

men in the interest of freedom, of human  
ity, of progress, of all the blessings we  
enjoy to-day in Canada, that charge, before  
whose fiery onset broke those veteran  
legions of the Apollyon of Europe,  
legions trained under the eye of him  
who stands all but peerless in his genius  
for war, legions which never reeled in  
the shock of war before? (Loud and  
prolonged cheers.)

Did not Irish blood flow freely during  
the Crimean war? Is there an Indian  
battle-field which has not been stained  
with Irish blood? To-day what do we  
see in the Soudan? Irish soldiers  
fighting with their native bravery.  
The Commander-in-Chief is an Irish-  
man; seven of the eleven officers killed  
at Abou Klea were Irishmen; Stewart  
was an Irishman; Eyre and Coveney  
were Irishmen. Nor is it only by offi-  
cers that the Kingdom of Ireland is  
represented. An Irish regiment won  
Lord Wolseley's prize for the short-  
est time on record up the Nile.  
Are people going to make themselves  
aliens in an Empire for which they are  
pouring out their blood, and which they  
have built up, and which, therefore, is in  
part an Irish Empire? Is it not mad-  
ness to throw away your birthright pur-  
chased by so great a price? The Em-  
pire is really a Brito-Hibernian Empire.  
(Cheers.) But what is the word Britain  
itself? Herodotus, the earliest writer  
who mentions the British Isles by name,  
says that beyond the pillars of Hercules  
there are "two very large islands called  
British, Albion and Ierne, lying beyond  
the Keittoi." The word Britannia, to de-  
note the larger island, is first found in  
Cesar. It was applied to England at  
a time when no Saxon had set foot on it,  
when it was inhabited by Celts, and  
is, therefore, a name no Irishman,  
even if animated by unhistorical and

misguided hatred of Saxons, need ob-  
ject to use as his own. Again I say  
I am not asking you to turn your back  
on your country. I despise and detest  
the national bastard who could do this.  
(Cheers.) And, alas! there have been  
such. When I was travelling in the  
States Americans frequently spoke to  
me as if I was an Englishman. I al-  
ways told them, "I have lived a good  
deal in England, but I am an Irish-  
man." "Oh!" they would say, "I  
like to see a man not ashamed of  
his country," a remark which was  
conclusive to me that they had met  
with men so base; and in fact I  
have met with them myself—men who  
would deserve immortal scorn if they  
were not beneath a moment's contempt.  
(Loud cheers.)

And now let me turn to a sub-  
ject which every Irishman should deal  
with, and especially on a day like  
this. If there is one thing for which  
Irishmen are eminent throughout the  
world it is for their kind-heartedness.  
Thackeray said no Irishman ever gave an  
alm without a word which was better  
than the gift. Mr. Mahaffy, quoting  
lines from a Greek poet painting the  
miserable condition of an orphan in  
ancient Greece, how he was spurned,  
points with pride to the kindness with  
which old friends and neighbours care  
for the orphan in Ireland. It was  
an Irishman—long before Wilber-  
force was born—who first broke a  
lance against slavery. Go to any great  
public library and who will you find  
expounding most eloquently the prin-  
ciples of civil and religious liberty?  
You have only to recall the massive  
thought and pregnant sentences of  
Burke, the burning words of Curran. In  
many an immortal page traced by an  
Irish hand you are brought face to face