

proof positive of disaffection in Ireland, and every little incident pointing in that direction—our great Sepoy meeting, for instance, in New York, and the sympathy expressed at home for the gallant uprising of the oppressed people of India—is raked up by the French and Spanish Press, and published with unconcealed satisfaction. A Spanish paper, *La Iberia*, publishes a prophecy to the effect that Ireland will be delivered by an O'Donnell—a red-haired man of tall stature, with a natural sign on his arm. "He will start from Spain, and vanquish the English in a terrible battle south of Ireland." In addition to this the *Iberia* publishes a letter from Gibraltar to the effect that the Irish sailors on board the English men-of-war are acquainted with this prophecy, and that serious affrays have already taken place between them and their English shipmates."

All this is rather ominous for England, but, as we said in our last number, we must not depend solely on any foreign nation or people to break our fetters, for,

"In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of freedom dwells."

ALL HALLOW EVE.

ALL HALLOW EVE! o'er Irish vales
Glides softly sandalled night,
And now the cold moon fills the scene
With white, transparent light.
Shines o'er the beech-wood, brown and bare,
Wherein the frost-flowers gleam—
Shines o'er the icy bonds that chain
The silver-footed stream.
And mantles, with a radiance deep,
The cottage on the hill,
The highroad, winding white below,
The river, and the mill.
There, bright beneath its low thatched eaves,
The cottage windows throw,
One warm and genial ray across
The wintry scene below.
And whoso looked within, had seen,
A household picture fair,
The gray-haired sire, and mother, sit
Beside the wide hearth there.
And through the warm and ruddy light,
Still passing to and fro,
A band of sisters, like the Hours,
In linked beauty go.
There piled, the mellow apples lie,
Their orchard's golden store,
Brown, russet ones, like faces plain,
All sweetness at the core.
And others, fair and smooth of cheek,
That simple maidens love.
And piles of clustered hazel nuts,
They gathered in the grove.
And now, around the supper met,
The happy household see!
And from the red lips of the girls
Low laughter ripples free.
But still across the mother's face
A cloud of sadness hung,
And to her soft eyes, watching them,
The tears, unbidden, sprang.
And she must speak of HIM at last,
The absent and the loved,
The son, that far from home and kin,
In wayward exile roved.
For many springs have come and gone,
Since first he left her side,
The young bird in the parent's nest,
Could brook not to abide!
She ponders where his steps may be,
This happy Hallow Eve,
On what wild shore he may be tossed,
She cannot choose but grieve!
Is it a sudden gust of wind,
Hath made the wicket shake?
And what from out his slumber doth
The shaggy house-dog wake?
"Mother! some steps are round the house;
I heard them, even now!"
And the young sister signs, with fear,
The cross upon her brow.
But sudden screams, and fainting falls,
Pale, sliding from her place,
For lo! against the window pressed,
A bronzed and bearded face!
Now, some one enters at the door,
A figure, strange and tall,
Whose shadow darkens far along
The lighted cottage wall.
They watch him, standing silent there,
With eyes of wild affright,
For who can tell from whence he comes?
This weird, uncanny night!
At length he speaks, two little words,
"My mother!" that is all,
And on his neck, the well beloved!
She doth rejoicing fall.
The father! o'er that wintry head,
Hath sudden summer broke,
His happy sisters cling to him,
Wild roses round the oak.
Oh, misty island of the sea!
Amid thy quiet vales,
Still linger on the Golden Age,
That lights the poet's tales.

The home affections, pure and deep,
The simple love and truth,
That crowned the glorious brow of Earth
In its unsullied youth. F. N. R.

PATRICK KEARNS.

We are glad to inform the friends of Patrick Kearns that after nine weeks' suffering he has just escaped from a malignant attack of billious and typhoid fever, which was more to be dreaded than the blood hounds of the British law who tried to hunt him down in Ireland. His recovery is principally due to the extraordinary kindness and attention of Dr. Robinson and his amiable family, in whose Eagle Hotel, at Pinegrove, Schuylkill Co., Penn., Mr. Kearns was confined. Nothing could exceed the unremitting care bestowed upon him; while to his able medical attendant, Dr. Drayhr, who left no remedy untried to control and eradicate the disease, and is deserving of the highest praise for the skill displayed. We trust that any of our countrymen passing through Pinegrove will not fail to visit the proprietor of the Eagle. The fraternal kindness of M. T. Hanigan, Esq., of Pinegrove, in whose employment Mr. Kearns was at the time of his being stricken down, is worthy of his high reputation as a noble and true-hearted Irishman. Through the exertions of the good and kind friends amongst whom it was Mr. Kearns' lot to be cast, a brave and true soldier has been saved to the cause of the old land.

LETTER FROM JOHN MITCHEL IN PARIS.
From the Dublin Irishman.

PARIS, Nov. 9, 1859.
If your correspondent were a British subject—as thank God! he is not, the position of England in the face of the present movement of Europe would be to him a cause of severe humiliation. After studiously avoiding all participation in the war which disturbed Italy, and then coming in to dictate the terms on which that disturbance was to be settled—after the gallant and chivalrous announcement of the Prime Minister that England would take no part in any European Congress unless the right of the Italians to "self-government" were first established and guaranteed as a basis—and that, failing this, England would wrap herself up in solitary dignity and just leave it to those naughty Powers who are more particularly interested, to settle the whole affair as they best could; after censuring the preliminaries of Villa Franca and Treaty of Zurich, as transactions in which so beneficent a Power could take no concern—and when all Europe had made up its mind (though with polite regret) to see England's place empty in the Congress of nations; without any iota of the situation being changed, without any guarantee being given or offered for that Italian self-government so dear to the British heart, precisely on the very basis arranged at Villa Franca and at Zurich, that amiable Power at the eleventh hour, bethinks her that after all an European Congress without England would be a dangerous precedent—especially as it could very well both decide (and give effect to its decisions whether she said yea or nay, which would be a bad example. So she will come into the Congress: and what will she do there? Why she will register the decisions of the other Powers and especially of the French Emperor. She has confidence (bless her confiding heart!) in the Emperor. It will not do to provoke him: for in fact there are several little matters of controversy open with him, and he will not send a fleet to keep company with the British in China if they show themselves sulky about this Congress. Then there is the Suez Canal, and the twenty thousand French shareholders in that enterprise, whose works have been stopped by an order from the Porte—a dangerous business that. And then the Spanish war against Morocco, which might so easily at any moment become a war between France and England. Then the Emperor has turned his eyes towards Ireland, and thinks he discovers something like *grievances* there, there under the paternal government of Britain herself—which, indeed, affects his imperial mind with a painful surprise. All these things considered, your good ministers think it best to let him have his own way in Italy, without so much as a remonstrance. People say that England is now going into this Congress as the servant—not ally—the *servant* of the Emperor.

Not being a subject, but on the contrary a sincere enemy of the British Crown and Government, I confess that all this gives me much gratification; particularly as the interests and honor of the country are at present in the hands of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. It is a nervous business for them and for England, this Congress: I wish them a bad deliverance.

They will talk much of "reforms" at the Congress: they love a "rational liberty;" and if the Pope is to have back his revolted province, they will insist much upon various reforms, legislative and administrative. They will want reforms too in Tuscany, if the Duke is to come back: let him come if the Emperor will have it so, but let him give reforms. This word "reforms" occupies the very place that the word constitution used to do. Every delinquent king or grand-duke who was driven from his throne used to be allowed to come back on promising a constitution. Lord Byron, in one of his letters from Ravenna, in 1822, says he went on a certain night to the theatre: "a king came upon the stage, and sat upon a throne with a tinsel crown upon his head—the people laughed, and asked him 'for a constitution.' So the word constitution began to be disused: it was the King of Prussia, I think, who gave it *coup de grace* in 1848, and now "reforms" is the cue. Well, England sees urgent need for plenty of reforms, in Tuscany, in Parma in Naples, in Turkey—everywhere far off; even in France, if she dared say so; and will be sure, at the Congress, to pretend to be extremely busy in devising and guaranteeing these things, whatever they are.

Ah! it is in this point of view the thorough examination of the state of Ireland, which the *Constitutionnel* has by some singular accident bethought itself of intutting just now, is extremely interesting indeed. Beware of attaching too much importance to the Imperial Organ's strictures on Ireland. It may be only intended for this time to alarm the "sister-island." It may be that in view of probable insubordination on the part of the Emperor's ally—in case of her being too troublesome at the Congress with her "self-government" and "reforms" the Emperor desires to show her that he has an eye upon her sore place, that he has found out where her raw is, and can touch it on occasion, can even aggravate, inflame and make it fatal. Do you know that both in America and on the Continent of Europe, it is held to be an unpolliteness, almost an insult, to England, to mention Ireland at all, with the slightest hint that anything is wrong there? And I marvel that the distinguished courtesy of a French journalist has permitted him to allude to so offensive a matter. Ireland is the back premises of the "United Kingdom," where the ducks and pigs are kept; the kitchen-garden also is in that quarter, and the dunghill. The avenue to the entrance-hall, by which distinguished strangers are admitted, is quite on the other side; and when a visitor is shown only the bright and flowery side of the house, is it good manners—I only put it

to all persons of right feeling—that he should remark, "You have a very offensive back-yard"—that he should mutter, "there is a bad smell here," or even so much as hold his nose?

I hope your national pride is flattered by the analogy; but it is true; if it goads and stings you, so much the better; I like to dwell upon it; I will keep a starting to sing it for ever into all your ears, especially those of your content and "loyal" West Britons, that Ireland, a nation of white men, an ancient and noble nation, our own beloved country, has sunk so low; she is named now only as a reproach against Great Britain; and is good, if for nothing else, at least to point a menace and adorn a sneer. If we can do nothing to raise her up out of this pit, better for us we had never been born.

Therefore it is not wise to be much exhilarated by all this attention which the French are paying us at present: their sympathies, though soothing, are not too flattering. They are preparing answers to English statesmen, when the latter shall begin to bore them about reforms; and it is extremely amusing to see the gravity with which M. Marie Martin, in his third article, after intimating that men do say justice is administered in Ireland by packed juries, declares that if such be indeed the sad fact, England is the party most concerned to investigate the case, and apply "reforms." Imagine a diplomatist from Austria or Russia at the Congress of Brussels—when the question of reform comes up, beginning to deeply deplore—this is the true British phrase—deeply deplore the state of Ireland. They will say to Lord Palmerston: Has it never occurred to you, my dear lord, to abolish that Irish Church establishment of yours—we know no enormity in Europe like that? Or what say you to begin with your "National Education," so as to make it less anti-national? We all know your island of Ireland has Trial-by-jury and *Habeas Corpus*, and a constitution the envy of surrounding nations; but then your jury is packed—your *Habeas Corpus* is suspended always when there is need of it; your constitution is grand and immortal to be sure, but it does not comfort families turned out in the snow to make room for short-horn cattle. Just apply yourself to the remedy of these sad evils, and we shall be happy to offer you our best advice.

But though in the Imperial policy Ireland at present counts for so much, and only so much, I can easily perceive that the writer in the *Constitutionnel* does not so limit his interest in the subject. His language, indeed, is reserved, and his statements always far within the fact, as becomes the character of the journal and the relations between the countries. In many cases he only indicates slightly the nature of the cause, and leaves room for much elucidatory remark: but evidently he knows more than he says, and feels more than he demonstrates. This is especially evident in his fourth and last article, of which I proceed to give the most material portions.

He narrates the story of Lord Derby's intended agrarian outrage, out of his own mouth, as he described it at the Liverpool banquet, and proceeds thus:—

"The noble lord, constituting himself thus, at once minister of police and chief justice, has assumed that the murderer was known to his tenants, and has judged that the latter, in not revealing his name, deserved the chastisement which he was holding over their heads. In short, it is the extra-judicial justice of the feudal lord, which coming to aid the impotence of ordinary courts, arrogates to itself a paramount right to judge, to condemn, and to punish.

"In Ireland, the procedure of Lord Derby has excited a reprobation all the more lively, that it is in fact sanctioned by law—by a law whose varied and rigorous applications have long been known to the Irish peasantry. The noble lord has the idea—the courage, say his admirers—to use it as an extraordinary supplement to the criminal code. But such is by no means the most usual employment which has heretofore been made of it. That law has become, we are assured, one of the pillars of the British political system, which for centuries has aimed at the gradual extinction of the Celtic race and the Irish element in Ireland. Let us examine it a little closer.

"Ireland is one of those countries of Europe in which the lower classes have felt least the progress of modern legislation, which elsewhere has introduced more of justice and equality into the social relations. There, the peasant is still, by the effect of the law, a sort of property of the lord. Three fourths of Irish farmers are what is called in legal language 'tenants-at-will'—that is, at the pleasure and discretion of the proprietor. The latter invested with the power of exterminating his tenants without rendering account of it to any one, and without indemnity to the unhappy man who may have invested in his farm not only his labor, but also perhaps all he is worth, his own future and that of his children. A Notice to Quit can at any moment, even if he has paid his rent regularly, and cultivated his master's ground to the best of his ability, drive the tenant and his family into the Poor-house, or force him to emigrate if he can find the means. Periodical famines, pauperism, emigration, acts of vengeance and assassination—such are the inevitable effects of that law, which one might call a fatal relic of the middle ages.

"Of course it is not the mere desire of committing injustice which inspires the Irish landlord when he determines to exterminate his tenants. A thousand considerations tempt him to it; and a landlord, even the most honorable, will not hesitate to employ a proceeding which the law places in his hands, and which common usage has caused to be regarded as quite a matter of course. Thus, if it appeared to him more advantageous to consolidate in the hands of a single farmer a quantity of land divided into several small farms—if he takes it into his head to change altogether the system of cultivation and convert his fields into pasturage (putting cattle in the place of human creatures, as certain Irish manifestoes express it)—or if he simply wish to bring upon his domains more skillful agriculturalists, English or Scotch; or still further, if he regard it as a service to the State, or to his party—not to say himself—to procure tenants who will be more docile at elections, or Protestant peasants instead of Catholic; in fine, if he believes, like Lord Derby, that he has the right to execute justice after his own fashion over his estates—in all these cases, as in many others, where he is guided by motives still less proper to be avowed, the Irish proprietor has it in his power to drive away from his estates the tenant-at-will, who may leave there in the shape of all sorts of improvements all that he has, the product of his painful savings.

"Such is the law; such is also the cause of those numerous crimes in Ireland—those agrarian outrages which make the British Press indignant."

What words be these of Mr. Martin English laws the cause of crime! Why does he not say that the cause is that innate and well-known thirst for murder which actuates the Irish peasant!—a diseased longing to be cutting throats, and a monomania for blowing out brains? The writer next proceeds to give quite a correct summary of the various Ejectment Acts, which have from time to time made the process of extermination

still cheaper and easier; inasmuch, that he says "it seems to have been the study of the British Government to facilitate more and more that legal injustice." Next he recounts the many pretended attempts to pass some kind of tenant-right bill in Parliament—attempts which always failed, as they were always intended to fail, and then goes on thus:—

"To complete this too short exposition of the state of the Irish peasantry, we should have still further to exhibit the terrible consequences, in case of famine, of that law of discretionary ejectment, as well as the disastrous effects of absenteeism; we should have to exhibit the farmers oppressed at will by the usurers and by the middlemen, to whom the harvests are sold in advance; we should have to show how, according to the energetic expression of an Irish patriot, 'British Law helps the Famine, and the Famine helps British Law'; we should have to explain how it happens that Ireland, while producing harvests sufficient to sustain double the number of her inhabitants, can see her own children die of hunger by thousands—how she is forced to give up to English consumption the products of her own soil,—how the money she pays in rent finds its way to England and never comes back; how her masters render back nothing of what she gives them, and how her very abundance thus becomes the cause of her misery.

"Enough to establish the fact that, during the worst times of famine, in '46 '47 and '48, when the potatoes failed, that sole food of the poor, Ireland was annually exporting to England, in agricultural products, a value of fifteen millions sterling (275 millions de francs), and that she could have fed a population double her own. On the contrary, her population diminished by nearly three millions, half of whom died literally of famine, and the other half, outcasts and homeless, fled beyond sea."

Now I ask you are not these unpleasant facts to recall to mind just at this moment, to fling them in the face of a benevolent Anglo-Saxon, just as that philanthropist is preparing to move heaven and earth against the tyranny of the Pope of Rome! It is plain, however, that M. Martin has ideas; he has been reading the *Irishman*, or even the *United Irishman*. At all events, it is plain he never found these things in the *Times*. The conclusion of his article is in these words—

"Everything still remains to be done by the English Government, if it desires, as its duty is, to win the sympathies and deserve the gratitude of all classes of Society in Ireland. H. Marie-Martin."

This last sentence perhaps is well enough, from M. Martin's point of view; yet it shows a most wonderful unacquaintance with, or rather a prudent disregard of, the true nature of the case. He seems to imagine that England can, or dares govern Ireland on any other principle, by any other methods than those she actually employs. He does not seem to suspect that if Ireland were suffered to grow rich and strong, by means of the kindest London legislation that heart of man could devise, she would instantly fling off the foreign yoke. He seems to imagine that what Irishmen have to complain of is the English misgovernment—not adverting to the fact that we deny the right of England either to govern or mis-govern them.

But this series of articles is very remarkable, notwithstanding, and exhibits rare ability and understanding of the subject. Inasmuch that, perhaps, I cannot do better than devote a few letters to a connected commentary on them—making clearer some points which the writer passes lightly over, and establishing by evidence some views which he has taken up, as it were, by intuition. I will undertake the defence of the British Government against M. Martin—its defence logically, you are to understand; not morally; and hope to make it plain to all unprejudiced inquirers that the government of Ireland is a good government for its purposes, and even that it could not well be improved.

As might have been expected, these articles of the *Constitutionnel* have excited some attention; and in the *Patrie* of this morning we have an elaborate and perfectly British defence of Lord Derby and his system, from the pen of one Gullaude. A sentence will show you the drift of it—

"This procedure is the same which has been resorted to by all civilized nations, in face of a race inferior in civilization; by the English in India, by the French in Algeria. Who is to blame, if it be found necessary to apply to Ireland the extreme measures employed with barbarous tribes?"

No further news from Morocco: the stormy weather has prevented till now the embarkation of the Spanish troops.

JOHN MITCHEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKIE, November 22, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Here we are, basking in the progressive meridian of the Nineteenth Century. What do we behold? Alexander casting off the shackles which with unheroic gripe clasped the limbs of his serfs through ages. Napoleon, at the head of his innumerable legions drives the robber from the sunny plains of classic Italy, and immortalizes himself by giving her a starting point for which she throbbed so long, and from which she can with ease accomplish the great end already so nobly begun, viz: a free and independent position amidst the nationalities of Europe; but England—the great civilizing, Christianizing England—what is she doing? She stands aloof, wrapt in the blood-stained drapery of her fallen greatness, making gigantic gestures at passing events. With peculiar arrogance she hints to the world that she would, that is, if the Italian question was not settled just as it was, interpose her maternal hand and chastise one or both of the principal belligerents; but the ungrateful Napoleon, with disrespect unbecoming the nephew of his uncle, through some unaccountable cause settled the whole matter with Francis Joseph just when and how it suited him, without consulting the mighty majesty of England at all; but luckily for himself and France, he disposed of this question just exactly as England wished. Oh! Heavenly coincident! Let the Archbishop of Paris, the Lord Bishop of Orleans, and every ecclesiastic of France, with M'Mahon, Neil, and all those Zouaves as torch bearers join in a procession of thanksgiving for this God-sent inspiration which caused Napoleon to settle this Italian question as England exactly wanted, and as every honest person knows was the direct way in which she did not wish to settle it after all; and after this question is disposed of she turns her gaze on those forlorn Celestials who, strange to say, have been able to exist for at least half a dozen of centuries without her gracious assistance, which, to say the least, was a great crime. Well, she goes there with all the improvements of her modern progression, piously intent on dispensing to these out-cast people every blessing arising from her civilizing influences; but these ungrateful Celestials sternly refused to be initiated in the first rudiments of English civilization, and the result was that all the noble, self-sacrificing band of missionaries who went to execute the good work fell glorious martyrs to the holy cause. Well, of course, England could bear this with true Christian for-