

full in their faces, rush against the enemy, and immediately raising one loud shout, the rest of the class brandishing their broadswords, dashed impetuously against the fixed bayonets of their opponents.

Making themselves masters of two pieces of cannon, they still dashed readily forwards, breaking through the first line and coming in contact with the second, which the Duke had strengthened, fearing the onset of the clans.

A compact mass of armed men were they, drawn up three deep, the front rank on their knees, the second bending forward, the third standing upright, carrying death before them by means of their destructive fire.

Then all were mingled in the wildest confusion, with but scant distinction of regiment or of clan. What course before them but to retreat? though here and there indeed, reckless of their lives, a few of them dashed madly forwards, not one of whom returned to tell the tale of his defeat.

The wild valor of the mountaineers on that dreadful day was indeed no match for the steady determination of the English forces.—the tide of the battle might still have won the day for Charles had the clan Macdonald done their duty. Placed on the left instead of the post of honor, "the right," the men fired their muskets instead of making an onset to the charging cry of "Claymore," vainly shouted by the Duke of Perth.

"It rests with you to make the left wing the right," he exclaimed. "Onward to the fight! and proud shall I be to bear your name hereafter."

In vain, too, did the gallant Alexander, chieftain of Keppoch, shout to them to follow him; exclaiming, in the agony of the moment, "My God! have the very children of my tribe forsaken me?" as, with a drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, he, too, rushed onwards to the fight.

Then ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. Clans and regiments still mingled together; and, in the midst of a destructive fire, a veteran officer, dearly loved and honored by Charles Edward, bare-headed, his white locks streaming in the wind, and with sword in hand, stood side by side with the valiant Keppoch. Onward, still onward, the brave veteran forces his way, long after Keppoch had been brought to the ground by a musket shot, until he found himself driven by the fury of the fight towards a few straggling bushes that skirted the moor. Then there was a crashing of the withered, stunted shrubs, a plashing of blood over the snowdrift which covered them, and, with uplifted arms, the Marshal veteran of Limerick, carved "God's mercy on his soul," then, he feebly murmured, "Maurice, my boy, take care of yourself—think not of me," and fell senseless on the ground.

He had received a severe blow on the head from a sword, accompanied by the words from the lips of the miscreant Hawley:

"Traitor, at last, then, you have paid the penalty of your treason to your lawful King."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE.

LECTURE BEFORE THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF NEW JERSEY.

SUBJECT:—"DRUNKENNESS THE GREATEST DEGRADATION—TEMPERANCE THE GREATEST BLESSING OF MAN."

(From the New York Irish American.)

Considering the purpose for which we have come together, my friends, I hope you will not consider it out of place if I put a little water in the glass (laughter and applause). You are temperance men. My friends, I thank you for the reception which you have given me; and I am impressed with the solemnity of the occasion which brings us together this evening. As men, mostly of one race—and all of one Faith—it is, indeed, a most solemn occasion, when such men come together to discuss the greatest evil of the age—which is drunkenness—and the greatest blessing of the age—which is temperance (applause). If I were addressing men of the world only, I should only use arguments suited to them. I should tell them of the temporal prosperity and blessings which follow from temperance. If I were addressing Catholics only, I might confine myself to an entirely ecclesiastical and religious view of this great question. But I do not wish to address you here to-night exclusively as men of the world or as Catholics. I have the high honor to be an Irish Catholic Priest (great applause); and I have the equally high honor to address an audience mostly made up of men of Irish name, and of Irish birth (applause). And when an Irish Catholic Priest meets his fellow-countrymen, he has to appeal first of all to their intelligence; for God has blessed the Irish race with the gift of intellect (applause). He has, secondly, to address their faith;—for God has blessed this Irish race with the gift of the one true, holy, Catholic Faith (applause). He has, thirdly, to address the heart as well as the head; because the Omnipotent God has given to the Irish people not only the gift of intelligence—crowned with the gift of faith—but He has also given to them tender affections, strong and pure affections, loving hearts; and he would be a fruitless Irishman, and a fruitless Priest, who, in addressing his fellow-men, would forget to appeal to their hearts as well as their heads (renewed applause).

Coming, therefore, before you this evening, dear friends, to speak to you on this great and solemn subject of temperance, I ask you to consider it first by the light of reason; and the appeal is to your intelligence. Secondly, by the light of revelation; and the appeal is to your Faith, as Catholics; and, thirdly, by the light of your own experience; and the appeal is to your hearts as true Irishmen and true men (applause).

First of all, then, let me consider this great question of temperance by the light of reason: and what do I find? I find,—in reviewing the mighty creation of the Almighty God, and fixing the determined position in the order of nature given to every creature which God has made,—that some He created in the high heaven, pure spirits, like Himself; and they are the blessed angels; some He created upon the earth,—without soul, without intelligence, without a spirit at all, but only an animal existence, animal bodies, animal propensities, and desires, and instincts; and these are the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, that surround us. Now, between these two great orders of beings,—the earthly, with its absence of intelligence, its absence of soul, and the heavenly,—purely spiritual, without the slightest admixture of the material existence,—between these two great orders there lies a mighty chasm,—an abyss,—the gulf that divides spirit from matter. Right in the midst of that chasm stands man. God created him, a mixture of two natures,

God gave him, in his body—in his bodily passions, and appetites, and desires,—the mere nature of a brute; nothing more. And if man had no soul, then he would be a brute beast, like, to the other beasts upon the earth. Everything that regards the body is animal,—of the earth, earthly." The senses that we enjoy are all animal; we share them in the connection with the beasts of the field. We see with our eyes; so do the stag in the forest, the buffalo on the prairie, the eagle on the wing. We eat and drink; so do the beasts. We walk and take exercise; so do they. We clothe ourselves; nature has clothed them. Thus we see that this body of ours, this material flesh, with its eyes, its sense of taste, its sense of hearing, all its powers, is merely the animal or the brute in man. But in that body,—so base, so vile, so animal,—the Almighty God has enshrined a spirit the very image of Himself,—the very reflection of His Divine perfection;—as pure a spirit as God is spirit;—pure as the angels of God are spirit. In this body of man He has enshrined a soul gifted with the power of knowledge; and God is knowledge; gifted with the power of love; and God is love; gifted with freedom of will; and God is eternal and essential freedom. And in this lies the grand nobility of man,—the magnificent place he fills in the creation of God,—that he stands between Heaven and earth, sharing the nature of both: taking from the slime of the earth the body in which he lives; taking from the very mouth of God the spirit that was breathed into him in his glorious, angelic, immortal soul (applause).

Let me fix this in your minds. There was a great chasm or vacuum in the creation of God. God, in the beginning of His ways, made a Heaven, in which He dwells, and the angels who surround Him. God, then, moved out, as it were, unto the very threshold of that Heaven, and saw around Him the immensity of space is chaos and confusion; and He said: "I will create a material world." And He made the world in which we dwell. Five days did He labor. He created the hills and mountains covered with the verdure and beauty which adorn them. He created the earth and the sea, the skies and the atmosphere. He created the fishes that swim in the ocean's depths, the brutes that browse in the field, the birds that fly, the fowls that wing the healthy air. He filled all creation with life. And, yet, for five days there was an immense distance between God and His own work;—the distance that lay between pure spirit and mere material existence. To fill that gap, to connect these two, God created a being who was to be not altogether material, but in whom spirit from Heaven and matter from the earth were to meet, and embrace; and that being is man. In him two things blend,—the nature of the body and the nature of the soul,—as distinct from one another as night is from day. He is the golden link which binds together the Heaven, where God and His angels dwell, and the earth, which is the natural home of only material and animal beings. Such is the man. Now, the philosopher,—even guided by the light of the old pagan knowledge, without a single ray of Divine revelation, will tell you that the whole nobility of man,—the perfection of man,—are not in the body, which he got from the earth or in the bodily senses which are made upon the slime,—but in the soul,—the spiritual being which is within him; that wherever man is to rise—even one inch—towards the perfection of his being, that elevation must come to him through his soul. Why? It stands to reason: if God gave me a principle of immortal life—a principle of knowledge, of love, and of freedom within me; if, moreover, He tied down—chained down—that principle to a mere earthly, material body, destined to walk the earth, to cling to this earth, to die upon this earth, and to go down to a grave and be mingled with itself once more,—it follows from this twofold nature of man that whenever we look up at all, in the order of nature or grace, the upward glance must be from the soul. The nobility of my being lies in the development, in the strengthening, of the knowledge, the love, and the freedom of my immortal spirit within me. Would you say that that man was a noble creature of his kind who merely developed the muscles and the nerves, and the powers of his body; who became a strong man, developed in every material element of his being; but whose soul was left without a single ray of thought, without a single illumination of reason, without a single noble affection of his heart, without a single generous impulse of his soul? Nay more: let us conceive a man,—a slave,—unable to exercise his freedom, unable to assert himself, unable to speak a language which will reflect one high idea of his mind—only developed in his body: what would you say of such a man? You would say he was a powerful brute: not a man. We sometimes meet idiots,—creatures altogether deprived of their reason, and the doctors will tell you that in proportion as they are deprived of the reason, in the same proportion they become healthy, have huge appetites, and often get to be very strong. Why, in the Lunatic Asylums, they become so powerful and dangerous that they have to be bound down with chains, and the keepers are afraid of them. They become mere brutes, and instead of speaking like men they jabber like monkeys; no human feeling, no humanity about them; only strong animals, going about on two feet instead of four;—only strong animals without souls.

Such is man. All that is noble within him,—all that is capable of perfection in him,—lies in the soul. The more he knows, the clearer and better his thoughts are; the more powerfully he is able to think; the more pure his life, the more steadfast his word, the more honorable his principles, the freer he is from every form of slavery, whether it be slavery of earth or of hell;—the more perfect the man becomes. Thus the light of reason teaches. Now, my friends, the design of God in creating all things is that every creature that God makes should grow to the natural perfection of his being. The design of the devil is to hinder that growth in man, to destroy the soul, to destroy, as far as he can, his natural powers;—to take away from him that glorious image of knowledge, love and freedom, with which God has stamped his soul; to drag man down, as far as he can, to the mere condition of the brute. That is the design of the devil as distinctly opposed to that of God; and I put it on this ground because I am here to speak as a Catholic Priest; and when I appeal to your intelligence I appeal to an intelligence formed not only by natural talent, but informed by the knowledge of Divine faith. I say that wherever there is a sin in man there is degradation. Sin is in the body; sin operates through the body; through the body the soul is vitiated and destroyed. Wherever there is sin in man, that sin pulls him down from the pedestal where God placed him. Take whatever sin you like in the catalogue of sins, and I will prove to you that it is a degradation of man. The man that is seeking a place—the ambitious man—is a degraded man. Why? Because he is seeking for some place here on this earth which he can only enjoy for a few years; going about asking people to give him this place,—praying for it and working for it, as if Almighty God had created him for the sole purpose of filling that place; as if Almighty God intended him, whom He created for eternity, to expend all his energies upon some miserable distinction that must only last him for a few days (applause). And if this is so of the spiritual vice of pride and ambition, what shall I say to you, my friends, even as though I were a pagan talking to pagans, of the one vice that utterly destroys in man every vestige of that immortal and spiritual being that God created in his soul;—the one vice that completely annihilates and extinguishes the light of reason; which completely destroys, for the time, every emotion of life; and that so robs man of his freedom as to make him not only a slave but a hopeless slave? That vice is:

the vice of drink, or drunkenness. It destroys the natural nobility and perfection, ay, and the very nature of man. It is a sin not only against God but against man; not only against grace but against nature; not only against the divinity which ought to be in us, but against the very humanity that is in us. In what consists our human nature? It consists in our power of thinking, of living, and of acting freely. Take away this from a man, and I defy you to tell me in what a vestige of human nature remains in him. Not a vestige remains of that which makes him man; for a man is made by soul as well as body. Take away the soul and you have destroyed his humanity. For instance, if you saw a dead body lying there before you, stiff, cold and stark, you would not say it was a man. You would say it was the remains of a man. They will not write on my grave: "Here lies Father Tom Burke;" but in all probability, they will write,—"Pray for the soul of Thomas Burke, whose remains lie here." The moment you take away the soul, nothing is left but the remains of a man. And what does the remains of a man mean? A mass of putrifying, rotten earth; a mass of sottiness. That is the meaning of "the remains of a man." Why are we so anxious to bury our friends as soon as the breath is out of them? Because we cannot keep them.—"The remains of a man" is a very noxious business. You very soon have to put your fingers up to your nose and say, "We loved him dearly as long as he was with us; but we love him no longer; for the soul has gone."

Now, every sin that the devil can tempt us to commit,—even though we may do it, or fall into it,—no matter what it is, it still leaves us men. The proud man, with all his pride, is a man still, and knows what he is doing. The revengeful man may swear that he will have the heart's blood of the man who has insulted him; he still knows what he is about, even when he stands at night, with the dirk or the gun in his hand, watching for his victim;—he is still a man. The impure man, ravaging for his impurity,—the vilest specimen of a man,—is still a man, and knows what he is doing. There is only one sinner through whom the devil passes with so much power that he leaves him only the remains of a man. A man goes into the saloon or store: he drinks one glass;—that only makes him good natured: he drinks another glass;—that makes him loving,—ready to kiss everybody (laughter): he drinks a third glass;—that makes him cross: he drinks a fourth glass;—then he begins to lisp, and people don't know what he is talking about; they do not know whether he is cursing or blessing; he drinks a fifth and a sixth glass, and falls to the ground,—the remains of a man (applause). Will any man amongst us dare to call that infamous wretch a man? A man means the image of God.—Is there a man amongst you, having the hardihood to blaspheme the eternal and Almighty God, by saying that that speechless, senseless, unreasoning, unloving, lifeless brute there is the image of God (applause)? Stand ever him, my friends, and look at him as he lies there. Speak to him. You might as well speak to a corpse: he does not understand you. Reason with him. You might as well reason with that table. Ask him to look at you. There is no light in his eyes. Did you ever see a man stupidly drunk? Did you ever look into his eyes? I remember, when I was a little boy, seeing, at home, in the kitchen, in Galway, hanging up on a hook behind the kitchen door a hake, that my mother had bought the day before. I was curious enough to go up and look at its eyes. It had been dead about twelve hours. That same day I saw a man drunk, lying in the gutter. Boy as I was, I said to myself, "the hake's eye again!" Let his wife come there and kneel at his side; he does not know her; he is unable to speak to her. Lift him up on his feet, then let go your hands, and down he falls again. May I ask you,—is he a man? Why, if he was a man he could speak, he could reason with you, he could see you and know you if you were there. How can you call this creature a man? He has lost the power of speech, of discerning, of reasoning, of loving, of moving. No, my friends, he is only the remains of a man; with this difference between him and a corpse: A corpse is killed by the Angel of God, commissioned to do God's sentence; but this man has killed himself, by calling in the devil to help him in his infamous suicide. And, remember, that we may insult the Almighty God not only as the author of our redemption and of our sanctification, but we may also insult Him as the author of our nature. I do not speak to you now as Catholics and as Christians, but only as men. I say now nothing more than this, that when God made us, He gave us soul and body together, in all the activity of their powers. The man that annihilates his soul for a single instant, commits an outrage against the God that has made him as the author of his nature.

I might dwell upon this subject. I might show you that as everything in grace is founded in nature, so there is no evil so great as that which destroys even for a time the integrity of our nature; because it destroys the possibility of grace. Every other sinner might cry out to God and get grace, get forgiveness, get redemption. The drunkard alone, is incapable of sending forth that cry. We have the dreadful truth before us,—that if the Son of God came down from Heaven and stood over the drunkard, Omnipotent as He is, He could do nothing for him. I have had the misfortune to stand over such a man, dying in his drunkenness. I have had the misfortune, as a priest, to be called to his side; and I could only say to the heart-broken woman who was there,—the very picture of despair, with her starving children around her,—"My child, I can do nothing for you!" God Himself can do nothing for that man; because he is only the remains of a man.

Now, I ask you, can there be any degradation greater than this? Remember, when a man falls from his manhood, he has nothing to fall to except to brutality. In the steps of creation you mount from the brute to the man, from the man to the angel. If a man makes a step upwards, it must be towards the angel. If a man, on the other hand, falls from his humanity, the only level he can find is that of the brute. And this is the meaning of the words of Scripture: "Man, when he was in honor, lost his intellect; he has been compared to the senseless brutes, and made like to them."

And yet, unfortunately, he falls below the level of the brute. I would not insult one of God's creatures by comparing them to a drunken man. What right have we? We have a right to take them to the slaughter-house, and to put them to death, but no right to insult them or to degrade in any degree the humblest creature that crawls upon the earth. I would not insult any such by comparing them to a drunken man. Why? Because that poor creature or four-footed dumb beast, you can lead into the slaughter-house, or put him into the shafts to draw as around, or put him into our service any time of the day or night; and you find him such as Almighty God made him with every faculty that God has given him. But the drunkard is not as Almighty God made him; therefore, not equal to the brute. Such a man has ceased to be a man and falls below the level of the brute. The brute can give forth signs of pleasure, sorrow, or pain; the drunkard cannot. The brute can give intelligent signs, by the law of nature, to his fellow-beasts in the field the drunken man cannot converse with his fellow-man. The brute can walk and labor; the drunken man cannot do one or the other. How dare any one of us compare him to the brute? No! there is only one creature of God to whom we can compare him. And that creature of God was seated upon a high throne in Heaven, and now lies in the depths of hell. He is the devil.

Thus by the light of reason; now, by the light

of Revelation, I have to appeal to you as Christian people, through what God has revealed to His people in the inspiration of the Scriptures. In the record of God's dealings with men what do I find, my friends? I find that the very moment that God made man and gave him that glorious humanity which we have seen, that moment Almighty God put that humanity to test; and the test was TEMPERANCE; to abstain. We find God created all things in this world; but He spoke no creature but man. He put an intelligent law upon no creature except man. He gave man the ability of his nature. He made him the master-piece of His creation. And the moment he was created and opened his eyes, he beheld the face and beauty of God, and hearkened to the music of God's voice. The very first thing God said to him was "You are a man. You are the prince and ruler of all this world, which I have made for you. I will test your humanity; abstain from the fruit of that tree; be temperate." The very test of his humanity! "If you are a man, as I have created you,—abstain; be a temperate man." What brought all the miseries, and all the woes from which we suffer into the world? The intemperance of the man and the woman. They could not restrain themselves. They saw the forbidden fruit; took it, and ate it. Just like the drunkard, who will tell you, as they have often told me: "Well, your reverence, if I did not see it, I would not think of it from Monday morning to Saturday night." When they have it before their eyes they cannot help taking it. It is the usual way. Hence we priests are always telling men who are inclined to be drunkards, "In God's name, keep out of the saloon: don't look at it; turn away from it; don't smell it." For the worst of this passion is that when once it has been excited in man, it is the worst of slavery, and leaves a man no will of his own. It not only destroys the reason, but leaves him no will. I have known a man who took the pledge. He swore,—before he went to the priest to take it,—a solemn oath, in the presence of his companions that, if he were to die for it, not one drop of whiskey should ever pass his lips. He went to the priest, and there made a tremendous pledge. His companions had made a bet on it that they would not ask him to drink, nor treat him, in the house, but only fill a glass of whiskey and talk to him, and lead him gradually over until he got a sight of it. The moment he saw it, the hankering for drink took hold of him, and he lifted the glass. Then they gave him another chance. When he had it in his hand they said to him: "Now, remember you took the pledge, and a solemn oath; you become a perjurer before God, and commit a mortal sin if you drink it!" He drank it; and this was the excuse—that he could not stand the smell of it. This was the first precept put before man.

Reflect again. The two greatest crimes recorded in the Scriptures which Almighty God has revealed to us, were expressly committed under the influence of drink. The first, the crime committed by Lot, in the days of Abraham, after he had escaped from Sodom. Secondly, the great public apostasy of the Jewish nation, who worshipped their idol in the very presence of God. The patriarch Lot lived for many years in the city of Sodom. It was the worst and most infamous city in the world. So, Almighty God opened the floodgates, and rained down living fire from Heaven, and destroyed the whole city and nation. In the midst of that city lived Lot. So holy was he, and so pure had he kept himself, that when the three angels were sent by Almighty God to destroy the city, they came to him and said to him: "Go out of the place, take your wife and children and go out." He arose and took his wife and two full-grown daughters, and fled from Sodom. The city was burned by fire; the wife was struck dead for her disobedience; and there remained to him only two women his own daughters. An impious thought came into the minds of these two women. They wished to commit sin with their own father. It is enough to make a man's blood run cold to think of it. What did they do? They got a bottle of strong wine, and made the old man drunk; when he was drunk he committed the sin and thus brought down the greatest curse. So great was the anger of God that of the children born of that infamous act all their race were cursed to the end of time. St. Jerome, looking at this example says: "My God! there was a man able to live in Sodom, the worst place in the whole world; so pure as to be fit to entertain the angels of Heaven; who no sooner got the bottle of wine in his hand than he commits one of the greatest crimes that can be imagined or conceived by man!"

The next crime committed, the greatest recorded in Scripture was this. Moses led the people of Israel through the desert until they came to Mount Sinai. There arose the mighty, solitary, solemn mountain before them. All Israel encamped around it. He said: "I will go up and speak unto God; remain here until I return." The moment he said these words, the clouds covered the mountain tops; the thunders of heaven rattled; the lightnings flashed; and the people were frightened, and they cried, "Oh, God, Thou art present; spare us!" The voice of God ceased thundering forth from the clouds.—Moses ascended the mountain; and the people "sat down to feast and to drink." What did they do?—When they got well warmed up with wine, and half drunk,—while the cloud was upon the hill, and the thunders of God's voice yet echoing in their ears,—with their prophet and leader up in those clouds, and a terrible darkness on Sinai,—the people put up a golden calf, and knelt down and adored it; because the were half drunk! "The people," says the Scripture, "sat down to drink." It was the first great idolatry of Israel; the first great sin since God had brought them forth from Egypt. So great was the sin, that God in His great anger proposed to the prophet and said, "I will destroy them and create a new people for Myself." And it came through drink!

Consider again. We see that the first curse came to and upon Adam and Eve when they refused to abstain, refused to be temperate; and God destroyed the world in the universal Deluge. Noah and his family were spared, and the curse of God was washed away in the first Deluge; nothing remained, therefore, now, but the blessing. How, my friends, I ask you, how did the curse upon the earth come again? How did the curse, extinguished in the waters of the Deluge, revive again to be perpetuated in the whole race? Through the sin of drunkenness.—Noah sat amongst his vines, and pressed the grape; he drank the wine and got drunk. Out of that drunkenness of the Patriarch came the curse that fell upon Canaan and his descendants; upon the whole nations of his posterity to the end of time.—What need have I, therefore, to multiply the examples from revealed truth of the awfulness of this sin of drunkenness? What need that I should tell you that if there is one truth prominently put forth in the Scriptures, more than any other, it is the word that was spoken—"That the drunkard shall never inherit the kingdom of God." The word that was spoken—"If any man wishes to please the Lord, let him abstain from everything that comes from the grape in the old law, what does the Gospel tell us? Oh! my friends, the Sons of Temperance, I ask you to stand in spirit at the foot of the Cross, on which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, hangs dying. Behold Him, wounded from head to foot, bleeding from every member of His body; His heart throbbing faintly within Him, as it approaches its breaking; and the thirst of the agony of death upon His lips! That we may know that He thirsted, with His dying lips. He cried: "I thirst." That crucified man-God, lifted up on the Cross, sent forth this word: "I thirst! I am dying of thirst!" They took a sponge, and steeped it in wine mixed with myrrh and put it upon the end of a cane, and put it up to His lips, the lips of a dying Man, a Man dying of

thirst; the Man permitting the complaint of thirst to come from His lips quivering in agony! Did the Lord take the drink? No! He closed His lips, the dying lips. Oh! that I could send it forth to ring as it came from the lips of Jesus Christ Himself; that word—"I thirst!" Oh! that I could send it forth to ring in every Christian heart, what the Evangelist says—"He refused to drink!" He shut His lips, and turned away His dying head, that we may know that the curse was in the drink.

And now, my friends, I have said enough to you as Catholics. I, now, speak to you as Irishmen (applause). I appeal to your experience. I invite you to go back a little to the past; and when I appeal to you of the past, I ask you to put your hand in mine, and sweep upon the wings of memory, the 3,000 miles of intervening ocean, to stand with me a moment upon the green hills of the dear old land of Ireland (applause). I will only take one instance of our National history; and, of many, I put one before you. In 1798, the weak hand of Ireland, after its 300 years of persecution, civil and national,—just after the 700 years of our National struggle, drew the National sword for the last time. There were 36,000 English soldiers upon Irish soil. The curse of division, the old curse was upon the land; and when the nation was shaken, two counties only arose. Glorious Wicklow arose, with heroic Wexford, unarmed as they were. Taking only, the mower his scythe, and the reaper his sickle, the old man and the young man the gleaming pike in their hands they went out to meet the artillery and musketry of England. And when as the storm rises, a sudden gust blows the chaff of the winnowing grain before it, so the heroic men of Wicklow and Wexford,—rising in their National anger,—drove the brave array of England like chaff before the winds of heaven (great applause). As long as they kept sober, as long as in their sobriety they kept their arms nerve for the struggle, by the strong thoughts that were in their Irish minds, so long no force that England could bring against them could sweep them from the field. But a day came of reverse; a retreat was made from Ross, from Wexford; and the gallant men of these two counties were assembled in their decisions upon the hill adjoining the town of Enniscorthy, called Vinegar Hill. The British soldiers came in their thousands, and surrounded the base of the hill. What does the historian tell us? He says that the English soldiers spent that night in silence, preparing their arms and looking after their powder and ammunition, and putting their batteries of cannon into line; drawing up their cavalry in preparation for the morning. What were the poor fools on the hill doing? He says,—they spent the night in drinking and rioting! They thought the old heart was in them, and it was in them; they thought that the mullin arm might do again what it had so often done before. So it might. But the devil—that hates Irishmen—the demon of drink, went in amongst them; and when the morning light appeared, it found the men exhausted from the riot and orgies of the night, unable to strike a blow for their God and for their country. It is the last memorable record of our National contest. We were beaten to the earth; and the best blood of Wicklow and Wexford flowed in streams from out the hearts of Irishmen, down the sides of that fatal hill, on that day. But it was not the soldiers of England that conquered; it was the demon of drunkenness.

Now, let us leave Ireland, and come to this land. It is a fine land. It is not mine; for until I die, I shall have no other land except some six feet in some old churchyard, where the prayers of Irish mothers shall ascend to Heaven over my grave, and where the shamrock shall bloom out of my body (great applause). But this land of America is God's gift to you. It is your land. It lies before you; and it is for you with the intellects and the energies of Irishmen, to lay hold, each one, of his own portion of the land, so as to be able to say what you were not allowed to say at home: "I stand upon my own" (renewed applause). It is now, my friends, some three or four and twenty years since the heart-broken men of Ireland turned their faces to America. Crushed, saddened, not allowed to live at home, her children turned to the far western mighty land, and said: "Let us go forth and bring our faith and our God with us; and whatever gifts of nature and of grace that God has given us." You came; you landed. I came to see how you were getting on (applause)? Tell me: Why have you not more wealth,—more money? Why, while Ireland has sent nearly eight millions to America of her sons; why have you not, in God's name, eight hundred million acres of American soil in your hands? Is it for want of genius or of talent amongst us? Many nations have sent their children to America; but no nation has sent so much mind to America as Ireland (applause). Is it for want of physical energy, strength and determination? The cities of America, the dockyards of America, attest that no nation has sent such strong arms to America as Ireland (applause). Is it for want of any gift of God? No. We are the only people that touched the American shore, bringing with them an united faith,—a religion which came to us directly from God. Why, then, in God's name, is it that we have not taken a larger hold upon this soil? Why are we not more in the position of the rulers of this land? I am afraid, if I go into the causes of this, I must set at the head of all the sin of drink. I do not mean to say that we drink more than other people. I believe the Scotch drink more than the Irish. (So they say themselves. I would not say a bad word of any man or of any nation: God forbid!) Still we have the evidence of a Scotch poet, that when "Willie brewed a peck of malt" two friends came to see it. And it is said they sat there until the sun in the morning arose, and were able to say—

"We're na aae fu',
But just a wee drap in our ee."

(laughter and applause). Well, it is not a question who drinks more or less but the man who drinks all (cries of "Bravo!"); who, with impious hand, goes and cuts down the fruit tree upon which he lives, laying his axe to the root; and saps his very sustenance and falls it to the ground before his eyes. The question is, who comes with impious hands to sap the very foundations of his own manhood by that deplorable curse of drunkenness? Well, what does our experience in the land tell us? Oh! my friends, a man wrote in Jersey City a letter in which he abused me and printed it in the public press. Well, I never was abused until I came to America. Somebody said to me when I was leaving Ireland: "Father Tom, you had better be careful, and keep quiet in America, and not make any noise at all, for some of these people will come out and abuse you." At first I thought I should feel it keenly; and I have received plenty of abuse since I came; but it goes over me like water off a duck's back (laughter and applause). But I will tell you what I believe, I feel keenly what this man says, when he said: "What right have you to talk of your religion and about your country? Who fill our jails but your Irish people?" Well, I have a word to say about that. I believe a great many people go to jail and take Irish names. I was down in Memphis a few months ago, and while I was there a cabman, driving a cab in the city, stabbed and more than half killed an unfortunate man. When he was arrested, three or four days afterwards, for the deed, it went all over town. "Did you hear that Fatty Maginnis has killed a man?" When I heard of it, I said to myself, "Fatty" must be an Americanism; but surely Maginnis is an Irish name. The next day his real name came out; and it was "Vance." So these men will give themselves this, that or the other name which is purely Irish, but when you will come to scratch a little below the surface you will find an Englishman, or a Scotch-