

THE MARTYRS OF IRISH LIBERTY.

A SPLENDID LECTURE BY MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., IN THE MECHANICS' HALL.

Specially Reported for the "True Witness."

Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., lectured on the above subject on Thursday evening, 15th inst., in the Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, before a large and attentive audience.

Edward Murphy, Esq., President of the Home Rule Association in this city, occupied the chair, and on the platform, were Messrs. M. P. Ryan, C. O. Mullarky, Captain Kirwan, and other prominent Irish citizens.

The chairman in introducing the lecturer, said he was in Canada for the purpose of studying our Dominion and Provincial Legislatures with a view of explaining them in the English Parliament, as an argument in favor of giving the same to Ireland. Taking advantage of his being here, a number of friends had invited him to deliver a lecture, which he had kindly consented to do, and was there to fulfil his promise.

Mr. O'Connor Power then came forward, and was received with the most enthusiastic applause. He said that was the second time he had the pleasure of speaking before a Montreal audience, and after a few preliminary remarks, proceeded as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The subject to which I invite your respectful attention this evening is entitled "The Martyrs of Irish Liberty" (loud applause). When the history of the struggles and the trials and the triumphs of human freedom comes to be written, one of its brightest pages will be the record of the sacrifices made by the people of Ireland in defence of their national independence (applause). When the fierce Scandinavians overran central Europe,—when they compelled the proud Gaul, as well as the churlish Saxon, to acknowledge them as conquerors,—they made a final effort to subjugate the Celt; but history tells us that the valor of Brian confronted them on the Irish coast, and their power was shattered to pieces by the Irish clansmen on the shores of Clontarf (applause). Later still, the haughty Norman came; and he contended for four hundred years for the dominion of the unconquered island. But throughout all the vicissitudes of that protracted struggle, Irish patriotism continued to wage the sacred war of independence against foreign usurpation. Later still, Owen Roe O'Neill routed the enemies of his country from the field of Benburb; and Sarsfield, wielding the patriot's sword high above the walls of Limerick, compelled an English King to guarantee the religious liberties of Ireland (great applause). In the year 1782 the Irish Volunteers armed in defence of national right; and impartial history bears testimony to the fact that when their bayonets gleamed in the streets of the Irish capital the light of a new born freedom dawned upon their long oppressed land. Thus the struggle for Irish nationality has been carried on from sire to son; and each generation of Irishmen has given its own valuable contribution to the martyrology of Irish freedom.

Now, the men of whom I shall venture to speak to-night figured in times more modern than the period to which I have referred. I am not, therefore, afraid to look backward on the record of Irish history. It is, I admit, darkened by generations of Irish blood; but it conveys a lesson of manly resistance which tells of a race of men in whose hearts the God of nations has implanted an indestructible spirit of freedom. I am convinced that we have to-day reached a period in the history of Ireland when the public spirit of our country has risen high above the oppressive enactments of a foreign Parliament; we have reached a period when Irishmen of every class and of every creed,—not from one province but from four provinces,—not from one county but from thirty-two counties,—have joined hands in a grand patriotic union,—a union which, I believe, is destined to remove the dissensions engendered by misgovernment and to crown the edifice of a substantial peace in Ireland by asserting the principles of national freedom (loud applause). I believe that that noble enthusiasm which fired the breasts of Irishmen in some of the stormiest times of the past, and which led them on to victory whilst the field of freedom was crimsoned with their blood, has again taken possession of the Irish national mind. It does, therefore, appear just and fitting that we should stop for a little while in the progress of political agitation, and catch, if we can, something of the inward spirit of Irish patriotism, as it is reflected in the outward actions of those who laid down their lives for Ireland on the scaffold and on the field. The American patriot glories in the name of Washington (applause); the Swiss patriot glories in the name of Tell; the spirit of Hofer is worshipped in the passes of the Tyrol; while the Pole remembers with affection and with sorrow that "freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," and thus Ireland, too, cherishes the memory of her departed patriots, and will continue to cherish their memory, because they were men of exalted hopes, because they were men of unbounded faith, and because they proved in the hour of tribulation that they were also men of un conquerable fortitude (loud applause).

I do not remember any more remarkable event in political history than the French Revolution of 1789, and I mention it because Ireland was deeply moved by the spirit of that extraordinary time. When French Republicanism first entrenched itself behind the barricades, and rent the sky above the old city of Paris with the shout that proclaimed the downfall of king-craft and tyranny, it told the astonished nations that the people of France were forever free (loud applause). Just two years after Europe sustained that terrible shock,—in the year 1791,—a legal and constitutional association was formed in the town of Belfast, in the North of Ireland, and it was formed for the double purpose of advocating the reform of the Irish Parliament and the religious Liberty of the Irish Catholics. Among the men who on that occasion identified themselves with the cause of civil and religious freedom, there was one who might appropriately be called the father of Irish democratic principles. The association I refer to was the society of United Irishmen and the man I refer to was Theobald Wolfe Tone (loud applause). Although Ireland had achieved legislative independence, nine years before the formation of the society of United Irishmen, it is well to remember that many of the worst statutes of the Penal Code remained unrepealed; and the Catholics, who formed—as they form to-day—the great mass of the population, were entirely unrepresented in Parliament. Now, it was to remedy this state of things that the United Irishmen formed their organization. They saw also that from the very hour in which legislative independence had been wrung from the fears of England, the English Government was devising means to effect its destruction; and the more closely we examine the circumstances of Ireland at this time, the more manifest does it become that, from first to last, the policy of the United Irishmen was conducted by sound statesmanship and directed by consummate ability. Although the Irish Parliament at that time contained not only some of the greatest men in Ireland but some who have since been pronounced as among the greatest of the age—it was, nevertheless, stained with the vice of bigotry. It was a parliament in which the majority had some ideas of Irish nation-

ality; but they were ideas which regarded the Irish Catholics, on account of their religious opinions, as unworthy to participate in the government of their country. The political edifice erected by the men of 1782 contained, therefore, the seeds of its own decay—the germ, which, combined with the hand of corruption, procured its overthrow and annihilation, and it must be equally clear that had the United Irishmen succeeded by their constitutional efforts, in forcing reform and emancipation through the Irish Parliament, the healthy breeze of popular legislation would have supplied a sufficient antidote to the corruption which the English Ministry had introduced into all the public departments; and thus our constitutional Liberty, having been purified and preserved, the ultimate recourse to revolution might have been completely obviated. But the Irish aristocracy,—who share with the British Government the odium attached to the bloody scenes of '98,—were impervious to all appeals for justice and humanity. They scorned to abandon even the smallest portion of the wretched dominion they had usurped over the bodies and souls of their Catholic countrymen. Well, I am addressing my Catholic countrymen to-night, and I ask them, by the memory of our common fatherland, to remember that in this hour of Ireland's peril, the mighty Protestant heart of Wolfe Tone was deeply moved (loud applause) was deeply moved at the sight of the indignity inflicted upon his compatriots. He did not regard his brother Irishmen as unworthy of sympathy because they worshipped God at a Catholic shrine (applause). On the other hand, he recognized much sooner than the mass of his countrymen that the Irish aristocracy was in league with the British Government, and that the treachery of the one had sacrificed the rights of the Irish people to the ambition of the other. In the beginning, however, he was content to fight injustice with such weapons as he found within the Constitution; but when he saw the Constitution trampled upon by its acknowledged supporters,—when he found that protestations were utterly fruitless,—then he resolved, like a man, to seek the emancipation of his country by the light of gleaming swords and flashing rifles (loud applause).

In the year 1794, then, the United Irish Society resolved itself into a secret revolutionary organization, driven on by the proposed tyranny of the conservative party in England,—the party presumably of the Constitution, but the party of revolution as the history of their misgovernment in my unfortunate land amply testifies. Wolfe Tone labored, with all the energy of his soul, at the great task then undertaken by him and his associates. His action in the work very soon brought him under the suspicion of the Government, and he was compelled to exile himself to America in order to avoid arrest. He arrived in Philadelphia on the 20th of May, 1795; but immediately on his arrival in the Republic, he recommenced the prosecution of his designs; and being most anxious to effect an alliance with France, he presented to the French Ministry a memorial on the state of Ireland. His energy was indescribable. In January, 1796, we find him in Paris exerting his diplomatic skill in the interest of the Irish Republic; and on the 13th of the following month he is engaged in discussing with Carnot, the great War Minister,—the "organizer of victory," as he was called,—he is engaged in discussing with him a project intended to effect the freedom of Ireland, the downfall of England, and the glory of France (applause). And as the result of his negotiations, a French expedition was organized and sailed for the Irish coast. It is the opinion of many impartial writers that had that expedition safely reached Ireland at that time, the connection between that country and Great Britain would have been forever dissolved. The expedition was, however, unfortunate. It was scattered by adverse winds; and those cherished hopes of the Irish leader were dashed with bitter disappointment. But, even in the hour of defeat, Wolfe Tone was not the man to abandon himself to the vice of despair. He well knew,—what every successful man must know,—that he who despairs of victory because he has once failed does not even deserve to succeed (applause). Animated by this principle Tone renewed his exertions; and the Dutch Republic,—then in alliance with France,—organized a second expedition for the invasion of Ireland. Wolfe Tone was on the flag-ship, even more joyous and hopeful than he had been on the first occasion; and as the ship heaved on the bosom of the waters his heart bounded with new life at the prospect of a redeemed and regenerated country. But again, by that extraordinary fatality which has often transferred the chances of success to Ireland's enemies, the weather interposed an obstacle to the realization of the design, and this second failure, no doubt, was a terrible blow to the hopes of the brave patriot. It seemed to him that never again would he see such a beam of hope for Ireland as that which shone upon him on these two occasions and was now extinguished forever. But firm in his opinion that all was not yet lost, he continued the fight; he continued to rally under the national standard every resource in his power; and it was not until the insurrection had been completely suppressed throughout Ireland that his patriotic and courageous efforts were brought to a close. He fell into the hands of the British authorities, was tried by court-martial and condemned to death. But he was never legally condemned, because he had taken no oath of allegiance to the British crown. The tribunal which condemned him had no legal authority—no moral or constitutional right whatever to preside in his case; but his heart was sunk in despair at the total failure of his hopes, and he did not wish to survive them. To die with honor was his only wish,—his only request to be shot like a soldier. That last request was refused,—a cruelty which a man of his intelligence might really have foreseen. From the days of Llewellyn, of Wales, and Wallace, of Scotland, from those of Napoleon down to the days of the Irish political prisoners that she holds at this hour in her dungeons (loud and long continued applause)—throughout the entire chapter of her relations with foreign peoples, I challenge history to find if it can one single instance in which England has shown either mercy or generosity to a fallen foe (loud applause), and a voice, "She never did!" The last picture that we have of this first apostle of Irish union—the most illustrious martyr of Irish independence,—is where we find him stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon cell, where for seven days and nights he wasted away in slow and silent agony, until death came and terminated his sufferings. "The curse of Swift," says Dr. Madden, in his "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen"; "the curse of Swift was upon Wolfe Tone;—he was an Irishman." Had he been a native of any other European country his noble qualities and brilliant talents would have raised him to the first honor in the State and to the very highest place in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. Remember, Wolfe Tone was the leader of the Irish cause at a time when the boldest hearts and the noblest intellects in Ireland were banded together to effect a great revolution. He was, besides, one of those who, by long and painful study and great sacrifices, have conquered good for humanity. I say it is to men like him that statues and pillars should be raised; and it is in describing the glorious record of his times that the pen of history should glow with the fire of immortal eloquence (loud applause).

I have said that Ireland was indebted to France for that spark of freedom's fire, which brightened for a brief day in '98 and then went down for ever. But with all Christian men, I execrate the memory of those whose crimes have made the French Revolution odious in the eyes of history. But at the same time I would be only pandering to the mean-

est ignorance and most illiberal prejudices if I heated for a moment to declare my solemn conviction that the primary motives which actuated the French people in that mighty movement were as pure as ever stirred the human heart (applause). The principles they laid down were the simplest and the broadest, the most self-evident and natural; and though you may clothe them in hateful colors, and though, unfortunately for humanity, they have become the property of an irreligious faction, yet the principles of "liberty, equality and fraternity" are in themselves sacred and eternal principles belonging to all morality and religion (applause). I do hope that the time will come in the history of the world, when the leaders of public opinion will have sufficient reverence for God and sufficient sympathy for humanity to stand before the peoples with the Cross of Christ in one hand, and the banner of popular freedom in the other, prepared to strike down with equal energy the foes of civil and religious freedom (loud cheers). And my national prejudices do not make me insensible to the glorious lines of an English poet, who invoked all the powers of nature to give sanction to the character of universal freedom. Roscoe, the Liverpool poet, and philanthropist, beautifully says:—

"Oh, catch his high spirit, ye winds as ye blow;
Oh, bear it ye waves as ye roll;
From the nations that feel the sun's fervid glow
To the farthest extreme of the Pole;
Equal rights, equal laws, to all nations around:
Peace and freedom its precepts impart;
And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,
May he bind the decree on his heart."

[Loud applause]. Whilst the struggle for independence was going forward on the Irish battle-field, the principles of the United Irishmen were being advocated within the walls of Trinity College, Dublin. Trinity College, in those dark days, was the stronghold of class prejudice. I rejoice to know that in our brighter time it has given to our national party in Ireland some of its staunchest advocates, some of its brightest ornaments. But among the members of its historical debating society, at the period under consideration, there was a young student who was destined as a martyr to give his name to a glorious immortality. In that stronghold of Conservative bigotry, powerful oppression had met an untried assailant in the person of the young enthusiast, Robert Emmet (great cheering). Whilst his mind was still fresh with the expressions derived from pondering over the deeds of ancient chivalry, as recorded in the classic page, it was revolving schemes for the elevation of his own land,—schemes which Emmet fondly believed would make the opening of the nineteenth century equal to the most heroic period of antiquity. Our national poet, Moore, was the friend and fellow-student of Emmet; and he speaks of him in his biography of another illustrious Irishman, in terms of the highest approbation. "I tell you," says Moore, "of the number of men amongst those whom I have known and who possessed in the highest degree— who combined in the highest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should amongst the highest of the few place Robert Emmet." In the year 1798 he was expelled Trinity College on account of his principles. The events of those times had a powerful effect on his feelings. He actively participated in the work going on with the object of affecting the independence of Ireland. In October, 1802, we find him among the Irish refugees in Paris, when they were devising new means to overthrow the British Government in Ireland; and it may appear strange that so readily, after the fatal suppression of one insurrection, they were engaged in organizing another. It would not appear at all strange to those who would have calculated the circumstances of Ireland and England at that time. Although the insurrection of 1798 was totally suppressed, yet, in the year 1800, the atrocious means which the government adopted for carrying the measure of the so-called Union had excited the bitterest resentment in the hearts of every man in Ireland who had not been bought over by the Ministry, or whose pecuniary or personal interests were not in some way identified with English supremacy. Emmet relied on the force of this national resentment; but he did not rely upon that exclusively. When in Paris, he sought and obtained an interview with Napoleon, then First Consul of the French Republic. He saw the representatives of nineteen of the largest counties in Ireland before he resolved upon action; and these facts ought to be borne in mind in the study of this period of Irish history, for it is a popular and general fallacy that the movement of 1803 was a rash, imprudent, ill-considered movement. I suppose it must plead guilty to all these accusations because it failed, but I am especially of opinion that if Emmet had been sustained by the support of his foreign allies on the one hand, and by the fidelity of his own countrymen on the other, instead of confining himself to the support of only his own patriotic sincerity and courage,—I might be able to speak of him as the people of the United States love to speak of Washington, not merely as a patriot who gave every thought and act of his life to his country's cause, but as the savior who bequeathed to that country the priceless jewel of national freedom (great applause).

In speaking of Robert Emmet, I cannot help referring to the touching incidents that surrounded the close of his career with all the charms of a beautiful woman. With the greatest firmness of mind Emmet possessed a heart susceptible to the tenderest emotions; and he conceived an ardent passion for the daughter of the illustrious advocate, John Philpot Curran (applause). His affection for her, warmed into intensity by his own patriotic imagination, was only second to his love for Ireland. Sarah Curran fully reciprocated the feelings of the patriotic chief; and in the ruin that had fallen upon his hopes and fortunes her happiness was irrevocably involved. When the bloodhounds of the law were upon his track, he might have evaded their pursuit and have got safely out of the country; but, as he tells us in one of his letters, he could not leave without seeing Miss Curran and bidding her an affectionate farewell. This determination destroyed his chance of escape; and although he remained for more than a month amongst his devoted friends he was at length arrested after a bold but vain resistance. On his conviction of high treason he delivered a speech which has been justly regarded as one of the finest pieces of eloquence in the English language, as it certainly constitutes, what is of far greater importance—a complete vindication of himself and his country (applause). During the progress of the trial Emmet had been charged with being a conspirator against the laws by the notorious Judge Norbury (hisses)—and was refused the privilege of speaking in his own defence; but Emmet answered him, in terms which must have made that corrupt official tremble in the very fullness of his power, "I do not fear," said he "to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and vilified by a mere remnant of mortality here? and by you of all others; for if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed into one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it." There could be no mistake about the readiness of his eloquence. There was a great deal of keen invective and sarcasm revealed in that excited reply to Lord Norbury; and probably that corrupt official discovered that Robert Emmet was just one of those persons who ought in discussion to be "let severely alone. There could be no doubt of his sincerity of courage or of his patriotism; but let me tell this audience that these are precisely the qualities that have never been known to

exercise any influence on the wretched creatures are charged with the work of imperial government in Ireland. Emmet was condemned to death; and on the 20th of September, 1803, his blood flowed from the public scaffold in Thomas' street, Dublin. His tomb has been left unscathed, as he requested that it should be, until Ireland becomes a nation; but the world has not observed towards him, as he also requested, "the charity of its silence;" for struggling freemen everywhere have mentioned his name with respect and the grief felt for his untimely end by his own countrymen has broken "the cold chain of silence" and found utterance in word and deed (applause). Wherever liberty is worshipped,—wherever men hold priceless national honor, there the name of Robert Emmet is mentioned with respect and reverence (applause). But so long as Ireland remains a mere province, so long his last words will testify to Irish humiliation, because they will continue to let the world know that we are not yet worthy to trace his epitaph on the spot where that true hearted Irishman found his last repose.

With reference to the fair being whose history was entwined with that of Robert Emmet, his fate destroyed her hopes of earthly happiness and transformed her into a hopeless maniac. When, in obedience to the demand of society she ventured to mix in the great assemblies, she was observed to mope about like one abstracted, for her heart lay beneath the cold tombstone on her lover's grave. Washington Irving has traced with his own diamond pen the history of her sorrows; and he tells us that she sought, under the influence of a southern sun, to dispel the gloom that had settled upon her soul; but it was in vain. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length she sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart. You know that it took the enchanted lyre of Moore to give expression to her feelings and to preserve in appropriate numbers the memory of Sarah Curran's fidelity:—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps
For her heart in his grave is lying.

"She sings the wild songs of his dear native plains—
Every note that he loved awaking,
Ah! little they think who delights in her strains,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He lived for his love; for his country he died:—
They were all that too life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long shall his love stay behind him."

[Loud applause]. From what I know of the long record of the struggle for Irish freedom, it will not surprise you when I say that it would be impossible even to enumerate those who have fixed their fame in Irish history by devotion to that glorious cause. But there are two names that, in my judgment, are not less worthy of being noted than those I have already spoken of; and, with your permission, to those two I will now simply refer. In my humble opinion no two Irishmen accomplished more for Irish Nationality—though working on different principles—than Daniel O'Connell (loud applause) and Thomas Davis (immense applause), although their labors did not terminate in prison, or on the scaffold, or in the field, yet sacrificed their whole lives to Ireland; and I feel as ready to do honor to the memory of such men, acting sincerely, as if they had died, as I believe, even these very peaceful times, millions of Irishmen would like to die,— sword in hand, on some Irish hill side (cheers). I do not believe that the policy of Ireland at the present day, ought or could be shaped strictly in accordance with the policy of O'Connell; but I am not, therefore, unwilling to pay due reverence to a man whom Ireland gratefully remembers as the champion of her religious emancipation and the fearless defender, during half a century, of Ireland's indestructible Nationality (applause). It was, I think, fitting and providential, that when, after a struggle of six hundred years, Ireland's sword was broken, a leader would come who would vindicate the national rights of his country by appeals to the eternal principles of justice and of truth. Being of that opinion, I can speak of the tactics employed by O'Connell, during the struggle for emancipation, only in the language of frank and hearty commendation. But when he sought to achieve the national independence, and when, as I am informed, he had the power, then I do think that he ought to have adopted those vigorous measures which have brought success on other lands, when men were found with sufficient courage and self-denial to stand up for the liberties of their country (applause). If, however, you would contemplate one who combined, in the very highest degree, many of the noble qualities for which Ireland's patriots have been distinguished, you must fix on Daniel O'Connell (applause). He united the eloquence of Grattan with the courage of Wolfe Tone; the intrepidity of Lord Edward Fitzgerald (applause) with the wisdom of Edmund Burke; the humor of Swift with the wit of Sheridan; and the enthusiasm of Emmet with the tenderness of Moore. Although we cannot but be sensible of the great good which he accomplished, we stand too near the time in which he lived to be able to realize all the powers of his great character. They will be adequately and fully realized by a remote posterity alone. Time, which destroys everything else, adds to the reputation of true greatness; and as the scholar of to-day delights to honor the memory of the great men of antiquity, so the scholar of some distant period of the future will turn with reverence to the record of the men of the nineteenth century; and in that day the name of Daniel O'Connell will shine pre-eminently on the roll of fame (loud applause). No matter what opinion you may hold of the national policy of Ireland, the life of such a man is pregnant with lessons of the soundest policy; and a career which has been so great and dazzling must necessarily supply ample food for reflection to the thoughtful politician. Let us take a glance at that career. After 1803,—the failure of Emmet's insurrection,—the cause of Catholic freedom had fallen into the hands of one of the weakest political parties that ever sprang up in that country,—a party composed chiefly of the Catholic aristocracy, of whom Lord Fitzgibbon was the leader. This party was afraid to invite the co-operation of the people in the national movement;—this party contented itself with sending loyal addresses to the Government, as if a show of servility were the surest road to national emancipation; and this state of things, degrading to the religion as well as to the manhood of Ireland, continued until O'Connell assumed the direction of national affairs. When he did, he founded the Catholic Association on the solid ground of Democracy, a power which no Ministerial bribery could corrupt, and which no prison walls could enclose (applause);—when he did, the perfect structure of religious liberty arose, daily increasing in greatness, until it astonished the nations and ultimately made England yield to the Irish demand (applause). I honor O'Connell in the first place because he was the first public teacher having power and possessing influence that grasped the great truth first propounded by John Philpot Curran, when he said: "The people are the true source of political power" (applause). O'Connell's labors in the law courts, on behalf of his oppressed countrymen, were of equal value with his exertions in Parliament and his advocacy of their rights on the public platform. Wherever justice was outraged in the persons of the poor and friendless, there O'Connell's voice of thunder was raised at one time to denounce landlord oppression, at another to cha-

tise official insolence; and many a bigoted, partial Judge, and many a hired informer, caught terror from his flashing eye. Possessed of considerable legal acumen, he could unravel with a skillful hand the tangled threads which villainy had thrown around the ignorant and unwary; and there were very few occasions on which, while advocating the case of a client, he did not discover some opportunity of vindicating the national rights of Ireland. It has been well said that never yet felt a ruler for his subjects, or a pastor for his flock, or a father for his children, more deeply solicitous than O'Connell felt for his beloved countrymen; and with all that national love, remember, his sympathies were not bounded by the Irish coast. No; he had a heart to feel for our common humanity; and the dearest wish of that heart was that victory might light on the banner of the patriot wherever it waved in the breeze (applause). There was this great feature in the career of O'Connell, that he was a man of courage,—that he was a man who did not confine his advocacy for liberty to a creed or a color or a class; and he reflected honor upon his race and people by the sympathy which he was always prepared to show to the struggling freemen of every creed and of every class. It is no wonder, therefore, that he acquired such influence with the masses of his countrymen; and there can be no doubt that although every fond recollection should desert the hearts of Irishmen, they will cherish the memory of him whose body lies mouldering in Glasnevin, but whose name shall ever occupy an honored place in history as a martyr of freedom,—the friend of humanity and the defender of the Christian Church (loud applause).

The lecturer here made a short digression, and referred to his visit to the United States. The Presidential Election was at its height. There are a number of Irishmen in the town of Syracuse, where he was staying; and owing to their connection with the Republican party, have no prominence. However, a procession of Republicans was parading the street on this evening, and an Irishman standing on the street while the procession was passing shouted, "Three cheers for Old Ireland." The Republican Captain turned round, and in a rough manner said, "Three cheers for hell." "Arrah, begorra," said Pat, "that's right; every man cheers for his own country." [Roars of laughter].

I have yet to say a few words about Thomas Davis. Among the adherents of O'Connell and the members of the Repeal Association, Davis was the first to propound the theory,—which has often been propounded since, and defended with the blood of Irish patriots,—he was the first to propound the theory that the freedom of Ireland could never be achieved merely by constitutional agitation; and from the establishment of the Nation newspaper to the day of his untimely death, Davis was the recognized head and leader of the "Young Ireland party" (applause); and not one of the leading members of that party has omitted the opportunity of laying some tribute of respect upon his tomb; for Meagher, Mitchell (applause), and even O'Connell himself held him in the very highest esteem; and if our purpose is to be practical to-night we have to ask ourselves what truths did he teach which exercised so commanding an influence upon his compatriots. Well, he taught that our nationality should be so constituted that it should contain and represent all phases of Ireland; that is, it should not be either Celtic or Saxon, but that it should be "Irish;" that Ireland should not be regarded as the property of any particular class or creed, but that all classes and creeds and political parties should bow before the sovereignty of the whole Irish nation (cheers);—that foreign domination should not be allowed to erect its banners on the soil where the ashes of the Druids were mingled with the blood of Christian martyrs during a struggle of a thousand years; and, finally, he thought that liberty is worth the sacrifice of all that man holds dear, and that they alone deserve to enjoy its blessings who are willing, if necessary, to purchase them with their blood (loud cheering). I have spoken of O'Connell as the friend of universal liberty. So, also, was Davis. His sympathies were on the side of struggling freemen in every oppressed land; and if you want any evidence of it, then read his dashing poem entitled, "Oh! for a Steed":—

"Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar,
To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red huzzar;
To mock their boasts,
And strew their hosts,
And scatter their flags afar.

"Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland gathered round,
To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them upon the ground;
Nor hold my hand
While on the land
A foreigner foe was found.

"Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote down the Dane;
Or a place beside great Hugh O'Neil when Bagnal the bold was slain;
Or a waving crest
And a lance in rest
With Bruce upon Danubock plain.

"Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks at Marathon;
Or a place in the Switzer phalanx, when the Morat men swept on,
Like a pine-clad hill
By an earthquake's will
Hurled the valleys upon.

"Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of Hindustan,
And a hundred thousand cavaliers to charge like a single man,
Till our shirts were red,
And the English fled
Like a cowardly caravan."

[Tremendous cheering]. Thus far, ladies and gentlemen, I have been tracing examples of public virtue among past generations; but I claim to be of the number who do not expect that gratitude or veneration is the homage of remote times; and who believe in the duty of recognizing the worthiness which we have encountered in our own generation. Now, on the 23d of November, 1867, a tragedy was enacted in the streets of Manchester, in England, in which the world was taught a lesson of the very highest self-sacrifice. On that day, three brave Irishmen—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien—laid down their lives for their country's friends. "Greater love than this no man hath,—that he lay down his life for his friends." I will not attempt to give expression to the eternal gratitude or to the stern resolve that took root in millions of Irish hearts on that memorable day, when the martyred three of Manchester gave their bodies to the executioner and their souls to Heaven; but I shall never forget how Ireland marked her appreciation of that act of British vindictiveness, by which those three young men were sacrificed on the public scaffold. On the day that a procession numbering a hundred thousand persons walked through the streets of the Irish capital, to do honor to the "Manchester Martyrs," I had an opportunity of witnessing one of those exhibitions of national feeling which occur only on rare and important occasions in the history of any country. On that morning I made my way through the crowded streets of Dublin, to that spot in Thomas street which is consecrated by the blood of Emmet; and there I awaited the arrival of the procession. Well, it approached the hallowed