

11. He delivered the just people from the nations that oppressed him.—Wisdom, x. 15.

12. You, my sons, therefore take courage, and behave manfully in the law, for by it you shall be glorious.—1 Mac ii, 64.

13. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John xv. 13.

14. His father is dead, and he is as if he was not dead; for he hath left one behind him that is like himself. While he lived he saw and rejoiced in him, and when he died he was not sorrowful; neither was he confounded before his enemies.—Eccles. xxx. 4.

15. Josue commanded the princes of the people saying—Remember the word which Moses the servant of the Lord, commanded you; and they made answer to Josue and said all that thou hast commanded us we will do. As we obeyed Moses in all things so will we obey thee also.—Josue i., 16.

16. He died, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death, for an example of virtue and fortitude.—11 Mac vi. 31.

17. When the ways of man shall please the Lord he will convert even his enemies to peace.—Prov. xvi. 7.

18. A wise man shall have honour among his people; and his name shall live for ever.—Eccles. xxxviii. 29.

ROME—OBSEQUES OF THE LIBERATOR.

(From the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.)

The following deeply interesting account of the obseques of the Liberator, as celebrated under the direction of the distinguished Pontiff who now presides over the Christian world written by the Rev. Dr. Miley, an ecclesiastic whose name carries with it its own praise, will be read with profound emotion by all within whose reach it may come. It will bring deep consolation to the Irish people, to the Catholic people of Ireland to those who owe their own liberties and freedom of their altars to him who is now, alas! numbered with the dead, to find that the spiritual head of Christendom has manifested such an appreciation of the labours of that mighty chieftain; and that in the eternal city the fame of O'Connell was as fully recognised; and the honour paid to his memory as enthusiastic as if his life and labours had been spent within its walls.

We copy Dr. Miley's letter, which reached town yesterday, from the *Pilot* of last night:—

ROME, 28th June, 1847, Two O'Clock, P.M.

BELOVED FRIEND—

Be not surprised if there be an air of incoherency

in what I write. Take one who has just beheld a vision, my capacity to give utterance to the thought and emotions which agitate my breast is exactly in proportion to their vividness, their multitudinous variety, and, I may add, their grandeur. Oh, how intensely and how often during the last four hours have I longed that you were here—that the whole family which bears his world-honoured name—that the entire Irish people were eye and ear witnesses of what has been our privilege to see the Catholic enthusiasm—the more than earthly pomp, ecclesiastical magnificence with which Rome—wide-sceptered, eternal Rome—has to-day performed the Liberator's funeral. It was like a vision, I calmly and solemnly assure you—a vision so august and overpowering that no man could describe it, much less when, fatigued and unnerved as I am now, not so much by many hours' movement and the sultry heat as by that species of collapse which comes upon us after a mountain of doubt and anxiety, after resting there, is lifted, and that not gently, from the heart. This is the reason I wished as ardently as vainly, that all Ireland were present at the solemnity of the day—for then, and only then, could they have formed a notion of the immensity of the effect their Liberator's principles have had upon the world—of the services inappreciable for which they stand indebted to his memory since he himself has ceased to live. “Defunctus adhuc loquitur.” Often he said it, and to the letter we have seen it verified to-day. He was agitating for their rights and privileges, even in the grave. I wished, too, that they were here in order that they might estimate correctly how great and sacred are their obligations towards the Romans and the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., whom may Heaven in its bounty to the Church and to the world, long continue to defend and prosper!

Yes, I feel conscious that anything I can say, must fall so far short of the reality, that it were almost better to be altogether silent; and on the other hand I feel how indispensable it is that the country should not be left in ignorance of what so vitally concerns, what I am certain it considers and cherishes as its dearest interest. I have, on this account besought of others far more competent for the task, to write such details of the funeral as may help, at least, to convey to the Irish people a shadowy idea of what it was. This will state particulars—such as the inscription which adorned the mausoleum or cenotaph—a tomb like temple more than sixty feet in height, erected beneath one of the proudest cupolas of Rome—that one which the celestial orb of Domenichino has adorned. They will describe the effect of the choir of one hundred voices—the elite of those whose echoes are familiar to the lacquered roofs of the Lateran, of St. Peter's and of the chief basilicas of Rome. They will estimate the multi-