

signs that the genius of the Celtic race is about to be restored to its natural throne, and to receive its natural development (cheers). God grant it! Mere surly vengeance for vengeance sake has never been a passion of the Irish heart. There are many nations whose arms and arts and prosperity stand indebted to the Irish race. There is not one that owes us a grudge for a deed of wanton offence or aggression. Our quarrel even with England is bounded by her rule within the shores of Ireland. The man who would rashly thwart any effort of statesmanship to tranquilize the dark and blood-stained passions that have raged for many an evil century between conquering England and unconquerable Ireland, would assume a responsibility which I for one, and I believe this audience, shrink from sharing. But looking back now, as calmly as an Irishman may over the appalling gulf of years, since the first attempt of England to subjugate this island, counting its confiscations all over again, realizing the horrors of all its massacres, pierced with the agony and humiliation of all that endless, hopeless strife—it is my firm persuasion that the Irish race of to-day would drain that bitter cup again, would tread that National Calvary of shame and torment all over again, would plunge back once more into that night of horrors which seemed to know no dawning, would welcome the axe and the gibbet and the battlefield once more rather than surrender in this their hour of strength and pride the mission which their fathers have bequeathed to them with the blood in their veins—the mission of vindicating their despised and trampled race, and of giving Celtic genius once more a home and a throne in the bosom of a disenthralled and regenerated Irish nation (great cheering).

The vote of thanks was moved in an eloquent speech by Mr. M. Healy, M. P., after which the chairman requested the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, a Protestant Minister, to second the vote of thanks.