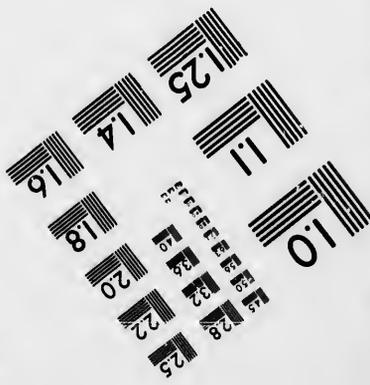
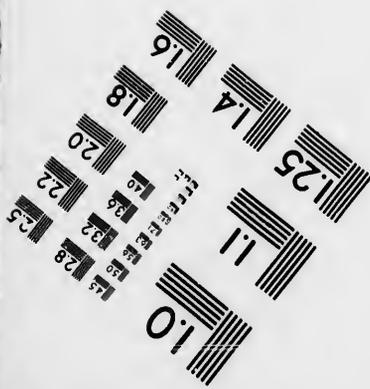
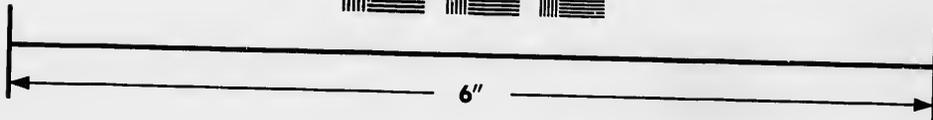
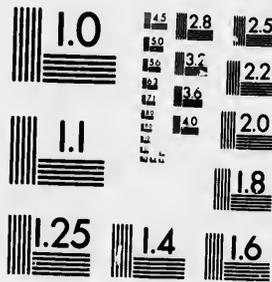


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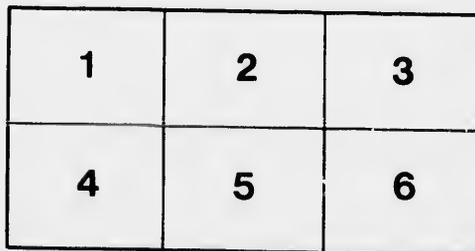
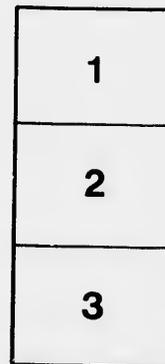
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*Irish Question*

◁ SCRAPS ▷

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IRELAND



“ It is an excellent thing to say that you will  
“ maintain the Unity of the Empire. In Heaven’s  
“ name maintain it with all your might. But we  
“ have been maintaining it not only for eighty-five  
“ years since the Union, but six-hundred years  
“ before. Something more is requisite.”—

*Mr. Gladstone’s Speech on the Address, Jan’y, 1886.*



Culled from the Utterances  
of  
“Men of light and leading.”



10th MARCH, 1886.

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# ◁ SCRAPPS ▷

about



## IRELAND

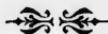


“It is an excellent thing to say that you will maintain the Unity of the Empire. In Heaven’s name maintain it with all your might. But we have been maintaining it not only for eighty-five years since the Union, but six-hundred years before. Something more is requisite.”—

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“Men of light and leading.”



10th MARCH, 1886.

PETERBOROUGH REVIEW PRINTING CO.

# Address of the Canadian Parliament

To Her Majesty, in Relation to the Condition of Ireland, based on Resolutions moved by the Honorable John Costigan, in May, 1882.

## TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY:

*Most Gracious Sovereign:*

We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, in Parliament assembled, desire most earnestly, in our own name, and on behalf of the people whom we represent, to renew the expression of our unswerving loyalty and devotion to Your Majesty's person and Government.

1. We have observed, may it please Your Majesty, with feelings of profound regret and concern, the distress and discontent which have prevailed for some time among Your Majesty's subjects in Ireland.

2. We would respectfully represent to Your Majesty that Your Irish subjects in the Dominion of Canada are among the most loyal, most prosperous, and most contented of Your Majesty's subjects.

3. We would further respectfully represent to Your Majesty that the Dominion of Canada, while offering the greatest advantages and attractions for those of our fellow-subjects who may desire to make their homes amongst us, does not receive that proportion of emigrants from Ireland which might reasonably be expected, and that this is due, in a great measure, in the case of many of our Irish fellow-subjects who have sought foreign homes, to their feelings of estrangement towards the Imperial Government.

4. We would further most respectfully represent to Your Majesty, that in the interests of this, Your loyal Dominion and of the entire Empire, it is extremely to be desired that Your Majesty may not be deprived in the development of Your Majesty's possessions on this continent of the valuable aid of those of Your Majesty's Irish subjects who may feel disposed to leave their native land to seek more prosperous homes.

5. We desire respectfully to suggest to Your Majesty, that Canada and its inhabitants have prospered exceedingly under a Federal system, allowing to each Province of the Dominion considerable powers of self-government, and would venture to express a hope that it consistent with the integrity and well being of the Empire, and if the rights and status of the minority are fully protected and secured, sure means may be found of meeting the expressed desire of so many of Your Irish subjects in that regard, so that Ireland may become a source of strength to Your Majesty's Empire, and that Your Majesty's Irish subjects at home and abroad may feel the same pride in the greatness of Your Majesty's Empire, the same veneration for the justice of Your Majesty's rule, and the same devotion to, and affection for, our common flag, as are now felt by all classes of Your Majesty's loyal subjects in this Dominion.

6. We would further express a hope that the time has come when Your Majesty's clemency may without injury to the interests of the United Kingdom be extended to those persons, who are now imprisoned in Ireland charged with political offences only, and the inestimable blessing of personal liberty restored to them.

We pray that the blessings of Your Majesty's Reign may, for Your people's sake, be long continued.

DAVID LEWIS MACPHERSON,  
Speaker of the Senate.

JOS. GODERIE BLANCHET,  
Speaker of the House of Commons."

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# LECTURE

— BY —

## WM. O'BRIEN, M. P.



*"The Power of the Irish Race."*



On Friday night, 15th January, 1886, MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., delivered a lecture before the Cork Young Ireland Society. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience—the largest, we believe, ever seen in the spacious hall of the Assembly Rooms since the erection of the building. Not an inch of space in the Great Hall was left unoccupied, while the platform presented a great sea of faces. The audience included a large number of clergymen from the city and county, while the ladies were as numerically strong as they are on all public occasions, but more especially on patriotic ones. The following report of the lecture is taken from the *Cork Herald* and the *United Ireland* newspapers:—

## The Lecture.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN was received with enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats. When the excitement had subsided the gifted speaker addressed the assembly as follows:—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and fellow-countrymen—The people of Cork have the reputation, and have justly the reputation, of being somewhat severe and keen critics of a mere literary performance, and I have no pretensions to offer you anything of the sort to-night. There is one thing at all events—there is one topic as to which I think it is always safe—I have always, I know, found it safe to have the hearts and the sympathies of a Cork audience, no matter how unworthily the subject is handled, and that subject is the cause and the aspirations of our native land (applause). Some time ago a leading English statesman made the extraordinary statements that he could not see why four millions of people in Ireland should have any better right to a Parliament of their own than four millions of people within the metropolitan area of London. That appeared to me a revolting way of looking at a question which has been consecrated by the hopes and the sufferings and the best blood of twenty generations of men. Whenever you hear a cold-blooded sentiment of that kind you may always be sure it comes from a Radical and a patron of Ireland. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain need not go a bit further than his own declaration to prove what a very considerable difference there may be between our four millions and his four millions, and how hard it is for the most painstaking of English Radicals to understand us; because I have no doubt he would be greatly surprised to hear that, in the eyes of the Irish people, his way of dealing with the aspirations of our venerable and ancient race is more repulsive than Cromwell's. Cromwell, at all events, understood that we were flesh and blood, men with a country and a creed, with something in their hearts and souls within them that made them proud to die for Ireland under his sword

and cannon. Mr. Chamberlain treats nations as if they were casual wards in one huge workhouse. There he has us all ticketed and numbered and clad in the same dingy uniform, and he can't understand for the life of him what more we can desire in life than to be fed at regular hours by England, who is, of course, to be always matron of this establishment. An English country yokel, who was once asked what was his idea of eternal happiness, is said to have replied, "Swinging on a gate munching bread and cheese." Well, there is no accounting for tastes. It may be our misfortune that we cannot rise to the ambition of keeping the English gentlemen on the gate company for all eternity, but what are we to think of the statesmanship that can see no difference between Hodge's way of looking at life and Lord Edward Fitzgerald's or Thos. Davis's? How are we to argue with a man who thinks that Irishmen can stand upon the battlefield of Benburb and ask their hearts no other question than how the land is rented about there, or on the slopes of Vinegar Hill experience as little emotion as if they were cockney vestrymen agitating for a new street or main sewer through Ludgate Hill. There are five hundred bells in London which chime just as melodiously and tell the hour with, perhaps, rather more accuracy than the bells of Shandon: according to Mr. Chamberlain, a bell is a bell whether it tolls through the fogs of the Thames or floats over the pleasant waters of the River Lee. It is simply so many hundred weight of bell metal hammered together for the purpose of telling all nations impartially what o'clock it is, and the only reason why a utilitarian philosopher should think more of one than another is that it is a better timekeeper. But what Corkman has ever wandered about that seething, heartless, mighty London city, and heard the crash and jangle of bells through the murky air all around him, without feeling that in all that brazen opera of steeples there was no message that could steal into the sanctuary of his heart like one note from the bells.

Whose sounds so wild would,  
 In the days of childhood  
 Fling round his cradle their magic spell.

It is just the same with all the other emotions of the Irish heart. You can no more impart the subtle enchantment of home to a Parliament or a Government in London than you could transfer the potency of the Shandon bells to a London belfry, even if you were to transfer the bells. I do not envy the mental structure of the man who could read a page of Irish history, or even cast his eye over an Irish landscape without understanding that the Irish cause is not a mere affair of vulgar parish interests, but is woven as inextricably around the Irish heart as the network of arteries through which it draws its blood, and the delicate machinery of nerves by which it receives and communicates its impulses. That cause has all the passionate romance and glow of love. It is invested with something of the mysterious sanctity of religion. No knight of chivalry ever panted for the appearance of beauty with a prouder love-light in his eyes, than the flashing glance with which men have welcomed the death-wound to the fierce music of battle for Ireland. The dungeons in which innumerable Irishmen have grown gaunt and grey with torment are illuminated by a faith only less absorbing than the ethereal light of the cloister, and by visions only less entrancing. The passion of Irish patriotism is blent with whatever is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations, and most inspiring in the longings of our hearts. It dawns upon us as sweetly as the memory of the first gaze of a mother's loving eyes. It is the whispered poetry of our cradles. It is the song that is sung by every brook that gurgles by us, for every brook has been in its day crimsoned with the blood of heroes. It is the weird voice we hear from every graveyard where our fathers are sleeping, for every Irish graveyard contains the bones of uncanonised saints and martyrs. When the framers of the penal laws refused us books and drew their thick black veil over

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Irish history, they forgot that the ruins they had themselves made were the most eloquent schoolmasters, the most stupendous memorials of a history and a race that were destined not to die. They might give our flesh to the sword and our fields to the spoiler, but before they could blot out the traces of their crimes, or deface the title deeds of our heritage, they would have to uproot to their last scrap of sculptured filigree of the majestic shrines in which the old race worshipped, they would have had to demolish to their last stone the castles which lay like wounded giants through the land to mark where the fight raged the fiercest. They would have had to level the pillar towers and to seal up the sources of the holy wells, and even then they would not have stilled the voice of Ireland's past, for in a country where every green hillside has been a battlefield, and almost every sod beneath our feet a soldier's sepulchre, the very ghosts would rise up as witnesses through the penal darkness, and to the Irish imagination the voices of the night would come, laden with the memories of wrongs unavenged, and of a strife unfinished, and of a hope which only brightened in suffering, and which no human weapon could subdue (applause). The Celtic is a race ruled by its spiritual instincts rather than by those more ravenous virtues which we share with the hogs and the wolves, and a race clad in the beamy celestial armour of faith and hope is imperishable, no matter how disarmed, bare and degraded in the eyes of a triumphant soldiery or a more ruthless legislature (applause). In the darkest hour of the penal night, when it was transportation to learn the alphabet, and when Irishmen were rung outside the gates of Irish cities like lepers at sun-down by the sound of the evening-bell, it is not too much to say that the one simple little treason-song, "The Black-bird," sung low around the winter fireside in the mountain shieling, had more influence in preserving the spirit of Irish Nationality than all the enactments of the diabolical Penal code enforced by all the might of England could counteract (applause). What the star that shone over

Bethlehem on the first Christmas night was to the three Eastern Magi; what the vision of the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the Round Table; what the Holy Sepulchre was to the dying eyes of the Crusaders fainting in the parched Syrian desert, that to the children of the Irish race was and is the tradition that there has been, and the faith that there will be a golden-hearted Irish nation, the land of song and wit and mirth and learning and holiness, and all the fair flowering of the human mind and soul. By the light of that message, glinting out in ineffaceable rainbow colours, no matter what angriest storm clouds crossed the Irish sky, generation after generation have marched gaily to their doom upon the battlefield or scaffold; and the statesman who hopes to settle accounts with Ireland by mending our clothes, and giving us an additional meal a day without satisfying that imperious spiritual craving of the high strung Celtic nature, may as well legislate for a time when the green hills of holy Ireland will wear the red livery of England, and when the birds on the Irish bushes will chirp "Rule Britannia" (cheers). Conquering nations of the coarse material textures of the ancient Romans and the modern English have never been able to understand why little nations like Ireland should cling to their own hopes and ideals, instead of embracing the new gods and scrambling for their share of the world-wide empire which they have had the same share in building up that the hundreds of thousands of slaves who perished under King Rameses' lash had in building the great Pyramid. I have no doubt that King Xerxes' courtiers were just as much disgusted at Leonidas' folly in standing to be killed in the Pass of Thermopylæ, with his absurd little mob of three hundred men, instead of sensibly coming over to dinner with the glittering hosts of the Persians and sharing the good things that were going, as the ordinary Englishman is with our obstinacy in dreaming of a National Parliament instead of learning sense and taking our pull out of the Hindoos, and carrying all before

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us in the Civil Service. But, as a matter of historical fact, it is to small states that the world owes its laws, its fine arts, its learning, its religion, its music, its paintings, and all the finer elements of its civilization, while the great military empires of the Macedonians, and the Persians, and the Scythians, and the Tartars, have passed over the earth and left no traces but hecatombs of bones (applause). Furthermore, I cannot recall a single instance in which the genius of a small state has been successfully transfused into the more splendid empires which absorbed them. The little state which gave the world Aristotle and Socrates, and Demosthenes and Praxiteles, while its genius was nursed in freedom within a territory less than that of the county Cork, produced nothing better than the *Graeculi esurientes*—the little Greek pimps of Roman satire—when its enslaved children were bribed to Rome to minister to the glory and the luxury of their conquerors. The Italian city republics, which, while their citizens numbered less than the burgess roll of Cork city, conquered the East, and discovered the West, and made Italy blossom like a rose garden up to the mountain crests—the tiny states which glittered with immortal names, such as those of Dante and Da Vinci and Michael Angelo and Columbus, as under a shower of stars,—were struck with barrenness and desolation the moment they became incorporated in the great realms of Austria. In our own century little Belgium, which, as an annex of the French Empire, withered and decayed, has in one generation of autonomy sprung into an activity which confronts English trade in Birmingham and Sheffield, and has outstripped Europe in the race for the wealth of the dim regions of equatorial Africa. Had Ireland, too, no capabilities for increasing the sum of human happiness which was shrivelled up under the blight of English domination? Has she no seeds of greatness in her bosom to-day which want but the rays of her own unimprisoned genius to burst forth into the glory of flower and fruit? (Cheers.) We have two tests such as no other race that I know of can answer so well—her deeds

in her day of freedom, and her vitality after seven centuries of wasting bondage (applause). The Irish race never had fair play. Their growth as a nation was mutilated at the moment when all the other States of modern Europe were struggling out of chaos. Judging Ireland by her state at the Norman conquest is like judging English Parliamentary institutions by the condition of the Saxon churls after the battle of Hastings, or the civilization of Rome by the days when an emperor was stabbed or poisoned every other year by the palace guards. Yet, if we confine our judgment of Ireland to those centuries from the coming of St. Patrick to the Danish invasions—centuries during which the other nations of Europe were simply shifting camps of savages—we shall find Ireland the sanctuary and the only uncontaminated fountain of civilization, and a civilization all the more marvellous that it was not derived from Rome or Greece, but grew up of its own native vigour like a violet in some unvisited dell (applause). Roman history furnishes no fairer picture than that of Ireland in her golden age—the one lustrous star in an European night. Her people enjoyed the equality of a modern republic. Their chiefs were of their own choice; the lands belonged to the whole people. A system of law prevailed so mild that the bard was the most formidable power in the community. The sound of festivities in their halls, the chant of a thousand saints in their thousand churches, the enthusiasm of learning that lighted their schools, come down to us across the gloomy gulf of ages that followed, and make us doubt whether modern civilization, with all its new fangled refinements, but redoubled cares, can give us anything to compare with the simple happiness of that old race, with their bright wits, their mirihful hearts, the sensitive organization which could be ruled by the power of music, and the glorious enthusiasm which inspired them to bear the torch of religion and learning to the ends of a darkened world (loud applause). Her laws, religion, arts, and hospitality were combined with a colonizing capacity beyond any

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seen since the days of the Greek migration to Ionia and Sicily, and with a warlike vigour which for 300 years enabled her to withstand the attacks of the terrible Northmen who over-ran England with as much facility as the Anglo-Saxons and the Romans had done before them. The Scottish Highlands are peopled to this day with an Irish colony as strongly marked with the characteristics of their origin as if the lamp of Saint Columbkille still shone from the cliffs of Ionia, and the footsteps of the saints and scholars who formed the Irish army of civilization may still be tracked in lines of light into the heart of the Swiss Alps and to the furthest shores of Sicily (applause.) The marvel is not that Irish civilization after struggling manfully through three centuries of Danish barbarism should have been unable to face seven centuries more of English savagery, but that a book, or a man, or even a ruin, of the race should survive to tell the tale after ten centuries of unceasing battle for the bare life. But the Irish race not merely survived that black deluge of suffering and plunder which has for ten hundred years submerged the land. It emerges from that long eclipse, with youth renewed, with strength redoubled, with hope undimmed, and with all the mental and moral capacities of a great nation only braced and rejuvenated by sufferings that would have broken the spirit and debased the soul of any other nation. This second youth and vigor, more robust than the first, after so horrifying an abyss of years, is a phenomenon of which history gives us no other example. The restored Greece of to-day is to the Greece of Pericles what the prowling Arabs who pilfer the Egyptian Pyramids are to the magnificent monarchs who built them. The creatures who dwell around the ruins of the Colosseum still call themselves Romans, and masquerade in the grave-clothes of their august ancestors; but nobody expects new Ciceros to arise among the degenerate chatterers of the Corso, or new Cæsars to shake the world from the puny throne of the Quirinal. The Irish race of to-day, on the

contrary, take up their mission just where English aggression cut it short seven centuries ago, and leap to their feet as buoyantly as though the whole hideous tragedy of the intervening ages were but the nightmare of an uneasy dream (applause). The same sanguine blood bounds in their veins; the same hopes, here and hereafter, inspire them, the rosy freshness that suffused the morning sky of the race, still kisses the hill tops of the future, as tranquilly as though its radiance had never been buried in the lightnings and the blood-red rain of ghastly centuries (cheers). There is here no taint of intellectual or physical degeneracy. The same faith that once inhabited the ruined shrines is rebuilding them. The same passion for valor, beauty, spirituality, learning, hospitality, and all that is adventurous abroad and affectionate at home is still the badge and cognisance of the Celtic race. They are the same passionate, stormy-souled, kindly-hearted, fighting, worshipping, colonizing and lightning-witted race of Ireland's golden prime, with this substantial difference, that instead of being a million of people in scattered pastoral clans, buried in this island, they are now twenty millions, doing the work and the soldiering and the statesmanship and the sacred shepherding of three continents, and whether in the Australian mines or in the Canadian woods bound to this small island by stronger links than if Ireland were a despot that could stretch out a world-wide sceptre to enforce their allegiance (cheers). The Celtic race is to-day in fact as conspicuous a factor in human society as the Teutonic. It is little less in numbers; it is as distinct in type; it has as rich a range of capacities, sympathies, and ideals of its own; its fine susceptibilities and ærial genius are capable of exerting a potent and saving influence upon an age which seems only too ready to accept this world as a gross feeding-trough at which happiness consists in greedy gorging. There are signs that English statesmen are beginning to realize that a race such as that may be conciliated, but may by no possibility be blotted out (cheers). There are

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.

### A Protestant Patriot.

REV. MR. STEVENSON, who received a thrilling ovation, said—When I heard the distinguished lecturer with characteristic modesty throwing himself upon the indulgence of this large assemblage, and hoping that because they were Cork people, and considering his past services, that they might bear with him for the very poor lecture that he was going to give them, I must confess that I did not make sufficient allowance for his modesty, and I expected to hear a dry sort of lecture, giving a good deal of statistics about the Irish race, their numbers, their position, their lives in America and Australia, and what they have done, and what they are capable of doing (laughter). I was agreeably surprised at the lecture, for it highly deserved the name of lecture, and an excellent lecture (hear, hear). It was poetic in glowing and expressive enthusiasm, and yet when we read it, as I hope we may be able to read it at full length in the Press of this city, it will bear careful weighing—it was philosophic, sober, true (applause). You, Mr. Chairman, have in too flattering terms acquainted the meeting with the reason why I was called upon to second this resolution. It appears to be the wish of Nationalists in this country, as far as they have opportunity, to show that it was an utter calumny that there is intolerance in the Irish people (cheers). Even without this consideration before me as a reason why it was thought that I should accept the request to second this vote of thanks—which I need not say it would give me very great pleasure to do—still I would not accede to it if I had not been told at the same time that a few minutes would suffice; and I have, therefore, great pleasure in simply seconding now this vote of thanks to the lecturer (cheers).

### Another Protestant Patriot.

DR. TANNER said.—I feel very proud that it has been afforded me the great pleasure of being present here to-night once more to listen to William O'Brien (hear, hear). I feel proud at being able to speak to this great audience of the man by whose side it has been my greatest pleasure to stand, winning the great victory, winning the crowning fight that at last made the four provinces of Ireland united in the one great cause for which every Irishman worthy of the name in the past has striven and hoped, and what is the dearest wish of the Irish race to-day, and has accomplished the one goal—the unification of our people to make our country a nation once again (loud applause).

MR. O'BRIEN wound up his remarks in reply, by saying: "I say this, and I say it in the presence of this great audience of Corkmen, that if England is wise enough to rise above her prejudices,—to rise above her guilty fears, and strike an honest and an honourable treaty of peace with the Irish nation, I do not hesitate to say that the men who were and who are and who will ever be the most irreconcilable to English rule in Ireland, and who would be most ready to resent and resist it to the death—*that they may possibly be found to be the men who would be the first to welcome and the staunchest to stand by any honourable settlement that might bring peace and industry and happiness, combined with freedom and national independence, to our native land.*" (great cheering).

The proceedings then terminated.

## Freedom and National Independence.

The following extract from Mr. Sexton's speech in Parliament, on the address in reply to the speech from the Throne, January, 1886, will clearly define the sense in which Irishmen use the terms "*Freedom*" and "*National Independence*":—

"Those Ministers who had the responsibility of power knew that within the bounds of the British Empire were a score or so of Parliaments. They were aware of the securities of these Parliaments that they should not exceed their proper bounds. They had their agents. They were familiar with the case of Austria and Hungary, of Norway and Sweden, and their agents could report how it was with the great federation of the German Empire and the miniature one of Switzerland. It was for this or any other Government to cull and select these various precedents and examples, and establish a check and counter check, a balance and counterpoise, upon which the freedom of Ireland might be granted while the integrity of the Empire was preserved. The supremacy of the Crown was never called in question. It remained unaffected in the Irish Parliament that previously existed. The supremacy of the Crown was outside the scope of the question. The supremacy of this Parliament required no guarantee (cheers), and he would tell them that the only permanent guarantee rests in the satisfaction of the people. Nothing but discontent and opposition could be felt towards the insulting rule of alien officials. Let them contrast that with the state of affairs which would ensue if the laws of Ireland were made by Irishmen, and if the Irish people were sensible that the law deserved their respect and obedience because it was framed with a view to their wishes and necessities (Irish cheers)—where, then, would be the danger to the integrity of the Empire? As

"to the authority of this Parliament, had they not all the  
 "authority necessary for the supremacy of the Crown—the  
 "authority that was inherent in them? If the Act of 1782  
 "was repealed—as he thought shamelessly and corruptly  
 "by the Parliament of 1800—it must be obvious that if at  
 "any future time they found the concession of a native  
 "autonomy to Ireland to be a danger to the empire, they  
 "could repeal it at any moment. He called upon them to  
 "believe him when he said that if they looked around, if  
 "they considered the numbers of the Irish race, if they con-  
 "sidered their growth and power in other lands; their grow-  
 "ing influence in England, in the colonies and dependen-  
 "cies; if they took into account the persistent and unquench-  
 "able determination of that race to procure the freedom of  
 "their country; if they also remembered the growing com-  
 "plications of the British interests in various parts of the  
 "world, and the ease with which such complications may be  
 "affected and disturbed, the growth of military spirit in  
 "Europe, they would, he thought, agree with him that the  
 "danger to the integrity of British Empire would, as far as  
 "Ireland was concerned, lie in a dogged perseverance in the  
 "fatal—the now anachronistic—fallacy of keeping at their  
 "doors a discontented country and a convulsed society, and  
 "that so far as Ireland was concerned the permanent, and  
 "sole permanent safety, both for the integrity of the Empire,  
 "and supremacy of the Crown, lies in boldly, courageously  
 "giving and frankly approaching the question, and once  
 "for all a safe and rational measure of freedom to the Irish  
 "people" (prolonged Irish cheers).

## Mr. Gladstone's Attitude.



*(From the Ottawa Citizen, 3rd Feb., 1886.)*

His Grace the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin (Most Rev. Dr. Walsh) recently paid a visit to the Archbishop of Cashel, at Thurles, where he met with an extraordinarily enthusiastic welcome. Naturally enough His Grace alluded to the phenomenal success of the Nationalist party under Mr. Parnell's leadership at the late general election. Referring to what the party looked for at the hands of Mr. Gladstone, His Grace is reported as follows :

"The Archbishop quoted Mr. Gladstone's words, in which he remarked that hitherto the Irish members were divided into three parties, and none of them were entitled by their numerical strength to say, "We speak the voice of the whole people." But Ireland, he said, had now a constituency as broad, as extended, and as qualified to speak her wants as either Scotland or England. That demand their elected representatives were now about to make for them with united voice. If that demand were constitutionally put forward by Ireland, if the wishes of Ireland in this respect were constitutionally ascertained, it would be not only allowable but beneficial to Ireland, to England, and to the Empire at large, that this right to which they laid claim, the right of governing themselves in all their own affairs,

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should be granted. That was all they asked, and the question of the day was whether it was to be granted or not. Mr. Gladstone had appealed to them for an answer that he could regard as the answer of Ireland. Had they not given it to him? Calmly and confidently he awaited the issue. The declaration of their great leader stood publicly on record that it was to Mr. Gladstone that he looked for this crowning act of statesmanship. He awaited the issue with deep anxiety also, because already they had heard from across the Channel some foolish threatenings from English public men and from leading organs of English public opinion, threatenings of revolt within Mr. Gladstone's camp and within the ranks of his trusted lieutenants, threats to disregard the issue of the elections—threats that, though for a time they might unnerve the courage even of the veteran statesman who is pledged to do them justice, could not but lead eventually, and that speedily, to one sad result. That result might be deplored by them all. The constitutional expression of a nation's voice was likely also to be more effective for the accomplishment of its purpose than those other weapons to which even now some desperate men were waiting their opportunity to have recourse—the dagger of the assassin and those other and in some sense more fearful engines of destruction which the progress of modern science had placed in the hands of those who make no secret of their determination to seek for the last hope of freedom for Ireland, if they could not find it elsewhere, among the ruins of English cities and of English civilization. "You," concluded the Archbishop, "the men of Tipperary, shrink with no less horror than I do from the contemplation of so sad a prospect. Let us trust then that those in whose hands under Providence lie the issues of the immediate future will be wise in time. No nation surely ever had a stronger claim to be dealt with on the broad, plain principles of justice than Ireland has to-day." (Cheers.)

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In *his* speech in the House of Commons criticising the Speech from the Throne, January, 1886, Mr. Gladstone said :

“ All, however, that I now wish to say on the matter is, that I am afraid this is a further serious postponement of all attempts at legislation for Ireland. (Hear, hear.) I do not ask the Government to study in my sense what the legislation for Ireland may be, or ought to be, even if my mind were made up on the subject ; for I do not possess the means of making the inquiries that are necessary to any sound legislation. But I ask Her Majesty's Government if they intend to give Ireland legislation, *to give it promptly and frankly*. (Cheers.) I am compelled to observe that regarding these paragraphs of the speech as a whole, I am unable to say that they are entirely sufficient in the circumstances. It is an excellent thing to say that you will maintain the Unity of the Empire. In Heaven's name maintain it with all your might. But we have been maintaining it for 85 years (cheers from the Irish members) ; and not only for 85 years since the Union, but 600 years before. (Renewed cheers and a laugh.) Something more is requisite. Whatever you think is adequate to the case, be it for social order, be it for local Government, *let us know frankly what it is*. (Hear, hear.) The obligations which I have described as incumbent on every member in this great cause would compel us, even if we were more reluctant than we are, to entertain favorably the proposals which you may conscientiously recommend. Even if circumstances do not let us proceed in any way with the case of Ireland, it still remains our duty to listen to what others have to say, and to judge it under the strictest and heaviest responsibility that ever lay upon a Legislature. You have most properly wound up your speech by advising the Queen to express her confidence in a protection and a guidance for our acts better than any that our own assisted faculties can supply. Let us all, after the high and solemn appeal that we have

made to that guidance, and as in the face of Almighty God to whose keeping we have been commended, so by taking care to observe all the laws and all the qualities by which in difficult and controverted matters truth may sometimes be attained, and benefits may sometimes be realized; let us not deviate from the path of temper and of self command; but forgetful of every prejudice let us strive to do justice to the varied and gigantic interests committed to our care." (Loud cheers.)

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## Cause of all the Trouble in Ireland.

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### Landlord's Exterminating the People.

In his speech in Parliament, on January 28th last, 1886, MR. SEXTON said:—"The condition of things in Ireland was this—that the bulk of the small occupiers had cleared themselves of their last penny—sometimes selling their stock, sometimes their very furniture—two or three years ago to gain the advantage of the Arrears Act. They robbed themselves of every penny they had in the world in order to procure a clean slate, but in the years which had elapsed since then the value of every staple article of produce had gone down upon the average all around about forty per cent. The tenants could not pay judicial rents this year—it was impossible. English gentlemen who listened to him knew the truth of what he said. They had reason to know the gravity and reality of the agricultural

depression. They knew that they themselves had cut down their households and retrenched their expenses ; that some of them had parted with their town houses, and in various ways had practiced a rigid economy in order to give a suitable abatement to their tenants. It was very strange that English gentlemen who had thus shown a generous regard to the interests of their tenants should unite themselves for the purpose of denying similar rights to Ireland with a body of unscrupulous Irish landlords (cheers), who refused to give any abatement. The Duke of Devonshire had given an abatement of 20 per cent. to his Irish tenants, and another great English landlord in Ireland had given a similar abatement. But what was very strange to him was this, that the Duke of Devonshire having given this abatement of 20 per cent., and thereby admitted the urgent pressure of the Irish agricultural crisis, should have accepted association with the landlords who were refusing abatements, and had placed himself at the head of the extermination association, and given countenance to the deputations which waited on Lord Salisbury to urge either that the Irish tenants should be compelled to pay unreduced rents while parting with every shilling they had for food (cheers), or else that they should be turned out of their holdings, and the landlord enabled to break their tenancy (cheers)."

# How the Extermination War Progresses

## Latest Eviction Statistics.

In a speech delivered 2nd February, 1886, in Dublin, MR. JNO. DILLON, M.P., Said:—"He was afraid the " Government were withholding the Returns of Evictions in " Ireland, knowing that they would tell a tale which they " would not like. He had, however, the return ending with " the 1st July, 1885, and he found that for the quarter there " were evicted in Ireland 1,236 families, including 6,570 " individuals, nearly half of whom were readmitted as care- " takers. But they knew very well that many of them " were only admitted during the six months' redemption. " A large number were thrown out on the roadside, and " God knows where those people are to-day. *For the suc- " ceeding quarter there were 679 families evicted, represent- " ing 3,123 individuals* (oh, oh). He had not been able to " get the return for the last quarter, but calculating on that " basis *there must have been put out of their homes in Ireland " during the entire period since June 2,512 Irish families, re- " presenting 12,492 individuals.* What was the feeling in " the hearts of these people scattered as they were all over the country, some of them living in the poorhouses, and many more, he was glad to say, in America—(hear, hear)—where they would carry the stories of the wrongs they had suffered. He would assert now, and he would say the same in the House of Commons next week—show him any country in the world where 6,000 families could be turned out of their homes as they believed unjustly, and as the whole country believed unjustly (hear, hear), and where the record of crime was so slight as it was in Ireland to-day." (Applause).

