

The Echo,

An Evening Newspaper.

SYDNEY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1883.

Amongst the visitors at the Cricket Match yesterday were the Messrs. Redmond, both quiet, inoffensive-looking gentlemen, with no suspicion about them of Bowie knives or dynamite, or anything of "dark treason's deadly garb." To some of their countrymen they seemed to be something of a disappointment. "Why," said a very choice Hibernian friend of our own, "they're nice, decent-looking chaps after all, not a bit like those other Irish fellows!" and there was a shade of sorrow in his voice, as if he had expected to see "Hery O'More" in person, or Mr. Punch's typical hedge-hero. To others, we are afraid, the appearance of their distinguished countrymen on such an occasion was, for a different reason, even less satisfactory. It was very public, and it was amusing to observe the almost nervous air with which some of our most impulsive public men received the illustrious visitors. There was none of the native warmth that might have been expected in the meeting in a far land of "exiles" from the same shore; rather, we thought, a considerable amount of that peculiar kind of coolness towards doubtful strangers, popularly known as the "cold shoulder." The desire of the older fellow-countrymen seemed to be, instead of embracing and fraternising with the travelling agents of the Irish Land League, to put as safe a distance between them and their own unquestioned loyalty as civilly as might be, and it scarcely needed the perusal of the morning papers to furnish a good reason why. Whatever the Messrs. Redmond may have to say for themselves or their cause, it is undoubtedly unfortunate for them that their arrival should have been coincident with that of the telegrams giving the startling disclosures of Mr. Town-Councillor Carey. He, too, was a member of the Land League; and, for anything that appears, to that worthy man as well as to any other might have fallen the duty of taking Australia as his scene of operations instead of

Phoenix Park. Of course he would have gone about his delicate work in a different way. His meetings would have been held in public halls instead of in dark back-parlours, and no worse weapons would have assailed us than an eloquent Irish tongue and a hat. There would have been no "Irish car," but the cabs and railway cars that bore him to and fro on his patriotic mission, and no one would have been called upon to shed any life-blood more precious than that of his patriotic pockets. But the end, so far as can be judged, would have been much the same, or rather Australia would have been asked to furnish the means "to the end," which, happily for her, no longer possible of concealment in high-flown phrases of noble if mistaken patriotism, now stands confessed before the world in worse than fiendish atrocity. On the whole, Australia may congratulate herself that the trusty Dublin Town-Councillor and Land Leaguer was not the agent appointed, but was reserved for the much more useful duty of effectually "spoiling the business" of his too-late-in-the-day substitute.