

population, with its high-minded, and time-honored nobility, when they found that they could not love their country at home: where there were interminable and everlasting battles that they turned their faces to other lands, and sought elsewhere the distinction and military glory which their nationality and religion deprived them of in their native land. So, we find that, as early as Elizabeth's time, and even in that of Henry VIII, Irishmen had begun to emigrate; and the armies of Spain, and Austria, and France were glad to receive them; for well they knew, that wherever the Irish soldier stood in the post of danger, that post was secure until the enemy walked over the corpses of those who defended it (cheers).

Amongst many other risings, Ireland rose almost to a man in the year 1641. The Confederation of Kilkenny was formed, and the Catholics of Ireland, unable to bear longer the cruel, heartless, and bloody persecution of Elizabeth and her successors, banded together as one man. All the ancient nobility of Ireland, all the Catholic chieftains—the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the McDermotts, in the North; the McCrackans and McCarthy Mor, in the South; the O'Reillys, in Cavan; the Clannricarde Burkes of Connaught (cheers); the Geraldines of Leinster,—in a word all the Irish chivalry and nobility came together, and they formed a National Confederation for the national defence. For eleven years this war was continued. An Irishman who had attained to the highest rank in the armies of Spain,—who was the most distinguished, the grandest soldier of his age,—came over,—leaving his post at the head of the Spanish army, then the bravest and finest in Europe,—and landed on the shores of Ireland. His name was the immortal Owen Roe O'Neill (tremendous applause). He rallied the Irish forces, and met on many a well-fought field the armies of England. Thanks be to God! though they poisoned him they could not conquer him with the sword (cheers). Thanks be to God! there is one Irishman upon whose grave may be written,—“Here lies a man who never drew the sword for Ireland on the battle-field without scattering his enemies like chaff before the wind” (renewed cheering). He met at Benburb, on the banks of the Boyne, the English General, Monroe, with a large and well-disciplined army. O'Neill formed his men into one solid column, flanking them with his artillery, and giving the word to advance, straight to the very heart of the English army he pierced like an insurmountable wedge. The columns of the English army swarmed upon every side; from every quarter they came. Still on the Irish went, until they gained the brow of Benburb Hill; nor was all the chivalry of England able to stand against them. When they gained the brow of the hill, O'Neill, on looking around, could see the enemy flying on every side, as from the avenging angel of God (cheers).

At another battle at the “Yellow Ford,” he met the English Field Marshal Bagenal, at the head of a large army. He not only routed him, but exterminated his army, and scarcely left a man to go home to their strongholds around Dublin, to tell, with blanched lips, the tale that they had been destroyed by the Irish (applause).

Cromwell landed in Ireland; and Owen Roe O'Neill, at the head of his army, advanced from the north to measure swords with the Roundhead of England. Ah! well they knew the mettle the man was made of; and they sent a traitor into his camp to put poison into the Irishman's wine!

In the death of Owen Roe O'Neill, the great Confederation of Ireland was broken: so that, with divided counsels, they scarcely knew whom to obey; until on the 12th of May, 1652, eleven years after the Confederation was established, Galway, the last stronghold of the Irish, had to yield. The cause was lost,—lost again! and the Irish nobility, and the rank and file of the Irish army, rather than remain at home and serve as soldiers with Cromwell, went to France, Austria, and Spain, and left their mark upon the history of Europe, as that history is proud to record (applause).

On the 27th October, 1652, Limerick fell. Forty years later, Ireland is in arms again. This time the English king is at their head,—King James the Second. I wish to God he had been a braver man; he would not then have deserved the name of “*Shamus the chieftain*” (applause and laughter). He was too fond of taking out his handkerchief, and putting it to his eyes, and crying out to the Irish soldiers—“Oh! spare my English subjects!” and when the Irish dragoons were sweeping down upon Schomberg, on the slopes of the Boyne,—when the Irish dragoons would have driven the Brunswickers into that river, and the history of Ireland would have taken from the beautiful Boyne the name of reproach it has to this day,—James was the first to give orders, “Stop a little! don't let them make so desperate a charge!” Any man that knows the history of his country knows that, if we study the actions and valor of the Irish army at that very Boyne,—at Athlone,—at Aughrim,—although they lost the field they did not lose their honor; but they crowned their loss with immortal glory (loud cheers). At length the campaign drew to a close; and when 1691 came,—forty years after the former siege of Limerick,—the heroic city is once more surrounded by the flower of the English army; while within its walls were 10,000 Irishmen, with Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, at their head (cheers). A breach was made in the walls; three times the whole strength of the English army was hurled against the defenders of the walls of Limerick. Three times, within that breach, arose the wild shout of the Irish soldiers; and three times was the whole might of Orange William's army swept away from that breach (applause). In the third of these assaults, combatants appeared who are not generally seen, either on the battle-field or at the hustings, in Ireland. The Irish women are not what you call “Women's rights people” (laughter). The women of Ireland do not go in

much for “women's associations,” and they do not go in at all for “Free Love” (laughter and applause); but they “vent for” the English in the last assault (renewed applause). The brave, dark-eyed mothers and daughters of Southern Ireland stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their brothers and fathers. In the breach they stood; and whilst the men defended Irish nationality, in that terrible hour, the women of Ireland raised their strong hands in defence of Ireland's purity and Ireland's right (applause). Well they might! for never had womanhood a more sacred, pure, and honorable cause to defend, than when the women of Limerick opposed the base and evil-minded invaders of their country (applause).

Well, Limerick yielded. King William and his Generals found they could not take the city; so they made terms with Sarsfield and his men, to the effect, that the Irish army were to go out with drums beating, colors flying, and with arms in their hands; free to stay in Ireland, if they wished; or to join the service of any foreign power they pleased. The Treaty of Limerick granted the Catholics of Ireland as much religious liberty as they enjoyed under the Stuarts. That Treaty was won by the bravery of the Irish soldiers within the shattered walls of Limerick. The Treaty of Limerick granted the Irish merchants the same privileges and the same rights as the English merchants had. But, as soon as Sarsfield and his thirty thousand soldiers were gone, before the ink was dry upon the Treaty, it was broken. The Lord Justices that signed it returned to Dublin, and a certain Mr. Dopping—(he was the Protestant Bishop of Meath)—preached a sermon; and the subject of that sermon was, on the sin of keeping their oaths with the Catholics! The Treaty was broken ere the ink upon it was scarce dry; and a period of confiscation and misery most terrible followed.

Meantime, Sarsfield and his poor companions took themselves to France. “Exiles of Hope,” they went in the hope that they would one day return with their brave French allies, and sweep the Saxons from off the soil of Erin (applause). By the time Sarsfield arrived in France (1691), there were thirty thousand Irishmen in the service of King Louis. There were, at the same time, some ten thousand in the service of Spain, and an equal number in the service of Austria; and it is worthy of notice that the Irishmen of Leinster and of Meath joined the service of Austria, with their leaders, the Nugents and the Kavanaghs,—names still perpetuated in the Austrian army. I myself knew a Field Marshal Nugent, of Irish descent, in the Austrian army. The men of the North went to Spain, under the O'Reillys and the O'Donnells. At that very time Austria and Spain were fighting against France. So that, whilst there were thirty thousand Irishmen in the French army, there were nearly twenty thousand in the other armies. There the bone and sinew and the blood of Ireland were, engaged in the work,—the unhappy work, of slaughtering one another! Oh! how sad to think that the bravest soldiers that ever stood,—the bravest in the world,—that they should be thus employed, fighting for causes of which they knew nothing, and for monarchs who cared nothing about them; and the hands which should have been joined for Ireland, in some glorious effort for Irish purposes, were actually imbrued in their brothers' blood on many a battle-field in Europe (sensation). Sarsfield shortly after his arrival with his Connaught men and Munster men, took service with King Louis of France. He first crossed swords with the English at the siege of a town of Flanders. There he so behaved with his Irishmen, and so thoroughly cleared the field, so completely swept away the English that were opposed to him, bearing down upon them when they first wavered, with the awful dash of Lord Clare's Dragoons, that Sarsfield was created a Marshal of France (cheers). We find him again at the battle of Landen. He is at the head of the Irish Brigade; and opposed to him is King William, Orange William, whom he had often met upon many a field before. Now the close of a hard-fought day is approaching. The English, with their Dutch auxiliaries, are in full flight. Sarsfield, with his sword in hand, was at the head of his troops; when suddenly a musket ball struck that heroic breast, and he falls upon the field of glory. When the film of death was coming over his eyes, he placed his hand unconsciously to the wound and withdrawing it covered with his heart's blood he cried—“Oh God! that this blood were shed for Ireland!”

The fortunes of the French were now in the ascendant, from the years 1691 to 1696. Then the powerful Duke of Marlborough, arose with Prince Eugene, at the head of the Austrian army; and France began to suffer reverses. The star of France began to go down. Marlborough conquered on many a glorious field, and with the English soldiers drove the French before him, at Malplaquet, at Oudenard, at Ramillies, and other places. But it is a singular thing, which history records, that in every one of these battles, in which the French were defeated, the English, often in the hour of their victory, had to fly before the Irish Brigade (cheers). So the poet says:

“When on Ramillies bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The Victor Saxons backward reeled,
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.”

(Applause.)

Yes the French army, on that, were routed; but there was one division of that army that retired from the field victorious, and with the English standards which they had captured in their hands. And this was the Irish Brigade (applause). Years followed years, but the strength of the exiles was still kept up by the hope that they would one day return to Ireland, and strike a blow for their dear old land (cheers). Years followed years. Sarsfield was in his grave more than forty years. France was still playing a losing game in the war of the Spanish succession. Marshal Saxe arose, and with King Louis the Fourteenth, laid siege to Tournay, in Flanders. He had 75,000 men under his command. Whilst he was still besieging the city, the Duke of Cumberland, the son of George the Second,—one of the most awful wretches that ever cursed the face of the earth with his presence; a man whose heart knew no pity; a man who mowed down the poor Highlanders at Culloden; a man whose heart

knew no love, whose passions knew no restraint, whose name to this day is spoken by every Englishman in a whisper, as if he was ashamed of it,—he commanded 55,000 men, mostly English, and some Dutch auxiliaries; and marched at the head of this tremendous army to raise the siege of Tournay. When the French King heard of the approach of the English he took 45,000 men from the siege, and leaving 18,000 to continue it, went on with the rest including the Irish Brigade, to meet the Duke of Cumberland. They met him on the slopes of Fontenoy. The French general took his position upon the village of Fontenoy. It was on the crowning slope of this hill, which extended on every side, to the village called St. Antoine, on the other side, through a wood called De Barri's wood; and there entrenched, and strongly established, he waited his English foe. Cumberland arrived at the head of his English army, and the whole day long assaulted the French position, in vain. He sent his Dutchmen to attack St. Antoine; twice they attacked the village, and the lines—and twice were they driven back with slaughter. Three times the English themselves advanced to the village of Fontenoy; three times were they driven back by the French. They tried to penetrate into De Barri's wood, on the left but the French artillery were massed within; and again and again were they driven back; until, when the evening was coming, the Duke of Cumberland, seeing the day was going against him assembled all the veteran and tried soldiers of his army, and formed a massive column of 6,000 men, six pieces of cannon in front of them, and six on either side of them. They were placed under command of Lord John Hay; and he adopted the same tactics which Owen Roe O'Neill adopted at Benburb. Forming the six thousand men in a solid column, he gave orders to march right through the village of Fontenoy;—right through the centre of the French,—until they got into their rear,—and then to turn and sweep them off the field. The word was given to march; and this I will say,—Irishman as I am to the heart's core,—I have read as much of the world's history as the majority of men; and I must say that, never in the annals of history have I read of anything more glorious than the heroism of these six thousand Englishmen that day (applause). The French closed in around them; they battered the head of the column with cannon; but that column marched on like a wall of iron. These Englishmen marched through the French lines; their men fell on every side; but as soon as a man fell, another stepped into his place. On they marched like a wall of iron, penetrating into the French lines. In vain the French tirailleurs hung upon their flanks; in vain did the French army oppose them; they were scattered by the English fire; until at length King Louis (taught in the school of misfortune), turned his reign to fly. Marshal Saxe stopped him. “Not yet, my liege,” he said. “Come up, Lord Clare, with your Irish.”—“Clear the way!” (applause).—Oh! to hear the wild cheer with which the Irish Brigade rushed into the fight that day (tremendous cheering)! This glorious victory is thus recorded by one of Ireland's greatest poets, the illustrious and immortal Thomas Davis (cheers):—

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in
vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flank-
ing battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch
auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British sol-
diers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished
and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with an-
xious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to
try;
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his Generals
ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds
at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column
tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank; Lord Hay
is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they
climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right
onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a
furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets
showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept
their course.
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at
hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grew
their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Hol-
land's ocean banks.

More idly than the Summer flies, French tirailleurs
rush round:
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew
the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore; still on
they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur re-
tired.
“Push on, my household cavalry!” King Louis madly
cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not un-
avenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis
turns his rein:
“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish
troops remain.”
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Wat-
terloo.
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement,
and true.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish,—there
are four Saxon foes!”
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he
goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont
to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ
could dry;
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their
women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
country overthrown—
Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him
alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet else-
where,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud
exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he com-
mands,
“Fix bayonets!”—“Charge.”—Like mountain storm
rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make
a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; the rocks, the
men behind!
One volley crushes from their line, when, through
the surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the head-
long Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
huzza!
“Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
Sassanach!”

Like lions leaping to a fold, when mad with hun-
ger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles
sprang:
Bright was their steel; 'tis bloody now; their guns
are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and
trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength; paused,
rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill side is matted close with dying and
with dead.

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hide-
ous wrack,
While cavalier and fantasin dash in upon their
track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the
sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is
fought and won!

[It would be impossible to give anything like a correct view of the effect produced by Father Burke's magnificent recitation of Davis' immortal verses.—Throughout he held his hearers bound under the most intense emotion, which, at the strong and striking passages of the poem, found vent in irrepressible cheers. As, in clarion tones, he gave out the cry with which the Irish Brigade burst upon the English line, a shout that made the building vibrate went up from the dense multitude; and as the final words of triumph pealed from the speaker's lips, they were received with a burst of applause such as might fittingly have hailed the victory of the battle-field, which they so vividly described. When the cheering had subsided, Father Burke continued:—]

So they fought, serving in France, in Spain and
in Austria; but the hope that kept them up was
never realized.
The French Revolution came, and the Irish
Brigade was dissolved. That French Revolution
opened the way for the third exodus from Ireland.
The Irish got a ray of hope when the wild cry of
freedom resounded on the battle-fields of Europe.—
The fever of the French Revolution spread to Ire-
land and created the insurrection of '98, and
the men of '98 were extinguished in blood. Bravely
they fought and well; and had Sarsfield himself, or
the heroic Lord Clare, been at New Ross, or at the
foot of Tara's Hill, on the Banks of the Boyne, when
the ninety Westmen fought a regiment of British
Dragoons, they would not have been ashamed of their
countrymen (loud applause).

The year of 1800 saw Ireland deprived of her Par-
liament; and from that day every honest Irishman
who loved his country had an additional argument
to turn his eyes to some other land. The making
of our laws was passed over to the English. They
knew nothing about us; they had no regard for us;
they wished, as their acts proved, to destroy the in-
dustry of Ireland; and some of the very first acts
of the united Parliament, when it was transferred to
England, were for the destruction of the commerce
and trade of Ireland. Some of the first things they
did were to repeal the acts of the glorious epoch of
1782, when the “Irish Volunteers,” with arms in
their hands, were able to exact justice from the gov-
ernment of England.

But, now, Ireland turned with wistful eyes, from
her western slopes, she looked across the ocean; and,
far away in the west, she beheld a mighty country
springing up, where the exile might find a home,
where freemen might find air to breathe, and where
the lover of his country might find a country worthy
of his love (prolonged applause). We may say that
the emigration to America took shape and form
from the day Ireland lost her legislative independence
by the transfer of her Parliament to England: for,
next to the privilege of loving his country, the
dearest privilege any man can have is that of hav-
ing a voice in the government and the making of
his own laws (applause). By the Act of Union,
a deposed, corrupted, and perjured Protestant Irish
Parliament declared, in the face of the world, that
Irishmen did not know how to make laws for them-
selves; and if they did not no man can blame Cas-
tleragh for taking them at their own word. He
was an Irishman, and he took the legislative assem-
bly from Dublin and transferred it to London; but,
if he did, it was that very assembly itself that voted
for its own transfer and its own destruction. In
vain did Grattan rise, the immortal Henry Grattan
(applause); in vain did he thunder forth in the
cause of justice and of Irish nationality. In vain did
every honest man lift up his voice. The corrupt
legislature played into the hands of Pitt and Castleragh,
and Castleragh carried his measure; and went on
rejoicing under his titles and honors, and increas-
ing in power and dignity and wealth; until, one
fine morning, he tried the keen edge of a razor
on his own throat (applause). He cut his jugular
artery and inflicted on himself a tremendous incon-
venience (laughter and applause). Whatever things
he had to fear in this world, I am greatly afraid he
did not improve his position by hurrying off to the
other. But what was so inconvenient to Castleragh,
was a great blessing to Ireland, to England, and to
the whole world; for it is a great blessing to this
world when any scoundrel makes his bow and goes
out of it (laughter and applause).

Well, my friends, it is of these early exiles—the
exiles of '98—the exiles who went in the preceding
years, under William's persecutions,—the exiles who
were banished by Cromwell, when 100,000 men, and
among them two or three thousand priests of
my own Order, were sent as slaves to the Barbadoes,
and there died in the sugar plantations.—It was of
these exiles that the Scottish poet, wrote his famous
verses on the “Exile of Erin.” The lines of this
famous poem are of a time anterior to our own. He
speaks of the Irish exile as one who was playing
upon a harp. Now, up to about seventy years ago,
the harp was a common instrument in Ireland; and
the aged harpers lived down to the time of Carolan,
who died a few years before the troubles of '98 be-
gan. We can, therefore, enter into the sentiment of
the poet, who thus describes our unfortunate coun-
tryman, driven by force and oppression from all
that he loved and cherished on this earth:—

“There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repair-
ing;

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

“O, and is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

“O, Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no
more.

And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou ever replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase
me?
Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me!

They died to defend me, or lived to deplore.
“Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sister and sire, did you weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure,
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

“But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
And thy harp-striking birds sing aloud with devo-
tion,
Erin, mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!”

(Applause.)

As the first of these exiles was that of faith, that
faith might be disseminated throughout the
earth,—and as, the second emigration was that of
the warrior, going forth full of hope,—a hope that
was never realized,—so, the last emigration from
Ireland, was the emigration of love. It was
the tearing of loving hearts from all that they
cherished, all that they loved in this world the
injustice, and the tyranny of the land possessors
of Ireland; the injustice of the wicked government
of England; gloating over the work of the “Crom-
well Brigade,” the people taken from their homesteads
and flung into the ditches to die like dogs; no law
protecting them; no rights of their own to be as-
serted; no rights save the right to suffer; to be exiled
and to die. Ah, who amongst us has ever seen the
parting of the old man from his sons and daughters
who amongst us has ever heard the heart-broken cry go
forth when those loving hearts were separated; who
amongst us, that has seen and heard, can ever forget
those things! No: the youth of Ireland, the bone
and sinew of the land, and sat down upon their family graves
to weep, and to die with broken hearts. But one
emotion, one glorious passion ruled the emigrant
of faith of 1,400 years ago, the emigrant warrior of
200 years ago, and the emigrant of love of the pre-
sent day: one glorious feeling, one absorbing pas-
sion, and that was, their love for Ireland (cheers).
Hear the lament of Columbkille, one of Ireland's
greatest saints, greatest poets, and greatest sons,
who banished himself, in penance, to the far distant
island of Iona. He tells us that, when he wished
to calm the sorrow of his heart, he generally sat
upon the high rocks of the island, and turned his
eyes to catch a glimpse of the faint outline of the
shore of Ireland. “Death,” he exclaimed, in one of
his poems:—“Death in faultless Ireland, is better
than life without end, in Albin.”

“Death in faultless Ireland, is better than life with-
out end, in Albin;

What joy to fly upon the white crested sea, and
watch the waves break upon the Irish shore!
What joy to row in my little boat, and land upon
the whitening foam of the Irish shore!
Ah! how my boat would fly if its prow were turned
to my Irish oak groves;
But the noble sea now carries me to Albin, the land
of the raven.

My foot is in my little boat, but my sad heart bleeds;
and there is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin.
Never, in this sad life, shall I see Erin, or her sons
and daughters again.

From the high prow I look over the ocean; great
tears in my grey eyes, as I turn to Erin; where
the song of the birds is so sweet; where the monks
sing like the birds; where the young are so gentle,
and the old so wise; where the men are so noble
to look at, and the women so fair to wed.”

“Young traveller,” he says, to one of his disci-
ples, a noble youth, returning to Ireland:—
“Young traveller, take my heart with thee, and my
blessing; carry them to Comhual of eternal light.
Carry my heart to Ireland,—seven times may she be
blessed,—my body to Albin.

Carry my blessing across the sea; carry it to the
Irish. My heart is broken in my bosom.
If death should come upon me suddenly, it will be
because of my great love of the Gael.”

(Applause.)

One consolation vouchsafed to him was, that he
had two visions from God. He foretold that, many
hundred years after his death, his body should be
carried back to Ireland, to rest for ever in the soil
that he loved. This prophecy he himself announced
in these words:—“They shall bury me first at
Iona; but by the will of the living God it is in
Down that I shall rest in my grave, with Patrick and
Bridget the immaculate,—three bodies in one grave.”
And so, in the tenth century, when the Danes swept
over Iona, the monks took St. Columbkille's venerated
body, and brought it to Ireland, and laid it in the
Cathedral in Downpatrick, with Patrick and Bridget;
and there, as the old poem tells us—

“Three saints one grave do fill,
Patrick, and Bridget, and Columbkille.”

The love he had for Ireland was a spirit common
to all Irish saints. Whilst they were crowned with
the highest dignities of the Church in foreign lands,
still as we have the record in the history of St.
Aiden, the first Archbishop of Northumbria, the
founder of the famous Lindisfarne, whenever they
wished to enjoy themselves a little, they came to-
gether and celebrated in the Irish language, with sweet
verse, to the sound of the timbrel and the harp,
the praises of their native land.

Nor less was the love which the brave exiles of
1691 bore to Ireland. We see that, when the cry of
battle came forth; when, with the shock of arms,
they met upon the battle-field, never was the
stout heart of the Saxon enemy smitten with fear
within him, until he heard, ringing forth in the Irish
tongue, “Remember Limerick,” and dash down the
Sassanach” (tremendous applause). And well they
loved their native land,—these noble chieftains and
brave soldiers of Ireland. Their love is commemo-
rated in the poet's verse:—

The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
The veteran arose, like an uplifted lance,
Crying,—“Comrades, a health to the Monarch of
France!”

With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by The Irish Brigade.

“A health to King James,” and they bent as they
quaffed;
“Here's to George the Eleventh,” and fiercely they
laughed;

“Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow;
“God prosper Old Ireland,”—you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

“But surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise—are they all getting drunk in the
camp?”

“Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,
And the general's beating on many a drum.”
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;
For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they, who survived, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their hearts' hope they never saw
more;

For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

(Applause.)

Nor is the Irishman of to-day,—whether a volun-

(CONTINUED ON 6TH PAGE.)