THE ERA OF O'CONNELL.

BY REV. HENRY GILES.

(From Holdon's Dollar Magazine, for December.)

But O'Connell did not die in time, and his memory suffers as that of most men's suffer, when the agents Charles the Twelfth should not have survived Pultowa; Napoleon should have died soon after Austerlitz, and O'Connell should have committed his glory to the event of Catholic emancipation.—But possibly this may be a method by which Providence chastises the pride of greatness, and by which He corrects our too often false and idolatrous trust in men who by their genius blind us to that which is absolutely and

immutably great.

If O'Connell had died immediately after the success of the Catholic claims, I can hardly name the man in public affairs in this century to whom posterity would count him second. People would not ask, as many are already asking—"Well, but after all, what did he do?" That which O'Connell did is underrated, because of that which he boasted he could do, but did not; because of that which he prophesied would come, but never came. In many instances the very contrary occurred. Another circumstance which causes us to detract from the achievement of O'Connell is the state of Ireland within those late years. But this is traceable to social and physical causes over which O'Connell had no control. Many evils are attributed to the operation of the poor-law system in Ireland; and to this system O'Connell was always a sworn enemy. Others are attributed to the system of landlord and tenant in that country. O'Connell was no friend to this; though I am not aware, however, that by teaching or example he made any effort to reform it. And certainly no one will lay to his charge the cholera, the potato-rot, and fever. If we consider fairly the political state of Ireland, when his public life began, and contrast it with the extension of popular liberty which O'Connell secured positively and beyond risk of alteration, we shall see that, as a peaceful agitator, he has had never an equal or a rival. He found an oligarchy that seemed impregnable | individual character. His appearance would not in its depostic ascendancy, and he pulled it down from its high place. He found servile creatures and dependents a solid phalanx between the people and their rights; between the people and the legislature; between the people and the throne—he broke it into atoms, and left it as feeble as the dust. He found England almost as ignorant of Ireland as of Timbuctoo, and regarding it with about an equal contempt. He forced the affairs of Ireland on the attention of England, and compelled her to learn something of Ireland's importance. He found the tillers of the soil little above serfs, and crouching to their feudal superiors. He stirred the spirit of manhood within them, and caused them to look these superiors boldly in the face. He found Ireland a rotten borough, with the whole control of the elective franchise in the power of one creed among the aristocracy. He proved by successful resistance that this aristocracy was not invincible; and though he could not widen the suffrage to the limits of right, yet he did free it from the narrow restraints of tyranny. He found as to reach the ludicrous; but in him the eloquence the great body of the Catholic gentry content in their disfranchisement, and willing to remain idle either in despair or apathy .- O'Connell showed them by his own example that such indolence was unworthy of men, and was both criminal and dishonorable. In short, he found the Catholic masses virtually in the bondage of slavery; he wrenched away their chains, and put into their hands the charter of their freedom. He found the Catholic aristocracy virtually attainted; he wiped off the blot of their attainder, and gave them anew the patent of nobility. He tore down the restrictions with which injustice and oppression guarded the polls, and he consolidated that united strength ons, which forbade refusal, when he knocked at the door of St. Stephens for admission. He was of his enemies—one quality I conceive as vital also foremost among those who carried the reform through the whole of O'Connell's being, and that is, bill; and had it not been for the effectual aid which a deep, abiding, intense love of Ireland.—This shines he afforded by his influence on the Irish vote, the measure could not have been carried, and the empire

would have been brought to the brink of revolution. I will mention, briefly here, one illustrious fellowworker of O'Connell-that at one period took full share with him in past days of effort and of toil. Very different from O'Connell he was, in many particulars, and not the least in personal tendencies. Those of O'Connell were naturally with the democracy, those of his colleague were with moderate and literary whigs. Each worked on the same arena, while the law excluded both from Parliament; but when that exclusion ceased, their different tastes prompted divergent courses. But, however this colleague differed from O'Connell in opinions and disposition, he stood beside him in eloquence and genius. I allude to Richard Lalor Shiel. Of this gentleman, it is agreeable to me to be still able to give my impressions of him in the present tense. He has a mind of the finest nature and the richest cultivation, a vigorous intellect, and exuberant fancy. His acquirements, historical and philosophical, are accurate and extensive. His thinking is subject to severe revision, and disciplined by a rigid method. His logic is close and cogent; knitted well together in a strong chain of illustration and argument. The speaking of Shiel is a condensation of thought and bad heart or bad morals, than genteel insinuations of passion, in brilliant, elaborate, and often in antithetical scoundrelism; polite implication of robbery, than expression. Shiel happily unites precision and emindictments of poltroonery brightly sharpened into expression. Shiel happily unites precision and embellishment, and his ideas in being adorned are only rendered more distinct. Images are as easy to him as words, and his figures are as abundant as they are correct. He gives illusion to the scenes and characters of violence. Let uncharitable or unjust things, in which he pictures, with a faculty peculiarly dramatic. whatever method spoken, have their proper repudia-He concenters in a single passage the materials of a tion. It cannot be denied, also, that at one time he tragedy, and moves, as he pleases, to terror and to praised men and measures, which at another time he pity. And from this he can turn at once to sarcasm. | unsparingly denounced and vituperated; but to under-He is a Satirist, in prose as keen and as lacerating as stand how this change of tone was produced, and

Moore is in verse. He clothes burlesque in as mocking a gravity; his irony is as bitter, and as elegant; his ridicule is as polished in its banter, and as flaying in its wit. In the battles for Catholic emancipation this eloquence sounded everywhere, as the clangor of a trumpet; everywhere the orator in splendid and impassioned utterance was shricking forth, the wrongs of his country. That shrill voice of his cried aloud, and spared not. It stimulated his brethren to indignation and to action; it pierced into their souls, and awakened within them the torturing sense of degradation and oppression. It was heard in metropolis and village; in the market-place, and on the mountains; it rebounded from lofty roofs; it rang its pungent emphases upon the open winds. O'Connell was the legislator and the doer, but in the agency of speech Shiel was indefatigable, and had no

I have only as yet considered O'Connell as a man of action, and before, I proceed to regard him as a man of speech, the few-remarks that can be made, consistently with the space allowable to this paper, can be most appropriately made now. O'Connell was not certainly one of those great men, rare, indeed, in the history of the world, so finely tempered, so graciously inspired, so inwardly regulated in the dispositions of the soul, as to be in spiritual harmony, constantly with the highest life, so pure, yet so humane, as to draw, at the same time, reverence and affection, uniting high design with self-forgetting simplicity; and sublime virtue with sagacity and success in the guidance of public affairs; one of those men, in fact, whom we can take and hold in the moral ideal of loftiest thought. O'Connell was a man of the world—one who did not live remote from others, nor profess to live very much above them. His life was constantly in the midst of the world's business crowds, its parties and its passions, and he seemed to have a very thorough sympathy with his position. Away from that position, there was nothing, morally, in his character that could mark him for pointed censure or enthusiastic praise, to any class that sought for some single idea or sentiment as prominent in the please the ascetic. He was fair, tall, but broad and blooming. It was plain that he did not waste himself with fasting; it was equally plain that he did not inflame himself with excess. He was moderate strictly temperate; but until near the close of his life did not pledge himself to total abstinence. He did not neglect religion, yet he would not, I suppose, have satisfied, in that particular, a devotee. He was capable of very generous actions, but some actions attributed were of another quality. He had friends immovably attached to him, and appeared to have had qualities that won the hearts of those who were habitually near him. There seems to have been in him an intense warmth of home-affection, which, even in his public speeches, was constantly bursting out, throwing the tingings of a beautiful domestic sunshine, the soft beamings of the heart over the arid spaces of political discussion. Indeed, some of O'Connell's allusions to his family would, in the manner of any other man, be put so near the sublime seemed so to gush from the inward fountain of his emotions, and the poetry so fresh from nature's impulse, that only a cynic could criticise, and none that hated not humanity could refuse him sympathy. But, considering him immediately in connection with his position, there are few public men whose character would demand a nicer care, to do it justice, to take it out of the region of idolatry, on one side, and out of the region of cold dislike or positive malice on the other; and to place it in the clear atmosphere of dispassionate abjudication. Could pretend to the ability, space does not allow me to attempt this. Whatever may be the excessive culogy of O'Connell's friends, whatever the aspersions out through all the fogs of cumbersome praise, which often hide the real worth of O'Connell from the honest and impartial; and any faults charged on him which should imply the absence of this, would be, to me, the statements of self-evident untruth. O'Connell has been accused in a variety of directions, and on a variety of grounds. There was as much truth as brevity in his own saying, that "he was the best abused man in Europe." But had these charges had all the strength with which the several parties urged them, no impudence could have faced them as O'-Connell did, and no strength of intellect, no strength of party could have saved a man against them from destruction. And yet they could not have been wholly without foundation. It was not entirely without reason, that his speeches were accused of violence and invective; and that his opinions of persons and parties were charged with being unstable, capricious, and unreliable. It cannot be denied that his language, when he meant to attack, was remarkable for its vernacular simplicity, when simplicity was not elegance; and like most men of strong will and strong passions, that speak to masses, he did not hold the reins of his temper, nor very carefully weigh his assertions. Yet, an out-spoken and direct saxon philippic is not, I think, any more an evidence of a latinised terms, and charges of dishonor, sweetly hinted in phrases of French, and musically rounded in cadences of Greek. But I enter into no defence

how far the change was wilful or was reasonable, would demand an anylitical estimate of the political such men could truly say of themselves—after the manner of men-that others should call vain or boastful. He was despotic and arrogant, so I have heard persons affirm; but, then, I have actually heard individuals assert that George the Third was not a Christian, and that George the Fourth was not a gentleman. What will not such heathers say? One his abuse had a sort of buoyant exaggeration in it, most angry invective in which the saddened look of an opponent could not move him; and no storm of lying all that passed on the surface of his nature, which was ever ready to bubble up, and to bring the divinest feelings of man sparkling into light. No opponent was ever more fiercely, or more ably, or more successfuly, his antagonist than Lord Stanley. On one occasion, when O'Connell had spoken in his asserted that he was as much a friend to Ireland as O'Connell. "Then," returned O'Connell, "you can be no enemy of mine—let our hearts shake hands?" In the political combats of O'Connell there was an intellectual enjoyment, and a happy self-satisfaction, which always saved them from rancor or implacability. In this very case, for instance, of Lord Stanley, the glow of honor in the strife, and the sense of being strong enough for it, left no room in his mind for malice. "Stanley's personal hostility to O'Connell," says Mr. Daunt, in his 'Personal Recollections of O'Connell,' "was bitter and vehement. It was incessantly manifested throughout the whole session (of 1833.) His fiery and brilliant invectives, his pungent sneers and sarcasms would have told with crushing effect upon any inferior antagonist. But O'Connell was too great to be put down by sarcasm or ridicule. He often grappled Stanley with tremendous vigor. When he made a hit, he liked to have it appreciated. One night, after a stormy debate, in which he had been particularly successful I chanced to sit next him under the stranger's gallery. 'I think,' said I, 'that if you owed Stanley anything, you fully paid off your debts to-night. Do you really think so? he quickly said, turning round to me with a hearty laugh of satisfaction? It was this laugh of satisfaction that kept his heart Lord Lyndhurst was in the full career of an eloquent tirade against O'Connell. O'Connell happened just to enter the House of Lords, as the noble orator was building up a lofty climax, which he capped by Cicero's apostrophe to Cataline. Cataline, of course, being translated into Milesian Irish, signified O'Connell 'Ha! O'Connell," said a friend to him, "Lyndhurst has been giving you a drubbing." "All right," replied O'Connell, "I have come this moment from the Free Mason's Tavern, where I have been abusing was a coarser retort which he made to Shaw, the member, at one time, for the Dubliu University, yet not more coarse than the provocation. "The honorable member, (Mr. O'Connell,") said Mr. Shaw, ' has charged me with being actuated by a spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity is not that which takes for its symbol a death's head and cross bones." "No," bones." But such unfixedly fierce expressions did Walter of the "Times," sitting on a bench by himself—as his paper was about to apostatise, has been rose of summer," O'Connell remarked, "he sat blooming alone." His hit at the journal, itself, was misplaced mile-stone, which can never, by any possi-bility, tell the truth." But there was one character in Europe with whom O'Connell kept no terms-and of whom he always spoke in the strongest and most unmitigated saxon, and that was the Czar of all the Russias. "The policy," he said, upon an occasion, cannot be good which involves an alliance with that miscreant, Nicholas-a ruffian who combines in his own person all the hideous enormities of Herod, Dioclesan, and Attila!" The present "Brummagen." Napoleon, of France, thinks differently! Whatever may be considered the sins or vices of O'Connell's public conduct, he gave utterance to one maxim, which strikes me as containing a principle of truth and power, as grand as we can conceive of, for the guidance of public men-it is this: "that no political advantage is worth a single crime."

Other matters, and very important ones, in the life of O'Connel, I must here leave unnoticed-partly because this journal is an unsuitable place for the discussion of disputed topics, and partly because, if it were not, this article is already so extended as to forbid the introduction of subjects which would require a very ample examination. Nor does my purpose in the present paper require more fulness than I have given to it-since, in the very outset, I professed it was not my intention to write either a memoir or a treatise. But in making, as I am about to do. the oratorical genius of O'Connell the subject of a few remarks, I am sure of a subject, on which there can be but slight difference of opinion.

(To be continued.)

LAMARTINE-CATHOLIC CHARITY. (From the Charleston Catholic Miscellany.) Among the ways by which the good of the humbler of France.

classes of society may be promoted, one, if not of the most efficient, at least of those most lauded and urged history of the time. He was vain and boastful, but in our day, is mental culture or education. Does Misso was Cicero; yet it would be hard to think what Lamartine really think, that in this respect also, Catholic France is immeasurably inferior to Protestant England?

To show the true condition of the education of the humbler classes in England, it would be sufficient to refer to statistics published by the authorities of that kingdom. From them it appears, that in no other country perhaps, of all Europe, can there be found thing we may say, there was nothing sardonic or in-human in the public combats of O'Connell. Even these official reports. Many of the details are sickenthese official reports. Many of the details are sickening, and are yet, we have no doubt, painfully present that made it kindly. There was no moment in his to the memory of intelligent readers. On that account we forbear all quotation. The condition of France is far different. Even the purely religious excitement in which the whisper of a friend could not instruction there imparted to the humblest classes, by soften him. There was a certain tenderness under- the Church, has of itself a tendency to clevate their minds, and enlarge their ideas, to improve their mental powers, and direct them to something nobler than mere provision for their bodily wants. This is wanting in England, because, there a State religion has no sympathy with the poor and humble, she spurns them as unworthy of her communion; to parusual strain on the wrongs of Ireland, Lord Stanley take of her favor, is the lot only of the proud and wealthy, of the great in the eyes of the world. For, unlike the Saviour, "her kingdom is of this world." Hence, in England the poor man, proscribed by public opinion as a plague or social evil, abandoned by the Church, bereft of spiritual aid and instruction, is degraded and debased. Even should he be well fed and clothed, he rises very little above the brute. He is, to use the language of an observant traveller, "half-machine, half-savage, a mere animal, mind and soul being out of reach, if not extinct."+

But the Church contributes more than an indirect share to the cause of education. Knowing the disadvantages and dangers of mere secular learning, when not influenced and accompanied by a religious spirit, knowing the craft of her enemy, the world, that seeks by every artifice to appropriate exclusively this domain, she spares no endeavor to bring under her own direction the whole course of education. Hence she founds schools and colleges, where letters and science may not only be imbibed, without danger to the soul, but even rendered subservient to the glory of God and the welfare of religion. And in redoing, she not only counteracts the cunning of her enemies, and furthers her own salutary influence over society, but fulfils also her great mission amongst men, by teaching them how to ennoble and sanctify the use of one of the most precious of God's gifts. ever in these dire strifes from rancor. One night Her care embraces, with a kind of preference, two classes of society; young children and the poorboth recommended to her mercy by their helpless-Wherever the education of the humbler classes has been neglected, the Church may justly be called on to show cause for her omission of duty; and she will never fail to justify herself in the eyes of men. If this has happened in a Catholic country, it will be found that she has been forbidden by brute force, to discharge that duty; that her hands have been tied by a miserable state-policy, no less insulting Lord Lyndhurst. Tit for tat is fair play." That to her than detrimental to society-a policy, that, through groundless fear of the Church, opens the door to ignorance and irreligion, and thus prepares the way for anarchy and social roin. Thus it has been in France under the late reign, when the whole education of that country was in the hands of an infidel monopoly. But as soon as Catholic France was emancipated from that odious tyranny, by the repubshouted O'Connell, "yours is a calf's head and jaw lican government, the Church hastened to fulfil her duty, with an ardor that astonished her worst enemies. not often escape him. For there was commonly a It was plain to all men, that the zeal which "devourjocund and sportive gayety, a quiet banter in the ed her for the sake of God's house," had acquired satire of O'Connell, which generally tended to mode-tenfold energy from the very fetters by which it had rate, if it did not nullify its bitterness. His bit at been previously confined, and once set free, would spread like instantaneous flame over the whole country. Such has really been the case. Since the often quoted, and always enjoyed-"Like the last Education Bill of March, the Church has filled all France with schools and teachers of every degree, and in most cases, wherever it was practicable, she still better. "The Times," he wrote, "lies like a has made her teaching gratuitous. And the response, misplaced mile-stone, which can never, by any possimade to her zeal by the whole country, is an indisputable proof of its appreciation of her past services, and its consciousness of her superior merit. In many places the whole population have gone out processionally to welcome the arrival of the Christian Brothers, in others, the municipal authorities have, by unanimous vote, decreed to hand over to the Church those very establishments which had formerly served the Anti-Christian purposes of State monopoly. In England, on the contrary, while the education of the humbler classes is neglected by the State, the Anglican Church has not contributed an iota to. repair the fault of her temporal ally. Her neglect. may be traced to her essential principles, as we have. seen; and is acknowledged by the Reviewer already.

THE MARCH OF THE LEAGUE.

On the Debatetable Land of the Ulster Border, in the pleasant old County of Louth, the League met on Thursday. The venerable and influential Parish Priest of Louth took the chair. Old Nicholas, Markey, the veteran of all O'Connell's agitationswho stood by his side when Orange bullets seemed billeted for his breast, and followed in his footsteps from the early days of the old Catholic Association until his ashes were borne, amid the grief of nations,

"As regards Wales, in particular, see an article in the last London Quarterly.

† Such is the description given in her Journal, by:
Mrs. Kirkland, of the whole class of English country

laborers. Even granting it to be an exaggeration, and making all due allowance and deduction from it as. such, no sensible man would venture to employ such; language, even by hyperbole, to the country laborers