

LETTER READ AT A DINNER

OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

HARTFORD, Ct., March 16, 1876.

TO THE CHAIRMAN:

DEAR SIR: I am very sorry that I cannot be with the Knights of St. Patrick to-morrow evening. In this centennial year we ought all to find a peculiar pleasure in doing honor to the memory of a man whose good name has endured through fourteen centuries. We ought to find pleasure in it for the reason that at this time we naturally have a fellow-feeling for such a man. He wrought a great work in his day. He found Ireland a prosperous republic, and looked about him to see if he might find some useful thing to turn his hand to. He observed that the president of that republic was in the habit of sheltering his great officials from deserved punishment, so he lifted up his staff and smote him, and he died. He found that the secretary of war had been so unbecomingly economical as to have laid up \$12,000 a year out of a salary of \$8,000, and he killed him. He found that the secretary of the interior always prayed over every separate and distinct barrel of salt beef that was intended for the unconverted savage, and then kept that beef himself, so he killed him also. He found that the secretary of the navy knew more about handling suspicious claims than