

This is what the Romans, the "ordo populusque Romanus," not only did not seek, but would not suffer. But Pius IX. would not be excluded; from his scanty treasures and with his own consecrated hands, the Pontiff presented a large contribution. The cross which was borne before the Cardinals at the Absolution was the Pope's; the Pope's vestments sent by express order, were worn in the requiem. It was his Eminence Cardinal Baluffi, who succeeded to the see of Imola, the late diocese of Pius IX., that gave the absolution on the first day; on the second day of the obsequies it was given by Cardinal Castreani, the Grand Penitentiary whose office and exclusive privilege it is to give the last absolution to the Popes. The funeral oration was rehearsed beforehand in the hearing of the Pope; when it was intimated that there might be some difficulty as to its being published the Pontiff smiled. You know what the consequence has been—stamped with the *imprimatur* of the master of the sacred palace—the funeral oration of O'Connell, by the great and good Ventura, published at Rome (and published uncuttailed), is now read with admiration throughout all Christian countries. The Governor of Rome was present, so were the ambassadors of the various courts of Europe; Cardinals, Prelates of the Papal Court, Bishops, Archbishops, and Patriarchs from every region of the Globe, the students of the Pope's own seminary assisted; the civic guards of Rome, with their Colonel and officers at their head, were marshalled round our Liberator's cenotaph; the Parish Priests of Rome would have none but themselves fill even the inferior offices of the sanctuary on this occasion. Never was there a tribute more exclusively and purely Roman—never was there a tribute paid with enthusiasm more ardent and disinterested. The very professors from the choirs of St. Peter, of the Sixtine chapel, the Lateran, the Liberian Basilica, and the other basilicas would accept no payment, though the wonders of their execution were such as it was said on all hands had seldom, if ever before been witnessed, even in Rome itself.

Thus fared it with O'Connell's heart. His body now there in state before you, invested and surrounded with so much pomp—so venerated and bewailed by millions, has the destroyer—Death been able to strip it of all honour—to maltreat, insult, and mock it as it his wont even with the remains of the mightiest of our kind, and those who were best beloved! That Carolingian Emperor, whose sway extended from the Elbe to the Atlantic, and spread far away beyond the Alps, on the side of that same thoroughfare by which O'Connell's body was brought along, was not his body obliged to be abandoned? But to receive O'Connell's remains and pay them honour, the Church Militant of France was under arms with the glorious successor of St. Ireneus at its head. That gallant people which has ever been, and still deserves to be arranged in the vanguard of Christendom, they almost resented as an indignity, that they were not afforded the opportunity to manifest how great was their admiration and their affection for him who belonged not alone to Ireland, but to universal Christianity..... It is not to his own country alone that his memory is cherished with an enthusiasm which bids defiance to the dulling influence of death. As late as November next the aisles of Notre Dame, in Paris, are to re-echo with his requiem, and his eulogy is to be pronounced by that cowed orator of France, who in the presence of assemblies pre-eminently scientific and addicted to scepticism, if not to infidelity, has the magic power to enkindle as much enthusiasm for the Faith as St. Bernard used to do in the time of the Crusaders..... Never to the memory of the Emperor or protentate of any order hath been paid such honours. But is it not just and congruous that in death he should have no equal—I mean amongst the heroes who live in history—since for merits he had no equal in his life? I know of no other hero for whom one cannot find a counterpart in history; but I maintain that for O'Connell there is none. He stands alone in the annals of the world.

I am aware how this assertion will be derided—held up to scornful mockery; but let us put it to the test. The proofs of it are familiar to yourselves, my brethren, as household words. And it is well they are so; for how else could I, upon a notice which I received but yesterday, have ventured to ascend the giddy eminence on which you see me now, in the hope to

obtain for these proofs their legitimate results! Indeed, nothing but the dread, the certainty that we would be disgraced through Christendom were he who made our altars free permitted to go down in ignominious silence to the grave, could have emboldened me to an attempt, which, even with this to palliate it, could not still, have escaped being stigmatized as rash, had not the funeral oration pronounced at Rome already lifted his name above the reach of slander and oblivion. I know his renown is safe.

It is known to all in what a prostrate state he found his country. Its religion was held to be anathema. To profess it was to be an outlaw. To obtain the franchises and honours of the State it was not enough to abjure its most sacred mysteries and dogmas—it was, moreover, indispensable to curse them—stigmatizing them as damnable by solemn oath upon the holy Evangelists of God. The highest law authorities in the realm proclaimed that this state of things could not be changed without overturning the British constitution. The British people were against the change—the navies, the armies, the Parliaments, the press, were against us, as were the most darling interests and untameably exasperated passions. The heir apparent swore that no such change should be permitted. Monarch after monarch was known to be bigoted against the measure of Emancipation. To you, my most reverend lords, its guardians and rulers, I appeal as to what the condition is in which O'Connell left, and has long since placed the Church. You will bear witness that he made it the envy of Christendom, rending every fetter that had involved it for ages, and obtaining for it a liberty and independence the most perfect of any portion of the whole Church of Christ.

This is a fact as certain as the existence of the Irish Church itself.

Again, there was in each city and town of Ireland a fortress of civil and religious tyranny, erected to keep green and ever bleeding, the wound of conquest, to outrage and oppress the vast majority of the nation. By them the Catholics were excluded from every office, and even from the lowest crafts.—The fountains of justice were poisoned by them, and perverted from a blessing into a new and bitter source of spoliation and oppression for the people. They were proclaimed to be grafted into the foundations of the State—that removed or stirred they could not be. But did not O'Connell, and that almost unaided, raze them to the ground, and plant so many fortresses of liberty upon their ruins!

Dr. Miley here, by quotations from the Padre Ventura, and by original instances, compares O'Connell with, and exalts him above the heroes and emperors of ancient and modern history.

If we would find one most nearly his counterpart in greatness perhaps it is the hero of the Ireland of the East—John Sobieski, King of Poland—we should select. They were like each other in their chivalrous fidelity in nuptial life, in the exuberance of their affections for their offspring, in the deathless war they carried on, and the brilliancy of the victories won by them over the Church's enemies, and in this also, alas! that they struggled for the redemption and nationality of a distracted people.—Sobieski was also like him in his deep spirit of devotion, in his charming amenity in the private circle, in his self possession and dignity in the most clamorous and disorderly debate, in the midst of perils—and though last, not least, in his sunny love of poetry. But inasmuch as he also, like the others, had in his favour the resources which O'Connell had arrayed against him, and that he achieved his victories, not by moral, but by military means, the resemblance ends, except that I should add, perhaps, that they were also like in this, that each of them had the rare destiny to identify his country's history with his own. The very forces which conspired to forward, and influence, and aggrandize the greatness of all these, were uniformly arrayed against our hero. He had opposed to him the armies, the fleets, the British people, the Treasury, the law, the Parliaments, the King himself, and, more potent in this age, perhaps, than all, he had against him incessantly almost the whole artillery of the press. Do I exaggerate?.....

His predecessors conquered by brutal force, by agencies that spread desolation far and wide—by the two-edged sword and