

THE FUNERAL.

Sad, solemn and impressive, beyond all human power to describe, and almost beyond all human conception, was the scene witnessed in our city on Thursday. Ireland's last tribute of respect to her departed Liberator. Everything wore the appearance of mourning. It was impossible to pass through our streets without feeling that a great event was about to take place, and that event one of sorrow.—In the countenance of every one there was depicted a heart home grief. Not alone in the line of procession, but through the city generally, the shops were closed. The bells of the different churches tolled knells to the memory of the illustrious dead, and those were in fact, the only sounds that broke on the solemn stillness; there was even in the most youthful and unthinking of the congregated masses, an appearance of solemnity well befitting the occasion; the joyous levity, which in large assemblies generally prevails, had departed while its place was supplied with marked indications that nobler and more exalted sentiments than mere curiosity to see a pageant lurked round the hearts of the spectators, and actuated their motions. They evinced feelings alike honourable to themselves and to the illustrious dead. Every possible mark of outward respect and affectionate grief was demonstrated, and the demeanor of all proved that mourning was not put on as a mere holiday garb. Never before had so many persons assembled in public to behold a spectacle or rather to pay a tribute of devotion and respect among whom there was such unbroken silence.

There was a melancholy pleasure in witnessing the ardour and devotedness with which the crowds passed forward. They gave proof that though the man had departed, the memory of his worth survives—that though the voice is stilled in death, the principles which he promulgated, and the truths which he uttered, remain pure and intact; they gave proof, also, that gratitude is still an abiding principle in the Irish heart. Those who triumphantly boasted that the announcement of O'Connell's death was received with apathy and indifference, had only to witness his funeral ceremonial. They would see the hushed sorrow of the people hitherto was not because of indifference to the man or to the cause that he upheld in life—that it proceeded alone from that mysterious principle in the human mind which refuses to associate the cause of death with those whom they have been taught to love and honour. Men knew that he was dead, and yet it is only within the last few days that the fact has been realized to their minds. On the arrival of the body the melancholy truth burst for the first time upon the nation in its full intensity, and of the effects of that knowledge our streets afforded ample proof to-day. Each man felt the death of

the Liberator as a family bereavement, and accorded a child like devotion to the memory of him who loved Ireland with more than a Father's love.—Rich and poor—old and young—men of every class and creed joined in the tribute. Never was a people's gratitude and a people's sorrow more unequivocally expressed; never was such expression more undividedly deserved.

Many hours before the time appointed for the funeral every street leading to the Metropolitan Church, presented a stream of well-dressed persons men, women, and children, thronging towards those points from which the sad ceremonial could be seen to the greatest advantage. Indeed so great was the anxiety of the public to participate in this last act of the melancholy drama that immense numbers of persons anticipating a repetition of the inconveniences attending the approach to the church within the last few days, had taken the precaution to bivouac in the immediate neighbourhood of Marlborough street, and in all those situations from which a good view of the mournful cavalcade could be obtained. There was a pressing forward—though a respectful one—an eagerness to give honour to the procession which nothing in the funeral considered merely as an object of sight could at all account for.

From an early hour in the morning vehicles of every description continued to pour into the city; the several railway companies caused special trains to run on their respective lines for the accommodation of parties wishing to take part in the funeral and the various coaches from the provinces for several days, came fully loaded with persons from the most remote districts desirous to participate in the concluding honours to him whom they loved in life. The cities and towns in Ireland sent forth their municipal representatives. The prelates and clergy of the church emancipated by O'Connell attended from the most extreme points of the land; all that is trusted and honoured in Ireland attended to do honour to the memory of her greatest citizen yet, notwithstanding the immense assemblage no sound was to be heard—all was silent unutterable sorrow; the stillness of death seemed to pervade the living mass, and even the dark and lowering appearance of the forenoon added in no inconsiderable degree to the general appearance of desolation.

As the hour appointed, (11 o'clock) drew near, the anxiety of the multitude increased. In the vicinity of the church, the house tops and windows were filled with occupants, and the streets, save immediately opposite the church where there were strong barriers erected, were wholly impassable.—Sackville-street, North Earl-street, Abbey-street, and all passages leading thereto, were thronged in like manner. Large bodies of police were in attendance