

alas ! you would not send one ship or one surgeon to convey the poor Irish exiles to a foreign land while living, or give one shilling extra to buy a shroud for them when dead in putrid national neglect.

The English Cabinet makes laws to protect the Irish wild fox and the game, while they look carelessly on, seeing the cruel landlord uproot whole villages, exterminate the poor, and kill them like vermin, as they make their escape from the falling walls of their ancient home, and the burning roof of their birth. Mazzini is lauded, Garibaldi caressed, Cicero-acchio modelled in plaster and marble, and Kossuth embraced ; all the rebels of foreign nations are entertained ; all the revolutionists feted or pensioned, and all the infidels of the whole earth panegyricized in the periodicals of the day, by this anti-Irish, anti-Catholic English Cabinet, while any one who dares to raise his voice in defence of Irish liberty, or the Irish Faith, is seized as an assassin, tried for his life, condemned to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered" ; sent in chains to the English terrestrial hell, and even there, amongst the living damned, his mouth is gagged by his English keeper, lest he utter a word of reproach against the persecuting laws that murder the living and dishonor the dead. Algiers has offered a home to the Irish exile ; Spain has allotted part of one of her richest provinces to shelter our afflicted race, while England, that has grown great by our labors, powerful by our numbers, and triumphant by our courage, banishes us in tens and hundreds of thousands of naked victims to America, where the hospitable forest gives us a free home, and where the sheltered, untrodden valley affords us a friendly and honored grave. We carry nothing to America but our ancient Faith, and we bring nothing from Ireland that belongs by right to England but our undying, inappeasable vengeance. And when every poor exiled, persecuted Irishman (stript of everything) sets his foot in the ship which is to convey him to a distant shore, he looks to the avenging skies, as the swelling canvas urges his breaking heart from the home of his fathers, and in the language of the English merchantman once mutilated by a Spanish