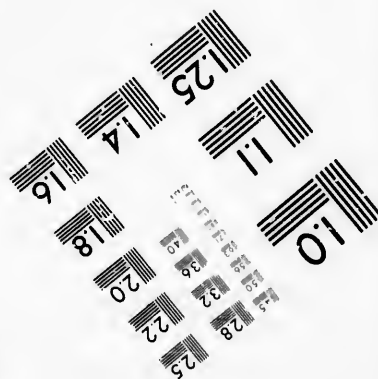
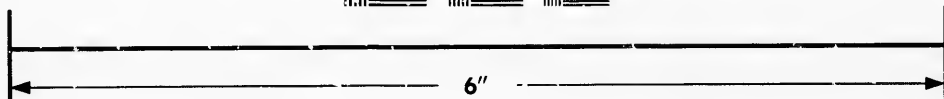
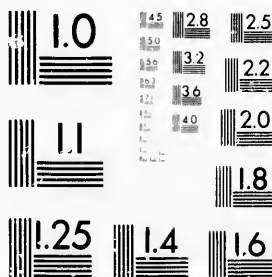


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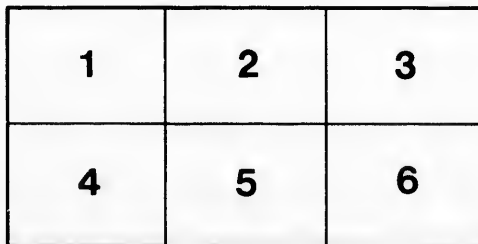
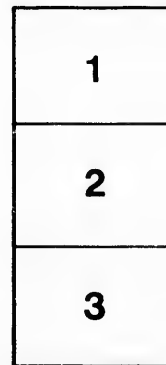
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Irishmen in Canada:

THEIR UNION

NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE DEVELOPMENT OF

Canadian National Feeling;

By J. GEORGE HODGINS., Esq., LL.D.,

President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Toronto.



"God's blessing and his holy smile
Rest on our dear old Erin's isle
And her immortal shamrock."

"From Irish hills—though far away—
(While through this western land we stray)
—From these dear hills there come bright rays
Of the golden "light of other days,"
On Maple Leaf and Shamrock."

—Altered from Halpina.

TORONTO:

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1875.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The following paper was prepared as an inaugural address of the President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Toronto, and was delivered at one of its recent monthly meetings. Though only intended as the President's contribution for the evening, yet those who heard it, believing that it expressed generally the views of the Society on the question discussed (and kindly overlooking its defects) cordially requested its publication. The author reluctantly consented. And he did so for the following reasons: First, because he believed that the influence for good of the various nationalities in Canada is oftentimes underrated by Canadians themselves; secondly, because he believed that these nationalities are not only not antagonistic, but are as truly loyal to Canada as are the most devoted of her sons; and lastly, because he wished to do as much justice as possible to the principles and peculiar virtues of which he believes the representatives in Canada of these nationalities are the exponents and examples.

The Address is published in the interest of the Benevolent Fund of the Society.

J. G. H.

TORONTO, January, 1875.

IRISH UNION IN CANADA.

—:0:—

After more than forty years residence in this country, it is not likely that I shall take any but a dispassionate, not to say even a Canadian, view of the question which I shall venture to discuss in this paper.

Scott has truthfully affirmed the universality of the existence of national love for fatherland in his well-known lines, which he puts somewhat in a negative form, so as to give a greater emphasis to his words, thus :—

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
“Who never to himself hath said :—
‘ This is my own, my native land ! ’ ”

Truly, such a man would be difficult to find,—so universal is the love and reverence for the place one's birth. Nevertheless, in this country, the question is often asked, and even pressed with a good deal of pertinacity, and in a variety of forms, thus :—“Why seek to keep up national feelings and distinctions in Canada ?” “Why not try to fuse all the nationalities into one homogeneous Canadian brotherhood, rather than endeavor to draw the old national lines in this country ?” Such, and other questions of a like kind, do not, to my mind, state the question fairly ; and, even if they did, I hold that they are both unphilosophical and superficial.

I shall not, of course, enter into a discussion of this question so far as it relates to the union of Englishmen or Scotsmen together for their national objects ; but I shall confine my remarks, as briefly as possible, (and except as incidentally referring to other nationalities) to the one question of union among Irishmen in Canada, and how far it militates, if at all, against the development of a sound, healthy Canadian feeling in the country.

I shall discuss the question under four heads :—

1. What kind of union is desirable ?
2. Is there a common ground for union ?
3. Is such a union anti-Canadian ?

4. Is not the presence of the various nationalities in Canada a vital source of strength to the Dominion.

FIRST:—WHAT KIND OF UNION IS DESIRABLE ?

The kind of union among Irishmen which I think we all mean and desire, is one of esteem, respect, and, as far as practicable, mutual co-operation for certain specified objects.

In the largest sense, union among Irishmen, means, of course, the blending together, for a common object, of the two great divisions of our Protestant and Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. But, so wide is the divergence between these two sections of our countrymen, and so mutually strong are the conscientious convictions of both parties, in maintaining the principles which have so long kept them apart, that they must, I fear, ever prove an insurmountable barrier of separation between them. Although this untoward fact is, for many reasons, greatly to be deplored, yet it has nevertheless long been accepted on both sides as an inevitable condition of things, consequent on the profession of religious views in many respects so diametrically opposite to each other, as are those held by Roman Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. Not that this chronic state of denominational separation is incompatible with warm personal friendship for individuals, or of active co-operation together for business and other objects. If it did, that would indeed be a calamity greatly to be deplored ; yet it has, nevertheless, exerted (and will doubtless continue to exert) a powerful influence in keeping the two great sections of our countrymen apart.

SECONDLY:—IS THERE A COMMON GROUND FOR UNION AMONG IRISHMEN ?

An affirmative answer to this question will, I am sure, be spontaneously uttered by the lips of every one present. We have a wide common ground for union, were it not that the practical difficulties to which I have referred stand in the way of its consummation. As Irishmen, have we not a common interest in the dear old land—the “green isle”—which we love to call “Home ;”—have we not a common ancestry there ?—do not the bones of our fathers rest quietly in many

a retired nook and silent graveyard, where the green mounds, which cover their loved remains, are sacred to us all and to their memories forever? Is not the fame of our countrymen *there* the common heritage of their sons in Canada? Do we not all alike glory in the names of Burke and Grattan—of Shiel and Sheridan—Curran and Flood—Boyle and Berkeley—Goldsmith and Moore—Maclise and Barry—Sterne and Swift—Canning and Wellington? And have we not also a common literature? Are not the writings of Steele and Burke, Goldsmith and Moore among the very *classics* of the English language? And how bright, too, is the galaxy of the minor names in Irish literature—honored names too, that Irishmen will “not willingly let die.” The poems of Charles Wolfe and Mrs. Tighe, the “Ballad Poetry” of Lover, the “Tales” of Carleton, the “Prout Papers” of Father Mahony, and the “Stories” of Lever, Banim and Griffin. There, too, are the philosophical treatises of Burke and Berkeley, the scientific researches of Boyle, Brinkley and Rosse, the forensic eloquence of the great masters of Irish jurisprudence, and the distinguished literary efforts of the other celebrated writers and statesmen who, by their ability and genius, have shed a lustre on the learning and patriotism of Ireland, and of which Roman Catholic and Protestant are alike proud.

IRISH POETS—BEAUTY OF THEIR WRITINGS.

Those of us who have visited St. Paul's Cathedral in London must have noticed a beautiful marble group in one of the corners of the Cathedral, commemorative of the “Burial of Sir John Moore,” which is an exquisite and literal rendering of those touching lines of Charles Wolfe:—

“No useless coffin enclosed his breast,—
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!”

As you look at the monument, you can realize how wonderfully poetry and art have combined to picture, with the vividness of reality, the last scene at the hero's grave, as:—

“Slow and sadly *they* laid him down
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
They raised not a line, and they carved not a stone—
But they left him *alone* in his glory!”

Though many years have passed since most of us bade
 adieu to the scenes of early boyhood, which

“We'll ne'er forget, though *there* we are forgot,”

yet few will fail to recall from the buried memories of the
 past all that Oliver Goldsmith, in his “Deserted Village,” has
 so beautifully expressed in the following lines :—

“Seats of my youth, where every sport could please—
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene ;
 How often have I paused on every charm—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.”

“Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There, as I passed, with careless step and slow,
 The mingling notes come softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung ;
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool ;
 The playful children, just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.”

To the same exquisite poem do we owe those famous lines
 which were so often quoted during the “Repeal agitation,”
 as follows :—

—“Ill fares the land,—to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and *men* decay :
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
 A breath can make them, as a breath *has* made ;
 But a bold peasantry, (their country's pride),
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied !”

Again, that inimitable sketch of the “Village Preacher,”

“A man he was to all the country dear ;
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year !”

“His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, low no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by the fire, and talked the night away—
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, (tales of sorrow done)
 Shouldered his crutch and show'd how fields were won."

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

"And, and as a bird, each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way!"

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from *his* lips prevailed with double sway
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray!"

Speaking of the depth and sincerity of his piety he likens that village preacher—

"To some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head!"

But I must close these extracts;—before doing so, however, permit me to give one more—a truly racy sketch of the "Village School Master:"

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew:
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes,—for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage—
 And, e'en the story ran, that he could gauge!
 In arguing too, the *parson* owned his skill
 For e'en, *though vanquished*, he could argue still!
 While words of learned length and thundering sound,
 Amaz'd the gaping rustics ranged around—
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one *small* head could carry all he knew!"

But I was speaking just now of the memories of "Home," (as we love to call the dear old land), so vividly portrayed by Goldsmith. I shall only give one or two illustrations more:—

Those who are from the South of Ireland can rarely hear those quaint lines of Father Prout without a thrill of pleasure, recalling—

“The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.”

And how truthfully he can say :—

“With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells.”

“Where'er I wander
My heart grows fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee.”
“With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee !”

Few of our countrymen, however, have so deeply touched the national heart as the poet Moore. For softness of feeling and felicity of expression, no writer of any nation has surpassed him. For instance, those who have been in the County Wicklow, where the “bright waters” of the Avon and Avoca meet together, will re-echo all that Moore has said of that beautiful spot; for with him we can heartily declare :—

“There is *not* in the *wide world* a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and *life* must depart,
Ere the bloom of *that* valley shall fade from my heart!”*

Equally felicitous are those soliloquies of Moore on the power of memory to recall the long buried past, thus :—

“Oft in the stilly night,—
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me !”

“When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads *alone*

* Moore himself, in another place, says :—

“Long, long to my heart with such memories filled !”
—Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will remain in it still !”

Some banquet hall, deserted,
Whose lights are fled
And garlands dead,
And all but me departed.

Thus,—in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me!"*

Of such poetry, and of such writers, Irishmen of all classes may well be justly proud; and, therefore, our common ground for love and reverence of the famous names of our fatherland, is, in itself, (to her sons in Canada) a strong incentive to, if not a natural bond of union, between them.

But to pursue so rich and pleasant a theme would be aside from the purpose of this paper. We shall, therefore, briefly refer to the next point, viz:—

THURDLY:—DOES A UNION AMONG PROTESTANT IRISHMEN IN THIS COUNTRY INVOLVE ANYTHING ANTI-CANADIAN IN ITS CHARACTER, OR IN ITS TENDENCY AND AIMS.

In other words, is such a union designed to check the development and growth of a truly British-American feeling,—or does it repress the natural expression of a healthy Canadian sentiment among the people?

To this question I would answer, that if the basis of union among Protestant Irishmen embodied a single principle at variance with the cherished opinions of the Canadian people,

* Miss Havergal, in her "Ministry of Song," has some truthful and touching lines on the leaves of "Memory" and "Life," thus:—

"Oh! the hidden leaves of Life!
Closely folded in the heart;
Leaves where Memory's gold on finger,
Slowly pointing, loves to linger;
Leaves that bid the old tears start."

"Some are filled with fairy pictures,
Half imagined and half seen;
Radiant faces, fretted towers,
Sunset colors, starry flowers,
Wondrous arabesques between."

"Some are traced with liquid sunbeams,
Some with fire, and some with tears;
Some with crimson dyes are glowing,
From a smitten life-rock flowing
Through the wilderness of years."

(or of Canada as part of the Empire), then such a union should never be formed; nor would a word, I think, be uttered in its favor by any member of this society. But I hold that into such a union not a particle of antagonism to Canadian nationality can enter. The *union* among Irishmen, which we seek to promote, has no national objects, apart from Canadians, to promote. Irishmen, equally with Canadians, love and reverence the Queen (God bless her!) They are ardent lovers of constitutional liberty;—and they know what it is;—they are as keenly sensitive to the honor and reputation which Canada enjoys both at home and abroad as is the most Canadian of Canadians;—they rejoice in her expansion, her growth and prosperity;—(and they equally share in both), they feel proud of this young and vigorous country which presents to them and to their sons so noble a field and so ample a theatre for the display of their powers, and of their ability,—this land of the fullest civil and religious liberty, untrammelled by many of the restrictions, and uninfluenced by many of the prejudices of the old land. Indeed, so far from any antagonism to Canadian nationality arising from the Irish element (with which we are identified) I think I can safely say on your behalf, that we have the fullest sympathy with it. As the representatives of the smaller nation in the Great British Confederacy at home, the feelings of Irishmen here would the more naturally go out to those who are seeking to contribute, (as are our countrymen beyond the seas) to the resources, honour and dignity of the British Crown. And hence that sympathy, springing from an identity of feeling and common aim, would be a source of strength rather than of weakness to the Canadian people.

Not to speak of the policy and experience in this direction of the old Roman colonists in Europe and Asia, who, individually, (whether native or foreign born) uttered "Sum Romanus" as his proudest boast, we have three striking examples, within our own knowledge, of the assimilating power which a nation or people possesses over those who come to reside among them. It matters not what may be the strength of the ties which bind them to fatherland, or even

how they may unite specially to preserve their nationality, the force of this power cannot be resisted.*

1. In the contests which sprang up in early times between the English people and the "*mere Irish*" beyond the "Pale," (as they were then called), it was found that the English settlers and their descendants within that "Pale" (or extent of the English settlements in Ireland†) became in many things *more Irish* than the natives beyond the Pale—so that, by a singular coincidence, England encountered a far more sturdy opposition from the absorbed or assimilated Englishmen and their descendants in Ireland than they did from the native Irish themselves.

2. Again, has it not been ever a matter of reproach that our own countrymen in the United States rapidly become more Americanized than even the most intense New Englander himself;—that they throw off, or disguise their nationality with a promptness or facility which is truly astonishing? At all events nothing is more remarkable than the fact that, notwithstanding the vast foreign element which has been poured into the United States, and the immense accessions which it is constantly receiving, yet there is no country in the world where all classes are more homogenously blended together, or are more intensely national, than in the United States at the present moment.

3. When diplomacy with its doubtful art separated Alsace from the German Fatherland the regret of the people at its

* Froude, in his "History of Ireland," says;—"From a combination of causes the Irish celts possess on their own soil a power greater than any other known family of mankind, of assimilating those who venture among them to their image. * * * The Norman Baron and his Irish retainers found the relations between them grow easy when the customs of the country were allowed to stand; and when a Butler or a Lacy, not contented with leading his people to spoil and victory, adopted their language and their dress, and became as one of themselves, the affection of which they were the objects among the people grew at once into adoration. * * * The metamorphosis of the feudal baron into the Celtic chief was not completed without efforts * * * to prevent it. By the Statute of Kilkenny, in 1367, it was made treason for an Englishman, of birth or blood to accept or govern by the laws of the Brehons. Inter-marriage with the Irish, or fostering with the Irish, was made treason. Those who had chosen to adopt Irish manners, Irish names, or language were threatened with forfeiture."—Vol. I, pp. 21—25.

† *i. e.* The counties of Dublin, Meath, Kildare and Louth.

transfer was sincere. But, it was no less remarkable that when the fortune of war had restored that province to Germany, she found that while the loved names of Fatherland were still borne by the citizens of the Province, and met her at every turn, so absorbed in the French nationality had this very German province become, that not only did the present inhabitants spurn all allegiance to the new Empire of Germany, but to this hour they resist with a sullen indifference the proffered embrace of the old fatherland of Germany.

FOURTH:—ARE NOT THE VARIOUS NATIONALITIES A SOURCE OF STRENGTH TO THE DOMINION.

And now let us see what are the elements of national character which the aggregate of the Irish residents of all creeds among us contribute to the new and growing confederacy of Canada. I do not say, nor would I for a moment claim for Irishmen, the sole possession of some of the best features or elements of national character, which I nevertheless attribute to them, and which it is most desirable should enter into Canadian national life; but I do hold that in our countrymen these features are (and I say it with respect) more strikingly marked than in others.

1. And first, few will dispute the fact that one national characteristic of the Irish people is a genuineness and outspoken heartiness of friendship, and a tenderness and sincerity of feeling, which does not admit of the idea of hypocrisy in its expression.

2. Again, we do them bare justice to say that in the warmth and depth of their love for its object; and in the constancy and unselfishness of their affection they are unsurpassed.

3. Thirdly, as a people, none place a loftier estimate on the sanctities of home, the sacredness of domestic life, and the purity and virtue of individual character in man and woman than they do.*

* This trait of the Irish character is not only historically but traditionally true. Thus Warner, in his History of Ireland, states that so excellent was the administration and so admirable was the example of

These may be said to be merely social, or personal, and not national virtues. They are both, however; and they are, I think, so admirably blended in our countrymen as to be strikingly characteristic of the people. It is this reverence for social virtue,—this earnestness, sincerity and honesty of heart, apart from the promptings of religious feeling and religious principle, which lie at the very foundation of all that is truly noble in national character.

A poet countryman of ours on this continent, in his "Blessing the Shamrock," sums up part of what I have just been saying, thus:—

"And the three virtues which are dear
To Irish hearts are emblemed here
Within our three-leaved shamrock:
Fidelity that knows no end
(To country, sweetheart, faith, or friend;)
Courage that no reverse can bend;
And *hospitality*—all blend
Their types within the shamrock!"

4. Nor, fourthly, are our countrymen wanting in those other important elements of character which promote success

Brien the Brave, that "the people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue and religion, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made upon the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her dress or jewels."

Moore has strikingly versified this incident in one of his Melodies, thus:—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow white wand."

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lonely 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 women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

"On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!"

in public life. Irishmen possess a quickness of perception, a sensitiveness of feeling, and a vividness of imagination which gives them a facility and felicitousness of speech and expression which are of immense advantage, if not indispensable, in public life and in the conduct of public affairs. Hence, without any concert or undue effort, and even, not withstanding their natural diffidence (which all will admit) Irishmen are to be found in the highest positions in Canadian social, civil and political life, where by their eloquence, ability or virtue, or all combined, they add grace and dignity to their position. I need only recall the names of Baldwin, Daly, Sullivan, Blake, Drummond, Hincks, McCaul and McGee.

To say, therefore, that the element of the Irish national character is not a distinctive and powerful source of strength and vitality in our Canadian confederation is to underrate some of the essential constituents of true and vigorous national life. So far, therefore, as union among Irishmen in this country tends to develop and keep alive the characteristics of their race and country, so far is it a living source of strength in our midst.

Further, if the development of these very qualities on their native soil (where our countrymen form a distinct and separate nation) has not tended to impair the vigor, or lessen the renown of the United Kingdom, as the glorious common centre and object of our veneration and affection, how much less will it, (with all the point and purpose which concert and union among Irishmen would give it), render in any degree, less powerful, less compact, less prosperous and less united in sentiment and action the Canadian people, a people whose distinctive elements of nationality are so numerous and varied that not one of them can be said wholly to control or absorb the other, but which, taken together, are so many active forces, or factors in the great national life of this confederation.

INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH NATIONALITIES AMONG
US.—THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

There is, (and the reference to it is pertinent in this place) one or two other potent influences on Canadian national life

which should not be overlooked. It is not exercised by our countrymen alone, but it is an influence which is even more largely wielded by the English and Scotch nationalities among us than by the Irish. I refer to that invaluable conservative influence (and I use the word in its best sense) which the political experience of Britain and the traditions of her history have so indelibly impressed upon the minds and memories both of Englishmen and of Scotchmen. Such an influence is invaluable in the early history of a people, situated as ours is, so far away from the common centre of our monarchical system, and in close proximity to the antagonistic democracy of the adjoining republic. It is not likely on the one hand, that anything of an oppressive or arbitrary character will be tolerated in the constitution of Canada by Englishmen, whose forefathers (in the maintenance of liberty and justice) shed their life's blood on Bosworth field, and at Naseby,—who brought Charles the First to the block, and exiled the last of the perfidious Stuarts from the throne and sovereignty of Britain. Nor, on the other hand, will the descendants of those who refused to do homage to the prowess and genius of Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England, consent to the introduction of untried novelties or anti-monarchical principles into our political constitution.

With such a powerful preservative English influence over our institutions, intensified by the watchful vigilance of two great opposing political parties, we might well rest satisfied; but fortunately we have other important elements at work—that of caution and forethought—(I will not say of courage, for that is common to all)—which the presence of our Scotch brethren secure to us. And truly those whose memories reach back to the time when their fathers upheld the great principles of national freedom on the heroic field of Bannockburn, where

“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,”

and of Culloden, where the warning —

“Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!”

was unheeded. Their sons will never consent to the introduction of principles in our legislation and institutions which

would contravene those for which their sires had so nobly fought and bled.

The recognized presence, therefore, of such nationalities among us is a sure and satisfactory guarantee that our system of government will not only be founded, but perpetuated, on the inimitable model in the common mother land of Englishmen, of Scotchmen and of Irishmen.

Nor should I omit, (in further illustration of the principle and influence of separate nationalities among us) a reference to the representatives of virtually another nationality who are the fathers of this very Dominion—men who truly, in the words of their opponents, “pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour,” to the maintenance of their principles—men who, in dark and perilous times on this continent, sacrificed their homes, their property and their lives for the maintenance of the “unity of the Empire,”—men—heroic men,—of whom we are all proud,—whose grand old historic name of “United Empire Loyalists,” must ever be a rallying point of strength in this land, and whose instincts and traditions of *unity* and of *loyalty* combined should ever be heritage and boast of all her sons.

AUGUSTE LIANGEL, (Private Secretary to the D'Aumale) in his recent work on “*England, Political and Social*,” says, “Great nations are bred by the crossing of races; they resemble those beautiful bronzes into the composition of which enter many metals.” If this be so (who can doubt it) Canada will yet become one of these “great nations.”

The happy blending of the three nationalities of the United Kingdom in maintaining the honor and renown in arms of the Empire was never more strikingly shown than in the contest for English (and French) supremacy in the Crimea; nor could the fact be more glowingly or truthfully expressed than in the following lines from the *Dublin University Magazine* :—

There is mustering on the Danube's banks such as earth ne'er saw before,
Though she may rifle where she may her glory-page of yore :
The bravest of her children, proud Europe stands to-day,
All battle-harnessed for the strife, and panting for the fray.

No jewelled robe is round her flung, no glove is on her hand,
 But visor down and clasped in steel, her gauntlet grasps the brand ;
 Oh ! lordly is the greeting as she rises from her rest,
 And summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West !

Who are those haughty Islesmen now who hold the keys of earth,
 And plant beside the Crescent moon the banner of their birth ?
 Who are those scarlet ranks that pass the Frenchman and the Turk,
 With lightsome step and gladsome hearts like reapers to their work ?
 The sons of Merry England they, reared in her fertile lands,
 From Michael's Mount to stout Carlisle, from Thames to Mersey's sands ;
 From every corner of the earth where valor was the guest,
 That cradled in the freeman's shield the Islesmen of the West !

The stormers of the breach pass on, the daring sons of Eire,
 Light-hearted in the bayonet-strife as in the country fair ;
 The mountsineer who woke the lark on Tipperary's hills,
 And he who kissed his sweetheart last by Shannon's silver rills.
 The "Rangers" of our western land who own that battle-shout,
 That brings the "Fag-a-bealac" blow, and seals the carnage rout ;
 Those septa of our old Celtic land, who stand with death abreast,
 And prove how glorious is the fame of Islesmen of the West !

The tartans plaid and waving plume, the bare and brawny knee,
 Whose proudest bend is when it kneels to front an enemy ;
 The pulse of battle beating fast in every pibroch swell—
 Oh, God assoilize them who hear their highland battle yell.
 Those Campbells and those Gordon men, who fight for "auld lang syne ;"
 And bring old Scotland's broadsword through the proudest battle line ;
 You have done it oft before, old hearts, when fronted by the best,
 And where's the serf to-day dare stand those Islesmen of the West !

Speak ! from your bristling sides, ye ships, as Nelson spoke before—
 Speak ! whilst the world is waiting for your thunder-burst of yore ;
 Speak ! whilst your Islesmen stand before each hot and smoking gun,
 That rends the granite from the front of forts that must be won.
 Unroll that grand old ocean flag above the smoke of fight,
 And let each broadside thunder well the Islesmen's battle might ;
 Roll out, ye drums, one glory peal, 'tis liberty's behest,
 That summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West !

OBJECTS OF THE IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

I trust I have now shown to your satisfaction that in the existence here, and union among themselves, of the several nationalities in Canada, (including our own), not only can there be no interference with the fullest development of a healthy Canadian feeling, but that the presence of these nationalities, even in our organized form, is a source of strength and power. And if you are thus agreed on the general question of the expediency of a friendly national organization of Irishmen among us, how much more heartily can we not

only commend such an organization, but personally promote it, when it takes the form which the IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY assumes—that of relieving the pressing wants of our destitute fellow-countrymen, the amelioration of their sorrows, and the lightening of their afflictions. In the performance of such a noble and christian duty, we can truly feel, even if we did it from personal considerations alone, that,—

“The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.”

The operations, too, of our society furnishes an admirable training school in which we learn that which we are so slow to practice as a principle, and which our countryman GOLDSMITH has so pithily characterized as—

“the luxury of doing good.”

That inimitable master of English literature, SHAKESPEARE, in portraying the character of the man with a truly great and loving heart, speaks of its possessor as one, who—

“Hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.”

The poet MIDDLETON, too, speaks some noble words when he says:—

“Nothing truly can be termed mine own
But what I make mine own by using well.
Those deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestowed, we only keep:
The other is *not* ours.”

He also says of charity:—

“Mongst all your other virtues

There is none other can be sooner missed,
Or later welcomed; it begins the rest,
And sets them all in order.”

JAMES BEATTIE, the Scottish poet, thus pleads for those who should ever be the objects of our benevolence. He says:—

“From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,
Oh! never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below.
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes; and love thy enemies,
And friends and *native land*: not these alone:
All human weal and woe learn thou to make *thine own!*”

Another writer truly say :—

“ He is the wisest and the happiest man
Who in his sphere does all the good he can,
And with a ready hand and generous heart,
Performs to all the benefactor's part ;
He clothes the naked, he the hungry feeds,
Consoles the sorrowing, for the guilty pleads ;
His are the joys which pall not on the sense,
But his the high reward of pure benevolence !”

Our Divine Master, who was Himself the embodiment of living compassionate benevolence to the poor, the widow and destitute, has laid down inimitable maxims for our guidance on the performance of these noble christian virtues.

The inspired volume declares that :—

1. “He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord ; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.” Prov. xix. 17.

2. “For the poor shall never cease out of the land : therefore I command thee, saying thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land.” Deuteronomy xx. 11.

3. “He that giveth to the poor shall not lack.” Proverbs, xxxiii. 27.

4. “Blessed is he that considereth the poor ; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.” Psalm xli. 1.

5. “Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him.” 1 John iii, 17.

6. “To do good and to distribute forget not ; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.” Hebrews xiii, 16. (Prayer Book version.)

7. “Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give and glad to distribute.” Timothy, xxi. vi.

To perform this “laudable service,” and to promote such a noble work is indeed an object worthy of the union of our fellow-countrymen in this Society.

We have all, with more less vividness, realized what it is to be a “stranger in a strange land”—what tender sensitiveness we have felt at any allusions to the “dear old land”—home,—and what an absence of interest we experienced in all the scenes and circumstances around us, except so far as cur-

iosity or personal interest might awaken it. Mrs. Hemans, in her touching appeal for the stranger, gives expression to these feelings, thus :—

“ The strangers heart, oh ! wound it not,
A yearning anguish is its lot ;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee !”

Thus our union together in this Society has a higher object than that of merely dispensing the alms of charity and benevolence, and that is the moral and social influence which the Society can exert, and the kindly word of sympathy, and of counsel, as well as of hearty welcome, which we can give to the stranger. Thousands of our countrymen, with warm hearts, and fervent hopes for the future,—founded somewhat on an imperfect knowledge of things, or on the exaggerated statements of others—reach our shores,—often to experience nothing but discouragement and disappointment. A kindly sparkle in the eye as you meet them, a word of counsel, or of comfort, a disinterested act of friendship, which it may be in the power of the Society, or of its members, to render, is often more priceless in its value, or lasting in its effects, than even bread to the famishing, or water to the thirsty. These are among the desirable objects which a union of Protestant Irishmen in this Society can accomplish. They commend themselves to our judgment—and to our best and warmest feelings, and to our patriotism as Irishmen.

CANADA,—OUR NEW “ HOME.”

I have only one word more to say and that is in honor of the land in which we dwell. As to the attachment of Canada to Queen and Constitution, it is a singular and striking fact—honorable alike to all classes of the community in this country—that the people here are even more devotedly loyal to the Queen and Constitution than are the masses in the mother-land herself. This fact has excited the surprise and called forth the admiration of strangers visiting the Dominion. It is the more remarkable from the fact that we are not only situated so close to an ultra democratic and flourishing republic, but also far away from the home of the Sovereign

are thus removed from the daily influence of that undefined prestige, which attaches to the abode of royalty. I can only account for this most gratifying state of things from the fact, that the presence among us and personal influence exerted by the representatives of the three Kingdoms,—where loyalty to the Sovereign, and love of order, are principles early implanted in the youthful heart and mind—have been most potent in their effects, and have produced a normal state of feeling, in this community, of love and reverence for Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. Of the universal diffusion of this spirit of devoted loyalty to our beloved Sovereign, no one has ever drawn so exquisite and graphic a picture as has our distinguished countryman, the Governor-General of this Dominion in the inimitable speech which he delivered in this city on his return from a visit to the far west. Speaking first of the extent and beauty and contentment of this portion of the Dominion, he says:—

“It is but a few short weeks since I left Toronto, and yet I question whether many born Canadians have ever seen or learnt more of the western half of the Dominion than I have during that brief period. Memory itself scarcely suffices to reflect the shifting vision of mountain, wood and water, inland seas and silver rolling rivers, golden corn-lands and busy prosperous towns, through which we held our way; but though the mind’s eye fail ever again to readjust the dazzling panorama, as long as life endures not a single echo of the universal greeting with which we have been welcomed will be hushed within our hearts.”

Again:—

“Never has the head of any Government passed through a land so replete with contentment in the present, so pregnant with promise in the future. From the northern forest border-lands, whose primeval recesses are being pierced and indented by the rough and ready cultivation of the free-grant settlers, to the trim enclosures and wheat-laden townships that swell along the lakes, from the orchards of Niagara to the hunting grounds of Nepigon,—in the wigwam of the Indian, in the homestead of the farmer, in the workshop of the artizan, in the office of his employer, everywhere have I learnt that the people are satisfied—satisfied with their own individual prospects, and with the prospects of their country, satisfied with their Government, and with the institutions under which they prosper, satisfied to be the subjects of the Queen, satisfied to be members of the British Empire.”

Further on, speaking of the loyalty of the people, he says:—

“Nothing in my recent journey has been more striking, nothing indeed has been more affecting than the passionate loyalty everywhere evinced towards the person and the throne of Queen Victoria. Wherever I have gone, in the crowded cities, in the remote hamlet, the affection of the people for their Sovereign has been blazoned forth against the summer sky by every device which art could fashion or ingenuity

invent. Even in the wilds and deserts of the land, the most secluded and untutored settler would hoist some cloth or rag above his shanty, or startle the solitudes of the forest with a shot from his rusty firelock and a lusty cheer from himself and his children in glad allegiance to his country's Queen. Even the Indian in his forest, or on his reserve, would martial forth his picturesque symbols of fidelity, in grateful recognition of a Government that never broke a treaty or falsified its plighted word to the red man—or failed to evince for the ancient children of the soil a wise and conscientious solicitude. Yet touching as were the exhibitions of so much generous feeling, I could scarcely have found pleasure in them had they merely been the expressions of a traditional habit or of a conventional sentimentality. No, gentlemen, they sprang from a far more genuine and noble source. The Canadians are loyal to Queen Victoria, in the first place because they honor and love her for her personal qualities,—for her life-long devotion to her duties, for her faithful observance of all the obligations of a constitutional monarch; and, in the next place, they revere her as the symbol and representative of as glorious a national life, of as satisfactory a form of government as any country in the world can point to—a national life illustrious through a thousand years with the achievements of patriots, statesmen, warriors, and scholars—a form of Government which more perfectly than any other combines the element of stability with a complete recognition of popular rights, and insures by its social accessories, so far as is compatible with the imperfections of human nature, a lofty standard of obligation and simplicity of manners in the classes that regulate the general tone of our civil intercourse.”

The eloquent and philosophic MONTALEMBERT, in his celebrated *Debat sur l'Inde au Parlement Anglais*, in 1858, on the noble dispatch of Lord Ellenborough against Lord Canning's Proclamation of confiscation in India after the Mutiny, (which Roebuck declared should be printed in letters of gold) thus eulogizes the Colonial policy of England. This policy, as we know in Canada, has produced the contentment and loyalty of which Lord Dufferin is so justly proud. MONTALEMBERT SAYS:—

“It is not the general, but the colonial policy of England which is the question; and it is precisely in this latter that the genius of the British people shines with all its lustre; not certainly that it has been at all times and in all places irreproachable, but it has ever and everywhere equalled, if it has not surpassed, in wisdom, justice and humanity, all the other European races which have undertaken similar enterprizes. It is impossible not to recognise that England, more particularly since the period when she gloriously ransomed her participation in the kidnapping of the negroes and colonial slavery, may pride herself on having escaped from the greater part of those lamentable deviations from the path of rectitude. To the historian who requires from her the result of her maritime and colonial enterprizes for the last two centuries, she has a right to reply: ‘*Si queris monumentum circumspice.*’”

After referring in complimentary terms to the East India Company, MONTALEMBERT proceeds:—

“But England has done better still; she has not only founded colonies, but called nations into life. * * * * And one of the

Presidents of the United States, in his message of 1852, says: "Our free institutions are not the fruit of the revolution; they had been previously in existence; they had their roots in the free charters under the provisions of which the English colonies had grown up."

"At the present day England is in course of creating in Australia a "United States" anew, destined as they are to become a great nation, imbued from the cradle with the manly virtues and the glorious liberties which are everywhere the appendage of the Anglo-Celtic race.

"In Canada, a noble French Catholic race, owe to England the benefit of having preserved, or acquired, in addition to full religious liberty, all the political and religious liberties which France has rejected: the population has increased tenfold in less than a century, and will (as was thus prophetically foreshadowed by Montalembert in 1858) serve as a basis to the new Confederation, which extending from the Oregon (British Columbia) to the St. Lawrence, will one day be the rival or the ally of the Great American Republic."—Canadian edition of Montalembert's *Essay of England and her Colonial Policy.* *Debat sur l'Etude au Parlement Anglais* 1858, pp. 18, 19.

But I have done; and I must apologize for having kept you so long. But in such a land—with such great advantages and illimitable resources—and with the spirit of loyalty and contentment, (such as the Governor-General has described), so widely and generously diffused, we have every reason to rejoice in her prosperity and happiness. We are equal sharers in it; and we have thus a double motive to seek to advance her interests, for while we do so we equally advance our own. We as Irishmen, while devotedly attached to our own native land, are no less loyal to the land of our adoption. We have given expression to this spirit of entire unity with Canada in the arms of our Society. With our "green immortal shamrock" we have lovingly entwined the beautifully tinted "Maple Leaf" of Canada. And while, in the legend emblazoned on those arms, we have declared our unswerving devotion to the land of our birth in heartily uttering our "Erin go bragh," we have also, in our motto embodied the words of that loving apostolic injunction which are alike the binding precept and rule of conduct for the individual Christian man, of the aggregate citizens of a Christian community, and of Canada herself to:—

"HONOUR ALL MEN;
LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD;
FEAR GOD;
HONOR THE KING!"

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