

with the carcass when it has destroyed life, and esteems nothing sacred that stands in the way of its black and deadly purposes. Of Mr. Kenyon we have personally no knowledge; but the impression which his letter partly by its contents, and partly by the time chosen for its publication, has produced on our minds, is just what we have described.

For the publication two persons, at least, are responsible; the Writer and the Editor; the one as much as the other. The Editor, indeed, replies to the assaults of his correspondents, but the reason he gives for the publication is not a little curious. "We abhor the system of combatting dissent by suppressing it, and so there is no remedy." We wonder what answer the renderer of this pedantic excuse would have given if he had had the management of the funeral, and a panygeric being delivered over O'Connell's remains, it were proposed to him to allow a refutation of the encomiast then and there; and to hallow the burial of the dead by a public vituperation delivered by some public antagonist. Of course the answer should be the same then as now. "By all means O'Connell being dead, let us fight over his tomb every word of praise should be matched by a word of insult; if those who honour him may eulogise, those who hate may vituperate. On all occasions and under all circumstances let us hear both sides. So far from suppressing, let us never even postpone dissent, or be tempted by considerations of time or place to soften the vehemence of rebuke. In the pulpit let Tom Paine follow the Priest. In the battle field let the word of command for a charge at the decisive moment be paralysed by due audit given to the protests and prolix reasoning of the dissentients. Over the coffin of the dead let vituperation be poured forth without stint. Whatever any man thinks true is to be spoken at whatever time he thinks fit, without paying the least regard to persons, or times, or places, or circumstances; and those who do not aid in giving publicity to all the enormities which any one may entrust to their keeping, are guilty of the 'abhorred system of suppressing dissent.'"—*Tablet*.

General Intelligence.

ROME.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LIBERATOR—CONCLUDING REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

(From the *Dublin Evening Freeman*.)

The subjoined touchingly eloquent letter from the pen of the pious, talented, and patriotic Dr. Miley, a copy of which, Mr. John O'Connell, with his accustomed courtesy and kindness, has placed

at our command, will be read with thrilling interest by all—and they are numerous indeed—who venerate Rome, revere the memory of O'Connell, and love Ireland. From Rome, where O'Connell is wept by thousands as the departed champion of man's rights and liberties, the first lay champion of the church, his beloved Ireland, the hope that quickened his day aspirations, and the weeping spirit that presided over his dreams by night, will send forth an appeal to the sympathies of nations on the wings of these mournings, which cannot fail to find a response in the hearts of both the enslaved and the free. From Rome, the centre of the world—"the City of the Sion"—the voice of sorrow raised for O'Connell speaks in the world of the soul's noblest attributes—*independence, liberty*.—What man that loved not his country was ever so honoured? Thrice glorious be thou ever, mistress of nations—*liberty loving, liberty honoured Rome*. We in Ireland sunk in sorrow, duly appreciate what you have done to honour the man who when living reigned in our hearts, and when now no more is our political saviour still, through the instrumentality of his fame. When living, he spoke from Tara to the British Isles. When dead, he speaks from Rome to the nations of the earth:—

ROME, 30th June, 1847.

BELOVED FRIEND,—

Again I return to the subject of the funeral of the "Hero of Christianity," as the supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., entitled our Liberator, your father, of truly "Glorious and Immortal Memory." It was resumed to day with a splendour not greater, certainly than that of Monday last, because greater than that it could not possibly be; but (a fact perhaps without example) it was resumed again to-day, and that with an ardour and a concourse of multitudes which distinctly evinces that the enthusiasm by which the Romans of every order, and the strangers of every country were gathered round his cenotaph on the former occasion was not the offspring of a shallow and fleeting sentimentality, but a genuine Catholic instinct, as benign and irresistible in its results as it is imperishable in the divine origin and principle from which it springs—and which must continue to communicate itself from soul to soul, and from people to people, until it embraces them all. But here again I must protest against any intent to give you by my feeble words a description of the scene I return from witnessing. Vain, most vain, would be the attempt; but that your family and the entire Irish people, to the latest posterity, may have at least some shadow to remind them of the great things which have come to pass in these two glorious days, I have taken care that the cenotaph and the scene presented in the church during the function, shall be depicted by one of the ablest of the Roman artists. En-