

sult of Lord John Russell—till you confine the Protestant caluminators within their own mock churches—till you promise tenant-right; that is to say, a bed to lie on, and a house to live in, for the wives and children of the soldiers—till you induce the English journals to cease telling lies of Ireland, and till the Queen can return to revisit us, and hear from our devoted hearts (*when all these conditions shall have been fulfilled*) the loud, long, and ringing huzza, declaring that we forgive and forget—and that she can command our life's-blood in the service of her throne and the maintenance of her authority. I am no rebel, my Lord, and I *abhor national agitation* as a most unhealthy state of society; but I would rather die than flinch from the post of duty, when my Irish country and my Irish creed demand my services.

But while such is the character of my determination, I am prepared also to live in peace and amity with the government of the country; *to thank them for their favors*; to aid them in their efforts; and to *identify my heart* with their duties. But I will never consent to execute these dutiful conditions till my hands are *unchained*, my country *emancipated*, and my creed set at liberty—*perfectly free*.

With distinguished admiration for your Grace's unrivalled military fame, and craving your pardon for this long letter, I have the honor to be, with profound respect, my Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.