

“bosses”] whose interest it never was that they should look to dock and suburb labor only as a temporary condition, but to the acquisition and ownership of land as their ultimate object. Hence this strangely contradictory result, that a people who hungered and thirsted for land in Ireland, who struggled for conacre and cabin even to the shedding of blood, that this same people, when they reached a new world, in which a day's wages saved would purchase an acre of wild land in fee, wilfully concurred, under the lead of bad advisers, to sink into the condition of a miserable town tenantry, to whose squalor even European seaports can hardly present a parallel.

I described in outline the town Irish, high and low, [making, however, many honourable and required exceptions] in my speech at Wexford, in May 1865. Those whose minds were full of a fancy America, of course, could not admit that twenty years' experience enabled and authorized me to describe things as they are. Of course not! For us all, too often, Experience is the false, and Imagination the true guide. But the editors of the Irish press will not pooh! pooh! the testimony of the last Annual Report of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners of New York, which I take in a condensed form from the *New York Tribune* of January 20th, 1866. In this Report, the tenement house population of the Fourth and Sixth