

of an inhuman constabulary; when a fertile and, in ordinary circumstances, a happy and most prosperous country is converted into a vast barracks for the British soldiers; when the voice of the nation is stifled, and patriotic and influential citizens are subjected to humiliations and cruelties that send a blush to the cheeks of humanity; when Irishmen, in a word, have become the sport of men at once rash, pusillanimous and desperately cruel, Ireland is not wanting in men who sacrifice wealth, honor, distinction, the most dazzling splendors, and all worldly considerations, for principle, truth, and the cause of their suffering brethren. As the Ireland of the 17th, so is that of the 19th century, rich in generous and patriotic citizens who, while they inherit the valorous spirit of their fathers, still oppose the deadly blows of oppression with the buckler of faith and the sword of justice.

Let English aristocrats and powerful landlords predict the day of Ireland's dissolution; let them feast on the expectation of wiping out a powerful nationality, of destroying a land blessed with a salubrious climate, a soil wherein no plant dwindles, a scenery now rising into all the glories of magnificence, now softening into all the graces of pastoral beauty; let them look for the days when the coveted lakes and the charming vales will be theirs. But, alas! how great their infatuation! Their predictions will be lost to Ireland, but possibly, and, no doubt, probably, will hold good in their own case; for that nation, that people who have lost all ideas of justice, equity and virtue will not long continue to hold their exalted and powerful position in the rank of nations.

Instead of possessing this land, whose beautiful vales and rugged slopes are still red with the blood of its martyred sons, they shall feel the breath of the world's indignation, which in this age is more subtly potent than armed troops. The brutal devices and barbarous schemes to which they have so long resorted shall at length fall on their authors and crush them forever. The sword with which they have so cruelly scourged an innocent race shall be rescued from their gory hands, and hung over their own heads. The millions of Erin's exiles scattered throughout the universe, whose hearts still beat sympathetically with those of their suffering countrymen, and to whom the land of their birth, which holds the sacred ashes of their sires, is still near and dear, shall rise up in defence of right and assert a nation's claim to independence.

As the first quarter of this century saw at the head of religion and state a man of unparalleled abilities, whose wisdom, genius, genuine faith, impregnable principles, and extraordinary eloquence, while they confused his powerful adversaries, gained for Ireland the sweet boon of freedom of conscience, so does this, the last quarter of the most eventful of ages, behold

at the helm of the Irish ship of state a bold mariner, a calm soldier, a profound politician and a most astute statesman, in fine, a man wondrously endowed with talent and genius, competent to cope with the exigencies of the times, and fit to better the condition of his distressed people, and, with all the vigor with which God and the justice of his cause animates him, to strike the clanking chains of tyranny from the arms of his bleeding countrymen. The one it is unnecessary to mention, for his name and memory live with all their freshness in the heart of every Catholic. I mean him who raised from the verge of the tomb outraged Catholicity, who shod around Irish homes, altars and hallowed graves, the mellow light of religious worship, and at the sound of whose voice the barriers that so long excluded Irishmen from seats in the nation's council crumbled to dust,—Daniel O'Connell. The other has become so familiar by his indefatigable exertions, his self-sacrifice, his peaceful principles in behalf of his country, that his name cannot be but on our very hearts and lips. This great patriot, the last but not least who elicits our admiration and respect, is no other than CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

This valiant leader of the Irish party, this bold champion of his nation's rights, whose heart is the source, the vivifying principle of Ireland's present noble attitude, despite coercion, despite the damp and gloom of *Kilmainham*, despite intrigues and jealousy, has by his peaceful and laudable policy succeeded in plunging his country's tyrants into the dark of consternation and defeat, and has defied the rigor of the laws whose injustice and severity have so long continued to disgrace Britain's administration, and have rendered her more odious than the Rome of the Cæsars. Under such a chief—a chief in whom are centered all the noble traits and distinguishing characteristics of a great man, we can expect nothing but the realization of that grand and glorious triumph, the entire freedom of the Island.

The Ireland of the present, as that of the past, labors in behalf of a just and noble cause, and nobly does she bear her thralldom: for as cold and impartial history relates, as the traditions of our country declare, as our fathers confirm, Ireland in her perplexities, in her struggles for existence, had higher hopes and nobler aspirations than her sister Isle,—to oppress the weak and seek aggrandizement; to disqualify the Catholic but cajole and fawn upon the Jew; to traverse land and sea to pity and sympathize with the blacks of Africa and oppress the subjects at her side; to drive from their native land God's true noblemen, the plebeians of Ireland.

Canvass the records of the past, pierce the gloom that veils the national history of Ireland, and I ask you to find an instance where Irishmen have ever oppressed or wronged a people. Have