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to Southern slavery; but when there come these fugitives from "Irish Bastilles," as they call them, we tax them first and neglect them afterwards, and provide by statute, and take care, in fact, to send back to Ireland at the public expense, poor creatures who are as entirely fugitives from a grinding slavery as if their flight had been north instead of west;—fugitives, indeed, who come in obedience to an unchanging law of human movement, which we can no more sweep back than could Mrs. Partington sweep back the sea.

So much for the humanity of our system. Its impolicy is as glaring. If this view of the pure Celtic race is correct, it is, at this moment, useless in the world, except, as Mr. Emerson has said, for the guano that is in it. There its value cannot be counted. But for his active purposes the Almighty has done with it. What it may have been in the past He knows, or what unseen good it has sought He knows. We can only measure it by the lower standard of visible external success. And there we can see this,—that in the epochs of written history, the pure race has done nothing positive for mankind, and been nothing but a monument of failure. I cannot recall any master-work of art, of science, of politics, of religion, or of letters which the world owes to it. Such inexplicable uselessnesses as Stonehenge; such histories as the wretched fends of Irish Chieftains; such brilliancies as Moore's verses, or as the unconvincing and ineffective eloquence of the Irish liberals, are the fragments which it leaves behind it,—a race which, in its pure blood, has done nothing. It has proved itself excellent to be absorbed. It has been of the greatest value, as a race crossed in with other races. England chiefly, and France in a measure, and Italy in a less degree, show what elements of greatness it can furnish in intermixture. And that is all.

That inefficiency of the pure Celtic race furnishes the answer to the question. How much use are the Irish to us in America? The Native American answer is, "none at all." And the Native American policy is to keep them away.

A profound mistake, I believe, for the precise reason that, in the pure blood they are so inefficient as compared with the Saxon and other Germanic races which receive them, I am willing to adopt the Native American point of view, and to speak with an *esprit du corps*, as one of the race invaded.

If this were a superior race, a race of superior ability coming in on us, we might well complain. If I were a Japanese, with Japanese *esprit du corps*, I should have every reason to keep up the Japanese policy, and exclude, as they do, all races superior in practical ability, from coming in. They would be sure to rise above me and mine and crush us down.