

race and to account for the evils that have fallen upon Ireland, we are obliged to acknowledge that many of them,—and some of the greatest,—have come to us through our own faults. There is no better study for the Irishman of to-day than to look back upon the history of his nation in the past; to try and trace the misfortunes of Ireland to their true cause, in order that he may by removing these causes, brighten his own pathway of life, and the pathway of his people in the future.

Now, there are three evils which have followed the path of the Irish race in times past, and unfortunately cling to us to-day, and of the three of which I proposed to myself, I will only speak of two. I will tell you why. A certain painter was once painting a magnificent picture; and, although he had been all his life dealing in colors, he had a special abomination for one color more than all others,—that of blue; consequently it came to pass that his pictures were deficient in blue. He suffered so much in using that color that he shrank from it, and put no blue in his pictures. When I came to consider this lecture this evening which I was about to give you, I shrank away from the evils of my country, just as the painter shrank away from his color. I could not speak to you as I had a right to speak to you of these three evils: I only selected two. In mercy to myself I put away the other: and the two great evils of Ireland, in the past, and the evils of her people in the present day, I hold to be, first, the evil of disunion, and secondly that of intemperance.

There is amongst us, at this moment, in New York, a most learned and most distinguished English historian. He came over to this land a few days ago. He has come to lecture, amongst other subjects, upon Ireland and her people. He is an Englishman, who has lived for some years in Ireland; and, I believe, that like every Englishman that ever I met, that lived in Ireland, he has learned to love the land, and to love our people. For I never yet heard of nor know an Englishman that came to Ireland, and lived among her people, that did not learn to love them, and to love the land. So it has passed into a proverb that these English were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." My friends, this is easily accounted for. Our Ireland,—our native land—is by no means the wealthiest of the world's nations, nor the most powerful. Nay, more; there are other nations that far surpass Ireland in the magnificence of their scenery. There are other nations that far surpass Ireland in pastoral beauty. Any man leaving Ireland and travelling through England must see that, from the care and cultivation of centuries, England has become like a well-tilled and well-kept garden, compared with poor, unhappy Ireland. But, in that ancient island of Saints, there is a certain sweetness in the air, there is a certain modesty and purity among the people; there is an expansion of the heart, a wholesomeness and innocent good-nature; there is a brightness of intellect, and sweetness of expression, that charms the foreigner who comes among us; until, at length, he loves to live in the land, though far more cultivated, perhaps, is the land that owned him. Hence it is, that strangers coming into Ireland are captivated by the land and by the people, until they become "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Have you ever breathed the pure, genial air of Ireland, the very breath of which kills every poisonous and venomous thing? Other nations may be grander, other nations may be more magnificent, more beautiful in their scenery; but, in no country on the face of the earth, is the air so pure, or the grass so sweet, that no poisonous thing can breathe that air or eat that grass without perishing (applause). And this English historian, coming amongst us to lecture on Ireland,—if we are to believe the newspapers of Saturday last,—made, among others, the most solemn declaration. "I have," said he, "lived in Ireland. With an observing eye, I have watched her people. I have studied the history of that land, and of that people; and I solemnly declare that whatever evils have come upon Ireland, have come to her through the disunion of her people. If the Irish people were united in times past, they might have preserved the treasure of their national freedom and existence; and if they were united to-day, they might lay down the law for the nation that oppresses them." Out of the mouth of the stranger I take the Irish Gospel of Independence that I preach here to-night. Out of the mouth of one who ought to be the traditional enemy of Ireland,—but who, I believe, is a friend,—I take the words proclaiming,—as an Irishman and as a Priest, speaking to my fellow-Irishmen,—that disunion has been, in times past, as it is to-day, the first curse of Ireland:—the first great evil of our race and of our people (applause).

Reflect, my friends: "Union," says the proverb, "is strength." Unity is strength. There is far more in that word than people imagine. We repeat the proverb; but we do not reflect on its deep, hidden meaning. God,—the Eternal Creator of Heaven and earth,—the Supreme and Infinite Being,—is Omnipotence itself because He is essential Unity. Why is God Omnipotent? Because, being one, essentially one, in the unity of His Divine nature, in the unity of every attribute that goes to make that nature, if you will,—humanly speaking,—He admits no equal. No power can contradict Him; no voice can be raised against Him; no hand can be uplifted against Him: He reigns Supreme, Omnipotent, because He is one. Picture to yourselves, my friends, the ancient mythology of the Greeks and Romans. They were idolaters, and admitted a multiplicity of gods,—one contradicting the other. The attribute of Omnipotence was the attribute of none. The ancient pagans did not conceive, they had no idea of a God, an Omnipotent Being. Take the noblest pagan writer of antiquity, and of ancient mythology,—the poet Homer: what does this great Greek poet tell us of the result of strife and war? He tells us how all the gods were engaged in the

great controversies of all nations: some were on one side, some on the other. He tells of Mars, the god of war; entering on the plains of battle; how Venus, the goddess of love, descended at the commencement of the battle; and a Greek hero wounded her, and she fled, shrieking from the field. The idea of supremacy, of omnipotence and power,—which God alone possesses,—never entered into the Greek or Roman mind. They knew nothing of this attribute of the Divinity. And why? Because they admitted a multiplicity of gods and of goddesses, instead of the unity of God.

Now, next to God, the very highest example of unity is the Catholic Church. The Son of God came down from Heaven. He became man. He founded a Church upon this earth. He declared that Church was never to err in doctrine,—never to teach or utter a lie; that she was never to be separated into various sects. His last words upon this earth were a prayer for His Church before He suffered and died. "Father in Heaven, to Thee I pray, that those whom Thou gavest Me may be one, even as Thou and I are one." Unity of the Church was the first idea in the mind of Christ, who founded it. He was God; and unity for His Church was the last prayer that was put up from the lips of Him who was to die on the following day. Accordingly, because He founded that Church, she is one; because He remained with that Church, she is one. She has been one for eighteen hundred years; she is one to-day; and she shall be until the end of time, the very representative of the unity of God (applause). What follows from this wonderful unity of the Catholic Church—this perfect union? There are over two hundred millions of Catholics, men of various nationalities; men of all ages; men most learned; men most ignorant; gentle and simple, young and old, the priest and the layman. But, although there are over two hundred millions,—every one having his own destined character, and his own individuality,—yet, when it is a question of Catholic faith, these two hundred millions have only one mind, concerning the one thought, and with one tongue, making one sublime act of Divine faith (loud applause). For the preservation of that unity, the Catholic Church has been obliged to cut off branch after branch. Any man that ever yet declared that he had doubts of it was cut off, and excommunicated. He may be the greatest Bishop; she cuts him off like a simple layman,—like a Frenchman, the other day,—one of the greatest preachers and one of the most learned men; he raised his voice in denial of the Church's doctrine; and the Church declared him anathema; cut him off and cast him out into the outer world, there to dry until he is dry enough to feed the flames of hell! It may be a powerful King, like Henry the Eighth of England, infringing upon the unity of the Catholic Church, carrying a strong nation at his back. But, King or nation, it is all alike; the Church must cut them off; for everything must be sacrificed to prove the unity of the Church and the Church's government. What follows from this? The strength is in her. No power on earth or in hell has been able to break her unity or her strength. She has her laity, taught by the clergy; she has her priests subject to her Bishops; she has her Bishops subject to her Archbishops, who are subject to the head, the Pope; and the Pope subject to Christ; so that all things in the Catholic Church go up to one ineffable Unity, and that one is the One who sits upon the Father's right hand in Heaven,—the Man-God, Christ Jesus. For eighteen hundred and seventy years, the world has made war upon that Church,—upon that Church that has never yet been able to strike one efficient blow, with the arm of the flesh, in her own defence; upon that Church that stands alone before them, unarmed in the presence of the most powerful princes; unable to resist. Upon that Church alone, the blows of a wicked world have rained, like a hail-storm, for eighteen hundred years and more. Which of the combatants has ever come forth the victor? Who has ever been able, in the long run, to put her foot on the neck of her enemy, but the Catholic Church? The Roman Empire, at a time when it governed the whole world, gathered up all its power, and concentrated all its energy, to destroy the Catholic Church. For three hundred years, the blood of her children flowed like water. And yet, at the end of three hundred years, the Roman Empire was broken down, and the Church of God was triumphant (applause).

Three hundred years ago, England, Germany, and a great part of France, Sweden, Norway and Russia,—in short the greater part of Europe,—turned upon her with brutal violence. A fierce issue stood before them for three hundred years; and, at the end of that time, Catholicity had triumphed over Protestantism. For three hundred years, a nation the most powerful on the face of the earth,—England,—had concentrated all her rage, all her stubborn, dogged, Saxon determination, all the power and weight of her arm, to deprive Ireland of her Catholicity; and in our own day, at the end of three hundred years, Catholic Ireland has triumphed; the Queen of England was obliged to sign an Act of the British Parliament, that declared that the Protestant Church was not, nor never could be, the Church of the Irish people (great applause).

Whence comes this strength that no power can destroy? It comes from the power of Him who prays that His Church might be one, to represent the unity of nature which bound Him to His Father unto the end of time (applause).

I could multiply instances, my friends, to show you that unity is the source and secret of strength. But it is quite sufficient to show this great truth as instanced by the omnipotence of one God, and by the ever-recurring triumphs of the one religion, which the Son of God founded. Let us apply this to Ireland. Looking back upon the history of our race, we find it is a strange history, made up of triumphs and defeats, of joy and of sorrow, of sunshine and of shadow. But I invariably find that, wherever the Irish people, in their past history, triumphed, that triumph came out of their union; and, when they were defeated, it was from no defect of bravery or of valor, or of the justice of their cause, or lack of determination; but it was the result of that first curse of division. I find that, wherever the sun shone upon Ireland, it shone upon a united people; and when the hour of shadow came, and when the cloud threw a saddening shadow over them,—that shadow came and that cloud arose from out the disunion of my nation. Look at the history of Ireland, for the past ten centuries, and what do we find? It is marked by three epochs, divided into three great periods. Two of these were periods of triumph, and one a period of national defeat and humiliation. The first great period is that of the Danish invasion. The Danes came to Ireland in the eighth century, and remained there until the close of the eleventh,—that is to say, three hundred years. The next period was the four hundred years that followed the Anglo-Norman invasion. The next great period was the three hundred years that followed the so-called reformation. In all these, our nation and our race were called upon to defend or to give up, to fight or die for, great principles. I say this,—and I say it in the face of every man that ever yet read or wrote a page of history,—there never was a great

question and a great principle, or a just cause, put before the Irish race, that that people were not prepared to do battle for; that cause and that sacred principle, and, in its defence, to suffer and to die (applause). We may read of other peoples abandoning their standard,—leaving it on the blood-stained battlefield; but the Irish never did it. We may read of other peoples turning their backs, discouraged on the evening of defeat; but the Irish never did it. We may read of other nations and peoples going to war and invading their neighbors' rights and liberties, and robbing them of their sacred heritage of freedom; but the Irish never did it. We may read of other peoples departing upon the evening of a lost battle; but the Irish race have never known how to despair, so long as the cause was just, so long as they could believe they were upheld by the high God in Heaven (loud applause).

The first great epoch in our national history was the invasion of the Danes. They came and swept the North Sea in their long war-galleys; and they landed upon our shores to the sound of their "segans,"—the "historic songs" of that ancient and historic race of Scandinavia,—the oldest and most powerful people then known on the face of the earth. Clad in armor, of gigantic stature, these blue-eyed, fair-haired, lion-hearted, fearless warriors of the North, invaded England, Norway, France, and Ireland at nearly the same time. They swept along the north coast of France. In the prowess of their ancient galleys sat their *scalds*; and they swept down upon the northern coast of England and around that island of the Saxons; and the bravest, who measured swords with them, sheathed their swords, and became tributary to the Danes and serfs to them in all Europe. They landed in Ireland; and, for the three hundred years that elapsed from the day the first Dane set his foot upon Irish soil, until the last Dane was driven into the sea,—they never were allowed to take permanent footing in Ireland, or proclaim their supremacy over her ancient Celtic race (applause). No; the Celts met them; and, inch by inch, and foot by foot, they disputed every inch of Irish soil with them. There is no hill-side in Ireland whose soil has not been moistened with Danish blood (applause). They found a nation united, in a great measure; for the Irish kings and chieftains (sons of the Gaul and of the Celt), were proud of all that they owned, and proud of the gallant people around them,—proud of the priesthood of Ireland for whom they stood in defence; and of their people and of Ireland as a nation. How they fought, we know well. The fight continued for three hundred years; until, at length, upon the morning of Clontarf, an Irish King rode along the ranks of his Irish army, holding, in his venerable warrior hands, not the drawn sword, but the image of Jesus Christ, crucified. He harangued his Irish troops. He told them the cause for which they were to fight was the cause of the God who redeemed them. He spoke of their sanctified altars. He lifted every Irish heart, and strengthened every Irish arm. So throbbed their hearts at the harangue of that Irish King, that before the evening sun had set, they swept the Danes into the sea (applause). The Irish rallied, and, like the apostle shaking the serpent from him, Ireland shook the invader from her bosom, and freed herself from the contamination of his presence (applause).

But, you will ask me, why did the contest last so long? Why was the glorious day of Clontarf postponed for three hundred years? Why,—if this people were united,—why did they not move to victory, with the sword, on the first day, and not on the last? I answer, it was because the evil of disunion, even at that early date, was upon them. We have the sad facts of history to tell us that, wherever the Danes fought, in the glens and on the hills of our land, side by side with the Dane was the renegade Irishman, fighting against his own people, shedding the blood of his own race. Even on the morning of Clontarf,—when the heroic King Brian rode out, after reviewing his own army, passing like a fearless lion-hearted warrior right into the midst of the enemy to reconnoiter them,—what a sight met his eyes! There, amid the serried ranks of the Danes,—there, amid the warriors of the Northern Pagans,—as others are to-day,—he found the children of his own people,—McMurrigh, of Wicklow, the thrice-cursed race, accused of God, accursed of the Church, and accursed of the genius of Irish history, McMurrigh, of Wicklow, who brought down their Irish adherents and soldiers to fight side by side with the Dane upon that day of Clontarf. The curse of disunion was upon us; but the demon of disunion had not yet eaten into the heart of Ireland. The hell-born demon, that would ruin and break the idea of unity in heaven and on earth, had not yet paralyzed the arm of Ireland. She was a nation, and in a great measure was united, and more united than in any other period of the history of the Irish race.

Sixty years after the last Dane had been driven from Ireland,—when Ireland achieved a victory greater than ever could be achieved in later years,—sixty years later, the English and Saxon invader came upon our soil. The English landed in Ireland more than seven hundred years ago. They brought with them ruin and destruction to the green isle, and declared war against that which, next to his faith and his God, should be the dearest inheritance of every man,—they declared war against the Nationality and freedom of Ireland. They lifted up the standard of invasion; and the red flag of England floated over the green hills. They declared that the Irish Orlaf was no longer to float over the hills and vales of the land; and that Ireland was destined to be an enslaved province instead of an independent nation. This, beyond all evil and all doubt, was the precise condition of England's invading Ireland. Here, I say, next to his religion, a man should love his Nationality: next to our God, we should love the country of our sires (loud cheers). There is nothing more noble, no thought more sublime, that can enter the mind of man, or into his heart,—after the love of God who made him, and of the faith which that God has revealed to him,—there is nothing more noble than the true and self-sacrificing love that a man should have for his country (renewed applause). Her love should be ever before him; and the love of her people should be the rule of his public, and as far as may be, of his private life. Her history,—to the true lover of his native land,—is the record of his own blood; and, if there be anything noble in him, anything manly in him, or anything worth living for in this world to him, it is the record of the history of the race from which he came (increased applause). The man who, from selfish motives, or mere egotism,—mere self-love,—renounces that history, turns his back upon his people, and tries to forget the people that went before him, is a traitor to his native country; and, in all probability, he will be found to be a traitor to his God (enthusiastic cheers). If you meet him, avoid him, trust him not. The man who forgets or betrays his country, to-day, will forget and betray his God and his faith to-morrow. Trust him not. If you trust him upon his word, you are trusting in the word of a perjurer and a liar before high Heaven (great cheering). Give him not your friendship, for he will betray it. No: nothing can be more base than the man who denies his God; and next to him is the man who denies and forgets his country (continued applause).

Well, my friends, the Norman and Saxon came. And now the appeal was made to Ireland to unite on the question of her Nationality. The appeal was made by a Saint,—the last canonized saint of Ireland,—the great and glorious St. Laurence O'Toole, who was then the Archbishop of Dublin. He stood before the chieftains and kings of Ireland, and said:—"If you value your land,—your motherland,—if you value your freedom, if you value your laws, if you value a foot of the land, that you are to leave behind you to your children,—arise! Arise! The invader is

upon your soil. Arise, and, like one man, strike a blow for Ireland!" (Great cheering). Did the nation respond to him? Ah! my friends, if I were a more fulsome flatterer of the Irish people, I might say it did. If I were not an Irishman whose love for his native land is as hot as the blood that seethes in his veins (great applause), I might say the nation did. But because I am an Irishman,—because I love that land more than I love all the rest of the world put together (renewed applause),—because I would rather have a grave in Irish soil than a kings throne upon a foreign shore (loud and continued cheering)—I am bound, in the truth of history, to say that the Irish people did not unite, did not listen to the appeal that came to them from the great prince-Archbishop of Dublin; and that, on the question of Nationality alone, from that day to this, during the seven hundred years that have passed away,—the Irish people never united. Never! Read over carefully, page after page, the history of those seven hundred years of sorrow; and I defy you to point out a single passage or incident in the history of Ireland in which the nation was united on a National question. We read, to be sure, of a time when the Prince of Ulster arose. But, when Ulster arose, Munster was opposed to her. It was never otherwise. It is, indeed, true that when MacCarthy Mor and the Munster chiefs arose, there was no enthusiasm in Connaught; and, again, when Roderick O'Connor and the western Irish princes arose, their action was checked by the action of the Prince of Leinster. The English invader knew well the precept given to a tyrant in ages gone by,—If you wish to govern a people, and crush them, divide them, and keep them divided. He ne sooner succeeded in striking a blow at the welfare of our race, than he found the Irish flocking to his aid. It was with Irish swords he stormed the heroic old town of Wexford. No sooner did Henry arrive in Ireland, and the Irish chieftains attempted to make one great stand,—than he saw other Irish soldiers flocking to his standard. Dublin and Waterford fell not before the lances of the Norman knights,—although their lances, in that day, were invincible,—but before the swords of their own countrymen. Their country's best blood was shed by Irish hands. Oh! sad, and sorrowful, is that history! It makes the heart of the Irish historian, and the lover of his land, break to contemplate it. For four hundred years, what is the history of Ireland? The merest account of the petty intrigues of these Irish chieftains,—one time against each other; another time quarrelling with their own soldiers; another time making an isolated, weak attack upon the common foe; whilst their brother chieftains were attacking themselves in the rear; in fact, there can scarcely be anything more melancholy or harrowing than the history of Ireland, from the day of the first landing of the English and Saxons, until the day when,—fortunately for Ireland,—the pious and chaste Harry the Eighth called upon us to renounce our religion. It is the turning point for Ireland. Ireland's history would be most contemptible, if the great issue of religion had not been opened before the Irish people. For the Irish people, from the day the English invaders landed in Ireland, until these same English attacked the religion of Ireland,—were the most disunited, and, consequently the weakest of all nations upon the earth. How strange, that these men who loved Ireland, and lived and died for her,—whose descendants, to this day, even in foreign lands, though thousands of miles of ocean may roll between them and that land of their sires, cherish the most passionate love for Ireland, as you do,—yet at home they never yet united as one man in defence of that time-honored green, old standard of Ireland (cheers).

But, three hundred years passed away; and fortunately for us and for the glory and dignity of Irish history, another issue was put before the people; and that people,—so disunited,—were called upon to renounce their religion. Perhaps, Harry the Eighth, in that day, said to himself: "The Irish will at once become Protestants. They never united in defence of nationality; and they will certainly not unite in defence of religion." He might have said to himself: "I did not love my religion;—my English people did not love it, and they gave it up. Surely the people that never were united in defence of nationality,—a people that never were united on the national idea,—would easily give up the question of religion." Ah! he was deeply mistaken. For there, in the core of the heart of the nation,—throbbing in the bosom of every Irishman,—was the pure Irish blood, every drop of which is Catholic (cheers). Henry attacked the Catholic Church, the Church of God; and that moment Ireland and the Irish people united and stood together in grand and glorious union as if they were but one man (loud cheers). I admire and love my Protestant fellow-countrymen. There is not a man in this world less bigoted than I am. I admire every man of Irish blood and of Irish birth, that loves his native land, be he Protestant or Catholic (cheers). It was the Protestants who led the glorious movement of '82. But, still I say as a nation, the national heart the national action, and the national sentiment of Ireland, for fifteen hundred years, have been Catholic to the hearts core, and nothing else (loud applause). Henry, accordingly, called upon a divided nation to give up that religion to renounce the Mother of God, that name so dear to every Irish heart,—to renounce their priesthood, who were not saints, but the grandest men that ever flourished in the Church of God; to renounce the faith that made the Irish claim as a great nation when she received the title of "mother of saints and of scholars" to renounce their God in their hearts, to renounce their altars, to renounce every vestige of their Catholic religion. He called upon a divided nation to do this. Even as the voice of God in Heaven called upon his angels to do battle in His name, and rallied them around His standard, until the blaspheming rebel angels were driven into the nether hell,—so the voice of the English king, calling upon the divided Irish people to renounce their faith, rallied them and united them as one man. Ireland drew the sword,—no longer with a divided heart; no longer with a wavering purpose. Her children stood side by side with the determination of children of God. Ireland drew the sword, stood between the English tyrant and her ancient altar, and said:—"For this altar,—for this religion we are prepared to fight as one man—to die; but that altar must be preserved in the land." The English monarch found himself, in one moment, confronted by a united people. No such thing was known in Ireland since the day that Brian Boru had cast the Danes into the sea (cheers). A united Ireland! Oh! fair and beautiful vision! The Catholic faith of the land became synonymous with the Irish for nationality. The Irish had at length found the "Philosopher's stone";—they had at length found the secret of their strength. Their strength was in union; their union was effected by the faith that was in the nation; faith had united her as one man. She arose in arms; she stood for three hundred years; the storm of night had passed over her in clouds of persecution, its mists had broken into a rain of blood, and burst upon her; her people had suffered so that her name had gone out amongst the nations as the martyred people of the earth her people had stood, confiscation, persecution, exile robbery and death, until these agencies had reduced to the condition of paupers, in their own land, the children of the Princes of the Irish soil. The Irish Catholics were robbed, by James the First, of the fair province of Ulster; and the English and Scotch swarmed on the Irish soil north of the Boyne. Under the wretched Cromwell, they were driven from their fertile valleys on the banks of the Shannon; and hundreds and thousands were driven far off towards the western ocean, there to perish and to die on the inhospitable hills of Connaught. The Irish people were robbed by William of Orange;

and a law was passed driving their priests into exile, and if a man harbored a priest he was punished by imprisonment or a fine. A Catholic man could not send his child to a Catholic school; and if a Catholic father, and robbed him of all his property. Every ingenious device that persecution could suggest was put in practice against our people; and we died for our faith; for we were united; and we proved to the world that the people of Ireland were invincible in that union by the magnificent victories which we have achieved over all the power of England, which failed to make us Protestant (cheers). My friends, is not this the truth of history? What do I deduce from this? I draw this conclusion,—that the religion—the Catholic religion,—of the Irish people is the one uniting element in that history; the one glorious secret is in that union; for there is not a people on the face of the earth so disunited on every other question as we are. Look at home. You find the country split up into factions at the present time,—Nationalists, and Catholics many lovers of liberty, who are ready to find men who think the greatest curse of Ireland would be the curse of independence (laughter). But the moment you touch the question of religion, or Friar, Democrat or Radical, he takes his stand at once, and says:—"No matter what my politics are, no matter to you about my sobriety or drunkenness; no matter to you about my riches or poverty; no matter what my past record is,—here I am, a son of Ireland" (loud cheers). If the devil came to me to-night and said:—"Father Tom, I am the devil, and I want to go amongst your countrymen in America; and I will disagree with every man that I meet in his politics. If I meet a Democrat, I'll meet in his politics. If I meet a Radical, I'll be a Radical; if I disagree with every Irishman that I meet, and I will say 'Up with England and down with Ireland.' I would say 'go on; you are safe.' 'I will disagree with them; I will abuse them.' 'Well,' I would say, 'you will not have one word said to you; you are still safe. But the moment you cry 'down with the Catholic Faith,' and blaspheme the Mother of God, the first Irishman that you meet, if your eyes were not black enough for you, he'd 'blacken them' (laughter).

Now, my friends, if you will ask me what do I think of this race,—its future at home and abroad? I think well of it, I don't care what views any historian or any lecturer or any other man takes; I think well of myself as one of that race (applause and laughter). It is a bad thing for a man or a people to think too little of themselves. Humility is a beautiful virtue; but it has its limits (laughter). It is lawful for a man to think well of himself and of his people. I am not skilled in phrenology—I don't know where the bump of self-esteem is; but I know that a hatter, when he makes a hat for an Irishman, must always make room for that bump (increased merriment). I think well of you—I think hopefully of the future of the people that are one in that magnificent, that extraordinary point,—one in the sacred unity that binds them together, like one man; for, of all the questions upon which a people can unite, the most powerful, and the most glorious at the same time, is the magnificent question of their faith and of their religion. Here no political question can come in to divide them; they have no worldly interest to support one man or another. The point of union is not on earth; it is in Heaven. The glorious link that binds us, as a people and as a nation, is in the hands of God, upon His throne of glory. God, the founder of the Catholic Church; God, the author of our faith; God dwelling in his Church; God is the grand point of union upon which Irishman meets Irishman; and God Himself unites each to each as if he were his brother. To be sure, I have heard of the dreams of some pure lover of Ireland. I don't question that love; but what I say is that there is nothing in the history of our race to prove that that is the secret of union. When we were fighting the Danes, it was not because the Danes invaded our nationality; but because he invaded our altars and our sanctuary. Not, perhaps, reflecting on the secret of the victory we won over the Danes, it was the only question upon which England was able to unite us, and, consequently, laid herself open to get that famous kicking that we gave her on the religious question (laughter). Forgetting all this,—not remembering this,—there are men, in this day, in Ireland, who have proved their love for Ireland; and I respect and honor them. But, it is asked, why is it that the Catholic priests and the Catholic religion are antagonistic to the liberty and union of Ireland? I deny it; I deny it from out my soul; I deny it in the name of the men who, for seven hundred years, have been the foremost and bravest, and most disinterested of Ireland's lovers and patriots,—her priesthood (cheers). I deny it in the name of Laurence O'Toole, who went down into his grave with a heart broken with love for Ireland (cheers). I deny it in the name of Turlough O'Brien, who was slaughtered in Limerick, because he stood by his people to drive back their country's invaders (cheers). I deny it in the name of the hoary-headed patriot,—the lion, as he is called, the great Archbishop of the West,—the immortal and imprishable John McHale of Tuam (loud and continued cheering). I deny it, in a word, in the name of the man who remained in Ireland and stood by Ireland's people when it was death to be found in the land of their birth,—the men who sacrificed everything for Ireland. I deny it in the name of nine hundred and ninety-six Dominican Priests, of Irish blood, whom Queen Elizabeth slaughtered, because they would not give up their people (loud applause). The "Virgin Queen," as she is called,—God help us! if our ideas of virginity or of purity, or of any other virtue, were to be tried by the standard of Queen Elizabeth! She was a man; she wasn't a woman at all (laughter). She had all the virtues of a man,—none of the virtues of a woman. She had the heart of a lion. She was a great woman. She would have been magnificent upon the battle-field. She had the mind of a great man and his soul. She was one of the greatest sovereigns that ever yet sat upon a throne; but she hadn't one particle of modesty or purity. History gives her the virtues of a man, and denies her entirely the virtues of a woman. When she came to Green Island, there were a thousand Dominican Monks,—all Irishmen, and of the best blood in Ireland. When she died, out of the thousand, she left only four behind. Nine hundred and ninety-six were slaughtered (sensation). Where is the man that raises his voice to the effect that the only man an enemy of Ireland is the priest;—that the priesthood in Ireland do not love their country! If the graves of Ireland could speak,—if the graves of the dead that are lying under the shamrocks that are growing over them, could speak;—if the martyrs of Ireland could send forth that voice of truth to rebuke the ignorant,—from end to end of Ireland, from every inch of Ireland's consecrated soil, would be heard a voice; and that voice would cry out, "Oh, if ever men loved their country the priesthood of Ireland loved their native land" (applause). My friends, believe me, that one secret of our union is the union of our faith; the one secret of union is that, to-day, the Catholics of Connaught, of Leinster, of Munster, and of Ulster, are all really Catholics and brothers in the land. The Orangemen has no real sympathy with his Catholic fellow-countrymen,—they are separate and distinct. The Orangemen cries: "Hail to King William and his glorious, pious and immortal memory!" the Catholic says: "To Hell with King William" (laughter). There was a fellow down in the county Galway, a poor creature, who went into a public