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the Lakes or the Atlantic to die for her, while they will not turn their steps aside down one of the dark lanes they pass daily on their walks where their countrymen and women perish by the hundred, body and soul! There is an Ireland enslaved; there is a battle for Ireland to be fought in the New World; there is a glorious, redeeming work to be done for her here; it is to be fought and wrought in the Fourth and Sixth Wards of New York, and in every large city south of the line, where our laboring population have suddenly been centralized, with all their old peasant habits stripped rudely off, and no new habits of discipline and self-government, as yet, substituted in their stead.

I say the *Tribune's* description, with some mitigations, holds true of our poorer people in all the large cities of the States; and the poor are the majority of the town Irish, who are 75 per cent. of the whole. But this horrible description of the New York *Tribune* does very rarely apply to the kindred population in our Provincial cities. Here, fortunately for themselves and for society at large, this perverted peasantry have not been concentrated so suddenly, or in such dense masses as in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Here, too, the leaders [for our race, like all others, will have leaders] have generally been gentlemen. In every British Province the foremost Irishmen have been among the first people in the