The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUE 14, 1865. NO. 41.

ALMANACK FOR JUNE.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 1st day, 4h. 10m., morning.
Full Moon, 9th day, 5h. 29m., morning
Last Quarter, 16th day, 7h. 41m., morning.
New Moon, 23d day, 3h. 45m., morning.
First Quarter, 30th day, 9h. 29m., evening.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Thursday	4 17	7 37	4 0	0 14	15 21
2	Friday	17	38	4 42	0 42	22
3	Saturday	16	39	5 25	1 7	23
4	Sunday	16	40	6 8	1 34	24
5	Monday	16	41	6 53	2 5	26
6	Tuesday	15	42	7 40	2 36	27
7	Wednesday	14	42	8 29	3 13	28
8	Thursday	14	43	9 20	3 56	29
9	Friday	14	44	10 0	rises.	30
10	Saturday	14	45	10 43	8 36	31
11	Sunday	14	45	11 37	9 24	32
12	Monday	13	46	even.	10 5	33
13	Tuesday	13	46	1 23	10 40	33
14	Wednesday	13	47	2 15	11 13	34
15	Thursday	13	47	3 6	11 47	34
16	Friday	13	47	3 58	morn.	34
17	Saturday	13	48	4 49	0 20	35
18	Sunday	13	49	5 42	0 55	36
19	Monday	13	49	6 36	1 30	36
20	Tuesday	13	49	7 32	2 13	36
21	Wednesday	13	50	8 30	3 0	37
22	Thursday	14	50	9 27	sets	37
23	Friday	14	49	10 23	7 52	36
24	Saturday	15	49	11 17	8 34	35
25	Sunday	15	49	morn	9 13	34
26	Monday	16	49	0 56	9 46	34
27	Tuesday	17	49	1 42	10 16	33
28	Wednesday	17	49	2 25	11 43	32
29	Thursday	17	49	3 8	11 9	30
30	Friday	18	49	3 50	11 37	32

The New York *Tribune* says, "the reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale, is that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material and of pure quality, olthough the prices have so largely advanced," &c.

The *Tribune* just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each Bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. At least twenty imitations and counterfeits have sprung up. They impose upon the people once and that's the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an *immediate* beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things.

"* * * I owe much to you, for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life.

REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N. Y."

"* * * Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefitted by their use.

Thy Friend, ASA CURRIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

"* * * I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and had to abandon preaching. * * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me.

REV. J. S. CATHORN, *Rochester*, N. Y.'

"* * * Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house.

SYKES, CHADWICK & CO.,
Proprietors Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

"* * * I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishidg effect.

G. W. D. ANDREWS,
Superintendent Soldiers' Home, Cincinnati, O.

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was laid up prostrate and had to abandon my business.

H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O.

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm.

C. C. MOORE, 254 Broadway."

NEW-BEDFORD, Mass, Nov. 24, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicine failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small wine-glassful after dinner. Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I could sleep the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.

Respectfully, JUDITH RUSSELL."

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one-half of the weariness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., of 159 West 14th St., N. Y., says, "he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers," &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these Bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck.

Beware of refilled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters, in bulk or by the gallon, is an impostor. We sell it only in bottles. Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
New York.

March 22, 1865.

Bank of P. E. Island.

(Corner of Queen and Water Streets.)

HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; WM. CUNDALL, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m., to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SELECTIONS.

THE CHIT CHAT OF PARIS.

(Paris Correspondence of Montreal Herald.)

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT PEACE.

The Imperial pair appear to continue on excellent terms, notwithstanding the circumstantial accounts of quarrels periodically got up in this city. The Empress accompanied his Majesty as far as Fontainebleau, the Prince Imperial, with pretty Princess Anna, and the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, coming back to town in the evening. The little Prince is growing fast, is becoming handsome, and has very pretty and winning manners. He is said to have a will of his own, which he certainly comes by honestly enough, both his father and his mother being remarkable for their strength of resolution. But he has, fortunately, a good heart and much generosity, to moderate a temper which might otherwise degenerate into obstinacy. He is a capital little horseman.—Until lately, the Prince used to ride out alone, attended only by servants; but this arrangement not being quite to his mind, he presented himself a short time ago in the Emperor's study, and going up to the table at which the latter was at work, said to him, "*Mon pere*, I am obliged to ride by myself, which is very tiresome. I should enjoy these rides so much more if one of my little friends, little Conneau, for instance, might come with me."

"Very well," returned the Emperor, "I should like nothing better than for you to have your little friends with you. But little Conneau has no horse."

"I've thought of that," rejoined the child, eagerly, "but I have three, and I could give him one of them."

"I have no objection said the Emperor," "which one will you give him?"

"I should like to give him Buttercup," replied the Prince.

"Buttercup!" exclaimed the Emperor, "why, that is just the one you like the best!"

"Oh, yes, much the best," replied the little Prince," "and that is why I thought of giving him to little Conneau. Where would be the merit of my giving him one of those I like the least?"

The Emperor smiled at this reasoning, and patted the child approvingly on the head, but proceeded gravely to show him that, however right and proper it might seem, from such a motive, to give Buttercup to his little friend, it would not be right or proper to do so, seeing that he was a gift from Queen Victoria, and that to give him away would not be showing proper gratitude or respect to Her Majesty; and that, therefore, it would be better for him to continue to ride Buttercup himself, and give one of the other pomes to little Conneau. The little Prince, who had not thought of the matter from that point of view, at once admitted the force of the Emperor's argument; but having obtained the Emperor's permission to invite Dr. Conneau's charming little son to accompany him in his rides, and to give him one of his other ponies, he went off in high glee, sent at once for his little friend, who lives just across the street, and informed him of the delightful fact that he was to ride with him, and taking him down to the stable, presented him, then and there, with the next best of the three ponies.

GUN FOR SHOOTING FISH.

While Devisme's explosive bullets are doing wonders among the Algerian lions, which are just now being hunted by three parties of French sportsmen, M. Moreau has invented a harpoon-gun for shooting fish! Only the larger fish, such as salmon, trout, pike, etc., are held to be worthy of the new arm, by the aid of which they are easily taken, in clear water, from a distance of 15 to 20 meters.—An experiment just performed with the new gun, in the lake of the gardens of the Acclimation Society, in presence of various scientific and sporting notabilities, was so entirely successful, and the promise of sport in the clear waters of the Pyranese, the Mediterranean, or the tropics, considered to be so inviting, that the Emperor has ordered the ingenious weapon of M. Moreau to be admitted into his own collection, and that of the Prince Imperial. The Acclimation Society, which is getting on swimmingly, and stands deservedly high in popular favor, is just now greatly embarrassed by a superfluity of elephants. It possesses five of these interesting animals, three of which it is anxiously endeavoring to get rid of; but has not hitherto succeeded in finding any one willing to take them off its hands.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

The *dénounement* of a singular little drama of real life has just reached us from Berlin. It seems that six years ago a notary, named Karl S——, suddenly disappeared. For two months the police were engaged in searching for his supposed assassin, but without effect; and the investigations were about to cease when the judge of the district received one evening a letter to the following effect:

"Herr Judge,—I have been assassinated by my debtor, Jean R——, who, after robbing me of the proofs of the debt, buried me at the foot of the north wall of the Park of Count Von M——, at S——.

(Signed) KARL S——.
Notary."

The Judge, on receipt of this strange letter, caused a search to be made on the spot indicated; the corpse was found, the assassin seized, tried, and executed, after making a full confession of his crime. For six years all endeavors to explain the mystery of the letter have remained without result.

A week ago, M. de B——was married at Berlin to a rich and beautiful young widow, the Marquise de L——. On the day following his wedding, the bridegroom presented himself at the police office, and made a declaration to the following effect:

"Six years ago, I was deeply in love with the daughter of the Count de M—— who returned my passion. I was poor, and her father, notwithstanding our mutual attachment, refused his consent to our marriage, and gave his daughter's hand to the Marquis de L——. The evening before the celebration of this marriage, I obtained from Madamoiselle de M——the promise to meet me near the park wall, for a last adieu, a little before midnight. I scaled the walls, and found the young lady waiting for me, accompanied by a trusty attendant. Our tears and protestations were suddenly interrupted by a piercing cry. The young lady fled with the servant to the house, I climbed up to the top of the wall, and was just going to drop myself down on the other side, when, by the light of the moon, I saw a man kneeling on a corpse, and rifling the pockets of his victim. My first impulse was to spring on the assassin, but I reflected that, if I succeeded in securing him, I must explain my own presence in the park at that hour, and, in doing so, must compromise the young lady. I therefore remained motionless, and saw the assassin, whom I recognised perfectly, bury the body of his victim at the foot of the wall on which I was crouching. The next day, Mlle. de M——became the Marquis de L——. Married to a violent and jealous man, her position made it yet more incumbent on me to remain silent; but, in order that the murder might not pass unavenged, I bethought me of writing the letter which led to the arrest and confession of the murderer. For six years I kept silent on the subject of what I had seen. The death of the Marquis de L——having left Madamoiselle a widow, I married her yesterday. As she is now my wife, and I have, therefore, the right to defend her against all suspicion, I have presented myself in order to explain the agency by which the letter was sent to the judge in the name of the murdered man.

A HAPPY MARSHALL.

Marshal Canrobert, one of the most able and upright of the Imperial partisans, is as rheumatic as his master, but owes to this circumstance the acquisition of his charming young English wife, a great favorite with both the Emperor and the Empress. The Marshal, three years ago, went to Aix in Savoy, famous for ages for the anti-rheumatic virtues of its waters. At the hotel honored with the Marshal's patronage an English family was also staying; and the Marshal, who happened to be seated at the table d'hote opposite the lovely young daughter of the rheumatic English mamma, straightway fell in love with her, and prosecuted his suit with so much vigor and success that he was not long in gaining the affections of the young lady, though almost old enough to be her grandfather. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp in Paris, in presence of the Emperor and Empress, the Empress bestowing a dowry of £40,000 on the young lady, besides a magnificent present of diamonds, a joint gift of the Imperial pair to the charming English bride of the brave soldier they esteem so highly.

THE VERY LATEST FASHIONS.

The "summer fashions" are now decided; and a listening universe should understand that its female elements are to array themselves in pale silks with large flowers, or in the new transparent muslins principally with white grounds, scattered over with immense bunches of flowers, so exquisitely pourtrayed as almost to rival nature, pink, pale blue, pale green, ribbons seeming to meander in wonderful twists and geometrical patterns between the flowers. Or they may wear white gauzes, or very thin alpaca muslins, of very pale hue, cross-barred with narrow lines of some bright color; casaques of the same bright color being 'the rage' for walking costume. The fate of crinoline is again trembl ng in the balance; several very grand ladies of the Faubourgh of St. Germain have recently shown themselves without a particle of that troublesome addition to the feminine toilet. As for bonnets they are so small that it is hardly worth while to speak of them. What do my lady-readers think of a tiny 'half-handkerchief" composed of *three* braids of straw only with a rose and a little blond under its outer edge, and a pair of pink strings, as a "protection" for a lady's head in a promenade? Yet this very 'bonnet' is showing itself in the street at this moment, with no other addition than five stars, bright steel, sown on the binder one of the three straws. Of course, the whole of the wearer's back hair, merely enveloped in a net, is thus exposed to the admiration of all passers.

THE GRANDEST MILITARY DISPLAY IN THE WORLD.

[*From the New York Herald.*]

Yesterday the magnificent review at Washington began. The vast army of two hundred thousand American soldiers commenced to pass before the President and the Lieutenant General. The scenes and incidents will be found fully described in our news columns. Washington was of course crowded with strangers from all parts of the Union, and their cheers expressed to the brave veterans the gratitude which the country feels towards them for its preservation. There have been many grand military displays in the past, but never before has there been one so grand as this. The number of soldiers in line is immense. Neither Napoleon or Wellington ever saw so many veterans in one army at one time. When Napoleon reviewed his army of two hundred thousand men at the opening of the first Russian campaign, many of his soldiers were young conscripts, fresh from the farm and counter. The great Russian army, reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, after the capitulation of Paris in 1814, numbered only one hundred and sixty thousand. But our army—which is, in fact, but a part of our force, since the commands of Thomas, Schofield, Curtis, Ord, Canby, Foster, and others are not represented—is composed entirely of veterans, and is quite two hundred thousand strong.

It is not mere numbers, however, which make the display at Washington so grand. The immensity of the numbers has its effect, because we have never seen anything like it in this country before. Gen. Grant gives us a faint idea of this immensity when he says it takes the army two days to cross the Long Bridge. McLellan's reviews were small compared to this, and the long processions which we get up here in the metropolis in honor of distinguished visitors sink into insignificance. But this review is a review of triumph. The troops that file before the spectators at Washington are not going into a war, and are not preparing for battle. They have come out of the war triumphant, and all their battles are over. Leading them we see Peace and Victory hand in hand. The gallant conquerors of many a hard fought field are going home to share the blessings they have won for the nation. They are not only heroes of the sublimest conflict in all history. They have been battling for that great principle of democracy for which so many valiant martyrs in former times have fallen in vain, and they have secured the perpetuity of that Union on which the hopes of the oppressed of all climates and countries depend. They are the champions of free government throughout the world. The applause which greets them comes not from the Washington crowds alone, nor from the millions of their fellow citizens in all the States; but we can hear it ringing across the Atlantic, echoed alike from the Alps and the Andes, and swelled by the majestic chorus of republican voices from Mexico to Denmark. From one end of the world to the other the people thank our soldiers for having conquered in the people's cause.

Two hundred thousand American soldiers are marching on through Washington to-day. Every regiment, brigade and divison has its proud record, which the spectators eagerly recall. These fine fellows fought at Antietam, and those at Atlanta. Here are the men that held Lee in a vice, and yonder Sherman's legions, who passed like a sword through the vitals of the rebellion.—We leave to our correspondents the grateful task of noting the achievements of the troops in line, and pause to ask ourselves where their march is to end? They are going home; but will they stay there long? With one quarter of the number Scott captured Mexico. With one-half that tremendous army Canada would be ours. With such a body of veterans our generals could humble the pride of combined Europe. Where will their grand march end? This is a question which no one can answer now. One thing is, nevertheless, sure. These thousands of soldiers may fight no more; their remaining years may be passed in quiet usefulness at their homes; one by one they may pass away, honored and beloved by all, like the patriots of the Revolution; scattered far and wide, their bodies may rest sweetly beneath the flowers and the grasses; but all this while their souls and those of their slain comrades will be marching on. On—till the thrones shake and crumble at the sound of their coming, and are crushed beneath their steady tramp. On—till the people everywhere rise and demand their liberties with invincible voices. On—till no despot tyranizes over his fellow men, and no aristocracy lords over the down trodden masses. On—till every nation is a republic, and every man a freeman. On—till the soldiers of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have saved the world as they have saved the Union. On, and on, and on!

THE EMIGRATION TO THE SOUTH.—While there is a great deal of talk about the Mexican emigration scheme, the departure of hundreds of persons from the North to the cities of the South, goes steadily and quietly on. Professional men, mechanics, and indeed men representing every department of industry are hurrying Southward to try their fortunes. Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Norfolk, Mobile, New Orleans, and the other principal cities of the South are the chief attraction; but as soon as the war shall have actually closed many of these pilgrims will make their way to the interior. On Saturday we were informed that an advertising firm newly established in N. Y. city received $2,800 to pay for advertisements to be inserted in Southern papers. It is stated that the demand for carpenters in the South is already greater than the supply, while masons, plumbers, wheelwrights and painters are very scarce.

SOUTH CAROLINA DISOLATE.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a description of his visit to Charleston, says South Carolina "swings on the web of the Union as on a spider's web swings the body of a fly, a mere shell." Its desolation and punishment are beyond conception. Every invested dollar, almost, all the orphan's funds, all the widow's funds, all school funds even, were exchanged for Confederate bonds; and these bonds are not worth the paper they are printed on. Gov. Aiken told him, that in many places in the State there is not a young man left between the age of twenty and fifty. A generation has been cut off. Charleston is utterly bankrupt—its old rich families wiped out and gone—and the city can never recover its standing, except by the Ingress of other populations. As South Carolina was the greatest sinner, so has she been most severely punished in this respect. Other States and cities at the South may soon recover their former prosperity and standing, but it must be a long time before she can again take her place in the Union. When she does a new class of people must own her soil, conduct her business, and control her destiny. The "chivalry" are no more.

CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.—In a recent speech, ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana, said——

"As to the cant about the negroe's inability to take care of himself, he had these facts to relate, and he would do so without comment. In 1852 the rebel legislature of South Carolina raised a committee to inquire into the expediency of enslaving the 5000 free negroes of Charleston. That Committee reported against it, and stated that those 5000 negroes paid into the treasury of Charleston annually $27,000; and that their property amounted to $1,500,000; out of that amount of property $300,000 worth of it was composed of slaves; that the 9000 free negroes of New Orleans in 1860 were worth as much "per capita" as the white people of Louisiana; that these free negroes had their own schools, and their own benevolent societies, &c.—These facts, he contended, proved that the free negro was capable of taking care of himself. He also stated that a lady who owned 500 negroes in 1860, told him that she had lost them all but two hundred by the begining of 1864. That year she had made a contract with them to cultivate her farm on the shares, and that last year, under such a system, where the negro was working for himself as well as his mistress, the 200 made her more money than the 500 had done in slavery.

A Russian soldier recently while enjoying himself at a rustic ball in one of the Polish villages, boasted that he could put a bullet through a man's hat at one hundred paces without touching his head. A peasant accepted the wager, but in order to foil the marksman squeezed his hat so low down over his eyes that the ball went through hat and head both, and left him a corpse on the ground. The soldier was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for homicide by imprudence, but he appealed against his sentence, alleging that the fault lay with the peasant, and offering at the same time to repeat the experiment with the judge, providing the latter did not "bonnet" himself so completely. Le Moniteur de l'Armee, from which we extract the story, does not inform us whether the learned functionary accepted the soldier's very liberal offer."

Of forty-seven thousand seamen whose names are recorded during the twelve years ending 1865, in the English Board of Trade returns, no less than twenty thousand died from drowning, and more than two thousand from accidents of various kinds.

A boy, 16 years of age, was brought up at one of the London Police Courts on the 6th, and bound over to keep the peace for assaulting his wife. It appears from the evidence that the lad was married about nine months ago.

The evening before Listz, the pianist, took the cowl at Rome, he gave a farewell soiree to "the world," and executed several fine pieces at the residence of the Princess Barberini.

The celebrated John Mitchell has transferred his services from the Richmond *Enquirer*, to the New York Daily *News*, ultra-Democratic organ of that city.

The Prince of Wales has contributed liberally to the London Catholic Bazaar. His Royal Highness has also sent twenty-five guineas to the funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Ireland.

The average weekly numbers leaving the County Kerry are from two to three hundred. The emigrants comprise the bone and sinew of the land.

IRELAND.

THE HON. THOMAS D. McGEE'S TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF IRISH LIFE IN AMERICA.

The Hon. T. D. McGee, Minister of Agriculture in Canada, who has come to this country as the leading member of a Delegation from the Canadian Government to the International Exhibition, addressed a crowded meeting in the Assembly Rooms of Wexford, on Monday evening, May 15—the Rev. Mr. Lambert, President of the Young Mens' Society, in the Chair, in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor. The hour of meeting was eight o'clock, and at that time a very large audience, evidently interested in the subject, and prepared to welcome Mr. McGee on his appearing again among his townsmen, had assembled. Mr. McGee was received, on entering the Hall, with warm and repeated cheering.

After silence had been restored, Mr. McGee, being briefly introduced by the President, said:—Mr. Chairman and fellow-townsmen—I thank you most heartily for this very cordial welcome, after so many years absence from among you. It is more than I expected—it is much more than I deserved; and I can only account for it by the number of faces of old school-fellows I can easily count on every side of me. But I will confess to you that I revisit our good old town under depressed spirits; for, as you know, all of those to whom, by the ties of nature, I was bound, but one remains to bid me welcome—the rest lie quietly in the shadows of Selskar churchyard. There my first duty was paid yesterday; to-day, however, I am called upon to remember my obligations to the living—especially to those who sent me back to my native land upon a gratifying official mission, obligations which I shall endeavor to discharge in part to-night by giving you frankly, fully and fearlessly, my "Twenty Years' Experience of Irish Life in America." I say twenty years; for you will remember that I spent the years from 1842 to 1845 in the United States, and that I was one of the Young Ireland fugitives of 1848. I am not at all ashamed of Young Ireland—why should I? Politically, we were a pack of fools, but we were honest in our folly; and no man need blush at forty for the follies of one and twenty—unless, indeed, he perseveres in them, having no longer the fair excuse to plead of youth and inexperience. My object is not so much to discuss the great general question of the economy of emigration, as to lay before my fellow-townsmen and so many of my fellow-countrymen as may do me the honor to read the report of what I have to say, the true position of our countrymen in Republican and in British America. However it may conflict with any existing theory, I must set out with the plain statement of this fact—which every one who knows the United States people knows well to be true—namely, that there is no such thing in existence as a national sentiment of sympathy with Ireland in that country. The electioneering rhetoric of the stump orators, the spontaneous benevolence of the Americans during the famine—a benevolence which they exercised towards Maderia and the Cape de Verdes in their famine, and Hamburg when it was laid in ashes, just as cheerfully as towards Ireland—has misled many in this country to attribute to another and more permanent cause that noble exercise of national benevolence.—But I state here, as an indisputable truth, that there is no more national sympathy for Ireland, as Ireland, in the United States, than for Japan, and far less than exists for Russia. Let me account for this, which I know will not prove a palatable truth to tell your preoccupied public (cheers).—In the first place, the six Northern or New England States—still strongly tinctured with puritanism—prosperous, and proud of their prosperity, and highly trained in mere school learning—hate the Irish Catholic emigrant for his creed, despise him for his poverty, and underrate him for his want of book learning. In the midland States,—the most felt bodies of our emigrants—the Irish democrats of the great cities, like New York and Philadelphia—unaccustomed to the duties of suddenly acquired citizenship, have been used and abused by native born and Irish born demagogues. They have come roughly into competition with native labor; they have jostled native respectability at the polls; they formerly arrayed themselves insanely and most cruelly against the negro, while right and justice were plainly on the side of the slave. It is for these and other reasons that the Irish of this generation, their numbers and industry considered, are, socially and politically, the weakest community in the Republic—weaker than the negroes themselves in the free States.—Let me endeavor to describe to you the position and mode of life of one of that numerous class of Irish-born demagogues which, in the great cities where they abound, have done such irrevocable mischief to Irish character. He is not seldom a dealer, by wholesale or retail, in spirituous liquors; sometimes a lawyer, sometimes an editor. He is always ready with his money subscriptions to the church, but seldom goes to church. He lies up on Sunday, after the toils of the week, reading a sporting journal or a police gazette. He has a ready, rowdy sort of rhetoric, and is never at a loss, when called on, to propose or second a resolution. He has heard of "Phillips," Curran, Grattan and Emmet"—this is the order in which he arranges their names—an order which shows his profound knowledge of the men; he is particularly savage on England, and grows quite pathetic, unprepared as he is, at the mere mention of the "old land." A fair share of mother wit, a sufficient stock of spending money, and a vast deal of brass, complete the equipment of this very active, very important, and much-courted individual. The social life of which this species of politician is the public and external representative, has features hardly less repulsive. The continental scattement of the emigration breaks up all family ties. Youth is without diffidence, and age without following. The prevailing presumption, even as to matters of judgment, is against the old and in favor of the young. I do not say, Sir, that this is the universal rule; I have met as well ordered Irish families in the United States as there are in Ireland; I have met as worthy men and as amiable women in private life; but I say the rule is generally as I have stated it, and the true reading of the commandment there would be, "Parents, obey your children, that your days may be long in the land."—You will not be at a loss to judge from this sketch which I have presented to you of the public general position of the Irish in America, why it is that I am not, or ever was, satisfied with that position. Very early I perceived that herding together in great cities, running up debts with storemen in idle spells, and squandering their wages when flush of cash, was destroying our people. I endeavored to set on foot in 1855, at the Buffalo Convention, a plan for the systematic settlement of our people in the land States and in Canada; but, though I believe it was a good plan, it failed for want of support, and the next year I voluntarily transferred my household goods to the valley of the St. Lawrence. I do not intend, gentlemen, to occupy you with many details, but rather to sketch for you truthfully the social condition of our own countrymen who have made their homes in those provinces with which I am better acquainted—that is, Canada and the Maritime Provinces on the Atlantic. Our countrymen by birth, and their immediate offspring in those Provinces, Protestant and Catholic, as nearly as I can make out, exceed half a million—one-eighth of the whole population; those who more remotely derive their origin from this kingdom may represent another eighth. They are not in number one tenth as numerous as our brethern in the United States; yet, knowing both communities well, admitting the enhanced energy which total independence gives a new country, I venture to