

approbation of all good men. (Cheers.) Mr. Mayor, I know it is because I have endeavored, in my weak way, to set forth and illustrate this principle, that you have graciously connected my humble name with this St. Patrick's festival of 1868; and it is because I am deeply grateful to my adopted country, and because I am honestly ambitious to be reckoned somewhere, however lowly the place, in the catalogue of her patriots, that I thank you most unaffectedly for this great impetus to the good cause of future peace and good will among us all. (Cheers.) We have needed, and we shall need more and more, social union as well as political union among our diversified population; we need it in peace, for all the great designs of peace; we should need it still more in times of danger, for then indeed a divided people are an easy prey, but a united population, in a just cause, on their own soil, what foreign force can overcome, or destroy. (Hear, hear and cheers.) May God avert the day, when our friends here, and those assembled elsewhere in the same spirit, may be called upon to defend their country with their lives; but if such a day of trial should come, sooner or later, as come it may in the changes and chances of human affairs, believe me, gentlemen, it would be no bad preparation for the unity of the Irish contingent of our volunteer defenders, in camp or in action,—it would be no ineffective contribution to the mutual confidence of brave men in each other, so important at such a time—that they had sat together, as we are doing to-night, brothers in the exercises of hospitality, before they became brothers in arms! (Loud cheers.) When I accepted your invitation, gentlemen of the committee, I thought of that possible consequence, and I am rejoiced to know that there are similar remissions to this of Irish-Canadians and their honored guests of other origins taking place on this auspicious St. Patrick's Day in Montreal and elsewhere throughout the country. The mention of Montreal reminds me that there are here the three members for that city—my hon. friend, a French-Canadian (Mr. Cartier), *facile princeps*, the honored head of his compatriots—and my other hon. friend and colleague (Mr. Thos. Workman), an Irish Protestant, from the heart of Ulster. (Cheers.) I wish the enemies of internal peace,—I wish the enemies of the Dominion to consider for a moment that fact, and to ask themselves whether a state of society which enables us all to meet as we do in this manner, with the fullest feeling of equal rights, and the strongest sense of equal duties to our common country,—is not a state of society, a condition of things, a system of laws, and a frame of self-government, worthy even of the sacrifice of men's lives to perpetuate and preserve. (Cheers.) Mr. Mayor, before I sit down—as this is St. Patrick's night, and I am the guest of the Irish citizens of Ottawa, if you will permit me,—I may be expected to add a few general remarks on the critical subject of the state of the native land of our hosts and myself—the condition and state of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) If I have avoided for two or three years much speaking in public on the subject of Ireland, even in a literary or historical sense, I do not admit that I can be fairly charged, in consequence, with being either a sordid or a cold-hearted Irishman. (Cheers.) I utterly deny that because I could not stand still, and see our peaceful, unoffending Canada invaded and deluged with blood, in the abused and unauthorized name of Ireland, that, therefore, I was a bad Irishman. I utterly deny the audacious charge, and I say that my mental labours will prove, such as they are, that I know Ireland as