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A Hosting of the Gael.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

This is a marriage feast today,
A wished anniversary
Of union and reunion; Emmet, Meagher, all
True sons of Irish blood for honor dead,
With lifted head,
Hearken to this most jocund muster call;
Their ships are on the sea,—
From ancient Donegal
They come, from Kerry,
Ah, and from Tipperary,
Yea, rather, say
From Dublin to Cathay,
From Belgian battlefields, from Spain,
From snowed Saskatchewan, from Afric sand,
From Flodden Field, and Fontenoy,
From every field and every land,
Come man and boy
To keep with us this day a sacred trust,
For the earth is starred with work of Irish brain
And rich with Irish dust.
Behold, of heroes hosting here today,
In the farthest fore
Stand men whose eyes
Are blue and gray
Like Irish skies
And like the coats they wore.

No party festival of North or South
By us is kept,
And on our mouth
No vaunting of a single patriot name
To envied fame;
But in one man stands glorified the race.
Their brow we grace
With crown of laurel and with olive leaf,
And in proud grief
That has no tongue and keeps its tears unwept,

We greet the splendid hosts of Irish dead,
Leaving their age-old shroud,
Gaunt witnesses, a cloud,
By every wind increased,
Ghostly battalions led by greater ghosts
That round us troop, with measured, noiseless tread—
O, God of Hosts,
We bid them welcome to our marriage feast.

Should any answer come
Whence stand they ranked and dumb?
A sudden thunder of a shout
Their throats give out
As if these long dead bones
Yet kept remembrance of old trumpet tones;
The dense, straight ranks are stirred
And rises one great word—
"Fredericksburg" is heard,
While comes this chorus forth:

"We are the men that followed, followed after
The sun-bright sword and the sea-bright flag,
With a faith in our hearts that rose like laughter
Most in the straits where the craven lag;
We are the men no danger daunted,
Following Freedom like a star,
Hot after glory, honor-haunted,
With our flag of green and our sworded Meagher.

"We are the men and these our brothers
Who held the heights and threw us back;
Over them, too, these thousand others,
A green flag waved through the war cloud black.
And Fredericksburg is an open story,
It was Irish blood both sides outpoured,
For they, too, followed honor and glory,
A green flag theirs, but not our sword.

* Written for the presentation of the sword of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher to the University of Notre Dame.

"And we are come from the peace of slumber,
 Nor North, nor South, by division sharp,
 But Irish all, of that world-wide number
 In all times mighty with sword and harp.
 To lift once more, from the dust, our voices,
 In one last cheer that may echo far—
 Fredericksburg in the grave rejoices,
 Now the Flag of Green weds the Sword of Meagher."

So sang they, pale dead men,
 Risen from their cold dream
 To follow still the Gleam;
 And in their hollowed eyes
 Were what with mortals pass for tears
 As after many years
 They saw again the frayed and faded fold
 That was their Cloth of the Field of Gold;
 And a flash as of a star
 When they saw the shining length
 Of the blade that in his strength
 Girt the dauntless Meagher.
 Lo! flag and sword together pressed,

By all their eyes caressed.
 Then like a breath of prayer
 They melted on the air.

Learn we from these our dead
 The meaning of this day,
 And be not lightly led
 From our fathers' way.
 Not what our hands may hold—
 Few threads of green and gold
 And storied steel—
 Not by these tokens may we feel
 Sons of our laurelled sires,
 Save that the same pure fires
 Burn all our souls within,
 And heart to heart, the quick heart to the dead, be kin.
 Keep we the Faith sword-bright
 By day, by night,
 Our fathers' meed shall never suffer loss
 But know increase.
 The sword itself is likened to the cross
 That is our peace.

Presentation of the Sword of Gen. Meagher.



O but few men is it given to be a hero and leader of two nations; to have risked life and liberty for one, and to have battled bravely for the other. Yet the sword that rested upon a purple velvet cushion in Washington hall Wednesday evening, March fourth, was the sword of such a man, and the illustrious men present had been gathered from four great states to do honor to the memory of the patriot who had wielded it in the cause of liberty and righteousness. The ceremonies that marked the presentation of the sword of General Thomas Francis Meagher to the University of Notre Dame, like the life and works they commemorated, were simple, dignified and beautiful. Accompanied by an escort of honor, consisting of the commissioned officers of the cadet regiment, a color guard, a rifle squad, and a detail of First Sergeants, the sword was borne through the aisles of Washington hall, to the stage, where the officers saluted, the guard presented arms, and the buglers sounded the stirring martial strains that had so often inspired the gallant men of General Meagher's own command, the immortal Irish Brigade.

In characteristically happy and apt discourse Father Cavanaugh introduced the chairman of

the meeting, the Honorable Roger C. Sullivan, one of the most prominent and widely respected Democratic leaders in Illinois, and candidate for the United States Senate. Mr. Sullivan introduced Senator Walsh of Montana in the following words:

MR. SULLIVAN INTRODUCING SENATOR WALSH.

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP, VERY REVEREND FATHERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I wish to express my deep appreciation of the honor of being permitted to preside at this meeting. To preside at any celebration of this splendid institution is an honor. But to be selected for this particular event, the presentation of the sword of "Meagher of the Sword" is indeed a great and high honor. Now that we are so far removed from that great conflict, the Civil War, when all the bitterness of those days is past and all the misunderstandings and prejudices have been removed by closer social intercourse of all the people; when all North, South, East and West, all of the older and younger generations are in solid unity for our country and our flag; when all give deserved praise and honor to the valor of those of the Southland as well as those of the Northland, there seems to me to be a beautiful harmony in the idea of this presentation of the sword of the gallant Meagher that it may be placed at rest

here in old Notre Dame. For from here went forth that noble band under the leadership of the gentle Father Corby, not for war, not for conquest, not for glory, but with peace in their hearts and gentleness in their minds, to soothe and nurse and help the wounded, and in the very fire and turmoil of battle to give consolation and the blessed hope of eternal peace to the dying. In these hours of peace, then, what more fitting place for the battle sword that is sheathed in peace than in these halls of peace?

Need I say that should any foe come to overthrow our flag or our country—which God forbid—there would be sons of Notre Dame who would unsheathe General Meagher's sword and would lead on the fields of valor even in the storming of another Marye's Heights, and with them would be another Father Corby from Notre Dame with like gentleness, giving courage in the midst of battle and administering the consolation of faith to the dying.

Because of these memories of Notre Dame and the Irish Brigade, fittingly does tonight's ceremony commend itself and fittingly does the presentation to Notre Dame come through one of our Nation's distinguished sons, a man of honor among his fellowmen; a man who serves his country's cause in peace as faithfully as did Meagher in war, the Honorable Thomas J. Walsh, United States Senator from Montana:

SENATOR WALSH'S SPEECH OF PRESENTATION.

MR. CHAIRMAN, RT. REV. AND REV. CLERGY, FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY, ASSEMBLED STUDENTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am charged with the very delightful duty of presenting to this ancient and honorable institution the unsullied sword of General Thomas Francis Meagher, the gifted orator, the zealous patriot, the redoubtable warrior, the genial and cultured gentleman. Associations hallowed and unusual cluster about him.

On the pedestal of a magnificent equestrian statue of this singularly brilliant genius, erected in the grounds of the capitol at Helena, my home, is chiseled his eloquent exordium upon the sword, delivered when he was a young man just out of college.

Let us recall its words, addressed to the representative of British power, boldly spoken, inspired as he doubtless was, by the spirit of revolution that had affected all Europe:

"But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalions of despotism.

Then, my lord, I do not countenance the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it to be profane to say that the King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles, bestows His benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day in which He blessed the insurgent



GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

chivalry of the Belgian priest, His almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of light to consecrate the flag of freedom, to bless the patriot's sword. Be it in the defense, or be it in the assertion, of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon."

The services he rendered to the land of his birth, the sacrifices he made to preserve the liberties of ours, all these you will be told by a slight glimpse of the carnage this honored trophy witnessed as it is revealed to us in the words of a war correspondent of the *London Times*, reviewing the history of Fredericksburg:

"Never," he wrote, "at Fontenoy, at Albuera or at Waterloo, did the sons of Erin exhibit more splendid valor than in those six desperate dashes up those impregnable heights, and the dead that lay in masses within forty paces of Colonel Walton's guns proclaimed what manner of men they were who rushed upon death with a fearlessness that has characterized a race that has won glory upon a thousand battlefields, but never more richly deserved than at the fight of Marye's Heights in 1862."

By what strange combination of circumstances has it come to pass that I, a citizen of the remote state of Montana, am permitted now to confide to this University this interesting relic? It will be recalled that General Meagher, having escaped the gibbet, after being condemned to be executed because he loved too well the land of his fathers, after passing unscathed through the fiery furnace of the Civil War, met his death by drowning in the turbid waters of the Missouri River into which he accidentally fell from the deck of a steamer at its dock at Fort Benton in the territory of Montana. He had gone there to superintend the unloading of arms and munitions of war that had been sent in to enable the settlers to defend themselves against an uprising of the Indians which had been threatened and which was then imminent.

He came to the territory in September of 1865 under appointment by President Johnson as secretary of the territory, but in the absence of the governor he became, and remained until his untimely death on the first of July, 1867, its acting governor.

The conditions that obtained in that infant

commonwealth, just lately accorded a territorial government, had attracted a multitude of kindred spirits. Stories about the fabulous wealth which the lately discovered gold placers were then yielding became current about the time when the two great armies lately engaged in fratricidal strife were disbanded. It is not strange that multitudes of the disintegrated regiments of both sides whose business associations, if they had any were destroyed by the war, joined the rushing tide: some taking the river route up to the head of navigation; others crossing the plains a thousand miles from Omaha, the nearest railroad point; and still others, like Meagher, going down to Panama and up the Pacific Coast and the Columbia River, and finally crossing the mountains by way of the old military road that takes its name from Captain John Merritt.

Among those that came there was a surprising number of Irish birth or parentage who yielded to the spirit of enterprise and adventure that curses the race. Imagine the enthusiasm with which they welcomed Meagher, coming with all his honors thick upon him.

A half century, almost, has passed since that time, and the remnant of those hardy pioneers will still tell you of his compelling eloquence, of his mellifluous speech, in words of what seems extravagant praise. Major Martin McGuinnis who for twelve years acted as territorial delegate in Congress—a representation to which he was very justly entitled as a polished orator,—himself fell under the spell of Meagher's oratory. Referring to the surpassing eloquence of Meagher in a public address he said that Meagher had left no hope for those who followed him save as the gleaner who gathers what the reaper spurns.

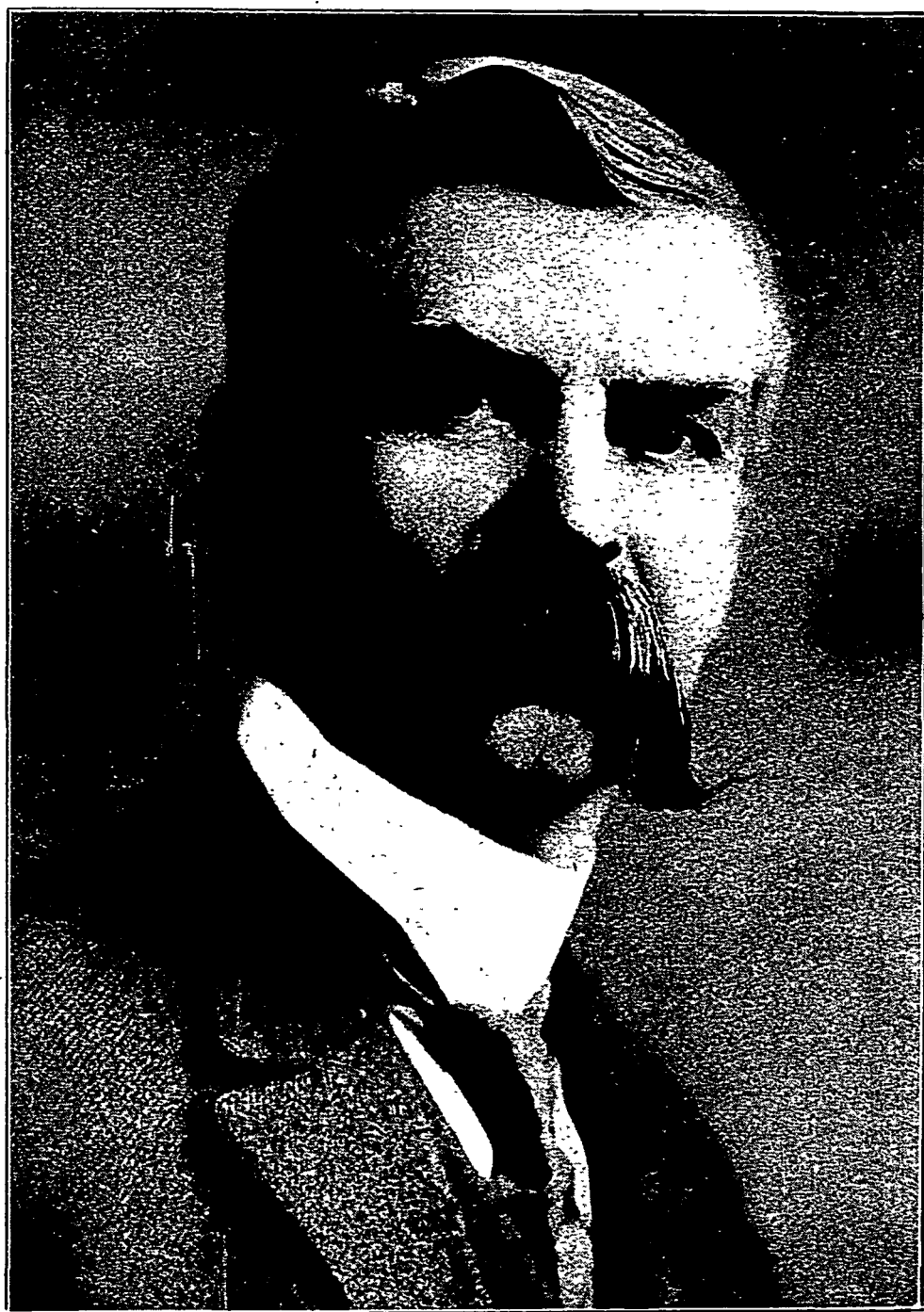
Conspicuous among the throng of Meagher's friendly contemporaries was one Andrew—universally referred to as Andy—O'Connell. Andy came to Terre Haute, in this state, as a boy, and as far west at Leavenworth, Kansas, before he arrived at his majority. That region had not yet arrived at the dignity of statehood when he joined the rush to Pike's Peak. He maintained his headquarters on the site of the present city of Denver until he



joined the stampede to Montana in 1864. O'Connell was a man of singular force of character, brusque of speech, vigorously independent in thought. An omniverous reader, he had opinions upon all public questions of a decided character, and did not hesitate at all about expressing them. It might have been said of him as of another great leader that he "looked quite through the deeds of men."

without giving any directions as to its disposition. Andy, some ten years ago, crossed the divide, leaving his earthly treasures, including this sword, to his niece whom he had brought out from Terre Haute during the early '70's when she was a girl.

It is by the direction of this lady, Mrs. Catherine Young, of Kalispel, Montana, that I now confide it to this University of Notre Dame.



SENATOR WALSH OF MONTANA.

His usually harsh manner but ill concealed the promptings of an ever-generous heart. He was fiercely Irish, and he worshiped Meagher. His unobtrusive kindness in her affliction, at the time of General Meagher's death, endeared him to Mrs. Meagher, and when she was about to leave to return to the home of her parents and friends in the state of New York, she left with him this prized sword. She died childless

I confess to you that I made an effort to persuade her to present it to the University of my own state where it might interpret the inspiration which his career would have afforded our young men had Providence reserved him until his great talents had left an indelible impression upon our people. But she remembered with affection and with pride this seat of learning nearer her own birthplace and would

not be moved. Founded as it was, and maintained as it is, by an order of teachers like that from which Meagher secured the training that made him a world-famed orator at the early age of twenty-two, and for which he ever retained the highest degree of affection, love and respect, I am forced to believe that he would have approved the choice.

Here let it rest, teaching the youth who repair to these halls that nobility of character is the only sure foundation of greatness; teaching them that the right is always in need of fearless champions, and that the talents that God gave us we are expected to prove to their utmost in order that we may attain to the end and earn the reward which he has in store for each of us.

On behalf of the University, the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University, accepted General Meagher's historic sword. Many of us have frequently heard and profoundly admired Father Cavanaugh's wonderful mastery of oratorical expression, and probably not one among us but left the hall Wednesday evening convinced that he had actually outdone his finest preceding achievements. His tribute to the Irish patriots of all ages, to the peerless General Meagher and the heroic Father Corby, could not well be surpassed in nobility of expression or exceeded in depth of sentiment. Father Cavanaugh's acceptance of the sword of General Meagher in behalf of the University follows:

REV. FATHER CAVANAUGH'S ACCEPTANCE.

SENATOR WALSH:—On behalf of the University I accept the sword of General Meagher. I promise it hospitable welcome, safe-keeping and reverent admiration. I thank you, Sir, for the kindly thought which inspired its presentation to this venerable University, which already shelters the old green flag of the Irish Brigade and with which the memory of Thomas Francis Meagher has always been imperishably connected.

For, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, there are special reasons why the Sword of Meagher should find sanctuary within these hallowed walls. The chief good of a university is not that it is a dispenser of knowledge or even a nursery of the common virtues of life. The chief good of a university is that it is a place where ideals survive. If a school

dreams of material success as the brightest destiny her sons may achieve; if it sets, up money-getting or place-hunting, or even refined and comfortable living, as the chief preoccupations of mankind, such a school deserves no more reverence than the counting-room, the market-place or the hustings. But if the university tells her children that while large salaries and honorable place are desirable, they are not the whole, nor indeed the best, in life; if she teaches that as the life is more than the food and the body more than the raiment, so the fairest fruit of true education is to hunger and thirst after justice, to admire nobility of soul and strength of character and unselfish devotion to an unpopular but worthy cause, and to cherish dearer than life the ideals of Christian chivalry and Christian civilization—then is she truly Alma Mater, the fostering mother of the soul, finding her crown and glory in the wisdom and chivalry of her sons.

Thomas Francis Meagher was one of the best types of the rightly educated man. In such a school as this, amid the hills and vales of Tipperary, his young soul first learned the love of God and the love of humanity. In such a school as this, at Stonyhurst, under the influence of learned and holy men, he grew to the full stature of Christian manhood. Within such venerable shades he read the story of the past and dreamed the dreams of youth and first saw that high and holy vision of the future, which through life he followed as steadfastly as the Magi followed the Star. From such academic groves he emerged the idealist, the patriot, the lover of human freedom, his tongue anoint with eloquence, his lips, like those of Isaias, cleansed with a burning coal. From that day till the end of his glorious life he followed that youthful vision with the courage and chivalry of a crusader, dedicating his eloquent tongue and his brave heart to the service of religion and liberty. Let his sword be a perpetual reminder to the youth of America of a patriot, the story of whose life is as thrilling as Emmet's; of an orator as magic as O'Connell; a scholar whose biblical and classical lore would adorn the most learned lecture hall; and a soldier whose courage, dash and brilliance are unsurpassed in the history of modern war.

He whom we praise today was never a soldier of fortune. The spoils he sought were liberty; the reward he craved was peace. As he sat

upon the green hilltops of Erin and looked out over the misty sea, his eyes were dimmed and his heart wrung by the memories of the centuried wrongs of his country. As there are divine loves which inspire men to loyalty, so there are divine hatreds which inspire men to fight, and one of the divinest is the hatred of tyranny. At the age of twenty—the age of many of you, young men, here—Meagher was an eloquent orator and a leader of his people against her ancient enemy.

At the age of twenty-five for the same offense as that committed by Washington and Jefferson and Franklin, he was condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Escaping that sentence he was sent to penal servitude for life, but Divine Providence again interfered, and set him down in America, eight years before our great war was begun. Here again he dedicated his sword to the cause of human liberty never asking himself what he could get out of it, but rather what he could put into it; never seeking money or preferment or applause, but always following the ideals of the love of God and the love

of men instilled into him at Clongowes and Stonyhurst. To no man of Irish birth or Irish blood does America owe more than to Thomas Francis Meagher, the orator who rallied the people of his race to the support of the nation, the intrepid leader who dashed at the head of his troops into the deadliest danger in every battle. It is well that the symbol of such a soldier should find its final resting-place in

a great school which has always cherished the twin-ideals of religion and patriotism. The eloquent tongue is forever at rest, but let this sword speak, even as he might speak, in trumpet tongues to the young men of America of the love of God and the love of humanity.

There is another reason why this sword finds fitting sanctuary at Notre Dame. When the passion of the hour flung the great Civil War athwart the imagination of men and the tears

of women the founder of this University, out of his poverty and his faith, out of the love of God and the love of God's children, sent to the lonely and imperiled soldiers fighting at the front seven of his ablest and noblest priests as chaplains. They were to leave the serene atmosphere of the lecture room for the terrors and horrors of war, the pains and privations of camp and battlefield. What holy services they rendered to the dying soldier, what inspiring exhortation and example they gave in the moment of battle, need not be told here and now. The story of them is already recorded not alone on printed pages and brilliant

canvas and monuments of brass and marble, but it is painted on the unforgetting intelligences of the angels; and the record of it is written in the books of God. Yet in this moment when we recall reverently the memory of the illustrious organizer and leader of the Irish Brigade, let us pause long enough to mention with honor the name of the noble Chaplain, Father Corby, once a professor and president of this University, the friend and



ROGER C. SULLIVAN—CHAIRMAN.

confessor of Meagher, who at the bloodiest moment of that bloody day at Gettysburg, gathered his men around him, and having made above them the sign of pardon which was ratified in heaven, hurled them full of faith and hope and courage against the chivalry of the South and added another glorious chapter to the history of human valor.

There is yet another reason why the sword of Meagher should be an honored trophy here. When he was organizing the Irish Brigade it was his dream that the command of it should be assumed by another great Irishman, General James Shields, then fresh from his triumphs in the Mexican War. But Shields, generous as he was great, urged the appointment of Meagher himself, and his influence won the day in Washington. For years the sword of General Shields has had its place of honor beside the Green Flag of the Irish Brigade among the historic treasures of our museum; henceforth the sword of Meagher shall rest beside it. They shall be honored as twin tokens of a mighty peril through which our country passed by the Providence of God and the virtue and valor of her sons; both mute but eloquent tongues of steel proclaiming to the world and to all time the abiding greatness of Shields and Meagher; both silent but impressive reminders of the cause they served, of the race they glorified and the faith which they so superbly exemplified. Above all they will interpret America to Americans; they will help to explain and enforce to the rising manhood of America a lesson which is peculiarly American as, I believe, it is peculiarly Catholic:

Thou, my country, write it on thy heart,
Thy sons are those who nobly take thy part;
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine
Wherever born was born a son of thine.

ODE OF THE DAY.

Following Father Cavanaugh's speech of acceptance, Rev. Father O'Donnell read an Ode written expressly for the occasion. He chose as his theme, the reunion of the battle-scarred green flag of the Irish Brigade, already in possession of the school, and the sword which had flashed forth upon so many fields, over which the flag of the Brigade had floated. Father O'Donnell conceived all the Irish heroes from all over the earth as present to attend the feast. The "wedding of the sun-gold sword and the sea-green flag" was beautiful in

thought and execution, and Father O'Donnell was accorded an ovation when he rose to deliver it.

MR. SULLIVAN INTRODUCING THE HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

About this time each year there is much anxiety on the part of some, and commendable anxiety on the part of all Catholics in the country, to know who among them has done such notable work in art, science, literature, oratory and the like to merit from Notre Dame the bestowal of the Lætare Medal.

Tonight there is here to address you one who has been the recipient of that distinguished honor, the Lætare Medal. Who in this country does not know of him, and who that knows of him does not long to have the great pleasure of being thrilled and enraptured by the glowing eloquence of the Honorable W. Bourke Cockran?

THE ADDRESS OF THE EVENING.

RIGHT REVEREND AND REVEREND FATHERS,
MR. CHAIRMAN, ASSEMBLED STUDENTS OF
NOTRE DAME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

It does seem to me that the spirit of Thomas Francis Meagher must have imbued the actors in these proceedings, so as to give you some reason to think that you are witnessing a revival of Irish eloquence. To you it must be a feeling of pure delight; to me, it is somewhat embarrassing.

I come here prepared to deliver an address, and I sit here listening to others, and behold, my address is delivered: delivered so completely so eloquently, that I confess myself wholly puzzled to know what there is for me to say. After listening to the graceful terms in which the Senator from Montana has presented this glorious sword, and hearing the glowing words with which it was received by your President, none of you can have the slightest doubt as to the events which distinguished the career of Thomas Francis Meagher. Every one of you must have before your eyes now the glorious hopes in which it was launched, the lofty purpose that animated it, the genius that inspired it, the difficulties that beset it, and the disasters that overtook it;—and, let me add, the glorious success that now, fifty years afterward, attends it.

And who can be in doubt, that has listened to the verses of Father O'Donnell, as to the full significance of this ceremony in which we

are participating? Who, now, has anything to learn as to the events that it recalls, or the splendid promise it embodies? Who can question now, the entire propriety, the absolute fitness, of this great University assembling its students, its faculty, its alumni and its friends, to receive with reverent gratitude this sword which it will treasure as a possession of priceless value?

But I am here and I must say something. And, Ladies and Gentlemen, I know not what I can contribute more appropriate now than an

attempt to explain why it is that Thos. Francis Meagher is entitled to bear the title "Meagher of the Sword," and then to vindicate his right to bear it. It is the title by which he will be forever remembered, not merely in history but in song and story; not merely in the memories of learned men but in the affection of his country. And it will be a mistake to assume that this title was bestowed by reason of a blood-thirsty desire on his part to win glory by the use of the sword.

Thomas Francis Meagher delivered the eulogy, which Senator Walsh has quoted, upon the sword, but he earned that title, "Meagher of the Sword," because of his courage at a time of intense difficulty when famine was devastating the land, when the best and noblest, even of the patriots who were associated with him, lost courage and believed a policy of conciliation was superior to that of a demand for justice. With divided counsels around him, and with the fear of prosecution before him, he boldly proclaimed that there was but one position which a freeman could hold in the

teeth of tyranny and alien oppression, and that was resistance: resistance by peaceable means while there was a hope that it would be effective, but when the eyes of the tyrant were closed to remonstrances of a whole suffering people, that then it was not merely the right, but the unescapable duty of every freeman to draw the sword, no matter what the odds against him, no matter how powerful the forces of the oppressor. And when he was taunted, as he was, that it was easy to praise the sword

and urge its use while a person remained secure from facing hostile arms, he gave the world, on this soil, an exhibition of what might be done by a patriot in defense of freemen who had no opportunity to draw it upon the land upon which he was born. He was "Meagher of the Sword" because the lessons that he preached and taught with eloquence in the land that bore him, he illustrated with a heroism that was sublime on the soil that sheltered him.

Yet, my friends, even when all that is said, we can not appreciate the conditions upon which this title rested unless we can bring before our minds



THE HON. BOURKE COCKRAN.

the conditions under which Meagher's words were spoken and the fire with which they were launched into the hearts of his countrymen. It is impossible to appreciate the force of an orator without realizing the audience that is before him, the subject with which he has to deal, the difficulties he has to encounter and the circumstances that surround him; as impossible as to understand the musician apart from his instrument.

Thomas Francis Meagher, when he first appeared in public life in Ireland, confronted the most awful predicament that ever faced a people. Poverty had been her lot for centuries; now the failure of the potato crop had aggravated that poverty to famine. The necessity of the people had driven them to eat the diseased and rotted roots of the potatoes, and this had brought upon them the scourge of disease that was worse than want.

At the time when the British government promised some form of relief, and when they were talking of grants of money, it was proposed by some of the most illustrious men in Ireland, yea, some of the most illustrious in the world, to conciliate, to profess loyalty to the British crown, if the breath could be kept in the bodies of the unfortunate victims. In the presence of that bribe, that bribe to the sick that they might live if they would submit, Thomas Francis Meagher hailed them with words that shall never die—roused them to the belief that it were better, ten thousand times, that they should die from pestilence than that they should submit to British tyranny. The Irish people listened to his voice; they refused submission; they refused to purchase existence by surrender. Five hundred thousand graves were opened to receive the victims of that afflicted country. But the race was saved. All over the world a greater Ireland—here in this University, elsewhere throughout the United States, in Canada, in Australia and in New Zealand—has arisen to demand justice: justice at the bar of public opinion, and of the conscience of humanity.

But, as I was going to say, perhaps it may occur to some here that this potato blight which fell upon Ireland—which first appeared there in the autumn of 1845—had already visited almost every country in Europe, and nowhere had it wrought ravages like this. And if it were so much more deadly in Ireland so that the people were brought to this awful depth of degradation and misery, is the race really worth preserving? I think that is a proper question.

It is true—it is true that the potato blight was general; it is true that famine and pestilence followed in turn. Why, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am perfectly willing to admit that any nation that can not support itself must perish; there is no source from which it can receive support except the labor of its own hands. And this was the lesson that

Thomas Francis Meagher flashed across the sky like lightning reflecting at midnight the valleys and the hilltops. His eloquence, the passionate love of humanity that supported it, was the genius that rent asunder the dark cloud of famine and pestilence which enwrapped his country, revealing to the startled gaze of humanity the abyss of misery into which it was plunged; pointing out, at the same time, that the pathway to deliverance lay, not through compromise of oppression, but through irrepressible persistence for their right to own their soil; not to receive prosperity as an act of charity from any foreigner, but to make their own prosperity upon their own labor upon their own soil, made free by their own courage, made fruitful by their own industry.

In order to understand just what it is in the rules governing the other countries of the world that is not applicable to Ireland it is necessary to bring before you for a moment the essence of the conditions which governed it for seven centuries, and then we shall see and understand that the Irish people, instead of showing any lack of industrial efficiency, have proved conclusively that as they are the best fighting race so are they the most effective working race in all the world. Any other people subjected to half the suppression and wrong which they have suffered would have perished from the face of the earth.

For seven centuries Ireland has been excluded from the very domains of civilization. In Ireland the agencies that civilization has established for its own protection and its own development have been perverted to the very purposes which they were designed to prevent. Government everywhere is organized as its excuse to exist, as a device by which the prosperity of a people is advanced by protecting them in all essential rights of labor and of property. Some governments exact more than perhaps is necessary to their efficiency, and they are called tyrannical. But all of them have, at least, the intention of promoting the welfare of those subject to their authority.

But in Ireland government was organized and exercised, not to protect property or life but to exterminate a race and to destroy their prosperity, and that has been its story since that dismal, dreadful, portentous October day in 1171 when the flag of Henry II. was unfurled on Irish soil to wrest the soil from the Irish people and grant it to his English friends in

the hope that thus they would be driven by the very isolation that surrounded them to seek the support of their own ruler and thus remain forever. Being possessed of the land, it was supposed that they would be the stronger and would exterminate the Irish people.

The Irish people had been kept apart by oppression and tyranny hundreds of years; nearly all of the old monuments of the nation had been upset and trampled under foot; they had been divided against each other, incapable of organization and were quite unable to drive out the invader who had despoiled them of their land. But there was one obstacle which the English power could never overcome: that was the Irish girl. The English settler was inflamed against the Irish man when he first took possession of the land, but sooner or later he met the Irish girl, and when he did his destiny was accomplished, and the Irish girl became the wife of the English invader. And it is a peculiar fact that the offspring of these marriages became the most ardent Irishmen in the world: they soon became known as more Irish than the Irish themselves.

The English government, by the famous statute of Kilkenny, prohibited Englishmen in Ireland from marrying Irish girls; but the marrying went on, and whenever there was an Irish uprising it came to pass that it was always led by some descendant of a marriage between Irish girls and Englishmen. And so the process of wiping out the Irish race by sending the Englishmen over to supplant them had proved a failure.

In the reign of Elizabeth extermination by armed force became the policy of the English representatives in Ireland, and they proceeded to destroy everything that lived upon the earth—men, women, and children were put to the sword, except a few who took refuge in woods and morasses and whose existence was unknown. The race was believed to have been exterminated. They were not content merely with the extermination of the race, but they had destroyed everything down to the roots—everything capable of supporting life. Cattle were driven away and the country left desolate, and the Irish question was believed to have been settled.

Now, the extraordinary feature of all Irish history is that no matter how drastic might be the devastations committed by the English hosts, just so long as the people were allowed

to return and cultivate their soil they could repair any damage, almost in a night. It was in 1600 that Montjoy boasted that the Irish race was ended, and Elizabeth had scarcely gone to her judgment when the Irish people who survived, migrating back from the mountains and the morasses, began to resuscitate the country and made it once more blossom like a garden.

Then, shortly after that, Ireland became involved in the troubles of King Charles, and every Irish landowner east of the Shannon was driven over into Connaught and the barren lands there. This was his policy of extermination. He believed that it was a great deal more expeditious and much cheaper than to destroy them by the sword. The fruitful lands were bestowed upon some of his troopers, and the owners of it ousted. Yet, the handful of Irish left upon the soil soon began to cultivate the land, and those sent to Connaught came back, and the business of intermarriage began again; the Irish girl again triumphed, and the descendants of those troopers who at that time possessed the land were among the strongest patriots that met William II. generations afterward.

In the reign of Charles II. the prosperity of Ireland was so great that both Froude and Macaulay—bitter critics of Ireland—confessed it to be among the marvellous phenomena of history that in so short a time the land could again become so prosperous. Every single ship that traded with the Colonies in America was an Irish ship, built by Irish hands and manned by Irish sailors. The woolen manufactories were the most prosperous in the world. The export of cattle and horses to England was so great that it filled the English market. Then this Stuart king, notwithstanding the loyalty of the Irish to his father, yielding to the insistence of the British merchants, excluded Ireland from the world by the operation of the navigation laws. The effect of that was that no goods could be transported from Ireland without first being shipped to England and there transferred at great expense.

That was followed—in response to demands by English landowners—by the prohibition of the export of cattle and horses from Ireland to England; and cattle and horses in Ireland were reduced in price four-fifths in a single night.

William III. displaced his father-in-law,

Charles II. and the Irish rallied around James II., and joined their forces to his, and were beaten. Here, perhaps, the deadliest attempt to destroy a people ever made was undertaken. The entire land was confiscated and bestowed upon friends of the victors—men that didn't even live in the country. The woolen industry was absolutely prohibited. More than that: the Irish wool had peculiar qualities which made it in great demand all over the world, and especially in the Low Countries. When the woolen trade was prohibited the export of wool was also forbidden to any country except England, with the idea that the Irish farmer would be compelled to raise wool and let the Englishman have it at his own price. The demand for Irish wool was so great that attempts were made to get it out of the country, and it was sent to the lower countries. That was the beginning of the Irish smuggling trade. But this wool could not be sold for money, nor for commodities that were bulky on account of the custom houses and excise officers. But there was one article for which it could be exchanged, and that was foreign wine, and the bringing of that wine into the country brought about widespread intemperance among the well-to-do, followed by the loss of health which resulted in a demand for stimulants. This intemperance spread to the poor and illicit liquor was brewed upon every hillside, and the whole island became afflicted with intemperance. It should be remembered that if the curse of this intemperance is Ireland's the shame of it is England's.

Now, it is necessary to remind you that not only was the woolen trade destroyed, not only was the land wasted, but deliberate attempt was made to plunge the people into ignorance. No Catholic was allowed to hold land; no Catholic could teach school; no Catholic could ride a horse except on condition that any Protestant meeting him and tendering him a five-pound note for it could take possession of it. There was not a single element of human freedom that a Catholic could exercise upon Irish soil.

Some of the landed gentry living upon the soil gradually began to take an interest in the people around them. In 1782, when England was exhausted by a long war in this country, and threatened by invasion in Europe, the Protestants of Ireland were organized as a fighting force, they were taken to England

and there armed, and they acted faithfully while there was fear of invasion. When that had passed away and they were notified to stack their arms, they declined. They met in convention and there they resolved that they would not put away these arms until every one of these infamous laws were abolished and the independence of the Irish freeman recognized as an independent sovereignty, with its own flag, its own army, its own navy, having no connection with England except that they acknowledged the authority of a common king.

Then this land, owned largely by absentees, this land with the whole population practically deprived of ownership of the soil, almost in an instant sprang from the prostration in which it had lain for nearly a century, and became one of the most prosperous nations on the surface of the globe. The buildings that were put up in the cities were beautiful—none so beautiful in the world. The resident gentry immediately opened houses in Dublin, and the best in society gathered there. And in every village in Ireland there was a scene of prosperity and growing industry. Fifteen thousand operatives were engaged in the cotton trade alone. When we consider the industrial development of that period, this revival is, perhaps, the most astounding in the history of the world.

Then England, always vigilant, always deadly, sowed discord among this people. A society which had been organized for the purpose of bringing all Irishmen together, regardless of faith, regardless of occupation, was broken up, and a community of Irishmen founded by Protestants was proclaimed. Revolution was fomented, forcing the people to rise up against one another. They showed prodigies of valor, culminating at Vinegar Hill, and the Catholics were finally suppressed. Then black desolation settled over the land; the landlords left the country and absenteeism became general. To treat with the tenants there was left only a local agent whose value and efficiency were measured by the amount of revenue that he could extort from the unfortunate tenants. Industry became profitless. It became unpopular and disreputable. If a man, by the aid of his hands or his children, took a piece of barren land and made it fruitful—he was allowed to take it for little or nothing while it was worthless—the rent was raised on him,

and the neighbors around him were promptly notified by the agent that they, too, must produce from the soil as much as this one man had. And so, instead of bringing good to his own household, he brought misery and ruin upon all who surrounded him.

You will often read in stories of Ireland, in the first half of the nineteenth century that the introduction of a new farm implement was looked upon with aversion by the neighborhood, and that has been mentioned as evidence of Irish incapacity to understand the necessities of industry. It was not because Irishmen did not understand the necessities of industry, but it was because the man who made the land productive brought down the curse of the country upon him by bringing about a demand for an increase in rent for all the surrounding land, which meant starvation for the tenants.

Everything was taken out of the island; nothing was returned, and the land was being steadily exhausted.

The Union was organized, and was scarcely accomplished when a rising was planned by the most gallant young Irishman who ever fired the imagination of his countrymen. That rising terminated in a riot one hundred and seventy-five years ago today. The man who was principally responsible for it, and through whose influence that disastrous movement can be traced—disastrous if we judge its immediate consequences, but glorious if we can measure its ultimate effect—that young hero who supported it, twenty-four years of age, was strangled to death by the English government, but from the dock he made a speech that contributed to the progress of the world. His heroism was of such surpassing splendor that tyranny has ever since been made more difficult, as he revealed the atrocious nature of it to the world. Never had the conscience of humanity been awakened to the vicious character of the situation that England had established in Ireland. The peer sent Robert Emmet to the gallows. The peer now is infamous; Emmet is glorious with a glory that is immortal.

Revolts followed one after the other. Resistance was continuous. The agitation for repeal of the Union is not so well known and understood as the agitation for Catholic Emancipation, because the latter was successful, but while that was being prosecuted agitation was being carried on for the repeal of the Union.

Daniel O'Connell was as much the apostle of one as of the other. When Catholic Emancipation was finally accomplished in 1879 he declared that the repeal of the Union was the objective, and must be the objective until it was attained. Repeal societies were formed; repeal meetings were held; from 1831 to 1839 the movement flagged because England began appointing men prominent in the Emancipation agitation to office. They were reconciled to accept them by the specious plea that they were being involved, in a measure, in the government of the kingdom. The king himself made no objection. The movement languished until 1839, when a band of young men gradually began to take an active interest in the demand for repeal. They set their faces, above all, against anything like accepting office from England. The movement was so strongly enforced that in 1847, on the 28th of February, Mr. O'Connell offered the Dublin corporation a series of resolutions demanding unqualified repeal of the Union.

The Dublin corporation was a mixed body—Catholics and Protestants were equally represented in it. The speech in which he supported these proposals was said to be the finest in his entire career in the irresistible character of the conclusions with which it ended. The result of that seemed to be the infusion of the whole movement with new life. The band of young men created a following all over the country that promised almost to become irresistible. John Mitchell and Davis were the publicists who explained this movement, and Thomas Francis Meagher was the orator who voiced it. Never had a grander combination of talent for a nobler union or more lofty ends been brought together for any purpose than fired this young Ireland movement. The argument for Irish independence became stronger by reason of the pamphlets circulated from the pen of Davis. Thomas Francis Meagher pointed out the sacrifices that must be made for success, and promised them glory if they would remain united and determined in demanding from England, not a share in the English government but absolute control of the Irish government.

After the Dublin meeting the movement for repeal received such stimulus that repeal associations started up all over the land, and the voice of Ireland again became powerful. The influence of the repeal associations was

greater than that of the government. The demands that men should submit to the word of the leaders were accepted with much more submission than were the laws of the land.

In the year 1843, in the month of June, O'Connell, carried along by this tide of enthusiasm, showed his defiance to the government. The government answered him by indictment for sedition; he was tried, and in the month of May, 1844, he was convicted and sentenced to prison, with five others. At this time the spirit of young Ireland was so strong that they were almost ready to resist by force. Had they remained together it is doubtful if the English government could have conquered them. But the older heads insisted on having it out as a lawsuit.

After fourteen years in prison, O'Connell was received with a triumph such as has seldom been seen. The movement now took the form of a club which was organized by the leaders of the movement, and they immediately proclaimed the day of O'Connell's imprisonment, the 20th of May, a national holiday, and it was universally celebrated. O'Connell received honors that were almost kingly from every department of civic life.

Smith O'Brien joined the movement during the O'Connell prosecution, and he then declared that he would not sit in the House of Commons and take any part in any business that touched England alone; that he would only stay there as a representative of Ireland. He was appointed on a special committee and refused to serve, and on a spurious warrant he was committed to prison in 1845. He immediately wrote letters from the prison declining to serve except for Ireland.

The imprisonment of O'Brien led to a meeting at Conciliation Hall in which Meagher and others strongly praised the attitude that he took. Probably it was a little too strong.

At this time the famine broke out. In 1845 the first evidences of the potato blight occurred, but it did not seriously alarm the people. Not until 1846 did the full horror of the destitution strike them.

Lest I might be accused of distorting the facts I just want to read you, briefly, a statement made in a letter from a magistrate holding the commission of the crown, written to London, describing the conditions that followed the failure of the potato crop in Ireland. He says, himself, that he wanted to present to

the British public the following statement "of what I have myself seen within the last three days." I will read you portions of the letter:

"Having for many years been intimately connected with the western portion of the County Cork, and possessing some small property there, I thought it right personally to investigate the truth of the several lamentable accounts which had reached me of the appalling state of misery to which that part of the country was reduced.

"I accordingly went, on the 15th inst., to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situated on the eastern side of Castlehaven Harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlets apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearances dead, were huddled on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse cloth, their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. I approached in horror, and found, by a low moaning that they were alive—they were in fever; four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the details; suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least two hundred of such phantoms, such frightful spectres as no words can describe. By far the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on.

"In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavor to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neckcloth was seized from behind by a gripe which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant apparently just born in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering

of herself and babe. The same morning, the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying upon the mud floor, *half devoured by rats*.

"A mother, herself in fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about twelve, perfectly naked, and leave it half covered with stones. In another house, within five hundred yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dispensary doctor found seven wretches lying, unable to move, under the same cloak. *One had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to remove either themselves or the corpse.*

"To what purpose should I multiply such cases?"

Now the horror of this can hardly be understood unless you realize that while these poor creatures were dying of starvation, at that time more than enough to support them in plenty was leaving the island before their eyes. The exports from Ireland were larger than they had ever been. Never had fatter cattle been shipped from Irish seaports than then. Never had larger quantities of bacon, never had larger quantities of barley and oats been shipped to foreign parts than were being shipped at this time of famine. And yet, these unfortunates were confronted with the spectacle of plenty of food being exported from the starving land before their very eyes, when they could not get enough to keep them alive.

At this moment a coercion act was being pressed through the English House of Commons. Meagher called upon the Irish people to give their support to O'Brien. O'Connell who, some say, emerged from prison a changed man, and probably he was, was simply a lawyer following the usual lawyer's instinct, and that is to follow precedent. Undoubtedly he disapproved of Meagher's actions—thought he was going too far. The business of a lawyer—his function—is to apply precedents, and while precedents are valuable, the lawyer is, perhaps, the best citizen you can find. When precedents outgrow their use, instead of embodying the principles that make for justice, then it requires a man of action to change them and substitute new ones for those which have become perverted.

We, in our own history, have had such a man: his name was Abraham Lincoln. But it seemed as if O'Connell, at this time, had lost that in-

stinct for leadership which had borne him so successfully through the agitation for Emancipation. For in the month of July he appeared in Conciliation Hall and offered a series of what were called "Peace Resolutions." Now these peace resolutions—I just give you the substance of them—first of all reviewed the purposes for which the association had been formed: that it was an association to win repeal by constitutional methods. To that Meagher, to that Davis, to that Mitchell, to that O'Gorman—all young Irelanders—freely subscribed. Then followed a resolution that all attempts to improve their condition by means of violence and bloodshed were sedition. Peaceable means alone should be used to the exclusion of all others. That resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority, and the young Irelanders did not make any further fight. That was on the 13th of July, 1846. On the 27th the resolution was reintroduced by Daniel O'Connell for the express purpose of drawing the line between young Ireland and old Ireland, and he asked for the expulsion of all who would not subscribe. Under these conditions it was that Thomas Francis Meagher delivered the address, the principal portion of which was quoted here by Senator Walsh tonight, but two-thirds of that address was devoted to showing that he did not approve of drawing the sword, but of trying peaceful means, first because it was unnecessary, and secondly for the reasons which Senator Walsh has quoted. He declared that he could not stigmatize the sword for the pathway to liberty, for an oppressed people had been blazed with it, and that he was not willing, while his country was oppressed, to throw away a single agency that might be invoked for her deliverance. Then interposed a scene of riot in which Meagher's friends left the hall, and a secession there occurred from which they never recovered.

Then, finally, Meagher, Mitchell and their associates organized what was called a confederation, declaring that they had no quarrel whatever with the repeal association, but demanding the repeal of the Union without compromise with England. The rift grew wider and wider; an election occurred at Waterford, and Meagher declared himself a candidate, and Conciliation Hall nominated a candidate against him, and Meagher was defeated.

So it went: when he appeared in Belfast to urge the repeal of the Union again there was a

scene of riot, and it was only by the interposition of the military that he was enabled to get a hearing.

Finally, the spirit of revolt and revolution sweeping over Europe, which had begun in Poland and had reached France, began to be felt in Ireland. The people now thought they were ready for a rising; it was fully expected on the night of the 17th of March, 1848. O'Connell had died in 1847. The opponents of Meagher, the adherents of Conciliation Hall, charged him with having broken the heart of the liberator. Feeling, after that, grew steadily bitter, and on the night of the 17th of March the feeling was so strong that the British government expected a rising and they put a strong garrison in Dublin, and issued a call to the people of Dublin begging them to remain quiet.

This address to the people, when it was moved in the confederation, was accepted by Meagher in a speech in the course of which he declared that if the government of England would not grant them the repeal of the Union by peaceful means, then up with the barricades, and invoking the God of Battles, he made a stirring appeal to the people. For this he was indicted for sedition.

After he was indicted, and before his trial, he went over to Paris and presented a resolution adopted by the confederation congratulating the people upon the successful overthrow of their king.

While Meagher was awaiting trial he was banqueted everywhere and received with high honor. Then he went to Limerick, and there, unfortunately, was another disgraceful proceeding. An attack was made upon the house where the banquet was being held by the adherents of Conciliation Hall. Shots were fired and the military restored order. Then Meagher stood up and made the speech in which he laid down the program which a patriot must follow if he would do his duty by Ireland. He declared he had nothing to repent of; that the time had come when it appeared that words were powerless to move the English government. He said: "We shall no longer seek liberty in the byways and on the broad fields of foreign shores, but upon the soil of this nation."

He was brought to trial, and the jury disagreed. Then the government passed an act by which any person was made guilty of treason

who publicly uttered any word or committed any act that might bring the king's authority into disrepute, and on that John Mitchell was seized. He was tried in May, 1848, and convicted by a packed jury.

Meagher called a public meeting in Music Hall, and there solemnly pledged himself to follow that verdict back of the jury box to the men responsible for the rule of force upon which those mockeries of treason and treacheries were based. He knew the task that he was undertaking was hopeless. He says in his speech that he foresees the end. He was joined by O'Brien, Duffy and Dillon. They were arrested and charged with high treason, and they were convicted. They were sentenced to death, but that sentence was commuted, after long months, and they were deported to Van Dieman's land—transported there to spend the balance of their lives.

Then Meagher's friends obtained a short parole for him. They surrounded him and told him they would plan his escape. But, with this government that never kept the faith, with this government that broke her treaties if they stood between her and her ambitions, with the government of England, he declined to break his word. He sat down and wrote to the government notifying them that he would be at the place of his residence at a certain hour—I think it was Christmas day, 1851. Then, as the government men came in one door he showed himself at another, then jumped upon his horse, and rode to the seacoast and was carried away to land here upon these hospitable shores.

He was accorded a public reception, but he refused to accept any honors while Ireland was enslaved. He delivered lectures everywhere, and his eloquence was such as Senator Walsh has described to you. While it was not the eloquence that had conquered the hearts of his own people—the heartstring of his own Irish people were the instruments upon which he played his best—yet he still exceeded all others upon the lecture platform.

His work upon the lecture platform for the Irish people was a great work, but he did nobler service, such as has been described here tonight, and he died the death as told you by Senator Walsh.

It has been charged that his life, from the standpoint of achievement, was a blank; that it was a mere record of high hopes blasted by

bitter disappointment, clouded with black calumny. But never was a career more fruitful of splendid success. Fifty years after its close the principles which were set forth in his speeches are being embodied in the land he fought to save, and John Redmond is leading now to success the very movement that Meagher strove to bring about, and leading it to the very threshold of prosperity. Those words of Thomas Francis Meagher, that England never could accomplish its purpose and would never see peace in Ireland under English rule, are being vindicated.

Ten years after he was sentenced, the Fenian movement was in full swing in this country, and that movement was inspired with the genius of Thomas Francis Meagher, and that lent an irresistible force to their demand that justice be established in Ireland.

And that cry for justice had no element of vengeance in it. The Irishmen asked no penalty for their monumental wrongs. All we ask of the Englishman, even in the midst of ruin, even while the famine ravaged the land, even while they were destroying our commerce and enslaving us, was freedom, with no suggestion of vengeance. It is not asked of the Englishmen to give us back our prosperity; we can labor and make our own prosperity.

The policy of extermination which began in 1702 and continued down through the dark days of '48 was finally changed in 1903 by the Wyndham act. The industry which they have shown all over the world, the Irish are beginning to profit from on their own soil. Now they can exercise their labor with the sure prospect of being able to own what they produce. I believe that the infamy which was accomplished by the English king when he excluded Ireland from the operation of the navigation law will be repaired within this century, and that the commodities of the Western world are destined to be exchanged in Ireland's harbors.

The fifty thousand ton ship is already an accomplished fact. One hundred thousand ton ships soon will be necessary. And there is no port in England that can offer them a safe anchorage. There is but one place in the world where the navigation of the world can find anchorage without exhausting its resources, and that is on the west coast of Ireland. A ship of a hundred thousand tons can find anchorage there within five inches of the shore, and there find absolutely land-locked water

and secure landing. These harbors must be utilized. They are not utilized now because of the iniquitous shipping trust. But the English Channel must soon be tunnelled, and the Irish Sea turned into the English Channel. Then the shipping of the world will pass through Ireland's harbors, and cities will spring up all along the west coast, for manufactories always want to get close to the supply of raw material. The island, before this century will have passed will be an island of prosperous cities and fruitful gardens, to meet the requirements of these great communities. And the fact that Ireland now has a chance to use her own soil under civilized conditions, and to achieve her own prosperity unhindered, is due to the principles embodied in the speeches of Meagher, the principles represented here by this sword.

Where could that sword lie more fitly than here in this great University founded by a Frenchman just about the time—1841—when the repeal movement which Meagher inspired was assuming definite shape in Ireland, and France was the land that gave the "Wild Geese" shelter. The founder of this University came here with no resources but the same faith which Thomas Francis Meagher had cherished in that same living God that made Thomas Francis Meagher's life sublime. And now this University will hold that sword in trust—that sword dedicated to justice and not to conquest. Were it put in some arsenal some day an impious hand might draw it on some enterprise of pillage or oppression. And to place it in a sanctuary of God dedicated to the Prince of Peace would be improper. Here it will rest, never to be drawn except for some cause which the wisdom and the piety of these Fathers will sanction. When that cause calls, these young men around me, or their successors, will be the first to follow it. Never to be drawn for conquest: that would be improper. Never to be drawn for vengeance: that would be impious. Always ready to be drawn for justice. Thomas Francis Meagher's life proclaimed the only conditions upon which peace can rest, and that is justice.

In that spirit let it rest here, the embodiment of patriotism, ever ready to arm itself when justice calls; when justice is secure, ever ready to pursue the pathway of peace. Peace pursued by the light of revelation can lead only to prosperity unending and measureless, to happiness that has no cloud, to glory that can never be dimmed.

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—As the Irish-American loves and venerates the Stars and Stripes, as he honors the shamrock-green flag of Erin, so must he reverence the sword of that most gallant

The Sword of Irishman who dared so much
Gen. Meagher. for Irish and American liberty. Bearing deep in his

heart the sad experience of Ireland which had been held in oppression for centuries because the Irishmen did not stand united in their self-defense, Meagher came to America that he might enjoy the freedom of his Irish brothers over here. The Civil War was declared. Meagher knew from Ireland's lesson that we must have Union in order to have Freedom; Law in order to safeguard Liberty. That is why he lent his gifted eloquence to urge sons of Erin to the Union's cause; that is why, with his ever-ready sword, he led the Irish Brigade through those first years of Northern disaster in the Civil War until the Brigade was practically annihilated in the defense of country. To give due credit to the Brigade of which Meagher was the inspiring genius would be difficult indeed. At Fair Oakes, in the Seven Days' Fight before Richmond, at Antietam the Brigade bore much more than their share of battle; and finally at Fredericksburg so few of Meagher's men survived the fateful assault, that he felt it his duty toward the survivors to resign. But his soldiers had already made themselves famous in death. The spirit with which they fought is the spirit of Irish loyalty to American institutions. Meagher's

sword now at Notre Dame is a symbol around which we cluster our promises to keep the faith and defend liberty. By means of the faith alone Ireland survived centuries of oppression. But now in America with an equality of opportunity that spirit which formerly preserved them will now make them leaders everywhere, if they but preserve it.

—Perhaps the philosopher is right when he calls the symbolic things primitive. He has only emphasized how close they lie to the heart. Who has ever

The Banner of Glory. numbered the priceless, year-stained relics

whose associations are set with crystal tears? The "day that is dead" can never come back, but the sight of a symbol floods away the years. We, in receiving Gen. Meagher's sword, are reminded of the gallant soldier who led his men so boldly into death. Side by side with his sabre, Fr. Cavanaugh has told us, shall lie the treasured banner of the Brigade itself. Green with the loved tint of the dear old Isle, red with the blood of America's noblest band, it fills the heart so full that the tongue can not speak. It hovered over the death of patriots on all those bloody places which watered the Union's withering life. It saw the bravery of the men who made the world's most glorious charge at Marye's Heights, it beheld them cut down, so that Gen. Meagher resigned command of the Brigade because it no longer existed. Everyone who loves America can see on this banner the footprints of his country's valor and honor; everyone who loves Ireland can catch from its flutter a whiff of the nation's past—a past which, above that of all other tribes of the earth, has wound its great, glorious cords tight round the warm heart of the world. America and Ireland stand pictured here together, and there is nothing mightier, nothing tenderer

—The sword of General Thomas Francis Meagher has been placed in the same case with that of General Shields of the Irish Brigade and both adorn the wall of the main corridor of the Administration Building. Near them is the old tattered green flag of the Brigade. No one who has ever read the history of the Civil War can pass through the main corridor unmoved by the mute emblems of bravery and loyalty, love and devotion.

Letters.

Many friends to whom invitations for last week's celebration were sent, found it impossible to be present at the exercises. The following are some of the letters received from those unable to attend the function:

BISHOP'S HOUSE, 1140 Clinton Avenue,
FORT WAYNE, IND., Feb. 16, 1914.

THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—I am in receipt of your very cordial invitation to attend a most interesting ceremony on March 4th at your University. To meet Mr. Bourke Cockran on that occasion, aside from the significance of the presentation of General Meagher's sword, would certainly afford me a very special pleasure. My time is fully taken up with preparation for the *visitatio ad limina Apostolorum*, so much so that I must inform you of my inability to be present and to enjoy with you the festivities of March 4th.

With every good wish, I remain

Devotedly yours in Domino,

✠ H. J. ALERDING,

Bishop of Fort Wayne.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, 800 Cathedral Place.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 16, 1914.

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—I thank you for your invitation to the presentation ceremony of General Meagher's sword and sincerely regret I can not accept it.

I never pass by Riot field of Fredericksburg without thinking of him, and without going over again in spirit the awful charge from the large open field to the base of Marye's deadly heights. I heard one gentleman say who saw it that he could walk from the foot of the hill into the town of Fredericksburg upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and another who was there told me he counted two hundred and sixty-seven dead soldiers within an area of thirty yards square. And now the grass is growing rich on the plain and the cattle are browsing it.

The wounded were cared for in our little church, and the floor and the walls, the priest told me, were red with blood. The bones of the fallen are with us in the cemetery near the town.

I wish I could be with you. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

✠ D. F. O'CONNELL,

Bishop of Richmond.

CATHEDRAL, DULUTH, Feb. 18, 1914.

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—I congratulate you on the presentation of the sword of "Meagher of the sword;" it will add much to the treasures of your valuable collection.

I hear nothing but good things of the work of the University, and I thank you for the invitation. Give my very good wishes to Father Hudson, and believe me

Very sincerely yours,

✠ JAMES MCGOLRICK.

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE,

WHEELING, W. VA., Feb. 16, 1914.

VERY REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,

President, University of Notre Dame,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:—I beg to thank you most cordially for your kind invitation to the ceremonies of the presentation of the sword of General Thomas Francis Meagher to your University. It would afford me very great pleasure to attend, but I am already tied up with many engagements which I can not cancel. I regret exceedingly that I am not able to be present to listen to the oration to be delivered by the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, with whom I had the distinguished honor of sharing the platform at the meeting of the Church Extension Society in Chicago some years ago. May I ask of you the great favor of presenting to the distinguished orator my respects? I trust the occasion will pass off with great éclat and redound to the honor and glory of the Irish name and our Holy Mother the Church.

Yours faithfully in Xto.,

✠ P. J. DONAHUE,

Bishop of Wheeling.

ST. THOMAS CHURCH,

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—I am in receipt of your very fine invitation to come to the University on the occasion of the presentation of General Meagher's sword.

While I must say that it is not possible for me to come, I beg the liberty of thanking you most cordially.

Notre Dame has long since been the greatest Catholic educational centre in the New World. It is also the greatest Catholic art centre. The sword of Meagher is now collateral for your loyalty and patriotism. It will be the centre around which your alumni shall gather at their country's call to action.

Sincerely,

✠ E. D. KELLY.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 18, 1914.

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—Hearty thanks for your invitation to be with you on March the fourth. I am glad to know that Notre Dame is to make such an important addition to her treasures and that the presentation is to be marked by appropriate exercises. I should like to be present, but it is practically impossible to get away at this season. My principal regret is not that I shall fail to see the sword of other days, but that I shall miss the expressions of peace and good-will which I have always found so spontaneous at Notre Dame.

With best wishes to all our friends.

Sincerely yours,

EDW. A. PACE.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 17, 1914.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,

President.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Yours of January 17th, after following me about, reached me here.

I am very thankful for your invitation to be present on the occasion of March 4th when our Senator,

T. F. Walsh, will present to the University of Notre Dame the sword of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher and our gifted and most eloquent orator, Hon. Bourke Cockran will deliver an eulogy on Gen'l Meagher and the glorious services of the Irish Brigade in the war for the preservation of the Union.

I regret that I can not be present and join in the ceremonies and pleasures of this event.

I served in the same Army corps with the Irish Brigade—the largest corps in the Army of the Potomac—to whose fame the Brigade greatly contributed. The badge of the corps, the historic trefoil, was suggested and designed by Gen'l Meagher, accepted by its first commander, Gen'l Sumner, and glorified by its greatest chief, Winfield Scott Hancock. When he arrived in Montana, as acting Governor, he found the territory threatened with an attack by the hostile Indians and was engaged in active measures for its defense, when he lost his life by falling into the Missouri river from the deck of the steamer which brought up the government arms and ammunition. The State has honored his memory by the erection of an equestrian statue in front of its capitol.

The story, so widely published in the Eastern press some time since, of a conflict between Governor Meagher and the Vigilantes was an absolute fake, unworthy of the publication it received. At its last meeting the society of Montana Pioneers did me the honor to elect me its President. At the same meeting on the motion of the son of the leader of the Vigilantes, the whole fabrication was condemned as an absolutely unfounded falsehood, and the press censured for giving it a place. The Vigilance Committee had done its work and dissolved before Governor Meagher's arrival, and after that it was his duty to maintain the proper forms of the law and there never was any clash. To make the whole pipe dream more ridiculous the man whose murder in the early days was alleged as the cause of conflict, a noted friend of Gen. Meagher's, and a well-known Irish-American leader, Mr. Andrew O'Connell, was not only alive on the occasion of unveiling Meagher's statue but was the marshal of the occasion. I have taken occasion to refute this last foolish story as I have not seen it contradicted. Again I express my regret not to be able to participate in your exercises in honor of the gifted man who won a world-wide fame for his eloquence and heroism in the cause of his native land, and made that glory immortal in the service of the land of his adoption.

It was here that I knew him as a comrade and a friend, and therefore join with you in every tribute to his memory.

Sincerely,

MARTIN MAGUINNIS.

BAYONNE, N. J., Feb. 16, 1914.

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—I have just received and read your card of March fourth. What a wonderful way you have of picking out a day. March fourth means as much or at least nearly as much as the 17th of March. It is Emmett's day, and Emmett's day has become a great day in all our hearts and in all our lives. To pick that day as the day to receive the sword of Meagher, to have it presented by Senator Walsh from Montana, and to have the oration of the

day delivered by Bourke Cockran, is more than inspiring; it is simply splendid; I had almost said sublime.

I have often wondered what Meagher's life would have been had he and O'Connell remained friends, faithful friends. I have seldom or never seen words put together as eloquently as Meagher put together the words in his famous apostrophe to the sword.

Were I as strong as I would like to be, I would surely be with you. I am gaining strength, thank God, and I hope to get better and better, stronger and stronger. I might be tempted to say something so exciting, both to myself and to the splendid audience of Notre Dame's students, that I dare not go, no, I dare not. I might cast a pall over proceedings that should be, and will be, brilliantly glorious, and gloriously brilliant.

I think sometimes of Meagher's sword, the old Green Flag, the flag with the harp on it and the harp of Ireland itself, and I wonder will they ever be united in a great movement that will make us all happy and sincerely proud. As I grow older and older and older, I take to thinking more and more and more about Ireland, her history and what I think is to be her future.

Sincerely yours,

J. C. MONAGHAN.

HUNTLEY APARTMENTS,

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND,

MARCH 3, 1914.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH:—All hail Notre Dame on this day, the 136th anniversary of the birth of the immortal Robert Emmet, the pride of Irish hearts. Rejoice in the knowledge that the stainless sword of the matchless Meagher may at last find fitting sanctuary beside the glory-crowned battle flag of the dauntless Irish Brigade, so long, so faithfully, and so tenderly guarded at historic Notre Dame,

ALLEN RYAN JOLLY,

National Pres., L. A. of A. O. H.

—The National Office of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians sent a box of beautiful white cut roses for the occasion of the presentation of General Meagher's sword.

—Among the guests of the University at the sword presentation exercises last week were: Right Rev. Bishop P. J. Muldoon, of Rockford, Illinois; former Mayor John P. Hopkins of Chicago; Judge John P. McGoorty, William J. Onahan, John A. Muldoon, Rev. Edward Kelly, Rev. J. F. Callahan, John P. Tansey, Francis O'Shaughnessey, William Dillon, Joseph Sullivan, W. J. P. Halley and Captain Ffrench, president of the Irish Fellowship Club, all of Chicago; Rev. J. O'Connell of Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Father Jennings, Cleveland; Rev. Dean John Guendling, Peru; Mr. and Mrs. Smith; Dana Walsh of Chicago; and Mr. Mrs. & Faherty.