

every black coated soldier sent forth from its doors to instruct the people is better than a British regiment to the government. Irishmen, as a general rule, are not afraid to risk and lose their lives in any mad enterprise, so long as the sacred name of nationality seems to sanction it; but when the soldier of "*Maynooth*" stands forward, as he always does, and tells them with the authority of the Church "that they are on the road not to victory and liberty, but to destruction and death;" and when he adds to this a picture of the *warm reception* which will await those who, going against the commands of the church, may lose their lives in the forbidden contest, there are few indeed who will not submit to the counsels of the good priest, when the sight of bayonets would but madden them.

The leaders of the so-called rebellion of "'48," were not prepared for the outbreak at the time it occurred. Their plans, if they had any fixed, were not matured, they were impelled to the rash act by the misery and distress of their unfortunate country. Yes, the great immediate cause of the outbreak was want of BREAD. Poor Ireland, what pen can attempt to describe her sufferings at that time? language cannot convey even a faint idea of the state of despair to which that unfortunate country was reduced. The angel of death flapped his broad black pinions over the land, accompanied by his two terrible coadjutors, *gaunt famine* and *raking pestilence*—all the elements seemed to have combined to render her situation miserable. Tens of thousands of once strong men, were struck down by famine and died, died of starvation, in sight of the rich fields of their country; their dead bodies were, in many instances, devoured by the starving survivors, or left exposed and putrefying in the glare of day—strong men no longer, the sons of Ireland, with starting eyes and famished frame, called on their leaders to save them or give them a chance to die like men; starving Irish mothers clasping their starving little ones to their pinched up breasts, cried for aid to the leaders of Ireland. And pestilence was not idle, that certain companion of the starving. —Ireland, in "'48," was no longer a nation of stalwart men and women; Ireland in "'48" was a nation of shadowy skeletons, tottering onward to the grave; Ireland in "'48" lay bleeding, she was in the very throes of dissolution, the grip of death was fastening on her throat, and she shrieked in her despair for aid. The cry pierced to the hearts the members of "*The Confederation*"—to arms, was now the cry, they could see no other way of releasing their country, and of assisting their starving fellow countrymen, and reckless of the consequences to themselves or to others, they rushed madly on, and the starving Irish nation would have followed them. But the faithful soldier of "*Maynooth*," the faithful

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