

sented to take some steps for the emancipation of their Catholic countrymen, so that all the nation might enter into the act of legislation; to have no laws made by class or caste, but by all men who had the name and the privileges of Irishmen. It was too bright to last. The English Government took thought. The following year saw a strange Viceroy sent over; the following year the insidious Army Act was introduced; the pressure and apprehension of war was taken from England; and the moment her hands were free, she turned around to rivet the chains upon Ireland's form. The Army Act was passed; and then the Irish Parliament had only to stop the voice of Grattan and every patriotic man. By that act it was declared illegal for every Irishman to carry arms; and the Volunteers were disarmed. No sooner were the arms, the guns and artillery taken from them, and these strong men deprived of their arms, than England at once began a systematic persecution of the Irish people, with the express intention of goading them into rebellion, and thereby fastening the chains which she secured about them (great applause). One act following another. In 1794, Earl Fitzwilliam was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He arrived in the country in January. He was the friend of Ireland, and of Ireland's son, the immortal Grattan. As soon as ever the English government discovered that this man intended to rule Ireland justly, he was instantly recalled; and the people who greeted him with shouts of joy in January, accompanied him with tearful eyes, as he took his departure on the 25th of March of the same year. Then followed act after act of tyranny and oppression. In vain did Grattan, Curran, and the immortal Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then in the Irish Parliament, protest against these cruel acts. At length finding that government was determined to destroy the people, if possible; in the year '97 Grattan arose in the Irish Parliament and said: "I have offered you measures for the happiness of Ireland, and you have refused them. You propose measures for the misery of Ireland, and you will carry them. I have no more use or business," he said, "to remain in this House;" and the aged patriot departed from the House, followed by Arthur O'Connor, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and a few others, who left, with despair in their minds and with aching hearts (applause). Then came the dawn of 1798, when Kildare and some of the midland counties made a miserable and unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Heroic Wexford arose; the stalwart men of the hill-sides of Wexford arose. Unarmed as they were, or armed only with the armor of their infinite bravery,—they stood out for dreary months against the united power of England; until at length the rebellion, as it was called, was suppressed—after the slaughter of the people. A ferocious foreign soldiery and the Yeomanry were let loose through the land; tortures were inflicted upon innocent and unoffending men and women, worse than ever Cromwell inflicted upon the people of Ireland; and '98 closed upon the nation trodden in the blood-stained dust, and with minds and hearts, utterly prostrated and broken under the iron heel of the enemy. And this O'Connell saw during the years '98 and '99. He listened, day after day, night after night, as John Philip Curran stood alone between the tyrant upon the bench,—the blood-stained and ferocious Norbury,—and the poor prisoner, so often innocent in the dock,—with loud, heroic, though fruitless voice, indicating the principles of eternal justice and the majesty and purity of the law (applause). The heart of the nation was broken in '98, and nothing remained but for the infamous English minister to work his will upon the people of Ireland. That man was called Lord Castlereagh. He cut his throat afterwards (hisses)—and it used to be a standing toast in the west of Ireland, even within my recollection, for two or three friends, when they met together, to feel in duty bound to fill their glasses and give, "Here is to the strap that put the keen edge on the razor that cut Castlereagh's throat" (applause and laughter). He bribed the Irish members of Parliament with money; or bribed them with titles; he practiced the vilest arts of corruption that could be suggested by his own wicked mind and corrupted heart; and he carried, just at the beginning of this present 19th century, the measure which has been the ruin of Ireland, namely, the abolition of the Irish Parliament, and the union of the two countries under one Legislature. It was in vain that Grattan thundered against this iniquity with his heroic voice. It was in vain that Fitzgerald, Kendall Bush, and other great Irishmen of the day, spoke in language that is immortal for its eloquence, and for its justice in the cause of their country, and their country's national existence. Everything was borne down, and flooded with English corruption and bribery. And this Act was passed, by which Ireland was deprived of the power to make her own laws; and a nation hostile to her, and determined upon her corruption and ruin, was commissioned to make laws for Ireland. The Act was passed. It has been the apology of every cruelty, and every injustice that we have suffered from that day to this; the accursed Act of Union, by which Ireland lost her power.

Among the bribes that were held out to the Irish people to let this Act pass, there was one, and it was a promise that was given then, that the Catholics should be emancipated. No sooner was the Union passed, than William Pitt, the Prime minister of England, betrayed his faith, and broke his word with Ireland; and when he had received the gift of our existence into his hands, he laughed at us in the face, and mocked us as fools, for trusting him; and a fool is every Irishman on the face of the earth that trusts England, and England's Parliament, or that imagines for a single moment that the English Government or the English Parliament will ever give justice, or equal laws to Ireland, unless they are obliged and coerced by the fear of arms (great applause). If the Volunteers of '82 had kept

their guns, he would have kept his word (renewed applause). And now, my friends, what was the position of Ireland when O'Connell first appeared in the history of our country? Born in 1775, he was called to the bar in Dublin, in 1798: it was only five years before, that is to say, in 1793,—that the Penal Law was relaxed, so that a highly educated Catholic gentleman was allowed the privilege of earning his bread as a lawyer. We first find him, while the question of the Union was being agitated. He attended a meeting in the Corn Exchange of Dublin. It was composed exclusively of Catholics, mostly professional men. They came to discuss the question of Ireland's existence, and to protest against the Union. It will give you some idea of how things were carried on in those days. As I told you, no sooner was the meeting assembled in the Corn Exchange, than the tramp of soldiers was heard outside the door: and in swaggered Major Sirr, the Town Major of Dublin, at the head of his troops. He marched around the hall and surrounded the meeting. He then commanded them to ground their arms, and down fell the heavy guns of the Hanoverian and English soldiers. "Now, gentlemen, you may begin your discussions," said he; but every man there knew that his very life was at the mercy of that blood-stained, unmerciful, hard-hearted man. There was no liberty of thought much less of speech; a man could not call his soul his own in those days; and it was under these circumstances, in the presence of Major Sirr and his soldiery, that O'Connell, for the first time in his life spoke a word for Ireland. He tells us, that, what between the intimidation and the threats; what between the effect of this intimidation and his speaking as a young man that he felt that his heart would break with anxiety and fear while he was speaking.

Now the Union is passed. Ireland is annihilated; and the only hope for Ireland, now,—as it was our only hope for three hundred years before,—was the strength and power of Ireland's faith,—Ireland Catholicity, which was still alive (great applause). There it was, still unconquered and unconquerable,—the only element of life, the only element of courage, the seedling of national regeneration which was left to us,—our holy faith, which we clung to in spite of persecution and blood for three hundred years (renewed applause). But this powerful element lay dormant in Ireland. A Catholic Board, as it was called, was formed in Dublin. A body of Irishmen came together to try and agitate for Catholic Emancipation in the British House of Commons, in London, as in the Irish House at home; and found a glorious advocate in the great Henry Grattan (applause). Year after year he brought forward his motion, praying the Legislature to strike off the chains from the Irish Catholics, and year after year, he met with overwhelming majorities against him; and his appeal and his cause were laughed to scorn in the British Parliament. In vain did Plunkett take up that glorious theme; in vain did Edmund Burke, the immortal Edmund Burke, (great applause) England's greatest philosopher and statesman; Ireland's greatest son, whose name shall live forever in the annals of the world's history for every highest gift of genius and virtue,—in vain did Burke and Fox, with all the English statesmen of mind, advocate the claims of Irish Catholics. They got no hearing; there was justice for every man; there was consideration for every man, until it was discovered that he was a Catholic and an Irishman; and then there was not for him even the courtesy of a hearing, but only the laughter of scorn. They had conquered us; they thought they could despise us. They imagined, because we were conquered we were degraded. The Catholic Board of which I speak, in Dublin, was afraid to raise its voice, and those who befriended us were liberal Protestants and many glorious liberty-loving patriots there were among them (applause). God forbid that I should forget it (renewed applause). The great masses of the Irish people—then amounting to nearly eight millions of men,—were crushed into the earth and were afraid to speak. Under the tyranny of a hostile government, under the tyranny of their cruel and unjust landlords, the Catholic party were afraid to speak. Grattan's voice was unheeded; he was refused a hearing in the House. Now, the Almighty God, in His mercy to Irishmen, lifted up a man gigantic in form, gigantic in intellect, heroic in courage, strong in faith, tender in heart, immaculate in his purity, who was destined to shake the Irish race into self-assertion and energy; who was destined to rule these people and to lift them from the ground to put a voice upon their lips and make their hearts throb again with glorious excitement and high hope. O'Connell arose—(great applause, again and again renewed)—alone, to head the Irish people;—with the grasp of an athlete to strangle every man that arose against these people, alone he rose to lead a prostrate nation high up the rugged road of liberty, until he led them to kneel before a free altar, and burst the bonds that bound them. Alone had he to do it. In 1813, he took the charge of, and a leading place in the Catholic Association. At that time, mark the difficulties that he had to contend with.—He had a people afraid to speak; he had an aristocracy opposed to him to a man; he had the great landed interest of England and the English people opposed to him to a man; he had the English Catholics opposed to him; he had a government that was watching him, crossing him, day after day, with persecutions, arresting him, now on this charge, now on that, accusing him now of having said this, and then of having said that. He had men watching for his life. He had to conquer the false friend and the open enemy, defy the Government, defy the Bench and the Bar; he had to take the pistol in his hands, bitterly, though his Catholic heart regretted it; he had actually to commit a tremendous crime in the cause of Ireland (applause). He was prosecuted for some sayings of his with Richard Lalor Shiel; the Grand Jury threw out the bills; there was no case against them. Finding that they could not entrap him into the meshes of the law which with a superhuman genius and prudence he was able to evade, a murderer was put upon his track. As of old, when they

found they were unable to conquer Owen Roe O'Neill with the sword, they put poison in his drink; so, when they found they could not conquer O'Connell with the sword, they set a murderer upon his track. The whip of D'Esteve was lifted to strike the magnificent form of Ireland's best son. What could he do? Insulted over and over again, that life that was so precious to Ireland, he freely risked for Ireland. I do not justify him. No. Nor does he ask me from his grave in Glasnevin to night, nor from his place in Heaven, to justify him. Even as St. Peter, for his own denial of his Master, wept every day of his life; so O'Connell, for his one moment of forgetfulness of his Catholic duties, wept every day of his life. Yet, what could he do? Young brave, as a lion, confident in his strength and in his dexterity, he accepted the challenge; and, on a fine morning Mr. D'Esteve, who threatened to "fog O'Connell, and wanted to fight him, took a cab and drove out to Lord Cloncurry's place about ten miles outside of Dublin, and there, on a field or an estate called Lyons he met Daniel O'Connell. Now, D'Esteve thought he was sure to win, as he was a small thin, miserable little man (laughter), like an attenuated herring long out of the sea (great laughter), and it seemed that, to hit him a man should be able to shoot a rat at half a mile (applause and great laughter); whilst O'Connell was a fine, full burly, mountain of a man. To fire at him, was something like firing at a haystack (laughter). Then, again, D'Esteve was a dead shot, and O'Connell was considered to be far more formidable man with the pen than with the pistol. I have my account of this from old men who were on the ground that morning. They said that there was deliberate murder in D'Esteve's eye, as he took his aim. O'Connell simply stood there for Ireland; he could not keep his hold of the people (considering the genius of the time), unless he met that man, and fought him. He lifted his pistol, apparently, carelessly; but he threw the light grey eye after it (laughter and applause). Two reports were heard. The whistling ball passed before O'Connell's eyes; but D'Esteve was on the ground; and he never got up again (laughter and applause). Major McNamara, of Clare, was on the ground,—a Protestant gentleman, who had fought a great many duels in his time. He came up to O'Connell, with tears in his eyes, and said—"I declare to Heaven I am, it was the nearest shot that ever was made" (great laughter and applause). "If ever I am to meet my man again," said the Major, "I hope, if he is to strike me at all, he will do it neatly. It is almost an honor to be killed so beautifully" (renewed laughter).

The Catholic Association, formed under O'Connell grew under his genius. The Catholic aristocracy of Ireland, the Bullwogs, the Trimblestones, the Fingals, were shocked when they heard this man speak; they were frightened; they were afraid to speak to the English people at all; they were afraid to petition Parliament. Even John Keogh and the Democratic portion of the Catholics of Ireland were for maintaining what they called a "dignified silence" which means a silence that proceeds from fear. Out came O'Connell as brave as a lion. He knew no fear. He attacked; he did not petition. He attacked the men at the head of the State; he called them every vile name he could think of. One man was called a "pig"; another "a perjurer"; another was told to "get out of that" (laughter); another man was called a "bloated buffoon"; and so on. And these grand English statesmen,—who thought they could walk or ride rough-shod over Ireland,—found, to their amazement, that there was an Irishman who, not only was not afraid of them, but who gave them nick-names that stuck to them for the rest of their lives (applause and laughter). When the Catholic people of Ireland found that, some how or other, a lion had got in amongst them,—a lion rampant, roaring for his prey,—when they found that there was one Catholic man in the land, speaking their own language, glorying in identity of race with them,—that made every man, even to the Prince of Wales, at that time (George IV afterwards), afraid of him,—they plucked up courage; they raised their heads; and they asked themselves was the world coming to an end? For what was going to be done with this man? But when they found that this man had a genius and eloquence that nothing could withstand;—when they found that the cause of justice and of truth on this man's lips meant the tremendous cause that would shake the world; when they found the Catholic nations, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, sympathizing with this man, admiring his genius, translating his speeches into their tongues, and proclaiming him one of the greatest men of the age,—Ireland began to feel confidence and pride in O'Connell (applause). Now, I say that Ireland's confidence and pride in O'Connell, from the year 1810 to the year 1829, was her salvation (applause). He roused the clergy,—the priests even were afraid to speak; there was not a clerical voice to be heard in the cause; the bishops were afraid of their lives; if they spoke, it was with bated breath, as men who are only permitted to live, who are winked at in order that they might be tolerated in the land. He roused the clergy; he sent them amongst their people; he commanded them to preach a Gospel second only in its sacredness to the Gospel of our holy religion—that is, the Gospel of Ireland's glorious nationality (tremendous applause).

And thus it came to pass, that in the year, 1813, George Canning, the great English statesman, was glad to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. And now comes O'Connell again in all his glory before us. Canning prepared his bill. The Catholics of Ireland were to be emancipated; they were to be allowed to enter all the professions; they were to be allowed to enter Parliament; they were to be allowed to mount the Judicial Bench as the Judges of the land; they were to be allowed to legislate for themselves and for their people, all—upon one condition; and that was, they were to allow the English government what was called "The power of the veto," which I will explain to you. Whenever a Catholic priest was to be made a bishop, his name was to be sent to Rome; and if the Pope approved of him, then, instead of making him a bishop, out of hand, he was to send back his name with the nomination; and the moment a man got his nomination, instead of going to the Archbishop, and getting him to consecrate him, he was to send the nomination to the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State was to submit it to the Council of English Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of England, or the Irish Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and they were to examine this man, and see whether he was worthy to be a bishop (laughter); they were such good judges, they knew all about that (renewed laughter). In all probability, if the bill had passed, Lord Norbury, of whom you have heard, would have been one of these examining Lords, examining a Priest in his theology (laughter). And if they disapproved of a man—in other words—if they found him a true Irishman, if they found he had one spark of love for his country in him they were to put their "veto" upon him, and the Pope was to have no power in the matter. You understand what it meant. They wanted to exclude from the Episcopate of Ireland, such men as the immortal Dr. Doyle, or the great John McHale, of Tuam (tremendous cheering for Archbishop McHale); they wanted to make bishops only of men who would lie down at their feet, and be trampled upon, who would tell the people that there was no such word as freedom in the Gospel (applause). Such was the state of affairs at the time when Canning's Bill was proposed, with "the Veto" attached to it. All the English Catholics said, "Oh, yes; that will be very well." All the Irish "respectable" Catholics, with a few Irish Catholic Lords, and a few Irish Catholic Knights were in favor of the "veto." "Why not?" they said, "we will all be glad to be emancipated on any condition." Some of the Irish Catholic Bishops admitted it. And worst of all, the Pope was then a prisoner,

in France; Napoleon had him a prisoner. Affairs in Rome were managed by a high functionary, whose name was Quarantotti; and this high prelate, when he got the draft of Canning's bill, and read it, such was the state of slavery in which we were, all the world over,—persecuted everywhere,—that the Pope's representative actually wrote to Dr. Poynter, Catholic Bishop of London, and to the Irish Bishops, telling them to accept the "Veto" and Emancipation with it. The moment O'Connell heard this—he who had risen against the Orangism of Ireland, rose like an angry giant, and told the Irish Bishops and the Irish Priests,—aye, and Rome, itself,—that that Veto never should be allowed into Ireland (tremendous applause). He came, exulting like a giant in his strength, and thundered at the door of the English Parliament, and said, "Emancipation, and freedom without any conditions" (applause).—"We are no longer slaves," he said; "we are no longer beggars. We come and demand, and insist upon Emancipation, without any condition whatsoever to bind it" (renewed applause).

Now, my friends, what gave O'Connell this power? I answer that, by this time, O'Connell had organized the Irish people in their parishes; he had made them join the Association; he had fixed a tax of a penny a month upon every Catholic man in Ireland. It was not the penny he was looking for, but for the man's name. He got them all enrolled in the Association; he got the Priests to know all the men who were associated; he got the people to know one another; he published their numbers to them; he told them the secret of their strength; he had the priesthood of Ireland,—the parish priests, the curates, the friars with him, to a man. No "Veto" for them (laughter and applause). Why? For many reasons. I will not speak now of the effect of that legislation (if it had passed) upon the Church. I will not speak of it as affecting her liberties. But what was more natural than that every honest priest in Ireland should oppose the veto? because he must have said to himself "What chances have I of ever being made a bishop?" (Laughter and applause). Canning, though the friend of Ireland, was told to keep his Emancipation Act. Things went on. The Irish people, every day increasing in their numbers, affiliated with the Catholic Association; every day feeling their way, feeling their strength. The thundering voice of the mighty O'Connell went through the land. He went here and there through the country; he sacrificed his profession, and all its vast gains, and he devoted himself to marshalling the people, until at length things were brought to such a pass that when Lord Wellington, the conqueror of Waterloo, and the bitterest Tory enemy that Ireland ever had (hisses)—when Wellington came into power, sworn, if he could help it, never to do anything for the Irish Catholics, and having a King, the basest, vilest, the most polluted of men, the infamous George IV. (hisses)—having that King at his back, who swore that he never would grant anything to Irish Catholics,—O'Connell had so marshalled the Irish nation, that the man who had conquered Napoleon at Waterloo, was obliged to acknowledge that O'Connell had beaten him; and he went to the King, and said, "If you will not emancipate the Catholics without any condition, and give them freedom, you will have a revolution in Ireland (loud applause). It was not for love, it was not for justice, that this Act was granted. Never since the day that Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, set foot with his Normans, upon the soil of Ireland,—never from that hour to this, has England granted us one iota of justice, except under the influence of craven fear (applause).

The year 1828 came. Wellington came into power; and the Catholic Association, like men who had now learned to speak, passed a decree that no man that accepted office under Lord Wellington should be returned to Parliament, for any borough or any county. There was a member, at the time, for the county of Clare, a very good man; a very estimable and agreeable man; and his father was really a great man, a true patriot; this man's name was Vesey Fitzgerald; and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington's Government. That obliged him to go back to Clare to ask the people to re-elect him. The people, at that time, were altogether in the hands of the landlords; and when the day of the election came they were called together, not even being given their breakfast before they left; and the bailiff, and the land steward, and the landlord drove them, as you would drive a flock of sheep, to give their votes. So, every landlord could say to another; "I have so many votes; how many have you?" The people had no voice at all, except just to register their votes. Vesey Fitzgerald was a popular man; he came back to Clare for re-election; when, like a thunder clap, came the words of O'Connell. "I am going to stand for Clare, and be elected to Parliament from it" (applause). The British Government was silenced with utter amazement and astonishment at the audacity of the man. The whole world stood confounded at the greatness of his courage. He went down to Clare. The priests came around him; he raised his standard inscribed "Freedom from landlord intimidation." "Every man has his own conscience, and his own rights," and, by a sweeping majority of the honest and manly Irishmen of the County Clare, O'Connell was returned (applause). Whilst they were discussing the terms of emancipation; whilst they were asking each other could they allow Catholics the privilege of returning members to Parliament, of their own religion; whilst they were trying to devise how they would neutralize it, how they would keep it out; in spite of all, this big, huge man walks in on the floor of the House of Commons returned as member for Clare. He advances to the table to take the oaths of allegiance and loyalty. The Clerk of the House of Commons rose to put the book in his hands to swear him. "What am I to be sworn to?" "To swear this," he reads: "The sacrifice of the Mass, veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Saints is damnable idolatry." (Here the lecturer as if in intense indignation dashed down the book which, in describing the attitude of O'Connell, he held in his hand.) "In the name of two hundred millions of men; in the name of eight millions of the Irish race; in the name of antiquity; in the name of history; in the name of the God of Heaven, the God of truth, I reject that oath," he says, "for it is a damnable falsehood." (Tremendous cheers, which lasted for some minutes.) He found a "veto" with a vengeance, lying before him; and as he would not have the Act of Emancipation, with a "veto" tacked on to it, so he would not sit down in the House of Parliament with an informal lie on his lips (cheers).

Three times was the Act of Catholic Emancipation put before the English House of Commons; and,—sorely against their will,—because the Prime Minister and his associates in the government, told them, with trembling lips, "You must do it. The Irish are prepared for revolution! You must do it! They will sever the connection altogether! They will break up the Empire!"—they passed it. It went before the Lords. For three days they held out against it, vomiting out their bigotry. "No! no! rather die than do it! No!" "But you must do it!" was the answer (cheers and laughter). The Irish people have found a man; and that man has united them as one man; and, now, O'Connell represents Ireland; and O'Connell stands at the door and tells them: "You must do it" (cheers). The bill passed the Lords and Commons, and Wellington took it, on bended knee, and offered it to George the Fourth. The King refused to read it. "You must read it!" He read it. "Never!" "You must do it! It cannot be helped!" He took the pen in his hand,—and he burst into tears! He did not weep when he broke the heart of his wife, and declared her an adulteress. He did not weep at the ruin of every form of innocence that ever came before him,—that was destroyed and polluted by his unholy touch. He did not weep when he left

Richard B. Sheridan, his own friend,—to die of starvation in a garret in London. He had no tears to weep. He had no heart to feel. The bloated voluptuary!—he was never known to weep in his life, only when he was signing the bill of Emancipation; and then he wept the devil's tears (cheers). The Act was passed and declared law on the 13th of brother in religion, Lacordaire, "Eight millions of my Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." And yet, mark the spite, the deliberate spite of the government.—After the Act of Emancipation, they would not let him take his seat, until he had to go back to Clare to be re-elected. After the Act of Emancipation was passed, they made a number of barristers—English barristers—King's Counsel—members of the bar; and whilst the young men—young counsel—received this privilege,—the head of the Irish bar—the thought to vent their spleen on him, and leave him in the back-ground whom the Almighty God brought forth (cheers)!

And now, my friends, the great crowning act of his life being thus accomplished, he did not rest one moment; but he turned his thoughts to the second great object for which he lived. And, indeed, it was scarcely the second but the first, viz: the Repeal of the Union. Some people in Ireland,—and, elsewhere,—think that the Repeal of the Union was an act after thought of O'Connell; that he did not intend it in the beginning; that he never thought of it until he had coerced them into emancipating the Catholics. It is not so. Twenty years before Catholic Emancipation was passed, O'Connell declared that he would labor to the last hour of his life for the purpose of repealing that accursed Union (cheers). Even in Grattan's time,—and Grattan lived until 1820)—even in Grattan's time, the Catholics of Ireland already petitioned for the Repeal of the Union and Grattan told them: "If ever you, Catholics of Ireland, rise up in your united strength, you will get the Repeal of the Union, or anything else England may have it in her power to bestow upon you" (cheers). From 1829 until 1839—for a period of ten years—O'Connell sat in the British Parliament, opposed to all the rivalry, all the opposition, all the contempt, that the bigotry of English Protestantism could bring to bear upon him. Every man in that House hated him as the devil is said to hate holy water (laughter). But he stuck to his own course, and his own track of giving names. Stanley, the late Earl of Derby, rose to oppose him, and he turned upon him in this way: "Sit down, scorpion Stanley!" And until Stanley went to his long home, he was known by the name of "Scorpion Stanley!" Disraeli attacked him, and O'Connell turned round and said, "Oh, here is a Jew; a lineal descendant of the inopudent thief that refused to be converted on the cross" (laughter). Mr. Sturgeon, the Chancellor deprived him of the magisterial power. O'Connell called him "the man with the ugly name;" and whenever he spoke of him, or replied to him, he never alluded to him by name, but in his supremest wit, O'Connell would say, "he should have said, as the man with the ugly name has observed" (laughter). And so, by his undaunted courage, by his wit, by his tremendous argumentative power, and by his swelling eloquence, he crushed the opposition of the English House of Commons, and, as he opened the door by the violence of his genius, he held his footing there by the same genius; until, in a few years, the fate of the two great parties of England was in the hands of O'Connell (cheers). O'Connell and his "tail"—as it was called—commanded such influence, that, on any great question affecting the existence of the government, the Premier of England always, in his necessity, came to O'Connell to beg him to have pity on the government, and not to turn them out of office (laughter). And now began to take form and symmetry the great Repeal agitation. He who had united Ireland as one man in the sacred cause of religion, united them again, as one man, in the cause of nationality (loud cheers). From end to end of the land he travelled; and wherever he appeared, the enthusiastic heart and manhood of Ireland gathered round him. Oh, how grandly does he rise before my imagination now! Oh, how magnificent is the figure that now looms up in the halls of my memory, as I look back to that glorious year of 1843—the "Repeal year" of Ireland (cheers). He stands within the honored walls of Dundalk, and three hundred thousand Irishmen are around him. Not a voice of discord; not a word of quarreling; not a single jarring, even of thought; not a drunken man; not a criminal amongst the three hundred thousand of Ireland's stalwart sons! (cheers). He stands upon the Hill of Tara! He stands by "The Croppy's grave;" and he has, there, upon the slopes of that Hill, two hundred and fifty thousand men,—a quarter of a million of Irishmen before him (cheers). Oh, who was able thus to unite Irishmen? Who was able to inspire them with one soul—with one high and lofty, and burning aspiration? Who was able to lift up a people whom he had found so fallen, though not degraded, that they could scarcely speak words of freedom—of rights—the thoughts in their minds? It was the mighty genius—it was the grand, the magnificent mind of Ireland's greatest son—of Daniel O'Connell! (great cheering.) The government got afraid; and well they might be. Oh, for the shining arms of the Volunteers! Oh, if on that day of Tara,—if on that day of Mullaghmast,—oh, if on that day, when the soldiers barred the road to Clontarf,—if, on that day, Ireland was awoused, where, on the face of the earth, is the race of oppressors that this army of men might not have swept from their path in the might of their concentrated patriotism! (loud cheers.) But Ireland, though united, was unarmed; and the brave and the heroic man who said, with so much truth, that his highest glory would be to draw the sword for his native isle, was obliged to preach conciliation, and peace, and submission, to the people. The meeting at Clontarf was dispersed, and I may say, with truth, that the dream of the Repeal of the Union of Ireland with England was dissolved. Some days after found O'Connell in prison, where, for months, he languished; his health and his heart broken for the sake of Ireland; until at length the iniquitous decree, the blasphemous judgment was reversed—given by the English House of Lords—and O'Connell, in September, 1844, came forth from prison, a free man. But he never recovered from that blow. Never. It was followed by disunion in the councils. Brave and generous hearts, to be sure there were, full of the young and warm blood. They were for drawing the sword, whilst they had no sword to draw. Ireland unarmed arose in rebellion; whilst near Clontarf, and in and around Dublin, there were twenty thousand soldiers ready to pour out the people's blood. The glorious dream of emancipation—of emancipation for the people—died away, for the time. Then came the hand of God upon the people. Oh, well I remember the fearful scenes that aged father of his country saw before he died! Then came the day when the news spread from lip to lip: "There is famine in the land; and we must all die." So said eight millions in that terrible year of '46,—eight millions in that awful Autumn that came upon us, when the people "arised for bread and there was no one to break it to them." The strong man lay down and died. The tender maidens, the pure and aged matrons of Ireland, lay down and died. They were found on the roadside, unburied; they were found in their shallow graves,—scarcely buried. They were found crawling to the chapel door that they might breathe out their souls in one last act of faith and love to their Christ! Thus did the Angel of Death spread his wings over the land. The Legislator and the Emancipator—the Father of Ireland—was compelled to see his people perish; and he had not the means to