

that magnanimous animal, and the Irish journalist was thrown back to the antipodes, from which he subsequently found means to escape. They had heard a great many complaints about persons who were sent to Cayenne; yet France, only lately, proclaimed a general amnesty, and forgave nearly all her numerous political offenders. But this free land which had only three exiles, could not afford to pardon that three at the same time that France pardoned three thousand. (Loud applause.) The voice of Meagher, and the pen of Mitchel, and the sword of McManus, were present when they spoke of one as in the tomb, and of two others who lived unforgiven and unpardonable exiles. They stood there to-night, and in the face of the civilized world they charged with the grossest hypocrisy the men who, with abundant lessons to other countries to pull down the governments that do not rule according to the wishes of the governed classes, forget the first principles of government themselves. They put those persons in the dock, and told them that the teaching they convey to the world are the teaching of hypocrisy—that they meted with two measures, and weighed with two scales. He gave them a toast which was in itself a standing reproach to the British government—"The Irish Political Exiles"—a more eminent reproach could not be addressed to that government in view of the proceedings now going on abroad.

Mr. Luke P. O. O'Reilly bore witness in a brilliant speech to the nobleness of her exiles.

Mr. Masset, proposed "The Health of the Chairman," in terms of deserved laudations. Their Chairman had undertaken to conduct amongst them the *Universal News*—a paper already well known as the enunciator of the Catholic and national opinions of Irishmen. (Cheers.)

Song: "He's a right good fellow."

The Chairman returned thanks at great length. In the course of his speech he mentioned the fact that Mr. Masset, who had just spoken, was a Frenchman—an announcement which was received with reiterated peals of applause.

Mr. Franklin next proposed "The Health of the Stewards"—gentlemen without whose assistance the banquet, with which they were equally delighted, could not have taken place. Peculiar credit was due to Mr. J. J. O'Reilly, for the part he had taken in the affair, for with him it had originated.

Mr. J. J. O'Reilly, on rising to respond, was received with loud applause. He denied that the banquet had been originated by him—it had originated by the men of London. Messrs. Scannel, O'Riordan, and other gentlemen were entitled to share the credit of the affair. In the face of an immense opposition, they had brought together a body of Irishmen such as never had assembled in one room in London before. Mr. O'Reilly proceeded to explain some arrangements with reference to simultaneous dinners to be held by Irishmen on the following Monday, and sat down amid loud cheers.

Mr. M. Bowen, proposed the toast of "The Press."

The company rose at twelve o'clock.

THE DAY IN LIVERPOOL.

On Monday, the 18th, there were several assemblages of Irishmen through town to celebrate the anniversary of the Apostle of the Green Isle. Amongst the most interesting of these gatherings was a grand banquet that took place at the London Hotel, Clayton square, where nearly 150 gentlemen dined together. The company consisted of Irishmen from all parts of the kingdom, and of all religious and political parties—all differences on these scores being thrown aside, in order to honor the memory of the saint whom all acknowledge as the great benefactor of Old Ireland. It was one of the most happy and delightful fusions witnessed for many a day. The company consisted of men of wealth in the mercantile world, with the representatives of art and literature—for it is almost needless to say that, in every quarter of the globe, Irishmen will be found to fill the first positions in commerce, arts and sciences of every description. There is also an inherent love of fatherland stamped on the Irish heart, which develops itself more in the land of the stranger than even at home, and it is consoling to know that there is one point upon which Irishmen can meet, without encountering the jarring elements that have so long distracted the people of our glorious country. The dinner was a princely affair. George Smith, Esq., was chairman for the evening, and Maurice D'Alton, with M. Murphy, Esq., acted as vice-presidents. Near the chair were Andrew Cumming (barrister), J. Cleary, J. Ennis, R. Murphy, F. M'Phillips, J. Sheppard, M. Aylward, J. Flanedy, S. Redmond, E. Brennan, — Fitzgerald, Lawrenson, Rev. Mr. McKervan, P.P., Saul, county Down, and many other gentlemen. Not the least remarkable in the proceedings was the presence of some French gentlemen, lay and clerical, who enjoyed themselves amazingly, and declared they had never spent a more delightful evening. This may be truly said by all who participated in the proceedings. It was an evening when everything was merged in the great *amor patriæ*—the Presbyterian of the North grasped the hand of the Southern Catholic in sincere fraternity, and each seemed to vie

with the other in kindly feeling. This is as it should be, and it is thought the evening's proceedings are the beginning of brighter prospects for a thorough union of Irishmen, no matter of what creed or party. The noble-hearted honest Irish Protestant drank the health of the Irish hierarchy and the memory of O'Connell, with as much enthusiasm as any Catholic could. The speeches were of a superior class and given with that warm fervor known only to the Irish heart. The chairman's speeches in introducing the toasts were beautifully classic and appropriate. Mr. Cumming, LL.D., Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Brennan (to the memory of O'Connell), and Mr. Flanedy, spoke with force and eloquence to the genius of Ireland.

There was a splendid band placed at the end of the banquetting room, that performed Irish airs in every variety. There were also many fine songs, given with real Irish feeling, particularly the "Isle of Beauty," by Mr. Lawrenson, which elicited marked and well-deserved applause. A more agreeably pleasant evening never was spent, the company separating before twelve o'clock, and all who were present will long remember the anniversary of St. Patrick and its celebration, in 1861, in Liverpool, by the sons of the Green Isle.

THE DAY IN MANCHESTER.

On Sunday evening, at 9 o'clock, about one hundred and fifty of our countrymen met in the Irishmen's Reading and News Room, Goulston street, Oldham road, for the purpose of partaking of a supper, and giving expression to their opinions, on various matters of import to our country. The room was tastefully decorated; at the upper end was an illuminated portrait of our Patron Saint, holding a shamrock aloft in his hand. On the walls were artificial shamrocks of stupendous size, beneath each of which were hands of fellowship; this, surrounded by a green scroll, gave it, as our English friends expressed it, a regular Irish look. The rostrum was tastefully decorated in front with devices, whilst several scrolls, bearing significant mottoes, were suspended from the ceiling; amongst them was one of vital importance to Irishmen of the present day, on which, I trust, we shall ever bear in mind, and act on its principles—"Union is strength."

After the cloth had been removed, Mr. P. Gough proposed that the chair be now taken by the Rev. John Tracy.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Cosgrave, and adopted universally.

Rev. Mr. Tracy, in returning thanks, said—"He felt highly flattered by the honor they had conferred on him, by calling on him to preside. When he first received the invitation to be present on the occasion, he felt rather diffident in complying with the requisition, as the festival occurred on Passion Sunday; on reconsideration, however, he accepted it, believing that, as the object was to confer honor on Ireland's Apostle, it would not be displeasing to God, as he had been one of His most faithful servants. He believed that, in bestowing honor on the servant, they also honored the Master. Ireland, since the days of Patrick, has never forsaken the faith he implanted—not even under the most galling persecution. No nation under heaven has suffered anything equal to what she has endured; but yet the faith is still the same. It was now his pleasing duty to give them the first sentiment on the list; it was one, he was sure, would have a cordial greeting from all. He then read—

His Holiness Pope Pius IX.; may he always have Irish hearts to sympathize with him in suffering, and Irish arms to defend him in difficulty.

In giving this sentiment, he said late events have revived the recollection of the ancient chivalry of Ireland; it was that gallant little band which had gone forth from Ireland to defend the patrimony of the Holy Father in the hour of danger; they went as mere raw recruits to encounter a veteran army; a mere handful to contend with a host. Who could read the words of their gallant commander when he declined to surrender, even when their last cartridge was exhausted, and not feel struck with admiration by their bravery—"They came not to surrender, but to die." This one little modern episode was enough in the eyes of the world to give to Irishmen of the present day the prestige they possessed of old (loud applause).

Mr. P. Gough then solicited the favor of a song from the reverend Chairman—who gave with excellent pathos, "When he who adores thee," introducing it, by naming the immortal Emmet, on whom the verses were composed by our national poet, Moore.

The Chairman, on rising to propose the second sentiment, said he was certain it would elicit a more cordial reception than the first had:

Our National Anniversary; may it soon, and for all time, dawn on a nation of Irish freemen!

Have we not the same right to require it as others? Then why not contend for it as others, who have won their liberty? He said we lived under alien laws—we wanted a native government. He liked the English people; but they are too easily gulled; he could not, however, avow a partiality for English rulers, as he must confess the feelings with which he regarded them were of an opposite character. Who could regard the consequences of English rule in Ireland with greater abhorrence than he did? The Irish people are also too easily duped; any person that flatters them a bit is the "white-haired boy," and for a momentary gratification they will forget the grievances of years.

Mr. Moran, in rising to respond said, he felt diffident in undertaking to say more on a subject which had been already so well treated by our patriotic Chairman; he, however, in conjunction with him, trusted that the next anniversary of St. Patrick should see Ireland "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." He did not care how soon: were the fact accomplished to-morrow, he would gladly grasp the brand to do battle in so holy a cause; he trusted that even before twelve months, he should see the termination of England's power in Ireland, and the accomplishment for the purpose, for which so much blood had been vainly shed—namely: the restoration of our beloved country to her place "amongst the nations of the earth" (loud and prolonged applause).

Mr. O'Neill, at the request of the Chairman, here read "The Battle of Fontenoy," giving the sentiments of our beloved Davis, with a vigor that aroused a martial spirit throughout the room, and winning for him such an ovation as rarely greets a recitation.

Mr. Cosgrave then briefly proposed the third toast: St. Patrick—his Successors, the Hierarchy and Clergy of Ireland; may they always be foremost in the defence of the civil and religious liberties of the Irish people.

He then related a few of the earlier passages of St. Patrick's life, and passed a high eulogy on his worthy successors, the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland. He also

warmly expressed his desire for the accomplishment of Ireland's liberty, saying he would wish to see it restored, without the spilling of a single drop of blood, but would not leave it unwon if it was necessary to resort to arms to regain it. He then gave the sentiment, and resumed his seat amidst loud cheers.

The Chairman then sang "Paddy's Evermore." On coming to the sixth verse, he said that was the one which best accorded with his sentiments, and, giving it an additional accentuation; he made all present feel as if they, too, thought it the only verse embodying sentiment.

Mr. P. Gough here read the "Master of the North," by our absent countryman, Charles Gavan Duffy, which as usual elicited warm plaudits.

The Rev. Chairman next rose to respond to the sentiment proposed by Mr. Cosgrave: St. Patrick—his Successors, the Hierarchy and Clergy of Ireland; may they always be foremost in the defence of the civil and religious liberties of the Irish people.

The Rev. Chairman said that he was an Irishman, but an English priest; he had, however, received a portion of holy orders in Ireland, so that he believed he possessed the right to respond. He then referred to the vision of St. Patrick, calling him to the redemption of the Irish people from paganism; also, to the many nations which had since been indebted to Ireland for the enlightenment of Christianity, attributing all to the sanctity of Ireland's apostle. He here cited a passage from Moore, referring to the early introduction of Christianity—and said that he did not know to what part of the globe he should direct his footsteps to find a spot that had not been visited by an Irish priest. There was, however, one thing he would like to hear the Irish priest preach more zealously at home—the doctrine of nationality. He did not see that it would interfere with the moral training of their flocks, if they implanted in their bosom a love of liberty. He trusted that Irishmen would learn to be more decided in their actions for freedom, and dispel the lethargy which seems to have enveloped them so long. He then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause.

The Rev. Chairman here briefly proposed—

Our Countrymen, all the world over; may they soon have a home of their own.

Mr. O'Neill, in responding, said that one thing he would like to see Irishmen resort to—the proper means to attain their ends. The restoration of their National Independence was, he knew, the uppermost wish in the heart of all; he liked acts, he did not depend on words, for the accomplishment of this. He trusted that we would all learn to shake off our apathy, and embark heart and soul in the good cause. As the hour was getting late, he would not say any more—only remember deeds, not words. He trusted that the next anniversary should see Ireland as she ought to be. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then proposed—

The memory of the patriots and patriot-martyrs of our race.

Mr. Gough, in replying, said: He never in his life regretted so much the lack of ability to treat with justice a theme such as was now entrusted to him—it would take an age to pass through all martyr-patriots of Ireland, from her earliest historic records down to the much-regretted death of our expatriated countryman, a few weeks since, T. B. McManus. As he could not do it justice in the brief time at his disposal, he thought it better to defer it till another occasion. For the present, he would sing "The Memory of the Dead," in lieu of spoiling a good subject.

The song was sung with feeling, and excited quite a storm of cheers. On silence being restored—

Mr. P. Gough proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. Chairman, which was passed with acclamation.

Rev. Mr. Tracy said he hoped he should frequently have the opportunity of presiding over, or being present at, such assemblies as this, when Irishmen met to celebrate their national festival. This was the first he had witnessed in Manchester. He trusted it would not be the last. Such social meetings tended to create brotherhood. One of our banners says: "Union is strength." Remember what Duffy says:

"Stand together brothers all!

Close together, close together;

Be Ireland's might a brazen wall—

Close up together—tight together.

Peace! no noise! but hand in hand,

Let calm resolve pervade your band,

And wait, till nature's God command—

Then help each other, help each other!"

Unless we be united, and determined in our acts, we shall not attain the purpose we so fervently desire, we must learn calmly to breast the storm, wait patiently for the opportunity, ever hold ourselves in readiness, so that when it does come, we shall be prepared to meet it.

The Rev. Chairman here resumed his chair, and the meeting dispersed.

THE DAY IN OLDHAM.

According to previous arrangement, the Irish Nationalists of Oldham celebrated their National Saint's day by a banquet at the Black Swan Inn, when seventy-six partook of an excellent dinner.

After the cloth had been removed,

Mr. MICHAEL BIRMINGHAM,

Was called to the chair; the vice-chair was occupied by Mr. William Connell.

The chairman, in opening the business of the evening, said: He was sorry they had not selected one more competent. He could not engage to tell them of the rise and fall of the nations of the earth, nor of their geographical positions, but he could tell them there was a nation called Ireland capable of producing food sufficient for thirty millions of inhabitants, and though that Ireland only contained six millions of inhabitants, at the present day, thousands of them were starving. Ireland possessed everything that constituted a nation: brave men and virtuous women—it was rich in minerals, happy in situation, and unequalled in fertility. In short, Cromwell of infamous memory, never spoke truer than when he said, "This is a land worth fighting for."

The first toast proposed was: The health of Pius IX.—which was responded to by Mr. Patrick Smith, in a very appropriate speech.

Song—Faith of our Fathers.

The next toast given was: St. Patrick and the Irish hierarchy. Responded to by Patrick O'Connell, in a neat speech. He paid a high tribute to the great St. Loran O'Tuathail, and various others of the great prelates, who had united patriotism with religion; and concluded with a laudation of the present Archbishop of Tuam.

Song—Soggarth Aroon.

Toast: Ireland and her independence. Responded to by Patrick McCarthy.

Song—We'll have our own again.

The Chairman said he felt great pleasure in proposing the toast: The Men of '98.

Mr. Scully responded, in a graphic speech, paying a high tribute to Lord Edward and his compatriots.

Song—Who fears to speak of '98.

The next toast was—Robert Emmet. It was responded to by Mr. O'Dogherty.

Song—Breathe not his name.

The chairman then gave—The memory of Thomas Davis.

It was responded to, in a very appropriate speech, by Mr. Skelly, in which he reviewed several of his national songs, and also his essays.

Recitation, by Mr. McCarthy—Lament for Thomas Davis.

The next toast given was—John Mitchel and the Men of '48.

Song—The Exile of Erin.

Toast—Our brethren in America.

Song—The Old Exile.

Toast—The Rev. Father Kenyon.

Song—Gallant Erin! thou art still my home.

Toast—The Memory of the Dead. Mr. Corrigan responded in a patriotic speech.

Toast—The Memory of O'Connell. Responded to by Mr. Connell.

Song—Orange and Green will carry the day.

Toast—The Army and Navy of France. Responded to by the chairman.

Song—Partant pour la Syrie.

The evening was then devoted to Irish music and dancing.

THE DAY IN SHEFFIELD.

The hour of meeting was announced at seven o'clock, and by eight o'clock every available space in the long club room of the Grapes Inn was crowded to excess.

Mr. John Kelly then proposed that Mr. Patrick Lawless do take the chair. Carried.

Mr. J. Kelly acted as vice-chairman, and Mr. Burke as secretary.

The chairman returned his sincere thanks for the high honor conferred on him, in having him to preside over such a meeting of warm-hearted Irishmen as he saw before him on that night. He next evoked the good sense of his countrymen to send all the assistance in their power to keep order, as they met in so holy and patriotic a cause; warning them to be very cautious and put no weapons in the hands of their enemies that would throw any disparagement on their movement. He then alluded to the wrongs imposed on his country, by foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and he expressed his hope that this new organization, the Brotherhood of St. Patrick, would prove the strongest bulwark of national independence.

The chairman called their attention to the reading of the prospectus and synopsis of rules, which was read aloud and carried with acclamation. Here he announced the arrival of a telegraphic message just arrived from the Dublin meeting, giving the toast of Brotherhood—We toast St. Patrick's Day and drink to all true Nationalists who celebrate it. The announcement caused great excitement and enthusiasm.

The Toast of the evening was spoken to by P. Lawless—The martyrs of Ireland, may we cherish their memory, and emulate their virtue.

This toast was telegraphed, in fraternal return, to the meeting in Dublin.

The next toast was—The National Independence of Ireland. Responded to by P. Burke.

Toast—John Mitchel, Thomas F. Meagher, John O'Mahony, Colonel Doheny, Colonel Corcoran, and our brave patriots in exile. J. Kelly responded in an elegant and touching speech.

Toast—The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick all over the world. It was replied to in an able manner by Mr. J. McLoughlin.

Toast—The spiritual welfare of our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. It was given by Mr. Cleary.

Toast—The Memory of Robert Emmet. Drank in solemn silence.

Toast—The Irish Brigade.

Toast—The Ladies.

The toasts were all received with the utmost enthusiasm and loud applause. Several of the patriotic and historic songs of Davis and Moore were sung and drew forth prolonged cheering.

When the song of "John Mitchel" was sung, it caused the whole meeting to rise from their seats, and evoked three hearty cheers for the patriot, and cries of "he is not far off now, thank God!" Music and dance had full scope, and high merriment and good feeling prevailed all till 4 o'clock in the morning; and, all highly rejoiced at their night's entertainment. Never before did we witness such an assembly together, deserving more credit for order and feelings of unity and brotherly love.

The following are some lines in answer to the Dublin toast:—

The toast that was given at your banquet to-night
Has filled all true hearts with a gleam of delight,
And the answer we give, in exchange, it is this—
May you all find an echo in the mansions of bliss.

And we fervently pray the high heavens may smile,
And a bright morning dawn on the Emerald Isle.
The true hearty souls that send you this news
Will invite our true friends, as we've nothing to loose.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the chairman, the meeting separated.

THE DAY IN NEWCASTLE.

On Monday, the Irish of Newcastle and vicinity assembled in the Lecture Room, Nelson street, to celebrate the anniversary of St. Patrick. The event drew together a large number of the sons and daughters of Erin; and the proceedings were of a most enthusiastic description. On the walls were exposed the mottoes, "Erin go Bragh," "Cæd mille failthe," and crowning all, "Unity and Equality." Refreshments in the shape of oranges and biscuits were supplied to the company, and during the evening an efficient band, under the leadership of Mr. Darling, played some favorite national airs.

Mr. B. McNULTY, occupied the chair,

And briefly introduced the occasion of the meeting. In some form or other, wherever the Irishman was, on the anniversary of their glorious saint, he did him some honor. If he was located in the back-woods of America, he went out in the morning and looked for the shamrock, the emblem of St. Patrick, with which he proudly decorated himself. Yes, he enshrined it in his breast. He put it prominently in his hat; and there he marched along with that beautiful leaf, which had been beautifully described as

"The chosen leaf of bard and chief,
The green immortal shamrock."

And not alone in that way did the children of St. Patrick do him honor, but in many other ways, and especially on that very night. There was a new era-dawning for Ireland and the Irish people. He believed at the very hour he was speaking to them, in the different halls of the various cities in the world the children of St. Patrick were assembled, to speak his praises. In the city of Dublin, in one of the largest halls probably in the British empire, they were met together in hundreds and hundreds—in the Rotundo. On that night he might say there was a reunion of Irishmen; for the Protestant, Catholic and Presbyterian were sitting side by side at that meeting. Therefore, he said, it was a glorious night for Ireland, for he believed there would be a lasting union ce