

left Ireland, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin within a week, agree in sanctioning the declaration of the Mansion House Committee that "if the experience of former famines be a guide the greatest distress will be found in the months of July, and August," and that "it is to be apprehended that whilst the crops are ripening the people will perish."

A few days ago the *London Times* either said that the "distress was diminishing," or that it "was likely to decrease now." Don't believe it. The *London Times* rejoiced when the famine of '47 swept the Irish peasantry by thousands into their graves. It has had no change of heart. The landlords would like to see the Irish expelled by famine or by death. It is no longer the old cry of "To Hell or Connaught!" The British Government drove the Irish into Connaught now it wants to drive them out of it.

What is the next duty of the friends of Ireland? After you have fed the hungry peasant, how can you help to improve his condition, permanently, without acting in violation of your duty as citizens of the United States?

I answer without hesitation and with the emphasis that profound conviction alone can justify, you can help him by holding up the hands of the National Land League in the irrepressible conflict now begun between the people and the aristocracy for the soil.

The English themselves established the precedent of international aid to foreign agitation for the abolition of social wrongs in other lands. They gave money to our anti-slavery societies. Let us pay it back with compound interest. They cast their bread on the American waters; and now, I hope, it will return to them before many days.

There are honest Americans, true friends of the Irish race, who sincerely believe that your duty should begin and end with alms-giving. I do not agree with them. I honor the good Samaritan for binding up the wounds of the traveller; but I also believe that the thieves who waylaid him should have been brought to the scaffold. As long as the landlords have the power to rob, the peasant will be his victim. His power must be broken.

And now with all my heart, I congratulate the Irish people that they have thrown out a banner, beneath whose beneficent folds every man of every creed of the Irish race can do battle—the banner of tiller proprietorship—a banner that the Home Ruler may carry without abjuring his just aspirations for legislative independence—a banner that the Separatist may adopt without abandoning the other, and I hope the coming flag of a Republican nationality.

It is a banner of peace and progress; for what was statesmanship in Germany and France cannot be Communism in Connaught and Munster.

Archimedes said if he could find outside of this planet a fulcrum for his lever he could overturn the world. The fulcrum that is needed to overthrow British tyranny in Ireland is the homestead of a peasant. The man who owns his farm is a social rock. The tenant-at-will is a thistle-down.

Plant a race of peasant proprietors and by-and-by a crop of armed men will spring up—a race who will not beg for justice but demand it; a race of men who will not agitate for independence but declare it.

The flag that will yet lead to Irish nationality was first unfurled by the son of an evicted tenant—Michael Davitt; and it is now upheld by that rarest of all rare men in Ireland—a decent landlord—Charles Stewart Parnell.

THE END.

—"It's berry singular," remarked Uncle Joe Johnson, as he laid down the morning paper and reflectively surveyed the toes of his list slippers, as they reposed on the guardbar of the cylinder stove, "It's berry singular dat of a man lives to be ober 50, an' cumulates stamps, an' dies generally admired an' 'spected, dat one-half ob his survivin' friends is a'most sartin to prove in de courts dat he was of unsoun' min', and dat he wasn't fit, in his later years, to plan a v'y'go for a mud-scow. But you'll fin' de paper full of stories ob ole fellars dat die 'bout 100 y'ars ole in de poorhouse, an' dey is al'ays sensorbul to de las'!" and Uncle Joe shook his head solemnly, as if there were some things in this world which modern science has not investigated.