

AN IRISH EMIGRANT-SHIP

That touching little song of Samuel Lover's, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side," expresses the natural sorrow of parting from the land of their birth which such an affectionate people as the Irish must always feel when they are compelled to seek new homes beyond the ocean. The Englishman's sentiment is rather expressed by Charles Mackay in his "Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;" but the promise is held out equally to both, and to all sober and industrious men and women, disposed to work and thrive in America, in Australia, or in New Zealand. We learn from the last report of the Government Emigration Commissioners that the yearly number of Irish emigrants is about 72,000, men, women, and children, against 118,000 English and 19,000 Scotch. The total number, however, of Irish people who left their country in the ten years from 1863 to 1873 was 876,000, which exceeds the total number of English emigrants in that period. A much larger proportion, too, of the Irish than of the English go to the United States, and become citizens of a foreign Republican Commonwealth. It is not here needful to comment on these statistical facts, and their probable future effects upon the social and political condition on the United Kingdom. The world is now freely laid open to all who choose to exert their powers of body and mind in useful labours of production, where fertile land is cheap, and the skies are kind enough to smile upon their toil, but not to scorch them as in a tropical clime. It is a consoling thought for us, grieving as we must often do for the sufferings of the poor around us, to know that so many hundreds of thousands of families are enabled by these means to escape the doom of sinking lower and enduring worse privations; and more especially, that their boys and girls will get the chance of beginning life to much better advantage. The Irish peasantry are doubtless qualified to meet the agricultural wants of a colony, or of Western America; more readily than the surplus of our town population in England, and we hope the majority of those who depart will both do and fare well, whether or not they continue subjects of our Queen. It is an Irishman, Mr. Fitzgerald, who has drawn for us the interesting scene of the embarking in an Atlantic steamer at Queenstown. We feel sincere sympathy with these groups of friends about to be separated and families about to risk the perils and hardships of a long voyage, followed by a much longer journey across the western continent. It is to be hoped that there are several Mark Tapleys among the steerage passengers. There will be enough for them to

do in helping and comforting the others, between Queenstown and New York, and from New York to Cincinnati, to Chicago, or even to Colorado.

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