

studying them he made use of a piano which was bought after his death by the Rev. Father Mahoney, and may at this hour be seen in All Hallows' College, Dublin. His poetry wears a peculiar charm which may be traced to his musical skill. His language is adapted to his tone of feeling. This adaptation is both delicate and expressive. In what term of praise shall I qualify his "Irish Melodies?" Are they not enough by themselves to endear him to all succeeding generations? Will they not live as long as the land which he adored and styled "The first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea?" What grander monument could Patriotism pillared on Genius construct under the canopy of the heavens? Nothing can surpass it in sublimity of sentiment or in finish of detail. It serves to embellish in a superlative degree the world of English Literature. These melodies were translated into the several languages of Europe. This translation contributed to make the airs for which they were written universally known. The ancient Irish music is devoid of all monotony, insipidity and fastidiousness. It was fascinating in past centuries, and is equally so in our own day. It boasts of a world-wide celebrity, and of such a celebrity as perhaps no other can aspire to. It is cultivated by professionals and amateurs. It is arranged for all kinds of instruments and by many of the most eminent composers. It may be heard in parlors, concert halls, and conservatories, at the fireside and on the battle field, in times of peace and amid the terrors of war. Its strains are rehearsed on the farthest shores, on the snow-capped mountains and in the most shaded valleys, on the most solitary plains as well as on the most crowded thoroughfares. The musical genius of Ireland asserts its ascendancy over all the points of our globe, and particularly wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken.

There are ties which bind Erin to America. These ties are legitimate and indissoluble. The Irish are not so difficult to please. All that they long for is their share of the general happiness. They cannot help it, and who will blame them? In order to be happy they require only a little, and this little should not be refused them. They want to be free, on an equal footing with their neighbors and in brotherhood with their fellow-beings. They sought these advantages at home but could not reach them. They looked abroad and across the ocean. It was not in vain. America flung open her arms and invited them to come and repose on her breast. Upon this soil liberty, equality and fraternity are not empty and high-sounding terms. On this continent all are in reality free, all equal, all brothers. Do I exaggerate? I feel I do not. The sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle have been happy under the firmament shining above our heads, and happy likewise are all their descendants.