

as "the genius of the nation—one moment in jest and banter, sparkling like the streamlets in Irish glens; in another like the tempest amidst Irish mountains; now soft as a song to the Irish harp, deep as the wind upon an Irish heath; again mournful as waves around the Irish shores—in a poetry bold as their hopes, and in a prophecy as wild as their enthusiasm." His sway was not confined to Irishmen only. In England he addressed vast and delighted multitudes. On Carlton Hill, Edinburgh, he spoke to tens of thousands of Scotchmen, and aroused them by his dazzling eloquence. On the suggestion of Ireland's immortal patriot poet, Thomas Davis, the monster meetings were held on historic ground—Cashel, Mullaghmast, Tara, etc. It would interest deeply to read the description of the Repeal meetings—their vastness, their enthusiasm, and their order—and when I mention that at the Tara meeting, which O'Connell addressed, there were not less than 750,000 people—ten thousand horsemen alone—you can picture to yourselves the royal surroundings of the uncrowned monarch, and the national homage to the sacred cause of liberty he espoused. I must not forget to mention that the great apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, was also in the front rank of Repealers. He considered that a sober man would make the best patriot, because he would be the most reasoning and reasonable; therefore, temperance was a special feature of the Repeal organisation, and ensured peace and order. In 1841 the office of Lord Mayor was thrown open to Catholics, and O'Connell became the first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin—still agitating Repeal inside and outside the Corporation, fearlessly but constitutionally. His motto to the end of his life, as in the beginning, was "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." But temperate and prudent as he was in his agitation, the last monster meeting to have been held at Clontarf in 1843—which O'Connell called the "Repeal year"—was proclaimed or prohibited by the Government, and he, his son John, Gavan Duffy, and others were tried for conspiracy, convicted and sent to prison. On appeal to the House of Lords the conviction was quashed on the ground that the whole list of Catholic names had been omitted from the jury panels. Lord Denman, during the appeal case, said, "If such practices should continue, trial by jury would be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." And Lord Macaulay, speaking in the House of Commons in 1844, said, "Mr O'Connell has been convicted, but you cannot deny he has been wronged." He used to say, good humouredly, sometimes that members of his family had a trick of living till they were 90. But being now on the verge of 70 years of age, the imprisonment for three months of this venerable patriot, though holding levees in gaol, and though subsequently released amidst the wildest popular enthusiasm, apparently crushed, to some extent, the old spirit. In the following year the dread calamity of famine smote the land and weighed heavily upon him. His great frame having broken down, he was ordered to a warmer climate, and at Genoa in May, 1847, his soul passed peacefully out of a life consecrated to the freedom and amelioration of his race. His heart is in Rome, and a round tower marks the spot where his body lies in Glasnevin Cemetery. The young men of this or any other generation will learn from the study of this great man's life the lesson of our being, how to live and how to die, and to remember that our first duty is to God and next to our country. The lecturer concluded as follows:—"This Society is Catholic and literary. Let it be Catholic first and then literary; for if there be about it any indifference or disrespect for its religion, its name is a mockery and its functions are harmful. I do not mean by religion, a narrow-minded bigotry, but I mean an open, sensible adherence to the name and practice of your religion. O'Connell was the most liberal and tolerant of men or statesmen, but he was a steadfast Catholic. From a literary point of view you will find from the study of his life and times little to avoid, but much to imitate. In recent years more impetuous minds may and do criticise adversely O'Connell's mode of dealing with the Repeal movement, but it must be remembered that he went into St Stephen's with the support of only twenty-six mute members, not with forty, fifty, or as they number now eighty-six of the most vigorous political intellects and tongues in Ireland. What a contrast! Still greater is the contrast with the position of Ireland's hopes at this hour, when history has to record that in less than fifty years from the death of O'Connell, or about the same time that it took to secure the one single measure of Catholic Emancipation—there is at a time that greatest assembly in the world a just majority of nearly fifty votes ready at this moment to obtain for Ireland the management of her own affairs. The result of the recent elections is the triumph of an enlightened democracy, the triumph of reason and righteousness over prejudice and tyranny, and a lasting confirmation of those peaceful, constitutional, and moral forces so persistently and eloquently advocated by that great, inspiring and prophetic voice now still, and the memory of whose aspirations and achievements will only cease with the extinction of the Irish race."

For us he lived, fought, suffered, dared and died,  
Struck off the shackles from each fettered limb,  
And all we have of best we owe to him.

Where'er we turn the same effect we find—  
O'Connell's voice still speaks his country's mind.

We bless his memory, and with loud acclaim  
To all the winds, on all the wings of fame  
Waft to the listening world the great O'Connell's name.

## THE ENGINEER'S THUMB.

(By A. CONAN DOYLE.)

OF all the problems which have been submitted to my friend Mr Sherlock Holmes for solution during the years of our intimacy, there were only two which I was the means of introducing to his notice, that of Mr Hatherly's thumb and that of Colonel Warburton's madness. Of these the latter may have afforded a finer field for an acute and original observer, but the other was so strange in its inception and so dramatic in its details that it may be the more worthy of being placed upon record, even if it gave my friend fewer openings for those deductive methods of reasoning by which he achieved such remarkable results. The story has, I believe, been told more than once in newspapers, but, like all such narratives, its effect is much less striking when set forth *en bloc* in a single half column of print than when the facts slowly evolve before your own eyes and the mystery clears gradually away as each new discovery furnishes a step which leads on to the complete truth. At the time the circumstances made a deep impression upon me, and the lapse of two years has hardly served to weaken the effect.

It was the summer of '89, not long after my marriage, that the events occurred which I am now about to summarise. I had returned to civil practice, and had finally abandoned Holmes in his Baker street rooms, although I continually visited him, and occasionally even persuaded him to forego his Bohemian habits to come and visit us. My practice had steadily increased, and as I happened to live at no very great distance from Paddington station, I got a few patients from among the officials. One of these whom I had cured of a painful and lingering disease was never weary of advertising my virtues, and of endeavouring to send me on every sufferer over whom he might have any influence.

One morning, at a little before 7 o'clock, I was awakened by the maid tapping at the door to announce that two men had come from Paddington and were waiting in the consulting room. I dressed hurriedly, for I knew by experience that railway cases were seldom trivial, and hastened downstairs. As I descended, my own ally, the guard, came out of the room, and closed the door tightly behind him. "I've got him here," he whispered, jerking his thumb over his shoulder; "he's all right."

"What is it, then?" I asked, for his manner suggested that it was some strange creature which he had caged up in my room.

"It's a new patient," he whispered. "I thought I'd bring him round myself; then he couldn't slip away. There he is, all safe and sound. I must go now, doctor. I have my dooties, just the same as you." And off he went, this trusty tout, without even giving me time to thank him.

I entered my consulting room, and found a gentleman seated by the table. He was quietly dressed in a suit of heather tweed, with a soft cloth cap, which he had laid down upon my books. Round one of his hands he had a handkerchief wrapped, which was mottled all over with blood stains. He was young, not more than five-and-twenty, I should say, with a strong masculine face; but he was exceedingly pale, and gave me the impression of a man who was suffering from some strong agitation, which it took all his strength of mind to control.

"I am sorry to knock you up so early, doctor," said he, "but I have had a very serious accident during the night. I came in by train this morning, and on inquiring at Paddington as to where I might find a doctor, a worthy fellow very kindly escorted me here. I gave the maid a card, but I see that she has left it upon the side table."

I took it up and glanced at it. "Mr Victor Hatherly, hydraulic engineer, 16a Victoria street (3rd floor)." That was the name, style, abode of my morning visitor. "I regret that I have kept you waiting," said I, sitting down in my library chair. "You are fresh from a night journey, I understand, which is in itself a monotonous occupation."

"Oh, my night could not be called monotonous," said he, and laughed. He laughed very heartily, with a high ringing note, leaning back in his chair, and shaking his sides. All my medical instincts rose up against that laugh.

"Stop it!" I cried. "Pull yourself together!" and I poured out some water from a carafe.

It was useless, however. He was off in one of those hysterical outbursts which come upon a strong nature when some great crisis is over and gone. Presently he came to himself once more, very weary and blushing hotly.

"I have been making a fool of myself," he gasped.