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REFUTATION OF FROUDE

AND

OTHER LECTURES.

IRELAND'S VINDICATION.

REFUTATION OF FROUDE,

AND

OTHER LECTURES;

HISTORICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

BY THE

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

CAMERON & FERGUSON EDITION.

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LECTURES AND SERMONS

BY THE

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

“THE ATTRIBUTES OF CATHOLIC CHARITY.”

WE all read the Scriptures; but of the many who read them, how few there are who take the trouble of thinking profoundly on what they read. Any one single passage of the Scripture represents, in a few words, a portion of the infinite wisdom of the Almighty God. Consequently, any one sentence of those inspired writings should furnish the Christian mind with sufficient matter for thought for many and many a long day. Now, we, Catholic priests, are obliged, every day of our lives, in our daily office, to recite a large portion of the divine and inspired Word of God, in the form of prayer. Never was there a greater mistake than that made by those who think that Catholics do not read the Scriptures. All the prayers that we, priests, have to say—seven times a day approaching the Almighty God—are all embodied in the words of the Holy Scriptures; and not only are we obliged to recite them as prayers, but we are also obliged to make them the subject of our daily and our constant thought. I purpose, therefore, in approaching this great subject of the Attributes of Christian Charity, to put before you a text of Scripture which many of you have, no doubt, read over and over again; viz., the first verse of the Fortieth Psalm, in which the psalmist says: “Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor.”

Now, if you reflect, my dear friends, you will find that, at first sight, it seems strange to speak of that man as “blessed”

that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor ; there seems to be so little mystery about them—they meet us at every corner ; put their wants and their necessities before us ; they force the sight of their misery upon our eyes—and the most fastidious and the most unwilling are obliged to look upon their sorrows, and to hear the voices of their complaint and their sufferings. What mystery is there, then, in the needy and the poor ? What mystery can there be ? And yet, in the needy, and the poor, and the stricken, there is so profound a mystery that the Almighty God declared that few men understand it ; and “ blessed is he that is able to fathom its depths.” What is this mystery ? What is this subject,—the one which I have come to explain to you ? A deep and mysterious subject ;—one that presents to us far more of the wisdom of the designs of God than might appear at first. What is the mystery which is hidden in the needy and the poor, and in which we will be pronounced “ blessed ” if we can only understand it thoroughly, and, like true men, act upon that understanding ? Let me congratulate you, first, that, whether you understand this mystery or not, your presence here to-night attests that you wish to act upon it ; that yours are the instincts of Christian charity, that the needy and the poor, and the stricken ones of God have only to put forth their claims to you, at the pure hands of these spouses of our Lord, and you are ready, in the compassion and the tenderness of heart which is the inheritance of the children of Christ, to fill their hands, that your blessings may find their way to the needy and the poor.

And yet, although so prompt in answering the call of charity, perhaps it will interest you, or instruct you, that I should invite your consideration to this mystery. What is it ? In order to comprehend it, let us reflect. The Apostle, St Paul, writing to his recently converted Christians, lays down this great rule for them—That, for the Christian man, there are three virtues which form the very life and essence of his Christianity ; and these are—not the virtues of prudence, nor of justice, nor of high-mindedness, nor of nobleness, nor of fortitude—no ; but they are the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Love. Now, there remain to you, brethren,” he says, “ Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.” The life of the Christian, therefore, must be the life of a believer—a “ man of Faith.” It must

be a hopeful life, an anticipative life—a life that looks beyond the mere horizon of the present time into the far-stretching eternity that goes beyond it—a life of Hope ; but, most of all, it must be a life of Divine love. Those are the three elements of the Christian man. Nowadays it is the fashion to pervert these three virtues. The man of faith is no longer the simple believer. Faith means a bowing down of the intellect to things that we cannot understand, because they are mysteries of God. But the idea of religion, nowadays, is to reason and not believe. The Apostle, if he were writing to the men of this nineteenth century, would be obliged to say—"Brethren, now there remain to you argument and reason," but not faith, for faith means, in the words of the same Apostle, the humbling, unto full humiliation, of intelligence before the mystery which was hidden for ages with Christ in God. "Faith," says St Paul, "is the acknowledgment of things that appear not." The Catholic Church, nowadays, is called the enslaver of the intelligence—the incubus upon the mind of man. And why? Because she asks him to *believe*. Mind, men of intelligence who listen to me, because she asks him to believe ; because she says to him—"My son, I cannot explain this to you ; it is a mystery of God ; and there is no faith where there is no mystery. Where there is the clear vision, the comprehensive conviction of the intelligence, arising from argumentation and reason, there is no sacrifice of the intellect—there is no faith."

Hope, nowadays, has changed its aspect altogether. Men put their hopes in anything rather than in Christ. It was only a few days ago I was speaking to a very intellectual man. He was an Unitarian—a man of deep learning and profound research. Speaking with him of the future, he said to me—"Oh, Father, my future is the ennoblement of the human race, the grandeur of the 'coming man'—the perfect development, by every scientific attainment, by every grand quality that can ennoble him, of the man who is to be formed out of the civilization and the progress and the scientific attainments of this nineteenth century." This was his language ; and I answered him and said—"My dear sir, my hope is to see Christ, the Son of God, shining forth in all my fellow-men here, that He may shine in them for ever hereafter. I have no other hope."

The Charity of to-day has changed its aspect. It has become a mere human virtue. It is compassionate, I grant you

but not with the compassion that our Lord demands from His people. It is benevolent, I am willing to grant you. We live in an age of benevolence. I bow down before that human virtue; and I am glad to behold it. I was proud of my fellow-men, seeing the readiness and generosity with which, for instance, they came to the relief of the great burned city on the shores of the Northern Lake. I am proud when I come here to hear New York and Jersey City and Hoboken called "cities of charity." It is the grandest title that they could have. But when I come to analyze that charity—when I come to look at that charity through the microscope that the Son of God has put in my hands—viz., the light of Divine faith—I find all the Divine traits disappear, and it remains only a human virtue—relieving the poor, yet not recognizing the virtue that reposes in them; alleviating their sufferings, touching them with the hand of kindness or of benevolence, but not with the reverential, loving hand of faith and of sacrifice.

On the other hand, standing, loudly protesting against this spirit of our age, which admits the bad, and spoils the good; which lets in sin, and then tries to disrobe of its sacramental mantle the modicum of virtue that remains,—protesting against all this, stands the great Catholic Church, and says:—"Children of men, children of God, Faith, Hope, Charity, must be the life of you—but your Faith, and your Hope must be the foundation of your Charity; for the greatest of these virtues is Charity."

And why? What is Faith? Faith is an act of human intelligence; looking up for the light that cometh from on high—from the bosom of God, from the Eternal Wisdom of God. Recognizing God in that light, Faith catches a gleam of Him, and rejoices in its knowledge. Hope is an act of the will, striving after God, clinging to His promises, and trying by realizing the conditions, to realize the glory which is the burden of that promise to come. Charity, alone, succeeds in laying hold of God. The God whom faith catches a gleam of,—the God whom hope strains after,—charity seizes and makes its own. And, therefore, "the greatest of these is charity." When the veil shall fall from the face of God, and when we shall behold Him in Heaven, even as He is, and as He sees us, there shall be no more faith. It shall be absorbed in vision. When that which we strain after, and hope for

to-day shall be given us, there shall be no more hope. It shall be lost in fruition. But, the charity that seizes upon God to-day, shall hold for all eternity. Charity, alone, shall remain, the very life of the elect of God. And, therefore, "the greatest of these is charity."

Are there amongst you, this evening, any who are not Catholics? If there be, you may imagine that because I come before you in the garb of a Dominican friar of the thirteenth century,—with seven hundred years not only of the traditions of holiness, but even of historic responsibility on my shoulders, in virtue of the habit that I wear—you may imagine that I come amongst you, perhaps, with a corroded heart and embittered spirit for those without the pale of my holy, great, loving mother, the Church of God—for which, some day, God grant it may be my privilege to die. But no! If there be one, or more than one here to-night, who is not a Catholic, I tell you that I love in him every virtue that you possess. I tell him "I hope for you, that you will draw near to the light, recognize it, and enter into the glorious halls illuminated by the Lamb of God—the Jerusalem of God upon earth, which needs not the sun nor the moon, "for the Lamb is the lamp thereof." And most assuredly I love him. But I ask you, my friends, have you faith? Have you simple belief—the bowing down of the intelligence to the admission of a mystery into your minds—acknowledging its truth—whilst you cannot explain it to your reason? Have you faith, my beloved?—the faith that humbles a man—the faith that makes a man intellectually as a little child, sitting down at the awful feet of the Saviour, speaking to that child, through His Church? If you have not this Faith, but if you go groping for an argument here or an argument there, trying to build upon a human foundation the supernatural structure of Divine belief—trying to build up a structure and temple of mysteries upon reason, and reason alone—then, if you have no Faith, but only this, I ask you how can you have Hope—seeing that Almighty God stands before you, and says:—"Without Faith it is impossible to please me; without Faith it is impossible to approach me; without Faith you must be destroyed; for I have said it—and my word cannot fail—he that believes not shall be condemned." And if you have not Faith and Hope—the foundation—how can you have the superstructure of

Divine charity? How can we believe God unless we know Him? How can we love Him unless in proportion as we know Him? "Oh, God," exclaimed the great St Augustine, "let me know Thee, and know Thee well, that I may love Thee, and love Thee well!"

Now, these being the three virtues that belong to the Christian character, let us see how far the mystery which is in the needy and the poor, enters into these considerations of Faith, Hope, and Love. Certain it is that the charity which the Almighty God commands us to have;—that is to say, the love which He commands us to have for Himself,—is united to the other commandment of the love that the Christian man must have for his neighbour. Certain also, it is, that the poorer, the more prostrate, the more helpless that neighbour is, the stronger becomes his claim upon our love. Thirdly—it is equally certain from the Scriptures that the charity must not be a mere sentiment of benevolence, a mere feeling of compassion, but it must be the strong, the powerful hand extended to benefit, to console, and to uplift the stricken, the powerless, and the poor. "For," says St John, "let us not love in word, or in tradition; but in deed and in truth." And he adds—"If any man among you have the substance of this world, and his brother needy, and poor, and helpless, come to him, and you say to him, Oh, be clothed, be fed,—and you give him not of those things at all, how is the charity of God in you?" Therefore, your charity must be a practical and an earnest charity. Such being the precept of God with respect to the needy and the poor, let us see how far faith and hope become the substratum of that charity which must move us towards the sick and poor. What does faith tell us about these poor? If we follow the example of the world, building up great prisons, paying physicians, paying those whom it deems worth while to pay for attending the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful—if we consult the world, building up its work-houses, immuring the poor there as if poverty was a crime—separating the husband from the wife and the mother from her children—we see no trace here of Divine faith. And why? Because Divine faith must always respect its object. Faith is the virtue by which we catch a gleam of God. Do we catch a gleam of Him in His poor? If so, they enter into the arrangement of Divine poverty. Now, I assert, that the poor of God, the afflicted,

the heart-broken, the sick, the sorrowful—represent our Lord Jesus Christ upon this earth. Christ, our Lord, declared that He would remain upon the earth and would never leave it. “Behold,” He said, “I am with you all days unto the consummation of the world.” Now, in three ways Christ fulfilled that commission. First of all, He fulfilled it in remaining with His Church—the abiding spirit of truth and holiness—to enable that Church to be, until the end of time, the infallible messenger of Divine truth; that is to say the light of the world—the unceasing and laborious sanctifier of mankind. “You are the light of the world,” says Christ; “you are the salt of the earth. You are not only to illumine, but you are to heal and to purify. In order that you may do this I will remain with you all days.” Therefore, is He present in the Church. Secondly, He is present in the adorable sacrament of the altar, and in the tabernacles of the Church—really and truly—as really and truly as He is upon the right hand of His Father. Therefore, He said, “I will remain.” And He indicated how He was to remain when, taking bread and wine, he transubstantiated them into His body and blood, saying, over the bread, “This is my Body,” and over the wine, “This is my Blood.” But in both these ways Christ, our Lord, remains invisibly upon the earth. No man sees Him. We know that He is present in the Church; and, therefore, when the Church of God speaks, we bow down and say, “I believe,” because I believe and I know that the voice that speaks to me re-echoes the voice of my God, the God of Truth. When Christ, our Lord, is put upon the altar, and lifted up in the hands of the priest—lifted up in holy benediction, we bow down and adore the present God, saying:—“I see Thee not on Thy altar, O Lord, but I know that behind that sacramental veil Thou art present, for Thou hast said—Lo, I am here! This is my Body! This is my Blood!”

But, in a third way, Christ, our Lord, remains upon earth—visibly, and no longer invisible. And in that third way He remains in the persons of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. He identifies Himself with them. Not only during the thirty-three years of His mortal life, when He was poor with the poor, when He was sorrowful and afflicted with the sorrowful, when He bore the burden of their poverty and the burden of our sins on His own shoulders—not only was His place found amongst the poor,—He who said “the birds of the air have their nests,

the beasts of the field and the foxes have their holes,—but the Son of Man hath no place whereon to lay His head ! ” Not only was He poor from the day that He was born in a stable, until the day when dying naked upon the Cross, for pure charity, He got a place in another man’s grave—but He also vouchsafed to identify Himself with His poor until the end of time, saying—“ Do you wish to find Me ? Do you wish to touch Me with your hands ? Do you wish to speak to Me words of consolation and of love ? Oh, Christian man, go seek the poor and the naked, the sick, the hungry, and the famishing ! Seek the sick and the afflicted and the heart-broken—and in them will you find Me ; for, Amen, I say unto you, whatsoever you do unto them that you do unto Me ? ” Thus does Christ, our Lord, identify Himself with the poor and the Church. He remains in the world in His Church, commanding that we shall obey her—for He is God. In His sacramental presence we may adore Him—He is God. In His poor—in the afflicted, naked, hungry, famishing, that we may bend down and lift Him up—He is God still ! A most beautiful example of how the saints were able to realize this do we find recorded in the life of one of the beautiful saints of our Dominican order—a man who wore his habit. He was a Spanish friar. His name was Alvarez of Cordova. He was noted amongst his brothers for the wonderful earnestness and cheerfulness with which he always sought the poor and the afflicted, to succour and console them. Well, it happened upon a day that this man of God, absorbed in God and in prayer, went forth from his convent to preach to the people, and, as he journeyed along the high-road, he saw, stretched helplessly by the roadside, a man covered with a hideous leprosy—ulcerated from head to foot—hideous to behold ;—and this man turned to him his languid eyes, and, with faint voice, appealed to him for mercy and succour. The sun, in all its noon-day fervour, was beating down fiercely upon that wounded and stricken man’s head. He was unable to move. Every man that saw him fled from him. The moment the saint saw him he went over to him and knelt down by his side, and he kissed the sores of the leprous man. Then taking off the outer portion of our habit—this black cloak—he laid it upon the ground, and he tenderly took the poor man and folded him in the cloak, lifted him in his arms, and returned to his convent. He entered the convent. He

brought the leper to his own cell, and laid him on his own little conventual bed. And, having laid him there, he went off to find some refreshment for him, and such means as he could for consoling him. He returned with some food and drink in his hands, laid them aside, went over to the bed, and there he found the sick man. He unfolded the cloak that was wrapped around him. Oh! what is this that he beholds? The man's head wears a crown of thorns; on his hands and his feet are the mark of nails, and forth from the wounded side streams the fresh blood! He is dead; but the marks of the Saviour are upon him, and then the saint knew that the man whom he had lifted up from the roadside was Christ, his God and his Saviour! And so, with the eyes of faith, do we recognize Christ in His poor. What follows from this? It follows, my friends, that the man who thus sees his God in the poor, who looks upon them with the eyes of faith, who recognizes in them something sacramental, the touch of which will sanctify him who approaches them—that that man will approach them with tenderness and with reverence—that he will consult their feelings—that he will seek to console the heart while he revives the body, and while he puts meat and drink before the sick man or the poor man, he will not put away from his heart the source of his comfort. He will not separate him from the wife of his bosom or the children of his love. He will not relieve him with a voice unmindful of compassion; bending down, as it were, to relieve the poor. No, but he will relieve him in the truth of his soul, as recognizing in that man one who is identified in the divinity of love, and of tenderness, with his Lord and Master. This explains to you the fact, that when the high-minded, the highly-educated, the noblest and best of the children of the Catholic Church—the young lady with all the prospects of the world glittering before her—with fortune and its enjoyments around her—with the beauty of nature and of grace beaming from her pure countenance—when the young lady, enamoured of Heaven, and of the things of Heaven, and disgusted with the world, comes to the foot of the sanctuary, and there kneeling, seeks a place in the Church's holy places, and an humble share in her ministrations, the Church takes her—one of these—her holiest, her best, her purest, and she considers that she has conferred the highest honour upon the best of her children, when she clothes them with the sacred habit

of religion, and tells them to go and take their place in the hospital, or in the poor-house, or in the infirmary, or in the orphanage, and sit down, and minister to the poor; not as relieving them, but as humbly serving them; not as compassionating them, but as approaching them with an almost infinite reverence, as if they were approaching Christ himself. Thus, do we see how the Catholic attribute of charity springs from Heaven. All tenderness of heart, all benevolence, all compassion, may be there; as no doubt it is, in these hearts in these convents, who, in order that they might love Christ and His poor all the more tenderly, all the more strongly, vowed to the Saviour at His altar, that no love should enter into their bosoms, no emotions of affection should ever thrill their hearts, except love for Him; for Him wherever they found Him—and they have found Him in His poor, and in His sick. All the tenderest emotions of human benevolence, of human compassion, of human gentleness, may be there. All that makes the good Protestant lady, the good infidel lady, if you will, so compassionate to the poor;—yet whilst the worldling, and those without the Church bend down to an act of condescension in their charity, these spouses of the Son of God look up to the poor, and in their obedience seek to serve them; for their compassion, their benevolence, their divinely tender hearts are influenced by the Divine faith which recognizes the Son of God in the persons of the poor and the needy, the stricken, and the afflicted.

This is the Catholic idea of Charity in its associations. What follows from this? It follows, that when I, or the like of me, who, equally with these holy women, have given our lives, and our souls, and our bodies to the service of the Son of God, and of His Church, when we come before our Catholic brethren to speak to them on this great question of Catholic Charity we do not come as preaching, praying, beseeching, begging. Oh, no! But we come with a strong voice of authority, as commanding you, “If you would see my Father’s brightness, behold—behold the poor! The same sacrifice was offered for them that was offered for you, and, at your peril, surround them with all the ministrations of charity and of mercy!”

And how does hope enter into these considerations? Ah, my friends, what do you hope for at all? What are your

hopes? I ask the Christian man, the benevolent brother—I don't care what religion you are of—Brother, tell me your hope; because hope, from its very nature, goes out into the future; hope is a realizing by anticipation of that which will one day come and be in our possession. What are your hopes? Every man has his hopes. No man lives without them. Every man hopes to attain some position in this world, or to gain a certain happiness. One man hopes to make money and become a rich man. Another man aspires to certain dignities, hopes for them, and labours assiduously until he attains them. Another man centres his hopes in certain passions, and immerses himself in the anticipations of sensual delights. But I don't care what your hopes are; this I ask you—Are your hopes circumscribed by this world, or do they go beyond the tomb? Is all effort to cease till the sad hour comes that will find each and every one of you stretched helpless on his bed of death, and the awful angel, bearing the summons of God, cries out, “Come forth, O soul, and come with me to the judgment seat of Christ!” Is all hope to perish then? No, no! but all hope remains then. No; this life is as nothing compared with that endless eternity that awaits us beyond the grave; and there, there—all our hopes are; and the hope of the Christian man is that, when that hour comes that shall find his soul trembling before its impending doom, awaiting the sentence—that that sentence will not be, “Depart from me, accursed,” but that it will be, “Come, my friend, my blessed one, come and enjoy the happiness and delight which was prepared for thee!”—for this is our hope. Accursed is the man who has it not. Miserable is the wretch that has it not! What would this life be, even if it were a life of ten thousand years, replete with every pleasure, every enjoyment, unmixed by the slightest evil of sickness, or of sorrow, or of anticipation, if we knew that at the end of that ten thousand years, the eternity beyond, that should never know an end, was to be for us an eternity of sorrow and of despair! We should be, of all men, the most miserable; “for,” says the Apostle, “if in this life only we have hope, even in Christ, we are, of all men, the most miserable.” “But;” he adds, “Christ is risen from the dead, our hope; and our hope is to rise with Him; translated from glory unto glory, until we behold His face, unshrouded and unveiled, and be happy for ever in the contem-

plation of God." This is our hope; yours and mine. But, remember, that although the Almighty God has promised this, and our hope is built upon the fidelity with which He meets His word and His engagements, that no man can expect the reward, nor can build up his hope on a solid foundation, unless he enters into the designs of God, and complies with the conditions that God has attached to His promises of glory. What are these conditions? Think how largely the poor and the afflicted enter into them! "Come," the Redeemer and Judge will say, "Come unto me, ye blessed of my Father! This is not the first time that you have seen me. I was hungry, and you gave me to eat! I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink! I was naked, and you clothed me! I was sick, and you visited me, and consoled me!" And then the just shall exclaim, "Lord, when did we ever behold Thee, oh, powerful and terrible Son of God! when did we behold Thee naked, or hungry, or sick?" And He, answering, will call the poor—the poor to whom we minister to-day; the poor whom we console to-day; whose drooping heads we lift up to-day—He will call them, and say—"Do you know these?" And they will cry out—"Oh, yes; these are the poor whom we saw hungry, and we fed them; whom we saw naked, and we clothed them; whom we saw sick, and we consoled and visited them. These are the poor that we were so familiar with, and that we employed, Thy spouses, O Christ, to minister unto, and to console!" Then He will answer and say—"I swear to you that, as I am God, as often as you have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me!" But if, on the other hand, we come before Him glorying in the strength of our faith, magniloquent in our professions of Christianity—splendid in our assumption of the highest principles, correct in many of the leading traits of the Christian character—but with hands empty of the works of mercy; if we are only obliged to say with truth—"Lord, I claim Heaven; but I never clothed the naked, I never fed the hungry, I never lifted up the drooping head of the sick and the afflicted." Christ, our Lord, will answer and say—"Depart from me! I do not know ye; I do not recognize ye. I was hungry, and ye would not feed me in my hunger; I was naked, and ye would not clothe me in my nakedness; I was thirsty and sick, and ye would not relieve me, nor console me in my sickness." And the unjust will

answer—"Lord, we never saw Thee hungry, or naked, or sick." And then, once more, will He call the poor, and say—"Behold these; to these did you refuse your mercy, your pity, your charity; and I swear to you that, as I am God, in the day that you refused to comfort, and to succour, and to console them, you refused to do it unto Me. Therefore, there is no Heaven for you." The golden key that opens the gate of Heaven is the key of mercy; therefore, He will say—"As often as you are merciful to the poor, you are merciful to Me. I have said—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy."

Who, therefore, amongst you, believing in these things, does not recognize that there is no faith that does not recognize Christ in His poor, and so succour them with veneration; who does not see that His hope is built upon the relations which are established between him and the poor of God. Thus, out of this faith and out of this hope springs the charity with which we must relieve them. Now, mark how beautifully all this is organized in the Catholic Church! There is a curious expression in the Scriptures. It is found in the Canticles of Solomon, where the spouse of the King—that is to say, the Church of God—amongst other things, says: "My Lord and my King, has organized—has ordered—charity in me." "*Ordinavit in me caritatem.*" Thus it is not the mere temporary flash of enthusiasm—that it is not the mere passing feeling of benevolence, touched by the sight of their misery, that influences the Catholic Church; but it is these promises and these principles of the Christian faith, recognizing who and what we are, and our Christian hope, building up all the conditions of its future glory upon this foundation. Therefore, it is that in the Catholic Church, alone, is found the grand, organized charity of this world. No where, without her pale, do you find charity organized. You may find a fair and beautiful ebullition of pity, here and there, as when a rich man dies and leaves, perhaps, half-a-million of dollars to found an hospital. But it is an exceptional thing, my dear friends; as when some grand lady, magnificent of heart and mind—like, for instance, Florence Nightingale—devotes herself to the poor; goes into the hospitals and infirmaries for the wounded. It is an exceptional case, I answer. If you travel out of the bounds of that fair and beautiful compassion that runs in so

many hearts, and if you go one step farther into the cold atmosphere of political or State charity, there is not one vestige of true charity there; it becomes political economy. The State believes it is more economical to pick up the poor from the streets and lanes, to take them from their sick beds, transferring them into poor-houses and hospitals, and, whilst there, overwhelming them with the miserable pity that patronizes, making its gifts a curse and not a blessing, by breaking the heart whilst it relieves the body. Such is "State charity." I remember once, in the city of Dublin, I got a sick call. It was to attend a poor woman. I went, and found, in a back lane in the city, a room on a garret. I climbed up to the place. There I found, without exaggeration, four bare walls, and a woman seventy-five years of age, covered with a few squalid rags, and lying on the bare floor—not as much as a little straw had she under her head. I asked for a cup to give her a drink of water. There was no such thing to be had; and there was no one there to give it. I had to go out and beg amongst the neighbours, until I got the loan of a cupful of cold water. I put it to her dying lips. I had to kneel down upon that bare floor to hear that dying woman's confession. The hand of death was upon her. What was her story? She was the mother of six children, a lady, educated in a lady-like manner; a lady beginning her career of life in affluence and in comfort. The six children grew up. Some married; some emigrated. But the weak and aged mother was abandoned. And now, she was literally dying, not only of the fever that was upon her, but—of starvation! As I knelt there on the floor, and as I lifted her aged, grey-haired head upon my hands, I said to her, "Let me, for God's sake, have you taken to the workhouse hospital; at least you will have a bed to lie upon!" She turned and looked at me. Two great tears came from her dying eyes, as she said—"Oh, that I should have lived to hear a Catholic priest talk to me about a poor-house!" I felt that I had almost broken this already broken heart. On my knees I begged her pardon. "No," she said, "let me die in peace!" And there, whilst I knelt at her side, her afflicted and chastened spirit passed away to God—but the taint of the "charity of the State" was not upon her.

Now, passing from this cold and wicked atmosphere of

political economy into the purer and more genial air of benevolence, charity and tenderness—of which there is so much, even outside the Church—we enter into the halls of the Catholic Church. There, amongst the varied beauties—amongst the “consecrated daughters of loveliness” whom Christ has engaged as the spouses of His Church—we find the golden garment of an organized charity. We find the highest, the best, and the purest, devoted to its service and to its cause. We find every form of misery which the hand of God, or the malice of man, or their own errors, can attach to the poor—we find every form of misery provided for. The child of misfortune wanders through the streets of the city, wasting her young heart, polluting the very air that she breathes—a living sin! The sight of her is death!—the thought of her is sin!—the touch of her hand is pollution unutterable! No man can look upon her face and live! In a moment of divine compassion, the benighted and the wicked heart is moved to turn to God. With the tears of the penitent upon her young and sinful face, she turns to the portals of the Church; and there, at the very threshold of the sanctuary of the God of virginity—of continence—she finds the very ideal of purity—the highest, the grandest, the noblest of the Church’s children. The woman who has never known the pollution of a wicked thought—the woman whose virgin bosom has never been crossed by the shadow of a thought of sin!—the woman breathing purity, innocence, grace, receives the woman whose breath is the pestilence of hell! Extremes meet. Mary, the Virgin, takes the hand of Mary the Magdalene; and, in the organized charity of the Church of God, the penitent enters in to be saved and sanctified.

The poor man, worn down and broken by poverty, exposed in his daily labour to the winds and the rains of heaven, with failing health and drooping heart, lies down to die. There, by his bedside stand the wife, and round her, her group of little children. They depend upon his daily labour for their daily bread. Now, that hand that laboured for them so long and so lovingly is palsied and stricken by his side. Now his dying eyes are grieved with the sight of their misery. His ears are filled with the cry of the little ones for bread. “Oh God!” exclaimed Jeremias, “Thy hand is upon Thy people. The little ones have cried for bread, and there was no one to break

it to them." The despair of their doom comes to embitter his dying moments. He looks from that bed of death out upon the gloomy world. He sees the wife of his bosom consigned to a pauper's cell, to await a pauper's grave; and, for these innocent faces that surround him, he sees no future but a future of ignorance and a career of crime;—of punishment without hope of amendment;—and of the loss of their souls in the great mass of the world's crimes and misdeeds. But, whilst he is thus mournfully brooding, with sad and despairing thoughts, what figure is this that crosses the threshold and casts its shadow on the floor of the house? Who is this, entering noiselessly, modestly, silently, shrouded and veiled, as a thing of Heaven, not of earth? He lifts his eyes and he beholds the mild and placid face of the Sister of Mercy, beaming purity, mixed with divine love, upon him. Now the sunshine of God is let in upon the darkness of his despairing soul. Now he hears a voice almost as gentle, almost as tender, almost as powerful as the voice of Him who whispered in the ear of the Widow of Nain:—"Oh, aged woman, weep no more!" And she tells him to fear not? that her woman's hand will insure protection for his children—and education, grace, virtue, heaven and God! I once remember I was called to attend a man, whom I have endeavoured to describe to you. There were seven little children in the house. There was a woman, the mother of those children, the wife of him who was dying there. Two years before, this man had fallen from a scaffold, and was so shattered that he was paralyzed; and for two years he had lain upon that bed, starving as well as dying. When I was called to visit this man, I spoke to him of the mercy of God. He looked upon me with a sullen and despairing eye. "This is the first time," he said, "that you have come to my bedside." Said I—"My friend, this is the first time that I knew you were sick. Had I known it, I would have come to you before." "No one,"—this was his answer;—"no one cares for me. And you come now to speak to me of the mercy of God! I have been on this bed for more than two years. I have seen that woman and her children starving for the last two years. And do you tell me there is a God of Mercy above me!" I saw at once it was a case with which I could not deal. I left the house on the instant, and went straight to a convent of the Sisters of Mercy that was near. There I asked the Mother

Superior, for God's sake, to send one or two of the Nuns to the house. They went. Next day I visited him. Oh, what a change I found! No longer the dull wailing of despair. He looked up boldly and cheerfully from his bed of sorrow—no longer murmuring against the mercy of God—but with the deep thankfulness of a grateful heart. “Oh,” said he, “I am so happy, Father, that I sent for you,—not so much for anything you can do for me; but you sent me two angels of God from Heaven! They came into my house; and, for the first time in two long years, I learned to hope; to be sorry for my want of resignation; and to return, with love to that God whom I dared to doubt!” Then he made his confession, and I prepared him for death. Patient he was, and resigned; and, in his last moments, when his voice was faltering—when his voice became that of the departing spirit—his last words were—“You sent to me the angels of God—and they told me that when I should be in my grave they would be mothers to my children!” Oh, fair and beautiful Church, that knows so well how to console the afflicted, to bind up the wounds of the breaking heart; to lift up the bleeding and the drooping heart. Every form of human misery, every form of wretchedness, whether sent from God as a warning or a trial, or coming from men's own excesses and folly, and as a punishment for their sins—every form of human misery and affliction, as soon as it is seen, is softened and relieved by the gentlest, the tenderest, the sweetest agency—the touch of God through His consecrated one. And it seems to the sufferer as if the word of the promise to come were fulfilled in time—the word which says—“The Lord Himself will wipe away every tear from the eyes of His elect, and will bind up every bleeding and wounded heart.”

And thus, my friends, we see how beautifully charity is organized in the Catholic Church. Not one penny of your charity is wasted. Every farthing that you contribute will be expended wisely, judiciously; and extended to its farthest length of usefulness in the service of God's poor, and of God's stricken ones. - And, lest the poor might be humbled whilst they are relieved, lest they might be hurt in their feelings whilst consoled with the temporal doles that are lavished upon them, the Church of God, with a wisdom more than human, appoints as her ministers of the poor, those who, for the love of Christ, have become poor like them. Behold these nuns!

They are the daughters of St Francis. Seven hundred years ago, now, almost, there arose in the city of Assisi, in Umbria, in Italy, a man so filled with the ineffable love of Christ—so impregnated with the spirit of the Son of God, made man—that, in the rapture of his prayer, the “*stigmata*”—the marks of the nails upon the hands and feet, of the thorns upon the brow, of the wounds upon the side of the Redeemer—were given to Francis of Assisi. Men beheld him, and started from the sight, giving glory to God that they had caught a gleam of the glory of Christ upon earth. He was the only saint of whom we read, that, without opening his lips, but simply coming and walking through the ways of the city, all eyes that beheld him were melted into tears of tenderness and divine love—and he “preached Christ and Him crucified,” by merely showing the mortification, and the spirit, and love of Christ which was upon him and in him. These are the daughters of this saint, inheriting his spirit; and he, in the Church, is the very ideal saint of divine and religious poverty. He would not have a shoe to his foot. He would not have a second coat. He would not have in his bag provision even for to-morrow; but waited, like the prophet of old, that it should come to him from God, at the hands of his benefactors;—the very ideal saint of poverty; and, therefore, of all others, the most devoted in himself, and in having his children minister unto God’ poor. When there was a question of destroying the religious orders in Italy, and of passing a law that would not permit me, a Dominican, or these nuns, Franciscans, to dwell in the land—just as if we were doing any harm to anybody;—as if we were not doing our best to save and serve all the people; when it was a question before the Parliament, Cæsare Cantu, the celebrated historian, stood up in the assembly, and said—“Men! before you make this law, abolishing all the religious men and women in the land, reflect for an instant. If any man amongst you, by some reverse of fortune, become poor—if any man amongst you, in this enlightened age, is obliged to beg his daily bread; wouldn’t you feel ashamed?—wouldn’t you feel degraded to have to go to your fellow-man to ask him for alms? For me, if God should strike me with poverty, I would feel it a degradation. But I would not feel it a degradation to go to a Dominican or a Franciscan, and ask him, a brother pauper, to break his bread with me.”

It is fitting that they should have preachers for God's poor. It is fitting that the voice which speaks to you this evening—although it comes from one wearing the habit of St Dominic—should speak to you in the language of St Francis of Assisi, who was the bosom friend of the great Dominic of Guzman. United in life, and in love highest of all, their children are united in that spiritual love which is the inheritance of God's consecrated ones on earth. And, therefore, it is a privilege and a glory to me to speak to you this evening on behalf of my Franciscan sisters. Yet, not in their behalf do I speak, but in behalf of the poor; nor in behalf of the poor, but in behalf of Christ, who identifies Himself with the poor; nor in behalf of Him, but in your own behalf; seeing that all your hopes of the glory of Heaven are bound up with the poor of whom I speak. It is your glory, and the glory of this special charity, that it was the first hospital founded in this State, that at a time when men, concentrating their energies to amass wealth, immersed in their business, trying to heap up accumulations, and gather riches and large possessions, never thought of their poor; or if the poor obtruded themselves, brushed them out of their path, and told them to begone; then there came the Church of Christ into the midst of you. She sought not money, nor land, nor possessions. She brought these poor nuns, vowed to poverty, despising all the things of the world, and leaving them behind them; she built up her hospital for the sick; she brought her children of St Francis of Assisi, to minister to them, in mercy, in faith, and hope; the mercy, the gentleness, of Divine charity. Will they not say to you, "Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor?"

I hope I may have thrown some light into the minds of even one amongst you, this evening, and let him see how blessed is the man who knows his position concerning the needy and the poor. I hope that those to whom my words give no light, may, at least, be given encouragement to persevere. Persevere, Catholics of Hoboken and Jersey City, in maintaining these Sisters, in filling their hands with your benefactions; in enabling them to pursue their calm but glorious career of charity and of mercy. I know that in thus encouraging you, I am advancing the best interests of your souls; and that the mite that you give to-day, that might be

given for pleasure, or sinfulness—that that mite shall return to you one day in the form of a crown, the crown of glory which will, one day, be set upon your heads, for ever and for ever, before the Throne of God, by the hands of the poor of Christ. Again, I say to you, will you hear the voice from the Throne—“Whatever you do to the poor, you do it unto Me!” Oh, may God send down His angel of mercy!—may the spirit of His mercy breathe amongst us!—may the charity which guides your mercy—the charity, springing from an enlightened and pure faith, and from a true and substantial hope—bring your reward—that so, in the day when Faith shall perish with time—when Hope shall be lost either in joy or sorrow—either in the fruition of Heaven, or in the despair of Hell—that on that day, you may be able to exclaim, when you first catch sight of the unveiled glory of the Saviour—“Oh, Christ, of all the beauties of God it is true, ‘the greatest of these is Charity.’”

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

Delivered in St Vincent Ferrer's Church, New York, on Sunday,
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WHEN we read the positive doctrines laid down in the Gospel we are bound to open our minds to the utterance of the Almighty God. We are also bound to meditate upon even what appears to be the most trifling incidents recorded in the actions and sayings of Jesus Christ. Every word that is recorded of Him has a deep and salutary meaning. There is not a word in the Gospel, nor one incident, that is not full of instruction for us ; and the evidences that this Gospel gives of the divine character of the Christian religion, and of the divine origin of the Church, is not only in broad assertion, such, for instance, as when Christ says, "I will build my Church upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," or, elsewhere, "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a pagan," but these evidences lie also in the minor incidents which are so carefully recorded in the mysteries which they convey to us. Now, I ask you to consider in this spirit the Gospel which I have just read to you.

St Peter, who was afterwards the Pope of Rome, began life as a fisherman on the shores of Galilee. He had his boats, he had his nets ; he swept those waters, pursuing his humble trade in company with James and John, the sons of Zebedee, and with Andrew, his own elder brother. This man had passed the night upon the bosom of the waters, toiling and labouring, but they had taken nothing. Sad and dispirited for so much time and labour lost, they landed from their boats in the morning, and they took out their nets to wash them. Whilst they were thus engaged a great multitude appeared in sight, men who followed the Lord Jesus Christ, and pressed around Him that they might hear the words of divine truth from His lips. He came to the shores of the lake, and He entered into one of the boats, and the Evangelist takes good care to tell us that

the boat into which the Saviour stepped was Simon Peter's boat. He then commanded Peter to push out a little from the land that he might leave a little water between him and the people, and yet not remove himself so far from them but that they might hear his voice. There, whilst the people stood reverently listening to the Word of the Divine Redeemer, sat the Saviour in Peter's boat instructing the people. After He had enlightened their minds with the treasures of the Divine Gospel which flowed from Him, He turned to Peter and said to him, "Now I have something to say to you. Launch out into the deep, and cast out thy nets for a draught of fishes." Said Peter, answering, "Master, we have been at this work all night, we have laboured all night, and we have taken nothing." However, He replied, "In Thy word I trust, and at Thy command I will let down the nets." No sooner does he cast that net into the sea, under the eyes, and at the command of Jesus Christ, than it is instantly filled with fishes, and Peter's boat is filled until it is almost sinking.

This is the fact recorded. What does it mean? What is the meaning of this passage in the Gospel? Has it any meaning at all? Was it prophetic of things that were to be? Oh! my brethren, how significant and how prophetic in the history of this Christian religion, and in the Bible, was the action of Jesus Christ as recorded in this phrase. He sat in Peter's boat. He taught the people. What does this mean? What is this barque of Peter? Need I tell you, my Catholic friends and beloved brethren, what this barque of Peter meant? Christ our Lord built unto himself His Church; He made her so that she was never to be shipwrecked upon the stormy waves of this world; He built her so that He Himself shall be always present in her, although Peter sits at the helm. He built her so that it was her fate to be launched out upon the ever-changing, ever-agitated and stormy sea of this world and its society. He declared that Peter should be at the head of this ship when He said to him, "Feed thou My lambs, feed thou My sheep;" "Come, follow thou, My brethren, I will make thee to be fishers of men;" "Launch thou out into the deep; I am with thee."

St Peter himself, inspired of the Holy Ghost, in after times taught that the Church of God was like a goodly ship, built by Jesus Christ, in which were to be saved all those that are to

be saved unto the end of time; for he compares this ship to the ark of Noah, in which all who were saved in the great deluge found their refuge, for he says all were destroyed and perished, save and except the eight souls who received shelter in the ark of Noah, and the rest were tossed upon the stormy, tumultuous billows of the deluge; and as the water rose up around them in mighty volumes, the strong man went down into the vast deep, the infant sent forth a cry, and presently its cry was stifled in the surging waves. All was dissolution, all was destruction, save and except the ark which rode triumphant over the waters, passing over the summits of the mountains, braving the storms of Heaven above, and the angry waves beneath, until it landed its living freight of eight human souls in safety and in joy. So also Christ our Lord built unto Him a ship. He launched His Church forth upon the stormy waves of the world, and it is a matter of surprise that the ocean of human society has not more welcome for the Church of God. Men say—"Is Christianity a failure? Why are so few saved? Why are so few found to comply with the conditions which the holy Church commands? Why, if she received the commission to command the whole world and to convert it, why is it that the Church of God seems to have been always persecuted and abused?" Oh, my friends, there is a deep and profound analogy between the things of nature and the things of grace. The goodly ship is built upon the stocks; she is strongly built of the very best material; she is sheathed and plated with everything that can preserve her from the action of the seas; she is built so that in every tide she shall cleave through the waters and override them; and when she is all prepared, she is launched into the deep, and her mission is to spread her sails and navigate every sea to the furthestmost end of the world. Through them all must she go; over them all must she ride; a thousand storms must she brave, and that ocean which receives her to its bosom apparently receives her only for the purpose of tossing her from wave to wave, of trying her strength, of trying every timber and every joint, opening its mighty chasms to swallow her up, and, failing in that, dashing its angry waves against her, as if in the order of nature the ship and the sea were enemies, and the ocean that received that vessel was bent only upon her destruction. Is it not thus, in the order of nature—is it not this very stormy

ocean, these mighty, foam-crested billows, these angry, roaring waves, the thunder that rolls, and the lightnings which flash around her—is it not all these that try and prove the goodness of the ship? And if she outlives it; if she is able to weather all these storms; if she is assuredly able to override them all, and to land her freight and passengers in the appointed port, is it not a proof that she is well built? If the ocean were as smooth as glass; if the winds were always favourable; if no impediment came upon her; if no wave struck her and threatened to overwhelm her, or no chasm opened to receive her into its mighty watery bosom—what proof would we have that the ship was the work of master hands, under the care of master minds?

And so Christ, our Lord, built the ship of His Church, and launched her out upon the world; and from the very nature of the case it was necessary that, from the very first day that she set forth until the last day that she lands her freight of souls in the harbour of heaven, that she should meet upon the ocean of this world of human society, the stormy waves of angry contradiction on every side. This was her destiny, and this, unfortunately, is the destiny that the world takes good care to carry out. Men say Christianity is a failure because this Church has not been able to calm every sea, and ride triumphantly without let or hindrance upon every ocean. I answer, my friends, Christianity would have been a failure if the ship had been wrecked. Christianity would be a failure if there were no ocean into which that ship was free to enter. Christianity would be a failure if that ship were known at any time, at any moment of her existence since the day she was built and rigged by Divine law and the Divine Architect, Christ—if she were known for an instant to have let the angry waters of persecution and error close over her—then would Christianity be a failure. But this could not be, for two reasons—First of all, because the helmsman whom Christ appointed is at the wheel, and he is Peter and Peter's successor. Second, because in the ship, Himself seated in her and speaking in her, casting out the nets that are to gather in all those who will come on board and are to be saved, is Christ, the Lord our God.

The great lessons that are in the Gospel are that Peter's boat cannot be wrecked, because Christ, our Lord, is in her—

Peter's boat cannot be emptied of the living freight of souls, because He is in her who commanded the nets to be cast out until the boat was filled. Peter's boat cannot be destroyed, because Peter himself, in his successor, is at the helm, and this boat of Peter's is the Holy Roman Catholic Church. In no other ship launched out upon this stormy ocean of the world is the voice of God heard. In every other vessel it is the voice of man that commands the crew; it is the hand of man that turns the ship's prow to face the storm; it is the hand of man that built the ship, and consequently every other ship of doctrines that has ever been launched out on the waves of the world has gone down in shipwreck and in destruction; whereas, the oldest of all, the Holy Catholic Church, lives upon the waves to-day as fair to the eye, floating as triumphantly her standard, spreading as wide her sail, as in the days when she came forth from the master-hand of Jesus Christ our Lord. In her the word and voice of God is heard. Christ sat in Peter's boat, and Christ sits in Peter's boat to-day. We have His own word for it—"And heaven and earth," He says, "shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away, and My word is this—I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."

But for what purpose do we ask, "Art thou with us?" He answers and says—"I am with you to lead you to all truth, to keep you in all truth, and to command you, that even as I have taught you, so go you and teach all nations whatsoever things I have taught you." The voice of Christ is in the Church; the voice of God has never ceased to resound in her, the voice of God has never been silent from the day that Mary's child first opened His infant lips upon Mary's bosom, and will never cease until the last hour of the world's existence. The voice is sometimes misinterpreted, that voice is sometimes misunderstood. Men say, here is the voice of God, and there is the voice of God; the people lift up their voices in loud command, sometimes against law, sometimes against right and justice, and the time-serving politician and statesman says it is the voice of the people, it is the voice of God—*Vox populi*. *Vox Dei*; but the voice of the people is not the voice of God. There is, indeed, the voice of God resounding on the earth, but it is only heard in the unerring Church; therefore, we may say with truth, *Vox Ecclesiæ*, *Vox Dei*—the voice of the Church

is the voice of God. Wherever the voice of God is, there no lie can be uttered, there no untruth can be taught, no falsehood can be preached. Wherever the voice of God is, there is a voice that never for an instant contradicts itself in its teachings, for it is only enunciating one truth, derived from one source—the infinite wisdom of the Almighty.

Where is the evidence in history of a voice that has ever spoken on this earth which has never contradicted itself, except the voice of the Catholic Church? I defy you to find it. There is not a system of religion which pretends to teach the people at this moment upon the earth that has not flagrantly contradicted itself, save and except the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. Take any one of them and test it. Where is the voice that teaches with authority, save and except the Catholic Church? Remember, wherever the voice of God is, there that voice must teach with authority; wherever the voice of God is, it must teach with certainty and clearness and emphasis, not leaving anything in doubt, not allowing the people to be under any misapprehension. Where is that voice to be heard to-day save in the Holy Catholic Church?

Men say, "Is Christianity a failure?" I answer, No. It will be a failure as soon as the voice of the Catholic Church is hushed; it will be a failure as soon as some king or some emperor or some great statesman—successful in war and in council is able to bend the Catholic Church and make her teach according to his notions or his views. Where in her history has she bowed so to king or prince? Where has she ever shaped her doctrines to meet the views of this man and further the design of this other man because they were able to persecute her as they are persecuting her to-day.

The most powerful man of the world says to the Catholic Church, "You must remodel your teachings; you must admit that the State has a right to educate the children—that you have no right; you must admit that religion is not a necessary element of education; I will make you do it." Thus speaks Von Bismarck; he imagines because he has put his foot upon the neck of the bravest and most heroic race upon earth, that now he can trample upon the Church of God. Oh! fool that he is! oh, foolish man! He thinks, because he has trampled upon a nation, that he can trample upon Christ and His very spouse. He says to the Church, "I will make a decree

and I will expel every Jesuit in Germany; I will persecute your bishops; I will take your churches; I will alienate your people; I will persecute and imprison your priests; I will put them to death, if necessary." But the Church of God stands calmly before him, and says—"You cannot do it—God is truth." Christ speaks in Peter's boat. It is true that there are many who will not hear His voice. I ask you what is their fate? What is their fate who refuse to hear the voice of the true Church? In this morning's *New York Herald* there is a letter from a man who denies the immortality of the soul, and he tries to prove it from five texts of Scripture. The very truth that Plato the Pagan philosopher wrote a book to prove, a man who had never heard the name of God—who had never known the light of God, by the natural light of his benighted Pagan intellect arrived at the conclusion that the soul was immortal, and that its immortality was inherent, and belonged to it as its nature. That which the Pagan philosopher discovered and proved, the Christian of to-day denies; and he quotes five texts of Scripture to prove that the soul of man is not immortal, and that when they die, even in their sins, cease to exist. There is no judgment, no consequences after death, no vengeance for them, no torment—they have no hell. He proves it by the Scripture, and gives the lie to Him who said—"Depart from Me ye accursed into everlasting flames." That is the fate of all those outside the Catholic Church. They are tossed about by every whim and caprice of men who now start one theory and then another; who now dispute the inspiration of the Scripture, and again the Divinity of Jesus Christ; who now deny the immortality of the soul, and then come and abuse me and the like of me because I tell them that until they step on board of Peter's boat they have no security, no certainty, no true light, no true religion, and that they must go down. We are called bigots because we preach the Word of God. If this is not true, then what is the use of having a Church? But if the Church teach the truth, if she come with a message from God, it is not in her power, nor in my power, nor in any man's power to change it. This is a message from God. This is truth. Understand, if they say to you, "You cannot be excluded. It is all right. You need not mind these lessons. You need not hear them. I come to preach to you the very words of Christ—"He that will not hear the words of My Church, let him be as a

heathen and a publican.' ” If I come then and say—“ It is not necessary to remain in the Catholic Church ; if you love the Lord and believe, it is all right ; ” if I say that, I am telling a lie and I am damning my own soul, I cannot do it. I must preach the message which Christ our Lord has given me. I should be glad to preach a “ wider ” faith if God would let me, but I must preach the message of God. If they steel their hearts and turn their ears against our doctrine, God will hold them accountable, for He has said—“ He that believeth not shall be condemned.”

Not only, my brethren, is the voice of Christ heard in the Church, in the truth that has never changed nor contradicted itself ; but the second great action of the Church of God is prefigured in our Divine Lord's action in this day's Gospel, “ Peter's.” He said—“ Launch out thy boat into the deep, and cast forth thy nets.” It is no longer a question of preaching. The people have heard the Lord's voice ; they have retired from the shores of the lake, and scattered themselves to their houses, each one taking with him whatever of that word fell upon the soil of a good heart. Now, the next operation begins, and it is between Christ and Peter. “ Launch out into the deep,” He says ; “ cast forth thy net.” Peter cast out his net, and he filled his boat with fishes. What does this mean ? It means the prefiguration of the saving and sacramental action of the Church of God ; for not only is the voice of Christ heard, but the action of Christ is at work in her, taking you and me, and all men who will submit to that action, out of the waters of passion and impurity, and vain desire, and every form of sin, and lifting us up by sacramental action out of those waters, and placing us in the ship, under His very eyes, in the light of His sanctity and the brightness of His glory. His action lies in the Catholic Church, and she alone can draw forth from the stormy destructive waters of sin the soul that will submit to be so drawn. But man falls into that sea, a man like Peter in another portion of the Gospel—the Christian man, treading upon the fluctuating waves of his own passion, of his own evil desires and wickedness, can scarcely keep his footing, and can only do it as long as he fixes his eye upon Jesus Christ, and adheres to Him.

But a moment comes, as it came to Peter, when the waves seem to divide under our feet, when man is sinking—sinking

into the waves of his own passions, of his own baseness, into the waves of his own corrupt nature. When he feels these waves about closing over him, he is lost to the sight of God, and he sees Him no more. With the eyes of predilection he has lost his past in Heaven with all its graces, and his future, with all its hopes; he has gone down in the great ocean of depravity and human sin, and he has sunk deep into these waters of destruction. Oh, what man can save him? Oh what power can touch him? The teacher of a false religion comes with its message of untruth and falsehood, comes with flattery, comes to tell this fallen, sinful man, "You are an honest man; you are an amiable man; you have many good gifts; be not afraid; trust the Lord; it is all right;" while the serpent of impurity is poisoning his whole existence.

Oh! that I had the voice of ten thousand thunders of God, that I might stifle the false teachings and drown the voices of those who are poisoning people by pandering to their vices and flattering their vanity, and not able, nor willing even if able, to tell them the consequences of their sins. The Catholic Church alone, ignoring whatever of good there may be in a man, if she finds him in mortal sin, she lays her hand upon that sin; she makes the man touch himself with his own hand; look at himself swollen with his miseries, and then with her sacramental power she sacrifices and cuts out all that proud and corrupt flesh; she cleanses the wound with the saving blood of Jesus Christ; she brings from out that slough, that cesspool of sin, all the impurity, all the wickedness of the man, and cures him, and brings the tear of sorrow to his eyes, creating a new-born love of God in his heart, and renewing the whiteness of his first baptismal innocence. He is now no longer in the wiles of hell, but he lifts up his eyes in gladness before the Lord. What other Church can do that?—what other religion even pretends to do it? The Catholic Church pretends to do it. In her sacraments she does it. Her sacramental hand will, though the sinners be sunk into the depths of sin, go down and sweep the very bottom of the deep lake of iniquity, and take even those who lie there fossilised in their sin, and scrape them up from out the very depths of their misery and make them fit for God once more. As they are out of the ways of salvation who hear not the voice that speaks in the Church—the voice of Christ, so also those Catholics are outside of the way of salvation

who will not come to her cleansing and sacramental power, who refuse to open their souls to her, who refuse to come frequently and fervently to her confessional and her communion. To do that is as bad as if they refused even to hear her voice, even as if they disputed her testimony; they are in as bad a position and even a worse position than that of the poor man who disputes, who raises questions as to whether the soul is immortal, and as to whether Jesus Christ is God. Oh! my brethren, let us be wise in time, let us have the happiness to know and to hear the voice that speaks in the Church. Oh! let us lay ourselves upon her sacramental power and bare our bosoms to her sanctifying touch and cleansing hand, that so we may be guided into the treasures of her choicest and best gifts; and so, if we have not the ineffable gift of purity, if we have sinned, we may at least have the robe of baptism washed in the waters of grace and restored to its first brightness through Jesus Christ, who is our Saviour, and with this hope we may pass the few remaining days of our lives here weathering every storm that bursts over Peter's barque in the confidence that she is destined to triumph and to ride triumphant upon the crest of every wave. It will not always be so; the haven is at hand, the Church militant passes from the angry ocean of her contest into the quiet, calm haven of her triumph. Oh! in that harbour where stormy winds shall never blow, nor angry waves shall ever raise their foamy crests, there, there, and only there, when the night with its tempest and storms of persecution and of trial is passed—the night, with its buffeting upon the black face of the angry ocean is over—when all these terrors are gone, and the morning dawns, when the Christian catches a glimpse of eternity, then he will hear the voice of Him who was present in his sleeping and in his rising, saying to the waves “be still”—then the clouds shall fade away, every ripple shall cease, and there on that ocean which was stormy, every angry blast of the tempest shall die away, and in the distant horizon, before us the Church shall appear triumphant over that pacific ocean of God's benign benevolence, illumined by the sunshine of His blessings. Then we shall possess eternal peace and joy; all that shall be ours if we only fight the good fight, if we only keep the good faith.

“THE PROMISES OF CHRIST FULFILLED ONLY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.”

MY friends—The existence of the Catholic Church is the most patent fact in the history of the world. When Christ, our Lord, founded His Church, He emphatically declared that she was not to be as a light hidden under a bushel, but flaming upon the candlestick, and enlightening every man that comes into the house of this world. He declared that she was to be as a city built upon the mountain summit, that every man and every wayfarer passing through the ways of this world should behold her and recognize her existence.

Now, my dear friends, if we ask ourselves what was the meaning of our Divine Lord speaking of His Church as something so palpable, so unmistakable, forcing itself upon the recognition of every man, no matter how reluctant that man may be to behold it? I answer, that our Lord meant to fix upon His Holy Church certain signs by which she should infallibly be known and recognized amongst all reasoning men as the very Church and the very spouse of Jesus Christ. Nor is there amongst the many strange mysteries of this world any one thing that more astonishes me every day than to behold the earnest man, the high-minded man, the believing man, read the Scriptures, and yet fail to recognize the Church of Christ in the Holy Catholic Church. To me this is the strangest intellectual phenomenon in the world; for, certain it is, if we attach any meaning whatever to the words of the Son of God, that it was in His purpose, and in His fixed, declared intention to establish a Church upon this earth. He alludes to it repeatedly—over and over again—calling it now, “My Church;” calling it again, “My Kingdom;” at another time speaking of it as “the Kingdom of God;” and making certain, fixed, specific promises to this Church; in the fulfilment of which promises the world has the convincing proof of the Divine origin of our Holy Catholic Church and religion.

For, dear friends, Christ, our Lord, was not only the Redeemer, the Teacher of mankind, the Atoner of the past; but He was also the Prophet of the future. The Scriptures speak of Him and of His coming as of a prophet. "On that day," says Moses, "the Lord thy God, the God of Israel, will raise up unto thee a prophet like unto me. Him thou shalt hear." That prophet was Christ. And all that He prophesied of the future concerned this Church of His.

We are come together, this evening, my friends, to consider the prophecies of Christ, the promises that He made to be fulfilled in the future. We are come together to look for their fulfilment; and if we find their fulfilment in the Holy Catholic Church then we are assembled, such of us as are Catholics, to glory in thanksgiving to God for the fulfilment of these promises, and such of us as are not Catholics—if there be any here—to meditate profoundly, in the name of God, upon the necessity of submitting our faith and our love to that one and only Church, in whose history in the past, in whose existence in the present, are fulfilled all the promises that Christ made.

Now, what were these promises, my friends? If we search the Scriptures, we shall find that they are principally the following—Christ, our Lord, emphatically promised that His Church should be ONE, and should be, in this world, the very representative of Unity; that no difference of religious thought, or opinion, no warring of ideas, no holding of contradictory doctrines, was ever to be found in her; but that she was to be, on the earth, a representative of intellectual and moral union of the very best kind. And, again, it was destined to represent the ineffable unity which binds together in one nature, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This was the first promise that Christ, our Lord, made to His Church. The second promise that we find in Scripture, made to her, was, "that she was to have Him, her Lord, her God, her Founder, dwelling in the midst of her, with an abiding presence; that He was to be with her in a peculiar manner," as we shall see. The third promise that Christ, our Lord, made, was involved in the command that His Church and her voice should be heard all the world over, throughout all the nations; that her faith was to be preached in every tongue, and in every land, and to every people. The last great promise that He made to His Church was that He was to

abide with her that every other institution might fail and die; that nations might change their Governments—might lose their very existence, that races might disappear; but that the Church which He, the Lord, founded, should remain abiding for ever and for ever; that systems of philosophy might be upheld in one age and discarded by another; that the physical and scientific truths received to-day might be disproved to-morrow; but that His Church, founded by Him, was to remain immutable, unchangeable—ever young, ever vigorous, until the last day of this world's existence.

Behold the four great promises which, as we shall see, are distinctly conveyed in Scripture, and which, as we shall also see, are fulfilled in the Holy Roman Catholic Church; and which I assert, upon the evidence of history, upon the evidence of our own senses, of our own reason, and of our own experience are not fulfilled in any one iota of them outside of the Catholic Church. From which I will conclude that if Christ, our Lord, intended that His word should not pass away—that His promises should be fulfilled—that Church alone represents the Divine origin, or foundation, by Christ, in which we find the promises fulfilled to the letter.

First of all, then, the first prophetic promise was unity. The Son of God came down from Heaven; was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. He came down from Heaven. He found this world divided into a thousand different religious sects, each representing not a vestige of truth, but some distinctive form of error. And he found all the philosophers wrangling amongst themselves, and divided on the great questions of the existence of a God, and of the ultimate destiny of the soul of man. He found all the interests of society split up and divided into a thousand various forms—all at opposition, one with another. But He, coming down from Heaven, brought with Him the essential unity which is the essence and the nature of His Godhead, for the first perfection of the Almighty God, in Himself, is essentially and necessarily unity; everything that is perfect is one. The very idea of perfection involves the idea of unity—that is to say, the one point, the one centre around and in which everything of perfection that is, is centred; and that perfection from here and there, concentrates to constitute the Supreme Perfection. Therefore, the Almighty God, who

is infinite perfection, is, also, infinite unity; and when He assumed to have this second relation to our humanity, when coming down from Heaven, he added our nature to His own when he associated God and man. He brought down, in that hour of His incarnation, not only the Infinite perfection of His Divinity, but also the essential unity, by which He is one with the Father. Christ, our Lord, God Incarnate, God and Man, was as much united to the Father by the essential unity of nature as He was, from all eternity, in that Father's bosom upon the throne of the Most High. The fact of His becoming man did not sever, for an instant, or separate, that eternal and infinite unity by which He was united with God—and by which He was God Himself. Nay, more; even as man, He embodied in Himself the principle of unity; for He took our nature—a human soul, a human body, a human intelligence, a human will, human affections—and everything that was man, save and except a human personality. That He never took. Why? Because if He took a human personality, Christ would have been two and not one. He would have been two, viz.:—the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, and the human person whom men beheld upon the earth. But, in order to represent, even in His sacred humanity, the essential principle of unity, He assumed that nature into His Divinity; so that out of the human body, the human soul and God—out of these three was formed the One Person, our Saviour, Christ, and that Person was Divine. He was still One and only One—even though He was God and Man. He united them in One. Every act of His, even though performed in His humanity, was still the act of God; because the Person who assumed the humanity, and who owned it, and who acted in it, was God. Why did He do this? Because, dearly beloved, Christ, our Lord, being God, and infinitely perfect, was essentially One. Now, the design of Christ was to represent upon earth, and to create amongst men the principle of unity of thought unity of mind, unity of heart, which was so perfect in Himself, and which He declared should be represented in His Church. Therefore, it is that He laid upon all mankind the obligation of fraternal charity; for in charity is a golden bond; and hearts are united. Therefore, also, did he impose the obligation of faith; because in faith is an intellectual bond; all minds are united in the union of one belief, of one thought.

And unity—the unity of God—springs up in its representation in that society which is the mystical body of Christ. In consequence of all this, the Son of God, the Saviour, founded His Church, provided for that Church, and promised to her the attribute of unity. For this did He pray the night before He suffered and died. “Oh, Father,” He said, “I pray for these Thou hast given Me that they may be one; and not only for these,” He adds, “but for all who through their word shall believe in Me, that they may be all one as Thou, the Father, and I are one; Thou in Me and I in Thee, so that they also may be one.” And again He said—“There shall be one fold and one Shepherd.”

And now, if passing from the words of faith, we come to reflect with the mere light of reason, does it not stand to reason—is it not absolutely necessary—that if the truth exists, out of that truth must spring unity? If the Word of God be on earth, that word must be eternal truth. And, if truth, it cannot contradict itself. It cannot say yes and no. It cannot to-day preach one thing; to-morrow another. It cannot assert one thing at one time as true, and the opposite at some other time, as equally true. This would be a lie. This would be untruth substituted for truth, and error for the unity of thought which Christ left upon earth. Wherever the truth IS, then there must be unity as a matter of course. The moment divisions arise—the moment one man contradicts another on any subject human or divine—that moment the very fact of this difference of opinion; of this contradiction, involves the presence of error, because one or the other of them must be wrong. They cannot be both right. Dissension and division, therefore, or breaking up into sects, mutual contradiction, is an infallible sign, wherever it appears, of the existence of religious error. I want to impress this upon you; because, in this our age, a strange hallucination has taken possession of men’s minds. Men recognize the simple fact that in any ordinary dealing of life, if two men disagree upon the one question, one of them must be wrong if the other be right. Both may be wrong—either may be wrong—but both cannot be right. But their divergence of opinion—their difference—implies the fact that there is wrong—falsehood—between them. Men who see this in the ordinary dealings of life, men who recognize it so clearly and keenly, as a matter of course will, when it becomes a

question of religion, in which truth or falsehood involves the eternal salvation or damnation of man—then they seem to consider it as a matter of course that there may be diversity of opinion without the existence of religious untruth. They seem to consider that division here—that contradiction here—is a matter of no importance; nay, they even go so far as to say that it is a good thing—an excellent thing. “The more sects we have,” they say, “the more religious we are; the more men’s minds are turned to religion. It is a good thing to have so many different forms of belief, each contradicting the other; because out of that intellectual and religious contest men’s minds are brought to study religion, and they are more filled with the thoughts of their eternal salvation, and of the things of God.” This is the popular error of the day—a most deplorable error! Why? I ask you what is the most popular idea of religion, at all, in our day? Men say, “Oh, the more disputation goes on, and the more difference of opinion there is, and the greater the number of sects, the more men’s minds are turned to religion.” I deny it! I say a man for forty years may study the Scriptures; a man may turn all his attention to the Word of God; but if, during all that lifetime of disputation, of assertion and contradiction, if that man have never reached the truth—if he have never touched the truth—if, all this time, he is disputing about his view, and that view be a distorted and a false one, I deny that that man is approaching to religion. It is an insult to the God of Truth to say that a man who, all his life, is peddling about a lie, is doing homage to the essential unity and truth of God. No! wherever the truth is, unity must be. I do not say that unity is truth, because men may be united even in their belief of a falsehood. Mind, I do not say absolutely that union is truth. But I do say that truth is unity. I do not say that consistency is truth; because persons might be consistent even in a lie. But I do assert that truth is consistency—that is to say that it cannot contradict itself, nor be inconsistent with itself.

Now, I ask you where is the promise of unity fulfilled, except in the Catholic Church? There are two hundred millions of us, scattered all the world over. There are Catholics in every land, speaking every tongue under Heaven. Take any one instructed Catholic—I don’t care of what nation; I don’t care in what clime you find him—take that one instructed

Catholic, question him as to his faith, and in that man you will find the faith of the two hundred millions that are scattered over the world. In the word of that one man you find a unit, the representation of the belief which rests in the mind of every Catholic throughout the world, just as it is spoken by the lips of every other one. I ask you to compare this with the miserable multitude of opinions on the most important subjects that are found outside the Church. Take any one form or denomination of religion—take Protestantism, or any other form of religious belief outside the Catholic Church; have they any assurance, or are they able to give you any assurance that their doctrines of to-day will be the doctrines of next year? No. And the proof lies here—that the doctrines of this year were not the doctrines of twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, for instance, every Episcopalian Protestant in the world believed in the necessity of baptism and baptismal regeneration. Ten years ago the Protestant Church in England declared that baptismal regeneration formed no part whatever of the doctrines of the Church of England. Twenty years ago, every Protestant in the world believed that the matrimonial bond was indissoluble; and they bowed down so far to the Word of Christ that they took their idea of marriage from His Word, which said, “Those that God has joined together let no man attempt to divide.” To-day Protestants all the world over believe in the validity and the lawfulness of divorce, under certain circumstances. What is this but changing? Nay, more; no sooner was the standard of schism raised, three hundred years ago, in the Church, than every single leader of the Protestant movement broke off from his fellow-man, and established a religious sect for himself. Names that were never before heard—“Zuinglians,” “Lutherans,” “Calvinists,” “Antinomians,” “Anabaptists,” and so on; until, in our own day, the last, and the ultimate, and the logical residue of Protestantism has subsided into a form of religion which is “pure Deism;” acknowledges that there is a God; stops there; and asserts that there is no other dogma. Nay, a Protestant Bishop of England, a few years ago, made use of these words—“It is the proudest boast of our Church of England that she has no dogma;” that is to say, no fixed form of opinion. I do not say the words, nor any words, nor do I think in my mind any thought—much less express it—which would be painful or disrespectful to any

man ; but I ask you, my friends, are not these the facts? Are they not there before your eyes? In the Catholic Church any one instructed Catholic, who knows his religion, represents the doctrine of the Church. You never hear of those in the Catholic Church contradicting each other in matters of doctrine or belief. You never hear of strange or unheard of propositions propounded from a Catholic pulpit. You may search the history of eighteen hundred and seventy-two years, and you will find the Catholic Church always preaching, always speaking clearly, emphatically, fearlessly, on every question; never refusing to give an answer, when she is called upon, on any question of faith or morals. After eighteen hundred and seventy-two years, the student of history turns over page after page of historic record, to all the enunciations of the Church, in her Bishops, in her Popes, in her Councils; and nowhere can he find a single instance, or a single line, in which the Church taught a single contradiction to herself, in which the Church ever denied one tittle or iota of her previous doctrine, or ever changed one single feature of her Divine teaching. We therefore are forced to believe that if consistency be a proof of truth, if unity be the soul of truth—the sign of truth wherever it is found—that that consistency and that unity are to be found in the Catholic Church. And I wish to invite your attention, not so much to past times, nor to other lands—for I am now speaking to intelligent men—but in coming to this new country, I have found not only amongst my own countrymen, but I have found in every grade of society, and in every religious denomination that I have met with, I have found a bright, sharp, shrewd and high order of intellectuality, and of intelligence. To that intelligence of America I appeal. I ask you, my friends, if we, Catholics, were to withdraw from amongst you, if every Catholic in America were to leave the land to-morrow, and leave you to yourselves—would not the idea, the very idea, of religious opinion have departed from amongst you? Try to realize to yourselves what it would be, if we were to-morrow to go out from the land, and not leave a single Roman Catholic in America? Would there be a man left in the land that could proclaim his faith, and point to a society of his fellow-men who hold that same faith, in every detail of doctrine which he holds? Not one. There is no unity of thought; much less, intellectual obedience, outside the Catholic Church. But when we enter her glorious

halls, and cross her golden thresholds, oh, how magnificent is the picture of unity that rises before the eyes of our souls! There do we see two hundred millions of men, rich and poor, gentle and simple, intellectual and uneducated, highest and lowest, and forth from these two hundred millions of lips and hearts comes one and the self-same note—the voice of faith and the praise of God. One sacrifice in every land; one word in every country; one testimony to the same faith; and this brought down to us without the slightest contradiction for nearly two thousand years, since the day that Christ arose from the dead. Oh, how magnificent is the image—how splendid the picture of unity that I contemplate, when, passing from the millions, I enter the sanctuary of the holy ones in the order of the hierarchy, the fittest, the brightest representation of the harmony of Heaven? There the monk and the nun, consecrated, fill their own station and their own office. There we ascend from monk and nun, and we find the robed priest on the altar, and the preacher in the pulpit. Above them, again, higher in jurisdiction, in authority, approaching to the same head, we find the Bishops of the Church of God assembled in council, and eight hundred mitred heads taking thought and expressing and testifying to the Church's faith. Higher still we come to another order representing the clergy of Rome—of the city of Rome—the most ancient in the world, and the most honoured—seventy-three Cardinals around the Papal throne—men who have received from the Church of God the extraordinary power to lay their hands on the anointed, and to designate the successor of Peter. Highest of all, seated upon his Pontifical throne, is the representative, the viceroy of God, holding the keys in one hand, holding the rod of jurisdiction in the other, and with one arm governing the whole flock of the Catholic Church, according to the word—"There shall be one fold and one shepherd." Above him—for we must yet lift up our eyes from earth, for he is but a mere man—above him, but near him—standing close to him, upholding him, confirming him in faith, crowning him with the supremacy of the Church, the great Invisible Head whom the eye of Faith alone can behold in Peter and in Peter's successor—the Lord Jesus Christ, the true head, the one great fountain, pastor and ruler of the great Catholic Church. How great is that design, how grand is that order, how beautiful that harmony, how splendid

that gradation from rank to rank, from order to order, from dignity to dignity, until all are concentrated upon one man on earth—because that one man represents the Invisible Head, the Lord Jesus Christ. Behold unity! Behold the reflection of the divinity of God in its ineffable unity, shining forth in the beauty and in the harmony of our Holy Church and our holy religion!

The next promise of Christ was His own abiding presence with this Church. For this He prayed—"Father, let them be one—one, even as Thou and I are one." So also did He say—"I am with you all days, until the consummation of the world." "Take heed," He says; "although I leave you, it will be only for a little time. A little time and you shall not see Me; but after a little time you shall see Me again; for I will not leave you orphans; but I will come to you, and I will remain with you, and abide with you all days, until the consummation of the world!" What did He mean? The man who is outside the Church, and who denies His glorious sacramental and real presence on our altar—that man says—"He only meant that He would remain on earth by the union of grace in every holy soul; that He would remain upon the earth with His elect, guiding them, preserving them from evil;" and so on. But, I ask you, can this be the meaning of the Word of Christ, when He said—"I am with you?" Was He not always with His elect from the beginning? Every man that loves the Lord—that loves God—has God; for God is love. And from the beginning—from the day that Adam repented of his sin—all through the four thousand years before the coming of our Lord—everybody knew that he who loved God was united to God by that charity, so far; and if he meant nothing more than this—than presence by Divine grace—than His abiding presence with His elect—there was no necessity, under Heaven, for Him to say the words—"I am with you all days, until the consummation of the world." It was well understood that He was with them. He, Himself, had said elsewhere—"If any man love Me, the Father will come to him, and I will come to him; and We will take up Our dwelling with him." Where, then, was the necessity of reiterating the promise and putting it in such a formal manner—"I am with you all days, even until the consummation of the world?" Did He confer anything by this

promise more than was given to the men of the old law? Nothing. In the Protestant sense, He gave nothing; because He was already under that dispensation with those that loved Him. He either meant nothing when He said those words, or He meant to indicate some peculiar, some special, some wonderful manner, in which He was to be with His Church. Did He indicate, elsewhere, what the manner of His remaining was to be? Yes. The night before He suffered, He took bread into His holy and venerable hands. He said to His Apostles, "Take and eat ye all of this, for this is My Body." And, taking wine, he breathed upon it, and said, "Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New and Eternal Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Then to the Apostles He said, "That which ye have seen Me do, do ye also in commemoration of Me." And He gave them the power of changing bread and wine into the very substance of His body and His blood. He gave them the power to substantiate Him under the appearance of bread and wine—to substantiate God; and nothing remained but what was necessary to conceal the Redeemer from the eyes of flesh, in order that man might have the merit of faith; because "faith is the argument of things that appear not." Thus did He remain. And if He did not remain thus, then I say He meant nothing—no privilege—no special endowment to His Church—on the day that He promised her that He would remain with her for ever—unto the consummation of the world. Where do we find this presence? Only upon the altars and within the tabernacles of the Catholic Church. Here again I appeal to your own sense and reason. A stranger coming to your land, a stranger from some foreign country, who never heard of the special doctrines of Christianity, goes through the length and breadth of this American land; he enters any temple of religion, and he finds four walls. A church built in a church's form, but he sees no sign of life! There are no adorers there, bowing down to indicate by their adoration the presence of God. There are no lights burning around on the altar; there is no altar, no place of sacrifice! There is no presence there to speak a word to him of God. He may see, perhaps, verses of Scripture written round on the walls. He may see, perhaps, the Ten Commandments lifted up over a table. They may indicate to him the Word of God; but the presence of God he

sees no sign whatever to show. No life is there ; no living thing is there ! He enters a Catholic Church in any one of our cities. The moment he crosses the threshold, the twinkling of the lighted lamp, before the altar, catches his eye. There is motion. At least there is some idea of sacrifice. Something is being actually consumed, or offered, to some unseen power. Who is that power ? Who is it to whom that altar has been built up ? Who is it for whom that place of residence has been prepared ? Who is it ? He turns and he sees some poor old woman, some aged man, or perhaps some Catholic youth bowed down to the earth, making visible and sensible signs, such as men make to God, and to Him alone—as kneeling themselves in adoration, prostrating themselves, and sinking into the nothingness of their own being before the Almighty Being whom they worship. And the thought must be forced upon that stranger's mind—"Here, at least, I have evidence of the presence of a God—a people's God." If, then, that presence be amongst the promises that Christ made to His Church, even to the Pagan and the stranger the fulfilment of this promise is demonstrated only in the Holy Catholic Church.

Here, again, as I admire the unity of her faith, the unity of her worship, the unity of her praise, the unity of her sacramental and liturgical language—here again do I see, rising before me, when I enter into thy walls, O Church of God, the magnificent presence of Jesus Christ ! Oh, what an argument of Divine love for man that God should remain amongst His creatures for ever ! Oh, what an argument for the dignity, the value, the grandeur of our human nature that the Eternal Infinite God should make it His dwelling place to be in the midst of mankind ! Oh, how wonderful the fulfilment here of all those ancient prophecies in which the Lord said—"My delight and My joy is to be amongst the children of men !"

The third promise that Christ made to His Church was, that her voice should be heard in every land, that we should grow amongst the people until the ancient words of the prophet David should be fulfilled—"Unto every land the sound of their voice has gone forth, and their words are heard, even to the farthest ends of the earth." Where is this promise fulfilled ? He called the twelve, and said to them—"My friends, before you lies the whole world. It is made up of many nations, many tribes, and races of men. They are all hostile to you.

They will cast you forth. They will put you to shame, and to all ignominy for My sake. They will put you to death, and consider they have done a good thing. Yet, now I say unto you, go forth amongst them, and preach, and teach all nations of the earth." *Euntes, docentes omnes gentes.* Their mission was to the whole world. No longer was the truth of the presence of God, or the assistance of the sanctity or strength of Divine Grace, to be confined to one nation or to one people. No longer were certain narrow boundaries to restrict the action and the presence of God amongst men. No longer was one nation or tongue, permitted alone to possess the truth! No; but forth were those Twelve to go, unto every land, unto every nation, bringing to them the message that He gave to them: "Go forth," he said, "and teach unity!" Behold the message of truth, "Go forth and baptize them." Behold the message of sacramental grace and sanctity. And, lo, they went forth, and, multiplied by the spiritual generation, they created their own successors by the imposition of hands. Grace was poured abroad from them upon the people, in light and sanctity, within the sanctuary, unto our brethren in power and jurisdiction. And so the Church of God spread herself into every land, and preached the Gospel to every nation. Where is the country that has been able to shut herself out from her? They have built up in their hatred to the truth—they have built up ramparts between them and the Church—ramparts cemented in the blood of martyrs! They have piled up the dead bodies of the slain to defend them from the approach of this great and awful Church of God. Nowhere, amongst the nations, has the Red Sea of martyr's blood been able to withhold or to keep back the holy Jesuit missionary from going into every land and proclaiming the glory of Jesus Christ. Where has the Monk, the majestic, the apostolic man, ever been frightened or turned back because he saw the martyr's crown and the martyr's blood appear together? No; but he has followed in the track of every conqueror! No; but he has launched into the most dangerous and unknown seas! No; but he was of those who were the first companions of the great, the mighty intellect that saw in the far West the glorious vision of the mighty country which he came to discover; and amongst his first companions were the children of St Francis and St Dominic! Amongst the first sights which the Indians of America beheld

was the Dominican habit which you behold upon me here, to-night. The message was preached upon this land. A grain of mustard seed was cast upon every soul. Did it increase? Did it multiply? Yes, everywhere. Where every other sect, where every other religion came, they came to a stand still, and they dwindled away into nothingness. The Catholic Church, to-day, maintains all the vigour, all the strength, all the energy—and commands all the strength, all the energy, all the devotion which were hers in the days when the martyrs stood within the Coliseum of Rome, to testify by their blood to the Faith—just as in the days when Las Casas crossed the Atlantic, and, whilst standing before the King's council in Madrid, pleaded for the cause of liberty, the cause of justice, the cause of liberty to the Indian.

This is acknowledged even by Protestant writers themselves. "It is a singular fact," says the great historian Macaulay, "that, for the last three hundred years (since the day when the nations first separated from the Church of God), the Protestant religion has never made one step in advance; has never made a convert; has never converted a province nor a people. They are to-day (he says) just as they were the day before Luther died." Now, I will add—and, pardon me if I shall endeavour to prove it to you—it has gone back! The Protestant Archbishop of Westminster, whom I once knew as a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, remarked some time ago: "It is a singular fact that the only progress (if you will) that Protestantism has made since the day of its establishment consists in lopping off, on every side, every point of doctrine." For instance; Luther believed in the presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. He never denied it, as you know. Those who came immediately after him, cut off—in fact, denied it virtually. Their successors believed, if not in the sacramental nature, at least in the indissoluble nature of matrimony. This they have cut off in our own day. So, too, with Baptismal Regeneration. They have even denied, on the other side, in our own day, the necessity of a fixed form of belief; to-day that is becoming most unpopular. So that, in truth, the Anglican liturgy is so unpopular that the Athanasian Creed is rejected because it makes a fixed, definite confession of the two great doctrines of Christianity, namely, the doctrine of the Trinity and of the Divinity of the Son of God. Men say

they believe; but there are places in England to-day, where, if the rector or curate read the Athanasian Creed from the pulpit, the best part of the congregation would stand up and walk out. Whence comes this? It comes from this, that the world will not accept Protestantism, unless it be made to mean Latitudinarianism—anything or nothing. The world, then, that refuses to accept Protestantism, unless on condition of denying everything, stands before the Catholic Church, as it has stood for eighteen hundred years; and to that world this great Church of God will not, because she cannot, yield or sacrifice one single iota of her doctrine—one single word of that message of truth which the God of Truth has put into her hands—into her hands and into her soul. One would imagine, therefore, that this Catholic Church of ours should not be able to stand at all—accused of so many things that are not true, accused of so many things that are false—accused of so many things that are true; among them that she is exclusive; perfectly true that she has no mercy upon any one who ventures to disagree with her in any article of Faith, but cuts him off—excises him, says “Anathema,” “let him be cut off; let him be accursed.” Perfectly true; as true as that the discipline of the Catholic Church is accused of having an iron rule, moulding every intellect in one mould in matters pertaining to religion. Perfectly true. The Catholic Church is accused of desiring to intermeddle with education, to draw, as much as she can, the education of children into her own hands, and to master the conscience of her people into her own hands. Perfectly true, perfectly true. “Guilty, guilty, my lords!” It is true; there is no gainsaying it. Why does the Catholic Church do this? Because she happens to have the truth of Christ. Instead of paring down that truth to bring it to a level—as has happened to the English Church to-day—she holds men up to her doctrine by the hair of the head, and draws them up to that divine truth which she cannot change; and which you cannot change—for you must admit it. The Catholic Church is charged with striving to control education. It is true, because “the child is father to the man;” and it is her duty to make her men men of God. She begins with the child, to make them children of God; and she must begin in childhood; if she does not she never can make a religious man. The Catholic Church is accused of moulding intellects and consciences into

one mould, drawing everything, as it were, into one groove. Yes, that one mould, that one groove, is the divine truth of Christ. You don't wish to fit into it unless you are made conformable to the Son of God in the possession of the truth, which is one, in the possession of grace, in admitting the restraints that are necessary to sanctify and sweeten your lives; unless you are made thus conformable to the image of the Son of God, you will not have part or fellowship with Him, in the glory of the Kingdom of His Father. The Church does this because she cannot help it.

Then the Church is accused of many things that are false; she is accused, for instance, of being the enemy of education; and, strange to say, I have heard—more than once—in England this accusation made to myself against the Church. And I have heard the same men, within five minutes, charge the Catholic Church with being too grasping; with having too much to say about education; talking too much about it; making too much fuss about it; and, within the same five minutes, charging her with being the enemy of all education. The Catholic Church is accused of favouring ignorance, in order that she may keep her hold upon her people. You know that is false. The Catholic Church knows well that her greatest enemy, without her, is the ignorance of the world that refuses to look at her; that the greatest difficulty within her is the ignorance of her own—the uneducated portion of her children. The greatest difficulty without the Church is not the intelligence of the world. No; from the highly educated, from the highly accomplished Protestant, the Catholic Church gets the generous tribute which history bears to her. There is not a Catholic writer that has paid, over and over, such generous homage to the glory of the Catholic Church as she has received from the highest Protestant writers—that is to say, men of the highest cultivation and the highest intelligence. The opposition that she receives—the hatred she encounters exists in the enmity, the ignorance of those who are within her sanctuary, within her own pale. Her educated children, in proportion as they are educated—in proportion as they receive knowledge and rise to the fulness of intellectual excellence—in the same proportion does the Church lean upon them—appeal to them—take a firm hold of them; in precisely the same proportion are they the grand defenders and missionaries

of their Holy Mother. And the highly educated Catholic is always the best Catholic. The more he knows, the more will he prize and love that Church in which he lives. The more he knows the more he is fitted to enter into the field of intellectual strife, and to do battle for the Faith of the Holy Catholic Church in which he lives.

The Catholic Church is accused of being the enemy of progress? Now, I would like to know what this means. I believe that many men, in this day of ours, speak of progress, and they actually do not know what it means. Does it mean railroads? Well, certainly, yes; railroads are a sort of progress. Thirty or forty miles an hour is certainly a more rapid form of advance than travelling along at the rate of seven or eight. Does progress mean electric telegraphs? Cotton mills? Steamships? Why, what has the Catholic Church to say to these things? I hear men talking of the Catholic Church as the enemy of progress; and the only thing these men mean by progress is the making of a sewing machine or something of that kind. What has the Catholic Church to say to these things? Why, she is very much obliged to the world for them; she is very much obliged to the men who build railroads, make locomotives—to the men who will build a line of steamships. Why, these men will bring her Bishops to Rome to take counsel with the Pope; and will send them home again. They will take advantage of the electric telegraph. Why, these wires flashed to the very ends of the earth the decisions of the Vatican Council; and every man was brought into communion with that instantiety of thought which is in the unanimity, and a necessity, of Catholicity. So that to say that the Catholic Church is opposed to progress, is a lie. But there is another kind of progress; and the Catholic Church is opposed to it. God is opposed to it. What is it? It is progress of an intellectual kind. It is progress that involves that diabolical “spiritualism”—dealings with spirits, whether good or bad—the superstition that arises from it; and the progress that results in what is called the doctrine of “free love;” the progress that unsexes the woman; that sends her into dissecting rooms and such unwomanly places, and there debauches her mind, whilst she is said to be in the pursuit of knowledge. The progress that asserts that children are to be brought up, from their earliest infancy, in such independence that they are allowed

to give the lie to their father or their mother. The progress that would assert that politics is a game that men are to enter into for their own private aggrandizement and wealth. The progress that would assert that, in commercial intercourse, a man may do a "smart thing," although there may be a little tinge of roguery or injury to a neighbour in it. The progress that would assert that every man is free to think as he likes on every subject. All this the Church is opposed to. For, if the Church were not able to speak to you—to lay hold of you with bit and bridle—bind fast the jaws of this society, in this age of ours—if the Church were not in the midst of you, with the monk and the nun, whose consecration never changes, whose obligation never changes, from age to age, from the cradle to the grave—where would you be? Where would you be if this strong conservative power of the Church of God were not in the midst of you? Society would long since have been broken up—reduced to its original elements of chaos, of confusion, and of sin.

The fourth promise made to the Church was that she was to last for ever. "I have built My Church upon a rock," He said; "and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it. I am with you until the end of the world. I will send my Spirit to breathe upon you, to lead you into all truth, and abide with you for ever." Everything else may perish; the Catholic Church must remain, as she was from the beginning, as she is now, and as she shall be unto the end. The Catholic Church must remain the same. We Catholics know this; it is an instinct with us. We know that the Catholic Church can never be in danger. We deplore the calamities of this age; for instance, when we see the Pope persecuted, and we grieve when we see him robbed of that which the nations conferred upon him. We grieve when we see poverty, misery, or oppression; we grieve when we hear of a persecution in China or Japan, and that a score of Jesuits or other missionaries have been slaughtered or sent to prison. We grieve for a thousand things like these; but who was ever tempted to think that the Church was in danger, or that anything could happen to her? And we know that everything else may perish; but we know that she must remain: we have the evidence of it in her history. She may perish in this nation or in that; but she springs up, by the inevitable destiny of her being, to new life elsewhere.

She perished many centuries ago, in the very cradle in which she was founded—in Palestine—in the Oriental countries ; but she took possession of Western Europe. She seems, now, to be persecuted—even, perhaps, unto perishing—in some of the most ancient Catholic nations of Europe.

Spain and Italy are in danger. If they fail the loss will be theirs, not the Church's. And by so much as the Church loses in one land she gains in another. And whilst we behold the Bishops persecuted, the Priests driven out, the Churches tottering into ruins, in the fair cities of Italy, we behold across the Western wave, in this new land of America, Catholicity springing up side by side with the great material development of the mighty land—Catholicity the only power in the land ; the only religion in the country that keeps up, stride by stride, pace by pace with the mighty material development of young America. Twenty years ago there was, in this Hudson county, but one little Catholic Chapel ; to-day there are nineteen Catholic Churches—of what form—what magnificence—look round and see. What does this mean ? It means that, where a nation is faithless, Almighty God permits His curse to fall upon that nation in the day when she drives out her Catholic faith from her. But, so sure as that pilgrim of God is driven from one society, so sure does Almighty God send down on another people and another race the grace to open their hearts and their arms to the Church. His spouse, that wanders upon the earth with truth upon her lip ; that walks upon the earth, a thing of supreme and celestial beauty, destined to go forth and to conquer until the end of time. And so must she remain for ever ; ever growing in their devotion ; ever renewing, like the eagle, from day to day, her divinely infused strength and power ; ever testing every system of philosophy ; ever denouncing every form of error ; ever proclaiming every form of law ; and laboriously and patiently—the *Alma Mater*, bringing out with skilful and patient hand in the confessional, on her altar in all the influences of the Sacraments—bringing out, in every individual soul that she touches, the Divine and God-like image of Christ.

Such do we behold thee—such do I see thee, O royal mother ! even as Paul, at Tarsus, beheld—thee whom Christ loved and for whom He laid down His life, that He might present thee to Himself, a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any

Such thing, but holy and perfect in her sanctity. Such do I behold thee, as the prophet beheld thee when he said: "Thou was made of exceeding beauty, and thou was made of perfect beauty; because of thy beauty which I behold in thee, saith the Lord." As such do I recognize thee, O mother, who hast begotten me by the simple Act of Christ. As such do I recognize thee, O mighty influence, sanctifying all that thou dost approach. As such do I behold thee, with all the brightest intelligences of the world, in times past and in times present, bowing down before thy altars, and accepting thy message of Divine truth. As such do I see thee, when, turning from the past, I look into the future, and behold thee, with a crown of supreme and celestial beauty, shining in the unity of thy faith, and resplendent in the glory of thy sanctity; the crowning blessing of this glorious western land, that, in these later days of the world's existence, will put forth all her strength and all her intelligence to uphold the glory of Christ, and of His Church.

“THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE IMAGE OF GOD.”

“I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.”

THESE words are found in the Book of Psalms. First of all, dearly beloved brethren, remember that the man who spoke those words is declared in the Scriptures to be “a man after God’s own heart.” He had his failings, like other men. God permitted him to fall into great sins ; and great was the penance with which he paid for his sins. But, in spite of his failings, in spite of his sins, he was still declared to be “the man after God’s own heart,” because his zeal for the House of God, and for the glory of the dwelling-place of the Lord, devoured him. Why do I say that it was in this especially that the royal prophet was a man after God’s own heart? Because I find that when God Himself became man, the virtue, beyond all others, that shone forth in Him—flashing from Him like the lightning of His Divinity—was zeal for His Father’s House, for its beauty and its grandeur. And the only time when the angry God shone forth in the person of Jesus Christ—the Redeemer, the God of mercy—was when He found them defiling His Father’s House, and with His own hands He scourged them from the holy place.

Observe, secondly, beloved brethren, that, although the prophet of Israel declared that he loved the beauty of the House of the Lord, he spoke not of the Temple of Jerusalem. It was not yet in existence ; not a stone was yet laid upon a stone in the house which David’s own son, Solomon, erected. Therefore, when the prophet exclaimed, “I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth,” nothing remains but to conclude that, when the prophet spoke, the Almighty God had lifted up the veil of the future, and, appearing before his prophetic eye, revealed to him the glories of that Church which was to come, and which was founded on the Prophets and the Apostles, the great corner stone being Jesus Christ Himself—that Church of which

the Apostle said—"Christ our Lord loved the Church and gave Himself for her, laid down His life for her, that He might make her in all things perfect and worthy of Himself, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing;" but a glorious Church—that Church in which the inspired one in the Apocalypse said—"Behold the Tabernacle of God with man. He shall dwell in the midst of them. They shall be His people, and He the Lord their God." What Church is this? It is the only and the one Church, of which Christ, our Lord, the Son of God, is the Divine Architect. "Wisdom had built unto herself a house," says the inspired writer, "and carved out seven columns." Faith is to be there supporting the atrium over the Altar of God; prudence, justice, wisdom, fortitude, and the inestimable treasure of all others adorning and beautifying the dwelling-place of God with man—charity. Oh! it was this beauty which captivated the heart of Israel's prophet king; it was this beauty which Christ Himself set upon the brows of His Church as a crown of unfading, imperishable splendour. Thus the prophet eye, turning from Jerusalem, and from his home, entered into the future of time, and into the designs of God; and he exclaims—"Oh! how fair are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! I have loved the beauty of Thy House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

Now, first of all, my brethren, let me congratulate you that you are here to-day. If David was pronounced "a man after God's own heart" because he was zealous for the beauty of the House of God, may I ask you, my friends, what has brought you here to-day with love in your hearts and eyes, and with gifts in your hands, if not that self-same zeal and desire and love for the splendour and the beauty of God's dwelling-house which filled the heart of the prophet, and, in spite of his defects and his sins, still made him the man conformable to the heart of God? It is the sign of predestination—the sign that God intends and proposes to raise that man to a high place in Heaven, and to carve for him a tabernacle of peculiar glory—when He pours into a man's heart on this earth a lively and anxious zeal for the honour and beauty of the House of God.

Again, let us consider what was that beauty which captivated David's heart. What was that glory which he was loving when he made that exclamation which I have quoted in

my text? Was it a mere material beauty? Oh, no. It was not the beauty of the material edifice only; it was the spiritual, divine, Heavenly beauty which he saw in the Catholic Church, in that she is the image of God. You saw that it was published amongst you that this was to be the purport of my salutation to you this morning—"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS THE IMAGE OF GOD." There are certain pretensions about this that would be altogether blasphemous if they were not Divine. There are certain words which can be uttered with truth only by the lips of God; and upon any other lips they are rank blasphemy. Now, in the world of this our day—the intellectual world—the learned society world is stupefied and amazed when the Catholic Church comes forward with what to them appear such outrageous and absurd pretensions. She says—"I alone have salvation." Men say—"She blasphemes; salvation is only from God." She comes forward and says—"I alone, of all human institutions, of all things upon this earth, am imperishable, immortal and eternal." And men cry out—"She blasphemes—this Catholic Church—for God alone is imperishable, immortal and eternal." Well, my friends, if the Catholic Church were not the image of God; if she were not Divine in her origin; if she were not altogether supernatural in her institutions and in her life, these pretensions would be blasphemy; these words of her's would be impiety. So it was with her Divine Founder. When He said—"I am the Light of the world. Come to Me whilst the light is shining amongst you"—that word would be blasphemy, only He was God who said it. When He said—"Without Me ye can do nothing. Unless you believe in Me you shall be lost for ever, and die in your sins"—that word would be blasphemy, only it was the Son of God who spoke it. And when He said—"You cannot destroy Me. You may destroy the temple of this body, if I permit you; but in three days I will rise from the grave, imperishable, immortal, never to die or see death again"—that word would be blasphemy, only He who spoke it was the Son of God. So these pretensions of the Catholic Church, these words she speaks, would be blasphemy on any other lips. But is she Divine? does she come from Heaven? does she come to us from God? does she bear His image?

When we approach the sublime truth—that the Catholic Church is the image of God—it is necessary for us first to

contemplate that God is, as revealed in Jesus Christ, our Lord. The Apostle, speaking of our blessed Saviour, calls Him the image of God—"Christ Jesus, who is the image of God—*Christus qui est imago Dei*." If we contemplate our Divine Redeemer in the height of Heaven before His Incarnation, we behold Him the image of the Father who begot Him, the very figure of that Father's substance and the splendour of His glory; we behold Him equal to the Father in nature, in eternity, in power, in every attribute of God. For He was the uncreated Word of God; and, being the Word of God, He was in Heaven the very essence of truth. Being God—"true God of true God"—He was the quintessence of sanctity; being equal to the Father in Divine nature and in essence, He was, like the Father, eternal, He came down from Heaven to earth, this infinite, eternal God—and became the child of a human mother, and took her nature and her flesh, and lived amongst us. He conversed with us; and He died at our hands—the Lord Jesus Christ. O, great Son of God! my Creator! my Redeemer! my only hope! give me words to sound Thy praises! He brought from Heaven all that He was in Heaven. He was God in Heaven; He was God upon the earth. He was essential truth in Heaven; He was essential truth upon the earth. He was infinite sanctity in Heaven; He was infinite sanctity upon the earth. He was, in Heaven, the principle of the life that could never die; so, coming to earth, He asserted His immortality in the glory of His resurrection; having passed through the gates of death, He rose again, never again to die. Thus do we behold Him, the Word uncreated in Heaven, the Word made flesh upon the earth; but still the same—the image of God.

Now, mark that, in His coming, in the fulness of His divinity, in the greatness of His truth, in the power of His sanctity, and in the privilege of immortality, Christ our Lord remedied upon this earth the great evils of the sin of man. God created man without sin. "He made him right," says Ecclesiastes. He created man without sin, and conferred upon our first parents four magnificent privileges. The first of these was that He gave to man the enjoyment of the presence of God. Thus we see that, before Adam fell, Almighty God was accustomed to come down from Heaven in some wonderful, mysterious form of rapturous beauty, to appear before His

newly-made creature, man, and to converse with him familiarly as they walked through the shades and groves of Eden. Secondly, He conferred upon unfallen man the light of knowledge and of wisdom. All wisdom He gave him—a comprehensive intellect, informed by the highest knowledge of the things of earth, but still more of the things of Heaven. Thirdly, He gave to unfallen man the privilege of sanctity and purity of heart, bravery, strength of affections, nobility of impulses, generosity of sentiment, and thus, also, He made him the image of God. Fourthly, and lastly, He gave to man immortality that never was to see death; for man, once created, was designed, without tasting the bitterness of death, to enjoy the participation of eternity with the God that made him. Now, these were the four things which God gave to man, and in which He made man, before his sin, the fair image of Himself; and these are precisely the four things which, lost to man by the sin of Adam, are restored to us again by our Lord Jesus Christ in His Incarnation. First of all, man lost the presence of God. God came, in an angry moment, after his great sin. He spoke—Ah! no longer in the sweet tones that were once heard falling like music on the ears of the unfallen man; but, like the voice of angry thunder muttering in the sky, he heard—“Adam, where art thou? Come forth. Cursed art thou, and the earth in thy work this day!” Then God departed into the high Heavens; and for four thousand years His voice was never heard again upon the earth. Man lost the gift of high knowledge. “Truth has diminished amongst the children of men,” says the Psalmist. And we know that one of the terrible effects of sin was the darkening of the human nature and intellect. No longer was it comprehensive, no longer intuitive, no longer quick in its scientific glance. He must now labour; the student must now labour all his years in trying to discover a few natural or a few supernatural truths, that he may be saved, because truth alone can save the soul of man. By degrees, in the course of time, the very idea of God perished out of the minds of men, and they adored the basest things. They deified their passions and their own vices, and they bowed down before them, and gradually they lost God. By sin, Adam not only lost the presence and knowledge of God, but he lost the Divine grace of God that was in his soul. No longer did that soul look up, like an

unspotted mirror, to throw back in all its clearness and freshness the outline of the glorious figure of Almighty God, who stamped Himself—an image of Himself—on the soul of man. Oh no, but, shattered as into a thousand pieces, it broke, like a broken mirror, into a thousand reflections of all things around; the reflection of sin and of shame; the reflection of every form of misery and confusion. The image of God was no longer seen; the likeness of God was no longer reflected in that soul and face. His only desire was to take a form of being grovelling and seeking for the things of this earth, as if he was created for them; debasing and dishonouring the soul that God had made for Himself in Heaven. Finally, by disobedience sin came into this world; and by sin, death. Man lost his immortality; he was no longer immortal. Death came—the angel, commissioned by the Almighty God—by the word he received from God, which was: “This race I created having sinned, go thou in amongst them. Strike them down of all ages. Let no man escape—no, not even My Divine Son, Himself, when He becomes Man; for it is decreed for all men once to die.” This is the fourth tremendous loss.

Now, mark what Christ our Lord restored. First of all, He brought to us that God who had fled, in His anger, into the recesses of His own infinite holiness, in order that He might not see the crimes of men. He brought from Heaven with Him, in the hour of His Incarnation, the fullness of His divinity corporally. He brought with Him the voice that spoke to Adam in the groves of Eden. He brought with Him the power that created Adam from nothing, the sanctity that filled Heaven and the earth. And that voice of God was heard amongst men—no longer, as on the summit of Sinai, in the rolling and sweeping thunder, striking terror into every heart; no longer as heard by the prophet on the mountain-top, preceded by the earthquake and the storm of fire; but He came, the Virgin’s child, full of sweetness: and as the last word the Father had said in His anger was—“Cursed be the earth,” so, the first public word, that Jesus Christ spoke was the word, “Blessed are ye, O, ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven.” He brought with Him, moreover, the knowledge of God—the divine knowledge that, springing from Heaven and from earth, was a certain knowledge, not admitting of any doubt or any dispute—coming home to the intelligence upon

the authority of God that cannot err; unchanged and unchangeable; that is never to contradict itself, never to deny a single utterance—the knowledge supreme, never to permit of contradiction, never to allow any form of error to exist for an instant in its presence. Such was the knowledge He brought who said to all men: “You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” He brought with Him the sanctity of God, His own infinite sanctity, to pour out from Him like a mystic fountain “unto the cleansing of the sinner and the unclean.” He said to the Magdalen who fell at His feet, “Arise, O woman, thy sins are forgiven thee.” He let out His own infinite purity and sanctity, so that she arose at the sound of His words as pure as an Archangel of God. He said to the paralytic man: “Be of good cheer, my son; thy sins are forgiven thee;” and at the sound of His voice the cerements of sin burst; the vile load of sin was removed from him, and he was in newness of life. Thus we see the great truth that when our Divine Lord and Master made atonement for the sins of man in general, upon the Cross of Calvary, paying the price due for our sins, that He went into detail, teaching, as well as dealing with their sins individually and personally, unto their cleansing and absolution.

Finally, He brought back to man the immortality that man had lost, not, indeed, by dispensing with that law of death to which He Himself conformed, but by lifting up our hopes, and giving that immortality beyond the grave which is the inheritance of the true believer in Jesus Christ. He said that “He that believeth shall be saved. He that believeth in Me, and letteth Me live in him, the same will I raise up at the last day.”

Now we come to the great question—“How did Christ our Lord perpetuate all these amongst men?” He came to give all these to men. We know no man can dispute it. If there be any here that are not Catholics I have not yet said a single word that one of them can contradict. It is common to all who believe in Christ to say that He was the Son of God, and came down from Heaven and brought the truth and His own sanctity, and came restoring to man the immortality of everlasting glory and life eternal in Heaven. But the Scriptures tell us of Christ, that what He came to do

1800 years ago, the same He was to continue unto the end of time. Wherefore the Apostle saith that "Jesus Christ, the anointed Saviour—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" as necessary now, in this nineteenth century, as He was in the first century. He is still the only Saviour, "the only name under Heaven by which we can be saved;" the only source of salvation. He is as necessary for us, in His presence, in His truth, in His sanctity, in His immortality, as He was unto the people of Jerusalem eighteen hundred and seventy years ago. Did He remain? Of all the most important questions it is the most important, did He remain, or did He leave us as we were before? Did He, on that Day of Ascension, withdraw Himself from us so that no man can hear His voice audible as at first to us in His well-known accents of sympathy for our sufferings, as we kneel down at His feet, to hear that Saviour's word? Did He depart, or did He remain? He Himself tells us emphatically: "I will abide with you; I will be with you all days, unto the consummation of the world." If we ask Him for what purpose? He answers, and says: "I am to be with you in order that My truth may remain unchanged and unchangeable; in order that My sanctity may remain, and My embodiment unto the cleansing of the sinner and the unclean; that where sin abounded grace may still more abound." Christ came down, in order that all men may have light and have it more abundantly. And so He will remain; He will remain with you all days until the consummation of the world. Lest men might doubt a vague promise and think that He would remain only as an influence, as a presiding agency in a kind of spiritual communion by which we were able on the wings of prayer to soar aloft to Him—(we hear men again and again saying this,)—the Eternal God, on the night before He suffered, took the elements of life, bread and wine, and by a solemn and most explicit word He changed the bread and wine into Himself. Himself: God and Man. The Eternal Father is in the Son of the Virgin again;—all that He had as God, all that He had as Man; all that must come from Him by the union of the two natures in one person. He said—"This is My Body; this is My Blood; all that I am; all that I have been. Do ye this unto the end of time." And, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood shall have life eternal: and I will raise Him up on the last day." He specified, He

defined, He localized His presence. No doubt or cavil about it. Never, for fifteen hundred years, did the Church He founded express a doubt as to that presence; but all men, believing in the name of Christ, adored Him, present on the altar, for fifteen hundred years; until, three hundred years ago, a man who once himself adored—a man who had been for years a sacrificing priest upon the altar—came and said: “Christ is not here;” and the nations had the misfortune to believe him. Christ said He would remain; and He expressed moreover not only that abiding presence in the Eucharist, but also declared He would remain as a guiding influence in the Church, which she was ever ready to follow, and which she never could escape. He said: “I will build My Church upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her; I will send My spirit of truth upon her to lead her into all truth; to keep her in the truth, and to remain with her all days unto the consummation of the world.” And all this He said before He told them to go and teach the nations. Then He said after this promise: “Receive ye the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth.” Then He gave them His commission, “Go, teach all the nations, baptizing in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” Why did He give this promise to them? Why did He so emphatically teach the truth and the fulness of truth, that he would never leave them, and that the gates of hell—that is the spirit of error—should never prevail against them. Why did He say this? Because He knew well that unless they were able to connect this commission with His presence and His spirit and His name, no man of sense from end to end of the earth, would be obliged to believe them. Not a word! Peter, you may preach to me; Paul, you may write to me; Matthew and John, you may evangelize me; I will never believe one word you say. Oh! Peter and Paul; Oh! Matthew and John, until you first are able to prove to me that the God I adore is with you, with His spirit of truth, unchanging, unfailing, in the midst of you for ever, I cannot conceal my astonishment, my friends, that men bow down and believe the Gospel; believe its teachings; and yet calmly declare that there is no infallible guide upon this earth to teach man the truth. I would rather live and die an infidel, in honour of my humanity, in honour of my reason. It would be more honourable in me, at least, to live and die an avowed

infidel than to demean my intelligence, stultify my reason, and say I believe that, without being able to assign the infallible authority upon which it comes to me. And there is no infallible authority upon this earth save and except the Catholic Church. She comes with her proof from God. If she had not that proof, her words would be rank blasphemy, as her enemies assert.

Thirdly, He remains in her, not only that His truth, silent, bright, divine, should shine for ever in the intelligence of man, but also that His Divine Grace might find its way to our souls, to cleanse us from our sins, and preserve us in our purity, and strengthen us in our weakness, and crown our virtues with the Christian grace of final perseverance unto death. How did He effect this? He said to His Apostles and to His Church: "You go now to preach the Gospel. I have given My power and My authority to you; you are to do it in My name, in My promised presence; for My Spirit is with you." That is not enough. "You are going to preach to sinners, to men who still have their weaknesses. Go and preach not only as a source of illumination, but also as a powerful remedy against their spiritual foes and against the power of temptation; as a cleansing influence upon the impurity of man's fallen nature." Therefore I say to you—"As the Father sent Me, so do I send you; all power in heaven and on the earth is given to Me by the Father; I give you also all power in heaven and upon earth. Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins ye loose upon earth are loosed in heaven; whose sins ye retain on earth are retained in heaven, and between Me and the sinner; stand in My person; stand in My commission, and in My strength; and say unto the sinner, unto the end of time, what I said to the Magdalen; 'Arise, go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.'" And in this Divine commission He sanctioned His own presence in the Church of God, not only as the source of light but also as the source of Divine cleansing and grace. Therefore He said to His Apostles: "You are the light of the world;" but He added: "You are the salt of the earth."

Finally, He remained in His Church, conferring upon her not only His own Divine presence on the altar; not only His truth on her lips; not only His flowing graces in her hands; but He remained with His Church, conferring upon her the privilege and the attributes of eternity. The Church of Life

can never die ! Can never die ! Kingdoms may break up ; empires may dissolve ; systems of philosophy may crumble and fall to pieces ; principles, received as the first principles of science, may be disproved ; but there is one institution, one power, one system of knowledge, one champion and teacher in the world that can never change or die, and it is the Catholic Church. Why ? Because Jesus Christ founded it, and declared that it should continue unto the consummation of the world. "The heavens shall pass away, but My word shall never pass away ; and My word is that I shall be with My Church unto the consummation of the world."

Behold, dearly beloved, the beauties that the prophet saw and loved. He saw them not in Jerusalem ; the altar and Temple of Jerusalem had only the offering of the "Holocaust ;" the whole-burnt oblation was offered, and the blood of animals was poured out as a peace-offering and as a sin-offering. The altar of the Catholic Church immolates another victim ; perpetuates another and more glorious sacrifice. God Himself is offered to God. Christ once more renews, in a different form, the action of Calvary unto the obtaining of all blessings and all graces, for His people. David saw not the beauty of the sanctuary of Jerusalem ; for the law made no man perfect ; the sacrifices of the law gave no man the assurance of pardon. But in the Catholic Church the priest, in the tribunal of Penance, says : "I absolve thee, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Not in my name, not in my person, but by the power which Christ has given to me, I absolve thee ; and the penitent, sorry for his sin, knows that that word, though it comes to him from the lips of a priest, comes from Jesus Christ as if He Himself had spoken and breathed over him as over the Magdalen in the day of her repentance.

And now, my friends, not only does the Church possess all these beauties as she dwells on that spiritual foundation which Christ our Lord made for her ; "but she is founded upon the Prophets and the Apostles," says the Apostle ; and Christ says—"I will place thee, oh Cephas ; I will make thee a rock, and upon that rock I will build My Church." Peter, indeed, may be the foundation-stone, but Christ is more so. And, just as the foundation-stone here is imbedded, and laid into the strong supporting masonry under it, so that it can never move, never sink ;—no declining out of a perfect rectangle, on account

of the solidity of the base upon which it rests—so the Lord said to Peter—“Thou art a rock.” He meant to say Peter should be a foundation-stone; but still the Lord Himself, coming in His unseen power of truth and sanctity, was to be the solid bed on which Peter was to be imbedded, and on which the Church was to be built up. I say all these duties, all these privileges remain with the Catholic Church everywhere. She endeavours to bring them forward always. Not only by the voice of her preachers; not only by the action of her priests upon the altar and in the tribunal of Penance, but she brings them forward and puts them before the world, that no man may be ignorant of them. She is constantly preaching and saying to the nations—“I come from God; God is with me; I am the truth, because God is with me; and God has His Israel. I am able to purify, because I have the pure Divine grace which is instrumental in conferring immortality. I alone am immortal.” She not only preaches this, in order that all men may know it and be saved, but she endeavours to embody all this beauty she proclaims, even in her material buildings. Every stone in the sacred house of God; every rock that is imbedded here, has, in the perfection and in the symmetry still of its beauty, a living sermon, telling the people—“Here is the house of God; the tabernacle of God with men; here is the home of truth, where no man can ever hear error; here is the fountain of sanctity, welling forth unto the cleansing of the unclean sinner; here is life for the dead; here is the Lord of the resurrection, Jesus Christ.”

You are come together here, to-day, to lay that foundation-stone and rock with joy, full of zeal for the house of God; full of hope that some day there your eyes may feast while they feed upon its consummate beauty. Upon this I congratulate you. But think how great is the task and noble work that God has given you to perform. When David was making preparations for the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, he said—“The work indeed is great, for it is no house for man, but for God.” If he said that, how much more truly may you say it? First of all, the Catholic Church has compressed, as it were, all her privileges in these walls; the mystery of the Incarnation is perpetuated within these walls. Yes, yes! The walls and the altar will stand here, and the tabernacle will be reared, and beneath the Cross, within its golden gates here to

linger, God, the Eternal God, will dwell as really, and truly, and substantially as He dwells upon the Father's right hand, in His glory in Heaven. Not a house for man but for God; not a house for prayer only, but for the presence of God; not a house of sanctification only, but for God, the author of sanctity. Here will He dwell, because we listen and hear, "Behold the Tabernacle of God with men! He shall be in the midst of them; they shall be His people; He shall be their God." Oh! what can I say of this Divine Presence hovering over that altar, divinely invoked by the voice of the priest; hovering while God moves the hearers, and shakes the hills and the mountains to their bases. "The mountains," saith the prophet, "shall bow down, and the hills be shaken before the glory of Thy eternity." At the voice of the priest sounding upon this altar all heaven will be in commotion; the Eternal God will rise upon His throne, and with the swiftness of thought take His way to earth on the wings of His own Divine promise to be her altar personally. Every angel and archangel will start on his throne to give glory or accompany in adoration, and veneration, and love. No day without the beauty of His presence. Here will He remain that the afflicted may be consoled in body and mind; that the penitent may be absolved by Him; that the young child may receive at his baptism life through Him; that the aged and dying may receive their last strength and food from Him. Here will He remain, even when you are thoughtless and forgetful of Him, ever living to make intercession and to scatter His graces. There was this neighbourhood; yesterday, like any other place of man's dwelling. The sanctity of the domestic home was here; the administration of human law, admirably carried out, was here. But when this church is built, and this altar is erected, I shall be able to add that the Eternal God is here. As different, therefore, as Heaven is from earth, must this place be from the moment you have built your Father's house, and raised up a tabernacle and altar for Jesus Christ. As different as a throne in Heaven is from the loneliest place of earth, when this place shall be honoured, and God comes and takes his dwelling amongst you.

How will the Church proclaim His presence? Oh, my friends, by the solemn and distinctive beauty of its architecture. The most casual observer the most ordinary passer-by, will

look upon the dwellings of men and say, there dwells a man of distinction. He will say that is a hall of justice or of legislation. He will say again, there dwells a counsellor of men; and the moment he comes within sight of these Gothic walls, he will see the cruciform building and the pointed arch, in the window a painting of Heaven, the tower resting upon its massive buttresses, lifting to the clouds the sign, the mystic sign of the Cross. The moment he sees this, he stands and says—"There dwells God." The truth of the Church will be upon its summit, for its steeple will bear the sign of the Cross, the sign of the unfailing truth of God. Within these walls the Word that will be preached unto the end of time will be not the word of man, but of God. I may not come in here to-day and preach the word of man. I may not give you my own word, I may not give you my own opinions. I am responsible to the Church represented here; to the Church of God I am responsible for every single word that falls from my lips, because she will permit me only to preach as long as I preach the truth of Jesus Christ, received from Him. What follows from this? If you were not Catholics, if you were of any other form of religion, I might try to use whatever powers of persuasion God has given me to lead you into my opinions and form of belief. I might propound to you the falsest principles of so-called philosophy, and surround it with such beauty of imagery and language as to make you believe it, and so might exercise over you the greatest tyranny that one man can exercise over another. But you are saved from that. If, on this platform, on this matter, I should utter a single word which the Church of God doth not teach, there is not a man here amongst you who would not say, "Out with him; he is a heretic, he no longer teaches the Word of God." In the Catholic Church, therefore, you are freed from my persuasiveness, and from any powers that I might exercise over you. Now, in the Church's freedom you stand, for He said—"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That truth shall resound within these walls, not by our words, but by the word that comes from the mouth of God. God selected as the place of His nativity "the house of bread"—Bethlehem, the house of bread; and the bread sent down from Heaven, which the angels eat, shall be in this house, where that very bread shall be broken. "Not by bread alone does

every man live, but in every word that cometh from the mouth of God."

More than this. The Church will represent to you, even in this material form, the sanctity of God. Everything about it speaks to you of Christ, and of Him alone. Everything, understand me well. This will be the house of Jesus Christ, and of Him alone. You may see the Virgin Mary painted upon the wall, or standing, in the beauty of statuary, within a niche. She will speak to you of her Divine Son, and of Him alone. Why is she there? Because she had the honour of being the mother of Jesus Christ, the King. You will see the Confessionals in their place; they will speak to you of Him, and Him alone. The priest enters into them in the presence of his Lord and of his Master. All tends to one point—that you may be worthy to receive Jesus Christ. The baptismal font in the baptistry will speak to you of Him, and Him alone. There you will see the child of sin, the child of the curse, the inheritor of the fallen nature, submitted to the Sacrament—the sprinkling of a few drops of water, and the words of the Son of God. The child is now the brother of Jesus Christ. Above all, everything in the Catholic Church, from the moment you cross the threshold, subserves to bring the thought and the mind and the eye to one spot, and before that one spot hangs a silvery lamp; gleaming in its living flame, it teaches that life is there. For it is not death but life is there. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of man." Every window, every stone, every statue in its niche, every painting on the wall—all will seem to point to the altar. Every face turns to the altar, so that the moment you cross the threshold of the door, the first thing that will strike you will be the altar with the golden gates of the tabernacle, and behind those doors our God, the Lord, the patient, long-suffering, forgiving, omnipotent, glorious Lord, all merciful. Again, behind those doors, Jesus Christ will stand and wait for you.

Finally, this church, which you are about to build, will also proclaim the immortality of the Catholic Church. My friends, you may ask yourselves, as you look at these walls to-day, "Why are they so solidly built; why are rocks, of tons in weight, put into them; why in the depths of their foundation, in the lordly way are they pushing out their buttresses, taking

and seizing on the soil as if they were fortresses we build—places of defence for cannon to be mounted upon?” I answer—the Catholic Church cannot afford to build a light, perishable edifice; because the Catholic Church, when she builds, builds for all time. Not for to-day, not for a year, not for twenty years. She sets no date over her door, does not put up the day when the church was built; but proclaims, by her solidity, that she was built for ever. This has ever been the thought of the Catholic Church—the voiceless sermon her marble temples have ever preached in the lands more ancient than your own. Cross the seas, taking shipping at any of your ports, and the first land that will meet your eye as you bend your prow towards the East—the rising sun—the first land that will meet your eye is the green mound of Erin, as it springs like an emerald out of the western ocean. Set your foot upon that sainted island of Ireland, and, with reverence, kneel and kiss the sacred soil of the isle which has been for fifteen hundred years the home and the mother of saints. It is wet with the martyr’s blood; it is sacred with the hero’s undying valour; it is blessed by God with a spirit which no power of earth or hell could ever break. It has been the land whence went forth the missionaries who converted more than half the world. Ask for its history, and behold the group of the seven churches; behold the ruins of the ancient abbeys and monasteries. The storms of a thousand years have swept over them, the snows of fifteen hundred winters have fallen upon them, the fire of the wrath of man has desolated them, every destroying influence has swept over them. And yet they stand, flinging their ruined heads towards Heaven, proclaiming to the world that Ireland’s Church was immortal and imperishable; that men might despoil her, but could never destroy her; because the men who built those churches, those abbeys, raising aloft their venerable towers, built not for time but for ever—as you are building to-day.

Nothing remains for me but to encourage you in the glorious work you have begun. Your Pastor, my friends, has undertaken a heavy duty, which it is in every land, and more especially in this land of America, because it is a young land. Yet the great virtue is hope in the great time of the future as in the past. It is, I say, in this land the principal care, and the wearying anxiety of the priest to have the responsibility of

the debts which he incurs in building the Temple of God. He stands before you a solitary man ; he has undertaken a building that will cost thousands and thousands. Is the money in his purse ? No ! The Catholic Church to-day, more than for many years, has inherited, in all its fulness, the prerogative of apostolic poverty, because the nations of the earth have plundered us of whatever little we have had. If it is a blessing to be poor, most certainly the Catholic priest of to-day can claim that blessing. Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Sweden, England, all the nations, whatever else they have neglected, have not neglected to plunder and to impoverish the Catholic Church and her priesthood. With not a penny in his purse, he stands before you. I give him encouragement. I give him the ineffable promise which comes as these deep foundations which bespeak a tabernacle which will be in some degree worthy of the dwelling of God. Ah ! he laid the foundation, trusting in the future, not so much in the material soil, as he laid them in his hopes in your charity, in your munificence and zeal towards the building of a house of God. He trusted to your faith, to your hope, to your love ; and well He has reason to trust. He has reason to be grateful, and he is grateful for the generosity even of those who are not Catholics, but who, in this liberal, high-minded, enlightened neighbourhood, acting in a spirit of true liberality, have contributed their means, largely and munificently, to enable the priest to make his work perfect. For they know well how much a beautiful Catholic Church contributes to the respectability and prosperity of a city, or town, or neighbourhood. They know well that it is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." And, in their artistic zeal, if not from higher motives, they also have contributed to this work ; and to them I am bound to express the heartfelt gratitude of the Catholic Pastor.

You, my friends, have contributed from two motives. First of all, because your faith teaches you that the highest privilege that God can confer upon man in this world is to give him the honour and glory of building a house for Jesus Christ the Son of God. David, the man after God's own heart, was not found worthy to do this, because of his sins. The grace which was denied David has been conferred upon you, and the Son of God says—"Give me a house, give me a place in the land with you ; in order that I may build a place in Heaven for your

everlasting glory." You hear more! The only thing that our Lord complained of, all that He suffered upon earth, was that they refused Him a house. They robbed Him of His good name: He complained not; they tore His garments to tatters: He complained not; they scourged Him at the pillar: He complained not; they crucified Him upon the Cross: no word of complaint, but only a word of prayer for forgiveness, fell from His lips. There was only one thing of which He complained, when He said—"The birds have their nests and the foxes have their holes on the earth, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head." He was refused a house in Bethlehem, in Jerusalem, and even when dead upon the Cross it was the charity of one man that opened another man's grave to let Him rest there, even for the three days of His death. The Catholic Church with tenderest love has always endeavoured to wipe out that reproach. Therefore, as Catholics, the priests trust to your zeal.

He also trusts to your zeal, your co-operation as Irishmen. What shall I say now? I will only say this. If you carefully study the history of the men whose blood is in your Irish veins, you will find that, amongst the nations of the earth, the Irish people were at all times the greatest church builders. In their excessive zeal for the House of God, they built them seven in a group. The crosses of their churches cover all Ireland. Every art that arose in architecture they seized upon and embodied on their native soil in some form of beauty; until the antiquarian traveller to-day stands oppressed with beauty as he sees the ruins on the Rock of Cashel or the beautiful ruins of Mellifont or Monasterboice. Even in the days of Penal Law, of oppression, they still went on, and as soon as one church was destroyed another sprung up; and when the Almighty God lifted off from the nation the chains of her slavery; when the mightiest of Ireland's sons, heroic O'Connell, struck with a giant blow the fetters, and they fell from his mother's arms, the first thing the Irish people did was to cover the whole land with the most magnificent churches on the face of the earth. That zeal falls to us by tradition; it is in our nature. We cannot help it. We must do it; it is our destiny; a glorious destiny. It is one of the signs of our national tradition. Hence, in the nation's migration to America, with all her faults, with all their defects, every one brought with him the grand

national traditional energy which has covered America with Catholic Churches. What they are doing everywhere from the instinct of their national character and tradition you will do here. He saw that which could rise here, who laid the foundations of his church not only in the material soil, but in your faith, in your zeal, and in his trust in your traditional character as Irishmen and as a race. It will never come to pass that a man will remark at home, "See; here is a man who began and could not finish." Never, for he did not found this church upon sand, he laid his foundations upon the Rock of the Catholic Church, and the firm rock of Irish love, and Irish fidelity, and the Irish generosity, and Irish spirit and manhood. Upon these has he founded, and no man will ever point up and say that he ever mistook his men or laid a false foundation for his people. It may be given to me, my friends, at some speedy future time, not, indeed, to tire you as to-day, but to come here and offer up my prayers and thanksgiving in the church which your generosity and your zeal shall construct, and to praise with you the Lord Jesus Christ in this the house of His dwelling. Thus, then, we may look forward with confidence to that hour of our judgment when the question will be, between you and me and our God, are we to be admitted or excluded from His Kingdom? for surely the God who says "that any who gives a cup of water to one of these little ones shall receive a reward," will not refuse His house in Heaven to the zealous hearts and loving hands who have built Him up a beautiful mansion upon the earth for His dwelling

“ST LAURENCE O'TOOLE, THE LAST CANONIZED
SAINT OF IRELAND.”

MY Friends,—Coming over to Brooklyn this evening, I confess I did not expect to find so large a house as this which I have now the honour of addressing. I thought to myself that, perhaps, the subject might not be sufficiently interesting to many amongst you; for, in this nineteenth century of ours, saints are rather out of fashion, and people don't take much interest in them. But your presence here, in such numbers, this evening, cheers me, and gives me another argument, if such were necessary, to be proud of my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen who find, amidst the varied attractions of these two great cities in which they live, nothing more attractive to bring them together than the record of a saint of the Catholic Church—as true a saint and as true a patriot as ever the Island of Saints and of martyrs produced.

I have had, before now, the honour to address you in this hall; but never, either here or elsewhere, have I been furnished with a nobler theme than that upon which I propose to speak to you this evening. It comes home, my friends, to your hearts and to mine; for there are two blessings for which we all thank God. The first of these is the blessing of that Catholic faith in which we live and which we enjoy; and the second is the blessing of that Irish blood which flows in our veins and throbs around our hearts. When, therefore, I mention to you the name of Laurence O'Toole, the last canonized saint of Ireland's children, I name one of the grandest figures that rises up registered upon the annals of that Catholic Church, and one of the grandest figures that passes before the historian's eye when he contemplates the great men and the great glories that make up the history of Ireland. Interesting to you as Catholics, I shall endeavour to describe the saint—interesting to you as Irishmen, I shall endeavour to describe the patriot; and shall invite you to reflect upon the great lesson that this man's name and history

teaches us, namely, that the highest sanctity, upon which the Catholic Church sets the crown of the canonization, is compatible with the purest and strongest love of fatherland; and that the Catholic Church never refuses to crown the patriot in the saint, and the saint in the patriot. The subject will necessarily oblige me to touch upon the most lamentable and dolorous part of our history. The historical muse, in tracing the record of other nations, writes with a pen dipped in characters of gold; the historical muse, in writing the history of Ireland, dips her pen in tears and in blood.

Laurence O'Toole lived in the day that witnessed his country's downfall, and he went down to his grave a young man—only forty-five years of age. The physicians could not tell what was the malady that terminated that glorious life; but Irish attendants who surrounded his death-bed in a foreign land said to each other that he died of a broken heart. In his veins flowed the blood of Ireland's royalty. It may be new to some of you—to many amongst you, I am sure, it is no novelty—to tell you that the ancient form of government in Ireland sub-divided the island into four distinct kingdoms, and that the ancient *Brethamael*, or Celtic Constitution, recognized one supreme monarch, elected at stated periods to govern all. These kingdoms were Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, and although each province was governed by its own chief ruler, the King, still, under these again there were several independent chiefs, or petty sovereigns, who governed the powerful clans into which the nation was divided. The beautiful mountains and glens of Wicklow, which the traveller of to-day loves to visit, and where he beholds scenery as lovely in its pastoral beauty as any he can find on the earth's surface—the beautiful land of Wicklow was subject to a chieftain of the name of O'Byrne, in possession of his sept or clan, who were all men of his own name. Even to this day, after more than a thousand years, a few of the name of O'Byrne still hold freehold property in Wicklow. Never will I forget how, in one of my trips on foot through that romantic land, there was a man pointed out to me, working in the field, as the last lineal descendant of the ancient sept or clan of O'Byrne, who once ruled and possessed the county of Wicklow. I went over to speak to him. He was 83 years of age, tall, erect, majestic; his hair, white as silver, and combed back, fell in venerable

locks upon his shoulders ; his blue eye still retained somewhat of the chieftain's fire of the ages long past ; and, at the age of 86, he was doing a hard day's work, suited to a young and able-bodied man. But he had the privilege—so rare to the Irish peasant—he was digging his own soil, the land that belonged to himself. He leant upon his spade when I spoke to him. I asked him his name. Drawing himself up to his full height, which was considerably more than six feet, he answered like a hero—"My name is O'Byrne, and I am the last of them." "Of whom," I said, "do you rent your land?" "This little spot," he answered, "into which I send this spade was my father's before me." Was his father's before him ; and so on, until we go up to the time when the first of the O'Byrnes sat upon his chair in the Hall of Tara, and heard from Patrick's voice the name of Jesus Christ. The simple, poorly-clad, royal peasant, in a few words, flung back his ancestry and genealogy through generations of heroes, until he reached the very fountain-head of Ireland's religion and Ireland's history. Where is there a nation on the face of the earth where the peasant, labouring in the field, can make such an answer to the casual inquirer—tell of ancestors who wore royal crowns fifteen hundred years ago. Adjoining the possessions of these clans, and the mountains of Wicklow, lay, surrounding them, the fertile plains of historic Kildare. The traveller treading down his way from the summits of the mountain of Kippure—called in the Irish language *Ceaun Bawn*, or "White Head," because of the snow which almost perpetually rests upon its summit—beholds before him the verdant hills of Kildare, in slightly-swellings, undulating hill and dale—the richest land in Ireland save and except the "Golden Vale" of glorious Tipperary. Through this beautiful plain, winding in and out, he sees, like a thread of silver, the river Liffey, from its rising in the mountains of Wicklow, until, after many windings and murmurings, it passes through the glens and the romantic scenery of Poulaphuca, finds its way to the city of Dublin, and mingles with the sea where it was reddened by the blood and covered with the corpses of the Danish invaders, when the sword of Ireland gleamed in the hand of Brian Boru. These plains of Kildare were owned by an Irish chieftain named O'Toole ; and, as his territories lay adjoining the septs of Wicklow, it happened that early in the twelfth

century, about the year 1100, Maurice O'Toole, Prince of Kildare, took as his wife a Princess of the house of O'Byrne, of Wicklow. God blessed their union with many children, and amongst them a fair child was born to the Kildare chieftain, and by Divine inspiration, revealed by a man of God—a holy man that travelled through the land—the child, at the baptismal font, received the name of Laurence, or, as it is in the Irish language, *Lorchan*. He was baptized before the shrine of St Bridget, in Kildare. He was born in his father's palace, near the spot whereon now stands the town of Castledermot. In accordance with the tradition of his royal family, he was sent to the shrine of Ireland's first great virgin saint. There he received the sign of his Christianity—his Christian name and his adoption into the children of God. Thence, taken once more to his father's house, the child was reared there by his Irish mother, drawing from her breast the pure, untainted, maternal nourishment that the mothers of Ireland have given to so many holy priests and bishops of the Church of God that have sprung from them for fifteen hundred years. Never from that mother's lips did he hear a word save what might form his young spirit (his young heart) in the love of Jesus Christ, his Lord. Never did he see under that mother's roof a sight that might for an instant taint or sully his young virgin soul. So he grew up under that mother's hand, even with reverence, be it said, as the Child of Nazareth grew under the hand of His Virgin Mother Mary, until, when he was ten years old, the young Laurence was the delight of his father's house, the joy of that Irish father's heart, and the very idol of his pure and holy mother's bosom. When the child was ten years old, a scene occurred, alas! too frequent in the history of Ireland! War was declared against Prince Maurice O'Toole, of Kildare. His territories were invaded, his people were put to the sword, his royal palace destroyed, and he was obliged to fly with his princess wife and her child. Who was the invader? Out of this heart consecrated to God—out of this heart filled with the love of Ireland—I send my curse back seven hundred years upon the head of that invader, who was no other than the thrice-accursed Dermot MacMurrough, the traitor that sold Ireland. He was the King of Leinster, born in an hour accursed of God and of the genius of Irish history. He was that Dermot MacMurrough who stole away the wife of

O'Rourke, Prince of Brefni. And when Ireland arose like one man, and declared that no adulterer should be allowed to live in the Island of Saints, he was that Dermot MacMurrough who fled over to England, kneeled down before Henry II., and asked him to help him in Ireland, and he would lay his country enslaved and enchained at his feet. MacMurrough invaded the glens of Wicklow and the plains of Kildare in the year 1142. The Prince Maurice, unable to contend against so powerful an enemy, was obliged to come to terms of peace with him; and the very first thing that the accursed Dermot MacMurrough asked him was that he should obtain possession of the young child Laurence, to be held by him as a hostage for his father. The child of ten years—the child who had never seen evil—the child covered with the blessings of God, was handed over into the hands of the King of Leinster, to be treated by him as became his lineage and degree as a royal prince. For two years he remained in that captivity; and history tells us that, no sooner had MacMurrough got hold of the young prince of the house of O'Toole, than he sent him into a desert part of his kingdom. The child was only allowed as much food as would keep him alive; only allowed a covering of rags sufficient to keep life in him; and for two years the young prince lived the life of a slave. It seemed—as if he who was to be the last great saint of Irish blood was to go through the same probation of suffering which the Almighty God permitted to fall upon Patrick, the first great saint of Ireland's adoption.

Two years were thus spent in misery and slavery; two years in starvation, cold, and want; and, during these two years, the child learned, in the school of sorrow and suffering, to despise the world; to despise his royal dignity and his royal name; to despise everything except two things, and these two things he learned to love—namely, Jesus Christ, his God, and Ireland his country. Oh! my friends, it is not prosperity that teaches a man the true, deep love either of his God or of his fatherland. The test of this twofold love is in suffering. The Church honours her martyrs, because they suffered for her; and I honour the man—I do not care how different his views are from mine; I do not care how mistaken, how rash he may have been—I honour from my inmost soul the man that has shown his love for his native land by suffering in her cause. Meantime, word was brought to

Prince Maurice, the father, the treatment his son was receiving. And now, mark here again—for, remember that this evening I am not come so much to speak of this saintly man as an individual; I am come to speak of him with all his surroundings, all his associations, as the very epitome and essence of Irish genius, Irish character, and Irish history—no sooner did the Irish father hear of the sufferings of his son, than he rose up, unprepared as he was—unfit to make war against this powerful adversary—he rose up, he drew his sword, he rallied the men of his name around him; and he declared war against Dermot, King of Leinster, for the recovery of the young prince. The Irish father went out like a man; went out from the embrace of his pure Irish wife; went out with his soul in his hands, to stake his life, in the day he drew his sword, for his child. He was not one of those forgetful of his own offspring, heedless of the education they receive, not caring for their sufferings—provided he himself enjoyed his own bread and his own peace. No! He was an Irish father. He was what Irish fathers and mothers have been in every age of her chequered and sorrowful history. He was prepared to lay down his life—to sacrifice himself and shed his blood—rather than suffer his young child to be brought up in ignorance, in misery, and in sin. He forced the unwilling tyrant to restore to him his boy. The graceful, beautiful child appeared before his father's eyes. He was led to that home blessed by his loving mother. Oh how changed from the darling child who, two years before, had won every heart, in all the grace, in all the beauty, in all the comeliness of a young prince, arrayed as became his dignity, with every sign of the tenderest care and the most zealous guardianship around him. How did they find him? Grown, through misery, beyond his years, he had attained almost to the stature of a man, with all the signs of suffering—the signs of emaciation, of misery, and of hunger upon him; his eyes sunken in his head; his pallid face expressing only all the trials he had gone through; his head bowed down, as that of a man old before his time; his beautiful figure all wasted away to a mere anatomy of man, and clad in unprincely rags. So he appeared to them. But the Irish father, who was a man of faith, discerned the inner beauty that had come upon his son—

recognized in his dear son the sign of predestination—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, he took him to the Abbey of Glendalough; and there he consigned him to the care of the Bishop of that ancient See. Let me say a word about this place whither the young man went to enter upon his studies at twelve years of age.

High up in the heart of the hills of Wicklow, surrounded by those towering mountains that throw their shapes in fantastic forms, far up into the clouds; high up in the heart of these hills, there is a valley enclosing a deep lake surrounded by beetling rocks. There, upon the borders of that lake, there still remains an ancient round tower, and the ruins of seven churches—nothing more. Silence reigns around. No voice is heard save the voice of the singing bird upon the hawthorn tree, or the bleating of the cattle on the sides of the distant hills; but there was a day, a year, a century, when, for many ages, that deep valley resounded to the voice of praise, from the morning watch even until night, and from the setting of the sun until the stars fled before His coming splendour in the East. Morning and night, at the midnight hour, at the rising of the sun, at the proclaiming of high noon, at the sinking of the orb of day to his golden hours in the West—every hour was marked by the voice of praise, of benediction, and of prayer, sounding forth from hundreds of Irish lips and Irish bosoms in those happy days, when the glens and valleys of the surrounding hills were filled with the Monks of old, and when from the choirs of Glendalough, numbering from 500 to 800 Monks, the voice of praise was never silent upon the lips of the servants of God. They dwelt in their little cells, each man living in a little hut, made by his own hands, upon the mountain sides around; they came forth at stated times to public prayer in some one or other of the seven churches. They were skilled musicians; for, as the ancient chronicler of Ireland's Monasticism tells us, "It is a poor church, indeed, that is without a choir." They were skilled musicians; and, therefore, as one group finished their utterances in the divine offices of praise to God, there was another ready to take up the note and perpetuate the glorious praise. The rest of the time not given to prayer was spent in study; for the solitaires of Glendalough were not only the holiest of men, but were also the most learned men in the world, for three hundred years;

and, during that time, gained for Ireland, amongst the nations, the singular title of "the mother of saints and of scholars." The founder of this famous seat of anchorites was the great monastic father, St Kevin; and the place where he retired to study and to pray is still pointed out—one of the caves imbedded high up in the face of the mountains, amid the poplar forests. And the traditions of holiness and learning which St Kevin established were perpetuated in Glendalough, not only for the three hundred years of Ireland's first Christianity, but actually outlived the ravages of the three hundred years of Danish invasion and bloodshed, and war. The land was desolated; but Glendalough flourished. The cathedral was in ruins; but the choir of Glendalough was vocal as before. The scholar and student fled from every sacred receptacle in the land; but the Monks of Glendalough, even in the darkest hour of the Danish war, still upheld the glorious purity of Ireland's learning and of Ireland's holiness. And thus, for five hundred years, the valley in the heart of the Wicklow hills was the home of the servants of God, and resounded to His perpetual praise. So great was the importance of this monastic seat, that it was created into an Episcopal See; and there was a Bishop of Glendalough.

Now, it was to this man that Maurice O'Toole brought his child of twelve years old. He had, besides him, several other sons, tall, strapping, brave, and pious Irish youths, full of love for Ireland; full of love for its ancient, glorious history; full of love for their honoured, royal name; full of love—as every true Irishman shall be until the end of time—full of love for their holy religion and for the Catholic Church of Ireland. These young princes came with their father to Glendalough, and, as all of them stood around the Bishop, the warrior prince said to him—"My Lord, here are my sons. I want to give one of them to God. They are all willing; and I must cast lots to find which of them the Lord will choose for His own service in the sacerdotal state." While the father was deliberating, out stepped the young but chastened and sanctified Laurence. "Oh, father!" he said, "the lot is already cast in Heaven, and it has fallen upon me. I, Laurence, belong to God, and to Him alone. I have known His support in the days of my misery and my exile. I have fed upon His love in the days of my

wretchedness and my hunger. I have separated my heart from all other love, save that of my God in Heaven and my fellow-countrymen upon the earth. To that God and to Ireland will I devote myself. Let me be the priest." And, my friends, right well did he express, in this determination and in this choice, the true love of a true-hearted man—for God and for his country. Let no man deceive you; the best lover of God and of his country is the Priest. The man who, in the days of his youth, in the days of his awakening passions, in the days when nature makes her loud demand for enjoyment—the man who then says, "I will sacrifice my heart, my affection, my life, my body, and my soul," for whom? For God alone? No; for he does not go into the desert; he goes out amongst his fellowmen; he grasps every man by the hand with a loving grasp, and he says, "I belong to God and to you." No man is so consecrated to his fellowmen as the Priest; because he comes to them with a consecration from God. There is no man upon whom the people can fall back as they can upon the Priest; for no matter what angel of pestilence may stalk in the midst of them—no matter what demon may scatter death or destruction around them—every man may fly; the Priest alone must not, dare not, cannot fly, because he is sold to God and to his neighbour.

In the day, therefore, that the young prince said, "I renounce my principality; I renounce the prospect of reigning amongst my people; I renounce the glory of the battle, the praise of the minstrel, and the luxury of the palace; all I ask is the hut upon the mountain side in Glendalough—my God above me, and my country around me; in the day that he said that he gave proof that, amongst the sons of the Kildare chieftain there was not one that loved his God and Ireland as he did. How well that love was tested, we shall see.

The father, like an Irish father, gave up willingly the son whom he loved best of all; for it is the peculiarity of Irish parents to give to God the best that they have, and give it cheerfully, because "God loveth a cheerful giver." I have seen in other lands, in France and Italy, young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and the father and mother saying, "How can we give him up? How can we sacrifice our child?" trying to keep him back with tears and entreaties.

Oh, my friends! when I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman in Galway, who had no one but me, her only son; I thought of the old man, bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed; no word of sorrow was uttered; but, with joy and pride, the Irish father and Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to the God that made him.

Laurence bade adieu to his father and his brothers; they bent their steps down the slopes of the neighbouring hill unto their own principality; and he took possession of the Monk's cell at Glendalough. For thirteen years he remained a model of the most exalted sanctity, even to the aged ones who were versed in sanctity. They knew what was demanded of the Monk and the consecrated Priest; they knew by old time experience—the experience of years—how complete the sacrifice of the heart must be. But the presence of the young prince amongst them as he came forth in his monastic habit, with his eyes cast to the ground, and his face radiating and shining with the love of God that bore forth from his heart, came like rays from the brightness of Heaven falling in light around him; they saw in that holy youth, kneeling, hour after hour, before the presence of God upon the altar—they heard in that voice, ringing clear and high, in the tones of praise, above and beyond the chorus of voices of those who praised the Lord, as if it were an angel from Heaven in the midst of them striving to uplift his angelic spirit, totally and entirely, upon the wings of song; they saw, in all this, and more, an ideal of sanctity, an embodiment of holiness, a whole Pentecost of love of God such as they had never conceived before; and they all declared that God had sent them a saint in the young Irish prince. Silent as the grave, he spoke only with God or of God. Hour after hour spent in prayer and study made him grow in every knowledge of the age, even as he grew in Divine love. His food, a morsel of brown bread, with a cup of water from the lake; his head upon the bare earth; his pillow, a stone—he mortified his body until he impressed upon every sense, and upon his whole frame the mortification of the Cross of the God whom he learned to love. And so, in his twenty-fifth year, Laurence—the Monk Laurence—was recog-

nized as the most enlightened and the most holy man in the Island, which still claimed the title of the "mother of saints and the scholars."

The Abbot died, and the young monk was elected Abbot of Glendalough, and placed at the head of his brethren. There he remained for five years, and the old Irish chroniclers tell how every poor, stricken creature in the land, even to the furthest ends of Ireland, made his way to the glens of Wicklow, that he might get relief, food, and clothing from his bounty, and the blessing of God from the touch of his sacred hand. We are told that, while he was Abbot of Glendalough, there came, through the visitation of God, a terrible famine upon the land. Laurence arose, gathered together all that the monasteries possessed of clothing and of food; he took all the sacred implements of the altar—the very chalices of the sacred service; he opened the treasures his fathers had deposited with them; away went everything to feed and clothe the poor and the naked. So, in that year of famine, when the angel of death had spread himself in desolation over the land, the people, in these years, were fed and clothed, and saved through the wonderful charity of the Abbot of Glendalough. Oh, saint in Heaven! where wert thou in '46 and '47? Oh, Irish heart! Oh, Irish sainted soul! where, then, were thy hands? Why didst thou not burst the cerements of the tomb, and rise out of thy far distant grave in Normandy, to break bread for thy countrymen in the year of their dire trial? Alas! no saint was there! If Glendalough had been, the people would not have died. But Glendalough was swept away, and the infernal spirit of Henry VIII. and of England's supremacy, was upon the land, to let us perish!

Now, after five years of this glorious rule of the Abbot of Glendalough in the year 1171, the Archbishop of Dublin died. The people, long accustomed to the sanctity and the glory of their great Abbot of Glendalough; long accustomed to contemplate the shining light that was before them—all, with one accord, cried—and their voice rung from end to end of the land—"We must have the Prince and Abbot, Laurence, for our Archbishop." One man only was grieved; one man only refused; and for twelve long months he fought against this dignity sought to be forced upon him with so much energy and success, that it was only in the following year, 1162, that, by

main force, he was obliged to allow himself to be consecrated Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop of Dublin!—Laurence O'Toole, in whose veins blended the royal blood of two of Ireland's chief houses; Laurence O'Toole was the last man of the Irish race who sat—recognized—upon that glorious throne. For, seven hundred years have passed away; and, from the day that St Laurence died, there has been no man of Irish blood, or Irish race recognized as Archbishop of Dublin. For three hundred years after the death of St Laurence, the Archbishops were Catholics, but they were all Englishmen. For three hundred years after that—for the last three hundred years, the Archbishops—the so-called Archbishops of Dublin—were all Protestants; and they are all Englishmen, too.

Now, my friends, we come to contemplate the monk in the Archbishop. He entered the city of Dublin, and took possession of Christ Church in the year 1162. How did he find his people? I am grieved to be obliged to tell the tale. It was now sixty years since the Danes were banished from Ireland, after they had remained in the country for three hundred long years. During these three hundred years there never had been a day's peace throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but constant war. Every year brought its campaign, every month, every week, its pitched battle between the soldiers of Ireland and the Danish invaders. Let this sink into your minds. Consider it well. There is not a nation on the face of the earth that can stand three hundred years of constant war without being utterly destroyed. The churches are burned, the priest put to the sword, everything in confusion, the sacraments neglected, the schools shut up. A people compelled to fight for their lives, begin to forget God the moment the demon of war comes to them. You have had the proof of it in the four years' war from which you have just come forth. Now, realize all this if you can. For three hundred years—a term nearly as long as from the day Columbus discovered America to the present hour—there was not a hill-side nor a valley in Ireland that did not resound, year after year, to the various war cries of the Dane and the Celt. Their bodies covered the land. Six thousand of these Danish invaders were left dead upon the field in the glorious day when Malachi the Second drew the sword of Ireland and smote them in the valley of Glenamadhagh, near the Vale of Avoca. The sea around the

coast of Ireland, for many a day and year, was covered with the corpses, and the rivers ran red with the blood of the Celt and the Dane. Thus it was for three hundred years. What wonder, my dear friends—what wonder is it that the history of our land tells that, by the time Ireland finally conquered her Danish enemies, after three hundred years, every vestige almost of holiness, learning, and piety had disappeared from the land? Nothing remained except the faith which the Irish race still hold dear as their life, and that love for Ireland that had nerved their arms during these three hundred years of bloodshed and war. But the moment that the Danish invasion was ended, and that the Irish nation breathed freely for a time, that moment the bishops and priests and the people put head, heart, and hands together to build up the ancient edifice of Ireland's learning and Ireland's sanctity. It is a well-known fact that, although disorder, confusion, and iniquity had crept into the land and abounded—that neither the priesthood nor the people reconciled themselves to it, but, immediately upon the departure of the Danes, set to work. The bishops and priests met in Council, the schools and colleges were re-opened, and Ireland's sanctity and holiness was fast returning, at the very time that St Laurence O'Toole took possession of the See of Dublin. Still he found the chieftains of Ireland divided amongst themselves. He found every province in the land, every sept or clan in the land, fighting amongst themselves and disputing. Not content with having shed their blood generously for Ireland during three hundred years, they would now fain flood the land again with Irish blood shed in domestic broils and contentions unworthy of a people who had passed through such an ordeal, such a trial. And then, moreover, amongst the people incorporated in his own city of Dublin, the marriage tie was not sufficiently regarded. And I verily believe that the reason of this was that the greater part of the people of Dublin at the time were descendants of the Danes, and not pure Irish; for I can scarcely imagine the pure stock of Ireland renouncing under any pressure the virtue with which the Almighty God endowed them at the hands of Patrick, both men and women. That virtue—the virtue of purity, crowned by sacramental love, and, through it alone, crowned by their conjugal fidelity—has been the first and grandest boast of the Irish race.

Grieved and excited to indignation by what he beheld, the solitary from Glendalough, accustomed to silence, retirement, and communion with God, as soon as he came, a mitred Archbishop, to his people, ascended the pulpit of Christ Church, in Dublin, and there, in the Irish language—so grand, so poetic, so vigorous, and so majestic in its expression—he hurled out his denunciations against every form of impiety and of iniquity around him. He sent forth his voice as a prince, as well as an Archbishop, unto the ends of the land, and said to the chieftains of Ireland—“Unless you cease your unworthy contentions, I tell you, in the name of the Lord God, that God will punish this bloodshed and this unworthy contention by sacrificing the liberty of our country.” Clear and terrific was the voice. Clear as the angel’s trumpet announcing judgment, the voice of the great Irish prince-archbishop went out upon the land, and fell upon the unfortunately heedless and unwilling ears of the Irish chieftains. Their dissensions continued. The Kings of Ulster, retreating in their own kingdom, took no share in the affairs of the rest of Ireland. The clans of Munster made war, under the leadership of the O’Briens, against the Royal house of O’Conor in Connaught, while Ulster itself was divided by a hundred different feuds, which separated the whole country into so many battlefields. Thus was Ireland in the day when the news was brought the Archbishop of Dublin that the Norman forces had come upon the shores of Ireland, that the invader’s accursed foot was once more upon the soil of Erin. It came to him as though it was the knell of his own doom; it came to him as though it was the judgment of God, which he had foreseen, for the sins and dissensions of his own people. And yet, even thus coming, it roused within him all the zeal of the prelate, and all the fire of the Prince of Irish Royal blood. It roused the lion’s spirit in the chaste bosom of the Archbishop; and when Laurence came forth among the people, they scarcely knew him. There seemed to be a new spirit in the indignation which came from him. The eye accustomed to be cast down on the earth, with virginal modesty, now glared around with a fiery glance, because the sacred cause of Ireland was in danger, and the invader was upon her soil. The voice that was accustomed to speak only words of peace and benediction now sounded forth in its clarion notes, “War! war! let slip the

spirit and the dogs of war! Draw the sword of Erin! Let your blood flow as rivers in the land, until the accursed and detested invader shall be driven into the sea." He went out from Dublin; he left his city, his cathedral, his people behind him; he went straight down into Connaught, the seat of Ireland's monarch, and he said, "Oh, my high King, arise; gather up the forces of Ireland, and march with me to Dublin. I will be in the front ranks in the day when we do to the invaders what Brian did upon the plains of Clontarf, when he swept them into the sea." His voice went out in Ulster, and called O'Melaghlin, King of Ulster, from his ignoble repose, to arise, gird on his sword, and draw it for Ireland. His voice penetrated into the south, re-echoed upon the shores of the Shannon, and swept like a trumpet-blast through the ruined halls of Kincora, rousing the MacCarthy Mor and the O'Brien. They rallied, they came together; they stood between the Norman and the walls of Dublin, the Archbishop in the midst of them. With all his power, with all his love of his country, with all his spirit of devotion, he was unable to keep them together. Domestic feuds and dissensions sprang up amongst them. Oh! the accursed spirit of dissension, that has kept us divided for so many years, and that keeps us divided to-day! We have heard of united Ireland; we have heard of those brave hearts who took that name; but when were Irishmen united? The very last time that Irishmen were united was on that Good Friday morning, eight hundred years ago, when the plain of Clontarf was covered with the dead bodies of the Danes, and when Dublin Bay was filled with their floating corpses. From that day to this, our united Ireland is but the dream of the poet and the inspiration of the lover of his native land.

Dublin was taken. Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, retired into his own kingdom; the Ulster men went home across the Boyne; the septs of Leinster were obliged to make their submission. Two or three years later, the English monarch himself arrived, and every prince in Ireland made a nominal submission to him, save and except the glorious, the immortal O'Neil, who still upheld the *oriflamme* of Ireland—the national flag of Erin. When Dublin was taken, the Archbishop Laurence interceded for his people in this fashion. When the Normans laid siege to the city for the first time,

the people felt that resistance would be useless; so they called on their Archbishop to go out and meet Dermot Mac-Murrough, the adulterous traitor, and the celebrated Richard, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed "Strongbow." The Archbishop went out to make terms for his people, and whilst he was thus engaged on one side of the city, Miles de Cogan entered the city on the other, and began to slaughter the people. Their cry of horror reached the Archbishop's ears as he stood in the presence of the Norman victors. The moment he heard the cry of his people, which resounded in his ears as the cry of the first-born babe in danger resounds in the heart of the mother that bore it, he fled from their presence and rushed forth, and found that the blood of his people actually flowed in the streets of the city. Then, forgetful of his safety or his life, he threw himself between them and the assailing army, and to the invaders he said, "Held! hold! Not another son of Ireland shall be slain; not another drop of my people's blood shall be shed until you have first pierced my heart, for I am their father and their bishop." The city was surrendered. Now, what did the Archbishop do? Did he give up the cause of Ireland, like a faint-hearted man? He saw the Irish kings actually fighting with each other—shedding each other's blood at the very time the invader took possession of their capital. He saw that no two of them could agree to obey one common head, or adopt one common line of policy. He had laboured in vain. Did he give up the cause? No! No faithful Irish bishop or priest ever did, or ever will, give up the cause of Ireland. He went out from Dublin once more; he went again to the court of King Roderick, shook him once more into courage and hope for Ireland, and rallied his people. He called the Ulster men again from their fastness, rallied the men of Munster, the MacCarthy Mor, the O'Donnells, and the O'Briens; he roused all Ireland. And the Archbishop marched at the head of sixty thousand men, in order to lay siege to Dublin, vowing that, as long as an English invader remained on Irish soil, he could never know a moment's rest. Dublin was besieged. The Irish forces, to the number of sixty thousand, lay around it. O'Melaghlin, of Ulster, took possession of the Hill of Howth; on the plain of Clontarf, Roderick O'Conor, with his large army, spread over to the site of the Phoenix Park.

On the other side, east of the hill, lay the O'Briens of Munster; the passes by the coast of Dalkey and Dunleary were held by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes of Wicklow. They pressed the siege until the Norman knights were almost famished in the city, and, driven by desperation, made one desperate sally, broke through one portion of the line of the King of Connaught's army, and so liberated themselves. The Irish host, instead of closing around them and destroying them, lost courage and heart. Divided for so many years, they separated once more. The O'Connor withdrew into his western province; the O'Neil and the O'Donnell withdrew again from the town; and once more, despite the tears, the prayers, and the devotion of Laurence, the land of Ireland was left at the mercy of its ruthless and tyrannical conquerors. If we credit the evidence of the Irish historian, Leland—one of the most ancient and respectable of our historians—he tells us that, in that siege of Dublin, the Archbishop was seen passing from rank to rank, animating the men, speaking to them in the ringing tones of their native Irish language, appealing to them by all that they held most sacred upon earth, and by their hopes of Heaven, to do battle like men for their native land, and to destroy its invaders. Leland goes further. He tells us, upon what authority I know not, that, so carried away was the Irish Prince-Archbishop when he saw the day darkening for Ireland, that he laid aside his episcopal station for an hour, girded on the sword, and led on the Irish forces, charging into the midst of their enemies as became a prince.

And, now, the heart of the man was broken; his high hopes were crushed for ever. Perhaps with his prophetic eye, illumined by the spirit of sanctity that was within him, perhaps he foresaw and caught a glimpse of the ages that were to come; perhaps he saw his country, year after year, century after century until her very name went out amongst the peoples of the earth as the "Niobe of nations," the most stricken, heart-broken of peoples. Certain it is that the heart of the man was broken within him. In the year 1771, all the princes of Ireland, excepting Ulster, having made their submission, nothing remained for the holy Prince-Archbishop but to do all he could for his people. One of Henry's pretexts for conquering Ireland was that they were so wicked a people, and he was so good and holy it was necessary that he should

conquer the country to preserve the faith. How did he begin to make himself so good and holy. He shed the blood of St Thomas of Canterbury. That blood was upon his hand—the blood of a holy archbishop, slaughtered at the foot of the altar, in the very presence of Jesus Christ, by the order of the tyrant ! That blood was red upon the hands of the man who came to teach the Irish people their religion ! Before him came the Archbishop of Dublin, fearless although his fellow-prelate had been slaughtered. He demanded terms for his people. He spoke as a prince of the people that spoke with authority, and in the name of God. He frightened the tyrannical English monarch of that race or which St Bernard said—“They came from the devil, and to the devil they will go.” Those were the words of St Bernard of that very house of Plantagenet of whom Henry the Second was one of the great founders—the man who invaded Ireland. Now, my friends, twice did the saint cross the sea to intercede for the Irish people, to make treaties of peace for the Irish kings with the English monarch ; and to obtain the recognition of Ireland’s freedom and Ireland’s nationality ; and history tells us that it is to the last of Ireland’s saints we owe that treaty of peace which was concluded between O’Connor, King of Connaught, and Henry II., King of England, and which recognized Ireland’s nationality, Ireland’s existence as a distinct nation, embodied in the person of her monarch. You may say to me it was a small thing for him to recognize Ireland’s nationality when he had his foot upon her neck ; but I say it was a great thing that, for 700 years of war and persecution through the action and the spirit of Ireland’s saints, we are—I thank my God in Heaven—we are a nation still. We are not a province ; Ireland was never a province of the British Empire. To-day, the Queen of England calls herself “Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.” To this day she sends to Ireland a Viceroy, which means one who takes the place of a King. A Viceroy is not sent to a province, but to a nation. But you will ask what does all this serve ? I answer, a noble idea always serves ; a noble idea, maintained and upheld by the hand of priest and layman, and upheld by the hand of the martyr—a noble idea, upheld by a worship, recognized for ages as the rallying point of a people, when the hour of their destiny arrives—such shall Ireland’s nationality be for Irishmen. You have all often

heard that when the English King invaded Ireland he came in virtue of a Bull which he received from the Pope. Writers of English history assert this, and many amongst them bring their proofs of it. Now, I have my doubts whether he got that rescript at all. I have studied this question as well as I could, and I don't believe that the Pope ever gave the English Monarch a commission to invade Ireland. It is singular that of Irish archæologists, the greatest now living—the present respected Bishop of Ossory—Dr Moran—who has studied for years at the fountain-head, in Rome, gives his conclusion, deliberate and calm, that he does not believe one word of the story of Pope Adrian IV. making a present of Ireland to the English King. It may be so. It may be that such representations were made to the people that inferred this; it may be that the English monarch sent his ministers there, who told the Holy Father that the Irish were such terrible people, and had given up legitimate marriage altogether; and their priests were a bad lot; and if he would give him leave to go over, he would set everything to rights; for English historians tell us that was the case; and that, when Henry II. came to Ireland, he had in his hand a letter from the Pope, authorizing him to go and take possession of the island. Now, I answer, if he had that letter, why did he not show it? He never showed it. When he came to Ireland he never said one word about that letter—that permission from the Pope. He called all the Irish together (St Laurence O'Toole was there), at Cashel, in 1171; he had them all, except a few from Connaught, and some of the Ulster Bishops, who held aloof because they were not yet conquered; and when all the bishops and priests were there, Henry came and said to them—"Now you must make laws and set everything to rights." He never said one word about the letter of the Pope. When Henry II. came to Ireland all the historians tell us, the only man in Ireland of whom he was really afraid was St Laurence O'Toole; because there was no man in Ireland who had such power to bind the people together; no man that loved Ireland as he did; not a braver man on that battle-field of Clontarf than that man whose Irish heart beat beneath the cope of the Archbishop of Dublin. The English king was so much afraid of him that he endeavoured by the use of every means in his power to gain him over. Now,

the English King knew well that if St Laurence O'Toole knew he had a letter of that kind from the Pope, like an humble and obedient man he would cease his opposition; he would not be bringing sixty thousand men against him; and yet he never showed that letter to St Laurence O'Toole. He waited until Pope Adrian IV. was ten years dead and in his grave, and then he produced the letter. And so I say that, although there be grave and weighty arguments on one side, I have such doubts as to the authenticity of the Bull of Adrian IV., that I don't believe one word of it. Nay more, seven years later, when St Laurence went to Rome to the Council of Lateran, Alexander was then Pope; and of all the Bishops that came to that Council there was not a single man that received so much honour as the Archbishop of Dublin did from the Pope, because of his sanctity. He put him in the highest place, gave him the pallium of Archbishop, ordered the Bishops of Ossory, of Gallatia, and others, to be subject to him, made him his own Legate Apostolic, and, crowned with glory, sent him back to Ireland. Now, if the Pope had really given permission to Henry II. to go and take Ireland, and the Archbishop should, in the face of that, have, as it were, taken Henry II. by the throat; if that Bull of Adrian IV. was shown you, Laurence O'Toole, Saint in Heaven to-night, you would have gone to Rome as a man under a cloud, a man who forgot where he owed his obedience, a man who dared to excite the people after the head of the Church had declared they should submit. But he did go to Rome in that capacity, he went to receive more honour than any other Bishop; therefore I conclude that he never saw this letter of the Pope, because I believe the Pope never wrote it.

In the year 1180, Roderick O'Conor, King of Ireland, was again in trouble with the English monarch; and he had to send one of his sons as a hostage to Henry. St Laurence took charge of the boy and brought him over to England to put him into the hands of the English monarch, thinking, perhaps, with sorrow of the day when he himself, a young prince, was put into the hands of a cruel, heartless tyrant. The King of England was not in the land, he was in France at the time; but before he went to France he left orders that if Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, was to come over to England, he was to be kept prisoner and not to be allowed back any

more. This was the man who came to reform the Irish Church, and teach the people how to be good! No Irish king was ever known to lay hands on a Bishop. The first English monarch that came, as Cromwell came in after years, with the words of God's Holy Scripture on his lips; he who shed the blood of St Thomas-á-Becké laid hands upon and bound the Irish Archbishop in England. But the Irish blood, the spirit that can never bend though it may be broken, revolted against this treatment. When he found he was going to be detained as a prisoner he instantly arose, took the young prince and went over to France to stand before the English monarch and beard him to his face. He arrived in France; and as soon as he touched the soil of Normandy, you can easily imagine how he turned around, saw the white cliffs of Dover, the English coast, and lifting up his hands left his curse upon it. Travelling a little into the country, the heart sorrow that weighed upon him became too great. What! an Irish prince, an Irish archbishop, the son of an unconquered race, of a people that had never known serfdom or slavery, has the eldest son of Ireland's monarch, Roderick O'Connor, and is bringing him a prisoner to put him into the hands of the tyrant that had shed the blood of the people! It was too much for him, because he thought of Ireland. He saw his country invaded and enslaved, the chieftains divided, the holy work in which he was engaged broken and ruined, the sanctuaries of Mel and Armagh in flames, the Churches destroyed, Columbia's saintly monasteries sacked and ruined. His heart was broken within him. He turned aside to the Abbey of Yew, in Normandy, and, entering in, he said to the Abbot—"Give a dying man a place whereon he may lie down and die." Because of his high dignity as Archbishop of Dublin, they received him with all honour. Now, the angel of death was approaching. With his dying breath he commissioned his secretary, the Irish priest that was with him, to take the young prince and carry him to Henry, and tell him that, "When the agonies of death were upon me, I charged him, in the name of Almighty God, before whom I am about to appear, with my last words I charged him in the name of Almighty God to treat this prince as the son of a king; not to forget that this prince's father is a king, and that the people are still a nation having a king at their head." Then, as he lay upon his humble bed,

the monks came around him, and they heard him pouring forth his soul to God in prayer, and they said to each other—"This man must be very rich, he is Archbishop of the richest diocese in the world; perhaps he has not made his will." They did not know St Laurence. When he was Archbishop of Dublin he fed five hundred poor people every day at his own table, and he clothed and fed four hundred others outside, and constantly provided for two hundred orphans. And when they came and said to him, "Will you not make your will?" he looked up and said, "I declare to my God that I have not a single coin in this world to leave behind me." Then the agonies of death came upon him. There he lay communing with his Divine Lord. And now, at last, in this last moment, the patriot must be lost in the saint, the prince forgotten in the dying Christian. No thought can come between the man of God and that God whom he is about to meet. Hark to his words—"Into Thy hands, O Jesus Christ, I resign my spirit. O, strong Son of God, take me. I have now known I will see Thy face and rejoice for ever." Then the French monks, praying around him, heard strange words from his lips; they did not understand them, for they were spoken in the Irish language. His last words were—"O, foolish and senseless people! what will now become of you? Who now will relieve your miseries? Who will heal you now that I am going away?" With these words he died. He is canonized by the Church of God; his Christian soul passed straight to the high throne which he had earned in Heaven; and his last words upon earth proved that the most sacred love for country that ever filled the heart of man, next to the love of his God, was his love for the land that bore him, and the people of his own blood.

This was the last of Ireland's canonized saints. He was canonized in Rome by Pope Honorius III, in the year 1226. His body is enshrined in the Abbey Church in which he died, and his name is gone forth—Saint Laurence O'Toole—as the last of the great prelates the Irish Church produced; and she was the mother of many saints and of great prelates. The spirit that animated his love for home—the love that broke his heart—has survived in the hearts of those who came after him inheriting his priesthood. It was the spirit of Laurence that kept the Irish people faithful to their priests, and the Irish priests faith-

ful to their people, when every power of earth and of hell was raised up against them. When all the might of England declared that it must separate that priesthood from that people—corrupt that priesthood, and destroy the Catholic faith in Ireland—the priesthood, animated by the spirit of Laurence, the Irish people animated by the spirit of their holy faith, joined hands in that day, and answered, “Those whom God hath joined together no man can sever.” Never did the Irish people separate themselves from their clergy, nor the Irish priesthood from their faithful, loving people. When the Prophet Elias was taken up to Heaven, Eliasais cried out to him, “Let me have thy twofold spirit. Leave thy spirit unto me.” And he who was borne along on the chariot of fire let fall his mantle, and, with it his twofold spirit, upon him. Laurence, ascending to Heaven, must have heard some great, some faithful bishop in Ireland—“Oh, chariot of Israel, and its charioteer, leave behind thee thy twofold spirit—the love of God and of thy country. Leave that twofold love to be the inheritance of Irish priests and Irish bishops.” The prayer was answered, the mystic mantle had fallen. Ireland is bound to-day, as of old, as one man—the priests to the people and the people to the priests—by the golden fillet of a common faith, and the silver cord of a common love for their motherland. Let me conclude. Oh, may the spirit of Laurence be still upon us, at home and abroad. Thousands of miles of ocean lie between me and the land of my birth; between you and the land of your best recollections, your truest aspirations, and your strongest love. But, whether at home or abroad—whether upon the green hill-side, with its shamrocks covering the graves of the saints or upon the splendid shores of this mighty Continent—Oh, may the spirit of Laurence be still your inheritance and mine, and that we may sanctify ourselves in our love for our religion and for our faith, and that we may sanctify ourselves before God and the world, in our love for the green land that bore us, and that holy religion handed down to us—the most magnificent history that ever yet was the heritage of an afflicted people.

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Delivered in Boston, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1872.

IT is usual for one in my position to address himself to the ladies and gentlemen. If you will allow me to change the programme, I will address myself on this occasion to Irishmen and Irishwomen, Irish ladies and gentlemen. On a certain remarkable occasion, the Corporation of Limerick were divided upon the question of making a Lord Mayor of the city. They could not elect this man or that, and at last they agreed that they would elect as Lord Mayor of the city the first man that came in through the gates of the city on a certain morning. The man who approached the city walls the first on that morning was a poor fellow with a load of brooms on his shoulders, who came from the wood of Cratloe. His name was Adam Sargent. The moment he arrived in they made him Lord Mayor. They took the poor broomseller, and they put him on the bench, with all his grand robes, as Lord Mayor. Not returning in the evening, his mother missed him, and she came to inquire what was the matter. She went into the city, and, after looking for him two days, she found him in the Court-House, on the bench, with all the magistrates about him. When she came into the Court and looked at her boy, she said—"Arrah, Adam, don't you know me?" And Adam said—"Arrah, mother, I feel myself in the same position." I have been speaking to my countrymen in Ireland, I have been speaking to my countrymen since I came to America, and all I can say is that, if the poor old woman in Galway that calls me her son were here to-day, to see me surrounded by this vast, intelligent, and magnificent assembly of my countrymen, she might stand there at the foot of the platform and say—"Father Tom, jewel, don't you know me?" And all that I could say is—"Mother, dear, but I don't know myself!" Men of Ireland—men of Irish blood—men of Irish race, I, an Irish priest, am come here to speak to you of "The Genius and the Character of the Irish People." I am

come to speak to you of the history of our nation, and our honourable race. I am not ashamed of the history of my people. I am not ashamed of my country. I say, taking all for all, that it is the grandest country, and the most glorious race of which the genius of history can bear record. There are two elements that constitute the character and the genius of every people. These two elements are—the religion of the people and their government. I need not tell you that, of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon any man, or upon any nation, the most powerful is the influence of their religion. If that religion be from God, it will make a God-like people. If that religion be from heaven, it will make a heavenly people. If that religion be noble, it will make a noble people. Side by side with their religion comes the form or system of government under which they live. If that government be just and fair, and mild and beneficent, it will make a noble people. If that government be the government of the people—governing themselves as glorious America does to-day—it will make every man in the land a lover of his government, a lover of the land, and a lover of the institutions under which he lives. But if that government be a foreign government—the government of a foreign race—it will make an alienated people. If that government be an unjust and tyrannical government, it will make a rebellious and revolutionary people. If that government be a mere travestie or caricature of law, it will make a false-hearted and a bad people. Now, when I come to speak of the genius and the character of my fellow-countrymen, I am reminded that, in the character of every people on the face of the earth there is light and shade. There is the bright side and the dark side; there is the sunshine and the shadow. There is the side which we love to contemplate; the side in which the virtues of the people shine out; the side which the better part of their nature governs. And there is also the bad side; the side that we are ashamed to look upon; the side, the contemplation of which makes a blush rise to the cheek of every lover of the land. And so there are lights and shades in the character and in the genius of our Irish people. As it is in nature, this world, in all its beauty, is made up of light and shade. My friends, there is no sunshine without shadow; there is no light perceptible to the eye of man unless that light bring out all that

is fair and beautiful, whilst at the same time it casts its shadow over the dark places. I have said that, in the order of nature and in the beauty of God's creation here below, there is light and shade. But there is this distinction to be made—the light comes from Heaven, from the sun rolling in its splendour over the clouds above us; the shadow comes from the earth; from the clouds that are near the world; from the deep forest glade; from the overhanging mountains—from these comes the shadow, but the light comes from Heaven. So, in like manner, in the character and in the genius of our Irish people there are both light and shade. There is the bright side, the beautiful side, the glorious side to contemplate; and there is also the dark side, but with this difference, that the lightsome, the beautiful side of Irish genius and character is derived from above—from Heaven—from God—from the high source of Irish faith; whilst the black side of our character, the dark and the gloomy shade, comes from below; from the misgovernment of those who ruled us; from the treachery, the depravity, and the wickedness of man. And, now, so much being said, let us approach the great subject of the genius and the character of the Irish people. In speaking to you, my friends, on this subject, I am forcibly reminded that the character and genius of every people are formed by their history. In going back to the history of Ireland, I am obliged to travel nearly two thousand years in order to come to the cradle of my race. I am obliged to go back to the day when Patrick, Ireland's Apostle, preached to the Irish race, and in the Irish language, the name and the glory of Jesus Christ and of His Virgin Mother. And coming down through that mournful and chequered history, I find that our people have been formed in their national character and genius, first of all by the faith which Patrick taught them; and, secondly, by the form of government under which they live. What is the first grand feature of the Irish genius and the Irish character? It is this; that, having once received the Catholic faith from St Patrick, Ireland has clung to it with a fidelity surpassing that of all other peoples. She has known how to suffer and how to die; but Ireland's people have never learned to relinquish or to abandon the faith of their fathers. They received that faith from the glorious Apostle whom God and Rome sent to them, early in the fifth

century; they struggled for that faith during three hundred years, against all the power of the North—unconquered and unconquerable—when the Danes endeavoured to wrest from Ireland her Christian faith, and to force her back into the darkness of Pagan infidelity. They have struggled for that faith during three hundred years of English tyranny and English penal law. They have suffered for that faith, loss of property, loss of friends, loss of nationality, loss of life. But Ireland, glorious Ireland, has never relinquished the faith which she received—and she is as Catholic to-day as in the day when she bowed her virgin head before St Patrick, to receive from him the regenerating waters of baptism. This, I say, is the first beautiful light in the character and genius of the people of Ireland. Every other nation of whom we read, received that faith slowly and reluctantly. Every other nation, of whom we read, demanded of their Apostle the seal of his blood to ratify the truth which he taught them. Ireland alone, amongst all the nations of the earth, received that faith willingly; took it joyfully; put it into the hearts and into the blood of her children; and never caused her Apostle one tear of sorrow, nor one drop of his blood. More than this, every nation on the face of the earth has, at some time or other, been misled into some form of heresy. Some doctrine was disputed; some discipline was denied; some Anti-pope set up his unholy pretensions to be the head of the Catholic Church. I claim for my nation, for my race, that, with a divine instinct, they never yielded to any form of heresy; they were never yet deceived in the instinct which drew them to the true head of the Catholic Church—the real Pope of Rome. In the fourteenth century, there was a protracted schism in the Catholic Church. An Anti-pope raised himself up. France was deceived, Germany was deceived. Italy was deceived, England was deceived; but Ireland, glorious Ireland, with the true instinct of a divinely inspired and guided people, clung to the true Pontiff, and adhered to the true head of the Catholic Church. Whence came this light? Whence came the fidelity that neither bloodshed nor death could destroy? It came from God; it came from that high heart and high mind in Heaven that inspired Patrick to preach the Gospel to the people of Ireland, and inspired the Irish people to receive the message

of Christian peace and love from his mouth. The next great point in the genius and character of the Irish people is the bravery and valour and courage that have been tried upon a thousand fields ; and, glory to you, O Ireland ! Irish courage has never been found wanting ; never ! They fought for a thousand years on their own soil. The cause was a good one ; the fortune of the cause was bad. They were defeated and overpowered upon a hundred, yea, a thousand fields ; but never—from the day that Ireland's sword sprang from its scabbard to meet the first Dane, down to the day that the last Irish soldier perished on Vinegar Hill—never has Ireland been dishonoured or defeated by the cowardice of her children. Why ? Whence comes this light of our people ? I answer, that it comes from this, that Ireland, as a nation, and Irishmen, as a people, have never yet drawn the nation's sword in a bad, a treacherous, or a dishonourable cause. We have fought on a thousand fields, at home and abroad ; we have been, from time to time, obliged to shed our blood in a cause with which we had no sympathy ; but Irishmen have never freely drawn the sword, except in the sacred cause of God, of the altar of God, and of sacred liberty—the best inheritance of man. Search the annals of the military history of Ireland. Did we fall back before the Dane, when for three centuries—three hundred years—he poured in army upon army on Irish soil. He endeavoured to sweep away the Christ and the name of Christ from the Irish land. Did we ever give up the contest, or sheath the sword, or say the cause was lost ? Never ! England yielded, and admitted the Dane as a conqueror. France yielded, and admitted the Dane as a ruler and a king amongst her people. But Ireland never—never for an instant yielded ; and, upon that magnificent Good Friday morning, at Clontarf, she drew the sword with united hand, swept the Dane into his own sea, and rid her soil of him for ever. Ah, my friends, Irishmen, for three hundred years, were fighting in the cause of their God, of their religion, and of their national liberty. Then came the invasion of the English. For four hundred years our people fought an unsuccessful fight ; and, divided as they were, broken into a thousand factions, how could they succeed when success is promised only to union as a preliminary and a necessary condition ? They failed in defending and asserting the nationality of Ireland. At the end

of four hundred years, England declared that the war was no longer against Ireland's nationality, but against Ireland's Catholic religion. And England declared that the Irish people must consent, not only to be slaves, but to be Protestant slaves. Once more the sword of Ireland came forth from its scabbard; and this time in the hands of the nation. We have fought for three hundred years; and, five years ago, the Government and people of England were obliged to acknowledge that the people of Ireland were too strong for them. They were conquerors on the question of religion; and Gladstone declared that the Protestant Church was no longer the Church of Ireland. Whence came this light—this magnificent glory that sheds itself over the character and the genius of my people? I see an Irishman to-day in the streets of an American city; I see him a poor honest labourer; I see him, perhaps, clothed in rags; I see him, perhaps, with a little too much drink in, and forgetful of himself; but, wherever I see a true Irishman, down upon my very knees do I go to him; as the representative of a race that never yet knew how to fly from a foe, or to show their backs to an enemy. Why? Because of their Catholic faith, taught them by St Patrick, which tells that it is never lawful to draw the sword in an unjust cause; but that, when the cause is just—for religion, for God, for freedom—he is the best Christian who knows how to draw the sword, wave it triumphantly over the field, or let it fall in the hand of man who knows how to die without dishonour. The third light that shines upon the bright side of the history, the character, and the genius of my people, is the light of divine purity; the purity that makes the Irish maiden as chaste as the nun in her cloister; the purity that makes the Irish man as faithful to his wife as the priest is to the altar that he serves; the purity that makes Mormonism and defilement of every kind utter strangers to our race and to our people. I say, the Irish woman is the glory of Ireland; she is the glory of her country. How beautiful is she in the integrity of virginal purity. She has been taught it by St Patrick, who held up the Mother of God—the Virgin Mother—as the very type of Ireland's womanhood, and Ireland's consecrated virgins, as illustrated in the lives and in the characters of our Irish virgin saints. The Irishman knows that, whatever else he may be false to, whatever other obligations he may violate and break, there is one bond, tied by the

hand of God Himself before the altar ; sealed with the sacramental seal of matrimony ; signed with the sign of the Cross—that no power upon earth, or in hell, or in Heaven, can ever break ; and that is the sacred bond that binds him to the wife of his bosom. What follows from this ? I know that there are men here who do not believe in the Catholic religion ; that do not believe in the integrity of our Irish race : yet I ask these men to explain to me this simple fact :—How is it, how comes it to pass that whilst the Mormons are recruiting from every nation in Europe, and from every people in America, they have only had five Irish people amongst them ? And amongst these five, four arrived in New York last week. A reporter of the *Herald* newspaper went to them, and he said to them, “In the name of God, are *you* become Mormons ?” They said, “Yes, yes, we are.” “Why ! don’t you come from Ireland ?” The answer he got was this—“A weel, we cam’ fra’ the North of Ireland, ye ken ; but we’re a’ Scotch bodies.” Men and women of Ireland, to the honour and glory of our race, there was only one Irishman among all the Mormons. What brought him across them ? - I don’t know. I would like to meet him, and have half an hour’s conversation with him. Maybe he was like the man who joined the “Shakers” in Kentucky. He put on the white hat and the dress, and was a most sanctimonious looking fellow. He came to the priest with his hands folded and eyes turned upwards, quoting texts of Scripture. When the priest saw him, not knowing who he was, he thought he was a Quaker. But the fellow turned up his sleeves, and showed the sign of the Cross and the Blessed Virgin and St John tattooed on his arm. “Look at that, your reverence,” said he, “My God,” said the priest to him, “aren’t you a Quaker ?” “Well, your reverence, I am *for the time being*.” “And what made you join them ?” said the priest. “Oh, to tell you God’s truth, I went among them to see if they were in earnest.” “Your reverence,” said he, “it is bacon and cabbage we get every day, and it agrees with me.” Five years ago the English Parliament made a law—the most infamous and the most unchristian that could be passed—a law that a married man could be separated from the wife that he married ; and the man that was separated from his wife could go and marry another woman. The English people asked for that law, and acted upon it. They acted upon it so freely and

so willingly that the Judge of the Divorce Court was actually killed in a few months by the large amount of business that was thrown on his hands. The Scotch people took that law. But what did the Irish do? Every man, woman, and child in Ireland burst into a loud fit of unextinguishable laughter. The women said—"The Lord between us and harm!" And the men said—"They've gone blind mad in England! They've gone and made a law that a fellow that marries a woman can go away and leave his wife, and marry some one else!" The Irish character and the genius of Ireland is vindicated in the care that the Irish parent has for the education of his children. Look back upon the history of our people as we are taught of that by the genius of history. The worst law that ever England made, the most infamous, the most unchristian, was the law that was enacted during the penal times, by which it was declared that if an Irish Catholic father sent his son or daughter to an Irish Catholic school, that man was guilty of felony, and liable to transportation. Their soldiers and their policemen went through the whole country; and the schoolmaster had to fly like the priest. But in the midst of the danger, at the cost of liberty and of life, the Irish people, the parents of Ireland, the fathers and the mothers of Ireland, still had their children educated; and England failed in her diabolical attempt to brutalize and degrade the Irish people by ignorance. The next great light thrown upon our history and upon the genius of our national character is the love that Irishmen, all the world over, preserve for the land that bore them. The emigrant comes from Ireland in a mature age; the Irishman leaves his native soil after he has had time enough, years enough, to weep over her miseries, and perhaps to strike a blow in her ancient and time-honoured cause. The child comes from Ireland in his mother's arms. The son of the Irish father and the Irish mother is born in America far away from the native soil of his parents. But whether it be the full-grown man, or whether it be the infant in arms, or whether it be the native-born American-Irishman, all unite in the one grand sentiment that bound together the bards, the sages, the saints and the soldiers of Ireland, namely, the love, pure and strong, for that ancient land that bore them. Such was the love for Ireland the great saint, the blessed Columkille, felt, that he died exclaiming: "Oh! now I die in the hope of seeing

my God, because I have shut my eyes to the place that I love most on earth—green, verdant, and sweet Ireland!” An Irish soldier fell dying on the plain of Landen. When the bullet had pierced his heart, and its blood was gushing forth, Sarsfield, the noble Irish soldier, took a handful of his heart’s blood, and, lifting it up, cried—“Oh God, that this blood was shed for Ireland!” The love that filled the heart of Columkille, in Iona; the love that throbbed in the last movement of that dying heart of Sarsfield—is the love that to-day binds the Irishman in America, in Australia, and all the world over, to the cherished land of his birth, and makes him hope for high things, and do daring and valiant deeds for the ancient land of Ireland. Whence comes this love for our native land? I answer this light of our genius and of our character comes to us from the faith which St Patrick taught us. The last of Ireland’s saints was the holy and canonized St Laurence O’Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin when Ireland was first invaded by the Anglo-Norman. If we believe Leland, the ancient historian, the man who was ordained as a Monk in Glendalough; the man who was the model Bishop and Archbishop of Dublin, came forth and girded on his sword in front of the Irish army, before the English invaders. In the name of the blessed Trinity, he drew his sword in the sacred cause of Ireland. In him patriotism—the love of Fatherland—is canonized, as well as the Monk and the Archbishop. One more light in the bright side of our character, and I have done with this portion of my address. The Irish people, in their genius, in their national character, have kept up under the direst persecutions. Never did a people suffer so much and still keep up their national humour, splendid temper, and height of spirit. If any other nation on the face of the earth had gone through three hundred years of incessant war, four hundred years of national invasion, three hundred years again of religious persecution—the heart and the spirit of the people would have been broken; and no smile would have been on the face of the nation. What do we find? In spite of all he has suffered; in spite of all the persecution that has been heaped upon him; the Irishman of to-day has as light a heart, as bright an eye, and is as nimble of heel in the dance as any man on the face of God’s earth. Give him an opportunity, and he will give you a stroke of wit such as you never heard before.

There was a poor fellow down in my native county of Galway—I daresay some of you know the place—he was standing in his corduroy breeches, and grey stockings, and the brogues that he wore were not worth mentioning, because they had neither soles nor uppers. As he stood in the door of his little cabin, the pig was inside playing with the children. An Englishman was passing and saw the pig in the man's house; and he said to him—"Now, my good man, why do you allow that pig in your house? It does not look quite right." "Why," says the Irishman, "has not the house every accommodation that any reasonable pig would require?" Oh! the light heart of the Irish race! If on this platform there were now an Irish piper, or an Irish fiddler, and he struck up an Irish jig, do you imagine, priest and friar as I am, that I would not feel the heels going under me? There was a man died in Galway, and his friends brought a bottle of whisky to his wake. It was bad stuff; and the tradition of the town goes, that one of the fellows was about to take a horn of the whisky, when the corpse sat up. "Jemmy," said he, "that is not the real stuff; that will give you a headache as sure as God made little apples, and put them on the trees." Now, my friends, with this light and beauty in our national character, what are the shades, or the shadows and defects of our people? You may ask me what they are. What are the shadows of the Irish people? I think I know my people as well as any man alive. I remember a time in my life when not one word of the English I now speak to you was on these lips, but only the sweet old rolling Celtic tongue that my father and mother spoke before me. I have lived for years in Ireland. I have studied the character of my people not with eyes blinded by the prejudice of an amateur critic, but with the skilled eyes of a Catholic Priest. I have seen the dark side as well as the bright side of our national character. I will not give to you my own experience, for I have learned so to love my people and my race that I cannot find it in my heart to speak ill of them. I will let the press of England do it. I will let our enemies tell you and me what our national faults are. And what are they? The first thing of all that the English press accuses us of as Irishmen is that we are an improvident, reckless lot. They say—"Look at the German; he is not a year in America before he has a couple of houses, and a couple of lots; but look at the Irishman: he settles down in

a tenement house, and earns perhaps five dollars a week; he gives one dollar to the Priest, three more go for whisky, and one to the wife." They say we have no prudence; we don't know how to make eighteenpence out of ninepence soon enough. I grant it. We, Irishmen, are a spendthrift and reckless race. An Irishman goes into a saloon or restaurant, and he says, taking out five or six dollars—"Hang it, if it is to be a batter, let it be a batter!" and puts the dollars on the counter. I ask you, men of Ireland, who made us so improvident? Who made us so imprudent, so reckless? Ah! was it not the cruel, blood-stained Government of England, that robbed us of every penny of our possessions? What makes a man reckless and imprudent so soon as to deprive us of that which is our own and shut out every hope for the future? What hope had the Irishman at home? He tilled his field and drained it; he made a piece of bog choice arable land; but the moment it was worth twice its former value the landlord turned him out, with his wife and his children to die like dogs in the ditch, and give his farm to some other person. What wonder that we spend our money lavishly and recklessly, when we have not, for seven hundred years, had anything left by the Government worth an Irishman's while to live, to save, to be prudent for, in the land of his birth! The English press says—"The Irish race are drunkards, too fond of drink; they spend all their money in drink. Nothing but whisky!" Now, I answer, with my experience of Irishmen, that any man who accuses our Irish race, and our Irish people of being greater drunkards than any other people tells a lie. If any man said to me here such a thing, I would say: "You lie, and I will prove it." Take for instance the Scotch. What does their own poet tell us of their drinking? He says:—

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
An' Rab an' Allan cam' to pree."

They sat down at nine o'clock, and they drank raw whisky until nine o'clock in the morning; and then they were not drunk, for he goes on to say:—

"We are na fou', we're na that fou';
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree."

I would like to know if any of you know an Irishman who was able to drink raw whisky from nine o'clock in the night till six o'clock in the morning, and not fall under the table. No enemy of ours ever yet alleged that we were gluttons. Thanks be to God for that! The charge of eating too much, whatever becomes of drinking too much, was never made against the Irish people. The Irishman is a small eater, my friends. There was an Irish gentleman by the name of Colonel Martin, of Ballinahinch. He was over in England, and made a bet with an Englishman about this. The Englishman said to him (he was a member of Parliament also)—“You Irish are not worth anything: you are not able to eat as well as our people.” The Irish gentleman foolishly said—“I will bet you five hundred pounds that I can bring you a man from my estate who can eat more than any Englishman you bring.” The Englishman took the bet readily. The Irishman was brought over, the Englishman also appeared—a fine, big, strapping, man, with a mouth reaching from ear to ear, and a great long body and short legs—plenty of room—and he did not eat anything for two days to put him in trim. The poor Irishman was brought in—a ploughman, with the fine bloom of health upon his face—as well able to give an account of a *sceagh* of potatoes, with a “griskin” or a bit of bacon as the best of you; but he was no match for the Englishman. They sat down to the work of eating. It was roast beef they got. The Englishman stood behind his man’s chair, and the Irishman stood behind his man’s chair, looking at their eating. After a while, the Irishman had got his fill, while the Englishman was only beginning to eat in earnest. There was a turkey on the spit roasting for the gentleman’s dinner. The Irish gentleman saw that his man was failing, and he spoke to him in Irish. “Michael,” said he, “what do you think?” And the man replied, in the same tongue—“Oh, master, I’m full to the windpipe.” As he spoke in Irish, the Englishman did not understand him, and he asked Martin—“What does the fellow say?” “He says,” replied Martin, “that he is just beginning to get an appetite, and he wants you to give him that turkey there for his dinner, after he is done.” “Confound the blackguard,” says the Englishman, “he shall never get a bit of it. I give up the bet.” But if we are fond of a

glass of whisky who is to blame for it? God forbid that I should excuse it. I hold up my hand against it, at home and abroad. I say to every Irishman who comes before me, "Brother, be sober, and you will be a prosperous man." I admire your city of Boston. I say it here publicly, I admire the legislation that puts it out of the power of a man to be a drunkard, because drunkenness is the worst degradation of man, and the worst crime we can commit against God. But if we find Irishmen here and there taking, as they say, a needleful too much, who is to blame for it? Why did England rob him? Why did England persecute him? Why did England leave him without a foot of land to stand upon and call his own in the land that bore him? Why did England cut off every hope from him? Do that to any man and you will find that he will take refuge in the bottle. Finally, they say—"Irishmen are a very revengeful and a very deceitful people." The critics of the English press say:—"Oh, you cannot trust the word of an Irishman; he will tell you a lie when he says he is telling you the truth." I answer, again, who is to blame for the lying and deceit, if it exists in the Irish character? Is it any crime for a heart-broken, persecuted people to tell a lie to the man who is made a master over them—from whom they expect no mercy? The man that will sooner try to cover his fault with a lie, is the man that knows there is no allowance made for him or his faults. Therefore, I deny that we are a lying people; and even if true, I say that the seven hundred years of English rule ought to have made us the most deceitful people on the face of the earth. They say we are revengeful. If you travel in England you will hear in the railway carriage, from the Englishman, that Ireland is a most awful country; the Irish are a most dreadful people; that if you go out there to take an evening walk, suddenly a man will come out of the bushes, point a blunderbuss point blank at ten paces at you, and "blow you to blazes." There has been a great deal of crime in the way of outrage against life in Ireland. There is no doubt about it; there has been, for a Christian and a Catholic people, too much. But, my friends, I lay down, first, this undisputed fact, that there are more murders committed in the city of London in one month than there are in Ireland in three years. Secondly, again, I say, if the people take "the wild justice of revenge," if they go

out and take the law into their own hands—who is to blame for it? Ah, well they know who is to blame, when that Government has allowed a “crowbar brigade” to uproot the homesteads of our people, to hunt them from their dwellings like wild beasts and leave them to perish on the road-side, or in the workhouse, or else to consign them to the hard fate of the moneyless emigrant coming to a foreign shore. If our people have taken the law in their own hands, it is simply because Judge Keogh and his companions would not give them any law. All you have to do anywhere is to deny justice to a people and they will take it for themselves. Don’t they take it in America? Why do you “lynch” your negroes whenever they commit a crime against the people? Because you are afraid the “carpet-baggers” in the South would let the negro go scot-free and allow the white man to suffer. Well, the people of Ireland have, in twenty or thirty cases—not more than that—“lynched” a landlord. As I was once travelling in England I met an English gentleman. He was a smart, gentlemanly, mild creature. He said to me—“Reverend sir, you are an Irish priest?” “Yes, sir, I am.” “Ah, ah, I knew it by your face; and when you began to speak, I knew it still better.” I said to him—“It is true I have the Irish brogue. My father and mother had it before me; but my grandfather did not have it at all.” “How is that,” said he. “Because,” said I, “he did not talk English at all.” “How is it that you shoot your landlords?” said he. “You must have an awful country.” “Just listen to me one moment,” said I. “Last week a man came to me and told me his story. I went to his house to make out the truth of it, and it was this—He had taken 30 acres of bog, at 15s an acre; he drained the bog, putting drains through every perch of it; he ploughed it, and manured it, and expended every penny he had in the world on it. Not only that, but he married a wife who had £400 fortune; and he put that also into it. He built a slated house for himself and his family, and had just finished it, and the place was worth £2 an acre, when the landlord came to him and said—‘My man, you had better get out!’ ‘Oh, is it to leave my home you mean, that I have built myself, and the place that I have made out of the bog, which seven years ago was only a bog, and now it is a meadow?’ ‘No matter; you will have to go.’ ‘But,’ said

the man, 'will you let me keep the land and pay as much for it as any other man?' 'No, you must go out.' And he had to go out, with his wife and two children, and he went to the town of Galway a beggar." The Englishman said to me, "Was he a friend of yours?" "Yes," said I, "a relation of my own; and he was sent out in that way; they took his home in that way." "Did he not shoot the landlord?" said the Englishman. "No," said I, "he did not, because he was a good Christian man, and goes to his Communion once a month." "Then," says he, "by heavens, I would have shot him." These are the men that are shot in Ireland, by what our English defamers style "the wild blood-thirsty vengeance" of the Irish people. The blackguard aristocrat tries to seduce a girl, but he does not succeed; he tries to deceive a decent Irish girl, and make a blackguard also of her, and the Irish father takes his pistol in his hand, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shoots him. Why? Because he knows that if he brought that ruffian into the courthouse, the girl, in her red woollen petticoat, would be laughed at, and treated as if she was fit for nothing better, while honour would be paid to the blackguard. The father shoots him, and I would say, only that I am a priest, "My blessing on him." The Irish landlord comes to the door of an Irish tenant, and says to the man, "Go out!" His family have, perhaps, lived for three hundred years under that roof, and they have to go out. He says to the woman, lying perhaps in her confinement, or her fever, "Go out!" He says to the little children, "Go out!" with not a morsel of food or an article of clothing from under their roof, in the midst of the bitter winter. And the Irish father clubs his gun, and, in the name of God, dashes the tyrant's brains out. I say, again, God forbid that I should encourage them; but, as a priest, as a theologian, as an Irishman, I stand here and say, if ever there was a people who were guiltless of bloodshed in murder, it is the people of Ireland. Now, my friends, one word, and I have done; because you can easily perceive I am beginning to be a little tired. You have seen the lights, you have seen the shadows of the Irish character. The lights, I have endeavoured to prove to you, come from above, the shadows from below. Twenty years ago, Ireland—persecuting, starving—"the Niobe of all the nations"—turned her eyes westward,

and, with that vivid Irish imagination which has never failed to realise the beautiful and the true, beheld the magnificent shores of Columbia. She sent her people here. Eight millions of them are on American soil, the bone and sinew, the brain and intellect, and the energy of this land. England has no longer any claim upon any Irishman here, except myself. You are all having the glory of being free men on a free soil. You have amongst the men of this world the first, the grandest title that man can have under Heaven to-day—the title of the Catholic American citizen. The grandest shadow that can fall upon man to-day is the shadow of the Cross of Christ; and the next greatest shadow is that of the “Stars and Stripes” of free America. These are yours. The lights remain; the shadows ought to depart. If there be any traditions or traces of improvidence, they should not be here. We were improvident at home, because we had nothing to hope for, nothing to live for. But, oh! I behold the glorious future, as America’s imperial hand opens for every citizen her liberties. No traces of improvidence, they should not be here. No trace of slavery is on this soil; no penal law to condemn you to ignorance or to slavery; no sceptred monarch to tell you, at the peril of your life, to think as he does, or to die; no Harry the Eighth to tell you, if you are Catholics, he will destroy you; and that in order to live you will have to forego the faith you have held for more than a thousand years. No, America bears no tyrant footstep on her soil, and hearkens to the voice of no man who is oppressing and enslaving his fellow-men. Long may she wave the emblems of hope and of freedom over a country vast in its portions, terrible in its power, strongest in its genius, glorious in its magnificence, and in the liberty and the freedom which she grants to all men. The Irishman in America has what he never had at home—he has the genius of freedom around him. He is able to expand his glorious Celtic bosom, to breathe an air untainted with any tyranny. I am a “royal” British subject, because I am a priest, and the Church teaches loyalty and peace; but I confess to you that never, never for twenty years, have I spoken in Ireland as I feel I can speak in America. I can’t tell you what it is; I only know that it is so. I feel like a blind man when his eyes are first opened, and he beholds the light; I feel like the maniacal man when his chains first fall from his limbs, and he

knows that he can use his arms ; I feel like the worshipper of Freedom when he first beholds his goddess and kneels before her. America ! glorious America ! The first land of freedom that struck every chain off the Irish hand that is laid upon her soil. Every shadow of the past is gone. Why then should not the confusion that sprang from these shadows and this misgovernment be gone ? Why should not the Irishman in America be provident, prudent, thrifty, industrious ? Thanks be God ! he has something to live for ; he has something to hope for, for himself and for his children after him. Why should not the Irishman in America be sober, and not take refuge in the consolations of the bottle. He has a glorious land before him, bright skies above him, a splendid liberty around him, a high scope for the intelligence with which God has so largely endowed our people. Why should he not be a king among men, a leader of men ? Place, power, influence, civic and military glory are before him. Why should he not be in the foremost ranks of the army of America ? Was he not foremost on the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, when the soil was steeped in Irish blood, and the bodies of Irish soldiers covered its hills as thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa ? He was in the front ranks behind the ramparts of New Orleans, with Jackson, when, as the yellow grain falls before the mower's scythe, so fell the old enemy, the red-coated soldiery of Britain, before the terrible fire of the American soldiery. Why should not the Irishman in America live in peace and fellowship with his fellow-men ? Are they not the first to vindicate the freedom that they have given him ? Why should not the Irishman in America be the first man in the State ? Has he not genius ? American history, as well as Irish history, will tell you. Whatever else Almighty God deprived us of, He gave us a large amount of brains. Has he not energy ? The cities and the railways of America attest the work of the Irishman's hand, and the Irish energy that triumphs beyond any other race upon the earth. Has he not virtue ? His religion will answer for him, if he will only come within the shadow of her walls. The principle of unity—namely, the unity of faith—is his ; the principle of conjugal fidelity is his also ; the faith of the Catholic Church will answer. Therefore, let me conclude. In Ireland we had little hope. Our foes make laws for us. If they be just laws, they destroy them in detail. They declared

that the Protestant Church was at an end, but they gave nearly every penny of the money to that Church; not one farthing to the Catholics. They declared that the Irish farmer has the right to his land, yet the "crowbar brigade" is at work in the land to-day. We had little hope. Why? Because our laws are made by an enemy, and when the enemy makes the laws, they will press upon you as hard as they can. Well, Ireland has but little to hope for at home. But what are our hopes here? I admire the grandeur of the prospect when Ireland looks across to the West and beholds her children in great Columbia. There, when, through the faith that they brought with them from the old land—the faith for which their fathers died—when, through the sanctity of that faith, which enabled them for three hundred years to be a nation of martyrs, as well as of saints and patriots, if they will only give fair play to it by sobriety, industry, and peacefulness, using their brains and the talents that God has given them—then behold before you the prospect. I lift up, as it were, the veil of the future. I look with an anxious, longing eye. What do I behold? I may be in my grave, yet it will come! it will come! What do I behold? I may be sleeping beneath the shamrocks, yet it will come! All hail, Irish Columba! All hail, the great and mighty power that I see advancing over the ocean's waves in an unconquerable flotilla! Genius is there; bravery is there; power is there; the fair figure of Mary the Virgin is hanging at the mast-head! They come! they come to save Ireland, our ancient Ireland; and she no longer shall be enslaved. A great and mighty race have risen to elevate her, and to place her upon a higher throne among the nations of the earth.

THE SOPHISTRIES OF FROUDE REFUTED.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

"THE VOLUNTEERS OF '82."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Before I proceed to the subject of my lecture, which is one of the most glorious in the history of Ireland—namely, the “Volunteer Movement of 1782”—circumstances oblige me to make a few preliminary remarks. I have known, in Ireland and out of Ireland, many Englishmen; I have esteemed them; and I have never known yet an Englishman who lived for any length of time in Ireland without becoming a lover of the country and of its people. Their proverbial love for Ireland was cast in their faces, in olden time, as a reproach. It was said of the English settlers that they were “more Irish than the Irish themselves.” Now, an English gentleman has come amongst us, great in name, great in learning, and also professing a love of our Irish nation and our Irish people. But there is an old proverb that says—“No man can tell where the shoe pinches so well as the man that wears it.” I would not mind or pay much attention to an old bachelor’s description of the joys of matrimony; nor would I pay much heed to the description of the sorrows of a man who had lost his wife, as described to me by a man who never had a wife. And so, in like manner, when an Englishman comes to describe the sorrows and miseries of Ireland, or when he comes to impute them to their causes, the least that can be said is that he must look upon this question from the outside; whilst a man of Irish blood, of Irish name and of Irish birth, such as I am, looks upon them, and is able to say—“My fathers before me were the sufferers, and I

myself have beheld the remnants of their sorrow." With the best intentions possible, a public lecturer may sometimes be a little mistaken, or he may be reported badly, or his words may convey a meaning which, perhaps, they were not intended to convey. I read, for instance, this morning, that this learned, and, no doubt, honourable man, speaking of the "Golden Age" of Ireland, said that we Irish were accustomed to look upon the time that went before the English invasion as the "Golden Age" of Ireland; and then, he is reported to have gone on to say—"And yet, for the two centuries that preceded the English invasion, all was confusion, all was bloodshed in Ireland." It is perfectly true; but the "Golden Age" of Ireland is not precisely the two centuries that went before the English invasion. Irish history is divided into three great periods, from the day that our fathers embraced Christianity, when St Patrick preached to them the Catholic faith, early in the fifth century, and Ireland embraced it. For three hundred years after Patrick's preaching, Ireland enjoyed a reign of peace and of sanctity, which made her the envy and the admiration of the world; and she was called by the surrounding nations—"The Island home of Saints and of scholars." Peace was upon her hills and in her valleys. Wise Brehon laws governed her. Saints peopled her monasteries and convents; and students, in thousands, from every clime, came to Ireland to light at her pure blaze of knowledge the lamp of every art and of every highest science. This is the evidence of history; and no man can contradict it. But, at the close of the eighth century, the Danes invaded Ireland. They swept around her coasts, and poured army after army of invasion in upon us. For three hundred long years, Ireland had to sustain that terrific Danish war, in defence of her religion, and of her freedom. She fought; she conquered; but the hydra of invasion arose again and again, in the deadly struggle; and, for the nation, it seemed to be an unending, unceasing task. An army was destroyed to-day, only to yield place to another army of invasion to-morrow. What was the consequence? The peace of Ireland was lost; the morality of the people was shattered and disturbed by these three hundred years of incessant war. Convents and monasteries were destroyed, churches were pillaged and burned. for the men who invaded Ireland were Pagans who came to lay the religion of their Pagan gods upon the

souls of the Irish people. What wonder if, when Ireland came forth from that Danish war, after driving her invaders from her soil—what wonder if the laws were disregarded, if society was shaken to its base, if the religion of the people was greatly injured, and their morality greatly influenced for the worse by so many centuries of incessant war. When, therefore, the historian or lecturer, speaks of the time preceding the English invasion as the “Golden Age” of Ireland, let him go back to the days before the Danes invaded us. No Irishman pretends to look upon the three hundred years of Danish warfare as the “Golden Age;” for, truly, it was an age of blood. The confusion that arose in Ireland was terrible. When the Danish invaders were, at length, overthrown by the gallant king who was slain upon the field of Clontarf, the country was divided, confusion reigned in every direction; and her people scarcely yet breathed after the terrific struggle of three hundred years. Yet, in the brief period of sixty years that elapsed from the expulsion of the Danes, before the landing of the Anglo-Normans, we find the Irish Bishops assembled, restoring essential and salutary laws to the Church. We find St Malachi, one of the greatest men of his day, Primate of the See of Armagh; and on the Archiepiscopal throne of Dublin, the English invading tyrant found an Irish Prince, heart and hand with his people, who was ready to shed his blood for his native land; and that man was the great St Laurence O’Toole.

It has been asserted also that the Danes remained in Ireland. It is true that they founded the cities of Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin. The Danes remained there; but how did they remain there? They conformed to the manners and customs of the Irish people; they submitted to the Irish laws; they adopted the Catholic religion, and became good and fervent Christians. On these conditions they were permitted to remain in Ireland. It is all nonsense to say they remained by force. What was easier for the victor of Clontarf—when he had driven their Pagan fellow-warriors into the sea—what was easier than for him to turn the force of the Irish arms against them, and drive them also into the sea that lay before him? No; the Danes remained in Ireland because they became Irish; aye, “more Irish than the Irish themselves.” What were the men whose hearts so loved Ireland that in her cause they forgot all prudence and all care for their lives? Who were the

men of '98? They were the fighting men of Wexford and of Wicklow; they were the men of Danish blood and name, the Roches and the Furlongs; but they loved Ireland as well, if not more, than our fathers did.

It has been asserted, also, that—such was the confusion, and such the disruption of society—that, “there was one man above all others necessary; and he was the policeman.” Well, now, the policeman is a very ornamental, and, sometimes, though perhaps rarely, a very useful member of society. And, according to the statement as reported, the Pope selected a policeman, and sent him to Ireland; and Henry the Second, of England, was the Pope’s policeman. Well, my friends, let us first see what sort of a policeman he was or was likely to make. Henry came of a family that was so wicked, that it was the current belief in Europe that they were derived from the devil. St Bernard does not hesitate to say of the house of Plantagenet, from which Henry the Second came—“They came from the devil, and they will go to the devil.” This man, who is put forth as “the Pope’s policeman,” was just after slaughtering St Thomas-a-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the steps of the altar. Three knights came straight from the king, and at the king’s command slaughtered this English saint—this true Englishman—for Thomas-a-Becket was not only a saint, but he was a true Englishman, as Laurence O’Toole was a saint, and the heart’s blood of an Irishman. Thomas of Canterbury stood up, bravely and manfully, with English pluck and English determination, for the liberty of the Church, and for the liberty of the platform. And the tyrant king—“this Pope’s policeman”—said, stamping his feet and tearing his hair,—“Will no man amongst you,”—(and mind you, these knights were standing around him), “will no man have the courage to rid me of that priest?” Three of them took him at his word, and went down to Canterbury. At the altar they found the Saint; and, at the foot of the altar, with their swords, they hacked his head and spattered his blood upon the very altar. That blood was red upon the hands of the English tyrant. And is that the man, I ask you, the Pope, or all others, had chosen to send to Ireland to restore order? Oh! but men will say, “the Pope did it; there is the document to prove it; the Bull of Adrian the Fourth.” Well, now, my friends, listen to me for a moment. If a sheriff’s

officer came into your house to turn you out on the street, would not the first question you put to him be—"Sir, show me your warrant." And if he said, "I have no warrant;" the next thing you would do would be to kick him out. Henry the Second came to Ireland—men say to-day that he came upon the Pope's authority—with the Pope's Bull in his pocket. If he did, why did he not show it when he came to Ireland? If he had that document, he kept it a profound secret. If he had it in his pocket, he kept it in his pocket; and no man ever saw it or heard of it. There was only one man in Ireland, on that day when the English invaded us—there was only one man in Ireland that had a mind and heart equal to the occasion; and that man was the sainted Archbishop of Dublin, Laurence O'Toole. He was the only man in Ireland that was able to rally the nation. He succeeded in bringing sixty thousand Irish soldiers before the walls of Dublin. Henry the Second was afraid of him; and so well he might be. He was so much afraid of him, that he left a special order that, when St Laurence should come to England, he was not to be let go back to Ireland any more. Now, if Henry had the Pope's brief or rescript, why, in all the world, did he not take it to the Archbishop of Dublin, and say to him—"There is the Pope's handwriting; there is his seal, there is his signature." If he had done this at that moment there would not be another word said; he would have run no risk; the saint would never have moved against the Pope; and Henry would have paralyzed his greatest and most terrible enemy. But, no; he never said a word at all about it; he never showed it to a human being. St Laurence died without ever knowing of the existence of such a document. Henry came to Ireland, but he had no warrant; and the very man, who, if Irishmen had been united, would have succeeded in kicking him out, did not see it. When did Henry produce this famous document or Bull, which he said he got from the Pope? He waited till Pope Adrian was in his grave; the only man that could contradict him. There was no record, no copy of it at Rome. He produced it, then; but it was easy for the like of him. How easily they could manufacture a document and sign a man's name to it. He waited till Adrian was years in his grave before he produced it. And I say, without venturing absolutely to deny the existence of such a document—I say, as an Irishman and as a priest; as one who has

studied a little history—I don't believe one word of it; but I do believe it was a thumping English lie, from beginning to end.

It has also been asserted that our people lived in great misery; that they burrowed in the earth like rabbits. That is true. Remember, three hundred years of war passed over the land. Remember, that it was a war of devastation, that all the great buildings in the land were nearly utterly destroyed by the Danes. Convents and monasteries, that were the homes of hundreds and thousands of monks, were levelled to the ground. It is true that the Irish were in misery. It has been asserted that there is no evidence of their ancient grandeur or civilization, "except a few Cyclopean churches, and a few Round Towers." I would only ask for one: if there was only one ruin in Ireland, of Church or Round Tower, I could trace that ruin back to the first day of Ireland's Christianity; and I lay my hand upon that one evidence, and say—"Wherever this was raised, there was a civilized people that knew the high art of architecture." What nonsense to say "there were only a few Round Towers." Surely they could not have built even one, if they didn't know how. If they were ignorant savages, they would not have been able to build anything of the kind. But, if they were "burrowing in the earth," how were their English neighbours off? We have ancient evidence, going back nearly to Patrick's time, that the Hill of Tara was covered with fair and magnificent, though, perhaps, rude buildings. On the southern slopes of the hill, catching the meridian glory of the sun, you had the Queen's Palace. Crowning the summit, you had the great Hill of Banqueting; within the enclosure was the palace of King Cormac. Four magnificent roads led down the hill-side, to the four provinces of Ireland, because Tara was the centre and the seat of the dominion. About two or three hundred years later, when St Augustine came to preach the Gospel to the barbarous Pagan Saxons in England, how did he find them? We have one little record of history that tells us. We are told that the King—one of the Kings of the Saxon heptarchy—was sitting in his dining hall; and one of the lords, or attendants, or priests, said to him—"Your Majesty, life is short. Man's life, in this world, is like the bird that comes in at one end of this hall and goes out at the other." Why, were there no walls? Apparently there were not.

Surely it was a strange habitation or house if it had no walls ; for, even if it was a frame house, a bird could not come in at one end of the dining-room and go out at the other. All these things sound beautifully until we come to put on our spectacles and look at them. It is true that the Irish, after their three hundred years of war, were disorganized and disheartened, and that they burrowed in the earth like rabbits. Ah ! to the eternal disgrace of England, where has the Irishman in his native land to-day a better house than he had then ? What kind of houses did they leave our people ? Little mud cabins, so low that you could reach the roof with your hand, scarce fit to "burrow a rabbit." For century after century the people that owned the land—the people that were the aboriginal lords of the land and soil—were robbed, persecuted and confiscated in property and in money ; hunted like wolves in their own land ; until, to this day, the Irish peasant has scarcely a much better house. I have seen, in my own day, the cabin which the English historian tells us of. And whose fault is it that our people are in that position ?

We are told, moreover—at least it is reported in the papers—that, "for nearly five hundred years England had not more than about 1500 men in Ireland," and that they were able to keep down the "wild Irish" with 1500 men. There are some things that sound so comical that all you have to do is to hear them. When Hugh O'Neill was at the Yellow Ford, and the English Field-Marshal was advancing against him, was it 1500 men he had ? And if it was 1500, how comes it that the Yellow Ford, on that day, was choked and filled up with the Saxon soldiers' corpses ? Our history tells us that Queen Elizabeth had twenty thousand men in Ireland, and that she had work enough for them all. Aha ! she had, this sweet English Queen ! She found work for them all ; there was Catholic blood enough in the land to employ twenty thousand butchers to shed it. Moreover, we are told that the Catholics of Ireland, at the time of America's glorious revolution, were all opposed to America's effort to achieve her independence ; and that the Protestants of Ireland were all helping America. Well, listen to this one fact. The King of England demanded four thousand men—Irishmen—to go out and fight against America. The Irish Parliament gave him the four thousand men ; and there was not a single Catholic in that Parliament.

No: they were all Protestants. When these men returned, covered with wounds, and began to tell in Ireland what kind of treatment they got from Washington and his people, they were hailed by the Catholic people of Ireland as the very apostles of liberty. Amongst them there were men that went out in that four thousand, but don't imagine that they went out to enforce the slavery of Ireland upon the American people. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was one of the four thousand. Was he ever an enemy of the people? No! he died for Ireland and for her cause. When these four thousand men were called for by England, we may readily believe that the majority of them were Protestants, because the English were not fools enough to be putting arms in Catholic hands, as we shall see in the course of our lecture. When they came to this country, who gave them the warmest reception? It was the Catholics of North Carolina. It was Catholic America that met them foot to foot and drove them back, until Burgoyne, the famous English general, had to go down on his knees and give up his sword to the immortal and imperishable George Washington.

Out of that very American war—the uprising of a people in a cause the most sacred, after that of religion—the cause of their outraged rights, their trampled liberties—out of that American war arose the most magnificent incident in the remarkable history of Ireland. It is the subject of this evening's lecture.

My friends, one word, indeed, is reported in this morning's papers, which tells a sad and bitter truth. It is that "the real source of England's power in Ireland has always been the division and disunion of the Irish people." There is no doubt about it; it is as true as Gospel. Never during these centuries, never did the Irish people unite; I don't know why. The poet himself is at a loss to assign a reason.

"'Twas fate, they'll say, a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love."

No; the Irish people were not even allowed to gain the secret of union. From the day the Saxon set his foot upon Irish soil, his first idea, his first study, was to keep the Irish people always disunited. The consequence was, they began by get-

ting some of the Irish chieftains and giving them English titles, giving them English patents of nobility, confirming them in certain English rights. On the other hand, all the powerful nobles who went down among the Irish people, who assumed all their forms, gained the secret, and became, as I have said, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." We find that as early as 1494—about the time America was discovered—England was making laws declaring no Englishman coming to Ireland was to take an Irish name, or learn the language, or intermarry with an Irishwoman. They could not live in a place where the Irish lived, but drew a pale around their possessions, intrenching themselves in certain counties and in certain cities in Ireland. We find a law made, as early as the period in question, commanding the English to build a double ditch, six feet high, between them and the Irish portion of the country, and, at the peril of their lives, not to go outside that ditch. To keep the natives divided seemed to be the policy of England, from the first day up to this hour. It must have been very difficult, because the Irish, from the evidence of history, seemed to say of the English, although they came as enemies, the Irish were most anxious or inclined, to use a common phrase, "to cotton to one another," and become friends. They seemed very anxious to join hands. The Irish had appeared very often, in many periods of their history, to say to England—"Although you have come as enemies, since you are here, now stay, in the name of God, as friends; the country is large enough for us all." But no, the English laws did not permit it at all. The English Lord Deputy (as the Lord Lieutenant was called in those days) was constantly striving to keep his people from the Irish, teaching them to hate the Irish, teaching them in all things to abominate and detest the original people of the country. And yet, whenever an Englishman escaped from the pale, and got in amongst the Irish, in a few years he became the greatest rebel in the country.

Then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, among the many other *salutary* laws that that good lady made for Ireland, she made a law that no cattle or produce were to be exported from the land. Ireland, at that time, was prosperous; moreover, if not prosperous, it was at least able to export a large quantity of cereals and of cattle. It was a source of comfort to the people, and a source of revenue. But the "good Queen Bess"

couldn't see that, so she made and passed this law, that there was to be no more exportation from Ireland; and she condemned the people at once to a life of inactivity and of misery before she let loose her terrible army upon them for their extermination.

The Irish, thus turned aside from agricultural pursuits, because they had no vent for their agricultural productions, turned their attention, with their genius and their nimble fingers, to manufactures—to the manufacture, especially, of woollens; and soon Irish poplins, Irish laces, Irish woollen cloth, were well known in all the markets of Europe, and commanded large prices. Yet, we read that, after the treaty of Limerick, William of Orange, breaking every compact that he made with the Irish people, actually laid such a tax upon the Irish woollen trade, that he completely destroyed it and reduced all the manufacturers and all the tradesmen of Ireland to beggary and ruin.

But the question does not deal so much with individual acts of any tyrannical prince as with the great parliamentary question. We read that, from the first days of the English settlement in Ireland, they were accustomed, from time to time, to call what was called the "Council of the Nation," that is to say, the great English Lords, who came over and settled within the Pale, on their large possessions, were called into council, to make laws and devise certain regulations for the people. Thus, in the reign of King John, these councils were held; in the reign of the Edwards, these councils were held; and so on, until the first great Parliament of the whole Irish nation was called in the year 1612. But you must know that, before a Parliament of the whole nation was called, there was a "Parliament of the Pale." Now, in the time of Henry the Seventh, the English possessed in Ireland only four counties—the counties of Dublin, Louth, Kildare, and Meath. These held their own Parliaments. What kind of Parliaments were they? Year after year they came together only to pass laws against their Irish fellow-citizens; only to execute every wicked and brutal mandate that they received from England; only to perpetuate divisions and divide the heart of Ireland more and more. They were not only tyrannical at home, these Parliaments, but they were also rebellious against the English monarch and Parliament. My friends, we might as well tell the truth; loyalty

does not seem to be a prominent virtue among them. For instance, when Henry the Seventh was declared King in England, two impostors arose to dispute his crown—Simnel and Warbeck. The Anglo-Irish Parliament took up both of them. Simnel was crowned King in Ireland, in Christ Church, in Dublin. Then they sent him to England, and some soldiers with him; and, after fighting a battle, he was taken prisoner, and do you know what the King did with him? He made him a scullion in his kitchen. Scarcely was the pretender Simnel promoted to the kitchen, when another pretender arose, who said he was the youngest son of Edward IV., who was supposed to have been slain in the Tower. His name was Perkin Warbeck. The Irish Parliament—that is to say the Parliament of the English people in Ireland—took him up; and they avowed their allegiance to him. King Henry the Seventh got angry; and he sent over to Ireland a gentleman, Sir Edward Poyning. This man came to discover what was the agitation in the state of the English portion of Ireland. It is all very well to talk about the savagery of the Irish; it is all very well to say that, amongst them, there was nothing but violence going on. Now, here is what the English Commissioner and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland says: when he came, he says, that he found the whole land was full of murders, robberies, rapes, and other manifold extortions and oppressions. By whom were they committed? By the Barons, the English Barons, and settlers in the Pale. Therefore that he came to put an end to that state of things. Secondly, he tells them that they should build a double-ditch, six feet high, between themselves and the Irish. Considering the state of affairs within the Pale, I think that the Irishmen that were outside were likely to gain a great deal more in morality, in virtue, and in religion by the building of the ditch than the English did. The building of that great dyke that passed from the Anna Liffey on to the base of the mountains of Kildare, on the one side; and, on the other side, passed up near the town of Trim in east Meath—embracing the two counties of Meath and Kildare—the building of that dyke to keep out the Irish reminds me of a story told of a poor man down in my own province, who was building a wall around a field, about an acre or an acre and a half, of nothing but limestone, where there wasn't a single blade of grass. A gentleman who was passing said to him—

“What on earth are you doing that for—is it to keep the cattle in?” “No, your honour,” replied the man, “but to keep the crathers out, for fear they might have the misfortune to get in.”

The third law that Poyning made was the most important of all. It was to this effect: that no Parliament in Ireland was to have any right to make laws, unless they first submitted these laws to England. They had no right to assemble in Parliament without the Lord Lieutenant's permission. If any man had a measure to propose in Parliament, it had to be sent over to England to get the permission of the English King before it could be laid before the Parliament. This law completely subjugated Ireland to England. The Parliament, of course, passed whatever laws they were commanded to pass. And so it went on—one law worse than another—the very vilest ordinances of Queen Elizabeth were recognized in the form of law by the Irish Parliament. When Charles the First encroached upon the liberty of the people, his best man, Wentworth, found his help in the Irish Parliament; and England, in the days of Charles the Second, took the money of Ireland—the money that was to pay the interest of the National Debt—and put it into the pocket of the profligate King; and the Irish Parliament had not a word to say. And why? Because they didn't represent the Irish people at all.

In the year 1753—the year that George the Second died—Ireland was practically governed by a vagabond, the Protestant Bishop of Armagh—his name was Hugh Bolter. He was Bishop of Bristol, in England, and had been promoted to be Primate in Ireland. Do you know what that ruffian did? He brought a law before the Irish Parliament disfranchising every Catholic in Ireland, and passed the law without the slightest murmur. There was not a man in that House that spoke or offered an argument for the Catholic Irish, who were thus deprived of all voice in their national affairs.

At length the divided nation united upon a most strange question. They ran short of copper money in Ireland. There were no pence, or halfpence, or farthings; and the people began to complain; they had not the currency wherewith to buy and sell. So the King of England, George the Second, under his own hand, gave command to an Englishman, a coiner named Wood, to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in copper coin. After the Englishman had taken the contract,

mark how he fulfilled it. He bought six thousand pounds worth of old brass, and he coined one hundred and eighty thousand pounds worth of money for Ireland out of the six thousand pounds worth of old brass. There is an old name for a bad penny or a bad halfpenny in Ireland : they call it a "tinker." Well, the "tinkers" arrived in Ireland—the English "tinkers"—Wood's "tinkers;" and, when the Irish people looked at them—tossed them up and caught them again, they got mad; and every man in Ireland, gentle and simple, united, for the first time in our history, in resisting a few bad halfpence. It is a simple, and, indeed, a droll fact. The people that never united on the question of their national independence were united like one man in resisting a few bad halfpence that were sent over from England. This was the first stroke at England. It was two hundred years ago, in the days of Dean Swift—and the Dean hated bad money. The moment that the Irish were united, and said to England, "take back that money, we won't have it," that moment the English King was obliged to take back his own commission; and Mr Wood got back his bad money. It was a small thing, but it taught the Irish people a lesson—a glorious lesson—a lesson that every true-hearted Irishman should preach, the glorious lesson of union and concord amongst all classes of Irishmen. It was very unwise of England to afford us such an opportunity of uniting. So long as it was a question of race she should keep us apart; as long as it was a question of nationality she should keep us divided; but no man—be he Protestant, or Methodist, or Quaker, or Presbyterian, or Catholic—no man likes to have a bad penny thrust upon him when he ought to have a good one. The moment the Irish found that, by uniting upon any question, they could gain whatever they wanted, they discovered the grand secret of national success.

Events followed each other quickly. There was, at this time an Irishman, named Molyneux, who wrote a book called "The Case of Ireland Stated," that proved so clearly the claims of Ireland to national freedom, that the book was burned in London by the common hangman. The eventful year of 1775 came. America was up in arms. England dealt with her the way she dealt with Ireland. She was accustomed to impose taxes upon us without asking our leave. She laid an embargo upon our commerce; she destroyed our trade; and she thought

she had nothing to do but just do the same thing with Brother Jonathan, over the water, that she was doing to poor Paddy at home. But Jonathan was a man of other mettle—more power to him. The Colonists of North America rose in arms. England would not give them tea to drink without laying a tax upon it; and when the tea arrived in Boston they took it out of the ships and flung it into the sea. At first, as we know, America had no wish to separate from England; they only wanted to assert their rights, fairly and conscientiously; and they appealed to the British Constitution—just as Grattan did in Ireland, when he said—“I am ready to die for England; but I must have her charter in my hand, even when I am dead!” They only asked the law that England’s glorious Constitution has provided for her subjects, if that law were fairly administered; for the law is just; the charter is grand; the Constitution is, perhaps, the grandest thing in the world, after the Catholic Church. But the Constitution has been warped; its benefits have been denied, over and over again, to the people; and the law has been administered in a partial and unjust spirit. Well, my friends, 1775 saw America in arms. England was obliged to send every available soldier that she had here; and, not only this, but, to her eternal disgrace, she poured her Hessian mercenaries in upon America; and she hired the North American Indians to cut the throats of the Colonists and scalp them. I don’t know, I confess, why there should be this great friendship—this great “cousinship,” and all this talk about “blood thicker than water,” which you always hear between England and America. When an Englishman speaks in America of “blood thicker than water,” you may ask, if it was so very thick, why did England hire the Hessians to shed it? Why did she hire the Indians to shed it, if it was so very warm, so very friendly? It suits England to-day, in the hour of her decline and weakness, to be constantly talking to Americans about the “same race” and a “common origin;” but it was a pretty manner in which she served her own race in the American Revolution.

A call was made upon Ireland for four thousand troops. The Anglo-Irish Governor said—“Give us the Irish soldiers, and we will give you four thousand Hessians to keep Ireland quiet;” and it was added, by way of inducement, that all the Hessian were the very best of Protestants. Now, mark how

significant that is. We are told that the Irish were men unable to fight; told that they never made a good battle in any cause; we are told that the attribute of bravery in the Irish character is a doubtful one, and, in a word, scarcely due to us. Now, may I ask, if England thought that four thousand Irishmen wouldn't fight as well as four thousand Hessians, why did she ask for the Irishmen and ignore the Hessians? Why didn't she send the Hessians to America instead of sending them to Ireland and taking the poor Irish? It was because she knew well that perhaps the Hessian might turn his back, but the Irishman would fight till he'd die. Well, my friends, the Irish Parliament gave them four thousand soldiers, but for once in their lives they had a ray of the grace of God upon them, and refused to take the Hessians. They said—"No; we will not take any foreign mercenaries into Ireland; but we will tell you what we will do—If you will give us arms we will organize volunteers for the defence of the country." The moment the word was mentioned in Belfast, in the north, Irish volunteer companies were formed. Irishmen stood again shoulder to shoulder. The Government reluctantly, in 1779, gave them arms, and Ireland, in six months, beheld a native army of fifty thousand men, as well organized and drilled as any army in the world. The Volunteer organization spread, the nation made them presents of artillery; the first ladies in Ireland wove their flags. They were of all classes of men, officered by the best nobility in the land. Lord Charlemont, Henry Grattan, the Duke of Leinster, and Henry Flood—all the highest intellects in Ireland—the noblest and best blood of the country, were at the head of the "Volunteers." In 1781, according to Sir Jonah Barrington, their numbers had swelled into eighty thousand, perfectly drilled, and perfectly organized men. The originator of all this was the famous Henry Flood, a man intolerant in his religious ideas—for he hated us, Catholics, "as the devil hates holy water." But, although intolerant in religion, he was a man of great mind, and of great love for Ireland. So soon as the English Government saw the willingness of these men, springing up all over the land; under the Earl of Clanricarde in Galway and Mayo; in the south, under O'Brien; in the north, under other chieftains; in Leinster, under the Earl of Kildare, Lord Charlemont, Henry Grattan, Flood, Hussey Burgh, and others, the

English Government got afraid of their lives and wanted them disbanded, and to get their arms back. But Ireland was armed; and then the immortal Henry Grattan assembled their leaders. Flood was amongst them, Lord Charlemont and other distinguished members of the Irish Protestant Parliament. When they all met together, they asked the significant question—"Now that we have fifty thousand men armed, what are we going to do with them?" The answer to the question came from the fiery soul and the great head of the immortal Grattan. He said—"Now that we have them at our back, we can speak as an united nation. We will not allow them to lay down their arms until we have achieved legislative and religious independence for Ireland." Accordingly, in 1779, as soon as ever the "Volunteers" were got together, Grattan brought into the Irish House of Commons, a proposition to abolish Sir Edward Poyning's Law, which declared that the Irish could not make laws for themselves unless they first got permission of the English King. He proposed this in the Irish Parliament. All the weight of the English Government was against him; all the rottenness of the country was against him; but the streets of Dublin were lined with the "Volunteers;" and they had their cannon drawn up in square before the House of Commons. They had cards around the mouth of the guns inscribed—"Justice to Ireland; or else—" [The conclusion of this sentence was lost in applause.]

Poyning's law was repealed. The English King was only too glad to say—"Gentlemen, Ireland has a right to make her own laws; make them for yourselves." A few weeks later Grattan brought in another bill; and it was that there was no more restriction to be laid upon the trade of Ireland. He said, "You have ruined our woollen trade. You are ruining our linen trade with excessive taxation." It was just when the American revolution had broken out, and England had such a regard towards the people of America, she made a law prohibiting the Irish to send any cattle or food of any kind to America. It is easy, to-day, to say that the Catholics were all opposed to America. If the Catholics of Ireland were always opposed to America, and to her cause, why did England make a law to oblige us to send no help or succour in the way of food to America? This law had crushed our commerce and trade. Grattan brought in his Bill in April,

1779. Once more the Government of England was opposed to him. Once more the King wrote over to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. "Don't send me any bill that will release Ireland. I will not hear of it. I won't sign it. Grattan proposed his bill in the House of Commons; and the slavish House was afraid to pass it. They tore it before his eyes; it was thrown at him; but Grattan fell back upon his fifty thousand men, and said—"Here—here are the men with arms in their hands, with flags tossing and waving for Ireland. You must give her commercial freedom." A united, an armed nation spoke these words, and they were obliged to suspend and to repeal every law, and to declare with the sanction and signature of the English King that Ireland was free to trade in her woollen manufactures and all the exports with the West Indies, with America, or, in fact, with any nation.

Then Grattan made the memorable remark in his speech to the Irish Parliament. He said—"Gentlemen, your forefathers, sitting in this House, sold and destroyed the trade and liberty of Ireland. Now, I have returned to her her trade, and now I demand that you return to Ireland her liberty." The fifty thousand by the time were becoming eighty thousand; and on that glorious April day of 1782, Henry Grattan proposed in the Irish Parliament, and it was passed and sanctified as a law, that Ireland was a free nation, wearing an imperial crown; in these memorable words—"It is enacted that the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, and inseparably annexed to Great Britain, on which connection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend. But that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, and legislative power; and that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, the Lords and the Commons of Ireland." The crown of Ireland was an imperial crown. She was a nation with her own Parliament, her own laws, her own genius, her own influence over her own resources, and her own debts; with her own right to tax herself; her own laws to execute, and every other right; and she merely acknowledged the union with England in the interests and the well-being of both countries. That was the declaration of Henry Grattan, and it struck terror into the heart of England. It was the most magnificent declaration that Ireland ever made of her nationality and her claim to

the full and imperial freedom as a nation and empire. Grattan had eighty thousand men at his back, and in one month his message was sent to England. "I send this law," he said, "to England. I give England one month to decide; and if she decide not in one month—there are the men." That was on the 17th of April, 1782. Before the month was over—before the 17th of May—it came back acknowledged by the English Parliament, and signed by the English King; acknowledging that Ireland's crown was an imperial crown—that Ireland was a nation united, and, in truth, perfectly equal with England; that the English Parliament had no right or title under Heaven to govern Ireland, but only the Irish Parliament submitting to the English crown. Then Grattan made his famous speech in the Irish Parliament. He said—"I found Ireland upon her knees. I lifted her up. I watched her as she took her place amongst the nations. I saw the crown upon her head. And, now, all that remains for me is to bow before that august form, and pray—'*Esto perpetua*'—be thou perpetual."

This was the climax of the triumph of the "Volunteers." They had gained all that they asked or sought for Ireland. One year later, they met in convention; and I regret to have to say what I am about to say. Their Generals and officers met and took measures for the reformation of the Irish Parliament, and to consider the representation of the people. When it was proposed to these officers and Generals of the "Volunteers" to demand the emancipation of three millions of Catholics in Ireland—to my heart's regret I have to say it—they refused to grant to these emancipation, or petition for it. They refused to give to their Catholic fellow-countrymen the liberty which they had won for themselves. And Catholic Ireland felt her heart within her growing faint, and breaking—to see the very force in which she had put her trust, now wanting in the hour of her danger and of her strength. At the same time, deserted by their brethren, their Catholic countrymen lost heart in them. When they were organized no Catholic was allowed to enter the ranks of the "Volunteers," or to carry arms. The poor Catholics of Ireland collected and sent money to Dublin. They sent £100,000 to provide uniforms for their Protestant fellow-citizens. After a time, as the American war went on and the colonists waxed stronger, England got more

fearful. And, when Burgoyne was taken prisoner, and when Clinton retired before the unconquerable sword of Washington, England was obliged to permit the Catholics to join the "Volunteers." Instantly the Irish Catholics sprang into the ranks, and took their arms into their hands. Without one feeling of rebellion or disloyalty, but only the pure love of Ireland, they stood prepared to die for the liberties of their fellow-countrymen, as well as their own.

Then came the sad dispersion. The English Government had introduced the element of disunion even among the "Volunteers." Some were in favour of emancipating the Catholics; others were not. A fatal division was introduced, and then a law was quietly brought into the Irish Parliament, that it would be better to increase the regular army to twenty thousand men—not fifteen hundred, but twenty thousand men. It was also passed that they should give twenty thousand pounds towards arming the militia; and in three or four short years the "Volunteers" were dispersed; their arms were taken from their hands and put into the hands of a militia entirely controlled by military officers, who were all English. The last hope of Ireland died for a time.

Then began the series of bad laws. The "Convention Act" was passed under the influence of the Duke of Wellington. As soon as they found that the "Volunteers" were disbanded, they knew that they could do as they liked with the liberties of Ireland. One of the first laws they made was that it was not lawful for Irishmen to hold political conventions, or any other kind of conventions, or nominate delegates who were to speak on any occasion, on any subject. One injustice followed another, until the country, inflamed by the maxims of the mighty French Revolution, goaded to desperation, made the ineffectual effort of '98. Then, crushed, wounded, bleeding, deceived and degraded, nothing remained but for the accursed Castlereagh to walk over the prostrate ruin, and over the bodies of his countrymen, and, in spite of oaths and treaties—in spite of the signature of the King, declaring that Ireland alone had a right to make her own laws—in the year 1800 they took the Parliament from us; and from that day to this our laws are made for us by Englishmen.

Thus ended the "Volunteers;" but the lesson which it teaches has not died with this glorious movement. My friends, it is

not a lesson of revolution or of rebellion that this glorious movement of '82 teaches; it is the higher lesson of union among Irishmen. It was not the "Irish Volunteers" that the English feared so much, though they were a powerful army. it is true; but their main strength lay in the fact that they had three millions of their Catholic fellow-countrymen united to them heart and soul. It was not Ireland armed, but Ireland united, that made the tyrant tremble, and made the English Government sign every bill as soon as it was put forth. A singular example of the union which bound up all these men was given at that time. Some of the Belfast and Antrim "Volunteers" were Protestants, all Orangemen, to a man, yet so united were they in that day, with their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and all classes of men, in that perfect union, that they actually marched out on Sunday and heard Mass. Ireland was united. Of course, there must be religious divisions where there is difference of religion. If I can't unite with my fellow-countryman in believing what he believes, or rather to pare down my belief till it comes to nothing to suit him—am I therefore to say to him, "Stand aside;" am I therefore to say to him, "We have no common country. I have nothing in common with you." Oh! no. The most glorious battles of modern times have been fought in the trenches where the Protestant and Catholic stood side by side. And England, who knows so well how to divide us on the religious question, at home, knows as well how to unite us abroad, in the ranks of her army. The 88th "Connaught Rangers" were Catholics to a man; and they were side by side, on the field of Waterloo, with the Protestant soldiers of the North of Ireland and of England. There are questions second only in their sacredness to that of religion, which is first. The question of nationality is second only in importance to the religious question, because on that great national question depends what Catholic and Protestant alike hold dear—public liberty. On this great question, thanks be to God, every man can be united with his fellow-man, no matter what shade of religious division may exist between them. I accept the word of the English historian who has come amongst us, in the case of Ireland—I accept the word that he has said. If he be reported rightly, he said, that, in the day that Ireland is united, Ireland shall be invincible. Away, then, with all

religious animosity that would interfere with man's co-operation with his fellow-man for native land. Away with that fatal division that would fain make one Ireland for the Protestant Irishman and another for the Catholic Irishman—whereas the “Green Island” is the common motherland of all. My Catholic countrymen, at the peril of your eternal salvation, be as firm as the granite rock upon every principle of your Church and your religion; be as conservative of that faith as you are of your immortal souls, else you will lose that faith, and those souls with it. But, I say to you, just as you are to be conservative in your faith as you can be, so, upon the grand question upon which the freedom and happiness of the dear old land depends, be as liberal, as large hearted, as truly united upon it as you are to be strong and united upon the question of your own religion. Then shall the future, seen by the prophetic eye of Grattan, when he hailed his Ireland as an independent nation, be realized by the men of to-day. Then shall the dream of the lover and the aspiration of the patriot shine forth in the glory of its fulfilment; when domestic laws, made by Irishmen, for Ireland and for Irishmen, shall govern the State affairs of Ireland; when every want of Ireland will be the best forethought of Irish loving minds and intellects; when every Irishman will have the first place paramount in the deliberations of an Irish Parliament; when, from out the intellect and the fulness of the heart of Ireland, in the future day, shall beam around my motherland and realize the glories of days long past, the sun that has set for so many years in clouds of blood—but which shall rise serenely in the new Orient of freedom, for dear old, much-loved Ireland.

LECTURE II.

THE NORMANS IN IRELAND.

AN EXPOSURE OF ENGLISH MISRULE.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday evening,
12th November, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a strange fact that the old battle that has been raging for seven hundred years should continue so far away from the old land. The question on which I am come to speak to you this evening, is one that has been disputed at many a council board; one that has been disputed in many a Parliament; one that has been disputed on many a well-fought field, and is not yet decided—the question between England and Ireland. Among the visitors to America, who came over this year, there was one gentleman distinguished in Europe for his style of writing and for his historical knowledge—the author of several works which have created a profound sensation, at least for their originality. Mr Froude has frankly stated that he came over to this country to deal with England and the Irish question, viewing it from an English standpoint; that, like a true man, he came to America, to make the best case that he could for his own country; that he came to state that case to an American public as to a grand jury, and to demand a verdict from them, the most extraordinary that was ever yet demanded from any people—namely, a declaration that England was right in the manner in which she has treated my native land for seven hundred years.

It seems, according to this learned gentleman, that we Irish have been badly treated, that he confesses; but he puts in as a plea *that we only got what we deserved*. “It is true, he says, “that we have governed them badly: the reason is, because it was impos-

sible to govern them rightly. It is true that we have robbed them ; the reason is, because it was a pity to leave them their own—they made such a bad use of it ; it is true we have persecuted them ; the reason is, persecution was a fashion of the time and the order of the day.' On these pleas there is not a criminal in prison to-day in the United States that should not immediately get his freedom by acknowledging his crime and pleading some extenuating circumstance. Our ideas about Ireland have been all wrong, it seems. Seven hundred years ago the exigencies of the time demanded the foundation of a strong British Empire. In order to do this, Ireland had to be conquered, and Ireland was conquered. Since that time, the one ruling idea in the English mind has been to do all the good they could to the Irish. Their legislation and their action have not always been tender, but they were always beneficent. They sometimes were severe, but they were severe to us for our own good, and the difficulty of England has been that the Irish, during all these long hundreds of years, have never understood their own interests, nor known what was for their own good. Now, the American mind is enlightened, and henceforth no Irishman must complain of the past in this new light in which Mr Froude puts it before us. And the aimable gentleman tells us that what has been our fate in the past he greatly fears we must reconcile ourselves to in the future.

He comes to tell his version of the history of Ireland, and he also comes to solve Ireland's difficulty, and to lead us out of all the miseries that have been our history for hundreds of years. When he came, many persons questioned what was the reason or motive of his coming. I have heard people speaking all around me, and assigning to the learned gentleman this motive or that. Some persons said he was an emissary of the English Government ; that they sent him because they were beginning to be afraid of the rising power of Ireland in this great nation ; that they saw here eight millions of Irishmen by birth, and perhaps fourteen millions Irish by immediate descent, and that they knew enough of the Irish to know that the Almighty God blessed them always with an extraordinary power, not only to preserve themselves but to spread themselves, and that in a few years not fourteen, but fifty millions of descendants of Irish blood and of the Irish race would be in this land. According to those who would thus surmise, England wants to check the sympathy

of the American people for their Irish fellow-citizens; and it was considered that the best way to effect this was to send a learned man with a plausible story to this country; a man with a singular power of viewing facts in the light in which he wishes himself to view them and put them before others; a man with an extraordinary power of so mixing up these facts that many simple-minded people will look upon them as he puts them before them, and whose mission it was to alienate the mind of America from Ireland to-day, by showing what an impracticable, obstinate, accursed race we are. Others again surmised that the learned gentleman came for another purpose. They said; England is in the hour of her weakness: she is tottering fast and visibly to her ruin; the disruption of that old Empire is visibly approaching; she is to-day cut off without an ally in Europe; her army a cipher, her fleet nothing—according to Mr Reed, the best authority on this great question—nothing to be compared with the rival fleet of the great Russian power that is going up. With France paralysed by her late defeat, England lost her best ally. The three Emperors the other day, they said, contemptuously ignored her; and settled the affairs of the world without as much as even mentioning the name of that kingdom that was once so powerful. Her resources of coal and iron are failing; her people are discontented, and she shows every sign of decay. Thus did some people argue that England was anxious for an American alliance, for, they said, “What would be more natural than that the old and tottering empire should wish to lean on the strong, mighty, vigorous, young arm of America.” I have heard others say that the gentleman came over on the invitation of a little *clique* of sectarian bigots in this country. Men, who, feeling that the night of religious bigotry and sectarian bitterness is fast coming to a close before the increasing light of American intelligence and education, would fain prolong the darkness by an hour or two by whatever help Mr Froude could lend them.

I protest to you, gentlemen, to-night, that I have heard all these motives assigned to this learned man without giving them the least attention. I believe Mr Froude's motives to be simple, straightforward, and patriotic. I am willing to give him credit for the highest motives, and I consider him perfectly incapable of lending himself to any base or sordid proceedings,

from a base or sordid motive. But as the learned gentleman's motives have been so freely criticised, and I believe, in many cases, misrepresented, so my own motives in coming here to-night to answer him may perhaps be misrepresented and misunderstood, unless I state them clearly and plainly. As he has been said to come as an emissary of the English Government, I may be said to appear here, perhaps, as an emissary of rebellion or revolution; as he is supposed by some to have the sinister motive of alienating the American mind from the Irish citizenship of the States, so I may be suspected of endeavouring to excite religious or political hatred. Now, I protest that these are not my motives. I come here to-night simply to vindicate the honour of Ireland and her history. I come here, to-night, lest any man should think that in this our day, or in any day, Ireland is to be left without a son who will speak for the mother that bore him.

And I hold that Mr Froude is unfit for the task which he has undertaken, for three great reasons. First of all, because I find, in the writings of this learned gentleman, that he solemnly and emphatically declares that he despairs of ever finding a remedy for the evils of Ireland, and he gives it up as a bad job. Here are his words, written in one of his essays a few years ago—"The present hope is that by assiduous justice," that is to say, by conceding everything the Irish please to ask, "we shall disarm their enmity, and convince them of our good-will. It may be so; there are persons sanguine enough to hope that the Irish will be so moderate in what they demand, and the English so liberal in what they will grant, that at last we shall fling ourselves into each other's arms in tears of mutual forgiveness. I do not share that expectation. It is more likely that they will push their importunities till at last we turn upon them, and refuse to yield further. There will be a struggle once more, and either the emigration to America will increase in volume until it has carried the entire race beyond our reach, or, in some shape or other, they will again have to be coerced into submission." "Banish them or coerce them"—there is the true Englishman speaking. "My only remedy," he emphatically says, "my only hope, my only prospect, of a future for Ireland is, let them go to America, and have done with the race altogether; and give us Ireland at last, such as we have laboured to make

it for seven hundred years, a desert and a solitude; or, if they remain at home, they will have to be coerced into submission." I hold that that man has no right to come to America to tell the American people and the Irish in America that he can describe the horoscope of Ireland's future. He ought to be ashamed to attempt it after having uttered such words as those. The second reason why I say he is unfit for the task of describing Irish history is because of his contempt of the Irish people. The original sin of the Englishman has ever been his contempt for the Irish. It lies deep, though dormant, in the heart of almost every Englishman. The average Englishman despises the Irishman, and looks down upon him as a being almost inferior in nature. Now, I speak not from prejudice, but from an intercourse of years—for I have lived among them. I have known Englishmen, amiable, gentle, religious, charming characters, who would not for the whole world nourish wilfully a feeling of contempt in their hearts for any one, much less express it in words; and yet I have seen even them manifest, in a thousand forms, that contempt for the Irish which seems to be their very nature. I am sorry to say that I can make no exception of Catholic or Protestant among the English in this feeling. I mention this not to excite animosity, not to create bad blood or bitter feeling. No; I protest this is not my meaning. But I mention this because I am convinced it lies at the very root of that antipathy and hatred between the English and Irish, which seems to be incurable. And I verily believe, until that feeling is destroyed, you never can have a cordial union between the two countries; and the only way to destroy it is to raise Ireland, so by justice and by home legislation that she will attain to such a position as to enforce and command the respect of our English fellow-citizens.

Mr Froude, himself, who, I am sure, is incapable of any ungenerous sentiment, towards any man or any people, is an actual living example of that feeling of contempt of which I speak. In November, 1865, this learned gentleman addressed a Scottish assembly in Edinburgh; and the subject of his address was the effect of the Protestant Reformation upon the Scottish character. According to him, it made the Scots the finest people on the face of the earth. Originally fine, they never got their last touch, that made them as it were, arch-

angels among men, until the holy hand of John Knox touched them. On that occasion the learned gentleman introduced himself to his Scottish audience in the following words :—

“ I have undertaken to speak, this evening, on the effects of the Reformation in Scotland, and I consider myself a very bold person to have come here on any such undertaking. In the first place, the subject is one with which it is presumptuous for a stranger to meddle. Great national movements can only be understood properly by the people whose disposition they represent. We say, ourselves, about our own history, that only Englishmen can properly comprehend it. It is the same with every considerable nation. They work out their own political and spiritual lives through tempers, humours, and passions peculiar to themselves; and the same disposition which produces the result is required to interpret it afterwards.”

Did the learned gentleman offer any such apology for entering so boldly on the discussion of Irish affairs? Oh, no! There was no apology necessary. He was going to speak only of the “mere Irish.” There was no word to express his own fear that, perhaps, he had not understood their character, or the subject of which he was about to treat. There was no apology to the Irish in America—the fourteen millions before whom he so boldly told his story, endeavouring to hold them up as an irreligious, licentious, contentious, obstinate, ungovernable race. None at all. It was not necessary; they were only Irish. If they were Scotch, how the learned gentleman would have come with a thousand apologies for his own presumption in venturing to approach such a delicate subject as a delineation of the sweet Scotch character, or anything connected with it!

What, on the other hand, is his treatment of the Irish? I have in this book before me the words that came from his pen; and I protest, as I read them, I felt every drop of my Irish blood boiling in my veins; I felt how bitter was the taunt when he said: “They may be good at the voting booths, but they are no good to handle the rifle?” He compares us, in this essay, to a pack of hounds, and he says :—

“To tell Ireland to go in peace and freedom would be the same as if a gentleman addressed his hounds, and said, ‘I give you your freedom; now go out and act as you please.’

It is needless to say that, after worrying all the sheep in the neighbourhood, they would end by tearing each other to pieces."

I deplore this feeling. The man who is possessed by it can never understand the philosophy of Irish history.

Thirdly, Mr Froude is utterly unfit for the task of delineating or interpreting the history of the Irish people, because of his more than contempt, the bitter hatred and detestation in which he holds the Catholic clergy and the Catholic religion. In this book before me he speaks of the Catholic Church as an "Old Serpent, whose poisonous fangs have been drawn from her;"—as a "Witch of Endor, mumbling curses to-day because she cannot burn at the stake and shed blood as of old." He most unfairly charges the Church with, and makes her responsible, for the French massacre of St Bartholomew's Day; for the persecutions and deaths which originated from the revolt of the Netherlands, against the Duke of Alva, under Philip II.; for every murder and butchery that has been committed, he says, with the virus of the most intense prejudice, that the Catholic Church lies at the bottom of them all, and is responsible for them. The very gentlemen that welcomed him and surrounded him when he came to New York, gave him plainly to understand that, where the Catholic religion is involved, where a favourite theory is to be considered, or a favourite view has to be proved, they do not consider him as a reliable or trustworthy witness or historian. Not, I again declare, that I believe this gentleman to be capable of a lie. I do not. I believe he is incapable of it. But wherever prejudice comes in, such as his, it distorts the most well-known facts for its own purpose. Thus, the gentleman wishes to exalt Queen Elizabeth by blackening the character of Mary, Queen of Scots; and in doing this he has been convicted, by a citizen of Brooklyn, of putting his own words as if they were the words of ancient chronicles and ancient laws and deeds and documents; and the taunt has been flung at him: "Mr Froude has never grasped the meaning of inverted commas." Henry VIII., of blessed memory, has been painted by this historian as a most estimable man—as chaste as a monk. Bless your souls! you are all mistaken about him! A man that never robbed anybody; burning with zeal for the public good! His putting away his wife and taking young Anna Boleyn to

his embraces—Oh ! that was a chaste anxiety for the public welfare. All the atrocities of this monster in human shape melt away under Mr Froude's eyes ; and Henry VIII. rises before us in such a form, that even the Protestants of England, when they saw him as described by Mr Froude, cried out—" Oh, you have mistaken your man ! " One fact will show you how this gentleman writes history. When Henry VIII. declared war against the Church—when England was distracted by his tyranny—one day hanging a Catholic because he would not deny the supremacy of the Pope, and the next day hanging a Protestant for denying the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament—during this time, when the ministers who remained faithful to the Pope were most odious to the tyrant, and such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate their clergy in order to please their king—a certain man, whose name was Hun, was lodged a prisoner in the Lorillard Tower, and he was found in his cell, hanged by the neck, and dead. There was a coroner's inquest held over him, and the twelve—I can call them nothing but the twelve blackguards that were on the jury—in order to express their own hatred, and to please the powers that were, brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, a most excellent priest. When the Bishop heard of this verdict he applied to the Prime Minister to have the verdict quashed ; just the same as if they found a verdict of wilful murder against you, who were not yet born. He brought the matter before the House of Lords, in order that the character of his Chancellor might be fully vindicated. The King's Attorney-General took cognizance of it ; and by a solemn decree the verdict of the coroner's jury was set aside, and these twelve men were declared to be twelve perjurers. Now, listen to Mr Froude's version of that story. Writing the history of England, he comes to that fact ; and he says—" The clergy at that time were reduced to such a state of immorality and wickedness, that, Hun being found dead in his cell, a coroner's jury actually found a verdict of murder against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London ; and the Bishop was obliged to apply to Cardinal Wolsey for a special jury to try the Chancellor, because, if they took any ordinary twelve men, they would be sure to find him guilty"—leaving the reader under the impression that the man was guilty of a murder of which he was

innocent as Abel; and that if he were placed before any twelve of his countrymen, they would find him guilty on the evidence. This is the impression this "candid writer" leaves, knowing the facts as well as I know them.

Well, now, we come to consider the subject of his first lecture, and, indeed, I must say, I never personally experienced the difficulty of hunting a will-o'-the-wisp through a marsh until I came to follow this learned gentleman in his first lecture. I say this, not disrespectfully to him at all; but he covered so much ground, and at such unequal distances, that it is impossible to follow him with anything like order. He began by telling how Minister Rufus King wrote a certain letter about certain Irishmen; and he went on to say how the Catholics of Ireland sympathized with England, while, in the hour of her great struggle, the Protestants of Ireland were breast-high for America. All these questions—which belong to our own day—I will leave aside for the present, and when I come, towards the close of my lectures, to speak of them, then I shall have great pleasure in taking up Mr Froude's assertions and examining them. But, coming home to the great question of Ireland, what does this gentleman tell us? He tells us that, seven hundred years ago, Ireland was invaded by the Anglo-Normans; and the first thing, apparently, he wishes to do is to justify this invasion, and to establish the principle that the Normans were right in coming to Ireland. How does he do this? He begins by drawing a terrible picture of the state of Ireland before the invasion. They were cutting each other's throats; the whole land was covered with bloodshed; there was in Ireland neither religion, morality, nor government; and, therefore, the Pope found it necessary to send the Normans to Ireland, as you would send a policeman into a saloon where the people were killing one another. This is the first justification—that in Ireland, seven hundred years ago—just before the Norman invasion—there was neither morality, religion, nor government. Let us see if he is right. The first proof he gives that there was no government in Ireland, is a most insidious statement. He says:—

"How could there be any government in a country where every family maintained itself according to its own ideas, right or wrong, and acknowledged no authority?"

Well, if this be true, according to the modern use of the

word "family," certainly Ireland was in a deplorable state; every family governing itself according to its own notions, and acknowledging no authority. What does he mean by the word "family?" Speaking to Americans in this nineteenth century, the word "family" means every household in the land. We talk of a man and his family—the father and mother and three or four, five or six children, as the case may be. This is our idea as to the word family; and using the word in this sense, I fully admit that if every family in Ireland were governed by their own ideas, admitting no authority, Mr Froude has established his case. But what is the fact? What is the meaning of the word "family," as applied in Ireland, 700 years ago. The "family," in Ireland, meant the sept, or tribe—all that had the same name. They owned whole counties, a large extent of territory. The men of the same name were called the men of the same family, as for instance, the McMurrughs of Leinster; the O'Tooles of Wicklow; the O'Byrnes of Kildare; the O'Conors of Connaught; the O'Briens of Munster; the O'Neills and O'Donnells of Ulster. The family meant a nation; the family meant two or three counties of Ireland, governed by one chieftain; all the men of one sept; and it is quite true that each family governed itself in its own independence, and acknowledged no superior. That is quite true. There were five great families in Ireland; the O'Conors in Connaught; the O'Neills in Ulster; the McLaughlins in Meath; the O'Briens in Munster, and the McMurrughs in Leinster. Under these five great heads there were many septs or smaller families, each counting from 500 or 600 to 1000 fighting men, but all acknowledging, in the different provinces, the sovereignty of these five great royal houses. These five houses, again, elected their monarch, or supreme ruler, called the Ard-righ, who dwelt in Tara. I ask, if the family thus meant a whole sept or tribe, having a regularly constituted head, is it fair to say that Ireland was in a state of anarchy because every family governed itself? Is it fair of this gentleman thus to try and hoodwink the American jury, to which he has made his appeal, by describing the Irish family, which meant a sept or tribe, as a family of the nineteenth century, which means only the head of the house and the mother and children?

Again, he says, the Irish people lived like the New

Zealanders of to-day, in underground caves; and then he declares *boldly*—"I, myself, opened one of these underground lodging houses of the Irish people." Now, mark! this gentleman lives in Ireland; and, a few years ago, he opened an ancient rath in Kerry—one of these Danish raths—and there discovered a cave and some remains of mussle-shells and bones. At the time of that discovery he had the most learned archæologist in Ireland with him; and they put their heads together about it; but Mr Froude has written in this very book before me that what these places were intended for—what use they were applied to—baffled conjecture; no one can tell it. Well, if it baffled conjecture then, and they could not tell what to make of it—if it so puzzled him then, what right has he to come out here in America, and say they were the ordinary dwellings of the Irish people?

In order to understand the state of Ireland before the Norman invasion, I must ask you to consider, first, my friends, the ancient Irish Constitution which governed the land. Ireland was governed by septs or families. The land, from time immemorial, was in possession of these families or tribes. Each tribe elected its own chieftain; and to him they paid the most devoted allegiance and obedience; so that the fidelity of the Irish clansman to his chief was proverbial. The chief, during his life-time, convoked an assembly of the tribe; and they elected from among the members of the family the best and the strongest man to be his successor; and they called him the Tanist. The object of this was that the successor of the King might be known, and that, at the King's death, there might be no riot or bloodshed, or contention for the right to succeed him. Was not this a wise law? An elective monarchy has its advantages. The best man comes to the front because he is chosen by his fellowmen. When they came to select a successor to their Prince, the King's son had no right because he was the King's eldest son to succeed his father; he might be a booby or a fool. So, they wisely selected the best and strongest, and bravest, and wisest man; and he was acknowledged to have the right of succession; he was the Tanist, according to the ancient law of Ireland. Well, these families, as I have said, in the various Provinces, owed and paid allegiance to the King of the Province, who was one of the five great families, called "the Five Bloods of Ireland." Each Prince had his own judge,

or Brehon, who administered justice, in solemn court, for the people. These Brehons, or Irish judges, were learned men. The historians of the times tell us they could speak Latin as fluently as they could Irish: they had an established code of law, had colleges where they studied that law; and it was only when they graduated in their studies that they came home to their respective septs, or tribes, and were established as Brehons or Judges over the people. Nowhere in the history of Ireland do we read that any man rebelled or protested against the decision of a Brehon Judge. Then the five monarchs in the five Provinces, elected the Ard-riagh or High King. They, with him, sat in council on national matters, and on all matters that concerned the whole people, within the halls of imperial Tara. There Saint Patrick found them in the year 432, minstrels and bards, and Brehons, princes, crowned monarchs, and High King—there did he find them, discussing, like wise and prudent men, the affairs of the nation, when he preached to them the Faith of Christ. While this Constitution remained, the clansmen paid no rent for their land. The land of the tribe or family was held in common—it was the common property of all; and the Brehon or Judge divided it, giving to each man what was necessary for him, with free right of pasturage over the whole. They had no idea of slavery or serfdom among them. The Irish clansman was of the same blood as his chieftain. The O'Brien that sat in the saddle, at the head of his men, was related by blood to the gallow-glass O'Brien that fought in the ranks. There was no such thing as slavery among them; no such thing as the chieftain looking down upon the people; no such thing as cowed, abject submission on the part of the people to every worthless decree. The chieftain was one of themselves; and the men stood in the ranks as freemen, perfectly equal, one with another. We are told even by Gerald Barry, the lying historian, who sometimes, though rarely, told the truth, that, when the English came to Ireland, nothing astonished them more than the free and bold manner in which the humblest man spoke to his chieftain, and the condescension and equality with which the chieftain treated the humblest soldier in his tribe. This was the ancient Irish Constitution, my friends. Does this look like anarchy? No! It cannot be said, with truth, that, in a land where the laws were so well defined, where everything was in

proper place—that there was anarchy. Mr Froude says that there was, because that the chieftains were fighting amongst themselves ; and so they were. But he immediately adds, that there was fighting everywhere throughout Europe, after the breaking up of the Roman Empire. If there was fighting going on in every land—if the Saxon was cutting the Norman's throat, in England—what right has he to say that Ireland, beyond all nations, was given up to anarchy, because chieftain drew the sword against chieftain frequently, or from time to time.

So much for the question of government. Now for the question of religion. The Catholic religion flourished in Ireland for six hundred years and more before the Anglo-Normans invaded her coasts. For the first three hundred years after the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, the religion of the Irish was the glory of the world and the pride of God's holy Church. Ireland, for these three hundred years, was the island-mother home of saints and scholars. Men came from every country of the then known world to light the lamp of knowledge and sanctity at the sacred fire that burned upon the altars of Ireland. Then came the Danes ; and for three hundred years more our people were harassed by incessant wars. The Danes, as Mr Froude remarked,—apparently with a good deal of approval,—had no respect for Christ or His religion. The first thing they did was to pull down the churches, and set fire to the monasteries. They slaughtered the monks and holy priests and bishops of Ireland. The people were left without religious instruction, for in time of war men have not much time to think of religion. For three hundred years Ireland was subjected, year after year, to the incursions of the Danes ; until on Good Friday morning, 1014, Brian Boroihme defeated them at the great battle of Clontarf. But it was not until the twelfth century, on the 23rd of August, 1103, that they were finally driven out of the country, by the defeat of Magnus, their King, on Loch Strangford, in the North of Ireland.

The consequence of those Danish wars was that the Catholic religion, though it remained in all its vital strength, and in all the purity of its faith, among the Irish people, yet it was sadly shorn of that sanctity which adorned it for the first three hundred years of Ireland's Christianity. Vices sprang up

among the people. They were accustomed to war, war, war, night and day, for three centuries. Where is the people on the face of the earth that would not be utterly demoralized by fifty years of war, much less by three hundred? The wars of the Roses in England did not last more than thirty years; but the people were so demoralized by their effects that—almost without a single struggle—they changed their religion at the dictate of the blood-thirsty and licentious tyrant, Henry VIII. But, no sooner were the Danes gone, than the Irish people assembled their Bishops and Princes in Council. We find, almost the very year after the final expulsion of the Danes, a Council was held; and here gathered their bishops and priests and almost all the chieftains of the land, the heads of the leading septs or families: and they framed wise laws, endeavouring to repair all that Ireland lost in the Danish invasion, and strict laws of Christian morality were enforced. Again we find a Council assembled, with the Papal Legate, Cardinal Papero, at its head, in the year 1164, five years before the Normans invaded us. Now, we find the same Cardinal Papero, the very year before the Norman invasion, presiding at a Council of the Bishops of Ireland. We find the people making laws for their government, and preparing to observe them faithfully. We find the Irish Bishops and Archbishops supported by the swords and the power of the chieftains. We find the Pope's Legate travelling fearlessly into Ireland, whenever his master sent him, without let or hinderance; and when he arrived he was received with all the devotion and chivalrous affection which the Irish have always evinced towards the representatives of their religion and their God. My friends, it is worth our while to see what was the result of all these Councils, what was the result of this great religious revival, which was taking place in Ireland during the few years that elapsed between the end of the Danish and the beginning of the Norman invasion. We find three great Irish Saints reigning together in the Church—we find St Malachi, Primate of Armagh. We find him succeeded by St Celsus; and he was succeeded by St Gregorius, whose name is in the martyrology of Rome. We find, in Dublin, St Laurence O'Toole, of glorious memory. We find Felix and Christian, two Bishops reigning in Lismore, in Waterford. Every man of them filling not only Ireland, but enshrined by the whole Church of God for their

learning and the brightness of their sanctity. We find, at the same time, Catholicus in Down; Augustin O'Daly in Waterford; Dionysius, Marianus, Johannes Scotus, Gregorius and others—all Irish monks, famous for their learning, famous for their sanctity—in the great Benedictine Monastery of Ratisbon. We find, moreover, just before the Normans arrived, in 1168, a great Council was held in Athboy. Thirteen thousand representatives of the nation—thirteen thousand warriors on horseback, with their chieftains—attended the Council, that they might hear whatever the Church commanded, that they might obey it. What was the result of all this? Oh, Mr Froude, I am not speaking from any prejudiced point of view. It has been said that if Mr Froude gave the history of Ireland from an outside point of view, Father Burke would give it from an inside view. I am only quoting English authorities; and in this interval I find Langfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to Brian, King of Munster, to congratulate him upon the religious spirit and peaceful disposition of his people. Furthermore, St Anselm, one of the greatest saints, Archbishop of Canterbury, under William Rufus, has written as follows to Murchertach O'Brien, King of Munster:—

“I give thanks to God for the many good things we hear of your Highness, and especially for the profound peace which the subjects of your realm enjoy. All good men who hear this give thanks to God, and pray that He may grant you length of days.”

The man who wrote that, perhaps, was thinking of the awful corruption, the impiety and darkness of the most terrible kind, which covered the whole land of England under the reign of the ferocious “Red King,” William Rufus. Yet, the Irish were irreligious, we are told by Mr Froude!—and a good judge he must be of religion; for he says it is a well-known fact, that religion is a thing of which one man knows as much as another; and none of us know anything at all. He tells us that the Irish were without religion at that very time, when the Irish Church was forming itself into the ancient model of sanctity, which it was before the Danish invasion; when until the time, two years before the Normans came, Ireland was at peace, and Roderick, King of Connaught, was acknowledged Ard-righ by every Prince and every chieftain in the land.

As to the charge that Ireland was without morality, I will

answer it by one fact: A king in Ireland stole another man's wife. His name—accursed—was Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster; and every chieftain in Ireland, every man in the land, rose up and banished him from Irish soil, as unworthy to live in the land. If this was the immoral people—if this was the bestial, animal, depraved race which Mr Froude described to us, on lying Norman authorities, may I ask you, could not Dermot turn round and say to the chieftains—"Why do you make war upon me? have I not as good a right to be a blackguard as anybody else?"

Now comes Mr Froude and says that the Normans were sent to Ireland to teach the Irish the Ten Commandments. In the language of Shakespeare, I say, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." Of these Ten Commandments, the most important, in relation to human society, are—"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife." The Normans, according to Mr Froude's own showing, had no right or title to one square inch of the soil of Ireland. They came to take what was not theirs, what they had no right or title to. They came as robbers and thieves to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish people; amongst them the Commandment—"Thou shalt not steal!" Henry landed in Ireland in 1171. He was after murdering the Holy Archbishop of Canterbury, St Thomas-à-Becket. They scattered his brains at the foot of the altar, before the Blessed Sacrament, at the Vesper hour. His blood was upon the hands of this monster—he who came to Ireland to teach the Irish—"Thou shalt not kill!" What was the action of this "reformer" when the adulterer was driven from the sacred soil of Erin, as one unworthy to profane it by his tread. He went over to Henry II., and got from him a letter permitting any of his subjects that chose to embark for Ireland, there to reinstate the adulterer and tyrant in his kingdom. They came, then, as proved, as helpers of an adulterer, to teach the Irish "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife!" Mr Froude tells us they were right—that they were apostles of purity, and honesty, and clemency; and Mr Froude "is an honourable man." Ah! but, he says, my good Dominican friend, remember that if they came they came because the Pope sent them. King Henry, in the year 1174, produced a letter which he said he got from Pope Adrian IV., permitting him to go to Ireland, and

urging him, according to the terms of that letter, to do whatever he thought right and fit to promote the glory of God and the good of the people. The date that was on the letter was 1154, consequently it was twenty years old. During twenty years nobody had ever heard of that letter except Henry, who had it in his pocket, and an old man called John of Salisbury, who went to Rome and got the letter, in a hugger-mugger way, from the Pope. It has been examined by a better authority than mine—by one who is here to-night, and has brought to bear upon it all the acumen of his great knowledge. It bears, according to Reimer, the most acceptable authority amongst Englishmen, the date of 1154. Pope Adrian was elected on the 3rd of December, 1154. As soon as the news of this election had arrived in England, John of Salisbury was sent by King Henry to congratulate him, and get this letter. He was elected on the 3rd of December. It must have been a month later before the news arrived in England. In those days no letter could come so far, at least under a month. John of Salisbury set out; and it must have been another month before he arrived in Rome; consequently it must have been the beginning of March, 1155, when he arrived in Rome; yet the letter of the Pope is dated 1154. It was found inconvenient, this date of Reimer's; and wherever he got it, it seems he changed the date afterwards to 1155. "But," says Mr Froude, "there is a copy of this letter in the archives at Rome. How do you get over that?" Well, the copy has no date at all! As Baronius, the historian, and the learned Dr Mansuerius declare—a rescript or document that has no date—the day it was executed, the seal and the year—is invalid—just so much waste paper;—so that even if Adrian gave it, it was worth nothing. Again, learned authorities tell us that the existence of a document in the archives does not prove the authority of that document. It may be kept there as a mere record. It was said that Henry kept this letter a secret, because his mother, the Empress Matilda, did not wish him to act on it. But if he had the letter when he came to Ireland, why didn't he produce it? That was his only warrant for coming to Ireland. He came there and invaded the country, and never breathed a word about having that letter to a human being. There is a lie on the face of it. Oh, but Mr Froude says that Alexander III., Adrian's successor, has men-

tioned that rescript or document in a letter. The answer I give on the authority of Dr Lynch, the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," as well as the Abbe MacGeoghegan, one of the greatest Irish scholars, and one of the best archæologists; and Dr Moran, the learned bishop of Ossory—that Alexander's letter was a forgery, as well as that of Adrian IV. There are many learned men who admit the genuineness of both Adrian's and Alexander's rescripts; but there are an equally large number who deny it; and I prefer to believe with them that it was a forgery. Alexander's letter bore the date of 1172. Let us see, is it likely that the Pope would give a letter to Henry, whom he knew well, asking him to take care of the Church, and set everything in order? Remember, Adrian did not know him; but Alexander knew him well. Henry, in 1159, supported the anti-Pope, Octavianus, against Alexander. Henry, in 1166, supported the anti-Pope, Guido, against Alexander. According to Mathew of Westminster, Henry obliged every man in England—from the boy of twelve years up to the old man—to renounce their allegiance to the true Pope, and go over to an anti-Pope. Was it likely, then, the Pope would give him a letter to settle ecclesiastical matters in Ireland? Alexander himself wrote to Henry, and said to him—instead of referring to a document giving him permission to settle Church matters in Ireland:—"Instead of remedying the disorders caused by your predecessors, you have oppressed the Church, and you have endeavoured to destroy the canons of Apostolic men." Is this the man that Alexander would send to Ireland to settle affairs, and make the Irish good children of the Pope? According to Mr Froude, the Irish never loved the Pope till the Normans taught them. What is the fact? Until the accursed Normans came to Ireland, the Papal Legate always came and went when and wherever he would, at his own will. No Irish king obstructed him; no Irishman's hand was ever raised against a bishop, much less against the Papal Legate. But the very first Legate that came to Ireland, after the Norman Invasion, in passing through England, Henry took him by the throat, and imposed upon him an oath, that, when he went to Ireland, he would not do anything that would be against the interest of the King. It was an unheard of thing, that a Bishop, Archbishop, or Cardinal should be persecuted, until the Anglo-Normans brought with them their accursed

feudal system, and concentration of power in the hands of the King, an account of which I shall come to presently. Bitterly did Laurence O'Toole feel it. This great heroic, patriotic saint of Ireland, when he went to England, the very moment he arrived, he was made a prisoner, as a man to be feared; for the King had left an order that whenever he was found in England, the Saint should never be allowed to set his foot in Ireland again. And this is the man that was sent over as the apostle of morality to Ireland! the man that is accused of violating the betrothed wife of his own son, Richard I. !—the man whose crimes cannot bear repetition!—who was believed by Europe to be possessed by a devil; and of whom it was written that when he got into a fit of anger he used to tear off his clothes, and sit down naked on the ground, and chew straw like a beast! Is it likely that the Pope, who knew him so well, and suffered so much from him, sent him to Ireland;—the murderer of Bishops, the robber of churches, and the destroyer of ecclesiastical and every other form of liberty that came before him? No; no! Never will I believe that the Pope of Rome was so short-sighted, so blind, so unjust as, by the stroke of his pen, to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people that ever bowed down in allegiance to him.

But let us suppose even that Pope Adrian gave the Bull. I hold still that it was of no account, for it was obtained by false pretences. It was obtained by falsely representing to the Pope that the Irish were in a state of ignorance and immorality, which did not exist. Secondly, this rescript from the Pope, if it was obtained, was obtained under a lie, and was null and void, being obtained under false pretences. But more than this: the Pope gave Henry, in that rescript, only power to go to Ireland and fix everything, to do everything for the glory of God, and the good of the people. Unless he did this (and he never did it) the rescript was null and void. But suppose that rescript had actually been given. Well, my friends, what power did it give Henry? Did it make him master of Ireland? Did it give him power over the land of Ireland? All that that Bull of the Pope says is that he should do what is necessary for the glory of God and the good of the people. He thereby established at most—by calling on the Irish chieftains to accept Henry—at most he established only what is called a

“*haute suzerainty*” of Ireland. Now, you must know that, in the early Middle Ages there were two kinds of sovereignty; there was the sovereign, the acknowledged head of the people. They were his and he governed them, like the Kings and Emperors of to-day in Europe. But, beside this, there was the sovereign who only claimed the *title* of King, who only claimed the homage of the chieftains of the land, but who left them in perfect liberty, and recognized the perfect independence of the land. He received the tribute of their homage and nothing more. This was all the fealty that the Pope ever permitted Henry to claim in Ireland, if he permitted him to claim so much. The proof lies here, that, when Henry came over to Ireland, he never said to the Irish that they should give up their independence—not at all; but he left Roderick O’Conor, King of Connaught, and dealt with him as a king with his fellow-king. He acknowledged his royalty and nationality; and he only demanded of him the allegiance and homage of a feudal prince to a feudal king, leaving him as a ruler perfectly independent.

Again, let us suppose that Henry intended to conquer Ireland, and bring it into slavery. Did he succeed? Nothing of the kind. When he came to Ireland, the kings and princes of the Irish people said to him—“We are willing to acknowledge your high sovereignty over us as Lord of Ireland. We are the owners of the land. You are the Lord of Ireland; and there is an end of it.” The King was acknowledged by the people by the simple title of “Lord of Ireland,” nothing more—if he intended to invade and conquer the country he never effected his purpose. For the Normans, for centuries, held only that part of Ireland which before was held by the Danes. The Irish, who are naturally straightforward, and always generous in the hour of their triumph, permitted the Danes to remain in Dublin, Wexford, Wicklow, and Waterford. Consequently the Danes held the whole of the eastern sea board towns; from the Hill of Howth round to Waterford harbour was in their possession; and the Normans who came over were regarded by the Irish as cousins to the Danes; and they only took the Danish territory—nothing more. They took precisely all that the Danes had before; all that the Irish had given to the Danes, who were understood to be perfectly independent. At most, it seems to us that they were willing

to share with them, willing to receive them with a certain hospitality, to divide the land with them.

Now, Mr Froude's second justification of the Norman invasion is that Ireland was a prey to the Danes who came to Ireland, and the Irish were rendered ferocious by these continual contests; leaving the impression that the Danish wars in Ireland were only a succession of individual, ferocious contests, between tribe and tribe, between man and man; when the fact is, the Danish wars were magnificent national trials of strength between two of the bravest races that ever met each other foot to foot and hand to hand on the battle-field. The Danes were unconquerable. They conquered the Saxons in England; the Frenchman in France was unable to stand his ground against them. Still, for three hundred years, the Celts of Ireland disputed every inch of land with them, filled every valley in the land with their dead bodies; and at last drove them back into the North Sea and freed his native land from their dominion for ever. Yet this magnificent national contest is represented by this historian as a mere ferocious onslaught, daily renewed, between man and man, in Ireland.

The Norman arrived; and we have seen how he was received. The Butlers and Fitzgeralds went down into Kildare; the De Burgs, or Burkes, and the De Berminghams went down into the province of Connaught. The people offered them very little opposition, and gave them a portion of their lands, and welcomed them amongst them, and began to love them as if they were their own flesh and blood. But, my friends, the Norman in England so hated and despised the Saxon, so thoroughly did he despise them, that his name for the Saxon was "villein" or "churl;" and he didn't allow the Saxon to sit at the same table with him, and would not intermarry with the Saxon for long years. The proud Normans, proud and ferocious in passion, brave as a lion, formed, by the Crusades and Saracenic wars, to be the bravest men then living on the face of the earth, never allowed the Saxon to interfere in any of their disputes. Gerald Barry, when he was speaking of the Saxon, said—"I am a Welchman," he says, "and I am proud to be a Welchman; but the Saxons are the vilest and basest race on the face of the earth." I am only giving his own words; I do not say that I share his sentiments. "They fought one battle," he goes on to say; "they

allowed the Normans to overcome them, and consented to be slaves for ever more to the Normans." And he wrote a book, in which he says, that they are by no means to be compared to the Celtic race: "not to be compared in bravery or in intelligence to the magnanimous race of the Celts." Now, my friends, the Normans went down into Ireland, among the Irish people. When they went out from the English portion of the Pale, and went out amongst the people, what is the first that we see? The very first thing, I answer, is that the Normans began to forget their Norman-French and their English, and learned to talk the Irish. They took Irish wives and were glad to get them, and adopted Irish customs; until we find, two hundred years after the Norman invasion, these proud descendants of William FitzAdelm, Earl of Clanricarde, changing their names from De Burgs, or Burke, to MacWilliam, or sons of William: and they called themselves in Irish "MacWilliam Oughter" and "MacWilliam Eighter," or the Upper and Lower MacWilliams. In the days of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, they called themselves by the name and adopted the Celtic laws and Celtic customs.

Concerning the four hundred sad years that followed the Norman invasion down to the accession of Henry VIII., Mr Froude has nothing to say, except that Ireland was in a constant state of anarchy and confusion; and it is too true. It is perfectly true. Chieftain warred against chieftain. It was comparative peace before the invasion; but when the Normans came in they divided them by craft and cunning. The ancient historian, Strabo, speaking of the Gael, says—"The Gauls always march openly to their end, and they are therefore easily circumvented." So, when the Normans came, and the Saxons, they sowed dissensions among the people. They stirred them up against each other, and the bold, hot blood of the Celt was always ready to engage in contest and in war. What was the secret of that incessant and desolating war? There is no history more painful to read than the history of the Irish people from the day that the Normans landed until the day when the great issue of Protestantism was put before the nation, and when Ireland, for the first time, united as one man. My friends, the true secret of that history is the constant effort of the English to force upon Ireland the feudal system, and consequently to rob the Irish of every inch of their land and to

exterminate them. I lay this down as the one secret, the one thread by which you may unravel the tangled skein of our history for the four hundred years that followed the Norman invasion. The Normans and Saxons came with the express purpose and design of taking every foot of land in Ireland and exterminating the Celtic race. It is an awful thing to think of: but we have the evidence of history for the fact. First of all, Henry II., whilst he made his treaties with the Irish kings, secretly divided the whole of Ireland into ten portions, and allotted each of these ten portions to one of his Norman knights. In a word, he robbed the Irish people and the Irish chieftains of every single foot of land in the Irish territory, and gave it to the Normans. It is true they were not able to take possession. It was as if a master robber were to divide the booty before it is taken: it was far easier to assign property not yet stolen than to put his fellow-thieves in possession of it. There were Irish hands and Irish battle-blades in the way for many a long year; nor has it been accomplished to this day.

In order to root out the Celtic race, and to destroy us, mark the measures of legislation which followed. First of all, my friends, whenever an Englishman was put in possession of an acre of land, he got the right to trespass upon his Irish neighbours, and to take their land as far as he could; and they had no action in a court of law to recover their land. If an Irishman brought an action at law against an Englishman for taking half of his field, or for trespassing upon his land, according to the law, from the beginning, that Irishman was put out of court; there was no action; the Englishman was perfectly justified in what he did. Worse than this; they made laws declaring that the killing of an Irishman was no felony. Sir John Davis, Attorney-General in the time of James I., tells us how, upon a certain occasion, at Waterford, in the 29th year of Edward I., of England, a certain Edward Butler brought an action against Robert de Almey to recover certain goods that Robert had stolen from him. The case was brought into court. Robert acknowledged that he had stolen the goods; that he was a thief. The defence he put in was that Edward, the man he had plundered, was an Irishman. The case was tried. Now, my friends, just think of it! The issue that was put before the jury was, whether Edward, the plaintiff, was an Irishman or an Englishman. The jury found that Edward

was an Englishman. That was enough; Robert, the thief, was obliged to give back the goods. But if the jury found that Edward was an Irishman he might keep the goods—there was no action against him.

We find upon the same authority—Sir John Davis—a description of a certain jail-delivery at Waterford, where a man named Robert Walsh killed the son of Ivor MacGilmore. He was arraigned and tried for manslaughter, and, without the slightest difficulty, acknowledged it. “Yes,” he said, “I did kill him; but you have no right to try me for it, for he was an Irishman!” Instantly he was let out of the dock, on condition—as the Irishman was in the service at the time of an English master—that he should pay whatever the master could claim for the loss of his services, whatever was their value; but for the murder, he was let go scot-free. “Not only,” says Sir John Davis, “were the Irish considered aliens, but they were considered enemies, insomuch that though an Englishman might settle upon an Irishman’s land, there was no redress; but if an Irishman wished to buy an acre of land from an Englishman, he could not do it.” So they kept the land they had, and they were always gaining by plunder; they could steal, while we could not even buy.

If any man made a will, and left an acre of land to an Irishman, the moment it was proved that he was an Irishman the land was forfeited to the Crown of England—even if it was only left in trust to him, as we have two very striking examples. We read that in the first year of Henry VI. a certain Edward Butler, of Clonboyne, in the county of Meath, left some lands in trust for charitable purposes, and he left them to his two chaplains, Connor O’Mulrooney and John MacCann. It was proved that the two priests were Irishmen, and that it was left to them in trust for charitable purposes; yet the land was forfeited to the Crown, because the two men were Irishmen. Later, a certain Mrs Catherine Dowdall, a pious woman, made a will when she was dying, leaving some land, near Swords, in the county of Dublin, to a priest named John O’Bellane—and the land was forfeited to the Crown, because, as it was set forth, “the said John O’Bellane being one of the King’s Irish enemies.” In the year 1367, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., came to Ireland and held a Parliament, and passed certain laws in Kilkenny. Well, you

will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. Some of these laws were as follows:—"If any man speak the Irish language, or be found keeping company with the Irish, or adopting Irish customs, his lands shall be taken from him and forfeited to the Crown of England." If an Englishman married an Irish woman, what do you think was the penalty? He was sentenced to be half hanged, to have his heart cut out before he was dead, and to have his head struck off; and every rood of his land passed to the Crown of England. "Thus," says Sir John Davis, the great English authority, "it is evident that the constant design of English legislation in Ireland was to possess the Irish land, and to extirpate and exterminate the Irish people."

Now, citizens of America, Mr Froude came here to appeal to you for your verdict; and he asks you to say—"Was not England justified in her treatment of Ireland, because the Irish people would not submit? Now, citizens of America, I ask you, would not the Irish people be the vilest dogs on the face of the earth if they submitted to such treatment as this? Would they be worthy of the name of men, if they submitted to be robbed, plundered, and degraded? It is true that, in all this legislation, we see the same spirit of contempt of which I spoke in the beginning of my lecture. But remember who it was that these Saxon churls were thus despising, and ask yourselves what race was it they treated with so much contumely and so much contempt, and attempted in every way to degrade, whilst they were ruining and robbing them? What race were they? Gerald Barry, speaking of the Irish race, says the Irish came from the grandest race that he knew of on this side of the world, "and there are no better people under the sun." By the word "better," he meant more valiant or more intellectual. Those who came over from England, by even the English who went before them, were called Saxon hogs, or churls, while the Irish called them *bodach Sassenagh*. These were the men who showed, in the very system by which they were governed, that they could not understand the nature of a people who refused to be slaves. They were slaves themselves. Consider the history of the feudal system under which they lived. According to the feudal system of government, the King of England was lord of every inch of land in England. Every foot of land in England was the

king's; and the nobles, who had the land, held it from the king—but they held it under feudal conditions, the most degrading that can be imagined. For instance, if a man died and left his heir, a son or daughter under age, the heir or heiress, together with the estate, went into the hands of the king. He might, perhaps, leave a widow, with ten children. She would have to support all the children herself, whatever way she could, out of her dower; but the estate and the eldest son or the eldest daughter went into the hands of the king. Then, during the minority of the heir, the king could spend the revenues, or rent of the estate, without the knowledge of any one, or could sell the castle and the estate, and no one could demand an account of him; and when the son or daughter came of age, he then sold them in marriage to the highest bidder. We have Godfrey de Mandeville buying, for 20,000 marks, from King John, the hand of Isabella, Countess of Gloster. We have Isabella de Lingera, another heiress, offering a hundred marks to King John—for what do you think?—for liberty to marry whoever she liked, and not to be obliged to marry the man he would give her to. If a widow lost her husband, the moment the breath was out of him, the lady and the estate passed to the king; and he might squander the estate, or do whatever he liked with it, and then he could sell the widow. We have a curious example of this. We have Alice, Countess of Warwick, paying King John one thousand pounds sterling in gold for leave to remain a widow as long as she liked. This was the slavery called the feudal system, of which Mr Froude is so proud, and of which he says—"It lay at the root of all that is noble and good in Europe." The Irish could not stand it—small blame to them. But when the Irish people found that they were to be hunted down like wolves—found their lands were to be taken from them, and that there was no redress—over and over again the Irish people sent petitions to the King of England, to give them the benefit of English law, and they would be amenable to it. But they were denied, and told that they should remain as they were; that is to say, England was determined to exterminate them, and get every foot of Irish soil. This is the one leading idea or principle which animated England in her treatment of Ireland throughout those four hundred years, and it is the only

clue you can find to that turmoil and misery, and constant fighting which was going on in Ireland during that period.

Sir James Cusack, an English Commissioner, sent over by Henry VIII, wrote to his Majesty these quaint words—"The Irish be of opinion amongst themselves that the English wish to get all their lands, and to root them out completely." He just struck the nail on the head. Mr Froude himself acknowledges that the land question lay at the root of the whole business. Nay, more, the feudal system would have handed over every inch of land in Ireland to the Norman King and his Norman nobles; and the O'Briens, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, and the O'Conors, were of more ancient and better blood than that of William, the bastard Norman. The Saxon might submit to feudal law, and be crushed into a slave, a clod of the earth; the Celt never would. England's great mistake—I believe, in my soul, that the great mistake, of all others the greatest—lay in this, that the English people never realized the fact that, in dealing with the Irish, they had to deal with the proudest race on the face of the earth. During all these years the Norman earls, the Ormonds, the Desmonds, the Geraldines, the De Burghs, were at the head and front of every rebellion. The English complained of them, and said they were worse than the Irish rebels; that they were constantly stirring up disorders. Do you know the reason why? Because they, as Normans, were under the feudal laws, and therefore the king's sheriff could come down on them, at every turn, with fines and forfeitures of the land held from the king. So, by keeping the country in disorder, they were always able to defy the sheriffs; and they preferred the Irish freedom to the English feudalism: therefore, they fomented and kept up these discords. It was the boast of my kinsmen of Clanricarde that, with the blessing of God, they would never allow a king's writ to run in Connaught. Dealing with this period of our history, Mr Froude says that the Irish chieftains, and their septs or tribes, were doing this or that—the Geraldines, the Desmonds, and the Ormonds. I say, slowly, Mr Froude, the Geraldines and the Ormonds were not Irish chieftains, so, don't father their acts upon the Irish; the Irish chieftains, have enough to answer for during these four hundred years. I protest to you that, in this most melancholy period of our sad history, I have found but two cases, two instances, that cheer me; and both

were the action of Irish chieftains. In one we find that Turlough O'Connor put away his wife; she was one of the O'Briens. Theobald Burke, one of the Earls of Clanricarde, lived in open adultery with the woman. With the spirit of their heroic ancestors, the Irish chieftains of Connaught came together, deposed him, and drove him out of the place. Later on, we find another chieftain, Brian MacMahon, who induced Sorley MacDonnell, chief of the Hebrides, or Western Islands, to put away his lawful wife, and marry a daughter of his own. The following year they fell out, and MacMahon drowned his own son-in-law. The chiefs, O'Donnell and O'Neill, came together with their forces, and deposed MacMahon, in the cause of virtue, honour, and womanhood. I have looked in vain through these four hundred years for one single trait of generosity or of the assertion of virtue among the Anglo-Norman chiefs; and the dark picture is only relieved by these two gleams of Irish patriotism and Irish zeal in the cause of purity and of outraged honour.

Now, my friends, Mr Froude opened another question in his first lecture. He said that, during all this time, while the English monarchs were engaged in trying to subjugate Scotland, and trying to subdue the French Provinces, the Irish were rapidly gaining ground, hemming in and crippling the Pale, year by year. The English power in Ireland was frequently almost annihilated; and the only thing that saved it was the love of the Irish for their own independent way of fighting, which, though favourable to freedom, was hostile to national unity. He says, speaking of that time, "Would it not have been better to have allowed the Irish chieftains to govern their own people? Freedom to whom?—freedom to the bad, to the violent! It is no freedom!" I deny that the Irish chieftains, with all their faults, were, as a class, bad men or violent men. I deny that they were engaged as Mr Froude says, in cutting their peoples' throats; that they were a people who would never be satisfied. Mr Froude tells us emphatically and significantly, that "the Irish people were satisfied with their chieftains;" but the people are not satisfied if their throats are being cut. The Irish chieftains were the bane of Ireland by their divisions; the Irish chieftains were the ruin of their country by their want of union and want of generous acquiescence in some great and noble head that would

save them by uniting them. The Irish chieftains, even in the days of the heroic Edward Bruce, did not rally around him as they ought. In their divisions is the secret of Ireland's slavery and ruin through those years. But with all that, history attests that they were still magnanimous enough to be the fathers of their people, and to be the natural leaders, as God intended them to be, of their septs, families, and namesakes. And they struck whatever blows they did strike, in what they imagined to be the cause of right, justice, and liberty ; and the only blow that came in the cause of outraged purity, came from an Irish hand, in those dark and terrible years.

I will endeavour to follow this gentleman in his subsequent lectures. Now a darker cloud than that of mere invasion is lowering over the horizon of Ireland ; now comes the demon of religious discord—the sword of religious persecution waving over the distracted and exhausted land. And we shall see whether this historian has entered into the spirit of the great contest that followed, and that, in our day, has ended in a glorious victory for Ireland's Church ; which will be followed as assuredly, by a still more glorious victory, for Ireland's nationality.

LECTURE III

"IRELAND UNDER THE TUDORS."

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, on Thursday evening,
14th November, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We now come to consider the second lecture of the eminent English historian who has come amongst us. It covers one of the most interesting and terrible passages in our history. It takes in three reigns—the reign of Henry VIII., the reign of Elizabeth, and the reign of James I. I scarcely consider the reigns of Edward VI., and of Philip and Mary worth counting. The learned gentleman began his second lecture with a rather startling paradox. He asserted that Henry VIII. was a hater of disorder. Now, my friends, every man in this world has a hero. Whether consciously or unconsciously, every man selects some character or other out of history which he admires, until at length, from constantly thinking of the virtues and excellences of his hero, he comes almost to worship him. Before us all lie the grand historic names that are written upon the world's annals, and every man is free to select the character that he likes best, and to select his hero. Using this privilege, Mr Froude has made the most singular selection of his hero that ever you or I heard of; his hero is Henry VIII. It speaks volumes for the integrity of Mr Froude's own mind; it is a strong argument that he possesses a charity the most sublime, when he has been enabled to discover virtues in the historical character of one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the earth. He has, however succeeded in this, which, to us, appears an impossibility. And he has discovered, amongst many other shining virtues in the character of the English Nero, a great love for order, and a great hatred of disorder. Well, we must stop at

the very first sentence of the learned gentleman, and try to analyze it, and see how much there is of truth in this word of the historian, and how much there is which is only an honourable, and, to him, a truthful figment of his imagination. All order in the State is based upon three grand principles, my friends, namely, the supremacy of the law; the respect for, and the liberty of conscience; and a tender regard for that which lies at the fountain-head of all human society, namely, the sanctity of the marriage tie. The first element of order in every State is the supremacy of the law. In this supremacy lies the very quaint essence of human freedom, and of all order. The law is supposed to be, according to the definition of Aquinas, the judgment pronounced by profound reason and intellect, thinking and legislating for the public good. The law, therefore, is the expression of reason—reason backed by authority; reason influenced by the noble motive of the public good. This being the nature of law, the very first thing that we demand for this law is that every man bow down to it and obey it. No man in the community can claim exemption from obedience to the law; least of all the man who is at the head in the community; because he is supposed to represent, before the nation, that principle of obedience, without which, all national order and happiness perish amongst the people. Was Henry the Eighth an upholder of law? Was he obedient to the law? I deny it; and I have the evidence of all history to back me up in the denial. I brand Henry the Eighth as one of the greatest enemies of freedom and of law that ever lived in this world; consequently one of the greatest promoters of disorder. My friends, I will only give you one example; out of ten thousand I have only selected one. When Henry broke with the Pope he called upon his subjects to acknowledge him—bless the mark!—as the spiritual head of the Church. There were three Abbots of three charter-houses in London, namely, the Abbot of London proper, the Abbot of Axiolam, and the Abbot of Bellival. These three men refused to acknowledge Henry as the supreme spiritual head of the Church. He had them arrested, had them tried, and had a jury of twelve citizens of London to sit upon them. Now, the first principle of English law, the grand palladium of English legislation and freedom, is the perfect liberty of the jury. The jury, in any trial, must be perfectly free; not only free from all

coercion from without, but free even from any prejudice. They must be free from any prejudging of the case; must be perfectly impartial, and perfectly free to record their verdict. These twelve men refused to convict the three Abbots of high treason; and they grounded their refusal upon this—"Never," they said, "has it been uttered in England that it was high treason to deny the spiritual supremacy of the king. It is not law, and, therefore, we cannot find these men guilty of high treason." What did Henry do? He sent word to the jury that if they did not find the three Abbots guilty, he would visit them with the same penalties that he had prepared for their prisoners. He sent word to the jury that they should find them guilty. I brand him, therefore, as having torn in pieces the charter of English liberty, Magna Charta, and as having trampled upon the first grand element of English law and jurisprudence, namely, the liberty of the jury. Citizens of America! would you, any one of you, like to be tried by a jury if you knew that the President of the United States had informed that jury that they were bound to find you guilty or else he would put them to death? Where would there be liberty—where would there be law—if such a transaction was permitted? And this was the action of Mr Froude's great admirer of order—his hero, Henry the Eighth.

The second grand element of order is respect for conscience. The conscience of a man, and consequently of a nation, is supposed to be the great guide in all the relations in which the people or the individual stand to God. The conscience of man is so free that the Almighty God Himself respects it; and it is a theological axiom that if a man does a wrong act, thinking he is doing right, the wrong will not be attributed to him by the Almighty God. Was this man a respecter of conscience? Again, out of ten thousand acts of his, I will select one. He ordered the people of England to change their religion; ordered them to give up that grand system of dogmatic teaching which is in the Catholic Church, where every man knows what to believe and what to do. And what religion did he offer them instead? He did not offer them Protestantism, for Henry the Eighth never was a Protestant; and, to the last day in his life, if he could only have laid his hands on Martin Luther, he would have made a toast of him. He heard Mass up to the day of his death; and after his death there was a solemn High Mass over

his inflated corpse—a solemn High Mass that the Lord might have mercy on his soul. Ah, my friends, some other poor soul, I suppose, got the benefit of that Mass. What religion did he offer the people of England? He simply came before them and said: “Let every man in the land agree with me; whatever I say, that is religion.” More than this, his Parliament, a slavish Parliament, every man afraid of his life, passed a law making it high treason not only to disagree with the King in anything that he believed, but making it high treason for any man to dispute anything that the King should ever believe in the future time. He was not only the enemy of conscience, he was the annihilator of conscience. He would allow no man to have a conscience. “I am your conscience,” he said to the nation; “I am your infallible guide in all things that you are to believe, and in all things that you are to do; and if any man sets up his own conscience against me, that man is guilty of high treason, and I will stain my hands in his heart’s blood.” This is the great lover of order.

The third great element of order is that upon which all society is based. The great key-stone of the arch of society is the sanctity of the marriage tie. Whatever else is interfered with, that must not be touched; for Christ, our Lord, has said, “Those that God has joined together let no man put asunder.” A valid marriage can only be dissolved by the angel of death. No power in heaven or on earth—much less in hell—can dissolve the validity of a marriage. Henry the Eighth had so little respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie that he put away from him brutally a woman to whom he was lawfully married, and took in her stead, while she was yet living, a woman who was supposed to be his own daughter. He married six wives. Two of them he repudiated—divorced; two of them he beheaded; one of them died in childbirth, and the sixth and last one—Mistress Catherine Parr—had her name down in Henry’s book, at the time of his death, in the list of his victims; and she would have had her head cut off, if the monster lived for a few days longer. This is all matter of history. And, now, I ask the American public, is it fair for Mr Froude, or any other living man, to come and present himself before an American audience—an audience of enlightened and cultivated people that have read history as well as the English historian—and ask them to swallow the absurd paradox that

Henry the Eighth was an admirer of order and a hater of disorder?

But Mr Froude says—"Now, this is not fair. I said in my lecture that I would have nothing to do with Henry's matrimonial transactions." Ah! Mr Froude, you were wise. "But at least," he says, "in his relations to Ireland, I claim that he was a hater of disorder;" and the proof he gives is the following:—First of all he says that one of the curses of Ireland was absentee landlords; and he is right; he is right. Now, Henry, he says, put an end to that business in the simplest way imaginable; he simply took the estates away from the absentees and gave them to other people. My friends, it sounds well, very plausible—this saying of the English historian. Let us analyze it a little. During the Wars of the Roses, between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which preceded the Reformation in England, many of the English families and Anglo-Norman families that were settled in Ireland, went over to England and joined in the conflict. It was an English question and an English war, and the consequence was that numbers of the English settlers retired from Ireland and left their estates—abandoned them entirely. Others again, from disgust, or because they had large English properties, preferred to live in their own country, and retired from Ireland to live in England. So that, when Henry VIII. came to the throne of England, the English Pale, as it was called, comprised only about one-half of the counties of Louth, Westmeath, Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford—nothing more; only one-half of each of these counties. Henry, according to Mr Froude, performed a great act of justice, when he took from these absentees their estates, and gave them—to whom? To other Englishmen, his own favourites and friends. Now, the historical fact is this, that, as soon as the English retired and abandoned their estates, the Irish people came in and repossessed themselves of their own property. Mark, my friends, that even if the Irish people had no title to that property, the very fact of the English having abandoned it gave them a sufficient title; because *bona de relictis sunt præma capientis*—that is to say, things that are abandoned belong to the man that gets first hold of them. But much more just was the title of the Irish people to that land, because it was their own, because they were unjustly dispossessed of it by the very men who abandoned it now. And

therefore they came in with a twofold title, namely, the land is ours because there is nobody to claim it, the owner having retired ; and even if there were, the land is ours because it was always ours, and we never lost our right to it. When, therefore, Henry VIII., the "lover of order," dispossessed the absentees of their estates, and sent over other Englishmen, and handed over these estates to men who would live in Ireland, and on the land, Mr Froude claims great credit for him, and says, that in so doing he acted well for the Irish people. But the doing of this involved the driving of the Irish people a second time out of their own property. That was the whole secret of Henry's wonderful beneficence to Ireland, in giving us "resident landlords!" Just picture it to yourselves in this way, my friends. There are a great many here who are owners of property—I suppose the most of you. Just suppose the Government of the United States, or the President, turning you out of your property, taking your houses and lots and lands from you, and giving them to some friend of his own ; and then saying to you—"Now, my friend, you must remember I am a lover of order ; I am giving you a 'resident landlord!'"

Henry, as soon as he ascended the throne, sent over the Earl of Surrey, in the year 1520. Surrey was a brave soldier, a stern, rigorous man ; and Henry thought that, by sending him over, and backing him with a grand army, he would be able to repress the disordered elements of the Irish nation. That disorder reigned in Ireland, I am the first to admit ; but in tracing that disorder to its cause, I claim that the cause was not in any inherent love for disorder in the Irish character, though they were always very fond of a fight ; I admit that ;—but I hold and claim that the great cause of all the disorder and turmoil of Ireland was, first, the strange and inhuman legislation of England for four hundred years previously ; and secondly, the presence of the Anglo-Norman lords in Ireland, who fostered and kept up disturbances in the country in order that they might have an excuse for not paying their feudal dues and duties to the king. Surrey came over and tried the strong hand for a time. but he found—brave as he was, and accomplished General as he was—he found that the Irish were a little too many for him ; and he sent word to Henry—"This people can only be subdued by conquering them utterly—by going in amongst them with fire and sword. And this you

will not be able to do because the country is too large, and so geographically fixed, that it is impossible for an army to penetrate into its fastnesses, to subjugate the whole population." Then it was that Henry took up the policy of conciliation—when he could not help it. Mr Froude makes it a great virtue in this monarch that he endeavoured to conciliate the Irish. He did it because he could not help it.

And now, my friends, there is one passage in the correspondence between Surrey and Henry the Eighth that speaks volumes; and it is this:—When the Earl of Surrey arrived in Ireland he found himself in the midst of war and confusion. But the people who were really at the source of all that confusion he declares to be not so much the Irish or their chieftains as the Anglo-Norman and English lords in Ireland. Here is the passage in question. There were two chieftains of the MacCarthys—Conor Og MacCarthy and MacCarthy Ruadh, or the Red MacCarthy. Surrey wrote of these two men to Henry VIII., and he says:—"These are two wise men, and more conformable to order than some of the Englishmen here." Thus out of the lips of one of Ireland's bitterest enemies, I take the answer to Mr Froude's repeated assertion that we Irish are so disorderly, and such lovers of turmoil and confusion, that the only way to reduce us to order is to sweep us away altogether.

The next feature of Surrey's policy, when he found he could not conquer Ireland with the sword, was to set chieftain against chieftain. And so he writes to Henry:—"I am endeavouring," he says, "to perpetuate the animosity between O'Donnell and O'Niall in Ulster." Here are his words:—"It would be dangerous to have them both agree and join together." It would be *dangerous*! Well might Mr Froude say, that, in the day in which we, Irish, shall be united, we shall be invincible, and no power on earth shall keep us slaves. "It would be dangerous to have them both joined together; and the longer they continue at war, the better it will be for your Grace's subjects here." Now, mark the spirit of that letter, and you mark the whole genius of England's treatment of Ireland. He was not speaking of the Irish as subjects of the King of England. He has not the slightest consideration for the unfortunate Irish, whom they were pitting against each other. "Let them bleed," he says; "the longer they continue

at war, the greater number of them that are swept away, the better it will be for your Grace's poor subjects here." The spirit of the legislation, the spirit of the law, was intended only to protect the English settler, and to exterminate the Irishman. This Sir John Davis himself, Attorney-General of King James I., declares lay at the root of all England's legislation for Ireland for four hundred years, and was the cause of all the misery and all the evils of Ireland.

Surrey retired after two years, and then, according to Mr Froude, Henry tried "Home Rule" in Ireland. Here again the learned historian tries to make a point of his hero; and Irishmen, he says, admire the memory of this man. "He tried 'Home Rule' with you. He found that you were not able to govern yourselves; and he was obliged to take the whip and drive you." Let us see what kind of "Home Rule" did Henry try. One would imagine that "Home Rule" in Ireland meant that Irishmen should manage their own affairs, should have the making of their own laws; it either means this, or it means nothing. It is "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare," unless it means that the Irish people have a right to assemble in their own Parliament, to govern themselves by legislating for themselves, and by making their own laws. Did Henry the Eighth's "Home Rule" mean this? Not a bit of it. All he did was to make the Earl of Kildare Lord Lieutenant, or Lord Deputy—to place an Irishman—that is to say an Anglo-Norman Irishman—at the head of the State for a few years. And in this consisted the whole scheme of the "Home Rule" attributed by Mr Froude to Henry the Eighth. He did not call upon the Irish nation and say to them, "Return members to Parliament, and I will allow you to make your own laws." He did not call upon the Irish chieftains, the natural representatives of the nation—the men in whose veins flowed the blood of Ireland's chieftaincy for thousands of years—he did not call upon the O'Briens, the O'Neills, the MacCarthys, and the O'Connors, and say to them, "Go, and assemble make your own laws; and, if they are just laws, I will set my seal upon them; and let you govern Ireland through your own legislation." No; but he called on a clique of Anglo-Norman Lords—the most unruly, the most warlike, the most restless pack that ever you or I read or heard of in all history—and he said to these men: "Take and govern the country; I vest the

government in your hands." No sooner did Henry leave them to govern Ireland than they began to make war upon the Irish. Kildare was made Lord-Deputy in 1522 ; and the very first thing those Anglo-Norman Lords did was to assemble an army and lay waste all the territory of the Irish chieftains around them. They killed the people, burned the villages, and destroyed everything. Then, after a time, they fell out among themselves—these Norman Lords. The great family of the Butlers, the Earls of Ormond, became jealous of Kildare, who was a Fitzgerald, and began to accuse him to the King of treasonable actions. In 1524 the Earl of Kildare entered into an undoubtedly treasonable correspondence with Francis the First, King of France, and Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany. He was called to England for the third time to answer for his conduct ; and in 1534 Henry put him in prison. Then his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald—called "Silken Thomas"—a brave, hot-headed, rash, young Norman noble—revolted, because his father was a prisoner in England, and it was told him that the old Earl was about to be put to death. Henry declared war against him, and he against the King of England. The consequence of this war was that the whole province of Munster and a great part of Leinster were ravaged ;—the people were destroyed ; towns and villages were burned ; until, at length, there was not as much left in nearly one-half of Ireland as would feed man or beast. So that this "Home Rule" of Henry resulted in the tribulations of his Norman Lords ; and the treason of Kildare ended in the ruin of nearly one-half of the Irish people.

Perhaps you will ask me, did the Irish people take any part in that war, so as to justify the treatment they received ? I answer, they took no part in it : it was an English business from beginning to end ; and the Irish chieftains took little or no interest in that war. We read that only O'Carrol, O'Moore, of Offaly ; and O'Connor—only three Irish chieftains sided with the Geraldines and drew the sword against Henry :—three chieftains of rather small, unimportant septs, who by no means represented the Irish people of Munster or any other Province. And yet upon the Irish people fell the avenging and destroying hand of Henry the Eighth's army.

Mr Froude goes on to say "The Irish, somehow or other, yet seemed to like Henry the Eighth." Well, if they did, I

don't admire their taste. He pleased them, says Mr Froude, and they got fond of him ; and then he adds the reason why, and it was that Henry never showed any disposition to dispossess the Irish people of their lands or to exterminate them. Now, I take him up on that. Is it true or is it not ? Fortunately for the Irish historian, the State papers are open to us as well as to Mr Froude. What do the State papers of the reign of Henry tell us ? They tell us that project after project was formed, during the reign of this monarch, to drive the whole Irish nation into Connaught, or west of the Shannon. That Henry the Eighth wished it, and that the Irish Council that governed Ireland by " Home Rule " wished it, and that the people of England desired it. And one of those State papers is in these words :—

" Considering the premises brought to pass, there shall no Irish be on this side of the Shannon, unprosecuted, unsubdued, and unexiled. Then shall the English Pale be fully the distance of two hundred miles in length and more."

More than this, we have the evidence of the State papers of the time, that Henry the Eighth meditated and contemplated an utter extirpation—the utter sweeping away and destruction of the whole Irish race. We find the Lord-Deputy and Council, in Dublin, writing to his Majesty ; and here are their words : They tell him that his project is impracticable, they say " the land is large ; by estimation as large as England, so that to inhabit the whole with new inhabitants would be an enterprise so great that there is no prince christened that might commodiously spare so many subjects to depart out of his realms ; but to encompass the destruction and total subjection of the land would be a marvellous and stupendous achievement from the great difficulties, both by lack of inhabitants, and the great hardness of these Irish, who can endure both hunger, cold, and thirst and evil lodging, far more than the inhabitants of any other land. And it would be unprecedented, the conquest of this land. We have not heard nor read of any country that was subdued by such a conquest, the whole inhabitants of which had been utterly extirpated and banished."

Great God ! is this the man that Mr Froude tells us was the " friend of Ireland," that never showed any design to take their lands or to dispossess them of their possessions ? This is the man—the model " admirer of order," the " hater of disorder !"

Surely he was bound to create magnificent order; for, if a people are troublesome, and you want to reduce them to quiet, the best way, and the simplest way, is to kill them all. Just like some of those people in England—nurses, we read of, a few years ago—that were farming out children; and, when a child was a little fractious, they gave it a nice little dose of poison; and they called that “quieting” it.

Do you know the reason why Henry the Eighth pleased the Irish—for there was no doubt about it—that they were more pleased with him than with any other English monarch, up to that time? The reason is a very simple one. He had his own designs; but he concealed them. He was meditating, like an anticipated Oliver Cromwell, the ruin and destruction of the Irish race. But he had good sense; he kept it to himself; and it only came out in the State papers. But he treated the Irish with a certain amount of courtesy and politeness. Henry, with all his faults, was a learned man, an accomplished man, a man of the very best manners—a man that, with a bland smile, would give you a warm shake of the hand. It is true, the next day he might have your head cut off; but still he had the manners of a gentleman. And it is a singular fact, my friends, that the two most gentlemanly Kings of England were the two greatest scoundrels, perhaps, that ever lived—Henry the Eighth and George the Fourth. Henry had dealt with the Irish people with a certain amount of civility and courtesy. He did not come in amongst them like all his predecessors, saying—“You are the King’s enemies; you ought all to be put to death; you are without the pale of law; you are barbarians and savages; and I will put you under my heel.” Henry came and said—“Now let us see if we cannot arrange our difficulties; let us see if we cannot live in peace and quiet;” and the Irish people were charmed with this man’s manner. Ah, my friends, there was a black heart under that smiling face; but it was also true—a fact that Mr Froude acknowledges—that Henry the Eighth had a certain amount of popularity with the Irish people; which proves that, if England only knew how to treat us with a certain amount of kindness, they would, long since, have won the heart of Ireland, instead of alienating and embittering it by the injustice as much as by the cruelty of their laws. And this is what I meant on last Tuesday night, when I said that the English contempt of Irishmen is really the evil

that lies deep at the root of all the bad spirit that exists between the two nations; for the simple reason that the Irish people are too intellectual, too strong, too energetic, too pure of race, and of blood too ancient and too proud, to be despised.

And now, my friends, Mr Froude, in his second lecture, gave us a proof of the great love the Irish people had for Henry the Eighth. He says they were so fond of that king that actually at the king's request, Ireland threw the Pope overboard. I use the gentleman's own words—"Ireland threw the Pope overboard." No, Mr Froude, fond as we were of your glorious hero, Henry the Eighth, we were not so enamoured of him, we had not fallen so deeply in love with him as to give up the Pope for him. What are the facts of the case? Henry, about the year 1530, got into difficulties with the Pope, which ended in his denying his authority and supremacy as the head of the Catholic Church. He then picked out an apostate monk—a man who gave up his faith, a man without a shadow of either conscience, character, or virtue—and he had him consecrated as the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. He was an Englishman named Brown—George Brown—and Henry sent him over to Dublin in the year 1534, with a commission to get the Irish nation to follow in the wake of the English, and to throw the Pope overboard and acknowledge the supremacy of Henry. Brown arrived in Dublin. He called the Bishops together—the Bishops of the Catholic Church—and he said to them—"You must change your allegiance. You must give up the Pope, and take Henry, King of England, in his stead." The Archbishop of Armagh, in those days, was an Englishman whose name was Cromer; and the moment the old man heard these words, he rose up from the Council Board and said—"What blasphemy is this that I hear? Ireland will never change her faith; Ireland never will renounce her Catholicity, and she would have to renounce it by renouncing the head of the Catholic Church." And all the Bishops of Ireland followed the Primate, all the priests of Ireland followed the Primate; and George Brown wrote the most lugubrious letter home to his protector, Thomas Cromwell, telling him—"I can make nothing of this people; and I would return to England, only I am afraid the king would have my head taken off." Three years later, however

Brown and the Lord-Deputy summoned a Parliament, and it was at this Parliament of 1537, according to Mr Froude, that "Ireland threw the Pope overboard." Now, what are the facts? A Parliament was assembled, and from time immemorial in Ireland, whenever a Parliament was assembled there were three delegates, called proctors, from every Catholic diocese in Ireland, who sat in the House of Commons, in virtue of their office—three priests from every diocese in Ireland. When this Parliament was called, the first thing they did was to banish the proctors and deprive them of their seats in the House. Without the slightest justice, without the slightest show or pretence of either right or law or justice, the proctors were excluded; and so the ecclesiastical element—the Church element—was completely precluded from that Parliament of 1537. Then, partly by promises, partly by bribes, partly by threats, this venal Parliament of the Pale—this English Parliament—this Parliament of the rotten little boroughs that surrounded Dublin and the five half counties, that we have seen, willingly took an oath that Henry VIII. was the head of the Church; and this Mr Froude calls the apostasy of the Irish nation. With that strange want of knowledge—for I can call it nothing else—of our religion, he attests that Ireland remained Catholic, even though he asserts that she gave up the Pope. "They took the oath," he says, "bishops and all, and thereby acknowledged Henry VIII.'s supremacy; but, nevertheless, they didn't become Protestant; they still remained Catholics, and the reason why they refused to take the same oath to Elizabeth was because Elizabeth insisted on their taking the Protestant religion as well as the oath of supremacy."

I answer Mr Froude at once, and will set him right on this point. The Catholic Church teaches and always has taught, that no man is a Catholic who is not in communion of obedience with the Pope of Rome. Henry VIII., who was a learned man, had too much logic, and too much theology, and too much sense to become what is called a Protestant. He never embraced the doctrines of Luther, and he held on to every iota of Catholic doctrine to the very last day of his life, save and except that he refused to acknowledge the Pope; but on the day that Henry VIII. refused to acknowledge the Pope, he ceased to be a Catholic. To pretend, therefore, or to hint that

the Irish people were so ignorant as to imagine that they could throw the Pope overboard, and still remain Catholic, is to offer to the genius and intelligence of Ireland a gratuitous insult.

It is true that some of the bishops apostatised—I can call it nothing else. They took the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII. Their names, living in the execration of Irish history, are Eugene Maginnis, Bishop of Down and Connor; Roland Burke, I am sorry to say, Bishop of Clonfert; Laurence MacLaughlin, Bishop of Clonmacnoise; Matthew Saunders, Bishop of Ossory; and Hugh O'Sullivan, Bishop of Clogher—five bishops only apostatised, the rest of Ireland's episcopacy remained faithful. George Brown, the apostate Archbishop, acknowledges, in a letter written at this time, that of all the priests in the Diocese of Dublin he could only persuade three to take the oath to Henry VIII. There was a priest down in Cork, he was an Irishman—rector of Shandon. His name was Dominick Tyrrell, and he was offered the Bishoprick of Cork if he took the oath, and he took it. There was a man named William Myah; he was offered the Diocese of Kildare if he took the oath, and he took it. There was another, Alexander Devereux, Abbot of Dunbrody, a Cistercian monk; he was offered the Diocese of Ferns, in the County Wexford, and he took it. These are all the names that represent what Mr Froude calls the “national apostasy of Ireland”—eight men. Out of so many hundreds eight men were found wanting; and Mr Froude turns around, quietly and calmly, and tells us that the Irish bishops, priests, and people threw the Pope overboard.

He makes another assertion, and I regret he made it. I regret it, because there is much in the learned gentleman that I admire and esteem. He asserts that the bishops of Ireland in those days were immoral men; that they had families; that they were not at all like the venerable men whom we see established in the episcopacy to-day. Now, I answer that there is not a shred of testimony to bear up Mr Froude in this wild assertion. I have read the history of Ireland—national, civil, and ecclesiastical—as far as I could, and nowhere have I seen even an allegation, much less a proof, of immorality against the Irish bishops and their clergy at the time of the Reformation. But perhaps when Mr Froude says this he meant the apostate bishops—if so, I am willing to grant him whatever he chooses in regard to them, and whatever charge he lays upon them; the

heavier it is, the more pleased am I to see it coming from that source. The next passage in the relation of Henry VIII. to Ireland goes to prove that Ireland did not throw the Pope overboard. My friends, in the year 1541 a Parliament assembled in Dublin, and declared that Henry VIII. was King of Ireland. They had been four hundred years and more fighting for that title; and at length it was conferred by the Irish Parliament upon the English monarch. Two years later, in gratitude to the Irish Parliament, Henry called all the Irish chieftains over to a grand assembly at Greenwich, and on the 1st of July, 1543, he gave the Irish chieftains their English titles. O'Neill of Ulster got the title of Earl of Tyrone; the glorious O'Donnell the title of Earl of Tyrconnel; Urick MacWilliam Burke was called the Earl of Clanricarde; Fitzpatrick was given the name of Baron of Ossory, and they returned to Ireland with their new titles.

Henry, free, open-handed, generous fellow as he was—he was really very generous—gave those chieftains not only the titles, but a vast amount of property; only it happened to be stolen from the Catholic Church. He was an exceedingly generous man with other people's goods. He had a good deal of that spirit of which Artemus Ward makes mention when he says he was quite contented to see his wife's first cousin go to the war. In order to promote the authorized reformation—not Protestantism, but his own reformation—in Ireland, Henry gave to these Irish Earls, with their English titles, all the abbey lands, all the convents and all the church lands that lay within their possessions. The consequence was, he enriched them, and to the eternal shame of the O'Neill and O'Donnell, MacWilliam Burke and Fitzpatrick of Ossory, they had the cowardice and weakness to accept the gifts at his hands. They came home with the spoil of the monasteries and their English titles. Now mark! The Irish people were as true as flint on that day when the Irish chieftains proved false to their country and their God. Nowhere in the previous history of Ireland do we read of the clans rising against their chieftains. Nowhere do we read of the O'Neill or O'Donnell being dispossessed by their own people, but on this occasion, when they came home, mark what followed. O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, when he arrived in Munster, found half his dominions in revolt against him. MacWilliam Burke, Earl of Clanricarde, when his people

heard that their leader had accepted the abbey lands, the first thing they did was to depose him, and set up against him another man, with the title of the MacWilliam Oughter de Burgh. When Con O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, came home to Ulster, he was taken by his own son, clapped into jail, and he died there. O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel, came home, and his own son and all his people rose up against him, and drove him out from the midst of them. Now, I say, in the face of all this, Mr Froude is not justified in stating that Ireland threw the Pope overboard; for, remember, these chieftains did not renounce the Catholic religion, they only renounced the Papal supremacy; they did not come home Protestants, they only came home schismatics, and very bad Catholics, and Ireland would not stand them.

Henry died in 1547, and I verily believe that, with all the badness of his heart, had he lived a few years longer, he would not have been a curse but a blessing to Ireland, for the simple reason that those who came after him were worse than himself. He was succeeded by his child-son Edward VI., who was under the care of the Duke of Somerset. Somerset was a thorough-going Protestant, and did not believe in the Papal supremacy, in the Mass, in the Sacraments, nor in anything that savoured of the teachings of the Catholic Church. He was opposed to them all; and he sent over to Ireland his orders as soon as Henry was dead, and when young Edward was proclaimed king, to put the laws in force against the Catholic Church. The churches were pillaged, the bishops and priests driven out, and, as Mr Froude puts it, "The emblems of superstition were pulled down." The emblems of superstition, as Mr Froude calls them, were the figure of Christ Jesus crucified, the statues of His Blessed Mother, and the statues and pictures of His saints. All these things were pulled down and destroyed, the crucifix was trampled under foot, and the ancient statue of Our Lady of Trim (County Meath), was publicly burned, the churches were rifled and sacked. And, as Mr Froude eloquently puts it, "Ireland was taught the lesson that she must yield to the new order of things or stand by the Pope." "Irish traditions and ideas," he says, "became inseparably linked with religion." Glory to you, Mr Froude! He goes on to say, in eloquent language, "Ireland chose its place on the Pope's side and chose it irrevocably, and from that time the cause of the

Catholic religion and Irish independence became inseparably one. If the learned gentleman were present, I have no doubt he would rise and bow his thanks to you for the hearty manner in which you have received his sentiments. I am sure, as he is not here, he will not take it ill of me when I thank you in his name.

Edward VI. died after a short reign, and then came Queen Mary, who is known in England by the name of "Bloody Mary." She was a Catholic, and without doubt she persecuted her Protestant subjects. But Mr Froude makes this remark of her; in his lecture he says—"There was no persecution of Protestants in Ireland, because there were no Protestants to be persecuted." He goes on to say, "Those who were in Ireland fled when Mary came to the throne." Now, my friends, I must take the learned historian to task on this. The insinuation is, that if any Protestants had been in Ireland the Irish Catholic people would have persecuted them. The impression he desires to leave on the mind is—that we Catholics would be only too glad to imbrue our hands in the blood of our fellow-citizens on the question of religion or difference in doctrine. He does this to convey the impression, as much as to say that—"If the Protestants were in Ireland whatever chance they might have in another country they had no chance in Ireland." Now, what are the historic facts? The facts are, that during the reign of Edward VI., and during the late years of his father's reign, certain apostates from the Catholic Church were sent over to Ireland as bishops—men whom even English history convicts and condemns of almost every crime. As soon as Mary came to the throne, these gentlemen did not wait to be ordered out, they went out of their own accord. It was not a question at all of the Irish people; it was a question between the Queen of England and certain English bishops that were foisted upon the Irish Church. They thought it the best of their play to clear out at once—and I verily believe they acted very prudently. But as far as regards the Irish people, I claim for my native land—that she never persecuted on account of religion. I am proud, in addressing an American audience, to be able to make this high claim for Ireland—that the genius of the Irish people is not a persecuting genius. There is not a people on the face of the earth so attached to the Catholic religion as the

Irish race; but there is not a people on the face of the earth so unwilling to persecute or to shed blood in the cause of religion as the Irish. And here are my proofs. Mr Froude says that the Protestants fled off out of Ireland as soon as Queen Mary came to the throne. But Sir James Ware, in his annals, tells us "That the Protestants were being persecuted in England under Mary, and that they actually fled over to Ireland for protection." He gives even the names of some of them. He tells us that John Harvey, Abel Ellis, Joseph Edwards, and Henry Hall, natives of Cheshire, came over to Ireland to avoid the persecution that was raging in England. They brought a Welsh Protestant minister by the name of Thomas Jones with them. These four gentlemen were received so cordially, and were welcomed so hospitably, that they actually founded highly respectable mercantile houses in Dublin.

But we have another magnificent proof that the Irish people are not a persecuting race. When James II. assembled his Catholic Parliament in Ireland in 1689, though they had been more than a hundred years under the lash of their Protestant fellow-citizens, robbed, plundered, imprisoned, and put to death for their conscientious adherence to the Catholic faith, at last the wheel gave a turn, and in 1689 the Catholics were up and the Protestants were down. That Parliament met to the number of 228 members. The Celts—the Irish Catholic element—had a sweeping majority. What was the first law that they made? The very first law that that Catholic Parliament made was as follows:—"We hereby decree that it is the law of Ireland that neither now nor ever again shall any man be persecuted for his religion." That was the retaliation we took on them. Was it not magnificent? Was it not a grand magnificent specimen of that spirit of Christianity; that spirit of forgiveness and charity without which, if it be not within the Christian's heart, all the dogmatic truths that were ever revealed will not save or ennoble him.

Now, coming to good "Queen Bess," as she is called, I must say that Mr Froude bears very heavily upon her. He speaks of her rule in language as terrific in its severity as I could, and far more, for I have not the learning or the eloquence of Mr Froude. But he says one little thing of her

worthy of remark. He says—"Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword; but when she did draw it she never sheathed it until the star of freedom was fixed upon her banner never to pale." Now that is a very eloquent passage. But the soul of eloquence is truth. Is it true, historically, that Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword? I answer it by Irish annals; I answer it by the history of Ireland. Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558. The following year, in 1559, there was a Parliament assembled by her order in Dublin. What do you think were the laws of that Parliament? It was not a Catholic Parliament nor an Irish Parliament. It consisted of seventy-six members. Generally speaking, Parliaments in Ireland used to have from 220 to 230 members. This Parliament of Elizabeth consisted of seventy-six picked men. The laws that that Parliament made were, first—"Any clergyman not using the Book of Common Prayer (the Protestant prayer-book), or using any other form, either in public or in private, the first time that he is discovered, shall be deprived of his benefice for one year, and suffer imprisonment in jail for six months. For the second offence he shall forfeit his income for ever, and be put in jail at the Queen's good pleasure;" to be let out whenever she thought proper. For the third offence he was to be put in close confinement for life. This was the lady that was "reluctant to draw the sword;" and, my friends, remember that this was the very year after she was crowned Queen—the very next year. She scarcely waited a year. This was the woman "reluctant to draw the sword!" So much for the priests; now for the laymen. If a layman was discovered using any other prayer-book except Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, he was to be put in jail for one year; and if he was caught doing it a second time, he was to be put in prison for the rest of his life. Every Sunday the people were obliged to go to the Protestant Church; and if any one refused to go, for every time that he refused he was fined twelve pence—that would be about twelve shillings of our present money; and besides the fine of twelve pence, he was to "incur the censures of the church." "The star of freedom," says Mr Froude, "was never to pale. The Queen drew the sword in the cause of the star of freedom!" But, my friends, freedom meant whatever fitted in Elizabeth's mind. Freedom meant slavery tenfold increased, with the addition of religious per-

secution, to the unfortunate Irish. If this be Mr Froude's idea of the star of freedom, all I can say is, the sooner such stars fall from heaven and the firmament of the world's history the better.

In what state was the Irish Church? Upon that subject we have the authority of the Protestant historian, Leland. There were 220 parish churches in Meath, and in a few years time there were only 105 of them left with the roofs on. "All over the kingdom," says Leland, "the people were left without any religious worship, and under the pretence of obeying the orders of the State they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which was actually exposed for sale without decency or reserve." A number of hungry adventurers were let loose upon the Irish churches and upon the Irish people by Elizabeth. They not only robbed them and plundered their churches, but they shed the blood of the bishops and priests and of the people in torrents, as Mr Froude himself acknowledges. He tells us that after the second rebellion of the Geraldines, such was the state to which the fair province of Munster was reduced that you might go through the land, from the farthest point of Kerry until you came into the eastern plains of Tipperary, and you would not as much as hear the whistle of a plough-boy, or behold the face of a living man. But the trenches and ditches were filled with the corpses of the people, and the country was reduced to a howling, desolate wilderness. The poet Spencer describes it emphatically in language the most terrific. Even he, case-hardened as he was—for he was one of the plunderers and persecutors himself—acknowledges that the state of Munster was such that no man could look upon it with a dry eye. Sir Henry Sydney, one of Elizabeth's own deputies, addressing her, says of the overthrown churches—"There are not, I am sure, in any region where the name of Christ is professed, such horrible spectacles as are here to be beheld; as the burning of villages, the ruin of churches—yea, the view of the bones and skulls of the dead, who, partly by murder and partly by famine, have died in the fields. It is such that hardly any Christian can with a dry eye behold." Her own Minister—her own General!—there is his testimony of the state to which this terrible woman reduced unhappy Ireland. Strafford, another English authority, says—"I knew it was bad in

Ireland; but that it was so stark-wrought I did not believe."

In the midst of all this persecution, what was still the reigning idea in the mind of the English Government? To root out and to extirpate the Irish from their own land, added to which was now the element of religious discord and persecution. It is evident that this was still in the minds of the English people. Elizabeth, who, Mr Froude says, "never dispossessed an Irishman of an acre of his land," during the terrible war which she waged in the latter days of her reign against the heroic Hugh O'Neill, of Ulster, threw out such hints as these:—"The more slaughter there is the better it will be for my English subjects; the more land they will get." This is the woman, who, Mr Froude tells us, never confiscated, and would never listen to the idea of confiscation of property. This woman, when the Geraldines were destroyed, took the whole of the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond, and gave them all, quietly and calmly, to certain English planters, that she sent over from Lancashire, Cheshire, Devonshire, and Somersetshire. And in the face of these historic truths, recorded and stamped on history, I cannot understand how any man can come forward and say of this atrocious woman that whatever she did she intended it for the good of Ireland.

In 1602, she died, after reigning forty-one years, leaving Ireland at the hour of her death one vast slaughter-house. Munster was reduced to the state described by Spencer. Connaught was made a wilderness through the rebellion of the Clanricardes, or the Burke family. Ulster, through the agency of Lord Mountjoy, was left the very picture of desolation. The glorious Red Hugh O'Donnell and the magnificent O'Neill were crushed and defeated after fifteen years of war. And the consequence was that, when James the First succeeded Elizabeth, he found Ireland almost a wilderness. What did he do? He acted well at first. He promised the Irish that they should be left their lands. He succeeded to the throne of England in 1603; and for four years—I must give him the credit—for four years he kept his word. But, in 1607, Hugh O'Neill, and O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell, fled from their country to escape imprisonment; and then, Sir Arthur Chichester, an Englishman, the agent of the King, developed one of the most

extraordinary systems that ever was heard of in the relation of one country to another. They took the whole of the province of Ulster, and scarcely left to the Irish a foot of land of their finest province. They transferred it from the original population; and handed it over to settlers from England and from Scotland. It was called "The Plantation of Ulster." They gave to the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh 43,000 acres of the finest land in Ireland. They gave to Trinity College, in Dublin, 30,000 acres. They gave to the "Skinners" and "Cordwainers" and "Drysalters," all those corporations of trade in London, 208,000 acres of the finest land in Ireland. They brought over a colony of Scotch Presbyterians, and of English Protestants, and gave them tracts of a thousand and fifteen hundred and two thousand acres of land, making them swear, as they did so, that they would not employ one single Irishman, or single Catholic, nor let them come near them. Thus millions of acres of the finest land in Ireland were taken at one blow from the Irish; and the people were crushed out of their property.

Mr Froude, in his rapid historical sketch, said that all this, of course, bred revenge, and he tells us that in 1641 the Irish rose in rebellion. So they did. Now, he makes one statement, and, with the refutation of that statement, I will close this lecture, which, to many amongst you, must appear dry. But we cannot help it. History is naturally rather a dry study. Mr Froude tells us that in the rising under Sir Phelim O'Neil, in 1642, there were 38,000 Protestants massacred by the Irish. That is a grave charge, a most terrific one, in the case of a people; and if it be true, all I can say is that I blush for my fathers. But if it be not true, why, in the name of God, repeat it? Why not wipe it out from the records for a lie as it is. Is it true? The Irish rose under Sir Phelim O'Neil. At that time there was a Protestant parson in Ireland who called himself a minister of the Word of God. He gives an account of the whole transaction in a letter to the people of England, begging of them to help their fellow-Protestants of Ireland. Here are his words—"It was the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them, on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods, and on Monday they were to cut all the English throats. The former they executed; the latter—that is the massacre—they failed in." Petit, another Eng-

lish authority, tells us, that there were 30,000 Protestants massacred at that time. A man of the name of May foots it up at 200,000. I suppose he thought "in for a penny in for a pound." But there was an honest Protestant clergyman in Ireland who examined minutely into the details of the whole conspiracy, and of all the evils that came from it. What does he tell us? "I have discovered," he says—and he gives proof, State papers and authentic records—"that the Irish Catholics in that rising massacred 2100 Protestants; that other Protestants said there were 1600 more; and that some Irish authorities themselves say there were 3000, making altogether 4026 persons." This is the massacre that Mr Froude speaks of; he tosses it off, as if it were gospel—38,000 Protestants were massacred—that is to say, he multiplies the original number by ten; whereas Mr Warner, the authority in question, says actually that there were 2100, and I am unwilling to believe in the additional numbers that have been stated. And this is the way that history is written? This is the way that people are left under a false impression.

And now, first of all, that we have seen the terrible nature of the evils which fell upon Ireland in the days of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and James the First, I ask you, people of America, to set these two thoughts before your minds, contrast them, and give me a fair verdict. Is there anything recorded in history more terrible than the persistent, undying resolution so clearly manifested of the English Government to root out, extirpate, and destroy the people of Ireland? Is there anything recorded in history more unjust than this systematic, constitutional robbery of the people whom Almighty God created in that island, to whom He gave that island, and who have the aboriginal right to every inch of Irish soil? On the other hand, can history bring forth a more magnificent spectacle than the calm, firm, united resolution with which Ireland stood in defence of her religion, giving up all things rather than sacrifice what she conceived to be the cause of truth? Mr Froude does not believe it is the cause of truth. I do not blame him. Every man has a right to his religious opinions. But Ireland believed it was the cause of truth, and Ireland stood for it like one man. I speak of all these things only historically. I do not believe in animosity. I am not a believer in bad blood. I do not believe with Mr Froude that the question of Ireland's difficulty

must remain without solution. I do not give it up in despair; but this I do say, that he has no right, nor has any other man the right, to come before an audience of America—of America, that has never persecuted in the cause of religion—of America, that respects the rights even of the meanest citizen upon her imperial soil—and to ask that American people to sanction by their verdict the robberies and persecutions of which England is guilty

LECTURE IV.

IRELAND UNDER CROMWELL.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday evening,
19th November, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We now approach, in answering Mr Froude, to some of the most awful periods of our history. I confess that I approach this terrific ground with sadness, and I extremely regret that Mr Froude should have opened up questions which oblige an Irishman to undergo the pain of heart and the anguish of spirit which a revision of this portion of our history must occasion. The learned gentleman began his fourth lecture by reminding his audience that he had closed the third lecture with a reference to the rise, progress, and collapse of a great rebellion which took place in Ireland in the year 1641, that is to say, somewhat more than 200 years ago. He made but a passing allusion to that great event in our history, and in that allusion, if he has been reported correctly, he stated simply that the Irish rebelled in 1641. This is his first statement—that it was a rebellion. Secondly, that this rebellion “began in massacre and ended in ruin.” Thirdly, that for nine years the Irish leaders had the destinies of their country in their hands; and fourthly, that these nine years were years of anarchy and mutual slaughter. Nothing, therefore, can be imagined more melancholy than the picture drawn by this learned gentleman of those nine sad years; and yet, I will venture to say—and I hope I shall be able to prove—that each of these four statements is without sufficient historical foundation.

My first position is that the movement of 1641 was not a rebellion; second, that it did not begin with massacre, although it ended in ruin; third, that the Irish leaders had not the destinies of the country in their hands during those nine years;

and, fourth, that whether they had or not, those years were not a period of anarchy or mutual slaughter. They were but the opening of a far more terrific period. We must discuss these questions, my friends, calmly and historically. We must look upon them rather like antiquarians prying into the past than with the living warm feelings of men whose blood boils up at the remembrance of so much injustice and so much bloodshed. In order to understand these questions fully and fairly, it is necessary for us to go back to the historical events of the times. We find, then, that James I., the man who "planted" Ulster—that is to say, who confiscated, utterly and entirely, six of the fairest counties in Ireland, an entire province, rooting out the aboriginal Irish Catholic inhabitants even to a man, and giving the whole country to Scotch and English settlers of the Protestant religion, under the condition that they were not to employ even as much as an Irish labourer on their grounds, but that they were to banish them away. We find that this man died in 1625, and was succeeded by his unfortunate son, Charles I.

When Charles came to the throne, bred up as he was in the traditions of a monarchy which Henry VIII. had rendered almost absolute, as we know, whose absolute power was still continued under Elizabeth under a form the most tyrannical, whose absolute power was continued by his own father, James I.—Charles came to the throne with the most exaggerated ideas of royal privilege and royal supremacy. But during the days of his father a new spirit had grown up in England and in Scotland. The form which Protestantism took in Scotland was the hard uncompromising, and, I will add, cruel form of Calvinism in its most repellant aspect. The men who rose in Scotland in defence of their Presbyterian religion rose, not against Catholics at all, but against the Episcopalian Protestants of England. They defended what they called the kirk or covenant; they fought bravely, I acknowledge, for it, and they ended by establishing it the religion of Scotland. Now, Charles I. was an Episcopalian Protestant of the most sincere and devoted kind. The Parliament of England, in the very first years of Charles, admitted members who were strongly tinged with Scotch Calvinism, and they at once showed a refractory spirit to their king. He demanded of them certain subsidies, and they refused him; he asserted certain sovereign

rights, and they denied them. But whilst all this was going on in England, from the year 1630 to the year—let us say—1641, what was taking place in Ireland? One province of the land had been completely confiscated by James I. Charles was in want of money for his own purposes; his Parliament refused to grant him any, and the poor, oppressed, down-trodden Catholics of Ireland imagined, naturally enough, that the king, being in difficulties, would turn to them, and perhaps lend them a little countenance and a little favour if they proclaimed their loyalty and stood by him. Accordingly, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Falkland, sincerely attached as he was to his royal master, hinted to the Catholics and proposed to them that, as they were under the most terrific penal laws from the days of Elizabeth and James I., that perhaps if they now petitioned the king they might get certain graces or concessions granted to them. What were these graces? They simply involved permission to live in their own land, and permission to worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience. They asked for nothing more—nothing more was promised to them. When their petition went before the King, his Royal Majesty of England issued a proclamation, in which he declared that it was his intention, and that he had pledged his word, to grant to the Catholics and to the people of Ireland certain concessions and indulgences, which he named by the name of “graces.” No sooner does the newly-founded Puritan element in England and the Parliament that were fighting against their King—no sooner did they hear that the slightest relaxation of penal law was to be granted to the Catholics of Ireland than they instantly rose and protested that it should not be; and Charles, to his eternal disgrace, broke his word with the Catholics of Ireland, after they had sent £120,000 in acknowledgment of his promise. More than this, it was suspected that Lord Falkland was too mild a man, too just a man, to be allowed to remain as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and he was re-called, and, after a short lapse of time, Wentworth, who was afterwards Earl of Strafford, was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant. Wentworth, on his arrival, summoned a Parliament, which met in the year 1634. He told them the difficulties the King was in; he told them how the Parliament in England was rebelling against him, and how he looked to

his Irish subjects as loyal ; and, perhaps, he told them that amongst Catholics loyalty is not a mere sentiment, but it is an unshaken principle, resting on conscience and religion. And then he assured them that Charles, the king of England, still intended to keep his word, and grant them the concessions or graces.

Next came the usual demand for money, and the Irish Parliament granted six subsidies of £50,000 each. Strafford wrote to the king of England, congratulating him on getting so much money out of Ireland. "For," said he, "your majesty remembers that you and I expected only £30,000, and they have granted subsidies of £50,000. More than this, they granted him 8000 infantry and 1000 horse to fight against his Scottish rebellious subjects and enemies.

The Parliament met the following year, in 1635, and what do you think was the fulfilment of the Royal promise to the Catholics of Ireland? Strafford had got the money. He did not wish to compromise his master the king, so he took it upon himself, and fixed upon his memory the indelible shame and disgrace of breaking the word which he had pledged, and disappointing the Catholics of Ireland. Then, in 1636, the following year, the real character of the man came out, and what do you think was the measure that he proposed? He instituted a Commission for the express purpose of confiscating, in addition to Ulster—that was already gone—the whole Province of Connaught, so as not to leave an Irishman or a Catholic one square inch of ground in that land. This he called "The Commission of defective titles." They were men that were to inquire into the title that every man had to his property, and to inquire into it with the express and avowed purpose of finding a flaw in it, so that they could confiscate it to the Crown of England. Now, remember how much was gone already, my friends—the whole of Ulster was confiscated by James I.; the same King had taken the county of Longford from the O'Farrells, who owned it from time immemorial. He had seized upon Wicklow, and taken it from the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. He had taken the northern part of the County Wexford from the O'Kavanaghs. He had taken Iracken, in the Queen's County from the MacGeoghegans. He had taken Kilcoursey, in the King's County, from the O'Malloys. And now, with the whole of Ulster, and the better part of Leinster

in his hands, this minister had come in and instituted a Commission by which he was to obtain the whole of the Province of Connaught, root out the native Irish population, expel every man who owned a rood of land in the province, and reduce them to beggary, starvation, and to death. Here is a description of his plan as given by Leland, a historian who was hostile to Ireland's faith and to Ireland's nationality. Leland thus describes the business:—"This project," he says, "was nothing less than to subvert the title of every estate in every part of Connaught, a project which, when first proposed in the late reign, was received with horror and amazement, but which suited the undismayed and enterprising genius of Lord Wentworth." Strafford's commission accordingly began in the County of Roscommon, thence passed into Sligo, thence to Mayo, and thence to Galway.

Now mark how he managed this tribunal. The only way in which a title could be upset was by having a jury of twelve men to declare by their verdict whether the title was valid or not. Strafford began by packing the jury—packing them. It is the old story over again. The old policy which has been continued down to our own time—the policy of a packed and prejudiced jury. He told the jury before the trial began that he expected them to find a verdict for the King, and between bribing them and threatening them he got juries that found for him until he came into my own County of Galway. And to the honour of old Galway, be it said, that as soon as the commission arrived in that country, they could not find twelve jurors in the County Galway base enough and wicked enough to confiscate the lands of their fellow-subjects. What was the result? The result was that the County Galway jurors were called to Dublin before the Castle Council Chamber; and every man of them was fined £4000, and was put into prison until the fine was paid. Every inch of their property was taken from them, and the High Sheriff of the County Galway, not being a wealthy man, died in jail because he was unable to pay his fine. More than this. Not content with threatening the juries and coercing them, my Lord Strafford went to the judges and told them they were to get four shillings on the pound for the value of every single piece of property they confiscated to the Crown of England. Then he boasted publicly that he had made the Chief-Baron and the judges attend to

this business as if it were their own private concern. This is the kind of rule the English historian comes to America to ask the honest and upright citizens of this free country to endorse by their verdict, and thereby to make themselves accomplices of English fraud and robbery.

In this same year Strafford instituted another tribunal in Ireland which he called the "Court of Wards." Do you know what this was? It was found that the Irish people, gentle and simple as they were, were very unwilling to become Protestants. I have not a harsh word to say of Protestants, but this I will say, that every high-minded Protestant in the world must admire the strength and fidelity with which Ireland, because of her conscience, clings to her ancient faith. This tribunal was instituted in order to get the heirs of the Catholic gentry, and to bring them up in the Protestant religion, and it is to this Court of Wards that we owe the significant fact that some of the most ancient and the best names in Ireland—the names of men whose ancestors fought for faith and fatherland—are now Protestants and the enemies of their Catholic fellow-subjects. It was by this, and such means as this, that the men of my own name became Protestant. There was no drop of Protestant blood in the veins of the dun Earl or red Earl of Clanricarde. There was no drop of other than Catholic blood in the veins of the heroic Burkes who fought during the long five hundred years that went before this time. There was no Protestant blood in the O'Briens, of Munster, nor in the glorious O'Donnells and O'Neills, of Ulster, that are Protestants to-day. Let no Protestant American citizen here imagine that I am speaking in disdain of him or of his religion. No; but as a historian I am pointing out the means, which every high-minded man must pronounce to be nefarious, by which the aristocracy of Ireland were obliged to change their religion. The Irish, meantime, waited, and waited in vain, for the fulfilment of the King's promise and the concession of the graces, as they were called. At length matters grew desperate between Charles and his Parliament, and in the year 1640 he again renewed his promise to the Irish people, and he called a Parliament, which gave him four subsidies—8000 men and 1000 horse—to fight against the Scots, who had rebelled against him. Strafford went home rejoicing that he had got these subsidies and this body of men, but no sooner did he arrive in England

than the Parliament, now in rebellion, laid hold of him, and in that same year, 1640, Strafford's head was cut off; and he would be a strange Irishman that would regret it.

Meantime the people of Scotland rose in armed rebellion against their king. They marched into England, and what do you think they made by their movement? They got a full enjoyment of their religion, which was not the Protestant, but Presbyterian; they got £300,000, and they got, for several months, £850 a-day to support their army. Then they retired into their own country, having achieved the purpose for which they had rebelled; and in the meantime the Catholics of Ireland had been ground into the very dust. What wonder, I ask you, that seeing the king so afraid of his English people—though personally inclined to grant these graces, as he had declared that he wished to grant them; he had declared that it was his intention to grant them; he had pledged his Royal word to grant them—what wonder that the Irish thought that they had every evidence that if the king was free he would grant them. But he was not free, because his Parliament and the Puritan faction in England were in rebellion against him. And the Irish said, and naturally—"Our king is not free; if he were he would be just. Let us arise, then, in the name of the king, and assert our own rights." They rose in 1641. They arose like one man. Every Irishman and every Catholic in Ireland arose on the 23rd of October, 1641, with the exception of the Catholic lords of the Pale.

And now I give you the reasons of this rising, as recorded in the memoirs of Lord Castlehaven, who was by no means prejudiced in favour of Ireland. He tells us—"They rose for six reasons: First, because they were generally looked down upon as a conquered nation, seldom or never treated like natural or free born subjects." The old evil still coming up, dear friends. The very first reason given by this Englishman why the Irish people rose was that the English people treated them contemptuously. Oh, when will England learn to treat her subjects or her friends with common respect? When will that proud, stubborn Anglo-Saxon haughtiness condescend to urbanity and kindness in dealing with those around them? I said it in my first lecture, and I said it in my second lecture, and I now repeat it in this, that it was the contempt as much as the hatred of Englishmen for Irishmen that lay at the root,

that lies at the root to-day, of that bitter spirit and terrible antagonism that exists between these two nations. The second reason given by my Lord Castlehaven is that "the Irish saw that six whole counties in Ulster were escheated to the Crown, and little or nothing restored to the natives, but in great part bestowed by King James the First on his own countrymen—the Scotch." The third reason was that in Strafford's time the Crown laid claim to the counties of Roscommon, Mayo, Galway, and Cork, and to parts of Tipperary, Limerick, Wicklow, and other counties. The fourth reason was, that "great severities were used against the Roman Catholics, which, to a people so fond of their religion as the Irish were, was no small inducement to make them, whilst there was an opportunity, to stand upon their guard." The fifth reason was, they saw how the Scots, by pretending grievances, and taking up arms to get them redressed, had not only gained divers privileges and immunities, but a grant of £300,000 for their visit to England, besides £850 a day for several months together." The sixth, and last reason, was, that "they saw the storm drawing near, and a misunderstanding arose between the King and the Parliament that they believed the King would grant them anything that they could in reason demand; at least more than they could otherwise expect." Now, I ask if these reasons were not sufficient? I appeal to the American people; I appeal to men who know what civil and religious liberty means, to a proud, high-spirited people whose spirit was never broken and never will be; to a people not inferior to the Anglo-Saxon either in gifts of intellect or in bodily energy; for a people thus persecuted, thus downtrodden as our fathers were, would not any one of these reasons be sufficient justification to rise? And, with this accumulation of causes, would they not have been the meanest of mankind if they had not seized upon that opportunity?

An English Protestant writer of the times, in that very year 1641, writing in Howell's *Hibernicon*, says that the Irish had sundry grievances and grounds of complaint touching both their estates and consciences, which they pretended to be far greater than those of the Scots. "For still, they think," he says, "that if the Scotch were suffered to introduce a new religion, it was a reason that they should not be punished for the exercise of their own, which they gloried never to have

altered." There was another reason for the revolt, my friends, and a very potent one.—It was this—Charles had the weakness and the folly—I can call it nothing else—to leave at the head of the Irish Government two Lords Justices, named Sir John Borlaese and Sir William Parsons. These were both ardent Puritans and partizans of the Parliament. They were anxious to see the fall of the English monarch, for they were his bitterest enemies, and they thought that he would be embarrassed, in his fight with the Parliament in England, by a revolution in Ireland. And so the very men who were the guardians of the State lent themselves to promote the rebellion by every means in their power. For instance, six months before the revolt broke out, Charles gave them notice that he had received intelligence that the Irish were going to rise. They took no note whatever of the King's advertisement. The Lords of the Pale, who refused to join the Irish in their uprising, applied to the Lords Justices in Dublin for protection; and it was refused them. They asked to be allowed to come into the city that they might be safe from the incursions of the Irish. That permission was refused them, and they were forced to stay in their castles and houses out in the country, and the moment that any of the Irish in revolt came near them, their houses and castles were declared forfeited to the State. Thus the English Catholics and Lords of the Pale—the Gormanstowns, the Howths, the Trimblestons, and many others—were actually forced by the Government to join hands with the Irish, and to draw their swords in the glorious cause that was before them. Moreover, the Irish knew that their friends and fellow-countrymen were earning distinction, honour, and glory upon all the battle-fields of Europe, in the service of Spain, France, and Austria; and they hoped, not without reason, that these friends, their countrymen, would help them in the hour of their need. Accordingly, on the 23rd of October, 1641, they rose. What was the first thing they did? According to Mr Froude, the first thing they did was to massacre all the Protestants they could lay their hands on. Well, thank God, that is not the fact. The very first thing their leader, Sir Phelim O'Neill, did, was to issue a proclamation on the very day of the rising, which he spread throughout all Ireland, and in which he declared:—

“We rise in the name of our Lord the King. We rise to

assert the power and prerogative of the King. We declare we do not wish to make war on the King or any one of his subjects. We declare, moreover, that we do not intend to shed blood, except in legitimate warfare; and that any one of our troops, any soldier, who robs, plunders, or sheds blood, shall be severely punished."

Did they keep this declaration of theirs? Most inviolably. I assert, in the name of history, that there was no massacre of the Protestants; and I will prove it from Protestant authority. We find dispatches from the Irish Government to the Government in England, dated the 25th to the 27th of that same month, in which they give an account of the rising of the Irish people. There they complained, telling how the Irish stripped their Protestant fellow-citizens; how they took their cattle, took their houses, took all their property; but not one single word or complaint about one drop of blood shed. And if they took their cattle, houses, and property, you must remember that they were only taking back what was their own. A very short time afterwards the massacre began; but who began it? The Protestant Ulster settlers fled from the Irish. They brought their lives with them at least; and they entered the town of Carrickfergus, where they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in the confusion that arose, the poor country people, frightened, fled into an obscure part of the country, near Carrickfergus—a peninsula called Island Magee. They were there collected for the purposes of safety, to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing that these English Puritans and the Scotch garrison did, when they came together, was to sally out of Carrickfergus, in the night-time, and to go in among those innocent and unarmed people; and they slaughtered every man, woman, and child, until they left 3000 dead behind them. We have the authority of Leland, the English Protestant historian, who expressly says that "this was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side." This was the first massacre! How, in the name of heaven, can any man so learned, and I make no doubt, so truthful as Mr Froude—how can he, in the name of heaven, assert that these people began by massacring 38,000 of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-religionists, when we have, in the month of December, a few months after, a Commission issued by the Lords Justices in Dublin, to the Dean of Kilmore

and seven other Protestant clergymen to make diligent inquiry about the English and Scotch Protestants who were robbed and plundered; but not one single word—not one single question—of those who were murdered.

Here are the words of Castlehaven:—

“The Catholics were urged into rebellion; and the Lords Justices were often heard to say that the more that were in rebellion the more lands would be forfeited to them.”

It was the old story—it was the old adage of James the First—“Root out the Catholics; root out the Irish, and give Ireland to English Protestants and Puritans, and you will regenerate the land.” Oh! from such regeneration of my own or any other people, good Lord deliver us, I pray! “This rebellion,” says Mr Froude, “began in massacre and ended in ruin.” It ended in ruin the most terrible; but if it began in massacre, Mr Froude, you must acknowledge, as a historical truth, that the massacre was on the part of your countrymen, and your co-religionists.

Then, the Irish having risen, the war began. It was a war between the Puritan Protestants of Ulster and other parts of Ireland, aided by constant armies that came over to them from England. It was a war that continued for eleven years; and it was a war in which the Irish chieftains had not the destinies of the nation in their own hands, but were obliged to fight, and fight like men, in order to try to achieve a better destiny and a better future for their people. Who can say that the Irish chieftains held the destinies of Ireland in their own hands during these nine years, when they had to meet every successive army that came to them inflamed with religious hatred and enmity, and animated, I must say, by a spirit of bravery of which the world has seldom seen the like. Then, Mr Froude adds that these were “years of anarchy and mutual slaughter.” Now, let us consider the history of the events. No sooner had the English Lords of the Pale—who were all Catholics—joined the Irish, than they turned to the Catholic Bishops of the land. They called them together in a Synod; and on the 10th of May, 1642, the Bishops of Ireland, the Lords of Ireland, and the gentry and commoners and estated gentlemen of Ireland met together and founded what is called the “Confederation of Kilkenny.” Amongst their number, they selected for the Supreme Council, three Archbishops, two Bishops, four Lords,

and fifteen Commoners. These men were to meet and remain in permanent session, watching over the country, making laws, watching over the army; and, above all, preventing cruelty, robbery, and murder. A regular government was formed. They actually established a mint and coined their money for the Irish nation. They established an army under Lord Mountcashel and General Preston; and, in a short time after, under the glorious and immortal Owen Roe O'Neill. During the first months they gained some successes. Most of the principal cities of Ireland opened their gates to them. The garrisons were carefully saved from slaughter; and the moment they laid down their arms their lives were as sacred as that of any man in the ranks of the Irish armies. Not a drop of unnecessary blood was shed by the Irish with any sort of countenance on the part of the Government of the country—that is to say, the Supreme Council at Kilkenny. I defy any man to prove that there was a single law, which that Supreme Council enacted, that was not enacted to prevent bloodshed or murder.

Now, after a few months of success, the armies of the Confederation experienced some reverses. The Puritan party was recruited and fortified by English armies coming in; and the command in Dublin was given to a Governor, a gentleman whose name ought to be known to every Irishman—his name was Sir Charles Coote. I want to read some of that gentleman's exploits for you. Sir Charles is thus portrayed by Clarendon, who was no friend of Ireland:—

“Sir Charles, besides plundering and burning the town of Clontarf, at that time did massacre sixteen townspeople, men and women, besides three suckling infants; and in that very same week fifty-six men, women and children, in the village of Bullock, being frightened at what was done at Clontarf, went to sea to shun the fury of a party of soldiers, who came out from Dublin under command of Colonel Clifford. Being pursued by the soldiers in boats, they were overtaken and thrown overboard.”

Sir William Borlaese had, by letter, advised the Governor, Sir Charles Coote, to burn all the corn, and to give man, woman, and child to the sword; and Sir Arthur Loftus wrote to the same purpose and effect. An edict of the Council at that time will tell you in what spirit our Protestant friends waged their war with us:—“It is resolved that it is fit that his Lordship,”

(and, mind, this was given to the Earl of Ormonde)—“that his Lordship do endeavour to wound, kill, slay, and destroy, by all the ways and means that he may, all the said rebels, their adherents and relatives; and burn, spoil, waste, consume, destroy, and demolish, all the places, towns, and houses where the rebels are or have been relieved or harboured; and all the hay and corn therein, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting capable of bearing arms. (Given at the Castle of Dublin, on the 23rd day of February, 1641,” and signed by six precious names.

Listen to this:—“Sir Arthur Loftus, Governor of Naas, marched out with a party of horse. He was met on the way, and joined by another party sent from Dublin by the Marquis of Ormonde; and they both together killed such of the Irish as they met, and did not stop to inquire whether they were rebels or not.”

But, Oh! my friends, listen to this:—“But the most considerable slaughter was in a great strait of furze, seated on a hill, where the people of several villages, taking alarm, had sheltered themselves. Now, Sir Arthur having invested the hill, set fire to the furze on all sides, where the people, being in considerable numbers, were all burned, men, women, and children. I saw,” says Castlehaven, “the bodies and the furze still burning.”

In the year 1641 or 1642, many thousands of poor innocent people of the county of Dublin, shunning the fury of the English soldiery, fled into the thickets, which the soldiers actually fired, killing as many as attempted to escape, or forcing them back to be burned. And, as to the rest of the inhabitants, for the most part they died of famine.

Not only by land, where we read, sometimes, of seven thousand of our people, men, women, and children, without discrimination, being destroyed by these demons—not only were the Irish pursued on the land, but even on the sea. We read that there was a law passed that if any Irishmen were found on board ship, by his Majesty's cruisers, they were to be destroyed. “The Earl of Warwick”—(this is Clarendon's account)—“the Earl of Warwick,” he says, “as often as he met an Irish frigate, or such freebooters as sailed under commission, all the seamen who became prisoners who belonged to the nation of Ireland, they tied them back to back. and threw

them overboard into the sea, without distinction as to their condition, for they were only Irish." In this cruel manner very many poor men perished daily. Of all of which the King knew nothing, and said nothing, because his Majesty could not complain of it without being concerned in it in favour of the rebels in Ireland.

Again :—"The Marquis of Ormonde sent Captain Anthony Willoughby with 150 men, who had formerly served in the fort at Galway, from thence to Bristol, to look after and follow a party of men who were in the service of the King, and actually fought for him. The ship in which they were was taken by Captain Swanley, who threw seventy of the soldiers, who were Irish, overboard, although these same soldiers had faithfully served his Majesty against the rebels during all the time of the war." You will ask me, "Was that captain punished for the murder?" Here is the punishment he got. In June, 1644, we read in the Journal of the English House of Commons, that Captain Swanley was called into the House, and had thanks given to him for his good service, and a chain of gold, equal in value to £200; and that Captain Smith also had another of £100 in value given him.

"Sir Richard Grenville was very much esteemed by the Earl of Leicester, who was Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland—and more still by the Parliament, for the signal acts of cruelty he committed on the Irish; hanging old men who were bedridden, because they would not discover where their money was hidden; and old women, some of them of quality, after he had plundered them, and found less than he expected."

In a word, they committed atrocities which I am ashamed and afraid to mention. The soldiers tossed the infants taken from their dead mothers' bosoms on their bayonets. Sir Charles Coote saw one of his soldiers playing with a child, throwing it into the air, and then spitting it upon his bayonet as it fell; and he laughed and said "he enjoyed such frolic!" They brought children into the world before their time by the Cæsarian operation of the sword; and the children thus brought forth in misery from out the wombs of their dead mothers, they immolated and sacrificed in the most cruel and terrible manner. I am afraid—I say, again, I am afraid—of your blood and mine to tell you the one-tenth, aye, the one-hundredth part of the cruelties that these terrible men put upon our people.

Now, I ask you to contrast this with the manner in which the Irish troops and the Irish people behaved. "I took Naas," says Lord Castlehaven, "and I found in it a garrison of English soldiers, seven hundred strong; and I saved the life of every man amongst them, and made them a present to General Oliver Cromwell, with the request that, in like circumstances, he would do the same by me." But it was only a few days later the town of Galway capitulated. Cromwell promised quarter; but as soon as he entered, he took the governor of the town, and all the officers of the army, and put them all to death.

"Sir Charles Coote, going down into Munster, slaughtered every man, woman, and child he met on his march; and among others, was a man named Philip Ryan, who was the principal farmer of the place, whom he put to death without the slightest hesitation. But some of Philip Ryan's friends, brothers, and relatives, retaliated somewhat on the English; and there was a fear that the Catholic people would massacre all the Protestant inhabitants of the place. Now, mark what follows:—"All the rest of the English"—(this is in "Carte's Life of Ormonde")—"all the rest of the English were saved by the inhabitants of that place; their houses and all their goods, which they confided to them, were safely returned." Dr Samuel Pullen, the Protestant Chancellor of Cashel, and the Dean of Clonfert, with his wife and children, were preserved by Father James Saul, a Jesuit. Several other Romish priests distinguished themselves on this occasion by their endeavours to save the English. One Father Joseph Everdale and Father Redmond English, both of them Franciscan Friars, hid some of them in their chapel, and actually under the very altar. The English who were thus preserved were, according to their desires, safely conducted into the county Cork by a guard of the Irish inhabitants of Cashel."

Now, my friends, the war went on, from 1641 to 1649, with varying success. Cardinal Rinuccini was sent over by the Pope to preside over the Supreme Council of the Confederation of Kilkenny, and about the same time news came to Ireland that gladdened the nation's heart, namely, that the illustrious Owen Roe O'Neill had landed on the coast of Ulster. This man was one of the most distinguished officers in the Spanish service at a time when the Spanish infantry were acknowledged to

be the finest troops in the world. He landed in Ireland, he organized an army, drilled them, and armed them, however imperfectly. But he was a host in himself; and, in the second year after his arrival, he drew up his army to meet General Monroe, and his English forces, at the ford of Benburb, on the Blackwater. The battle began in the morning, and raged throughout the early hours of the day; and, before the evening sun had set, England's main and best army was flying in confusion, and thousands of her best soldiers were stretched upon the field and choked the ford of Benburb, while the Irish soldier stood triumphant upon the field which his genius and his valour had won.

Partly through the treachery of Ormonde and Preston, partly and mainly through the English lords who were coquetting with the English Government, the Confederation began to experience some of its most disastrous defeats; and Ireland's cause was already broken, and almost lost, when, in the year 1649, Oliver Cromwell arrived in Ireland. Mr Froude says and truly, that he did not come to make war with rose water, but with the thick warm blood of the Irish people. And Mr Froude prefaces the introduction of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland by telling us that the Lord-General was a great friend of Ireland, that he was a liberal-minded man, and that he interfered with no man's liberty of conscience. And he adds that—"If Cromwell's policy were carried out, in all probability I would not be here speaking to you of our difficulties with Ireland to-day." He adds, moreover, that "Cromwell had formed a design for the pacification of Ireland, which would have made future trouble there impossible." What was this design? Lord Macaulay tells us what this design was. Cromwell's avowed purpose was to end all difficulties in Ireland—whether they arose from the land question or from the religious question—by putting a total and entire end to the Irish race; by extirpating them off the face of the earth. This was an admirable policy, my friends, in order to pacify Ireland and create peace: for the best way and the simplest way to keep any man quiet is to cut his throat. The dead do not speak; the dead do not move; the dead do not trouble any one. Cromwell came to destroy the Irish race, and the Irish Catholic faith of the people, and so put an end at once to all claims for land, and to all disturbances arising out of religious persecution. But I ask

this learned gentleman, does he imagine that the people of America are either so ignorant or so wicked as to accept the monstrous propositions that a man who came into Ireland with such an avowed purpose as this can be declared a friend of the real interests of the Irish people? Does he imagine that there is no intelligence in America, that there is no manhood in America, that there is no love of freedom in America, no love of religion and of life in America. And the man must be an enemy of freedom, of religion, and of life itself before such a man can sympathize with the blood-stained Oliver Cromwell. These words of the historian, I regret to say, sound like bitter irony and mockery in the ears of the people whose fathers Cromwell came to destroy. But he says the Lord Protector did not interfere with any man's conscience. The Irish demanded liberty of conscience. "I interfere with no man's conscience," said Cromwell, "but if, by liberty of conscience, you Catholics mean having priests and the Mass, I tell you you cannot have this; and you never will have it, as long as the Parliament of England has power to prevent it." I now ask you, my friends, what these words mean? To grant the Catholics liberty of conscience, their conscience telling them that their first and greatest duty is to hear the Mass; to grant them liberty of conscience, and then deny them priests to say the Mass: assuredly it is a contradiction in words: it is an insult to the intelligence to propound so extravagant a proposition! "Oh! but," Mr Froude says, "you must go easy." "Of course, I acknowledge that the Mass is a beautiful rite, ancient and beautiful; but you must remember that, in Cromwell's mind, the Mass meant the system that was shedding blood all over Europe; the system of the Church that never knew mercy, that slaughtered the Protestants everywhere; and therefore he was resolved to have none of it." Ah! my friends, if the Mass were the symbol of slaughter, Oliver Cromwell would have had more sympathy with the Mass.

And so the historian seeks to justify cruelty in Ireland against the Catholics by alleging cruelty on the part of Catholics against their Protestant fellow-subjects in other lands. Now, these words the historian has repeated over and over again, in many of his writings, and at other times, and in other places; and I may as well at once put an end to this. Mr

Froude says—"I hold the Catholic Church accountable for all the blood that the Duke of Alva shed in the Netherlands;" and I say to Mr Froude I deny it. Alva fought in the Netherlands against the subjects that rebelled against Spain. Alva fought in the Netherlands against a people the first principle of whose new religion seemed to be an uprising against the authority of the State. With Alva or his State question the Catholic Church had nothing to do; and if Alva shed the blood of the rebels, and if those who rebelled happened to be Protestants, that is no reason to father the shedding of that blood upon the Catholic Church. Mr Froude says that the Catholic Church is responsible for the blood that was shed in the massacre of St Bartholomew's Day, by Mary de Medicis, in France. I deny it. The woman that gave that order had no sympathy with the Catholic Church. It was altogether a State measure. She saw France divided into factions; and she endeavoured, by court intrigue and villany of her own—for a most villanous woman she was—she endeavoured to stifle opposition in the blood of the people. Tidings were sent to Rome that the King's life was in danger, and that that life had been preserved by heaven; and Rome sang a Te Deum for the safety of the King, and not for the blood of the Huguenots. Amongst the Huguenots there were Catholics that were slain, because they were of the opposite faction; and that alone proves that the Catholic Church was not answerable for the shedding of such blood. But, on the other hand, the blood that was shed in Ireland was shed exclusively on account of religion, at this particular time; for when, in 1643, Charles I. made a treaty for a cessation of hostilities with the Confederation of Kilkenny, the English Parliament, as soon as they heard that the King had ceased hostilities for a time with the Irish Catholics, at once came in and said the war must go on. They said—"We won't allow hostilities to cease; we must root out these Irish Papists, or else we will incur danger to the Protestant religion." I regret to say, my Protestant friends, that the men of 1643, the members of the Puritan Houses of Parliament in England, have fastened upon that form of religion which you profess the formal argument and reason why Irish blood should flow in torrents—lest the Protestant religion might suffer! In those days of ours, when we are endeavouring to put away all sectarian

bigotry, we deplore the faults committed by our fathers on both sides. Mr Froude deplores the blood that was shed as much as I do; but, my friends, it is a historical question, arising upon historic facts and evidence; and I am bound to appeal to history as well as my learned antagonist, and to discriminate and put back the word which he puts out, namely, that toleration is the genius of Protestantism. He asserts—and it is an astounding assertion—in this, his third lecture, that religious persecution was hostile to the genius of Protestantism. Nay, he goes further. Speaking of the Mass, he says that “the Catholic Church has learned to borrow one beautiful gem from the crown of her adversary. She has learned to respect the consciences of others.” I wish that the learned gentleman’s statements would be more approved by history. Oh! much I desire that, in saying those words, he had spoken historic truths. No doubt he believes what he says, but I ask him, and I ask every Protestant here, at what time, in what age, or in what land has Protestantism ever been in the ascendant without persecuting Catholics who were around them? It is not in bitterness I say it, but it is simply as a historic truth. I cannot find any record of history—any time during these ages, up to a few years ago—any time when the Protestants in England, in Ireland, in Sweden, in Germany, or anywhere else gave the slightest toleration, or even permission to live, where they could take it from their Catholic fellow-subjects. Even to-day, where is the strongest spirit of religious persecution? Is it not in Protestant Sweden? Is it not in Protestant Denmark? And who to-day are persecuting? I ask you is it Catholics? No, but Protestant Bismarck, in Germany. All this I say with regret. I am not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a monk; not only a monk, but a Dominican monk; and, from out the depths of my soul, I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution in any cause, or in any age, in any land.

Oliver Cromwell, the apostle of blessings to Ireland, landed in 1649, and went to work. He besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Aston and a brave garrison. He made a breach in the walls; and when the garrison found that their position was no longer tenable, they asked, in the military language of the day, if they would be spared—if quarter would be given them—and quarter was promised if all the men would cease

fighting and lay down their arms. They did so; and the promise was observed until the town was taken. When the town was in his hands, Oliver Cromwell gave orders to his army for the indiscriminate massacre of the garrison, and every man, woman, and child in that large city. The people, when they saw the soldiers slain around them—when they saw so many killed on every side—when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with blood for five days—fled to the number of one thousand aged men, women, and children; and took refuge in the great church of St Peter in Drogheda. Oliver Cromwell drew his soldiers around that church, and out of that church he never allowed one of those thousand innocent people to escape alive. He then proceeded to Wexford, where a certain commander, named Stafford, admitted him into the city, and he massacred the people there again. Three hundred of the women of Wexford, with their little children, gathered round the great market-cross in the public square of the city. They thought in their hearts that all terrible as Cromwell was he would respect the sign of man's redemption, and spare those who were under the arms of the cross. Oh! how vain the thought! Three hundred poor defenceless women were there screaming for mercy, under the Cross of Jesus Christ, and Cromwell and his barbarous demons around them, destroying them, so as not to let one of these innocents escape until they were ankle deep in the blood of the women of Wexford!

Cromwell retired from Ireland after having glutted himself with the blood of the people. He retired from Ireland, but he wound up the war by taking 80,000—some say 100,000—of the men of Ireland, and driving them down to the southern ports of Munster, where he shipped them—80,000 at the lowest calculation—he shipped them to the sugar plantations of the Barbadoes, there to work as slaves; and in six years' time, such was the treatment they received, that out of 80,000 there were only twenty men left. He collected six thousand Irish boys, fair and beautiful stripling youths, and he put them into ships and sent them off also to the Barbadoes, there to languish and die before ever they came to the fulness of their age and manhood. Oh! great God! is this the man that has an apologist in the learned, the frank, the generous and gentlemanly historian, who comes in oily words to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men

that ever lived, and one of the best friends that Ireland ever had.

Now, we must pass on. Oliver Cromwell died in 1658. Here is a most singular assertion of Mr Froude, who tells us that, much as he regrets all the blood that was shed, and all the terrible vengeance that was poured out, still it resulted in great good to Ireland, and the good consisted in this—the Parliament, after Cromwell's victories, found themselves masters of Ireland, and the Irish people lying in blood and in ruin before them. What was their next move? Their next move was to pass a law driving all the people of Ireland who owned any portion of the land—all the Irish land owners, and all the Catholics—out of Ulster, Munster, and Leinster; and on the 1st of May, 1654, all the inhabitants of Ireland were driven across the Shannon into Connaught. The coarse phrase used by the Lord Protector on this occasion was that they were to “go to hell, or to Connaught!” The solemnity of the historic occasion which brings us together will not permit me to make any remark upon such a phrase as this. However, the Irish did not choose to go to hell, but they were obliged to go to Connaught. Lest, however, that any relief might come to them by sea, lest they might ever enjoy the sight of the fair provinces and fair lands that were once their own, the English Parliament made a law that no Irishman, banished into Connaught, was to come within four miles of the river Shannon on the one side, or four miles of the sea on the other side. There was a cordon of English soldiery and English forts drawn around them; and there they lived in the bogs, in the fastnesses, and in the wild wastes of the most desolate country in Ireland; and there they were doomed to expire by cold, by famine, and by every form of suffering that their Heavenly Father might permit to fall upon them.

Then we read that numbers of Englishmen came over—and I don't blame them—for the fair plains of Munster were there waiting for them. The splendid vales of Leinster were there, with their green bosoms waiting for the hand that would put in the plough or the spade into the bountiful earth—waiting for an owner. So the English came from every direction to get this fair land of Ireland—the fairest under heaven. Cromwell settled down his troopers there—those rough Puritan soldiers, who came to Ireland with the Bible in one hand and the sword

in the other. They took possession of the country; and, according to Mr Froude, here is the benefit that resulted from Cromwell's transplantation—that, “in fifteen years they changed Ireland into a garden!” All the bogs were drained!—all the fields were fenced in! and all the meadows were mowed! all the fallow fields were ploughed; and the country was smiling in peace! There never was anything so fine seen in Ireland as the state of things brought about by Cromwell! More than that; the poor Irish peasantry that were harassed and plundered by the priests, and bishops, and chieftains, now enjoyed peace, and quiet, and comfort as the *servants* of the new English owners and possessors of the soil! Well, I wish, for Ireland's sake, that this picture were true. I would have no objection to see one-half of Ireland in the hands, for a time, of the English settlers, if the other half was possessed by the Irish, and they lived there happy and comfortable in their homes. But these fifteen years of which Mr Froude speaks must have begun in 1653; because it was only in September of that year that the English Parliament declared the war over in Ireland. Up to that time there was war and bloodshed. Now there was peace; but what kind of peace? Oh, my friends, they made a solitude—they made a desert, and he calls it peace! He calls it peace; and it was a peaceful desert!

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658; and now I want to read for you the state of Ireland—the “garden”—Mr Froude's “garden,” at that time.

“Ireland, in the language of Scripture, now lay void as a wilderness. Five-sixths of her people had perished. Men, women, and children were found daily perishing in the ditches—starved. The bodies of many wandering orphans, whose fathers had embarked for Spain, and whose mothers had died of famine, were preyed upon by the wolves.”

In the years 1652 and '53, a terrible famine had swept over the whole country; so that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles and not see a living creature. Man, beast, and bird, were all dead, or had quitted those desolate places. The troopers would tell stories of places where they saw a smoke—it was so rare to see either fire or smoke by day or by night. In two or three cabins where the soldiers went, they found none but aged men, women, and children, who, in the words of the Prophet, had “become like a bottle in the smoke—their

skins black like an oven, because of the terrible famine." They were seen to eat the filthy carrion out of the ditches—black and rotten—so great was their hunger. It was even said that they took the corpses out of the graves. A party of horsemen out hunting "Tories," on a dark night, descried a light, and thought it was a fire which the Tories had made. They used to make fires in those waste places, to cook their food and warm themselves. Drawing near, they saw that it was a ruined cabin. Surrounding it on all sides, some of them alighted and peeped in at the window; and there they saw a great fire of wood, and, sitting around it, was a company of miserable old women and children; and there, between them and the fire, a corpse lay broiling, which, as the fire roasted it, they cut and ate."

The year before Cromwell died, in 1657, we find a member of the Irish Parliament, Major Morgan, declaring that the whole land of Ireland was in ruins. "For, besides the cost," he says, "of re-building the churches and court-houses, and the market-houses—they were under very heavy charges for public rewards, paid for the destruction of three beasts." What do you think the three "beasts" were? The wolf, the priest, and the Tory! Now let me explain the state of this "garden" to you. During those fifteen years, of which Mr Froude speaks so flatteringly, there was actually a grant of land issued, within nine miles of the city of Dublin, on the north side, that is to say, on the most cultivated side, to a man—with an abatement of one hundred pounds a-year in his rent—provided he would engage to kill the wolves. The wolves increased in Ireland from the desolate state of the country. They fed upon the carcases of men and beasts, and they increased in Ireland, so that actually they came famished up to the very gates of Dublin, and had to be driven away! Does this look like a "garden?" Is this the kingdom of peace, plenty, and happiness, where the Irish peasant was, at length, getting fat in comfort! where everything was peace and serenity—where the bogs were all drained, and the fields were so carefully fenced in, by the dear Cromwellians that had got possession of the land! When the relics of the Irish army were embarking for Spain, some of the Irish officers had their dogs—magnificent Irish wolf-dogs—which they wanted to take with them; but they were stopped, and the dogs were taken from them,

for the purpose of hunting the wolves that infested the country. That is my first answer to Mr Froude's assertion that Ireland was a "garden."

The second "beast" mentioned by Major Morgan, in the Irish House of Commons, was the priest. He was to be hunted down like the wolf. There were five pounds set upon the head of a dog-wolf, and there were five pounds set upon the head of a priest, and ten pounds upon the head of a Bishop or a Jesuit. Mr Froude says that these severe laws were not put into execution. He tells us that, while Parliament passed these laws, they privately instructed the magistrates that they were not to execute them. Not they!—so merciful, so tolerant is the genius of Mr Froude's Protestantism. We have, however, the terrible fact before us, that Parliament after Parliament made law after law, commanding the magistrates, under heavy fines—under heavy penalties of fine and forfeiture—to execute these laws. We find the country filled with informers; we find priest-hunting actually reduced to a profession in Ireland; and we find, strange enough, Portuguese Jews, coming all the way from Portugal, in order to hunt priests in Ireland, so profitable was the occupation. In 1698, under William the Third, there were in Ireland 495 regular and 872 secular priests; and in that very year, out of 495 friars, 424 were shipped off from Ireland into banishment, into slavery; and, of the 800 and odd secular priests that remained in the land, not one of them would be allowed to say Mass, in public or private, until he first took the Oath of Abjuration, and renounced the See of Rome; in other words, unless he became a Protestant. It is all very well for my learned friend to tell us that the laws were not put into execution. But what is the meaning of such entries as these?

"Five pounds on the certificate of Thomas Stanley."—

This was in the year 1657, the year the severe laws were not enforced!—"To Thomas Gregson, Evan Powell, and Samuel Alley, being three soldiers in Colonel Abbott's horse dragoons, for arresting a Popish priest by the name of Donough Hagerty, taken and now secured in the county jail at Clonmel; and the money," it says, "is to be equally divided between them!"

"To Arthur Spollen, Robert Pierce, and John Bruen, five pounds, to be divided equally between them, for their good service performed in apprehending and bringing before the

Right Honourable Lord Chief Justice Pepys, on the 21st of January, one popish priest named Edwin Duhy."

"To Lieutenant Edwin Wood, on the certificate of Wm. St George, Esq., Justice of the Peace of the county of Cavan, twenty-five pounds, for five priests and friars apprehended by him, namely, Thomas MacGeoghegan, Turlough MacGowan, Hugh MacGowan, Terence Fitzsimmons, and another, who, on examination, confessed themselves to be priests and friars."

"To Sergeant Humphrey Gibbs"—a nice name—"and to Corporal Thomas Hill, of Colonel Lee's company, ten pounds, for apprehending two popish priests, namely, Maurice Prendergast and Edward Fahy, who were sentenced to the jail of Wexford, and afterwards, being adjudged accordingly, were transported to foreign parts."

The third "beast" was the "Tory," which means that, in these terrible years, several of the Irish gentlemen, and Irish people, who were ordered to transplant themselves into Connaught, not finding there the means of living, remained in the desolate countries of Leinster and Munster; and, there, goaded to desperation, formed themselves into wild bands of outlaws, robbing the cattle of the Cromwellian settlers; descending upon them with fire and sword; achieving, in their own way, "the wild justice of revenge." If Ireland was the garden that Mr Froude describes it to be, how comes it to pass that no Cromwellian settler, throughout the length and breadth of the land, dared to take a piece of land unless there was a garrison of soldiers within his immediate neighbourhood. Nay, even under the very eyes of the garrison of Timolin, in Meath, the "Tories" came down and robbed, plundered, set fire to, and destroyed the homesteads of certain English Cromwellian settlers; for which all the people of the neighbourhood, of Irish names and of Irish parentage, were at once taken and banished out of the country. In a word, the outlaws, who, thirty years afterward, appeared as "Rapparees"—who are described to us in such fearful terms by the English historians—continued to infest and desolate the country; and we find accounts of them in the State papers, and other papers, down to the latter end of the reign of George the Third. And this was the "garden!" This was the land of peace, of comfort, and of plenty!

Now, my friends, came the Restoration. In 1659, Charles

the Second was restored to the throne of England. Well, the Irish had been fighting for his father; they had bled and suffered, fighting against his enemies; and they were now banished into Connaught. They naturally expected that, when the rightful heir to the throne would come into his rights, they would be recalled and put into their estates. They might have expected more. They might have expected to be rewarded by honours, titles, and wealth. But what is the fact? The fact is that Charles the Second, at the Restoration, left nearly the whole of Ireland in the hands of the Cromwellian settlers; and by the Act of "Settlement and Explanation," secured them in these estates, leaving the property and the wealth of the country to the men who had brought his father to the scaffold; and leaving in beggary, destitution, and ruin, the brave and loyal men who had fought for him and his house. At first, indeed, there was a "Court of Claims" opened; for, remember, that in England, no sooner had Charles come to the throne, than all the Cromwellian settlers who had taken the property of the English Royalists were at once put out, and the English lords and gentlemen got back their properties and estates. But not so in Ireland. The "Court of Claims" was opened in the first year of the reign of Charles. As soon as it was perceived that the Irish Catholics began to claim their property, they shut up the Court at once. Three thousand of these claims remained unheard. As Leland says:—

"The people of Ireland were denied the justice which is given to the commonest criminal—the justice of having a fair and impartial hearing."

Nugent, afterwards Lord Riverston, writes at this time:—

"There are in Ireland to-day, five thousand men who were never outlawed, who yet have been put off their estates; and now by law they never can recover their estates again."

More than this. No sooner is Charles seated on the throne, than the English and Irish Parliaments began to afflict and grind the already down-trodden people of Ireland by legislation the most infamous that can be imagined. In 1673, the English Parliament furiously demanded that the king should expel all the Catholic Bishops and Priests from Ireland, and prohibit the papists from dealing there without a licence. In order to encourage the Protestant planters, Charles, against his conscience and his royal gratitude, obeyed them. Law after

law was passed in that year and succeeding years, abolishing and destroying as far as they could every vestige of the Catholic religion in Ireland. Mr Froude here again makes the customary assertion, "that when the restoration came, the Catholic religion and the Catholic priests came back with it." He tells us that the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin was received in state at the Castle. What are the facts? The Primate, Edmund O'Reilly, was banished. Peter Talbot, the Archbishop of Dublin, although being in a dying state, got leave but a short time before to return to Ireland, that he might die in the land of his birth. He was arrested in Maynooth, near Dublin, and shut up in a dungeon, and there he died a miserable death of martyrdom. We find at this very time a reward offered of ten pounds for any one who should discover an officer of the army attending at Mass, five pounds for a trooper, and four shillings for any private soldier who was discovered to have heard Mass. Oliver Plunkett, the Holy Primate of Armagh, was seized by Lord Ormond in 1679. They knew that they could not convict him of any lawlessness or treason in Ireland, and they brought him over to London, packed an English jury to try him, and they murdered him at Tyburn in this year. It is true that these penal laws were relaxed for some time before Charles II. died.

That event took place in 1685, and James II. came to the throne. Three years afterwards William of Orange landed to dispute with him the title to the crown of England. Now, that James II. was the lawful King of England, no man will deny. William was married to James's daughter Mary, and William came to England with an army of 15,000 men at his back, pretending that he came only to inquire about the birth of the Prince of Wales, who was the lawful heir to the crown. Well, James fled to France as soon as William landed with his army. Mr Froude tells us "that he abdicated when he fled to France." I deny that James II. abdicated. Mr Froude has no authority to say it. He only retired for a time from the face of his enemy. He called upon his subjects, both in England and Ireland, to stand to their king like loyal men. The English betrayed him; the Irish, "fools as they were," rose up again for a Stuart king, and declared they were loyal men and they would stand by their monarch. James came to Ireland in 1689, and he summoned a Parliament, of which Mr Froude speaks in

his lecture—he speaks of that Parliament as a persecuting Parliament—he says that “they attainted every single Protestant proprietor in Ireland by name; and that they did this lest any one should escape out of their net.” Now, what are the facts of that Parliament of 1689? The very first thing that they declared, although they had suffered more than any other people by religious persecution; the very first law they made was—“That there should be no more religious persecution in Ireland, and that no man, from that day forward, should suffer for his conscience or his faith.” It is perfectly true that they passed a Bill of Attainder; but they passed that bill not against Protestants, but against every man of the land that was in arms against King James, whom they recognized as their king—every man who refused to obey him and his government. I ask you, in doing that, did they not do their duty? Did they not do precisely what is always done in times of rebellion? England was in rebellion against James. James was the lawful king. James was in Ireland, and the Irish Parliament, with James at its head, declared that every man was an outlaw who was in arms against him. Against these outlaws the Bill of Attainder was passed—this persecuting measure of which Mr Froude speaks when he mentions this Parliament.

William came to Ireland and opened the campaign in 1690. Mr Froude says, in his description of him, “that William brought with him only a small army, badly equipped, badly drilled, but that the Irish were never so strong, never so well drilled, or so perfectly equipped as they were at that time.” Now, here are the numbers as given by history—“William’s army consisted at first of 46,000 veteran soldiers, well clad and fed, and perfectly drilled and equipped; the Irish army of James numbered 23,000 imperfectly disciplined troops, wanting in nearly everything necessary for a campaign.” This we have on the evidence of the Duke of Berwick, who was serving in the army at the time. At the Battle of the Boyne, Mr Froude says—“That the Irish did not even make a respectable stand.” And I regret—bitterly regret—that the learned gentleman should have forgotten himself so far—what was due to himself—as to have ventured in the faintest whisper to impute even a want of courage to the soldiers of Ireland.

At the Battle of the Boyne, James and his army were on the South bank of the river. William, with his army, advanced

down from the North. William's muster-roll of the army on that morning shows the figure of 51,000 men. James's army had not increased from the original 23,000. William was a lion-hearted and brave soldier. James, I am sorry to say, had forgotten the tradition of that ancient courage and gallantry which belonged to him as Duke of York, when he was Lord High Admiral of England. One was an army led by a lion, the other was an army led by a stag. The Irish fixed upon James an opprobrious name in the Irish language, which, on an occasion like this, I will not repeat. On the morning of the Battle of the Boyne, William detached 10,000 men, who went up the stream some miles to ford it, near the hill of Slane. James could scarcely be prevailed upon to send one or two regiments to oppose the 10,000 men with their artillery, headed by the Duke of Schomberg. The evening before the Battle, James sent away six guns towards Dublin. How many do you think remained? Only six pieces of artillery remained with the Irish on that day. How many were opposed to them? We have it on historic record that William brought into the field on that day at the Boyne fifty heavy pieces of artillery and four mortars; then he advanced and crossed the river. These Irish troops of whom Mr Froude says—that they did not make even a respectable stand—were out-generalled that day; they had at their head a timorous king—a king who had already sent away his artillery and his baggage; who had already drawn around his person, two miles away, all the best disciplined of the French soldiers, and these raw levies of young Irishmen were opposed to 51,000 of the bravest men in Europe. Well! William crossed the Boyne, and the Duke of Berwick is my authority for stating this. He says—"With admirable courage and gallantry the Irish troops charged the English ten times after they had crossed the river. Ten times! did these poor young fellows, with no general, and scarcely an officer, charge upon the English with a dash as brave as that with which O'Brien and Lord Clare swept down upon them at Fontenoy. Ten distinct times did they dash against the terrible lines of William's veterans, and when they retreated, they retreated like an army in perfect order at the command of their superior officers.

Now came the siege of Athlone. In that same year, 1690, the English army advanced on the line of the Shannon against

Athlone. And here Mr Froude says that, "at Athlone the Irish deserted posts which they easily might have made impregnable." Now, what are the facts? The town of Athlone stands on the river Shannon, partly on one bank, and partly on the other, connected by a stone bridge. The portion of the town that is on the Leinster side is called the "English town;" that upon the Connaught side is called the "Irish town." When the English army advanced against the town of Athlone in the first siege, Colonel Richard Grace, who held the town, beat back the English many times; aye, eight times more than his number, with so much bravery, that the whole army of England was obliged to retire from before Athlone, and give up the siege. Then William advanced upon Limerick. He brought with him the whole strength of his army. He had, when he went to Limerick, twenty-six thousand men in regular line of battle. In the town of Limerick there was an army of James's, made up partly of Irish, under the immortal Sarsfield, and partly of French, under a general named Lazun. When the great English army, with its King, was approaching the city, the French General, seeing it so defenceless, actually left the town with his troops, swearing "that the town could be taken with roasted apples."

Sarsfield, with the Irish, remained. William advanced before the town, and battered it with his cannon until he made a breach thirty-six feet wide, and then he assaulted it with twelve thousand of his picked men. They actually entered the town, and were beaten out of the walls of Limerick—beaten back over the broken interior walls, beaten so, that whilst even the women of Limerick entered into the contest, fighting side by side with the men, after three hours and a-half of fighting, William, Prince of Orange, withdrew from the assault, and left two thousand dead men in the breach of Limerick. Two thousand men and one hundred and fifty-five officers were destroyed in that assault on Limerick. The next day King William sent a message to the city, asking them for leave to bury his dead, and the answer he got was—"Begone! We will give you no leave. Take yourself away, and we will bury your dead." In the second siege of Athlone, in the following year, the "English town was occupied by Colonel Fitzgerald. General St Ruth, with the Irish army, lay two miles away on the other side of the Shannon. The

English town was assailed by eight thousand men, against the four hundred who defended it. Fitzgerald and his Irish troops remained, and stopped the whole English army, and fought until, out of the four hundred men not two hundred were left, before they crossed the bridge and gave up that portion of the town. Before they crossed the bridge they broke one of the arches, and then, crossing over, they joined the garrison. The English army, with their artillery, battered that Irish town until they did not leave a house standing there, or stone upon a stone. After the Irish troops retired, the English attempted to plank over the broken arch of the bridge. They had their guns fixed to sweep it. Eleven Irish soldiers came out to tear up the planks and cast them into the river, and such was the fierce sweeping fire of the English artillery that out of the eleven only two of the poor fellows survived. Again the English advanced to the attack, and again eleven other Irish sergeants of the various regiments came out in the face of the whole English army and of their artillery, and deliberately, under their very eyes, destroyed the wooden bridge they were making over the Shannon. And when the town was taken at last it was a mere heap of ruins. It was taken not through any want of bravery on the part of the Irish soldiers, but through the folly and obstinacy of the French General, St Ruth, who refused to succour them or stand by them.

Of Aughrim I will not speak, because Mr Froude himself acknowledges that at Aughrim Irish soldiers fought bravely. And because I have for this English gentleman really and truly a sincere regard and esteem, I would ask him to do what I myself would do, if I were in his position—I would ask him to reconsider the word in which he seems to imply a taint of cowardice on Irishmen at home and abroad, and, in the name of God, to take that word back. In 1691, the second siege of Limerick began, and so gallant was the resistance, so brave the defence, that William of Orange, who was a brave man—and if left to himself would have been a tolerant and mild man—he was a stranger to them, and only came to Ireland simply as a warrior in the service of war. He saw in the Irish a high-spirited and brave people, and he was obliged to come to terms.

In the capitulation article signed for the Irish, they received honourable terms from the royalty of England. By those

very articles their rights as citizens and as Catholics were recognized to every liberty of conscience and of religion. Scarcely was the Treaty of Limerick signed by the Lords Justices than a French fleet entered the Shannon—a French fleet of eighteen ships of the line, with twenty transports, three thousand men, two hundred officers, and, above all, ten thousand stands of arms, with clothing and provision. They came; but they came too late for Sarsfield and for Ireland. Sarsfield had surrendered. He might have taken back that word; he might have broken these articles when he found the French forces and fleet at his back. But Sarsfield, to his honour, was an Irishman, and he was too honourable a man to violate the Treaty of Limerick, which he had signed with his honourable hand. Would to God that the honour of Sarsfield had also been in the hearts of the other men, who, on the part of England, signed that treaty. But no! the Lords Justices went back to Dublin with the treaty signed with the honour of the Royalty of England committed to it; and the next Sunday after they arrived in Dublin they went to Christ Church Cathedral to perform their devotion, and the sermon was preached by a Dr Dopping, the Lord Bishop of Meath. Now, I am, more or less, a professional preacher; not so much a lecturer as a preacher, and I have a certain feeling of *esprit de corps*. I have the feeling for preachers that every man has for his own profession. I like to see them uphold the honour of their profession. What do you think was the sermon that Dr Dopping preached? He preached, and I am ashamed to say it—it is true he was a Protestant Bishop—on the sinfulness of keeping your oath or faith with a Papist. Immediately after the articles of Limerick were signed, we have the testimony of Harris, the historian of William III. He says—“Justices of the Peace, and Sheriffs, and other Magistrates, presuming on their power in the country, did, in illegal manner, dispossess several of their Majesty’s subjects, not only of their very goods and chattels, but of their lands and tenements, to the great disturbance of the peace, the subversion of the law, and the reproach of their Majesty’s Government.”

We find those Lords Justices themselves, in a letter of the 19th November, six weeks after the treaty was signed, complaining that their lordships had received complaints from all parts of Ireland of the ill-treatment of the people who had sub-

mitted to their Majesty's protection, and were included in the articles of that treaty. And the consequence was that actually the men who refused to embark with Sarsfield, to go to Spain and France with him, came in thousands to beg of the English Lords Justices to give them leave to let them go and join Sarsfield in exile—to let them go to fight the battles of France, Spain, and Austria—because there was no room in Ireland for a Catholic and an Irishman, nor even for an honest man.

Now began a time the most lamentable for Ireland. William himself was anxious to keep his royal word, and would have kept it if they had allowed him. But the same pressure was put upon him as was brought to bear on Charles I. The Irish Protestant faction would not allow a Catholic to live in the land. The English Parliament would not allow a Catholic to breathe in the land; and William was coerced to comply with their requests; and a series of the most terrible laws that can be imagined were passed in the very teeth of the articles that were signed at Limerick. Three years after the siege of Limerick the two Parliaments were urged by the grievances of the Protestants of Ireland. The poor fellows complained "that the Catholics would not give them leave to live"—they poured in their petitions to the House of Commons. We find a petition from the Protestant Mayor and Aldermen of Limerick, complaining, in their own words, that they were "greatly damaged in their trade by the great number of Papists residing there;" and praying to be relieved of them. We find the "coal-porters" of Dublin sending in a petition to Parliament, and it was as follows:—

"A petition of one Edward Spragg"—another nice name—"and others, in behalf of themselves and other Protestant porters, in and about the city of Dublin, complaining that one Darby Ryan, a Papist, actually employed porters of his own religion."

And the petition was entertained by the Irish House of Commons, and was sent to the "Committee on Grievances." Listen to the words and description by the historian, John Mitchel, of this time:—

"The Parliament met, and they passed an Act for the better securing of the Government against the papists; and the first Act of that Parliament was that no Catholic in Ireland was to be allowed to have a gun, pistol, or sword, or any kind of

weapon of offence or defence. The consequence of disobeying this law was fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court, or else the pillory or whipping."

Now, here are the reflections of Mr Mitchel:—"It is impossible to describe the minute and curious tyranny to which this statute gave use in every parish of the island, especially in districts where there was an armed Yeomanry, exclusively Protestant. It fared ill with any Catholic who, for any reason, fell under the displeasure of his formidable neighbours. Any pretext was sufficient to point him out for suspicion. Any neighbouring magistrate might visit him, at any hour of the night, and search his bed for arms. No Papist was safe from suspicion who had any money to pay in fines; and woe to the Papist who had a handsome daughter."

The second Act that they passed was designed to brutalize the Irish Catholic people by ignorance. They made a law that no Catholic was to teach; no Catholic was to send his son to a Catholic school, or to a Catholic teacher. No Catholic child was to be sent out of Ireland to receive a Catholic education elsewhere; and if any parent or guardian was found sending money, clothing, or anything else to a Catholic child, in a Catholic school, there was forfeiture, imprisonment, or a fine; and for a second offence he was treated as guilty of high treason, and was liable to be put to death for doing it.

The third Act they passed was:—

"That all Popish Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars-General, Deans, Jesuits, Monks, Friars, and all other regular Popish clergy, and all Papists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, shall depart out of this kingdom before the 1st day of May, 1698." If any remained after that day, or returned, the delinquents were to be transported; and if they returned again, they were to be guilty of high treason, and to suffer accordingly—that is to say, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

You would imagine now, at least, that the Papists were down as far as they could be put down. You would imagine, now, at least, that the Protestant religion was safe in Ireland. Ah! no, my friends. William was succeeded by his sister-in-law, Queen Anne. She was a Stuart; she was a daughter of James the Second, for whom Ireland shed its blood; she was a granddaughter of Charles the First, for whom Ireland shed its blood; and one would imagine she would have some heart,

some feeling for that people. Here is the way she showed it. A Parliament, under this good Queen, passed a law "to prevent the growth of Popery!" What a strange plant this Popery must be! They had been chopping it up, and cutting it down, trampling it under foot, blowing it up with gunpowder, digging it out by the roots, as if they thought that would extirpate it; and yet, year after year, Parliament comes in and says—"We must stop the growth of Popery," and passed laws to stop the growth of Popery. By the first Act of this Parliament of good Queen Anne, it was enacted "that if the son of any Papist should ever become Protestant, his father might not sell or mortgage his estate, or dispose of it, or any portion of it, by sale, for the Protestant son became master of his father's estate. Or if any child, no matter how young, conformed to the Protestant religion, he reduced his father at once to be a tenant for life, and the child was to be taken from the father and placed under the guardianship of some Protestant relative. This clause of this Act, according to law, made a Papist incapable of purchasing any landed estates, or collecting rents or profits arising out of the land, or holding any lease for life, or for any term exceeding thirty-one years, unless in such lease the reserve rent were at least one-third of the improved rent value. That is to say, that if a Protestant discovered that a Catholic had improved his land, so as to make it one-third more in value, the Protestant could seize the money, could seize the land, could get a reward for betraying his neighbour to the government.

Finally, they capped the climax by passing a law that no Papist or Catholic was to have a horse worth more than five pounds. If he had one worth five thousand pounds—let us suppose that "Harry Bassett" had been in those days, and that he was owned by a Catholic—and a Protestant came up to offer him five pounds for the horse, whether he took it or not, the Protestant was at liberty to seize the Catholic's property. In a word, every enactment that could degrade, vilify, or annihilate the people was the order of the day and the business of Parliament, from the days of Elizabeth down to the days when America burst her chains, and before her terrible presence England grew afraid of her life, and began to relax her penal laws.

I feel, my friends, that I have detained you too long upon a

subject which, indeed, was dreary and desolate ground to travel over. For my part, I never would have invited the citizens of America, or my fellow-countrymen, to enter upon such a desolate waste to renew, in my heart and yours, so deep and terrible a sorrow, if Mr Froude had not compelled me to lift the veil, and to show you the treatment which our fathers received at the hands of England. I do it not at all to excite national animosity, not at all to stir up bad blood; I am one of the first willing to say, "let by-gones be by-gones; let the dead past bury its dead." But if any man—I care not who he be, how great his reputation, how grand his name, in any walk of learning, or of science, or history—if any man dare to come, as long as I live, to say that England's treatment of Ireland was just, was necessary, was such as can receive the verdict of an honest man or of an honest people; if any man dare to say that, either at home or abroad, the Irish have ever shown the white feather in the hour of danger, if I were on my death-bed I would rise up to contradict him.

LECTURE V.

“GRATTAN AND THE VOLUNTEERS.”

THE SYMPATHY BETWEEN IRELAND AND AMERICA.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, on Thursday evening,
21st November, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I perceive, from the public papers, that Mr Froude seems to be somewhat irritated by remarks that have been made as to his accuracy as a historian. Lest any word of mine might hurt, in the least degree, the just susceptibilities of an honourable man, I beg, beforehand, to say that nothing was further from my thoughts than the slightest word either of personality or disrespect for one who has won for himself so high a name as the English historian. And, therefore, I sincerely hope that it is not any word of mine—which may have fallen from me, even in the heat of our amicable controversy—that can have given the least offence to that gentleman. Just as I would expect to receive from him, or from any other learned and educated man, the treatment which one gentleman is supposed to show to another, so do I also wish to give him that treatment.

And now, my friends, we come to the matter in hand. On the last evening, I had to traverse a great portion of my country's history in reviewing the statements of the English historian; and I was obliged to leave almost untouched one portion of that sad story; namely, the period which covers the reign of Queen Anne. This estimable lady, of whom history records the unwomanly vice of an overfondness for eating—came to the English throne, on the demise of William of Orange, in 1702; and on that throne she sat until 1714. As I before remarked, it was perhaps natural that the Irish people—the Catholics of Ireland—trodden into the very dust—that they

should have expected some quarter from the daughter of the man for whom they had shed their blood, and from the granddaughter of the other Stuart king for whom they had fought with so much bravery in 1649. The return that the Irish people got from this good lady was quite of another kind from what they might have expected. Not content with the atrocious laws that had been already enacted against the Catholics of Ireland; not content with the flagrant breach of the articles of Limerick, of which her royal brother-in-law, William, was guilty—no sooner does Anne come to the throne, and send the Duke of Ormond as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, than the Irish Ascendancy—that is to say, the Protestant faction in Ireland—got upon their knees to the new Lord Lieutenant to beg of him, for the honour of the Lord, to save them from these desperate Catholics. Great God!—a people robbed, persecuted, and slain, until only a miserable remnant of them were left—without a voice in the nation's councils—without a vote, even at the humblest board that sat to transact the meanest parochial business: these were the men against whom the strong Protestant Ascendancy of Ireland made their complaints in 1703. And so well were these complaints heard, my friends, that we find edict after edict coming out, declaring that no Papist should be allowed to inherit or possess land, or to buy land, or have it even under a lease; declaring that if a Catholic child wished to become Protestant, that moment that child became the owner and the master of his father's estate, and his father remained only his pensioner, or a tenant for life upon the bounty of his apostate son; declaring that if a child, no matter how young—even an infant—conformed and became Protestant, that moment that child was to be removed from the guardianship and custody of the father, and was to be handed over to some Protestant relation. Every enactment that the misguided ingenuity of the tyrannical mind of man could suggest was adopted and put in force. "One might be inclined," says Mr Mitchel, "to suppose that Popery had been already sufficiently discouraged, seeing that the bishops and clergy had been banished, that Catholics were excluded, by law, from all honourable or lucrative employments, carefully disarmed, and plundered of almost every acre of their ancient inheritance." But enough had not yet been done to make the Protestant in-

terest feel secure ; consequently these laws came in, and clauses were added, under this "good Queen Anne," declaring that no Papist or Catholic could live in a walled town, especially in the towns of Limerick or Galway ; that no Catholic could even come into the suburbs of these towns ; they were obliged to remain several miles outside the town, as if they were lepers, whose presence would contaminate their sleek and pampered Protestant fellow-citizens of the land.

The persecution went on. In 1711, we find them enacting new laws ; and later on, to the very last day of Queen Anne's reign, we find them enacting their laws, hounding on the magistrates and the police of the country, and the informers of the country—offering them bribes and premiums to execute these atrocious laws, and to hunt the Catholic people and the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, as if they were ferocious and untamable wolves. And, my friends, Mr Froude justifies all this on two grounds. Not a single word has he of compassion for the people who were thus treated. Not a single word has he of manly protest against the shedding of that people's blood by unjust persecutions, as well as their robbery by legal enactment. But, he says, there were two reasons which, in his mind, seemed to justify the atrocious action of the English Government. The first of these was that, after all, these laws were only retaliation upon the Catholics of Ireland for the terrible persecutions that were suffered by the Huguenots or Protestants of France. And, he says, that the Protestants of Ireland were only following the example of King Louis the Fourteenth, who revoked the Edict of Nantes. Let me explain this somewhat to you. The Edict of Nantes was a law that gave religious liberty to the French Protestants as well as the French Catholics. It was a law founded on justice. It was a law founded on the sacred rights that belong to man. And this law was revoked ; consequently, the Protestants of France were laid open to persecution. But, there is this difference between the French Protestants and the Catholics of Ireland :—The French Protestants had never had their liberty guaranteed to them by treaty ; the Irish Catholics had their liberty guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick—the treaty they won by their own brave hands and swords. The Edict of Nantes was revoked ; but that revocation was no breach of any royal word pledged to them. The Treaty of Limerick was

broken with the Catholics of Ireland, and, in the breach of it, the King of England, the Parliament of England, the aristocracy of England, and the people of England, as well as the miserable Irish Protestant faction at home, became perjurers before history and the world. Here are the words of the celebrated Edmund Burke on this very subject of the revocation of this edict:—

“This act of injustice,” (says the great Irish statesman), “which let loose on that monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, such a torrent of invective and reproach, and which threw such a dark cloud over the splendour of such an illustrious reign—falls far short of the case of Ireland.”

Remember, he is an English statesman—though of Irish birth—and a Protestant, who speaks:—

“The privileges which the Protestants of France enjoyed, antecedent to this revocation, were far greater than the Roman Catholics of Ireland ever aspired to under the Protestant establishment. The number of their sufferers, if considered absolutely, is not half of ours; and, if considered relatively to the body of the community, it is perhaps not a twentieth part. Then the penalties and incapacities which grew from that revocation are not so grievous in their nature, or so certain in their execution, nor so ruinous, by a great deal, to the people’s prosperity in that state, as those which were established for a perpetual law in the unhappy country of Ireland.”

In fact, what did the revocation of the Edict of Nantes do? It condemned those who relapsed into the Protestant faith, after having renounced it—it condemned them; not, indeed, to the confiscation of their goods—there was no confiscation, except in cases of relapsation, and in cases of quitting the country. There was nothing at all of that complicated machinery which we have described in referring to Ireland’s persecutions; there was nothing at all beggaring one portion of the population, and giving its spoils to the other part; while, side by side with this, we find the Irish people ruined, beggared, persecuted, and hunted to the death; and the English historian comes, and says—“Oh, we were only serving you as your people and your own fellow-religionists in France were serving us!”

The other reason that he gives to justify these persecutions was, that “the Irish Catholics were in favour of the Pretender”—that is to say—of the son of James the Second;—

“and, consequently, were hostile to the Government.” Now, to that statement I can give, and do give, a most emphatic denial. The Irish Catholics had had quite enough of the Stuarts; they had shed quite enough of their blood for that treacherous and shameless race; they had no interest whatever in the succession; nor cared they one iota whether the Elector of Hanover, or the son of James the Second, succeeded to the throne of England. For well they knew, whether it was Hanoverian, or Stuart, that ruled in England, the faction at home in Ireland and the prejudices of the English people would make him, whoever he was, a tyrant over them and over their nation. And thus the persecution went on, and law after law was passed, to make perfect the beggary and the ruin of the Irish people; until at length Ireland was reduced to such a state of misery, that the very name of Irishman was a reproach. And at length a small number of the glorious race had the miserable weakness to change their faith and to deny the religion of their fathers and their ancient race. The name of an Irishman was a reproach! My friends, Dean Swift was born in Ireland; Dean Swift is looked upon as a patriotic Irishman; yet Dean Swift said—“I no more consider myself an Irishman, because I happened to be born in Ireland, any more than an Englishman, chancing to be born in Calcutta, would consider himself a Hindoo!” Of the degradation of the Irish, and their utter prostration, he went so far as to say, he would not think of taking them into account, on any matter of importance, “any more than he would of consulting the swine.” Lord Macaulay gloats over the state of the Catholics in Ireland, thus; and Mr Froude views—perhaps not without some complacency—their misery. Lord Macaulay calls them “Pariahs,” and says that they had no existence, and that they had no liberty even to breathe in the land, and that land their own! And we find this very view emphasized, by Lord Chancellor Bowes, in the middle of the century, rising in an Irish court, laying down the law quite coolly and calmly, and saying that, “The law did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of Government!” Chief Justice Robinson made a similar declaration. Here are the words of his Lordship, the Chief Justice—“It appears,” (he says) “plain, that the law does not suppose any such person to exist, as an Irish Roman Catholic.” And yet, at that

very time, we find Irishmen proclaiming their loyalty, and saying, "Look at the Catholics of Ireland, how loyal they are!" Mr Froude says that they favoured the Pretender at the very time when the Government itself was attributing the quietude of the people in Ireland, not to their prostration, not to their ruin—as was the real state of the case—but to their devoted loyalty to the Crown of England! Well did that brave Irish gentleman, John Mitchel, reject that idea. "They were," he says, "as degraded as England could make them; but there was another degradation that could only come through themselves, that they were not guilty of;—and that would be the degradation of loyalty."

Now, my friends, we have at this very time an Irishman of the name of Phelim O'Neill—one of the glorious old line of Tyrone—one in whose veins flowed the blood of the great and the heroic "Red Hugh," who struck the Saxon at the "Yellow Ford," and purpled the stream of the Blackwater with his blood; one in whose veins flowed the, perhaps, still nobler blood of the immortal Owen Roe O'Neill, the glorious victor of Benburb. And this good Phelim O'Neill changed his religion and became a Protestant. But it seemed to him a strange and unnatural thing that a man of the name of O'Neill should be a Protestant; so he changed his name from Phelim O'Neill and called himself "Felix Neale." There has been a good deal said lately about the pronunciation of proper names, and what they rhyme with. This man made his name rhyme with *eel*—the slippery eel. Now, on this change of the gentleman's name and religion, an old parish priest wrote some Latin verses, which were translated by Clarence Mangan. I will read them just to let you see how things were in Ireland at that time:—

"All things has Felix changed. He changed his name;
Yet, in himself, he is no more the same.
Scorning to spend his days where he was reared,
To drag out life among the vulgar herd,
And trudge his way through bogs, in bracks and brogues,
He changed his creed, and joined the Saxon rogues
By whom his sires were robbed; and laid aside
The arms they bore, for centuries, with pride—
The 'ship,' the 'salmon,' and the famed 'Red Hand';
And blushed when called O'Neill in his own land.
Poor, paltry skulker from thy noble race!
Infelix Felix, weep for thy disgrace!"

But, my friends, the English Ascendancy—or the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland, if you will—seeing now that they had got every penal law that they could ask for; seeing that the only thing that remained for them was to utterly exterminate the Irish race—and this they had nearly accomplished; for they had driven them into the wilds and wastes of Connaught; and they would have killed them all, only that the work was too much, and that there was a certain something in the old blood, and in the old race, that still terrified them when they approached them. They had so far subdued the Catholics that they thought now, at last, their hands were free, and nothing remained for them but to make Ireland, as Mr Froude says, “a garden.” They were to have every indulgence and every privilege. Accordingly they set to work. They had their own Parliament. No Catholic could come near them, or come into their towns; they were forbidden to present themselves at all. They were greatly surprised to find that, now the Catholics were crushed into the very earth, England began to regard the very Cromwellians themselves with fear and hatred. What! They, the sons of the Puritans! They, the brave men that had slaughtered so many of the Irish, and of the Catholic religion! Are they to be treated unjustly? Is their trade, or their commerce, or their Parliament to be interfered with? Ah! now, indeed, Mr Froude finds tears, and weeps them over the folly of England, because England interfered with the commerce and with the trade of the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. They made a law—these Protestant tradesmen were first-class woollen weavers; they made splendid cloth, which took the very best prices in all the markets of Europe, because the wool of the Irish sheep was so fine. The English Parliament made a law that the Irish traders were not to sell any more cloth; they were not to go into any of the foreign markets to rival their English fellow-merchants. They were to stay at home; they had the island, and they might make the most of it; but, any trade, any freedom, anything that would enrich Ireland, that the English Parliament denied. Mr Froude attributes this, in his lecture, to the accident that England, at that time, happened to be under the dominion of a paltry, pitiful-hearted lot of selfish money-jobbers—“mere accident,” according to him, but an accident which he confesses so discontented the Orange faction in Ireland, that many

hundreds of them emigrated, and came over to America, to settle in the New England States. There, as he asserts, with some truth, they carried their hatred with them that was one day to break up the British Empire. I have another theory on this great question. I hold that it was no accident of the hour at all that made England place her restrictive laws on the Irish woollen trade. I hold that it was the settled policy of England. These men, who were now in the ascendancy in Ireland, imagined that, because they had ruined and beggared the ancient race, and the men of the ancient faith, therefore they were friends, and they would be regarded as friends by England. I hold that it was at that time, and in a great measure as is to-day, the fixed policy of England to keep Ireland poor, to keep Ireland down, to be hostile to Ireland, no matter who lives in it—whether he be Catholic or Protestant, whether he be Norman, Cromwellian, or Celt. “Your ancestors,” says Curran, speaking to the men of his time, a hundred years afterwards—“your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects, but they were only their jailers; and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the punishment for their vice and their folly.” That slavery came, and it fell on commerce. The Protestant inhabitants of Ireland, the Protestant traders of Ireland, the “planters” and the sons of the “planters” were beggared by the hostile legislation of England, simply because they were now in Ireland, and had an interest in the Irish soil, and in the welfare of the country. The inimitable Swift, speaking on this subject, makes use of the following quaint fable of Ovid. He says—“The fable which Ovid relates of Arachne and Pallas is to this purpose. The goddess had heard of a certain Arachne a young virgin, who was famous for spinning and weaving. They both met upon a trial of skill, and Pallas, the goddess, finding herself almost equalled in her own art, stung with rage, after knocking her rival down, turned her into a spider, enjoining her to weave for ever out of her own bowels and in a very narrow compass.” “I confess,” the Dean goes on, “that from a boy, I always pitied poor Arachne, and never could heartily love the goddess, on account of so cruel and unjust a sentence, which, however, is fully executed upon us by England; with the further addition that while she requires the greatest part of her bowels, eventually,

they are extracted without leaving us the liberty of either spinning or weaving." He alludes in this to a strange piece of legislation, which Mr Froude acknowledges. The Irish wool was famous for its superior fineness, and the English were outbid for it by the French manufacturers. The French were willing to give three shillings a-pound for the wool; and the English passed a law that the Irish people—the farmers—could not sell their wool anywhere but in England, so they fixed their own price on it; and they took the wool, made cloth, and, as the Dean says, poor Ireland—Arachne—had to give her vitals without the pleasure of spinning or weaving. Then the Dean goes on to say—"The Scriptures tell us that oppression makes the wise man mad, therefore the reason that some men in Ireland are not mad is because they are not wise men." "However, it were to be wished that oppression would in time teach a little wisdom to fools." Well, we call Dean Swift a patriot. How little did he ever think—as great a man as he was—of that oppression, compared with which the restriction upon the wool trade was nothing—the oppression that beggared and ruined a whole people; that drove them from their land, that drove them from every pleasure in life, that drove them from their country, that maddened them to desperation; and all because they had Irish names and Irish blood, and because they would not give up the faith which their consciences told them was the true one.

And now, my friends, Mr Froude, in his lecture, comes at once to consider the consequences of that Protestant emigration from Ireland; and he says—"The manufacturers of Ireland and the workmen were discontented, and they shipped off and came to America." And then he begins to enlist the sympathies of America upon the side of the Protestant men who came over from Ireland. If he stopped here, I would not have a word to say to the learned historian. When an Englishman claims the sympathy of this, or of any other land, for men of his blood and of his religion, if they are deserving of that sympathy, I, an Irishman, am always ready and the first to grant it to them with all my heart. And, therefore, I do not find the slightest fault with this learned Englishman when he challenges the sympathy of America for the Orangemen of Ireland and the Protestants who came to this country. If those men were deserving of American sympathy, why not let

them have it? But Mr Froude went on to say that, whilst he claimed sympathy for the Protestant emigrants from Ireland, as staunch Republicans and lovers of American liberty, the Catholics of Ireland, on the other hand, were clamouring at the foot of the throne, telling King George III. that they would be only too happy to go out at his command, and to shed American blood in his cause. Was that statement true or not? My friends, the learned gentleman quoted a petition that was presented to Sir John Blaquiere in 1775, the very year that America began to assert her independence. In that petition he states that Lord Fingal and several other Catholic noblemen of Ireland, speaking in the name of the Irish people, pronounced the American revolution an unnatural rebellion, and expressed their desire to go out, and to devote themselves for "the best of kings," to the suppression of American liberty. First of all, I ask, when, at any time in our history, was Lord Fingal, or Lord Howth, or Lord Kenmare, or any one of these "Catholic Lords of the Pale," as they are called—when, at any time in our history, has any one of them been authorized to speak in the name of the Irish people. Their presence in Ireland—although they have kept the Catholic faith—their presence in Ireland in every struggle, in every national movement, has been a cross, a hindrance, and a stumbling-block to the Irish nation, and the people know it well. But, not doubting Mr Froude's word at all, and only anxious to satisfy myself by historical research, I have looked for this petition. I have found, indeed, a petition in "Currie's Collection." I have found a petition signed by Lord Fingal and other Irish Catholic noblemen, addressed to his Majesty the King, in which they protest their loyalty in terms of the most slavish and servile adulation. But in that petition I have not been able to discover one single word about the American revolution, not a single word of address to the King expressing a desire to destroy the liberties of America. Not one word about America at all. I have sought, and my friends have sought, in the records, and in every document that was at our hands, for this petition of which Mr Froude speaks, and we could not find it at all. There must be a mistake somewhere or other. It is strange that a petition of so much importance would not be published amongst the documents of the time. We know that Sir John Blaquiere was

Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Naturally enough, the petition would go to him, not to rest with him, but to be presented to the King. — And yet, I think I may state with certainty that the only petition that was presented to the King in 1775 was the one of which I speak, and in which there was not a single word about America or about the American revolution. But the learned historian's resources are far more ample than mine; his resources of time of preparation and of talent; his resources in the various sources of information amongst which he has lived and passed his years, and no doubt he will be able to explain this. In any case, the petition of which he spoke must have passed through Sir John Blaquiere's hands, for he was the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, then it must have passed from him to the Lord Lieutenant, to be inspected by him; then, from him to the Prime Minister of England, and then to his Majesty the King. We have an old proverb in Ireland which indicates the way they manage these things at home:—"Speak to the maid, to speak to the mistress, to speak to the master."

And now I come to the question. In that glorious year of 1775, the Catholics of Ireland were down in the dust; the Catholics of Ireland had no voice; they had not as much as a vote for a parish beadle, much less for a Member of Parliament. Does Mr Froude mean to tell the American people that these unfortunate wretches would not have welcomed the cry that came across the Atlantic—the cry of a people who rose like a giant—yet only an infant in age—proclaiming the eternal liberty of men and of nations—proclaiming that no people upon the earth should be taxed without representation; and gave the first blow, right across the face of English tyranny, that that old tyrant had received for many a year;—a blow before which England reeled, and which brought her to her knees. Does he mean to tell you or me, citizens of America, that such an event as this would be distasteful to the poor oppressed Catholics of Ireland. It is true that they had crushed them as far as they could, but they had not taken the manhood out of them. Now, here are the proofs of this:—Howe, the English General, in that very year of 1775, writes to the government, expressing his preference for German troops. You know England was in the habit of employing Hessians. I do not say this with the slightest feeling of disrespect; I have the

deepest respect for the great German element in this country ; but in these times, certain it is, and it is an historic fact, that the troops of Hesse Cassel, Hesse Darmstadt, and other of the smaller German States, were hired out by their princes to whoever took them, and engaged them to fight their battles. General Howe proceeds to compliment the old race of Ireland, by giving emphasis to his "great dislike for Irish Catholic soldiers ; as they are not at all to be depended upon." They sent out four thousand troops from Ireland ; but lister, so this :— Arthur Lee, a diplomatic agent of America in Europe, writes home to his government in June, 1777, and he says—"The resources of our enemy" (that is to say, of England), "are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to go, every man of a regiment raised there" (in Ireland) "last year, having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound." When the Irish-Catholic soldiers heard that they were to go to America to cut the throats of the American people, and to scalp them, they swore they never would do it ; and they had to take them and carry them on board the ships. But Arthur Lee goes on to say, "and most certainly they will desert more than any other troops whatsoever !"

Francis Plouden, a historian of the time, tells us, that the war against America was not very popular even in England. "But in Ireland," he says, "the people assumed the cause of America from sympathy."

Let us leave Ireland and come to America. Let us see how the great men, who were building up the magnificent edifice of their country's freedom, laying the foundation in their own best blood, in those days—how they regarded the Irish ? In 1790, the immortal George Washington received an address from the Catholics of America, signed by Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, Dominick Lynch, of New York, and many others. In reply to that address, the calm, magnificent man makes use of these words :—

"I hope," he says, "ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality ; and I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government ; or the important

assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic religion is professed."

In the month of December, 1781, the Friendly Sons of St Patrick, in Philadelphia (of which the first as well as the last President was General Stephen Moylan, brother of the Catholic Bishop, Francis Moylan, of Cork), made George Washington an adopted member of their society. These Friendly Sons of St Patrick were great friends of the great American Father of his country. When his army lay at Valley Forge, twenty-seven members of this Society of the Friendly Sons subscribed between them in July, 1780, £103,500, Pennsylvania currency—principally gold or silver coin—for the American troops, who were in dire want of provisions. George Washington accepts the fellowship of their Society, and he says—"I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St Patrick in this city—a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

During that time, what greater honour could have been bestowed by Washington, than that which he bestowed upon the Irish? When Arnold betrayed the cause at West Point—the traitor Arnold—a name handed down to eternal execration in the history of America—Washington was obliged to choose the very best and most reliable soldiers in his army and send them to West Point—to guard the place that was so well-nigh being betrayed by the traitor. From his whole army he selected the celebrated "Pennsylvania Line," as they were called, and those men were mainly made up of Irishmen. Nay, more; not merely of Protestant Irishmen, or North of Ireland men, or of those who were in that day called "Scotch Irish"—for that was the name which, in the era of the revolution, designated Mr Froude's friends, who emigrated from Ulster. But, looking over the muster roll of the "Pennsylvania Line," we find such names as Duffey, Maguire, and O'Brien—these were the names—these and such as these are the names—not of "Palatines," nor of Scotch "Planters" in Ireland, but they are the names of thorough-bred Irish Celts. And now I wish to give you a little incident in the history of that celebrated corps, to let you see how their hearts were in relation to America:—

"During the American Revolution," says Mr Carey, "a band

of Irishmen were embodied to avenge, in the country of their adoption, the injuries of the country of their birth. They formed the major part of the celebrated Pennsylvania Line. They bravely fought and bled for the United States. Many of them sealed their attachment with their lives. Their adopted country was shamefully ungrateful. The wealthy, the independent, and the luxurious, for whom they fought, were rioting in the superfluities of life, while their defenders were literally half starved and half naked. Their shoeless feet marked with blood their tracks upon the highway. They long bore their grievances patiently: they at length murmured; they remonstrated; they implored a supply of the necessities of life, but in vain; a deaf ear was turned to their complaints; they felt indignant at the cold neglect and ingratitude of their country, for which so many of their companions in arms had expired on the crimson field of battle; they held arms in their hands; they had reached the boundary line, beyond which forbearance and submission became meanness and pusillanimity. As all appeals to the gratitude, justice, and generosity of their country had proved unavailing, they determined to try another course. They appealed to her fears; and they mutinied."

Well, as soon as the English commanders heard that the Irish soldiers had mutinied, what did they do? "The intelligence was carried to the British camp, and there it spread joy and gladness. Lord Howe hoped that a period had arrived to the rebellion, as it would have been termed, and that there was a glorious opportunity of crushing the half-formed embryo of the Republic. He counted largely on the indignation and on the resentment of the natives of the Emerald Isle; he knew the irascibility of their tempers; he calculated on the diminution of the strength of the rebels, and accessions to the number of the royal army. Messengers were despatched to the mutineers. They had *carte blanche*. They were to allure the poor Hibernians to return, like prodigal children, from feeding upon husks, to the plentiful fold of their royal master. Liberality herself presided over Howe's offers. Abundant supplies of provisions, comfortable clothing, to their hearts' desire; all arrears of bounty; and pardon for past offences were offered. There was, however, no hesitation among these poor, neglected warriors. They refused to renounce poverty, nakedness, suffering, and gratitude. Splendid temptations were held out in

vain; there was no Judas, no Arnold there. They seized upon the tempters. They trampled upon their shining ore. They sent them to their General's tent. The miserable wretches paid with their forfeited lives for attempting to seduce a band of ragged, forlorn, and deserted, but illustrious heroes. We prate," he says, "about the old Roman and Grecian patriotism. One-half of it is false. In the other half there is nothing that excels this noble trait, which is worthy of the pencil of a West or Turnbull."

Mark how it is that America regarded them—mark the testimony of some of America's greatest men. Mr Froude seems to think that the American people look upon the Irish nation and the Irish people pretty much with the eyes with which the men of the last century would look upon them in Ireland, where the Irish nation meant the Protestant people of Ireland, and the Catholics did not exist at all. Was this the view that America and her statesmen took of them? No! Here is the testimony of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington—"The Irish, in 1829, won Catholic Emancipation; and before that time, when they were struggling for emancipation, they appealed for sympathy and moral support to America;" and now this is how this great American gentleman, who had been one of the foremost of American advocates for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, speaks of them—"And why is this imposing appeal made to our sympathies? It is an appeal from the Catholics of Ireland, whose generous sons, alike in the days of our gloom and of our glory, shared in our misfortunes, and joyed in our successes. Who, with undaunted courage breasted the storms which once, threatening to overwhelm us, howled with fearful and desolating fury through this now happy land; who, with aspirations, deep and fervent for our cause, whether under the walls of the Castle of Dublin, in the shock of our liberty's battles, or in the feeble and expiring accents of famine and misery, amid the horrors of the prison ship, cried from their hearts, 'God save America!'" "Tell me not," he goes on to say, "tell me not of the aid we received from another European nation in the struggle for independence. That aid was most, nay, all-essential to our ultimate success; but remember the years of the conflict that had rolled away; and many a hard field had been fought ere the fleets and the

armies of France gave us their powerful assistance. We gladly and gratefully admit that the chivalry of France, led by the young, the great, the good and gallant Lafayette, was most early and opportunely at our side. But the capture of Burgoyne had ratified the Declaration of Independence. The renowned combats of the Heights of Charleston and Fort Moultrie; the disastrous and bloody days of Long Island, of Brandywine, and of German-town; the glories of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Monmouth, all had occurred; and the rank grass had grown over the grave of many a poor Irishman who had died for America, ere the Flag of the Lillies floated in the field by the Star-Spangled Banner. But," he adds, "of the chiefs of the army and the navy of the Revolution, we have to thank Caledonia for the honoured names of Mercer, Mac-Dougal, Stirling, St Clare, and the chivalric Jones; England for a Davie. But of the operatives in war—the soldiers I mean—up to the coming of the French, Ireland furnished in the ratio of an hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever." Then this generous American gentleman, to whom Ireland appealed for sympathy—for Mr Froude's is not the first appeal that has been made to the people of America—this high-minded gentleman goes on to say—"Then honoured be the good old service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the shamrock be intertwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance—eternal gratitude to Irishmen."

Remember that this was Washington's adopted son; remember that he tells us that the old, grey-headed, crippled veterans, who had fought under his father's banner in that War of Independence, were accustomed, to come to his house; and there he would receive them at his door, and bring them in; and he tells us most affectionately of one old Irishman who had fought in the wars; who, after drinking the health of the gentlemen who had entertained him, lifted up his aged eyes, and, with tears, said—"Here's to the memory of General Washington, who is in Heaven!" He says on the same occasion—"Americans, recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic time when Irishmen were our friends, when in the whole world we had not a friend beside. Look to the period that tried men's souls and you will find that the sons of

Erin rushed to our ranks ; and amid the clash of steel, on many a memorable day, many a John Byrne was not idle."

Remember he does not say "many a *Spragg*," or "many a *Gibbs*," or the men that came over with Cromwell; but, honest John Byrne! Who was this honest John Byrne of whom he speaks? He was an Irish soldier of Washington's, who was taken prisoner by the English, and put on board a prison ship, in the harbour of Charleston; and we have it on the authority of Mr Custis, that he there was left in chains in the hold of the ship, pestilence being on board. He was more than half-starved; he was scarcely able, when he was summoned on deck, to crawl like a poor, stricken creature to the commander's feet, to hear what sentence was to be pronounced upon him. And then the English commander offered him liberty, life, clothing, food, and money, if he would give up the cause in which he was taken prisoner, and join the ranks of the British army. In a voice scarcely able to speak, with a hand scarcely able to lift itself, the Irishman looked to heaven, and throwing up his hands, cried out, "Hurrah for America!"

In the face of all such facts, in the face of such testimony, in the presence of the honoured name and record of George Washington, testifying to what Irish Catholic men have done for America, Mr Froude speaks as vainly as if he were addressing the hurricane that sweeps over his head, when he tries to impress the American mind and the American people with any prejudice against the poor Catholics of Ireland.

What does MacNevin tell us? In the year 1807, when America was preparing for her second war with England, MacNevin records that, "One of the offences charged upon the Irish—and one among the many pretexts for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland, was that sixteen thousand of them fought on the side of America. But," he adds that, "many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of Independence; and that will be their second offence."

Now, my friends, there are other testimonies as well as those of the men of the time. We have the testimony of American literary gentlemen, such, for instance, as that of Mr James K. Paulding. Here are the words of this distinguished gentleman:—

"The history of Ireland's unhappy connexion with England

exhibits, from first to last, a detail of the most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting, and systematic oppression to be found anywhere, except among the *helots* of Sparta. There is not a national feeling that has not been insulted and trodden under foot ; a national right that has not been withheld, until fear forced it from the grasp of England ; or a dear or ancient prejudice that has not been violated in that abused country. As Christians, the people of Ireland have been denied, under penalties and disqualifications, the exercise of the rites of the Catholic religion, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its unity, and consecrated by the belief of some of the best men that ever breathed. As men they have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that they were incapable of enjoying them, which pretext they had no other foundation for than resistance of oppression, only the more severe by being sanctioned by the laws. England first denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism."

Dr Johnson had anticipated Mr Paulding when he said :—

"There is no instance, even in the Ten Persecutions, of such severity as that which has been exercised over the Catholics of Ireland."

Thus think and thus speak the men whose names are bright in the records of literary America, and of the world. Taking again the address agreed to by the members of the Legislature of Maryland—speaking of Ireland, these American Senators and Legislators say :—

"A dependency of Great Britain, Ireland has long languished under oppression reprobated by humanity, and discountenanced by just policy. It would argue penury of human feelings, and ignorance of human rights, to submit patiently to those oppressions. The lapse of centuries has witnessed the struggles of Ireland but with only partial success, rebellions and insurrections have continued, with but short intervals of tranquillity. Many of the Irish, like the French, are the hereditary foes of Great Britain. America has opened her arms to the oppressed of all nations. No people have availed themselves of the asylum with more alacrity or in greater numbers than the Irish. High is the meed of praise, rich is the reward which Irishmen have merited from the gratitude of America. As heroes and statesmen they honour their adopted country."

Bravo, America! When such glorious words as these are wiped out of the records of American history; when the generous sentiments which inspired them have ceased to be a portion of the American nature—then, and not before then, will Mr Froude get the verdict which he asks from America to-day.

I have looked through the “American Archives” and I have found that the foundation of this sympathy lies in the simple fact that the Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with you—with you, American gentlemen—with you and your fathers in their glorious struggle. I find in the third volume of the “American Archives” a letter from Ireland, dated September 1st, 1775, to a friend in New York, in which the writer says:—

“Most of the people here wish well to the cause in which you are engaged, and would rejoice to find you continue firm and steadfast. . . . They (the Government) are raising recruits throughout the kingdom. The men are told they are only going to Edinburgh to learn military discipline and are then to return.”

Before they got a single Irishman to enlist, they had to tell him a lie, well knowing that if they told him that they were going to arm him and send him to America to fight against the American people, that he would never think of entering the ranks of the British Army. A certain Major Roache went down to Cork to recruit men for America, and he made a great speech to them. I read his speech; it was very laughable; he called upon them as Irishmen, by all that they held sacred, and the glorious nationality to which they belonged, the splendid monarch that governed them—and, in fact, the very words almost which Mr Froude allèges to have been used by Lord Fingall were used by Major Roache to these poor men. And then he held up the golden guineas and pound notes before them; and here is the result, as given in the third volume of the “American Archives”—“An account of the success of Major Roache in raising recruits to fight against the Americans. The service is so distasteful to the people of Ireland in general, that few of the recruiting officers can prevail upon the men to enlist and fight against their American brethren.”

The same year in the British House of Commons, Governor Johnstone said—“I maintain that some of the best and the wisest men in this country are on the side of the Americans,

and that, in Ireland, three to one are on the side of the Americans."

In the House of Lords, in the same year of '75, the Duke of Richmond makes this statement—"Attempts have been made to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics, but the Ministry know well that these attempts have proved unsuccessful."

We find again the Congress of America addressing the people of Ireland, in that memorable year of 1775; and here are words that America's first Congress sends over the Atlantic waves to the afflicted, down-trodden, Catholic Irish:—

"Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have always shown towards us. We know that you are not without your grievances; we sympathize with you in your distress, and are pleased to find that the design of subjugating us has persuaded the administration to dispense to Ireland some vagrant rays of ministerial sunshine. Even the tender mercies of government have long been cruel towards you. In the rich pastures of Ireland many hungry parasites have fed and grown strong labouring in her destruction."

We find such words as these addressed not to the "Palatines" and "Planters;" for if the Congress of America was addressing the Planters and Cromwellians in Ireland, they would not have had the bad taste to use such language as this—"In the rich pastures of Ireland many hungry parasites have fed and have grown strong labouring in her destruction."

Benjamin Franklin, of glorious and immortal name, was in Versailles, as Minister from the American Government; and he writes to the people of Ireland, in October, 1778. Here are his words:—

"The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to, and has so often experienced by such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world, have most sincerely affected your friends in America, and have engaged the most serious attention of Congress."

Now, I come to another honoured name; and I find the testimony of Guilian C. Verplanck. When the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed, there was a banquet in the City of New York to celebrate the event; and this distinguished

American gentleman proposed a health, or a toast, and it was a Catholic toast—"The Memory of the Penal Laws—*requiescat in pace*. May they rest in peace. And now that they are gone," continues Mr Verplanck, "I have a good word to say for them." What was that good word? Here it is—"Both in the glorious struggle for independence, and in our more recent contest for national rights, those laws gave to the American flag the support of hundreds of thousands of brave hearts and strong arms; and have they not, too," he says, "contributed at the same time an equal proportion of intellectual and moral power."

Coming down to our time, passing over the testimony of Henry Clay and his sympathies with the Irish nation (which he speaks of as so "identified with our own as to be almost part and parcel of ours—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh")—passing over this magnificent testimony, America, even at this hour, is mourning over the grave of a great man. But a few days ago a nation accompanied to his last resting-place William H. Seward. And this illustrious statesman said, in 1847, "Ireland not only sympathized profoundly with the transatlantic colonies in their complaints of usurpation, but with inherent benevolence and ardour, she yielded at once to the sway of the great American idea of universal emancipation. The bitter memory of a stream of ages lifted up her thoughts; and she was ready to follow to the war for the rights of human nature, the propitious God that seemed to lead the way."

Finally, one extract and I have done with this portion of my lecture. I find that such were the relations between Ireland and America in this struggle, that a certain Captain Weeks, of the ship *Reprisal*, in the summer of 1776, captured three prizes near the West Indies, which were English property. He detailed some of his own men on board of them, and sent them to the nearest port to be adjudged as prizes. Shortly after, he came across another vessel, and he let her go, finding she was Irish property. The Marquis de Chasteloux, a distinguished Frenchman who was in America in 1872, published an account of his travels in America. An English gentleman, in his translation of this work, in a note to a friendly allusion to an Irish soldier of the revolution, writes thus:—"An Irishman the instant he sets foot on American ground becomes *ipso facto* an American. This was uniformly the case during the whole

of the late war. Whilst Englishmen and Scotchmen were regarded with jealousy and distrust, even with the best recommendation of zeal and attachment to the cause, a native of Ireland stood in need of no other certificate than his *dialect*," which shows that the Irishman that our friend is speaking of was not a Palatine nor a Planter, but a genuine Paddy, and no mistake. "His sincerity was never called in question; he was supposed to have a sympathy of suffering: and every voice decided, as it were, intuitively in his favour. Indeed," he adds, "their conduct in the late revolution amply justified this favourable opinion; for whilst the Irish emigrant was fighting the battles of America, by sea and land, the Irish merchants, particularly at Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, laboured with indefatigable zeal, and at all hazards, to promote the spirit of enterprise, and increase the wealth and maintain the credit of the country. Their purses were always open and their persons devoted to the common cause. On more than one imminent occasion Congress owed their existence, and America possibly her preservation, to the fidelity and firmness of the Irish. I had the honour," he says, "of dining with an Irish Society, composed of the steadiest Whigs on the Continent, at the City Tavern, in Philadelphia, on St Patrick's Day." Mr Froude must not run away with the assertion that the Irish merchants of Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, were the Puritan settlers. If they had been, they would have gone home and eaten a *cold* dinner on St Patrick's Day.

So much for America and Ireland's relations with her. When the four thousand men were asked for, by the English Government, to go out and fight Americans, they offered to send to Ireland four thousand Protestant Hessians; and the Irish Parliament of that day must have had a ray of grace, for they refused the Hessians. They said, "No! If the country is in danger, we can arm some of our Protestant people, and they can keep the peace." Out of this sprang the "Volunteers of '82." Mr Froude has little or nothing to say of them, consequently, as I am answering, or trying to answer him, I must restrict myself also in their regard. All I can say is this—Ireland, in 1776, began to arm. At first, the movement was altogether a Protestant one, and confined to the North. The Catholics of Ireland, ground as they were into the very dust—no sooner did the Catholics of Ireland hear that their Pro-

testant oppressors were anxious to do something for the old land, than they came and said to them—"We will forgive everything that ever you did to us; we will leave you the land; we will leave you our country; we will leave you the wealth and the commerce; all we ask of you is to put a gun into our hands, for one hour, for Ireland." At first they were refused, and, my friends, when they found they would not be allowed to enter the ranks of the Volunteers, they had the generosity, out of their poverty, to collect money and to hand it over to clothe the army of their Protestant fellow-citizens. Anything for Ireland! Anything for the man that would lift his hand for Ireland, no matter what his religion was! The old generous spirit was there; the love that never could be extinguished was there, self-sacrificing as of old; aye, the humble love for any man, no matter who he was, that was a friend of their native land—was there, in such generous acts as this of the blood of the O'Conors, the O'Briens, the O'Neills, and the O'Donnells.

But, after a time, our Protestant friends in the Volunteers began to think that these Catholics, after all, were fine, strapping fellows. Somehow, centuries of persecution could not knock the manhood out of them. "They be strong men," says an old writer, "and can bear more of hard living, hunger, and thirst, than any other people that we know of." God knows, our capability of enduring nakedness, hunger, and thirst, and every other form of misery was well tested!

Accordingly, we find that, 1780, there were fifty thousand Catholics amongst the Volunteers—every man of them with arms in his hands. Mr Froude says that Grattan—the immortal Grattan—whilst he wished well for Ireland—whilst he was irreproachable in every way, public or private—that at this time he was guilty of a great mistake. For, says the historian, "England had long ruled Ireland badly, but she had been taught a lesson by America, and she was now anxious to govern Ireland properly and well; and no sooner was an abuse pointed out than it was immediately remedied, and no sooner was a just law demanded than it was immediately granted; and the mistake Grattan made was that, instead of insisting on just legislation from England, he stood up and insisted on the legislative independence of the Irish nation, and that the Irish should have the making of their own laws." Thus, according to Mr Froude, "the energies of the nation, which were wasted

in political contention, could have been husbanded to influence England to grant just and fair laws." But he goes on the assumption, my dear American friends and others—the gentleman assumes to say that England was willing to redress grievances, to repeal the bad laws and make good ones; and he proves this assertion by saying "that she struck, off the wrists of the Irish merchants, the chains of their commercial slavery," and that she "restored to Ireland her trade." You remember that this trade was taken away from them; the woollen trade, and nearly every other form of trade, was discountenanced or ruined.

Now, I wish, for the sake of the honour of England, that she was as generous, or even as just as Mr Froude represents her, and, no doubt, would wish her to be. But we have the fact before us that, in 1779, when a movement was made to repeal the law restricting the commerce of Ireland, the English Parliament, the English King, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the English Government opposed it to the very death. They would not have it; not one fetter would they strike off from the chain that encumbered even the Protestant "planters" of Ireland. And it was only when Grattan rose up in the Irish Parliament and insisted that Ireland should get back her trade—it was only then that England consented to listen—because there were fifty thousand Volunteers armed outside.

The state of Ireland at this time is thus described:—

"Such is the Constitution that three millions of good, faithful subjects, in their native land, are excluded from every trust, power, and emolument in the State, civil and military; excluded from all corporate rights and immunities; expelled from grand juries, and restrained in petit juries; excluded in every direction from every trust, from every incorporated society, and from every establishment, occasional or fixed, that was instituted for public defence; from the bank, from the bench, from the exchange, from the University, from the College of Physicians, and from what are they not excluded?" demands the writer. "There is no institution which the wit of man has invented, or the progress of society has produced, which private charity or public munificence has founded for the advancement of education around us, for the permanent relief of age, infirmity and misfortune, the superintendence of which, in all cases where common charity would be promoted, from the

enjoyment of which the Legislature has not excluded, and does exclude the Catholics of Ireland."

Grattan rose up in the Senate, and, lifting up his heroic hand and voice to Heaven, he swore before the God of Justice that that should come to an end. The English Government met him, with a determination as great as that of the Irish patriot, and swore equally that that should remain the law. Was it not time to assert for Ireland her independence? Mr Froude claims that England willingly consented to give up the restrictions on Irish commerce. When Grattan proposed it in the House, an official of the Government, named Hussey Burg, rose up, to the astonishment of the Government, and seconded Grattan's resolution, to the rage and consternation of the Government faction, and the unequivocal dissatisfaction of the Executive and the Ministerial Bench. Hussey Burg, the Prime Sergeant, was one of the most eloquent and fascinating men of the day; he was an official of the Government, and its staunch supporter—one of whom it was thought that, with him, patriotism should have been impossible. He moved "that we take up the question and represent to his Majesty that it is not by any temporary expedients, but by free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin."

While they were fighting the Government from within, Grattan took good care to have the Volunteers drawn out in the streets of Dublin—there they were in their thousands—armed men, drilled men; and they had their cannon with them, and about the mouths of the guns they had tied a label or card, inscribed with these words—"Free Trade for Ireland, or else—" So it happened that Lord North was obliged, greatly against his will, to introduce measures to restore to Ireland her trade. Now, I ask, was not Henry Grattan justified, seeing that it was only by pointing the cannon's mouth at "the best of Governments" they threw off the restrictions on Irish trade; was he not justified when he said—"The English Parliament will never do us justice; and, in the name of God, now that we have our men armed around us, let us demand for Ireland perfect independence of the people and the Parliament of England, and the right to make whatever laws are most conducive to the welfare of our own people."

It is perfectly true that Grattan failed; it is perfectly true

that although that declaration of independence was proclaimed by law, and, as Mr Froude observes, "Home Rule was tried in Ireland from '82 to '99, and it was a failure." All this is true; but why was it so, my friends? Reflect upon this: the Irish Parliament did not represent the nation. The Irish Parliament consisted of three hundred members; and of these three hundred there were only seventy-two that were elected by the people; all the others were "nomination boroughs," as they were called. Certain great lords, peers, and noblemen had three or four little towns on their estates, which towns returned a member of Parliament; and the poor people who had the votes were completely at the mercy of the landlord—the rack-renting landlord—and whomsoever he nominated was elected as member. Just as, in the Protestant Church, whenever a bishop dies, the Queen writes to the clergy and says—"You will name such a one for bishop;" and then they elect him, after the Queen has nominated him.

Even of the seventy-two, who were in some sense representatives of the people, whom did they represent? There were nearly three millions of Catholics in Ireland, men of intellect and of education, in spite of all the laws that were made against schools and colleges for Catholics; there were nearly three millions of Irish Catholics in the land, and not a man of them had a vote even for a member of Parliament. And, therefore, this wretched Parliament, that only represented one-tenth of the nation, if it was venal and corrupt, it is no disgrace to the Irish people, and it is no argument to prove that they did not know how to govern themselves.

Meantime, the Volunteers made the most tremendous mistake, and that was by letting Catholics in amongst their ranks. Here I have my Lord Sheffield. Here is what he says—it will give you clearly to understand, ladies and gentlemen of America, how the English people looked upon us Irish one hundred years ago; indeed, according to Cobbett, one of their most distinguished writers, this was how they looked upon you, until you taught them with the sword to look upon you with more respect. "It is now necessary," says Lord Sheffield, "to go back to the year 1778, to take notice of a phenomenon which began to appear at that time; it is a wonderful thing." What was it? "The like has never been seen in any country, at least where there was an established government. To de-

scribe it—it is an army unauthorized by the law, and unnatural ; and generally known by the name of the Volunteers of Ireland. The arms issued from the public stores were insufficient to supply the rapid increase of the Volunteers ; the rest were procured by themselves, and the necessary accoutrements, with a considerable number of field-pieces. The Opposition in England speak highly of them ; and the supporters of the Government in both countries mention them with civility.” It is not easy to be uncivil to an army of 95,000 men. “The wonderful efforts of England in America were, somehow or other, wasted to no purpose.” The wonderful efforts of England in America were wasted to no purpose ! There happened to be a man in the way, and that man was George Washington.

He goes on to speak of the Volunteers. The “many-headed monster,” as he calls it, “now began to think it would be proper to reform the State and to purge the Parliament of Ireland.” Henry Grattan said, “I will never claim freedom for 600,000 of my countrymen while I leave 2,000,000 or more of them in chains. Give the Catholics of Ireland their civil rights and their franchise ; give them the power to return members to the Irish Parliament, and let the nation be represented ; put an end to the rotten nomination boroughs ; let the members represent the people truly, and you will have reformed your Parliament, and you will have established for ever the liberties which the Volunteers have won.”

This was what the Volunteers wanted ; and for this they got, from my Lord Sheffield, the very genteel name of “the many-headed monster.” But they did something still more strange than this. “So far,” he says, “everything went on as might have been expected. But there is another part of their conduct neither natural nor rational. Some of the corps, for the purpose of increasing their numbers, perhaps, or possibly without consideration, admitted Roman Catholics. (They must have been mad. They did it “without consideration.”) “And others, perhaps, enrolled them latterly for the sake of acquiring numbers and strength to force a reform of the Government from England”—(to force a reform, which the Government of England would never permit ; because she wanted to have a rotten Parliament to her hand, and through that Parliament to destroy the country.) “Well, but that Protestants should allow and encourage this also, and form a whole

corps of Roman Catholics, when all Europe was at peace, is scarcely to be believed—above all, in view of their number. It has become the system of the Roman Catholics to enrol as many as possible, particularly since the peace of last summer; and there is nothing unequivocal in this. Already, perhaps, five thousand of these are in arms, and in a year or less they may be ten thousand. All the Protestants are gradually quitting the service; and the only Protestants are those who continue since the peace, in order to prevent the Volunteer arms from falling into more dangerous hands, and to counter-balance the Catholics.” Then he goes on to say—“There are many. If they were only one-fifth, instead of four-fifths, of the people, the writer of this observation would be the last man to suggest a difficulty about their being admitted into power or every right or advantage given to them. But they do not forget the situation in which their ancestors have been. They are not blind to what they may acquire. Persevering for upwards of two centuries under every discouragement, under every severity, subjected to every disadvantage, does not prove an indifference to the principles of their religion. Thinking, as they do, feeling as they do, believing as they do, they would not be men if they did not wish for a change. Nor would Protestants be worthy of the designation of reasonable creatures if they did not take precautions to prevent it.”

Thus, it is to this fact that the English Government steadily opposed Reform—that they would not hear of Reform, because they wanted to have a venal, corrupt, miserable seventy-two in their hands. It is to this fact, and not to any mistake of Grattan, that we owe the collapse of that magnificent revolutionary movement of the “Irish Volunteers.”

Well, England now adopted another policy. We have evidence of it. As soon as William Pitt came into office as Premier, his first thought was—“I will put an end to this Irish difficulty? I will have no more laws made in Ireland for Irishmen. I will unite the two Parliaments into one, and will not leave Ireland a single shadow of Legislative Independence.” This being the programme, how was it to be worked out? Mr Froude says, or seems to say, that “the Rebellion of ’98 was one of those outbursts of Irish ungovernable passion and of Irish inconstancy, accompanied by cowardice and by treachery, with which (according to him) we are all so

familiar in the history of Ireland." Now, I have a different account of '98. Mr Froude says that "the Rebellion arose out of the disturbance of men's minds created by the French Revolution;" and, indeed, there is a great deal of truth in this. The French Revolution set all the world in a blaze, and the flame spread, no doubt, to Ireland.

Mr Froude goes on to say that "the Irish Government were so hampered by this free Parliament, this Parliament of Grattan's, that although they saw the danger approaching, they could not avert it—their hands were bound; nay, more," he adds "the Government, bound by constitutional law, and by Parliament, could not touch one of the United Irishmen until they had first committed themselves by some overt act of treason—in other words, until they had first risen."

Now, according to this historian, there was nothing done to molest, slay, or persecute the people of Ireland until they rose in arms in '98. My friends, the rising of 1798 took place on the 23rd of May. On that day the "United Irishmen" rose. I ask you now to consider whether the Government had any share in that rising, or in creating that rebellion?

As early as 1797, the country was beginning to be disturbed, according to Mr Froude; and, during the first three months of January, February, and March, in '98, we find Lord Moira giving his testimony as to the action of the English Government. "My Lords," he says, in the House of Lords, "I have seen in Ireland the most absurd, as well as the most disgusting tyranny, that any nation ever groaned under. I have been myself a witness of it in many instances; I have seen it practised unchecked, and the effects that have resulted from it have been such as I have stated to your lordships. I have seen in that country a marked distinction between the English and the Irish. I have seen troops that have been sent there full of this prejudice—that every inhabitant of that kingdom is a rebel to the British Government." Troops were sent there before the Rebellion, and told—"every man you meet is a rebel"—"I have seen most wanton insults practised upon men of all ranks and conditions."

They sent their thousands into Ireland in preparation for the rebellion; they had, between Welsh and Scotch and Hessian regiments, and between English and Irish militia, an army of one hundred and thirty thousand men prepared for the work

and, in this way, they goaded the people on to rebellion. The rack, indeed, was not at hand, but the punishment of "picketing" was in practice, which had been for some years abolished as too inhuman even for the treatment of savages.

Lord Moira goes on to say that he had known of a man who, in order to extort confession of a crime from him was "picketed" until he actually fainted:—"picketing" meant putting them on the point of a stake upon one foot—"and 'picketed' a second time until he fainted again; and again, as soon as he came to himself picketed the third time until he fainted once more; and all this on mere suspicion."

Not only was this punishment used, but every species of torture. Men were taken and hung up until they were half dead, and then threatened with a repetition of the cruel torture unless they made confession of imputed guilt. They sent their soldiers into the country, and quartered them at what was called "free quarters." The English Yeomanry and the Orange Yeomanry of Ireland lived upon the people; they violated the women, they killed the aged, they plundered the houses, they set fire to the villages, they exercised every form of torture the most terrible—this terrible soldiery. All this took place before a single rising in Ireland, before the rebellion of '98 sprung up at all. We had a brave and gallant man sent to Ireland at that time—Sir Ralph Abercrombie—and he declared he was so frightened and disgusted at the conduct of the soldiers that he threw up his commission, and refused to take the command of the forces in Ireland. He issued a general order in February, '98—the rebellion did not begin until May. He began his general order with these words:—"The very disgraceful frequency of great cruelties and crimes, and the many complaints of the conduct of the troops in this kingdom has too unfortunately proved the army to be in a state of licentiousness that renders it formidable to every one, except the enemy." Then he threw up his commission in disgust, and General Lake was sent to command in Ireland. He says—"The state of the country and its occupation previous to the insurrection, is not to be imagined except by those who witnessed the atrocities of every description committed by the military and the Orangemen, that were let loose upon the unfortunate and defenceless population." Then he gives a long list of terrible hangings, burnings, and murderings. We read that "at Dunlavin, in the

county of Wicklow, previous to the rising, thirty-four men were shot without any trial. But it is useless to enumerate or continue the list of cruelties perpetrated. It will suffice to say that where the military were placed on free quarters all kinds of crimes were committed; but the people were no worse off than those living where no soldiers were quartered; for, in the latter places, the inhabitants were called to their doors, and shot without ceremony, and every house was plundered or burned. Nay, more! We have Mr Emmet, in his examination, giving his evidence, and declaring that it was the fault of the Government, this rebellion of '98. The Lord Chancellor put the following question to Mr Emmet, "Pray, Mr Emmet"—this was in August, '98—"what caused the late insurrection?" to which Mr Emmet replied, "Free quarters, house-burnings, tortures, and all the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow and Wicklow." Before the insurrection broke out, numbers of houses, with their furniture, were burned, in which concealed arms had been found; numbers of people were daily scourged, picketed, and otherwise put to death to force confession of concealed crime or plots. Outrageous acts of severity were often committed even by persons not in the regular troops. But we have the evidence of the brave Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. He was in Ireland at the time, in military command, and he bears this testimony. Speaking of Wicklow, the very hot-bed of the insurrection, he says, "That moderate treatment by the Generals and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people would soon restore tranquillity; the latter would certainly be quiet if the Yeomanry would behave with tolerable decency, and not seek to gratify their ill-humour and revenge upon the poor."

We have the testimony of Sir William Napier, not an Irishman, but a brave English soldier, saying, "What manner of soldiers were these fellows who were let loose upon the wretched districts in which the Ascendancy were placed, killing, burning, and confiscating every man's property; and to use the venerable Aercrombie's words, 'they were formidable to everybody but the enemy.' We ourselves were young at the time; yet, being connected with the army, we were continually among the soldiers, listening with boyish eagerness to their experiences; and well we remember, with horror, to this day, the

tales of lust, of bloodshed, and pillage, and the recital of their foul actions against the miserable peasantry, which they used to relate."

I ask you in all this goading of the people into rebellion, who was accountable if not the infamous Government which, at the time, ruled the destinies of Ireland? I ask you are the Irish people accountable, if, from time to time, the myrmidons of England have been let loose upon them, ravaging them like tigers, violating every instinct of Irish love of land, of Irish purity, of Irish faith? Is it not a terrible thing that, after all these provocations, which they deliberately put before the people, in order to goad them into the rebellion of '98, and so prepare the way for that union of 1800, which followed that. Mr Froude says—"Several hot-headed priests put themselves at the head of their people." There was a Father John Murphy in the county of Wexford. He came home from his duties one day to find the houses of the poor people around sacked and burned; to find his unfortunate parishioners huddled about the blackened walls of the chapel, crying "Soggarth dear, what are we to do? where are we to fly from this terrible persecution that has come upon us?" And Father John Murphy got the pikes, put them in their hands, and put himself at their head. So you see, my friends, there are two sides to every story.

My friends, I have endeavoured to give you some portions of the Irish side of the story, resting and basing my testimony of Protestant and English writers, and upon the testimony, upon the records which I have been so proud to put before you, of noble, generous American people. I have to apologise for the dryness of the subject, and the imperfect manner in which I have treated it, and also for the unconscionable length of time in which I have tried your patience. On next Tuesday evening we shall be approaching ticklish ground:—"Ireland since the Union;" Ireland as she is to-day; and Ireland, as my heart and brain tell me, she shall be in some future day.

LECTURE VI.

"THE FUTURE OF IRELAND."

Delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday evening,
19th November, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—On this day, a paragraph in a newspaper, the *New York Tribune*, was brought under my notice, and the reading of it caused me very great pain and anguish of mind; for it recorded an act of discourtesy offered to my learned antagonist, Mr Froude, and supposed to be offered by Irishmen in Boston. In the name of the Irishmen of America, I tender to the learned gentleman my best apologies. I beg to assure him, for my Irish fellow-countrymen in this land, that we are only too happy to offer to him the courtesy and the hospitality that Ireland has never refused even to her enemies. Mr Froude does not come among us as an enemy of Ireland; but he professes that he loves the Irish people, and I am willing to believe him. And when I read in the report of his last lecture, which I am about to answer to-night, that he said that he "would yield to no man in his love for the Irish people," I was reminded of what O'Connell said to Lord Derby on a similar occasion. When the noble lord stated in the English House of Lords that he would yield to no man in his love for Ireland, the great Tribune rose and said—"Any man that loves Ireland cannot be my enemy. Let our hearts shake hands." I am sure, therefore, that I speak the sentiments of every true Irishman in America, when I assure this learned English gentleman that, as long as he is in this country, he will receive at the hands of the Irish citizens of America nothing but the same courtesy, the same polite hospitality and attention, which he boasts that he has received from the Irish people in their native land. I beg to assure him that we, Irishmen in America, know well that it is not with dis-

courtesy, or anything approaching to rudeness or violence, that the Irish citizens of America ever expect to make their appeal to this great nation. If ever the reign of intellect and of mind was practically established in this world, it is in glorious America. Every man who seeks the truth, every man who preaches the truth—whether it be religious truth or historical truth—will find an audience in America. And I hope he never will find an Irishman to stand up and offer him discquety and violence, because he speaks what he imagines to be the truth.

So much being said in reference to this paragraph to which I have alluded, I now come to the last of Mr Froude's lectures, and to the last of my own. The learned gentleman, in his fourth lecture, told the American people his view of the movement of 1782, and of the subsequent Irish rebellion of 1798. According to Mr Froude the Irish made a great mistake in 1782 by asserting the independence of the Irish Parliament. "They abandoned," says this learned gentleman, "the paths of political reform; and they clamoured for political agitation." Now, political agitation is one thing, and political reform is another thing. Political reform, my friends, means the correcting of great abuses, the repealing of bad laws and the passing of good measures, salutary and useful, for the welfare and well-being of the people. According to this learned gentleman, England—taught by her bitter American experience that coercion would not answer with the people, and that it is impossible to thrust unjust laws down the throats of a people or a nation, even at the sword's point—according to him England was only too willing, too happy, in the year 1780, to repeal all the bad laws that had been passed in the blind and bigoted ages that had gone by, and to grant to Ireland a real redress of all her grievances. But, says Mr Froude, "The Irish people were foolish. Instead of demanding from England the redress of these grievances, they insisted upon their National and Parliamentary independence; and," he adds, "they were foolish in this, for that very independence led to interior contention, contention to conspiracy, conspiracy to rebellion, rebellion to tyranny." Now, I am as great an enemy of political agitation as Mr Froude, or any other man. I hold, and I hold it by experience, that political agitation distracts men's minds from the more serious and the more necessary occupations of life; that

political agitation draws men's minds away from their business, and from the sober pursuits of industry; that it creates animosities and bad blood between citizens; that it affords an easy and profitable employment for worthless demagogues; and very often brings to the surface the vilest and meanest elements of society. All that I grant. But, at the same time, I hold that political agitation is the only resource left to a people who endeavour to extract good laws from an unwilling and tyrannical government. May I ask the learned historian what were the wars of the seventeenth century in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands?—the wars that Mr Froude himself admires so much, and for which he expresses so much sympathy—what were they but political agitation taking the form of armed revolt, in order to extort from the governments of that time what the people considered to be just measures of toleration and liberty of conscience? With these wars, that were waged by the people in armed revolt against France, against Spain, in the Netherlands; against the Emperor Charles the Fifth, of Austria—with these Mr Froude has the deepest sympathy, because they were wars made by Protestants against Catholic governments. The men who made these wars were innovators, or revolutionists in every sense of the word. They wanted to overturn not only the altar, but also the established forms of government. But with the Irish, who only stood in defence of their ancient religion and of their time-honoured altars, of their lives and property—not of their freedom—for that was long gone—for the Irish—this learned gentleman has not a word, except expressions of disdain and disapprobation.

And now we come to consider whether Mr Froude is right, when he says that the Irish foolishly clamoured for political agitation in 1780, when they might have obtained political reform. Now, mark:—In 1780, the Irish people—and mainly the Protestant portion of the Irish people—demanded of the English Government the repeal of certain laws that restricted and almost annihilated the trade and commerce of Ireland. These laws had been passed under William the Third. They were levelled at the Irish woollen trade; they forbade the exportation of manufactured cloth from Ireland, except under a duty that was a prohibitive tariff. They went so far as to prohibit the Irish people from even selling their fleeces—their wool—to any foreign power except England. England fixed

her own prices ; and Mr Froude himself acknowledges that although the French might be offering three shillings a pound for the wool, Ireland was obliged to sell it to the English merchant at his own price. When the Irish people demanded the repeal of this unjust measure, I ask you, was England willing to grant it? Was England, as Mr Froude says, only anxious to discover the unjust law in order to repeal it, and to discover grievances in order to redress them? I answer, No. England nailed her colours to the mast, and said, "I never will grant the repeal of the restrictive duties upon Irish trade. Ireland is down, and I will keep her down." The proof lies here—The English Government resisted Grattan's demand for the emancipation of Irish industry, until Henry Grattan brought 50,000 "Volunteers;" and the very day that he rose in the Irish Parliament to proclaim that Ireland demanded her commercial rights once more, the Volunteers, in College Green and Stephen's Green, in Dublin, had their artillery out, and had them planted before the door of the House of Commons; and around the mouths of the guns they had put a label—significant label—"Free Trade for Ireland; or else ——!" If England was so willing to redress every Irish grievance—if the Irish people had only to say, "Look here, there is this law in existence; take it away for it is strangling and destroying the commerce of the country"—if England was so willing to take away that law—and Mr Froude says she was; if she was only anxious to hear where the defect was in order to remedy it, why, in the name of God—why, in that day of 1780—why did she hold out until, at the very cannon's mouth, she was obliged to yield the commercial independence of Ireland? Is it any wonder that the Irish people thought, with Henry Grattan, that, if every measure of reform was to be fought for, that the kingdom would be kept in a perpetual state of revolution? Is it any wonder that men said—"If we have got out to fight for every act of justice, we must always be ready, with our torches lighted and our cannons loaded?" Is it any wonder that the Irish people should have said, in that day, with their immortal leader—"It is far better for us to have our own Parliament free and independent, to take up the making of our own laws, and consult for our interests, and in peace, quietness, and harmony, to take thought for the wants of Ireland and legislate for them." And this is what Mr Froude calls

“clamouring for political agitation.” Thus we see, my friends—and remember, this evening, fellow-countrymen, that I am emphatically and especially appealing to America; that I expect my verdict this evening, as Mr Froude got his; but it is not from Dr Hitchcock—it is not the puny crow of a barn-door rowl, but it is the scream of America’s Eagle that I expect to hear this evening.

Thus we see that the action of 1782, by which Grattan obtained and achieved the independence of the Irish Parliament, did not originate in any innate love of the Irish for political agitation, but in the action of the British Government, that forced it upon them, and gave them only two alternatives—“Remain subject to me, to my Parliament; but I never will grant you anything except at the cannon’s mouth; or take your own liberty and legislate for yourselves.” Oh! Henry Grattan! you were not a Catholic; and yet I, a Catholic priest, here to-night, call down ten thousand blessings on thy name and memory!

It is true that that emancipated Parliament of 1782 failed to realize the hopes of the Irish nation—perfectly true! The Parliament of 1782 was a failure. I grant it. Mr Froude says that that Parliament was a failure because the Irish were incapable of self-legislation. It is a serious charge to make against any people, my friends; yet I, who am not supposed to be a philosopher—and, because of the habit that I wear, I am not supposed to be a man of very large mind—I stand up here to-night and assert my conviction that there is not a nation nor a race under the sun that is not capable of self-legislation, and that has not a right to the inheritance of freedom. But if the learned gentleman wishes to know what was the real cause of that failure, I will tell him. The emancipated Parliament of 1782, although it enclosed within its walls such honoured names as Grattan and Flood, yet it did not represent the Irish nation. There were nearly three millions and a half of Irishmen in Ireland at that day—three millions of Catholics, and half a million of Protestants; and the Parliament of 1782 only represented the half million. Nay, more, examine the Constitution of that Parliament and see who they were; see how they were elected, and you will find that not even the half million of Protestants were fairly represented by that Parliament. The House of Commons held 300 members.

Of these 300 there were only 72 elected by the people; the rest were the nominees of certain great lords—certain large landed proprietors. A man happened to have an estate—a side of the country, which contained three or four towns or villages—and each town returned its member. The landlord went in and said—"You will elect such a man; he is my nominee;" and he was elected at once. They were called "rotten boroughs;" they were called "nomination boroughs;" and they were also called "pocket boroughs," because my lord had them in his pocket. Have any of you Irishmen, who are here present to-night, ever travelled from Dublin to Drogheda? There is a miserable village—half a dozen wretched huts—it is the dirtiest, filthiest place I ever saw, and that miserable village returned a member to the Irish Parliament. Had that Parliament of 1782 represented the Irish people—the three millions of Catholics had not as much as a vote—the best and most intellectual Catholic in Ireland had not even a vote for a member of Parliament—had that Parliament represented the Irish nation, it would have solved the problem of "Home Rule" in a sense favourable to Ireland, and very unfavourable to the theories of Mr Froude.

The Irish people knew this well, and the moment that the Parliament of 1782 was declared independent of the Parliament of England—was declared to have the power of originating its own acts of legislating, and to be responsible to no one except the King—that moment the Irish people clamoured for reform. They said—"Reform yourselves now, oh, Parliament. Let the people in, and represent them fairly; and you will make a grand success of your independence."

The "Volunteers," to their honour, cried out for reform. In their first meeting at Dungannon, when they were 95,000 strong, the one thing they demanded was reform of the Parliament. The "United Irishmen" who, in the beginning were not a secret society, nor a treasonable society, but open, free, loyal men, embracing the first names and first characters in Ireland—"the United Irishmen" actually originated as a society, embracing the best intellect in Ireland, for the purpose of forcing reform on the Parliament." It may be interesting to the citizens of America who have honoured me with their presence this evening; it may be interesting to my Irish fellow-countrymen to know what were the three principles upon

which the society of "United Irishmen" was formed. Here they are; listen to me. First of all, the first resolution of that society was that "the weight of English influence, in this Government, and this country, is so great as to require cordial union among all the people of Ireland to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and to the extension of our commerce." Resolution No. 2. "That the only constitutional means by which this influence of England can be opposed is by complete, cordial, and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament. Resolution No. 3. "That no reform is just which does not include every Irishman of every religious persuasion." There you have the whole programme of this formidable society of the "United Irishmen;" and I ask you, citizens of America, is there anything treasonable, is there anything reprehensible, is there anything deserving of imprisonment, of banishment, or death in such a resolution as this? Who opposed and hindered that reform? who stood between the Irish people and their Parliament and said—"No; there shall be no reform; you must remain the representatives of a faction, and not of the nation; you must remain the corrupt and venal representatives of only a small portion even of the Protestant faction. Who said this? The Government of England. Here is my proof. On the 29th of November, 1783, Mr Flood introduced into the Irish Parliament a bill of reform. The moment that bill was read, an honourable member rose up to oppose it. That member was Barry Yelverton, who was afterwards Lord Avonmore. He was the Attorney-General of the Government for Ireland; and he gave to the bill an official and governmental opposition. The bill was thrown out by a majority of 159 to 77; the 159, every one of them, having a bribe in his pocket. Then, the Attorney-General, Mr Yelverton, rose up; and he made this motion, "that it has now become necessary to declare that this House will maintain its just rights and privileges against all encroachments whatsoever"—the "just rights and privileges" being the right to represent a faction, and exclude from all representation five-sixths of the people of Ireland.

"From agitation," says Mr Froude, "grew conspiracy; from conspiracy, rebellion." By conspiracy, he means the Society of "United Irishmen." By rebellion, he means

the uprising of '98. Now, in my last lecture, I have shown you, on the evidence of such illustrious men as Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, that the rebellion of '98 was, primarily and originally, the work of the British Government, which goaded the Irish people into revolt. We have also seen, a moment ago, that the Society of "United Irishmen" was not a conspiracy but a public society—a magnificent union of the best intellects and best men in Ireland for a splendid and patriotic purpose, to be accomplished by fair, loyal, and legitimate means. But the principle upon which the "United Irishmen" were formed was the principle of effecting a union among all Irishmen; and this was enough to alarm the Government, which, from time immemorial, for many centuries, had ruled Ireland through division. The motto—the word—that Mr Froude so eloquently used, when he said, that "on the day that Ireland will be united, she will be invincible,"—that was present in the mind of England's Prime Minister, the celebrated William Pitt, when he resolved on three things: He resolved first, to disarm the Volunteers; secondly, to force the "United Irishmen" to become a secret society of conspiracy; and thirdly, he resolved to force Ireland into a rebellion, that he might have her at his feet. How did he bring these three things about? Remember that I am reviewing all these things historically. I have no prejudices in the matter. I declare to you that, with the exception of the momentary ebullition or boiling up of the blood that I feel in my chamber, when preparing these lectures, I feel nothing but that. I am not like others. I believe, for instance, that Mr Froude has no business to write history, because he is a good philosopher. A philosopher is a man who endeavours to trace effects to their causes; who sets up a theory and tries to work it out; and that is the last man in the world that ought to write history. And why? Because a historian is supposed to be a narrator of dry facts; and, I hold, ought not to deal in theories or fancies at all. I believe my learned antagonist to be too much of a philosopher to be a good historian. I also believe that he is too much of a historian to be a good philosopher.

The first of these three designs of William Pitt was accomplished in 1785. He increased the standing army in Ireland to 15,000 men. He obtained from the Irish Parliament •

grant of £20,000 to clothe and arm the militia. Between the army, on the one side, and the militia, on the other, he took the "Volunteers" in the centre, and disarmed them. On the day when the last of the "Volunteers" laid down their muskets, Ireland's hopes were laid down with them.

The second of these designs—namely, the forcing of the "United Irishmen" to become a secret conspiracy, he effected in this manner,—In February, 1793, he passed two bills through Parliament, called the "Gunpowder Bill," and the "Convention Bill." A public meeting of the "United Irishmen" was held in Dublin—a public meeting—there was nothing secret about it—to protest against the inquisitorial measures of certain agents of a secret committee of the House of Lords, in going into people's houses at any hour of the day or night, without any authority—under pretence that there was gunpowder concealed in the house. For this meeting, held legally and constitutionally, the Hon. Simon Butler, who was president of the meeting, and Mr Oliver Bond, who was the secretary, were both imprisoned six months, and fined £500 each. When this illustrious society found that they were thus persecuted, they were obliged to take refuge in secrecy; and thus it was that the "United Irishmen" were forced to become a conspiracy.

The first really treasonable project that was ever put before the "United Irishmen," was put before them in April, 1794, by the Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, who came over commissioned by the French Convention; and the Rev. William Jackson, who was a true man, was accompanied on that mission by a certain John Cockayne, an English lawyer, from London, and *he* was the agent of William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England. Thus did the Society of the "United Irishmen" become a secret conspiracy; and this was the action of the English Government. Before that it was perfectly legitimate and constitutional. Ah! but it had an object, which was far more formidable to the English Government than any commission of Irish treason. The English Government is not afraid of Irish treason; but the English Government trembles with fear at the idea of Irish union. The "United Irishmen" were founded to promote union among all Irishmen of every religion; and the English Minister had said in his own mind—"Treason is better than union. I will force them to become a treasonable conspiracy, and their project of union will be

broken up." It is worth your while, my American friends, to hear what was the oath that was administered by the "United Irishmen." Here it is. Let us suppose that I was going to be sworn in—"I, Thomas Burke, in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country, that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an impartial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in Parliament, and, as a most absolute and immediate necessity for the attainment of this chief good of Ireland, I will endeavour, as much as lies in my ability, to forward and perpetuate the identity of interests, the union of rights, and the union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, without which every reform in Parliament must be partial, not national, inadequate to the wants, and wholly and entirely insufficient for the freedom and happiness of this country." This was the United Irishman's oath. I protest before high heaven to-night that, priest as I am, if I was asked, in 1779, to take that oath, I would have taken it and kept it. Remember, my friends, that it was no secret oath; remember that it was no treasonable oath; remember that it was an oath that no man could refuse to take, unless he was a dishonourable man and a traitor to his country. The founder of this society was Theobald Wolfe Tone. I admit that Mr Tone was imbued with French revolutionary ideas; but he certainly never attempted to impress these views upon the society until Mr William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, forced that society to become a secret organization.

The third object of the Premier and the Government—namely, to create an Irish rebellion, was accomplished by the cruelties and abominations of the soldiers, who were quartered at "free quarters" upon the people, destroying them—violating that most sacred and inviolable sanctuary of Irish maidenhood and womanhood—burning the people's villages, plundering their farms, demolishing and gutting their houses, until, at length, they made life more intolerable than death itself; goading the people, at the very bayonet's point, to rise in that fatal Rebellion of '98.

Thus I answer Mr Froude's assertion that "the Irish people left the paths of political reform, and clamoured for political agitation; from agitation grew conspiracy, and from conspiracy grew rebellion." Now you may ask me what motive had William Pitt, the Premier of England, to do all

this. What advantage was it to him to have conspiracy and rebellion in Ireland? Oh! my friends, I answer you that William Pitt was a great English statesman, and a great English statesmen in those days meant a great enemy to Ireland. The object of great statesmanship, from time to time, is the effort and object of concentration—a fatal principle—a fatal principle whenever it interferes with the just liberty, the time-honoured traditions, or the genius of a free people. Pitt saw Ireland with a Parliament, free and independent, making her own laws and consulting her own interests. He said to himself—“This will never do; this country will grow happy and prosperous—this country will be powerful; and that will not subserve my purposes, my imperial designs. What do I care for Ireland or the Irish? My only care is for the British Empire; I may have to cross their purposes, and interfere with their interests in a thousand ways; I may have to injure them in this way or that; but I cannot do it, so long as they have a free Parliament.” And he made up his mind to destroy the Irish Parliament, and to carry the “Act of Union.” He knew well that, as long as Ireland was happy, peaceful, and prosperous, he never could effect that. He knew well that it was only through humiliation and blood—through the ruin and destruction of Ireland, that he could do it; and, cruel man as he was, he resolved to plunge the kingdom into rebellion and bloodshed in order to carry out his own infernal English State policy. And yet, dear friends, especially my dear American friends, my grand jury—for I feel as if I were a lawyer pleading the case of a poor defendant, that has been defendant in many a court for many a long century. The plaintiff is a great, rich, powerful woman; the poor defendant has nothing to commend her but a heart that has never yet despaired, a spirit that never yet was broken, and a loyalty to God and to man that never yet was violated by one act of treason. I ask you, O grand jury of America, to consider how easy it was to conciliate this poor mother Ireland of mine, and to make her peaceful and happy. Pitt himself had a proof of it in that very year, 1794. Suddenly the imperious and magnificent Premier of England seemed to have changed his mind, and to have adopted a policy of conciliation and kindness towards Ireland. He recalled the Irish Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Westmoreland, and he sent to Ireland Earl Fitzwilliam, who arrived on the 4th of January, 1795.

Lord Fitzwilliam was a gentleman of liberal mind and a most estimable character. He felt kindly towards the Irish people; and, before he left England, he made an express compact with William Pitt that, if he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he would govern the country on principles of conciliation and kindness. He came. He found in Dublin Castle a certain Secretary Cooke, a petty tyrant; and he found the great family of the Beresfords, who, for years and years, had monopolized all the public offices and emoluments of the State, and held uncontrolled sway over the destinies of Ireland. He dismissed them all—sent them all “to the right about;”—and he surrounded himself with men of liberal minds and large, statesmanlike views. He began by telling the Catholics of Ireland that he would labour for their emancipation. A sudden peace and joy spread throughout the nation. Every vestige of insubordination and rebellion seemed to vanish out of the Irish mind. The people were content to wait. Every law was observed. Peace, happiness, and joy were, for the time being, the position of the Irish people. How long did it last? In an evil hour, Pitt returned to his old designs. Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled on the 25th of March; and Ireland enjoyed her hopes only for two short months.

When it was ascertained that Lord Fitzwilliam was about to be recalled, there was scarcely a parish in Ireland that did not send in petitions, resolutions, and prayers to the English Government to leave them their Lord-Lieutenant. All to no purpose. The policy was changed. Pitt had made up his mind to carry the Union. On the day that Lord Fitzwilliam left Dublin, the principal citizens took the horses from his carriage; and they drew the carriage themselves down to the water's side. All Ireland was in tears. “The scene,” says an historian of the time, “was heartrending; the whole nation was in mourning.” How easy it was, my American friends, to conciliate these people, whom two short months of kindness could have thus changed! Oh! if only the English Government, the English Parliament, the English people—if they could only realize to themselves, for ever so short a time, the mine of affection, that glorious heart, that splendid gratitude that lies there in Ireland, but to which they have never appealed and never touched; but, instead, they have turned the very honey of human nature into the gall and bitterness of hatred!

The rebellion broke out. It was defeated; and, as Mr Froude truly says, the victors took away the old privileges, and made the yoke heavier. By the "old privileges," people of America, Mr Froude means the Irish Parliament that was taken away. I hope, citizens of America, that this English gentleman, who has come here to get "a verdict" from you, will be taught by that verdict that the right to home legislation is not a privilege, but the right of every nation on the face of the earth. Then, in the course of his lecture, going back to strengthen his argument, he says:—"You must not blame England for being so hard upon you, Irishmen. She took away your Parliament; she afflicted you with a heavier yoke than you bore before. She couldn't help it; it was your own fault; what made you rebel?" This is the argument which the learned gentleman uses: He says that the penal laws would never have been established, never would have been carried out, only for the revolution of 1600 in Ireland. Now, the revolution of 1600 means the war that Hugh O'Neill made, in Ulster, against Queen Elizabeth. And, according to this learned historian, the penal laws were the result, the effect, the consequence of that revolution. Remember, he fixes the date himself;—he says 1600. Now, my friends, here is the record of history: The penal laws began to operate in Ireland in 1534. In 1537 the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who was an Englishman—his name was Cromer—was put into jail and left there for denying the supremacy of Henry the Eighth over the Church of God. Passing over the succeeding years of Henry the Eighth's reign; passing over the enactments of Somerset, under Edward the Sixth, we come to Elizabeth's reign; and we find that she assembled a Parliament in 1560—forty years before Mr Froude's revolution. Here is one of the laws passed by that Parliament: All officers and ministers, lay or ecclesiastical—that took us in you see—were bound to take the oath of supremacy, and were bound to swear that Queen Elizabeth was the Popess—that she was the head of the Church; that she was the successor of the Apostles; that she was the representative of St Peter, and, through him, of the Eternal Son of God! Queen Elizabeth! All were obliged to take this oath under pain of forfeiture and total incapacity. Any one who maintained the spiritual supremacy—mind, the spiritual supremacy—of the Pope was to forfeit, for the first offence, all his

estates, real and personal; and if he had no estate, and if he was not worth £20, he was to be put in jail for one year. For the second offence he was liable to the penalty of "præmunire." And, for the third offence, he was guilty of high treason and put to death. These laws were made, and commissioners were appointed to enforce them. Mr Froude says they were not enforced in Ireland. But we actually have the acts of Elizabeth's Parliament, appointing magistrates and officers to go out and enforce these laws. And these laws were made forty years before the revolution which Mr Froude alludes to as the revolution of 1600. How, then, can that gentleman ask us to regard the penal laws as the effect of that revolution? In my philosophy, and I believe in that of the citizens of America, the effect generally follows the cause; but the English philosophical historian puts the effect forty years ahead of the cause. That is, as we say in Ireland, "putting the cart before the horse."

But, Mr Froude told us, if you remember—in his second lecture, if you have read it—that the penal laws of Elizabeth were occasioned by the political necessity of her situation. Here is his argument as he himself puts it. He says:—"Elizabeth could not afford to let Ireland be Catholic; because if Ireland was Catholic, Ireland would be hostile to Elizabeth." I may tell you now (I hope the ladies who are here will excuse me for mentioning such a thing), that Queen Elizabeth was not a legitimate child. Her name, in common parlance, is too vile for me to utter, or for the ladies here to hear. Suffice it to say that Elizabeth's mother was not Elizabeth's father's wife. The Queen of England knew the ancient abhorrence that Ireland had for a base-born child. She knew that abhorrence grew out of Ireland's Catholicity; and therefore she could not allow Ireland to remain Catholic (says Mr Froude), because Ireland would be hostile to her if Ireland remained Catholic. The only way in which this amiable Queen could root out the Catholics of Ireland was by penal laws; making it a felony for any Irishman to remain in Ireland a Catholic. Therefore, the English historian says, that "she passed these laws because she could not help herself;" and that she was "coerced to do so by the necessity of her situation." Now, I argue from this very argument of Mr Froude himself, that if Elizabeth, as he states in his second lecture, was obliged to pass these penal laws,

whether she would or not, why does he turn round and say that those penal laws were the effects of Hugh O'Neill's revolution? If they were the result of Elizabeth's necessity, then they were not the result of the immortal Hugh O'Neill's brave efforts.

His next assertion, my friends, is that after the American war, England was only too well disposed to do justice to Ireland; and the proof lies here: He says that the laws against Catholics were almost repealed before 1798. Very well. I ask you, dear friends, to reflect what these large measures of indulgence to the Catholics were of which Mr Froude speaks. Here they are: In the year 1771, Parliament passed an Act, to enable Catholics to take a long lease of fifty acres of bog. My American friends, you may not understand the word bog. We Irish understand it. It means a marsh which is almost irreclaimable; which you may drain and drain until doomsday, and it will still remain the original marsh. You may sink a fortune in it, in arterial drainage, in "top-dressing," as we call it in Ireland; and, if you let it alone for a couple of years, and then come back and look at it, it has asserted itself, and is a bog once more. However, my friends, the Parliament was kinder than you imagine, for, while they granted the Catholic power to take a long lease of fifty acres of bog, they also stipulated, that if the bog was too deep for a foundation, he might take half an acre of arable land upon which to build a house. Half an acre! For the life of him not more than half an acre. However, this holding, such as it was, should not be within a mile of any city or town. Oh, no! And mark this! If half the bog were not reclaimed, that is five-and-twenty acres, within twenty-one years, the lease was forfeited. Well, my friends, the Scriptures tell us that King Pharaoh, of Egypt, was very cruel to the Hebrews, because he ordered them to make bricks without straw; but here is an order to the unfortunate Irishman to reclaim twenty-five acres of bog, or else give up the lease. Now, beggarly as that concession was, you will be astonished to hear that the very Parliament that passed it was so much afraid of the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland, that in order to conciliate them for the slight concession, they passed another bill granting £10 a-year, in addition to £30 already offered, for every "Popish" Priest duly converted to the Protestant religion!

In October, 1777, the news reached England that General

Burgoyne had surrendered to the American General Gates. The moment that news reached home, Lord North, who was then Prime Minister of England, immediately cried out and expressed an ardent desire to relax the penal laws on Catholics. In January, 1778, the following year, the independence of America was acknowledged by glorious France. The moment that piece of news reached England, the English Parliament at once passed a bill for the relaxation of the laws on the Catholics. In May of the same year the Irish Parliament passed a bill—now mark—to enable Catholics to lease land—to take a lease for 999 years. So it seems we were to get out of the bog at last. They also, in that year, repealed the unnatural penal laws which altered the succession in favour of the child that became Protestant, and gave him his father's property; also repealing the law for the prosecution of priests, and for the imprisonment of "Popish" schoolmasters. In the year 1793, they gave back to the Catholics the power of electing Members of Parliament—the power of voting; and they also gave them the right to certain commissions in the army. That is positively all that we got. And that is what Mr Froude calls almost a total repeal of the laws against Catholics. We could not go into Parliament; we could not go on the bench; we could not be magistrates; we were still the "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" and this mild and benign Englishman comes and says—"Why, you fools, you were almost free." Oh, people of America, if this be Mr Froude's notion of civil and religious freedom, I appeal to you, for Ireland, not to give him the verdict.

"The insurrection of '98," continues the learned gentleman, "threw Ireland back into a condition of confusion and misery, from which she was partially delivered by the Act of Union." The first part of that proposition I admit; the second, I emphatically deny. I admit that the unsuccessful rebellion of '98 threw Ireland back into a state of misery. Unsuccessful rebellion is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation; and the sooner Irishmen and Irish patriots understand this, the better it will be for them and their country. But I emphatically deny that the Act of Union was any remedy for these miseries; that it was any healing whatever for the wounds of Ireland; that it was anything in the shape of a benefit or a blessing. I assert that the Union of 1800, by

which Ireland lost her Parliament, was a pure curse for Ireland, from that day to this, and nothing else ; and that it is an evil which must be remedied if the grievances of Ireland are ever to be redressed.

I need not dwell upon the wholesale bribery and corruption by which the infernal Castlereagh, the political apostate, carried that detestable Act of Union. Mr Froude has had the good taste to pass by the dirty subject without touching it, and I think I can do nothing better.

He says:—"It was expected that whatever grievances Ireland complained of would be removed by legislation after the Act of Union." It was expected, it is quite true. Even the Catholics expected something. They were promised in writing, by Lord Cornwallis, that Catholic Emancipation should be given them if they would consent to the Union. Pitt himself, pledged himself through his Lord Lieutenant, that he would never take office, and that he would never administer or serve in the Government unless Catholic Emancipation was made a Cabinet measure. The honour of Pitt was engaged ; the honour of every land was engaged ; the honour of the brave, though, in America, unfortunate soldier, Cornwallis, was engaged. But the wicked Act was accomplished ; and then the Catholics of Ireland were left to sing Tom Moore's song—"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me." They were left to meditate in bitterness of spirit upon the nature of English faith.

Now, let me introduce an honoured name that I shall return to by-and-by. At that time the Parliament of Ireland was bribed with money and with titles, and the Catholic people of Ireland were bribed by promised emancipation, if they would sanction the Union. Then it was that a young man appeared in Dublin, speaking for the first time against the Union, in the name of the Catholics of Ireland ; and that young man was the glorious Daniel O'Connell. Two or three of the Bishops gave a kind of tacit, negative assent to the measure, in the hope of getting Catholic Emancipation. I need hardly tell you, my friends, that the Catholic lords of the Pale were only too willing to pass any measure that the English Government would require. O'Connell appeared before the Catholic Committee in Dublin, and here are his words—remember that they are the words of the Catholics of the people of Ireland:—

"Sir," he said, "it is my sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment not only of every gentleman that hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that they are opposed to this injurious, insulting, and hated measure of union. And if its rejection has to bring upon us the renewal of the penal laws, we would boldly meet the proscription and oppression, which have been the testimony of our virtue, and throw ourselves once more on the mercy of our Protestant brethren, sooner than give our assent to the political murder of our country. I know," he says, "I do know that, although exclusive advantages may be ambiguously held forth to the Irish Catholic, to seduce him from the sacred duty which he owes to his country, yet I know that the Catholics of Ireland will still remember that they have a country; and they will never accept of any advantage as a sect which would debase and destroy them as a people." Shade of the great departed, you never uttered truer words. Shade of the great O'Connell, every true Irishman, priest and layman, subscribes to these glorious sentiments, wherever that Irishman is to be found to-night.

Now, Mr Froude goes on, in an innocent sort of way. He says—"It is a strange thing that, after the Union was passed, the people of Ireland were still grumbling and complaining; yet they had no foundation for their complaints; they were not treated unjustly." These are his words. Good God! people of America, what idea can this gentleman have in this? What did this Union, which he admires so much, and which he declares that England will maintain—what did it bring to Ireland? What gain did it bring to Ireland, and what loss did it inflict on her? I answer, from history. The gain of the Union to Ireland was simply nothing—absolutely nothing—and I ask you to consider two or three of the losses.

First of all then, remember, my friends, that Ireland, before the Union, had her own National Debt, as she had her own military establishment. She was a nation. The National Debt of Ireland, in the year 1793, did not amount to three millions of money. In the year 1800, the year of the Union, the National Debt of Ireland amounted to twenty-eight millions of money. They increased it nine-fold in six years. How? I will tell you. England had, in Ireland, for her own purposes, at the time of the Union, 126,500 soldiers. Pretty tough

business, that of keeping Ireland down in these days. She made Ireland pay for every man of them. She did not pay a penny of her own money for them. In order to carry the Union, England spent enormous sums of money for bribes to spies and informers, and to members of Parliament. She took every penny of this money out of the Irish treasury. There were eighty-four rotten boroughs disfranchised at the time of the Union; and England paid to those who owned those boroughs, or who had the nomination of them—she actually paid them one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling for their loss; the loss being in losing the nomination boroughs, the loss by the proprietor of the corrupt influence in returning these members to Parliament. Ireland was made to pay this money. O'Connell, speaking on this subject some years later, says:—"Really, it was strange that Ireland was not asked to pay for the knife with which, twenty-two years later, Castle-reagh cut his throat."

But if the debt of Ireland was swollen from three millions before the Union to twenty-eight millions, I ask you to consider what followed. We now come to the period after the Union. Mark, my friends! In January, 1801—you may say the year of the Union—the debt of England was four hundred and fifty millions and a-half pounds sterling; and to pay that debt they required £17,708,800; consequently they had to raise by taxation eighteen millions, to pay the interest on the debt of four hundred and fifty millions in that year. Such was the condition of England. In the year 1817, sixteen years after, the same debt of England had risen from four hundred and fifty millions to seven hundred and thirty-five millions—nearly double; and they had an annual charge of twenty-eight millions odd to pay. So, you see, they doubled their national debt in the sixteen years during which Pitt had waged war with Napoleon. They were obliged to subsidize and to pay Germans, Russians, and all sorts of people to fight against France. At one time William Pitt was supporting the whole Austrian army. The Austrians had the men, but no money. Now, mark this! In Ireland, the debt in 1801 was twenty-eight and one-half millions, and, consequently, the annual taxation was one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In the year 1817 the same Irish debt, which, sixteen years before, was only twenty-eight millions, was now

£112,704,000 sterling, and the taxes amounted to four millions one hundred and four thousand pounds sterling. In other words, in sixteen years the debt of England was doubled; but the debt of Ireland was made four times as much as it was in the year in which the Act of Union was passed. You may ask me how did that happen? It happened from the very fact that, being united to England, having lost our Parliament, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer took and kept the money and the Irish accounts—kept the books. Ireland lost the privilege of keeping her own accounts. And this is the account he brought against Ireland in 1817.

Ireland was so lightly burdened with debt at the time of the Union, as compared with England, that the English did not ask us, when they united our Parliament to their own—they did not presume to ask us, they had not the presumption to ask us—to take share and share alike in the taxes. Why should they? We only owed twenty millions, and they owed four hundred and fifty millions. Why should we be asked to pay the interest on their debt? They were rich and could bear that taxation; Ireland was poor, and she could not bear it. Ireland was, consequently, much more lightly taxed than England. It was very much easier to pay interest on twenty millions of pounds than on four hundred and fifty millions. But there was an agreement made by Castlereagh with the Irish Parliament. It was this. He said:—"That if the Irish national debt ever comes up to one-seventh of the national debt of England, then we will throw it all in together, and tax the people share and share alike. The object of running up the Irish debt was to bring it up within one-seventh of the English debt. This they accomplished in 1817. Then the Irish and the English were taxed indiscriminately, and they all alike were obliged to pay the taxes for the interest on the four hundred and fifty millions of debt that the Crown of England had incurred before the Union at all. The people, he says, were not unjustly treated. "Ah, but," says Mr Froude, "consider the advantages of the Union! You have the same commercial privileges that the English had." To this I answer in the words of the illustrious, the honest, the high-minded John Mitchel, "that the laws regulating trade are the same in the two islands. Ireland may export flax and woollen cloths to England; she may import her own tea from China

and sugar from Barbadoes: the laws which made these acts penal offences no longer exists; and why? Because they are no longer needed. By the operation of these old laws Ireland was utterly ruined. England has the commercial marine; Ireland has it to create. England has the manufacturing machinery and skill of which Ireland was deprived by express laws made for that purpose. England has the current of trade setting strongly in her own channels, while Ireland is left dry. To create or recover at this day the great industrial and commercial resources, and that in the face of wealthy rivals that are already in full possession, is manifestly impossible without one or the other of these two conditions, namely, an immense command of capital or effectual protective duties. But, by the Union, our capital was drawn away to England, and by the Union we were deprived of the power of imposing protective duties."

It was to this very end that the Union was forced upon Ireland through intolerance of Irish prosperity. "Don't unite with us, sir," says the honest old man, Dr Samuel Johnson, when addressed on the subject of union in his day. "Don't unite with us, sir; we shall rob you!" In the very first year after the Union was passed, Mr Foster stated in the English House of Parliament that there was a falling off in the linen trade of Ireland of five millions less of yards exported. The same gentleman, three years later, stated that in 1800—the year of the Union—the net produce of the Irish revenue was £2,800,000, while the debt was only £25,000,000. Three years later, after three years' experience of the Union, the debt had increased to £53,000,000, and the revenue had diminished by £11,000. Ireland was deserted. That absenteeism, which was the curse of Ireland in the days of Swift, had so increased by the Union that Dublin became almost a deserted city, and all the cities in Ireland were as places in the Wilderness. At this very day, in Dublin, the Duke of Leinster's city palace is turned into a museum of Irish industry. Powerscourt House, in Dame Street, has become a draper's shop; Tyrone House is a school-house; the house of the Earl of Bective was pulled down a few years ago to build up a Scotch Presbyterian Meeting House in its place. Charlemont House—Lord Charlemont's residence—was sold about six months before I came to America, and it is now the head office of the Board of Works;

Aldborough House is a barrack; Belvidere House is a convent. So, fashion, trade, commercial activity, intellectual enterprise, political interest, everything has gone to London, and Ireland may fold her hands and sigh over the ruin that is left her now. And that is the result of the Union. The crumbling liberties of Dublin attest the decay and ruin of the trade of Ireland; the forsaken harbours of Limerick and Galway tell of the destruction of her commerce; the palaces of Dublin, abandoned to decay, announce that she is no longer the residence of her nobility; the forlorn custom-houses tell of her income transferred elsewhere. What do we get in return for all this? Absolutely nothing. Every Irish question goes now to London to be debated; and the moment an Irish member stands up in the House, the first thing he may expect is to be coughed down, sneered down, or crowed down, unless, indeed, he has the lungs of an O'Connell to turn upon them like an African lion, and, with a roar, put down their beastly bellowing.

Pitt promised Emancipation. Six months after the Union was passed he retired from office, on the pretence, indeed, that the King would not grant Emancipation, and would not keep his word. But it is well known that the true reason why Pitt retired was that his Continental policy had failed. The people of England were tired of his wars, and were clamouring for peace. Pitt was too proud a man to sign even a temporary peace with France; and he retired in sullen pride and disgust. He retired under the pretext that he would not be allowed to carry Catholic Emancipation. Some time later, after the Addington Administration was broken up, Mr Pitt returned again, the second time, to be the Premier of England. Not one word escaped his lips about Catholic Emancipation; and he resisted it until his death. He was as great an enemy to the Catholics of Ireland as ever poor, old, foolish, mad George the Third was. And it was only after twenty-nine years of heroic effort that the great O'Connell rallied the Irish nation, and succeeded for a time in uniting all the Catholics of Ireland as one man, as well as a great number of our noble-hearted Protestant fellow-Irishmen. And when O'Connell came and knocked at the doors of the British Parliament, with the hand of a united Irish people—when he spoke with the voice of eight millions—then, and only then—even as the walls of Jericho

crumbled at the sound of Joshua's trumpet—so did the old, bigoted threshold of the British House of Commons tremble, while its doors burst open and let in the gigantic Irishman that represented eight millions of the people of Ireland. The English historian cannot say that England granted Catholic Emancipation willingly. She granted it as a man would yield up a bad tooth to a dentist. O'Connell put the forceps into that false old mouth. The old tyrant wriggled and groaned. The bigoted profligate who then disgraced England's crown shed his crocodile tears upon the bill. The eyes that were never known to weep over the ruin of female virtue—the face that never was known to change colour in the presence of any vile deed or accusation of vice—that face grew pale; and George the Fourth wept for sorrow when he had to sign the bill. The man who had conquered Napoleon upon the field of Waterloo; the man who was declared to be the invincible victor, and the greatest of warriors—stood there with that bill in his hand, and said to the King of England—"I would not grant it, your Majesty, any more than you, but it is forced from you and me. You must either sign that paper, or prepare for civil war and revolution in Ireland." I regret to be obliged to say it, but really, my friends, the history of my native land proves to me that England never granted anything from love, or through a sense of justice, or from any other motive than from a craven fear of civil war, or of some serious inconvenience to herself.

Now, having arrived at this point, Mr Froude glances, I must say in a magnificently masterly manner, over the great questions that have affected Ireland since the day Emancipation was passed. He speaks words of most eloquent compassion over the terrible visitation of '46 and '47—words the reading of which brought tears to my eyes; and for the words of compassion that he gave to the people whose sufferings I witnessed, I prayed to God to bless him and reward him. He speaks words of generous, enlightened, and statesmanlike sympathy with the tenant farmers and the peasants of Ireland; and for these words, Mr Froude, if you were an Englishman ten thousand times over, I love you. He does not attempt to speak of the future of Ireland. Perhaps it is a dangerous thing for me to attempt; yet I suppose that all that we have been discussing in the past must have some reference to the future; for

surely the verdict that Mr Froude looks for is not a mere verdict of absolution for past iniquities. He has come here—though he is not a Catholic—he has come to America like a man going to confession. He has cried out loudly and generously—"We have sinned, we have sinned, we have grievously sinned;"—and the verdict which he calls for must surely regard the future more than the past. For how, in the name of common sense, can this great historian, or any man, ask for a verdict justifying the rule of iniquity, the heart-rending record of cruelty, injustice, fraud, robbery, bloodshed, and wrong which we have been contemplating in company with Mr Froude? It must be for the future. What is that future? Well, my friends—first of all, my American grand jury—you must remember that I am only a monk and not a man of the world; I do not understand much about these things. There are wiser heads than mine; and I will give you their opinions. There is one class of men who love Ireland—and I will only speak of those who love Ireland—who love her sincerely—there is one class of men who love Ireland, and who think, in their love for Ireland, that the future of Ireland is to be wrought out by insurrection, rising in arms against the power which holds Ireland enslaved, if you will. Well, if the history which Mr Froude has just been telling us, and which I have endeavoured to review for you—if it teaches us anything, as Irishmen, it teaches us that there is no use in appealing to the sword or to armed insurrection for Ireland. Mr Froude says that we will only succeed when the Irish people have two things they do not seem to have now, namely—Union as one man, and a determination not to sheath that sword until the work is done. I know that I would earn louder plaudits, citizens of America, and speak more popular language to the ears of my auditors, if I declared my adhesion to this class of Irishmen. But there is not living a man that loves Ireland more dearly than I do. There are those who may love her more effectively and serve her with greater distinction—but no man loves Ireland more tenderly and more sincerely than I do. I prize, citizens of America, the goodwill of my fellow-Irishmen; I prize it next to the grace of God. I also prize the popularity which, however unworthily, I possess with them; but I tell you, American citizens, that for all that popularity, for all that good-will, I would not compromise one iota of my convictions, nor would I

state what I do not believe to be true. I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as Ireland.

There is another class of Irishmen who hold that Ireland has a future—a glorious future—and that that future is to be wrought out in this way. They say—and I think with justice and right—that wealth acquired by industry brings with it power and political influence. They say, therefore, to the Irish at home, “Try to accumulate wealth, lay hold of the industries, and develop the resources of your country. Try, in the meantime, and labour to effect that blessed union without which there never can be a future for Ireland. That union can only be effected by largeness of mind, by generosity, and urbanity amongst fellow-citizens; by rising above the miserable bigotry that carries religious differences and religious hatreds into the relations of life that do not belong to religion.” Meantime, they say to the men of Ireland, “Try and acquire property and wealth. This can only be done by developing assiduous industry; and that industry can only be exercised as long as the country is at peace, and as long as there is a truce to violent political agitation.” Then these men—I was giving the opinions of others, not my own—these men say to the Irishmen in America—“Men of Ireland in America—men of Irish birth—men of American birth but of Irish blood—we believe that God has largely intrusted the destinies of Ireland to you. America demands of her citizens only energy, industry, temperance, truthfulness, obedience to the laws; and any man that has these, with the brains that God has given to every Irishman, is sure in this land to realize fortune and a grand future. If you are faithful to America in these respects, America will be faithful to you. And in proportion as the great Irish element in America rises in wealth, it will rise in political influence and power—the political influence and power which, in a few years, is destined to overshadow the whole world, and to bring about, through peace and justice, far greater revolutions in the cause of honour and humanity than have ever been effected by the sword. This is the programme of the second class of Irishmen; and I tell you candidly, that, to this programme I give my heart and soul.

You will ask me about separation from the crown of England. Well, that is a ticklish question, ladies and gentle-

men. I daresay you remember that, when Charles Edward was Pretender to the crown of England, during the first years of the House of Hanover, there was a toast which the Jacobite gentlemen used to give. It was this :—

“ God bless the King, our noble faith’s defender ;
Long may he live, and down with the Pretender.
But which be the Pretender—which be King ?
God bless us all, that’s quite another thing.”

And yet, with the courage of an old monk, I will tell you my mind on this very question. History tells us that empires, like men, run the cycle of years of their life, and then die ; no matter how extended their power, no matter how mighty their influence, no matter how great their sway, how invincible their armies ; the day comes, the inevitable day, that brings with it decay and disruption. Thus it was with the empire of the Medes and Persians ; thus it was with the mighty empire of the Assyrians ; thus with the Egyptians of old ; thus with the Greeks ; and thus with Rome. Who would ever have imagined, for instance, 1500 years ago—before the Goths first came to the walls of Rome—who would have imagined that the power that was to rule with undisputed sway over a territory greater than the whole Roman Empire would be the little unknown island flung out in the Western Ocean, known only by having been conquered by the Romans, the *ultima thule*, the tin island in the far ocean. And this was England. Who would have imagined that in the cycle of time this would come to pass ? Now, my friends, England has been a long time at the top of the wheel ; do you imagine she will always remain there ? I do not want to be one bit more loyal than Lord Macaulay ; and Lord Macaulay describes the day “ when the traveller from New Zealand will take his stand upon the broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul’s.” Is that wheel of England rising or falling ? Is England to-day what she was twenty years ago ? England twenty years ago, in her first alliance with Napoleon, had a finger in every pie in Europe, and Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were busy-bodies of the first order. England to-day has no more to say in the affairs of Europe than the Emperor of China has. You see I am only talking philosophy. A few months ago, the three great Emperors of Germany,

Austria, and Russia came together in Berlin to fix the map of Europe, and they did not even pay the courtesy of asking England to come in to know what she had to say about it. The army of England to-day is nothing—a mere cipher. The German Emperor can bring his 1,200,000 men into the field, and England, for the very life of her, cannot put 200,000 men against him. An English citizen—a loyal Englishman—wrote a book called “The Battle of Dorking,” in which he describes a German army marching on London. The Englishman was loyal, and why should I be more loyal than he? Of England’s navy, Mr Reade, Chief Constructor of the British navy, has written an article in a London paper, in which he declares and proves that, at this moment, the British fleet would be afraid to go into Russian waters. They are not able to meet Russia. And why should I be more loyal than Mr Reade? An empire begins to totter and crumble to decay when it withdraws its forces from its outlying provinces; as, in the decay of Rome, the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain. England, to-day, says to Canada and Australia, “Oh, take your government into your own hands; we don’t want to be bothered with you any more.” England, that, eighty years ago, fought for the United Colonies of America, as long as she could put a man into the field, has changed her policy. An empire is crumbling to decay when she begins to buy off her enemies, as in the case of the Roman Empire, when she began to buy off the Scythians, the Dacians, and other barbaric races that were coming down upon her before her Empire fell. England, a few days ago, was presented with a little bill by America. She said, “Why, Jonathan, I owe you nothing;” and John Bull buttoned up his pocket and swore he would not pay a cent. And then America said, “Look here, John, if you don’t—look at this!” and she took the sword and held it by both hands—“whichever end you like.” John Bull paid the bill.

My friends, it looks very like as if the day of Lord Macaulay’s New Zealander was rapidly approaching. On that day, my opinion is, that Ireland will be mistress of her own destinies, with the liberty that will come to her, not from earth, but from that God whom she has never forsaken. And the whole question is, will Ireland, on that day, be worthy of the glorious destiny that is in the womb of time and the hand of

God? I say that Ireland will be worthy of it, if that day dawn upon a united people, upon a faithful people, upon a people that will keep, every man, his faith in God and in his holy religion, as his fathers before him kept it in the dark hour and in the terrible day of persecution. I say that Ireland will be worthy of her destiny, if, on that day, when it dawns upon her, she will be found as distinctive, as individual a people and race, as she is to-day in her affliction and in her misery; if she foster her traditions, if she keep up her high hopes, if she keep the tender, strong love that her people always have had for the Green Isle that bore them—then will Ireland be worthy of her destiny. What shall that destiny be? My friends, if Mr Froude has proved anything, I think he has proved this general proposition, that, although Almighty God lavished upon the English people many gifts, there is one gift He never gave them, and that is the gift of knowing how to govern other people. To govern a people requires, first of all, strict justice; and, secondly, to have the interests of the people at heart—their real interests; and, thirdly, it requires tact and urbanity. The French have this, but the English have not. Look at Alsace and Lorraine—look at the suffering people, the brave people, emigrating like one man, attaching themselves to France, though she is down in the dust, rather than enter into rich and triumphant Germany. And why? Because France won their hearts by her justice, by her consulting their true interests, and by her French urbanity and tact. The history of the English Government's connection with Ireland is a history of injustice; it is a history of heartlessness; and it is, above all, a history of blundering want of tact; not knowing what to do with the people; never understanding them; knowing nothing at all of their genius, their prejudices, and the shape and form of their national character.

But there is another nation that understands Ireland, and has proved that she understands Ireland: whose statesmen have always spoken words of bright encouragement, of tender sympathy, and of manly hope to Ireland in her darkest days; and that nation is the United States of America; the mighty land, placed by the Omnipotent hand between the far East on the one side, to which she stretches out her glorious arms, over the broad Pacific; whilst, on the other, she sweeps with her left hand over the Atlantic, and touches Europe; the mighty

land, enclosing in her splendid bosom untold resources of every form of commercial and other wealth ; the mighty land, with room for three hundred millions of men ; with millions of the oppressed ones, all the world over, flying to her more than imperial bosom, there to find liberty and the sacred rights of civil and religious freedom. Is there not every reason to suppose that, in that future, which we cannot see to-day, but which lies before us—America will be to the whole world what Rome was in the ancient days, what England was but a few years ago, the great storehouse of the world, the great ruler—the pacific ruler—of the destinies of the whole world ; the great manufacturing power, dispensing from out her mighty bosom all the necessaries and all the luxuries of life to the whole world around her ? That she may be destined—as I believe she is destined—to rise rapidly into that gigantic form that will overshadow all other nations.

When that glorious day comes to pass, what is more natural than that Ireland, now, as I suppose, mistress of her own destinies, should turn and stretch out the arms of her sympathy and love across the intervening waves of the Atlantic, and be received, an independent State, into the mighty confederation of America. America—mark, I am not speaking treason—remember, I say distinctly, all this is to come to pass after Macaulay's New Zealander has arrived—America will require an emporium for her European trade. Ireland lies there, right between her and Europe, with her splendid coast line, and vast harbours and bays, able to shelter all her commercial and other fleets. America may require a great European storehouse, a great European hive for her manufacturers ; and Ireland has enormous water power, now flowing idly to the sea, but which yet, in the future day, may be busy in turning the wheels set upon these streams by American-Irish capital and Irish industry. If ever that day comes, if ever that Union comes, it will be no degradation to Ireland to join hands with America, because America does not enslave her States ; she accepts them on terms of glorious equality. she respects their rights, and blesses all who cast their lot with her.

Now, I have done with this subject and with Mr Froude. I have one word to say before I retire, and that is, if during the course of these five lectures one single word personally offensive to this distinguished gentleman has escaped my lips

I take that word back now ; I apologize to him before he asks me ; and I beg to assure him that such a word never came wilfully from my mind or from my heart He says he loves Ireland, and I believe, according to his lights, he does love Ireland ; but our lights are very different from his. Still the Almighty God will judge every man according to his lights.

