

At this moment an aged man passed by, quite bowed beneath the weight of years; he took off his hat to Pauw, bowed his head silvered with age, and said with an imploring smile on his countenance...

'Mynbeer Smet, if you please, may I speak a word with you? Do not take it amiss, I pray you, that I make so bold.'

The young man began to blush to the very roots of his hair, and exclaimed impatiently—'Come, Father Mieris, give me cutting your jokes at me, too, are you? Give me your hand; how goes your health?'

'The old man smiled gratefully at the warm pressure of Pauw's hand. 'It is too great an honor, Mynbeer Smet,' continued he; 'I have a small request to make of you. My daughter, Susanna, you know her well.'

'Know her? Of course I do; a good and tidy lass.'

'She is an ironing girl, Mynbeer Pauw, and works as hard and as well as the best. I am come to ask your good word with my lady, your mother, that she might not forget us, and let us earn a few sous; for times are hard now, and bread is so—'

Pauw was quite bewildered by this time; his head began to turn round and round. 'Yes, yes; all right,' he said interrupting the old man; 'I will do it. But let me alone with all your mytheers and my ladies. The whole quarter will be in the madhouse soon, I think.'

Terrified at this outburst, the old man shrank timidly back, and even went away with sad and down-cast eyes.

'Katie is shoe-binding, I suppose?' inquired Pauw of the girls. 'Yes, Katie, poor creature!' sighed Anemie, with a look of compassion, 'she is most to be pitied. If she survive it, it will be a great blessing.'

The schouwveger became pale as death, and stepped towards the shoemaker's door, without further remark.

He found the girl sitting near the little window that looked out into the street. She had her apron before her eyes and was sobbing aloud.

Pauw seized her hand and uttered a cry of painful surprise; but the sorrowing girl gently and sadly withdrew it, covered her face more completely, while deep sobs of anguish burst from her breast.

'Katie, Katie,' cried the young man, in despair, 'what are you in such trouble about?—what is it? Speak to me, oh, speak!'

The girl uncovered her face and raised her reddened eyes to her lover's face with an expression of unutterable grief and dejection, and said, imploringly:—

'Oh, Pauw, you mustn't take it to heart; I know it isn't your fault. You would never have had the cruelty to give poor Katie her death-blow.'

'But, for mercy's sake, what has happened?' shouted the youth.

'I will bear my bitter lot; and even if I pine and die, I shall never blame you, Pauw; and I shall ever pray that God may give you a wife who will love you as well as I do!'

'Ha, ha! 'tis fear of that!' cried the young man, quite relieved. 'Cheer up, then, Katie; between us there is no change; you are deceiving yourself.'

The maiden looked at him with a smile of deep misery, and said:—

'Oh, Pauw, I am far too lowly a girl to dare to lift my eyes up to such as you. You are of a high family, and my father is only an honorable craftsman.'

The young man stamped his foot on the ground with angry impetuosity.

'Who has put such notions into your head, Katie? the wicked tongues of the neighbors, I suppose? Katie, do you listen to their envious talk?'

'No, no,' sobbed the girl; 'your mother scoffed at us in the shop over the way, and said that no cobbler's daughter should ever come into her family. You must be obedient, Pauw.—Leave me alone with my sorrow; it will pass away.'

And with a fresh flood of quiet tears, she added:—

'When I am laid in the churchyard—when you go out to walk sometimes, and you see in the distance the trees of the Stuyvenberg, think sometimes of our love, Pauw, and say in your heart: There lies Katie, who died so young because she loved me too well.'

Pauw had covered his eyes with his hands, and trembled with emotion.

'Katie,' said he quickly, and in a tone of deep sorrow, 'you are piercing my heart by your injustice. Were my father a king, you should be my little wife still! My mother herself does not wish it otherwise.'

'She feels too bitter a contempt for us, Pauw.'

'Well, well; but you know riches blind people for a moment. My mother has sent me to you; she loves you as much as ever; and it isn't ten minutes ago she said to me, 'rich or not rich, Katie shall be my daughter.'

The girl began to tremble in every limb; she looked at the youth with glistening eyes and heaving bosom.

'Oh, mercy! it is so!' she exclaimed; 'Dame Smet, you will be my mother still! The death I saw floating before my eyes will flee away again; and I may be once more happy in the world! Pauw, Pauw, oh, don't deceive me!'

At this moment the shoemaker entered the room. He had evidently just risen from his work, for he had his awl in his hand. He bent a severe look on the young man and said—

'Mynbeer Smet, I am surprised that you dare to come into our house again. We are poor indeed, and humble, but we are honorable, and every man is a king in his own house. It is, perhaps, no fault of yours; but that matters not. Go hence—forget where we live—or else—'

'Oh, father! dear, don't be angry,' cried the young girl; 'it is not as you think.'

'Your parents act by reason and by rule,' said the shoemaker, with a bitter sneer. 'As

long as we were fellows in the same guild, all was right enough; but now that they have got a legacy of ever so many sacks of gold, now it would be a great disgrace that you, Pauw, should marry the daughter of a mere nobody—the daughter of a poor cobbler! But the cobbler has a heart in his body, for all that; and he will not allow you henceforth to cast an eye on his daughter. Go to the great streets, and seek there a wife suitable to your condition.'

'Master Dries, you are cruel and unjust,' said the young man, stammering with vexation and alarm. 'My mother sends me to you to crave your forgiveness for some thoughtless words she has uttered. It was not seriously meant, and she begs you to be kind enough to forget what is passed.'

'No, no,' answered the shoemaker; 'that won't do. She has scorned us openly, before everybody. You, Pauw, must keep away from my house. We are not rich; but yet, look you, it shall never be said that we allowed ourselves to be trampled under foot by anybody.'

'And if my mother were to come herself, and confessed to you that she did not mean what she said.'

'Look, you, now, that would look like something,' muttered Master Dries.

'Well, now, she will come; I'll go and fetch her.'

'I saw her go out just this minute,' remarked the shoemaker.

'Then I'll go home as soon as she comes back, and ask her to come and speak to you.'

'No, no, not so, Pauw; you shall not stay here. And I won't have you come unless your mother is with you. The neighbors are standing in a crowd at our door. Come, come; if all is as you say, everything will come right of itself; but now I must beg of you, Pauw, to leave my house and go home.'

The young man turned towards the door and said to the girl, as he took leave, 'Katie, Katie, don't be alarmed; keep a good heart; all will go right enough. I shall be back again directly with my mother.'

(To be continued.)

The following report of Dr. Cahill's lecture at Philadelphia on—"The General Aspect of Ireland in her Religious and Civil Associations" is abridged from the Catholic Herald:—

My friend and countryman, Mr. Cantwell, forgot in introducing me, to tell you the very characteristic of which I boast the most, namely, that I was born in Ireland. [Laughter and applause.] O'Connell used to say of the Duke of Wellington, that he was no Irishman, although he was born in Ireland, "because," said O'Connell, "a man may be born in a stable and not be a horse." [Laughter.] I am greatly afraid you won't understand me, in consequence of my Irish accent! [Renewed laughter.] There is another thing my friend did not tell you, that I am going to tell you, that I came here to lift up my hands eight feet and a half to show you the growth of Popery in Ireland. [Cheers.]

I am greatly obliged to you for this reception. You know I am much in the habit of public speaking, and of meeting large masses of every class of people. I have lived in England five years, and in Scotland a couple of years, and it is very hard to overwhelm me, I assure you; but I protest that your enthusiasm, your waving of hats and handkerchiefs, but above all, your pure Tipperary shout [loud laughter and applause] has almost overwhelmed me. And I am very glad to meet you. They gave me a great reception in New York, you recollect. We had four or five thousand people there, and they received me in the most gorgeous way in which I was ever received in my life. Some gentlemen came from this city about a week after, and in speaking with me of the reception, said, "They say it was very fine, but wait till you come to Philadelphia." [Laughter and applause.] I am glad now to have the opportunity of seeing you, [a voice, "You are welcome,"] and I thank you exceedingly for this reception. From the bottom of my heart, I am most grateful.

You recollect, that before I came here, I announced that I would give some lectures upon Science; but a friend of mine, now on the platform, said to me—"Very good; but do say something to us about Ireland." [Applause.] You are fresh from the country, and you know every field in Ireland. And so I do. And I feel for her—feel for all her distresses, all her woes, all her misfortunes. I must be a very bad painter, indeed, not to draw a good picture of what I have been looking at with heart-rending woe these many years past. "I will talk about Ireland," said I, "but I have very great objection to making a political speech." You know, very well, that I have been writing politics these many years in my own country; you know I am sure I am not saying too much that I have shaken English Cabinets very often. [Applause.] But, said I to myself, I am now going into a new country, America, where I will have to meet American gentlemen and American ladies, to whom I owe so much for their kindness to my countrymen; and for fear that through inadvertence, I might say one word, which by remote implication might hurt American feeling, (I would not intend it, of course, but lest there should escape my lips a single sentiment, conveying the smallest appearance of disrespect for anything American,) I shall take care to confine myself entirely to scientific subjects, uttering not one word in regard to either domestic or international politics. [Applause.] But to my countrymen and to the American people, wherever I meet them, I can talk about Ireland as an historian, not as a partisan. I can speak about Ireland without putting my sword upon my side or my rifle in my hand. As a peaceful citizen, a literary man, a scholar, or an historian, I can talk over the wrongs of my country, without violating that regulation, and without wounding, in the smallest degree, the sensibilities of any man in America. Therefore I am here, this evening, to speak to you a few words about Ireland, to give you an idea of her civil and religious character.

In the announcement of my subject, you will observe I have given myself a large margin in which to speak. But who is the man that can talk upon Ireland? Ah! the history of Ireland is a sad history, whether we speak of her religious or political character. The destiny of Ireland is a sad destiny. The history of Ireland, if I may so speak, in fact, the history of religion all over the world. [Applause.] There is a magna charta of politics, the fundamental basis of the laws by which our liberties are defined and protected; but there is a magna charta in religion too—the fundamental principle of the religion which all men ought to profess—(applause)—and that magna charta is not proclaimed from the seat of earthly majesty, but it is published from heaven. You can trace it through the mutations of centuries; you can read its results in crumbled thrones, withered dynasties, ruined cities—through the revolutions of ages and the rolling majesty of time. The history of Ireland is associated with such a magna charta as that; and to read her history understandingly, you must go back, but through numbers of past centuries. You must read the history of mankind through all ages. You must trace how the principles of this great magna charta,

have been more or less adhered to, through the far-reaching past.

Religion is a very hard profession. In its pursuit men are obliged to curb their natural appetites.—Since the fall of man, man's nature is opposed to religion. Yet we must curb our inclinations, subdue our passions, and put the will in complete obedience to the supreme law. Yes, religion is a hard profession. Who is the man that can subdue himself?—The man reared in want, the man accustomed to trials, the man subject to poverty and persecution, who has been taught by privations to curb his own will—such a one, we would expect upon first principles, would, of all others, make the best profession of religion. Hence we find that the Supreme Ruler, from the days of Adam to the time of Moses, through two thousand five hundred years, appointed seven such men as rulers. They were the patriarchs, heads of families; when one of them died in the West, another of them rose in the East; and they governed all mankind in their way up to the time of Moses.

When their reign terminated, a new reign commenced—the law and the prophets; and during 1,500 years, the rulers were selected from the shepherds of Egypt—at that time the most despised men in the world—not precisely slaves but in servitude. They were sometimes wicked, generally very good. With rebellions, contentions, trials, disasters, their reign of 1,500 was marked by vicissitudes that find no parallel in history. While the wisdom of their Solomon, and the piety of their David, together with the wealth of their nation, tended to give them glory, yet their career was marked by disasters;—their transgressions provoked the vengeance of heaven.

It is by a wide extended view, such as this, that we get some idea of the manner in which the Supreme Being governs mankind. He does not come to teach us with his own lips; but he carves upon whole races of men the clear indications of his will. He does not send archangels through the skies to inform us of His wishes; but, in the rise and the decline of nations, extending through long centuries, He writes lessons which mankind cannot forget.—From 3,500 years under one species of dominion, and 1,500 under another, we begin to get an idea of His rule. At length, he comes Himself. We see him when grown up, wear the coarse, seamless coat, though he was the son of David. Although the Mighty Ruler of Heaven and earth and all creation, His majesty, His royalty is typified, not in a diadem set with precious stones, but in a crown of thorns. Now, when ages have passed, I go into the country where he was born. Here, we would think, every flower ought to be a flower of Paradise. No, all things are withering in the atmosphere of Mahomedanism. Here, we would think, every man ought to be a follower of Christ. No; through the whole country I see men of the same stamp as those who put thorns upon His head, and plunged the spear into His side. I travel through Judea, and I say "Is this the place where He was born?" Why, here are just such men as were here before He came. Is it possible that all He said is forgotten? In this spot, which ought to be consecrated as a heaven upon earth, I find a sea of infidelity. Nazareth, where His mother lived, scarcely attracts the notice of the traveller; Bethlehem, where He was born, is a little mound of earth; Tubor, where He was transfigured, is a heap of stones. Even at that sacred spot where He died, Calvary, His name is only tolerated; the faith that He came to teach, is scarcely allowed the liberty of public expression. I recall the sublime lives of the Apostles; and I go to Ephesus, to Thessalonica, where they preached. Here I find little children in the street who know nothing of Christ's saving mission. So wonderful are the changes that mark the revolutions of ages; so awful are the lessons that the finger of Omnipotence carves upon all generations of mankind. I go to Athens, once the seat of art and science, where genius once embodied her inspirations in the speaking stone and the breathing canvass; but I find no remnant, no trace of her former glory. Thermopylae, where 300 brave men poured out their blood in defence of their country, is a mere cleft in a mountain; and Marathon, rendered glorious by patriotic heroism, kindles no enthusiasm in a degenerate and degraded race. Now, when the soul of Homer is fled, and the echoes of Demosthenes' tongue are silenced, no wonder that there is not a single spot upon which the cross of Christ can be lifted. Thus, we see that events which once shook the hearts of the world are now almost forgotten—are as mere fitting shadows upon the page of history.

Then, turn to modern times. Are there no changes here? Yes, as a truthful historian, I must say, modern history is marked by still greater changes; and the history of my own country exhibits changes greater than all. I glance over Europe, and I trace marvellous transformations. The book which was published from Divine lips, I find having 644 different interpretations! I find Prussia changed, Russia changed, all Europe changed. The systems of the past, which existed for years and years, are altered. One takes away one part, another takes away another. One man approaches the old building, and removes the slates on the roof; another takes away the roof itself and the rafters; a third carries off the ceiling; a fourth the walls; and when we look through civilized Europe, if all can take away a part as they do, the whole of the old Christian Church is taken away; its foundations are plucked up, and men stand in the midst of the wide waste of infidelity, without any faith to sustain them but a belief in one God—a thing they believed in before Christ came and died upon Calvary! [Applause.]

If, in the midst of this universal change, we can find one people, one nation, fixed and stable during the mutation of ages, must it not appear that they are the people of God—that they are marked out amid the rest by His favor and protection. We do find such a kingdom, unchanged amid surrounding changes; and that is Rome. [Loud applause.] We find a poor fisherman sitting upon the throne of Tiberius Casar—the most powerful emperor that ever lived—the most extensive empire. From him who now occupies that position, we trace back his 276 predecessors—as you might in the street go from lamp to lamp, passing by 276 of them, until you come to the gasometer. [Applause.] Here, at all events, is one kingdom permanent; here, at least, is one throne indestructible; here, decidedly, is one monarchy that has not crumbled. I am sure I cannot present to you a more instructive fact, after exhibiting the wide-spread revolutions of time, than thus to point to you one kingdom permanent, one throne fixed, one monarchy undying, in the midst of a surrounding scene of universal change. [Applause.] All the cities round about have languished and decayed; Rome never. Babylon is a marsh; a little mound and a few fragments mark where was Troy; the location of Palmyra is indicated by a few shattered pillars; some scattered ruins show where flourished Thebes; of Memphis, but few relics are left by the destroying tooth of time. When we consider the ruins of these once populous and thriving cities, we reflect, how many fond mothers lived there how many devoted wives and husbands; how many obedient children! How accomplish were their sons in poetry and music; how inflexible in courage; how well trained in the art of war. But now scarce a single stone remains to mark the former residences of living millions, who once inhabited these cities. Yet we see Rome young as ever! [Loud applause.] While all surrounding cities have grown old and grey and wrinkled, have withered away and died, Rome is as young, as beautiful, as vigorous, as perfect as she was on the day when she came from the Omnipotent finger of the Divine Ruler. Is there nothing to be drawn from this remarkable fact? Have we not here a clear evidence of the favor of God, marking out the nation and people as His own chosen race above the rest of the world. [Applause.]—After this long preliminary, I now come to poor Ireland. And, in the first place, I must say that, in the midst of the greatest conceivable difficulties, dangers and privations, such as were never known

by any other people, Ireland has, with undiminished fidelity, clung to the power of Rome. The brightest gem in the diadem of the Popedom is the Irish nation. [Applause.] Russia left the Pope in the eleventh century; Denmark abandoned him; Switzerland deserted him; Prussia renounced her allegiance; Sweden, Norway, England (laughter and hisses) Scotland, Holland, all Germany; but not one brave heart ever abandoned him in Ireland. (Cheers.) In the whole world no instance has been found of fidelity like that of Ireland. All other illustrations of religious faith fade in importance when contrasted with the courageous, the invincible faith of the people of Ireland. Stating the simple truth as an historian, I must say that we have suffered nearly as much from Catholic England as from Protestant England. Catholic England it was that attempted to corrupt our Bishops; but the attempt failed. Catholic England it was that afflicted our nation with the terrors of their warfare, making the Irish eat grass.

We then come to a period which I will not describe otherwise than by stating a few facts. From the year 1550 to the year 1793—about 250 years—the Irish nation suffered under a most grinding tyranny, but they sustained themselves with a fidelity that has no parallel in the history of the world. If we had committed a fault, political, social, or otherwise, then it might be said that we merely suffered from a foreign nation the result of our own imprudence. But we committed no fault; we were persecuted solely for our belief. Liberty of conscience, civil and religious liberty, was violated with a profusion of cruelty the very conception of which makes the heart quail. The tyranny of a foreign nation inflicted upon us the severest persecution known in human history, merely for our conscientious convictions. (Sensation.) From the year 1558 till the year 1793, the portion of land allotted to our fathers to live upon was an acre of arable land and half an acre of bog. (Laughter.) He who was not willing to give up his property and take this pitiful allowance was banished to the mountains, with his helpless wife and children. Do you see any other illustration to show you what was suffered by our ancestors? The priest must brave the peril of the death-penalty, if he exercised his ministerial functions; and even the schoolmaster was hanged for teaching a.b.c. Not only was the property of our ancestors invaded, but seventy thousand of them were put to death. This persecution, in any one of its features, is sufficiently revolting; taken altogether, it is not the most sanguinary exhibited by the world's history.

And what was the bearing of our fathers during this terrible ordeal? Did they flinch? No, no.—They said "You may persecute us, you may banish us, you may tyrannize over us to the very verge of our malignity; but you cannot coerce us to surrender or disregard the convictions of our conscience. Your iron and your steel may pierce our bodies, causing the flesh to quiver, but they cannot reach our souls nor move the firm faith there enshrined. If you persevere in your persecution, we will fly to the rocks and the mountains; we and our children will choose destitution and death rather than be the slaves of English tyranny. All that we ask of you is that you will allow us to follow our conscientious opinions—to worship at the shrine which we venerate, and serve the God whom we adore."

People of America, if you would go home to Ireland with me, I would point you to the graves of their departed fathers; I would show you the bones that have been rotting for centuries; and then rehearsing to you all that your ancestors suffered for their faith. I would ask you, will you give up the faith for which your father bled and died? [Loud cries of "No!"] Do you think it worth while to defend it? [Aye, aye, and loud applause.] Will you not show yourselves worthy children of your heroic ancestors, and will you not stand bravely forward in defence of that faith for which they poured out the last drop of their precious blood? [Great applause.]

When it was found that we could not be subdued by persecution, the effort was made to corrupt us by bribery. And about this time occurred an incident which I will relate, that happened between the famous Arthur O'Leary and a distinguished lawyer of Ireland. "Well, Father O'Leary," said the lawyer, "England has, beyond doubt, been a very severe mistress; unquestionably your people have suffered a great deal. Unfortunately belong to the other side, but I am very tolerant; I regret exceedingly the sufferings to which you have been subjected. And now I want to ask a favor. You are a good old man, and will certainly go to Heaven; you will have the keys of the good place, and I want you to let me in when I die." "It would be much better," replied O'Leary, "if I had the keys of the other place, so that I might let you out." [Great laughter.]

The effort was made to bribe the clergy; but they spurned the dishonorable proposals. They said, "We have stood by our faithful flocks through all the fury of persecution. We have met them at night amid the rocks to break to them the bread of life; and often the morning sun has risen upon our devotions. We have met them in the distant hills, to celebrate Mass, when, sheltered by darkness, we set up the shepherd's whistle; the flock heard us; and we terrified the wolf in the distance. Our flocks are faithful to us; we enter their hearts as well as their doors. And shall we take a bribe to betray them? Shall we accept a yearly pension? No; we will never handle English gold [great applause]; we will never drink one drop from out your cups, though they should be cups of gold, so long as one link of slavery presses upon the limbs of our faithful people. We have stood by each other in difficulties such as no other nation has ever borne; and now shall we wear the English livery and subsist upon English gold? [Loud applause.]

The next effort was to seduce us by education.—Then the priest became the school-master. He was the patriot poet, the Priest, the shepherd, the leader; and when our adversaries presented education in the poisoned cups of error, we rejected the proffered draught. [Applause.] Give me the men of Clare, the forty-shilling freeholders and the men of the wall schools; give me the independence of that generation, and the masters that then taught us, in preference to the delusive draughts of modern philosophy, where every drop we drink is tinged with the poison that not only bewilders the intellect but corrupts the soul and the conscience to the very core. [Applause.]

Without saying anything in disparagement of our fathers, I will say that we are equal to them, whenever the time may come to make the trial. [Applause.] We cannot forget the past. When a nation has been wounded, and the wound has been years growing deeper and deeper, you cannot cure it in a day. The wound of an individual is hard to be healed; it takes months or years; but the wound of a nation requires centuries for its cure.

What was the next resort of those who had been so long endeavoring to crush us? They went about Ireland offering us mutton and beef. (Laughter.) But that effort failed also. They could not fatten us into their feeling, nor bribe the clergy to corrupt the people. What did they do next? They endeavored to exterminate us. In the city of New York I have laid my hand on the heads of farmers' sons, and farmers' daughters, whose parents were driven to this country by that effort at extermination, and who now constitute some of the most respectable families in New York. The Times newspaper published a statement, which I dare say was not agreeable—that on dividing Ireland into 25 parts, nine-twenty-fifths were immersed in debt, two twenty-fifths belonged to Roman Catholics, and fourteen-twenty-fifths belonged to the aristocracy. The owners of these ennobled estates, generally Englishmen and Scotchmen, caused them to be sold, thus banishing from the country the farmers who had occupied them. No doubt, some Englishmen behaved very well, and set an example of the greatest toleration, as did also some Scotchmen; but it was by the con-

duct of those same laws, that the people engaged in cultivating those nine-twenty-fifths were banished from the country. The bone, the muscle, the youth, the strength and the virtue of Ireland were driven to New York.

With some remarks upon the treatment of the Irish in America, which—e.g., during the Louisville Riots—has not been quite so friendly as Dr. Cahill supposes, the Rev. Gentleman concluded a most brilliant discourse.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PAPAL TRIBUTE IN DROMORE.—The tribute to his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth has just been concluded in the Diocese of Dromore, and amounts to the sum of £1,000—a sum that does the contributors immense credit, and proves most eloquently that even the "Black North" is determined not to be outdone by the Catholic South, where love and gratitude to the common Father of the Faithful are the impelling motives of action. Dromore is one of the smallest dioceses in Ireland, having only eighteen parishes, and is very remarkable as being the only diocese in Ireland in which the Catholics are in a minority when compared with all the Protestant sects in the aggregate. His Lordship the Bishop gave £20; the late venerable Bishop, Dr. Blake, though he died in real apostolic poverty, ordered £10 to be set aside for the Pope out of the proceeds of the sale of his effects. We understand the parochial lists will be published shortly.

To the Editor of the Dublin Catholic Telegraph. Sir—As I have long been a reader and admirer of the Telegraph, and especially of Dr. Cahill's letters, I think I should be doing you and the public some service by giving you my experience of emigration to America, as the learned Doctor, since his arrival in that country, has made emigration the principal subject of his letters to your widely circulated and excellent journal. It is now about six years ago since I, and several others in similar circumstances to myself, disposed of the little all we had and surrendered to our landlord, for little more than a mere nominal sum, the holdings on which we and our fathers before us had contrived to live in tolerable comfort, though neither in very great ease or superabundant luxury. I will not tire you with a circumstantial account of the grief we felt at our parting from the old land, our little farms, and all the friends and relatives we were compelled to leave behind us. Such scenes are, alas, too common and may be witnessed every day—nay, almost every hour—on the wharfs and quays and railway stations from which there are so incessantly borne away the best of our laboring and farming population, as well as the most skilful of our husbandmen. It will be sufficient to say that when we reached America, all we had left consisted of a few pounds in money, heavy luggage, and large families. Of employment, that is of such employment as the greater portion of us were fitted for, we could not obtain sufficient to support us; we, therefore, separated, some of us struggling into the interior of the country, whilst others contrived to keep body and soul together by toiling much harder than we had been accustomed to do in Ireland. Having been originally educated for the Church, I naturally thought that the knowledge I had acquired would of itself enable me to earn a livelihood for myself and family, if I could not succeed as a farmer; but I was doomed to disappointment in this as in other respects. One of my daughters married a Methodist, who very soon prevailed upon her to frequent the "Meeting-house," as he called it, and thus she deserted the religion of her fathers. One of my sons became a Spirit-rapper, and another fell into company with a set of the dissipated characters that abound in the States, and became in the end a confirmed drunkard, and as a usual consequence, followed no religion whatever.—Similar disappointments and heartbreakings occurred to nearly all of us. In short, we had left the old land together, determined to remain together always, found ourselves scattered over various parts of the Union; some half starving in the backwoods, others in the prairies, and some again, like myself, striving to make both ends meet by cultivating a small tract of land, which, by clubbing the residue of our money together, we had contrived to buy.—But things going from bad to worse, a few of us, and I among the number, determined to return to our own beloved land, and, if poverty and wretchedness were still to be our lot, to endure both patiently till death put an end to our cares, since we thought this better than to continue dragging on our weary lives in a far distant land, where we had lost all we had, and where many of our children, and our friends too, had lost what was still more valuable—their faith. Fortunately, our landlord was a kind and humane man, and on our return home he reinstated us in our little farms, where, though struggling hard to pay our rent and rear such members of our families as had consented to return with us, we yet live far happier, and I am sure shall die more contented, than if we had remained in the land of the stranger. But you will ask what I mean by troubling you with this long catalogue of my disappointments and disasters, and their consequences. Well, I will tell you. The letters which Dr. Cahill has written from America to your paper may induce many to emigrate who could live in tolerable comfort at home. Like myself, they may throw away a certainty for an uncertainty, resign their little holdings, and rush across the Atlantic, too often, as I can bear witness, to their ruin! Whatever Dr. Cahill says these people place the utmost reliance upon, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, who never dreamt of emigrating before, now sell all they have and go to the far country, regardless of all persuasion to the contrary. They never reflect for a moment on the numbers who, like myself and my friends, return penniless and homeless; they never stop to inquire whether they are fitted for the employments which are open for them in America, nor do they consider the slipswreck which the faith of so many suffers.—Dr. Cahill is too much of a warm-hearted patriot, and too firm a friend of the people to deceive them willfully; but he speaks only according to his experience, and that has been too short to enable him to know sufficient of the country, and judge of things as they are at any distance from him. But even in his immediate vicinity they are often far different from what they appear or are represented to him, and I am sure he will be the first to raise his warning voice against the rashness and imprudence of such of our country as may intend to hurry thus recklessly from their native land without sufficient cause or motive. I trust, moreover, that he will use the powerful influence his letters exercise on the people to dissuade them from a step attended with such risk, till every hope of securing a respectable livelihood and a moderate provision for themselves and their families in Ireland shall seem to be vain and fruitless. I now conclude with the earnest hope that what I have said with the best intentions may be received as it is meant, and tend to check and subdue the insane desire of my countrymen to desert the land of their birth and their affections.—Thus much is certain, that if the tide of emigration be not soon arrested, it will carry away the best, the bravest, and most invaluable of our people from their fatherland, leaving it as a possession and inheritance to the worst enemies of our race, our religion, and our country.

A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

THE IRISH EXODUS.—One Irish revival having died out another and an older one has made its reappearance in the public journals. In a word, the exodus of the population is again a standard topic of wonderment, especially as for a few days past we have been continually hearing through many sources of the growth of Irish prosperity, and of the improvement in the moral and social condition of the peasantry. There must, however, be a screw loose