

clustered around your knee and received from your eloquent lips their first lesson in eloquence and politics, the sons of your adoption who had been trained to their country's service and their country's cause by your fostering care, the champions chosen by you to fight Ireland's battles after you should have passed away from the scene of your patriotic labours, those ungrateful sons whom you had cherished in your heart of hearts, treated your lessons of wisdom with contempt, and your great heart was broken, their every folly was a dagger, and in their madness they stabbed you to death; your lofty soul bore up under the insult of incarceration within the polluted walls of a prison, you patiently bore the companionship of criminals, for your country's cause demanded the sacrifice. But the ingratitude of your own chosen disciples weighed heavier on your heart and head than the weight of fourscore years; the cup was a bitter one, alas! too bitter; their hands held it to your lips, and your soul in horror at the unfilial act, burst the case of clay which enclosed it, and sought in the bosom of its God peace and rest.

O'Connell's death left the unfortunate people of Ireland without a leader. The ship was drifting helplessly about, the masterhand, which for years had held the wheel, was cold in death, and unfortunately that hand was replaced by inexperience and youthful folly. The people's mind was for some time past being, by slow, but none the less certain, degrees, trained to look on revolution as a national necessity. DUFFEY, MEAGHER, MCGEE and MITCHELL, daily wrote articles in the "*Nation*," which made the Irish blood boil; books, too, ("*Duffey's library of Ireland*,") were written by the master spirits who were leading them on to revolution. DAVIS roused up the nation to madness with his *songs* and *poetry*. "*Who fears to speak of '98*" became a household word, and the effect was magical. MCGEE delivered his celebrated lectures: "*The Golden link of the Crown*," and the national heart beat fast at his glowing language and bold utterance of revolutionary ideas. All the members of "*The Confederation*," travelled over the Island far and wide, holding public meetings and addressing the people on subjects calculated to produce the desired object. The people of Ireland, no longer restrained by the wise counsels of the venerable champion of repeal, but maddened by the eloquence of the hot-brained orators and poets who composed "*The Confederation*," were rapidly led on to that climax of folly, a revolution against the government. A revolution in all countries is a difficulty, in Ireland an impossibility, for, even supposing that the government is not prepared to meet the out-burst, *The Church* in Ireland can always control the millions; the best British fortification in Ireland is the—by some parties greatly abused—College of MAYNOOTH;