ant some favour, do they think that they will be more likely to succeed by supplicating on their marrow-bones and cringing, with hat in hand, besides the degradation, the loss of self-respect, than if backed by the strength and intelligence of their countrymen. If they think so, we cannot give them credit for much astuteness. There is, I grant, one little consideration which makes a wonderful difference, and it is this, that these traffickers in our rights, these who would barter away our privileges may not be backed by the power and intelligence of their countrymen. We should never forget the good old maxim, which is as applicable to parties as individuals:—"If a man deceives me once, it is

his fault; if he deceives me twice, it is mine."

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I am not of those who believe that to be a Conservative is to be corrupt, reckless, and insensible to the public interest. On the contrary, I believe that Conservatives from their stand point and according to their convictions, are as true, as devoted and patriotic as any other class of the people; and if the political Therardiers of society are almost exclusively to be found in their ranks, it is more a consequence of long-continued power than inherent evil. They honestly believe that Irish Catholics are disloyal, unfaithful and cannot be trusted, and honestly acting up to these convictions as faithful, patriotic citizens they very consistently use all their influence to prevent the committees which they feel must inevitably ensue from giving such people a share in the management of public fairs, They logically conclude that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and that this is best effected by keeping them in those positions where they would be eapable of doing a minimum amount of harm. In confirmation of this theory it will be observed that they never make a favourite of any Irish Catholic, except one who is denounced by his brethren as a traitor and a renegade, one of the judge Keogh stamp. Then, and then only, may he have a few honours cast on him; or as the native bard beautifully and truly expresses it—for it is both truth and poetry—

"Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray,
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

This is the reason why they tried with main and might to resist our right to the franchise and every other privilege which we to-day enjoy. Had they acted otherwise they would not be carrying out their honest belief of "Irish Pa<sub>i</sub> ists." Hence instead of blaming them I respect them for it. But I do blame Irish Catholics for being so foolish, aye, so worse than foolish, suicidal—criminal as to lend their assistance in putting men with these convictions, however honest, in power and helping to keep them there. It is the old story over again of the man furnishing the "stick to break his own head."