

song. (Applause.) The bards, moreover, were the ministers of religion; they were the Druids or Arch-Priests of the worship of the sun; and here let me remark to you, that our Irish race, even before Patrick came to preach, even before Ireland rose unto the glory of her Catholic religion—which is as glorious to-day as it was fifteen hundred years ago—(applause) even whilst her pagan forefathers were yet in the darkness and yet in their paganism, this high-minded, glorious race refused to bow down to sticks and stones. (Applause.) No vile, cowering form of paganism was ever ours. The Irish people never embodied the principle of impurity into a goddess, to call her Venus. They never adored the impersonation of thievery under the name of Mercury. (Applause.) They never consecrated bloodshed or defiled it under the name of Mars. No; but they worshipped the sun in the heavens—the grandest of all God's material creation; the source of light, the source of warmth; the sun whose rays fructify the seedlings in the ground; the sun whose warmth and genial rays bring forth the giant oak from the little acorn; the material principle of life, of light, and of joy. Not knowing the true God, they went nearest to him, and when they did adore the creature, they adored the noblest creature on the earth. (Loud Applause.) The bards were the priests of this religion. We can easily imagine, therefore, the Druid mounting to one of the venerable round towers of Ireland, standing in the twilight of the morning, his white hair flowing out to the breeze that passed over his head, with his harp in his hand, his eagle eye fixed upon the dawning rays of light from the Eastern hill, prepared, the first moment the ray of the day-god burst upon him, to send forth, in thrilling harmony, the praises of the morning sun—the people's god—and to send forth upon the breeze, at the sound of his harp, the invitation to all men to prayer and praise. (Applause.) But, although Ireland was not Christian, the day was coming and was speedily approaching—traditions were floating even in the pagan land of a great change that was to take place, and we know that a strange, mysterious anticipation of the light came, even before the light came, and the people were all turning from their Eastern worship, waiting for the coming star, when Patrick appeared, and the worship of the sun disappeared. A sweet and beautiful tradition preserved among our people is embodied in the poet's song. The daughter of an Irish king, whose name was Lir, was transformed by magic, or some diabolic agency, as the old record says, into a swan, milk-white as the driven snow and beautiful. She sent forth a voice that was almost human in its sweetness. But thus transformed, she was destined to roam through certain rivers and lakes in Ireland, until, says the oracle, "Heaven's bell is heard ringing for the first mass." The poet's eye, therefore, catches the vision of this beautiful girl transformed into another, though an inferior, form of beauty, as she laments her transformation and the delay of many ages, during which she still wished for the blessed light:

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lovely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furled?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?
Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away!
Yet still in our darkness doth Erin go sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

(Applause.) The clouds burst and the light dawned, and the year 432 saw Ireland's monarch upon his throne, his chieftains, warriors and princes around him, in the royal halls of Tara, his Druid minstrel there, filling the air to the sound of the ancient Irish harp and melody, and the Bishop Patrick, standing before them, with the gospel upon his lips and with the green shamrock in his hand. (Loud applause.) They met him, not with brute, barbaric force, repelling him. They met him as intellectual men. They sat down and disputed with him. They astonished him with the greatness of their lore and of their wisdom. They knew everything of the pagan philosophy of the times. They argued with him, until, at length, from the lips of the servant of God, came the light of faith and beaming down upon their intellects, brought conviction to their minds. And, then in a pause of Patrick's discourse, up rose the head of all the minstrels, Dubtach, the great bard, the arch-priest of the Fir Worship, the greatest minstrel of the land, the master of Ireland's music. With harp in hand, and bending the knee to Patrick, he said, "Hear me, O King, hear me, O ye chieftains, this man speaks the truth; this man brings us the true God, and never again," he exclaimed, "shall the harp of Dubtach resound but with praises of Patrick's God" (Loud applause.) Ireland's conversion to Christianity brought no change in the musical talent or tastes of the nation. Christian now, she still marches to battle, to the sound of the harp and of the minstrel's voice. Christian, and in the full blaze of her Christianity—the bard still has the first place, but he is no longer the Druid priest of a fallen religion. He is one of Ireland's great and glorious mystic priesthood. He is Colomba of Iona. He is Cataldus of Tarento, or he is some great Catholic Irish saint, who still thinks it not unworthy of the man of God, to sing Ireland's praises and to enshrine her glories in the old immortal verse and music of the land. (Applause.) For three hundred years after her conversion to Christianity, Ireland was the light of the world and the great university of Europe. For three hundred years the land was filled with colleges, with monasteries and with places of learning and of sanctity; and everywhere, the old chronicles tell us, the science of Ireland's music was one of the grandest and highest in the land. The morn-

ing sun beamed in upon one of the beautiful valleys of Erin in the heart of the hills. Twelve hundred monks rose to the sound of the bells, and marching from their various little cells, upon the mountain side. Every man of them came out with a voice of harmony and with praise upon his lips. The harper's harp was heard together with the notes of the organ, and the whole valley resounded with praise and the peasant, sleeping in his humble cot was awakened, as by the divine voice of God, by the melody of monastic song, filling with the sanctified sounds the air around. (Applause.) The morning sun shone brightly upon the silver waters of the Shannon, as they rolled, in all their majestic volume around the ancient walls of Limerick, and there beside the city walls were five hundred monks. Every one of whom, as the chronicler tells us, was a master of the harp and of the science of music. The sun set over the Donegal hills, into the Western Ocean. The sun sank into the golden bosom of the unknown continent on which we dwell to-day, and this scene was saluted by the choirs of Bangor and Down; and there hundreds and hundreds of Irish monks in the churches, in the fields, in their monastic cells and in the streets of the city, sent forth their voices and swelled the volumes of praise, until Catholic Ireland, in the days of her monastic glory, was pre-eminently the land of song. (Loud applause.) Oh! the beauty of the peace that shone upon the land! Oh, the glory of Ireland's virtue in those pagan days! And, as if they knew it, and could play with it, the kings and the chieftains of the land resolved to test it. From the northern most point of the land, a young maiden, radiant in beauty, alone and unprotected, covered with jewels, set out, and throughout the whole length of the land's long highways, she walked in the morning, at mid-day and in the evening. She penetrated through the centre of the land. She crossed the Shannon; she swept the western coast. She came up again by the shores of Munster. She penetrated into the heart of royal Tipperary. (Applause.) She met her countrymen on every mile of the road. No man of Ireland even offended her by a fixed stare. No man of Ireland addressed to her an impertinent word. No hand of Ireland was put forth to take from her defenceless body one single gem or jewel that shone thereon. (Applause.) The poet describes her as meeting a foreign knight, a stranger from a distant land, who came to behold the far-famed glory of Catholic Ireland. These are his words:

Nich and rare were the gems she wore
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.
"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love honor and gold in store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."
On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle,
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride.

(Applause.) This vision of historic loveliness and glory was rudely shattered and broken by the Danish invasion at the end of the eighth century. For three hundred long years and more, these fierce invaders came year after year and swept the land. Wherever they came their very first object was to plunder the monasteries, to destroy the monk and the consecrated virgins, to pull down the churches, and then turning from this work of destruction, they struck the people. The air resounded with the horrid cries of battle and to the wailing of ravished maid and of widowed mother. For three hundred years and more—from the year 818 down to the year 1014, Ireland met them in every valley and on every hill-side of the land. The Irish rose under their kings and chieftains; year after year brought fresh nations and fresh armies in upon them. For three hundred years the manhood of Ireland was employed in slaughtering these Danish invaders and in screwing their corpses over the face of the land. (Applause.) The morning sun rose over the glens of lovely Wicklow. (Applause.) It found an army of Danes entrenched near the Vale of Avoca. The immortal Malachi II., Malachi, who wore the collar of gold that he won from the proud invader, assailed them. (Applause.) To the Gaelic cry "For God and for Erin," the battle raged throughout the entire summer's day, but before the sun set the Irish flag unfolded its green, with its golden harp, then crowned and not crownless as to-day, and six thousand dead bodies of the Danes choked the valley of Glenannaugh. (Applause.) The morning of Clontarf beamed upon Ireland, and beheld an Irish King victorious, and here it is well worthy of notice that though three hundred years had passed over our land, of warfare and desolation, Ireland's faith was still as pure as in the days of Patrick, and nothing except the faith remained, save and except Ireland's melody. The hand that smote the Dane at Clontarf, the hand of the immortal Brian Boromhe—(applause)—was one that history tells us was able to sweep the chords of the Irish harp, and to bring out the soul of its melody, as well as to take up the Irish sword and sweep the field with Ireland's armies. (Applause.) The music remained. Brian died upon the field of Clontarf. His heroic eldest son Morogh was stretched dead upon that field. His grandson, Prince Turlogh, died upon that field, and three generations of the Irish house of Brian were swept away. Great was the victory of Clontarf, was the death of the three heroes of the house of O'Brien more than neutralized the victory, and Clontarf was the beginning of Ireland's ruin. For, we read in the history of our land that when the strong hand of the master spirit, Brian Boromhe, was removed, every petty chieftain and every little petty king in the country wanted to reign himself, and they were all divided one against the other; and thus divided, thus slaughtering each other, the Saxon—the curse of God—came upon us, and Ireland's ruin was complete. Oh, how sad is the record that tells us that whilst Brian Boromhe's chief minstrel, McTairg, was deploring his master in the empty halls of Kinkora, by the

Shannon's side, that very time the minstrel of the Prince of Desmond, whilst he was lamenting his own kindred who were killed at Clontarf, added, in the midst of his lamentations, "Proud and happy are the race of Desmond," because Brian was slain upon the field of Clontarf. Think of it—ones Irishman rejoicing because another Irishman was slain—one Irish chieftain telling his minstrel to strike a note of joy whilst the whole nation was heart-broken, in the midst of its triumphs, for the greatest of Ireland's heroes had passed away to Heaven and to God. (Applause.) His name became the battle-cry in after ages. His name was recorded, and worthily, in the glorious minstrelsy of Erin, and for many a long and unhappy year the bards of Ireland, true to their mission for their God and their fatherland, strove to rally and unite the chiefs to the magic sound of the glories of Brian the Brave. (Applause.) Unfortunately they failed. But the only class in Ireland that acquitted themselves fully and faithfully of their glorious mission of nationality was the bards, Ireland's monastic priesthood. Ireland in her priesthood, in those ancient times, recognized in every priest, the minstrel upon whom the ancient Druid's mantle of melody had fallen, as well as the higher office of the Christian priesthood these were the men that kept the nation's patriotism alive, that endeavored to unite the shattered and sundered forces and councils of the country, and if Ireland's bards had succeeded, they would not have to sing, to-day, a song of sadness, but they would have to sing a glorious note of Ireland's triumph and nationality. (Applause.) Well did Erin's minstrel pour forth the stirring recollection. To the divided chieftains he said:—

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
The star of the field, which so often had pour'd
Its beams on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

(Applause.) The rallying cry failed. The minstrel in vain harangued the chieftains of Ireland. In vain did he, the historian of the land, pour forth to them the record of their ancient glories. In vain did he seek to unite them, that as one man they might do, what Brian did at Clontarf, enable green, virgin Ireland to shake off her invaders like so many poisonous snakes from off her bosom. 'Twas all in vain. The passionate cry burst forth. The minstrel saw the men of his day were unworthy of their ancient glories, and nothing remained to him but to exclaim—

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:
When free yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him
The trust honors won by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
(Loud applause.) The tale is too sad—the tale of Ireland's patriotic contest. From the year 1169 to the year 1514 four hundred long years, every valley in Ireland resounded to the cry of battle, every homestead in Ireland was wet with the blood of the strong son and the manly father of the family—Grief and desolation were brought to us. The minstrel appealed in vain, and when every other resource was gone, and when the mission of the bard seemed to be unavailing, then, like a true man, he laid aside his harp and he drew his sword and stood in the ranks of Ireland. (Applause.) And how beautifully is this sung by the poet:

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
The Minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

(Applause.) These bards were the best soldiers of Ireland. When the day of battle was over and they had sheathed their swords, they took their harp again and they went around the English camp playing the Irish melodies, and the Saxon soldiers could not withstand them. They used to open their ranks and let them in, charmed by their song. Their generals commanded them, under pain of death, when they met a bard, a minstrel, or a harper, to kill him. Instead of killing them they welcomed them and hid them, in order that they might enjoy the feast of their songs. And thus did the Irish minstrel keep going and coming throughout the English camp, spying out their secrets and bringing home word to their own countrymen. We read that in the year 1367 there was a law enacted in Kilkenny, in the English pale, that the English general, when he found that he could not kill the bard, should be obliged at least to take his harp and break it. We find from the very day that the Saxons landed in Ireland that they endeavored by all their efforts to destroy the minstrelsy of Ireland. We find King Henry VI. complaining in a letter of his to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and saying: "It is too bad, that whilst you and your nobles know that these minstrel harpers are your worst enemies, you are still actually giving them money and coaxing them to come and play for you." "For," observes Giraldus Cambrensis, one of the bitterest enemies of Ireland, who wrote in these very terms, "it must be acknowledged that there is no such music in the world as the music of the Irish bard, and the Irish harp." (Loud applause.) Queen Elizabeth was not very fond of music, my dear friends. (Laughter and applause.) I can scarcely imagine her in heaven, because in Heaven the angels and the saints will sing for all eternity. (Laughter.) I am greatly afraid she is in a place where she will have to roar for all eternity. (Laughter and applause.) And where there will be very little music in the tones of her roaring. (Applause.) This kind and gentle lady made a law, and issued a commission to Lord Barrymore, and what do you think was the commission this gentleman got from her, which was to go through the length and breadth of Ireland? It was to break the harp and hang the minstrels. And well she might declare war against them, for they were the heart and soul of that mighty confederation, the nearest approach that we ever had, from the day of the landing of the first Saxon, to a united Ireland, under the rule of the immortal Owen O'Neil in Elizabeth's time. (Loud applause.) He never met an English army that he did not rout and destroy them. His sword was all the more terrible in the field, because he came forth from his tent in the morning, after hearing his mass, after performing his devotions, and the priest, who had performed mass, had taken off his vestments and returned thanks to God, laid hold of the harp, and told O'Neil that the spirit of all Ireland's heroes was around and

upon him, and to go forth with that inspiration to battle for old Erin. (Applause.) Religious persecution came to intensify the animosity of the contest. Four hundred years passed away, during which Ireland crossed swords, year after year with England, on the question merely of nationality. For over four hundred years the English invader was a Catholic as well as the Irishman who struck him; but now things are changed. Now the bitterness of religious differences is infused into the contest, and the Irishman stands forth and draws his sword no longer for Ireland only, but for the altar which he kneels, and for the God and the religion which he worshipped. (Applause.) The contest was renewed with terrible force, and the bards and minstrels of Ireland no longer sang merely the praises of the nation, but also surrounded those praises with the loud cry for their religion and for their altar. The harp of Ireland was never so intertwined with the shamrock, the symbol of our faith, as during the last three hundred years, when the nation's song breathed the spirit of their religion, and when every gallant Irishman was also a most faithful Catholic. (Applause.) England applied all her force to deprive us of our religion, and she failed. (Applause.)

There are two ideas in the mind of every true Irishman, and these two ideas England was never able to root out of the land nor out of the intellect nor out of the heart of the Irish people; and these two ideas are—Ireland is a nation. [Loud applause.] That is number one. The second is, Ireland is a Catholic nation. [Tremendous applause.] Plundered of our property they made us poor. We preferred poverty rather than deny our religion and become renegades to our God. [Applause.] Our schools were taken from us. They thought they would reduce us, probably, to a state of beastly ignorance, for they made it a crime for any man to teach his son to read. [Cries of "shame!"] Our religion kept us enlightened in spite of them, and England never, never succeeded in fixing the stain and the degradation of ignorance upon the Irish people. [Applause and cries of "nor never will!"] They robbed us of bread as well as of property. They robbed us of life. They took the best of the land and slaughtered them. They took the holy priests from the altars and slaughtered them. They took their bishops, the glorious men of old—the men who were what Irish bishops ought to be. When Ireton entered Limerick he found O'Brien, and Bishop Hurley, a man of God, in the midst of his people, rallying them to the fight and sending them into the breach again and again. [Loud applause.] They took O'Brien, the Irish bishop, and they brought him out into the streets, before his own people, and they slaughtered him as a butcher would slaughter a beast. They took Bishop Hurley and they brought him to Stephen's Green in Dublin, they tied him to the stake and they roasted him to death by a slow fire. They took six hundred of my brotherhood, Dominicans, and brave men, true men, and Irishmen all—(applause)—and of the six hundred there were but four left—Oliver Cromwell, wherever you are to-night (and I believe you are in hell)—(Loud applause)—you have their blood upon you. They did all this, and they thought that when the Irishman was completely crushed he would buy an acre of his native land that belonged to him, or a morsel of bread to feed him by becoming a Protestant. But Irish men and Irish women declared that their religion, their faith and their God, were dearer to them than life. (Applause.) The Irish peasant, pure, strong, warlike, determined, high-minded, true to his God, true to his native land and true to his fellow man, knelt down before the ruined shrines of the Catholic Church that he loved, and to that Church and that shrine he said:

"Through grief and through danger thy smile has cheered my way,
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned;
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

(Applause.) The nation was faithful, and to that fidelity Ireland owes much of her future hope, if not all, and for that fidelity to her religion and to her nationality she is indebted mainly to her gallant bards. For we Irishmen of to-day do not know enough of our native land. (Cries of hear.) You may imagine that when I speak of Irish harps and Irish minstrels, that I am speaking of people living in St. Patrick's time. Not at all. It is not yet two hundred years since the great Jacobite war was fought in Ireland, and it is a singular fact that when William of Orange was confiscating the Irish property, taking our homes and houses from us, in the inventory that was made, in more than a hundred cases you invariably find among the list of articles in the house a harp (applause.) It was familiar to every hand. We read in the remote past that the Irish saints were accustomed to recreate their souls with their music. We read that wherever they went they brought the tradition of their music with them. We read that most of our ancient melodies are as ancient as Christianity, and some of the most beautiful—as, for instance, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," and "The Blackthorn," as it is called, and which you must have heard—these most exquisite airs are older than Ireland's Christianity. They were sung in the land before ever Patrick's voice was heard. So beautiful is one of them, "Aileen Aroon," that Handel, the great musician, declared he would be prouder of being the author of that air than any he ever composed, and he was the greatest musician, almost, that ever lived (applause.) But, although going back to such a remote date, still, my friends, the tradition of Irish melody flowed on, and it was only in the year 1734 that the great harper and poet, Carolan, died, and he was the last of Ireland's minstrels (applause.) Barely a hundred years ago, and we have Jameson, in his history of Scotland, telling that within the recollection of living men in England, in Scotland and in Ireland, his musical education came to Ireland that he might receive it there (applause.) So keen was the Irish appreciation of the best music that in the year 1741, Handel, the great German composer, having produced some of his magnificent oratorios in London, and the people of that city not appreciating him, he, in a rage, packed up everything and went to Ireland. When he got to Dublin he found the people were delighted with him—crowding to hear him. And Dublin has the honor of having inspired the great German musician with the greatest of his compositions. The "Oratorio of the Messiah" was written in Dublin, and was performed for the first time before a Dublin audience (applause.) And with Carolan, in 1734, it seems as if the genius and the inspiration of Ireland had died; it seemed as if the light of her melody was extinguished. The tender airs still live in the traditions and in the recollections of the people. The beautiful airs were still sung in every cabin in the land. It was almost the only consolation left to our people—downtrodden and persecuted that they could still sing and listen to their national melodies.

But scarcely was Carolan in his grave, when a child was born in Dublin who was destined to take up the harp that Carolan laid down, and to bring forth its notes again (applause.) The ancient Celtic language of the old melodies was becoming forgotten, but the music lived on, and God gave to our native land one of its highest gifts, a true, poetic child, second to none in clearness and loftiness of thought, in tenderness of heart, and that true poetic child of Ireland was Thomas Moore (loud applause.) He was a lover of his country. He was smitten with love for Ireland. His love for his native land

made him anxious to discover her glories. He found them, not in the present, for the remembrance of the bards seemed to have passed away. He went back into her history and he found Ireland's chief glory enshrined in her national music. He seized the harp. He took down those Irish airs as he heard them sung by the peasant in the field, by the blacksmith at the forge, by the old woman sitting by the fireside in the kitchen and by the young maiden, as she trudged along with her milk pails. He found the old Celtic words, and he wedded this music to the language we speak to-day; and he found his own immortality in the national melodies of Ireland (applause.) Moore himself declares to us, that it is not his poetry, but the ancient music that shall preserve his name for ever. Addressing the harp of his native land, he said:

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long!
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wak'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft has thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That 'e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song, is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers.
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.
(Loud applause.)

He gave Ireland's harp in every note to light freedom and song. He verified the old prediction. He caused to resound in every human heart, all the world over, the thrill of sympathy with Ireland's wrongs through Irish music. He did more to teach the world of Ireland's persecution, of Ireland's glory and of Ireland's bravery, even in the losing battle, and he did more, through his Irish melodies, to spread these and make them known than every other son of Ireland that ever rose (applause.) His country was the burden of his song. Well does he say: But, though glory be gone and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sign of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.
(Applause.) Even so, he made every true heart and every cultivated mind in the world melt in sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs and the injustice that she suffered, as they came home to every sympathetic heart upon the wings of Ireland's ancient melodies. Yet he said to the harp of his country—
Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.

A hand less unworthy came. A hand less unworthy than that of Thomas Moore came—a hand, I regret to say for Moore's sake, more loyal and true than even his was—and that was the hand of Ireland's last bard, the immortal Thomas Davis. (Loud applause.) He is the man upon whom we built our hopes for young Ireland. (Applause.) He seized the silent harp of Ireland and sent forth another thrill to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren; to the men of the South to remember Brian the Brave; and to the men of Connaught he seemed to call forth Roderick O'Connor from his grave; and in that year, so memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes, the men of the "nation" did, what this world has never seen in such a short space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of young Irish intellect, in 1843, create a national poetry and a national literature. No other country can equal it. Under the magic voice and pen of these men every ancient glory of Ireland stood forth again. I remember it. I was but a boy. I remember with what startled enthusiasm I used to rise from reading Davis' poems, and it would seem to me as if, before my young eyes, I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy. (Applause.) It would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and at Benbulbin, Lamlu! dear alloo! "The Red Hand forever," when the English hosts were swept away, like snow before the strong beams of the sun, before the valiant Irish armies. (Loud applause.) Nor is the dream of the poet, nor the aspiration of the bard yet fulfilled. I remember that there is something sacred in the poet's dream. The inspiration of genius is second only to the inspiration of religion. There is something sacred and infallible in the hope of a nation that has never allowed that hope to be extinguished. (Loud applause.) For many a long year, day after day, the sacred fire that kindled before St. Bridget's shrine at Kildare was fed and sent its pure flame up towards Heaven. The day came when this fire was extinguished. The fire that has burned for nearly a thousand years upon the altar of Ireland's nationality, fed with the people's hope, fed with the nation's prayer; the fire that has never been extinguished, even though torrents of the nation's blood have been poured out upon it—that fire burns to-day, and that fire will yet illumine Ireland. (Loud applause.)

I will conclude with one word. Even as Lir's lonely daughter sighed for the beaming of the day-star, so do I say, when shall that day-star of freedom, mildly springing, warm our land with peace and love? When shall the bell of sacred liberty ring call every Irish heart from out the grave of slavery, from out the long miserable shade of servitude, to walk in the full blaze and power of our national freedom and our national glory? O, may it come, and may God prosper our cause, and I speak now as a priest as well as an Irishman. I claim in my prayer as well as my work, from that God to whom I and my people have been so faithful, to give us, not only that crown of eternity to which we look forward with a Christian hope, but to give us, in His justice, that crown of national liberty and freedom, to which we have established our right by our heroic resistance to so many ages of oppression—(Loud and prolonged applause.)

YOUNG MEN.—Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset of life in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against the youth who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day—how many of these now boast wealth and standing? On the contrary, how many have become poor, lost their places in society, and are passed by their own best companions, with a look which painfully says, I know you not!
When men dressed in a little brief authority seek to magnify their office beyond reason and good sense, they only succeed in bringing contempt upon the place and ridicule upon themselves.
Those who live for something usually find it is something to live.