

uary, 1859, to the 7th December, in the same year, and which in the aggregate amounted to £45,142. It must be borne in mind that this statement included only the value of drafts issued by one of six similar offices, showing that if this one office may be taken as an average of the whole, the amount of money remitted by the Irish poor of New York to their friends in Ireland during the year 1859, must be £270,852! No argument could more strongly prove the extraordinary love of kindred that existed in the Irish heart than this most astonishing fact. Carthage, it is said, supported in her old age her mother, Tyre. If the Irish are of Carthaginian origin, as it is maintained by our best historians, the lesson has not been lost upon them, for here in America do they labor and save for the maintainance of their poor relations at home in the old mother land.

A great many facts have come to my mind which would assist me in illustrating this subject, but I know, considering the time at our disposal, the recital of them would be unpardonable. I might show what Irish genius and labor have done all over the world, and how others, in many instances, have been accredited with their accomplishments. I will forbear dwelling on the present foremost figures of our race, but will simply allude to some of the illustrious cotemporary names inscribed on the scroll of fame. At home, in the three kingdoms, we have McClintock, the navigator, who has just received the honor of knighthood; Charles Kean, the first of living tragedians, and for whom the lovers of the drama, both in England and Ireland, are now engaged in raising a becoming testimonial; Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate; Kane, the chemist; Russell, the letter writer; DeLacy Evans, the soldier of the Crimea, one of whose ancestors, General DeLacy, conquered it long ago for the Czar; McClise, the painter; Balfe, the composer of thirty-two operas; Foley, the sculptor; Lardner, the philosopher; Cahill, the orator, (now on a visit to America); and, if I am not mistaken, Palmerston, the Premier. On the Continent we find an O'Donnel, prominent both in Austria and Spain; Count Nugent, the Nestor of the Austrian army, a native Irishman; with McMahon and Neill, in France. The last of the illustrious dead is Sir William Patrick Napier, the greatest military historian of the day. Perhaps you have all read a tribute to