

his country, and rendered the name of the "*Irish Brigade*" immortal. Need we remind the reader of O'Gorman, or mention that of Davis and the others? No, history will do justice to the reputation of the young Irishmen who formed "*The Irish Confederation*." Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the secretary, one of the most prominent, the youngest in years of them all, he who left his native land with a reward offered for his head in '48, died for British principles in his adopted country, by the hand of a vile assassin, and the British army assisted at his funeral, and the greatest among the most prosperous of Britain's Colonial Empire, mourns his death as a national misfortune. The latter years of his life, nay, the last words he ever uttered, were directed to the advancement of British principles, and to calm the passions of parties. The youthful "Hotspur" of '48 was the peacemaker of '68; "*we will conquer you with kindness*" was the only threat he would offer to the enemies of the Canadian Confederation.

Several causes led to the revolution of '48, in Ireland. O'Connell's imprisonment, ill-judged, if not illegal, was one of the causes; he the chief, the leader of the Irish people, had had for years, a double battle to fight—he had to fight for his country's rights, by legal and legitimate means, by appeals to the Government and people of England, and by petitions to the *Throne*. His bloodless battles were fought on the floor of the House of Commons, and through the press of the country; his armies were composed of the tens of thousands who met in legal meetings in every part of the Empire, to demand their legal rights in a legal manner; his only arms were the laws of Great Britain, and his own powerful and convincing eloquence to appeal to those laws. And now, long after he has passed away, his language is quoted by the liberal sons of England, demanding for their fellow subjects in Ireland, those rights for which O'Connell laboured during his whole life. The other battle which he had to fight was against the *Young Ireland party*, to curb their passions, to keep them in check, and prevent an appeal to illegal means on their part. Oh, glorious O'Connell, type of patriotism and unselfish devotion to your country's cause, how your soul must have been rent by the rashness and thoughtless folly of those inexperienced and hot headed enthusiasts, who, in their boyish frenzy, were destroying the result of your life's labours, and in their madness rushing on to their own and their country's destruction; in vain did you warn them of their folly, in vain did your eloquent tongue keep ringing in their ears "*an illegal act on your part is a victory for your enemies*;" in vain did you try with all the power of your mind and soul to save them and your country from the terrible consequences of their madness; in vain all your efforts—the youths who had

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