

main sound and honest, which possesses illimitable powers of recuperation, will long consent to see its good name dishonoured by swindling contractors, dishonest officials, and fraudulent stock-jobbers. By what agencies this new and more important Revolution will be brought about, it is, for the present, difficult to foretell; one thing, however, is certain, that the very foundations of society are threatened by the torrent of vice and crime which rushes down upon it from every side, and that the restoration of a healthy moral tone is a matter of life or death to the American Republic.

The O'Connell Centenary was "a great day for Ireland," although not in the sense anticipated by its promoters. Some fatality seems to attend Irish demonstrations of every kind, and those who are in the habit of forecasting events by an easy reference to national idiosyncracies, were not slow to predict a *contretemps* on this occasion. The facile method of attributing such misadventures to inherent vices of race ought to have been abandoned long ago. Every ethnologist knows that the Celt and Saxon, however hostile they may have been in contemporary history, are of the same stock, and that the peculiarities of Irish, as well as French, history must be sought for in some other quarter. Still it remains true that Ireland has been as helpless a prey to faction as it has been to tyranny, and it seems like a bitter piece of irony in the sequence of events, that the memory of Daniel O'Connell, the only leader about whom the masses rallied, should be the starting-point for new dissensions. From the time when Samuel Lover's parish priest settled the date of St. Patrick's birth, by a sum in simple addition, until now, the mass of the Irish people, content, perhaps, with their singular unanimity on that occasion, has preferred, with one exception, to live at sixes and sevens. "Don't be always divided, but sometimes combine," was the advice of the worthy father, and the only man, in her history, who taught Ireland to do so, was O'Connell. No one, of course, expected that the Orangemen of Ulster would pay homage to the great agitator, but with skilful management, Liberals, Protestant as well as Catholic, English and Scotch, as well as Irish, might have been induced to join cordially in the posthumous commemoration of a dead struggle. In-

deed it would not have been impossible, as we read the signs of the times, to induce Mr. Disraeli to bury the hatchet and pronounce a eulogy on the festive occasion. Blood, however, will tell, and the decorations and parade apart, Dublin made a notable *fiasco*.

The cause of the trouble was evident at the first blush. The Lord Mayor, Mr. McSwiney, inspired by Cardinal Cullen, had determined that O'Connell should be celebrated as a son of the Church; the Home Rule and Fenian parties were equally determined that he should be fêted as the champion of Repeal. The English Liberals could hardly take part in a demonstration, in which the Pope's health was to be the first toast. They are helplessly divided just now, but it is obvious that the alienation of the English and Scotch Nonconformists which would follow such a step must be death to them, without the hope of resurrection for years to come. The Mayor and his hierarchical backers, being in possession of the field, and desirous of renewing the Liberal alliance, strove to put Home Rule and its troublesome auxiliaries in the back ground. Their orator, Lord O'Hagan—a classic patronymic by the way—was repudiated by the rabble of recalcitrants as a "pensioner of Gladstone and the British Crown." O'Connell was a patriot, the proof of which is with national quickness at the tongue's tip—he refused to be Master of the Rolls. Most of us know that the great Daniel had his choice between accepting judicial preferment with one-third of the amount of his "rent"—the poor people's coppers collected on Sundays at the chapel doors, and keeping the whole of the "rent," and being a patriot to boot. He wisely combined a regard to country with a marked *penchant* for pelf. There were, then, three parties, all desirous of doing suitable honour to the memory of the great agitator, and all working at cross purposes. The loyal Liberals, so soon as it was definitively decided to prefer the Pope to the Queen, washed their hands of the business altogether, because, though they were willing to commemorate the services O'Connell rendered to the cause of religious liberty, they were not willing to be dragged into the slough of despond, by the fanaticism of the Ultramontane or the unreasoning demagoguism of Home Rule. There remained, then, two parties to fight