

might go too far; for during the whole of his life he was watched by a thousand argus eyes of the law—watched in his conduct, in his language, to see when and where and how it would be possible for government to throw an Attorney-General's noose around his neck and bring him to the brief end to which others were consigned before him; but those he avoided, and if you will understand those maxims which he employed so frequently, you will perceive that they were maxims of wisdom, but furnishing no evidence that he himself was a coward—he was not a man destitute of nerve and bravery; but he was a wise man, and he knew that, having excited up to a certain point of interest his countrymen, then it became his duty to restrain and guide; because, if at any moment he had said the word, they were brave and impetuous people as they are, more ready for the battle than for base retreat.

It would be impossible to dilate upon the various prominent points in the personal life of Daniel O'Connell. I have already, I fear, exhausted your patience, and must bring the portion of my remarks that remains to a close. O'Connell entered public life in the year 1800. His first public speech was against the Union. He was one of the first young lawyers professing the Catholic religion who made their appearance at the bar, and for a long time, he was hated by the hostile judges and shunned by his fellow counsel. But it was remarked that while he was not lucratively employed, he was, to use the language of one of his fellow barristers, "bottling up" with great industry and economy, legal knowledge wherewith to perplex those same presidents on the bench and their colleagues.

In a little time he began to acquire a reputation at the bar, and for twenty-three years he continued the profession of the law, deriving from it an income of from four to five thousand pounds a year. In the meantime, with that impetuosity of natural temperament which belonged to him, and with that fearlessness which distinguished his character, he had incurred the displeasure of not a few among his rivals; and in consequence of having spoken once disrespectfully of the Corporation of Dublin, he had to meet one of its members. That was D'Esterre. They met in the barbarous duel, and D'Esterre fell at the hands of O'Connell. This event was one of the subjects of regret to that great, religious man, up to the period of his death. It is true that at the same time, or soon after, he accepted another challenge from Mr. Peel, afterwards Sir Robert Peel; and they had arranged to meet in Belgium; but the future Minister contrived, or it was contrived for him, to get arrested when he had got as far as London, and he never kept his engagement. I mention these circumstances simply to show that O'Connell had nothing in his nature of what the world sometimes calls "the white feather." He was not afraid of anything, but he was a wise man, and after a brief period from the time of his duel with D'Esterre, he recorded a vow in heaven that he would never accept a challenge from any one; and many a poltroon, in his after life, both in the British Parliament and elsewhere, took advantage of his vow to insult him, knowing very well that they were exempt from the retribution which he would otherwise have inflicted.

Mr. O'Connell has been variously represented by many persons. Some, taking up the pages of calumny which his enemies published, looked upon him as a species of monster. Those who knew him well, knew that he was a highly refined and accomplished gentleman—a man of eminent talents—a man of the most enlarged and benevolent feelings as a philanthropist. During his practice at the bar, whenever those same Orange enemies of his had a difficult cause to manage in the Four Courts of Dublin, Daniel O'Connell was their man. They selected him and were never disappointed.

In the meantime, and whilst O'Connell was laboring with patience, and under the greatest disadvantages, for five and six and ten years, to accomplish the great end of his life, he did not postpone the opportunity of doing good to others, simply because he could not as yet realise the darling object near his heart. In 1826 a bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts—which was a bill for the relief, not of Catholics at all, but of those Protestants of the British empire who did not belong to the established church—that is to say, of the dissenters—was before Parliament—and although O'Connell and his countrymen were still themselves in fetters, he, by the advice of his spiritual director, Mr. Lestrange, got up a petition, signed by 800,000 Catholics, and sent it to the table of Parliament, where it reversed the decision of the ministers, and enabled him and his Catholic countrymen to see their Protestant fellow-citizens of the empire, the dissenters, emancipated before themselves. Afterwards when, in fine, he was admitted, and when the restrictions which had been imposed upon Catholics were reluctantly relieved, you find O'Connell and all his influence going to enlarge the liberties of the British people. I speak of the reform of Parliament, which had been the object of desire with many parties for more than half a century, and which would not have been granted probably till this day had it not been for Daniel O'Connell. They speak of the changes that have occurred, but who is there that can appreciate them? And since he has passed from this life and is gone, and men enjoy the benefits of his labors, how few there are who appreciate, at their proper value, the sacrifices of toil and care and talents of that great man for the accomplishment of the ends he had in view, and of the advantages of which they are now in the enjoyment! Before O'Connell's time every Catholic was in the condition of a serf. Before O'Connell's time they were all looked upon with contempt. No doubt, the result of his labor was to excite perhaps more sharp hostility, as against rivals, because he took that population, that third of the

British empire—seven millions and a half of people—he took them in the palm of his gigantic hand and placed them on an equality with their fellow-citizens. Before his time the Duke of Norfolk had no right, was incompetent to discharge the office of a common constable; and what was true of him was true of all the glorious old Catholic nobility of England. But O'Connell, by his own exertions and amidst great discouragement raised them up to an equality of which they and their successors are still in the enjoyment. Were they grateful? It is not worth while to enquire. A man who is conscious of a right and noble purpose need not look for gratitude. Let him do his duty: O'Connell did this, and did it in a manner that reflected honor upon his nature as a man and the religion he professed as a Christian. I have this to say of O'Connell, that, from the beginning to the end of his life, never has he given one solitary counsel which any human being has had reason to regret. No wife was made a widow—no child was made an orphan, by the advice of O'Connell; because he took religion for his guide, and for the first time in the history of the world, he applied moral means for the acquisition of all that the constitution afforded.

It might be said that he was tricky; for instance, when the British Parliament set their minds to work to see how they could best suppress his Catholic association, they passed a bill, called at the time, the Algerine Act, because its object was contrary to all constitutional right. It prohibited the continuance of any political association during more than a period of fourteen days. Now, here was an unconstitutional enactment, and there was an honest man—he was bound to submit to that enactment? As far as it was law, and he was a prudent man—he submitted; but he understood the Act better than its framers, and turned it against them and to his own account, because, instead of having one association permanent in Dublin—the law allowing fourteen days—he multiplied his associations over the island, each of them remaining in session thirteen days. Now this is to my mind an evidence that an eminent lawyer, who understands the fundamental principles, the elements of a constitution, can go behind a hasty enactment, and if the legislator is ignorant or faithless in regard to its principles, to take advantage of his legislative blunder. But this was not the only case; in fact during that time there was a contest between the wisecracks of St. Stephen's and O'Connell; and after they had clubbed their heads together to make laws to put him down, the story was next day in the papers that he had found a means of driving a coach-and-four through their statutes.

Daniel O'Connell was not a bigot in religion—he was a liberal Catholic. Do not misunderstand me—my idea of a liberal Catholic is one who is sincere and faithful in the profession of his faith, but who recognizes in every human being the same right that he claims for himself; but in modern times a liberal Catholic has come to be understood as a man who makes no distinctions between one creed and another. O'Connell was none of those: he believed in his religion, and from the period of his unfortunate duel to the close of his life, he combined the edification of a practical Catholic in his private moral life with the highest duties of a politician and a statesman, and that is what scarcely any other public man that I have read of has ever accomplished before. In short, O'Connell was one of those men whom the world—that is, the foreign world—could hardly comprehend, from the calamities that were heaped upon him. I remember him in two or three circumstances of private life, and it may perhaps relieve the tedium of this long harangue if I allude to them. The first time I met him was in London, and I was introduced with a determination to have a struggle with him on a certain question—that was on the asperity, I thought, with which he spoke of certain social institutions in this country; and I told him, after the ordinary introduction, "You are not surprised, Mr. O'Connell, that while you have many friends in America, you have some who are much displeased with certain of your public remarks." And he asked, "Which?" "Well," I replied, "they think you are too severe upon an institution for which the present generation, or the present government of America, is by no means responsible—I mean slavery." He paused and said, "It would be strange, indeed, if I should not be the friend of the slave throughout the world—I, who was born a slave myself." He silenced me, although he did not convince me. I afterwards heard him in the House of Commons, and there he was, the great, grave senator. You would suppose he had been brought up from childhood an Englishman, he was so calm and unimpassioned.

But he was listened to with profound respect. I heard him again at one of those "Monster Meetings," as they were called, at Donnybrook. He had been preceded by several able and clever orators; for Ireland, and especially, the City of Dublin, is seldom deficient in able orators. When he spoke, it was like casting oil upon the troubled waters. Those who had preceded him had aroused and awakened the passions of that crowd of not less than two hundred thousand people. But when he spoke he stilled their stormy passions, and allowed them all to go home in good humor.

At another time I had the honor of being invited to dine at his table. Nothing extraordinary occurred until after the desert, when a little group of his grandchildren—I suppose—were permitted to enter. They closed around him just as some of his political satellites, but with the innocence of childhood. He had a hand for each; one clinging to his shoulder, another upon his knee. And he had an epithet of tenderness, varied from one to the other, which surprised me more than any eloquence I ever heard. In the language of the continent of Europe, there are diminutive epithets of tenderness, but I never dreamed that they belonged to the English language, until I heard them from the lips of O'Connell.

I met him again on another occasion, in London, at a large dinner party where there were a number of Members of Parliament, and distinguished members of the Catholic nobility. He was near the lady who presided. Towards the end of the entertainment, a very warm discussion sprang up at the opposite extreme of the table, on a question with which they all at first seemed to be perfectly familiar, but in reference to which the more they discussed it, the more they seemed to become involved in cloud and fog. The dispute had reference to a character in one of Mr. Cooper's novels, (The Pioneer) named Leather-stockings, and the specific part which the novelist had made him play in the work just alluded to, and when they were fairly "at their wits' end," (O'Connell in the meantime conversing with the lady of the house,) a reference was, by common consent, made to him. After hearing both sides, he commenced to stake out the whole subject. He began at the beginning, traced the characters, distinguished one from the other time and place, till at last they all wondered;—and one said, "how is it, Mr. O'Connell, that you, who have to govern Ireland, and who have to meet the Tories in Parliament, and do this and do that—how is it that you are so perfect in a matter of this kind?" He said—and I mention it for the benefit, perhaps, of some young persons who may be engaged now or hereafter, in the same career—he said, "it is probably owing to this, that the habit of my life has been, to arrange all matter of knowledge according to chronology; that is, to see the order of time in which the event took place. As a lawyer, said he, during the period when I have devoted seventeen hours daily to my profession, I always began by studying the chronology of the case—what thing took place first—what the next—until at last it has become such a practice with me, that although I just glanced over that novel of Mr. Cooper's, it has fixed itself upon my mind as if it were a law case.

Such, but very imperfectly presented, was Mr. Daniel O'Connell. I do not say that he had not his faults; I do not say that he was infallible, either as a politician or a statesman; but I do say that "take him for all and all," Ireland never produced his equal before, and, I fear, never will again. And I say further that, he few in number or be they many, I, at least, shall ever claim to be one of those who cherish a profound respect, under every point of view, for the illustrious memory of the great "liberator" of Ireland.

THE PURITAN SABBATH.

(From the Westminster Review.)

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

Such is the outline of the history of the Sabbath. And now, let us ask, how, at the present time, Sunday is actually observed in Scotland and in England? The Scotch Sunday is one of the most mournful sights to be seen by any one who has learnt from the writings of St. Paul the doctrine of Christian liberty. Ignorance and fanaticism has made the Scotch more Judaical than the Jews, and their casuistry more miserable than that of the Talmudists. Even the Puritans, who issued their edicts against men taking a quiet stroll on Sunday through city streets and country lanes, could hardly have believed that their descendants, two centuries later, would actually draw down the blinds on Sunday, lest their eyes should wander abroad and admire the glory of the handiwork of God. In the nineteenth century of the Christian era, in a country where the Gospel has been preached by men who have freely bled for its sake; in a country which has produced rational beings like Adam Smith and Sir Walter Scott, it is actually thought a satisfactory homage to God, for man on one day in the week to draw down the blinds of their windows, and look in each other's mournful countenances. If Mungo Park had discovered an African tribe that did this, what lamentations we should have had over their blindness; what subscriptions, and meetings, and schemes for their conversion! We do not mean that this is a universal custom, but it is one frequent enough to be quoted as a Scotch observance.

The instances of Scotch scrupulousness with regard to the Sabbath which it is easy to gather within a short time are innumerable. We remember to have heard that a minister who was to preach in the afternoon service, took an early dinner with a friend. After the meal was over, he went into a garden at the back of the house and walked up and down, thinking over his discourse. His host watched him in agony for some time, and at last entreated him to come in, because the scandal he would create by being seen walking in a garden would do more harm than his preaching could do good. No wonder that in a country where this could happen, poor herring fishermen are forced to lose two nights a week, for a bit of Sunday comes into two nights, and to let their prey go by for forty-eight hours out of the few days which give them the wealth of their year. No wonder that great efforts have been made in Scotland to stop all railway travelling whatever on Sunday. Mr. Cox, whose name deserves to be held in the highest honour by all lovers of rational religion, combated this monstrous proposal with great earnestness; and, although he was beaten in the particular instance which gave rise to his book, he and those who have worked with him have had some success, and on main lines communication is open throughout the week. They also managed, by great exertion and perseverance, to start a Sunday steamer on the Clyde; but the outcry of the clergy was fearful. And what does all this outcry lead to? It leads, on the one hand, to an external, an unreal observance, and on the other, to gross immorality. What is a poor Scotchman to do on a day when he has not to labour, but may not go out and refresh himself in the open air? What he actually does is to soak himself with whiskey. Sunday drunkenness in the large Scotch towns had reached such a frightful pitch that, in 1854, the Forbes Mackenzie Act was passed, prohibiting the sale of all fermented liquors on Sunday. Men have begun to get drunk on Monday and Tuesday instead; and now there are hosts of Temperance Societies wishing to prohibit the sale of these liquors throughout the week. So it always is. Folly leads to foolish legislation, one piece of foolish legislation leads to another, and then follows either a violent reaction, or profound national degradation.

Bad as English Sabbatarianism is, it is not so bad as this. The Established Church retained too much of the spirit of Christian antiquity to permit the full Judaical development of Puritanism. In the teaching of the English Church there is not a trace of Sabbatarianism. The Fourth Commandment was inserted, together with the rest of the Decalogue, in the Communion Service, at a time when the Reformers had no reason to suppose that its insertion would be misinterpreted. The Catechism is silent on the subject of the Lord's Day altogether; and in explaining the duty towards God taught by the Ten Commandments, it omits to include the obligation to keep the first day of the week holy. This silence has had undoubtedly a considerable effect on English society. Individual ministers may inculcate Sabbatarianism; but they cannot altogether ignore the silent contradiction of the Liturgy. English Sunday-keeping is not what Calvin calls a gross and carnal superstition. The upper classes, whatever their theory may be, practically keep Sunday much as they would keep a Christian holiday. In the country, they read the paper, and dress leisurely, go to church, lunch, stroll about their grounds, look at their horses and dogs, dine quietly with their family, have a little sacred music which sends them to sleep, read a sermon to their servants, and go to bed; having passed a day which satisfies their consciences, and enables them to go comfortably through the arduous duties of the week. In London, the day is passed much in the same way, except that the claims of society are a little more attended to. The poor, also, are not themselves under the Sabbatarian yoke, although the Judaical tenets of their superiors press in an indirect way very hardly on them. The misfortune of the English poor in large towns is, not that they have substituted the Old Testament for the New, but that they know no more of either Testament than they do of the Koran. To get shaved, to have hot meat for dinner, to go to afternoon church in a clean smock, and to smoke a pipe with his children playing about him, is the Sunday ambition of the agricultural laborer. The London poor man buys his provisions on Sunday morning, reads his Sunday paper, and then goes in a river steambath or a cheap excursion train. It is the middle class, and especially the lower portion of the middle class, that is the stronghold of English Puritanism. Its members are principally Dissenters. They have warm religious feelings, and they and their ministers are, generally speaking, exceedingly ignorant. Their theological learning is about on a par with that of Cromwell's Ironsides. They keep Sunday not exactly as the Puritans of the Commonwealth kept it, because their practice is modified by that of the other classes of society in which they live; but they keep it with a real desire to obey the Jewish law.

Unfortunately, the class of small shopkeepers is, in England, the governing class. A few grocers and tailors can make their borough member eat his words and deny his opinions, because they hold his reelection in their hands. On most questions the shop-keeping class does not interfere; but when it does interfere, it is sure to be successful. Let any one, who is neither a small shopkeeper nor a member of Parliament, reflect seriously on the debate of this Session on the motion for opening the British Museum and National Gallery on Sunday, and he can hardly fail to see that the true lesson it teaches is, that the franchise must be lowered. The wrong kind of electors return the wrong kind of legislators. The higher class of artisans and of day laborers is, in thought, character, habits of reflection, even honesty, far above the class of petty shopkeepers; and if these men had votes they might do something to regenerate the electoral body. Considering, however, that power rests where it does, we ought not, perhaps, to affect much surprise at the result of the division.

Practically, in the present state of public feeling, and with the present constitution of the electoral body, it is not to be expected, perhaps scarcely to be desired, that we should shake off at once the yoke of Sabbatarianism. It is necessary that the great majority of the nation should first regard Sunday in its true light as a Christian festival. How the festival should be kept is a subordinate question; it is more important that we should get rid of the notions of modern Judaism than that we should lay down precise rules for Sunday observance. There is, however, one day in the year which is kept exactly in the spirit in which every Sunday should be kept;—Christmas-day furnishes the model of a festival, observed as a festival should be. Religious worship, kindness to the poor, the cementing of family ties, cheerful recreation, rest from labor, all find their appropriate place in the duties and occupations of the day. We wish that there was a Christmas-day in every week; but even the one that we have in the year furnishes the standard at which we may aim in our efforts to cast off the Puritan burden. And let it not be said that it is a slight thing to effect so much. This little change involves the whole. Who ever heard of Christmas Day breaking? The obviousness of the answer suggests how completely Jewish the sin of Sabbath-breaking is. We must get rid of this from our list of sins. One of the favorite common-places of the day is that crime begins in Sabbath-breaking. The dying criminal confesses to his chaplain that the errors began in playing on Sunday instead of going to church; the terror of the gallows is held up before the minds of boys in Sunday schools; and really it is quite true that men are corrupted and ultimately hung because they have indulged in recreation on Sunday. They are told they commit a deadly sin if they amuse themselves on the Sabbath: they do amuse themselves: the burden of the sin is on their souls, and they perish. But at whose door does the sin lie? It lies not at their door, for they were too ignorant to be responsible, but at the door of those who invented the sin, who preached it to them, who misled them.

We hope also, though it is a small matter, that if it were understood and admitted that Sunday was a Christian festival, more mercy would be shown towards children in parish schools. On a day of rest, of recreation, of thankfulness, these poor little things are most frequently treated as follows. They have to attend school from nine to half-past ten, parade to church, sit through service with a man at hand ready to rap their knuckles if they do not attend; then to school again and service till five; in all seven hours. Who can wonder that amidst leaving school they break the Sabbath, and go bird-nesting or rabbit-hunting? We remember to have heard of a school examined by the Government Inspector, who asked among other questions on the division of time, which was the longest day. At first he got no answer; in a