

coffin is not yet lowered into the ground; the grave is not yet dug; the bones of the mighty dead have not yet returned from their pilgrimage; the dwellers in Rome still pay their homage to the relic entrusted to their keeping; Genoa still visits his bier and prays for his departed soul; the populations of the Continent prepare, or even now perhaps exhibit, the outward shows of the reverence they feel for the spirit by which the cold and hidden clay was once quickened; not yet has Ireland received his last remains, nor greeted as with a mother's welcome the return of her mighty offspring to repose within her parental embraces. Not yet; not yet. The body of the illustrious dead has not yet been altogether removed from the cognisance of the senses, nor has the nation which he served and liberated yet poured out its congregated sorrows over the spoil of death. In the eyes of multitudes the fountains of tears that streamed down on the announcement of his death have for a paused and been held back till the day of public mourning once more causes them to flow in the bitterness of a renewed grief. Friends mourn in secret, old grudges are half forgotten, generous enemies feel and express a noble remorse at the unintended pain their public hostility may have occasioned in the worn bosom of the great chief. The sacredness of this universal lamentation falls like a healing dew upon all hearts, composing and turning them to thoughts of a holy sadness, and it might almost seem as if the world world was for a time changed into a temple of peace, from whence over the remains of the departed ascend the prayers, and sighs, and groans, and lamentations of friend and foe alike. The tapers burn around the coffin. Priest and attendants the scoffer and devout, tread softly near the bier as if they feared to disturb the repose of him who, after such great labours has gone from us for ever. The holiness of this world wide scene, as it offers itself to the dullest imagination, and, and almost to the hardest heart, is undisturbed by any profane admixture.

But, no; the Wolf is on his walk, and while the bystanders and onlookers are absorbed in grief, if not blinded with tears, he bounds forward, shameless and in open daylight, to mangle once more the flesh which his tooth gored when living, and to feed his ravenous appetite even in the charnel house of death.

The noble chief whose loss so many feel, was struck down, and his days, perhaps his years, shortened by the bitterness of a strange political hostility. Upon those who waged war against O'Connell in his latter days, it is not just to charge his death. What they did, they did in honour, mistaking the man, mistaking the cause, mistaking themselves. But assuredly no diabolical thought of mischief to the object of their opposition, no evil

purpose directed against his life, his happiness, or his peace of mind animated their hostility. In their efforts to overthrow the fabric he had reared and to crush his political life, they laboured to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds." Their aim was to "be purgers, not murderers; sacrificers not butchers;" to beat the life out of a political system which they judged evil, and not to hack the limbs of their antagonist "like wrath in death and envy afterwards." But whatever the motive, however noble the intention, the fact is unmistakably the same.

" \* \* \* Here wast thou bayed, brave heart,  
Here diest thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy Lethæ."

And therefore did we rejoice at the symptoms of sorrow which the weekly organ of O'Connell's adversaries paid as a tribute to his memory. His services and labours were not forgotten his fame was cherished as an Irish possession; his great qualities warmly acknowledged; modestly, and unwillingly touched, rather than stated, and the late public and personal rupture lamented with much true hearted dignity of feeling.

"If we dare mix a personal feeling with grief which is wide as the Island, we would willingly say here, how bitterly we remember now, that O'Connell dying far away, in a foreign land, and in year of terrible calamity, was not in amity with us. When we remember all his great labours, all his generous qualities, all his kindly, social sympathies, the genial temper unruffled by the cares of a long imprisonment borne in such brotherly sympathy with young and undistinguished men, it is hard to think of it without self reproach. Would to God we could blot out the personal irritation, the angry words and all the disturbing elements that forced themselves into a contest from which we hoped resolutely to shut them out. But the contest itself in some shape became, from a certain point inevitable; and far rather would we be sharing O'Connell's bier at this hour than have meanly and dishonestly evaded it."

This was written a fortnight ago. We are sure it was sincere every word of it; and though it was not very different from what we expected, it was extremely grateful to us to find that our expectations had not been groundless.

June the 5th, however, sees the columns of the Nation graced with a very different effusion. The Rev. Mr. Kenyon is the writer on this occasion, and what he writes has at least the merits of being characteristic. It is not over decent, not over Christian, not over creditable, and, perhaps may be best and most accurately described as a piece of writing which conveys to the mind the impression of a fierce inhumanity. An hostility which wars