



Shillelagh Sentinel



AOH, Thomas Francis Meagher Division, PO Box 1916, Helena, Montana 59624

Volume 3, Issue 125

www.hibernian.org

May (Bealtaine) 2017

2017 Division Officers

Pat Flaherty	President	459-3958
Joe Bugni	Vice President	459-6187
Dan Gruber	Treasurer	442-9112
Jack Ward	Financial Secretary	431-7702
PJ McHugh	Recording Secretary	431-0013
Joe Calnan	Marshall	933-5759
Bob Moes	Sentinel	442-1883
Jack Ward	Chrmn Stndg Com	431-7702
Publisher/Editor		
Mike O'Connor		461-2209

Message from the President

Brothers,

This month we celebrate Memorial Day and concentrate on our American Heritage and commemorate those who have served our country and those that have paid the ultimate price so that we might celebrate our Hibernian Heritage in peace.

As we reflect during this month please keep in mind that how we act today reflects upon the sacrifices of those that came before. By our actions, we honor them and the all that they did to protect our country.

Virginia City and An Ri Ra are coming up and these events could raise funds for the Division, however, with the apparent lack of interest/commitments our participation in these events is falling off. We made these commitments last year and we need to follow through or we could be in Dire Straights.

We also have MeagherFest to consider as that will probably have an impact on the Division and will also require commitments from many of us.

Speaking of commitments, I am going to be stepping down as President in September. I am tired. I have been the President now for three years running and a year prior to that. Also, I have several new commitments through my job at Family Outreach and I will not be able to devote the necessary time to the AOH that it truly deserves. We need to start thinking about who we want to run this organization in the

Continued on page 2

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

1	<i>Message from the President</i>
2	<i>Hibernian Dates to Remember</i>
2	<i>Mark Your Calendars</i>
3	<i>Virginia City Irish Weekend</i>
5	<i>MeagherFest</i>
6	<i>Meagher Speech St Patrick's Day 1866</i>

HIBERNIAN DATES TO REMEMBER

AOH MEETING

KC HALL

TUESDAY, MAY 9, 2017

6:30 PM, REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING

MEMORIAL DAY

MONDAY, MAY 29, 2017

FLAG RAISING

8:00 AM

RESURRECTION CEMETERY

PARADE

10:30 am

East Helena VFW

Virginia City Irish Weekend

Friday/Saturday/Sunday

June 9th, 10th, 11th

Virginia City, Montana

This Month in Irish History

May 1, 1170 - Arrival of Normans in Co. Wexford. Arrival of Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, subsequently known as 'Strongbow'.

May 1, 1697 - The Bishops' Banishment Act passed on 25 September, 1696, requires most Catholic clergy to leave the kingdom by this date, and bans Catholic clergy from entering it - the Act will never be efficiently enforced.

May 1, 1794 - Catholics are enabled by law to attend Trinity College.

May 3, 1916 – at 6:00 pm Grace Gifford entered Kilmainham Gaol. At 11:30pm she walked into the prison chapel where Joseph Plunkett waited for her at the altar with a priest and two witnesses from the Third Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment. During the ceremony the couple was not allowed to talk to each other except to recite the words of the ceremony. Immediately after the ceremony, Joseph was brought back to his cell and Grace left.

May 3, 1916 – Pádraig Pearse, Thomas Clarke, and Thomas MacDonagh executed at Kilmainhan Gaol

May 12, 1916- Seán Mac Diarmada and James Connolly executed at Kilmainhan Gaol

May 15, 1847 - The first coffin ship "The Syria" arrives at Grosse Isle.

future.

I look forward to seeing you at the meeting and/or hearing from you about ideas for fund-raising and growth of the Division.

My contact info is: (406) 459-3958 or p.e.flaherty44@gmail.com.

Sláinte

Patrick Flaherty ♣

Mark Your Calendars

Memorial Day May 29th

The Division will once again participate in the East Helena's VFW **Memorial Day Parade, May 29th**. We will raise the flag at Resurrection Cemetery at 8:00 that morning. Then we'll gather at the VFW hall at 10:30 for the 11:00 Parade. Let's try to have a good turnout, show our colors proudly, and have fun!

Virginia City Irish Weekend

June 9th, 10th, 11th

Our annual trip to Virginia City to do community service in cleaning up around the Meagher's cabin and submerge ourselves into Irish culture, dance, music, and history is upon us. Hope to see you in Virginia City. This is a great event for all the family.

MeagherFest 17 – June 30th, July 1st

The Thomas Francis Meagher Association will be honoring the life and legacy of Thomas Francis Meagher with a festival at the State Capitol on June 30th and July 1st. This will be the 150th year anniversary of his death in Fort Benton, Montana. There will be music, dancing, historic and cultural presentations, vendors and much more. We hope you will be able to join us for this family friendly celebration. For more information visit meagherfest.org

PROGRAM FOR VIRGINIA CITY'S "2017 IRISH WEEKEND"

Friday, Saturday & Sunday—June 9th, 10th & 11th

Annual Event presented by the Thomas Francis Meagher Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (AOH) from Helena MT and the Virginia City Chamber of Commerce, the Bale of Hay Saloon and the Businesses and People of Virginia City Montana



The overall Theme this year will be Thomas Francis Meagher—who he was, where he came from and what he meant to Ireland, Virginia City, the State of Montana and America.

FRIDAY Afternoon —June 9th

- ♣1pm—5; 00pm AOH Community Service--Annual Clean-up at Meagher Cabin on west Idaho Street by the Helena AOH– A free family event. Time for Lunch or Dinner on own at the various eating places in Virginia City and Nevada City

- ♣5pm—6:45pm Live Celtic music by the Dillon Fiddlers at the Historic Bale of Hay Saloon on west Wallace St– A free-will donation family event

- ♣7pm—8pm lying of the Irish green stripe down the center of Wallace Street (the main street in Virginia City) – A free family event— Everyone can participate

- ♣8pm—9:30pm Cultural Exhibit Presentation and live 1860's and live Music tying Irish Music to Montana at the Torch Theater on Wallace St. consisting of An Exhibition of illustrated panels prepared by the Irish Studies Program at the University of Montana in Missoula, depicting the Background and Life & Times of Thomas Francis Meagher, Irish Hero and American Civil War General and Acting

Territorial Governor of the Montana territory. Also live Celtic Fiddle music linking Ireland to territorial Montana by Tom Robison & Richard Burke from Bozeman Mt. This event is a free family event.

SATURDAY—June 10th

- ♣9 am** Welcome Speeches & Irish Flag Raising at the Historical Madison County Courthouse— A free family event
- ♣ 10:00 am** Outdoor Catholic Irish Mass at the AOH Mass Rock at the Meagher Cabin on west Idaho St.—a free family event.
- ♣11:00-1:00pm** Lunch (Baked Montana/Irish Potato Bar) Camaraderie at the Bale of Hat Saloon-A small free will donation family event.
- ♣1:00pm—1:30pm** Annual AOH Parade St following the path of Irish green stripe on Wallace St—everyone welcome to Participate in this Parade—a free family event.
- 2:00pm—4:pm** Tiernian Irish Dancers—Irish Dancing exhibition at the Torch Theater on Wallace ST. A free family event
- 2:00pm—2:45pm** Repeated event presented 3 times during the day. Live music “*Songs of the Civil War*” by a trio from Bozeman
- 4:00pm—4:45pm** (Alice Hanks Allen, Fiddle & vocals, Jim McMillan, guitar and Phil Schladweiler, banjo) focusing on the 1860’s era When Thomas Francis Meagher was a Union General in the U.S. Civil War and then Territorial Governor of the Montana Territory. All at the Elling House. A free family event
- 7:00pm—7:45pm**
- ♣6:30pm—9pm** Free time for Dinner & Camaraderie in/around Virginia City
- ♣9pm—11:30pm** Live music with a tint of Irish by the Shamrockers from Polson Mt. at the Bale of Hay Saloon--A free family event

SUNDAY – June 11th

- ♣10:30am** Catholic Mass at St. Mary of the Assumption Parish—at Laurin MT—A family event

Note: The TERNAN Irish Dancers from Helena and Butte will be performing at the Community Center, the Bale of Hay Saloon and various business locations in Virginia City throughout the day on Saturday.

Join us at the
Capital in Helena, Montana

The Thomas Francis Meagher Association Proudly Presents

FREE FAMILY EVENT!

MEAGHERFEST

July 1, 2017

Helena, Montana

There will be music, dancing, dramas, historic
and cultural presentations, vendors,
and much much more!

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO VOLUNTEER PLEASE VISIT MEAGHERFEST.ORG
AND FOLLOW THE THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER ASSOCIATION ON FACEBOOK

Lecture
By
GENERAL T. F. MEAGHER

At the Peoples Theatre, Virginia City, on St Patrick's Day, March 17, 1866

The following oration was delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher on St Patrick's Day, 1866, to a large and keenly appreciative audience in Virginia City, Montana. The address is reproduced verbatim from an old newspaper of the time:

Colonel Thomas Thoroughman president of the Catholic committee, and an ex-Confederate soldier, came forward and introduced Major General Thomas Francis Meagher as the orator of the day, doing so in a most complimentary and eloquent speech:

The general on coming forward, was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering, after which he spoke as follows:

Sixteen years ago I spent the 17th day of March in the forest of Tasmania – a very beautiful island, several thousand miles from here, which her gracious majesty of Great Britain enabled me to visit, having placed a sloop-of-war at my disposal for that delightful purpose. [Loud laughter and cheers.]

A lake, as large as this county, spread itself away among the mountains that overlooked my solitary dwelling. The wild birds, flashing and whirling over the waters, were my only companions, if one can call such shy and flighty things by that congenial name. [Laughter.] But I peopled the lonesome scene with friends who were far away, and made it teem with memories and visions of the dear land of my birth. [Loud and continued cheers.]

That lake became to me the Lake of Killarney. Mangerton towered above me with its unfathomable punch-bowl – the devil's own punch bowl. [Loud laughter.] Ross castle threw its stern shadow into its bright depths. Up from those depths rose The O'Donohue on his white charger, and the air grew sweet with the fragrance of the myrtle and arbutus. The bugle sounded clear and strong, calling the echoes from the Eagle's Nest; and as they replied in a countless chorus, I saw the lithe stag break from the water's edge, and disappear far up the mountain side. [Applause.]

An island in the center of the lake was changed to Innisfallen. The ruined cloister of the Monks, whom Crofton Croker has somewhat profanely immortalized, stood upon its rich sward; nor was the bed of Honor wanting, on which Sir Richard Courtney, the humorous old guide, being once benighted there, received his title. [Laughter and cheers.]

After a little, a boat swept by, freighted with a gay and handsome party, and there, in the midst of it, sat Gansey, the famous piper of the Lakes, with his great blind eyes, his snow-white beard, and his maddening music. There he was in his ecstasy, making the boat fairly dance to the tune of the 'Fox-hunter's jug.' [Loud cheers.]

The visions and memories I thus indulged in, are just the memories and visions which every Irishman, whose heart is in the right place, and who is far from Ireland, indulges in, wheresoever he may be, this day – a glorious day, it is sanctified and illuminated by the recollection that on this day, nearly thirteen hundred year ago, Ireland was vouchsafed her great Apostle. [Loud applause.] On this this day, nearly thirteen hundred years ago, the lurid fire of the Druid began to pale, and the Cross appeared in the kindly Irish sky. [Loud and enthusiastic cheering.]

Well may the Irish people celebrate this day, for it is a day which, at every recurrence of it, attest the noble fidelity of that people to the Faith which sprung beneath the axe and blossomed in the blast [loud cheers] – the Faith for which, steadfast and heroic, they have borne centuries of ruthless persecution – [renewed cheers] the Faith which, identified with their ancient nationality as it is, has been the fountain of consolation in the midst of their bitterness, and their jeweled crown. [Hear, hear and loud cheers.]

My Protestant fellow-countrymen will not, I am sure, understand me the claim that this day is exclusively a Catholic festival, in speaking as I have done. It is their duty as well as ours. [loud cheers], and I have no objection to their appropriating St Patrick as a zealous member of their Church, for I well know he would convert "every mother's soul of them" with that miraculous crozier of his, should he ever get among them. [Great laughter and cheers.] It is, I say, their day as well as ours for it has been dedicated from time immemorial to the country at large – to the celebration of Irish nationality, as well the commemoration of the particular event from which it derives its religious designation. [Loud applause.]

But I was saying that the memories and visions, to which I gave way in that beautiful island at the other end of creation [laughter], were the memories and visions to which every Irishman, whose heart is in the right place, and who happens to be out of Ireland, wherever he may be, irresistibly gives way today. [Enthusiastic applause.]

Every foreign Irishman goes home on St. Patrick's Day. [Loud laughter.] It doesn't matter where he is, he jumps, at day-break on to his *phooka* – the Pegasus of Irish mythology – [laughter] and tearing over mountains and seas, bidding defiance to thunder and turf and lightning, [laughter] and the devil himself, with all his works and pomps – [renewed laughter] lands in Ireland precisely where he is best known, on the spot that is most endeared to him, and which the dust of his people, for generations, may have sanctified. [Great applause.]

Why, every one of you, boys and girls, [great cheering and applause] are at home with me to day. There's not one of you in Montana. There's not one of you has seen the Rocky Mountains this morning. You have seen the Galtees or the gray mountains of dark Donegal, or Knock-mel-down, on the top of which, up in the mist and drizzle, that sporting old buck of a Major lies buried with his dog and gun. [Great laughter and cheers.] Or you have seen the Black stairs of Wexford, or the purple Reeks of Kerry. The Rocky Mountains have gone for the day, and won't be back till midnight. [Loud and continued cheering.]

What Irishman, here before me, saw the Sweet-Smelling Water this morning? [Loud laughter and cries of Stinking Water*.] He may have seen the gentle Suir, or the lordly Shannon, or the yellow Boyne, where those tow rampageous kings had a fight, many years ago, and where the two of them ought to have been knocked head foremost into the mud, especially, Shemus, who was so little of an Irishman, that he had no stomach for a fight. [Loud laughter and cheers.] The Sweet-Smelling Water would have been just the river for them. [Hear, hear, and cheers.]

I have no doubt, too, that you saw the Round Towers all along these hills about us –

“The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,

These gray old Pillar Temples – those conquerors of Time!” (Great Applause.)

*Name of a stream in Montana, near Virginia City.

And if you laid your eyes on a particle of gold, a thousand to one you thought of the gorgeous cross of Clon Macnoise, or “the bright gold ring” that intrepid lady bore on a “snow-white wand” as she traveled all over the island on foot, and

“On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green isle,
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.” (Loud Cheers.)

Or, may be, you thought of the “Collar of Gold” which Malachi won from the proud invader,

“When her kings with Standard of Green unfurled,
Led the Red-branch knights to danger.
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.” (cheers.)

The celebration we Irishman make to-day is a celebration of love, of pride, of sorrow. [Hear, hear.] Were Ireland an ill favored country – were it sterile, bleak inhospitable – were there no scenes there to delight the eye and captivate the heart – were there no sweet valleys, no laughing rivers, none of the graces and grandeurs of nature such as have inspired the melodies of Moore and given to the pencil of Maclise some of its finest themes – had the country no picturesque history, no great names illuminating her annals, no halls that had echoed to a superior eloquence, no fields on which heroism had fought for liberty – were it a desert in the light of an unpropitious sun, and a blank in the literature of the world – even so, as the place of our birth – as the place where first we knew a mother's smile and a father's blessing – we should love it, be jealous of it, be proud of it, and cling to it all the more devotedly on account of the deprivations with which it had been stricken. [Loud cheers.]

But our love for Ireland has no such rigorous conditions to test and vindicate it. Heaven has been most bountiful to that land. As it came from the hand of God, it has all the rare excellencies that make a singularly favored land. Under a Government of its own sons, partial and generous as they would naturally be to it, no land would be happier; no land be more profitable to its people (hear, hear, hear), for it has been endowed with all the advantages – serenity of climate and wealth of soil, safe and spacious harbors indenting the whole circle of its coast, the more essential minerals and superabundant water power (renewed cries of hear, hear), all which, under a genial administration and favoring laws, would not only make it prosperous but give it greatness. [Loud cheers.]

When we reflect upon the career it has been compelled to run, under the mailed arm of a foreign power – the disabilities, penalties and cruelties that have been rained, incessantly, upon it – the savage treatment it met with in former times, the crafty and treacherous treatment it has experienced in later days – and then reflect what a happy, honorable, noble little nation it might have been, had there been no England at its gates, [cries of “hear, hear”], it is no wonder that conspiracies and outbreaks, heroic daring and heroic sacrifices, should be the order of the day in Ireland. For the brave young men, strong in

intellect as they are bold in spirit, who have lately been visited with the truculence of the English law in Ireland, I have the warmest sympathy and the highest admiration. [Enthusiastic cheers.] God grant that the days of their barbarous banishment may be short, and that, with the liberty of Ireland, their own shall be gloriously redeemed. [Renewed and immense applause.]

I have spoken of the means which Ireland abundantly possesses to be a strong and prosperous nation. Her intellectual wealth is fully commensurate with her physical. The fame of her more gifted sons revolves with the planet, and it is no exaggeration so say that it has a recognition which is co-extensive with civilization. Has not the "Vicar of Wakefield" gone round the world? Does not Edmund Burke loom up in political history with a stature too colossal not to be seen from every section of the globe? "Lala Rookh" has been translated, and is a volume of gold, in the hand of the fire-worshippers themselves. Sheridan has written his name in letters of inextinguishable light upon the desecrated temples and plundered palaces of India (Loud Cheering). Never, in any country, was there so superb an assembly of orators and wits, statesmen and gallant gentlemen, as the Irish Parliament was in the few years of its independence. There was Henry Flood, of whom it was grandly said, by his great rival, that, like Hercules, he failed with the distaff, but with the thunderbolt, he had the arm of a Jupiter. There was Henry Grattan, of whom Lord Brougham declared, that no orator, of any age, was his equal, and who, communicating to Ireland the pentecostal fire with which he himself was inflamed, beheld his country, to use his own magnificent phrase, rising from her bed in the ocean, and getting nearer to the sun! [Loud and enthusiastic cheering.]

There was Curran – the most thorough Irishman of them all – the exhaustless wit, the dauntless and defiant advocate, whose marvelous eloquence threw over the darkest cause the most copious stream of splendor and enchantment – and who was as true to Ireland as he was to the saddest client who sought the shelter and defiance of his blazing shield. Byron, comparing him with Erskine, has well describe the extraordinary wealth of his mind, and variety of his powers:

“There also were two wits by acclamation –
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from Tweed –
Both lawyers, and both men of education,
But Strongbow’s wit was of more polished breed.
Longbow was rich in an imagination,
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potato,
While Strongbow’s best things might have come from Cato.
Strongbow was like a new tuned harpsichord;
But Longbow wild as an Aeolian harp,
With which the winds of Heaven can claim accord,
And make music, whether flat or sharp,
Of Strongbow’s talk you would not change a word;
At Longbow’s phrases you might sometimes carp:
Both wits – one born so, the other bred –
This by his heart, his rival by his head.”
(Renewed and prolonged applause).

In art, McClise has won an imperial crown. Davis said of him that his pencil was as true as a sunbeam. Barry was in the studio when Burke was in the Senate – a prodigy of genius! In his vast painting of the "Last Judgment," he has "shaken one world with the thunders of another." [Renewed and continued cheering.] But it is said that the educated intelligence, to say nothing of the property of Ireland, has, unless in some eccentric instances, become imperialized, and that the independence of the country it is haughtily hostile. Here an argument is advanced against Irish independence. With me that argument goes for nothing. Shall a nation postpone her liberty in deference to an erudite slavery? Is the liberty of a nation a usurpation, unless the menials of a political life, the painted butterflies of fashion, varlets, harlequins, and vassals, concur in the claim? [Hear, hear, and great applause.] Give me the people –the democracy –the men who till the fields – the men who build ships and cities, the men who subjugate the wilderness, train and rear it into a noble civilization, and, so far, consummate the divine purpose of creation. From this element, some of the most powerful intellects and potentates of the world have sprung. Homer, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, the great jurists of England, the great statesmen of America, the Marshals of Napoleon, were from the democracy. Give me the people, the democracy of Ireland! Should they demand the liberty of Ireland, I shall not wait on any lord or pedant, nor on any lord’s nor pedant’s flunkey, to ratify the claim. [Great cheers.] Give me the peasantry – the reviled, scorned, ignored peasantry of Ireland! Their wretched cabins have been the holy shrines, in which the traditions and hopes of Ireland have been treasured and transmitted. [Loud applause, and sensation.] In the adverse days –in the days of cowardice, debasement and despair – the spirit of Ireland has lived in them, and become immortal. In the fiercest storms, they have never once winced or wavered. In the bloodiest time, they have been undaunted and heroic. The hills of

Wexford, the plains of Kildare, the mountain passes of Wicklow – all are vital with their desperate courage under the shock and scourge of battle. [Enthusiastic and long continued cheering.] Never, never let the Irish heart give up the hope of seeing, on Irish soil, the fatal destinies of centuries reversed, and restored nation, wisely instructed and ennobled in the school of sorrow planted there. Think, think, what this hope has been to Ireland. It has been the main nerve of her industry abroad – on the field of death, it has been the fire of her heart, and the magic of her flag! [Vehement applause.]

Now comes the question, is the festival of love, of pride, of sorrow, celebrated here, incompatible with Irish loyalty to America? The question, an ignominious one – an ignominious one – would not surely emanate from me, were it not that there are some vicious bigots – men of small brains and small hearts – men of more gall than blood – who, even here, assert that love of Ireland, devotion to her cause, active sympathy with the protracted contest for her redemption, invoke an equivocal allegiance to the United States. Out upon the bastard Americanism, [great cheering] the spews this imputation in the face of the gallant race, whose blood, shed in torrents for its inviolability and its glory, has imparted a brighter crimson to the Stripes, and made the Stars of the triumphant flag irradiate with a keener radiance. [Enthusiastic and long continued cheering.] I appeal, not to the burning sands, the cactus-circled fortresses, the cause-ways, the volcanic heights, the gates and towers of Mexico. Let the woods and swamps of the deadly Chickahominy, the slopes of Malvern Hill, the waters of the Antietam, the defiant heights of Frederiksberg, the thickets of the Wilderness -- a thousand fields now billowed with Irish graves, declare that love for Ireland blends in ecstasy with loyalty to America, and that America has been served by none more truly than by those who carried in their impetuous hearts the memories and hopes of Ireland. [Renewed and protracted cheering.] No true American looks otherwise than with full trustfulness and the heartiest fellowship upon such manifestations of Irish heart, Irish piety, and Irish remembrance of the Irish birth-place, as to-day animates this city. The true American knows, feels, and with enthusiasm declares, that of all human emotions, of all human passions, there is not one more pure, than that which bears us back to the spot that was the cradle of our childhood, the play-ground of our boyhood, the theatre of our manhood [Applause.]

Has the Holy Book a passage more deeply touching than that which pictures to us the daughters of a captive race, in their desolation of soul weeping by the waters of Babylon, when they remembered their lost homes and vanished towers of Zion? Has profane verse a line more exquisitely eloquent than that which tells us of the brave young Greek – beautiful and radiant as his native land – bleeding and dying on the plains of Latium, with his darkening eyes fixed on Greece? Has political history a grander incident than that of Warren Hastings, the Dictator of India, in the midst of all his ambitious schemes—all through his struggles, his contests, his triumphs, his crimes and splendors – ever and always cherishing in his purer heart the hope and purpose of once more returning to his ancestral domain, and spending there in calmness and goodness the evening of his stormy life? Has our own bight poet – has Moore – with all the wealth of his melody and fancy – given the world a scene in the presence of which kindlier, sweeter, holier sympathies arise, than that which shows as the captive girl of the East, amid all the luxuries of their perfume and golden bondage—amid all the deadening enchantments of their voluptuous vassalage – winging their way back in tender thought to the scenes of their free and spotless childhood. [Vehement applause.]

“The maid of India, blessed again to hold
In her full lap the Champais leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges’ flood,
Her little playmates scattered many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell—
The sweet Elcaya, and the courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees, call’d up around by those magic scents,
The well, the camels, the her father’s tents –
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e’en its sorrows back again.”

It is the American who has no heart, who has no thought beyond the putting a mighty dollar out at mighty interest, who has no zest for any other book than his Easy Accountant or his soulless Ledger – who hates the Irish for their generous qualities, their infallible religion, and their inveterate democracy – the American who, as Sidney Smith said, has “the Ten Commandments written on his face, and looks so virtuous that he might commit any crime, and no one believe in the possibility of his guilt” – [roars of laughter] it is he alone who regards with a cod-liver eye, a nutmeg nose, a Maine-Liquor-Law howl, and a Cromwellian depreciation, the love of Ireland which the Irishman brings with him to America, which he cherishes

here in every vicissitude of his laborious love, and with which, whether he be in rags or in purple and fine linen, whether he is digging for gold like a drudge in Montana, or spending it like an Irish prince in New York, he celebrates St. Patrick's Day. [Loud and long continued cheering.]

George Washington did not think it incompatible with his Americanism to become a member of the Friendly Sons of St Patrick, of Philadelphia, and drown the Shamrock with that convivial Brotherhood, and do it honestly like a noble Virginian as he was. [Loud cheering.]

Henry Clay did not think it incompatible with his Americanism to wet his clay with the Irishmen of Kentucky, when he sat down with them in Louisville on such another anniversary as we now celebrate, and fervently wished that his stalwart State had been blessed with such a snake-exterminator as Ireland, through centuries of reptilian expurgation, has proved incontestably our beneficent Apostle to have been. [Loud laughter and great cheering.]

Let the marrowless bigot, then, carp and deprecate; let the hungry Puritan with his nasal music importune the God of Blue Laws to save the Yankee nation from the witch-craft of St. Patrick's daughters and the deviltry of St. Patrick's sons – [loud laughter.] St. Patrick's daughters and St Patrick's sons, like the faithful Kent, will pursue their "old course in a country new." [Loud cheering.]

Grateful and devoted to his country, in which, as Thomas Davis finely sung:

"There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crops is sows –
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows."

Where Charles Phillips grandly said: "The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, find refuge, their industry encouraged, their piety respected, their ambition animated, with no restraints but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinctions save those which merit may originate –(cheers) grateful and devoted to this country in which the fortunes of their race have, in many instances, been resplendently redeemed – in which so many of them have risen to the highest stations and greeted with the applause of the nation – in which the name of Montgomery is immortally identified with the military enterprises; that of Fulton with the scientific, and that of Emmit with the forensic glories of the Republic –[loud cheers] grateful and devoted to this great country, the Irish people in America will not, and cannot, forget the land of their birth, their sufferings, their dearest memories, and proudest hopes." [Loud cheering.]

"I'm bidding you a long farewell
My Mary – kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there –
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty time as fair!"

But whilst they will not and cannot forget old Ireland, they will not, and cannot, forget America – America that has ever been true to Ireland – true to her in her political struggles – true to her in the days of her downfall and martyrdom – true to her when England was false, cruel, truculent, the flagitious slanderer of her name, the insatiable glutton that has devoured her wealth and drank to excess her richest blood. America that in the days of famine, plague, havoc and devastation, when a forest of cypress seemed to darken the green Island, and the cry for bread went through the darkness and pierced the very heart of Heaven itself – dispatched her war-eagles with the golden sheaf in their talons, to shower life upon the starving, and with the emblems of liberty re-ignite the expiring spirit of the enslaved. [Vehement cheering.]

Nor will America forget the land which gave her such champions, in the day of her great struggle, as Burke, and Sheridan, and Grattan – men who threw themselves between her and her tyrant, and who, with all the vehemence and vigor of their race strained every nerve to wrench from the tyrant's grasp the sword that struck at liberty, and, striking at that, struck deep into the Irish heart. [Renewed and continued cheers.]

Thus, hand in hand, shall America and Ireland, shall Ireland and America, go down the great road of time – the humble shamrock of the one, interwoven by the golden cord with the proud laurels of the other – the free, the prosperous, and the powerful with a noble sympathy linked in heart, as she is illustriously linked in history, with the freedomless, the beggard, and the crushed. [Great cheering.]

But no – no – God forbid! that this should be forever the companionship of the two old friends. This day, this joyous and glorious day, inspires the promise and the vision of a happier and grander companionship for Ireland and America. Liberty –

democratic liberty – shall be the destiny of both, as it is the position at the present hour of the greater and mightier of the two. The strength of Ireland recruited here – the soul of Ireland refreshed, impelled, emboldened here – the arm of Ireland nerved, instructed, weaponed here – shall break the murderous chain of ages, and the ancient oak of Ireland, putting forth a harvest of fresh leaves, shall in its renewed life remind the world that the soil, in which its roots were buried, had been drenched with too many tears and too much blood, for the tree sacred to civic worth and liberty to perish. [Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering, during which General Meagher retired.]