

well, both in her strength and her weakness, and love her as dearly as any of those who, in ignorance of my Canadian position—in ignorance of my obligations to my adopted country—not to speak of my solemn oath of office—have made this cruelly false charge against me. (Loud cheers.) You have been kind enough to allude, Mr. Mayor, to my "History of Ireland;" no one is more sensible of its many deficiencies than I am, and if I live I hope to remedy some of them; but it certainly was to me a labour of love, and I believe it is the first time that a history of Ireland has ever been commenced and completed, by a person situated as I was at the time, in a distant colony, after his personal connexion with the mother country might be supposed to have closed forever. (Cheers.) With reference to our literature generally, let me say, Mr. Mayor, that I have great faith in the recuperative energies, and the mental saliency of the Irish race. We have had heavy and almost irreparable losses as an intellectual people, the past few years; we have lost a triad of Celtic scholars, in O'Donovan, O'Curry, and Petrie, the like of whom will not soon arise again, if ever; but when we remember that we have still left, Dr. Todd, Dr. Moran, Dr. Reeves, and Samuel Ferguson, McCarthy, Gilbert, and Father Meehan, to uphold the glories of our national Academy; when I see what even our Irish ladies are doing, such as Lady Wilde and Mrs. Ferguson at Dublin, and Mrs. Sedgwick at New York, to increase the store and elevate the standard of our national literature; when I see volume after volume of the rarest research, combined with the finest skill in style and treatment, issuing from the Dublin and London and New York publishing houses, on Irish subjects, even I, in this far north of the new world, catch sometimes by reflection a glow of the same inspiration, and venture my humble word to cheer on and applaud those true patriots, and true benefactors of their country and countrymen. (Cheers.) As to Irish public affairs, I will further take the liberty to mention that when, in 1865 and 1867, by the consent of my colleagues and my gallant friend here (Sir John A. Macdonald,) I went home to represent this country, I, on both occasions, in '65 to Lord Kimberley, then Lord Lieutenant, and last year to the Earl of Derby, whose retirement from active public life, and the cause of it, every observer of his great historical career must regret—I twice respectfully submitted my humble views, and the result of my considerable Irish-American experience, and that they were courteously, and I hope I may say favorably, entertained. I urged on those eminent statesmen, in very homely words, that they were keeping a pot boiling in Ireland to scald us out here in the colonies. (Great laughter.) Of course I do not admit, and never will admit, that any wrong done in Ireland, anciently or lately, can make an armed attack on our peaceful Canadian population anything else than methodized murder—or can entitle those taken red-handed in the act to any other judicial fate than that of marauders and murderers. (Cheers.) But apart from our own recent experience, I felt it my duty to press the trans-Atlantic consequences of the state of Ireland on the attention of those who had the initiation of the remedy in their own hands, believing that I was doing Ireland a good turn in the proper quarter. (Cheers.) I cannot accuse myself of having lost any proper opportunity of doing so; and if I were free to publish some very gratifying letters in my possession, I think it would be admitted by most of my coun-