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Compliments of A. Shuman

MEMORIAL

OF

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

PRESS OF
Municipal Printing Office
BOSTON



John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
EXERCISES AT THE DEDICATION
AND PRESENTATION
TO THE CITY OF BOSTON
OF THE
O'REILLY MONUMENT

JUNE 20, 1896



BOSTON
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL *C*
1897

54027

MEMORIAL MEETINGS

City of Boston.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, April 1, 1897.

Ordered, That the clerk of Committees, under the direction of the Committee on Printing, be directed to prepare and publish an edition of twenty-five hundred cloth bound copies of a volume containing an account of the memorial services at the unveiling and presentation to the city of the John Boyle O'Reilly Monument, the expense attending the same to be charged to the appropriation for City Council Incidental Expenses.

Passed. Sent up for concurrence.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, April 5, 1897.

Concurred. Approved by the Mayor, April 7, 1897.

A true copy.

Attest:

JOHN M. GALVIN,
City Clerk.

MEMORIAL MEETINGS.

The citizens of Boston wishing to give some adequate expression to the sense of public loss sustained in the death of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY held a Memorial Meeting in Tremont Temple on the evening of Sept. 2, 1890. So large was the assemblage that thousands were unable to obtain admission to the hall. It was a typical gathering of the people of all classes whom JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY had loved and loyally served.

The prominent citizens present on the platform included the rectors of all the city churches, and many priests,—personal friends,—from out of town. There were also the Presidents of the St. Botolph Club, the Papyrus Club, the Catholic Union, the Charitable Irish Society, the Boston Athletic Association, many prominent state and city officials, and representative citizens.

Mayor THOMAS N. HART, called the meeting to order and presented the Chairman, HON. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY, who opened the meeting with a touching and eloquent address. Notable speeches followed by the Rt. Rev. William Byrne, D.D., V.G., Col. Charles H. Taylor, Gen. B. F. Butler, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, President E. H. Capen, of Tuft's College, Mr. Edwin G. Walker, and Hon. P. A. Collins.

Mr. HENRY M. ROGERS then introduced the following resolutions:—

“The citizens of Boston, in tender memory of their fellow-citizen, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, and in recognition of the

loss they have sustained, have assembled on this 2d day of September, 1890, to give expression to their appreciation of his character.

“They are grateful, first of all, that he was their fellow-citizen; that he was one with them in thought and feeling; that he strove with them for the welfare and prosperity of the City of Boston, which he loved as they love it.

“Holding no public office, and wishing none, he exemplified the influence of the good citizen, who is earnest in well-doing, and who is actuated only by the desire to serve his kind. His loss to this city will be felt in every good work, in every field of usefulness.

“While they recognize their loss of his association with them as a fellow-citizen and friend, they fully appreciate that he was a man of too wide sympathies and too generous humanity to be restricted within the limits of any city. As a patriot, he had suffered for the country of his birth, and so lovers of liberty throughout the world hail him and claim him as their brother.

“As a poet, he had sung songs that had won the hearts of men and turned their thoughts upward, always toward a higher reach for humanity, and the sick, the suffering and the oppressed, the down-trodden, and those who had grown faint hearted, took new life and new courage from his words, and to-day claim their brotherhood with him.

“As an orator, who found his eloquence in his own heart, and who poured it out because of the deep well from which his inspiration was drawn, he is claimed by all champions of humanity, by all lovers of their kind.

“As a journalist, strong in his own convictions, yet recognizing that not what a man says, but what he is, is the true test, he drew nearer and nearer, as his years went on, to that broadest plane, where duty to his God and to his fellow-men,

not pride of opinion, nor pride of statement, takes the first place. His fellow-journalists saw this, and they too claim kindred with him.

“As a man, he strove for humanity with earnest and unfaltering trust, believing that out of his manhood man’s redemption out of God would come.

“And so in the minds of his fellow-citizens he stands as the type of young, strong, vigorous manhood, — an inspiration and an encouragement.

“Wherever man recognizes manhood, wherever doubt and distrust come between man and his ideal, the enthusiasm, the virility and the faith of JOHN BOYLE O’REILLY in his fellow-man may be remembered, and doubt and distrust will give way, and man everywhere lay claim to him.

“His fellow-citizens in loving remembrance bear testimony to his worth, and record their admiration for his character.”

The immense meeting was then closed by the unanimous adoption of the following resolution, the motion being made by Hon. THOMAS J. GARGAN. “Resolved: That Col. Charles H. Taylor, President of the Press Club, Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of St. Botolph Club, Robert F. Clark, President of the Boston Athletic Association, James Jeffrey Roche, President of the Papyrus Club, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, president of the Catholic Union, Gen. Michael T. Donahue, President of the Charitable Irish Society, the Very Rev. William Byrne, V.G., Mr. Arthur H. Dodd, Mr. Edgar Parker, Mr. Asa P. Potter, Mr. A. Shuman, Mr. Richard F. Tobin, Mr. Edward A. Moseley, Dr. James A. McDonald, Mr. Harry A. McGlenen, Dr. Francis A. Harris, Mr. John J. Hayes, Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Hon. Thomas J. Gargan and Hon. P. A. Collins, be appointed a Committee, with full power to receive all subscriptions that may be offered and use the same in the erection of a public

Memorial or Memorials, in honor of the late JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY; said Committee may have power to add to their number and fill all vacancies."

Following the example of the great Boston meeting, large memorial meetings were held all over the country in such cities as Providence, R.I.; Chicago, Ill.; Lawrence, Mass.; Manchester, N.H.; Medford, Mass.; Westboro, Mass.; Worcester, Mass.; Milford, Mass.; Omaha, Neb.; Boston, Mass.; Lowell, Mass.; New York City; Lewiston, Me.; South Boston, Mass.; Cambridge, Mass.; Waltham, Mass.; Washington, D.C.; Watertown, Mass.; Ovid, N.Y.; Middletown, Conn.; New Bedford, Mass.; Natick, Mass.

The memorial meeting in Worcester on August 26 was a notable gathering. Mechanics Hall was filled to its utmost limit. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Griffin, the chairman, opened the meeting, and after reading a letter from Senator George F. Hoar, introduced the Hon. John E. Russell, who made an impressive address, followed by a generous tribute from the Rev. W. H. Thomas. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty delivered a brilliant oration, which moved the great audience to enthusiasm. He was followed by Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, and the meeting closed with resolutions similar to those of the Boston meeting.

At a similar meeting in Lowell, on September 7, Mayor Palmer presided, and Governor Brackett, General Butler, Philip J. Farley and Rev. D. M. Burns made addresses.

In New York, on September 8, a vast audience filled the Metropolitan Opera House, — a grand outpouring of the sympathies of the people who mourned the loss of a man of genius. Ex-Judge Edward Brown introduced the presiding officer, Gov. David B. Hill, whose opening address was followed by a masterly oration by Judge James Fitzgerald. General O'Beirne offered the resolutions which closed the meeting.

These meetings were simple and spontaneous outbursts of affection and grief in honor of the dead poet. And as the Boston meeting had closed with a resolution asking for subscriptions to a public memorial to be erected to his memory, so many of these meetings were closed with a similar resolution.

The result both in Boston and elsewhere showed itself in the splendid popular subscriptions which followed and continued to flow in at the call of the Boston committee until the grand memorial in Boston was finally erected.

In Boston the first meeting of the committee appointed at the Boston memorial gathering in Tremont Temple was held on Sept. 15, 1890, in the Parker House. The names of Mr. George H. Babbitt, Rev. Richard Neagle, and Mr. Dominick Toy were unanimously added to the committee. Gen. Francis A. Walker was elected chairman, Gen. M. T. Donahue, secretary, and Mr. Asa Potter, treasurer. The following subscription call was drawn up and adopted:—

To the Public:—

The undersigned, appointed at the public meeting held at Tremont Temple, Boston, September 2, a committee to collect funds for a suitable memorial, or memorials, to the memory of the late JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, respectfully solicit contributions for that purpose, and request that all moneys subscribed, or to be subscribed, in any quarter, be forwarded to the treasurer of the committee. The form of the memorial will not be decided for the present. It will depend largely upon the amount of the subscriptions, and will be determined only after fully weighing and judging all suggestions from subscribers and others. It is our desire that the service imposed upon us be prosecuted as speedily as possible, and we therefore request that all subscriptions be forwarded at once to Asa P. Potter, president Maverick Bank, treasurer.

Signed, Col. Charles H. Taylor, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Robert Clark, James Jeffrey Roche, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Gen. M. T. Donahue, Rev. William Byrne, Arthur H. Dodd, Edgar Parker, Asa P. Potter, A. Shuman, Richard F. Tobin, Edward A. Moseley, Dr. J. A. McDonald, Harry A. McGlenen, Dr. Francis A. Harris, John J. Hayes, George F. Babbitt, Dominick Toy, Rev. Richard Nagle, Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Gen. Patrick A. Collins and Hon. T. J. Gargan.

Before this public call had been made, however, many contributions had been received. From this time on, contributions poured in, ranging from 50 cents to \$500, coming from all classes and conditions of people.

From every State of the Union, from Ireland, the British Provinces, Australia, from well nigh every known country money was received.

One of the most significant and touching contributions to the memorial was the \$5.35 forwarded by the children of the Colored Industrial School of Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

It was pre-eminently a popular subscription and it maintained this character until the subscription lists were closed.

Gen. Francis A. Walker presided at the meeting of the memorial committee, Oct. 16, 1890, Gen. M. T. Donahue acting as secretary. On that date there was about \$5,000 in the hands of Treas. Asa P. Potter.

By Nov. 8, 1890, the fund had passed the \$10,000 mark. By the 1st of May, 1891, it had reached the sum of \$15,000.

What form the memorial should take called forth much discussion. Many were in favor of an alcove in the Public Library devoted to Celtic literature, and called by JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S name. Others proposed a rural

home for destitute Catholic children; but the great majority of the subscribers demanded a public monument, and gave their contributions for a "Statue fund" long before the committee had reached a decision. A statue in some public place in Boston, a place open to all, seemed most becoming as an expression of the love of all.

Finally at a meeting of the Memorial Committee on Oct. 6, 1890, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved: That it is the desire of this Committee to commemorate the life of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY by the erection of a statue, or other monument, in some public place in the City of Boston, and by furnishing an alcove in the Boston Public Library; that for these objects we propose to raise the required fund."

Letters from friends in various parts of the country, tendering assistance and support, were read at the Parker House meeting of the Memorial Committee, Nov. 11, 1890.

By July 11, 1891, the fund had amounted to \$15,805.40.

All was going well with the fund and popular subscriptions were pouring in rapidly, when the announcement was made, early in November, 1891, that the Maverick Bank of which Asa P. Potter was president, and where the Fund was deposited, had failed. The Pilot of Nov. 7, 1891, contained the following editorial article in relation to this failure: —

The Maverick National Bank of Boston, one of the best known financial institutions in the country, closed its doors last Saturday with liabilities of two millions in excess of its assets. This fact has a painful interest for our readers, because the Maverick Bank was the depository of the John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial Fund, to the amount of about \$17,000. The failure may entail a loss of three or four thousand dollars of the fund.

The Committee will at once choose responsible trustees to transfer the deposit to safe hands, and arrange for beginning work on a suitable memorial.

At the meeting of the O'Reilly Memorial Committee immediately following the failure of the Maverick Bank, Mr. A. Shuman was elected Treasurer, and Mr. A. Shuman, Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, and Gen. P. A. Collins were elected Trustees of the Fund.

From the time that the trust fund was placed in the hands of these three trustees, a new life was infused into the movement. Every exertion that could be made in behalf of the fund was put into operation, not only to supply the loss occasioned by the failure of the Maverick Bank, but also to bring the fund up to the required mark of at least \$22,000.

By April 16, 1892, the fund had again reached over \$19,000, and at the suggestion of Mr. A. Shuman a movement was at that time set on foot for the giving of a concert in Boston Theatre in aid of the memorial.

On Sunday evening of May 29, 1892, this concert was held in Boston Theatre, (donated by Mr. Eugene Tompkins for the occasion). It resulted in making the fund richer by the sum of \$3,000, and the full amount needed for the memorial fund was obtained.

This signal success was largely due to the efforts of Mr. A. Shuman, Mr. Alexander Steinert, Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, Mr. Harry A. McGlenen, Mr. John A. O'Shea, and also to the artists who volunteered their services.

With the completion of the fund the Committee accepted for the O'Reilly Memorial the model submitted by Daniel Chester French, and a site and a foundation for the memorial was granted by the City of Boston in the Back Bay Fens.



E. C. SHAW, SCULPTOR

A. Sumner

OPENING EXERCISES

AT THE

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY MEMORIAL
DEDICATION

JUNE 20, 1896



M.T. Callahan, 30 Bromfield St.

*The John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial
Presented to the City of Boston.
Dedicated June twentieth,
Eighteen hundred ninety-six.
Josiah Quincy,
Mayor.*

OPENING EXERCISES.

REMARKS BY MR. A. SHUMAN.

We are gathered here to-day to dedicate a monument to JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,— patriot, poet, nature's nobleman,—a man who possessed within himself those attributes which enabled him to uplift his brother men,—a heart warm and glowing; a brain sympathetic and forceful; a mind pure and undefiled; a sunshiny spirit which radiated harmonious influences; a true character; a rare type of earnest manhood.

It is my duty as Chairman of the Executive Committee to announce, for the General Committee, the completion of their work in the building of the JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY MEMORIAL. These exercises to-day mean to it a rendering of an account of its stewardship to the community, who have so spontaneously contributed to the building fund.

The Committee witnesses to-day with unbounded pleasure the culmination of its six years of continuous, loving labor, which now enables it to relinquish the work which has resulted in this artistic and beautiful creation of the sculptor's skill,— a magnificent monument, which silently and majestically throughout the years to come, will chronicle the life of one whom we meet to-day to honor.

The great public and the friends of the lamented O'Reilly, by popular subscription, have generously given of their means to help establish this testimonial to the place he ever held, and always will hold in their hearts.

The money contributed has come from the rich and the poor alike who loved O'Reilly while living, and forgot not his memory when dead. It is a tribute from the whole people, irrespective of race or creed, in recognition of the manly worth and the broad American spirit which characterized the life of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. The monument will stand as a reminder to future generations that our free land recognizes the worth of her people, no matter under what sky they may first see the light, if they be but true to her.

It will constantly teach the lesson of sincere and steadfast patriotism, speaking as it will in every line and proportion, the words of O'Reilly,—

“The work men do is not their test alone;
The love they win is far the better chart.”

It now devolves upon me to perform the closing duty of my office,—that of presenting the presiding officer. He is a brave and valiant soldier, and has won distinction on the field of battle in defence of our common country. His reputation is not confined to the limits of our own land; he is known, honored and respected in many. When we picture in our minds the soldier, accomplished scholar and true American citizen, we turn to one who in him-

self, combines together these attributes, a man whose name stands among the highest on the roll of Boston's most eminent men — GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER.

ADDRESS OF GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER.

GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER, chairman of the committee, said: —

We are assembled without distinction of race, creed or party, to set up, here in the public parks of Boston, a lasting memorial to one whom Boston has long delighted to honor.

The strong and masterful, yet gracious, tender and fascinating personality of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, his superb physique, his exquisite culture, his fine poetic sensibility, his friendly cordiality, his wit and pathos, his impetuous eloquence, his high soaring aspirations, borne upward on the two strong wings of reason and passion, his enthusiasm of humanity, his romantic career, his sad, early death, made a deep impression on the minds and hearts of his fellow-citizens, which it is the purpose of this monument, the masterpiece of a worthy sculptor and a worthy architect laboring together in warm mutual sympathy, most honorable to American art, to fix forever and make permanent and enduring in the life of our beloved city.

This monument was no cold, late afterthought. Even as the news of O'REILLY'S death spread from man to man in the streets and was flashed to distant places whither his friends had been banished by

summer heats, the thought of a memorial like this mingled in a hundred minds with the first access of grief.

A committee of twenty-four gladly undertook, for their fellow-citizens, the task of raising the funds and making the business arrangements which should give effect to the general wish.

The committee of which the public-spirited gentleman who has just addressed you was, from the first, the moving force and the directing will, have completed their task, and now give account of their stewardship. The artists have done their work and done it nobly.

The municipality, proud of its illustrious poet and patriot, and grieving at his loss, has laid these deep foundations and built strongly up the massive pedestal. It only remains for the appointed officers of this day to utter the words appropriate to the occasion and to dedicate this monument to the perpetual memory of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

SINGING OF AN O'REILLY POEM.

A choir of male voices sang, to music of Fleming, O'REILLY'S poem "Forever."

“Those we love truly never, never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.
Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change:
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

Thank God, thank God, for one dead friend,
 With face still radiant with the light of truth,
 Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth.
 Through twenty years of death."

Then followed the unveiling of the memorial, this interesting act being performed by the poet's youngest daughter, BLANID O'REILLY.

Hon. THOMAS J. GARGAN was then introduced to present the memorial to the city of Boston.

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS J. GARGAN.

MR. GARGAN spoke substantially as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentleman—The large audience assembled here who have rested from their ordinary labors, their faces aglow with love and sympathy, attest and proclaim by their presence that JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY did not wholly die. That you still cherish his memory and that he holds an affectionate place in your hearts. Recalling those beautiful lines of his:

"True singers can never die,
 The singer who lived is always alive,
 We hearken and always here."

It seems but yesterday since he walked the streets of this city which he loved so well. Yet nearly six years have passed since we laid him at rest in yonder rural cemetery.

Eloquent voices have many times since spoken and sung his praises. At a great public meeting held in this city, shortly after his death, he was fittingly

eulogised, and at that meeting it was resolved that his life and services should be still further commemorated. That his fame should not be entrusted to the perishable eloquence of the day, but that he should still be with us in a more enduring form to instruct the generations when all of us shall be mute and most of us forgotten.

As a result of that meeting and the subsequent efforts of his friends and admirers, representing every walk of life, we are assembled to-day in this beautiful month of June to dedicate a memorial to as rare a spirit and as loving and noble a soul as ever dwelt in the habitations of men.

It was my good fortune and peculiar privilege to make his acquaintance almost on his arrival here in Boston; that acquaintance fructified into friendship and ripened into love.

There was a fascination and magnetism about him that no genuine man could resist, his pleasant voice, his winsome way, his great kindness, his manly courage, the honesty of his thought and his truthfulness of soul bound him to you with hooks of steel. You felt that through all his life he tried to make men purer, wiser and better. Humbolt says: "Governments, religion, property, books are nothing, but the scaffolding to build a man, and the finest fruit that earth holds up to its creator is a finished man."

The great poet who had written for all mankind puts these words into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark, when speaking of his royal father;

he does not speak of his exalted position or his kingly prerogatives; he says: "Take him for all and all, this was a man. We ne'er shall look upon his like again." So we say as we look upon the counterfeit presentment of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, brought freshly to our mind by the genius of the sculptor: "This was a man."

Born in Ireland, he so loved his native land that he offered his mortal life as a sacrifice upon the altar of her liberty. Could any man give more? Tried and condemned by English law, he received prison and exile. By the intrepidity of friends and the courage of Captain Hathaway, of a New Bedford whale ship, he escaped from Australia, landed in the United States, and from the very day when his feet touched our shores he entered into the very life of the nation.

Devotedly as he loved the land of his birth, when he became an American citizen he was one in every fibre of his being; he never claimed recognition for anything he did or dared for his native land. He gave his whole thought, his whole mind, all his energies and his splendid talents for his adopted country. One of his expressions was: "We can do Ireland more good by our Americanism than by our Irishism."

He was an enthusiastic advocate of every cause that he believed would help America and American institutions; as he believed in the dignity of manhood so he labored for the elevation of mankind, and he was broad enough and catholic enough to

espouse the cause of all whom he believed were oppressed. His was the truest democracy. He knew neither caste nor color, nor creed nor nationality, as he believed in the brotherhood of man; his great heart embraced in that brotherhood all humanity. What he wrote of Edmund Burke was true of himself:

“Races or sects were to him a profanity:
Hindoo or negro and Celt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity
Large in its record the work he has done.”

We come this day to erect this memorial, not for the dead, but for the living. A monument which in its conception and design is an exquisite piece of sculpture worthy of the genius of Daniel French. A group that a recent writer says will be immortal, and will fittingly adorn this entrance to our public park.

We believe that the feelings and memories here evoked will inspire us to appreciate the lesson which the life of BOYLE O'REILLY teaches.

I beg leave, Mr. Mayor, on behalf of the committee and the thousand of subscribers, to present this memorial to the City of Boston, through you, its chief magistrate, intrusting it to the care and protection of the municipality. It beautifully exemplifies the life and attributes of O'REILLY as a man, a poet, a patriot and a Christian.

We offer this memorial to the City of Boston in the belief that it will prove a striking object lesson.

We trust that those who come here to view this magnificent creation of the genius of the sculptor will recall the life of the Irish exile, who came to this city without friends or influence, with no fortune but his talents, yet by his honesty of purpose, his manly courage, his untiring industry and indomitable perseverance entered into the very heart and life of Boston, winning for himself the respect and admiration of the cultured and holding a place in the hearts of all.

The life of every man or woman who has achieved success or fame is interesting, and teaches a lesson. One of the lessons that his life teaches us is that America is a country of boundless opportunities; that the freedom we enjoy is but an opportunity to make one's self a good, a true, a noble man or woman. We hope that all who come here will profit by the lesson. That the weary and oppressed will feel their burden lightened; that the poor whose friend he was may be comforted; that the exile will learn patience and depart hence with new hope. That the young and ambitious will receive new inspiration from the story of his life, and I believe it will make us all better citizens, better patriots and better men as looking upon his face turned to the sunlight of the morning we recall these opening lines from his poem on the Pilgrim Fathers :

“One righteous word for law—the common will.
One living rule of faith—God regnant still.”

His Honor Mayor Quincy gave a fitting response of acceptance, receiving it under the perpetual care of the municipal authorities.

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY RECEIVES THE MEMORIAL.

He said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Memorial Committee:—

The duty of receiving from you, and accepting on behalf of the City of Boston, this memorial of her adopted son, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, is to me, for many reasons, a most agreeable one.

In the first place, you are adding to the artistic beauty of our city by giving us a finer piece of monumental sculpture than any we now possess. You offer us not dead stone and bronze, but a living work of art, simple and noble in conception, a fitting and appropriate memorial of its subject. The progress of American sculpture here exemplified, the erection of so fine a monument at this gateway of our beautiful park system would give greater satisfaction to no citizen of Boston than to O'REILLY himself, if he were with us today.

But it is not only or even chiefly because this memorial is a work of art that I esteem the privilege of accepting it. It was its existence to the loving remembrance of a man who gained in a remarkable degree the affection, not only of those who came into personal contact with him, but of thousands who only knew him through his writings. It was in no perfunctory spirit of rendering a deserved tribute to



The W. H. Brett Engraving Co. Boston.

Josiah Quincy

departed talent or worth that this monument was conceived, nor is it in any such spirit that it is now dedicated.

It needed no official action, no appropriation of public money to place with the sculptor the commission which he has now executed. The municipality of Boston was not asked to give, only to receive.

O'REILLY belonged to the people, and they have erected this monument to keep alive his memory. Many who can never look upon it, have joined with our citizens in the work of perpetuating his memory as poet, patriot and orator. To each and every one of these subscribers, and particularly to the committee which has had charge of the work, I extend the grateful thanks of the city for this fine and significant gift.

But there is a still deeper reason for a feeling of gratification at the erection of this memorial. Its allegorical character is in harmony with that of its subject. The man who is worthy of remembrance after death must have been something more than an expression of personal character during life. He must have expressed some spirit, some idea, common to the thought of all mankind. O'REILLY was not only a man of strong and marked individuality, he was an embodiment, an expression of the idea of human brotherhood.

It is that fact, I think, which will lend future interest to this memorial, after all of us who knew the man have passed away. He was a type of the genus of a race which has produced more than its share of men of genius.

In his early years a type of the Irish patriot, willing to lay down his life to right the wrongs of his people, he became as we knew him, a typical American citizen, imbued with deep sympathy for our institutions and all that they stand for, understanding even more deeply and fully than it is given to some of those who are born here to understand the spirit and purpose of true American democracy.

Gentlemen of the committee, on behalf of the city of Boston, I now formally and gratefully accept from you, representing thousands of donors, this memorial of the life, the character, the genius of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Through its fine allegorical figures, Patriotism and poesy, though dead, he yet speaketh, and will speak. May it inspire those of our people who are united to him by ties of blood, and have a right to feel a just pride of race in his career, with his unselfish devotion to high ideals.

May it stand here as long as our city shall endure to teach to all future generations of its citizens the lessons to be learned from the life of the proscribed exile who here found freedom and won honor, the typical Irish patriot who here became, lived and died a representative and patriotic American.

Following the formal acceptance of the memorial by Mayor Quincy, a cantata "To the Sons of Art," by Mendelssohn, was sung, solo and chorus of male voices, accompanied by the Symphony orchestra.

O, sons of Art, man's dignity to you is given ;
 Preserve it, man !
 It falls with you ; with you ascends to heaven.
 The hallowed themes
 Of Magian dreams,
 Founded in wisdom's vast creation,
 Gliding like rivers find their ocean ;
 That geat harmonious plan.
 Preserve it man !

Eternal Truth, though oft rejected,
 Exists not ever unprotected ;
 She finds a refuge with the tuneful throng,
 She there appears in all her glory,
 Mighty when veiled in mystic story ;
 She wakes the lay of lofty voices,
 And over all her foes rejoices :
 Her vengeance flashing peals in song.

To your free mother homage render,
 Boldly to gain her height aspire ;
 Enthroned she dwells in radiant splendor,
 No other crown than her's desire.
 While you her thousand paths are tracing,
 Press onward, keeping Truth in sight ;
 Come, all together, stand embracing
 Before the throne where paths unite !

(Translation from Schiller.)

A highly interesting and manifestly popular episode occurred here, when Gen. Walker introduced the Vice-President of the United States, Hon. ADLAI STEVENSON, who was received with great applause. He spoke, in part, as follows:—

In the tender words of my friend, Patrick A. Collins, at the open grave of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY: "Here was a branded outcast some twenty years ago, stranded in a strange land, friendless and penniless, to-day wept for all over the world, where men are free or seeking to be free; for his large heart went out to all in trouble, and his soul was the soul of a freeman; all he had he gave to humanity, and he asked no return."

A nobler tribute was never paid by man to his fellow. No less a splendid tribute to the man than a eulogium that no words can measure upon the free institutions of his adopted country. To the patriot exile America gave glad welcome to her shores, and he became one of her most illustrious citizens. For all that he received he returned an hundred-fold. His was, indeed, a noble soul. He was the poet of two continents, in its highest sense the typical Irish-American.

He pondered deeply upon the oppressions of his countrymen, until the memory of their wrongs became a part of the warp and woof of his daily life. Was it strange, then, that his great heart went out to the humble, the victims of injustice,

the children of misfortune everywhere? He was, indeed the evangel of the gospel of humanity.

Strong men who had never looked upon his face, who had never heard his voice, bowed their heads and wept when it was said "JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY is dead!" Not dead; to such men there is no death —

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Why at such a time, while yet in the noon of life and of his fame, when there was so much in these earnest days for his great heart to feel, and so much for his willing hands to do, he should have been taken, it is not ours to know. In the sublime faith which was his, in the historic words which were his, we can only say "God's holy will be done."

In erecting this monument you honor yourselves. It is well that its approaches are firm and broad, for thither, with the rolling centuries, from all lands will come, as pilgrims to a shrine, those who honor the memory of the patriot, the child of song, the lover of his race, of all races, — JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

[Written for the Dedication of the Memorial.]

“ What pledge of fealty do ye bring,
 Children of Erin, at the gate? ”
 He asked, and answered : Everything
 Best for the building of a State —

Strong arms to delve for nature's wealth
 Stout hearts to bear what fate decrees ;
 The poor man's heritage of health
 And brains unspoiled by slothful ease ;

The new-born joy that captives feel,
 Stepping from darkness into day,
 That bids them face the fire or steel
 If life alone their debt can pay —

All these, the Poet said, they brought,
 Though scant indeed their worldly store,
 Naught saying (for he reckoned naught)
 Of that best gift of all they bore —

The Exile whom no chain could bind,
 Who won his way to freedom's goal,
 Wearing no fetters on his mind,
 No brand of prison on his soul ;

The man of kindly word and deed,
 Who suffered much, forgiving all,
 And questioned not of race or creed
 When duty rang the battle call.



M. F. Callahan 30 Bromfield St.

Jas. Jeffrey Roche.

The walls of caste that are so strong,
 The chains of sect that hold so well —
 Built on the adamant of wrong,
 Forged in the furnace fires of hell.

The insolence of birth; the pride
 Of intellect, God's unearned gift
 To thankless man; vain wealth astride
 Its beggar steed, extolling thrift —

All these he fought, yet held no hate
 For any man, but wrong alone;
 And if this shaft proclaim him great
 It is because love raised the stone.

Not less he loved the new, who saw
 Through tears the sad old mother land;
 An exile's pencil best might draw
 The picture of the pilgrim band.

And if one ask for proof or test
 Of Irish faith, we answer: Lo!
He is the pledge in every breast
 For all that gratitude can owe.

But let the best of him belong
 To all mankind by sorrow tried —
 The brother of the lowly throng,
 The soldier of the weaker side.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, a poetic friend of the deceased, then placed on the bust a laurel wreath, accompanied with the following lines, printed on a white satin ribbon: —

The past is his; the future ours,
And we must learn and teach.
May our records be like his —
A glory, symbolled in a stone.

Then followed the oration of the day, which was delivered by Rev. Dr. Elmer H. Capen, president of Tufts College.

The exercises closed with the singing of "America," in which the audience joined, and benediction by very Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese as follows: "O God, the giver of all good gifts, we thank Thee for the endowments of patriotism, knightly valor, and genius, which Thou didst bestow on Thy servant, and the servant of humanity, whose memory we seek to perpetuate by this monument as a tribute to his worth, a token of our gratitude, and an inspiration to youth; and we pray Thee to continue to bless our country with citizens, native and adopted, of like heroic mould and sterling virtue. We invoke a special benediction on all helpers in this work, and on this assembly. *Benedictio Dei,*" etc.

THE EULOGY

BY

REV. DR. ELMER H. CAPEN

THE EULOGY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born on June 28, 1844, in Dowth Castle, which is situated on the South bank of the river Boyne, in one of the most beautiful and historic spots in all Ireland. The very air of the place is redolent of memories and traditions, associated alike with the glory and the degradation of the Green Island. On his father's side he had behind him a long line of noble and patriotic ancestors. His mother was of like honorable stock. His childhood home was one of refinement and culture. He was well-born, fulfilling Dr. Holmes' condition of a liberal education which must begin with one's grandfather.

Indeed, from the earliest times the O'Reillys had been distinguished not only for their princely blood and high social standing, but for their martial deeds and devotion to their country. In the later generations they have taken to quieter and more studious ways. The father of John Boyle O'Reilly was a scholar and a teacher of youth. Dowth Castle was a school-house, and from his very infancy, therefore, he was a pupil, with his father for a teacher. What wonder that with such surroundings and

under such influences the quick-witted youth, with his ardent temperament and sensitive nature, should have imbibed an intense devotion to his native land?

From the beginning he was fond of out-door sports and of natural scenery. He indulged in all the rough and tumble of boyish life. He romped, hunted, fished and swam in the Boyne, thus laying the foundation of that robust physical constitution which stood him in such stead in after years. It was the exuberance of his spirits that enabled him to put in that store of health which rendered him superior to pestilence and death when others all around him were falling before the insidious poison of malaria or wasting from scant or unwholesome diet. The beauty of the landscape kindled his imagination and appealed to the tenderest sentiments of his soul. The bees, the birds, the flowers, the fields, the running waters, the woods and hills all had a message for him. Those scenes of his youth seemed to be stamped upon his mind like an inefaceable picture. The farther he was removed from them by distance, the more remote from him they were in time, the more vivid they became in his recollection. There is something poetic and yet sad almost to heartbreaking in that earnest request to his friend, Father Conaty, who was visiting Ireland to see where he was born. "It is the loveliest spot in the world. I have not seen it for over twenty-five years, but, oh, God! I would like to see it again. See it for me, will you?"

It may be a question how far external surroundings contribute to the poetic faculty in men. Probably we cannot have strong poetic expression without the poetic temperament to begin with. But given that, the early conditions under which the mind is awakened and receives its first bias are of momentous importance. No one can read critically the writings of Mr. O'Reilly, either his formal verse or his prose, which is oftentimes no less poetical than his verse, without feeling that the inspiration of all is to be found not only in that ardent love of nature which was so early developed in him, but in those scenes of surpassing beauty which made their lasting and irresistible appeal to his youthful imagination. Who that ever listened to his passionate description of his native land, more beautiful in his conception than any other land under the sun; her climate tempered by ocean breezes on every side, her soil fertilized by the clouds from the gulf stream which break and discharge their moisture on every hillside and in every valley, making the land green to the very tops of the mountains; her broad rivers, her rushing brooks and tumbling cataracts, without feeling that it was the boy in him that was speaking, and giving vent to those delightful memories of youth which time can never efface.

His schooling ended when most boys schooling begins, at eleven years of age. Perhaps nothing proclaims more emphatically the quality of his mental endowment. Yet it must be remembered that he went out of school in Dowth Castle to enter the

printing office, that university in which so many men of commanding genius, from Benjamin Franklin to Horace Greeley, have received their introduction to the higher learning. He entered the employ of the Drogheda Argus as an apprentice, where he remained four years. Owing to the death of the proprietor, the term of his apprenticeship was broken. From there he went to Preston, England, where he found service on the Guardian of that city for a period of three years.

The seven years thus spent in the composing room were the quietest years of his life, but from an intellectual point of view they were perhaps the most profitable. They were years of study, of profound reflection and of careful training in the forms of expression. They afforded him an opportunity to become familiar with the history of his country, to acquire a clear preception of the wrongs she had suffered, and to be thrilled with the story of the patriots and heroes who in other times had made the cause of Ireland their own. So that when he was summoned by his father to his native land, he was not only a man grown, robust and healthy, fit for any kind of manly service, but he had a full intellectual equipment, as we are wont to say of the young college graduate, the "complete and generous education," as Milton has so aptly phrased it, "which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

His return to Ireland marked a great crisis in his career. He went back intending to take up the work

of journalism, to which he seems almost to have been predestined, but in reality to enter the Tenth Hussars, a famous regiment of cavalry, stationed then at Drogheda, but subsequently transferred to Dublin. He had all the elements of a good soldier. He was young, good tempered, ardently enthusiastic, intelligent and obedient to discipline. He had also a fine physique, a handsome countenance, and a courage that was absolutely intrepid. That he did make a good soldier was the unanimous testimony of his officers and comrades. Probably there was open to him as brilliant an opportunity as could be open to any young subject of the Queen enlisting in the ranks as a private. He was a subject of Great Britain. His position as a soldier called upon him daily to salute the cross of St. Andrew and St. George. Under that inspiring symbol he was ready to do valiant service wherever the sword of England clashed with the sword of other nations. But he had also the birthright of an Irishman. Like many a loyal subject of George III. in America, a century and a quarter ago, he put the claims of native land above the claims of England. He was a disciple of O'Connell and Emmet. The two hundred and fifty years of England's misrule in Ireland had made their indelible impress upon his soul. Wherever he went, and whatever alliance he formed, the call of his country sounded in his ears with all the sweetness and power of a trumpet, and when she summoned him he must obey, if need be, with his honor and his life.

As he entered the military service in the twentieth year of his age, the great Fenian movement, which had its beginning about the year 1860, and which before it had spent its force shook the British nation from centre to circumference, was just coming to its climax. Before the year 1865 nearly every youth of Irish birth or parentage on both sides of the Atlantic had been swept into this movement. Those who were enlisted in the British service formed no exception. Indeed, it was the aim of the leaders to secure the alliance of the Irish contingent which constituted then nearly one-third of the entire force of the army. Their aim was not merely to sow disaffection in the ranks of the soldiers, but in the armed conflict at which they were aiming, first to produce a great cleavage in the British forces of one-third or one-half of the soldierly, and, secondly, to obtain a body of one hundred thousand men, more or less, who had received martial training, and who might become the nucleus of the army of the Irish republic.

That John Boyle O'Reilly should join this movement, when asked, was as natural as that he should take a swim in the river Boyne on a hot summer's day. He joined it with body and mind and heart and soul. As a boy climbs to some eminence in order to take a more effective "header," so he literally plunged into the great tide of Fenianism and committed himself absolutely and without reserve to the current. I need not rehearse the story. It is known by heart. Fenianism, like many other efforts

for the liberation of Ireland, came to a sad and inglorious end. Its plots were exposed, its leaders arrested, and many of those who had part in it were convicted of treason and doomed to imprisonment or exile.

O'Reilly's turn came with the rest and it is needless to say that he took it as a brave man should, in the spirit of the great Irish patriots who had served as his models of heroism. He knew when his hour was at hand, but he never sought to evade the responsibility. By confession and apology he might, like many another, have secured his liberty. Indeed, the bribe was repeatedly held out to him, but he scorned it, he put it aside, as the temptation of the devil. He had done what he had done, and he was neither ashamed nor sorry for it. He was Ireland's servant, and in her name he was ready to suffer or die.

In this connection, however, I wish to say that his trial was, to my mind, a travesty of justice. It was one of those cases where an accused person is convicted beforehand in the presuppositions of the court. No weakness in the evidence and no defence which the accused could make was of any avail. He was convicted of treason and sentenced to death. The sentence was immediately commuted, however, to twenty years' imprisonment.

What a horrible prospect was that for a young man of twenty-two! All his young manhood blighted! All his youthful hopes and ambitions cast to the winds! He might well have been excused if he had

yielded to the most wretched lamentations of misanthropy and despair. But he did not. He preserved his wonderful buoyancy of spirits in his worst sufferings, rejoicing that he had been transformed from an "English soldier" into an "Irish felon," and even expressing devout gratitude to God that he was counted worthy of the great and enduring fellowship of his country's heroes and martyrs. It was this temper, doubtless, which went far to preserve his health and keep his faculties alert so that when the opportunity of escape finally came he did not fail.

He had his taste of all the different phases of British prison life. At Millbank he underwent solitary confinement of several months, the severest form of punishment known to prison discipline. From Millbank he was transferred to Chatham, where he was put to work in the prison brickyards with common criminals. For attempting to escape from here he was put on bread and water for a month and then removed, first to Portsmouth and afterward to Dartmoor—Dartmoor, the very name of which awakens in the American mind the worst feelings of detestation and resentment. How he survived the harsh treatment, the terrible labor, the wretched fare and the unsanitary conditions of Dartmoor, which is as much a reproach to England as ever the Bastille was to France, or as Siberia is to Russia, only God can tell. Perhaps because he was reserved by God for higher service to the human race.

At all events a change came to him, sooner, no doubt, than he had expected, which he hailed with

almost as much joy as he would have hailed a proclamation of freedom. He was one of those who had been chosen for transportation to Australia. It was little more, perhaps, than the change of one form of hardship for another. But it was at all events a change. Moreover, it gave room for the indulgence of the hope that somehow he would ere long escape from that hateful bondage.

He was not relieved from the hardship of prison life in Australia. But somehow his good nature, the rare charm of his personality, which even his prison garb could not conceal, won the confidence of his keepers, and, notwithstanding his repeated efforts for liberty, procured for him many privileges. These he sought to make use of for the realization of his dream. But his progress was slow, and it was only after what seemed to him an interminable waiting that he fell in with the good priest, Father McCabe, who promised to think out for him a way to freedom. The thrilling story is too long to be told here. Suffice it say that through Father McCabe's gracious instrumentality and the loyal and devoted friends whom he called to his aid, the way was found, not, to be sure, without almost unutterable suffering and many perils of the gravest sort, by which he was at last placed on board an American whaler, and under the Stars and Stripes, bade good-bye forever to the tyranny and woe of English prison life.

Of course, Englishmen say that John Boyle O'Reilly was a traitor, that he had joined and taken the oath of allegiance to a society which menaced

the integrity of the British nation, and that he had entered into a conspiracy to betray the army in whose ranks he was enrolled. Therefore his punishment was merited. There are those outside of England who make the same accusation, who maintain not only that his punishment was deserved, but that in seeking to break away from it he was simply adding to the crimes on account of which he was justly held. This attitude may be expected of an Englishman. It may even be excused in an advocate of monarchical government and an apologist of despotism. But it is a strange position for a free-born American citizen to assume. We say that the struggle which ended in the independence of the colonies, and opened the way for our great and free republic, was just and holy in the sight of God. But in the same sense that John Boyle O'Reilly was a traitor, Sam Adams and John Hancock and George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were traitors. In the language of Edward Everett, "They were rebels, obnoxious to the fate of rebel." England would have decreed a worse punishment for them if she could have captured them than she did to the young Irish Hussar, whose love of native land transcended his allegiance to the Crown of England. In the same way that we would have applauded the escape of one of our revolutionary heroes from the clutches of the enemy, we should welcome O'Reilly fleeing from the hardships of an Australian penal colony.

On the 23d day of November, 1869, he landed in Philadelphia. To the ordinary observer he may have

appeared not much different from the hundreds of thousands of Irish immigrants who had preceded him to these shores. But the resemblance was scarcely more than superficial. To be sure, he was Irish, and had in large measure all the nobler traits for which his race is distinguished. But he was also an American. As Minerva leaped full grown from the head of Jove, so he, in the maturity of his powers, stood up for the first time on American soil an American citizen. His first act was to take out his preliminary papers of naturalization, and swear allegiance to that flag under whose gracious folds he had come from darkness to light. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that his advent was the grandest birth that took place within the limits of the nation during the year 1869. I say this, not merely because he was a man of extraordinary intellectual gifts, or because of the contribution he has made to American letters, but because being imbued with the true spirit of freedom and humanity, he was an interpreter of American ideas and a leader of hosts of men toward the larger conception of civic equality and spiritual emancipation, in which our beloved nationality is to find its perfection and glory.

He came to America a stranger. He hardly suspected that there was a living soul from end to end of this broad land who would take cognizance of his coming. Yet his advent was heralded and waited for. The story of his escape had been told in Ireland and repeated in the American press. He

had already won fame. Fugitive pieces from his pen had found their way through prison bars, and had already caused him to be designated as "the poet." Moreover, he had held a conspicuous place in the Fenian struggle, and though Fenianism had experienced nothing but disaster, the few in America who still ventured to call themselves Fenians, remembered with admiration the brave young soldier who had dared and suffered so much in that lost cause. They received him with cordiality and extended to him such poor hospitality as they could command. In Philadelphia and New York and Boston opportunity was given him to recount his personal experiences, and tell the larger story of the Irish political prisoners. So that to his amazement, no doubt, he found himself among friends. It was as if the old world had journeyed with him, and enabled him to find here under other skies and in very unfamiliar surroundings the Ireland that he loved.

But the old life, however delightful and attractive, was not what he was seeking. He had come hither to begin a new life, to become the centre of a fresh set of influences and to carve out for himself a name and a destiny wholly disconnected with his past. He took up his abode in Boston, where a few congenial spirits gathered around him and never wavered in their affection and devotion so long as he lived. By the same law that in physics a body freely moving in space must always go in the direction of the least resistance, he gravitated to journalism. He found the work for which he was

born, and the work found the man for whom work always waits. From the hour that he took his seat in the editorial chair of *The Pilot* he became one of the great forces for the moulding of public opinion. He wielded for twenty years an influence scarcely surpassed by any of the great journalists, religious or secular, on either side of the ocean. Surely that were glory enough in itself. If he had done nothing else to win the admiration of the world and compel the gratitude of mankind, this were sufficient. For this alone we might well indulge in imposing memorial rites, inscribe his name on enduring bronze and place his monument in the busy streets of the city in which his task was done.

Journalism, however, was his vocation. It was the profession by which he earned his daily bread. But his avocation was immensely greater than his vocation. His varied gifts and accomplishments could not be confined to a single channel. His genius was bound to rise above the banks, however high, and spread abroad a vast and living tide for the joy and refreshment of mankind. All the world was determined to taste the qualities of his ripe and rare personality. This man, who had so recently worn the humiliating garb of a prisoner, was an orator, and as soon as he acquired command of himself in the presence of an audience, so that he could think logically on his feet, and use his clear and ringing voice with full effect, multitudes were importunate to hear the message he had to tell. Before vast audiences in every part of the country, from Maine to California, he read his indictment of Great Britain

for her misrule and tyranny in Ireland, or discoursed on some literary theme with profound wisdom and entrancing beauty, holding men spellbound by the power of his eloquence.

His poetic gift, also, of which he had given signs in his imprisonment, asserted itself with increasing power and certainty. As the great questions which are of perennial interest passed in review before him, he took them up and put in the crystalline form of poetic phrase the truth which abides forever. Moreover, his spontaneous enthusiasm, his ready wit, his wonderful conversational powers, his genial and kindly spirit, made him not only the welcome, but the indispensable guests at clubs and social reunions.

But all this, however it may have gratified his ambition and made him feel that his life had a meaning and a purpose beyond the wildest imaginings of his youth, was more than a nature so finely strung could endure. The best made instrument loses its tone and quality by constant striking of the keys, and at last becomes fit only for the junk heap. The stoutest anchor will in time give way before the awful wrench and pull of an ocean tempest. The human soul is a harp of a thousand strings, but it can be so wrought and played upon that by-and-by its sweetest and most resonant chords will cease to vibrate. The time comes when, in the wear and stress of a busy life, only the hand of an angel can so sweep the strings of the soul that it will give forth the music of the spheres. This was the case with John Boyle O'Reilly. His vitality was most extraordinary, but he made such fearful drafts upon it that at

length it was exhausted. He stretched the cable of his life until there was no more elasticity in it. He poured forth his nervous energy in so many ways and in such fulness that at length it was all gone, and "sleep, which knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," ceased to visit his eyelids. Then came the end. Suddenly and unexpectedly, even to his nearest friends, the cry broke forth, on the still air of the Christian Sabbath, Aug. 10, 1890, that John Boyle O'Reilly was dead.

Before that sad cry men stopped and held their breath, or gathered in eager and silent groups around the bulletin boards, as they were wont to assemble in the awful days of the Civil War, when the news of a battle was posted before the great newspaper offices, and scan with wan faces the ominous list of the wounded and dead. A great personal and living sorrow had all at once come into the life of nearly every man, woman and child in America. Even beyond seas the hearts of the people were wrung. A man who bore no title, held no office and carried no insignia of battle had fallen at his post of duty. Yet there have been kings, rulers of high quality, who have held their office meekly and used their powers for the good of their subjects, who, in their death, have failed to be honored by a tithe of the sorrow that the death of this man of the people, this fugitive from English justice, whose crime was unforgiven, and who had been denied the poor privilege of standing beside his mother's grave, called forth from multitudes in every land beneath the sun. The mournful tidings were the signal for universal

grief. Not only did the columns of the press teem with expressions in varying phrases of the people's loss, but in many of the chief cities of the nation men, without distinction of race or creed, gathered in great companies, and eloquent lips broke forth in eulogy. High and low, rich and poor, scholars and unlettered, men vied with each other in casting their laurel wreaths upon his bier and dropping their tears upon his sepulchre.

What were the qualities in this man's character that gave him such high distinction and brought him such universal honor?

It is impossible to say just how posterity will judge him, or what place he will hold ultimately among the leaders and teachers of humanity. But there are some things on which we can pronounce with certainty that the judgment of the world will not be reversed.

First of all, his sincerity and gentleness were of the rarest order. These were the qualities that drew men to him, and held them, just as the particles of steel are drawn and held by the magnet. His soul was absolutely transparent and without guile. He had all the simplicity, spontaneity and genuineness of a child. When he opened his mind on any subject the conviction was irresistible that he spoke the truth—at least as he saw it—the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He wore his heart upon his sleeve. He had no concealments and no duplicity. His wisdom was not of the self-conscious sort, which puffs and struts and vaunts itself before men. Every-

where he was the Christian gentleman, and his wisdom, therefore, was of that refined and heavenly sort, which an apostle has described as, "First, pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." A man so endowed cannot go through the world without having troops of friends. They will rise up around him as soldiers gather in battle around a beloved leader. They will give him an unstinted affection, and when he raises his standard and sounds the advance they will follow wherever he leads the way, even though it be into the jaws of death.

But he had many charms of the more subtile sort. His culture was of an all-round character. More than any man of modern times, so far as I know, he reproduced the old Greek life. In the Olympic games, the runner, the boxer and the charioteer, the reciter of history, the orator and the poet received alike the laurel wreath of victory; and the same person might take part in every contest. O'REILLY was equally at home in whatever effort called forth the best in men. He was an expert in all manly sports. His muscle and his eye had been trained as well as his brain. But he also excelled in the creations of the mind. He was a master of speech, and could sway an audience as with a magician's wand. In presiding at a literary festival his brilliancy was the delight and wonder of his friends. He could give clear utterance to profound truth, and could, when occasion required, rise with the sure, firm flight

of an eagle into the empyrean of poetic vision. With such many-sided gifts it was inevitable that he should be a subject of curiosity and admiration. The witty, the learned and the gay would surely desire to bask in the sunlight of his genius. The men of heavier mould, but who were ambitious of the intellectual life, would seek for reënforcement and inspiration from his keen and superabounding intelligence; and those who dwelt on the plane of humble and ordinary life waited for him to lift them by his more than common strength to the mountain tops of boundless prospect and heavenly glory.

Of his place in letters it is too early to speak with certainty. Undoubtedly his culture missed the refined quality that is apparent in Lowell and Longfellow, or in Moore and Shelley. His schooling was too brief and terminated too early to secure for him the exquisite finish which nothing but schooling can give. It is clear that he had not studied the great poetical canons, or, if he had studied them, he was unable to bring his muse completely under their control. Hence the critics will tell us that his verse was crude. Without question they are right. But the crudeness, which was most apparent in his earlier work, was gradually giving way, and little by little he was acquiring the sure and strong mastery of his lyre. But whatever may be said of the roughness of his execution, and of his failure to meet the demands of conventional standards, no one will deny that he had in fullest measure and highest degree

the poetic fire. None, not even the greatest poets, have given more unmistakable evidence of ability to touch the very heart of truth, which is the poet's first and highest function, or have had a more commanding conviction of the undying reality of the ideal realm in which poets live and move and have their poetic being. Moreover, his hand swept all chords, from the fanciful and tender to the majestic and sublime. In the very nature of things, therefore, not only must his poetry make its appeal to the universal heart of man, but it will constitute a mine in which future poets, so long as poetry is studied, must delve for the virgin ore of poetic truth.

But in studying this man's life, I think I have discovered other and higher qualities than any I have yet named. He had an unmistakable power of leadership. He seemed to feel that it was his province to go before and blaze the way. As a journalist he strove to be in advance of his constituency. There are two kinds of journalism; one throws itself on the great current of public opinion and is borne along with it, never seeking to do more than voice the sentiments of the people to whom it appeals for support; the other strikes out into new ways, and creates the channel in which public opinion must flow, and sets up for the people the indubitable and inexorable moral imperative which their situation and surroundings have evoked. Boyle O'Reilly belonged to the latter class of journalists as clearly as Horace Greeley or Lyman Abbott. He did not ask his great clientele what they thought or what

they wanted. He proceeded at once, and without equivocation or apology, to tell them what they ought to think and how they ought to behave. He startled Irishmen by telling them that here they were no longer Irishmen—except by blood and memory and tradition—they were American citizens. He even deprecated the display of the green flag in processions and on festival occasions, because so long as the Irish patriot did that, he would give excuse to the Orangeman to hang out the symbol which stirs the deepest resentment in the Irish heart. That ancient feud had no ground for continuance in America. Here there should be no line of cleavage between Catholics and Protestants, or between Orangemen and the disciples of O'Connell. Here all branches of the Irish race were blended and fused together in the fervent heat of American equality. They should march shoulder to shoulder, therefore, in demonstration of joy for their emancipation. They should join hands and work together with all their might to strengthen the institutions and make more solid and enduring the underlying principles of this mighty and beneficent republic.

This way of leadership, let me say, upon which he entered with bold and unfaltering tread, swept him forward to sentiments of the loftiest patriotism and the broadest humanity. He was something of a partisan and had his party affiliations as most men do. He knew how to give and take blows in behalf of party, and could rejoice in a well-won victory as heartily as anybody. But if a question was pre-

sented which involved the welfare and honor of the country, his mind rose instantly above all partisan considerations. Indeed, in the discussion of the fundamental principles of administration or government, he was unconscious of his political creed. I have heard him myself by more than an hour at a stretch indulge in the most scathing denunciation of that wretched English policy that had made commerce an impossibility for Ireland, destroyed her manufactures, unchained her waterfalls, obliterated industries, and even tried to cover her fertile acres with desolation, without seeming to see in it the slightest reflection upon any shibboleth he had ever uttered.

Nay, when the inherent and inalienable rights of man was the issue, he left all parties behind him and took his stand beside Wendell Phillips, the great iconoclast and reformer. No singer "the wide world round" has ever sung in clearer accents or more fervent spirit the great song of humanity than he—that our brotherhood is one, and thus transcends all limits of nationality or race; that manhood does not depend upon complexion, but is a principle of the blood that runs in all our veins. In short, that "God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

O blood of the people! Changeless tide, through century,
creed and race!
Still one as the salt sea is one, though tempered by sun
and place;

The same in the ocean currents and the same in the sheltered seas;

Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies.

Indian and negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul—

Mere surface shadow and sunshine, while the sounding unifies all!

One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No matter the time or ken,

There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men!

But no account of John Boyle O'Reilly would be complete that failed to recognize his religious character. In this he occupied a peculiar place among literary men in an age that is sometimes called agnostic and irreverent. His religion was an ever present reality, pervading his whole being, not as is often the case, even with church members, something to be kept in the background of one's life and to be apologised for to his friends. Wherever he went, he walked, consciously and with reverent steps in the great temple of the ever-living and omnipresent God. The spiritual element of the universe no more needed demonstration than the air or the sunlight. His faith was so lofty and clear that he could affirm with St. Paul, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." With every fibre of his being he was a Roman Catholic. Why should he not be? Not only was he born and reared in the

Catholic Church, so that her traditions and history were interwoven with every thread of his conscious being, but she touched him gently and with irresistible force on the better and more sensitive side of his nature by her artistic creations, her stately and gorgeous ritual, her noble and devoted priesthood, her orderly and powerful administration, her countless and inexhaustible philanthropies, her vast and world-wide fellowship and communion, and her clear and unwavering answer to all the deeper questions of the soul.

Yet I am constrained to say that he was more than a Catholic. No single name, however venerable and comprehensive; no label, however broadly and carefully phrased, could adequately describe that subtle and elastic quality of soul which we call his religion. By a strange and unerring instinct his mind, with the swiftness of light, seized the inherent and essential truth which forever defines the relation between the human soul and God. He saw that the quality of men's faith is not determined by the form in which it is expressed. Oh, how he tried to overcome and destroy the false issue which for a quarter of a millennium England had been trying to raise between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland! Living in constant daily fellowship with the sons of Pilgrims and Puritans — men who came hither hating the Papacy as the instrument of Satan — he saw the serenity and beauty of their piety, and that they were the very elect of God for the more perfect establishment of His kingdom among men.

Not even Longfellow could more truly say than he that

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
And then had sifted the wheat as the living seed of the nation.

He perceived that there is more than one way into the heavenly presence. The poor heathen mother pressing her babe for a moment to her breast in agonized affection before she casts it to the crocodiles to appease the vengeance of her deity, the minister of a Protestant conventicle preaching in harsh and strident tones a divisive gospel, and the indifferent, yet gently charitable sceptic, can all present an offering that

May rise

To heaven and find acceptance there.

no less than he whose petition is borne upward on clouds of incense that float from censers swung by priestly hands before cathedral altars. This clear-eyed, tender, transcendent and all-comprehending faith was the solvent in which provincialism, prejudice, bigotry and vindictiveness vanished utterly and forever.

Such in my poor and fragmentary speech was the man whose monument we have reared—the broadest-minded and most accomplished Irishman since Edmund Burke, one of the few rare and transparent souls to whom out of all the races, the last half of

the nineteenth century has decreed an immortality of fame. We place him here in our great Valhalla. The venerable Puritan founders of this glorious Commonwealth, the mighty leaders of the revolutionary epoch, the soldiers whose blood moistened and rendered sacred forever the soil of Bunker Hill, the matchless orators and heroes of the anti-slavery reform, the nameless hosts who with the first echoes of Sumter's guns grasped their muskets, and marched to the defence of the republic, must all lie a little closer in their graves to make room for this lover of mankind.

Here we set his memorial in the public square, embellished with all the grace and beauty that art can bestow. Let those who go swarming past it day after day, fleeing from the dust and turmoil of the city, seeking the fields and woods beyond, turn their eyes hither, and recall the happy-hearted, sunny soul, to whom the song of birds and the voice of running waters were ever like angels' voices speaking of paradise. Let the disheartened reformer pause here for a moment and hear him say, as it were out of the open heavens:—

I know

That when God gives us the clearest light,

He does not touch our eyes with love, but sorrow.

Let the hunted fugitive, speaking in an alien tongue, or our English speech with an alien accent, set down his knapsack beside these stones, and, remembering the welcome which America gave to this

stranger, be assured that here there is room for honest work and patriotic effort whether men are native to the soil or foreign born. Let him who would serve his country by pen, or speech, or sword, look at these symbols in bronze, and find his patriotism renewed. Let the children of the poor, as they behold this monument, be reminded that it is neither wealth nor station but honorable service that secures for men under the Stars and Stripes affection and renown. Let the high-bred youth of the great city, who may be tempted to regard with scorn the poor and lowly, pause and listen before this noble pile, and he will learn the lesson which the rich must learn for safety:—

That the bluest blood is putrid blood

That the peoples blood is red.

PROMINENT PEOPLE PRESENT

PROMINENT PEOPLE PRESENT.

Among the prominent people present were the following :—

Vice-President and Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, son and daughter.	Hon. John H. Lee, Chairman Board of Aldermen.
Most Rev. John J. Williams.	Ald. Horace G. Allen.
Gov. Roger Wolcott.	Ald. David F. Barry.
Adjutant-General Dalton.	Ald. Chas. H. Bryant.
Col. Peter Corr.	Ald. John J. Mahoney.
Colonel Page.	Ald. Chas. E. Folsom.
Ex-Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett.	Ald. W. J. Donovan.
Mayor Josiah Quincy.	Ald. Perlie A. Dyar.
Hon. George P. Lawrence, President of the Senate.	Ald. W. F. Donovan.
Hon. George V. L. Meyer, Speaker of the House.	Ald. Salem D. Charles.
Sen. Joseph J. Corbett.	Ald. Boardman Hall.
Sen. Charles F. Sprague.	Ald. E. W. Presho.
Sen. Martin M. Lomasney.	Pres. Joseph A. Conry, of the Common Council.
Sen. William H. Cook.	Coun. James A. Doherty.
Sen. Richard Sullivan.	Coun. Sidney Moulthrop.
Rep. Daniel D. Rourke.	Coun. M. T. Callahan.
Rep. James J. Myers.	Coun. John J. O'Callaghan.
Rep. David F. Slade.	Coun. Stanley Ruffin.
Rep. Walter L. Bouve.	Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D.
Rep. James A. Cochran.	Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
Rep. George F. Coleman.	President Andrews, Brown University.
Rep. Albert C. Smith.	Hon. Nathan Matthews, Jr.
Rep. Timothy J. Donovan.	Hon. Frederick O. Prince.
Rep. John H. Ponce.	Hon. Thos. N. Hart.
Rep. George S. Evans.	Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln.
John G. B. Adams, Massachusetts Legislature.	Gen. A. P. Martin.
Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly and the Misses O'Reilly.	Hon. Patrick Maguire.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Shuman.	Hon. P. J. Kennedy.
Miss Lillian Shuman.	Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Waite.
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Steinhert.	Commodore and Mrs. Miller, U. S. N.
Mr. and Mrs. I. Ratschesky.	Captain and Mrs. Phillips, U. S. N.
Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.	Captain and Mrs. Lowe, U. S. N.
	Captain and Mrs. Potts, U. S. N.

- Captain and Mrs. Harrington, U.
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 Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons La-
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 Mayor McGuiness of Providence.
 Hon. C. E. Gorman, Providence.
 Hon. and Mrs. W. R. Grace, New
 York.
 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.
 Edward W. McGlenen.
 Mr. and Mrs. Harry McGlenen.
 Hon. Winslow Warren.
 Capt. John C Wyman.
 Hon. and Mrs. W. A. Bancroft of
 Cambridge.
 Rev. Charles Fleischer.
 Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Savage.
 Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Horton.
 Rev. Edward Everett Hale.
 Abbé Hogan, Catholic Seminary,
 Brighton.
 Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D.
 Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland.
 Rt. Rev. Bishop Bradley of Man-
 chester.
 Rt. Rev. Bishop Tierney of Hart-
 ford.
 Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessey of Kan-
 sas.
 Rev. P. B. Murphy of Saxonville.
 Rev. T. A. Brosnahan, president of
 Boston College.
 Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.
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 Capt. Lawrence Cain.
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 New York.

- Miss Katherine E. Conway.
 Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. George H. Conley.
 Miss Josephine Jenkins.
 Mr. Ben Woolf.
 Miss Marion Donovan.
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 Mr. Thomas H. Devlin.
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 Dr. Larkin Dunton.
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 The Misses McMahon.
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AUTHOR

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