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From Punch.

OUR FLIGHT WITH RUSSELL.

Up, up, my Lord John Russell—'tis a fair night for a fly—
Be thou a new Cleophas—a new Asmodeus I! [let us mark
Come, clutch my cloak—and through the smoke together
The life of London, huddled 'neath the blanket of the dark.
The moonlight falls on fair St. Paul's, on the Abbey grim and gray;
Lo! the lamps, like fiery serpents, go winding far away;
Or, like glow-worms, scattered, twinkle and wink up from below— [night we go.
But 'tis not to gaze on this fair sight that through the
Not a builded brick, or stone, or stick, on those wide acres thrown,
But bears a tongue within it—hath a language of its own;
In street and square and alley bare, with its growth of human seed, [and read!
Is a great book spread beneath us—Look down, my lord,
In steeples upward springing read prayer struck into stone; [groan;
In prisons barred and bastioned read crime and curse and
In lighted West-end houses read mirth and warmth and show;
In foul St. Giles's hovels read squalor, want and wo.
There's a homily—hark to it. 'Tis the voice of Saffronhill
"I suffer, how I suffer from my freight of human ill!
All is filthiness without me; all is ignorance within;
I ache with cramps—I shake with damps—Oh the warmth of glorious gin!"
And now for proof—off goes a roof—is that a house or hive?
Each bed's a room, each room a town, so packed and yet alive! [horde,
Lo, the maggot life of London! And that hopeless, hapless
In foulness bred, in foulness fed, is work for you, my lord!
Another and another, and the sight is still the same;
Suffering that knows no solace, and sin that knows no shame. [schools;
Hunger by thousand tables; savage life 'mid thousand
Here are human hearts to frame anew—Bethink you of the tools.
But hark! another voice is up, and pompously it booms
From well-spread tables, easy beds, and trimly furnished rooms.
"I am Respectability; things must not go on so;
There's nowhere I can drive my gig, but something calls out wo.
"Then your sanitary meddlers, all agog for drain and sewer—
For my part, all I know is, I wish the drains were fewer;
Poor folks will throw things down 'em—as for unwholesome air, [fair."
I know our street's extremely sweet, and that's all my af
Whereon chimes in big Bumbledom, "You're right, my worthy friend:
'T is time this stuff and nonsense were brought unto an end
There's the Union Workhouse for the poor—you should see how we have broke 'em
Into temperance by short diet, into industry by oakum."
But hark! that hoarse and hollow voice—'tis from a Newgate cell—
"Be silent, heartless blind worms!—a different tale I tell;
I've wrestled crime for centuries, and feeble all I feel,
Though my bones are bones of granite, and my sinews hammered steel.
"Ye little wot how hard and hot the tide of crime flows ever: [stern endeavor;
How it laughs my Canute-talk to scorn, and mocks my
How law aghast aside is cast before that fearful sea
Which makes a plaything of the scourge, and a toy of the gallows-tree.
"Call Mother Church to help me; let Saint School do all she can; [grown man,
Give them child-crime to fight with, and leave me the full-
Or soon the evil saps my walls, and downforth will ye fall,
Master Bumble, Sir Respectable, gig, mace, cocked-hat and all!"
The stern sounds cease, the stars look peace on the streets so still and gray— [you may;
And now to Downing-street, my Lord, with what appetite
And bethink you of the Lesson of London read aright,
When, with *Punch* for guide, you listened to the Voices of the Night.

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL,

Delivered at Castle Garden, Sept. 22, 1846.

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

There is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation as he enters its silent chambers, "Well! It is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed. But I am ready to die. It is all right!"

"The superb," though fading Queen of the Mediterranean holds anxious watch, through ten long days, over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now Death is there—the Liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the Cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world for the children of the sacred Island, perishing by famine and pestilence in their homes and in their native fields, and on their crowded paths of exile, on the sea and in the havens, and on the lakes, and along the rivers of this far-distant land. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'CONNELL's fitting knell; his soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian Charity; and the mournful anthems which recited the faith, and the virtue, and the endurance of Ireland, were his becoming requiem.

It is a holy sight to see the obsequies of a soldier, not only of Civil Liberty, but of the Liberty of Conscience—of a soldier, not only of Freedom, but of the Cross of Christ—of a benefactor, not merely of a race or people, but of mankind. The vault lighted by suspended worlds is the temple within which the great solemnities are celebrated. The nations of the earth are mourners, and the spirits of the just made perfect, descending from their golden thrones on high, break forth into songs like this:

"Tears are not now thy due. From the world's toil,
Come to assume in Heaven the brighter birth:
A winged angel, from thy mortal coil
Escaped! Thy glory lingers yet round earth.
Christ's hallowed warrior, living, thou went'st forth;
Christ's champion didst thou die. And now, blest shade!
The crown and palm of righteousness and worth
Thou wear'st, with joys unspeakable repaid."

The Priesthood of Genoa, grateful for the honor of dismissing the lofty spirit from its mortal conflict, cover the departing bier with sad funereal weeds.

Rome, ever avaricious of relics, though she has gathered into her Urn the ashes of the great and good of near thirty centuries, reverentially claims and embalms and shrines with her soul-subduing litanies, the heart of yet another—

"Who through the foes has borne her banish'd gods."

Behold now a Nation which needeth not to speak its melancholy precedence. The Lament of Ireland comes forth from palaces deserted, and from shrines restored; from Boyne's dark water, witness of her desolation, and from Tara's lofty hill, ever echoing her renown. But louder and deeper yet that wailing comes from the lonely huts on mountain and on moor where the people of the greenest Island of all the seas are expiring in the midst of insufficient though world-wide charities.—Well indeed may they deplore O'CONNELL, for they were his children;

And he bore them

"A love so vehement, so strong, so pure,
That neither age could change nor art could cure."

Again and again, as if they feared to disturb him with excess of sorrow, they plead:

"If yet we keep
Vigils of grief, and echo groan for groan,
'Tis not for thee; but for ourselves we weep,
Whose noblest pillar lies in thee o'erthrown."

The pageant pauses. Next to the Chief Mourner, space is opened for America, eldest of the new-born Nations. Why shall not America accept that distinguished privilege? O'CONNELL was a champion of Univeral Constitutional Freedom. That is her own cause—all her own. She arms and instructs and sends forth all its chieftains; and when one of them falls in the ever-continuing conflict, be his faith, his tongue or his lineage what it may; whether he die on the snowy plains of Poland, among the classic Islands of Greece, under the bright skies of Italy, among the vine-clad hills of France, or in the green valleys of Ireland; be he Kosciusko, or Bozzaris, or La Fayette, or O'Connell, America hastens to bear witness that he was her Soldier, Citizen and Representative.

Panegyric commonly begins its picture by calling up revered ancestral shadows from long-forgotten graves, to fill the background; and then surrounds its hero with contemporaneous forms of kindred greatness. But there are figures so majestic as to exclude from the canvas all living companionship, while they derive no grandeur from being grouped with even the awful forms of the illustrious dead. Such is every one who, by permission of Providence, the devotion of his own soul, and the consent given by his fellow men or extorted from them, losing his own individuality, becomes for a period the representative of a race, a people, a nation, or it may be of many races, peoples or nations. You recognize NAPOLEON in the brilliant scene of his Coronation in *Notre Dame*, or when taking leave of his veterans at *Fontainebleau*—but you are transported with awe or pity when you contemplate him among the solitudes of the frozen Alps or looking off on the imprisoning sea from the inaccessible cliffs of *St. Helena*. You perceive the serene dignity of WASHINGTON in the picture that commemorates his acceptance of his dangerous commission in the halls of the Continental Congress; and you weep when he is seen dismissing his unrewarded though triumphant army on the Hights of the Hudson. But your soul is overpowered with his greatness when you come to the uncanopied place where GREENOUGH'S accurate taste banishing even the drapery of the living age, presents to you the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY in colossal marble, alone.

From the beginning there have been two conditions of Man, and these in perpetual opposition—Force and Resistance; two agencies working out his destiny, Power and Freedom, and these in unceasing conflict; two elements of Government, Aristocracy and Democracy, and these in everlasting war. Nations inspire us with awe, or hate, or reverence, or sympathy, as they sustain one or the other of these conditions, exert one or the other of these agencies, manifest one or the other of these elements. The Man who for a time becomes substituted for a Nation is clothed in our regard with the national attributes. The people of Ireland during near 700 years have maintained a conflict for our common race, of Resistance against Force, Freedom against Power, Right against Usurpation. Through more than 20 years of that conflict, DANIEL O'CONNELL was the impersonation of that people,

"A Nation in a Man comprised."

In this consists the secret of the interest he excited while living and of all his fame now that he lives no more. It is his Country, therefore, and only his Country—as she was, as she is, and as she is to be—that must be regarded, if we would fully comprehend and truly know the character of O'CONNELL.

Ireland was long ago an independent nation, governed by a King and Council or Parliament, and was divided into inferior Kingdoms and subordinate Septs or Clans. It had population and revenues equal to what were generally possessed by other States in the same age. One of its inhabitants thus described the Kingdom a thousand years ago:

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By Nature blessed—Hibernia is her name
Enrolled in books—exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bended corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No poison there infects, nor scaly snake
Creeps through the grass or settles in the lake;
A nation worthy of its pious race—
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace."

Ireland had then a Court in which Learning was honored next to Royalty; a Church that sent forth Missionaries who converted a large portion of Western Europe; Laws that divided estates of the dead with equal justice; that gave the trial by Jury—the Anglo-Saxon's boast; that ordained inns for the entertainment of travelers at the public expense, and that knew only one capital or unpardonable crime. And it was treason and sacrilege to change those laws. There were trained bands which were sworn to resist even a seven-fold foe; Knights who won renown for valor and courtesy on the Plains of Palestine, and Dames who were honored by admiring Bards and Minstrels in strains like these:

"The Daughter of Moran seized the harp!
And her voice of music praised the strangers;
Their souls melted at the song
Like a wreath of snow before the eye of the sun."

I speak no interested, no partial, no imaginative eulogy. It is the testimony of General History, as accredited by modern Learning.

Alas! How unlike is this picture to Ireland now in an age tenfold more enlightened and humane! What has wrought this change? Has Ireland degenerated, or has she been degraded and debased by foreign power? Did Ireland struggle, or did she resign herself to ruin? Listen, and you shall hear.

Separated by only an ocean channel, and colonized originally by the same Celtic race, the Islands of Britain and Ireland have been distinguished by fortunes as wide as the Poles. Britain, conquered by the Romans, the Danes, the Saxons, and the Normans, derived from that severe experience the consolidation, discipline, ambition, and energy which have enabled it to grasp the empire of the world. Ireland, devoted to Piety and Learning, remaining long unconquered and unconquerable, and unmoved by cupidity or ambition, was early distracted by factions and finally betrayed by them to a conqueror.

In the twelfth century, Henry II. a Norman, King of England, who held the refinements of life in much contempt, "cast in his mind" to conquer the adjoining Island, "because it was commodious for him, and its people seemed to him savage and rude." Invited by a native Prince who had been dethroned, he appeared in Ireland with a real or forged grant under the seal of Breakspeare, an Englishman who occupied the Papal See at Rome under the name of Adrian IV. Early converted to Christianity without the blood of Martyrs, the Irish had nevertheless been the last to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome. Having received that article of faith, they have held it fast at the cost of ages of want, of millions of lives, and even of national existence. Ireland denied the pretensions of the Pope to temporal power, and resisted the invader. Henry did not reinstate the Irish King, but he established on the coast a martial colony, and by virtue of this acquisition, which was henceforth called the Pale, he claimed to be conqueror of the whole Island. A Royal Deputy governed the Pale with a Council of Nobles and Clergy, which afterward became a Parliament, and the little domain was parceled out by the King in great estates to Court favorites and military adventurers. The Aristocracy of England was thus by fraud and force planted in the Island of Saints, as it was then reverently called. Thenceforth its veins of silver and its dust of gold, the rubies of its lakes, the grain in its waving furrows, and the flocks on its thousand hills were to pass away from its harmless people, to pamper despotic and insatiable Lords. That august Court, those ancient seminaries, those valiant bands, those chivalrous Knights, that Cynosure of Beauty and the Bards who so worthily celebrated it, faded, declined and were lost forever.

The establishment of the Pale enfeebled Ireland, although the Colony was utterly incompetent to subjugate the Kingdom. The Colonists claimed to be masters of the Island. The Irish, with the British Power in the heart of the country, asserted their sovereignty and independence. Hence resulted a division which, perpetuated until now, has involved both in a common ruin. The distinction between the natives and the invaders was graven broad and deep by these conflicting titles, perpetual wars, inveterate policy and clashing codes. The Government of England acknowledged only the English inhabitants of the Pale as lawful subjects, and denounced the natives as "Aliens," "Wild Irish," and "Enemies." Magna Charta and the Common Law were introduced within the Pale, but their protection was denied to the natives while they were subjected to the power of the English Courts. The Irish language and costume were inhibited—intermarriages forbidden and naturalization under English laws denied. It was made lawful to kill an Irishman on suspicion without trial or process, and unlawful to entertain an Irish minstrel, to keep an Irish servant, or to feed an Irish horse. The native Princes, Nobles and Knights within the colony were trodden down, and the wretched people expelled on the one hand as aliens and rebels from their rightful possessions, and on the other by the native Septs into whose hands they were driven, were thus rendered houseless and desperate. Outlaws by statute and by proclamation, they formed themselves from necessity into predatory bands, and descending from the mountains, made reprisals on the Pale and carried the war of fierce retaliation to the very gates of its cities.

The lust of power soon discovered and opened that fountain whose bitter floods no art can stay nor purify. Ambitious Dublin robbed Armagh, the Arch-Episcopal see, of its treasures and sacred relics. The King of England rewarded the sacrilege with ecclesiastical authority over the Island—proscribed from the ministry the natives who denounced the usurpation, and the English Church within the Pale set the stamp of its approbation on the policy of the Government by the atrocious dogma that it was not a sin to kill an Irishman.

But it remained for the Tudors, the Commonwealth and the Guelphs, to sound the depths of Fanaticism. Although the Parliament of England vacillated long with the policy and caprice of the Court, the conversion of the People of that country to the tenets of the Reformation resulted from a conviction that the Religion of Luther was true. The Catholic Church there was subverted. But England was in some sort connected with Ireland, and she must be converted in order that a superstitious prophecy might be fulfilled, which taught that the Chair of St. Peter would fall when Ireland should cease to sustain it, and to the end also that Rome should not regain her ascendency in England through the agency of Catholic Ireland. England sent to convert Ireland not missionaries but the sword. Rejecting the Catholic Ritual because it was expressed in an unknown tongue, she sent the English Prayer-Book to a People ignorant of that language and employed a ferocious soldiery to illustrate its real simplicity and beauty. The Parliament of the Pale, like the sun-flower, turned its revolving face to catch the Royal smile, and received from Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary and Elizabeth successively, a different religion with the same cheerful loyalty that it greeted "the new superscription and image of each on the coin of the Kingdom." The Irish preferred their own long cherished religion to that so rudely and inconsistently recommended to them by their enemies. Thenceforth ensued a war of confiscation and massacre reaching far downward toward our own time, and in which, although the parties remained unchanged, the hostility of races was lost in the terrible conflict of religious sects. England, exasperated by the firmness of Ireland, determined to extirpate her heresy by exterminating her People, and to supply their place with more orthodox colonies from Scotland as well as from the regions South of the Tweed. The genius of the versatile Bacon was taxed to make the new plantations grow, and the funds to carry on the exterminating war were obtained by mortgaging the lands to be conquered. No mercy was shown even to women or children in this war of Faith. The Irish People fled before the destructive armies and took refuge in caverns. Subsisting there on the fruits of the pasturage and on the spoils taken from their invaders, they multiplied like the blades of grass, while their obnoxious Faith became as firm as their mountain homes. Then came new armies, driving the natives down upon the plains; and when it was found that famine and pestilence involved both parties in common destruction, the merciful concession was made that the entire Catholic population of Ireland should be allowed a refuge in a single province, there to remain on pain of death if found beyond its borders.

At length, in the year of the Gospel of Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men, one thousand six hundred and ninety-one, just five hundred and twenty years after the invasion by Henry, the wars which he began at first for conquest, and which afterward became a medley of Rapine and Fanaticism, came to an end by the Treaty of Limerick after the Battle of the Boyne.

"Wearied with tedious war they cease,
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace."

What were the results of these long and furious wars? Ireland was conquered at last, and was despoiled. The Aristocracy of England were owners and masters in Ireland, and its native possessors were tenants, servants and slaves. The country contained eleven millions of acres of tillable land. One million were possessed by Englishmen who, having come to convert Ireland to Luther, had relapsed to Rome. Ten millions of acres were the property of English Protestant Lords, and not one acre was left to the native Celtic Irishman. But the People of Ireland had not been exterminated. They constituted three-fourths of the population, and were more numerous than ever. What then? Had Ireland saved nothing? Had England gained everything? No! The Aristocracy of England had gained a country they could not fill—Ireland had saved her Faith, and England had gained nothing, not even the security she had deemed essential. The Catholic Religion remained unshaken in Ireland. Liberty of Conscience was a condition of the capitulation at Limerick, and was solemnly guaranteed by William of Orange and Mary the daughter of James.

Policy as well as well as public Faith now required that the conquered kingdom should be left in peace, that its wasted strength should be repaired, that the rankling wounds opened during centuries of persecution should be healed, and that Ireland should be admitted to free enjoyment of the civil rights guaranteed by the British Constitution. But Fear and Fanaticism know no policy suggested by Humanity and keep no covenants, though they be written in blood. England still feared the return of her Catholic Princes, and therefore willed that the People of Ireland, although inflexible in their faith and always loyal when not driven to rebellion, and although they were reposing on the Treaty of Limerick, should nevertheless be converted to the Reformation. The object of England remained the same, only the means were now changed, and Perfidy was added to Persecution. The Army gave place to the sterner Despotism of the Law, and the Sword to the Scaffold—a more certain engine of destruction.

Ireland was already subjected under a constitution admirably adapted to the introduction of the Penal Religious Code. Her only Legislature was the Parliament of the Pale—and this semblance of a legislature had been deprived of Life by the Poynings law, which forbade it to assemble without the previous consent of the King, or to pass any law not first approved by him. Petitions from Ireland were inhibited unless first sanctioned by the Royal Deputy residing there, and Irishmen were forbidden to leave their country lest by their complaints they might annoy the majesty of the King or disturb the equanimity of the Commons of England. The Penal Code banished the Bishop, the Priest and the Schoolmaster from Ireland—forbade attendance on Catholic worship on pain of death for perseverance—made the converting of a Protestant to the Catholic Faith a felony—annulled existing marriages between Catholics and Protestants and interdicted them in future—transferred Catholic children of living parents to guardians in Chancery—closed against Catholics every office of trust or profit in the State, in the Army and in the Navy, and in every Corporation, mercantile or municipal—deprived them of the right to be freeholders, the right to vote, to maintain actions at law, to be Jurors, to keep arms for self-defence, to travel even within the kingdom, to be executors or guardians, and even of the right to keep a horse worth more than five pounds—robbed the Catholic child of its estate if even unwillingly or unconsciously instructed by a Catholic at home or abroad—transferred a Catholic Parent's estate to his abjuring son—gave a separate maintenance to a renouncing wife, and emancipated from parental control all Catholic children who would forsake the family altar—subjected Catholic property to seizure for public purposes without compensation, and finally provided for the execution of these dreadful laws by a Judiciary responsible to the King, by Bishops with prisons in some cases, by Magistrates in others with the rack instead of the Jury, and in others with Juries authoriz'd to render verdicts at the solicitation of corrupt informers and on the testimony of convicted felons. Thus did the Religion whose test is the mutual love of its disciples become under Human Policy—

"A plea for sating the unnatural thirst
For Murder, Rapine, Violence and Crime."

No language less copious, elaborate and accurate than that of Edmund Burke can express the character of this extraordinary code.

"It is (said he) a system full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well disposed in all its parts; a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, well fitted for the impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of Human Nature itself."

This system continued in its utmost possible efficiency until the year 1778, and, although then somewhat modified, remained in oppressive operation until the year 1829, a period of one hundred and thirty-nine years.

And what were the effects of the Penal Code and of the system which preceded it? Ireland groaned under the burdens of a foreign Government and of foreign landlords. Commerce had grown to be a mighty power in England, and Commerce struck hands with Fanaticism. Ireland was forbidden all foreign trade, while its manufactories were undermined to favor English monopoly. Notwithstanding the resources and fertility of the country, its wealth was exhausted in paying rents to English landlords, tithes to English Priests, profits to English artisans and taxes to the English Government.

"For foreign Lords her People sow their native land."

Poverty stalked through the Isle. Half the increase of population was given up to America to fell the forests and plant cities there, and the remainder was reduced to subsist on an esculent root the cheapest yielded by Nature to the cultivating hand of Man. Were not the natives *then* extirpated? Did they not NOW renounce that odious Faith? No! Ireland had increased its numbers by three-fold. We do not know that one parent had relinquished his creed,—one wife had forsaken her husband,—or one child had abjured the altar of its forefathers. Protestantism though nourished on plunder, had declined, and the Religion of Rome, watered by tears and fanned by the blasts of Persecution, flourished in unwonted and vigorous luxuriance.

This was the condition of Ireland in 1775; and now our inquiries are answered. The People of Ireland have not degenerated. They have been degraded from their high estate, not by their own act, but by the Aristocracy of England. They have resisted this degradation with heroic energy, and have resisted to the last. The Aristocracy of England has usurped the Government of Ireland, and set upon it

"The mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power."

This was the condition of that unhappy country in the year 1775, six hundred and five years after the descent of Henry the Anglo-Norman King on its coast, when two events happened, widely different and distant—the one in an obscure corner of the Island—the other in a remote part of the British Empire: events destined to affect forever the condition not only of Ireland but of all mankind. British troops fired on the militia of Massachusetts in Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, and DANIEL O'CONNELL was born at Carhen in Ireland on the 6th of August in the same year.

The American Revolution exhibited a triumphant resistance to the unconstitutional legislation of the Imperial Parliament by a portion of the Empire far less oppressed than Ireland, and infinitely more prosperous and happy. But that Revolution was more than this: It vindicated the inalienable and universal right of mankind to resist oppression and overthrow tyranny, however established and however long endured. It was more even than this: It vindicated the inalienable and universal right and capacity of mankind to establish and conduct Governments for themselves and to change them at pleasure. It struck the Governments of the Earth with consternation, and bewildered the enslaved masses of men with hopes which were not altogether illusions of Freedom and of Universal Equality. In the language of La Fayette, America was not a solitary rebel. She was a Patriot in the cause of Humanity.

Ireland not only sympathized profoundly with the Trans-Atlantic Colonies in their complaints of usurpation under which she suffered more sorely than they, but with inherent benevolence and ardor she yielded at once to the sway of the great American Idea of Universal Emancipation. The bitter memory of a stream of ages lifted up her thoughts, and she was ready to follow to the war for the Rights of Human Nature

"The propitious god that seemed to lead the way."

This war, thus opened by America, is the same struggle in which Ireland has been engaged ever since, in which O'CONNELL labored with so much zeal and force and success, and which he has left unfinished.

England was soon at war not only with her American Colonies, but also with France, and Spain and Holland,—France threatened to invade Ireland, and America had already led Ireland into Revolution. Left by the British Government to defend themselves, the People of Ireland gathered at once an army of brave and well-appointed volunteers ready to resist the threatened invasion if England would yield Independence, and even more ready to achieve Independence if it should be refused. The influence of such great events exalted for a time the virtues of the Irish People. The Catholic forgot his peculiar wrongs amid the new-born hopes of his Country; the Protestant forgot his long-cherished fears. Now firmly united and lifting with them for a brief period the wretched Legislature of the Pale, they demanded the independence of that Parliament. They preserved the forms of loyalty, indeed, but their resolution of rights was couched in the language of Freemen, and their petitions were written on the drum-head and presented on the point of the bayonet. The British Parliament were confounded. They heard at the same moment the same principles, sentiments and resolutionss from Jefferson and Adams and Jay and Franklin in the Congress of America, from Grattan and Flood in the Parliament of Ireland, and from Chatham, the Tribune of the whole Empire, within their own Halls. They evaded, then conciliated, and at last conceded. In 1778 the provisions of the Penal Code concerning the rights of Property and Education were relaxed. Other concessions of the same sort followed in 1782; and in the same year, when the exigency became more alarming, Ireland was restored to Independence by a Declaration of the British Parliament that "The Rights claimed by the People of that Island, to be bound only by Laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom, should be and then was established, and should at no time thereafter be questioned or questionable." Ireland, always moderate, always confiding, was content with this concession, which left her a distinct Kingdom, independent of Britain, but united to that country through a common Protestant Throne. Then as her heart swelled with the memories of the glories of other days, and opened to visions of brighter glories in the future, she clasped her sister England with gratitude, pride and affection, forgetting the injuries of six hundred years. Did ever the earth exhibit a scene of truer National Magnanimity!

But Ireland in 1782 was only independent, as America was in the same period. It yet remained in each country to establish and secure the liberties of the People. This was done here by the erection of the Federal Republican Constitution o 1787, which, although reared amid doubts and fears, has gained stability with time, and has, as we ardently hope, become eternal. But the Parliament of Dublin remained in Ireland. It was no less now than before the engine of the usurping aristocracy of England. Its virtues had expired in the throes of its birth. No Constitution could be obtained without the consent of the Parliament of the Pale—a Parliament in which three-fourths of the People had not a shadow of representation and the other portion had only a shadow. In the face of an armed convention of the People, and in the midst of universal commotion, the Parliament of Dublin refused a Constitution to Ireland! Already all that had been gained was lost but the shadow of independence, and that was sure to follow soon. The patriots of Ireland hastened from the hated halls of the Parliament of the Pale with deep disgust, and, rushing to the altars of Liberty, applied themselves to wake again its sleeping fires. The Revolution was once more set in motion, but the ball had nearly spent its force. The men of '98, brave and true, attempted under circumstances of extreme difficulty to prepare a doubtful war. The Irish People were again dissevered by the same everlasting cause of faction—the foreign aristocracy in their bosom. Although the gallant leaders were Protestants, yet the mass of Protestants supported the Parliament. The Catholic clergy saw the hopelessness of conflict and shuddered at the calamities it portended to a faithful and already deeply wretched people. England had recovered her giant energies. The thunders of the American Revolution slept; an ambitious, licentious, and ferocious Faction reigned in Paris, and, blasphemously claiming the name of liberty, was threatening to involve the world in anarchy. Nevertheless, there was no hope for Ireland but in aid from France, and in the arms of her own people. The insurrection was planned with skill and secrecy, but Treason gained access to its counsels and fomented it to a precocious maturity. Then it broke forth only to betray its heroic leaders to the scaffold; and their patriotic associates throughout the island to massacre indiscriminate and merciless.

Yet the Rebellion of '98 was not altogether unavailing. Every drop that streams from the veins of a martyr in the cause of Liberty, is gathered again by Him who wills that all his children shall be free, and is poured into the heart of some new-born champion, imparting more than human vigor to the arm of the avenger.

The British Government now asserted that Ireland had tried the responsibilities of Government, and had proved herself incompetent. They disarmed the people, established martial law, falsely promised specious favors to the Catholics, and showered gold and power on the Protestants, and thus, in 1800, the eighteenth year of Irish Independence, obtained from the Parliament of the Pale the surrender of its infamous existence. Ireland, fettered and manacled more than ever before, was annexed to Great Britain by the Act of Union.

A gloomy period of twenty years succeeded. Tyranny scarcely feared resistance. Penury had taken up her home in the land. Turbulence was abroad, but only to reconcile the people to any Government that would suppress disorder. Wealth and learning, warmed at the root with the unnatural heat of Royal favor, lost their independent attitude, and putting forth parasitic tendrils, twined in sickly growth around the pillars of the State. The Peasantry took on the habit and the gait of Slaves. The voice of orators was heard only in subdued complaints; the clang of arms had ceased. Even the National Harp, that still retained its ancient sweetness, though trodden under foot by tyrants, forgot the wild inspiration of Freedom, and only gave forth plaintive notes when struck by the hand of Despair.

"Alas for our Country! Her pride has gone by,
And the spirit is broken that never would bend.
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 't is treason to love her, and death to defend."

If a hope could have risen in the patriot's heart, it would have been dispelled by a glance at the condition of England. She had made ample reprisals in the West Indies, in North America, in Asia in Africa, and in the South Seas, for the loss of the Thirteen rebellious Colonies; Waterloo had prostrated at her feet her great natural enemy; Spain had entered on her dotage: Holland had relinquished her ambition. The British Navy held almost undisputed sway over the seas, and British garrisons encircled the globe.

How mysterious and inscrutable are the ways of Providence in conducting the affairs of nations!—That season of gloom so intense, was the hour that preceded the dawn of Irish Liberty. It was no matter how wide the Empire, or how vast the Armies or Navies of Britain, Ireland was to be delivered by OPINION, not by the Sword—by the Statesman, not by the Soldier.

That Statesman was the first fruit of the cautious concessions concerning Property and Education made by England in 1778 and 1782. DANIEL O'CONNELL, a Roman Catholic, heir-apparent of Darrynane, had been instructed in the faith of his forefathers and trained for the Forum. The force which he was to employ for the redemption of his country was the fruit of concession made in 1792 in order to secure the act of Union. The Right of Suffrage was then conferred on Catholics in Ireland having freeholds of the annual value of 40 shillings. Then, and long afterward, the right was indeed useless, and Suffrage was yielded with the rents due to the superior Lords. But the Right was there.

The political education of the Liberator was that History of Ireland, whose spirit we have endeavored, perhaps vainly, to recall. He had witnessed with horror the desecration of Liberty and Religion in France, and thus, while he was imbued with the purest sentiments of Patriotism, he was not less firmly established in religious principles. He was never for a moment tempted to divide what he thought God had indissolubly combined, Religion and Freedom. He first appeared before his countrymen at the age of twenty-five, at a meeting of Catholics in 1800 in the midst of an intimidating police, to consider the Act of Union, then before the Parliament in College Green. His speech, which was "a great beginning in so green an age," revealed the principles on which, near twenty years afterward, he worked out Catholic Emancipation, and brought the Independence of Ireland to the verge of triumph. These principles were the combination of those two measures and the Union of the People of Ireland by conciliation.

"Let us show (said he) to every friend of Ireland, that Catholics are incapable of selling their country; that if their Emancipation was offered for their consent to the Act of Union, (even if Emancipation were a benefit after the Union,) they would reject it with prompt indignation. Let us show to Ireland that we have nothing in view but her good, nothing in our hearts but the desire of mutual forgiveness and mutual reconciliation. Let every man who agrees with me proclaim that if the alternative were offered him of the Union, or the reënactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, he would prefer the latter as the lesser or more sufferable evil; that he would confide in the justice of his brethren the Protestants of Ireland, rather than lay his country at the feet of foreigners."

We know not when the great scheme of delivering his country first occurred to O'CONNELL, but his life was a continual preparation for the enterprise.

"He wandered through the wrecks of days departed,
And dwellings of a race of mightier men,
And monuments of less ungentle creeds,
Tell their own tale to Him who rightly heeds
The language which they speak."

On such occasions the patriot would exclaim, with a heart beating loud and fast,

"It shall be thus no more: too long, too long,
Sons of the glorious Dead! have ye lain bound,
In Darkness and in Ruin. Hope is strong;
Justice and Truth their winged child have found.
Awake! Arise! until the mighty sound
Of your career shall scatter in its gust
The throne of the oppressor."

The new revolution began in no popular impulse, for the People were roused, not without long, vehement and incessant agitation. It had no foreign impulse. America was at rest, and France and even all Europe, were slumbering in the arms of Legitimate Monarchy. It was not a Military Insurrection; for Sedition had been tried for the last time. It depended not on the Irish People alone, for they were nearly powerless. It must be effected by the British King and Parliament, and they could be moved only by Moral force, or Opinion.—The objects of the Revolution must be divided. Liberty of Conscience, or Catholic Emancipation, must be demanded first. The Independence of Ireland, or Civil Liberty, must be attained afterward. If both were demanded at once, neither would be granted.

DANIEL O'CONNELL knew that such a Revolution was possible, and in this knowledge excelled his country and his age. When that knowledge was acquired, he stood confessed to himself, the Statesman of the Revolution. From that hour he expanded, and

"Bore aloft the Fame and Fortunes of his Race."

But how should Opinion be directed with effect? Burke and Fox, Canning and Brougham and Byron, had pleaded for Catholic Emancipation in the British Senate; had shown the absurdity, the unrighteousness and the inhumanity of the Penal Religious Code, and had demonstrated that it was only less ruinous to Protestants and to England than to Catholics and to Ireland. The British Parliament were already convinced. Reason, argument and conviction would not be enough. The British Government must be made to fear and tremble. But how should Opinion be made so potential?

It must begin in Ireland, a country divided by faction and sunk in despair. And if Ireland should become unanimous, what then? She had only twenty-seven Barons in the House of Lords, while Great Britain had nearly four hundred. Ireland had only one hundred delegates in the House of Commons, and not one true representative. Great Britain had five hundred representatives there.—The Church of England, standing on the ruins that were to be restored, was one of the great estates of the Empire. Even if all these obstacles should be surmounted, there stood the King, pledged and bound as he thought by his Coronation Oath to reject the Bill for the Liberty of Conscience. But even the Catholic Church and Clergy were not yet reliable. Britain was continually temporising, and Rome seemed not unwilling to compromise, and so divide the Irish People.

The Agitator needed therefore character and position which would enable him to speak with some show of authority to the People of Ireland, Catholics and Protestants, Clergy and Laity,—to the King, Lords, Commons and People of England,—to Rome herself, and to an impartial World.

What then were O'CONNELL'S character and position? He was a British subject, a member of the Catholic Church and a lawyer in the Four Courts of Dublin—merely a lawyer, a Catholic and a subject; and while Catholics remained disqualified he could be no more than this.

He determined to invest that humble and obscure character and that position with power and strength, and this power and strength were to be obtained from the consent of the Clergy and his countrymen.

So bold a Reformer needed rare powers and qualities, and needed them in extraordinary combination. He must have transcendent genius to conceive so great an action—courage to dare the attempt—energy to pursue it—moderation to conciliate—pacific temper to avoid irritations to force—prudence and sagacity to circumvent the strategy of the adversary—sympathy with Catholic Ireland to be its organ—reverence for the Clergy to gain their influence—loyalty to the British Constitution, to disarm those who converted it into an engine of Oppression—ardent and impulsive eloquence to rouse illiterate and unreflecting masses—logical acumen and rhetorical power to confute sophistry and convince the learned—tact and address to gain coadjutors and hold them in their proper spheres—patience in bearing the insolence of offended power and the timidity, waywardness and caprice of popular masses; and with all these he must combine a devotion which would make the great enterprise the sole business of a whole life. Providence guards against the collisions of mighty minds by allowing to exist only one at any one time, capable of conducting a nation in a great emergency.

There was only one WASHINGTON in America, and there could be only one O'CONNELL in Ireland,

Time and experience ripened the Liberator.—The Bar of Dublin opposed the young Reformer.—He exposed their mercenary spirit and cast the herd behind him. The Corporation of Dublin sent a champion who called him to the field of combat He slew the supercilious adversary and pensioned his widow; and, mourning over his almost involuntary crime, trampled thenceforth under his feet the false code of Honor. He claimed nothing for himself, and even less than an equal share of political power for his Catholic countrymen.

"Non ego, nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo
Nec mihi regna peto; paribus se legibus ambæ
Junctæ gentes eterna in fœdera mittant."

Opposition, oppression, even imprisonment, could not extort from him a breath of disloyalty to the throne, nor even to the Protestant succession. He maintained inflexibly that the Deliverance of Ireland would be hazarded by a single crime and lost by the sacrifice of a single life. He detected with piercing sight the defects of laws designed to counteract the Revolution, and organized all Ireland on a basis as narrow as the technicality of a special plea. Fervid and vehement he carried with him the passions of the People, as a cloud that covered his person whenever he discoursed to them of his great theme; perspicacious and deliberate, he won the admiration of mankind by the profoundness of his testimony before a British Parliament concerning the evils of Oppression. He waited imperturbably to mature his preparations and watched unceasingly for the hour when his opponents should be enfeebled by faction. A lineal descendant of oppressed generations, and a living and majestic mark of perpetual persecution for conscience sake, every physical and moral element of his constitution confessed the Celtic stock. "Strong from the cradle and of sturdy brood," his stature, complexion, gait, gestures, voice and attitude betrayed him for an Irishman of unmingled blood. Cheerful even to constant hilarity, and generous to self-destitution, he was the depository of all the public and the private griefs of his countrymen. He relieved their wants if possible, and, if impossible, taught them how to endure privation. When they fell inadvertently under the power of the law, and even when they wilfully rushed into its grasp against his advice, he flung himself between them and the prosecution and bore them off in triumph. His industry and assiduity never relaxed, although the cares not only of a Revolutionary state, but of every suffering member of it, fell upon his shoulders. He scorned allurements to wealth which might divide him from the People, subsisted on such rewards of his own labors as could be obtained without neglecting Ireland, and when the country required his exclusive devotion, he rejected pension and place offered by the Government and with distinguished magnanimity relied for his daily support on the unsolicited and voluntary contributions of his countrymen.

Thus endowed, trained and disciplined, O'CONNELL found the Irish heart an instrument which answered to his slightest touch, for "he knew the strings in which its music dwelt." He tuned it anew to its ancient themes of patriotism and piety.

At length the old King of England, after a long living death, was gathered to the garner-house of the grave. An odious Ministry was found in England under an odious Prince. Mendicity had driven the artisans and laborers of England to mutiny. The propitious hour for agitation had come, and DANIEL O'CONNELL broke forth before the world "Monarch of Ireland." He was a King none the less though the "stone of Destiny" had been removed from Tara's Hall to Westminster Abbey—a King without sacerdotal unction, royal descent, election or usurpation—a King without a crown, a court or guards—a King by consent of clergy and laity—a very King of 7,000,000, standing erect before the Imperial Throne, with power to levy armies, to maintain war and to conclude peace—a King who could arrest the laws of England, or let them go to execution—a King who could keep his subject people in perpetual endurance, or let them forth at pleasure to a carnival of revenge.

O'CONNELL was no longer the mere lawyer, subject and Catholic, but, retaining all those characters and the same position, his individuality was gone: He was Ireland. The same Ireland that had shone forth a beacon of Piety, Arts and Learning in the dark ages—the same Ireland that, though torn by faction and betrayed every hour by treason, had resisted the usurpation of England for 500 years—the same Ireland that had been circumvented into capitulation to a perfidious King at Limerick, that had endured the Cross, despised the shame and kept the faith through the terrors of the Penal Code, that had slept in the tomb with Sarsfield, had revived to newness of life under Grattan, and had been buried again by Pitt in the grave of the Union—the same Ireland revived and regenerated, wearing indeed the cerecloth of sepulture but more majestic, more vigorous and more terrible to her oppressors than ever.

The agency employed by O'CONNELL was as simple and sublime as were his own position and character. Combination is inherent in Democratic action. Civil and military associations were employed in 1782 and in the rebellion of 1798. Civil association was again tried, but without effect, in 1810. The Government had now put forth all its skill to frame laws which should prevent combination. There should be no military association, no *secret* association, no *Representative* or *delegated Assembly*, none that was *political*, and none to continue more than *fourteen days*. Nevertheless O'CONNELL organized and maintained during seven years a combination extending over the Island, embracing 700,000 members, and receiving fifty thousand pounds annually, which violated none of the inhibitions of the law, and yet had all the efficiency which they were designed to prevent. The center of Agitation was ultimately Conciliation Hall in Dublin, fitted up as a Capitol. Business was transacted and debates conducted with legislative forms. The doors were open to every subject and publicity was more effective than executive secrecy.

The assembly was crowded with impassioned and sympathising auditors, who manifested approval or dissatisfaction without restraint, while the speakers were animated by the smiles of Beauty from the galleries. The themes discussed with all the genius and fervor of Irish eloquence by O'Connell, Shiel and their associates, were the British Constitution, the Penal Code, the Resources and Destiny of Ireland—its condition—the value of Liberty—the evils of Faction; and not only these, but the daily conduct of Government, the oppression of every landlord, the grievance of every tenant, the insults of every patrician, the meekness of every plebeian: in short, whatever tended to excite, to rouse and to combine the Irish People. A Journal established by the Association transmitted the debates to kindred associations in every part of the Island, by whom the same animating topics were discussed with even greater zeal.

Ireland looked with pride on a voluntary and self-constituted Legislature which for a time eclipsed from their sight the British Parliament. The enthusiasm of Ireland reassured the advocates of Religious Tolerance in England and in Europe. And then every Irish Exile in America, in its cities and fields and forests, on its canals and rivers, returned a willing and effective blow against England. America, yielding to their enthusiasm and to natural impulses, saluted the new Republic of Ireland with gratulations and contributions.

It seemed as if one discontented Irish subject had roused the world against the Monarchy of Britain. England had nothing to oppose to the universal opinion of Mankind, but fears which were groundless, habits which were absurd and prejudices which were unchristian.

Oppression, however, had not altogether failed of its legitimate effects on the Irish people. Ignorance abounded. Intemperance had laid its maddening hand on starving multitudes. There were long existing feuds between the Catholic and Orange peasantry. The latter had long maintained secret associations, and the former were often banded in opposing societies. These associations involved Ireland in continual turbulence and riot, and often in scenes of blood.

"The Orange beggar spurned
The Papist beggar's hand,
While Freedom, shrinking, turned
And fled the hapless land."

It was necessary to tranquillize Ireland in order to prove that the People were capable of self-government. O'Connell invoked order. All Ireland was immediately organized in vast assemblies under the name of O'Connell's Police. Temperance and tranquility reigned throughout the island. In time these assemblies became a subject of complaint. O'Connell had but to say, "You want the word of command: I give it: Halt, disband," and instantly O'Connell's Police was resolved into the peaceful constituency of the Liberator.

The cause of Emancipation advanced in England, and a majority in its favor was already secured in the House of Commons. But still the Representatives from Ireland gave it no effective aid. A signal blow was wanting, and that fell from O'Connell's hand, with boldness, precision and effect.

"Electors of Clare," said he, on the eve of a special election, "you want a Representative in Parliament; I solicit your suffrages. True, I am a Catholic; I cannot, and of course I never will, take the oaths prescribed. But the power which created those oaths can abrogate them. If you elect me, I will try the question." O'Connell could only expect to be elected by the forty-shilling freeholders, as they were called, tenants of the landlords in Clare. Their votes, by tacit understanding and unbroken usage, belonged to their lords. Ruin awaited him who diverted his suffrage. But there was now a power higher than the landlord.

You see a mass of the peasantry of Clare issuing from the little parish church on the hill-side. They have reverently received the Mass; but their steps indicate perturbation. They gather around the priest and ask his paternal counsel concerning the hazardous requirement of O'CONNELL. The priest lays down his missal, raises his hand toward Heaven, breaks forth in their own wild native language, recites to them the story of their ancient fame and of the persecution and perfidy of their conquerors, expatiates on their inherent right of liberty of conscience, and the right and duty of passive resistance, on the sublimity of suffrage and the glory and renown that are now breaking in upon Ireland, and concludes his impassioned harangue with the injunction, "Vote, vote for O'CONNELL and Freedom."

It is now the election day. There is O'CONNELL, depicting the atrocities of British persecution with a noble ardor of religious zeal. A band of tenants are marching by under the conduct of their landlord to vote for the ministerial candidate. They pause; they mingle in the crowd; they listen, and now, at every cadence of the Liberator's voice, redoubled shouts arise, "O'CONNELL AND FREEDOM."

An elector is released from jail by his creditor on

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