

ded, the rooms whitewashed, the floors cleaned, and the tables, benches, and doors well scoured. I bought linen for my bed, and had a mattress made of moss. I dug my garden, divided it into beds, planted vegetables, and sowed my three acres with corn. I kept a goat, which gave milk enough for my wants, and which grazed on the common during the day, and at night was lodged in the stable. I was soon quite comfortable in my new abode. Even the cure's house was not so clean as mine. The people all wondered at my being so neat, and yet so poor; and I wondered at their dirtiness and ignorance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

THE REV. DR. CAHILL'S ORATION.

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

In the evening, Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered, at the Academy of Music, an oration on "The fidelity of Ireland in defence of her Liberties, and her Ancient Religion," for the benefit of the Catholic Library Association.

At 8 o'clock Rev. Dr. Cahill made his appearance, with a fine bunch of shamrock in his button hole, and was received with the liveliest demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration.

As soon as the cheering which greeted his entrance subsided, Dr. Cahill proceeded as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—I assure you, though I had the pleasure of meeting you here before, that I never was so completely overpowered in my life as upon the present occasion. I have made a bow to you as gracefully as I could, intended to acknowledge the compliment you have paid me, but that was with the front of my head, and there are great friends of mine at my back, and as I am not able to make a bow with the back of my head, I will turn to make a bow to the ladies and gentlemen behind me. [Here the Rev. Dr. turned and saluted the large number of persons seated behind him on the platform amid great laughter and applause.] I assure you, my dear friends, he continued, I am endeavoring to take in breath to give myself voice to fill this most extensive hall. Since I had the pleasure of being here with you I have addressed large assemblies in the City of New York and elsewhere; but whether it is the extent of the hall or the excitement of myself, I think this is the largest room I have ever seen in the course of my life. [Laughter and cheers.] I shall never forget the compliment paid to me by inviting me to come here on this day; it is not so much the compliment of meeting you as the delight that I felt on this day in witnessing your glorious procession. [Applause.] I came from the city of Troy yesterday. [A voice, "You're welcome," followed by laughter and applause.] I little thought of the glorious sight that awaited me. I assure you I never felt more proud of Irishmen than to-day in looking at your procession. [Applause.] I heard from credible authority, though I had not the pleasure of being present at the Cathedral to-day, that I had been there I would have heard a most beautiful and polished discourse from the gentleman who preached there. It is a loss I will feel as long as I live. When looking at the procession to-day from my hotel window, and seeing the number of banners, surmounted by the Cap of Liberty, I was delighted to see the American flag side by side with every banner as it passed my hotel; the American banner, the Stars and Stripes, if I may use the phrase, hand in hand with the Harp of Ireland. [Cheers.] And I urged to be a great man when I saw every one uncover his head as he passed by the statue of Washington. [Renewed cheering.] I was delighted to see such worship, if I may speak, offered to the memory of the dead; all these men taking off their hats and bowing themselves in humble posture as they passed by the statue of the pater patriæ of his country. I was delighted to see one man drive six horses, and another eight. And then I beheld the men clad in arms, and saw the forest of steel surrounding the Harp of Ireland. [Great applause.] And as I saw brave men marching with the regular military step, with their muskets elevated and bayonets fixed, and they going before and beside and after the glorious Harp of Ireland, it made me think we were all upon old Tara hill. [Cheers.] And I saw the cavalry, as I may call them, the mounted soldiers, and saw in their beautiful and picturesque dresses—the soldiers under Mural in the French army used to dress that way—and their excellent horses, and they held their swords so much to my taste, and sat in their saddles with so much equestrian skill, and moved so regularly in such an orderly procession, with Ireland and America joined in their two emblems—the Irish Harp and American Stars and Stripes—my heart was delighted to see it all. Here I saw a man driving twelve horses and without a postillion, for the horses seemed to go with the same kind of ease as if they were so many human beings. [Great laughter and applause.] Well, I said, I would like to know the name of that driver, for he must be a Kerry man. And why did I think he was a Kerry man? Because O'Connell, who was a Kerry man, used to drive a coach and four through every act of the English Parliament ever passed. [Laughter and cheers.] I will give you an evidence of what you may call my weakness, but I think it was a proof of my courage. As the whole procession passed before me, the tears stood in my eyes; and whether it was that these tears made the men look bigger and finer I know not, but I thought they were the finest looking men I ever saw. I have seen regular troops; I have seen English armies; I have seen 259,000 men under arms; but when I knew that these were my countrymen, and Americans too, I took it into my head, from magnifying them in my heart, that they were the biggest and finest body of men I had ever seen. [Applause.] And I was still more excited when I heard your beautiful and exquisite bands. I heard, not to-day, but on a previous occasion in this town, the best instrumental music I ever heard in my life. To-day, the tunes were all Irish—Patrick's Day—a voice "Garryowen"—and Garryowen and Nancy Dawson, [laughter] and the Sprig of Shillelagh, and the tune that most reminded me of my boyhood—I don't know what you call it here—Tattered Jack Welsh. [Renewed laughter.] A thousand thoughts passed through my mind, which, on that occasion, was like the postman's letter bag, so many different ideas were in it. I admired and I cried, and I stood astounded, but when a touch of Jack Welsh was played all solemn thoughts were dissipated. The reverend gentleman expressed the regret which he would have felt had he been deprived of the opportunity of witnessing the scene, which he would describe many a time in Ireland when he would return to his own country. He then proceeded to the subject matter of his address.— They were all assembled to celebrate the great festival of St. Patrick, and he was sure everybody would agree with him in saying that this is a great day for Ireland as well as for the entire Christian world. It is certainly a great day for the Christian world. I suppose you do not forget that I have a shamrock here next my heart, said the Rev. Dr., pointing to the green bunch of the "chosen leaf" in his button hole, a motion which elicited a hearty burst of enthusiasm. When I came from Ireland I intended to get a flower-pot made from the clay of the country, and plant in it a shamrock from the same soil, and put it in my trunk, and bring the real shamrock to you; but I have replaced it by an excellent shamrock which grew in this country, and the leaves of it are bigger and broader than those of the Irish shamrock [laughter and cheers]. Indeed this is a great day for Ireland. Everybody and

every country celebrate the memory of their great politician in their anniversaries, and worship, if I may so speak, the heroes of their country. From the time of the Grecian empire to the present day, this has been customary in all nations. Men of the country whose names were born meet together to celebrate their memory and cherish the remembrance of the man who took off a link from the chains of his country, or the poet who elevated the genius of his country by his divine poetical creations; the artist, whatever art he may have been engaged in,—all mankind rejoice and feel pleasure and enthusiasm, as they come forward to point to the achievements of one of their ancestors or countrymen. But what signify art and sculpture, and poetry and patriotism compared with Christianity?—And, therefore, when we celebrate the memory of a saint all over the world, a universal joy is felt.—Poets and sculptors and politicians, and historians and painters certainly generate a feeling of admiration connected with the general department in which they excel. Men celebrate the principle though they do not imitate it. But we do not merely celebrate the principle but try to practice it. A Christian anniversary is different from every other anniversary because mankind not only worship the principle, but if it be that of art, his memory is calculated to awaken an enthusiasm, not only to respect his principles but to follow his example and practice. Therefore, the anniversary of St. Patrick surpasses on that point every other national anniversary. He rose over Ireland like a star in the West, and like the star fixed in the blue vault over our heads has there remained from that hour to this, not obscured by the storms which darkened the sky of that country, not affected by all the efforts of man to destroy the seeds which he planted; and there he shines still, and in the clear sky of Ireland—clear as far as the purity of the earth is concerned—Patrick's star shall live and never set. His anniversary is, therefore, a great day for Ireland. And what a thrilling incident led to the future Christianity and labors of Patrick! A small boy on the coast of France, a lad sixteen years of age, he was captured by the Irish. I do not like to call them pirates, though some historians say they were; but, whatever they were, they captured Patrick at the age of sixteen, and carried him to Ireland to tend swine in the mountains of Antrim and elsewhere, where he remained for seven years. He broke his father's and mother's hearts; all his kindred bewailed him. His uncle, who was a Bishop, was inconsolable. A beautiful, fine young man, guileless and innocent, going upon the sea shore, captured by Irish pirates, born from his country and from home, and subjected to a ransalage so low as to become a tender of swine in the north of Ireland! We all say yes, how unfortunate, how unhappy! That is our logic; but look at the logic of the skies. How fortunate, how happy, how glorious, how consoling to Patrick himself and all his friends, and the entire Christian world! The logic of God is so different from the logic of man. Then the people of old went to build the tower of Babel, about 150 years after the general flood, and in 1800, Anno Mundi, they built it very high as a place of refuge to protect their kings and themselves in case of another universal deluge. Man's logic! God saw them build and determined upon preventing their work, and confounded all their language. When the mason called for mortar the lodman brought up stone; when he called for brick they brought up wood; and they were so confounded that they had to give it up. You say, how trifling that! Could He not have got up an earthquake and swallowed up their tower, or struck it with lightning and destroyed it? And, no doubt, he could. But he has a particular way of his own. Twenty-two hundred years after that, St. Peter preached his first sermon in the streets of Jerusalem—a poor, illiterate fisherman. And men heard him who spoke different languages, and he spoke to each in the language of his own country. Men from the Black Sea, from Byzantium, from Mesopotamia, and the neighboring countries, heard each his own form of speech, and three thousand men became converted. If God had not confounded their language they would all have spoken one language to Peter, and he never could have performed that miracle; and, therefore, the thing that looked so foolish in the year 1800 of the world turned out to be the most glorious fact that heaven ever published after the death of our Lord, in the first sermon of Peter. Hence, what is foolish in the eyes of man is wisdom in the sight of God.—The logic that fails to stand the test of reasoning among men is the most glorious reasoning in the eyes of God—a fact which should not be forgotten, and which shows that the little incident of St. Patrick being captured and brought to Ireland, instead of being a misfortune, is the most glorious fact in the history of the Christian world. We lay our premises in the morning and draw our conclusions in the evening; we lay our premises perhaps at twelve o'clock and draw our conclusions at one—an hour after. But God often lays his premises two thousand years back and draws his conclusions after twenty centuries. Slow, certainly, like all his great works, and as invincible and imperturbable as his own nature. Patrick remained in the country seven years and then escaped. But he remembered the Irish. Several visions are related as appearing to him, exhorting him to convert the Irish. And he was so moved that he determined to devote himself to the church and spent about twenty-two years to prepare himself for his duties on entering the priesthood. His uncle, the bishop, presented him to one of the greatest of the Popes, Celestine. He came to Ireland about the end of the fourth century;—some say the middle, others say nearer the end, but all admit that it was towards the middle or end of the fourth century. St. Patrick was sent by Celestine, and he traversed all the provinces of Ireland. The number of priests he ordained, is astonishing, and the number of churches, and religious houses erected by his exertions extraordinary. After converting the whole country, and after bringing the whole of the sheep into the fold of the one Shepherd, he died full of years, one of the most remarkable men whose deeds are related in the pages of ecclesiastical history. He died about the year 441, about the middle, or near the middle of the fifth century. From that year Ireland became the seminary of Europe. The arts and sciences were taught in Ireland; the churches that were built; the colleges that were constructed, and the number of schools and seminaries founded, rendered Ireland, beyond dispute, the unrivalled seminary of Europe. There never was so happy or so prosperous a nation; for Ireland was at that time trading with Tyre and Sidon, with Egypt, with old pagan Carthage; with Spain and with other countries. From the fifth century up to the invasion of the Danes, Ireland was as civilized a country, independent of religion, as any other Northern nation of Europe, and some go so far as to say that the best of her music and poetry were borrowed from that time. But the beautiful shall I call it national—feeling of division crept in.—As your professor, historian and fellow-countryman, I may have to say what will hurt you and myself.—Beyond all dispute, it is a national characteristic; and, from that day to this, Ireland has had multiplied divisions. We have kings of rival kingdoms, in those days, quarrelling about their territory and entering into furious disputes, which tarnished very much the reign of religion. And it is true to say that these five kings made five divisions that have laid the foundation of our entire national disputes. We were all cousins of some of the kings.—[Laughter.] There being five of them, and their territories being very small, each inhabitant was a cousin of the king, or the king's wife. [Renewed laughter and applause.] We are, therefore, you see, of the best families in Europe; we have royalty of descent, and will not admit anybody in the world to have better blood in their veins than ours. But a historical fact goes further than people generally think, and it is true that the divisions created by the hostility of these five kings laid the foundation of the national discontent which has been the greatest bane of the

country. Indeed, some people said that the quarrelsome of the Irish character sprang from the soil, and did not belong to the nature of the people. The men are very good-natured, but to be born in Ireland is to be a fighter and a fighter. He related an anecdote of two factions which had met to fight, and a person appeared on the ground unconnected with both. "What brings you here?" he was asked. "Sure you do not belong to the Lows or the Murphys." "No," said he, "I do not belong to either of them." "And what brought you here?" "I came here to fight on my own account. [Laughter.] It is all in the soil. An individual who held this doctrine referred, as a proof of its truth, to the cattle.—Look at an English cattle-market, he said, and there you will see animals from Durhamshire and Cheshire and all the other shires; dull, stupid-looking brutes, who stand peaceably side by side, and lay down their legs like the four feet of a table; but put one Irish cow among them and there is immediately a battle among the whole of them. [Great laughter.] He had a problem in history to propose to them.—What a pity it was that when Julius Cæsar came to Ireland seventy-five years before the birth of Christ, that he did not conquer Ireland as he did England, and teach her people unity. The English have unity and follow their leader; a characteristic which he very much admired. He had often been in England, and while there talked with members of the higher classes, who all said they liked Ireland, and would like her to have manufactures like those of their own country, and to be prosperous and happy. And when he would suggest they had not acted up to these convictions, if in Parliament, they would say that such were their personal feelings; but it was a very different thing to be in the government and out of it. We support our leader, they said; we do not want to tear him from his pedestal, but to sustain him. But when a man is out of office he may have different opinions altogether, but when in office he must follow his leader. This is a grand principle of English legislation. If we had been conquered it would have given us unity, and we would have prevented our country from being chained and fettered for more than seven centuries. What is the reason that the Irish, who are so faithful to one religious principle all over the world, never can be united in politics? Because their religious teachers never betrayed them and the others always did [loud cheers]. It would, therefore, have been advantageous had Rome conquered Ireland and taught us unity; it would have kept us together from that day to this, and kept us a free people instead of being chained and enslaved by a foreign hostile nation. He would put another problem to them—and in future would leave them to answer these problems themselves.—Another problem. Christianity was known in Rome early in the first century; Paul preached it there. It was known in France as early as the end of the first or beginning of the second. It was known in Ireland about the middle of the fourth century; it was introduced in 1492 by Columbus; it was not known in Tartary yet. If we had had the electric telegraph as we have it now, they would all have heard it in three weeks. Hence liberty and civilization aid materially in the propagation of the Gospel. God does everything by human means, guided, of course, by supernatural grace; and we have all the Gospel now in our mouths, and we, not angels, are to be its heralds for spreading it all over the world. It took it centuries and centuries to spread over Europe, and centuries to travel here; and it is not known in Tartary yet; whereas if civilization had been the same then as now, we would have heard it in a few weeks; so that liberty and civilization and education, and science, all tend to aid the advancement of Christianity. We have passed over the early progress of Ireland, and found that from the 5th to the 8th century we were very happy, with the exception of those dissensions of rival kings. These divisions invited the Danes to come. They landed in Ireland in the 7th century, and soon commenced persecuting us, destroying our churches, and burning our libraries. They continued their depredations for several centuries, and several exquisite records were burned by them; and it was only in the 11th century that Brian Boroihme defeated them at the battle of Clontarf and drove them out of Ireland. Religion suffered, education suffered, civilization suffered, our literature and history suffered; and they reduced us to a state of barbarism from which we afterwards emerged with great difficulty. The Roman Empire fell in 475. It began seven centuries before the birth of our Lord, and it lasted nearly five after it. The Romans left England in 421. About the time St. Patrick died, the Romans were called home to defend Italy under Valentinian, then emperor, and the empire fell in 475. Then Spain achieved her independence—she was a mere province under Rome. France assumed her independence; all the coasts of Barbary, Asia Minor, all revolted, and there was one universal war from 475 up to the 11th century, of various nations recovering their liberty from that great power, having under it 60,000,000 of slaves—half of Asia, half of Africa, and almost all of Europe. And these slaves were the chief agents who afterwards conquered that territory. Ireland, being far from the seat of war, taught the arts and sciences, and, therefore, foreign nations sent their children to Ireland.—France was at war. Spain was at war, all Europe, Asia and Africa, and we were undisturbed and had the opportunity of cultivating the sciences. Monasteries were erected and endowed. Every man entering a monastery was free from military service. God's logic! He saw carnage and blood defacing the fields of Europe, and He saw that religion might fail temporarily, and therefore inspired thousands of men to go into monasteries where they were free from the services of war, and they preserved the light of literature, and the blaze of religion in the various national struggles of Europe. The monks preserved it in the dark ages—the dark ages of the laity, but not the dark ages of the Church. They were the dark ages of the military laity trampling upon all law, struggling indeed for what was valuable, the recovery of their liberties; but Ireland was a harmless, peaceful seminary for the other countries of Europe, and it was upon her religious altars that they lighted their torches and brought back the faith from our country to their own. I now come to the worst page of our history, or, rather, to a book of national woes, which was commenced in those days and is not yet concluded; and that was when Irish contention and Irish royal rivalry, and Irish want of trust in each other betrayed Ireland into the hands of England; when Diarmid, being beaten by one of his competitors, went over to England for assistance against his rival, and got it; and then were forged the chains we have been dragging from that day to this; when Irishmen sold Ireland to a neighboring hostile country. Henry the Second came over to enjoy the triumph in 1172. Our Irish divisions were, as it were, harmless until that time, but when we were given over hand and foot to a powerful and hostile united country, it was no wonder that the few weak, disarmed and disunited Irish fell a victim to the neighboring country. Henry the Second was the man who said, "Is there no one in the whole kingdom to rid me of this man?" speaking of Thomas-a-Beccket. And Henry the Second has been held guilty of instigating the murder of that Catholic prelate. And it is true that we have been persecuted by Catholic kings, and that Catholic England persecuted us nearly as much for our faith as Protestant England. Henry came over to Ireland in 1172, with his hands red with the innocent blood of a murdered Roman Catholic prelate. After him came John, who began to govern in 1199, and who died in 1216, and he was the greatest tyrant to our race we ever had. He was the first person who drove us in Ireland to eat grass in our famine. His soldiers cut the green corn and the people had to live upon grass. When one man gets power over another man he will never part with the grasp. The most terrible thing in the world

is to give one man power over another, for when he gets it he will never part with it. John had that power. He persecuted our clergy, he tried to seduce our bishops, he had no one in the world a greater enemy of his church than a bad Catholic; he may be a pretty good man, but a bad man who is a Catholic is the worst man in the world. He is a coward and knave; that man, he is base, miserable, he is an infidel. I could point out a powerful king at this moment who has been persecuting us during these seven years; he is continuing these persecutions, and among all the enemies of our faith that man is, without exception, one of the most dreadful, diabolical and formidable enemies of the Catholic Church. But I do not want to talk politics here. To give you an idea of the way John hated our race I will relate one circumstance. The young women of Kilkenny always were among the handsomest in Ireland, and John decreed that if any of his soldiers in that town married a Kilkenny girl he should get fifty lashes. What was the consequence? Out of a regiment of 700 men 699 got the lashes. [Loud cheers.] There was only one dirty fellow who did not get them. [The Rev. Dr. here remarking that there were doubtless Kilkenny girls before him, called for three cheers for the 699, which was gallantly responded to.] Without going into intermediate points he passed on to the time of Elizabeth—1558. Then no Catholic man in Ireland could occupy more than an acre of arable land and half an acre of bog. How could they live upon that? and yet they did. The monasteries were thrown down; the churches to this day have the marks of the cannon balls on them.—The Rev. gentleman here described frequent excursions which he took among these venerable relics; when he would get out of his gig or off his horse, if on a journey and take off his hat to every stone in the wall. They had service in them then of another kind, but the stones in the walls did not know the service, or the music of the organ. In many places these old walls were broken and seemed to totter on their foundations, like old fellows of a hundred years of age trying to stand and tell their great-grandchildren what they saw when young, trying to live as long as they could to tell the unborn generations what they suffered for the faith. How often have I got some of the ivy that surrounded the great stones that composed those broken walls, and put in my pocket and made a kind of a speech at it and said to it, "Faithful ivy! you mantled those towers in their original pomp and glory, and now faithful ivy you cling to them with equal fidelity when their fragments strew the ground around you. Fit emblem of the faith in whose name these walls were erected." And he described the manner in which he discovered the priest's grave, knowing the part of the church in it was situated. And he would frequently say, "Oh God, if I could make a speech, that is the spot on which I would like to stand—on the martyred ashes of this poor fellow." And he thought he should like to stand there at night when the moon sheds down her silver radiance, and there alone in that old church, with the moonlight streaming through the broken arches, and standing on the grave, ask him who slept beneath to send up some warmth of spirit to enable him to speak of his religion. When the poor priest, dressed with brogues on his feet and his frieze coat on his back, and his vestment in a bag on his shoulder, went from house to house, with 25 offered for his head, no one ever betrayed him.—From his daily hiding places he would steal out at night to meet his flock in some lonely valley. While travelling in Donegal the lecturer had been shown "Mass-bushes," and "Mass-caverns," and "Mass-rocks," where the poor priest used to meet the people at early morning; and many a time the sun arose on their trembling devotion, and there the priest would break the bread of salvation to the poor flock who met him at the risk of their lives. And so they celebrated, in the face of heaven and angels, the mysteries of their faith. The congregation used to meet at a cross road when there was any one dead, and there the priest would say Mass, and they would put a penny or a shilling in his hat, and that was what gave rise to the practice of giving money to the priest at the funeral services in Ireland. Never did historian paint such sufferings as Ireland then endured. Land gone, churches thrown down, felony to say Mass, felony to teach school. And that continued from 1558 to 1603. Five centuries of persecution—Catholic and Protestant persecution—one for conquest, one for bigotry, passed over Ireland. And, yet through all this bigotry and persecution, we never lost a man from our ranks, but we stood foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, and preserved to this day the faith we then professed. A great writer and a great orator once said there was a mistake in our point of the Scripture. It is said that the Devil took our Lord up into a high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and promised to give him them all if he would fall down and worship him. The Devil, however, said finally—and this is not recorded—"I will keep Ireland to myself." [Laughter and applause.] And he might have added that he would keep the Tipperary landlords to himself. To afford any idea of the political hatred felt in Ireland towards a country that so long oppressed them, he mentioned the efforts of a Catholic convert who was anxious to get up a crusade to convert England. He preached through the country, and one occasion he addressed the congregation for an hour and a half, and he had converted them all. He came out to the yard and they all came out to look at his strange appearance and his big hat. "Well boys," said he, "I hope you listened to me." "Och, indeed, sir," "Will you join the crusade for England?" "Be that, sir, if it wouldn't displease your reverence, we would rather not." "Would you not like to see them converted and placed in the way of going to heaven?" "To tell you the truth, we would as soon see them the way they are." "Would you not wish to obey the Scripture, and for all the evils she has done you heap coals of fire on her head?" "Oh, faith, sir, we will do that." [Laughter.] In those days 50,000 were banished or put to death, and the rest went to the mountains and remained there.—Their conquerors had the soil, but they found it was little use to them, and they concluded they might as well bring those fugitives back; and so they came down to cultivate the soil, and they took miserable cottages to cultivate the soil, without a lease or any other agreement, and that became the rule for a great number of years, and was the first possession in Ireland. But Elizabeth died at last and was succeeded by James. And we took it into our heads that he would be very clever; being the son of Mary Queen of Scots, a Catholic; but he was far worse than his predecessor. He was the first that tried to change our names, trying to make them like English names. There were the Maguires and O'Doherties, and O'Neils, and all those great names; and he thought to change them to Bacon and Smith, and Mason, and Brick, and Slater, and Salmon, and Herring, and Steel. He tried to call us by the names of all the fish about, and all trades and occupations. He did not succeed to a great extent, but he banished the people out of the country. He said to himself, I will change the names of all these people and then they will not know who they are. [Roars of laughter.] We suffered a great deal under James, but after him came the worst of all—Cromwell. Is it not astonishing how we lived? And yet through all we are as hearty as if nothing had happened. As bearing upon this point Dr. C. repeated several side-splitting anecdotes. One was the case of a gentleman who told a priest who was older than him that he hoped when he died his reverence would have the Key of Paradise and would let him in. The clergyman replied that it would be better for him if he could get the key of the other place, for then he could let him out and all his friends with him. Another related to an Irishman who, according to the usual custom went to England, to work at the harvest, and an employer to whom he applied besetted to engage him, as he said he had employed a countryman of his the year previous who took sick and

died on his hands, and his sickness and funeral expense cost him a considerable sum. The applicant replied that he could get a character from nine English gentlemen to show that he never died in any place he ever was employed in.—Dr. Cahill then proceeded to describe the butcheries by Cromwell's soldiers, of men, women, and children. Cromwell could hardly get any of his men to go to Tipperary; none would but "dare-devils" and dare-devils they remained. After Cromwell was removed in 1660, William and Mary came in. Irish fidelity was put more to the test in those days than in any other. Shiel who was a Protestant, declared it to be a shame to permit this continual assault on the faith of the people of Ireland. Ireland was like the convict transported to Botany Bay whose only hope of escape lay in the wreck of the ship; the only hope of the Nation's emancipation was in the total annihilation of the government under which they lived. Then began the reign of the Georges. Education was promised, and when it came it was offered like a cup of poison; the most elementary book was interlarded all over with insinuations and on our faith. Trial by jury was offered, and we have one instance upon record which is founded upon public testimony of its operation. In a certain trial in the beginning of George's reign, a lad was accused of murder and found guilty, but as the Judge was putting on the black cap to pronounce sentence the man supposed to have been murdered walked into court. The Judge addressed the jury, and told them the man supposed to have been killed was in court. Their verdict was perfectly correct; the testimony gave them moral evidence and they pronounced a moral verdict; but the man then stood before them and they must reconsider their verdict. They retired, and in about ten minutes returned with a verdict of guilty. The Judge asked how they could find him guilty under the circumstances. The foreman replied that the prisoner had stole a grey mare from one of the jury about eight years ago, and they found him guilty of murder for stealing a horse. If this was told in any other part of the world it would be pronounced a fable; but the hostility to us was so great that they were anxious to extinguish all hope in the hearts of the people. As an evidence of the feelings of the people he related an anecdote of a man in Leitrim who, during an attack of delirium tremens, imagined that one of his legs had become a Catholic. He was a Protestant himself, and he kicked the Catholic leg with the Protestant leg, and at last jumped out of a second story window to break the Catholic leg, but happened to break the Protestant leg. The narration may not be literally true, but it furnished true evidence of the feelings of the people. Now we are come to a late period; and our review of the history of Ireland will prove that of all histories since the world began, commencing with the Babylonian, and coming down through the Persian, the Egyptian, the Grecian, the Roman, all the old empires down to Christianity, there is not an instance upon record of a nation suffering so much. The 11th century, the 12th, the 13th, the 14th, the 15th, the 16th, the 17th, the 18th—eight centuries! Is it not astonishing that we have not been either annihilated or converted? And here you are tonight as hearty as if nothing ever had happened. You laugh as hearty as if I was addressing you in the town of Clonmel or Castlet. "The gem may be broke By many a stroke But nothing can cloud its native ray; Each fragment will cast A light to the last— And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art, There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay; A spirit which beams through each suffering part, And now smiles at all pain on St. Patrick's Day." [Enthusiastic cheering.] The rev. gentleman then proceeded to describe the appalling horrors of the famine following the potato failure. The Irish people, naturally heroic and courageous, seemed to be stricken with the apathy of despair. Men went into their houses and died of hunger, women went in and sat by their little children until they died of the famine, and in some instances the dead remained for three days before they could be removed. The Dr. related the efforts made by a priest named Brennan, a cousin of his own, who attended the fever hospital, and who used to carry a coffin from bed to bed imploring them to prepare for their end for they would be in the coffin in half an hour more, but they would ask for ten minutes more. They always thought they would recover. He used to see them himself walking along the road and would ask what was the matter with them. "The famine fever." "Where are you going?" "To the hospital." They went staggering along, for a sleepy feeling seized upon the heart; as if a clock-maker took hold of the pendulum of a clock and diminished the oscillations until it gradually ceased to move; the blood circulated with less and less power, and men, women, and children went staggering to the hospital, as if each limb was a ton weight. Lauds were given up; and men in those days sold out their lands for the taxes. Men gave their lands up to get away. Farmers with fifty, sixty, and a hundred acres gave them up and ran away. Many a man made a fortune at that time. The pressure of the calamity of the famine-fever, and the low prices of lands, were the heaviest curse that ever fell upon Ireland; I won't say curse, but the heaviest trial that ever fell upon Ireland. The churchyards were crowded with the dead without coffins. He aspired to no politeness in talking of this subject how can a man paint hell to please the fancy, or describe damnation in colors to amuse? Whenever he took his pen in hand to write on such a theme he felt his blood run quicker, and thought he should dip his pen in the blood of those victims, which flowed deep in the blood of the churchyards, to feed the anger which animated his very soul. The priest never left the victims, but his mouth was at the ear of the dying whispering hope and consolation. Therefore the priest has a right to speak to them authoritatively and to exercise the same command over them which a good father exercises over an obedient child. He could lift his hand to them and say, I insist upon your good conduct, because he was prepared to spill his blood for them upon every fitting occasion. Ten thousand perished in Sligo, under the burning rays of the sun, without awning over them. One poor woman had a child born on the field of death, and in the morning it was found sucking the breast of its dead mother, and that child is alive yet. [Sensation.] And yet, while men, women and children lay for three days and nights without an awning over them, there were twenty-four millions of gold in the British treasury. [Cries of "Shame!"] Two millions and a half of our people died by the famine. He would next tell them of supererism and extermination. Supererism was tried in order to tempt us to change our religion for a bowl of soup [laughter and hisses]. These Soupers were Englishmen generally, and they came over to instruct us in our religion and change our faith. They were discarded policemen, weavers from Spitalfields, and cabmen from London; and they came over to teach us religion [renewed laughter]. One of them instructed his pupils "whenever they mentioned the name of the Lord to mak' a bow" (make a bow.) Another of them, whenever he said "upon his conscience," always laid his hand on his belly. One of those whom they came to convert said, "these men deserve to be encouraged. I will tell you what they are going to give us. They come to give us food and clothes and firing and employment and money." This old fellow said he had got a good deal. "Yes," said the man to whom he spoke, "whoever joins them will be very well off: meat and clothes and money in this world, and coals for eternity [laughter.]" After thousands and tens of thousands had been expended they gave it up. These men were the Soupers.—They used to pass by the door of a man who always stood in front when they came—he dare not insult them as he would be punished severely—and they