

the Catholic petition, and the following year more than 2,000,000. Ireland appeared to be roused, and the feeling of nationality inspired her population. The activity of O'Connell appeared to exceed the powers of a human being. He spoke during seven or eight hours a-day; harangued everybody; at one moment in the public streets, the next at a meeting; the same day at a public dinner, and the following day appeared a letter signed by him in the journals of the association, or some pamphlet, or denunciation of an abominable law or an act of oppressive government. He excited agitation with all the strength of his powerful lungs. It was then that he developed all the resources of his unparalleled eloquence—little careful of his style, but ascending to the sublime and descending to the grotesque with the same facility—an eloquence spontaneous, multiplied, varied, affecting every chord of the human heart—exciting at his pleasure the laughter or the tears of the auditory according to circumstances—inflaming the passions—raising and calming storms—sometimes burning and sometimes picturesque, but ever animated with that spirit of inspiration drawn from the love of his country and hatred of oppression. He found pleasure in quoting old patriotic adages—even when they were opposed to his principles. How many times did he not repeat those celebrated lines,

“Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?”

And again he invoked all the beauties of his dear Ireland, and her verdant hills, and her picturesque sites, and her immense lakes, and her population, brave, honest, devoted, intellectual, and so worthy to be happy, so well disposed to become so, and which the brutal hand of the Saxon crushed like a flower of which you break the stem. “Ireland, first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!” And with this enthusiasm he mingled the traditional history, the remarkable deeds of arms, the ancient glory, of his country, which gave masters to all Europe, and which was learned when other nations were plunged in ignorance and barbarism. This was the inexhaustible theme of his speeches; and it was by re-animating that love of country more and more, that he was able to conquer the most unbounded empire and popularity ever enjoyed by any man. The history of that first association is similar to that of all the others; and the talent, as well as the power of O'Connell, preserved since then the same character. The English government, seeing that new struggle in the name of the law, wished to terminate it by the law. The bill of 1825 prohibited all meetings, all associations, during more than fourteen days! This was sufficient for O'Connell to continue to develop his work. The law was promulgated in the month of March. On the 13th of July, the Catholic association was re-modelled on a new legal basis. It no longer had a centre nor a constant duration. It had as many centres as there were towns, as many meetings as there were villages; the principal orators, and O'Connell at their head, traversed Ireland in every direction, and innumerable assemblies hailed them with transports of enthusiasm. It was on the 13th of July, in the church of Waterford, amidst the prelates and crowds which thronged the edifice, that the new association was inaugurated. The Catholics, not satisfied with speaking, resolved to act. They were excluded from parliament, and determined to force their way into it. Fitzgerald, the representative of Clare, had become a cabinet minister, and again solicited the suffrages of his former constituents. An order was given to elect O'Connell in his place, although O'Connell was not eligible. The particulars of that solemn demonstration are known to everybody. During three days, the Irish electors, escorted by a multitude of peasants, repaired to the hustings, and openly voted for O'Connell. During three days, the people, in a mass, kept watching, and, strange to say, no act of disorder, no sign of intemperance, disturbed that immense reunion. A solemn circumstance imparted a dramatic colour to the event. At nightfall, when the result of the poll was about to be proclaimed, a Catholic clergyman made his way through the crowd, ascended the hustings, and commanding silence with his hand, slowly pronounced these words: “Irishmen! brethren! an impious Catholic had the misfortune to vote for Fitzgerald.” (“Shame! shame!” exclaimed the indignant people.) “Silence,” replied the speaker, in a severe tone; “the indignation of man is feeble compared with the wrath of God! The hand of the Almighty has punished him. I inform you that he has just been struck with apoplexy. A prayer for his soul!” And in an instant the whole multitude fell on its knees, when some stentorian voice shouted out, “O'Connell is

returned! O'Connell for ever! O'Connell and Ireland free!” The crowd then dispersed in every direction, carrying to the extremity of the island the glorious tidings which made every heart rejoice. He proceeded to London, presented himself in the House of Commons, and when tendered an oath he could not take, he protested and retired. The electors of Clare refused to elect another deputy, and the agitation of Ireland becoming more and more menacing, the English aristocracy were compelled to yield, and the emancipation of the Catholics was proclaimed by that same Sir Robert Peel, whose fortune was always magnified by the strange circumstance, that he was obliged to carry the measures most violently opposed by himself and his party.

[The writer accounts in the following manner for O'Connell's hatred of bloodshed:]

Daniel O'Connell had seen in his youth the efforts of the multitude, the ardent impatience of that oppressed nation—the mysterious insurrection—the frequently sanguinary violence of the Irish perishing of hunger—those appeals of the secret societies to arms, succeeded by those terrible executions of which the traces were to be found on the high road or at the gates of the rich—the entire history of a people reduced to despair, which feels the weight of invasion on its breast, and which contends with fire and sword against the foreigner. Well! he execrated that history; he came not to organise that army, but to destroy it; he declared so in the first speech by which he established his reputation; he wished to substitute a struggle in the face of the sun for a midnight battle—legal means for violent conduct—for the vengeance of despair, he substituted that activity which affords hope. From the commencement he spoke with respect of legality; he declaimed vehemently against the oppressed, who, by their crimes, appeared to wish to justify their oppressors; and in the year 1811, he pronounced those words, so often repeated by him, that the greatest progress of the human mind was not worth a single drop of human blood. It was easy to see from that moment in what circle he had enclosed himself. The sight of the massacres, the political trials, and the sentences of death passed in the year 1798, struck his mind with invincible horror for the saturnalia of force. At a later period, having been insulted by one of his countrymen, he fought and killed his adversary in a duel. After this affair, he ran to a Catholic church in a state of distraction, and vowed that he would never again touch an instrument of destruction. That double impression decided his political career. Thus oppression might stretch its springs, and double the number of its victims. O'Connell determined to combat and to pursue it without any cessation; but he had previously traced the line beyond which he would not pass. It was in legality he placed his hopes—it was legality which was his only flag; it was likewise his force as an agitator and as an orator. He said, like others, “Peace everywhere, and for ever,” but that peace was neither idle nor disgraceful; it was neither sterile, corrupt, inert, nor sleepy. He was able to make that peace formidable to England, and he derived from it all the conquests which it was possible to extract. From the population of Irish peasants, enrolled under the banner of the Whiteboys, he formed an immense Catholic legion, and the clergy was his staff.

LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

(Continued.)

Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after-life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday-school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick-ward of the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labours of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroic, in the conduct of her humble sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book, “which ever tells,” she says, “of mercy,” and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with