"Daniel O'Connell."

"God put that royal mind into a body as royal."—Phillips.

Lecture by

Wendell Phillips,

In Steinway Hall, New York.

Price ten cents.

New York:
J. W. O'Brien, Publisher,
142 Nassau Street,
1873.
"DANIEL O'CONNELL,"

A

LECTURE

BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS,

IN STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK, DEC. 1872,

"I think that God never furnished forth, since Demosthenes, an orator more lavishly for his work, than the great Irish Chief, Daniel O'Connell!"—Wendell Phillips.

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1872.
 Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by
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Wendell Phillips’ celebrated lecture on Daniel O’Connell has for many years held the attention of all classes to a greater extent than any discourse of any lecturer in this country. Late events have suggested to the accomplished gentleman fresh thoughts connected with his hero and his theme. The lecture on “O’Connell,” was pronounced by Mr. Phillips, at Steinway Hall, New York, on December 9th, 1872, at the point of time when a new current of thought on the Irish question was flowing through men’s minds here, and the international historical controversy between English and Irish scholars was drawing to a close. It was at once hailed by critic and student, by the unlettered and the litterateur alike; by the Irishman and the New Engander with equal enthusiasm, as perhaps the very finest discourse in the English language; the most finished in style, most symmetrical as a literary composition, and most elevated in tone and sentiment. Having listened to the lecture, and being convinced of its great value at the time, the publisher determined to bring it out in pamphlet form at once for general circulation among the American population as well as the countrymen of O’Connell. A complete and exclusive stenographic report of it, carefully revised, is here presented to the reader.

The “silver-tongued orator” of the East has an audience that no other living man commands. The eminent American agitator eulogizing our Irish agitator, offering to
his name and cause heartiest plaudits and benedictions; giving facts, and dates, and details of Ireland's sufferings and Ireland's heroism, will do much to arouse our native American population to a true appreciation of the Irish character and the Irish nation. And assuredly this is "a consummation devoutly to be wished;"—that we may be most closely cemented in bonds of good neighborship, friendship and esteem with our fellow citizens, at the moment when England's emissaries are upon us with libels and calumnies, trying to plant distrust and discord between us. The circulation of this remarkable lecture of Mr. Phillips must accomplish untold good in this direction. The undersigned therefore hopes, in view of its manifest importance, that his fellow-countrymen throughout these states will take immediate measures to place it in the hands of their neighbors who are not of our race, and do not know our national story in the correct light in which it is here unfolded.

Especial attention is directed to the admirable summary of the "pains and disabilities of the Penal Code." An enumeration more compact, graphic, life-like and terrible never was made even by an Irishman. The mind is fascinated by the perspicuity and brilliancy of the narrative, while the heart is shocked by the dreadful oppressions and atrocities painted with such masterly skill and fidelity.

This lecture is, in truth, a masterpiece. The tribute of a great American mind to a great Irish heart and intellect, if it is an offering of devotion at the shrine of O'Connell, it is no less a bright laurel in the wreath that crowns the brow of America's sweetest orator in our day, Wendell Phillips. It is American genius doing tribute to Irish genius, honoring America in vindicating Ireland, doing justice to her sons, resenting her wrongs and asserting her title to National Liberty.

J. W. O'B.

New York, Jan. 8th, 1873.
Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am to talk to you of O'Connell—Daniel O'Connell, the champion of Irish Catholic citizenship, and the great example of modern agitation. I originally chose O'Connell as the subject of a Lyceum lecture because he represented, better than any other man of the century, this modern element in constitutional government—Agitation. You know Sir Robert Peel defined agitation to be the "marshaling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws and appeal to the thought and the principle of a community to reach indirectly its ballot-bearing classes." It is an old word this, with a new meaning, and it plays a large part in the constitutional progress of the English race. You may trace it, indeed, back to the days of Cromwell and the 30,000 pamphlets of the civil war that formed the library of George III., and you can follow it down through the age of De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," the first great Englishman since the Rebellion that flung a pamphlet at that little coterie of first cousins that used to be called the House of Commons, and then in a narrow and to a certain extent a superficial example, you may find it in Wilberforce, who, over Parliament, and in despite of Parliament, by leaning back on the religious purpose of Great Britain, broke three millions of chains, and went up to God, as Lamartine says, "with eight hundred thousand broken fetters in his hands, as an evidence of a life well spent."

But this was a superficial, and, to a certain extent, a limited example. The power, the reach, the real view and specific machinery of agitation England owes to Daniel O'Connell. He was the first to elaborate and
profundely to deepen in the State the exact lines and limitations of
the great modern element; he taught the art to Cobden, and if the
British people owe anything to Cobden for having lifted the bread tax
from the leaves of Great Britain, he learned his lesson at the feet of
the great Irish orator.

And another thing that still further emphasizes his claim to repre-
sent this element is the question—Who did the most with the least
means? Measuring what he had in his hands with the result he pro-
duced, he is the most noticeable of all men that ever appealed to this
element. And in this measurement few men even stand near him.

I speak of him with the more pleasure to-night, because I would
fain do something to brush away the cloud which our brilliant English
brother (Mr. Froude) leaves on the memory of O'Connell. As if he
were merely a platform agitator, caught spasmodically, as it were, act-
ing on the mere outside shell of a political movement, and shipwrecked
his influence by clinging to it after he was fairly exhausted. On the
contrary, every laurel woven to-day over the brow of Gladstone in his
treatment of the Irish,—and which must be his largest claim to the
gratitude of Great Britain and the admiration of the English-speaking
races—every laurel that is woven for his brow might be fairly said to
be borrowed from the fame and worth of the great Irish champion.

And it is by no means true that O'Connell confined himself to the
simple remedy of repeal or Catholic emancipation. Education and
the remodeling of the tenure of land, the dis-establishment of the
Church, the removal of that chronic oppression, arising from the com-
parative weakness and strength of the two religious establishments of
Ireland. All these three questions O'Connell laid down in his speech-
es in defiance of the public sentiment of that hour—which ridiculed,
despised and hated, the very suggestions that carried into proper sup-
port by the experience of half a century and the official influence of the
British Premier are the claim of Great Britain to-day to the sympa-
thy of the civilized world.

I have another interest in the career of O'Connel. Some men
wonder why the English scholar, who has just left you, should have
brought to America so interesting a topic as the relations of Great
Britain and Ireland, I do not wonder. Every thoughtful Englishman
knows that England to-day is occupying but a second rate place on the
chess board of Europe; that she has gradually sunk from the position
of a first class power. I was hissed when I said this in the Cooper
Institute some eight years ago; to-day many of the English journals
acknowledge the fact and are searching around for an explanation of
its necessity. The two things that have most largely conducted to this
sad result are, first, the neglect of the British Government towards its
own laboring masses; Secondly the injustice of seven centuries towards
Ireland. The occasions have been frequent within the last few years.
when England longed to draw the sword, when the England of Lord Chatham would have hung herself madly into the great military struggles of the Continent. When Germany brought under its heel in contempt the little Kingdom of Denmark, that gave Great Britain the Princess of Wales, England longed to draw the sword. When within a few years Bismark struck her flatly in the face, ostentatiously in the face of all England—"smubbed" her is the only word that describes that act—Great Britain longed to draw the sword; but she knew right well that the first cannon shot she ventured to fire against a first-class power of Europe, Ireland would stab her in the back.

Mr. Froude tells us that the wickedness of a nation was certain to be punished, no matter how long Providence delayed. He said "that the wickedness of one generation would assuredly be met by the weakness of another, if there were a half a dozen between them." Great Britain has held the poisoned chalice to the lips of her sister island for seven hundred years—poisoned by religious hate; by the contempt of the Saxon race; by the injustice of the most heartless government that ever disgraced civilized Europe—and to-day, in the Providence of God, Ireland holds back that chalice to her own lips, and in the weakness she cannot deny, and which her scholars come to us to explain as something inevitable, and what they could not have avoided.

On all this class of questions the career of O'Connell sheds the directest light; but, of course, in order to give you any fair idea of the truth of this claim that I make for him, I must sketch for you, however briefly, the history of Ireland that preceded, as a framework for my picture—as a background for the portrait. And in doing it I remember two things. The reason why I seek to do it with fidelity, in order that you may stand with me an impartial jury and judge the lines of this picture, is because Mr. Froude, in his elaborate review of the history of Ireland, has never found any great Irish name which he condescended to praise. Grattan, after painting him an honest man, he finishes by leaving us with the suggestion that after all he was an honest simpleton. And to no single great name of Irish history has he condescended to give at the same time credit of an honest heart and common-sense head. And Harriet Martineau, who has found something to explain and something to excuse in every equivocal act of every British statesman; who, however great her prejudices, has never run along the whole history of a representative Englishman without usually finding half a dozen occasions to praise him—in her whole history of O'Connell has never failed to find constant reason to blame him either for a bad act, or, if compelled to acknowledge the act was good, she is sure to search and find a bad motive. He is the only man in the whole gallery of the thirty years' peace of which this can be said, and yet in closing the roll which bears the name of O'Connell she is obliged to confess that there is no British subject who has ever
risen, in our day, to such a level of influence and authority by the sole power of intellect and purpose as Daniel O'Connell.

Well, now, this history of Ireland we may begin somewhere in the reign of Elizabeth, for about that time begins the outlines of that Irish Code which makes the complaint and grievance of Ireland, and which O'Connell called "his only wand to evoke the sympathy of the civilized world." About the age of Elizabeth begin that code of laws which, finally, at the period of William the Third, about 1692, became a complete and finished code. It grew out of two motives. Evidently the first is the hatred of the Saxon to the Celt—that almost immeasurable influence, the hatred between races—and this Saxon race of ours, as you watch it marching down the centuries for a thousand years, has been the most domineering, over-bearing, imperious, heartless and cruel of all the races that have endeavored by the sword to clear a space about them for their own greed. And the second motive out of which grew the Irish Code was the religious hate—the hatred of the Protestant to the Catholic. And again the Irish Code took shape from two peculiarities of English theory. The genuine Englishman, in England, largely for the last fifty years, has no faith in any power to govern that does not rest on land; he has no theory or belief that any man has a right to civil power who is not a land-holder—who has not a "stake in the hedge;" and you will perceive, therefore, when I detail to you that this Irish Code has a distinct purpose, which is to sweep out of the hands of Catholics every acre in Ireland, and, as Daniel O'Connell well said, "all the national and ineradicable sympathies of the human heart, and the chord that binds neighbors and kindred together, were debarred from part or portion in this hideous scheme of law." There was never, in his day, a single acre of Irish soil in the possession of a Catholic.

Secondly, the Englishman's refuge from giving a government to the land, is to let the educated classes share in it, and that is the widest extent that he is ever willing to go. Education, land—these are the corner-stones of his government.

Now can you well see that the provisions of this Irish Code were leveled at the possibility of the Irish Catholic getting any education? Lawless, ignorant, he was to be ostracised from the possibility of civil power. And we sometimes fret when the Irish are thrown upon our shores by the hundreds or thousands, ignorant and degraded. But we should rather all remember that in his country for centuries, to learn and to teach have been felonies publicly punished by the gallows, and that if he comes to us ignorant and demoralized, it was the malice of our own blood that compelled him by law to accept that condition of existence.

I say this code grew out of these two motives—aiming at these two results—came to the perfection of a system in 1692. It remained
literally unaltered in the smallest item of its atrocities until 1792—a full century.

Let me tell you its provisions:—

An Irish Catholic could not sit in the House of Commons; he could not serve the Crown either in a civil or military capacity; he could be a common soldier in the ranks, but he could not hold the humblest office or commission; he could not bring a suit in court; he could not even give his evidence for anybody else in court; he could not sit on a jury. He could not vote; he could not be an administrator or executor for a friend; he could not practise as a lawyer; he could not practise as a physician. Of course he could not be a priest; because a priest on Irish soil was hanged if he was caught. He could not travel five miles from his own residence without a permit from a justice of the peace. If he were a landholder he was obliged, if all his children were Catholics, to divide the land equally between them, which was the Englishman's idea of eliminating the land from this class, letting them slip out of the holding. But if one child professed Protestantism, that child might compel his father to put his whole estate in trust for his individual benefit. If he took a lease, he could not hold one for more than thirty-three years; but if in that time it increased one quarter in value, any Protestant neighbor, by informing a justice of that fact, took possession of the lease. A widow forfeited her dower, if she did not go to the Episcopal Church once a month, even if she thought it a sin to do it, but if, on the contrary, she professed Protestantism, she took all her husband's estate. Four justices of the peace might compel any Catholic to quit the realm and sell his estates, and three justices of the peace might compel him to give up all his estates or abjure his religion. Indeed, he could not own a horse; if any Catholic owned a horse and any Protestant met him in the saddle, he had only to offer him £5 and take any horse he saw. The Earl of Clare was once in his study, and a Protestant neighbor entered and laid down £25 on the table and said "Well, my lord, I come to take your five hunters" (they were worth $1,000). The earl preceded him to the stable and shot his hunters.

So, if England was at war with any Protestant power in Europe—if she went to war at all, there were seven chances to one, she would be at war with a Catholic power;—but in such a war any Protestant who lost a ship had only to go home and assess the damage on his Catholic neighbors to reimburse himself. If the law laid a tax on a Protestant of one dollar, the Catholic paid two. So of education—if a father sent his son to a Catholic school to be educated, and he would not send him to a Protestant, he was fined a hundred dollars a week; the schoolmaster was fined twenty-five dollars a week, and for the third offence was hanged. If, on the contrary, the father determined that his son should be educated, and sent him over the channel into France or to any other kingdom, the boy forfeited his citizenship; he forfeited
the rights of a British subject; he could not inherit and could not return to any privilege. The father was fined $500 for sending him, and by necessity the father who helped him go shared all his disabilities, and all his loss of all his civil rights—such as the right to vote, to sit on juries, and to bring suits in court. Indeed, a Catholic could not be married; the marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant was void; the children were bastards, but, if a Catholic sent for a Catholic priest for an hour to join in the marriage sacrament, the priest was punishable with death, and after all the marriage was not acknowledged by law. And to crown this climax of oppressive legislation, Sir Robert Peel, in his day, had the provision enacted, that, no Catholic should quit his dwelling betwixt sunset and sunrise—an intensification of the Curfew Law.

This, substantially, was the law under which Ireland rested—or rather never would rest—for three hundred years.

This is the law which Mr. Froude, after beginning with a perfect acknowledgement that Elizabeth failed in every duty that belongs to a worthy ruler, goes on to say that it was hard to see how in any particular instance she could have acted differently.

This is the law which Hugh O'Neill rose in rebellion against Great Britain to lift from the shoulders of his fellow citizens. O'Neill, brought up in the Court of Elizabeth, educated in all the knowledge and chivalry of the day, the moment he was emancipated from this guilded slavery and set his foot on the soil of his own island rose at the head of his people to fling off the yoke. And Mr. Froude says when he tells us that story, "the wolf treated as a dog is still a wolf"—that is an Irishman. When Bruce, Robert—educated in the same way in the Court of Edward, flung away the guilded chains, the moment he took and drew the sword for Scotland and hurled his defiance at England—Oh! then, in the language of Mr. Froude, he is a patriot, and Scotland is a model kingdom.

He never, never compared Bruce to a wolf. When William the Silent left the Court of Spain, educated under the same circumstances, turning his heel to the chains which nothing concealed; the moment he reached Holland and flung the Declaration of Independence at the Spanish Monarchy, Motley puts him on the pedestal where all Europe worships him. He is not a wolf; it is only the Irishman, when he follows humbly at a great distance in the steps of these great examples, or when preceding them he sets an example of this patriotic course, he is the wolf, treated like a dog who will remain a wolf.

But, on the contrary, this is the code, of which even Henry, Lord Brougham since, said, "that the weight of English law had been so perfect that the Irish Catholic could not lift his hand without committing an offence." This is the code of which Edmund Burke once said, "that the ingenuity of the human intellect never succeeded in the
vention of any instrument to disgrace a kingdom and destroy a race more perfect than this." This was the code which an English Lord Chancellor confesses, that, by the strict construction of the English law, "An Irish Catholic had no right to breathe!"

This is the code, of which the statesmanlike and scholarly pen of Montesquieu, the calm jurist was prompted to say: "That it could have been written out only by devils, and ought to be written in blood, and the only place to register it was hell."

Well, of course, a race like the Irish never sat down contented under such a code. I thank Mr. Froude that he has painted the Irishman as a chronic rebel. It shows that at least the race knew that they were oppressed, and gathered together all the strength that God had given them to resist. They never rested contented.

One of the wildest exaggerations of Mr. Froude is in regard to this very amount of resistance; for, I observed in the lectures of that scholar, that when a guess in one direction would depreciate the Irish, he always accepted that direction. When, on the contrary, it was necessary to guess in the other direction, in order to reach the same result, the pendulum oscillated on that side. For instance, the population of Ireland, prior to this century, is a matter of guess. Never was a census taken. Freynes Morrison, Secretary of Lord Mountjoy, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, estimated it at between five hundred and six hundred thousand men. Mr. Froude telling us that James the First confiscated six of the best counties in Ireland—the whole of Ireland has been confiscated between three and five times—says:

"It did not much matter, because there were only half a million of men in the island, and there was room for a great many more." But I do not myself exactly comprehend the moral principle by which our Government, for instance, would be right in selecting six of the Hudson River counties of New York, and confiscate all the estates of the owners because there was a great deal of wild land in Nebraska! But Mr. Froude takes this case in order to excuse the action of the British Government, and he travels on fifty years to the time when Oliver Cromwell with twelve thousand men comes and speedily subdues the island. The object then is to exaggerate the population—to increase the resources—to swell the strength of Ireland in order to make the disproportion between the Saxon strength and persistence and Irish timidity and lack of force more remarkable.

So Mr. Froude says it has been conjectured that in 1692—that was about thirty-eight years after—the prior case of half a million, the Irish population amounted to a million and half. That is, they doubled in thirty-eight years; nay, they trebled in thirty-eight years.

Poverty-stricken, war-ridden, all their young men in the camp, their subsistence scattered to the winds, they still trebled in thirty-eight years! With our overflowing immigrations; with our boundless
prairies behind us; with our unmeasured resources; with our con-
tinued peace; with everything to favor prosperity, population and in-
dustry, it took us forty years to treble; but Ireland, pressed to the
ground by every sort of injustice, oppression and want, trebled
quicker.

France took one hundred and sixty-six years to treble; but this
magnificent race that does not feel any trouble, trebled in thirty
years!

But after all it is a very remarkable question. Cromwell came in '49.
Betwixt '42 and '49 this incredibly singular race had lost 600,000
men, had got down to 900,000 men, that is the 500,000 that were
slaughtered through battle fields and starved in a desolate land rose
up into a million and a half in thirty-eight years. They lost of their ac-
cumulation 600,000 in nine years and got down to 900,000; but, says Mr.
Froude, "this 900,000 people sent into the field 200,000 warriors." Wonderful. Why, France that has got 38,000,000 people, stirred to
the very bottom by German hate, contrived in the agony of her despair
with Communes and all sorts of excitements to put one man in 50 into the
field. Germany, snatching at the Imperial Crown and with the hate of
two centuries concentrated in one campaign against France, managed
to put one in 30 into the field. The South, in the agony of her resis-
tance, when it was said she even emptied the grave yards into the camp,
put one man in twenty in the field.

Massachusetts,—robust, prosperous, healthy, untouched by war for
nearly seventy years,—in the agony of her resistance to save the Union,
put one man in nineteen into the field. But these 900,000 Irish, the
relic of a million and a half, who had lost in battle all their young, adult
and robust population—women and children, the babies in the cradle and
the old men verging close on to the grave—900,000 decimated relics
—they put one man in four into the field! Marvellous! Well, I say,
if this is the truth, there is no pen that can describe the infamy
of a government that struck at the nationality of such a people.
But as Hallam says, of such calculations, they are preposterously
vain.

Now of this Code of which I speak to you that has rested like an in-
cubus on the Irish people. The last great resistance that they made
was in 1798. Ireland never gained a point in her battle with England,
obstensibly, except when she took advantage of some critical moment
in the English career. As, for instance, in 1782, when Henry Grattan,
seeing Great Britain staggering under the success of our revolution, put
80,000 Irishmen into the field and compelled Charles James Fox to ac-
knowledge the legislative independence of Ireland, it was a great feat. In
sixteen years afterwards, by corruption and bribery of all sorts, the Eng-
lish Government carried the Union; but it was preceded by the last
great effort of Ireland to shake off her chains. She flung herself as one
man in her utter despair against the omnipotence of the sister island and as usual she was trodden out in blood. The Protestant soldiery, maddened with religious hate, originally maddened with the hatred of the Saxon to the Celt, were let loose upon the Catholic peasants and no pen can describe the picture too darkly. The Ku-klux of the Carolinas, the Covenanters of Scotland, in the picture Scott has drawn,—their cruelties are mild compared with the hideous, brutal, infamous procedure of the British Government. As Mr. Froude acknowledges in 1798 fathers were shot their daughters clinging to them,—one bullet taking both lives. Mothers were held down and forced to look on the murder of child after child until the eye refused to see. Infants were seized from the bosoms of their mothers and were tossed with devilish skill from bayonet point to bayonet point along the line of half a company; daughters were outraged in the presence of mother and father, to whom the mercy of death was not given until the scene was ended. Ireland seemed trodden out in blood.

This is the hour when the Irish poet puts into the mouth of Fitzgerald these saddest of all lines:

"Oh! Ireland my country, the hour of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed,
And thy chain, that was borne in thy moment of power, hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks on the faith of each clime; there are turns in the fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms or the chances of time, shall never restore thee again.
Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe, by links which the world could not sever,
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm thou shalt go, and thy sentence is—Banished for ever.

Thou art doomed with the vilest to dwell; thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil shall be lavished, and lavished in vain.
Thy riches with taunts shall be taken, thy valor with gold is repaid,
And of millions who see thee sick and forsaken, no one shall stand forth in thine aid.
In the nations thy place is left void—thou art lost in the list of the free;
Even realms—by the plague or the earthquake destroyed—are revived, but no hope is for thee."

It was at this moment, when the cloud came down close to earth, that O'Connell, then a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, flung himself in front of his countrymen and begged them to make one grand effort. I say just admitted to the bar, because as I said, in 1792, relaxing the Code, as Great Britain always did when she trembled, and then she trembled before the French Revolution, she granted to the
Catholic the right to vote if he voted for a Protestant. And she granted to the Catholic lawyer the right to appearance in some courts. O'Connell submitted to the conditions and was admitted to the bar.

He claimed of his people a new effort. The hierarchy of the Church disowned him. They said we have seen every attempt lead always up to the scaffold; we are not willing to risk another effort. The peerage of the island repudiated him. They said, we have struggled and bled for a half dozen centuries; it is better to sit down content.) [Alone, a young man, without office, without wealth, without renown, he flung himself in front of the people and asked for a new effort. What was the power left him? Simply the people—three or four millions of poverty-stricken, broken-hearted peasants, standing on a soil soaked with the blood of their ancestors, cowering under a code of which Brougham said "that they could not lift their hands without breaking it." What was his constituency? If he had the Press, he could not appeal to them with it, for they could not read; he could not marshal them into a great party, for that was illegal. Co-operation in politics, committees of correspondence, the machinery of agitation, as we have it, was illegal. The first idea of it came from the statesmanlike brain of Samuel Adams, the most statesmanlike brain that God lent to the revolution of '76. Familiar as it is with us to-day, it was a brand new Yankee invention from him. A committee in Charleston; another in Baltimore; another in Philadelphia; another in New York; another in Boston—committees of correspondence in all these cities melted the thirteen colonies into one thunderbolt and hurled them at George III. O'Connell could not imitate him for the British Convention act said, "that no political committee shall recognize the existence of any other and shall not in any act second another." Dublin must stand alone she cannot correspond with Limerick; Cork and Wexford must remain isolated. [So, here he stood, with the sympathies of three or four millions of poverty-stricken men behind him. Alone?]!

Well, in order to lead Ireland in that day an Irishman must have four elements, and he must have them also to a large extent to-day. The first is, he must be what an Irishman calls a gentleman, every inch of him, "from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot." That is he must trace his lineage back to the legends of Ireland. Well, O'Connell could do that; he was one perhaps of the seven royal families of the old history.]

Secondly, he must have proved his physical courage in the field, either military or the duel. It did not matter that he was a statesman; it did not weigh much that he was an orator; it was of no great account that he was a lawyer, unless he had a proved reputation for physical courage.

Well, O'Connell knew this; his enemies knew it. Bred at St. Omer, with a large leaning, to be a priest, he had the most emphatic scruples
against the duel, and had always so announced himself; so that when he had got his head above the mass, and began to be seen, a Major D'Esterre, Agent of the Dublin Corporation, visited him with continuous insult. Every word that had insult in it in the English language was poured upon his head through the journals. O'Connell saw the dread alternative; he must either give satisfaction to the gentleman or leave the field, and at last he consented to receive a challenge. He passed the interval between the challenge and the day of meeting in efforts to avoid it, which was all attributed to cowardice. When at last he stood opposite to his antagonist, he said to his second:

"God forbid that I should risk a life. Mark me, I shall fire below the knee." But, you know, in early practice with the pistol, you always fire below the mark, and O'Connell's pistol took effect above the knee, and D'Esterre fell mortally wounded. O'Connell recorded in the face of Europe a vow against further duelling. He settled a pension on the widow of his antagonist, and in a dozen years later, when he held ten thousand dollars' worth of briefs in the northern courts, he flung them away and went to the extreme south to save for her the last acre she owned.

After this his sons fought his duels, and when D'Israeli, anxious to prove himself a courageous man, challenged O'Connell, he put it in his pocket. D'Israeli, to get full advantage of the matter, sent his letter to the London Times, whereupon Maurice O'Connell sent the Jew a message that there was an O'Connell who would fight the duel if he wanted it, but his name was not Daniel. D'Israeli did not continue the correspondence.

[Thirly. An Irish leader must not only be a lawyer of great acuteness, but he must have a great reputation of being such.] He had got to lift three millions of people and fling them against a government that held in its hand a code which made it illegal for any one of them to move, and they never had moved prior to this that it did not end in the scaffold. O'Connell said to them: "Follow me, put your foot in the track that my foot has left, and I warrant you that a sheriff shall never put his hand on your shoulder." And for twenty and more weary years, watched by the malignity of the London bar, O'Connell lifted these three million of men and flung them at the British Government at every critical moment, and no sheriff ever did put his hand on the shoulder of one of his followers. And when, late in life, the Queen's Bench of Judges, sitting in Dublin, sent him to jail, he stood almost alone in his interpretation of the statutes against the legal talent of the Island. He appealed to the House of Lords and the judges of England confirmed his construction of the law and set him free.

[Fourthly. An Irish leader must be an orator, and he must have that magic that moulds millions of souls into one.] I shall have a word to say about that in a moment. O'Connell began his career, as I must
WENDELL PHILLIPS' LECTURE ON "O'CONNELL."

hasten on to the most important part, by notifying the public that if nine men could meet him in a certain room in a Dublin hotel, at three o'clock on a certain day, he would commence agitation for the repeal of Catholic disabilities. When the hour came only seven men were in the room. O'Connell waited until four, but no more joined them. Going down to the street, he caught two young priests by the shoulder, asked them into the room and locked the doors on these nine men. You will think very naturally it was impossible to happen that those ten men met in an upper room of a Dublin hotel—two of them prisoners—reduced the strongest government in Europe, with the Duke of Wellington at its head, to surrender within twenty years.

He began his agitation by making speeches. He said to himself, "The hierarchy leave me; the nobles repudiate me; the wealthy scorn me; the educated distrust me. I will lean on the people." He was the first man, as Canning said, "who summoned a race into existence and restored the balance of the world."

So O'Connell was the first man in Great Britain to summon a people into existence and check the advances of the oppression of the upper classes. He taught Cobden his method. In a certain sense he moulded the age. When Lincoln said "I drift; I seek only to know the wishes of the American people;" when Gant went into office, saying, "I have no policy; I stand here to do the will of the American people"—they were both echoes of Daniel O'Connell.

He was the first great subject who taught the crown to look outside the House of Commons for the dictator of its policy. He went round making speeches, but he had no journals—no papers to report his speeches; they would not even report he had a meeting. But, as Lowell says, "Patience is the passion of great souls." So, with infinite patience he went over Ireland dropping the seed.

At last it was suggested that he should call for a penny a week from every Irishman the world over. It was called "O'Connell's Rent."

It amounted, finally, to $250,000 a year. He was "the great beggarman of Europe," you know! This is the charge always thrown against him—pecuniary corruption. He noticed it once in a letter to Bishop England, of Charleston, South Carolina, when he said, "My Uncle Maurice died at ninety in the French service, shortly after I was admitted to the bar. He left me £5,000 a year. I never earned less than £10,000 a year at the bar; £50,000 rent rolled into my hands also. Approaching seventy years," he said: "I stand a poorer man than I began."

Though guineas had rolled into his hands they never stopped there. When he died, so far was he from being pecuniarily selfish, that his sons were only saved by official life from pecuniary bankruptcy. But when he got possession of this money he set up journals, had his speeches reported; then, wherever the English tongue was spoken, the
Irishman’s protest was heard. The infamy of the English system began to be seen, and Christendom stood aghast.

Again, the press of Great Britain considered his protest. The London Times began to watch the young giant, slowly lifting himself on the sods of Ireland. The government became alarmed. They set themselves in vain to isolate Dublin from Wexford and Limerick. They said this man, with a committee that could correspond with nothing else, has struck his roots so deep in the purpose and affection of the people, that he is stronger than the government; and they made the clause of the Convention Act—that no political committee should last more than fourteen days. Then O'Connell met them with the same patience. He went from Cork to Limerick, from Limerick to Wexford, from Wexford to Dublin, all over Connaught and Ulster, set up committees, had a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and a list of officers, held a meeting, passed resolutions, made speeches, printed tracts, and when fourteen days had gone they finished, and they had another organization, another President, another Secretary and Treasurer, and so went on with their work.

Finally, the government becoming alarmed still further, sent the Earl of Anglesey to Ireland with a right to put down all political meetings if he chose. Then O'Connell showed his great power. There never had landed an English Lord Lieutenant in that beautiful City of Dublin—the third in Europe in beauty—that the whole population, with the generous, forgetting impulses of the Irish people, had not swarmed out to see and welcome.

When the Earl of Anglesey anchored in the harbor O'Connell issued his notice “Let every man that loves England go to the wharf; let every man that loves Ireland stop at home.” And the next morning when the Earl set foot on the wharf with a hundred of the King's troops around him, there was not an Irishman to look him in the face.

He went to the castle and issued his command putting down political meetings in three or four of the great districts. O'Connell met him thus:—He invited his friends the next morning to assemble at breakfast at the Dublin Hotel; he sat at the top of the table with a cup of tea in one hand and a buttered muffin in the other while he talked politics, but there was no political meeting. At Limerick he had buttered muffins and at Cork he had tea, and so the agitation went on in spite of the Lord Lieutenant and the “law”.

At last, feeling strong enough, he said to those forty-shilling freeholders, who were Catholics, “Hitherto you have voted for two members of the English House of Commons, Protestants whose names were given you by your landlords—hereafter vote for one. Let your landlord nominate for the second choice a Protestant that will do justice to us. And then came the agony of the struggle:—then came the crucifixion.
The Irishman held his little cleared piece of land with no tenure at all. He could be turned out without any notice in thirty minutes on the highway to starve. And when he marched up to the ballot box to offend his landlord he marched not without dread peril. Shiel has described a scene which he witnessed. A stalwart Irishman leaning on the hustings submitting to the catechism of his landlord, "Pat, for whom did you vote?" "For the land, your honor." "Where was your second vote?" "Then," said Shiel, "the strong man trembled like a reed, the cold sweat came over his brow; his knees smote each other; hardly able to articulate, he faunted at the feet of his landlord." Well he might. He saw a wife and child on the highway; and that was death. They crowded up to O'Connell 40,000. He promised them bread for sixty days. At last driven to utter despair and feeling this wealth of annual revenue in his hands, remembering how deeply Irish landlords were mortgaged he thundered out the threat: "Before you turn peasants out of their holdings look to your mortgages, for by the living God I will buy them up and turn you out of your castles!

At last, feeling stronger still, he stood for the County Clare which had always rested peacefully in the ducal house of Fitzgerald. He said to them, "Send me to the House of Commons, a Catholic, to claim that by the Constitution of Great Britain a man cannot forfeit his civil rights by his creed. In 1828 rallying against the ducal house in despite of the patriotism of the son who represented it and the father who represented it, the County Clare concentrated on O'Connell and sent him up to London to represent it, and in 1829, in the spring, O'Connell went to London.

The House of Commons was crowded to its utmost capacity, every square foot was a face. Marching up the aisle to the Clerk's desk, they handed him two oaths—the oaths that had turned that door against the Catholics for nearly three hundred years. One was the oath to abjure the Pope, and the other oath to deny the doctrines of the Catholic Church. With ostentatious deliberation, in the finest tone of his unrivaled voice O'Connell read these oaths, slowly surveyed the house, and then amid profound silence, said he, "Mr. Speaker, that I know to be a lie, and that I think to be one." They sent him back to the bar to argue his case, and in a speech of four hours, which even Brougham acknowledges to have been a masterly effort, he demonstrated if it could be proved, that an English subject could not forfeit his civil rights by his creed. But they voted—116 to 60,—that he had no rights and sent him back to Ireland. But it was 1829. It was the beginning of the revolutionary year that tossed Charles X. across the channel, and that sent him to die in exile; that sent half a dozen Kings flying along the highways of Europe. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel heard the rumble of the coming earthquake. They well knew that the English army was
recruited in Ireland, that O'Connell was going home to tell the Irish that the Catholics had no rights which Great Britain was bound to respect. It was the ordinary cause of England's fairness. [There is not a just law on the statutes of Great Britain that is ten years old.] She never yielded a point, except when she was afraid to deny it, and she never will! And so with this rumble of the coming earthquake in his ears, the old Iron Duke, assisted by Peel, swept from the statute book every vestige but one of the code of Elizabeth. It was the proudest government in Europe with the hero of a hundred fields at its head surrendering to ten men in an upper room! O'Connell did it by his eloquence, largely, chiefly by his eloquence. He had announced the two corner stones of his career. One was, "No political change is worth a drop of human blood." He said to the British government, "I will never draw the sword!" And again he said, "Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong. I will never turn a truth, I will never postpone a principle. I will never sacrifice one issue in order to carry another." Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong. These were the corner stones upon which he had builded, by words, eloquence. And I think God never furnished forth a man, ever since Demosthenes, for his work more lavishly than he did the great Irish Chief I know how much I am claiming and I should not dare to claim it alone; you would despise it as the partial judgment of one who idolized his hero. But when John Randolph of Roanoke, an old slaveholder who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee,—when he got to England, saw O'Connell and heard him, he lifted up his hands and said, "This is the man, those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." And I think he was right.

I know full well the majesty of Webster; I have felt the magnetism of Henry Clay; I could see eloquence under the iron logic of Calhoun; and Prentiss of Mississippi wielded a wand such as few tongues ever possessed. Webster and Choate I don't forget, nor the living orators of American fame; but all of them rolled into one never surpassed, and there is no one of them that ever equalled the great Irish Chief." And this is certainly true when you compare the variety of his gifts. In the first place he had what Webster had, and that is half the battle in a public tribune, a magnificent presence, a majestic physiognomy. God put that royal soul into a body as royal. Attitude, measurement, gesture—every one seemed to be certain that he would be obeyed. He was like our own Daniel. You remember when our Daniel came home from Washington in '46, and called a meeting in Faneuil Hall, to protest against the dissolution of the whig party. Four thousand whigs went to meet him. Russell Lowell has described the scene. He says, "This ocean of eager faces were lifted up; Daniel reared his majestic person, his brow charged with thunder, and, said he, 'I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a constitutional Whig, a revolutionary Whig, a Faneuil Hall
Whig; and if you break the Whig party, where am I to go?" And Lowell said, "I trembled to think where he could go." "But," he said, "if he had been five feet five, I should have said, 'Well, hang it! who cares where you go?'" When John Russell went down to Yorkshire for

Reform bill, the great Yorkshire hunters said, "That little shrimp? hat! He carry the reform bill?" 'Oh,' said Sir Sydney Smith, "It was the labors of that great session that shrunk him." So you see a little O'Connell would not have been any O'Connell at all. Then he had, what Webster never had, what Henry Clay had, infinite grace, that magnetism that melts every hearer into the speaker. I saw him at over sixty six years of age, every attitude was beauty, every gesture grace; you could only think as you looked at him, of a greyhound, it would have been delicious to have watched him, if he had not spoken a word. Macready or Booth never came near him in the voice that comes from the exquisite attitude of a fine person. Then again he had what so few American speakers have had, a voice that covered the gamut.

I have heard him in Exeter Hall where, with a voice of imperial volume, he indicted a nation. I heard him say once, "Americans! I send my voice, careering like the thunder storm across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the negro that the dawn of his redemption is breaking;" and I seemed to hear his tones echo back from London from the Rocky Mountains. And then again, with the slightest flavor of the Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh; and a moment afterwards, with tears in his voice, like a Scotch song, he spoke, and every man was in tears. All this without any effort—effortless; you got provoked with him because he would not make an effort. I heard him, perhaps, a score of times, and I do not think more than three times he ever lifted himself to the full sweep of his power.

He abounded in wit, and in the midst of an argument disconcerted you with a joke that carried you completely by surprise. He was once summoned to Court, out of the hunting field, where a young friend of his of an humble order was on trial for his life. The evidence gathered around a hat found by the only of the murdered man, and which was recognized as the hat of the prisoner. The lawyers tried to break down the evidence, confuse the testimony and get some relief from the directness of the circumstances, but in vain, until at last they called for O'Connell. He came in, flung his riding whip and hat on the table, was told the circumstances, and taking up the hat said to the witness, "Whose hat is this?" "Well, Mr. O'Connell, that is Mickey's hat." "How do you know it?" "I will swear to it, sir." And did you really find it on the murdered man?" "I did that, sir." "But you're not ready to swear that?" "I am indeed, Mr. O'Connell." "Pat, do you know what hangs on your word?—a human soul. And with that dread burden, are you ready to
tell this jury that the hat, to your certain knowledge, belongs to the prisoner?" "Y-yes, Mr. O'Connell, yes, I am!" O'Connell takes the hat to the nearest window and peers into, "J-a-m-e-s James. Now Pat, did you see that name in the hat?" "I did, Mr. O'Connell!" "You knew it was there?" "Yes, sir, I read it after I picked it up." "No name in the hat, your Honor." So again he was in the House of Commons, returned by the County Clare; he entered into it in 1830, yes! In 1820, he entered, and generous Irishman that he was, he elevated that Reform ministry by his vote into their seats. Saved on one contested vote the government from defeat, by his single following. And when Earl Grey took his place, that very ministry attempted at once to pass a fresh coercion bill and bathe it in the blood of Ireland. Well, when he took his seat in the House of 1830, the London Times visited him with its constant indignation, reported his speeches awry, turned them inside out and made nonsense of them; treated him as the N. Y. Herald used to treat us abolitionists twenty years ago. So one morning he rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, you know I have never opened my lips in this House, and I expended twenty years of hard work in getting the right to enter it—I have never lifted my voice in this House, but in behalf of the saddest people that the sun shines on. Is it fair play, Mr. Speaker, is it what you call 'English fair play,' that the Press of this city will not let my voice be heard?" The next day the Times sent him word that, as he had found fault with their manner of reporting him, they never would report him at all, they never would print his name in their parliamentary column. So the next day, when prayers were ended, O'Connell rose. Those reporters of the Times who were in the gallery rose also, folded their arms, ostentatiously put away their pencils and made all the show they could to let everybody know how it was.

Well, you know nobody has any right to be in the English gallery during the session, and, if any member notices them, the mere notice clears the gallery and room; only the reporters can stay after that notice. O'Connell rose. One of the members said, "Before the member from Clare opens his speech, he will allow me to point his attention to that instance of 'passive resistance' in the gallery whose gospel he is going to preach." "Thank you," said O'Connell: "Mr. Speaker, I observe strangers in the gallery." Of course they left; of course the next day, in the columns of the London Times, there were no Parliamentary debates, and for the first time, with the exception of Richard Cobden's case, the London Times called for quarter, and said to O'Connell, "If you give up the quarrel, we will." Later down, when he was advocating repeal of the land law, when forty or fifty thousand men were gathered at the meeting, he was sitting at the breakfast table. The London Times for that year had absolutely disgraced itself, and that's saying a great deal, and its reporters, if recognized, would have been torn to pieces. So, as O'Connell
was breakfasting, the door opened, and two or three English reporters, Gurney, and among others our well-known friend Russell, of Ball Run notoriety, entered the room and said, "Mr. O'Connell, we are the reporters of the Times." "And," said Russell, "I dared not enter that crowd." "Shouldn't think you would," replied O'Connell. "Have you had any breakfast?" "No, sir," said he, "we hardly dared to ask for any." "Shouldn't think you would," answered O'Connell; "sit down here." So they shared his breakfast, and then he took Bull Run by the arm in his carriage, sent for a table and chair and sat him down, and asked him whether he had his pencils well sharpened and plenty of paper, as he intended to speak for some time. Bull Run answered, "Yes." O'Connell then stood up and addressed the audience in Irish!

But it was not his wit, abundant as it always was, both upon friend and foe, for it was only when he was advocating Chartism and Universal suffrage by the side of Hume, that most involved and confused all English speakers, that he said, "You would speak very plain, Mr. Hume, if you would finish one sentence before you began the next but one after it." But it was not his wit—ready and potent as that always was. Waldo Emerson says, "There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech." Thomas Carlyle speaks of "this God-anointed king, whose single word melts millions of souls in itself." And these two men describe O'Connell. England saw and Ireland knew that behind that speech was a man; one that could neither be bought, nor corrupted, nor cheated; and the whole island laid all the strength it had in his hands. There was scarcely ever such a master of millions in the whole history of Europe. Measure him by others.

There was the meeting at Clontarf, on the 8th of October, '42, that was to be held. The government, supposing that there would be two hundred thousand men there (and really four hundred thousand came), determined to create a collision between the people and the troops, and charge it on O'Connell and imprison him. So, as the 8th of October was Sunday, at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, too late, as they supposed, for the knowledge to get abroad, the Lord Lieutenant placarded Dublin with a proclamation forbidding the meeting, and sent a regiment down to the green to encamp upon it. At 5 o'clock the placard was issued. At 6 o'clock O'Connell heard of this, and he sent out twelve of his friends on horseback. One died from the fatigue of that journey,—and his simple word to the people was, "O'Connell says go home. The Liberator says go home!" And of the one hundred and fifty thousand men pressing down towards Clontarf, only about ten thousand reached the ground, laughed at the troops and went away.

But measure him with great epochs. In '29, '30 and '31, when the Whigs tried to carry the reform bill and the members of the House of Lords threw it out, all England tossed with riot; cities were in the hands
of the mob for weeks; the streets of Bristol ran blood. Melbourne, Russell, McIntosh, Macaulay, lords of men of intellect, sought to pacify law-abiding, intelligent John Bull. "Don't mob," they said. "If you won't mob, we will give you the bill." But all the Whig peercage could not hold back John Ball. So take 1835 in this country—the mob year when they flung Price into the Ohio, and the year after shot Lovejoy and tried to shoot Garrison. Webster and the Whigs said, "Don't, mob, for the abolition sentiment will travel much further on the shouts of a mob than the most eloquent lips will carry it; you help the Abolitionists." But all the Whigs and all the papers could not hold back Protestant Yankee. And our great cities roared with riot.

There stood O'Connell alone, without an office; behind him, 3,000,000 of Irishmen! Their blood quicksilver. They lived under laws they hated, and there never was a law in Ireland that they ought not to hate. Their loved Bishop of Kerry told them, in 1799, "Allegiance and protection run hand in hand. You have never had protection, and you don't owe allegiance." Under that teaching stood these millions of men. O'Connell said to them for twenty years—not one excited week—"He that commits a crime, helps the enemy," and for twenty years Ireland saw a peace such as neither Cromwell, with all his barbarity, nor England, with all her omnipotence, were ever able to achieve.

O'Connell owed it to the integrity of the whole of a life that vindicated itself. I use "integrity," in the full, old Latin sense—upright and whole. He never took a leaf from the American gospel of compromise that yields one principle in order to carry another. He never denied one truth to help another. He never shut his eyes on one race to vindicate another. When Kossuth came to Boston and went down to Faneuil Hall and he said, "There is a flag without a stain; there is a people without a crime," we said to him, "Welcome! you who come to break the chains of an oppressed people; but have you not a word for these 4,000,000 of men bending under a bondage twice as bitter as that of Hungary," and he answered that he would praise anything and he would help anybody to help Hungary. O'Connell never said that. Before I knew O'Connell or had ever seen him, I had a look at him through the spectacles of Harriet Martineau and Henry Brougham. When I met Sir Thomas Buckstone, one of the old English abolitionists, I said to him, "Is O'Connell really the scamp that you Englishmen paint him?" and the old Tory Starr; the old Tory, who had been all his life fighting against the schemes of which O'Connell was the originator. "Scamp!" said he, "he was the honestest man, in my day, that ever entered the House of Commons." And then he told me this story. Said he: "When O'Connell entered the House, there was one other member beside myself who spoke in the anti-slavery cause, Mr. Lushington, and so narrow and small had our party become
that we made a private arrangement; when Mr. Lushington spoke I agreed to cheer him, and when I spoke he cheered me. At the time O'Connell entered the House, twenty-seven members, representing the West India interest, voted for slavery. They went to him and said: 'Mr. O'Connell, at last you are in the House; you have got two votes; now, if you will never go to Freemasons' Tavern with Macaulay and Brougham, or vote against slavery, here are twenty-seven votes on every Irish question. If you mix up with that set, count as your enemies.' Suppose he had been an American; he would have said. "It's a big thing; I think I'll let the negro slide." Buckstone went on: "O'Connell said, 'God knows that I am come here to plead the cause of the saddest subjects that the King has; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if, to serve Ireland—even Ireland—I forget the negro for one single hour.' And from that moment," said Buckstone, "Lushington and I never went out into the lobby to be counted that O'Connell was not sure to be there."

So some few years afterwards, I went into Conciliation Hall when he was arguing for repeal. Let me say in his argument for repeal he only followed the policy of so wise a man as Henry Grattan, who, when men asked him, he said, "Gentlemen knock at the nation, keep knocking at the nation, and when you have knocked long enough you will get justice." That was O'Connell's method too. He was arguing for repeal, and he lifted from the table a thousand pound note sent them from New Orleans and stated to be from the slaveholders of that city. Daniel lifted the draft, and going to the front of the platform, he said, "This is a draft of £1,000 from the slaveholders of New Orleans, the unpaid wages of the negro. Mr. Treasurer, I suppose the treasury is empty." The Treasurer nodded to show him it was, and he went on, "Old Ireland is very poor, but thank God she is not poor enough to take the unpaid wages of anybody; send it back." So when a gentleman from Boston went to him with a letter of introduction which he sent up when he went to see him at his house, in Merrion Square. O'Connell came down as was his wont, to his door, put out both his hands and drew him into the library. "I am glad to see you," said he, "I am always glad to see anybody from Massachusetts, a free State. God bless you." "But oh!" said the guest, "this is slavery you allude to, Mr. O'Connell; I would like to say a word to you in justification of that institution." "Very well, sir, free speech in this house, say anything you please; but before you begin to defend a man's right to own his brother, will you allow me to step out and look up my spoons."

"That was the man. The ocean of that philanthropy knew no shore he never equivocated or compounded. Your eloquent brother on the other side of the ferry says, "We don't want men of words; we want men of deeds." Ah! our friend Henry Ward struck the root out of which he
grew. This was a man of words; nothing but words upon words. Alone he emerged from the despised blood-soaked sod of Ireland up to England, and held the balance of power. When I parted from him, this despicable Irishman; the hated catholic; this man of words—the Whig party had sent him carte blanche, and it was said in London he had sixty odd members who always voted with him—it was called "O'Connell's tail." They said to him, "What shall we do for you, O'Connell." But, mark you, this man that died poor and lived for the people, never asked an office, never held out his right hand toward the government for anything but justice to the dumb peasants whom he spoke for. They said to him, "Shall we make you Lord Chancellor of Ireland? It is done. Shall we sweep the last vestige of the Code of Elizabeth away and make you Lord Chancellor of England? It is done. Only save the Whig party!" I left the Irishman, the Catholic, the "man of words," holding the Whig party in one hand and the Iron Duke and the Tories in the other. He was deciding to which he would give—the government of the realm!
The Church and the Temperance Question—

Contents:

1. Bishop Bayley's Lecture at Jersey City, Nov. 1871. Subject "Intemperance—How to check its ravages." The Bishop details his experience in this country and what he observed in his travels through France, Spain, Italy, England and Ireland, during a visit to Europe, showing how Americans, Englishmen and other nationalities suffer from this scourge as well as the Irish, and then points out "how the conflagration may be arrested." The style is simple, clear, and attractive.

2. Bishop Bayley's Lecture before the New Jersey Catholic Union Convention. April, 1872. "The Catholic Church the Great Temperance Society." The Right Rev. Lecturer explains the attitude of the Church towards the Total Abstinence movement, and the position of the clergy in that relation, and then shows how the doctrines of the Church "require Total Abstinence as a religious duty" in certain cases. He enters upon a full examination of the system recently adopted by the State Unions, under the auspices of the Church, and shows how the Societies may prove successful and enduring based upon the great maxim, "Touch not—Taste not—Handle not!"

3. Father Burke's Lecture at the Paterson Convention. "The Christian and Catholic Virtue of Temperance." The Great Irish Divine throws his whole soul into the subject, portrays the beauties of Temperance and the odiousness of Intemperance with the genius and skill of a painter and rises to the full height of his oratorical power in appealing to his countrymen in the name of Faith and Fatherland to expel the great foe of humanity from their midst.

4. Father Burke's Serenade Oration at the reception given him by the Jersey City Societies, May 1872—an open air speech. Here he speaks not alone as an ecclesiastic but as an Irishman to Irishmen. He traces the connection between the Irish National Cause and the Catholic Temperance Movement, and gives a vivid and thrilling view of the glories in store for the Irish nation if American Irishmen rally around the standard of the Catholic Temperance Movement. This speech has been said to be "the poetry of our Temperance literature."

5. Letter of Bishop Persico of Savannah, Ga., to the Paterson Convention, a glowing eulogium on Temperance.

6. Letter of Father Albino, the celebrated Passionist missionary, to the Jersey City demonstration.


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HOW TO ADVANCE THE GOOD CAUSE.

Two difficulties meet the workers in the cause of Total Abstinence in our day: First, it is difficult to get members; Secondly, it is difficult to keep all that are obtained. Every Society goes on from mouth to mouth and year to year, gaining some and losing some, steadily. This is the rule. The process of gaining adherents has been slow and laborious. The number who fall away and the regularity of that process cause woe incut of mind and pain of heart to the true friends of our Associations, among the clergy as well as the laity. We have long asked ourselves: "How can we manage our movement so that more men may join us and our members show more devotion to the cause of temperance?"

The teachings of our prelates and priests upon the subject afford the best means of surmounting all obstacles. If each man in every congregation were to read one of these speeches or lectures quietly at home, or if some little boy or girl were to read one aloud to father, mother and brothers at every Catholic fireside, a vast number of adherents would be gained.

Discourses like those of Father Burke and Bishop Bayley come from the heart and go to the heart; they are calculated to draw countless numbers of the heedless, and the hardened, from the clutches of the demon of intemperance. But how are these speeches and lectures to be sent into Catholic families? It has been done. The pastor of the flock has a thousand left in the pews, and posts bright little "Altar boys" at the door on Sundays, handing those glorious messages of Temperance and Religion to the rugged, honest men of the parish as they come from mass. The Total Abstinence Societies of the parish procure thousands and send committees through the blocks and the rows of houses in their district leaving the temperance speech, sermon or lecture in the mansion, and the tenement apartments alike.

The seed thus sown produces a fruitful harvest, and when men are led into the ranks through this process of quiet persuasion and home conviction, they are the best of members; they prove true themselves and are eager to spread the faith that is in them. The progress made is rapid, and steady, and enduring. The ground is firm and the Temperance organizations built on such basis, brave every test and stand there a shelter and a refuge for the people under the shadow of the church. So we earnestly urge this system for general adoption. We ask pastors and societies to join in this great crusade, so that when some of our great priests or prelates give us a discourse calculated to arouse our people and lead them into the ways of temperance, his words may reach half a million of people and so produce the grandest results.

Signed in behalf of the Board of Government,

JAMES W. O'BRIEN, President,

Catholic Total Abstinence Union of New Jersey.

142 Nassau St., N. Y., June 21, 1872.

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