

dinner, a proposal which she smilingly accepted, then left the room to den her hat and habit.—She was quickly followed by Lord Effingham, and in a few moments Harriet heard their horses feet prancing away over the gravelled surface of the avenue. Rising she went to a window and stood a moment looking after them, till their stately figures were hidden from her view by a turn in the road, then, muttering to herself some inarticulate words, she went up stairs, and having tied on a broad-leaved straw hat, went out to join the children at their play.

At length the day came for Lord Effingham to leave for England, and, after taking a tender and kind farewell of his children, his sister, and Mrs. Pakenham, he shook hands with Mr. Goodchild and Miss Markham, with about the same degree of cordiality, and stepped into the carriage that was to convey him to Dublin.

It was early morning and Harriet retired to her own apartment to spend in commune with her own thoughts the hour that yet remained to her before entering on the duties of the school-room. The first object that met her eye was a little bunch of pansies, freshly-gathered, their rich petals moist with the dew of the morning; they stood in a small crystal vase, but taking them up to inhale their fragrance, wondering at the same time what kind hand had gathered for her those flowers to memory dear, she all at once, perceived a scrap of paper twisted round their stems; with a trembling hand she took it off, and carefully smoothed it out, found these lines written on its fair surface:—

"I have sweet thoughts of thee!  
They come around me like the voice of song;  
They come like birds that to the South belong,  
And wear a gay wing and brighter crest,  
Than those that on the roof-trees build their nest;  
They come more tender, beautiful and bright,  
Than any thoughts that others can excite;  
They tell me gentle tales of thee and thine,  
Of gems of truth that in thy spirit shine,  
Of goodness, purity, and holy zeal,  
That can for others earnest pity feel;  
Of all things beautiful in soul and heart—  
And such they tell me ever that thou art."

"The voice of the *pansy*," murmured Harriet, with a proud and happy smile, her pale cheek flushing with a crimson glow; yet when she descended to the school-room the flush was gone, cheek and brow were paler than ever, and her eyes were red and swollen as if with much weeping.

(To be continued.)

LETTER OF W. S. O'BRIEN ON THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

Konigsberg, May 31, 1863.

My Dear Friend—You will oblige me by sending to the Polish Committee of Paris the enclosed order for Ten Pounds as my first subscription in aid of Poland.

You are aware that I have always felt much sympathy for nations that are oppressed by the rule of foreigners, and that I am still disposed to labor for the freedom of those who seek to attain self-government by means that are justifiable in the sight of God and of man. Impelled by this sentiment, I have recently visited Poland on my return westwards from Constantinople. My object in making this deviation from the route which would have conducted me from Vienna to Ireland, has been to ascertain what is the true character of the Polish insurrection and by what means those who sympathize with the cause of Poland can most effectively assist the gallant nation which is now contending for its liberty with a heroism that excites and deserves universal admiration. I confess that I entertained some doubts as to the character of this insurrection before I went to Poland, but these doubts have been entirely removed. If I had found that it had been merely a movement generated by the turbulence of the revolutionary elements of society, as it has been characterized by the Russian minister, I should have taken no part in aid of the struggle; but, after having conversed at Cracow, at Warsaw, at Gdno, at Wilna, and elsewhere with a large number of persons who belong to that portion of society which naturally loves order as well as freedom, I have become convinced that the present insurrection deserves in a pre-eminent degree to be called *national*. With the exception of a few individuals it embraces all the intelligent classes of society, from the wealthiest nobleman to the humblest artisan. It obtains the support even of the Jews, and although the Russian Government has stimulated the undisciplined peasantry to plunder and massacre the landed proprietors, these diabolical machinations have hitherto served only to prove that the cause of Poland is dear to the illiterate peasant as well as to the more intelligent classes with whom this revolt originated. It is a movement which is in the highest degree religious, being sanctioned by the clergy, whose function commands them to teach to man his moral and social duties; and it derives a still higher sanction from the dictates of conscience, which tell to every Pole that, when he offers his life as a sacrifice for the liberty of his country, he performs an act which is acceptable to the Creator who bestowed life upon him, not solely for his own selfish enjoyment, but also for the welfare of his fellow-men.

Acting under these holy influences, the Polish patriot has devoted himself to a strife which may at present be considered as the last resource of despair. It is not necessary that I should set forth the circumstances which have given immediate occasion to this revolt. They are known to the public, and, if there be any who desire to study in detail the causes which have produced this insurrection, such persons will require a more lengthy exposition than would be suitable to the nature of this communication. Suffice it to say, that Russian tyranny has been carried to such an extremity that no alternative has been left, even to the most cautious and to the most moderate of the Poles, except that of assisting the insurgents at the risk of imprisonment, exile, confiscation, and death, or of being branded with eternal infamy as traitors to the cause of their country.

The present situation of Poland engages the sympathy of all mankind. We have seen manifestations of such sympathy equally intense on the part of those who represent the most antagonistic principles of public policy. The Conservative noblemen of Protestant England hold nearly the same language in respect of Poland as is uttered by the Ultramontane champions of Catholicity. Yet, hitherto this sympathy has been almost unproductive of useful results. Every man who is capable of feeling a generous sentiment exclaims, "How noble has been the self-devotion of the young men of Poland, who, though unprovided with arms, have dauntingly encountered the legions of the Czar! How sublime is the fortitude of the Polish ladies, who, relinquishing all the pleasures that wealth can command, have, during more than two years, worn mourning for their country, and have abstained from all social enjoyments in testimony of their grief!" Alas! how barren has been this sympathy and this admiration! The Polish matron is brave, but shall she be blamed if she tremble when she fears that the next hour may bring to her intelligence that her son has been killed in the forest, or that her husband has been seized, imprisoned, shot, hung, or transported to Siberia? Yet the chivalry of Europe looks on passively, and con-

tents itself with uttering valueless compliments in honor of the heroic patriotism of the men and of the women of Poland.

As for the diplomatic action of those ministers of state who profess to be friendly to the cause of Poland, I am much disposed to think that it has been servicable to Russia rather than to Poland, inasmuch as it has paralyzed other kinds of action that might have been brought to the aid of the Polish cause. For example, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs sent a lecture to the Russian Government, but he declared, at the same time, that England will not under any circumstances take up arms in defence of the rights of Poland. He demanded fulfilment of the Treaty of Vienna as the ultimatum of the requirements of England in behalf of Poland, although he knows or ought to know that there is not a single Pole who would be satisfied with the acceptance by Russia of this ultimatum. He knows or ought to know that the Pole of Lithuania thinks himself entitled to enjoy all the liberties which were guaranteed by the Treaty of Vienna to the Poles who live in what is called "The Kingdom," and that neither will he now be satisfied with any alternative, except the expulsion of the Russians from all the provinces which formerly belonged to Poland.

As for Austria, she cannot demand even the fulfilment of the Treaty of Vienna, because she has herself violated that treaty by seizing and subjecting to her own domination the city of Cracow, whose freedom was guaranteed by the Great Powers in 1815.

As for France, many generous Frenchmen would willingly rush to the succor of Poland, and if the Emperor Napoleon were to take such a step, and for the sake of adding a province to the Empire, but in recognition of the just claims upon the sympathies of France which Poland inherits from antecedent connections, he would thereby become a traitor to the destinies of Europe; but it is evident that he fears to occupy this hazardous position, for he prefers to take counsel with the lukewarm friends or with the insidious enemies of Poland.

Shall nothing, then, be done for the Poles? Heaven forbid! The voice of nations, apart from the action of governments, is not devoid of power. The public opinion of Europe possesses influence even in the Council Chamber of St. Petersburg. Experience proves that the autocrat of Russia and his ministers would torture, and burn, and banish, and confiscate, and execute, without mercy in Poland, if Europe were silent, but they fear to encounter the indignation of all mankind. Let that indignation be expressed, but let it also be manifested by something more efficacious than words!

During the few days which I spent in Poland, I have heard on the part of the timid and of the feeble, prayers for the armed intervention of France and of England. On the part of the bold and of the resolute, I have heard the following cry of despair:—"We cannot abandon the cause of Poland. We are prepared to sacrifice for it our lives and our fortunes, but we fear that these sacrifices will be unavailing. We do not require a French army or a British fleet to aid us; we are willing to fight our own battle, but we cannot procure arms. We are surrounded by three great powers, two of which, while professing neutrality, in reality act as agents for our enemy. Every day the munitions of war that are destined for Poland are seized by Austrian and Prussian functionaries, and the prisons of the Austrian and Prussian frontier are filled with persons who are desirous to take part with us in vindication of our national rights. Give us a real neutrality—give us an opportunity of procuring arms, and twenty millions of Poles will then prove that they are able to expel the Russians for ever from all the provinces which belonged to ancient Poland." This is the demand which Poland addresses to the sympathies of mankind. Shall that demand be uttered in vain? For myself, I would answer it thus:—

There are in England, and in France, and in other parts of Europe, many politicians who regard the existence of the colossal power of Russia as a standing menace to all the nations of Europe and Asia. To such politicians I would say—"This is an opportunity which may not occur again for clipping the wings of the Russian eagle. Let France, and England, and Italy again combine for a cause infinitely more sacred than that which gave occasion to the Crimean War! Despoil the robber of his booty! Give back their country to the gallant Poles, whose sufferings, whose constancy, and whose heroism have during nearly a century appealed to the conscience of Europe! Aid the Circassians at the same time in their noble efforts to maintain the freedom of their mountains! Give to Finland the autonomy which it desires, and you will by these combined measures for ever liberate Europe from the dread of Russian power which at present oppresses a nightmare the politicians of the West."

But, if you are not prepared to encounter the hazards which attend a policy so enlarged, at least employ your diplomatic energies to secure for the Poles the rights of a belligerent nation. A firm protest addressed by the ministers of France, England, and Italy to the Governments of Austria and of Prussia would have the effect of placing the Poles in relation to the Russians in the same position as that which is occupied by the Confederates in relation to the Federals of America. England supplies arms as merchandise to both the contending parties. What would be said if the ministers of England were to cause to be seized and imprisoned persons going as volunteers to Charleston or to Richmond? What would be said if the Federals were allowed to purchase arms in England whilst the Confederates were prevented from making similar purchases? Would it not manifest that by thus acting England had made herself an ally of the Federals? Yet this is precisely the line of conduct that has been adopted towards the Polish insurgents by the Governments of Austria and of Prussia. The public opinion of Europe is strong enough to effect the realization of a perfect neutrality even without an European war, more especially if it be intimated to Austria that if she perseveres in her present one-sided policy, the Hungarians and Venetians will be encouraged to take up arms in vindication of their own national rights—and if it be, also, intimated to the madman who now wears the crown of Prussia, that the day may not be far distant when he will be deemed by foreign nations, as well as by his own subjects unworthy to govern a free people.

Yet, even if the governments of Europe should adopt no measures in favour of the Poles, public opinion may do much, and the energies of brave men may do more for the cause of Poland. When a handful of Greeks rose in resistance to the colossal force of Turkey, they were discouraged by all the Governments of Europe; yet they continued to struggle against all power during seven years (that is, from the beginning of 1821 until the end of 1827), unaided, except by the exertions of English and French Philhellenes. The names of Byron and of Chateaubriand are now connected with some of the most brilliant exploits of that struggle, and will be remembered with gratitude in Greece as long as history shall record those glorious achievements. Are there among the English sympathisers with Poland no noblemen and gentlemen, who, in imitation of Byron and Chateaubriand, will fling themselves into the forests of Lithuania, and stand side by side with the gallant Poles who encounter the Russian columns which, from weak to weak, are poured into Poland? If the noblemen and gentlemen who lately convened a meeting in the city of London had called upon the people of England to subscribe money in aid of Poland instead of calling for diplomatic notes, one hundred thousand pounds (£100,000) might have been raised within a week in aid of the Polish cause. In a single week the Catholics of Dublin raise £10,000 in order to send a Brigade from Ireland to defend the Pope, and impoverished Ireland contributed upon the whole more than £100,000 (one hundred thousand pounds) in support of that doubtful enterprise. Shall it be said that the united Protestants

and Catholics of Ireland are now unable to offer money, and arms, in aid of a cause which has been pronounced to be just and holy by those who are received as the most revered expositors of the opinions of the different sections of European society? America, too—shall America, once the advocate of universal liberty—shall America do nothing for the cause of Poland? I will not believe that the generous friends of liberty, who welcomed me to the States and to Canada, are insensible to the sufferings of the Poles. If my voice could be greeted by them as it was greeted in 1859, it would exclaim—"Now, now is the time to save Poland! not an hour is to be lost! When the snows of winter shall arrive the forests will be no longer tenable, and the noble defenders of their country must be prepared to suffer death or exile if their work be not accomplished plied before the end of October; and even though the struggle be renewed from year to year, and from generation to generation, still incalculable suffering would be avoided if Europe and America would, by armed and diplomatic intervention, or by the unanimous efforts of heroic men, rush to the rescue of the gallant nation which is now suffering the martyrdom of despair, and restore to it, once and for ever its complete independence."

Such are the impressions that have made upon my mind of my recent visit to Poland. The emotions excited by the terrible drama which I have witnessed in that country, now impel me to supplicate for Poland active co-operation, as well as the generous sympathy, of all who desire the emancipation of nations which are oppressed by the tyranny of foreigners and of barbarians.

Believe me,  
Most truly yours,  
WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.  
To M. E. Duquetiaux, Brussels.  
POSTSCRIPT.

Berlin, June 3.

The foregoing letter was written at Konigsberg, but was not posted there. Upon arriving at Berlin, I find that the Great Powers of Europe have undertaken to settle the Polish question upon a basis that has been proposed by Austria. That proposal is evidently founded upon a desire to prevent Galicia (formerly a part of Poland, but now a province of Austria) from hereafter seeking to be associated with Poland, rather than upon a sincere desire to liberate the Poles from the yoke of Russia. It is, doubtless, desirable to stop the effusion of blood, but if I were a Pole, I would prefer a prolongation of the war to acceptance of the terms suggested by Austria. After what has passed during the last fifty years, the Poles can place no confidence in Russian promises. This is a war which admits no compromise. While a single Russian soldier treads the soil of Poland the strife will, in one form or other, be continued or renewed.

"For never can true reconciliation dwell  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

It remains to be seen whether the terms proposed by Austria will be accepted by Russia. If they be accepted, the whole system of the Russian Government must be reorganised, for the exterior provinces will assuredly claim to participate in the privileges which may be conceded to Poland. I doubt whether the Russian Government is prepared to admit such a change of system.

It remains also to be seen whether these terms will be accepted by the Poles. Pending this uncertainty the war must be carried on with vigour, and the friends of Poland ought to supply arms, money, and men in aid of their efforts. I therefore send the subscription which I designed to offer as an indication of my desire to aid the cause of Poland.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST—MEETING IN TUAM.

TUAM, June 11th.—A large meeting, called by public requisition, was held here to-day in the Town Hall in reference to the distress existing in this province. The object of the meeting was stated in the requisition to be, the taking into consideration the fearful destitution of the laboring classes and their families, for the purpose of pressing on the Government the necessity of prompt and efficient measures to prevent deaths by starvation. The hall in which the meeting was held was densely crowded, and the strongest interest was manifested in the proceedings. Dr. Tho. Bodkin, Chairman of the Town Commissioners, presided.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam on coming forward to move a resolution was loudly cheered. When silence was obtained he said—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I must share both in the grief and in the joy which have brought us together on this occasion—in the grief that it should be our lot to assemble here so frequently for the purpose of relieving the distress of the poor—distress aggravated by the insolent manner in which it is denied by those who should be the first in relieving it (hear, hear). I feel, however, very great joy in the reflection that the suffering of our poor has excited general sympathy—not confined to Tuam or to Ireland—but a sympathy extending over the entire world, so that one can say, in the language of a man dear to Ireland for his writings, that the sound of the lamentations of the Irish people has gone over the deep, and that the moaning of the harp is heard in distant lands; but unfortunately I cannot adopt the entire of his poetic figure, that tears came even from our oppressors while riveting the chains of slavery on the people of Ireland (cheers). It is certainly true that the sound of our misery has gone forth to the extremity of the earth; and it is a curious circumstance that, while the sound of that misery has passed across the Atlantic over the prairies of America to the Pacific, that it cannot reach the English Government beyond the Irish Channel (cheers). If these were the words of an Irish priest or lay gentleman, he would be condemned, according to the fashion of the day, as a mere agitator. They are words of truth and great value, written by the illustrious Archbishop of San Francisco at a time when he sent us a very large remittance (hear, hear); and it is a strange and perplexing problem why the sound of distress that has reached the shores of the Pacific cannot be heard across the Channel (hear, hear). I regret that I did not bring with me the letter containing these words: If I had been less sparing of extracts, with which my multifarious correspondence with the nations of the earth is replete, perhaps the gentlemen who compose the Government would not be so flippant in their denials of the existence of distress in Ireland, or so contemptuous in the sentiments to which they give expressions respecting us. If the good Archbishop of San Francisco, or any other, were to come to this neighborhood, and if I drove him a distance of some two miles from this town, I could show him a monument of ruthless British legislation which would shame even the Minister of England (hear, hear). As I said before, no tears could be drawn from him, for you might as well expect to draw tears down the cheeks of old Plutus as draw tears regarding Irish distress down the cheeks of Lord Palmerston (hear, hear, and cheers). But I could show him in the neighborhood of Tuam a scene which might call to his recollection some of his early classic reading respecting the ruins of Abba Longa, where the father, and the mother, and the children were seen crowding round the fireless hearth, and imprinting their last kisses on the very threshold and door posts of the cottage where they often met as a joyful group—a place in which the policy of the English Viceroy is being carried out, for, instead of the sounds of innocent mirth which had been heard amongst the children of the joyous cottager, there will be heard in future nought but the looting of bullocks—I refer to the village of Killeenah. If I were to pass over now, even at the eleventh hour, any allusion to that desolate scene—if I were talking of the exercises of landlord tyranny, or of the excessive sufferings of tenantry elsewhere, and not to allude to the scenes that occur near home, I should, perhaps, share in the reproaches that were so eloquently alluded to just

now of those advocates of despotism who have great poetic sympathy for the patriotism of the Poles—or of those persons who are themselves the inflictors of slavery but affect to shed tears of distress over the melancholy fate of the poor negroes of the Southern States of America. There is no use in alluding to topics of this sort without alluding to the scenes that occur near home. Who the proprietors are—what are the circumstances of the case—what were the arrears of rent—what was the honesty of the tenants. With all these questions I have nothing whatever to do. These are questions that belong to another tribunal, and, no doubt, should they be brought before another tribunal both the plaintiff and the defendant would have eloquent advocates. But I have to do with this fact, that this scene of desolation has occurred within some miles of Tuam, and without any reference whatever to the humanity or cruelty of the immediate agent or landlord. I say that this scene of desolation is the consequence of those ruthless laws by which England has so long misgoverned and oppressed this country (hear, hear). I tell you that in no other country on the face of the earth would this occur (hear, hear), because where there is a reciprocal contract between landlord and tenant the landlord gives land, the tenant gives his industry; and if there are losses from floods, or tempests, or pestilence, in every country where equity, and justice, and humanity take the place of mere legal enactment these losses are shared in common by both; if, through excessive rain, the potato crop may not have grown (though according to the law, according to the logic and theology of Shylock), the landlord has a right to evict, yet, according to the dictates of nature, of justice, and humanity, he should share the loss rather than drive from their homes any innocent family unable to bear the entire weight of such a calamity (hear, hear). This has occurred in the neighborhood of Tuam, and my knowledge of the details is entirely derived from one of those immutable productions which stamp a character on the writer. The description of these, whether it is true or false, is a matter entirely for the writer and for the gentleman whom he describes, but as a description of the suffering entailed upon this very village it is a most instructive lesson (hear, hear). I should refer any individual who wishes to know the hardship of the landlord system as illustrated in that case—I should refer him to a letter which appeared some few days ago in a local paper. The letter contains a curious specimen of family biography, where, with a common ground, the destructive features of every individual in the group are minutely and exquisitely drawn (cheers). After the many excellent observations which you have heard from the clergyman who addressed you, and I feel gratified in referring to them, I need not detain you. It was not my intention to speak much, and I have no reason to alter that intention, for the gentlemen of the press who have favored us with their presence will be able to place on record sentiments in the speeches which have been delivered not entirely unworthy of clergymen and patriots (cheers), not unworthy of persons who have devoted their time to the study of theology, but have not thought it any breach of their duty to bestow a little time also to the interests of their country—persons who have illustrated on this great festival, the teachings of our Divine Redeemer attending here now as the advocates of the poor after sharing in the solemnity of this festival, which is one of the greatest festivals of the Church—a festival on which the King of Heaven is presented to the adoration of His people, but, by the operation of the penal laws so long affecting the Catholics of Ireland, is banned from appearing in the public streets in the solemn procession of the Church. The most questionable characters are privileged to appear therein, but should a bishop or priest bring the Holy of Holies to present Him to the faithful in the streets he is subject to heavy penal inflictions. Not only that, but we are assailed within the precincts of our sacred grounds, and those very individuals, who should have been content with a child's bargain, to let us alone provided we let them alone—who should eat their pudding in peace, or eat their soup as the French say—not content with the forbearance of the Catholics so long remaining within their churches, have in their insolent bigotry, come to our very gates and insulted the Holy of Holies in such language as would almost—and I thank God it was the case—draw from the Catholics, thus assailed, the expression of that zeal so memorable in the old law, when the legislator of the Hebrew people inflicted summary punishment on him who had dared to insult the God of Israel. I have said that in coming to this meeting after the religious procession of the day, the clergy were illustrating the teaching and practice of Divine Redeemer, who not content with feeding the people with words of eternal life, took compassion on the pious multitude, who, heedless of hunger, following him to the mountain, and who in the fulness of His merciful tenderness, miraculously provided for their corporal refectory 'lest they should faint on the way.' Thus no doubt, many of our people came to-day even fasting to do homage to the same Redeemer; and nothing could be more worthy of the priesthood than first to feed, as they have done this morning, thousands at the altar with the heavenly nourishment of His own body, and then to come here, in order that with combined councils we should make provision for the corporal sustenance of this faithful and devoted flock (cheers). If, then, we war against that Church we war against the Establishment and not against the individual; and, as you will find in one of the resolutions, it is entirely pointed against the Establishment, which is a political one. It is not pointed against the Protestant religion. On the contrary, it is pointed against the political Establishment, which has been like an acid keeping asunder the Protestants and the Catholics. Had it not been for the virulent influence of that Protestant Establishment the interests of Protestants and Catholics would have long since condescended and run in the same channel; they would all act as Irishmen, and you would have an end to the insolent domineering of the faction which has kept Protestant and Catholic asunder for the purpose of keeping down Ireland (cheers). There is only one topic more to which I certainly should not allude were it not that I think it incumbent on me to do so. It is a large and a prolific topic, and I will not trespass upon your patience, nor upon the columns of the press, by giving utterance to all I feel now on a subject which comes home immediately to me as a bishop of the Irish Church, and one in which I have some right to speak, because I am one of the longest engaged in that particular controversy (hear). One of our speakers, the Rev. Mr. Duggan, has made some allusion to the Attorney-General, and were it not for this I don't think I would refer to the topic at present. Another gentleman who lives in Liverpool, and who happened last week to send me a remittance, I think of £55, with a request that I should transmit a portion of it, £20 to the suffering people of Adare. He said in his letter it was to him a source of regret, and probably to myself, that that system of national education, which was once on its knees, and required only the last stroke to demolish it for ever, which was awaiting its doom with all the terrors of a culprit condemned to death, but at the same time expecting a miserable reprieve, he said it was to him a source of the utmost astonishment that that system of national education, the parent of all the subsequent systems of education that followed, infidel colleges—chips of the same block—that it was reconstructed and on its legs as vigorous as ever. I should not probably have alluded to the subject were it not that the Attorney-General seemed to have overstepped the bounds of law and made an inroad into the domain of the prophets (hear, hear). Had he been elected by the people of this or that borough it would not be my business to quarrel with him or them. It is all a matter of taste, and I should certainly be the last to arraign the conduct of any constituency who preferred the Whig placeman who would give some of them place and pension to a person from whom they would have little individually to expect, notwith-

standing the general benefits that might be conferred on the country by a liberal Government. Had he confined himself merely to his political domain I should not have thought it necessary to allude to him. But, towards the end of his speech, he launched into something like a reproof of those who found fault with his being a commissioner of national education, with his being the reconstructor of the board, and then, as is always the case with these Irish placemen, no eulogy was too good for a certain English gentleman, in whom, whilst he was amongst us, we certainly saw no estimable qualities, but, like the dead, he is supposed, when dismissed from office, to have excellent qualities (hear, hear). He tells us he gloried in the reconstruction of the National Board, and then he praised it in a manner so eloquent, so flattering, that I will not attempt to follow him through it. What I have to say is this, that we never authorized the Attorney-General to be a commissioner of education. The system from the beginning was an unsound one. The system to this very day is feebly praised by some; it is very strongly censured and denounced by others; by more it is unqualifiedly approved of, and by all it is only tolerated as a mere experiment. [Loud cheers.] And I know not with what confidence any lay gentlemen could enter into the ecclesiastical domain, and take upon his broad shoulders the whole weight of ecclesiastical responsibility, and become, as it were, the spokesman of the episcopacy and priesthood of Ireland, in taking it for granted that a system so obnoxious in the beginning, so perverse in its progress, and so dangerous as it will be now from its very principle—could take upon himself to be the eulogist of that system, and not only that, but to express his astonishment that any Catholic could be but grateful for what appeared to him to be the greatest boon and blessing ever conferred upon Ireland by the Imperial Government. But I tell him that if we had not the union, so unhappily introduced and so dreadful in its consequences, that system of education, so pregnant with evils, would never have been adopted (hear, hear). I will only remark to him that it is very strange that he and some other laymen should be encouraging a spirit of schismatical aggression throughout the country. He knows well that one of the bishops of Leinster has denounced the national system of education in one of its branches—the model school. The branches are all congenial to the stock, from which they cannot be separated. These model schools are part and parcel of the system. They are proscribed and interdicted under the severest censure by one of the bishops of Leinster, and yet the Attorney-General, living in Dublin, takes it upon himself with his colleagues to be the aggressors upon episcopal authority in the case of the Bishop of Ferns, and then he calls upon Ireland to be grateful to him for carrying out this aggressive and schismatical system. I say to him he will not be suffered to do it, even though he be aided by those who are modestly called by himself the ten wisest, the truest, and the ten most trusted of both the Churches (cheers). And surely we ought to be content when we are under the dominion of those modern Decemvirs (hear, hear, and laughter). The Decemvirs of old were nothing to them, who are the ten wisest the ten truest, and most trusted of the Protestant and Catholic Churches (hear, hear, and laughter.) I tell him I will not dwell upon scenes connected with the school, and which might remind the classic reader of other events connected with the history of the Decemvirs. It is enough that in its infancy the system worked badly (hear, hear). Some of the ecclesiastics who were set up as the protectors of Catholic faith and Catholic morality became unfortunately rocks of scandal. Yet we are called on to trust to the system in these days of degeneracy and corruption, when we cannot expect from these Decemvirs at either side to watch the books, to expunge the bad passages with which they are infected by Calvinistic and infidel writers—to expunge the passages in which the divinity of Christ is ignored—nay, denied—passages that are so dangerous to the morals of youth. Let them publish whatever books they may, with passages by Protestant Calvinists, or by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, should be again restored to the board—the gentlemen of the long gown have too much to do to attend to these mere scholastic matters. There is some place to be appointed to, there are some inspectorships, at £200, or £300, or £500 a year, and rest assured you will find these sages of either Church present at the meeting where such an appointment is to be made (hear, hear). Look, however, to the history of those people, I wot now allude to it. The time will come, I fear, when these things will make much noise. But I confess I have cause enough to tremble at the consequences of the system and at acts of immorality from quarters—authenticated quarters, too—which have come to our ears, and which should make every prelate, every priest, and every parent in the land, watch well this system under which the children are committed to masters and mistresses seldom of their own selection, and where the visitors and inspectors of the schools are not Catholic priests, not Catholic laymen; no, but the chosen of the infidel colleges, which are the second growth of the national system (cheers.) Time will cure these things, and I should not be at all surprised if, in that great uprising of the nation, to which an eloquent speaker has just now referred, that one of the ingredients should be the sufferings inflicted on parents through the dishonor of their virtuous offspring. Perhaps from those quarters should arise some of the first and greatest avengers of Irish freedom against the oppression with which we have been cursed (hear, hear). We looked for Catholic education, but instead you find that the image of our Redeemer and of the Blessed Virgin are proscribed. I know not how any member of her Majesty's Government can say that the people of Ireland have received a boon and a blessing in a system of education which excludes the image of the Blessed Virgin—nay, the very symbol of redemption from the school, seems as if indeed, it were a mere emblem of sectarianism. Sectarianism! Why, there is no Protestant in the land of any feeling, there is no Protestant who had a particle of old Christianity remaining, who as he worships our Redeemer does not honor the symbol of redemption as a child would honor the image of his father (cheers.) To say that in deference to the feelings of Protestants they proscribe the cross and the images of the Redeemer and the Blessed Virgin is only an act of Government hypocrisy, or, perhaps, their infidelity, and who endeavor to conceal both under an affected regard for the feelings of all classes of her Majesty's subjects (cheers.) Now, as we met for the purpose of doing something to relieve our poor people, my feeling is that we should not be ungrateful for the aid we have received in the past, and accordingly I will ask you to adopt this resolution:—

"That we cannot separate without reiterating the expressions of our ardent gratitude to the several benefactors who listened to the sad tale of our distress, even at the early period when it was insolently denied by members of Her Majesty's Government, and enabled by their generous remittances our archbishops and clergy to mitigate its severity; that even within the present week several of the American prelates have forwarded, as we are now assured, reasonable assistance to the archbishops in whose provinces the famine is now raging; that our heartfelt thanks are due and hereby given to those prelates, and especially to the Bishops of Boston and Philadelphia, for their recent seasonable remittances, the former, through one of his clergy, £450 sterling, and the latter the munificent sum of £1,270 for the relief of the starving people. We declare, however, at the same time, that our people in the land endeared by their birth and enriched by their labour, shall never be content to be mendicants at the doors of any nation upon earth." I must observe that I regret I have not sometimes, Brianus-like, a hundred hands to write to many and kind correspondents (hear, hear.) The time in which