

of the church; that on the first day of the obsequies, and on the other two succeeding days if necessary, a Catholic aggregate meeting should be held to make some attempt at least towards paying the debt—the new and enormous debt—the Catholics of Ireland have contracted on account of the recent occurrences, towards the Romans and the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX.

As to the reception of the Body, it ought to take place on the sea-verge of the Island, with all the solemnity the prelaacy and priesthood of Ireland in the costume of the church and ceremonial prescribed by the Ritual for such an occasion can give it. It ought to take place in the evening; the multitudes could be well and appropriately arranged in ranks along both eastern and western piers, bearing torches and chaunting the psalms of the Dirge, as the sea chapel moves slowly and solemnly across the harbour.

I must conclude. The post is on the point of starting; we also start this evening to travel rapidly, night and day until with heaven's mercy and blessing, we shall have deposited our illustrious charge in the hands of the O'Connell's and of the Irish people. In extreme haste, ever faithfully yours,

J. MILEY.

In the chief Catholic periodical of Paris—the *Correspondant*—for the 10th of June, is an article headed "O'Connell and his detractors," which contains matter worthy of perusal:—

"The greatest Catholic light which has shone for the last fifty years has disappeared from the stage of this world. Daniel O'Connell the Liberator of Ireland (for this title will be inseparable from his memory, like those surnames of the Romans which springing from one glorious action were transmitted as an inheritance) Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, has ceased to live, and already has the period of history begun for the man who of all others of our time, has least courted personal glory. At the present day opposing parties battle over his tomb and dispute the honour of judging a character which will long continue to excite the curiosity of men before a rigourously correct appreciation can be formed of it. Attentive to all that has been said of O'Connell, as if it were upon ourselves that the sentence was about to be pronounced, we will guard ourselves from anticipating the ultimate decree of public opinion.

Ireland in fact has as yet reached only the first phase of her deliverance. O'Connell's hand has drawn her out from the abyss; he has restored her to light; but naked, defenceless, and so to speak without a refuge. What efforts—what genius has not been needed to bring the laws of England at last to look upon the Irish as upon men! New

difficulties, problems more frightful in their solution present themselves before a second career; the Irishman of our day is a stranger on his native soil. If, at the least crisis of provisional subsistence, he is reduced as he has been this year to pass from penury to famine, it is because the land is still as much enslaved as were, till lately, the men by whom it is inhabited. A revolution in political rights has been accomplished; another revolution—in property—has become inevitable; and the prolongation of the existence of the Irish people depends upon the promptitude with which this transformation shall be worked.

It is to bring about this revolution that the population has been doubled in the space of half a century; it was the confused hope that necessity always gives birth to, that animated the enormous masses on whom four years ago the voice of O'Connell imposed respect for English iniquity, assuming the form of law. As long as the thing was possible he sustained himself and sustained Ireland in that monstrous fiction; but by degrees the words ceased to correspond with facts. From that time there have appeared many men willing to feed their auditors rather with words than hopes and his voice was not silenced until new deceptions succeeded in driving him from the grounds of patient legality, on which he had collected the Irish people like shipwrecked men upon an island.

We do not doubt that history will produce not only the entire justification of the character, but also of the system of O'Connell. God has not willed the political emancipation of Ireland merely that the martyr of a Catholic nation might become more glorious; it would be too severe a trial of human weakness to condemn it to behold expiring in the tortures of want, or vegetating on the last stage of material degradation a people who, perhaps, in its entirety, has carried further than any other the exercise of the Christian virtues.

But God had created O'Connell for the first deliverance of Ireland and not for the second; he delivered himself of his personal task so soon as that task was accomplished. It is a merciful decree if we consider the long labours of a life so Christian, a life so purified by faith and works. It is a rigorous sentence in appearance, if we regard only the outsides of things, if we attend only to the anguish which must have pressed upon so vast an intelligence when it found itself perhaps in an unexpected world, and amid seas to it unnavigable. What man, however, has enjoyed success more fully or more legitimately? There are so many bright rays in a glory which conscience does not reproach. Thus has God, even in this life, granted to the Liberator this portion of satisfaction.—