
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

"THUMPING ENGLISH LIES."

FROUDE'S SLANDERS

ON

IRELAND AND IRISHMEN.

A Course of Lectures Delivered by him in Association Hall, New York, during October and November, 1872.

WITH

PREFACE AND NOTES

BY

COL. JAS. E. McGEE,

AND

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S VIEWS OF THE SITUATION.

NEW YORK:

J. A. McGEE, PUBLISHER,

No. 7 BARCLAY STREET.

1872.

PREFACE.

PREVIOUS to the arrival of James Anthony Froude among us, his advent was heralded by sundry paragraphs in the New York papers, which, from their uniform laudatory tone and strong family resemblance, induced many sceptical people to attribute them to that gentleman himself or to some person deeply in his counsels. His subsequent appearance in New York in the character of a lecturer on Irish history was the signal for renewed encomiums on the "distinguished historian," and leading articles even were devoted by a portion of the press to prove that he was all that was good, great, and illustrious in modern historical literature. The American people were congratulated on being at last in a position to obtain a full and clear exposition of the history of the quarrel between England and Ireland, and to hear an elaborate disquisition on

the causes that led to the disagreement between the two countries, with a philosophic summary of the mutual relations between the conquerors and the vanquished. All this was to be done by one, said the New York *Times*, "who has studied Irish history as no other man has." That ubiquitous but inquisitive class of Bohemians, the interviewers, speedily surrounded the eminent historian and embryo lecturer, and reproduced in their respective journals his most trivial remarks equally with his most profound observations; a prominent publishing house, probably with a keen eye to business, fêted him magnificently; while that portion of our mercantile community which is composed of Englishmen or the agents of English houses fawned on him with a humility which argued more for their patriotism or prudence than for their manhood. Everything, in fact, was done to excite public curiosity, and thus, at least, obtain for the distinguished visitor a large audience and a good reception on the occasion of his first lecture.

Froude himself assisted in this combined movement in his favor. In his speech at the Scribner banquet, he was moderate, nay, even modest, in his speech, and very conciliatory in his manner; while

to the various gentlemen of the press who called upon him for an expression of his views he was courteous, communicative, and apparently candid. He had no motive whatever, he assured them, in coming to the United States to lecture but a desire to do justice to the people of Ireland, whose many good qualities he admired, and whose wrongs at the hands of England he strongly deprecated. He had lived thirty years in Ireland; knew the people well, and admired them; had enjoyed their hospitality, and had even been, during a long period of illness, nursed with unusual tenderness by an humble peasant of the West; with many other remarks of the same sort, and, as it has since proved, all of equal sincerity.

Still, it seemed strange to many that a man who had gained an enviable reputation of a certain sort at home by maligning the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, and by becoming the eulogist of her murderer Elizabeth, and of the infamous Cecil, should have come so far to advocate the cause of a people who had suffered so much and so terribly from the persecutions of the latter personages, their aiders and abettors; that an Englishman whose sole title to fame rested on his strong English and Protestant

prejudices should be at the pains of leaving his country and the society of his friends to vindicate the character and defend the good name of Catholic Ireland. Thus they wondered; but they said little, preferring to await events.

These came soon enough, justifying and more than justifying all their prognostications. The very first lecture which Froude delivered in Association Hall in this city, before a large and what is called a fashionable audience, clearly demonstrated that what the newspapers had said in favor of his learning and impartiality, and all that he himself had averred of his love for the people of Ireland, and his intention to defend the justice and truthfulness of their cause, and arraign England before the bar of the American people, were mere shams, lures to attract the public attention of a people the vast majority of whom he well knew have ever been and still are in full sympathy with the oppressed of all nations, and particularly with the Irish. The subject selected on that occasion was "The Conquest of Ireland by the Normans," but the text of the discourse bore little affinity to the title. The condition of the country anterior to 1169, the long Danish wars that had depopulated the country, im-

poverished the people, desolated the churches, disorganized the hierarchy and clergy, and demoralized the people were not even alluded to. Ireland was, through no fault of hers, then in a state of great distress, and some dissension doubtless prevailed among her local rulers; and Mr. Froude's main object seemed to have been to prove that Henry II. and his *filibusteros* were, therefore, justified in attempting to subdue her. Now, it follows that if this point be well taken, as the lawyers say, the whole case is admitted; for, if England was justified in invading Ireland on account of the latter's internal dissensions, she is justified in holding her as long as these dissensions exist; and as the former can and will always create these dissensions, she is justified in holding Ireland for ever. This is the matter in a nutshell, and it was evidently Froude's plea. But this is simply the argument of the robber; certainly not the doctrine of a Christian or of an enlightened and philosophic historian, as Mr. Froude's friends claim him to be. But the lecturer had another point to make—an assault on the papacy; and he of course introduced that much-disputed and very inefficacious document known as Pope Adrian's Bull. His first effort was, in fact, but

the prelude to a general attack on Irish nationality as such, and on Catholics generally, no matter of what nation.

His strategy was fully disclosed in his subsequent four lectures on "Ireland Under the Tudors," "The Penal Laws," "Grattan and Curran," and on "The Present Condition of Ireland"; for even in his very last appearance before a New York audience, on the same subjects collectively, he wanders from Ireland and England to the revolt of the Netherlands, and the alleged cruelties of the Duke d'Alva, to the massacre of S. Bartholomew in Paris, and even to Rome itself. In all his harangues, for it would be too great a stretch of courtesy to call them lectures, he carefully evades the main question at issue: Have the people of Ireland always had a right to govern themselves? and has not England invaded those rights—persistently, cruelly, and unjustly deprived the people of their own laws, soil, and polity? and how has it been done? He dwells, it is true, on the wars of the Anglo-Irish lords of the Pale and the native Irish chiefs, the prolonged struggle of the great O'Neil with successive English armies, the uprising of 1641, the confederation of Kilkenny, the contest between James II.

and William of Orange, the efforts of the Catholics in the eighteenth century to evade the bloody penal code, and the poverty and destitution of the people of the present century; but only to misstate facts, deduce inferences not justified by history, and draw conclusions totally absurd, if they were not so gravely false.

Because the Irish fought for their existence in detail, Henry and Elizabeth were justified in slaughtering them indiscriminately; the Scotch Presbyterians who purchased the confiscated land of Ulster tolerated the presence and even employed as menials a few of the rightful proprietors of the soil, consequently the sons of those so robbed had no right to regain their own lands as against the Undertakers aforesaid; Cromwell, the hero of Wexford and Drogheda, on account of hanging two of his Roundhead soldiers for stealing a hen, was a model of justice and clemency; the penal laws, the most infamous code the modern world has yet seen, were not so bad after all, as they were the natural consequence of the stubborn and unreasonable resistance of the people to the will of the sovereign, who only wanted them to give up their religion; the Union was necessary for the welfare of Eng-

land and *a fortiori* right; and the terrible famine of '46, '47, '48, was simply the consequence of the too rapid increase of the population! This was the gist of his argument.

Mr. Froude had respectable and, generally, intelligent audiences; but, as far as related to Ireland, their knowledge was less than of the interior of Africa. Ireland is not fashionable, you know, and then she is *so* Romish. They laughed heartily at his stale jokes, believed his wholesale charges against the character of the Irish people, and became "wild with enthusiasm," we are told, when he made a hit at the Catholic Church. The lecturer, though neither a witty nor a brilliant man, had little difficulty in seeing through their foibles. He ridiculed the Irish judiciously, maligned them profusely, and now and then threw in a scrap of bigotry, by way of seasoning, to keep their attention awake, while he steadily pursued his chief design, which was to convince or persuade them that all the complaints of the Irish people against England are ill-founded; that England is and ever has been the benefactor of her victim; and, as a corollary, the American people should turn a deaf ear to all the accusations of the oppressed nation as causeless and

unworthy serious consideration. This was the *vertebræ* of his whole discourse.

Now, will any one say that all this was done without a deep, far-seeing purpose? That a man like Froude, so deeply engaged in important literary labors in London, will leave his club, his coteries, and his beloved State Paper Office, and spend months in a foreign country, for the sake of a few dollars or a slight increase of notoriety, is hardly credible, and we certainly must be excused if we do not believe it. He is but one of the many whom England has been and is employing to carry out her policy toward the exiled Irish on this continent. Her vengeance is not bounded by the Atlantic. There is not an English official in this republic, from the British Minister at Washington to the lowest understrapper at the smallest Consulate in the Union, who has not a lie or a sneer for the Irish. It comes as natural to them as to draw their salaries; in fact, the two operations are more intimately connected than many people suppose.

We do not know that Mr. Froude derives any pecuniary emolument from his lectures here other than that received from the sale of tickets; but if, on his return, he does not become the recipient of

some token of gratitude from his Government, we shall be very much disappointed. There are a great many ways in a monarchy of rewarding a dutiful subject besides paying him money. Honors, titles, social recognition in higher society than that in which he is accustomed to move, influence in Downing Street for his poor relations, and a thousand other inducements we might mention, are held out by the English authorities to those who serve them well; and, though Mr. Froude may not have succeeded to any appreciable extent in dividing the mass of Americans from their fellow-citizens of Irish birth, his coolness, audacity, and zeal deserved success.

This gentleman may not be either a veracious or a profound historian, but he wields a facile pen dextrously, and has more twists and turns mentally than the famous labyrinth of Crete is said to have had topographically. Among others, he has a fashion of uttering a falsehood, then denying it, then mitigating it by another, and again, when detected, offering on impossible terms to prove he is guiltless. Doubtless he will issue his late lectures on Ireland in book form, and, as he must, on reflection, be ashamed of many of the statements made

by him to please his Association Hall audience, he may possibly seek to slur over, explain, or totally eliminate them, we think it well to present them to the public at the earliest moment as taken down by the best reporters at the time of utterance, so that all may be able to judge by comparison how little faith James Anthony Froude has in his own assertions or in his own knowledge of the true facts of Irish history. J. E. M.

New York, December, 1872.

FROUDE'S FIRST LECTURE.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 16, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have come to this country to address you on the history of the connection between two islands in both of which I presume that you feel an interest, and I cannot better introduce the subject than by reading to you a letter once written by an American Ambassador to an English Prime Minister. The occasion was the Irish Rebellion of 1798, when seventy Irish gentlemen of birth and fortune who had been secretly concerned in the insurrection were in the hands of the Government.

They had been engaged in correspondence with the Directory of the French Republic. They had been betrayed by their own confederates, as so many times Irish conspirators have been betrayed, and they were banished from Ireland on condition that they should retire to some country then at peace with Great Britain; and it was understood that they meant to seek an asylum in the United States. Your representative in England then was Mr. Rufus King, a name honorably known through more than one generation of American statesmen. There survives yet a letter of remonstrance addressed by Mr. King to our Prime Minister, in which he urges England to debar these seventy gentlemen from making the United States their place of retreat, dreading such an acquisition to any nation.

The lecturer read the letter, a quaintly worded epistle, and made these comments:

I suppose that if an ambassador from this country should write such a letter in these days he would not have a very long tenure of office. It is now the pride of both England and America to offer a safe asylum to any patriot or any refugee from persecution and misfortune.

It is needless to say that the entreaty of Mr. King was not acted upon, and that most of these gentlemen died quiet citizens of the United States, and America has been since a land of promise to the Irish nation. The Irishman at the present day looks to America as his natural protector. Thus she has become, whether for good or evil, a party to Irish politics. She is the Supreme Court of Appeal in the Irish imagination, and if ever the hatchet is to be buried, if ever Celtic Protestant and Irish Catholic are to end their quarrel in a general reconciliation, it will be when this country has pronounced that Ireland ought

to be satisfied and has no longer a grievance which legislation can remove.

I am not here to talk commonplaces about English tyranny or Irish acrimony, but the fact remains that at this day, after 700 years of forced connection, we are still unmatched. If the votes of the Irish population were taken, men for men, two-thirds would ask for a separation, immediate and eternal. It stands confessed before all the world that after all our efforts we have not made friends. Seven centuries of of injury divide us. They desire us simply to take ourselves away, and leave them to manage their own affairs in their own way as they best please. When we have cleared out and trouble them no more, they will then be willing, perhaps, to interchange civilities with us, to take our money if we are pleased to lend it to them. If they could leave their anchorage and float their island away into the middle of the Atlantic,

I don't think we should have any right to object. To have to part from a high-spirited and brilliant race to whom we have given our laws and language, who have distinguished themselves in our institutions, would be a disgrace to our statesmanship; but, if the Irish persisted in it, we could not deny that the experiment of a forced union has been tried long enough. We should be obliged then to bid them God speed.

But philosophers have not yet discovered how to uproot the soil of Ireland, and so long as England remains a great power, with fleets, and navies, and commercial interests in every corner of the world, England cannot, England will not let go her hold upon an island lying close under her side. She cannot risk the possibility of a hostile state establishing itself between her and the Atlantic. She will not consent either to a separation or to measures designed to bring it about. Every con-

cession which will promote the happiness of the Irish people we are willing to make, we are willing to volunteer; but we cannot commit political suicide. Until England is beaten upon her knees, Ireland must share the fortunes of the stronger country. If the Irish race refuses to be reconciled to us, then we must continue as we are—each a thorn in the other's side—or they must themselves seek another home, or else they must fight for their independence, and win it like men. Should they achieve such an enterprise, though my duty would then be to my country, and though I would struggle to hold Ireland to its obedience, yet, as a member of the great human brotherhood, when it was done, I should willingly welcome them as another among the nations of the earth.

But political freedom, gentlemen, is too precious a jewel to be lightly owned. It is not to insubordination and mutiny, it is not

to oratory and newspaper articles, that the fates award the crown of national independence. That crown is the reward only of united, persistent determination to be free —a determination which flinches from no danger, admits of no compromise, but expresses itself in deed as well as in word.

To win independence, they must first learn to obey. They must learn subordination and self-sacrifice. They must forget their quarrels and feuds, uniting themselves into one harmonious whole with a common purpose. To bestow independence upon a people who have never earned it is to give wings to those who have never learned to fly. Those who desire to be free must first show that they can control themselves.

If I were to sum up in one sentence the secret of Ireland's misfortunes, I should say it lay in this: that while from the first she has resisted England, complained of England, appealed to Heaven and earth against

the wrongs England has inflicted on her, she has ever invited others to help her, and never herself made an effective fight with her own ranks. Compare the history of Scotland with that of Ireland. England first invaded Scotland, and endeavored to incorporate it into England by force. The whole Scottish people told Edward it should not be. England could overrun their country, build castles and garrison them—she could intrigue, bribe, and threaten. The English failed. They could not kill the whole people, and while the people lived the people were determined to be free. England found it had a wolf by the throat. She could not strangle it, the effort to hold it down was too exhausting to be maintained, and the contest was abandoned. To-day a union exists between the two, and it was effected on equal terms. To-day Scotland retains her religion, all her laws; the Scottish nobles remain on the soil

which they so nobly defended. Out of the union of England and Scotland arose the country which the world knows as Great Britain.

Ireland, too, was invaded. Ireland, instead of a narrow river and a dry marsh for a frontier, had a trench of sea before her 70 miles across. She had a larger population than Scotland, and a country no less difficult to be overrun; yet the invaders fastened themselves upon her soil, and she to-day remains under the yoke of the stranger. She has had no Bannockburn, she has had no Bruce nor Wallace. She persists that she is in chains, and she cannot break them. She has all the liberty which England and Scotland have. There is no country in the world where a government can be defied with so much immunity, and where mutiny is allowed so much freedom of speech, as in Ireland at the present day. Yet she makes nothing of it.

What is the explanation of the difference? Are the Irish less brave than the Scots? They have proved their courage on a hundred battle-fields. Was Ireland occupied in such overwhelming force that resistance was impossible? Forty thousand British were defeated at Bannockburn. For five centuries the English available force in Ireland rarely exceeded 1,500 men. The Irish were for ever quarrelling among themselves. The Scots were together. A Douglas cared more for his country than himself. An O'Donnell would take the English side if they would help him to a slice of his neighbor's land. An old proverb says: "When you find an Irishman on the spit, you can always find two other Irishmen to turn it." O'Donnell was no exception. He it was who, when reproached for selling his country, said he thanked God that he had a country to sell!

No people ever allowed performance to

limp so miserably behind promise. Look at the history of Irish Rebellions, and you read that the temptation of revenge upon the hereditary foe has been stronger than the hatred of the national foe. Who does not know, if familiar at all with the history of Ireland, that, if accident set Ireland free to-morrow, the first step after a declaration of independence would be a declaration of civil war? But until Ireland is united in its determination to have liberty or die, independence would be a curse to her. England has only one wish for Ireland, and that is to give her all the advantages and blessings she can. Separation we cannot agree to. All else we yield to, and I appeal to American opinion to assist us in determining what more can we do than has been already done. The English and Irish are divided by a cloud of mutual distrust, and cannot understand each other. I believe you wish well to England. The Eng-

lish-speaking race are connected by ties which cannot exist between any other countries. Ireland lies between us. On one or other or on both of us her future fate depends. America may form the intermediate element with which a combination hitherto impossible may be at last effected.

At any rate, England will never be able to resist the expressed opinion of America as to the character of her relations with Ireland. Let America pronounce any judgment with the impartial authority of a mutual friend, such a judgment will carry a weight with it which we shall be unable to oppose. I don't believe we shall desire to oppose it. If we do, a declaration of opinion in the name of justice will be likely, sooner or later, in some shape or another, at one time or another, to convert itself into force. On the other hand, when the voice of America tells the Irishman that

justice has been done to him; when he learns from a quarter which he cannot suspect that if he wants independence he must win it for himself, and that he must rely in future upon his own industry, I believe the Irishman will then be satisfied.

But the Irishman has been called a rebel and whipped; he has been patted on the back, and told that no poor country since the world began has been treated as his country has been. There is no remedy for him, it has been said, but to manage him by Irish ideas. Let us have the one thing which has never yet been tried for him—steady, impartial justice. The Irishman requires to be ruled by just laws—laws which shall defend the weak from the strong, and the poor from the rich. If he is incorrigible, then I will give him up; but the ex periment remains to be tried. A move ment in this direction has lately been begun. The Irish Land Act of Mr. Glad-

stone is the most righteous measure which has been passed for thirteen centuries. It is no easy matter to touch in old countries what are called the laws of property, and we are compelled to move slowly. I don't know how you find it here, gentlemen, but free institutions have a tendency in most countries to throw quite as much power as is good for them into the hands of the rich. That, at least, is our experience. The rich man finds the world so pleasant to him that he thinks it well enough, and hardly cares to have it do better, especially if he is obliged to put his hand in his own pocket. But we have made a beginning, and we invite you to help us out with the problem. You need not tell us to come out of Ireland, for we cannot and will not. There is a case on both sides and a counter-case. There are direct claims and indirect claims. There are injuries which to the Irish imagination seem mountainous, and by us are

not denied, yet can be explained, as we believe.

The lecturer then sketched somewhat at length the wrongs of Ireland, pleading the extenuations in behalf of his own country, and addressing himself to his audience as gracious and impartial arbitrators, inclined naturally toward those who have been oppressed, and yet not unwilling to hear what may be urged in the way of extenuation. He went back to the days of the Norman Conquest, when England, though permeated with a strange people, retained her individuality, while Ireland lost her own; and he made an amusing delineation of the characteristics which so strongly mark the Irish character, an indulgence in which, the lecturer argued, had up to this time rendered them incapable of intelligent and steady self-government. The superstitious legends of saints and their powers came in for a share of witty

mention, and the Irish fondness for brawls was not forgotten in the lecturer's summing up of the discouraging elements in the Irish disposition. He followed the history of the Normans in Ireland from the time they subjugated the whole people with 60,000 of their own men, and concluded the lecture by reading a description of Ireland as it was when left to itself at the close of the fifteenth century, before the second period of English interposition, leaving it to the audience to judge for themselves whether it was for the interest of humanity that Ireland should then be left to enjoy her independence.

FROUDE'S SECOND LECTURE.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 19, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The only remark that I wish to make—I trust I am not out of order in making it—is that I observe a very distinguished orator of this city, whose name is as well known across the Atlantic as it is here, and whose speeches I have often myself read with very great pleasure and instruction, was pleased to speak of the Bull of Pope Adrian, to which I alluded in my last lecture, as "being a thundering English lie." Well, if it was an English lie, it was a Norman lie; and I am sure Father Burke must

have made that remark with very great distress to himself, being as he is a Norman, of very eminent Norman descent. There is no purer blood in Ireland than that of the Burkes; and I think I can relieve his mind about the fact of Pope Adrian's having issued the Bull. If Father Burke will have the kindness to look into a volume of papers lately published from the archives of the Vatican by Dr. Tiner, he will not find that particular Bull; but he will find a letter from his successor, in which that Bull is spoken of, and dwelt upon as the only basis of the authority which the English exercised in Ireland. I am quite sure Father Burke will have great pleasure in doing that.

In my first lecture, I described the Norman conquest of Ireland, and the final result of it after three centuries of universal anarchy. I have now to draw your attention to the person of an English prince

whom I have been accused of attempting to whitewash—King Henry the Eighth, the English Bluebeard! It is astonishing what accusations people will allow themselves to make. In this place, happily, I have nothing to do with King Henry's matrimonial relations, but have only to deal with him as an English sovereign. He was a hater of disorder, and he determined, if possible, to end disorder in Ireland. He sent the Duke of Norfolk over to invite the Irish chiefs to a friendly conference. He wished, he said, "to proceed with sober ways and amiable persuasions founded in law and reason, rather than by strength and violence." He didn't mean to force the Irish to submit to the English law; still less did he wish to deprive the chiefs of their lands and heritages. He sought rather to conserve them in their own, to gain their assistance in reducing Ireland to quiet. They had laws of their own if they

would execute them. He ıde Norfolk point to them how wretched th y had made their country. There could be no order and prosperity, he said, untu the sensualities of an unbridled people were brought under ₋e law.

In this respect, at any rate, he must be allowed to have been moderate. No remonstrance could have been more gentle. The next step he took was harsher. You have probably heard of Irish absentees, who have never gone near their estates, but lived away from them, and simply occupied themselves in consuming the rents which came. For the modern English statesman there is nothing so sacred as property. It was proposed, at the beginning of the century, to attach the rents of the absentees, and there was immediately a great outcry all over the country; but King Henry VIII. took an entirely different view. He simply in one sweep took

away the estates of those gentlemen and gave them to others. It was confiscation, but confiscation of a kind I heartily wish there was more of.

Neither this, however, nor the persuasions of the Duke of Norfolk produced any effect upon the Irish chiefs. They preferred their own ways, and intended to keep them. The Englishman who wrote the description of Ireland I read in my last lecture had stated very correctly that the most deserving of the people in the country were the Irish peasantry, whom the chiefs were trampling on. He recommended, if nothing else should serve, that the peasantry should be armed, and drilled, and officered, and in that condition, he reasoned, they would compel their masters to be just to them. I wish it had been adopted. It would have been best in every way, and would have amounted to the establishment of an Irish police three cen-

turies sooner. But it was thought too violent a remedy, and was not tried. The next best plan would have been to send over a small English army to have acted as police, to have established laws, and compelled rich and poor to obey them. But England did not like to pay taxes to maintain standing armies of this kind. The Duke of Norfolk said he could no nothing without a military force of some kind. So King Henry was driven back to trying home rule in another form. There was an Earl of Kildare, the head of the house of Geraldine. He was exceedingly popular with the Irish people. He promised to do all that was right and proper if King Henry would trust the government to him, and so this method was tried. But the Geraldines, although in London very much like other people, over in Ireland were more Irish than the Irish themselves. The rule of the Geraldines was simply the rule

of Irish ideas: that every one was to do as he pleased, and the stronger was to persecute the weaker. Everything, then, went on as before.

King Henry, with all his known weakness, was a choleric sort of gentleman at times. "By heaven!" he seemed to say, "if this people will not learn their lesson, I must try the whip with them." Kildare was arrested and sent to London, and a few companies were sent over to Ireland. And now there comes one of the episodes of which you read. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, son of Kildare, as soon as he heard of his father's arrest, broke out in insurrection, and called upon all to help him. He began with the murder of an archbishop. There was a great deal of satisfaction at that, and everybody was in arms, and there was shouting and hurrahing, and burning of villages, and massacring of people, and all the usual accompaniments of an insurrec-

tion of this kind. It lasted until the English Governor landed with a few hundred soldiers, and then the patriot army just melted away like a snowdrift. Lord Thomas, with five of his uncles, was executed for this business. When a nobleman is sent to the scaffold, the eyes of all men gush out like rivers, and the shout of indignation rises. The meaner multitude may perish by thousands, and their memory perishes with them. Mankind, truly, are most absurd beings in their judgment. If young lords wish to keep their heads on their shoulders, they ought not to murder archbishops. But the time had come when a new element was about to be introduced into the quarrel between England and Ireland.

To certain minds, especially the Teutonic mind, the Catholic religion had become incredible. Before the Norman Conquest, Ireland's devotion to Popery had been at

least lukewarm. Henry VIII., when he broke with the Pope, had left Mass standing, so that the religious services remained unaltered. The Irish bishops—I am speaking now of the bishops of Henry VIII.'s time, and not of Elizabeth's time — forswore the oath and took the oath to the King without any difficulty. That they afterward took the oath to Elizabeth is an entire illusion, but it is perfectly certain that they did for Henry VIII. There were many hundreds of convents and abbeys in Ireland. The King dissolved them, and the lands were granted away to the Irish fiefs. Irish religion, until that time, had set singularly easy on both chief and prelate. Some of the bishops had large families. They were a lax set; very unlike the venerable gentlemen whom we are accustomed to see in such stations. Between them and the laity there was no special affection. The young Lord Kil-

dare, a grandson of the Earl, in one of his follies, burned a cathedral. He was called to account afterward. "Be Jasus! my lords," he explained, "I could not have done it, but I thought his grace the archbishop was inside!" A change was coming in these matters, but it had not come in the days of Henry VIII. The chiefs, after the Geraldine Rebellion, seemed inclined to be on good terms with him. A grand parliament was held in Dublin. All seemed well disposed toward England. Up to this time, the Pope had been the actual sovereign of Ireland, and the kings of England had ruled it only as the Pope's vicegerents. At this parliament, the Pope was thrown overboard. The King of England was declared henceforward the King of Ireland. The Celtic leaders came into power.

For some reason or other, King Henry VIII. seemed to please the Irish. It

is hard to say why, unless it was because they felt that he meant well by them. He showed no desire to seize the lands of Irish owners and distribute them to adventurers, and as long as he lived Ireland showed no disposition to separate itself from England.

Whence, then, came the change which followed immediately afterward? It arose from two causes. The habits of centuries cannot be changed in a generation, and the quarrel with the Pope was followed by the birth of the Protestant religion.

Henry VIII. had not altered religion, strictly speaking. He had left the Mass standing, and, as far as the body of the people were concerned either in England or Ireland, the only true difference they experienced was that their affairs, whatever they were, could be settled at home without their having the trouble and expense of sending counsel or other people to represent them at Rome. The immediate

successor of King Henry declared war against the Mass. A ritual which had been of universal use for many centuries was abolished by a stroke of the pen. The protector, Somerset, and his companions considered that they had a mission to extirpate idolatry. Churches were plundered, and sacred desks were desecrated and turned down. Every object of superstition was insulted with ostentatious profanity. They went too fast even for England, and drove Ireland entirely wild. They taught her the fatal lesson that unless she supported the Pope she would have to part with religion as well. At this critical moment, the mind of Ireland thus received an irrevocable twist. She was threatened with a revolution, social as well as spiritual, and Irish ideas and traditions, which Henry VIII. had begun to assail, linked themselves inseparably with the laws of God and piety. Queen Mary—"Bloody Mary"—followed

her brother, and the pendulum swung violently back, and the papal supremacy was restored. The creed, it was perceived, could not stand without the Pope. Ministers and bishops who had countenanced the separation of Rome confessed their errors and did penance. England was restored to the bosom of her mother, and it was all settled by the funeral fires of three hundred men and women who were burned up at the stake. Ireland furnished no such martyrs, for in Ireland not a Protestant yet existed. Those who had been sent from England fled away. The penitent Irish chiefs replaced the monks and nuns, with means sufficient to support them. The young Earl of Kildare came back and was reinstated. The Catholic reaction which was sweeping around through Europe caught the Irish in its stream. Ireland chose her place on the Pope's side, and chose it irrevocably, and

from the moment another Protestant sovereign ascended the English throne the cause of the Catholic religion and the cause of Irish independence became inseparably and irrevocably one.

So stood the matter at the opening of the reign—in some respects, I may call it the great and glorious reign—of Queen Elizabeth. It was then that England became the ardent champion of the Reformation, burst her narrow limits, and became a great power in the world. It was then—but I must not linger over the brilliant aspect of the period. I have to do with the land on which the sun of all that glory never shone, on which the shadow fell darker from the lustre elsewhere, black as polar midnight.

I shall endeavor to be just to all parties. Elizabeth never sought the dangers thrust upon her. Your own great historian, whom I have been proud to call my friend,

Mr. Motley, rather blames her backwardness than finds fault with her overalacrity. While the Catholics speak of her as a scourge and tyrant, Mr. Motley quarrels with her lukewarmness. In a quarrel so desperate, I think she did well in hesitating to take up the sword. When she did draw it, she didn't sheathe it again until the star of liberty, which at one time was threatening to come down in blood, became fixed for ever in the northern heavens never again to grow pale. That Ireland, having thrown in her fortune in the losing side, should share in the defeat and suffer from it was inevitable. Would that I could say that Elizabeth's conduct toward that country had been as upright as her cause was just, and that she had borrowed no poisoned arrows from the quiver of her adversaries! In the main, I insist that she desired only good to Ireland. Elizabeth came to the throne, and found she had to keep in order

two furious factions who, if she let them loose, desired nothing so much as to tear each other to pieces. She returned, as far as the altered circumstances would allow, to her father's policy. She sent the Pope about his business again, and established the English Episcopal Church, with the Apostolic succession, as it is called, and a liturgy so like the Mass that the clergy at home now use it who differ from the Catholics in nothing except the papal supremacy; while it was elastic enough for Protestants to use it in a sense of their own. It was sometimes asked, Why could not Elizabeth have left her subjects to choose their own religion—left religion free, as we say now? Simply because it was impossible. The Roman Catholic religion it was impossible for her to tolerate, because the Roman Catholic religion declared her a public enemy, and never ceased from the moment she came to the throne to use

every possible means to drive her from it. If she had allowed Catholics and Protestants to have their separate chapels, it would have been found in England as in France that there would have been civil war and fighting in every town and village. They say something may perhaps be urged for this policy in England where they were half Protestants, but why did she try it in Ireland, where there were no Protestants? It is easier to blame her for what she did than to say precisely what she ought to have done.

The Irish pretend that if she had left their religion alone they would have remained good subjects. She would have been an exceedingly sanguine person if she had trusted to any such expectation. So long as England was Protestant, Ireland, whether she was disturbed in the matter of her religion or not, would have been equally on the side of Elizabeth's enemies; and

it is to be understood that the idea of governing Ireland by a province is repugnant altogether to English principles. Whatever forms of freedom England possessed, it was essential that Ireland should have the same forms of freedom. Ireland was to be governed constitutionally, it was said, by her own Lords and Commons. The bishops formed an actual majority in the House of Upper Lords of Ireland, and to have allowed them to remain there without requiring from them so much as an oath to the sovereign would have been to hand over Ireland to her deadly enemies.

What, then, did Elizabeth do? These Bishops had taken the oath of supremacy to her father. She required them to take it again. It would have been well if she had gone no further. It is idle to pass laws which cannot be executed; but it was the will and custom that every important act of Parliament passed in England should be

passed in the Irish Parliament also. It was thought probable if a difference was made it would give the English Catholics a ground for complaining. So the English liturgy and prayer-book were formally extended to Ireland, the Mass was prohibited, and the service of the Established Church was set up in its place. That was the law, but what was the execution of it? At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, it was not executed at all, and there was not the slightest attempt to do it. Nine-tenths of the Bishops refused to take the oath. She removed two of them, and left all the rest to govern their dioceses in their own way. Having established Protestantism, she ought to have sent over Protestant clergymen and a handful of Protestant colonists, but she did nothing of the kind. For appearance' sake, she had a Protestant law, but left it to be laughed at like boys at a scare-crow. Money Elizabeth was

exceedingly chary of giving to any purpose. Thus Ireland was abandoned to anarchy. Enough had been done to exasperate the Catholics; nothing had been done to weaken them. Elizabeth ordered her viceroys to avoid exciting the prejudices of the people—to keep things smooth. So fearful was she of giving offence that for the first thirty years of her reign she did not establish Protestant schools in the country. In fact, she showed that she was afraid to meddle with Popery. She wished, like her father, to reform Ireland, to put down murder, and establish law, order, and security. For all those years, the English garrison in Ireland rarely exceeded 1,500 men, and she provoked resistance by her apparently weak force. Why was this small number of heretics allowed to remain in the land at all? Why didn't the Irish nation, who were bound by no oath and no obligation, rise

with their sticks and pikes—for these would have been sufficient—and drive Elizabeth's retinue of ill-clothed, ill-paid, and half-starved mercenaries into the sea? For this reason, that Ireland was not a nation at all. Elizabeth understood their nature only too well. She knew that they hated each other too cordially to unite against her in defence either of religion or country; that there was a cheap and easy way to manage them by turning their swords against one another. According to the English Constitution, there was no standing army and no organized police. It was mockery to extend such a system to Ireland. Elizabeth ought to have established a force there answerable only to the viceroy, to enforce law and establish order. Four thousand men distributed in garrisons would have been sufficient, and the most honorable course in the long run would have been the cheapest.

But Elizabeth fell back on the Constitution. The loyal part should keep in order the disloyal part. She pitted the chiefs one against another. In fact, a great Irish leader becoming dangerous, she bribed a neighbor to make war upon him, with the promise of his land. The result was perfectly horrible. The forty-five glorious years of Elizabeth were to Ireland years of unremitting wretchedness.

Where was then the Irish heart that beats ever so true to the cause of Ireland's liberty? Where was it? Let the echoes answer in the war-shrieks of the Irish clans. Alas! for Ireland. She has many times been found ready to betray her comrades, and England never knew the plan of hiring one to betray another fail. A terrible record of blood and suffering follows. Mothers and their children perished with hunger, if not by the sword. And Elizabeth wished no harm. She did not wish to

hurt a single Irish person for its own sake. Englishmen undertook to settle in the country to keep the peace. Elizabeth would not hear of it, because she said she would not countenance what she called spoliation, and so the murdering went on. The English soldiery, their garrisons too scanty to take prisoners, finally came to look upon their enemies as wild beasts which they were entitled to exterminate.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was terminated by one of the most magnanimous acts of her life. The question of strength between the two countries had now been tried. Three times Ireland had resolved to shake off the English yoke. Three times she had failed, and now she lay panting and exhausted; but the problem of a final settlement was as far off as ever. To govern Ireland required a force of sufficient strength to keep the peace, and for such a state of affairs there was no provision made

in the English Constitution. If Ireland was ever to be identified with England, if the two islands were ever to be linked together in one common unity of purpose, there was only one expedient by which such a thing could be brought about. Ireland must be colonized by men of another race and of another creed on whom England could rely. Not men like the Normans, but men who would themselves set an example of industry, and introduce new habits. The chance to bring about what I may call this new reformation offered soon after Elizabeth's death. The Catholics had everywhere believed that James Stuart was at heart one of themselves, and that as soon as he became King of England he would proclaim his Catholic tendencies. James had a shrewd Scotch head on his shoulders. He had wit enough to see which way the stream was running. The English Catholics in their disappointment set Guy

Fawkes to blow him up. Ireland, though still feeble and convalescing from her last overthrow, raised her hand and struck a weak and unavailing blow. Six of the best counties in the North were declared forfeited, and 10,000 Scotch and English families were carried over to till the virgin soil which until that hour had scarcely been scratched by plough or spade since the waters of the Deluge.

Such was the beginning of Ireland's troubles. The Irish had ever been the owners of their own soil, and it was a hard, cruel thing to strip them of their habitations and turn them naked into the forests. At that time, there was not more than 600,000 people in Ireland, and there was no room for the new colonists. Old Ulster, the centre of this colonization system, and the point where it received its first practical benefits, was the garden spot of the provinces. For thirty years, Ireland had an era

of peace. The Irish race was exhausted by its struggle. Further Protestant immigrants streamed in. The Irish peasants who were aliens lived side by side, exchanged hospitalities, and intermarried among those who had preserved their lands, holding them by English tenure, recognizing the value of industry in the other settlers, and preferred them as tenants to their own people. A second Patrick in the form of Protestantism had compelled it to be done.

The Reformation, however complete, had left on one side a great Church establishment, with archbishops and bishops for its chief ministers, and on the other side a crown and aristocracy for its support; and still again, on another side, a great English nation which was Protestant in heart as well as in name. Where Romanism was overthrown, there remained another power in a contest which was to be waged be-

tween what was called divine right and the principles of justice and truth—the high doctrines of which brought the Earl of Strafford and Charles the Second to the scaffold. This new settlement in Ulster was Calvinistic. In 1636, Sir Thomas Wentworth, better known as the Earl of Strafford, was sent there as an exile. Strafford was two men in one. He was the devoted servant of the monarchy and the embodiment of the spirit that was arising in England, and yet a clear-headed statesman who knew that anarchy in Ireland could only be held in check by English reformation. He saw the value of the Ulster settlement, much as he disliked to respect the materials of which it was composed. He proposed to make another settlement—an English settlement in the province of Kilgore, which he had hopes would contain more loyal elements. He wished to strengthen the English colony, but he

assisted his friends the bishops in imprisoning the Presbyterians, and the result of this policy was to make deadly enemies of them. In 1639, Scotland made the first move in the great civil war against the king.

This brings us to the event of the Irish Rebellion of 1641. The picture is so horrible that it is only necessary to glance at its leading features; but in passing I must ask you to attend for a moment to a sketch of the different parties into which the Irish population was at this time divided. Immigration and peace had in fifty years nearly trebled the Irish population. Sir William Betty, who is a most excellent authority, claims that in 1641 there were nearly a million and a half of people in Ireland—1,200,000 Catholics, 300,000 Protestants. Of the Protestants, 200,000 were in Ulster, and they were chiefly Nonconformists. The other 100,000 were English

gentlemen with their servants, dependants, their friends, and those who had settled around them, and were chiefly what we call Cavaliers. There was also another class, descendants of the Norman conquerors. They were Catholics, and had travelled as noblemen in England and on the Continent, recognizing the spirit of the English institutions. They wished to see the English Reformation destroyed, and Ireland relapse into anarchy. Such men as these wished only to see the Catholic religion re-established, and in other respects that the country should continue as before the Reformation. In English questions, they were on the side of the king, and were ever ready to assist him against the Long Parliament. The second class of the Catholics was opposed to a junction with the old Irish settlers who in their own view were the real owners of the land and the rulers of the country. If the further view

is taken that there was no longer an English force in Ireland that could be relied upon, because every soldier was called home to the civil war, and that every man looked to the sword as the only means left to settle the difficulty, you have the materials of that wild confusion that ruined the peace of the country and distracted the people.

The Catholic element in the Irish Parliament had determined to take possession of the government. They held private meetings among themselves to ascertain what use they should make of the power that they had given to it. Opinions differed. The more moderate proposed that they should declare in Parliament for Charles I. against the Puritans, settle the administration in Dublin in the king's name, depose the Puritan authorities, and then send a force into England to act with the Royalist army. In addition, the Irish

conceived that it would be very foolish to throw away an opportunity which might never return. If they took the king's side, and the king got the better of the Parliament, the best they could expect would be to be governed by the same parliamentary construction.

They might perhaps recover their religion, but not the land in the six counties which had been taken from them; and, that English encroachment of the soil might still continue, they shook themselves free, and took the reigns into their own hands. I have spoken of the horrible massacres of the native Irish during the reign of Elizabeth. In my reading of history, one tremendous phenomenon for ever forces itself upon my mind, and that is that every political crime or the payment of every farthing, with compound interest, is demanded by justice when the bill is sent in to the person representing the criminal.

It is not those who commit the crime who are generally to suffer for it. It falls on others who are innocent, and this has been so from the beginning of time in all the great miseries of the provincial governments of the world. I cannot precisely understand it, but there is one important lesson which we may draw from this great historical precedent. It is this: the man who will do a wrong if he thinks that the risk is his own and he only will be held answerable will think more gravely over it if he knows that he will escape scot-free, and that the baneful effects of his evil deed will fall upon unborn generations. Sir John Hawkins would never have gone into the slave trade if he could have looked forward and seen Gettysburg. I believe he would have scuttled his ships, and sunk them in mid-ocean. At the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1641, the Irish race did not, so far as we can understand, contemplate

first any tolerable murder. They looked upon the settlers as robbers. They intended to dispossess them of all the wealth they had acquired, and to send them back naked to the sea. Each Protestant's house, on the morning of October 23, was surrounded by armed gangs. Men, women, and children were seized, and stripped naked to their skins, and turned out in the wild autumn weather, to make their way as they could, in that condition, to the nearest port. Neighbor turned against neighbor—servant against employer. The valet who had undressed his master over night was at his bedside with a pike when he awoke in the morning. Churches were burned, crops were destroyed, and cattle were killed and left on the fields as carrion. First Ulster suffered, and, in a few weeks, the entire island was covered with miserable crowds, famished and wretched, hunted along the road by fierce and desperate

men. So sudden, so overwhelming was the convulsion that, for the first day or two, there was no respect for the blood shed. Saxons and Scots suffered alike. Fighting brought on murder, murder massacre, and massacre was followed by further massacre. The Long Parliament at Westminster soon rang with the story that 150,000 Protestants had been deliberately murdered in cold blood.

Later writers now treat the massacre of 1641 as the creation of pure imagination. Impartial investigators generally find the truth between the extremes, and Sir William Petty, one of the most cool and dispassionate of men, states the number killed in the rebellion to have been 38,000. Looking at the matter as we are now able to do, we can see in this outburst of frenzy the natural retribution of offended justice. The English Government were conscious that they had done no harm to Ireland.

The tyranny of the Earl of Strafford had formed one of the greatest questions in the prosecution which ended in his execution. In 1641, as I said, there were a million and a half of people in Ireland. In 1650, there were not 900,000. More than one-half of the population in those nine years had been destroyed by sword and famine. What the sufferings were in detail it is too easy to conjecture, but observe what happened after this bloody strife. Oliver Cromwell landed in Dublin in 1649; he brought with him some 14,000 men, foot and horse, which, together with the garrison at Dublin, made a total force of 18,000 men to operate against 200,000, and not a fortress, not a trench, for protection. The speaker continued in an eloquent manner, describing the operations of Cromwell, and in conclusion, in speaking of Ireland's troubles, said: "What is the explanation? The Irish rebellions from first to last are

made of loud promises and vain performances. They flame up like straw, and like straw, after it has been blazed, they go out in dust and ashes."

FROUDE'S THIRD LECTURE.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 21, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

My last lecture ended with an account of the rise, the consequence, and the collapse of the great Irish Rebellion of 1641. It commenced with massacre, and it ended in ruin. For nine years the Irish leaders held the destinies of their country in their own hands. These were years of anarchy and mutual slaughter. A third of the population perished in the most piteous misery. The heaviest suffering fell upon the innocent peasantry, their wives and little ones. Had the Rebellion been

sustained by an honest determination to be free, had the Irish nation been purifying itself in that furnace of calamity, when the clouds cleared off had there been seen a liberated people standing erect amid the ruins of their homes, the price would not have been too much for the admission of one more free commonwealth among the nations of the world. The curtain rose on a far different spectacle. Ireland, with its chiefs and its armies, its patriotic heroes and its devotees, lay prostrate at the feet of a few thousand English Puritans. What was to be done with it? I ask you, gentlemen, with an experience of two centuries of progress and enlightenment to guide anew, what would you have had Cromwell do? Will you say that he should have proclaimed a universal amnesty, and have bidden the Irish decide upon their own destiny? They would have voted by enormous majorities for the objects they

had sought and failed to gain by arms. They would have bidden the English and Scotch colonists to have simply taken themselves away, and to have left Ireland to her own people.

The English, you may say, had no business there. It was too late to raise questions of that kind. Ireland had formed part of the dominions of England. I will not say how it had come about. England 120 years before had shaken off the Papal authority. The Popes had levied war upon their devoted subjects, as they were pleased to call all Protestant states. They had used the swords of Spain and Austria to force them back into submission, and the reek of slaughtered men had gone up from hundreds of battle-fields. It had pleased Ireland in this war to take the Italian side. She had made her provinces for centuries the theatre of desperate insurrection. Had she succeeded

in establishing her independence, she would have still been a thorn in England's side. Had Elizabeth left her to herself, it would have been but for the French and Spaniards to come in; and, closed around with hostile arms, and with hostile nations on either side of her, England, and the cause for which England was fighting, would have come to an inglorious end. It could not be, and the resolution once formed that Ireland, whether she would or not, must remain attached to England, and the rest had followed as out of necessity. We must look at the position as men, and not as dreamers and enthusiasts.

What was Cromwell to do? I will tell you what he did, and you shall judge for yourself whether he did ill. The Irish demanded liberty of conscience. "I meddle with no man's conscience," the Lord Protector answered; "but if you mean by

liberty of conscience liberty to have the Mass, that will not be suffered where the Parliament of England has power." "Monstrous!" you may say. Well, gentlemen, I suppose it will be easy for me to utter some commonplaces on the beauties of liberty of conscience. Speaking here in this place, before the freest people in the world, and speaking of a subject on which the English people are more sensitive than perhaps on any other subject, at this time I cannot utter those words. Before I denounce a great man like Cromwell, I must be sure that either you or I would have acted more wisely or generously under the same circumstances.

The Mass, as we know it, is the sacred rite of a religion which is one of many modes, and one of the oldest, and in some respects the most beautiful modes, of worshipping our common Maker. It has borrowed one precious jewel from the coronet

of its adversary, for it has learned to respect the rights of conscience in others, and in learning that it has parted with the single element which made it an object of dread to others. In itself, the Catholic creed has been and is the belief of some of the noblest men who have done honor to humanity.

But this is not the creed which Cromwell refused to tolerate. The Mass, as he knew it, was a system which, wherever it had power, was at that moment punishing by sword and by fire every deviation from its own ordinances. It had made Germany a charnel-house; Ireland it had plunged into unutterable woe. I will not pronounce whether Cromwell did right or wrong; but this I know, that, if we or our fathers had been struggling in a death-wrestle for a century with such a spirit, we should not hesitate, if the chance was in our power, to stop the fountain from which

those waters of bitterness were flowing. Had Cromwell's policy toward Ireland been persevered in as a whole, I believe I should not be here addressing you on any questions of difference between England and Ireland. We had formed a design for the pacification of that country which would have made future trouble there impossible.

The Ulster settlers who had been driven out on the first rising, and all other English and Irish owners who had stood by the English Parliament throughout the war, were replaced in their estates. All the other Irish landholders had been engaged in the war against England, and the lands of these were declared confiscated. The honest peasantry who possessed any real right in their farms by having performed honest labor openly were protected, subject only to the condition to be obedient to the new government; but noble lords and

gentlemen whose trade was fighting, who had called themselves lords of the soil, and as such had maintained themselves by poor men's industry, were, by one huge sweep, dispossessed. They were not driven out of Ireland altogether, nor left without means of support if they chose to exert themselves. Of the four districts of Ireland, one was still to be theirs. The great province of Connaught was assigned to the gentry as exclusively their own. As the Saxon conquerors of England drove the Britons into Wales, so Cromwell pushed the fighting Irishmen into Connaught. In the rest of Ireland he planted the army who had conquered it.

Each soldier had his lot assigned to him. If he wished to return home he would sell it to another Englishman, who would be ready to take it. Many Protestant families were distributed over the land, to promote industry and order. The

reformed religion was made a reality. Flemings and Huguenots, all were welcomed, and all were encouraged to bring with them their trades and occupations. Preceding settlers had introduced manufactures into Ireland, and they had built ships and begun to trade. Commercial jealousy had taken the alarm in England. These short-sighted, fantastic, absurd, and iniquitous laws Cromwell tore up by the roots. He saw no justice in Irish industry's feeding the pockets of English manufacturers. He saw, if Ireland should become a full partner in England's prosperity, the fiction of a separate interest and separate nationality ought to come to an end. He abolished the Irish Parliament. Ireland was incorporated into England, and made part of it, and her towns and counties sent their representatives to Westminster. Thus were the elements of mischief swept out of the way, and a new and wholesome

stock of energetic Protestants planted in her soil, with a full and free participation in every benefit which England possessed. Cromwell bade Ireland turn a fresh leaf in her tragical history, and enter upon a career of honesty and prosperity. We call all this tyranny from our modern point of view. We must look facts in the face and not be frightened by words. In fifteen years, the three provinces which were thus treated had grown from a wilderness into a garden. Bogs were drained and planted with trees; dwelling-houses sprang up; fields were fenced up; ships came back to the harbors; life and property were made secure; and the Irish peasant and farmer, under the rule of the Cromwellians, lived side by side, each adding to the other's welfare.

Enough of Cromwell. I, as an Englishman, honor him and glory in him as the greatest statesman and the greatest soldier

that our race has produced. What is more, gentlemen, I consider him to have been the best friend, in the best sense, of the people of Ireland. The Restoration came. The Stuarts were brought back, and with the Stuarts came the old story of compromises and half measures. The Irish Parliament was at once set up again. The Irish expected that Cromwell's soldiers would be expelled; that the confiscated estates would be restored to their owners. England was content to weaken the Protestants without conciliating the Catholics. Something over one-third of the lands was restored. The Connaught plan was abandoned now; exiled Irishmen were allowed to return to their homes. Two-thirds of the land was left with the Cromwellians, and old rivals were once more left face to face, with animosities deepened a thousand-fold. The Episcopal Church was re-established. It suited as ill the Irish

Protestants as it suited the Scotch Presbyterians. The latter set up their kirk; the Irish Protestants were less fortunate.

The archbishops and bishops were replaced in their dioceses. To counterbalance them, the Catholics were allowed to establish a rival hierarchy. The Catholic Primate was received in state at Dublin. For the Protestant Nonconformists, meanwhile, there was no mercy. They were assumed to be republicans, and republicans, just then, were looked upon as venomous reptiles. The Northern Presbyterians and the Cromwellians were the bone and sinew of the Protestant interest. They were the best soldiers, the best farmers, the best artisans, and the best men of business. In all matters, secular and spiritual, they had the stern resolution which distinguished Calvinism; yet it was thought wise to let the bishops persecute these men. Their chapels and schools

were closed, their ministers were enjoined, and it was a turning-point in the history of the country. The proudest and bravest of the Puritan colonists sold their allotments, and bade Ireland a stern farewell. They had given their blood in vain. Kings and priests had come back again, and with kings and priests it seemed they were to have no abiding-place. They turned their faces to the setting sun, and the descendants of the conquerors of Ireland are now citizens of the United States of America.

Gentlemen, I was once present, a few years ago, at a very extraordinary scene. It happened that there was some uncertainty as to where James VI. was buried in Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster, who is my friend, had a commission from the Secretary of State to search among the tombs and discover where James's coffin lay. It was not thought prudent to conduct such an investigation

by daylight. It was done at night, and he asked me—perhaps one or two other gentlemen—to be present. We went; and there, by flaring torches, among those old, dark arches, we were probing among the ashes of the great dead. We looked upon all that remained of kings and princes and warriors and statesmen and prelates. We felt almost guilty for the liberty we were taking in disturbing their august repose. At last we came to a tomb where evidently some great person had once lain. At first we knew not what it was or who it was. It was the tomb of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England. They had taken him up from his tomb. They had hanged his body on the gallows at Tyburn, and had posted his head on the spire of Westminster Hall. They had flung out the Cromwellians. They had flung out Cromwell, and there was this sad and awful memorial of what has been. It

gave us thoughts which had better not be uttered.

Well, gentlemen, the Cromwellians in Ireland were gone. Other Englishmen came in their place—money-makers, land-jobbers, and speculators. The persecution of the Protestants was checked after its first success, and the Ulster settlement continued to prosper. But the Protestant colonies in the South received their death blow. The Catholics overspread them or absorbed them. The Catholic religion swept back like a returning tide. James II. followed Charles, and James, himself a Catholic, lent the influence of the crown to the reaction. In both countries, he set himself to undo the Reformation. In Ireland, he went to work without disguise. He placed Catholics in the highest offices in the state. He appointed Catholic judges, a Catholic chancellor, and Catholic magistrates, made the army Catholic, and expelled the Pro-

testant officers. He disarmed the Protestant gentry, and, finally, he appointed the brother of the Catholic archbishop viceroy. The next step was to have been the reversal of the land settlement, and the universal restoration of the Catholic proprietors. It was to have been managed quietly by form of law, but the English revolution came in the way. James abdicated and went to France, and William of Orange became King of England. How was all this to affect Ireland? According to English lawyers, no act of the Irish Parliament was valid which had not passed under the great seal of England. The King of England, whoever he was, was held to be King of Ireland also. The Irish interpreted the Constitution differently. They insisted that, though James might have lost the English crown, he was still King of Ireland. They invited James to come to them, and he came. They invited Louis

XIV. to help them, and he sent money, 5,000 men, and some of his best officers. The factions Cromwell had overthrown were once more in the possession of the Irish Government. It remained for them to accomplish at once what their grandfathers had failed to do, and root up conclusively and for ever the detested Protestant settlements. They called a Free National Parliament, and in the acts of it you will see an inevitable tendency of the English towards "home rule." They were perfectly natural acts. Under one condition, they were perfectly righteous acts; but their resolution on the field of battle should equal their courage in the senate-house. They destroyed Cromwell's plantations. They dispossessed the late colonists who had been settled on their soil as completely as they themselves had been.

You may say this was right, that England ought to have acquiesced. I say

it was right with one provision—that Ireland was prepared to back up words with deeds. Where there is the question of the dismemberment of an empire, the province which aspires to a separate existence must have strength to take it. England would have been craven had she consented to a separation at her own free will which would be a death-blow to her own liberty. Nor was Ireland herself without men who would strike a blow for English protection and for their own hearths and homes. The new king came in person to lead the movement, and the work of the conquest had to be over again. The times had changed in England, and not for the better. William's troops were a motley compound of Dutch, English, Germans, and French Huguenots, little disciplined and dissolute. The Irish, on the contrary, had never been in better condition. They had been drilled by

French officers, and were well armed and equipped. They were, besides, on their own soil, fighting for everything they held most dear. Yet the result was in no way different from what it has always been under similar circumstances. At the battle of the Boyne, the Irish did not so much as make a creditable stand, but were beaten by their own negligence, being driven from a position which the most moderate care would have made impregnable. They fought bravely and well, but they stood only until the French general had been killed by a cannon-ball; then they broke into an irretrievable route, and never rallied again.

William was unwilling to follow them. He was tolerant. He knew little of Irish history, and understood little or nothing of the Irish people. He saw nothing but a high-spirited and unfortunate race who had been long misgoverned and oppressed.

He was anxious to quiet Ireland on any terms, and the easier the terms he allowed, the sooner he thought the work would be accomplished. Cromwell gave the Irish no submission until they had submitted; William insisted upon peace while they were still in a condition to stipulate. The war ended, but it only ended in the famous articles of Limerick and Galway, and reproaches for broken faith.

I ask, then, why was the rebellion in Ireland unsuccessful? I have already indicated the answer, but I must again repeat it. Because the hearts of the masses of the people were not in the matter. Never had life gone so well as under the reign of Cromwell. No administration will prosper which robs the poor and leaves the rich free to strain the laws for their own pleasure. An aristocracy which existed only to be a drain upon the resources of the country was little better

than a mockery and a curse. At that time, the Huguenots were looking to Ireland for a home. The Irish Catholics were passionately attached to France, and were going back to France in tens of thousands, and it cannot but suggest itself how happy it would have been for all at that time if there could have been no such population. With care and wisdom at such a time, it might have been done with the consent of all parties concerned. Impossible! I believe statesmen find all measures impossible except those that will come about by themselves and without any care from them.

Grant that this was impossible, then, at this juncture. I think the time had come that there should have been an end of penal law. I can make allowance for those who thought differently, for in reflecting moments I often think differently myself. I dare say after the revolution I should

have concluded that it was impossible for the two religions to stay safely side by side. In Catholic countries, there was no toleration for Protestants. Take human nature as it is, there is no great wonder that ordinary Protestants should have been inclined to have set the example; but all experience had proved that penal laws could not have been enforced in Protestant countries. They were against the genius of free institutions. Penal laws might suit Spain or Italy, where they fell in with the opinions of all the people. I say experience had shown that they could not have been carried out in Ireland. The revolution had left the Catholics for the present deprived of power to hurt, and oppressive laws proved only a mockery and an insult. Religion should have been declared free. Their law should have been Protestant in return; for, notwithstanding the bishops' persecutions, there were still Presbyterians.

The loyalty of the Presbyterians had been proved in the Rebellion.

Protestants of all persuasions should have been allowed to settle there, and the disabilities of the Nonconformists ought to have been for ever abandoned. With a broad platform which embraced members of all reformed communions, a vigorous system of school teaching, an influx of skilled artisans, and the extinction of all political disaffection, how different would have been the fate of Ireland!

Two considerable manufactories had already been established, and were thriving there. The linen manufacture in the North was Protestant. The woollen manufacture was spreading over the country—every cabin had its spinner's wheel, and every village in the country its hand-looms. Irish woollen was the very best in the world. Labor was cheap in Ireland, and the water-power unsurpassed. Assisted by

all these advantages, there was no telling what might have been the extension of this particular branch of industry. Mechanics, Scotch, English, and Dutch, and colonies of shipwrights, were only waiting for political quiet to emigrate to her borders. The Catholics might have been left unmolested for ever, and would have been, if there had been an assurance in the general prosperity of the country that the two religions would have lost their sectarian bitterness in common occupation and common thriving labor. The Rebellion had widened the breach between the two creeds, and unhappily the manner in which it was dealt with made the wound incurable.

The Catholics made a violent effort to recover the forfeiture of their estates, and according to law they were supposed to have forfeited also all the lands which they retained. The Rebellion had cost England £9,000,000 of money before it was subdued.

The English Parliament insisted that the remaining lands should be sold, and that the proceeds should be applied to pay the bill. Had this been done, there would have been, at any rate, none of the excuses which were afterward given for interfering with Irish trade. Industrial prosperity, at any rate, would have gone on undisturbed. Good intention in one direction and fault in another blighted the prospects and destroyed an opportunity which can never return.

The articles of Limerick and Galway were adopted, and the Catholics claimed the same toleration which they had enjoyed under Charles II., and claimed that it was part of the conditions of the treaty that they were to be allowed to retain their estates. The estates had been actually forfeited; but instead of being sold, as the English Parliament demanded, they were given away to King William's favorites, so

that from this source there was no fund at all to pay the cost of the war. The English Parliament was exasperated, and the two branches of that old body were irritated by quarrels and recriminations. These difficulties might in time have quieted themselves, but unhappily every day and amid fresh causes of suspicion the question arose, Who was to be King of England after King William died, and Queen after Queen Mary?

England itself had had enough of the Stuarts, and decided for the House of Hanover. The Irish Catholics very naturally declared for the Pretender, and asserted that the Stuarts were the lawful heirs to the throne, while the Protestants naturally insisted that people attached to these doctrines should be silenced or driven out of the country. This disturbing spirit was not confined to the Catholics, but showed itself among the peers and bishops of the

Established Church. An attempt having been made to assassinate King William, the English Parliament passed a severe act for the protection of the king's person. This act they sent over to be re-enacted by the Parliament in Ireland.

At this time, woollen weaving was growing so prosperous in Ireland that the English manufacturers were trembling for their own supremacy. England thought of Ireland only as a colony, and we all know how England has handled her colonies in the last century. Was England to be ruined for the sake of a miserable and troublesome dependency? Her manufacturers petitioned Parliament to lay such restrictions upon Ireland and the Irish trade as should destroy that trade for ever. Parliament regarded Ireland as powerless to resist, and the fatal laws were forced on her which at one swoop overwhelmed her woollen trade, and cut off at a single blow that great

source of employment for her unhappy people.

Thus was her trade struck away, and she was a prostrate, ruined country. Twenty thousand Protestant workmen immediately left Ireland, and either came to this country or returned to the places from which they had gone out. Many more followed, and this sad detriment to the country was accelerated by another cause, which was scarcely less absurd and pernicious.

The Episcopal Church had been reinstated in its privileges. By the Act of Uniformity, no person might preach in a church or chapel who had not been ordained by the bishops. In England, the law had been softened by a Toleration Act. In Ireland, there was no Toleration Act; and, in passing, I must say I believe bishops have produced more mischief in the world than any other set of men. The bishops took upon themselves to enforce

the Act of Uniformity. England's arms had borne the brunt of the battle in the Rebellion, and this was their reward. The Irish Parliament, dismayed and distracted, saw no better remedy now than to recall the promise of toleration which had been made to the Catholics.

In this emergency, England behaved more than cruelly, for she allowed the Irish Parliament to pass laws which foreshadowed distress; but the Irish judges and magistrates received private orders that the laws were not to be enforced. The Irish Protestants admitted the tyranny of these laws, and in its despair the Irish Parliament appointed a commission, and Protestant Ireland prayed for admission into the Empire on the same occasion. She laid herself at the feet of Great Britain. I suppose that when the history of my country is read no more unkind act can be found than this refusal to Ireland's request

when it was presented to her in the year 1704. But England—fifty years before, the England of Cromwell and of the Puritans—was now filled with men of money, capitalists, manufacturers, and traders who have no interest beyond their ledgers, and whose political foresight looks no further than to the balance-sheet of the succeeding year; and to have admitted Ireland to the union would have been to admit Ireland to free trade. It would have been to open the manufactures of which England has now the monopoly. Union was refused, and the Irish Parliament was left to find some other means of self-protection.

The problem which presented itself to the churchmen, lay and spiritual, who ruled Ireland at the beginning of the century was at once to keep the dissenters down, and invent some plan which would prevent the further growth of Popery. An act had been passed in England to disable Catho-

lics from purchasing inherited property in land.

Now, then, what was the effect of this act? The effect was to root out all moral principle from the middle and upper classes in the country. Worthless children pretended to be Protestant in order to make themselves independent of their parents. Gentlemen affected conversion that they might be sheriffs and magistrates, and able to buy a piece of land. Lawyers qualified themselves to be admitted to the bench and bar. Ireland was filled with men perjured to the lips to save themselves. It was ruled, in addition, that no one was a Protestant in the eye of the law who was not a member of the Established Church. Nonconformists had hitherto a recognized existence; they were liable to banishment, but to no special disability. Their presence was acknowledged by the law, but they were placed in the same position as a Cath-

olic. No one was allowed to serve his country in any capacity, except that of a petty constable, until he had received the sacrament from an ordained clergyman.

One more touch had still to be added to the picture of the condition to which Ireland had been reduced. The English cloth manufacturers possessed the monopoly of the European markets. The Irish weaving industry was at an end. The advantage of England lay in the quality of her wool. If Irish wool were mixed with French wool, the French could compete successfully with England. The Irish wool must be monopolized for the English manufacturer. The English Parliament passed an act that no Irish wool should be exported, except to England. England fixed the price which she thought it was best to pay for it. The French were willing to pay much more for it. Stringent laws were passed by which England thought to prevent smuggling.

Ireland's coast is very favorable for this. It is indented with dangerous bays navigable only by the natives. Coast-guards were bribed. Every one, from the lowest to the highest, entered into the smuggling trade. All of them went hand-in-hand to defeat English avarice and evade English laws. Ingenuity could not have devised a system better suited to the Irish temperament. This state of things continued for three-quarters of a century. It was counted no sin to smuggle. A priest once consulted his bishop as to what he was to say to it. The bishop said that, as King George had no right to his crown, he certainly had no right to the customs duties.

This was the condition of Ireland as she stood at the accession of George I., and as she stood until her chains were broken by the war with the American colonies. The viceroy came over to open Parliament, but stayed no longer. For the greater part of

the time, the country was governed by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House. The Peers being most of them absentees, the Upper House was virtually the House of the Bishops of the Established Church.

Even with accessions, the Established Church amounted to no more than one-tenth of the population. It had the church revenues, and if, with these advantages, it made no progress, the reason is not far to seek. The tithes, if properly distributed, would have supported a clergyman in every parish. But some, who had interest with the higher authorities, held several benefices; one had as many as sixteen. The country went to ruin. The bishops were appointed by the Crown. Some of them were very excellent men. Bishop Berkeley alone would have redeemed his order from obloquy. Dean Swift said: "No blame rests with the Court for these appointments.

Excellent moral men are always selected, but, unfortunately, it always happens that, as the worthy divines cross Hounslow Heath to take possession of their bishoprics, they are regularly robbed and murdered by highwaymen, who take their robes, go to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead." I found in Dublin Castle a request from a bishop for a separate ship for himself and his property, and to carry 4,000 ounces of silver plate.

From the wreck of her trade, the linen manufacture escaped. Ulster was allowed to retain its trade, and with it its Presbyterian Church, but the inhabitants also retained great indignation at the way their religion was treated. The rest of the country was left to the Parliament of Ireland, which I have described, and by which and under which was formed the extraordinary race of modern Irishmen with whom we are familiar. Her state had no

longer any attraction for men of intellect. Noblemen and men of fortune lived on the continent. They leased their lands to middlemen on easy terms, and asked no questions so long as their rent was paid.

The lease-holder desired to be an easy gentleman too. He was as much a Protestant as any one. His creed was that of his forefathers—that labor was dishonorable. So he underlet the land to men like himself, who again underlet the property Sometimes there were half a dozen men holding leases of the same estate. All these so-called gentry were living beyond their means, eating, drinking—especially the drinking — horse-racing, and borrowing money. Under this cursed system, the Irish people rather starved than lived, and then we quarrel with them for being improvident and discontented. Never have any people been so used; first plundered violently by their agents, they were then

plundered by form of law. Except during the short interval of Puritan rule, the dogs were treated better than the poor Irish. The prime fault rests with the English. They took possession of Ireland for their own purposes, and they must answer for their injustice. The Irish middlemen must bear their share of the blame. The English agents would have left a peasant a few rags, but the Irish middlemen would have only left him his bones. The curse was too much liberty; not too much for the poor, but too much for the rich. Lord Donegal once plundered his tenants so, ruling 6,000 people, that a cry of indignation went to the ears of the viceroy. The viceroy, judging from what he said about it privately, would have been glad to hang Lord Donegal. But the law did not allow the promotion of a noble lord in such a style, and the 6,000 people, all Protestants, all came to England. Every man kept his

household armed. Half the county of Kerry was ruled over for many years by Donald Mahoney and his fairies. Donald was head tenant of some lord who lived in England. His fairies were 4,000 tenants, in white sheets and blackened faces, whose business was to see that no unwelcome person set foot in Killarney. He bequeathed his best blue breeches to his daughter as the best man in Kerry.

Private wars were over, but faction fights had taken their place. The black-thorn had superseded the battle-axe, and it had this advantage, that the beaten might not be murdered entirely. Duelling became so prevalent that it was proposed at last to make the survivor pay for the support of his late adversary's family. When a new secretary came over from England, he had to be proved by standing fire. At one time, a new secretary came over, and an opposition member of Parliament soon

picked a quarrel with him. They met in Phœnix Park. The secretary fired in the air. The member then took deliberate aim, but his pistol missed fire. He cocked it again, and again it missed fire. The secretary bowed and said, "There appears to be something the matter with your flint." That was fixed, but again it missed fire. The secretary remarked, "I think you had better change your flint." It was changed, and this time he had better success, and the ball went through his opponent's hat. The secretary was going to fire in the air again, but the member insisted that he should shoot at him, and that a refusal would be an affront. It was finally settled, after some words, and they shook hands. This was the most popular secretary that ever held office in Ireland.

Where was the Irish Parliament of this time? It was sitting regularly; it met at alternate years, and voted supplies; but the

Irish Parliament was managed, too. Half the revenue of Ireland was settled regularly on the Crown, and the Crown claimed the distribution of it. Out of these funds, when political matters were more quiet, were provided pensions for the mistresses of the Georges. As the Irish Parliament grew more troublesome, the money was applied to purposes of political corruption. When a man would get annoying, the viceroy would send privately to him, and tell him that if he held his tongue he might make something by it. The larger traitors were corrupted with positions; and sinecure offices were created for others.

There is a treacherous motive manifested in the usage that Ireland has undergone at the hands of England, her mother country. I did not mention to you what action the English Parliament took in regard to this question, and before bringing this speech to a close I will do so. Instead of sanctioning

the requests that were constantly and imperatively made by these would-be Irish noblemen, chancellors, and lords, they were considerably modified, so that several demagogues who were seeking to despoil their own country by occupying high positions at the expense of the Irish people were disappointed. In 1782, one of the Boyles had gathered within himself hopes of achieving patriotic distinction, and manifested to Parliament his desire to be made a chancellor, the perquisites of the office being something over £2,000 per year.

Rebellious in 1798, these people, who were desirous of distinction, sent a son of Healy Hutchinson—one of Ireland's ablest statesmen—to Parliament with a petition asking that a number of his friends be given office, the object being to ascertain if England was willing to offer bribes sufficient to induce the Irish counsellors to desert their clients, the Irish public. To

show you how modest this request was, I will state that the conditions under which these Irish partisan patriots—the counselors—offered to abandon their country's service were that Lord Shannon should be made Lord Chancellor; that two sons of Healy Hutchinson—the champion of Irish liberty—be made viscounts; and that Hutchinson's wife be made a viscountess for life. Lord Shelburne, in behalf of Parliament, stated to the petitioners that this, although it might seem to those interested a very trivial matter, involved many questions of rights which the English Government was bound to respect, and reminded the overzealous gentlemen that the majority rule was a good one.

It was, in short, a petition which would have deprived many of the Irish people of their right to act, if, indeed, Parliament ever recognized that right. Not only would it have subjected them to still great-

er tyranny, but it would have taken the precedence of other and perhaps better laws which might thereafter have been enacted. It provided for the support of Healy Hutchinson and his friends, at an annual expense to the English Government of over $3,000,000. And now the question recurs, Where would this money come from? I will tell you. It would come from the hard toil of the poor Irish peasants, and there is where most of the money has come from that has in past years supported these Irish aristocrats.

It is said that no one in this present age can realize what hardships and sufferings these oppressed people of Ireland have undergone in times past; and, judging from what we know of the reign of tyranny there one hundred years ago, we can hardly say that it would be difficult to imagine such outrageous proceedings on the part of England, looking at her as she is to-day.

It is now becoming common for people to think that corruption is very essential to good government, and, looking at it from the standing-point of late customs, I should say it was. At least it seems as if this peculiar phase of political life was creeping into every kind of government. And now the matter is reduced to this proposition: We must either have liberty, and cast out corruption; or have corruption, and cast out liberty.

FROUDE'S FOURTH LECTURE.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 23, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have described to you the principles of government which prevailed in Ireland during the greater part of the last century. We have no right to be surprised that the result was not satisfactory. The natural remedy was revolution, and, if the Irish could have made revolution, had they possessed sufficient unity of purpose, sufficient national virtue, sufficient patriotism in the proper sense of the word to have risen up and sworn that they would end their servitude or all die, the whole world would

have clapped their hands and cried out that it was well done; but, whether people are strong enough to make revolutions or not, the laws under which society is allowed to exist do not fail in one way or another to punish injustice. Misgovernment, like curses, always comes home to roost. What Ireland could not accomplish for herself America accomplished for her.

For a century and a half the stream of Protestant emigrants had set steadily from the shores of Ireland to America. The Cromwellians, the Scotch and English Calvinists, the artisans and mechanics, the missionaries of industry and reformation who had been planted in the Isle at lucid intervals of statesmanship, had been driven out by the restraints of government and the pedantry of Episcopalianism. They had come to America in the same way, against the mother country, which the Catholic peasantry come now. They had brought

with them a consciousness of wrong, and waited only to pay England for her treatment of them.

A century waned. Irish society began to show symptoms of uneasy forces working within it. South and North there were risings of the peasantry. The behavior of the poor starving creatures was at first most creditable to them. They tore down fences. They hunted cattle over the country, but to human life there was little injury or none. They petitioned only to be allowed to keep their little farms on terms not wholly ruinous to them, and the English viceroys allowed that never had people a greater justification for revolt. Allow me to say they had a very great many more wrongs to complain of at the time than had America at the time she asserted her own independence. Lord Townsend, who was Viceroy in Ireland, in a dispatch to the Home Government, drew a graphic

picture of the landlord's tyranny. But, of course, there was no redress. A constitutional government could act only by Parliament, and Parliament law at that time was, unfortunately, the landlords' law. The year before the tea had been sent floating in Boston Harbor, the Ulster grandees had sent out a contingent of exasperated emigrants unusually numerous. The Ulster linen manufacture had been developed by the skill and industry of the Presbyterians. Compared with the Southern provinces, Ulster was a garden. Land had increased greatly in value. Capital made in trade had been sunk in the soil, and educated, enterprising peasantry had converted bog and mountain into corn and flax fields. The noble lords to whom a large part of these lands belonged, as it was called, who had never, perhaps, so much as cast their eyes on the surface of their property, concluded that the increased value did not be-

long to the tenants who had created it, but to themselves who had allowed it to be created. As leases fell in, they demanded enormous fines before they would renew them, or rents which could not possibly be paid. They served ejectments without a scruple. Families which had been a hundred years upon the soil, chiefly Protestants, were turned adrift. These were made homeless and houseless, and were robbed—for no other word can be used about it—by those who ought to have been their natural protectors.

Most, if not all, of these poor people came off to New England. In the whole number there was probably not a man who could draw trigger or carry a knapsack that did not try to clear scores with the representatives of England in the War of Independence. Nor, as I told you in my first lecture, were the arms of these exiles the sole auxiliaries which the Irish contri-

buted to the American cause. The entire Protestant population left in Ireland, except that portion belonging to the Established Church and the landed gentry, saw that the American cause was their own, and in their hearts did what lay in them to further American success.

There is no occasion for me to say anything of the relation which now exists between the Irish Catholics and the American people; the generous hospitality which America extended to them in their distress; the affectionate and grateful hope with which in the old country they look to America. So deep is that feeling upon both sides now that I am rather bound to insist on the bonds now forgotten which once existed between America and the Irish Protestants. Whatever difference of opinion may now be entertained here on these Irish questions, there was a time when the Irish Protestants were nearer to

America in heart and in sentiment than the Catholics. As this statement of mine has been loudly questioned, I shall prove what I say.

You must allow me to read an address to you from the leading Catholics of Ireland to the Irish Secretary, in the momentous year of 1775. It was signed by many of the Catholic nobility, and purports, as you see, to represent the feeling of the whole Catholic community.

"SIR (so it runs): We flatter ourselves that the occasion, the motives, and your goodness will engage you to excuse this trouble. As we are informed that an intended subscription among his majesty's affectionate, loyal, and dutiful Roman Catholic subjects of the kingdom of Ireland to raise a fund among ourselves to be employed to encourage recruits to enlist for his majesty's service was never judged necessary by the Government; yet

being desirous to give every assistance in our power, and to give every proof of our sincere affection and grateful attachment to the most sacred person and Government of the best of kings; and justly abhorring the unnatural rebellion which has lately broken out among some of his American subjects against his majesty's most sacred person and Government; impressed with a deep sense of our duty and allegiance; and feeling ourselves loudly called upon by every motive and every tie that can affect the hearts of good and loyal subjects, we take the liberty to make on this interesting occasion an humble tender of our duty and affection to our good and gracious king; and we humbly presume to lay at his feet 2,000,000 of loyal, faithful, and affectionate hearts and hands, unarmed indeed, but zealous, ready, and desirous to exert themselves strenuously in defence of his majesty

against all his enemies of what denomination whatever, in any part of the world wherever they may be; and to exert in an active manner the loyalty and obedience which has always been with them unanimous, constant, and unalterable," etc., etc.

This remarkable address might tempt English administrators less virtuous than Mr. Gladstone to reconsider their policy towards the Irish Catholics. Eighty years of penal laws had produced this passionate devotion to the "best of kings." Seventy years had followed of apologies, abject apologies, concessions of justice to Ireland, and we are called tyrants and oppressors, and assassins of Irish liberty.

But I am speaking here of the relations of the two parties in Ireland and America; and by the side of this address of the Catholics I will lay a letter of the viceroy to Lord North, written at precisely the same time. The Irish House of Commons

was composed almost entirely of the landed gentry, the members of the Established Church, and of all classes of Irish Protestants, those less likely to sympathize with America. Through a house so composed the viceroy had succeeded in carrying with very great difficulty, as he confessed, and with the help of a purchased majority, a bare vote condemning the revolt of the Colonies.

The letter alluded to the gaining strength of the Presbyterians in the North, who in their hearts, it says, are Americans, and who are seeking to induce Ireland to take an adverse part in this contest.

You will see from these papers, resumed the lecturer, that I have not misstated the part taken by the two sections of Ireland at the opening of the war. Well, gentlemen, the Revolution broke the chains of Ireland, both Catholic and Protestant. The same questions were at stake on both sides

of the Atlantic—the right of the mother country to utilize her so-called dependencies for her own interest; and the struggle decided in one country was decided in the other. I will not weary you with details of the familiar story. As the wrestle with America grew more intense, England's other enemies took advantage of her difficulties. France, Spain, and Holland successively declared war against her. She stood, a little country with her 8,000,000 souls, assailed at home with the strongest powers in Europe, and fighting desperately to retain her hold on this enormous continent. Unjust and arrogant as was the policy that led her into her difficulties, I am most proud as an Englishman, from the very bottom of my heart, of the courage with which she bore herself in that tremendous conflict. She could not conquer America, but she could still give account of those neighbors of hers who thought to

quit reckoning with her when her hands were tied. Her Rodneys could still shatter the armies of France, her Elliotts could still make bonfires of the floating batteries that thought to drive her out of Gibraltar. She was never more fierce and dangerous than when it was seen she was beaten upon her knees.

But her experience here had not been thrown away. She understood that if she was to keep her remaining colonies she must listen to their just complaints, and she did not care to provoke another domestic war. A beginning was made in Ireland, with the repeal of some Roman Catholic disability. So fast as any law was seen to be clearly wrong and impolitic, England now made haste to repeal it, and, having once launched upon a career of reform, in a very few years she would not have left the Irish one civil or social grievance to complain of, had it not been for one cause.

I say there was no practical wrong at that time of which Ireland had to complain that would not have been removed completely, and in a very few years, under the Constitution as it stood at the time of Lord Cornwallis's surrender. But Ireland demanded the concession of her own Parliament and freedom from English legislation. You say Ireland was the best judge of her own disorders, and the best judge of the remedies that would cure them. I reply that self-government is the best of all forms of government, and for that reason it requires the best kind of men to administer it. It requires experience, wisdom, self-restraint, union, patriotism. England had governed Ireland ill, most ill. Granted; but, looking to Ireland's actual state and the condition of the Irish people, was there better hope for Ireland if the authority of England was altogether removed?

I wish to speak with all honor, admira-

tion, even enthusiastic admiration, of Mr. Grattan. Not only was Mr. Grattan one of the most brilliant orators of his own and of any age, but, what is more to the purpose, one of the most honest of men. In the secret state correspondence of those years, I have looked into mysteries which the right hand that wrote them would gladly have concealed from the left. In these singular labyrinths of intrigue and treachery, I found Irishmen, whose names stand fair enough, concerned in transactions which show them to have been knaves and scoundrels, but I never found a shadow of stain on the reputation of Mr. Grattan. I say nothing of the temptations to which he was exposed. There were no honors with which England would not have decorated him. There was no price so high which England would not have paid to silence him. He was one of those perfectly disinterested men who do not feel temptations

of this kind. They passed by and over him without giving him even the pain of turning his back upon them. At every step of his life, Grattan was governed entirely by what he conceived to be the interest of his country. Whether he was as wise as he was upright is another question altogether.

As the American war approached its last year, every available soldier was withdrawn from Ireland. The people demanded arms for their own protection, and the request was one which could not be refused. Corps of volunteers were formed all over the country. In a few months, forty to fifty thousand of them enrolled, and there was no other military force in Ireland. Mr. Grattan took the opportunity of demanding a free constitution for his country. The volunteers turned politicians, and rapped their hands on the butts of their muskets. Ireland had been a

province too long. She should now be free.

America was winning absolute independence. Mr. Grattan didn't go so far as America. She was willing Ireland should remain united by the tie of a common sovereign, but she wanted to be independent of the English Parliament, the English Minister, and the English law courts. She should have her own Legislature and her own Cabinet, and she should be governed henceforward by such laws, and no other, as the representatives of her own people had made for her. England had had enough just then of attempting to coerce unwilling representatives. English statesmen did not conceal from themselves the danger of the experiment to be tried.

It was not without having considered that question from a point of view little dreamed of by the Irish patriots that they

were willing at last that the experiment should receive a trial. They gave way. The Constitution of 1782 was established, and, amid cannon salvo, patriotic eloquence flowing like water-spouts, and a volley of 50,000 muskets, Ireland was declared a nation. *Esto perpetua!* exclaimed Grattan, winding up the magnificent peroration of the finest speech ever heard in the House, on College Green. If the curtain could then have fallen on Ireland, could she then have withdrawn among her own mists, we should have taken leave of her at that moment with the belief that she had shaken off her mourning weeds, and that her regeneration was at last complete.

History dispels the illusion. How could it be otherwise? So little hope had England that good would come of the rash adventure that at one time in the English Cabinet thoughts were entertained of taking Ireland at her word. The volunteers

threatened that if the Constitution was refused they would break from England altogether. What if England had told them they were free to go? If she was to retain no control over the Legislature of Ireland, and no control over the military force, then was it worth while to retain a mere titular sovereignty?

What had she before done to the million Protestants and the two million Roman Catholics, since they were so anxious to be independent, and to take their independence, and then settle their own differences? Was it likely that this revolution was seriously contemplated? Lord Rodney had destroyed the French fleet in the West Indies, and America was strong enough to strangle a serpent that came seeking her, but too young yet to search adventures in the other hemisphere. No other power would have been able to interfere, and a few years' experience under such condi-

tions might have done more than other conditions of affairs to make Ireland sick of it. The Duke of Portland, however, after specifying certain conditions which he intended to exact from the Irish Parliament in his new position, went on thus in a most private and secret dispatch:

"The refusal of the Irish Parliament to consent to the subject is such an indication of sinister designs as would warrant England in throwing up the government, and leaving it to that fate which their folly and treachery should deserve. If such should be their sentiments after our effort to endeavor to bring them to a sense of their condition and of the responsibility of such refusal, I should hesitate but little to order the first, and leave them to be the victims of their own insanity, as the country, on such terms, would not be worth pasturing."

If the English Cabinet had been troubled with moral scruples, I do not doubt that to

have left Ireland awhile in this way to herself would have simplified the Irish problem for all time. No friend to either party would have entered the island, and Protestant and Catholic would have been left to fight out their battles in their own way. The Protestants were inferior in numbers, but they had the wealth, the education, and the arms. They had the energy and the industry, but they had split into Conformformists and Noncomformists. I, for my part, looking at the relative condition of the two parties at that time, think that the numerical strength of the Celtic Catholics would have availed them little, and they would have been, in all probabilty, either exterminated or completely subjugated.

The answer to the papers was not satisfactory, but in justice to the Catholics the Duke of Portland was not allowed to fulfil his threat. England determined to make the best of the opposition.

You will now have to observe the value of self-government to a country conditioned as Ireland was. England had a pretty clear and direct authority to hold the Empire together. It was necessary for her to have some authority, still more if she intended to follow out the cause of beneficent legislation which she had commenced for the regeneration of the country. Ireland had obtained liberty; Ireland had obtained judicial independence. If liberty and independence were to realize anything, now at last the field would be clear, and the landlords who had clamored for political reform were in alliance with the genius of the peasant. Dean Swift somewhere says the greatest blessing to a country is the man who can make land grow two years of corn where only one grew before. Grattan's Reform Law for Ireland was as barren as they found it. The Constitution of 1782 might hold out against the encroachment

of England, but there were no guarantees against famine, anarchy, and social tyranny. Here is Ireland—here is Dublin described by an eye-witness in 1783, within a year of that ever-memorable event:

"The Defenders," so this writer says, "lived on the spoils like wasps sucking a people's blood. Farmers are ruined; the avenues to the Parliament House are beset by strife; manufacturers are praying for relief against approaching famine; the guards of the city are doubled, and ordered to hold themselves ready to massacre the people."

In the midst of this scene occurs a singular illustration of the new judicial system. There was nothing for which Grattan had fought harder. Irish causes were to be decided in Irish courts, and appeals were to be heard in the Irish House of Lords. The very first case which came on for hearing was an exceedingly difficult one. It

involved a large property which was to be divided, and debts were of the greatest consequence. A decree had been given by the judges, but such was the plan that the decision had been rendered by the casting vote of the Lord Chancellor. The case was carried up before the House of Lords, and an Irish nobleman, who, besides his peerage, was clergyman, the Dean of Derry, actually wrote to one of the litigants, and promised him his vote for £200.

And what was Grattan about, now that he had emancipated his country? Was Grattan discovering how the peasants should feed their starving children? The members of the House of Commons were engaged then in obstructing the administration, and Grattan had no longer power to lead them. They had discovered that by their new opposition their power of imprisoning the Government was increased, and they were engaged in ad-

justing their demands upon the Irish Opposition members, which their peace now rendered necessary. Corruption, which was before so scandalous, had now become infamous. The ordinary business of administration could not be carried on until the members of Parliament had been rewarded according to their notion of their own deserts. The English viceroys could not help themselves, for the purse-strings were speedily untied by designing men. Dublin soon became an open market for Government offices; and sinecures, peerages, and places of state were openly exposed at public sale. Irish political morality was completely sapped. The Houses of the Legislature were filled with an army of noblemen greedy to swallow the golden bait. The free Ireland, welcomed in with so much enthusiasm, existed only to bring liberty into contempt.

The principal thing for the Irish member

of Parliament to look at was for opportunities to destroy the Government, and not for any public purpose of good or any useful association, but simply to extort further benefits of money and promises for its leading members. The Government was sometimes resisted amid mingled indignation and distrust, but resistance, if successful, was possibly won by further uses of the same dishonorable influences. Such was Ireland in the times before the Constitution of 1782 from a living reality. Such was Ireland when she saw in Europe, high above the smoke of the burning Bastile, arising the terrible portent of the French Revolution.

Already they had demanded parliamentary reform in Ireland. The House of Commons, as it stood, was too evident a mockery. It consisted at this time of 300 members, 64 of them returned for county and 236 for borough towns. Of the 300

seats about sixty were fairly open to bidders. Protestants could not be voted for, and Protestants could only be elected; and at one time a particular nobleman, owning from 10 to 12 boroughs, controlled from 10 to 30 members. The Irish seats were sold, £2,000 being the average price. A nobleman could sell a peerage for £12,000, and buy half a dozen seats with the money. Mr. Grattan and other prominent Irish noblemen, finding that the condition of affairs was simply ridiculous, formed themselves into an organization. It was called the "Whig Club," and was designed to promote parliamentary reform; but what that reform was to be they could not agree among themselves, so great was the opposition of the Catholics.

Generally in Europe, when the Catholics came in contact with the spirit of reform. it was not as friends, but as enemies. There were too ugly stories of rampant

spoliation of many kinds in circulation. The Protestants held nine-tenths of the land, and the Irish masses stood uncertain when the French Revolution broke out. After the first year or two, the friends of liberty were in ecstasy, but as the sky darkened and the true meaning of that tremendous transaction became apparent, the Whig spirits were dismayed and horror-struck. All human society appeared to be threatened, and established courts and established institutions instinctively drew toward each other, in defence of religion and good order. England declared war against the Jacobins, and her attitude toward the Roman Catholics immediately changed. Hitherto the Roman Catholic religion had been treated as its dangerous enemy. It was now held as conservative law. Hitherto she had not been disposed to shield the Catholics from the severe execution of the penal law, but now the great English statesmen, William

Pitt and Burke, took up the cause of Catholic Emancipation. The Presbyterians of the North had been Republican from the very first. They retained their approbation of the Long Parliament, and the success of the Revolution in America had quickened the ashes of the old fires. Calvinism was dying away. The spirit of the dead passed from religion to politics, and their animosity for Catholics was but little less than their resentment against the landlords. Some of the more ardent spirits in Dublin and Belfast believed that the time was coming when Ireland might indeed rise out of the ashes of the Catholic and Protestant religions, and then make a supreme effort to establish an Irish Republic. I need only mention to you the names of the two Emmets, of Wolf Tone, of Arthur O'Connell, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. They were patriots, true patriots—generous, brave, enthusiastic, and unable to believe that they could fail.

They were filled with the passionate conviction that without political independence all their blessings would fail. Like Grattan, they meant separation from England, and as a step toward it they demanded parliamentary reform, and so far were unwilling to act with the Whig Club. They organized themselves into the celebrated body of United Irishmen, with central lodges at Belfast and the capital, with subordinate branches scattered through the country. Every true Irishman was invited to enroll his name. The genius of the Revolution had touched the Irish harp and struck its strings with passionate impulses of the Irish people. Between the Government and the United Irishmen lay the Catholic gentry, bishops, and clergy. They saw there how they were agreed to have done forever with thraldom, in order to recover their valued privileges as citizens; but whether to receive their emancipation

from Pitt and England, or from Wolf Tone and the Revolution, was not easy for them to decide. They, too, were organizing themselves. They had their Catholic Committee, which sat in Dublin as a Second Parliament, and Mr. Pitt had not only misconceived their probable sentiments, but some of them, the bishops especially, were deeply shocked, and had a fresh cause to shudder at the thought of an alliance with the assassins of Louis XVI. If the Government would do them justice, they were more inclined to stand by the Government. Conciliation admitted of progress; and, while the Catholics had already recovered the elective franchise in 1793, they had yet to recover the right to sit in Parliament. But the spirit of 1641 was awake again. It was made bountifully clear that half the Catholics were in league with the United Irishmen. In the presence of such a spirit, further concessions were necessarily ex-

tended, and those gradually, as other discontented parties demanded them under the protection of the Republicans.

Such were the fruits of ten years of liberty—a liberty which had been held by Grattan as the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity. The constitution tied the hands of the Government. They saw rebellion approaching at that time, and knew not how to check it. In the provinces, in connection with the United Irishmen, there was a body of defenders formed—defenders of the rights of the peasantry. They were combinations against a landlord's tyranny, and a reign of terror ensued. Houses were burned, villages plundered, and collisions between the defenders and bodies of soldiers were of frequent occurrence. The lodges for the United Irishmen spread over the whole island, and whole shiploads of arms were being shipped from France for their revolutionary army.

Now, once more, Ireland had a real chance. England had flung her whole strength into the war with France, and the success of the revolutionary arms promised a long and most desperate struggle. The Northern Presbyterians appeared to be at last heart and soul with the Catholics. One hundred thousand Protestant farmers living in the Ulster province had been sworn into the association, all armed, all reconciled, all determined to have done with church, and land, and landlords, and English tyranny. Two hundred thousand Catholics, at least, had been enrolled in the other provinces. The great towns of Dublin and Belfast especially were enthusiastic for the cause. Something ought to have come at least of such a mighty preparation. Then, if ever, Irish nationality ought to have become effected. There was, however, from the first, visible in the proceedings of the United Irishmen a conflict of

creed. Wolf Tone, who appears to have been another Franklin, listened to the original plan for the formation of his society—a society to be formed in Dublin with a secrecy something of the ceremonial of Freemasonry. "Secrecy," it said, "is expedient and necessary. It will make the spirit of the nation more ardent, and will confound and terrify by its agency."

This is not the stuff of which successful revolutions are made. This is the stuff of which most admirable and most excellent leading articles are made. Attached to this paper is a private letter of Wolf Tone's, containing a further account of his views. He mentions the names of a few of his friends who had promised to stand by him. Where did I find these papers? In the English State Paper Office. Before long, before it was printed, almost before the ink was dry, it was in the hands of the English Government. Among the men

taken into their counsel, one must have been a traitor. From the first dawn of the conspiracy, one of his dearest friends had been betraying him, and the members of the Council of the United Irishmen, united in what they professed to regard as a most holy cause, were from the very beginning selling their secrets and lives to the English Minister. Of such material have the conspiracies in that unhappy country been formed. There is no more spot upon Wolf Tone's honor than upon Grattan's. Among the Irish there ran many veins of downright treachery. Men to whom to the last were entrusted the most dangerous secrets got, by treachery, the miserable profits of their baseness, only stipulating that they should not be brought into the courts of justice. I know that one of his best friends betrayed Wolf Tone. These damning evidences of treachery would have convinced him of the entire impossibility of a suc-

cessful combination for the severance of Ireland from England being formed out of Irish material. The Government could not meddle with it until it entangled itself in some act of treason. Now and then some one made a slip, wrote a treasonable letter, or something of that kind. Papers were seized, and men were tried. No one knew where the information came from.

Hamilton Rowan escaped to America. He distrusted the atmosphere. Wolf Tone also fled to America with his wife and children. Tone escaped, but went back to Paris, and worked to bring about an invasion of Ireland. The Irish only needed a spark of encouragement from abroad. Lord Edward Fitzgerald went to the Continent for the same purpose, and had an interview with the French Minister of War. Almost before they met, a little bird carried the news to Downing Street Lady Edward, the celebrated Pamela, had

a house at Hamburg. There the Irishmen could meet, and from there communicate with their friends in Ireland. But her most trusted friend was coiling like a snake upon her path. There came one night to the minister's house in London a man wrapped in a great cloak. He had secrets to tell of the greatest importance concerning a movement against the Government, and his conscience would not allow him to keep them. His information tallied with what the Government had already learned, and they saw, therefore, that they might trust and use him. He went to Hamburg; he lived in Lady Edward's house; and saw and spoke with, unsuspected, every one who came there. He gave information which led Mr. Pitt to seize letters of the utmost importance. When all was over, he had a pension from the Crown. His name was—I would better not mention his name.

Meanwhile, unconscious of the treason which was undermining them, the Irish leaders worked with unabated eagerness. The Government was contented to watch their movements, prepared to strike at a moment's notice. The Irish showed singular skill. An English fleet was being equipped. A number of Irishmen enlisted among the crew, and soon brought about a mutiny among the sailors. At last a fleet sailed from France, taking Tone with it. It reached Ireland, but a gale of wind prevented an immediate landing. The English were enabled to get together a force sufficient to keep them in check. There was no news of any rising among the people, and the attempt at last proved a failure. Tone himself had been against any attempt in the South.

Another expedition was formed. This time a Dutch fleet was to pass around Ireland. Admiral Danton, with sailors who

were anxious to cover up the disgrace of their former mutiny, fell in with the Dutch outside of the banks, and destroyed their fleet. The English now issued orders for a general disarming of the Irish people. The rebel leaders felt that they could wait no longer. They were, of course, betrayed at a meeting. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was away, but his hiding-place was revealed, and he died in prison. The people rose under inferior leaders, and acted just as their impulses moved them. They surprised a few ports, and cut in pieces a few English soldiers. In the South, and everywhere except in Ulster, the insurrection assumed a character that long-sighted people had long seen to be certain of coming. The union of the two creeds, Catholic and Protestant, became impossible, and it turned into a war of religions. Protestant churches and chapels were burned, and the movement became a Catholic cru-

sade. However fair the prospects of the United Irishmen in the beginning, it was but a struggle of the Celts to recover the soil and of the priests to recover Catholic supremacy. Horrible things are done when mobs of unprincipled men get power into their hands. But mobs never succeed in doing anything but mischief.

What had Grattan done? What had Grattan's constitution done for his country? Ireland, when the American war broke out, lay under a code of laws so unjust as to drive an unhappy people to a revolution for a remedy. The restrictions on trade had been taken off, and the restrictions on the Catholics were fast passing away. Had this been taken care of, all else must have been righted. Grattan was led away with what I call a delirium of nationality. He insisted upon national independence, and what was the result? Did any peasant pay lighter rent to his landlord?

Was any tenant saved from eviction? Grattan said, "Make Ireland a nation, and Ireland will redress her own wrongs." She became a nation, and actions which before were scandalous became infamous. The Irish Parliament became a market in which peers and commoners sold themselves. Honest Irishmen formed in associations to find deliverance in arms. Where one or two were gathered together, one was a traitor. The fruit of all this was the death or banishment of most of them, and a fresh list of massacres and horrors swelled the lines of party hatred. If insurgents are not strong enough to frighten the government, government must and will put down the insurgents. Do you suppose the Irishmen would have governed Ireland very beautifully if Ireland had been left to them? Those unions only are fit to be independent which have strength and courage to be their own liberators. The neces-

sary qualities are not yet to be found in Ireland. Political agitators have been and always will be a curse to Ireland. But all people have a right to justice. When the light shines in upon a definite injustice, it cannot long remain in existence. A good government is the light of all. The Irish missed the substance in grasping at the shadow.

To leave the Irish Parliament, standing as it was after the Rebellion, was to leave one of the most corrupt institutions that the world has ever seen. To hand over Ireland to such a Parliament was to leave Catholics and Protestants smarting under the wounds of Derry. There was no serious objection to a union with England. Cromwell had seen the inevitable necessity. She refused then, and at last was obliged to sue for what she might have had them begging her to take. When the Act of Union was first proposed, a shriek of patri-

otism ran over the country. Before their constituents the members of Parliament wept floods of tears. In private, a great many of them, like sensible men, gave England to understand that they were more reasonable. Corrupt from the hour that Grattan left them, having sold their consciences for eighteen years, they ended in selling their consent to the order which terminated their existence. It was a scandalous end to a scandalous existence. It was the end, and, for my own part, I hope from my heart, the final end. I, for myself, will say for the Union what Grattan said of his constitution, "*Esto perpetua.*"

FROUDE'S FIFTH LECTURE.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 25, 1872.

MR. FROUDE began by alluding to a slight inaccuracy he had made in his last lecture in quoting from Mr. Grattan's speech. This was, however, simply an error of arrangement, not of fact. He went on to say that forms of government should not be so much kept in view as the spiritual and material condition of the people. Aristocracies were only bad because they were more liable to be distorted by self-interest. Just laws were the first requisite of a good government, and it was only when the government governed badly that the

constitution should be attacked. But reverse this law, and begin political agitation before you had a clear idea of what you wished to destroy or to build up, and your efforts were worse than useless. The Irish had fallen into this mistake almost invariably, and scarcely had they ever got fairly into the path of practical reform than they had been thrown back again by foolish political agitation. Just before the insurrection of '98, all of Ireland's grievances were in course of redress; but these concessions were simply interpreted by the Irish as meaning that England was afraid of them. In 1802, the constitution that succeeded the Union was fairly at work. Three-quarters of a country more fertile than Scotland, and as fertile as the best parts of England, was almost a desolate wilderness. The lands were untilled, and the peasantry dwelt in miserable cabins without windows, which they shared with their

pigs. Their holdings were perhaps only an acre or two, cultivated with potatoes, for which they gave the old ruinous rack rent. And yet the people were not unhappy; their only fear was lest some neighbor might bid a higher rent, and the landlord should drive them away to starve in the nearest ditch. The landlords were of several kinds, the main classes being the great magnates who lived in London, and the squires and squireens, who gambled and drank and fought duels and ruined their tenants. It was remarkable, however, that this last was the most popular, while the improving landlord was hated intensely, because, finding his land littered with paupers, he removed them to make way for thrifty and industrious Scotchmen or Englishmen. After all, these paupers, or vermin, as they were called, were human beings. Was it wonderful that they should retaliate by the murder of the improving

landlord, or of the improving landlord's agent or bailiff? Such was Ireland after six hundred years of English rule. The law had invariably been the enemy of Irishmen, and they were therefore lawless. A more powerful police was the next thing called for. But it was of no good to reorganize the police unless the iniquitous laws that had led to crime were abolished. Then, again, the religious question came forward. The Established Church had been set up to secure the conversion of Ireland, yet four-fifths of the people were Catholic, and would remain so, while of the Protestants less than half acknowledged this same state establishment. He (Froude) did not think, however, that the religious grievance of Ireland had been the greatest of England's wrongs. He, for one, recognized the immense influence for good of the Catholic clergy. There was no vulgar crime in Ireland, and Irishmen showed a

delicacy and modesty of character which was undoubtedly due to the influence of their religious teachers. But the Romish Church was a very different matter. So long as the popes retained a hope of recovering their old power, no Catholic was permitted to be a loyal subject to a Protestant prince; and for two centuries a bitter war was waged against the reformed religion. Could England, therefore, allow the priests to destroy their power in Ireland any more than Prince Bismarck could to-day allow the Jesuits to undo the German Confederacy? The Irishman for centuries looked upon his allegiance to the pope as superior to his English sovereign. Far more blame was due to England for her cruelty and oppression to the Irish Nonconformists than for her treatment of the Irish Catholics. After the peace of Utrecht, politics assumed a different complexion.

It ceased to be the avowed duty of

the Catholic to never recognize the authority of a Protestant prince. But for the United Irishmen and the Rebellion of '98 Catholic emancipation would have been at once passed as a just and necessary law, whereas it was reserved for O'Connell to achieve it by a long and tedious struggle. But much remained to be done after emancipation was granted. The peasant was worse off than ever. His landlord was generally a Protestant, and said to him, "You must vote as I do, or I will turn you off my land"; while the priest said, "You must vote as I wish you, or I shall excommunicate you." O'Connell, if he had wished, instead of clamoring for repeal, which he knew he would never get, might have secured many years sooner a just land law, such as Mr. Gladstone had recently passed. The English reformers, such as Sir Robert Peel, had, however, succeeded in giving the Irish a satisfactory measure

of education; but this had been greatly nullified by the influence of the priests, who desired that the sheep should be separated from the goats on this as well as on the other side of the day of judgment. The great evil of Ireland after emancipation was the land tenure. The landlords for the most part were impoverished and out at elbows, while the peasantry multiplied exceedingly, owing to the encouragement of both the priests and the landlords, the former in order to avoid immorality, and the latter because the more people there were the higher rose his rents. In 1846, there were 9,000,000 of people, 2,000,000 of whom were beggars, and all living on the eternal potato. We most of us remembered how sadly all this ended. The note of warning had long been sounded. Cobbett had shown the folly of allowing an immense population to spring up, trusting for support to one single precarious crop. The

potato failed, and there came the famine. The Irish bore the calamity with a patience and heroism that could not be too highly admired. A quarter of a million of them perished of sheer hunger. As fast as it could be done, supplies were sent by England, and the government voted ten millions of money, eight of which he believed had been stolen. America also forwarded magnificent contributions, and from all parts of the world there came help and succor. At length the famine was stayed, and, as usual, the blame was thrown on the wrong shoulders.

Political economists upbraided the Connemara peasant because he was not sufficiently well up in "Matthews on Population." The first result of the famine was the revival of political delirium. O'Connell preached repeal as the spring of Ireland's misery, just as he had previously preached the same thing about emancipa-

tion. Then suddenly came the report that 400,000 Irishmen were prepared for revolt. He (Froude) had himself gone to Ireland, believing that the day of judgment had indeed come at last. But how miserably it all ended! A scuffle in a cabbage-garden, and the appearance of the police—that was all. Never before had insurrection met so miserable a fate; for it was now in Ireland for the first time ridiculous. The next effect of the famine was the passage of an act through the Irish Parliament that the Irish land should support the Irish poor. This completed the ruin of the encumbered Irish landed gentry, and they had now faded for ever away. The 9,000,000 of the Irish people had also, in consequence of the famine, dwindled down to 5,500,000, which, allowing for the natural rate of increase, showed an emigration of between five and six millions. The famine also stimulated many of the landlords to raise the condition

of their tenants, and on many Irish estates now the farmers and peasantry were much better off than his English fellow-subjects. But the good landlords were few, and, to get rid of the impoverished remainder, Parliament passed the Encumbered Estates Act, which enabled a creditor to demand the sale of his debtor's land. The new purchasers of the land very generally reduced the number of their tenants. They were mostly prosperous business Irishmen, who had little pity for their poorer countrymen. Some of the purchasers, also, were land speculators, who would buy an estate on a promissory note, and, having cleared the estate of its superfluous tenantry, would again throw it into the market, and sell it at a highly advanced price. The poor peasantry were told to go—to go to the devil if they could find nowhere else to go to; and so they went to America. He (Froude) thought that if the English government had

managed properly they might have made this necessity of emigration a conciliatory measure. They might have said to the evicted tenant, "It is true we can't keep you here at home, but in our colonies we will give you each 200 acres of land, with provisions out of the public funds for their maintenance during the first year of occupation." This might have cost about twice as much as the Abyssinian war had involved, or half what had been thrown into the mud at Balaklava, but it would have been a good money investment. It was needless, however, to say that nothing of the kind was done. The emigrants left for America with bitterness in their hearts, while the Irish peasantry at home formed themselves into disloyal bands, and redressed their wrongs by the wild justice of murder.

The landlords would have had their hands tied sooner than had been the case but for

the cropping out again of the old folly of political agitation. He (Froude) did not blame the Irish for their desire for independence. He admitted the "sacred right of revolution," but it was sacred only when the insurgents had power to achieve it. It was only when justice was denied and the last hope of redress had died away that it was lawful to call up the spirits of fire and blood. Never had there been a more unjustifiable revolt, judged from this point of view, than the Fenian Rebellion. The Rebellion of 1848 had ended in a comedy, and the Fenian Rebellion had ended very little better. But, in spite of the Rebellion, England had resolved that if the Irish rebelled again they should at least have no valid grievances to complain of. Mr. Gladstone took the matter in hand, and began by denouncing the "upas-tree of Protestant ascendency." This was a taunt altogether unprovoked and unnecessary; but Mr.

Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church, which would have been well enough had it been abolished as a state establishment and not as a religion. The priests then clamored about the universal education that prevailed in Ireland; but Ireland's great evil remained the same as ever—the land tenure—and this had been redressed by Mr. Gladstone's healing Land Act of three years ago. The landlord could no longer evict the humblest peasant without having to pay for his cruelty. He now had to pay his tenant for every stroke of work he had put into it, and something besides. The Irish now demanded home rule, and, it might be asked, why not grant this as well? He answered, because no home-rule government would have ever passed the Land Act. An Irish Parliament would necessarily be composed chiefly of landed gentlemen, who in Ireland would of their own free will never do justice to the Irish peasantry

until afternoon on doomsday. Another objection to home rule was that Ireland was not one nation, but two. Protestant ascendency had been abolished, but he did not wish now to see Catholic ascendency established. He (Mr. Froude) believed that the proud, high-spirited Protestants of the North would never consent to be governed by the mere numbers of the Catholic Irish majority. Within a year England would be compelled to interfere to prevent civil war. He hoped, therefore, that no such rash and dangerous measure would be attempted. Something, however, remained to be done. The landlords had changed their ideas, and now knew that they must make their choice between power and self-indulgence. If they wished political influence, they must do something else than merely spend their money. Eviction, too, was still possible, and in these days of enormous millonaires it might sometimes pay

to sweep a barony clear of its people, and turn it into a deer forest. This should be remedied, and the English Parliament was now no longer the representative of a mere class, and English landed gentlemen would soon have to live for nobler objects than self-indulgence, or they would be swept away. In the good work of reform, the Irish people might help their English neighbors if, listening only to nobler instincts than nationality, they joined hands with them in the cause of progress. He (Mr. Froude) concluded by hoping that the sympathy of the American Republic would be given to the right side.

FROUDE'S REPLY TO FATHER BURKE.

NOVEMBER, 30, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

If my object in coming to this country was to draw attention to the Irish subject, I may so far be said to have succeeded. I have succeeded also, beyond my expectation, in eliciting a counter-statement containing the opinions of the Irish people themselves on their past history, the most complete, the most symmetrical, the most thoroughgoing which has yet been given to the world.

The successive positions taken by Father Burke have been long familiar to me, some

in one book and some in another. But nowhere have so many of them been combined so artistically, and not till now have they been presented in what may be called an authoritative form. Father Burke regrets that I should have obliged him to reopen wounds which he would have preferred to have left closed. I conceive, on the other hand, that a wound is never healed so long as there is misunderstanding. England and Ireland can approach each other only on the basis of truth, and so long as Irish children are fed with the story which Father Burke has so eloquently told, so long they must regard England with eyes of utter detestation until full atonement be made for past wrongs. If Father Burke's account is true, let England know it, look it in the face, and acknowledge it. If it be an illusion or tissue of illusions, then it is equally desirable that the Irish should know it, and a bridge of

solid fact be laid across the gulf that divides us. A subject of this kind can only usefully be treated from the platform, if the audience will bear their share of the burden, if they will test by reference what they hear, compare evidence, and analyze it. You will learn more from the books to which I shall refer you than you can learn from me in the time for which I will address you. I shall myself venture to indicate the particulars where Father Burke's narration specially needs examination, and refer you to authorities. That an Irishman's view should be different from an Englishman's view is natural and inevitable; but the difference must be limited by facts, which are easily ascertainable. When they are not ascertainable elsewhere, as, for instance, when Father Burke attributes words to me which I never uttered, I shall venture to speak with authority.

I must throw off with a point of this kind. The Father says I have come to America to ask for the extraordinary verdict that England has been right in the manner in which she has treated Ireland for seven hundred years. Considering that I have drawn a heavier indictment against England in the course of my lectures than she will probably thank me for; considering that I have described the history of her connection with Ireland from the beginning as a scandal and reproach to her, I must meet this assertion with a simple denial. Father Burke goes on to suggest that England is a decaying empire, that her power is broken, her arm grown feeble, the days of Macaulay's "New Zealander" not far off, that England is afraid of the growing strength of the Irish in the United States, the 8,000,000 of them who have come from the Old Country, and the 14,000,000 of Irish descent. It is scarcely becoming for two

British subjects to be discussing in this country whether Great Britain is in a state of decadence. England is afraid, however, and deeply afraid. She is afraid of being even driven to use again those measures of coercion against Ireland which have been the shame of her history.

But Father Burke's figures, I confess, startled me. Of the 42,000,000 of American citizens, 22,000,000 were either Irish born or sprung from Irish parents. Was this possible? I referred to the census of 1870, and I was still more confounded. The entire number of immigrant foreigners who were then in the United States amounted to 5,556,566. Of these, under two millions were Irish. The entire number of children born of Irish parents was under two millions also. From these figures, it follows, if Father Burke is correct, that in these two last years there must have come from Ireland no less than 6,000,000 persons, or more

than the entire population of the island, and that in the same two years the Irish mothers mothers must have produced not fewer than 12,000,000 infants. I knew that their fertility was remarkable, but I was not prepared for such an astounding illustration of it.

But Father Burke considers me unfit to speak upon this subject, and for three reasons: First. Because I despise the Irish people. I despise them, do I? Then why have I made Ireland my second home? Why am I here now? Am I finding my undertaking such a pleasant one? I say that for various reasons I have a peculiar and exceptional respect and esteem for the Irish people—I mean for the worthy part of them, the peasantry—and I am endeavoring to serve them. I say the peasantry. For Irish demagogues and political agitators—well, for them, yes, I confess I do feel contempt from the bottom of my soul. I re-

joice that Father Burke has disclaimed all connection with them. Of all the curses which have afflicted Ireland the demagogues have been the greatest.

Once more: Father Burke says I am unfit to speak of Ireland because I hate the Catholic Church. I show my hatred, it appears, by holding the church answerable for the cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and for the massacres of St. Bartholomew's Day in France. Here is what the Father says on the first of these matters: "Alva fought in the Netherlands against an uprising against the authority of the state. If the rebels happened to be Protestants, there is no reason to father their blood upon the Catholics." I beg you to attend to this passage. This is the way in which modern Catholic history is composed, and you may see from it what kind of lessons children will be taught in the national schools if

Catholics have the control of the text-books. Father Burke himself, perhaps, only repeats what he himself learned. I suppose he never heard of the edicts of Charles V. By those edicts, which were issued at the opening of the Reformation, every man convicted of holding heretical opinions was to lose his head. If he was obstinate, and refused to recant, he was to be burned. Women were to be buried alive. Those who concealed heretics were liable to the same penalties as the heretics themselves. The execution of the edicts was committed to the Episcopal Inquisition, and under them, in that one reign, the Prince of Orange, who was alive at the time, and the great Grotius, whose name alone is a guarantee against a suspicion of exaggeration, declare that not less than fifty thousand persons were put to death in cold blood. I have myself expressed a doubt whether these numbers could have been really so

large; but a better judge than I am, a man totally untroubled with theological prepossessions, the historian Gibbon, considers the largest estimate to be nearest to the truth. I don't ask you to believe me, ladies and gentlemen—read Grotius; read the Prince of Orange's apology; read the pages of your own Mr. Motley. And then, because the Netherlands, unable to endure those atrocities, rose in arms to drive the Spaniards out of the country, the Duke of Alva may massacre 20,000 more of them; they are only rebels. The church is innocent of their blood.

Father Burke, in like manner, declares the church to be blameless for the destruction of the French Protestants. The *Te Deums* that were sung at Rome when the news came, he says, were for the safety of the king, and not for the massacre of the Huguenots. Indeed! Then why did the infallible pope issue a medal on which

absolutely false

was stamped *Hugonotorum strages*—Slaughter of the Huguenots? Why was the design on the reverse of the medal an angel with a sword smiting the Hydra of heresy? Does Father Burke know? I suppose not. That the murders in Paris were but the beginning of a scene of havoc, which overspread France and lasted for nearly two months. Eighteen or nineteen thousand persons were killed in Paris on the 24th of August. By the end of September, the list was swollen to 70,000. Strangely incautious, infallible pope, if he was only grateful for the safety of Charles IX.; for what must have been the effect of the news of the pope's approval on the zeal of the orthodox executioners?

Ladies and gentlemen, I do not hate the Catholic religion; some of the best and holiest men I have ever heard of have lived and died in the Catholic faith. But I do hate the spirit which the church dis-

played in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and I hate the spirit which would throw a veil of sophistry over those atrocities in the nineteenth. The history of the illustrious men who fought and bled in that long, desperate battle for liberty of conscience, that very liberty to which Catholics now appeal, is a sacred treasure left in charge to all succeeding generations. If we allow a legend like this of Father Burke's to overspread and cloud that glorious record, we shall be false to our trust, and through our imbecility and cowardice we may bequeath to future ages the legacy of another struggle. Father Burke himself is for toleration—the freest and the widest. I am heartily glad of it. I wish I could feel that he was speaking for his church as well as himself. But my mind misgives me when I read the Syllabus. In the same number of the New York *Tablet* from which I take his speech, I find an

article condemning the admission of the Jews to the rights of citizens. When I was last in Spain, there was no Protestant church allowed in the Peninsula. I used to feel that, if I had the fortune to die there, I should be buried in a field like a dog. If all that is now ended, it was not ended by the pope and the bishops. It was ended by the Revolution. Nor is it very hard to be tolerant on Father Burke's terms. In his reading of history, the Protestants were the chief criminals.

If on those terms he is willing to forgive and forget, I, for one, am not. Father Burke knows the connection between confession and absolution. The first is the condition of the second. When the Catholic Church admits frankly her past faults, the world will as frankly forgive them. If she takes refuge in evasion, if she persists in throwing the blame on others who were guilty of nothing except resistance to her

tyranny, the innocent blood that she shed remains upon her hands, and all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten them. I will assume, then, that I am fit to speak on this Irish subject, and I will at once pass to it. I must be brief. I shall pass from point to point, and leave irrelevant matter on one side.

I go to the Norman Conquest itself, and Pope Adrian's Bull, which Father Burke still declares to be a forgery. I need hardly say that I attach no consequence to the Bull itself. I suppose the Popes of Rome have no more right over Ireland than I have over Cuba. The popes, however, did at that time represent the general conscience. What a pope sanctioned was usually what the intelligent part of mankind held to be right. If the Normans forged such a sanction to color their Conquest, they committed a crime which ought to be exposed. The naked facts are

these: King Henry, when he conquered Ireland, produced as his authority a Bull said to have been granted twenty years before by Pope Adrian. It is a matter of history that from the date of the Conquest Peter's pence was paid regularly to Rome by Ireland. Ecclesiastical suits were referred to Rome. Continual application was made to Rome for dispensations to marry within the forbidden degrees. There was close and constant communication from that time forward between the Irish people and clergy and the Roman court. Is it conceivable that, in the course of all this communication, the Irish should never have mentioned this forged Bull at Rome, or that, if they did mention it, there should have been no enquiry and exposure? To me such a supposition is utterly inconceivable.

But the Bull, says Father Burke, is a forgery on the face of it. The date upon it

is 1154. Adrian was elected Pope on the 3d of December, 1154. John of Salisbury, by whom the Bull was procured, did not arrive in Rome to ask for it till 1155. What clearer proof could there be? Very plausible. But forgers would scarcely have committed a blunder so simple. Father Burke's criticism comes from handling tools he is imperfectly acquainted with. He is evidently ignorant that the English official year began on the 25th of March. A paper dated February, 1154, was in reality written in February, 1155. The popes did not use this style, but Englishmen did, and a confusion of this kind is the most natural thing in the world in the publication of a document by which England was specially affected.

The lecturer here read extracts from Dr. Theiner's book, in which a letter from a subsequent pope to King Henry III. is extracted from the Vatican archives, also

a letter from [Donald O'Neill, calling himself King of Ulster, to the pope, speaking of the Normans much as Father Burke speaks of the English now; complaining specially of Pope Adrian for having, as an Englishman, sacrificed Ireland to his countrymen. Mr. Froude also spoke at length of the bishops and the oath of supremacy to King Henry, various points in the history of James II., Elizabeth's conduct in Ireland, of the Rebellion, which he said was by far the gravest matter he had to deal with, the administration of the Earl of Strafford, of the cowardice of the Irish, Mr. Froude said:—Lastly, he accuses me of having called the Irish cowards, and he desires me to take the word back. I cannot take back what I never gave. Father Burke says that such words cause bad blood, and that I may one day have cause to remember them. That they cause bad blood I have reason to know already, but

the words are not mine but his, and he and not I must recall them. Not once, but again and again, with the loudest emphasis, I have spoken of the notorious and splendid courage of Irishmen. What I said was this—and I will say it over again. I was asking how it was that a race whose courage was above suspicion made so poor a hand of rebellion, and I answered my question thus: that the Irish would fight only for a cause in which they really believed, and that they were too shrewd to be duped by illusions with which they allowed themselves to play. I will add that if 500 of the present Irish police, Celts and Catholics, all or most of them, enlisted in the cause of order and good government, would walk up to and walk through the large mob which the so-called patriots could collect from the four provinces of Ireland; if it be to call men cowards when I say that under the severest trials the Irish display the noblest

qualities which do honor to humanity when they are on the right side, then, and only then, have I questioned the courage of Irishmen.

Mr. Froude then referred somewhat in detail to the facts of the Rebellion, and closed his lecture as follows: Father Burke's own knowledge of his subject is wide and varied, but I can compare his workmanship to nothing so well as to one of the lives of his own Irish saints, in which legend and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspect of things and character can no longer be discerned. I believe that I have shown that this is the true state of the case, though from the state of Father Burke's mind upon the subject he may be unaware precisely of what has happened to him. Anyway, I hope that we may now part in good-humor; we may differ about the past; about the present, and for practical objects, I believe we are agreed. He

loves the Irish peasant, and so do I; I have been accused of having nothing practical to propose for Ireland. I have something extremely practical; I want to see the peasants taken from under the power of their landlords, and made answerable to no authority but the law. It would not be difficult to define for what offence a tenant might legally be deprived of his holding. He ought not to be dependent on the caprice of any individual man. If Father Burke and his friends will help in that way, instead of agitating for a separation from England, I would sooner find myself working with him than against him. If he will forget my supposed hatred to his religion, and will accept the hand which I hold out to him, now that our fight is over, it is a hatred, I can assure him, which, like some other things, has no existence except in his own imagination.

NOTES.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, so often referred to as an authority on the invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans, was no other than a certain adventurer, of which the period was so fruitful, whose real name was Gerald de Barry. He was a Welshman by birth, a sycophant by nature, full of vanity and mendacity, as his own writings show, and totally ignorant of the matters treated in his books. He visited Ireland but twice, and then for short times; once with his brother Philip and his uncle Stephen, and again in 1185, sixteen years after the landing of the Normans, as tutor to Prince John, the weak and ungrateful son of Henry II. Totally ignorant of the language of the country, its laws, customs, and traditions, he had the hardihood, to please his royal patron, to write a book about it, entitled, "The Conquest," etc. Like a true follower of the hordes of William the Bastard, he was sanguinary.

at least in theory, for he advised the utter extermination of the natives. His apologist and translator, Hooker, however, says that he did not recommend the extirpation of *all* the Irish, but *only* such as refused to submit to the royal authority (book ii. c. 40). How far he carried his servility may be seen in his book on his native country, where in chapter viii., *de Illaudabilus*, he suggests this method of subjugation of the Welsh, the true Britons: "The seas were to be guarded, war should be carried on during the winter, divisions were to be fomented among the Welsh patriots." Could baseness go much further than this? A complete refutation of Barry's work on Ireland was published two hundred years ago, under the title of "Cambrensis Eversus," of which Ware says: "This work was written by John Lynch, a secular priest and titular archdeacon of Tuam, was a native of Galway. He published his *Cambrensis Eversus* An. 1662, under the feigned name of *Gratianus Lucius.* It was written in Defence of his country against the fabulous and malicious Reports made of it by *Gerald Barry*, commonly called *Cambrensis*, wherein with a judicious and sharp Pen he exposeth the number-

less Mistakes, Falshoods, and Calumnies of that Writer; shewing, in confuting him, that he was well qualified to undertake the subject by a great compass of knowledge in the history of his country, and in other polite learning."

"THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF IRELAND."—The use of this phrase, though at one time in vogue, shows the utter ignorance of Irish history in him who uses it. There was neither conquest nor, in the proper sense of the term, invasion by the Anglo-Normans of Ireland in the time of Dermid McMurrough. The only contemporary, authentic, and true account, allowing for the natural bias of the writer, we have of the defection of the King of Leinster is from the pen of his trusty emissary and interpreter, Maurice Regan. This fragment of history, composed in 1177, was first translated into French, and from thence into English, by no less a personage than Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster under Elizabeth, whose MSS. are still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Regan's version of the affair is thus told:

"Dermond, Kyng of Leinster, was a powerful prince; he invaded O'Neal and the Kyng of Meath, compelled them to gyve hostages, and constrained O'Kerrall to send hym his son for a pledge into Leinster. At that tyme O'Rory, Kyng of Lethcoin, whose country was woody and full of boggs, had to wyfe the daughter of Melaghlin Mac-Colman, Kyng of Meath, a fair and lovely lady, entirely beloved of Dermond, Kyng of Leinster, who also hated O'Rory for an affront which his men had received at Lethnuth in his country.

"Dermond, by leters and messingers, pursued her love with such fervency, as, in the end, she sent him word that shee was ready to obey, and yeld to his will, appointed him a tyme and place where he should find her, and prayeing him to come soe strongly, as that he might by force take her away with him. Dermond presently assembled his forces, and marched into the county of Lethcoin; at Trimbruin he found this lady, tooke her awaye with him, spoiled the county, and returned with victory and content into Fernes.

"O'Rory, full of grief and rage, addressed hymself unto the Kyng of Connaght, complaining of the wrong and scorne done unto hym by the Kyng

of Leinster, and intreating his aid in the revenge of so grete an outrage.

"O'Conner, Kyng of Connaght, moved with honour and compassion, promised him succour, and presently he dispatched messingers to the King of Ossory unto Melaghlin, King of Meath, to Hesculph, Mac Turkell Lord of Dublin, and Morrough O'Birne, wyth whome he so muche prevailed, as they turned heads upon their Lord King Dermond.

"The King of Leinster seeing hymself forsaken of his kinsmen, friends, servants, and principal followers, having sume more confidence in Murrough O'Birne than in the rest, took horse, and rode to speak with hym.

"King Dermond being returned to Fernes, and lodged in the Abbey at Fernes, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, commanded the abbot to write a letre, which he subscribed, and to deliver it to one of his monks to carry it to the Morrough O'Birne, hoping thereby to perswade him to a meeting. The monke being dispatched, discharged the trust imposed upon him soe well as that he delivered the letre to O'Birne. The King followed the monke, and at a woodside saw Mor-

rough O'Birne, who, beholdinge the King, menanced him presently to depart, or else he would repent it.

"The distressed King, almost destracted with griefe and anger, returned to Fernes, and fearing to be betrayed there, and delivered by his people unto the King of Connaught, resolved to abandon his country, and instantly without delay he went to the Horkeran, where he imbarqued hymself for England, having in his company no other man of marke then Awliffe O'Kinade, and about sixty persons.

"With a prosperous gale he arrived at Bristoll, and was lodged with all his companie in the house of Robert Hardinge, at St. Augustins, where, aftir some staie, he addressed his journey towards France, to speak with King Henry, who then had wars in that kingdom with the French King.

"When he came to the presence of King Henry, he related at large unto hym that he was forced to run into exile, and beseeching hym to gyve hym aid, whereby he may be restorid to his inheritance, which yf it should please him in his goodness to grant, he would acknowledge hym to be Lorde, and serve hym faithfully during his life.

"This pitifull relation of the distressed king so much movid King Henry to compassion as that he promised him aid, and willed him to return to Bristoll, there to remain until he herd furthir from hym; and with all he wrote to Robert Harding, requiring hym to receve King Dermond and his followers into his house, and to intreat them with all courtesie and humanitie he could; whereof Robert failed in nothing.

"After King Dermond had remained more than a month in Bristol, and seeing no hope of aid from King Henry, weary of delaye, and comfortless, he went to the Erle Richard, intreating succours from hym, and promising, that if by his means he might be re-established in his kyngdome, that he would gyve hym his daughter to wife, and with her the whole Kingdom of Leinster for his inheritance.

"The Erle, tickled with so fair an offer, made answeare, that if he could obtain leave of the King, his mastir, he would not fail to assiste hym in his person, and bring sufficient aid; but for the present he desired to be excused; for unless the King would give his assent therunto, he durst not entirtaine a business of that importance.

"This faire and discreet answeare so well contented the exiled King, as he solemnly swore that whensoever the Erle did bring aide unto hym, he would give him his daughter in marriage, and after his death, the Kingdom of Leinster.

"These conditions being agreed to on either party, Dermond departed, and went to St. David's, where he staid untill shipping was provided to transport hym into Ireland.

. . . . . .

"The King of Leinster finding it to be an impossibility for hym to recovir his kingdome, and to prevaile in his designs, without aide out of England, dispatched his trusty servant and interpreter, Maurice Regan, with letres in Wales, and with authority in his name to promise all such as would come to serve hym in his wars in Ireland, large recompence in landes of inheritance to souche as would staye in the country, and to those that would returne, he would gyve them good intertainment eyther in money or in cattle. As soone as these promises were divulged, men of all sortes, and from divers places, preparid themselves to goe into Ireland, first, especially Robert Fitz-Stephen, a man of good esteeme in

Wales (who had lately been enlargid out of prison by the mediation of Dermond), undirtooke the imployment, and with hym some nine or ten knights of good account.

"A.D. 1169.—This little army, transported in three ships, landed at a place called Bann, not far from the town of Wexford, from whence they immediately dispatched messingers unto King Dermond to give him notice of their arrivall, who without delay repaired unto them, and imbracing them with much joy, and rendering them thanks for their travile they had taken, that night they encamped by the sea-side. The next day Dermond and the Englishe marched directly to Wexford, and instantly gave an assault unto the towne, in the whiche eighteen Englishe were slain, and of the defendaunts only three. Nevertheless, the townsmen perceavinge themselves to be unable to make any long defence, demanded parle, which being graunted, they offered hostages to the King and to sware from thence forward to be evermore his loyall vassals. By the advice of the Englishe the conditions were accepted, and the town of Wexford rendered itself unto Dermond. Which done, he went to Fernes, as well to cure his hurt men

as to feast the Englishe, where they rested three weeks.

. . . . . .

"Then Dermond called to hym Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice de Prindergast, tellinge them how much they and their nation were feared by the Irish; wherefore he had a purpose to invade the King of Ossory, his mortal enemy, and to chastise hym; but furst he required their advise and consent; who answered, *that they came to that land to no othir end than to serve hym in his warrs,* and that they would not forsake hym in any interprize whatsoever he would undertake."

ADRIAN'S BULL.—It has been long a disputed question among the best writers on Irish history as to whether Pope Adrian did or did not issue a Bull empowering Henry II. to take forcible possession of Ireland, and to reform the ecclesiastical and other abuses said to be then existing therein, though the weight of evidence hitherto has been in favor of the authenticity of such a document. Except to antiquarians, the matter has little practical interest, for Henry did not claim

that country as a dependency of his crown by virtue of any authority other than that derived from the fact that his subjects Strongbow, Fitzstephen, and others had obtained possession of it, and their appearance in Ireland was the result of circumstances altogether independent of clerical discipline or morals. Nicholas Breakspeare, afterwards Pope Adrian IV., was the only Englishman that ever sat on the papal throne, and his national partiality might have misled him into giving too credulous an ear to the plausible calumnies of the crafty Normans against a people who seem, from the days of Henry to those of Froude, to be the special object of English vituperation.

The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, the learned Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland, is of the opinion that the Bull was a forgery, and in a recent elaborate communication gives his reasons for so believing. Among other things, he says: 'Indeed, the Irish nation at all times, as if instinctively, shrank from accepting it as genuine, and unhesitatingly pronounced it an Anglo-Norman forgery. We have already seen how even Giraldus Cambrensis refers to the doubts which had arisen regarding the Bull of Pope Alexander; but we have at hand still

more conclusive evidence that Adrian's Bull was universally rejected by our people. There is, happily, preserved in the Barberini archives, Rome, a MS. of the fourteenth century, containing a series of official papers connected with the pontificate of John XXII., and amongst them is a letter from the Lord Justiciary and the Royal Council of Ireland, forwarded to Rome under the Royal Seal, and presented to His Holiness by William of Nottingham, Canon and Precentor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, about the year 1325. In this important but hitherto unnoticed document, the Irish are accused of very many crimes, among which is insidiously introduced the rejection of the supposed Bulls: '*Moreover, they assert that the King of England, under false pretences and by false Bulls, obtained the dominion of Ireland, and this opinion is commonly held by them*' — 'Asserentes etiam Dominum Regem Angliæ ex falsa suggestione et ex falsis Bullis terram Hiberniæ in dominium impetrasse ac communiter hoc tenentes.' This national tradition was preserved unbroken throughout the turmoil of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and on the revival of our historical literature in the

beginning of the seventeenth century was registered in the pages of Lynch, Stephen White, and other writers.

"It will be well also, whilst forming our judgment regarding this supposed Bull of Adrian, to hold in mind the disturbed state of society, especially in Italy, at the time to which it refers. At the present day, it would be no easy matter indeed for such a forgery to survive more than a few weeks. But at the close of the twelfth century it was far otherwise. Owing to the constant revolutions and disturbances that then prevailed, the Pontiff was oftentimes obliged to fly from city to city; frequently his papers were seized and burned, and he himself detained as a hostage or prisoner by his enemies. Hence it is that several forged Bulls, examples of which are given in *Cambrensis Eversus*, date from these times. More than one of the grants made to the Norman families are now believed to rest on such forgeries; and that the Anglo-Norman adventurers in Ireland were not strangers to such deeds of darkness appears from the fact that a matrix forging the Papal Seal of such Bulls, now preserved from the R. I. Academy, was found a few

years ago in the ruins of one of the earliest Anglo-Norman monasteries founded by De Courcy.

"The circumstances of the publication of the Bull by Henry were surely not calculated to disarm suspicion. Our opponents do not even pretend that it was made known in Ireland till the year 1175, and hence, though publicly granted with solemn investiture, as John of Salisbury's testimony would imply, and though its record was deposited in the public archives of the kingdom, this Bull, so vital to the interests of the Irish Church, should have remained dormant for twenty years, unnoticed in Rome, unnoticed by Henry's courtiers, still more unnoticed by the Irish bishops, and, I will add, unnoticed by the Continental sovereigns, so jealous of the power and preponderance of the English monarch—for such suppositions there is indeed no parallel in the whole history of investitures."

PUBLIC RECORDS.— Much stress having been laid on the importance of public records and State Paper Office documents as illustrating the

history of Ireland, we take from the Annals of Dublin, A.D. 1747, the following extract to show how and in what manner these so-called precious authorities were preserved and secured from spoliation and interpolation:

"There is no perfect chain of records existing through all the several periods of the English government, occasioned partly by the decays of time, partly by the negligence of officers, and the bad condition of repositories in ancient days, and partly from the casualties from fire. Of accidents of this last kind, there is to be seen an ancient memorandum enrolled in the Chancery Office, anno 2 Edward II., to this effect: 'Memorandum, that all the rolls of the Chancery, were, in the time of Master Thomas Cantock, Chancellor of Ireland, to the twenty-eighth year of King Edward, son to King Henry III., *destroyed* by an accidental fire in the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary, near Dublin, at the time when that abbey was burned down, except two rolls of the same year, which were delivered to *Master Walter de Thornbury*, by the king's writ. The loss is partly supplied by Maurice Regan, partly by Giraldus Cambrensis, and the Abbot Benedict, Alan's

Registry, and the Black Book of Christ's Church, Dublin.'"

THE FAMINE OF 1846-7-8-9.—In 1841, Ireland had a population of 8,175,125. In 1851, according to the usual rate of increase, she should have had at least 9,000,000; but the census commissioners reported only 6,552,385, leaving to be accounted for about 2,500,000. It has been very pertinently asked, What became of this vast mass of human beings? Some have said they emigrated, but this is impossible. In the "Annual Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics," Washington, D. C., 1871, we find, under the head of alien passengers arrived in the United States from foreign countries from 1841 to 1850 inclusive, Ireland returned as sending only 162,332, and "Great Britain, not specified," 848,366, who are stated to have been mainly Irish. Now, let us suppose that ninety per cent. of the latter were natives of Ireland, this would give us 763,529, to which, if we add the number reported as Irish, we find the total emigration of natives of Ireland to the United States during that decade to have been 925,861, or considerably less than

1,000,000. Though, as it is well known, this republic is the great attraction for all the persecuted Celts, still, if we allow that 275,000 went to England and her colonies during the period referred to—and we think this is by far too liberal an estimation—there are still *one million three hundred thousand* to be accounted for. What became of them? The only intelligent answer that can be given is that they died of famine and fever on their own soil, the victims of English misrule and tyranny. Before Mr. Froude again lectures on Ireland, will he please examine these figures?

Is Froude a Forger?—The following extracts from a letter of Col. James F. Meline, author of one of the ablest books of the period, "Mary Queen of Scots," shows how much reliance can be placed on Froude's veracity. That worthy himself, in his sixth lecture, declines Col. Meline's proposition, on the grounds that he is at one side of the Atlantic and his books and papers on the other, a mere subterfuge, as our readers will see for themselves:

"If Mr. Froude had been accused in merely

general and sweeping terms of bad faith in his treatment of historical documents, he might justly say that it is impossible for him to reply to the vague and the indefinite, and demand something specific. But that is not the case. The charges made in the book to which you refer ("Mary Queen of Scots, and her latest English Historian") are clear and explicit in every instance, citing page and volume, chapter and verse. Wherever the historian is charged with unauthorized assertion or suppression, with interpolation, with adorning his ow nlanguage with inverted commas, with changing expressions which do not suit him for such as do, every such objectionable passage is designated by italics or otherwise, and, where he claims quotation, confronted with the original in such manner as to leave no possible room for mistake. Now, these originals are not always English State papers. Many of them are published works; some relate to French history, some to the Simancas papers. A very large number of Mr. Froude's historical assertions are totally without support or reference, and what are charged as his gravest offences—his suggestions, concealment, innuendo, attributing of motives, pictorial exag-

geration, and pretended psychological introspection—are all matters which utterly elude any such test as he proposes.

"There are few indicted persons who specially admire the indictment under which they stand charged. There are, probably, still fewer who would not prefer one drawn in accordance with their wishes, and from which should, first of all, be excluded the larger part of the accusations made. Of the gravity of the charges in the book in question I am perfectly well aware, and so state (p. 9). I believe I have made them good. It is not a mere attempt to show that certain passages, as cited by the historian, do not agree with the originals. It is an arraignment of his historical method, his treatment of authorities, his want of fairness, his absence of the judicial sense, and what I can only designate as his intrepidity of statement. These are not matters to be measured by anything in the State Paper Office, and I confess my inability to understand why it should be "impossible to reply in detail." The work referred to contains some 300 pages. The inaccuracies charged may possibly number—for I have not counted them—some 400 or 500.

If Mr. Froude were to select from these a few—say some sixty or eighty—of the most important, and refute them, the book, with all its charges, would be injured beyond the power of further annoyance. He has, in fact, made a beginning in that direction. Why should he not continue? In his eighth volume, he puts a sanguinary threat in Mary Stuart's mouth, and cites as his authority a letter, 'Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 5. Scotch MSS., Rolls House.' He was told that there was no such letter in existence, in or out of the Rolls House. Claiming that there had been 'either by himself or a compositor a clerical error,' he fell back upon a letter of another date from the Earl of Bedford. The author of the work you refer to then sent to the English Record Office for a certified copy of the Bedford letter, which turns out to be, not a Scotch, but an English MS., and falls deplorably short of supporting Mr. Froude's citation. A part of this controversy was carried on in the columns of your paper, in October, 1870, and Chapter VIII. of the book referred to gives it in full, together with the Bedford letter."

A remarkable instance of this "distinguished historian's" weakness for perverting quotations

is noticed in one of our leading daily newspapers in the following temperate but not less severe terms:

"Another and hardly less striking case we take almost at random from the third volume of Mr. Froude's 'History of England.' It concerns an eminent character in English history whom Mr. Froude evidently and most cordially detests—Cardinal Pole. It is based not upon any recondite manuscript, but upon a passage taken from a well-known English historical authority—Strype. Mr. Froude's object in this instance is to present Cardinal Pole in the light of an arrogant, vain-glorious boaster. He says of him: 'He studied industriously at Paris and Padua, acquiring, as he believed, all knowledge which living teachers could impart to him, and he was himself so well satisfied with the result that at the mature age of thirty-six he could describe himself to Henry as one who, though a young man, had 'long been conversant with old men; *had long judged the eldest man that lived* too young for him to learn wisdom from.' 'Many ambitious youths,' Mr. Froude sneeringly continues, 'have experienced the same opinion of themselves; few have ven-

tured on so confident an expression of it.' The reference of the words here quoted by Mr. Froude is to Strype, vol. 11, p. 305.

"Now let us see what Strype really gives us as the language of Cardinal Pole:

"'Your Grace [to the king] will think I speak as a young man. I cannot deny but I am that young man that have long judged the eldest that liveth *at these days* too young for me to learn wisdom of that have learned *of all antiquity, of the most antient that ever were aforetime*, and of my time hath had most acquaintance and most *longest conversation with those that have been the flower of wisdom in our time, which I have sought in all places* and most enjoyed that wisdom of any young man of my time—*so that if I were a stock I must needs know somewhat.*'

"Is it possible to imagine a more complete contradiction than here exists between what Cardinal Pole is really reported by Strype as saying and the sense which Mr. Froude puts upon what he claims that he is citing as the language of Cardinal Pole from the pages of Strype?"

Is it any wonder that a man guilty of such unblushing falsifications of history should decline

any challenge that might be offered him as to the correctness or fairness of his quotations? And if a writer will be guilty of such tergiversation toward his own countrymen, how much reliance can be placed on his statements regarding a country whose nationality and religion are evidently the objects of his most intense though ill-disguised hatred? J. E. M.

An American on the "Situation."

Wendell Phillips, whose eloquent lecture on O'Connell has for years delighted and instructed the thinking people of almost every city and town in the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, in a discourse delivered on the third of December, 1872, before the *elite* of Boston, thus takes to pieces the elaborately constructed sophisms of the "celebrated historian," and exposes in all their nakedness the hollow prejudices of a man who came to us with professions of impartiality and fairness on his lips, but with deadly and implacable malice in his heart. As an American, with no Irish proclivities, and as one of the American jury appealed to by Froude, his opinions on the questions at issue are of peculiar value. We copy his remarks from the condensed report of the Boston *Daily Advertiser:*

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am to offer to you one or two suggestions touching Mr. Froude's lec-

tures on the relations of Great Britain and Ireland. He said he came here to argue his case before the American people as a jury, and in my narrow way I wish to use the hour you lend me to-night in rendering a verdict. It was a great privilege to hear an English scholar's view of these critical relations between England and Ireland; it was a theme deeply interesting to every student of English literature and politics, and the interest was deepened into gratitude when with generous purpose he gave the receipts of those lectures to the sufferers of our great conflagration. I was gratified, also, at the channel which he chose for his address to the American people—the lyceum. It was a marked recognition of this new forum for the public discussion of great national questions; it was a compliment, well deserved, to the impartiality and intelligence of the audiences which make up the great American lyceum. Of course, being Froude, it was brilliant and picturesque in narrative, graphic, instructive; and if he did not bring us many new facts, at least in the manner in which he told the old ones he revealed the mood, the temper of mind, with which England looks at the question to-day, and that of itself is

a great revelation. Horne Tooke said once, when Gibbon wrote his autobiography, that a man who had anything to conceal ought to do anything rather than write his own life; that he should beg his worst enemy to write it before he trusted the unconscious betrayal of what he would have been but too willing to conceal. So I think in the mode, in the standpoint, in the whole inspiration of these fine testimonies to the relation of Great Britain and Ireland we have the latest, and the most authentic, and the most trustworthy declaration of the mode in which the leading Englishmen of today regard the Irish question. We all had reason to expect a scholar's treatment, to expect that he would bring order out of chaos, that the tangled web of this Irish history which had confused all students and puzzled the most patient enquirer would be straightened out and cleared up. For one, I never expected the exact statement, the close narrative, the logical sequence, or the instinct of the historian, for I think it cannot be said that Mr. Froude has ever written anything that deserves the name of history. Fairly judged, he is a fervid, brilliant, and earnest writer of party pamphlets, and, grouping together these

whole fine presentations of the Irish question, after all they are so discordant, so partisan, so fragmentary, so one-sided, that it only runs in the line with the character of his whole literary work. If he had not had occasion to name frequently the O'Connells, the O'Neills, the Fitzgeralds, the Geraldines, the Clairs, and the Desmonds, I should hardly have known, as I listened, that it was an Irish story. In my hasty way, I have had occasion to study somewhat at length the history of Ireland in its relations to the British government, and I confess, with the exception of the dates and the names, I should not have recognized the picture which the brilliant essayist drew. I remember once Mrs. Butler read for us a striking extract from "Marmion." I have declaimed it, listened to it, sung it, and crooned it over a hundred times, and when I heard it announced it seemed to me it would be but a tame piece to listen to; but, when the deep studied and unequalled voice and that soul that permeates all her public readings gave me the piece anew, I thought I had never seen it at all. So when I listened to this history of Froude's, taking out the names and the dates, I did not recognize the story. No doubt, it

was fair enough to England. With rare justice, he painted her as black as she deserved. That is honestly to be said. But having given one broad, liberal black pigment to the whole canvas, he took it all off and brightened up the lines. As it was said of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he would proclaim an artist the first of painters, and then in detail deny him every quality of the artist, so Froude, having told us in a sentence of marvellous frankness, that Elizabeth was chargeable with every fault that a ruler could commit, that she lacked every quality of a worthy ruler, went on, piece by piece, to say that in no other possible way but the one she did could she have met the exigencies of her reign. Then, when you turn to Ireland, every statement, I think, of the Englishman is false; false in this sense, that it clutched at every idle tale which reflected upon Ireland, while it subjected to just and merciless scrutiny every story that told against England. He painted the poverty, the anarchy, the demoralization, the degradation of Ireland for the last three centuries, as if it stood out exceptional in Europe, as if every other kingdom was bright, and this was the only dark and

disgusting spot on the Continent; whereas, he knew, and would not if questioned have denied, that the same poverty, the same reckless immorality, the same incredible ignorance which he attributed to the population of Ireland, was true of France at that day, true of England at the same period, truer still of Scotland at every date that he named. And then, when he came to the public men of Ireland, he painted them monsters of corruption, steeped in the utmost subserviency, in the most entire readiness to traffic for votes and principles, when he knew that, all that being granted, these men were only toiling and panting in their narrow capacity to lift themselves up to the level of the corruption of their English brothers. He painted every leading Irishman but Grattan either as a noisy demagogue or a childish sentimentalist; and even Grattan, when he had said that he was honest, he finally ended him by painting him as a simpleton. I know that you can pick out of his lectures here and there a just sentence of acknowledgment; but I am endeavoring to give the result of all the discourses—the impression that would be left on the patient listener after hearing them all. Now, it seems to

me that all this indicates the partisan, the pamphleteer, the pleader of a cause, not an impartial searcher after a great truth, or the generous and frank acknowledgment of a great national error. Some men were surprised that an Englishman should bring to this country a question apparently of so little interest as the relations of Ireland, but it would be only a superficial thinker that would be led into that mistake. The relations of Ireland are the gravest, the most important feature of England's political life. Eight years ago, I was hissed in Cooper Institute for having said that England was a second-rate power on the chessboard of Europe; but to-day her journalists have ceased to deny the fact, and are engaged in an explanation of why she is so. And the two great influences which have made her fall from a first-class power is the neglect and oppression of her own masses, and seven centuries of unadulterated and infamous oppression of Ireland. Mr. Froude told us with epigrammatic force and great truth that the wickedness of nations was always punished; that, no matter how long Providence waited, in the end the wickedness of a race was answered by the punishment of their descendants.

England has held for seven centuries to the lips of her sister Ireland a poisoned chalice. Its ingredients were the deepest contempt, the most unmeasured oppression, injustice, such as the world hardly ever saw before. As Mr. Froude said, Providence to-day is holding back that same cup to the lips of the mother country, which has within a dozen years felt the deep punishment of her long injustice to Ireland. Ten years ago, when Germany pressed to the wall the small kingdom of Denmark, which gave to England her Princess of Wales, England longed to draw her sword; when, two years ago, Bismarck snubbed her in the face of all Europe, again and again insulted her, smote her actually in the face, England longed to draw her sword, but she knew right well that the first cannon she fired at any first-rate power Ireland would stab her in the back. Checkmated, she cannot move on the chess-board of the great powers, and one of the great causes of this sudden crippling of her powers is the Irish question. I do not wonder at all that the thoughtful Englishman should long to explain to the world, if he can, how the steps by which his country has been brought to this

step have been inevitable; that by no wit of statesmanship, by no generosity of high-toned and magnanimous honor, could she have avoided the path in which she is treading. If Mr. Froude could make out that proposition, if he could convince the world through the American people that England accepted the inevitable fate which the geographical proximity of Ireland had entailed upon her, it would have gone half way to wipe out the clots on his country's fame. I do not wonder he should make the attempt. I believe that, instead of England's having conquered Ireland, in the true, essential statement of the case as it stands to-day Ireland has conquered England. She has summoned her before the bar of the civilized world to judge the justice of her legislation; she has checkmated her as a power on the chess-board of Europe; she has monopolized the attention of her statesmen; she has made her own island the pivot upon which the destiny of England turns; and her last great statesman and present prime minister, Mr. Gladstone, owes whatever fame he has to the supposition that at last he has devised a way by which he can conciliate Ireland and save his own coun-

try. But in all the presentations of the case, it seems to me that our English friend has been a partisan and not a judge. Let me illustrate in one or two instances what I consider the justice of this charge. The population of Ireland, previous to 1811, is wholly matter of guess. There never was a census till after this century had opened. Sir William Pettie, Tynes Morrison, the secretary of Lord Mountjoy, and others have formed an estimate of the different periods of the population of Ireland. Now, what I charge as a proof of partisanship is that, whenever it served his purpose to adopt a small guess in order to excuse an English injustice or to bear hardly down on the critical condition of the Irish, he has always selected the smallest possible estimate. Whenever it served his purpose, on the contrary, to exaggerate the moral inefficiency of the Irish people, the divided councils, the quarrelsome generations, the totally inefficient race, compares with some interval of English rule, he has always adopted the largest guess. For instance, the historian's estimate of the population of Ireland made about the year 1600, the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Tynes Morrison, puts it

at from 500,000 to 600,000 men. Mr. Froude adopts this when he wants to say that James I., in confiscating six of the best counties in Ireland and settling them on his followers, was not very harmful, because, he says, there were very few inhabitants in Ireland, and room enough for a great many more. I do not see myself by what principle he would justify a deposit in confiscating the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Middlesex, Bristol, and Worcester, turn out all the inhabitants, and give the property to aliens, because there was a great deal of vacant land in Nebraska! I do not see any exact moral principle. Then he brings us down to 1641–49, the era when Cromwell, with 14,000 troops, subdued Ireland. Then it is his purpose, as an advocate, to swell Ireland into large proportions, and show you a great people swept like a herd of stags before one single powerful English hand. Then he tells you that Sir William Pettie has estimated the population of Ireland in 1641 at a million and a half of human beings, an estimate which Hallam calls prodigiously vain, and it is one of the most marvellous estimates in history. Here was an island, poverty-stricken, scourged by war, robbed of its soil, and

still it had trebled in population in about thirty-eight years, when, with all our multitudinous and uncounted emigration, with all our swelling prosperity, with all our industry and peace, with all our fruitful lands, and no touch of war—with all this, it took our country more time than that to treble. It took France 166 years to treble; but this poverty-stricken, war-ridden, decimated, starved race trebled in a quarter the time. However, having put down that point, the advocate goes on in order to exaggerate the trebled immorality and frightful fratricidal nature of Irish life, and tells you that in the next nine years this curious population, which had trebled four times quicker than any nation in Europe, lost 600,000 in the wars. How the wars became so much more dangerous and bloody and exhaustive in these nine years than in the thirty-eight before nobody explains. He tells us there were 900,000 men, women, and children when Cromwell came to Ireland. These 900,000 were the old, the young, the women, the decrepit, the home-keepers. Cromwell landed with 14,000 men, and how many did he meet? How many did this population send out to meet him? Two

hundred thousand men! Every other man in the island went out. When France elevated herself with gigantic energy to throw back the utter disgrace of German annihilation, how many men did she put into the field? One in fifty. When Germany, moved to the contest for the imperial dignity of Europe, raised all her power to crush France in that terrific struggle, how many did she raise? One in thirty-five. When the South, in her terrible conflict with us, was said to have emptied everything but her game-yards into the camps, how many did she send out? One in twenty. But this poverty-stricken, decimated, women and children population went out one in four!