosperity. Its healthy criticism of both the older parties, which were suspected of playing the game of politics rather than fostering the sentiment of patriotism and nationality is of inestimable importance to the national well-being. The leader and founder of this movement, Mr. Arthur Griffith, is, perhaps, the brightest and most constructive mind in Ireland.

The Unionist party is the conservative element of the Irish people, believing that a union with England is Ireland's advantage. They are opposed by the overwhelming majority of the people. They are, however, Irishmen, and have been foremost in their protests against Irish over taxation.

To unite these great parties into one national unite for the common good, should be the aim of every true Irishman. Religious disabilities have been removed in Ireland. The land has largely passed into the hands of the people. The bitterness begotten of religious feud and agrarian strife are now happily passing away. Our nationality, our fatherland remains. No party claims a monopoly of patriotism. Is it then too much to hope that, through the invigorating inspiration of the Gaelic ideal, we may be able to erect a common platform on which every section of the Irish nation may stand and work in harmony for the common weal of a common fatherland. This spirit is gone forth in Ireland. But we shall be told that the Unionists and Protestants are opposed to the liberties of their country and too much enamoured of the trappings of empire. We are not aware that their attachment to the Empire and the Union is anything more intense or practical than was that of the men of another generation who, arming themselves for the avowed purpose of preserving Ireland from the wicked machinations of the enemies of the aforesaid empire were, through the inspiration of the American revolution, suddenly transformed from the defenders of an empire to the makers and custodians of a nation's freedom; declaring, on a memorable day, with an exquisite appropriateness, in the northern village of Dungannon, once the stronghold of the proud O'Neills, "That the claim of any body of men, other than the king, lords and commons of Ireland to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," and had the hardihood to carry that grand declaration to its logical conclusion, culminating when Grattan saluted the new-born nation from the steps of College Green in these words:

"I am now to address a free people, ages have passed away and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift, spirit of Molneux, your genius has prevailed Ireland is now a nation. In that character I hail her, and bowing in her august presence. I say, 'esto perpetua'."

And was it not from protestant lips that that most sacred vow of nationality, which inspired and bound together the united Irishmen, first fell in that historic cave sanctified by the sacred footsteps of that great apostle of Irish union and liberty, the unconquerable Theobald Wolfe Tone. Finally, is not the soil of Ireland saturated with the blood of patriot martyrs? Is not the hot young blood of our noble Emmet sunk deep into the metropolitan dust to inspire unborn generations of citizens to patriotic duty, to noble resolves, to unselfish aims? It is, indeed, of such memories that nations are made.

We believe in the teachings of that school of nationality which some men deviously, but none the less truly call "extreme"—extreme because all truth is from its very nature extreme and consequently demands an extremist to vindicate it. As advocates of that uncompromising form of nationality which believes, not in anatomy or suzerainty, but in the unequivocal right of the Irish nation to sovereign independence as the best and surest guarantee of her honor, liberty and prosperity, and indeed the one only and final remedy for her many ills. We raise our voice for toleration for men working in other directions, however remote from our ideals. We raise our voice in behalf of any man or set of men who are honestly and disinterestedly endeavoring to bring about a closer and more permanent union of the various races and creeds that have, from time to time, been cast upon and taken root in our soil. We raise our voice on behalf of any policy that retards the growth and extension of bigotry, that makes national claims paramount to sectarian, and gives to religion, of whatever creed, a truer and a more Christian mode of expression than that of rancor and hatred. Finally we raise our voice for the construction of such a political organism as will not contain, at its very core, the germ of self-destruction, an organism whose constituent elements will not war incessantly one with another.

In short, we raise our voice for a new and regenerated United Ireland, the common heritage and the common country whose resurrection requires the disinterested services of all classes, creeds and parties in the island, and whose free constitution, when that resurrection is accomplished, shall guard the honor and the liberties of every citizen within its folds:
For, Oh it were a splendid deed
To show before mankind
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined.
Might be combined yet not forget
The fount from whence it rose
As, swelled by many a rivulet
The lordly Shannon flows.

OUR STATE AND CITY.

We wonder if the inhabitants of Montana ever ponder on the limitless possibilities of, and the magnificent future that awaits their favored state. Rich in mineral resources beyond the computation of man, it is attracted, to its bosom, the sturdiest and bravest sons of the earth, and nowhere do the eyes of the capitalist and financier more lovingly linger than amid the pregnant wealth embedded in the bowels of her mighty mountains. Her agricultural products are rich and varied; her climate mild, her area larger than that of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland combined. Nor is she less favored in geographical position; touching the fertile regions on the Canadian border and extending southward for over three hundred miles and eastward to the borders of Idaho to the Dakotas. What a magnificent sweep of territory! An empire which the proudest potentates of Europe might covet; an empire embracing a variety of soils and a grand and expansive panorama of scenic charm.

Mighty mountains and majestic rivers everywhere greet the eye. Situated between two oceans on the highway between the east and west, who can portray her future greatness? And Butte that has added so much to her greatness, to her fame and to her wealth, who shall stay the march of their ceaseless progress? With a population of 75,000, with magnificent public and commercial buildings, with thirty miles of electric street railways, 40 churches, five libraries and a host of fraternal societies, to say nothing of her schools and other educational institutions; the citizen of Butte need not bow his head to those of any city in the Union. The rich yield from her mines amounting annually to \$31,000,000 in copper, or nearly a quarter of the copper supply of the world, and \$15,000,000 yearly in addition in gold and silver, not only guarantees a handsome living for the wage-earner, but a safe foundation for commercial prosperity. The ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon, once the glory of the commercial world, held not in their proudest days half the wealth of Butte, the wonder of the west.

MR. ASQUITH AND IRELAND.

When the English liberals were in opposition, they shed crocodile tears over Ireland's woes; when they came into power all they could do was to offer her the miserable Council Bill, which she haughtily flung back on their lying lips; and now, as a catch-vote policy, Mr. Asquith descends to break his sphinx-like silence and, without pledging his party, makes a personal promise of his own that in case he is returned to power he will claim the right to deal with Ireland so far as purely local affairs are concerned. As Irishmen, our history teaches us that we can place but little reliance on English promises, pledges or treaties. This is true, not only of the Whigs, but the Tories and all other English parties. When we were strong and could dictate our terms she conceded our demands and respected her word. When we were weak and disunited, she spurned our appeals and flung her promises and her honor to the wind.

We fought for the English king at the Boyne, and the terrible price that Ireland paid, and is still paying for her folly, was the curse of sectarian animosity and religious fanaticism. Sarsfield's army, with drums beating and banners flying, marched from the walls of Garryowen, but England's solemn treaty was broken "ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry." Grattan won the freedom of Ireland at the cannon's mouth at Dungannon, but later he bid Ireland trust in England's word of honor, disbanded the volunteers, disarmed the nation and thus paved the way for the union and national extinction. A noble and a generous mistake, but a terrible price and an awful lesson. We could quote to inexhaustible length in substantiation of England's duplicity, if there were

further need. We recall these historic cents merely to warn our countrymen of the dangers of English promises; to advise them to unite their forces to strengthen their organizations and to define in no faltering accents the demands of our country. The crisis that has arisen in British politics is one pregnant with possibilities for Ireland and deserves serious consideration from all sections of Irishmen. Let Mr. Redmond make his demands clear, bold and definite for Home Rule and the welfare of Ireland. Let all Irishmen support him during this hour of momentous importances in our country's fate. If the rumors that his party is secretly bound up with the Liberals are true, it is his duty to explain his position to the Irish people; to break up this alliance and to come into closer contact with the will of the people. Having done this, we would advise all Irishmen to give him and his party that undivided support which is essential to wrest from England whatever measure of our rights it is in the power of an Independent Irish party in Westminster to procure. If, then, English promises are vain and Irish labors futile in Westminster, the last vestige of argument is shattered in behalf of Parliamentaryism and Sinn Fein is the only alternative. These are the plain facts of the case and we might as well face them in their true light and bearing.

JOHN BULL'S BUNCO.

The British warship Scylla, stationed in Nicaraguan waters, must be a source of considerable annoyance to the last remnant of that laughable, but rapidly vanishing tribe of Anglo-manics, who wasted so much of their time in crawling, begging and imploring for an Anglo-American alliance. The captain of this craft, one Thesiger by name, declares there shall be no fighting at Greyton. This colossal conceit of a petty English captain is no more ridiculous than the bunco of Lydell George, the English Chancellor of the exchequer, who recently declared that the German navy would be sunk to the bottom of the ocean if, in an hour of madness, it attempted to cross swords with England. Well, this is too funny. Anyone reading it might be led to believe that John Bull could fight.

ASQUITH'S LIMITATIONS VS. IRELAND'S ASPIRATIONS.

Mr. Asquith promises to concede to Ireland a measure of home rule that will bestow on her the control of purely Irish affairs, while maintaining intact the supremacy of the Imperial parliament. Who will draw the line between the pretensions of the Imperial parliament and the legitimate and historic rights of the Irish nation? Most assuredly the British minister has no intention of conceding, to an Irish parliament, the fiscal and financial control of the country, nor control of the police force; though the proper adjustment of taxation, the protection and fostering of her industries and the reduction and control of her police force are the most crying and pressing needs of Ireland. Yet even with such limitations we await the fulfillment of Mr. Asquith's promises, confident, however, of the higher destiny that awaits the constancy, the heroism and the devotion that characterizes the Irish struggle for freedom and that must ultimately reward the Irish nation in a separate and independent national existence. Not for small concessions like this have our people fought and died and dared through the long, unequal struggle of centuries and kept the old flag flying despite of the storm that rent its folds. England cannot hope for ever to make laws hampering the progress of Ireland. Though she has for some time forced her language on us, yet there are no two races more alien in sentiment than the Celt and the Saxon. We are a people distinct and apart from those of England. We differ in race, religion, language, history and temperament. We are besides divided by a sea of blood and bitter historic recollections which neither the cunning intrigue or the aggressive brutality of England can ever bridge a sea of blood wider and deeper than that belt of stormy ocean by which all the laws of God and Nature proclaim the eternal divorce of the islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

OUR IRISH AND CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

We wish in this, our first issue, to thank most sincerely the officers and men of the various Irish and Catholic societies of Butte and Anaconda for their aid, sympathy and encouragement, since the idea of founding this paper was first conceived. We avail ourselves of this

opportunity of reminding them, one and all, that in the pages of this paper they will always find a ready medium for the expression of their views and reports of their proceedings. We shall always be glad to hear from the Hibernians, the Robert Emmet Literary and Debating society, the Knights of Columbus and the Foresters, as well as the Ladies' auxiliaries and Gaelic League.

The time has come for our Irish societies to let the people know how they are progressing and we offer them the best possible facilities for so doing in the pages of the Independent, which will, in a short time, find a place in every Irish home in the state.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Independent" will always be glad to hear from its readers. We will reserve reasonable space for the expression of their opinions. Write to us on any subject that may be of personal and general interest and it will receive full consideration in this office. Any hints or suggestions for the improvement of the paper will be gratefully received. To the ladies and gentlemen in every quarter of the city who are interested in the progress of the "Independent," and they are legion, we will feel indebted for any items of local interest in their vicinity. Thus can we make this, our new Irish-American paper, a source of interest and a medium of enlightenment in every home of the Gael in Butte, Anaconda and, in a short time, throughout the broad domains of Montana. All correspondence should be written clearly, on one side of the paper, and should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning. Please promptly inform us of any change of address.

HIS EMINENCE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS ON A. O. H.

Cardinal's Residence 408 N. Charles St., Baltimore.

Mr. Patrick J. Haltigan, Editor of the National Hibernian, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Haltigan:—I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date and most willingly do I give a word of greeting to all the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and its Ladies' Auxiliary in the United States and in Canada.

Your Order has always shown its devotion towards our Holy Father and for the cause of Catholic Education, and I now take pleasure in expressing my deep and sincere appreciation.

I wish to each and every member all the blessings of this Holy Season with every good wish for the coming New Year 1910.

Faithfully Yours in Xt.,
J. CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

ANACONDA A. O. H.

Installation of Officers.

The Hibernians of Anaconda are a verile force and potent influence in the Copper city. Anyone who doubts the veracity of this remark should have witnessed the joint installation of officers that took place in the A. O. H. hall on Wednesday, 12th inst. Five priests, Rev. Fathers Coopman, Ryan, Moran, Landys and Dunne were present and enjoyed the proceedings. Fathers Dunne and Landys delivered short addresses, congratulating the Hibernians in the selection of officers and on the good work of the order. Refreshments were served at the close of the installation and a few pleasant hours of mirth and song and speech were enjoyed alike by the male and female members of the A. O. H.

BETTER TIMES.

The cloud of doubt and uncertainty that hung over Butte a few weeks ago is now happily dissolved. The fear of a general shut-down has passed and nearly all the mines are resuming work. Conditions are again normal; and the immediate future should be a period of hope and prosperity alike for employer and employee, not only in this city and locality but throughout Montana.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

Much has been written and said about the political crisis now occupying the attention of England. In the over-fervid editorial mind, this little storm in a tea-pot is designated a revolution—oh, ye shades of Rousseau and Washington!

A revolution necessitates a complete change in the social or political conditions of a people or else an altogether different outlook on the affairs of men and things. Will the result of this election in England accomplish either of those things? Certainly not. The House of Lords will not be abolished nor will its prerogatives be very much curtailed. Things will move along in pretty much the same

old groove as formerly. One thing however, is certain and that is, the unwieldy Liberal majority of the last Parliament will be considerably reduced. The Liberals will again returned with a small majority, a strongly entrenched Tory opposition confident of the growing favor of the people. With the two parties pretty evenly balanced arises the probability of Mr. Redmond dominating the political situation in England. For this magnificent opportunity Ireland has waited for twenty years. We know what Parnell would have done under similar circumstances and if Mr. Redmond be guided by, for example he will dictate terms to either or both English parties, a secure for Ireland that installment of Home Rule which has been treacherously dangled before her eyes by English politicians for a generation. Here, indeed, is a splendid chance for the Parliamentary party to prove its worth. Many men, good and true, in the old land are chafing under what they consider the incompetence of the parliamentarian movement. That movement is on its last trial in Ireland. If the leaders of the party act as independent, patriotic and self-respecting Irishmen, Ireland can command her own terms and the party re-establish itself in the unshaken devotion of the Irish people. On the other hand should it truck to British politicians and allow the golden opportunity to pass a terrible Nemesis awaits it. We do not doubt the patriotism, the statesmanship, the sagacity of Mr. Redmond. We doubt the sincerity of Mr. Asquith and all other Englishmen for the Speaking in Scotland the other day this same Asquith when questioned about Home Rule vaguely replied "That until he had dealt with the House of Lords he could not discuss the prospects of further legislation. Since this remarkable expression of great land-slide towards Toryism taken place in England, and that Asquith and his followers will be returned, the trend of popular opinion is turning largely the other way. When the elections are over Redmond and not Balfour or Asquith, will be the real power behind the throne. He will wield that power for Ireland exclusive of every other consideration is not only the wish of this paper, but of every true son and daughter of the old land however much they may differ from or criticize him at other times.

ON SELFISHNESS.

The isolated pool becomes stagnant and rots. Cut apart from river lake or sea it soon loses its crystalline beauty and ceases to reflect the azure of the empyrean or the mid-air charms of surrounding nature. Foul insects flap their tiny wings above its putrid waters and hum their noisome chorus the dirge of its decay. Round about it beauty fades, vegetation droops and the very itself becomes heavy-laden and sick. Contrast this with that bright stream which rushes laughingly down the mountain side diffusing balm and mirth and fragrance as it goes; with the placid sea whose virgin bosom reciprocates the fairest smiles of sky and cloud, of shore and trees; with the heaving ocean whose giant billows leap and foam and dash and yet in the paroxysm of their joyous frenzy waft landward the germs of life fertility and glory.

As with the isolated pool so it with the selfish man who cutting himself adrift from the great mass of humanity moves in the cold and distant orbit of his own conceit, warmed by the genial rays of kindred hope, unsustained by the inspiration of common ideals.

We cannot regard the selfish man as a friend, because in his breast there never existed the responsive cords of mutual esteem. We cannot regard him as a citizen because in his heart there never throbbed a hope for the common weal. We cannot esteem him as a Christian because in his soul there never yet burned the altruistic glow of Christian philosophy. We cannot venerate him as a man because he has stifled in himself the noblest tributes of manhood, and by his selfish proclivities proclaimed himself outcast from and an alien to his race.

EDITORIAL MUSINGS.

PRINCIPLE
See to it that all your principles are founded on equity and justice and in their vindication you need pause to consider the enmity of those who appeal to the prejudice, clamour of the rabble for in no and under no conditions, can and eternal truths be tested by popularity or unpopularity. The fool of today is too often the sage tomorrow.

TESTS.

The test of friendship is seen in the test of manhood is adversity.