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ON ENGLAND AND HER DEPENDENCIES

Up to the time of the discovery of America, in the year 1492, England stood in the rank of nations as a second or third rate power. Austria, France, Spain, were avowedly superior in territorial and military pre-eminence; and Portugal and Holland, now small states, surpassed her far and away in commercial importance. Her insular position protecting her in those days of imperfect naval science, from sudden foreign invasion; and again supplying her with a population of expert seamen, it followed as a necessary consequence that superior facilities for naval enterprise presented themselves to English statesmen on the first discovery of the American Continent. Spain and Portugal were solely intent on working the gold mines of South America. Holland was barely able to keep up her coasting trade with the East: France was employed in quelling the internal civil strife of several contending factions; while England crowded her dockyards with ship-builders, chartered her vessels to other nations, supplied sailors for foreign service; and in the course of one century had the command of more seamen and had a larger commercial navy than any other country in Europe. It was in the course of this, the sixteenth century, she took possession of North America and gained some of those splendid naval victories which laid the foundation of that unrivalled supremacy of the seas which in after times has raised her to the rank of a first rate power. It is quite true, too, that with the omnipresence of her meteor flag, she has also spread, pari passu, an enlightened civilization—teaching the mechanical arts, making the advantages of commerce palpable, and proving by practice and by fact the invincible power of national union and of internal peace. She took possession of America as a terra incognita, and she demanded obedience from the aboriginal inhabitants as a right of civilization over barbarism. This was a territory worth cultivating—stretching from the River St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Here was a wide domain, which for ages would absorb all our surplus population, would consume all our exports, would raise food for ten times, one hundred times, one thousand times its own population, and would, under skilled legislation, produce a race of friendly subjects to defend their own shores; and in some time of need, like faithful children, to aid with their treasure and their blood, the fond mother-country. On this wide theatre of English rule, acquired without conquest or angry feeling, the historian and statesman can take their philosophic stand, and to put to the test the wisdom or the folly of English constitutional legislation. This was a Dependency more important than the central parent kingdom: the land was possessed without rent or fine in the vast majority of instances; and the rivers, the harbors, the soil only wanted a numerous population to make this country a mine of gold to England. Yet her insolence, her taxation, her tyranny, her class legislation, her bigotry, drove this fine colony into madness and insurrection; and in about two centuries the patriot children of America, in a phrenzy of national hatred and of invincible courage, placed the muzzle of their muskets to the hearts of the English armies, and fixed the steel of their spears in the throats of their British oppressors, and almost in one day expelled their frantic tyrants from the soil, and unfurled for ever the standard of American independence. The history of this event is the recital of the British policy all over the world. By her arms she conquers, by her wealth she enriches, by her commerce and civilization she teaches and cultivates foreign subjects; but it is only for a short time; in the end she irritates by her pride, she maddens by her injustice, she indames by her tyranny, and in the combination of an infuriated people she is expelled by her own insensate folly. If the consummation has not happened in Canada or Ireland, it is not the result of British wisdom or moderation or altered policy: England has laid the same explosive material, has by her state logic arranged the same political and social premises, and if the same catastrophe has not happened it is due not to the prudence of English rule, but to the want of power in the oppressed dependencies. All history gives England credit for brilliant conquest and for superior civilization, and the whole world equally knows the crying injustice of her class-partialities, the mockery of her administration and the relentless persecution of her insatiable bigotry. Follow her in her track round the earth, and you will find in every spot on the globe where her name is known that the English ship imports cotton and religious slanders, penknives and lying tracts, glowing libraries of English science bound up with sermons of infidelity. She builds up and throws down at the same time; she teaches weaving and lying at the same factory, publishes laws of liberty and acts of tyranny in the same page; she teaches toleration and persecution from the same pulpit; and when the future historian will in two thousand years to come draw the picture of her character it will be hard to say whether she has advanced society more by her civilization than she has retarded it by her tyrannies; and whether she has not, in an attempt to spread her own Gospel, supplanted Christianity by the malignity of her sectarian rancor. A century has now nearly elapsed since the American catastrophe of 1772: every school-boy can now tell the folly of the Parliament of those days, and can minutely describe the insanity of the Cabinet in not listening to the remonstrances of Washington and his confederates. Yet we have only to turn the next page and read our British policy in India, to see the same scene re-enacted, with additional circumstances of thrilling horror to which neither Bunker Hill nor New Orleans gives any parallel of atrocity. Read the history of Clive, Cornwallis and Wellington; travel along the refulgent path of our armies from Seringapatam to Oude, and study the sciences of agriculture, commerce, architecture, navigation, steam, fortification, which are traceable on every field, rock and river in that wide peninsula. And when the traveller has

surveyed all this superexcellent creation of British power and mind, let him then turn the next page and read the insolence of military officials, the cruelty of tax gatherers to the poor Ryots, the insulting foppery of heedless children in British uniform, the brutal immorality of many towards the native population, the mockery of justice in all the courts of law, and above all, the preaching, the Souperism, the persecuting bigotry of old toolless, gouty, dilapidated colonels, towards the Catholic soldiers as well as the Sepoys: when we glance over the entire history of our military, social, religious, and political policy in Hindoostan, the wonder is not so much what they have already done, but how they have had the patience to endure so long this British public universal debauch of all order, justice and decency. The Madras Examiner, received this day, sums up in one sentence the character of the Indian authorities in the present crisis:— "Bullying is tried at first to induce men to do that which they think is wrong, then misrepresentation is resorted to, and finally coaxing."

STATE OF INDIA.

The Earl of Ellenborough alluded to the proclamation of the Governor General of India, of the 16th of May, declaring in strong terms the determination of the Government to adhere to its former practice in not interfering with the religion of the natives, and inquired why it was not laid upon the table with the Indian papers presented to the house. In a letter of the Court of Directors a hope was expressed that the precaution in question would produce a salutary effect. He thought there could be no objection that it should form part of the documents for public information. He recalled to the memory of the house; that so far back as the 20th of January, amongst the Sepoys there was a report that they would be forced to embrace Christianity. On the 11th of February, General Hersey said they were dwelling upon a mine which might at any moment explode; and yet it was not till the 27th of March that the Governor General made a general order in reference to the subject, and that general order was not read to the troops until the disbandment of the 19th regiment. The order set forth that it was the invariable rule of all its subjects with respect, but it said nothing as to the intentions of the Government for the future. On the 16th of May there was another proclamation, but that was not issued till after the occurrence of the events of Meerat, and the salutary effects expected were lost. On the 21st of January also there was a strong feeling among the Sepoys that it was impossible for them, in accordance with their religious persuasion, to use the cartridges that had been served out to them. Nine different letters were written, and eight days elapsed before the Governor General was made acquainted with this most ominous impression weighing on the minds of the Sepoys only eight miles distant from Calcutta. On this occasion General Hersey had no mounted orderly or express to send his information by. Was that the way in which business should be conducted in a time of extreme danger? This systematic loss of time in the communication of important matters was shown in repeated instances in the papers before the house, and he would ask whether such a state of things would have been allowed had the Marquis of Wellesley or Warren Hastings been in India. The fact was, that the Government of India was not conducted by the Governor General, but was in the hands of secretaries and clerks, and the consequence to the public service was the most serious. He thought it impossible for any one who read the papers which had been laid on the table not to see that the objections of the Sepoys to the cartridges was really a religious one. He rejoiced at this, because, though it had led to a mutiny, and though all confidence was destroyed for the present, yet it did not exclude the revival of that confidence. We must endeavor to disabuse the minds of the Sepoys, and that could be done only by assuring them not only that we never had, that we do not now, but that we never should in the smallest way interfere with their religion. He would postpone any remarks he had to make upon the telegraphic messages till further information arrived.

The conduct of England is everywhere the same towards those who differ from her rule or creed: her character is in all places the same; her civilization and tyranny—toleration on parchment, and bigotry in practice; and like the two opposite poles of the galvanic current, she exhibits the same intensity of hatred to the Catholics as partiality to her own "persuasion"—the same persecution of our creed, as protection of her own. This unjust class-legislation is her cardinal fault, and in time will be the unerring cause of her national overthrow. She boasts of her protection of the Irish people, while the landlords of Ireland are banishing them every day from the soil: she speaks of the social improvement of the small occupiers of land, while the emigrant ship gives the lie to this cruel perfidious statement; her blue book records the accumulated export of meat and butter from our shores, while the producer of both cannot touch or eat one ounce of either. In such a case extent of export proves at once the merciless demand of the landlord and the grinding poverty of the poor. England points to the droves of bullocks and the flocks of sheep on our quays, shipped to her shores, as a mark of Irish improvement; yes, improvement in the extended farms of the aristocracy, but it equally proves the expulsion of the people, the extermination of the poor cottier population. England publishes all over the world the purity of her Gospel, the perfection of her Church and the disinterestedness of her clergy; while every man, woman and child in Ireland knows that the abbey lands have been robbed from the Catholic widow and orphan; that the carriages of the bishops are purchased with the patrimony of the poor, and that the clothes the clergy wear and the meat they eat should be distributed amongst the inmates of the various poor houses of Ireland as their inalienable right—a right no law can invalidate, no time can rest from the eternal sacred claims of the poor.

At this moment the tide of public opinion throughout Europe is at its height against the tyranny and intolerance of England. The press of Italy, Spain, and Austria were all united in one expression of the treachery of England in politics and her intolerance in religion. And this public opinion has given as one of its proofs, that during the revolution in Hungary, Lombardy, Naples, &c., the English press never ceased holding up to public reproach the tyranny of these various nations, and commiserating the fate of the unhappy persecuted patriots struggling for liberty! Yet even where Austria has remitted

the punishment of thousands of her rebels, where Naples has opened her jails and pardoned her conspirators, where France has recalled her revolutionists, England, alone, with all her boasting, refuses to pardon some half dozen of her exiles; and thus places her character before mankind as the maligner of foreign courts, the exciter to foreign insurrection, the encourager, the applauder, the correspondent, the lodger of foreign cut-throats, while she deceitfully refuses pardon in the face of Europe to a few revolutionists. Even more, she inconsistently effaces the sentence of some three or four individuals, while she maligns and continues the same punishment at the same time in their exiled companions. Year after year England is thus losing her former prestige, while the surrounding nations are acquiring character and power; and event after event is occurring in her history which are daily lessening her former eminence and reducing her by a slow but certain progress to the level which the laws of eternal truth has fixed as the appropriate finale of injustice to man and infidelity to God.

D. W. C. August 13, 1857.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

INAUGURATION OF THE O'CONNELL STATUE IN THE CITY OF LIMERICK.

One of the proudest and most spirit-stirring, and at the same time, one of the most affecting and beautiful scenes that have been witnessed in Ireland for many years passed off in this city of memorable associations on the 15th August. The object of the day's proceedings was the inauguration of the colossal bronze statue of the Liberator, recently erected, through the national spirit of the city of Limerick, on one of the grandest sites of this city. Nothing that has yet appeared on the subject in the public press—no anticipatory notices of the ceremonial—could convey an adequate idea of the general effect of the proceedings. Even those who have been most active in organising these proceedings have been themselves astounded at the effect produced. It was originally intended that the inauguration should have taken place on the 6th of this month, the birthday of the lamented Liberator; but to suit the convenience of the trades, the ceremonial was postponed to this great Catholic festival, when, after fulfilling all their religious duties, the necessary leisure might be at their disposal, and might enable their brethren from several distant towns to come in and join their ranks.

The concourse of people was immense. From an early hour trains on the different railways poured in their contributions to the throng, some of these from a very great distance—from Cork, and Kerry, and Tipperary, and Waterford. The Foynes Railway brought in thousands from the Western extremity of this county, as the Waterford and Limerick line did from the east; but, after all, those who could avail themselves of railways were but an imperceptible item of the myriads who filled the streets of Limerick this day. The ancient territories of Thomond, and Ormond, and Desmond sent in their thousands. The whole population of Clare would seem to have found its way this day to Limerick. And who would assemble to honour the memory of O'Connell if they did not? It was cheering in the extreme to witness the comfortable and happy aspect of this vast assemblage of the farming population of the south of Ireland. It is true that they are not indebted for the smallest mite of their prosperity to our legislators, but Providence has been pouring out its blessings on them in the shape of a golden harvest, and in their manner and general appearance they show that they have not been ungrateful of these benign favours.

The greatest credit is due to the committee for the admirable arrangements upon which the proceedings of the day were conducted. The procession of the trades and corporation was fixed to commence at one o'clock, and, notwithstanding the difficulty there must have been in organising such masses, the hour for starting was not postponed for many minutes. Almost immediately after the appointed time the congregated trades, with their bands and banners, moved from their rendezvous at Bank-place, in Irishtown, and, halting opposite the City Hall, were there joined by the Mayor and corporation, who, dressed in their civic robes, and preceded by the civic officers, took up their place at the end of the long line of trades and temperance societies preceded at a short distance by the fine band of the County of Limerick Militia, revived specially for this occasion, and dressed in their regimental uniform. The procession then proceeded along Patrick-street and part of George's-street, across Wellesley-bridge, in the following order:—First came the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society, with several banners; then a large group of trades' banners, with a band; then followed in line, and according to the usual order of the guilds, the trades of Limerick, with their respective banners, their numbers being largely increased by the multitude of their brethren from several distant towns. The trades of Limerick have always been distinguished for their organisation, as well for their thorough national feeling, and their extremely respectable appearance this day did honour to their high character.

Several religious and temperance societies joined in the procession, a remarkable feature of which was the very large number, nearly a hundred, of hand-some flags that were carried at intervals along the line.

Then followed a large vehicle conveying the militia band, and next came—the Trades, Young Men's Society, the Corporation, the Committee of the O'Connell Testimonial, the High Sheriffs of the City and County, and Members of Parliament; John Hogan, the sculptor; the Earl of Dunraven, the inaugurator; the clergymen, and the city freemen.

In this order the procession advanced along the North Strand, on the Clare side of the Shannon, to the foot of Thomond-bridge, where the scene became peculiarly interesting. In the immediate vicinity of the memorable Treaty Stone, a whole grove of trees were transplanted from some of the neighbouring woods, and their branches were decorated with festoons of flowers, and bright pieces of drapery bearing appropriate mottoes. Close by also, was the place decorated by the fishermen of the North Strand, one of the most popular bodies in Limerick or its vicinity. Across the river a line of small boats, carrying flags, were moored, and the gay and beautiful appearance of this scene was the most conspicuous in its contrast with the gloomy towers of the celebrated old castle at the opposite extremities of the bridge. We will not pause here to revive the sad historical memories which belong to the place; but, passing, along with the gay banners, and stirring music, and cheerful faces of the procession, we advance across the bridge and through the old streets of the English town, now enlivened with the fresh foliage of the trees planted during the preceding day at the principal points along our route, and over Ball's-bridge into the Irish town, where the trees, and garlands, and festoons, and inscribed banners became still more numerous, the venerable thoroughfares of Broad-street and John-street assuming almost the aspect of a Parisian boulevard. Spanning one of the principal thoroughfares leading from Clare was a piece of drapery with the well-chosen motto of "Men of Clare, remember '28."

We have now arrived at a point, the historical associations of which are the most interesting of all that Limerick can boast of. We have reached John's Gate—the site of the celebrated breach in the town

wall, which the women of Limerick helped to defend successfully against the troops of William, and which all his veteran regiments failed effectually to storm. Here also are the still blackened fragments of the Black Battery, on which five hundred men of William's regiment of Brandenburgers were blown into atoms by an explosion of gun-powder in the very midst of the terrible storming scene that was going on in the neighbouring breach; and the few men of whom that escaped are described by the Williamite historian as looking like furies from the regions below, all black from the sulphurous blaze which they had survived. How different was the scene on that memorable spot to-day! The roar of cannon was again heard there, it is true, but it was only from a saluting battery of two field pieces, admirably worked by some of the men of the late Limerick Militia Artillery, who had plied their guns with capital effect, and great rapidity, to greet the passing procession in honour of the great, peaceable and legal assertor of Ireland's rights. At this point also the procession passed under a fine triumphal arch, composed of trees with still living foliage, and garlands of flowers, intermixed with inscriptions well suited to the scene, such as—"August 27th, 1690"—(the date of the famous defence of the Walls of Limerick)—"The women of Limerick"—"Altars Free—Emancipation—1829—O'Connell."

The procession now filed in front of the new Catholic Cathedral of St. John's one of the noblest of the edifices which the revived spirit of Ireland is raising in our times to the worship of the Living God. This majestic pile, which is already far advanced, could not be described in the few words that could be devoted to it here. Suffice it to say, that it belongs to the grandest style of Gothic architecture, and stands in a large open space, where its fine proportions will be seen to the best possible advantage. From this point the procession passed down William-street into George's street, and advanced in the midst of vast crowds to the Crescent, where the statue stands. A platform of enormous dimensions was constructed round the base of the statue, and in a few moments this structure, capable of accommodating with ease more than five hundred men, was soon thronged with nearly double that number, jammed together with a pressure and weight that nothing but the great strength of the platform could have sustained. At half-past three the procession commenced filing round the platform, upon which the banners of the trades were then grouped with beautiful effect round O'Connell's pedestal. The Mayor of Limerick then took the chair, with the Earl of Dunraven at his right hand, and Mr. Serjeant O'Brien, M.P., at his left, the members of the corporation, and an immense array of Clergy, gentry, and citizens thronging around. The effect of the scene at this moment was exceedingly fine. The crowded platform, the statue, and the grouped banners we have already noticed, the vast expanse of George's-street, extending as far as the eye could reach, was filled with one vast living mass, and the windows of the lofty houses around were crowded with fashionably dressed ladies the brilliancy of whose appearance can best be described in one word—that they were the ladies of Limerick.

When the Mayor had taken his seat, Caleb Powell, Esq., Clonshavoy, rose amid loud cheers, and, on the part of the committee, called on the Earl of Dunraven to inaugurate the statue.

Lord Dunraven rose amid loud cheers. The noble earl said—Mr. Mayor, I beg to hand over to your custody, as Mayor of this city, and to the custody of your successors, the statue which I now request may be unveiled. The statue, which up to this period was veiled with a dark green covering, was unveiled, and disclosed the statue of the great tribune in a most commanding attitude, grasping in his left hand the roll of the Emancipation Act, and his right hand raised in front of his breast in the attitude of demonstration. The figure is classically draped. The pose is easy graceful and commanding. The features are extremely life-like. The statue is one of the greatest works of Hogan, and must, if he had executed no other work, stamp him at once as a most accomplished artist. When the statue was unveiled there burst from the countless masses enthusiastic cheers. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows and the balconies. The several bands played "Should old acquaintance be forgot." The scene altogether was impressive and moving in the highest degree. On the platform every head was uncovered, and the cheers and waving of hats indicated the utmost enthusiasm.

Lord Dunraven continued—Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, we have heard it before now mentioned as a matter of reproach that so many years have passed by since the death of that illustrious man before any public act was performed to show the amount of Irish gratitude. Gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to say that the demonstration which we have all witnessed this day—the magnificent procession which has just taken place—is in itself a sufficient answer to such an unjust reproach. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) Through your kindness I occupy a position which I feel myself incompetent to fill. (Cries of "No, No.") But I rejoice that it has given me the opportunity of expressing the feeling which has been for years past pent up within my breast of the deepest and most lasting gratitude to the memory of that illustrious man. ("Hear" and cheers.) Sir, let us for one moment consider the state this country was in at the time of his birth. ("Hear.") The population of this country was then in a state of bondage and slavery; their religion was proscribed; their social position was degraded, and their political power annihilated. At that time appeared this great man, who was destined to perform so important a part in the history of his country. It is a remarkable fact that even at the age of nine years he himself gave a prediction of his own career; for one day, when his family were talking over the Irish patriots, Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont, he was observed to sit in a chair abstracted and silent; and when one of his family said to him, "What are you thinking of, Daniel?" the boy replied, "I am thinking that I shall yet make a stir in the world." (Loud and continued cheers.) I do not know whether any present here had the good fortune to see, as I have had, the place of the great Liberator's birth on the shores of the western ocean. Amid some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery in this country he spent his rising years, imbibing, as he himself said afterwards, the spirit of liberty which came on the western breeze from the land of freedom. The talents which he so early displayed caused his parents to send him to the Continent to the College of St. Omer for education, because, as you all know, at that period no Catholic could receive the benefit of a high education in this country; and gentlemen, there it was, that while on the one hand he imbibed lessons of freedom and the principles of liberty, which were in vogue in that country, at the same time the horrors which he saw in the French Revolution stamped on his mind that hatred of bloodshed and horror of civil war which formed so remarkable a characteristic of his future career. ("Hear, hear.") On his return to this country he adopted the bar as his profession, and with his talents it was no wonder that he made such rapid progress. ("Hear.") You all know that the highest emoluments of his profession lay before him, and the highest rewards in its power to confer might be obtained by him. But what did he do with them? He used them for no sordid or selfish ends of his own. ("Hear, hear.") He brought all his forensic power and legal skill, and laid them at the shrine of his country. (Great cheers.) As early as the year 1800, or very soon after the Union, he made his first public speech, and in that speech declared the principle that was deep in his heart; and in the year of 1815 he became the recognised leader of the Catholics of Ireland, and we all know now from that time up, by a course of restless agitation, and with the most undaunted energy and with the wonderful talent he possessed, he proceeded, unchecked by all opposition and undeterred by every intimidation in his remarkable career. (Cheers.) All the resources of his

great mind were brought to bear upon the grand object of his life; and, in passing, I may mention that in 1822, when he brought to the great body of the Catholic Clergy to take part in his agitation—in 1823, when he founded the Catholic Association; and in 1824, when he organised the Catholic rent, he had created a mighty power, and with these three great elements of power combined and working under his guidance, it is not a matter of surprise that the time was soon to come when the issue could no longer be doubted. ("Hear, hear, hear.") In the great meeting of 1829 he first showed to mankind, by an experiment on a great scale, how the political and social condition of a whole nation may be ameliorated without shedding a drop of blood, and without any of the horrors of domestic war. ("Hear, hear.") Sir, I will not attempt to go through his parliamentary career, in which he obtained honor and renown equal to that of any other member of the legislature. If I were to mention any one thing which could possibly exalt him more than another it was the wonderful ability he displayed and the undaunted courage he showed during the celebrated debates on the Coercion Bill of 1833, when he almost alone and unaided had to contend against the whole power of the leading statesmen of the British parliament. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I have attempted, however feebly, to portray the career of this great man. ("Hear, hear.") I will not of course intrude upon questions of politics. I cannot avoid saying that the career of agitation which he pursued, the wonderful power he possessed over the minds of the people, were in themselves a phenomenon which must deserve the deepest consideration. It is not in my power to portray his character with justice; I am inadequate to the task of describing that wonderful combination of qualities which he possessed, and undaunted courage he ever displayed, the unflinching energy and perseverance with which he pursued his object, his great natural eloquence, and the style he possessed in debate; and when to these were added the nobleness of his person, the beautiful and musical tones of his voice, the sweet cheering smile which so attracted the people, and still more his accurate knowledge of the character of his countrymen, and his talent for wielding with effect the great power at his command—these qualities, I am justified in saying, combined to make him a man without a superior during his time. (Loud cheering.) I will turn for a moment from his public career to that portion which, to those who had the happiness of seeing him is a gratification they have not forgotten and will not forget, after the toil of a parliamentary campaign or after a course of agitation in the country, to see him enjoying the beautiful scenery of his own dear Darrynane. I have heard from the lips of others a description—for I never had myself the pleasure to see him there—of him pursuing the sports, which, like a true Irishman, he so relished and enjoyed, or in wandering on the sea shore admiring the magnificence of the storm or the beauty of the mountain solitude; and I have heard also of how he exercised his splendid hospitalities in a spirit that no one could surpass. ("Hear, hear.") His house was open to men of every creed and all politics. Whoever went there was welcome and was happy, and none left it without regret. (Loud cheering.) Gentlemen, before concluding this brief reference to the career of the great O'Connell one cannot but picture the sad portion of which passed just before the close of his earthly course. (Cheers.) No human nature could withstand the effects of nearly half a century of mental and bodily exertion. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") No man who had gone through such a life of toil could avoid falling in his powers as he did fall when disease took possession of his faculties; and gentlemen, what a sad thing must it not have been to him to be obliged to leave his native land, which he loved so well—to leave her at a time when famine and pestilence were stalking through the country—when the upper classes were on the verge of ruin and the lower classes on the verge of starvation. ("Hear, hear.") It must, indeed, have saddened him sorely when, at such a time, he saw one of the great objects of his life unattained, and that united action which he knew so well how to organise and guide, and which was the only means by which success could be achieved, broken and dissolving away before his eyes. What would he not have given to be enabled to see that happy change which, since his death, and the calamities that at that time befel her, has come over this country? One cannot help thinking that God, in His mercy, sent a chastisement on the country which, however bitter it may have been, no one could have anticipated would have resulted in what we now see around us. How would the heart of the dying Liberator have been gladdened could he have seen the prosperity that now exists in his beloved Ireland, the improvement in the condition of the agricultural classes, in their clothing and the comfort of their homes, and what is more important still, the tranquillity which reigns in the country, and the great and happy diminution of crime. (Cheers.)—This state of Ireland would have cheered his aged heart; but had it been allowed to him to live he would have seen education spreading throughout the land—he would have seen magnificent churches erected in our principal towns—(loud cheers)—temples and altars rising on every side dedicated to the honour of his religion, such as have not been built for many hundred years. (Cheers.) And here I cannot help alluding to that church we passed today—a place where the genius of an Englishman, aided by the Arms and contribution of a whole diocese, have combined to raise one of the most beautiful temples of modern days. (Cheers.) I feel I have most inadequately performed the task which your kindness imposed upon me. (No, no.) But in looking at the claims which the great Liberator has upon us, I am particularly impressed with the claims he has upon my respect and gratitude as a Catholic, as well as upon the respect and gratitude of the thousands who are members of the religion which he professed and sustained. (Loud cheers.) Sprung as he was, and as I am proud to be, from an ancient Irish race which ruled in the land, his family never deserted the Faith that has existed here since the coming of St. Patrick—(cheers)—while one of my ancestors, I regret to say, was base enough, under the pressure of the penal laws, to apostatise. (Cheers.) But I have had the blessed privilege—the greatest privilege which God can give to man—situated as I was, to be restored to that ancient Church which has been so long the Church of this people and this country. (Loud and long continued cheering.) But it is not only as a member of that Church, but also as a true lover of liberty, that I owe the deepest gratitude to our Liberator. From the beginning to the close of his career he omitted no opportunity to elapse that could in any way be turned to advance the cause of human freedom. His efforts were not solely directed to advance the cause of those with whom he agreed in religion, as his efforts in favor of the Dissenters of England, and for the abolition of negro slavery, which deserved the gratitude of every friend of freedom, testify, and never did he lose an opportunity of advocating those principles, which I believe to be the true principles of human liberty. But it is as an Irishman that one must feel the deepest gratitude to the great O'Connell. He it was who raised our country from a state of most abject bondage to the position we now occupy. To use his own language, when he referred to that beautiful saying of Grattan—that he had watched the cradle of Irish independence and had followed its bier to the grave—to him had it been given to sound the trumpet of his country's resurrection, and to show that she was not dead but sleeping. (Loud and enthusiastic cheers.) As an Irishman, Sir, I love and venerate his memory as that of one who, by his exalted talents, honored and raised the name of his country in the eyes of the world, and I rejoice that in him we have one instance at least in which a true Celtic name has obtained a world-wide renown. And gentlemen, looking at him and his career, I cannot help feeling that amongst his contemporaries were two other Irishmen, who, in two great crises, one may almost say, proved to be the saviours of their