

the earnest part taken by Irishmen in the work of colonisation. Looking back, it may be from time to time with a melancholy yearning for the old associations, yet never losing heart, we understand that though the colonising generation must ever have two homes—that of its birth and that of its adoption—the duty of every man is first of all to the country in which his lot is cast. (Cheers.) It would be a poor tribute to the land of our birth to show ourselves useless in the land of our adoption. (Hear, hear, and continued cheers.) From century to century people of different nationalities have met in Ireland, but their descendants are all now Irishmen and Irishwomen. So, different nationalities are meeting now in New Zealand, and their descendants will all be New Zealanders. (Cheers.) Let us take care what blood is now infused into the growing nation, and that only the noble races may, so far as we can help it, be the progenitors of the future New Zealanders. (Renewed cheers.) As Irishmen, without losing their love of native land, are members of the great British Empire, so may our children, while loving the land of their birth, never be narrowed by insular prejudices or by the petty conceits naturally engendered in a small estate. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Let us hope that, fortunate as ourselves, our children and our children's children, may be citizens of a world-wide Empire—and that more fortunate than us, they may be able, without leaving their father's home, to toast their native land. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

The toast was drunk amid the utmost enthusiasm.

His Honor the Deputy-Superintendent (Mr R. J. S. Harman) in the course of proposing the toast of "The Patron Saint of Ireland," said he thought there could be no doubt whatever that St. Patrick was in his time a great coloniser. His influence was still pervading the Irish people. (Loud cheers.) He thought that warm-heartedness was a characteristic of Irishmen and Irishwomen—(cheers)—and he was glad to see so large an assemblage present on this occasion to celebrate the national anniversary of their country.

His Honor Mr Justice Gresson was received with long and prolonged cheers on rising to propose the next toast. His Honor said—Mr Chairman and Gentlemen,—The toast which has been entrusted to me is, "Irishmen at home and abroad." The subject is so fruitful, and I am so conscious of my inability to handle it as it deserves, that I am almost tempted for the first time in my life to regret that I am an Irishman. I shall not enter upon the troubled sea of Irish politics, but shall content myself with showing, as I think I shall be able to do, that Ireland, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which she has labored, from the poverty and discomfort of the larger portion of her inhabitants, as well as from other causes, has produced her fair proportion of distinguished men—(loud cheers)—and that not only in one particular line—as generals, for instance—but also of statesmen, scholars, orators, lawyers, painters, and authors. (Renewed cheers.) Even in the higher branches of science—astronomy, for example—we have Lord Rosse, Sir Wm. Hamilton, and others who have made themselves renowned. (Cheers.) Foremost amongst generals we of course claim the Duke of Wellington, "the vanquisher of the vanquisher of the world;" and with him his gallant companions in arms, Sir Fredk. Ponsonby, who did such good service at Waterloo, and Sir W. Napier, the author of "The Peninsular War;" Lord Gough, the hero of Moodke, Ferozshah, (it is a hard word to pronounce—laughter)—Sobraon, and Googerah, who thrice received the thanks of both houses of Parliament for his services in China and India—besides many others too numerous to mention (Cheers.) Of statesmen and scholars, who more eminent than Edmund Burke and Lord Wellesley. The latter, in the judgment of Dr Goodall, the well-known master of Eton, a better Greek scholar than even the famous Porson. (Cheers.) We also claim with pride the Lawrences, those distinguished brothers to whom India owes so much at the most critical times of her history, one of whom, the Governor-General of India, was succeeded by another Irishman, the late lamented Lord Mayo. (Cheers.) Canada also owes to Ireland her present most popular Governor, Lord Dufferin. (Renewed cheering.) We are rich in orators. Besides Edmund Burke, whose surpassing eloquence outshone even the brilliant speakers of his day, we have Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, Lord Plunkett (the only speaker whom Lord Brougham feared), Richard Lalor Shiel, O'Connell, and many others; and we now have the Bishop of Peterborough, who justly ranks among the greatest of our living orators. (Cheers.) It would be tedious to enumerate the many distinguished lawyers whom our country has produced, from the Right Honourable William Saurin, Attorney-General for Ireland in the early part of the present century, down to Lord Cairns, the present Lord High Chancellor of England. It must be confessed that our poets are few in number, and not the most eminent. Although it has been often said that "Poets are born, not made," and although no amount of education will make a poet without the poetic inspiration, yet we find that our greatest poets—Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and Tennyson—were men of high culture, who had availed themselves of all the advantages of education which England possessed, and in which, alas! Ireland has always been deficient. (Hear, hear.) But there are passages of exquisite beauty in the poetry of Moore and Goldsmith, and what can be more perfect than the well known ode of Charles Wolfe on the death of Sir John Moore? Recurring, for a moment, to Goldsmith, although perhaps the present generation may not appreciate the merits of the "Vicar of Wakefield," its popularity, to use the words of Lord Macaulay, "has lasted, and will last, as long as our language." (Cheers.) Amongst authors we must not pass over Dean Swift, although a melancholy instance of misdirected genius and wasted powers. The success of Charles Lever and Lover, in their different lines, is undoubted. (Hear, hear.) What I have said as to the culture necessary to make a finished poet, applies in some degree to the art of painting. But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Ireland has laboured, she numbers among her sons some distinguished painters—Sir Martin Archer Shee for example, the President of the Royal Academy, Mulready and Madise. In divinity we claim several men eminent for their learning, of whom I need only mention Archbishop Usher and Magee, author of the well known work upon the atonement. I might mention McClintock, McClure and others who have made a name for themselves by their exploits at

sea; but I feel that I have already trespassed on your indulgence. I cannot, however, conclude without mentioning the names of John Robert Godley and James Edward FitzGerald, of whose well-directed enthusiasm, ability, integrity, and devotion to the public service we are now reaping the fruits in the prosperity of this province. (Loud cheers.) Would that Mr FitzGerald were here this evening to charm us by his eloquence on a theme so congenial. (Renewed cheers.) Gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me, and to ask you to drink with all the honours the toast "Irishmen at home and abroad" (Loud and protracted cheers.)

The toast was drunk with intense enthusiasm.

Mr George Gordon (Town Clerk) was called upon to propose the toast of "The Daughters of Erin," which he was sure would be received with the greatest acclamation. He could not propose the toast without quoting the opinion of Mr S. O. Hall, who said that Irishwomen were the most faithful women to be found in any country; that they were the best children, the best wives, the best mothers that he had ever met with in his travels, and it was well known that Mr Hall had travelled through all parts of Ireland, and was therefore no mean authority on the subject on which he had written.

The toast was drunk amid loud cheers.

Mr F. W. Thiel was received with cheers on rising to propose the next toast. He said that the toast which he was delegated to propose was one which they, as Irishmen, could not but cordially endorse, as however long they might have been away from the country of their birth, a desire for the prosperity of their native land must always be prominent in their hearts. (Cheers.) In spite of a bad harvest, a financial crisis in America, and other drawbacks, the prosperity of their country was steadily, if slowly on the increase. (Hear, hear.) During the last year the linen manufacturers of the North had had a hard battle to fight, but they had stood their ground, and were now in course of recovery from a great commercial depression. (Cheers.) A steady stream of immigration continued to carry off the surplus population to countries where a more profitable employment for its labor and energy could be obtained, and it was a matter for regret that owing to the great distance between the two countries, New Zealand had up to the present time participated so little in the influx, but it was to be hoped that with free passages, good ships, and a careful attention to the comfort of the passengers, we might soon obtain a fair share of the best class of Irish labor. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The shipping trade of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, &c., was increasing year by year. Railways were being rapidly pushed forward, and a system of central termini adopted—in fact, things generally evinced prosperity. (Cheers.) Still there was much to be done, much misery to be alleviated before Ireland could be considered prosperous, and the greatest difficulty to overcome was the reconciliation of religious differences. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) That difficulty, let us hope, was daily becoming less; in fact, he felt sure it was when he saw around him that evening men of all religious denominations met together to do honor to the memory of their Patron Saint—men who he felt certain would all heartily join with him in drinking the toast he now proposed—"Prosperity to Ireland." (Loud cheers.)

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr T. I. Joynt, Provincial Solicitor, was received with loud cheers on rising to propose the next toast. He said: Mr Chairman and gentlemen, I have been asked by those gentlemen who have had the direction of the affairs of this meeting to propose the toast of "Irish Authors." If I had been in a position to consult my own feelings in this matter, I should unhesitatingly have declined the task. Not, let me assure you, from any want of sympathy with the subject or any failure of appreciation of the honor conferred on me, but because—and I say it with regret—I have been for a good many years past prevented by circumstances from pursuing the study of the national literature of Ireland, and therefore I felt, and do now feel, that a toast of this character ought to have been placed in the hands of some one more fitted by habit of reading and thinking, and by natural ability, to do justice to it and to the subject of it. For, sir, the toast which I am commissioned to submit for the acceptance of this meeting is without any doubt the toast—the major toast of the programme. I assert—without any desire to abate one particle of the honor, love, and affection that we owe to and feel for our Queen, our native land, and our fellow countrywomen and fellow countrymen—that the great intellects who raised up by their genius the beautiful structure of our national literature, and who exhibited to an admiring world the charms of that land and all that was attractive and lovely in the characteristics of its people—that these are the true glory of that land and the true crown of that people—(cheers)—and that the honor and affection that we owe to them, and feel for them, is greater and deeper and more enduring than any other earthly sentiment. (Loud cheers.) Sir, the heart of an Irishman—and by that expression I intend to embrace an Irishwoman, too—(laughter)—is peculiarly impressible, and as a general thing it retains and treasures up in its recesses the memory of benefits conferred, and a warm sense of grateful love for the benefactor, and Irish authors—her bards, her orators, her historians, her novelists, and her sculptors, and painters, have conferred on Ireland a boon and a blessing that Irishmen will never forget, and for which they will be grateful so long as the nationality of Ireland exists. (Loud cheers.) Sir, I think that on an occasion like the present it would not be desirable or acceptable to you that I should enter into a dissertation on the literary merits of Irish authors, or that I should sketch the history of the rise and establishment of the literature of our country. To do so effectually, it would be necessary to deal with a language in which, unhappily, I am not a scholar, and with institutions and a civilisation that have to a great extent vanished—and of which the traces and relics that have come to our hands are neither numerous nor authentic; but it is impossible to speak or to think of our national literature without feeling impelled to sing the praises of a host of men whose names crowd upon the memory, and the brilliancy of whose genius, and the fervor of whose love for their native land have enshrined them in the breast of every true Irishman—(Prolonged cheers)—and I cannot, in the fulness of my national pride on this occasion, refrain