

man, whose presence the reader may by this time have forgotten—who is that dear young girl; surely she isn't the mother of the baby?—Lord bless her; see how she prays! May God bless her!

Biddy had been interrupted in a banquet which the soul loves to enjoy, that of flowing feeling, and she turned towards her interrogator with some of her habitual asperity of manner; but she had no sooner seen her than her whole expression of countenance was changed. The woman was a stranger, wore a full-hooded mantle over her face, was deadly pale, and was weeping. The old beggarwoman saw she had felt sorrow, and pitied her.

'Who is she, ma'am. She's wan, sure, ma'am, of the neighbor's childer, that the devil's childer drunk the blood out of. She's Peggy Hynes, an honest father and mother's child, and a good daughter, that watched the ould people like an angel till she closed their eyes—and God was thankful to 'em to take 'em away, so he was. Oh, whurrin' whurrin'—to see her bringing her baby to the ould well once more to pray for his father before she goes.'

'Goes where?' 'Where? To the poor-house, to be sure.—Where else would she go, aggra? Sweet bad luck to the aggra—he found the bit of land ready made to his hand, and the nice little house, and the fences and—oh, the vagabone,' continued Biddy, 'the baby's prayers will rain fire from God upon him, so it will.'

'Where is the husband?' meekly asked the stranger. 'Where is the husband? Didn't he get forty shillings for the house, the pleasant house his wife was born in—the price of wan of the ditches, an' isn't he gone to 'Meriky?'

'And he'll take her little one from the poor-house.' 'Take his little wan from the poorhouse!—See, ma'am, Peggy Hynes's husband will wear his flesh, ma'am, and sell his marrow, to bring his darlins to his heart across the say. Och, I hard 'em say wan day that he was lazy—bad luck to 'em.'

'Whillu! whillu! gran'—whose's there, who's there? cried Eddy, in his most boisterous tone; and starting to his feet in ecstasy again, he pointed to where the light fell through the trees upon the stream that flowed from the well.'

'Whisht, you omedhaun, whisht.' 'O, gran, the flower of the valley—our own Aily Moore—ain't it?' 'Hould your tongue, you fool, didn't I tell you a thousand times, Miss Aily?'

'Och bother, I tould hersel so, I did, gran'; and I said you scowided me for saying she was our own Aily, and she laid her white hand on my head, gran' and she called me good Eddy, and said that was her name—our own Aily; and I tell you, grandmother, she is our own Aily.'

'Well, whisht, avic, she'll hear you—whisht now.' 'Yis, but gran', she's our own Aily—

'Och! did you ne'er hear of our own Aily Moore?' Eddy would have continued a song for the edification of all concerned, only he had received a look that he understood, and a pinch that he felt.

There then came on the path before described a young person—a lady she was in grace, and face, and form—about nineteen years of age.—She was strikingly beautiful, yet her beauty was of a character that the heart feels, more than the eye sees. About the ordinary height, transparently fair, with dark hair, brow serene and well-defined, and a contour decidedly Grecian. She appeared, in that sequestered spot, the angel descending upon the Genezareth of the poor.—She had thrown off her bonnet, and a white veil hung half way over her face. Her dress was a light blue muslin, and as she walked along, her rich lips, half-parted in prayer, her head a little raised, and her fair, small hands gently closed before her bosom, the feeling she inspired was akin to worship.

After—almost beside her—walked a girl about her own age, who carried her bonnet.—She was fair and much flushed, and might have been termed handsome, had not a certain look and air of discontentment marred the general effect of her rather regular features.

Many a one succeeded, old and young, binding themselves by the 'communion of the saints,' with the dead and the distant; or, in filial or parental piety, praying for blessings upon fathers, mothers, or offspring. The crippled and the blind, too, lay by the well of St. Senanus, as did the afflicted by the mysterious lake of Judea; but far from having 'none to let them down into the waters,' fond friendship, full of faith, lifted its hands to heaven in their behoof, and cried 'Our Father!' for their restoration.

We may not stop to inquire the moral and physical effects which followed from this simple devotion. Scepticism would laugh at our conviction, and piety needs it not. But surely the same God who attached a healing power to the shadow of his servants, may, if he will, again make an angel of revivification descend into the waters of the 'Holy Well,' and make those manifestations of his benevolence so becoming his mighty mercy. To sneer at the possibility of such an interposition—to shut out all access to belief, because of one's own sense of God's economy, is equivalent to a denial of revelation; and to refuse such testimony as we occasionally encounter, that the Almighty has deigned to interpose, would, in our opinion, be exceedingly hazardous.

The truth is, that in these countries, since the Reformation, many persons believe as little as they can, and progress in their abbreviation of faith until they believe nothing. They judge by human sense, and are governed by human prejudice to such an extent, that the moral world is with them only a kind of theory. Certain classes of proofs are not only never seen by them, but from the constitution of their minds, if seen would be rejected without examination. Of course their conclusions respecting matters of a miraculous nature, are just as wise as those

of a clown regarding the motions of Mercury and Venus.

After a short time, Ailey Moore and her companion took their place at the foot of the stone cross. On the next step to them sat the young woman and her baby; an old man of venerable aspect was at the foot; a swarthy, middle-aged man, a soldier, knelt by the well, and the procession around the area of the sacred place appeared still undiminished.

Biddy, the beggarwoman had 'cottoned'—to use her own word—to the strange pale woman. The latter had spoken little; she watched every visitor, and examined each man as he came and went. She anxiously sought some person, though apparently in vain. Many things she heard, however, from Biddy, that seemed to interest her deeply, particularly when they referred to the 'family of the Borans'; and as these were no favorites of the old cynic—she hated their kit, kin and generation—it may be presumed that 'Old Daddy,' 'Nick the Devil,' and James, had no great share of fair play in her conversation.

An excitement in the immediate neighborhood of the well, a half-suppressed shout, and the rattling of carriage-wheels, now attracted the notice of the disengaged portion of the visitors. Ears were of course erect, and necks stretched out in expectancy; the proximity of the Lord of Kilmacarra's promised arrival filled the minds of the people with the one idea of his coming.

Eddy, the grandson of Biddy Browne, the beggarwoman, had the sharpest eye, and ear, and aim in the barony, and accordingly was the first to recognise the parties who approached. He first gave one of his fixed looks, and listened for a moment; then, he started, and having drawn an uncommonly long draught of air into his lungs, he illuminated the understandings of all present by

'Tally high ho, fat pork!—tally high ho! on Friday! Tally high ho, you know, the devil was Luther's adviser!'

The fellow hopped from one leg to the other, beating time to this curious specimen of village rhythm, and appeared to have yielded himself up to an uncontrollable frenzy. His head swayed from side to side; he smacked his fingers, and exerted himself with such a will, that devotion at the well of St. Senanus should become a rare commodity if the gate were always to be filled with such music.

Gran' thought it high time, however, to interpose, for she knew now whose presence was to be anticipated. In fact every one at the well knew from Eddy's song that they might expect Mr. or Mrs. Salmer, or both one and the other.

Biddy had rarely given the parson any quarter, though she sometimes deigned to take an offering from his lady. She saw no kind of utility in unnecessarily assailing either of them, and we agree with her.

The reverend incumbent and incumbance of the soil and his wife shortly after made their appearance, not without some unpleasant prayers, we must say, 'not loud but deep,' because Salmer was well known to be on the best terms with the new master. All engaged themselves according to their taste in jest, or laugh, or criticism upon the 'turn out' of the holy man himself, and his holier helpmate; but there was nothing more.

'Be gorra, he's a beauty.' 'And she's Vanus, all out.' 'Faith,' said a third, 'I bheve 'tis true what they say.'

'What?' inquired one of the former. 'Why there was an old prophacy in their family that only one in the world could be found to marry either of 'em.'

'Whisht,' with a chuckling laugh. 'And the carriage came up. Mrs. Salmer was quite a pattern lady of the gospel, and Mr. Salmer was quite a pattern man. Both considered that preceding generations had neglected 'the ministry' in Kilmacarra, and Mrs. Salmer in particular firmly believed that her female predecessor in the glebe had need of 'uncommon share of mercy' for the few people she had added to the 'true Catholic Church.' The philanthropic pair had concocted a system, dialectic and social, which was quite sufficient to evangelize a kingdom; and their joint regret and aspirations were, that all Irish propagandism had been deficient, and that its zeal should receive a new impulse from their example; Mrs. Salmer looked forward to the day when the 'Society for the Diffusion of the Scriptures' would pass a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Salmer for the 'astonishing effects of his pastoral care in Kilmacarra,' and Mr. Salmer looked forward to the day when he should wear an apron as well as his *cara sposo*.

Personal appearances have lately become too much a matter of description. We hold the custom to have approximated, if it have not indeed arrived to, an 'abuse of privilege.' But, as philosophy to prescription, we unwillingly fall in with the *error vulgaris*, for the allegiance which we owe to our readers' tastes.

The Rev. Joram Salmer, then, was a man of four or five and thirty, and might, for all the world could pronounce, be five, or even ten years older. He was very thin, lank, and tall, with hands and arms which swung to and fro as he walked, as if they did not know on earth what brought them where they were, and would willingly part companionship with their owner. A most unexceptionable cravat, of pure white, bore up his chin, and the very quantity of his brains must have occasioned the steadiness with which his head always kept the same position. His mouth was very huge, his nose very straight and high, his small black eyes made perpetual, but vain efforts not to look cunning; devotion seemed to them a continuous drill, and all were fixed upon a face so wan and parchment-like that it was an oppression of weakness, for such nose, and eyes, and mouth to quarter themselves upon it.

Mrs. Joram Salmer, of whom we speak with great respect and fear—every one feared Mrs. Salmer—Mrs. Joram Salmer was a fitting partner for perfection, like that of her lord. She was very long, like him, and had many of his facial and general traits. Her ears, it was remarkable, were very far behind, and her nose far and pointedly before; in fact, they looked as if antagonistic powers had been dragging them in opposite directions; her eyes were large, and of no color that we ever heard of; but they always seemed in a trembling balance upon the two ends of a beam; and her mouth was kept quite rigid, unless when she spoke, when the under lip rolled out in such a way as to show that it had been kept under severe discipline. Now, this face, haloed round by a crimped, close, fair muslin border, and mounted by a large cylindrical-looking cap, was quite satisfactory to Mr. Salmer, and we question whether enemies' remarks thereon can be at all justified. Biddy Browne contended that there was no such face for spoiling a handsome bonnet, but we protest against any participation in the remarks or evil judgments of any parties who did not esteem Mrs. Joram Salmer as she esteemed herself, wherewith we proceed with our story.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Father Haly, Father Fortescue, and Father William Kelly, left Carrigaholt on Monday last, after having concluded there on that day a mission of three weeks' continuance. The church was crowded each day of the mission from morning to night, and the entire of the people of this large parish performed their Easter duties by going to Confession and Holy Communion. This is the third mission given by these holy priests, of the most illustrious Jesuit Order, in the parish of Carrigaholt, County Clare, for the past ten years. In 1854, when Father Haly came here first to give a mission, he, and the other Fathers with him, were furiously assailed, and often on the public roads, and in their private walks, and even inside the church when addressing the people. This did not arise from the apathy of the latter, but because the parsons, Bible-readers, and balliff power, were all united by the common bond of bigotry and avarice. Superstition is now, however, all over here, which happy result is mainly the effect of these missions. So delighted were the people with the sermons and other spiritual exercises, that they entreated Father Haly to arrange even a week's mission for this parish every year. But the good priest said that he did not think it advisable, but, as they so earnestly requested it, he promised them another mission in three years' time. On Sunday evening the parishioners testified their joy and gratitude by the most enthusiastic demonstrations; and on Monday the Fathers left the parish via Limerick, for Dublin, accompanied by the parish priest of Carrigaholt, the Rev. Mr. Meehan.—*Munster News*, July 6.

A new chapel is about to be built at Cushestown, county Wexford, to which Mr. Lambert, of Carnagh, has contributed fifty pounds. Mr. Lambert has also given for the purpose three and a-half acres of land, with a long lease, and in addition has assisted very handsomely in improving the parochial school and completing the new parochial house.

On July 4th the Diocesan Synod of Cork was opened by the Most Rev. Dr. Delaney. There were present over 70 of the clergy, secular and regular. Immediately after the Synod the Rev. Father Burke, O. P., began the annual retreat of the clergy. The Very Rev. Dr. Russell, Provincial of the Dominicans, opened the retreat for the bishop and clergy of Kerry on the afternoon of July 4th, in the Presentation Monastery.

On Sunday, the 10th of July, a mission was opened by the Dominican Fathers at Cloonbrooney Co. Longford, and conducted by the Very Rev. P. V. Meadth, O. P., St. Magdalene's Drogheda, assisted by the Very Rev. E. Murphy, O. P., SS. Saviour's, Dublin, Fathers Prendergast, O. P., St. Michael's Priory, Dundaik, and Fitzgibbon, O. P., St. Mary's, Cork.

Amongst the sacred structures recently erected in Ireland, the exquisite Gothic Church of the Holy Cross, Kenmare, and the splendid Convent attached to it, are the most beautiful, and will be enduring memorials of the piety and zeal of the Rev. John O'Sullivan, Arch-deacon of Kerry, and the flock confided to his charge. For one of the principal windows of the Church the worthy Archdeacon has ordered a magnificent stained glass picture, which will be forwarded to its destination in a few days. It represents the Ascension of Our Lord, and is taken from Overbeck's celebrated work.

Mr. Carnegie, Manager of the National Bank in Tipperary and the oldest officer of that flourishing establishment, has retired on full pay, and is succeeded by Mr. J. O'Connor, removed from Tralee, in which he occupied the post of Manager of the National Bank. Mr. F. J. Power, Manager at Mountmellick, succeeds Mr. O'Connor at Tralee; and Mr. Carroll, son of Dr. Carroll, of Waterford, accountant at Mountmellick, has been promoted to the post vacated by Mr. Power.

We are glad to see, (says the *Carlow Post*) that Mr. John Whelan, of Rathglass, Tullow, has become the purchaser of the townland of Eallygduff, in this county, formerly the property of Mr. Thomas Elliott, for a sum of £3,800. The sale took place in the Incumbered Estates Court, Dublin, on July 5th, when Mr. Whelan, having outstriped all his competitors, was declared the purchaser, at the price above stated.

O'CONNELL and O'BRIEN.—The following fine letter will speak to the heart of the country. The distinctions of a by-gone day must perish, and as the friends of O'Brien—aye, and O'Brien himself—were amongst the first to come forward in support of the O'Connell monument, so now that the success of that movement is assured, the followers of O'Connell will, we hope, not prove wanting in generosity to the memory of O'Brien. A united people, we will render worthy homage to the memories of our great and good; the wretched nicknames, "Old" and "Young" Ireland, shall be buried in oblivion; and Irishmen, looking back upon the errors of the past, will learn to despise the littleness of faction, the contemptible meanness of sordid personality. This is our earnest prayer; in this spirit the O'Brien movement was started, and in the same spirit it will be conducted to a glorious issue:—

Kilboney, Rosstrevor, July 20, 1864.
My Dear Smyth—You will oblige me by handing the enclosed £5 to the trustees of the fund for the O'Connell monument, as my contribution in aid of that national undertaking.

The intended monument in honor of O'Brien and O'Connell are, I think, the first to which I have subscribed. In the actual circumstances of our unhappy country, I feel as if the best way in which Irish patriots can evince their love and reverence for the memory of great and good Irishmen, is by striving to obtain for Ireland her national independence—striving to place Ireland in the condition in which alone she can properly do honor to her deserving sons—striving to realize the grand and holy object of the ambition of our Grattans, Tones, Fitzgeralds, Emmets, Davises, O'Connells, O'Briens. But these two memorials of our great and good men are to be set up in the public places of our metropolises; and were they surrounded by hundreds of memorials of our subjection to the English, and our slavish mock-worship of our masters, they will serve to tell the world that the heart of Ireland loves, what it longs and burns for.—Truly yours,
JOHN MARTIN.

ADDRESS OF THE SMITH O'BRIEN TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE TO THE IRISHMEN OF AMERICA.

Fellow-Countrymen.—Whether your lot be cast in the Northern or Southern section of a once united and glorious Republic or in the Provinces that yet acknowledge the supremacy of the British Crown, we have received at various times and in various forms too striking proofs of your sympathy to doubt your unshaken allegiance to the land of your birth. We feel, therefore, that we but anticipate your wishes in asking you to associate yourselves with us in a generous effort to honor in death the man who in life did honor to us all, and to the land of which Irishmen abroad, as well as at home are the rightful inheritors. Such a man was William Smith O'Brien—the Aristocrat by birth, the Democrat by nature, the Patriot by word and deed.

Our island, prolific as it has been, in all ages, of genius, has produced greater men: but better, purer, never. He was not a poet, like Goldsmith or Moore; an orator, like Grattan, Burke, or O'Connell; a warrior like Sarsfield or Owen Roe; but in him were so admirably blended the qualities which constitute the heroic character, that of all our public men there is none whose life presents a more useful lesson, nor one whose name is more deserving of posthumous renown. Living, he was the embodiment of those virtues—Truth, Honor, Sincerity, Courage—which an enslaved people should most dearly venerate, since by the exercise of these virtues alone can Freedom's Crown be won. Dead, his silent effigy will be a standing reproof to cowardice and debasement; an incitement to virtuous effort; and an assurance to mankind that the cause for which O'Brien lived, and toiled, and died, is as indestructible as the race of which he was the noble representative.

In the Imperial Parliament he was the consistent, unflinching advocate of popular rights; and if after twenty years of disinterested labor he failed in obtaining justice for Ireland, the fault is not to be attributed in any degree to the advocate, but absolutely to the tribunal. He failed there, as all who preceded and all who followed him have failed, solely because of the unwillingness and the incapacity of that Parliament to do aught, save to coerce and plunder our country.

If upon another field, he failed to achieve the independence of his nation, the fault rests not upon the chivalrous Patriot, who in a last effort to save a perishing people perilled everything that man holds dear, but is to be ascribed rather to the circumstances of the time, which rendered success impossible, while they warily justified, even in the estimation of the partisan jury which convicted him, the Patriot's effort.

Fellow countrymen.—For us and for our country William Smith O'Brien sacrificed fortune, home, and life. The response to this appeal will prove that such a sacrifice was not offered in vain, but that the nation will live which thus hastens to snatch from the grave its victory by perpetuating the memory of one who devoted himself to its service with unflinching courage and chivalrous fidelity. (Signed, by order.)

J. PLUNKETT, Alderman, Chairman.
P. J. SMYTH, }
JAS. CANTWELL, } Hon. Secretaries.
to whom all communications are to be addressed.

DECLARATION OF IRISH ORIENTATIONS.

In order to justify the discontent of the Irish people, and to make known to the world the unhappy condition to which our country is reduced by English rule, we hereby declare—

1. That to be bound only by laws made by an Irish Legislature is the inalienable right of the Irish people. That in the year 1783 (eighty thousand Irishmen being then in arms) the Parliament of England acknowledged that right by the following solemn declaration:—

'That the said right claimed by the People of Ireland to be bound only by laws made by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that Kingdom, decided in his Majesty's courts therein finally and without appeal from thence, shall be and is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.'—(23 Geo. III. chap. 28.)

Seventeen years after the faith of England had been thus solemnly pledged, the British Minister, by means of bribery and terror, accomplished the destruction of the Irish Legislature. But the People of Ireland have never ratified that treacherous and dishonest transaction.

2. That the decay of public spirit, of genius, of literature, of art, of industry, has here as elsewhere resulted from the loss of independence. But in addition to this, the foreign rule under which we suffer is the source of abuses and of suffering such as are found nowhere but in Ireland.

3. Ireland, for the last sixty-three years, has always in every year, including those called years of famine, produced more corn, cattle, and other food, than all her people could consume.

Yet Ireland, like Hindostan, is subject to visitations of famine; and, while styled an integral part of the wealthiest of empires, has the poorest population in the Christian world.

4. In the fifty years succeeding 1811 (when for the first time after the so-called 'Union' the census was taken by personal enumeration) the population of Ireland has actually decreased; while that of England has more than doubled in the same period.

In the year 1845 the population of Ireland was about 8,500,000. At the end of fifteen years from that date, through the operation of the Great Famine of 1846—1852, and of the Emigration stimulated thereby, our numbers had fallen to 5,764,543. In all those years Ireland was producing (as aforesaid) more than sufficient food for all her people.

Within the same period of fifteen years the population of England has increased by nearly four millions: while the production of food in that country has every year been insufficient for its population.

5. The decrease in our numbers is caused by want of industrial employment, and by poverty and hunger. And yet Ireland has resources within herself in the fertility of her soil and the industry of her inhabitants to maintain in comfort a population of twenty millions.

6. In Ireland the great majority of the tillers of the soil have to tenure of their farms except from year to year. They are thus absolutely in the power of their landlords. For, once thrown out of their farms, the Irish peasantry must either emigrate, starve, or become public paupers. They cannot resort to manufacturing industry in Ireland, because, since the 'Union,' the English manufacturers have got possession of our market. Only one considerable manufacture is left in Ireland, that of linen, which is confined to the eastern half of one province, where it maintains a degree of prosperity unknown in the other parts of the country.

The landlords, to whom English rule commits what is thus almost a power of life and death over our rural population, for a great part reside in England, and regard themselves as Englishmen.

7. Ireland, with the poorest population in Europe, maintains against the will of more than seven-eighths of her people the richest church (proportionally) in the world: which is the church of the other eighth, and of England. The religious feuds thereby perpetuated between Protestants and Catholics embitter all the relations of life in Ireland, and keep Irishmen from combining for the common interest and honor of their country; but these feuds are a main support of the English rule in Ireland.

8. Under the 'Union' Ireland has 105 members in the London Parliament, which consists of 658 in all: while at the time of passing the 'Union' the population of Ireland was exactly half that of Great Britain. The constituency which elects these 105 members was, in 1803, 173,172 for the counties, and

20,873 for the boroughs. Of this body of electors the greater number are absolutely in the power of their landlords; as aforesaid, while above 4,000 are officials nominated by the Government; and the voting is open.

9. Although Ireland and England are nominally 'united' in one kingdom, yet it is against the law for Irishmen to enrol themselves in Volunteer Companies for defence of their country, as the English do. And for Irishmen to train or drill, or be trained or drilled,—even without arms,—is made a felony, punishable by transportation, by an Act of Parliament which does not apply to England, Scotland or Wales.

Since the year 1800, when the so-called Union was effected, very many acts of parliament have been passed relating to the possession and use of arms in Ireland, all calculated to keep the great mass of our people unarmed. But no part of this code applies to England, Scotland or Wales.

It is against the law for Irishmen in Ireland to take counsel together touching their own public affairs by means of delegates or committee-men elected for that purpose. But this disability does not exist in England, Scotland or Wales.

The above-mentioned laws—to prohibit conventions of delegates, to restrict the possession of arms, and to punish training and drilling—serve to prevent Irishmen both from authoritative consultation and from effectual action in their own public affairs. None of those laws apply to Englishmen, who are nevertheless styled our fellow-subjects.

10. In England trial by jury means trial by twelve of the neighbours impartially selected without reference to creed or to politics. But in Ireland, when a man is charged with anything styled a political offence, then trial by jury means arraignment before twelve particular persons carefully selected by the Government out of its own partisans. And the selection has hitherto generally been made out of that small religious sect which is in possession of all the church property and most of the political patronage of the country.

11. Ireland, being under English rule the poorest country in Europe, is (with a few trifling exceptions) subject to the same taxes with England, which is the richest. The relative burthens thus laid upon the two countries are partly shown by a parliamentary return of 1863, which states that the amount contributed by Great Britain to the Imperial Revenue is at the rate of 4s. 0 1/2d. in the pound sterling upon the assessed income of that portion of the United Kingdom; while the amount contributed by Ireland is at the rate of 6s. 3 1/2d. in the pound sterling upon the Irish assessed income.

After defraying all local expenditure, Ireland is obliged to remit annually out of her taxation about three millions sterling for Imperial—that is, English—purposes.

About five millions sterling of the rents of Irish lands are annually remitted to England for landlords of said lands who reside there, without any return whatever to Ireland.

Since the Union, England, having got possession of our industry and trade, receives vast sums of money from Ireland for manufactured articles consumed here, all of which would be made in Ireland if the country enjoyed self-government.

12. In the state of wretchedness and discontent to which they are reduced by the causes above mentioned, the Irish people, though by nature peculiarly attached to home and native land, have come to look upon expatriation as the only resource within their reach; and they are flying from Ireland at a rate which threatens to depopulate the country. Besides the vast numbers who have gone to seek employment in Great Britain, over two millions of persons have emigrated from Ireland within the last fifteen years. At present, from a population reduced to five millions and a half, the yearly emigration is 116,000.

The circumstances of this emigration of the Irish are calculated both to add to the sufferings of their native country, and to exercise an evil influence upon the destiny of the emigrants themselves. The emigration being prompted in the vast majority of cases by misery and despair, is not the movement of an organized community carrying its order and its moral influences along with it, but rather the disorderly flight of many individuals parted from home, family, friends, neighborhood, country—from the family and social relations in which God has placed our chief aids to piety and virtue.

Such is the poverty which drives the Irish in myriads from their native land that it is but seldom a whole family have the means of crossing the ocean together, still less of settling together in a new home beyond the ocean. Generally it is the young and strong who emigrate: the old and weak being left behind. An always increasing proportion of helplessness and disease is thus produced in Ireland. In the ten years ending 1861, while the whole population of the country decreased by 733,417, the number of blind, deaf and dumb, and idiots and lunatics, positively increased by 5,683.

As to the emigrants themselves, those who consider the hardships and the temptations to which they are necessarily exposed, must anticipate for vast numbers of them the melancholy fate which all statistical returns and such indisputable authorities as the Catholic Bishop of Toronto reveal—namely, disease, depravity, premature deaths, and ignoble graves. And yet the people subjected by foreign rule to such calamities are of a nature so affectionate and pious, that ever since the Great Irish Famine a million sterling a year is sent by Irish emigrants in America to relieve the wants of their parents and kindred in Ireland, while perhaps a fourth part of the cost of the ecclesiastical buildings of Catholic Ireland is contributed by the Irish emigrants.

13. A few years ago when the government and the press of England were emphatically declaring their acceptance of the principle that every people have a right to choose their own rulers and form of government, a Petition was signed by 430,000 Irishmen of fifteen years old and upwards, for presentation to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, praying her majesty to take measures for submitting to a vote by universal suffrage the question whether Ireland desires to maintain the Union with England or not. But her majesty has deigned no reply, and has taken no notice of the Petition.

Many other articles might be added; but those here enumerated are enough to expose the actual situation of our country.

English writers, and some other foreign writers on their authority, allege that we participate in the blessings of a *free constitution*. The three first and chief blessings of a free constitution, the three most elementary rights of freemen—the right to bear arms, the right to consult together by elected delegates, the right in political questions to a fair trial by jury—are wanting to us. Under a free constitution seven-eighths of the people of Ireland could not be compelled to support the church of the other eighth as the national church of the country. Under a free constitution no people in the world would submit to lose a fourth of their numbers in ten years by starvation and destitution, their country all the time producing every year abundant food for them all.

It is said, moreover, that we have a *free press*. And in ordinary times a considerable toleration is allowed us in this matter by the contemptuous indifference of the English Government in presence of a disarmed, disorganized, and virtually disfranchised people. But whenever, as in 1848, there seems danger of the press arousing the Irish people to any manly effort, then publishers of newspapers may be and are condemned as felons, while five-sixths of their fellow-countrymen hold the very sentiments for expressing which they are transported in chains.

The enumeration of such grievances would be a record only of the dishonor of the country which submits to them, if we did not state at the same time the means by which our liberties have been de-