

earth, and, above all the rest, that one which has left them outcasts and wanderers without a country or a home.

Let us only find men who can rise to the level of our mighty and majestic undertaking—men who are true to Ireland and Liberty—and let the Irish race in America support them as they ought to be supported, and the great power of America will henceforth be wielded, not to shield the hoary and blood-stained tyrannies of Europe, but, once and forever, to rid the world of their accursed existence.

The late war, which blotted slavery out of the American constitution, and wrote "universal liberty" forever on the flag of the Republic, was the greatest the world ever saw.

Our gallant countrymen—true rather to the instincts which God had given them, than to the false principles which bad men had attempted to infuse—entered into the contest with the usual enthusiasm of their nature and of their race. The consequence is that, at this moment, there are not much less than 300,000 veteran Irish-American soldiers within the bounds of these United States. At all events there are, to an absolute certainty, more than 200,000 of them.

These men are no mere "feather-bed soldiers." They are inured to war, every man of them—to the toils and dangers of the march, and of the camp, and of the battle. They have seen all these things with their own eyes, handled them with their own hands, studied them with their own minds. They know all about them. And they constitute at least two-thirds of the military force of the Fenian Brotherhood. Nor is it too much to say that against 50,000 of such men, or even against half the number, the "loyal Canadian Militia," and the three, or the ten, regiments of British "regulars" in Canada, would possibly attempt to make as much resistance as would save their "honor"—blessed be the mark. After which they would be sent as a present to their very rational, and temperate, and chaste, and "sovereign lady Queen Victoria."

Are the Neutrality Laws in the way? They have already been repealed by the ruling power of the American government, the House of Representatives. And if certain English-American flunkies, such as SUMNER, and REVERDY JOHNSON, have arrested the process of their demolition—and so proved themselves as false to liberty as they are loyal to England—and if the present American Executive has shown itself the pliant tool of the same truculent power, we have this consolation that the great American people, if properly appealed to, and the great Irish people of America, if they will only do their duty to themselves and to their country, will very soon set all these things right. For Senate, and President, and Secretaries of State must be taught the salutary lesson that they are not the tools of England but the servants of America. We shall continue, and, if possible conclude, the consideration of these topics in our next issue.

### Irish Emigration—Can it be Turned to Good Account?

Emigration from Ireland still continues. Every vessel that leaves a British or Irish port is crowded with Irish passengers. Our native land is bleeding to death, a hundred veins are opened, and from every one of them flows out her life. Very soon, at the present rate of depletion, the country will be drained of the flower of her young men and women, and the whole island become a waste.

This is very sad to contemplate. We do not want the land of our birth to become a wilderness. We would like to see, at least the bulk of the race still clinging to the spot that is so dear to them by all the hallowed associations of the past; but the question is, how can the evil be, if not prevented, at all events mitigated? In our humble opinion it cannot be prevented. The Irish people will emigrate, and will continue to emigrate, until their country is free. No commercial depression, no

temporary dullness of times that can by any possibility occur in America will ever seriously affect the exodus of the Irish people. This country is too large, and its resources too great, ever to make it an undesirable home for, at least, an oppressed people such as our countrymen at home, unfortunately, are.

The question then naturally arises is, what is best then to be done, seeing that it is utterly beyond our power to put a stop to emigration, or to persuade our people to stay at home, and wait patiently for that "better day" which assuredly is not and cannot be very far off?

There can be but one answer to this;—let us make the most of emigration, let us try to turn an *apparent* evil into a real good, let us make the New Ireland the stand-point, the base, from which the Old Ireland shall be made free!

But many may ask, is this possible? If it is not possible then nothing is possible. The Irish race on this continent cannot be less than from eight to ten millions; the Irish element in America is about one third of the entire population. It is debarred by no difference in language, or moral defect, from rising to political power; and the free institutions of America give it the most happy opportunity for exerting this power. There is in fact no position in America from which men of Irish race are debarred by the slightest disability.

But there is another phase of the question even more bright. However the American people may differ as to matters connected with home politics, the entire American population, almost without exception, is inimical and hostile to English institutions and English power and influence on this Continent. It would take but a slight pressure to render the relations of this country and England such that war would be the inevitable result. In plain language, the Irish in America, were they only united, have the absolute power to make England fight,—to pull down her blood-stained banner from the remotest corner of this Continent, and to place the starry flag of their adopted land over every fort and battlement from the Great Lakes to the farthest island of the Polar Sea.

Let us bear in mind that at home, for the present, we can do nothing. It is *HERE* the work must be first done. It is *here* England fears us. It is *here* she has been trying to divide us, and with what success we know too well.

We can, with these ideas, forever before us, look on the vast emigration from Ireland as a blessing. In every emigrant ship that lands we can at least count on the receipt of a hundred or two hundred additional soldiers to the mighty host already here; and although there are thousands of miles between us and our country, we know that we can do more for her deliverance here than ever we could at home; and that with the increase of our numbers and power in America the chances of soon being able to free Ireland become every day stronger and stronger.

### Working Girls.

As nations advance in civilization woman becomes more respected in the State. As the mercury in the thermometer rises beneath the warmth of the sun, so woman, beneath the light of civilization, rises in dignity and respect. The savage, with his crude and misty ideas of right and wrong, looks upon woman as an accommodation, supplied to him by the Great Spirit, to plant the corn, chop the wood, and cower in the corner of his wigwam before her chief.

As we ascend the scale we find the tyranny of man to, what he is pleased to call, the weaker vessel, becoming less burdensome, until we come to woman's land of promise, the United States, where she has almost broken the last link in the chain of servitude that has bound her beneath the feet of creation's lord.

There is no country where woman is so generally respected, and treated so gallantly, as in Amer-

ica. In the older nations there may be classes where woman is treated with more Court etiquette; but when we once get outside these classes, woman becomes the accommodation again, for planting the corn and suffering from the general rudeness.

When civilization will reach perfection there will be no suffering in the State. Until it does reach perfection, we must expect to find the weak trampled on by the strong. That there is suffering in these United States, notwithstanding the advanced position in true civilization, which is general happiness—cannot be denied. Notwithstanding, also, that woman occupies a more pleasant and enviable position in the favored land than has been accorded to her in any other nation, still there are women even here suffering and pining beneath the weight of a heartless system. 'Tis true that they are not trampled into the dust beneath the moccasin of the Indian, or the Yorkshire clog, but they are pressed, slowly and unrelentingly, by our incomplete Christian civilization without exciting that general horror which woman's condition beneath the iron heel of barbarism excites.

The class known as the "working girls" in our midst is an illustration of our text. Were those "working girls" in Borioboolagha some Reverend Missionary would excite the country with their sufferings, and the injustice of the system that pales their cheeks and makes them prematurely old; and the Christian ladies in every household in the land would weep over their sad lot. But being some of their own flesh and blood, and suffering at their very doors, there is no romance in coming to their relief. Take the girls who work in the stores for three or four dollars a week, who walk beneath the summer sun, and through the biting winds of winter, and work their long and weary hours for their miserable pittance. Many have parents to support, and after returning to their cheerless homes from their daily toil must work for themselves until the midnight bells chime sad and lonely on their weary souls, like the requiem of their happy days. What wonder that so many choose the road to ruin to escape the slow torture of a life of ill-remunerated labor.

Talk of the heroism and the strength of those who live in luxury, and resist the voice of the tempter. Talk of the courage that faces death on the battle-field! knowing that fame will trumpet its deeds to the four winds. But the real heroines, unhonored and unsung, are those pale-faced, humbly-dressed working girls, who wear out their lives in dingy shops, blanching their cheeks and seaming their brows, and all for what?—To keep the whiteness of their souls! And how does the world reward them for their heroism? By showing more respect to *vice*, when well-apparelled, than to *virtue* plainly clad!

Go into your street cars, public places of amusements, or any other resorts where fashion most does congregate, see that pale, genteel girl, dressed in calico. She has worked ten or twelve hours, and is weary. She looks half ashamed, for there are no sympathetic looks for her. She stands, of course, for not one of the two dozen well dressed *gents* (?) who are not *gentlemen*, will rise because they have no respect for honest poverty, she is not a lady for she is not dressed in silks and, therefore, she can stand. Soon there comes a *lady* into the car—she must be a lady for she is highly ornamented. Velvet, lace, diamonds and paint, all speak for her. Her countenance has assumed that bold voluptuous expression that vice stamps on the faces of her votaries. A dozen *gents*, who are not *gentlemen*, rise to give her a seat, and feel happy when she bestows that smile upon them which has been bestowed on the commonest ruffian of the pavè. There is not a man who rises to give her a seat but knows in his soul that her finery was purchased at the expense of what should be the brightest jewel in the crown of woman.

What must our working girl think and feel when she sees the world thus paying homage to vice and