

But Father Sheehy is not satisfied to rest here. However much one might differ with him on principle, no one could deny him the right to a full and free expression of his views so long as he remained in the realm of theory, or did not flagrantly violate historical truth. But Father Sheehy went out of his way to give utterance to as base a slander on the Irish race, and as gross an untruth as could have fallen from the poisoned lips of James Anthony Fraude or Mr. Goldwin Smith. Maddened by the repeated refusals of the Irish people to desert their chosen and successful leader and his lawful agitation in order to follow misguided, botheaded patriots in an unorganized, hopeless and immoral rebellion, this Irish priest, whose God-given mission and easy task it was to defend his fellow-countrymen against unjust and false accusations, chose rather to grossly insult them and call them traitors than to present them in a good light that while in physical danger

But not so with the Boston Pilot. This newspaper, ordinarily so sure a guide in matters political, and so enthusiastic a defender of the Irish cause and people, has, for some inexplicable reason, gone out of its way to quicken into life the dead lectures, to give tacit approval to principles that could end only in disaster, and to malign, at least implicitly, the Irish people and their greatest leader, Daniel O'Connell. What can possibly be the policy of the Pilot? Has it turned revolutionary? Does it wish Ireland to forsake the path of constitutional agitation for that of secret societies, useless bloodshed and certain defeat? John Boyle O'Reilly would never have sanctioned or advised such a course, and it is hard to believe that it has the approval of Mr. Patrick Donahoe. The men of '48 were true patriots and many of them endowed with literary, political, oratorical or administrative ability of a high order, but in comparison to O'Connell they were altogether commonplace. Strange, then, that the Pilot should publish so false a criticism, so bitter an attack on the great Tribune, more especially at a moment when every true Irishman might do well to drop upon his knees and pray Heaven for just such another leader who might unite by the strength of his genius the warring, jarring factions of Irish politics. Had not the Pilot sources of information that did not exist for Father Sheehy twenty years ago? Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland," a book having for its avowed object the defence of the men of '48 and written by one of themselves, might have served as a reference, and would have shown that O'Connell always valued his country above himself and his personal reputation, and never more so than in the affair of the Clontarf meeting. The leader had called for a muster of the nation at Clontarf; the meeting was prohibited by the government. Let Mr. Duffy tell us what preparations were made "to preserve the public peace." "The Duke of Wellington had promised to provide for the public peace, and he set about providing for it on a liberal scale. Thirty-five thousand troops of all arms were distributed throughout the Island. The barracks were pierced with loop-holes and became a fortress against insurrection. Forts and Martello Towers were put in a state of defence, garrisons were strengthened, the supply of arms and materials of war largely increased, and war steamers were stationed on the sea-coast and navigable rivers." And against this array of military force what solid grounds had O'Connell for believing that soldiers, even if they were well disposed? Were they were his soldiers, were his officers,

The course of the Boston Pilot cannot possibly be due to malice. Is the cause culpable ignorance or wanton carelessness? It is difficult to answer. But one thing is certain—that journal owes its readers an open and unqualified apology for the insult to the Irish race that appeared in its columns and for its unjust treatment of the memory of O'Connell. The history of Ireland from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the granting of Catholic Emancipation gives the lie direct to the assertion that the Irish are wanting in moral force and courage; as to O'Connell, let his vindication come from Thomas D'Arcy M. Gee, himself one of the men of '48. In the preface of his book "O'Connell and his Friends," McGee says: "The name of my immortal subject has been familiar to the civilized world for nearly forty years. The free of the earth venerate it, the tyrants and task makers of men hate its utterance. Were those who have been benefitted by the labors of his life to assemble in congress at the call of gratitude, an assembly would be formed without a parallel in all past history. The Asiatic of the Indian Peninsula would leave his rice crops by the banks of the sacred Ganges; Africa would send forth her dusky deputies; the West Indies their emancipated dark men; Canada her grateful reformers, and Europe the noblest of her free and of her fallen races. The voice of Kosciuszko, from the tomb, would command some worthy son of Poland to join the great chorus of humanity in singing praises to the common benefactor. It would be a testimonial equal to its cause, if all the world were represented, and not otherwise. . . . The great work of universal emancipation is scarcely commenced. One of the first in the field amongst those who labored, and thought,

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