DR. DOUGLAS HYDE THRILLS AUDIENCE WITH MESSAGE

SPEAKS TO VAST THRONG ASSEMBLED IN TIVOLI

Declares Movement He Represents Is the Last Struggle for Preservation of Irish National Identity.

Frank J. Sullivan, Judge F. J. Murasky and the Rev. P. C. Yorke Make Short Addresses at Great Reception.

Dr. Douglas Hyde thrilled the great audience gathered for his reception at the Tivoli Theater yesterday afternoon with an address teeming with Irish patriotism and love for the Gaelic language. He declared that the language of his people would live on with the other languages of the earth. Tremendous applause greeted him continuously. He expressed high appreciation of the good will San Francisco has shown him.

"This Gaelic movement in Ireland is a thousand times more far reaching than the mere struggle of the Irish race to preserve its language; it is the last possible life and death struggle of the Irish people to preserve not only their own language, but their national identity. This Titanic struggle has welded together the Irish nation as it never was welded together before. We are no cliques and no parties. We are no faction followers and no religious battlers. We embrace every loyal Irishman in this struggle for the preservation of our national identity."

While the great crowd, listening to his words, cheered him with all the power of its lungs, Dr. Douglas Hyde yesterday afternoon clearly outlined the great purpose of his work and the work of the Gaelic League, which he represents here in his tour of America. It was the occasion of the magnificent reception in the Tivoli Theater tendered to this noted Irish educator by the Irish-American citizens of San Francisco and the surrounding counties. The crowd filled the theater to its utmost capacity and expressed by its enthusiastic cheering the heart feelings that it had put into the work. It was an impressive tribute properly paid to this man whose work is to have a striking guiding power in the destiny of Ireland as a nation distinct.

It was early in the afternoon that the audience gathered. Even though the weather conditions were far from favorable, people came from far and near to hear this man speak on the subject which, perhaps, lies nearest their hearts. Dr. Hyde's appearance on the platform on the rising of the curtain brought forth spontaneous applause that lasted for nearly five minutes, the people rising from their seats in their excited cheering of the great leader in this twentieth-century movement.

Rev. Peter C. Yorke introduced Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, who presided over the meeting. Mr. Sullivan told of San Francisco's interest in Dr. Hyde and the cause he represented. He assured Dr. Hyde of continued support from this city. He then told of the history of the Irish citizens of California, showing how they occupied many of the highest positions in the State. He told how Irish ideas had moved the world in the past and were still doing so more and more every day. He urged the Irish-Americans of this country to support the work of Dr. Hyde and the Gaelic League.

Mr. Sullivan was enthusiastically applauded. At the close of his address Miss Lorette A. Barr sang in Gaelic "The Wearing of the Green." Hon. Frank J. Murasky spoke briefly on the "Celtic Tongue," expressing his firm belief that the Irish language would live long and serve as the means of binding together the Irish people.

DR. HYDE BRINGS THE MESSAGE FROM IRELAND

Then came Dr. Douglas Hyde, the man from whom the audience was anxious to hear the message brought from their native land. He was introduced by Mr. Sullivan. His voice was in rare form. Every word could be distinctly heard in all parts of the great house. He spoke with all the earnestness which has marked his character and his life's work in Ireland and America. He was continually interrupted by bursts of applause. The audience seemed eager to grasp the full meaning of every sentence that he uttered. When he rose to his tip-toes and, dramatically shaking his long right arm, declared, "The gulf of annexation is but the gulf of national extinction," his hearers rose in a body to their feet and cried out their approval of his sentiment

Dr. Hyde reviewed the conditions of life and industry in Ireland to-day, pointing out with satisfaction the growing spirit of nationality among the people there. He stated that he had recently heard that the emigration from Ireland had begun to decrease for the first time in many years.

Midst the tremendous applause following Dr. Hyde's close it was made known that Hon. Frank J. Sullivan had contributed $1200 to the cause which Dr. Hyde represents. Joseph H. Tobin gave $500. Many other contributions were promised.

After speaking for some minutes in Irish Dr. Hyde turned and said:

"Now, Mr. Chairman, don't be alarmed. I am not going to speak in Irish all night, and yet when I was leaving Ireland a friend said to me, 'Now, whatever you do when you go to the United States, take care not to be intelligible, because, remember that to be intelligible is to be found out.' But, ladies and gentlemen, I came to the United States only to be found out, and I tell you this—that the more you find out about the Gaelic League the better you will like it.

"It is a great pleasure to me to be standing to-night upon the brink of the Pacific Ocean and to find myself surrounded by men of Irish blood, as great and as warm-hearted as the very best that I have met with in any quarter of America—and I have now visited some forty cities—and I desire on behalf of the Irish Ireland which I left behind to express my deepest gratitude to you all—to our chairman of this evening for his unwearied labors in our cause, to the Archbishops for their noble sympathy and support; to Mr. Phelan, patron of art and literature, whose broad culture has seen at a glance the significance of our great movement; to Father Yorke, whose speech in Ireland half a dozen years ago was a decisive factor in the turning of the Irish tide; to the men who made the funeral of my dear friend and fellow worker, Father O'Growney, one of the most striking demonstrations that ever took place in Ireland, and to you, one and all, who have come to hearten us and help us in our task of creating a new nation.

"I am not exaggerating when I say that I look upon the moral support of the Irish in America to be the most valuable asset that the Gaelic League at home could have, because every man and woman in Ireland to-day has a relative—many of them have a dozen relatives—here in the United States, and the immense reflex influence which you here in America can wield if you wish to wield it upon Irish opinion is, in my opinion, of more importance for us to possess ourselves of than any other asset whatsoever. I would sooner have the moral support of the Irish in America than a quarter of a million of dollars poured into the Gaelic League to-morrow.

"I am here to-day to explain to you the life and death struggle upon which we are engaged in Ireland. I see that the papers say that this is the last grand struggle of the Irish race to preserve their language. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, it is ten times, it is a hundred times, it is a thousand times more far-reaching than that! It is the last possible life and death struggle of the Irish race to preserve not their own language, but their national identity.

"We have now opened the eyes of the Irish race to the awful yawning chasm which gaped beneath us, over which a single false footstep would have taken us—the awful chasm of Anglicization, which, believe me, is only another name for national extinction, and when you in America understand that—and I shall fail in my mission to-day if I don't make you understand it—then I know you will join us in saying to the devouring demon of Anglicization, whose foul and gluttonous jaws have swallowed everything that was hereditary, natural, instinctive, ancient, intellectual and noble in our Irish people—our language, our songs, our industries, our music, our dances and our pastimes—I know and say that you will plant your feet firmly and you will say with us: 'Back, demon, back! Not one other mouthful of the heritage of Irish nationhood shall you swallow again forever!'

DECLARES MOVEMENT IS NOT OF FADDISTS

"The movement on which we are engaged to-day is not the movement of a few faddists. It was thought to be so. That time has long gone by. So far is our movement from being a movement of insignificant faddists that papers in Dublin, which are at daggers drawn among themselves, are at one in championing our cause. Churchmen like the Archbishop of Dublin and the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh are at one with us; even the organ of the independent Orangemen, who seceded from the main body, said the other day, before I left Ireland, that it was a movement which no Orangeman or Protestant need be ashamed to join. The Protestant Bishop of Clougher at a church conference spoke to the Northern Protestants most sympathetically about us, only the other day. The leader of the Irish Parliamentary party has himself on many occasions spoken of the importance of our work if even a shred of our nationality is to be preserved, and, what is better, his own children are learning Irish. Just as a straw will show the way the wind blows, so one incident will give you an idea how things are going.

"One of the most remarkable of the straws I saw borne on the Irish wind was one of our Gaelic League Feislanna or festivals held in August at a place where you know the River Bann runs into the sea, Toome Bridge, that for generations upon generations had been the battleground of Catholic and Orangeman; and what do we find? Here was a place where for 100 years Catholic and Protestant had fought out their battles with sticks and with stones, with flails and with scythes, and with every weapon they could lay their hands on, yet what do we find? Under our aegis Catholic and Orangeman came into that place in a spirit of brotherhood unexampled in that part of the world ever before, and I could not tell which was the most numerous at it. They mingled from early morning until dark night, and parted without a single word being spoken in anger or a single blow struck. And what we did there we did in the glens of Antrim and in a dozen other places in the 'black North.' We are like the white dove of peace passing over the land and obliterating the old feuds and hatred and black, bad blood of the country.

"So you see that we are no clique, we are no faction, we are no party. We are above and beyond all politics, all parties and all factions; offending nobody—except the anti-Irishman, Mr. Chairman—we stand immovable upon the bedrock of the doctrine of true Irish nationhood—an Ireland self-centered, self-sufficing, self-supporting, self-reliant; an Ireland speaking its own language, thinking its own thoughts, writing its own books, singing its own songs, playing its own games, weaving its own coats, wearing its own hats, making its own hats, and going for nothing outside of the four shores of Ireland that can possibly be procured inside them.

"The Gaelic League is founded not upon hatred of England, but upon love of Ireland. Hatred is a negative passion; it is powerful—oh! so powerful—for tearing down, for destroying; but upon hatred you cannot build up even the size of a thraneen—a very powerful destroyer, but it is useless for building up. Love, on the other hand, is like faith; it can remove mountains; and, faith, we have mountains to remove, and we have removed them.

"The philosophy of the Gaelic League is this: That Irishmen cannot compete with England in the things that come naturally to England and that come unnaturally to us. We cannot, for instance—well, we cannot play cricket as well as the Englishmen. Ah, but sure, we can beat them blind at hurling. Upon our clay floors we cannot dance the waltzes as gracefully; but, sure, we can smash them at a jig or a reel. We cannot sing 'Johnny, Get Your 'Air Cut' in the proper Coster pronunciation and music hall accent, but I defy an Englishman to whistle 'Maidrin Ruadh.' In one word, we aim at the de-Anglicization of Ireland.

DEFENDS HIS USE OF "DE-ANGLICIZATION"

"Now it has been objected to me that that word, which I coined long ago for want of a better—de-Anglicization—contained in it something harsh, something virulent, something rebellious, something anti-English, and that it was calculated to alienate the good will of many people who would otherwise be our supporters; and as that may possibly be so, and especially in a cosmopolitan city like San Francisco, I desire to say, to set myself right before I go any farther, that any ladies and gentlemen of English sympathies who may be here to-day—I desire to say that I honor and respect everything that is good in the great English race. I yield to no man in my appreciation of their perseverance, their business faculties, their practical qualities. They have colonized many countries; they have called into existence scores of great cities; factories, where the unceasing roar and hum of production are never silent. Theirs are the harbors thronged with their forests of masts; theirs, preeminently are the mart and the counting-house and the mercantile navy of the world; wealth, power and the teeming fruits of industry are theirs; and those are things that mankind, in every age and every race, have, rightly or wrongly—and, upon my word, I think very often wrongly—conspired to reverence and admire. Yes, while England can point to such advantages as these, she may laugh at those who would belittle her; for in the history of the world she has made her mark deeply. Her enemies may hate her—they do hate her—but they cannot despise!

"And yet, and yet, there exists there at her very doors an ancient nation whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less to the roar of traffic; whose mills are silent; whose factories are fallen; whose priceless harbors are deserted; whose very fields are studded only with ruined gables, memories of the past, and yet, around that nation, morality of life, purity of sentiment, unswerving devotion to faith, and to fatherland, have shed a halo in the eyes of Europe that is all its own. It is a halo, too, that is unstained by oppression of any man, untarnished by avarice of anything, and undimmed by murder.

"Well, the characteristics of this Irish race of ours are rather lightness, brightness, wit, fluency and an artistic temperament. The characteristics of the Teutonic race are an intense business faculty, perseverance and steadiness in details; and in America you have elicited a magnificent blend of both qualities in that free and noble race whose sons or whose adopted sons and daughters I see before me to-day. But mark this: neither race can, with any success whatsoever cut itself adrift from its own past and threw itself in imitation of the other into habits of life and thought and manners into which God never intended to be thrown.

"But, alas! that is the very thing which the Irish race at home and abroad, dazzled by the material prosperity of the great country to which we are tied—many of them unwillingly tied—that is, I say, the very thing that the Irish race have been doing. This folly, this madness, this suicidal mania (for I cannot call it anything else) of rushing to adopt pell-mell and indiscriminately everything that is English, not because it is good, but because it is English, has been bad for all parties. It has been bad for Irish Nationalists; it has been equally bad for Irish Unionists. It has been bad for our own country, and it has been equally bad for the country with which we are connected. The more divergence of thought and genius, of natural aptitudes, the better; because, I tell you, there is an individuality in nationalities exactly as there is in persons—and to attempt to mold or crush everything into one particular type has invariably been fatal to the people that attempted it.

DROPS BACK AMONG THE LEAST LEARNED

"In our case, gentlemen, that attempt has been disastrous. If you take a birds-eye view of Ireland to-day and compare it with what it was you must be struck by the fact that the nation which was at one time the most classically learned and cultured nation in Europe is now one of the least so—how a nation which was one of the most reading and literary peoples in the world is now one of the least reading and most unliterary, and how the art products of one of the quickest, most sensitive, and most artistic of all populations are now distinguished only by their hideousness!

"One great cause of this ghastly failure may be summed up in a word; we have ceased to be Irish without becoming English. It is to this cause that I attribute more than to anything else our awful emigration and impoverishment. Irishmen leave Ireland to-day because they have ceased to feel that they have a country. They will not accept England as their country, and yet in the Ireland that the Gaelic League found before it there was nothing to suggest to them anything else than an imitation England, and the public mind had become hopelessly confused and Irishmen had no standard to live by and they emigrated in their thousands.

"I want to show you to-day hard facts; I want to show you that in Anglicizing ourselves wholesale we have thrown away with a light heart the best claim, the only true claim, that we can make upon the world's recognition of us as a separate nationality. What did Mazzini say? What is Goldwin Smith, back there in Canada, never tired of declaring? What does the Spectator and the Saturday Review, the English Times harp upon in every issue almost? Why, that we should be content in Ireland to become a big English county, because we have lost the notes and marks of our nationhood, our language and our customs.

"What is the answer to that? Have you any answer for it? I declare to God I see no answer to it except to take to our bosoms again the things that we have discarded, our language and our customs, and to build up out of them an Irish nationhood upon Irish lines!

"I cannot understand for the life of me how it is that Irish sentiment sticks in a kind of half-way house. Why does it continue to say it hates the English and at the same time continue to imitate them? Why does it clamor for recognition, noisily clamor for recognition as a separate nationality, when at the same time it throws away with both hands the only things that would make it so? Why, if Irishmen only went a little further, they would become very good Englishmen in sentiment also. And yet, whether we regret it or not—some of us regret it, others don't—but whether we regret it or not, the fact remains that the very people that adopt English habits and copy the English in every way—the people who would blush if overheard talking a word of Irish, who send their boys to English schools and their girls to English convents to learn to talk with a nice English accent, don't you know, who call their sons Ferdinand Aloysius and their daughters Victoria Amelia, and who have not an Irish book in their house—nevertheless still continue to talk of their oppressed country and to sing 'Paddies Evermore' and 'The Green Above the Red,' and if I were to plant a Union Jack over their houses they would brain me with a lump of stone.

"And, strange as it may appear, I see no signs at all of their thinking any way differently, and it is perfectly certain to my mind—whether we like it or don't like it—that so long as England refuses Irishmen the right to govern themselves, so long they will continue to dislike her, and movements like Young Irelandism and Fenianism and Land Leagueism and Parliamentary obstruction—all those things which crop up time and again, will gain their adhesion and support, at least so far as the ballot box is concerned. And that is why I say, since they won't become proper Englishmen, then let them become proper Irishmen; and that since they won't become the one thing, Englishmen in sentiment, then, in God's name, let them become the other thing—let them come in with us and build up an Irish Ireland!

NO PROSPERITY UNDER THE RULE OF ENGLAND

"Now if you say that Ireland has not prospered under English rule, why it is only a truism. All the world admits it. England itself does not deny it. But, of course, the English retort is ready: 'You did not come in like the Scotch and form part of the empire.'

"'Twenty years of good grandfatherly government,' said a late well-known Prime Minister, 'will solve the Irish question.' Well, I think the gentleman made the time a little too short. But suppose now, with me to-day, suppose—a thing that is impossible—that a series of Oliver Cromwells were to arise in England—not for a space of twenty years, but for a space of one hundred years—able administrators of the empire, careful rulers of Ireland, developing to the utmost our national resources, while they unremittingly stamped out every spark of the national feeling, leaving Ireland a land of wealth and factories; leaving us after a hundred years of good government, fat, wealthy, populous, prosperous, but with all our characteristics gone; with every external that differentiated us from them lost or dropped; our Irish names of people and places changed into English ones; the Irish language completely extinct; the O's and the Mac's dropped; our Irish intonation changed by English schoolmasters into something English; the names of our rebels and our martyrs blotted out; our battlefields and traditions forgotten; the fact that we were not of Anglo-Saxon origin dropped out of mind and memory—and now let me put the question to you: How many Irishmen are there who would accept material prosperity at such a price as that?

"It is exactly such a question and the answer that you gave me to it that mark the difference between the two races, a difference as wide as the grave; for I believe that nine Englishmen out of ten would jump to accept it, and I equally believe that nine Irishmen out of ten would indignantly refuse it.

"Well, that Anglicization that I pictured to you had everywhere eaten like a disease through Ireland. Nobody noticed it; nobody was told of it; but when Irishmen know, then Irish sentiment becomes a power in the land and refuses indignantly to relinquish its birthright. Ah, but the Irish had forgotten the fact that they had a birthright at all. That is the truth of the matter. They had forgotten that they were Irishmen in any sense of the word. The old race, the Mac's and the O's and those who should have Mac's and O's before their names—those are the descendants of the men who Christianized and who civilized Western Europe, the descendants of the men who for three centuries, amid the horror and the darkness and confusion of the Middle Ages held aloft the torch of learning and of piety unto every race of mankind. They are the men, Mr. Chairman, who now for the first time since the battle of the Boyne, have been appealed to through their Milesian instincts, and people marveled that it brought about this great change in Ireland; but I tell you it is because the men who were crushed at the battle of the Boyne have been appealed to through their racial instincts by the Gaelic League, and you see the old Irish race rising on its feet to accept the new doctrines, over new and over old.

"Those are the men of whom our farmers and our artisans and our shopkeepers consist, and in whose hands is to-day the making or the marring of the Irish nation. But they are just on the point of recovering the possession of their own land, and their sons and daughters, please God, will have it after them, and it is now more necessary than at any time before for these men to decide what they will be. On this side, an Irish nation built up again as it is being built up within our own recollection; on the other side, an imitation England.

MUST MAKE BRICKS TO BUILD A NEW NATION

"When the Gaelic League started up we found that these men were losing everything that connected them with the Christianizers of Europe, that connected them with the era of Cuchullain and Oisin; that connected them with Brian Boroishe and the heroes of Clontarf; that connected them with the O'Neills and the O'Donnells; that connected them with Rory O'Moore and the Wild Goose; aye, and that connected them ever with the men of '96. They had lost all that those others had, language, traditions, music, genius and ideas; and now, just at the moment when we are becoming masters again of our own land, we find ourselves despoiled and robbed of the old bricks of our nationality, and we must set to work to make new bricks out of new clay, in a new brick kiln, to build a new nation with.

"Do you believe in burning new bricks of new clay for the old Irish house? I do not believe in it. I believe in going here and there throughout the entire island and gathering together carefully, carefully every relic and atom of the past upon which we can lay our hands and gathering them together into one great whole, and building them course after course and tier after tier into the temple that shall be raised to the godhead of Irish nationhood.

"The rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth—Maynooth is now, you will be glad to hear, the most Irish spot in Ireland, the rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth synchronized with the decay of Irish Ireland. The Irish race, the fathers of the present race of Irish-Americans, really lived in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly 1800 years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Not only so, but during the whole of the dark penal times they produced among themselves a most vigorous literary development.

"Thomas Davis and the young Irelanders came just at the parting of the ways, when the nation was, as it were, still in a state of flux and capable of being turned either to one side or the other.

"Thomas Davis—that Irishman without fear and without reproach, whose name shall live forever in the grateful hearts of his countrymen—and the young Irelanders generally, produced a new literature throughout the country. It was a literature in which they strove to compete with England herself upon England's own lines. The effect was enormous for a time, but it cannot be said to have been enduring. The fact is that the bark had been so recently stripped off the stem of the Irish tree that this attempt to replace it by a new bark, stuck on, as it were, with English gum and glue and stick-fast, failed to incorporate itself with the ancient stem, and finally fell off from it, as it were, in flakes. Gentlemen, I tell you that English gum and glue and stick-fast are no substitute and never can be a substitute for Irish sap. Fifty years of bitter experience have taught us that the young Ireland heroes did not arrest, and to my thinking could not arrest, the denationalization of Ireland by a literature which, rousing and admirable as it was, was still only a literature written in the English language and largely founded upon English models. Remember, I am not saying one word in disparagement of the young Ireland movement or of the splendid men who created it. If we had been in their place, God knows we might have pursued exactly the same tactics. But I claim that our fifty years of experience should now be made use of and that we go a step farther than they went, and allow the nautral bark, the Gaelic bark, thin though it may be at first and slender though it may be, to grow with the growth of nature upon the trunk of the Irish elm.

"The greatest misfortune that ever befell Ireland has been the loss of her language. I often heard people thank God that if England gave us nothing else, she gave us at least her language. Well, in that way people put a happy face upon it, and have pretended that the Irish language is worth nothing, why have I has no literature. And if the Irish language is worth nothing, why have I met professor after professor from Denmark, from France, from Germany, studying in the mountains of Connacht in order to learn the language that is there banned by the people themselves? And it does possess a literature, or why would a German have calculated that books produced in Irish from the tenth to the seventeenth century and still extant, would fill a thousand octave volumes?

LEAGUE SAVES IRISH RACE FROM EXTINCTION

"Now do not think, please, that I am exaggerating in any way when I say that Ireland was threatened with national extinction if the Gaelic League had not stepped into the breach. I will tell you some instances which first drew my attention to the appalling state of public opinion in the Irish-speaking country. I remember the first thing that opened my eyes was one day that as I was going from the Fair of Puan. I was selling cattle there. I am not ashamed of it; all Irishmen sell cattle when they have them to sell; and very glad to have them. I overtook a young man driving a cow before him and I spoke to the young man in Irish, and as I was speaking in Irish he was answering in English, and at last I said to him, 'Don't you speak Irish?' and what was his answer? 'Well, I declare to God, sir, that neither my father nor my mother has one word of English and still I can't spake and I won't spake Irish.' And I, who had just left Professor Georges Dottin of Brittany, France, and Professor Holger Pedersen of Copenhagen in Denmark and Kuno Meyer of Germany, living on the mountain sides, in the houses of the peasantry to learn to speak the language that this reptile whose father and mother spoke nothing else was discarding—well I am sorry to say I lost my temper. I lost my temper and I stood out from him, and to tell the honest truth, I hit him one kick, and, mind you, it just shows you what the loss of your native language does for you. The poor, unfortunate devil, he didn't have courage enough to turn around and knock me down.

"I remember another day, I was about six miles from my own house passing along the road, when the children came trooping out of what is commonly called a national school, and there was a little 'gossoon' that I was talking Irish to. I had some questions to ask about people in the neighborhood, and as I talked to him in Irish he answered me in English. At last I said to him in Gaelic, 'Don't you speak Irish?' What was the answer? 'And isn't it Irish I am speaking?' 'No, a chuisle,' said I, 'it is not Irish you are speaking.' 'Then this is how I spoke it ever!' says he. That meant that our children, in my opinion the brightest and most intelligent in the world perhaps, were being so miseducated and stunted as far as the Government schools could do it that they did not know that I was speaking to them in one language and they were answering me in another. That is what passed for Government education in Ireland; but it won't pass in future for Government education, or for any kind of education. We have killed it.

"I remember another day, in the county of Sligo—the first of these instances happened in Galway, the second in Mayo and this is in Sligo. I went into a house to wait for a train, and there was a pretty little girl at the fireside, and I sat down on a 'creepy' stool and began to talk to her, and after her first shyness she began talking Irish very nicely to me and we were having a pleasant conversation when a dirty little unwashed, red-headed brother stuck in his nose out of a door and he cocked his nose at her and said (imitating): 'Now, Mary, and isn't that a great credit for ye to be spakin' Irish to the gintleman?' And not a word could I get out of Mary from that time on. You laugh, gentlemen, and, God forgive me, I laughed, too; but when I went home and thought over it I swear to you that I cried, because I saw in that little incident, which I knew so well would be repeating itself at every fireside in the country—I saw, I say, the tragedy of a nation in a nutshell.

"Now, look what you gain by snuffing out the Irish language. I passed through the County Galway a few months ago and I came across a man who could neither read nor write nor speak English. An ordinary English tourist would put that man down as a mere brute. But what a mind that man had! What a memory! What a wealth of song! What a fund of story! What a variety of information! I wrote down from him at one sitting an Ossianic poem of four hundred lines never before printed or heard of! He had a marvelous fund of folktale, remainders of Ossianic lays, of religious poems, of songs, aphorisms, proverbs—in a word, he had everything that could go to enrich the mind and the moral nature; and all that must die with him! And what were we going to replace it with in his son? We were going to replace it with the Third Reading Book of the national schools, and I would as soon have a lump of ashes choked down my throat as the Third Reading Book of the national schools.

GAELIC LEAGUE WANTS A RECONSTRUCTION

"Now the Gaelic League is engaged on a grand reconstructive policy, the policy of creating a new nation upon the old lines, and before we can build up it is necessary for us to place our finger on the blots.

"Well, first, there is the language question, of which I have spoken. But a number of other things hang upon that language question. And first, strangely enough, comes the question of our own names. It has always seemed to me that a man's own name is part and parcel of himself. I am quite sure that if you changed my name to-morrow I would feel that I was changed myself; I would not understand it. And yet within the last sixty or seventy years Irishmen, undergoing this awful process of national extinction, have been greedy to change their honorable, ancient, proud Milesian names into some abominable monosyllable because it sounded like something English. The O'Connors (they were the Kings of Connacht) were becoming Conyers, the McCarthys (Kings of Munster), Carters; the O'Donnells (Princes of Tir-Connell) called themselves Daniels, the O'Sullivans (lords of the south) called themselves Sylvanus, but not, I think, in America, for I have met more O'Sullivans since I came out here than ever I met at home.

"I remember Daniel O'Connell once at a great mass meeting. He spoke against an opponent of his, Lord Chancellor Sugden. 'Why,' said O'Connell in his best O'Connellite manner, 'you wouldn't call a decent pig Sugden,' and yet he never uttered one word of remonstrance when he saw the O'Lahiffs, the O'Brollahans and the McRorys changing their names before his very eyes into Guthriss, Bradleys and Rogers. And the melancholy part of it all was that not one single word of warning was ever addressed to the Irish race by their public men, or by their papers, to put a stop to this colossal attempt at vulgarity and degradation until we arose to-day at the eleventh hour. Look at our Christian names. I would have thought the names that were good enough for my grandfather and great-grandfather before me should be good enough for me. Where are our magnificent names of men and boys, Cathair and Domhnal and Angus and Fergus and Cormac and Diarmuid and so forth. Where do you meet those names now? The man that you call Diarmuid when you speak Irish, an anti-Irish degrading custom, begot by slavery, propagated by cringing and fostered by flunkeyism, forces you to call Jeremiah, Jer-am-i-ah. Where are our beautiful female names, Nora and Una and Eibhlin and Moirin, Mere, Sheela, Eify and the rest? Where are they? A woman said to me not long ago, 'God forbid,' said she, poor thing, 'God forbid that I should handicap my child in life by calling her Bridget!' She was wrong! She did handicap the child in life, but it was when she taught her to be ashamed of the patron saint of her own country. There are ten, twenty thousand honest Irish girls whose mothers christened them Bridget at home, who, the moment they touch American soil, will tell you that their names are Bride and Bridie and Delia and Bedelia. The Irish are to-day wealthy enough, powerful enough and respectable enough to restore the name Bridget and make it creditable again if they wish to. It only conveys a stigma because the wealthy Irish boycott it. The spirit of Irish nationality as it speaks through the Gaelic League will never be appeased so long as our boys are called Daniel and Jeremiah instead of Domhnall and Diarmuid, and our girls Helen and Julia instead of Eibhlin and Sidhle.

BAGPIPES AND VIOLIN ARE NO LONGER HEARD

Take our music. After all, the bagpipes, though you may not love its sound, was an artistic instrument; no man but an artist could play upon it. The violin is an artistic instrument; no man without a soft touch, a fine ear and artistic feeling can play upon the violin. The violin and the bagpipes were in every parish when I was young. Where are they to-day? What has taken their place? What grand artistic instruments have taken the place of the bagpipes and the violin? Here they are (imitates the playing of the accordeon and concertina) or, if it isn't that, then this has taken its place (imitates the motion of playing the hand-organ). That is called, I suppose, an Irish nation. Ah! where is the venerable custodian of Ireland's song and music, the man I knew when I was young—the man who always commanded a welcome at the peasant's fireside as he trudged through the bogs and over the mountains and through the woods of the country? He sleeps with his green bag beside him under the green sward. In his place have come upon the village stage that quintessence of all vulgarity and abomination known throughout the world as 'the stage Irishman.' Gentlemen, your action in dealing with that monster in San Francisco, in Butte the other day, and in other places, gave as a greater gratification and impressed upon me the imperishability of Irish character, and the possibility of welding our race together, more than any other thing I remember reading in the American papers.

"Well, I said at the outset that I would have failed in my mission to-day if I did not convince you that Ireland was really threatened with national extinction in the most far-reaching and vital sense of the word; and I think I have shown you that it was. I said I would put my finger on the blots, and now you will ask me what have we done to fill them. I will tell you. A dozen years ago Irish was taught in less than a dozen schools. Six years ago it was taught in 105 schools; to-day it is taught more or less in something over 3000 of the 6000 schools of Ireland. Between public and parochial schools, between colleges and convents, there cannot be less than a quarter of a million people now studying to read and write the language. Six years ago, in intermediate education, only 200 pupils passed in Irish; last year over 2000.

"Six years ago no stranger coming to Ireland would have seen anything to tell him that he was not in a big, vulgarized English county. Now, in many of the larger towns, and in Dublin, the capital, you see the names of the streets put up, and the names of the roads, and the names of the towns printed in Irish capitals at the corner of the streets, and the stranger when he looks around—why he knows that he is not in England. Six years ago scarcely a paper printed a word of our language. Now all the national daily papers and very many of

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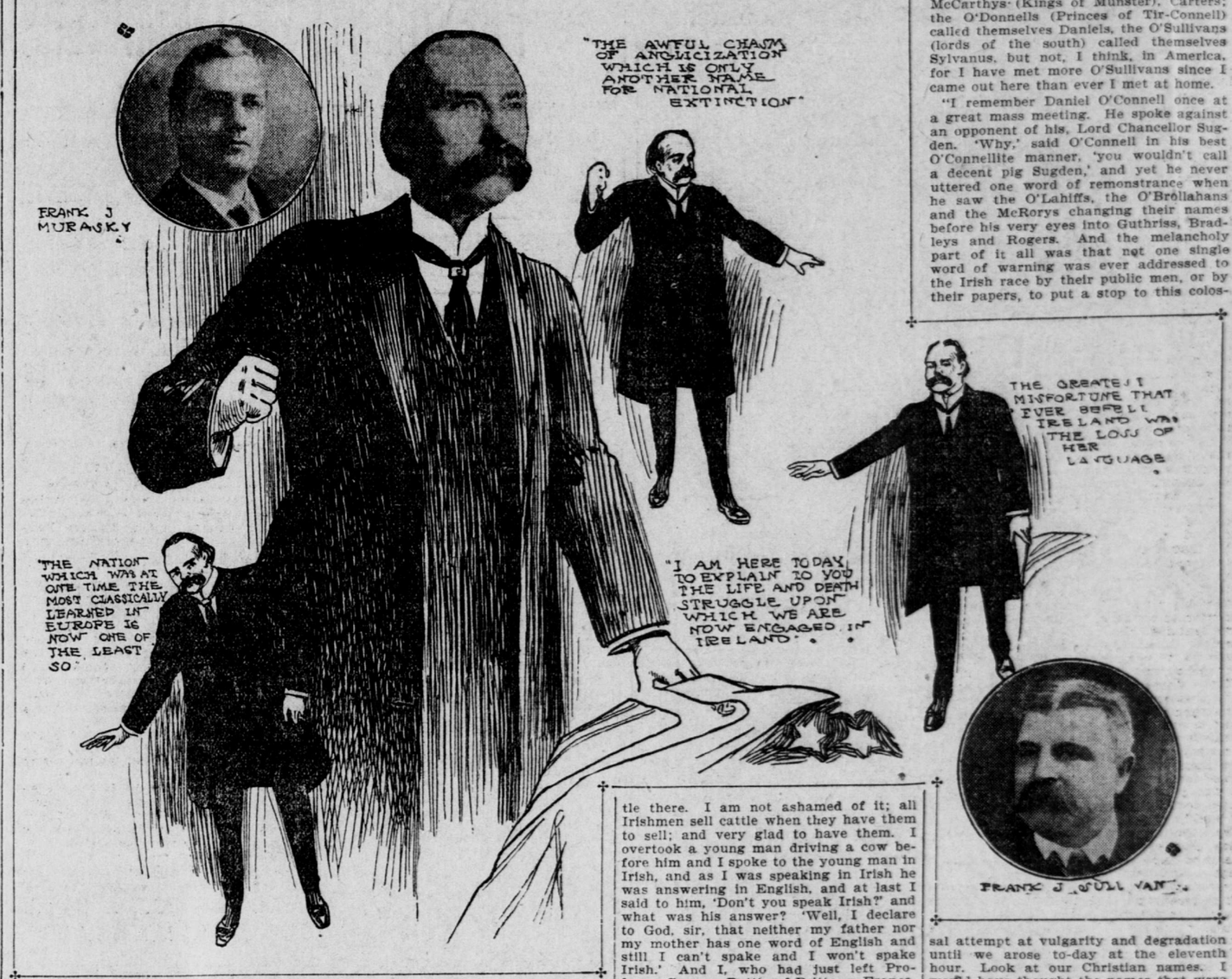

EMINENT IRISHMAN ADDRESSING THE GREAT GATHERING AT THE TIVOLI IN THE INTEREST OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE, AND TWO LOCAL MEN WHO SPOKE, GIVING ASSURANCE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S SUPPORT.