

sheriff should present them with a pair of white gloves at the Assize Court, their Honors would have to forego those pleasant episodes of social life forever. Listen to this authoritative bit of English information—

"Notwithstanding the high position which England holds among Christian nations, it is said to observe no strict regard to the laws of criminal statistics in the morals of a large class of its population. In the year 1877 there were 77,062 arrests in London alone. Of these, on the male side of the count, there were 15,614 in 1877, 24,414 in 1878, and 17,727 individuals without trade or profession. Of the women a large number were washerwomen, 1,302 domestic servants, and persons without regular employment 9,417. Of the whole number arrested, judgment has been passed on 61,031. As to education, 7,720 men and 4,384 women could neither read nor write; 5,037 men and 13,065 women could read or write imperfectly; 85 men and 6 women had received a superior education. Drunkenness was the sole offence in 25,000 cases and the accompanying offence in a good many more. Of 4,138 were cases of theft. More than one-sixth of the articles stolen were recovered by the police. The number of persons who disappeared during the year in London was 1,000, and 1,000 were found by the detectives. Of suicides there were 220, besides 388 attempts at the same time."

And these figures 120,000 thieves, bad characters and vagabonds, with 60,000 prostitutes, and London furnishes the world with a noble proof of Christian morality. Just extend, *ceteris paribus*, and proportion observed, those figures to all England and the proof of her moral superiority over benighted, Papist Ireland is overwhelming. When one reflects upon Spitalfields refinement—St. Giles morality—the spiritual loveliness of Houndsditch and the fanatics, blasphemers and liars of Exeter Hall; when one sees wife-beating become a science and murder a fine art; when pious bankers fatten upon the scanty means of widows and orphans, and godly preachers advertise benefices like bullocks; when the divorce courts day after day furnish the world with glimpses of the hideous excesses of the aristocracy and the Quarter Sessions manifest the naked deformity of unrigid plebeians; when atheism is eating like a cancer into the highest spheres of intellectual life and the lower classes are, to a vast extent, ignorant of God; when poisonings, stabblings, shootings, brutal assaults, infanticide and every form of crime and pollution is rioting in her midst, the assumption of moral superiority by England over pious, God-fearing, pure Ireland is the coarsest bit of humbug the world has ever known. Does any good man or woman imagine that such a terrible showing is a gratifying consideration for Catholic Irishmen? There are no people in the world who grieve more over the debasement of their brother man: but when Exeter Hall and your Shaftesburys, your reverends and right-reverends, in England and America, fall to protesting about the moral miseries of a faithful people whose virtues they cannot comprehend, it is time, I think, to direct their attention to home. They need not wander to Timbuctoo nor Borneo to find heathens and savages morally as well as physically naked. The reason for my referring to these questions, ladies and gentlemen, is this: You may have often heard self-sufficient, superficial creatures assert that the trials and sufferings of Ireland were the result of her own fault—that she was naturally discontented—that she was a lawbreaker—that she was a chronic lawbreaker—that her religion was the chief cause of her degradation—that the famine was a direct result of all those. Do not imagine for an instant that I wish to say that Irishmen are all perfect. They are men, and therefore, imperfect; but this I do say, that if the English people and their eulogists had been subjected to one-tenth of the tyrannical legislation and cruel persecution the Irish have suffered under for centuries, they would at this day be running about wild on all-fours! But to return, we know that

ENGLAND RECEIVED NOTHING BUT BENEFITS FROM IRELAND

when the former country was poor and ignorant. We have seen these benefits repaid by the basest ingratitude when England had attained power and wealth. When penal legislation had grown distasteful to the powerful nations of the world, England changed her tactics. If she could not carry out the exterminating policy of Henry VIII., Elizabeth and others in the strong light of the public opinion of the nineteenth century, she had other and more subtle weapons in the armory of hatred which was just as effectual as the axe, the rope, fire or confiscation. Ireland, prosperous under her own Parliament—Irishland growing to the proportions of a nation—Irishland waxing strong under the sublime regime of justice, which, though partial for a time, would have assumedly reached the higher plane of religious and civil equality for all Irishmen—this was too much for England to look upon and tolerate. Therefore was Ireland deliberately intrigued, deceived and manoeuvred into the fatal uprising of 1798, in order to furnish a pretext for robbing her of her legislative autonomy. It was the old story—the Spider Pitt and the Irish Fly—and the poor fly got the worst of the bargain. After the infamous Coercion Act—may the dishonored grave of Keogh cover the traitor of the black breed—when this treacherous politician had done his master's dirty work—when politicians with the itching palm: the Blakes, Bagnalls, Burdets with all the rest of the soulless *canaille* had been pensioned, bribe-bought and belittled, gilded, not as in former times of honor, but of infamy and disgrace—when Ireland's energy and enterprise had been bound hand and foot to the "interests of the Empire," then "ad justments" of public debt, "equalization" and "balances of burdens," &c., &c., were the order of the day, and Ireland found herself enjoying the glorious benefit, three years after the Union, of a debt of nearly three hundred millions of dollars!—something different from her seven or eight millions of dollars of liability before the Union. Pitt had promised English capital and English protection to Ireland. As some philosophers are disposed to look upon England's debt as one of the national bulwarks, perhaps Pitt really intended a blessing in disguise to the Irish people when he saddled poor Erin with two hundred and ninety millions of dollars of debt, every dollar of which, very probably, was contracted through the expenditure of which England had waged against the rights and liberties of the Irish nation. The downy was to the wall—the unhalloved marriage. As to "English protection," Rollin's words, "Such protection as wolves give to lambs," instantly suggest themselves to the impartial observer. Bear with me, ladies and gentlemen, while I dwell upon these things. For here lie the germ and radical causes of the famine, disease and death which fell heavily upon the robbed and betrayed people of Ireland. The Trade Union has been England's most powerful weapon, by which she has driven competition to the wall—but this could only be the case as long as she held the supremacy of commerce in her hands. To-day her Free Trade advocates mislead the "tramondant cheers" which greeted their theories a few years since. The gigantic American power is an irresistible argument the other way. Let it be generally understood, no young or poor nation can afford Free Trade, while there are mighty capitalists in the market. It will simply result in a realization of the old fable of the brass pot and the clay pipkin. If they do not protect their

own workshop, the rich monopolist will step in and undersell them at their own doors. Thus Canada with Free Trade would be simply inviting that poverty, stagnation and misery which fell upon Ireland with the Union; she would merely be a tender to American prosperity. Why was it that Ireland, in ten years after the Union, exported 3,000,000 bushels of wheat more than during the ten years preceding that event? exported 1,000,000 more cwt. of meal and flour; 600,000 more pigs; 9,000,000 more barrels of oats; 5,000,000 more dittoes of bacon, 350,000 head of horned cattle? The population had not materially advanced, at least not sufficiently to account for this enormous disparity of exportation. The explanation is very easy. Free Trade impoverished the people rapidly. Absenteeism accelerated their downfall. What should have been kept at home for the sustenance of the Irish people was shipped to England, there being no other resources available to enable the poor farmer and laborer to pay his rents. The vicious principle of middlemen had its share in the general impoverishment of the country. It was the man of ten acres trying to live on the man of one. So the whole burden fell not upon the best, but upon the least, able to bear it. Thus it went on until the great mass of the people of Ireland, by the deliberate policy of the English Government, found themselves separated from absolute starvation by a potato—a precarious source of food. There are some who are disposed to sneer at the argument which attributes the Irish famine to the English Government, asking, with a laugh, if England caused the potato blight? My good sir, I say to such a one, no Irishman ever was guilty of the absurdity of charging the blight to the English Government, but what he does charge that Government with is this: that by its refusal to stop the drain of provisions from Irish to English ports at a time when famine was threatening the Irish people—by its throwing that people upon one article of food, whose crop had been for some time giving clear indications of failure—by its encouragement of the infernal rack-rent, fictitious and multiplied assessments that suffering nation—by its turning a deaf ear to the repeated warnings which many eminent Irishmen gave of the impending calamity, by these things and many others, England is responsible before the tribunal of nations and before the higher tribunal of eternal justice for that awful famine and its direct result, typhus fever, which swept from the face of the earth hundreds of thousands and millions of the noblest race that ever lived upon the footstool of God! I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but the English people, in general, had but little feeling for poor Erin when her shriek of woe went through the nations of the earth for her children dying of hunger. Who can forget that great meeting in England at which an unspeakable Saxon brute lawed out: "Hurrah for the Famine!" It was at that same meeting that Disraeli, whom O'Connell styled "a fine descendant of the impenitent thief," dared to say that he "did not consider the famine an unmixed evil." No, Jew, it was not an unmixed evil, for it afforded the world an example of such heroic and sublime virtues on the part of the dying Irish people, that to find their parallel we must go back to the time of Nero and the Flavian Amphitheatre. Let us be patient; the Irish spectre will meet the Cyprian Jew at Philippi. As we approach nearer and nearer the epoch when Ireland was a Hecateia, a Field of Death, our blood begins to grow hot and there is every danger that our judgment be swept away before the cold-blooded infamy of her self-appointed rulers. In all other times the Irish people had been persecuted by robust villains; the Famine was developed and grew general under the management of insignificant tyrants. It was the age of petty rascals, chief of whom Imperial history must place little mediocre Lord John Russell, whose brain never conceived an honest idea, or heart felt a spark of sympathy with his suffering brothers on this earth. But no cobra of India, no rattle-snake of America, no viper of Egypt, no wholesale apothecary shop in London, possessed more poison than did the heartless mannikin who refused food to the starving Irish and wrote the Durham Letter. He was an epitome of those insular, narrow views and profound prejudices which render the majority of Englishmen detestable on four continents, with Australia thrown in. All religion, all virtue, all statesmanship, all common sense, and their fitting atmosphere and most favorable development on the British Island. Paddy says so, and it must be true. They sneer at other countries, France and the United States especially; but if a Frenchman or an American retort it is taken as a deadly insult. This spirit led England, in former days, to make a *casus belli* of trifles; now-days nations throw the gauntlet at her feet, and I do not observe that she is over-ready to pick it up. Perhaps, her woe-bearing valor, her being a kind of wife-beating valor, very ready to pound the weak, but "your obedient servant" in the presence of the strong. Abyssinia, Ashantee, and Afghanistan are not Russia or Germany. Glory is not so cheaply earned with the latter powers, and discretion is the better part of valor.

THE FAMINE

commenced to rage in 1846, and reached its culmination in the terrible years of '47-'48. The annals of the world present no such a horrible incongruity as this Irish famine; for, while ordinary scourges of this kind proceed from a total want of food, the Irish people died of hunger in the midst of plenty. Is it not dreadful to be told that, during each year of the famine, enough food was exported from Ireland to feed the people twice over? What judgment shall posterity pass upon a rich nation which, while pretending that Ireland was an integral part of the British Empire, refused to suspend, for one instant, those commercial arrangements, altogether favorable to the English merchant, by which the very food, which the starving Irish peasantry had raised, was snatched from their feeble grasp and poured into English granaries and warehouses? They speculated on the heart's blood of a dying nation; they made their percentage out of a martyr people's tears; they gloated over their favorable balances, and forgot that the flower of the Irish race had to sink into a premature grave, in order that the Saxon's capital might rise, in golden columns, on the pages of the ledger. But, while they were posting their gains here below, the recording Angel was writing, in words of flame and blood, the cry of the stricken Irish to the justice of the Most High! As the famine increased, and the corner's verdict, "died of starvation," became monotonous and tiresome, the public opinion of Christendom began to affect the sluggish apathy of the British Government. Then officialism arose up in all the majesty of circumlocution and red tape, and what famine spared, Downing Street worried to death. Then came forth—as locusts from the pit—thousands of circulars, minutes for direction, instructions to Honorable and Right Honorable Boards, enquiries, etc., all stamped with the cloud-compelling signet of the Home Office, and all ending "Your obedient servant." Shoals of agents, understrappers, sub-understrappers, deputy sub-understrappers, with

their deputy Jacks-in-office, all with heavy salaries tacked on to their sinecures, were sent to Ireland to await instructions. When instructions arrived, the whole body of officials had to write back that matters had so changed that further directions were necessary. When "further directions" came day to day, Jack-in-office was much distressed, but "weally, you know," owing to the excessive mutability of the Irish character, the first instructions were perfectly applicable at the present time. And all this time the people were

DYING BY THOUSANDS!

When the Government did get started, and aroused its humane soul to do battle with deadly Hunger, no doubt it began with such vigorous legislation as the imperious necessity of the situation demanded. Ordinary common sense will at once conclude that a particular protective bill was immediately passed forbidding the exportation of food from Ireland; that a money grant was passed equal to the emergency; that both food and money were given over to the direct control of active commissions, composed of the clergy and leading citizens of every townland and barony where distress was felt. In short, common sense would expect from most Christian England, a little exhibition of Christian charity, although one should not expect her to be so lavish in her charity as the rascally, Lynch-law-governed United States, which first made the commercial gods confound! Her first philanthropic measure to relieve the distress was the repeal of the Corn Laws, thus depreciating, as John Mitchell shows, Ireland's only article of export. Then £100,000 sterling were voted for the clerks, agents, commissioners, and understrappers, to whom I have just referred. After that, as a delicate bit of English justice and good-will to Ireland, there was passed a most stringent Coercion Bill for the better chocking off of those insolent rebels whom the famine had not killed. Then Government sat down to rest after these gigantic efforts. With folded arms it watched the practical working of its benign actions.

IT WAS ADMIRABLE FOR THE UNDERSTRAPPERS.

No wonder their friends should hush for the famine: big salaries for doing nothing but writing long-winded communications to Downing Street, which, after treating, at great length, of the progress of the Lord Lieutenant, the gaiety of the Irish Capital, the excellent collar of Lord Spaulk, who voted the Union, and the fine game preserves of His Honor the Marquis of Bainsister, concluded, like a young school girl's letter, with "P.S.—The famine is increasing." The fact of the matter is, the Government was delighted with the situation. The famine was an Alexander's sword that cut the Gordian Knot of Irish dissimulation and removed a thorn from the side of the Empire. Then £100,000 were voted for Ireland, but it was a loan to be repaid with the highest market interest. As the Union saddled upon the unfortunate Irish people two hundred and ninety millions of dollars debt, not one cent of which Ireland had contracted, the noble generosity of this loan of fifty millions of dollars is at once apparent. But don't imagine for a moment that this money was to be given, according to the necessity of the hour, to the starving Irish. They were to work for their stipend, these poor, fevered, hungry people. Public works were inaugurated. Precipitate schemes of draining waste lands and rendering them fit for tillage, or any efforts to ameliorate permanently the condition of the people, were very properly rejected with scorn. The public works consisted of taking the small farmers from their lands and employing them at making bridges over the dry beds of extinct rivers and digging holes to-day in order to fill them to-morrow. Is it any wonder the famine became chronic? Would not ordinary common sense have dictated a policy the very contrary of this? A statesman would have fed the people and, in the meantime, would have encouraged a tillage of as much land as possible; a statesman would have had recourse to exceptional legislation—he would have closed the Irish ports to exports of food and thrown them open to the provisions of the world—he would have curtailed the insatiable rapacity of English merchants and imposed a heavy tax on absenteeism—he would have sent forth the army of officials who were growing rich at the expense of the impoverished people—in fact, he would have done everything Russell was not statesman, and, if he had been, he did not wish to save the famine-stricken population of Ireland. He could sympathize with the hardships of India for a noble Christian nation in its agony. The bigoted little mannikin was theoretically a Liberal and Whig, but practically there was not a more narrow-minded pitiful Tory in the world. He stole Peel's ideas and liberalized the Tory's policy into a worse Toryism than Peel ever dreamt of. When Peel fell on the Corn Law question, he had

A COERCION BILL

prepared for the unfortunate Irish, as if famine were not enough. Well, when Russell succeeded, in 1846, he took Peel's Coercion Bill, made it ten times more stringent than the Tories ever dreamt of making it, and clapped it on to the back of Ireland. Peel made the mustard plaster for the raw wound of Irish suffering, but vicious little Russell dusted the remedy with cayenne pepper. It was not one of the least horrors of the famine in Ireland that it took place under the Administration of the most pitiful creature that ever appeared in the political heavens of the nineteenth century. He was a fussy, inept and imbecile meddler in everything, without statesmanlike capacity whatever. It is a pity, one is tempted to say, that the fates had not straddled him on Peel's horse the day that that aristocrat O'Connell and persecutor of Ireland met his doom.

Is it not pitiful, ladies and gentlemen, to see the great, noble, sorrowful form of Erin, surrounded by these harpies in the supreme hour of her great distress? Bleeding at every pore, covered with wounds of centuries, despoiled of her ancient beauty, manacled hand and foot, surely the spectacle was enough to touch the hardest heart that ever beat in human breast! But the British official had no heart, and the groans of the victim of tyranny and misrule were sweet music to his ears. But be patient! There is a Nemesis for national, as well as for individual crime, and the hour of vengeance strikes when least expected. It would be amusing, if it were not horrible, to repeat the numerous panaceas suggested by English speakers and newspaper men for the effective cure of Ireland. One bawls out:—"Let the Irish be sent to South Africa or the Fiji Islands!" Another cries:—"Ship them to Australia!" that country is just the place for the Irish! "A holy man of God, from a State Church as by law established point of view, writes:—"Government should pass a stringent coercion law at once. Heavy mortgages, held by Englishmen, on Irish property are becoming almost worthless. Life should be protected—that is, those lives which make mortgages and lend money upon them." The lives of the poor were not worthy of a moment's consideration, according to this so-

called minister of the Gospel. Dives should have protection, but, as for poor Lazarus, kick him into the highway and set the dogs upon him. And the London Times, which is always ready to sound the key-note of English bigotry and cruelty, amused the public with half-sneering, half-humorous and wholly brutal articles upon ragged Connamara and the "Irish howl," over which the aforesaid British public laughed consumedly. The same parasite hunger-on of English public opinion charged the Irish people with

ASKING THE WORLD FOR ALMS.

That was a lie, pure and simple. The dying Irish never asked one dollar from the nations of the earth, least of all from England. The Dublin Nation, in the name of Ireland, rejected with scorn the idea that tardy and partial restitution of money stolen from the afflicted land was charity. So angry was the British Government at Ireland's proud demeanor, that a fellow named Trevelyan was sent to Ireland expressly to get up a petition pretending to be from the Irish people, begging for relief. But the fraud was detected, and the nice little government trick exposed to the contempt and derision of the world. England would have been in ecstasies at the sight of Ireland on her knees before her; but the Saxon will crouch in the dust himself ere one honest Celt lowers his manhood into the degradation of willing submission to tyranny and injustice! Ireland asks no favors from the world—she flings back scornfully into the calumniator's face the lie that would make her a pauper,—she demands her rights, and shall assemble one day have them.

THE AWFUL FAMINE.

Can the Irish Famine be described by words? No! It would require the tongue of an angel to paint the dreadful sufferings, destitution and death of the faithful Irish people during the sad years of that supreme trial. Young and old—the strong and the feeble—the mother, and the infant at the breast, all went down before the deadly breath of the fell destroyer. The dying moans of a starving nation were heard in the langet halls of the oppressor, and found therein no humane response. Patiently, resignedly the heroic martyrs of Erin died. No curse upon those who had robbed them of all was heard issuing from those pallid lips. Their faith enabled them to forgive, and when all earthly hope was gone they looked with confidence to Heaven and meekly thanked God for the boon of death. They loved the spot, they loved the field, they loved the home, no matter how humble, where their forefathers had lived and died, and where they themselves had been born. Every stream, every hedge, every hill was endeared to them by a thousand happy associations of their boyhood, virtuous youth. There was the little thatched chapel where the *sacrament* *aroun* had instilled holy principles into their young minds, and guided their infant steps along the path of virtue and self-denial. There was the quiet graveyard where the saintly generations of their clan, God-loving ancestors awaited the glorious resurrection of the true Christian. There were the graves, watered each quiet Sunday and holiday with the purest tears of earthly affection—of fond remembrance, and Catholic faith. There was the thatched cottage, where the good father and mother had lived and died, an example of everything virtuous to their children. Into that cottage he had brought the fair young girl, whom he had vowed before God's altar to love and faithfully cherish for life. There his children were born, and from thence one, perhaps two, of the little lambs of his flock had been carried away and buried along with a large part of the sorrowing father and mother's hearts. Thither the neighbors had come, and cheered the hard burden of life with innocent pleasantry, humor and wit. Love made it a Paradise, and the grace of God, that sure source of resignation and contentment,

REDEMPTION.

But the spectre of famine entered in, and all was changed but virtue and the love of God. The father—the mother—soon began to experience the woe, the terror, of hearing their children cry for bread, and to cry in vain. Their plump cheeks grew pale and pinched; their eyes large and haggard—while a sorrowful, appealing expression of countenance tore the heart of the beholder. Good God! what a sight!—to see an innocent babe starved, old-looking and dying of hunger before the loving parents' eyes! But they died fast—God be praised for it!—the famine was merciful, and took them quickly. Before they died, what frantic efforts the poor, poor parents made to save their darlings. Day and night they wandered miles and miles away seeking for food, but in vain! for their neighbors were as destitute as themselves. Though tottering on their limbs from utter hunger and exhaustion, they carried the merest excuse for food home to their children and never, for one instant, thought of touching the few carrots or turnips which they looked upon as a sacred burden that was to preserve the lives of their little ones. Very soon these miserable resources were exhausted and then nothing remained but to lie down and die, which they did, these Irish people, with their children clasped to their gaunt breasts, and their breaking hearts sobbing to God. But, patiently, very patiently, for they are a patient people in their sufferings, these Irish rebels. You will be amazed, oh British legislators, at the last great day, to discover how seldom the dying victims of your "policy" even thought of, much less cursed you! The little babes that sought in vain at their mothers' breasts for sustenance never suspected that the blood was dried up in the maternal veins. No blood, no milk, little one! Lord John Russell and his liberal friends could not afford to let Irish babies have milk. The famine itself was nothing less than a species of Coercion Bill to stop Irish mothers' milk and Irish fathers' breath, and it worked to a charm. Many coroners' juries in Ireland brought in

A VERDICT OF "MURDER"

against "John Russell, commonly called Lord John Russell." As his trial involved many important questions it was postponed until the Great Father of the sorrowing and hungry, the Divine Champion of the widow and the orphan, opens His Court. Then England's case will be called and British statesmen will be enabled to explain their "policy." Satisfactorily, I hope.

Travellers who visited the West of Ireland during the year '47 inform us that they often came upon groups of cabins in which they found nothing but corpses. Now and then a ghastly skeleton, hardly of human appearance, might have been seen dragging himself or herself along by the hedge, jabbering and laughing in a hideous paroxysm of fever and insanity. Their eye-balls starting from the head, red and glittering with fever, haunted the traveller's dreams for months afterwards. The sun shone brightly, the birds sang merrily, the lark trilled from earth to heaven; the loveliness of Avoca and Killarney, and a thousand places, famous in history and song, was as fair

as ever, yet the people were strewing the roadsides with their famished bodies, black with disease and dead, and when an occasional inquest took place, their shrivelled stomachs were found to be filled with undigested masses of grass and clay.

The horror increased as time went on. Awful visions began to be heard that some insane creatures had taken to eat human flesh—that the gnawed and bitten members of children were discovered concealed under the rags of some of the dead! These frightful stories I have always doubted; but from the insanity of extreme hunger may God deliver us all—for a hundred tales of shipwreck tell us what man, driven to the extremity of want, is capable of doing. The present yellow fever in the South is appalling and heart-rending, but its worst features pale before the tragedy of the Irish Famine. In a few hours, in two or three days at most, the yellow fever sufferer is at rest, but famine is a torture of many days and weeks. A few mouthfuls of food now and then kept the machinery of life going, but only preserved the hapless victim for prolonged suffering. They could not weep, the source of tears was exhausted. They could find no sympathy, for all were alike devoted to the doom of hunger and death. That is, they found no sympathy with their rulers, but elsewhere they were more fortunate. O priests of Ireland! when the dread plague was upon your people, you earned the gratitude and admiration of humanity for your heroic battle with

HUNGER AND DEATH!

You shared the last crust with the sufferers, and when nothing more remained, you spoke loving words of sympathy to them and pointed to that happy eternity which awaited them, where there was neither hunger nor death, and where every tear would be wiped away and every sorrowing heart consoled! God bless the brave priests of Ireland! In sunshine and storm, in prosperity and adversity, in plenty and in want, day and night, they have been true as steel to the holy cause of Ireland and her people. And whenever I hear an Irish tongue dare to question their priests' love of race and country—aye, and of Irish liberty, too—I turn away from the worthless ingrate and say to myself, "If England wanted an informer to-morrow, she would find a willing traitor in you!" But the Irish are a people of faith and gratitude, and I know that neither demagogue, nor red republican, nor revolutionist, nor the feverish champion of hair-brained madness, nor the foaming of furious fools, nor the dark spirits of anarchy now abroad, shall ever separate them from their priests—their truest, their wisest, their long-tried, faithful friends! They found sympathy too, elsewhere. Gallant France opened her great heart to dying Erin, and did all she could to stop the flowing of her life's blood. She was not able to do much, for "Government regulations" stood in the way and England did not wish "ignorant foreigners" to disturb the admirable working of her "policy." But Ireland remembered the kindness of France, and when the Prussian invaders poured down upon her, Irishmen, as of old, fought and died for the benefactor of their country.

And can we pass over the United States, which stood ready to pour out their wealth and grain at the feet of Ireland? "Government restrictions" had not again stepped in, and to a great extent, frustrated the beneficence of the mighty Republic. Did the Irish people forget the generosity of America? Let the great Civil War reply. Let the magnificent Irish Brigade answer! If you would know what Americans think of their Irish warrior friends, just mention the Brigade, and you shall see the American's eye glisten with pride, and you shall hear his splendid Irish plaudits and places the proud laurel of the war upon his brow, over whose unknown grave the waters of the yellow Missouri roll an eternal *requisiem* upon him—object of Ireland's and America's deep affection, dauntless, glorious

MEMOIR OF THE SWORD!

And, now, those who were left alive and were able to begin to fly from their unhappy country. But if hunger could not set its ghastly foot upon the trembling shores of the New World, Disease could. That invincible companion of want, typhus fever, seized upon the half-famished exiles, and their bones now form a white path, in the ocean's depths, between America and their native land. Along the banks of the mighty river which flows past this beautiful city—on the shores of the great lakes, and in the Far West, vast mounds of the hapless remains of Ireland's murdered sons and daughters stand, God's garbions, to give forth their troops of witnesses at the great accounting day. I have seen the "sheds," as they were called, when they were crowded with the sick and dying Irish people. The heroism of those sufferers in the sheds—their patience, their resignation to God's will, their sublime virtues—shall never be known until the Archangel sounds his trumpet. No word was heard from their parched and blackened lips but "Thanks be to God!"—"Glory be to God!" They may not have known how to win money here below, but they knew how to win Heaven. Not one of the noble athletes of the faith, down upon whom scowled the one hundred thousand heathens of the Coliseum, was a truer martyr than those dying men and women of Ireland. A holy Irish Canadian Bishop called them God's martyrs. I heard him use the words, and he was worthy of his faithful race, for he was administering to the dying in the sheds only two hours before the fever carried him off. This true pastor was Bishop Power, of Toronto.

AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN,

what of those lambs left desolate in a strange land? Were they forgotten and abandoned? Ah, no! Thank God! the Church of true Christian Charity flourishes in America, and in no portion of it more vigorously than in the noble tribute of gratitude to a noble priest through whose instrumental labors of Irish children were provided with homes and kind protectors, and rescued from the danger of an infamous proselytism which aimed at robbing those innocent babes of their faith. There is no Irish Catholic in the wide world but should reverence and love the honored name of Monsignor Casseau, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Quebec. May God reward him a hundred fold for his devotion to the orphan children of the dead exiles of Erin! In fact, the clergy—especially the saintly Archbishop Bourget—and people of Canada were truly good Samaritans to the unfortunate people who were shipped, like cattle, to the shores of America by a government whose only object was to get rid of them as fast as it could. As usual, the Times could not repress a shout of delight as it looked upon the masses of the Irish moving towards the seaports in search of that existence which was denied them at home. "They are gone with a vengeance!" yelled that paper, and the exulting hurrah resounded throughout England. Well, yes, they were gone with a vengeance, surely, but then, there were some other considerations connected with their flight which the Times and its followers imprudently for-

got. For instance, it never struck the Times and its aristocratic mob of readers that the Irish are a prolific people, and that those who had gone with a vengeance might possibly, on this side of the Atlantic, increase with a vengeance. The 14,000,000 of strong, prosperous, enlightened and warlike Irish in North America cannot be sneered at like the poor, half-starved thousands that tottered over the gangways of the emigrant ships of '48. Then there is another hint we might give to the Times and its worshippers—those Irish exiles may, some day or another, return with a vengeance. The Irish nation has a good memory. When the best troops of Britain reeled at Fontenoy before the irresistible charge of the Irish brigade, their souls were inflamed and their arms strengthened by gallant Dillon's cry:

"REMEMBER LIMERICK!"

Hidden in the womb of future events there may await England another Fontenoy, and in that day, a most powerful factor in the result will be the war-shout—"Remember the Famine!" Nations, like individuals, are not exempted from the stern retribution which follows evil-doing. Assyria, Persia and Rome were mighty powers; where are they to-day? Gladstone said the other day that England's commercial supremacy would soon pass to the United States. He is a shrewd thinker whenever religion does not bother his judgment. When Britain's commercial supremacy is gone, she will begin to grow cold at the extremities, for the symptoms of a dying man and a dying empire are the same. Her colonies will separate from her, and, gradually but surely, the process of dissolution will advance until the hour of destiny shall strike her doom and history write "*Gottanau*!" And then, we shall see such an upsurge of the Irish race as the world never witnessed before. The splendid genius which illumined Europe in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries will dazzle mankind once more. That superabundant intellectual energy which made her the teacher of nations will attract to her shores, as in days of yore, the best intelligence of the world. Gradually, through the fast fading clouds and mists which have so long enshrouded her, the beautiful features of Erin will come forth, the majesty of sorrow upon her brow mingled with the glad radiance of a triumphant martyrdom of centuries. When she casts her eyes upon the battle-field where millions of her best and noblest children have fought and died, she will be able to point to the holy cross and the banner of patriotism and say:—"I have never betrayed the one nor ceased to defend the other!" Other nations have abandoned the cross—Erin never. Other people have been submitted to the tyrant—Erin never. Her children's exodus has been for the salvation of many. They have been the seed of Faith which the Almighty Husbandsman has scattered throughout the nations, that there might spring up the fulness of belief and the loveliness of Christian morality. They have been trampled down in the wine-press of suffering that they might the more successfully carry the cross and exemplify its precepts to the furthest end of the earth. Though the splendor of noble cathedrals, the clamors of religious music, the magnificence of the Church's ritual, the captivating voice of genius, be wanting to them, the faith which warms their bosoms and inspires their intelligence sees God in the thatched chapel, in the log church of the American forests, in the soldier's tent on the plains of the Far West, and is as pleasing to the Almighty as the gorgeous ceremonies of St. Peter's or Notre Dame. Their religion is within, blessed inheritance of the black hillside Mass, when the raging of the pitiless storm of human hate or elemental strife were powerless to extinguish the bright flame of belief which St. Patrick had symbolized in the fire of Tara's Hill. And, mingled with this strong attachment to Faith glows the love of country—an undying sentiment of the Irish people. The captive Jews of old sat by the waters of Babylon and wept when they thought of Zion and home. But a greater, nobler and more faithful race, by the waters not of a single river, but on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Amazon, and a thousand other streams, sing the songs of Ireland's glory and sorrow until their souls are carried on wings of memory back to the olden time. The familiar faces and pleasant voices of the past live again, all are remembered, and, like a magic enchantment, sorrow and exile are no more, and the wanderer is home again. The vision passes away, and he turns with a sigh to the duties of new relations and other scenes. But, be of good courage! Though the harp of Tara is mute it is not broken. By thy saints' sufferings—O glorious, faithful race!—by thy heroes' sacrifices—by thy patience under the Cross—by the blood of thy martyred millions—by thy prayers and bitter tears—by the hallowed memories of all ye have endured for our Lord—by all these solemn shadows through which you have passed, stainless and true—the day will soon dawn when Erin shall hear the angels' voice, whispering "arise!"—when the chains shall fall from her limbs—when she shall walk forth, past the guards and the dungeon—when, full of new life and hope, she shall seize the harp, touch its long mute chords to the forgotten melodies of her ancient glory and send forth through the earth undying strains to the newly recovered liberties of the faithful Irish race!

WOLFE TONE ASSOCIATION.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting for the election of officers for the above Association was held in their rooms, Alexander Street, last evening. The following gentlemen were elected: Vice-presidents for the ensuing term—James J. Costigan, president (re-elected); John J. Warren, 1st vice-president, (re-elected); Walter Dixon, 2nd vice-president; T. P. Tansey, treasurer (re-elected); Wm. Beauchamp, recording secretary; Wm. McMahon, corresponding secretary; M. Shea, collecting treasurer; R. Bishop, librarian; P. Gallagher, marshal.

The Association is collecting a fine library in their Hall, as well as material for both physical and mental improvement, and in all other respects are advancing with rapid strides towards becoming a flourishing society. The object of the association is combined pleasure and improvement. The rooms are centrally situated, and are comfortable in every respect. The walls of the hall are decorated with many appropriate mottoes, among the most remarkable being a beautiful one neatly framed, and bearing the name of the organization, "Wolfe Tone." The decorations were presented by lady and gentlemen friends of the association, and serve to considerably embellish the well laid out and neatly furnished apartments of which they are the possessors. The rooms are open every night, and an attraction is offered to members in the shape of chess and such other harmless amusements. By this means much temptation is avoided, and every opportunity afforded the members of taking part in innocent recreation. There are at present about 45 members connected with the society, and before long the roll will, doubtless, be quadrupled.