

with his speech until the recital of the sufferings and wrongs of his dear native isle dilated his heart and inspired his imagination; then, a perfect torrent of eloquence burst from his lips to flood the ears of his hearers. All in vain. The influence of three centuries of fanaticism and prejudice had hardened the hearts and warped the judgment of the members of that assembly, and, deaf to that burning appeal to their much-boasted British sense of justice and fair play, by an adverse vote they rejected the just demands of Ireland. The blow was a stunning one for Repeal. Defeat, however, as usual, only seemed to stimulate O'Connell to fresh efforts. Far from abating in vigilance and activity, he became more assiduous in his attention to his duties. He scourged the Ministry and its friends upon every favorable opportunity. The Ministry, on the other hand, both hated and feared him. They feared, indeed, his influence with a great fear, but, much as they held in dread the power he wielded, they dreaded even more his tongue—that terrible organ that bestowed upon them such ridiculous nick-names which clung to them to their dying day. D'Israeli he called "a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." To Sugden he referred as "the man with the ugly name." "Spinning-Jenny Peel" became the popular title for the Prime Minister. It is related, too, (but with what truth it is not mine to decide) that on one occasion a priggish supporter of the government proposed a bill providing that the termination *was* in such words as *Christmas*, etc., being a relic of Popery, be replaced by the less Roman and more Saxon affix *tide*. Now it so happened that the would-be reformer rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Mr. Thomas Massey-Massey. O'Connell arose, and looking benignly around the House, said: "The gentleman who is so zealous for the purity of the Anglo-Saxon, should commence by reforming his own name, and call himself henceforward Thotide Tidey-Tidey." Even the friends of the unfortunate member joined in the laugh that ensued, while the individual himself made his exit from the House as quietly and as quickly as possible. As a natural consequence of his irrepressible wit, O'Connell received so many challenges, that had he

accepted all, he would have spent as much time upon the duelling ground as upon the floor of Parliament. Even D'Israeli wanted to fight him, and failing to bring the Liberator to an encounter, challenged his son, Morgan O'Connell. In all these wranglings, however, O'Connell ever kept in view one aim of his later years. As he had organized the people for the grand struggle for Emancipation, so now he re-organized them in the cause of Repeal. It would require volumes to report his journeys, his writings, his speeches and his labors during the nine years succeeding the defeat of his motion in the session of 1834. In 1843 he inaugurated in Dublin the first of the celebrated meetings that have given to that period the historical title of the "repeal year" of Ireland. The movement spread with the utmost rapidity until the whole country was ablaze with excitement. Again we see O'Connell in all his glory—the uncrowned monarch of Ireland, the King Dan, whom an enthusiastic contemporary prophesied to be the coming conqueror of King Arthur (Wellington), and King George. He addressed monster meetings of his countrymen at Dundalk; at Tara, where a quarter of a million Irishmen swayed to every changing tone of his powerful voice, and finally at Clontarf, where the people were dispersed by the militia, and whence the Liberator was carried off to prison, for (to the eternal shame of England be it said) what in other countries would be considered only legitimate popular demonstration, in Ireland was treason. For three months the grey-haired chieftain lay behind the prison bars. When he was released, his health was already impaired, and his hopes for the success of his constitutional agitation shattered. Other counsellors had gained the public ear. Younger and hotter blood flowed in the veins of Ireland's new leaders who determined to return to the policy of their predecessors of '68. To add to the misery of the situation the dreadful famine of '46 swept over the land. The aged father of his country saw his people dying in thousands, yet he could do nothing to aid them. Yes, one means suggested itself by which he could still benefit his wretched compatriots. He dragged himself from his bed, proceeded