

dred earth. Oh! what a piteous sight to see the brutalities and crimes perpetrated by an enlightened Christian nation against another—the wanton slaughter and torture of innocent youth and helpless old age! To read the dreadful story would sicken the stoutest heart and fill it with disgust. Neither age nor sex nor acknowledged innocence of any crime or guilt was sufficient even for a brief moment to excite clemency or mercy in the hearts of those ruthless and sanguinary destroyers. No people ever groaned beneath the weight of so much concentrated infamy and cruelty at the hands of a civilised government. The virtuous peasant women, old and young, were outraged day by day. The men torn from their homes and cast into prison, their houses burned, and their property destroyed, then frequently flogged and tortured by picketings, the cruel pitch-cap, and death. And all this without warrant or authority of law, without examination or trial by judge or jury—without any justification beneath heaven's blue vault except the vicious caprice of a false and ever accursed and infamous yeomanry. The excesses of the soldiery and yeomanry, the remorseless and relentless cruelties perpetrated upon the people by, and with the consent and connivance of the authorities, enlisted the tenderest of human sympathies and filled with indignation and horror the heart of every man with a sense of justice and a feeling for humanity in his breast. All these dreadful enormities and inhumanities against life, liberty, honour, and virtue, and all that men hold dear were deliberately entered upon with a fiendish determination to excite and goad the people into premature rebellion against the constituted authorities, and thus afford the unprincipled instigators of those unequalled wrongs an opportunity of executing their well-matured plans—plans which aimed at nothing less than the extinction of the Irish Parliament. How well the arch-schemers—Pitt and Castlereagh—succeeded we all know too well. With the destruction of the Parliament the light of Irish liberty expired nor will it, in my opinion, be re-kindled till those who prefer the rule of the stranger realise the folly of their way. Looking at the situation now in the light of history, removed as it is into the cool shade of a hundred years, I feel that no man with a sense of justice and a knowledge of the story of 1798 and the sad consequences that followed, will say that the people of Ireland were not justified in putting forth every human effort in their power to cast off a yoke so galling, so cruel, and intolerable. Taking this view of it (a view which is based upon the facts of history) we too are amply justified by all there is good and true in our nature to meet here to-night to show, even in a small degree, our honest appreciation of the nobility of soul and character that possessed those brave spirits who fought and died for Ireland's wrongs in 1798. All we can say of them to-day is

"Peace to their ashes! God let them rest!
Their hearts were as true as their cause it was just."

But out of the gloom and sadness which surround the history of those times, there is one gleam of light, which, like a gentle sunbeam, warms and brightens our dreary pathway. It is the noble and patriotic conduct of a portion of the Protestant population in the cause of liberty and justice. All honour, I say, to the Presbyterians of Ireland, who so generously espoused their country's cause. They led the van in nearly every instance, and perished with their honoured compatriots fighting for liberty. For this one act alone their memory will ever be cherished by Irishmen while there is one left to tell the story of '98. Would to God the other denominations had acted as faithfully. Had they done so, then, indeed, had Ireland's troubles been long since over.

But it is not our purpose to dwell upon the wretched past, but upon the brighter and more pleasing aspect of the present and the future. I feel certain I voice the sentiments of Irishmen everywhere when I say it is their desire to forget and forgive the past, and build upon its ruined walls a structure of modern design—one that shall be in keeping with the spirit and civilisation of to-day, one that shall be as pleasing to the heart as it shall be to the eye—a structure that shall be affectionately dedicated to the promotion of peace and unity between Saxon and Celt—a union that must bring happiness and contentment to both. The Irish people would ever live in peace and concord with England, and would ever defend her flag on land and sea as they have always done, if England would only restore Ireland's long-lost liberty. That liberty which was not lost by conquest, but was filched from her through gross fraud, bribery, corruption, and persecution. I am aware this is strong language, but no language at my command could adequately express my detestation of the men and measures adopted to rob Ireland of her birthright. Whatever glory attaches to the English flag, the distant possessions which to-day belong to the British Crown, and the liberty these possessions enjoy are due as much to Irish grip and valour as to any other cause.

The Irish have been brave, loyal, and faithful soldiers whether on sea or land. They have successfully fought all battles but their own. And now to-day, when Ireland asks for the extension of that liberty to her which the life blood of her sons have purchased for other subjects of the British Crown, her people are denounced as traitors and as being unworthy and unfitted for the enjoyment of such privileges. The accusations are as false as Heaven is true—they are as false as are the hearts of those who utter such sentiments. There is no element of disloyalty or dishonour in asking for that which in the sight of God and man is legally and morally due, and if refused it is only natural that men should resort to such legal means as may be available to enforce their just demands. The people of Ireland have done no more, and, as men, they could do no less. Though the men of '98 lost 50,000 souls, yet the sacrifices made were cheap had they lost ten thousand times as many had they succeeded in purchasing the liberty of their country. But experience has long since taught all reflecting minds that a resort to physical force is a useless weapon wherewith to secure the liberties of Ireland. If ever Ireland's wrongs are righted it will be through the agency of a higher and mightier power—the resistless power of an enlightened public sentiment. Moral suasion and ceaseless effort, coupled with consistent conduct, are worth far more than Gatling guns, but unanimity of sentiment and purpose

among the Irish people themselves is worth more than all. And it is my firm belief that till Irishmen of every denomination and creed realise that Ireland is *their* country, and not the other man's—until they sink their senseless differences and present an united and unbroken host—their claims shall never be recognised. It is, indeed, lamentable that in an age of progress like this, there should still be irreconcilable elements in a matter where the very life and happiness of their common country is concerned. It is, however, gratifying to note that there are abundant evidences on every side that the animosities of the past are rapidly disappearing, giving place to a mutual admiration of one another's virtues and equal toleration of each other's faults. Personally, I fully entertain the hope that, ere long, North and South, East and West will stand united. It is an old saying that "the darkest hour is that before the dawn." Though Ireland's hopes are to day enwrapped in gloom and in doubt, yet I believe succour is near at hand. Should the growing sentiment which is so manifest to-day between England and the United States result in a better understanding—which may ultimately terminate in a definite alliance—not only Ireland but all mankind would profit by such a happy consummation. Then England's contention that the recognition of Ireland's demands would weaken her (England's) prestige in Europe, besides being a menace to the consolidation of the Empire, would be no longer tenable. With the moral and physical strength of the United States behind England, no power or combination of powers could successfully assail her. For such a union none would fight more bravely than Irishman, but without a full and fair recognition of Ireland's rights there can be no enduring or profitable Anglo-American Union. But with Irish liberty and justice once more enthroned in College Green, and the green flag of Erin beneath the protecting folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, together they shall bear the stress and storm of battles, would go marching on hand in hand, fighting only for peace and progress, God and humanity.

Whilst we are devoting this evening to the memory of the illustrious dead we would, indeed, be forgetful and ungrateful did we not on this most appropriate occasion pay a loving tribute to the memory of the greatest statesman this century has produced—of him who sacrificed power, personal and political friends, that he might do Ireland justice. His name is inseparably associated with the history of Ireland, a name that shall never be forgotten while there remains a lover of liberty in that unhappy land; a man whose name shall be indelibly impressed upon the forehead of the generations yet to come for his earnest and fearless advocacy of the rights and liberties of the oppressed of every land and clime; one whose honoured name extends to the uttermost bounds of human habitation; a man who, when once convinced in his convictions, was strong, resolute, steadfast, and unchangeable; one whose genius has enriched the statesmanship of England, and chastened it through the unconscious agency of his stainless Christian life and character, which he has left as an imperishable endowment to his countrymen. The death of W. E. Gladstone is not only a national loss but a distinct and irreparable loss to all mankind. (The speaker was warmly applauded during the course of his speech, and resumed his seat amidst much cheering.)

MUSICAL PROGRAMME, ETC.

In addition to the foregoing addresses, the following appreciative programme was rendered:—Selection, "Irish melodies," tastefully given by an orchestra under the command of Mr. P. F. Hiscocks. Chorus, "O'Donnell Aboo," by the pupils of the Marist Brothers. The little fellows seemed to feel the importance of the occasion, and sang the well-known air with great enthusiasm which was caught up at once by the great crowd in the hall. Quartette, "Let Erin remember" (this item at the request of the Bishop, with whom it is a great favourite) Mrs. Hiscocks, Miss A. Lorrigan, Rev. Father Kehoe, and Mr. Thomas Lonergan. This was pleasingly performed. "Kathleen mavourneen," by Miss Coleta Lorrigan, who fully sustained her deservedly high reputation as one of our leading vocalists. Recitation, "Who fears to speak," Mr. James Montague. Owing to persistent applause in appreciation of this the chairman had to relax his determination not to allow encores. Mr. Montague gave an extract from one of Shiel's celebrated speeches. "Dear harp of my country," Miss Annie Lorrigan, who subsequently took the place of Mr. P. Darby, who had to leave for the South that morning, and sang with such effect the "Wearin' o' the green," that the audience demanded a repetition, which was accorded. Miss Lorrigan possesses the finest soprano in Auckland, and into this song she put her whole soul. Father Kehoe next sang "The memory of the dead," with chorus by the company. The popular Parnell parish priest was loudly cheered for his fine contribution. "She is far from the land," which has reference to Robert Emmet's broken-hearted Sarah Curran, was given by Miss Maud Donovan with her usual success. "Come back to Erin," by Mr. A. Murphy was sung with admirable taste. In the violin solo, "Harp that once," with orchestral accompaniment, Master Carter, gave promise of future success. The programme concluded with a solo and chorus, "God save Ireland," by the company, in which the audience, who rose to their feet and stood the whole time, heartily joined. At its conclusion three hearty cheers were given for '98, and the people dispersed, all agreeing that it was a "great day entirely for Ireland." The accompaniments were exquisitely played by the Rev. Father Kehoe and Miss Ormond.

The hall was nicely decorated, thanks to the exertions of Messrs. J. J. Daly, J. J. A. Callaghan, and Thos. Carly, who worked willingly and assiduously to this end. Over the stage, in large green letters, was printed, "Who fears to speak of '98?" On the right were the names Father Murphy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. On the left Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. On either side of the stage were the flags of Ireland and France. The walls were draped from end to end with the tricolour, in memory of French assistance in '98. Over the main entrance floated the Stars and Stripes. The whole presented a gay and animated appearance, adding much to the effect.

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