

standing, in some places ten and twelve feet high. Of the lands that see the Atlantic wave their morn restore, it was the loveliest. But he had not yet seen the praries. His next letter, a mere scrap, informed us he had started for the west. It was the last word we heard of him for a whole twelvemonth. Had he forgotten us? Was he dead? At length, on the very day Dada died, we got a letter of which the following is an extract:—

“It rains and the wind is never weary. Yet I like it for it is not the uniform rule as with you in Ireland. I don't know any music sweeter than the patter of the rain on the shingles if it be not the patter of little feet on the floor, (he had been married about eighteen months or so). I have often gone to bed under the shingles two hours earlier to hear it, and slept far sooner than I wanted, “*imbre juvante.*”

My little window in the gable of a slim wooden habitation looks out upon the prarie. At length my eyes have seen the land! Like the empire which Cyrus coveted, it stretches to where men cannot live for the heat, and to where they cannot live for the cold, it is as wide as east and west, a land flowing with milk and honey. O God, if I were an Arab and not a Celt, what a country this would be for me! And yet two million Celts have no other home; many of them are rich, so are the outcast Jews in the land of their oppressors, but I have yet to meet the Irish-born Celt, who can say, “here is my resting place, here I am happy.” I speak not of that pariah host doomed to everlasting ignorance and crime in the dens of New York and Philadelphia, or of that pandemoniac crew damned to the decks and the holds of the Mississippi steamboats—O, God, that ever your poor Irish were doomed to see the Mississippi! Yet, alas! even a dearer race, for their sins, once wept for seventy years by the waters of Babylon, and now, for sins of still deeper dye, are living the very history of the two million homeless Irish of America. O, God, and patient Judea! O, Erin mavournin equal in fate, if not in renown, shall ever thy children, perfected by sufferings, again be gathered together unto thee?

For my part, dear aunt, I cannot, O, I cannot think of being swallowed up in this maelstrom of democracy. It is an institution altogether alien to the Celtic heart not yet utterly demoralized. It may be native to the Saxon, predestinated to *individual* freedom and open community with every type of human life, but for that race which like the ivy ever clings to what is ancient, which remains for ever the same while all is changing around it, it is no home at all any more than the wide empty walls of a Syrian caravansary.”

Poor Philip! It was evident that a change had come over the spirit of his young dream.

When we were imbibing our ideas of the west from Longfellow, our cousin had imagined that it was only necessary to lay to heart the warning advice of Basil the blacksmith.

“Beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever.”

Alas! the fever was in Philip's Irish heart, and neither the quintessence of Peruvian Bark nor a spider shut up in a nutshell, could ever do it any good.

An extract from another letter reads thus:—

“You think we are all sworn brothers in this boasted land of equality—why, aunt, they hate us here worse than they do in London and Liverpool. I will give you this one significant proof. In all this great Republic that I have seen, from New York to San Francisco, I never knew or heard of a man of Irish birth attain to the most paltry civic distinction, unless by bribery or a large majority of Irish votes. Make what you like out of that.

You say, ‘the Irish must be content enough with the New World when they write home such glowing accounts of it, and when such numbers are crowding to it.’

The truth is, that to the poor, half-starved Irish immigrant it is a land of plenty, contrasted with the one he has left. It is new and wonderful, and he cannot help telling his friends, with more or less exaggeration, that it is so, even when something whispers to his heart, it is not the place for him.