

## A MAGNIFICENT MEETING.

WE (*Nation*) take the following account of the splendid reception given to Mr. T. P. O'Connor in Boston from the *Boston Herald* of the 18th October:—

Thomas P. O'Connor, now on a tour of agitation in New England has no reason to find fault with the warmth and genuineness of the welcome which has been extended to him in Boston. No foreigner, however eminent, can treasure in his memory a more cordial reception in an American city than the one accorded in the Music Hall, last evening, to the distinguished "member for Galway." The outpouring of hospitable feeling and sympathy overleaped all measures of restraint. If Mr Gladstone could have been present in disguise, he would have received a never-to-be-forgotten impression of the earnestness and enthusiasm which the Irishmen in America manifest over his latest attempt to crush the cause which the Celtic race has been fighting for and defending for centuries. Accompanying Mr. O'Connor is Dr. Dillon Egan, who was formerly an Episcopal minister, but is now a member of the Catholic Church, and a co-labourer with the member of Parliament in presenting the grievances of Ireland to the American people, and seeking substantial aid in behalf of their relief. If the common report be true, that Music Hall affords seating accommodation for 4,000 people, there must have been upwards of 5,000 present there last evening. Though the exercises did not commence until eight o'clock, the audience commenced to arrive two hours earlier, and by seven o'clock every unreserved seat in the house was occupied, and the passage-ways in all directions were crowded. Quarter of an hour before the meeting opened the hall had become so densely packed that further admissions were denied, and it is believed that half as many were turned away as there were admitted. A most elaborate and entertaining programme had been provided, involving beside the address of the evening, a series of vocal selections by a choir of upward of two hundred voices and there were sandwiched here and there performances on the organ, and an appropriate and impressive recitation by Miss Mary E. Doyle, all of which were very heartily and fittingly applauded. At about eight o'clock there was a movement which indicated that the attractions of the evening were about to make their appearance. For a moment all the chattering of the assembled multitude were hushed, and their optics were fixed upon the platform. Presently the expected orators and others made themselves visible. To say that the applause was deafening is but a feeble description of the scene and uproar when Mr. O'Connor and Dr. Egan were recognised. Of the local celebrities who formed the procession and occupied seats on the platform were Mayor Prince, who presided with grace and dignity, and also Alderman O'Brien, Caldwell, and Haldeman, and President Collins of the American Land League, who had accompanied Messrs. O'Connor and Egan from New York, Mr. O'Connor, the chief ambassador, is a man of magnificent physique, just turned his thirtieth year, an impassioned speaker, with a slight tinge of "the brogue," and evidently the possessor of an invincible determination. He at once impresses an audience with the fact that he is heart and soul in the movement in which he is so conspicuously engaged. Dr. Egan, though seemingly bound up in the movement, is more of a dramatist on the platform. He is very dressy and nobby, wears a full beard of jetty black, and is exceedingly graceful, witty, and polished in his manners before an audience. One of the noticeable features of the occasion was the large attendance of the Catholic clergy. Among those on the platform were Fathers O'Connor and Quin of Boston College, Fathers Scanlan and Byrne of the Bunkers Hill district, Fathers Kremmer of South-bridge, Flatley of Canton, John O'Brien of Cambridge, Buckley and Byrne of New Haven, and Mr. Cobe of Australia. The presence of Wendell Phillips on the platform was the signal for hearty cheering. Before he came out of the ante-room he was made the recipient of a handsome bouquet by a prominent lady sympathiser with the cause of Ireland, the donor accompanying the floral gift with an address in the native tongue of the Emerald Isle. While the speakers and invited guests were seating themselves there was round after round of cheers, which were repeated with unabated force on every possible occasion until the meeting was ended. The scene was lively and aspiring in the extreme from beginning to end. It was what might be described as a vast ocean of aroused and enthusiastic humanity. The feeling ran high all through the meeting—from eight o'clock until after eleven—and it was all in one general direction. Not a single disturbing element was apparent, except the applause which interrupted the speakers when they made their most telling points.

The meeting was called to order shortly after eight o'clock by his honour Mayor Prince, who was received with applause loud and long continued, and rounds of cheers. When these greetings at length subsided his honour spoke as follows:—

Fellow-citizens—We have come here to-night to express our sympathy, and I trust it will be strongly expressed, for a cause which must find advocates wherever there is love for truth, justice, and liberty (applause), and wherever there is detestation of wrong, cruelty and oppression (applause). We have with us a distinguished visitor from the old country, Hon. Thomas P. O'Connor (cheers and applause), who will speak to you of this cause, and I assure him that this large assemblage but slightly represents the vast number of the friends of Ireland to be found in this country (applause). I assure him also that if, in the transports of an honest indignation, he uses words which power in the old country don't like to hear, no soldiery will trouble him here (applause). The interesting event whose centennial anniversary we are about to celebrate at York-town has secured to us this privilege of free speech, and the right to call things by their true names (applause). The pages of history show a great many strange and inexplicable things, but none, I think more strange and inexplicable than the constant unwise, impolitic, unjust, and cruel misgovernment of Ireland during so many centuries. We pardon something to power for wrongs committed in barbaric times; but why at the close of the nineteenth century, in an age which boasts so much philanthropy and charity, and so much Christian sympathy for whatever affects the interests of humanity—in an age so full of

the democratic spirit, with such just conceptions of the relations of the people to government, and such general recognition of their political rights—Ireland should continue to be so badly treated, is a problem more difficult of solution than the riddle of the sphinx. The illustrious statesmen who have made the power of Britain so great as to permit the proud boast that the sun never sets on her dominions lose all their political capacity and skill when they touch the Irish question. Experience seems to teach them nothing. Mr Gladstone (hisses), great as his admiring friends claim him to be, is no wiser than the rest in this matter, and yet it would seem that all would know that no administrative policy which substitutes temporary expedients for fundamental correction and narrow makeshifts for radical reform resting on the solid foundations of political right, can justly claim the name of statesmanship. It is not statesmanship to fill Ireland with soldiers and imprison her patriots. Superior force may, perhaps, give peace for the time, but, when the force is withdrawn civil discord returns, because the cause of it continues. Mr Gladstone (more hisses) may know a great many things. He may think Mr. Jefferson Davis a hero, to be ranked with the founders of nations—he may think the establishment of a government with slavery for its corner stone a grand expression of the civilisation of the age—but he does not know how to govern Ireland, (cheers). President Lincoln would have told him that cancers are not cured by a poultice, and that great is the power of justice and humanity. But you are here not to listen to me, and I will introduce you to one whom I know you will cordially welcome to Boston, Hon. Thomas P. O'Connor.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., then delivered an able and eloquent speech on the political situation in Ireland. At the conclusion of Mr. O'Connor's speech the mayor introduced Mr. Wendell Phillips, who spoke as follows:—

Fellow-citizens—I remember a similar gathering under this roof, when we came together to welcome Dillon and Parnell to their labours on this side of the water. Mr. Parnell has an imperative engagement which keeps him from being with us (applause and laughter), but we give the same welcome to these gentlemen, and we hope that as they go West they will find, as he did, that the wave and the heart of their welcome grow stronger and heartier every mile they travel toward the setting sun (applause). Our friend said he was not surprised at the recent action of the administration in England. Well, we at a distance are like the old listener to college debates in Latin. He was at a distance because he didn't understand the language, and we are 3,000 miles off. When someone asked of him what use was his attendance and how he judged the debate, he said—"I have no trouble; I watch the two men keenly, and the man who gets mad first has no argument" (applause). We all remember that twenty years ago, under this roof, the men who could not be answered were mobbed. So I think that in England to-day the men who cannot be answered are put in jail (cheers). If Mr. Gladstone could have answered Parnell, he would have appealed to argument, civilisation, and intellect to right him. He felt himself weak in argument and appealed to force. Now, as I told you on that occasion, you cannot shoot an idea. Neither can you imprison an idea. The moment the man who represents it is within four walls, every human eye every enlightened heart, every glorious aspiration, centres upon him, and he becomes the pivot of the intellectual and moral movement of the age (applause). Thank God that Gladstone arrested Parnell. He lifted him from being head of the Land League to being the head of the great moral and humane movement of the age (applause). But it was no surprise to me that Mr Gladstone committed the fatal blunder of arresting his great antagonist. You have reminded us, sir, that in that great struggle when freedom hung in the critical balance in these forty States, the voice that came from the great leader of the Liberal party was an amen to Jefferson Davis, who tried to turn this free republic into a slave-holding despotism (applause). What wonder that the same man to-day should do his utmost to perpetuate slavery among the peasants of Ireland? I don't believe there is a drop of Liberal blood in all of Mr. Gladstone's body (applause). From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there isn't a drop of blood that looks forward—not one; every one looks backward (applause). In his youth he was a firm and unyielding Tory; and the Jews have a proverb, "Don't trust a convert even to the third generation" (applause). The Jews might quote Mr. Gladstone as sufficient proof of the truth of their ancient proverb. He thinks he is going to subdue Ireland. Well, men the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose have tried that job 400 years and failed (applause). Cicero said to a Roman bully, "I have laughed at Cataline's sword; what do I care for yours?" So Ireland may say to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Comwell could not conquer me nor William the Third, and I forced Wellington for the third time in his life to surrender; what care I for this windy Tory in the weak skin?" (applause). Mr. Gladstone sees daily, as our friend said, 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of men and women, heartbroken and poverty-stricken, on the soil of Ireland. He may cover it with troops, from Belfast to Cork and from Dublin to Connaught, but he hasn't reached Ireland as she lives in these patriotic breasts; he has not reached the 10,000,000 burning hearts who have never forgotten their native land. Besides, the civilization of the age is fighting for Ireland. The Illinois farmer can put down a quarter of wheat in the market of Liverpool 20 shillings cheaper than the English farmer can do it; and that takes the rivet out of the landed aristocracy of Great Britain (applause). The fiery cross of land reform lights the hill tops of Scotland; the waters are flooding the world. What is one man, what is one administration, against the spirit of the age? Why, this serene and beautiful spirit laughs at a race or a great name when it sets itself in opposition to the great movement of civilization. Do you remember, in that old legend of the Northern mythology, where a giant undertakes to drink up what seems a tiny stream? But as he proceeds in his task he finds the stream connects with the great ocean, and he is trying the vain and superfluous task of drinking up the ocean. Now Mr. Gladstone sees only 5,000,000 Irishmen; he doesn't see the great spirit of humanity, the civilization of the age behind her; and he might as well try to drink the ocean as to attempt to conquer the living spirit which for four hundred years—nay, for seven hundred—has asserted