



GILES' LECTURES.

SPIRIT OF IRISH HISTORY.

It is now some years since I began to speak in Boston. Among the first of my efforts, Ireland was my theme. I endeavored, as best as I could, to tell her story. I was heard with generous interest, but it was the story, and not the teller, that inspired it. It was called for throughout the length and breadth of New England; it was repeated in city halls and in village lyceums. Old and young, grave and gay, listened to it with open ears and with eager hearts; and to many of them it seemed a new, and wild, and strange recital. It is no longer novel. It is now, not a story, but a drama; a black and fearful drama, which civilized nations gaze upon with a terrified astonishment, that has no power to weep. It was then gloomy and sad enough, and to those who know life only in its general comforts, it appeared a condition which it would be hard to render worse. But the presumptuousness of man is constantly rebuked by the vicissitude of events. It is but too surely so in this case. There was yet the vial of a deeper woe in store, and that vial is now open. Tragic as the story of Ireland was, when first I tried to tell it, it might yet be given with those flashes of