

manners of a gentleman. It is a strange fact that the two most gentlemanly kings of England were the two greatest scoundrels that ever lived on the earth—namely, Henry VIII. and George IV. Accordingly he dealt with the Irish people with a certain amount of civility and courtesy. He did not go on, like all his predecessors before him, saying: "You are the king's enemies; you are to be all put to death; you are without the pale of the law; you are barbarians and savages and I will have nothing to say to you." Henry said: "Let us see. Can' we arrange all difficulties and live in peace and quietness?" And the Irish people were charmed with his kind manner. Ah! my friends, it is true that there was a black heart beneath that smiling face, and it is also true that the very fact that Mr. Froude acknowledges, that Henry VIII. had a certain amount of popularity in the beginning among the Irish people, proves that if England only knew how to treat Ireland with respect and courtesy and kindness, it would have long since have gained the fidelity of that unhappy country, instead of embittering it by the injustice, the tyranny, and the cruelty of her laws. And that is what I meant when on last Tuesday evening I said that the english contempt for Irishmen is a real evil that lies at the root of all the bad spirit that exists between the two nations, for the simple reason that the Irish people are too intellectual, too pure, too noble, too heroic to allow themselves to be humbled and enchained, and their pride to be despised.

And now, my friends, Mr. Froude went on to give us a proof of the great love the Irish people have for Harry the Eighth. He says they were so fond of this king that actually, at the king's request, Ireland threw the Pope overboard. Now, Mr. Froude, fond

called, the first thing they did was to banish the three proctors and deprive them of their seats in the House. Without the slightest justice, without the slightest pretence of either right, or law, or justice, the proctors were excluded, and so the ecclesiastical element of Ireland was precluded from the parliament of 1537. Then, partly by bribes and threats, the Irish little burroughs that surrounded Dublin took an oath that Henry was head of the Church, and Mr. Froude calls this the apostasy of the Irish nation. With that strange want of knowledge, for I can call it nothing else, he imagines that the Irish remained Catholics, even though he asserts they gave up the Pope. They took, he says the oath___bishops and all___nd thereby acknowledged Henry's supremacy. But nevertheless, they did not become Protestants they still remained Catholic; and the reason they didn't take to Elizabeth was because she wanted to entail on them the Protestant religion as well as the oath of supremacy. The Catholic Church and its doctrines they abided by, and they believed then, as they do now, that there is no man a Catholic who is not in communion with the Pope. Henry VIII., who was a learned man, had too much logic and too much theology, and too much sense to become what is called a Protestant. He never embraced the doctrines of Luther, but held on to every idea of catholic doctrine to the very last day of his life, except that he refused to acknowledge to Pope, and on the day that Henry VIII. refused to acknowledge the Pope he refused to be a Catholic. To pretend that the Irish people were so ignorant as to imagine that they could throw the Pope overboard and still remain Catholic is to offer to the genius and intelligence of Ireland a gratuitous insult. It is true that some of the bishops

The next passage in the relation of Henry VIII. to Ireland, goes to prove that Ireland did not throw the Pope overboard. My friends, in the year 1541 a Parliament assembled in dublin and declared that Henry VIII. was King of Ireland. They had been four hundred years and more fighting for the title, and at length it is conferred by the Irish Parliament upon the English monarch. Two years later, in gratitude to the Irish Parliament, Henry called the Irish chieftains together at Greenwich to a grand assembly, and on the first day of July, 1543, he gave the Irish chieftains their English titles. O'Neill of Ulster got the title of Earl of Tyrone; the glorious O'Donnell the title of Earl of Tyrconnel; Ulric McWilliams Burke, Earl of Clanricarde; Fitzpatrick received the name of Baron of Ossory, and they returned to Ireland with their new titles. Henry, however, open handed, generous fellow—he was really very generous—gave these chieftains not only the titles, but a vast amount of property—only it happened to be stolen from the Catholic Church. He was an exceedingly generous man with other people's goods. He had a good deal of that spirit of which Artemus Ward makes mention. He (Artemus Ward) says he was "quite contented to see his wife's first cousin go to the war." In order to effect the reformation in question in Ireland, Henry gave to those worthy earls with their English titles all the abbey lands and convents and churches within their possessions. The consequence was that he enriched them, and to the eternal shame of the O'Neill, and O'Donnell, Mcwilliams Burke, and the Fitzpatrick of Ossory, they had the cowardliness and weakness to accept those things at his hands. They came home with the spoil of their monasteries, but the Irish people were as true before the day when

driven out, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "the implementations of superstition were put down." The implements of superstition, as Mr. Froude calls them, were "Jesus Christ crucified," the statues of his Blessed Mother, and his saints. All these things were pulled down and destroyed. The ancient statue of Our Lady of Trim (County Meath) was broken. The churches were burned, and torn down, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "Ireland was taught that she must yield to the new order of things or stand by the Pope." "Her national ideas become for evermore inseparably linked with the Catholic religion." Glory to you, Mr. Froude! He has not forgotten to mention the fact that from that time to the present hour Ireland's independence and Ireland's religion became inseparably and irrevocably one. If the learned gentleman were present, I have no doubt that he would rise up and bow his thanks to you for the hearty manner in which you have received his sentiments. And I am sure that, as he is not here, he will not take it ill of me when I thank you in his name. Bloody Mary was a Catholic, without a doubt. She persecuted her Protestant subjects. Speaking of her in his lecture, Mr. Froude says: "There was no persecution of Protestants in Ireland, because there were no Protestants to be persecuted." And he goes on to say: "Those who were in Ireland when Mary came to the throne fled." I must take the learned historian to task on this. The insinuation is, that if the Protestants had been in Ireland the Irish would have persecuted them. The impression he desires to leave on the mind is that we Catholics would be only too glad to stain our hands in the blood of our fellow citizens on the question of religion. But what are the facts? The facts are that during the reign of Edward VI., and

Catholic faith, at last the wheel gave a turn, and in 1689 the Catholics were up and the Protestants were down. That Parliament assembled to the number of 228 members. The Celtic or Catholic had a sweeping majority. What was the first law that they made? The very first law that the Catholic parliament passed was as follows:

"We hereby declare that the law of this land of Ireland that neither now or ever again shall any man be persecuted for his religion."

That was the retaliation we took on them. Was it not magnificent? Was it not a grand, magnificent specimen of that spirit of Christianity, that spirit of forgiveness and charity without which, if it not be in a man, all the dogmatic truths that were ever revealed won't save him? Now, coming to Good Queen Bess, as she is called. I must say that Mr. Froude bears very heavily upon her, and speaks of her really in language as terrific in its severity as any that I could use, and far more, for I have not the learning nor the eloquence of Mr. froude. He says one little thing of her, however, that is worthy of remark:

"Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword, but when she did draw it she never sheathed it until the star of freedom was fixed upon her banner, never to pale."

This is a very eloquent passage; but the soul of eloquence is truth. Is it true strictly that Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword? Answer it, ye Irish annals. Answer it, O history of Ireland! Elizabeth came to reign in 1558. The following year in 1559, there was a Parliament assembled by her order in Dublin. What do you think of the laws of that Parliament? It was not a Catholic Parliament, nor an Irish Parliament. It consisted of 76

state was the Irish Church? Upon that subject we have the authority of the Protestant historian, Leland. There were 220 parish churches in Meath, and after a few years time there were only 105 of them left with their roofs on. "All over the kingdom," says Leland, "the people were left without any religious worship, and under the pretense of obeying the orders of the state they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which were actually exposed to sale without decency or reserve." A number of hungry adventurers were let loose upon the Irish churches and upon the Irish people by Elizabeth. They not only robbed them and plundered their churches, but they shed the blood of the bishops and priests and of the people of Ireland in torrents, as Mr. Froude himself acknowledges. He tells us that after the second rebellion of the Geraldines, such was the state to which the fair province of Munster was reduced that you might go through the land from the far most point of Kerry until you came into the eastern plains of Tipperary, and you would not as much as hear the whistle of a ploughboy or behold the face of a living man. But the ditches and trenches were filled with the corpses of the people, and the country was reduced to a desolate wilderness. The poet Spenser describes it most emphatically. Even he, case hardened as he was, _ _ _ for he was one of the plunderers and persecutors, _ _ _ acknowledged that the state of Munster was such that no man could look upon it with a dry eye. Sir Henry Sidney, one of Elizabeth's deputies, speaks of the condition of the country as follows:

"Such horrible spectacles are to be beheld as the burning of villages, the ruin of towns, yea, the view of the bones and skulls

was reduced to the state described by Spenser. Connaught was made a wilderness after the rebellion of the Clanricardes, or the Burke family. Ulster, through the agency of Lord Mountjoy, was left the very picture of desolation. The glorious Red Hugh O'Donnell and the magnificent Hugh O'Neill were crushed and defeated after fifteen years of war, and the consequence was that when James I. succeeded Elizabeth he found Ireland almost a wilderness.

Mr Froude, in his rapid historical sketch, says that all this fruit brought revenge, and he tells us that in 1641 the Irish rose in rebellion. So they did. Now, he makes one statement, and with the refutation of that statement I will close this lecture. Mr. Froude tells us that in the rising under Sir Phelim O'Neill in 1642 there were 38,000 Protestants slaughtered by the Irish. This is a grave charge, and if it be true, all I can say is that I blush for my fathers. But if it not be true, why repeat it. Why not wipe it from the records? It is true that Ireland rose under Sir Phelim O'Neill. At the time there was a Protestant parson in Ireland who called himself a minister of the Word of God. He gives his account of the whole transaction in a letter to the people of England, begging of them to help their fellow Protestants in Ireland. Here are his words:

"It was the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them, on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods, and on Monday they were to cut all the English throats. The former they executed; the third—that is, the massacre—they failed in."

Pettit, another English authority, tells us that there were 30,000 Protestants massacred at that time. A man of the name of

conceived to be the cause of the truth? Mr. froude does not believe that it is the cause of the truth. I do not blame him; every man has a right to his religious opinions. But Ireland believed that it was the cause of the truth, and Ireland stood for it like one man.

I speak of all these things only historically. I do not believe in animosity. I am no believer in bad blood. I do not believe with Mr. Froude that the question of Ireland's difficulties must remain without a solution; I do not give it up in despair; but I do say, that he has no right, nor has any other man the right, to come before the audience of America that has never persecuted in the cause of religion___of America, that respects the rights even of the meanest citizen upon her soil___and to ask that American people to sanction by their verdict the robberies and persecutions of which England is guilty!

James Anthony Froude____3rd Lecture

Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, NYC

New York Times, October 22, 1872

A larger crowd present____Mr. Froude gives an interesting Review of Irish History.

On the occasion of the third lecture of James Anthony Froude the audience in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association was larger than on either of the former evenings. The famous lecturer made his appearance punctually at 8 o'clock, accompanied by numerous friends, among whom were Mr. Peter Cooper, Mr. Mori, the Japanese Minister; Mr. Putnam, and other distinguished gentlemen.

The lecturer said he had closed his last lecture with the collapse of the great Irish rebellion of 1641, which commenced with massacre and ended with complete ruin.

During the nine years in which the Irish chiefs had held the destinies of their country in their hands nothing had been accomplished, nothing even had been attempted, nothing had resulted save complete anarchy. And when the rebellion had collapsed what was Cromwell to do? Was he to proclaim an universal amnesty? It would be remembered that from the time that England, under Elizabeth, had declared against the Papacy, the Italian and Spanish peoples had declared against England, and Ireland had declared for Italy and Spain. Ireland had made itself an eternal ever ready nucleus for insurrection and for attempts against the liberties of England.

not remain Puritans, as they were; with kings and priests they could have no abiding; so they turned their faces to the setting sun, and landing in America became among the sternest and the most patriotic of American Puritans.

Other English came to their places in Ireland, money-jobbers, speculators, land-jobbers; but their presence did not do for Ireland what had been lost by emigration. The colonies of Southern Ireland went to ruin. The Episcopalians and the Catholics swept over them, and annihilated slowly all that had been built up by Cromwell. In Ulster, where the Scotch colonies were, there was no such loss, because the Scotch had obtained their mark, and therefore they held their own.

Charles died, and his brother James reigned in his stead. He appointed the Duke of Tyroonnell, a worthless fellow, Viceroy of the land of Ireland, and he went diligently to work to make the country Catholic, and to upset all the nonconformist colonists. Tyroonnell summoned an Irish Parliament, holding James, while he had lost England, was still King of Ireland. Louis le Grand, of France, sympathized with the fallen monarch, and sent troops, money, and officers to assist his cause in Ireland.

And now, when King William came to conquer Ireland, the Irish had a better opportunity to win their liberties than ever before. The English forces were a mixture of English and Dutch, nothing like Ironsides; but the Irish were more numerous, had been drilled by French officers, armed with French arms, and occupied strong positions. Yet they made but little stand against the arms of England. At the Boyne they resisted feebly. At Athlone they were disgracefully surprised. At Aughrim they made, indeed, a brave

was a colony, and that, therefore, must not be allowed to destroy any trade of the mother country. Twenty thousand weavers left poor Ireland the same year, and in this beautiful manner England attempted to restore prosperity to a ruined country. The next move was to expel the Catholic hierarchy. All the bishops and archbishops were driven out, but priests were graciously permitted to remain on condition of taking the oath of supremacy.

In 1704 the Irish petitioned to be admitted into the Union, but it was refused on the ground that Ireland, if admitted, would be enabled to trade, and by her superior intelligence and activity would have seriously damaged the English commerce. So the petition of the Irish Parliament was refused, and Irish statesmen were told to fall back upon their own resources.

Still not satisfied with the penal laws, the English Parliament passed yet another, which was entitled "An Act to Resist the Spread of Popery." By this precious act no Catholic could buy land or lease it, no Catholic could serve as sheriff, could go to universities, could enter Parliament. By the same act if a child turned Protestant he could get his father's estate; if a lawyer wanted to gain a lawsuit he persuaded his client to turn Protestant. The consequence was that the land was filled with men steeped to the lips in perjuries to support their social positions.

One more touch remained to be added to the frightful list of atrocious laws. The English Parliament passed a law that not a flock of Irish wool should be exported to any other country save England, and that the price should be sixpence a pound. This was because the Irish wool was so superior that one pack of Irish wool mixed with three of French enabled the French cloth-makers to

best class, the Nonconformists, emigrated steadily year after year. All this time the Irish Parliament sat steadily, eloquent opposition being bribed down by fat sinecures, titles for the ambitious, money for the venal. There was no trade so lucrative as champion of Ireland's injuries in those cruel days. It had been said by a cynic that corruption was inseparable from free institutions. But it seemed to him that liberty must cast out corruption; or corruption would make an end to liberty.

This brought down the house, and he closed to vehement applause, having again and again won plaudits from the audience, though the subject of the lecture was not so interesting to the majority as those previously given, being somewhat technical in parts.

ANSWERS
TO FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN
BY
REV. THOMAS N. BURKE___3rd LECTURE
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK< NOVEMBER 19, 1872

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

Scotland and in England. The form which Protestantism took in Scotland was the hard, uncompromising, and highly cruel form of Calvinism in its most repellant aspect. The men who rose in Scotland in defense of their Presbyterian religion rose not against Catholic people, but against the Episcopalian Protestants of England. They defended what they called the kirk of the covenant. They fought bravely, I acknowledge, for it, and they ended in establishing it as the religion of Scotland.

Now, Charles I. was an Episcopalian Protestant of the most sincere and devoted kind. The Parliament of England, in the very first years of Charles, admitted persons who were strongly tinged with Scottish Calvinism. The king demanded of them certain subsidies and they refused him; he asserted certain sovereign rights and they denied them. While this was going on in England from 1630 to 1641, what was the condition of affairs in Ireland? One fertile province of the land had been confiscated by James I. Charles I. was in need of money for his own purposes, and his Parliament refused to grant any. Then the poor, oppressed, and down-trodden Catholics of Ireland imagined, naturally enough, that the king, being in difficulties, would turn to them and extend a little countenance and favor if they proclaimed their loyalty and stood by him. Accordingly, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Falkland, desiring sincerely to aid his royal master, hinted to the Catholics, who had been enduring the most terrible penal laws from the days of Elizabeth and James I., that perhaps, if they should now petition the king, certain graces or concessions might be granted to them. These concessions simply involved permission of riding over English land and to worship God according to the

remember that your majesty expected only £30,000 and they have granted £50,000." More than this, the Irish Parliament voted the king 8,000 infantry and 1,000 horses to fight his rebellious enemies. The Parliament met the following year, 1635, and what do you think was the fulfillment of the royal promise to the Catholics of Ireland? Strafford had got the money. He did not wish to compromise his master the king, and he took upon himself to fix upon his memory the indelible shame and disgrace of breaking his word, which he had plighted, and disappoint the Catholics of Ireland. Then, in 1635, the real character of this man came out, and what do you think was the measure he proposed? He instituted a commission for the express purpose of confiscating, in addition to Ulster—that was already gone—the whole province of Connaught, so as not to leave an Irishman or Catholic one square inch of ground in that land. This he called the Commission of Defective Titles. The members of the commission were to enquire into the title of property, and to find a flaw in it if they could, in order that the land might be confiscated to the Crown of England. Remember how much of Ireland had already been seized, my friends. The whole of Ulster had been confiscated by James I. The same king had taken the county of Longford from the O'Farrells, who had owned it from time immemorial; Wexford from the O'Tooles, and several other counties from the Irish families who were the rightful proprietors of the soil. And now, with the whole of Ulster and the better part of Leinster in his hand, this minister instituted a commission for the purpose of obtaining the whole of the province of Connaught and of rooting out the native Irish! He expelled every man that owned a rod of land in the province and

and told them that they were to get four shillings on the pound for the value of every single piece of property that they confiscated, and he boasted publicly that he had made the chief baron and the judges attend to this business as if it were their own private concern! This is the kind of rule that the English historian comes to America to ask the honest and upright citizens of this free country to endorse by their verdict, and thereby to make themselves of English robbery. In the same way this Strafford instituted another tribunal in Ireland which he called the Court of Wards, and do you know what this was? It was found that the Irish people, gentle and simple, failed to become Protestants. I have not a harsh word to say to any of the Protestants, but I do say that every high-minded Protestant in the world must admire the strength and fidelity with which Ireland, because of her conscience, clings to her ancient faith, believing it true. This tribunal was instituted in order to get the heirs of Catholic gentry to bring them up in the Protestant religion, and it was to this court of awards that was owing the significant fact that some of the most ancient and best names in Ireland—the names of men whose ancestors fought for faith and fatherland—are now Protestants and enemies of their Catholic fellow-subjects. It was by this, and such means of this, that the men of my name became Protestants. There was no drop of Protestant blood in the Red Earl or the Dun Earl of Clanricarde. There was no drop of such blood in the heroic Burkes who fought in the long 500 years before this time.

There was no Protestant blood in the O'Brien's of Munster or in the glorious O'Donnells and O'Neills of Ulster; yet they are Protestants today. Let no Protestant American citizen imagine that

Parliament has rebelled against him. Let us rise in the king's name and assert our rights." They rose in 1641 like one man___every Irishman and every Catholic in Ireland rose. On the 23rd of October, 1641, they all rose, with the exception of the Catholic lords of the pale. I will give you the reason of their rising, as recorded in the "Memoirs of Lord Castlehaven," a lord by no means prejudiced in favor of Ireland;

"The Irish rose for six reasons; first, because they are generally looked down to as a conquered nation, seldom or never trusted after the manner of free-born subjects."

Here, dear friends, is the first reason given by the english lord, that the Irish people rose after the english people treated them contemptuously. When will England learn to treat her subjects or friends with common respect? When will those proud, stubborn Anglo-Saxons condescend to form and cherish an acquaintance with those around them? I said it in my first, repeated it in my second lecture, and say it in this, that it was the contempt as much as the hatred of Englishmen for Irishmen that lies at the root of the bitter spirit and antagonism that exists between those two nations. The second reason given by my Lord Castlehaven is that the Irish saw that six whole counties in Ulster were escheated to the crown and never restored to the natives, but bestowed by James I. on his countrymen, the Scotch. The third reason was that in Strafford's time the crown laid claim to Roscommon and Galway, and to some parts of Tipperary, Wicklow, and other portions of the land. The fourth reason was that, according to the english accounts of the day, war was declared against the Roman Catholics, a fact which a people so fond of their religion as the Irish was no small matter,

An English Protestant writer of the times, of that very year 1641, says that they had sundry grievances and grounds of complaint touching their estates and consciences, which they pretended to be far greater than those of the Scots, for they thought that if the Scotch acted thus to save a new religion, it was a reason that they should not be punished for the exercise of the old.

There was another reason for the revolt, my friends, and a very potent one. It was this: Charles had the weakness and the folly___I can not call it anything else___to leave at the head of the Irish Government, Sir John Bernoe and Sir William Parsons. These were both ardent Puritans and partisans of the Parliament. They thought that he would be embarrassed by the fight in the Parliament and by the men in Ireland, so these men lent themselves to promote the resistance. Six months before this revolt broke out Charles sent them word that he had received notice that the Irish were going to rise. They took no notice of the king's advertisement. The lords of the pale, who refused to join the Irish in the uprising, betook themselves to the justices in Dublin for protection, and it was refused them. They were refused permission to go into the city and escape the Irish rebellion, and the moment the Irish chieftains came near the settlers of the English king their castles were declared forfeit as well as their estates, and so the Lords of Gormanstown and Trimbleton and others were forced to join hands with the Irish, and draw their swords in the glorious cause they so applauded and maintained. They were forced to this. Moreover, they knew that their friends and fellow countrymen were earning distinction and honor and glory upon all the battle-fields of Europe, in the service of Spain, France and

Now, in their terror the common people fled to Carrickfergus, and upon a little island near by they took refuge. They congregated there for purposes of safety to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing this garrison did, they sailed out of Carrickfergus in the night-time and fell in among these innocent and unarmed people, and they slew man, woman and child, until they left three thousand dead bodies. And we have the authority of Leland, the Protestant historian, that this was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side. This was the first massacre! How, in the name of Heaven, can any man be so learned as Mr. Froude and make such untruthful assertions as he has advanced? How can he, in the name of history, assert that these (the Irish people) began by massacring thirty-eight thousand of his fellow-countrymen, his fellow-religionists, when we have in the month of December, four months after, a commission issued to the Dean of Kilmore and seven other Protestant clergymen to make sedulous enquiry about those who were murdered? Here are the words of Castlehaven:

"The Catholics were urged into rebellion, and the lord justices were often heard to say that the more in rebellion the more lands would be derived (or pilfered) from them."

It was the old story, the old adage of James I: "Root out the Catholics, root out the Irish, and give Ireland to English Protestants and Puritans, and you will regenerate the land." But from such regeneration of my own or any other land deliver us. "This rebellion," says Mr. Froude, "began in massacre and ended in ruin." It ended in ruin the most terrible, and if it began in massacre, Mr. froude, you must acknowledge as a historical truth that the massacre was on the part of your countrymen and your chief

months they gained some successes. Most of the principal cities of Ireland opened their gates to them. The garrisons were carefully saved from slaughter, and the moment they laid down their arms their lives were as sacred as any man's in the Irish armies. Not a drop of unnecessary blood was shed by the Irish. In reference to the Supreme Council I defy any man to prove that there was any act of the Supreme Council for the purpose of promoting bloodshed and slaughter. Now, after a few months success the armies of the confederation experienced some reverses. The English armies came upon them, and the command was given to Sir Charles Coote, and I want to read some of the gentleman's exploits for you. Sir Charles Coote's exploits in Ireland are described by Clarendon in these words: "Sir Charles, besides plundering and burning the town of Clontarf at that time, did massacre sixteen of the Towns-people, men and women, besides suckling infants, and in that very same week fifty-six men, women and children in the village of Bullock, being frightened at what was done at Clontarf, went to sea to shun the fury of a party of soldiers who came out from Dublin under the command of Col. Clifford. Being pursued by the soldiers in boats, they were overtaken and thrown overboard." An order given out by the authorities then in power commanded to kill, slay and destroy all belongings to the said rebels, their adherents and relatives, and to destroy the towns and houses where the rebels had been harbored. This order was given out at the Castle of Dublin, the 23rd of February, and signed by six precious names. The Irish were not only pursued on the land, but on the sea; and there was a law passed that if any Irishmen were found on the sea, the officers of his majesty's cruisers were ordered to tie them back to back and

met on his march, and among others was Philip Ryan, whom he put to death without the slightest hesitation. This occurs in Cart's "Life of Ormond." Great numbers of the English, miraculously preserved in those days through the instrumentality of the Irish, were suffered to go into the County of Cork by the courtesy and kindness of the inhabitants of Cashel.

In 1649 Cardinal Renocini was sent over by the Pope to preside over the supreme council of the Confederation of Kilkenny, and about the same time news came to Ireland that the illustrious Owen Roe O'Neill had landed in Ireland on the coast of Ulster. This man was one of the most distinguished officers of the Spanish service, and he landed with an army with which he met the English general and engaged in a battle which raged from the early morning until the sunset, and the evening saw the England's army flying in confusion, and thousands of her best soldiers were stretched upon the field, while the Irish chieftain stood victorious on the field which his genius and valor had won. Shortly after this, partly through the treachery of the Irish Protestants and partly through the agency of the English lords, the confederation began to experience the most disastrous defeats, and the cause of Ireland again was all but lost.

In the year 1649 Oliver Cromwell arrived in Ireland. Mr. Froude says, and truly that he did not come to make war with rose-water, but with the thick, warm blood of the Irish people. And Mr. Froude prefaces the introduction of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland by telling us that the Lord Protector was a great friend of Ireland, that he was a liberal-minded man and intended to interfere with no man's liberty of conscience; and he adds that if Cromwell's policy

interfere with no man's conscience, but if you Catholics mean to have priests and the Mass, you can not have this, and you will never have it as long as the English Parliament has power to prevent it." What did these words mean? Grant Catholics liberty of conscience, their conscience telling them that their first and great duty was to hear the Mass; grant them liberty of conscience, and then deny them priests to say Mass for them. But Mr. Froude says, "You must go easy. I acknowledge that the Mass is a very beautiful rite, but you must remember that Cromwell thought it to mean a system that was shedding blood all over Europe, a system of a church that never knew mercy, that slaughtered people everywhere, and therefore he was resolved to have none of it." Oh! my friends, if the Mass was a symbol of slaughter, Oliver Cromwell would have had more sympathy with the Mass. And so the historian seeks to justify cruelty in Ireland against the Catholics by alleging cruelty on the part of Catholics toward their Protestant fellow-subjects in other lands. Now, this he has repeated over and over again in many of his writings, and at other times and in other places, and I may as well at once put an end to this. Mr. Froude says: "I hold the Catholic Church accountable for all the blood that the Duke of Alva shed in the Netherlands." But Alva fought in the Netherlands against an uprising against the authority of the state, and the Catholic Church had nothing to do with Alva shedding the blood of the rebels. If they happened to be Protestants, this is no reason to father their blood against the Catholic Church.

Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church is responsible for the blood that was shed in the massacre of St. Bartholemew by Mary de Medicis in France. I deny it. The woman who gave that order

Protestantism." All this I say with regret. I am not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a monk; not only a monk, but a Dominican monk, and from out of the depths of my soul I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution of any kind in any land.

Speaking of the Mass, Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church has learned to borrow one beautiful gem from the crown of her adversary—she has learned to respect the rights of others. I wish that the learned gentleman's statement would be more proved by history, and I much desire that in speaking those words he had spoken historic truths; but I ask him, and I ask every Protestant, in what land has Protestantism ever been in the ascendant without persecuting Catholics who were around them. I say it not in bitterness, but I say it simply as a historic truth. I can not find any record of history, any time during these ages and up to a few years ago—any time when the Protestants in England, in Ireland, in Sweden, in Germany, or anywhere else, gave the slightest toleration, or even permission to live where they could take it from their Catholic fellow-subjects. Even today where is the strongest spirit of religious persecution? Is it not in Protestant Sweden, Protestant Denmark? And who today are persecuting? I ask, Is it Catholics? No, but Protestant Bismarck in Germany. Oliver Cromwell, the apostle of blessing in Ireland, landed in 1649, and besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Aston and a brave garrison. Finding that their position was no longer tenable, they asked in the military language for the honors of war if they surrendered. Cromwell promised to grant them quarter if they would lay down their arms. They did so, and the promise was

and beautiful striplings of youth, put them on board ships and sent them also off to the Barbadoes, there to languish and die before they came to manhood. Great God! is this the man who has an apologist in the learned, the frank, the courteous, and gentlemanly historian who comes in oily words to tell the american people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men who ever lived, and one of the best friends to Ireland?

Father Burke then reviewed at length the campaign conducted by William of Orange in Ireland against his father-in-law, James the Second.

When William arrived in England with 15,000 men, James fled. Mr. Froude asserts he abdicated. I challenge him to prove it. There is no historical evidence to show that King James ever relinquished his title to the crown of England. But the English people proved false to him, and he came to Ireland, where the people rose to advocate his rights___fools that they were to espouse again the cause of a Stuart king. The opposing armies met at the battle of the Boyne. Mr. Froude asserts that the Irish troops made no stand there. I regret that he has so far forgotten truth and candor as to say that the Irish race ever showed a taint of cowardice. What are the facts? We have full and definite historical testimony to prove that William's army at the Boyne mustered 51,000 veteran troops, perfect in discipline, well equipped and well clothed, with fifty pieces of artillery, besides mortars. The Irish army that opposed them was composed of 23,000 raw Irish levies, hastily organized, imperfectly drilled, badly armed, and having six pieces of ordnance altogether. The English army was commanded by a lion, William of Orange, who led them on in

I feel, my friends, that I have detained you too long upon a subject so dreary, and so desolate a ground to travel over. I, for my part, never would have invited you, citizens of America, or my fellow-countrymen, to enter upon such a desolate waste, to renew in my heart and in yours this terrible story, if Mr. Froude had not compelled me to lift the veil and to show you the treatment that our fathers received at the hand of the English. I do it not at all to excite national animosity, and not at all to excite bad blood. I am one of the first who would say, "Let bygones be bygones," "Let the dead bury the dead;" but if any man, I care not who he be, how great his reputation, how grand his name in any walk of learning___if any man dares to come, as long as I live, to say that England's treatment of the Irish was just, was necessary, was such as can receive the verdict of the honest people of any land, or dares to say that either at home or abroad Irishmen have ever shown the white feather___if I were on my death-bed, I would rise to contradict him.

James Anthony Froude___4th Lecture

Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, NYC

N.Y. Times, October 24, 1872

Association Hall crowded last night___Emigration from
Ulster___Irish History from 1782 to the Union in 1800.

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Yesterday evening Mr. Froude delivered his fourth lecture at Association Hall, to an audience as numerous as on other occasions, though the rain fell fast, and the streets were detestably muddy. The lecturer entered promptly at 8 o'clock, but his cortege of friends was greatly curtailed, and there was a thin attendance on the platform. The lecture was extremely interesting from the original matter it contained, which Mr. Froude had unearthed from the English State papers. He commenced that the natural remedy of Ireland, in the state to which she had been reduced, was revolution. If she could have risen as one man, and vowed that either such a state of things should cease or all her sons should die, she would have been free, and all the nations of the world would have clapped their hands and cried "Well done."

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What Ireland could not do, America did for her. To that country had gone thousands of sturdy Irish Calvinists, burning with the wrongs Episcopalians had inflicted on them, and determined to avenge the wrongs done them. To these wrongs was now added

England, during the American War, was surrounded by enemies on every side; by the French, by the Dutch and by the Spanish, but she bore herself in a way that must ever make the bosom of an Englishman thrill with just pride. She could not conquer America, but she could give such an account to those haughty neighbors of hers as satisfies them that her grasp of empire had not slackened.

The Irish had to be pacified, and they were pacified. The obnoxious trade laws were repealed. As fast as a law was pointed out as bad in construction, and vicious in action, it was condemned, and everything was done to make Ireland satisfied that the English heartily desired to be good friends with their Irish cousins. During the last year of the war with America every soldier was withdrawn from Ireland, and the Irish demanded arms to protect themselves. They received them, and thus sprang into existence the volunteers of Ireland. Henry Grattan demanded a separate autonomy for his country, and amid the salvos of cannon, and the shouts of fifty thousand volunteers, the Constitution of 1782 was granted. "Erin perpetua" said Grattan, winding up the noblest speech ever heard in College Green, the site of the Irish Parliament, but it was not to be so.

If Ireland could have withdrawn herself into peaceful construction or home industries, it might have been well within her. If the English Cabinet had not been untroubled with scruples, they might have left Ireland altogether free, and allowed the Catholics and the Protestants to fight their own battles. The advantage in point of numbers was certainly with the Catholics, but

Whig Club.

At this juncture the French Revolution changed the aspect of everything. To the most ardent spirits this seemed the opening of a millennium, and even the rule of the Jacobins had failed to cool their enthusiasm. But all others were horrified, and looked about everywhere for allies to fight the rampant terrorism that threatened Europe. The Catholics, who had hitherto been suspected, became now objects of friendship as likely to respond to the conservative banner. But the young men of this party, like Emmett and Wolfe Tone, were thoroughly imbued with the revolutionary spirit, and had no thought of stopping where Grattan had halted. They wanted Republicanism as in France—on the American model.

The Catholic landed gentry wanted their rights, wanted the repeal of the disability laws, and, these being granted, were disposed to stand by the government. Only part of them, however, for there were many affiliated with the lodges of the United Irishmen which Emmett and his friends had formed throughout the country. Another party was composed of peasants who banded together as defenders, and wanted to extort from landlords potato patches at something less than the seven guineas per acre which they were charged. Of the northern Presbyterians who were so strongly republican, there were sworn in at least 100,000. Of the Catholics there were double that number. They were armed, and they seemed to be unanimous—the Northern Protestant at last heart to heart with the Southern Catholic.

England had thrown herself thoroughly into the contest with

series of fatally-criminating letters, so that the whole affair was completely in the hands of the English long before it started.

The Irish leaders worked well and skillfully, and actually sent hundreds of United Irishmen as seamen and petty officers to the English fleet, to sow disaffection among the sailors, and they were actually instrumental in creating the famous mutiny at the Nore. Hoche, the General of the French Directory, was sent by Carnot to land a force of ten thousand men in Bantry Bay, but the wind being adverse, he did not land, and returned to France. The Dutch fleet then, by the advice of Wolfe Tone, made an attempt to land at Antrim, but the sailors of the Nore fleet were now pacified, and burned to redeem themselves, and they destroyed the Dutch fleet at Camperdown.

Then the English thought the time had come to attack the United Irishmen, and the chief lodge where the leaders met in Dublin was surrounded by the police, and they were captured. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was absent, but he was taken shortly afterward, and being wounded in a desperate conflict with his captors, died in prison. Then the peasants rose disjointedly, here and there, under their inferior leaders, and the rebellion became a mere Catholic crusade against the Protestants. This broke up the alliance between the men of Ulster and the Catholics, and those whom Wolfe Tone had declared to be the right arm of the republican movement changed their United Irish lodges into Orange lodges, and became the right arm of the English to put down the movement.

It is needless to talk of Wexford Bridge or Vinegar Hill, or

struggle being received with unbounded
approval.

ANSWERS

TO FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN

REV. THOMAS N. BURKE___4th LECTURE

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

Now, my friends, we come to the matter in hand. The last thing that I did was to traverse a great portion of our previous history in reviewing the statements of the English historian, and one portion I was obliged to leave almost untouched. One portion of that sad history is included in the reign of Queen Anne, that estimable lady of whom history records the unwomanly vice of an over fondness for eating. Anne ascended the English throne in 1702, after the demise of William of Orange, and she sat upon that

father remained only a pensioner or tenant for life upon the bounty of his own apostate son; declaring that if a child, however young, even an infant, became a Protestant, that moment the child was to be removed from the guardianship and custody of the father, and was to be handed over to some Protestant relation. Every enactment that the misguided ingenuity of the tyrannical mind of man could suggest was put in force. "One might be inclined," says Mr. Mitchell, "to suppose that Popery had already been sufficiently discouraged, seeing that the clergy had been banished, the Catholics were excluded by law from all honorable and lucrative employments, carefully disarmed and plundered of almost every acre of their ancient inheritance. But enough was not already done to make the Protestant interest feel secure. Consequently laws were sanctioned by Her Majesty Queen Anne that no Catholic could go near a walled town, especially Limerick or Galway. In order that they might be sure not to go near a walled town, they were to remain several miles away, as if they were lepers whose presence would contaminate their select and pampered Protestant fellow-citizens."

All through Queen Anne's reign police and magistrates were hounded on to prosecute, and informers were tempted with ample bribes. A price was paid for executing these atrocious laws, and the Catholic people of Ireland were followed up as if they were ferocious and untamable wolves. But, my friends, Mr. Froude pretends to justify this persecution, and on two grounds. I may not hope to change Mr. Froude's opinion, but I hope to convince the people of this country that there was no excuse for the

subject of the revocation of this very edict: "This act of injustice," says the great English statesman, "which let loose on the monarchy of Louis XIV. such a torrent of invective and reproach, and which threw a dark cloud over the splendor of a most illustrious reign, falls far short of the case of Ireland." Remember that he is an English statesman, of Irish birth, and a Protestant, who speaks. But, my friends, the privileges which the Protestants of France enjoyed and lost by the revocation were of a far wider character than the Irish Catholics ever pretended to aspire to. The Edict of Nantes condemned those to returned to Protestantism having once renounced it. Its revocation did not subject the Protestants to any such persecution as that visited on the Irish Catholics. The estates of the Protestants were only subject to confiscation when they quitted the kingdom. There was none of the complicated machinery that I have referred to in my description of the Irish persecution. Then it should be remembered that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not by any means affect as large a body of people as the penal laws in Ireland, when one portion of the population was living on the spoils of a much more numerous portion. Side by side with the Protestants of France compare the Irish people, ruined, beggared, and hunted to death; and the English historian says: "We have only served you as your co-religionists in France served us." The other reason that he gives to justify this persecution was that the Irish Catholics were in favor of the Pretender. Now, to that statement I can give and do give a most emphatical denial. The Irish Catholics had quite

similar declaration: "It appears plain that the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic;" and yet at that very time we find that Irishmen declared their loyalty, and said, "Look at the Catholics of Ireland, how loyal they are!" Yet, according to Mr. Froude, we were all at this time for the Pretender. We find at this very time an Irishman named Phelim O'Neill, one of the glorious old line of Tyrone, changed his religion and became a Protestant, but at the same time, seeing the strangeness that any O'Neill should be a Protestant, changed his name also and called himself Mr. Felix Neill. A good deal has been said and written about names and their sounds. Felix made his named rhyme with "slippery eel" and an old friar wrote some famous Latin verses about him, calling him "Infelix Felix, who had forgotten the ship, the salmon, and blood-red Hand, and blushed when called O'Neill in his own land!" But, my friends, the English or Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, seeing how they had got every penal law they could ask for, seeing that the only thing that remained for them was utterly to exterminate the Irish race—and they had nearly accomplished it, and would have killed them all, only that the work was too much, and that there was a certain something in the old blood and in the old race that still terrified them when they approached it—and seeing that there were so few Catholics, they thought that now at least their hands were free, and nothing remained for them but to make Ireland, as Mr. Froude said a "garden." They set to work and had their own Parliament, and a Catholic could not go near them. But they were greatly

as friends by England. I hold that it was at that time, and in great measure is today, the fixed policy of England to keep Ireland poor, to keep Ireland down, to be hostile to Ireland, no matter who lives in it, whether Protestant, whether Norman, Cromwellian, or Celt. The law restricting the trade on woolens was passed. The planters and the sons of planters were beggared, simply because they had a part in Ireland and an interest in the welfare of the country. The inimitable Swift, speaking on this very subject, quoted the fable of Pallas and Arachne. Pallas heard that a certain young virgin named Arachne could spin well. Pallas met her in a trial of skill, and finding herself surpassed, changed her to a spider, and sentenced her to spin forever from her own bowels and in a small compass. "I always pitied poor Arachne," said Swift, "and could never love the Goddess for this cruel and unjust sentence. Ireland has been treated worse than Arachne. She had permission to spin from her own bowels, which we have not." This sentence was fully executed on us by England, but with great severity. They left us no chance for spinning and weaving. The Irish wool was famous. The English were outbid for it by the French. So a law was passed forbidding its exportation; they took it themselves and paid their own price for it. The Dean goes on to say that oppression makes a wise man mad, and the reason why the men of Ireland are not mad is that they are not wise. But oppression, in time, might teach a little wisdom to even these. We call Swift a patriot. How little did he think of the oppression that beggared and ruined our people, that drove them from their

people, pronouncing the American revolution an unnatural rebellion, and expressing a willingness to go out for the suppression of American liberty. First I ask at what time were Lord Fingal, Lord Hope, Lord Kenmare, and other Catholic lords of the pale authorized to speak in the name of the Irish people? Their presence in Ireland, although they kept the faith, was a cross, a hindrance, and a stumbling-block to the Irish nation, and the Irish people knew it well. I do not doubt Mr. Froude's word, but being only anxious to satisfy myself by strict research, I have looked for this petition. I find a petition in Curry's collection signed by Lord Fingal and a number of Catholic noblemen, and in which they protest their loyalty in terms of the most slavish adulation. But I am not able to discover a single word about the American Revolution, or expressing any desire to destroy the liberation of America. Not one word. I have sought, and my friends have sought, in every document that was in our hands for this petition. I could not find it. There is a mistake somewhere. It is strange that a petition of so much importance should not have been published among the documents of the time. The learned historians resources are far more ample than mine; resources of time, talent, and opportunity. No doubt he will be able to explain this. This petition must have passed through Sir John Blackier's hands, then to the Lord Lieutenant, and from him to the Prime Minister, and from him to the King. We have an old proverb which shows how we manage these things in Ireland: "Speak to the maid to speak to the mistress to speak to the master."

too much sympathy for the people of America. "The Irish," he said, "are not to be depended upon." They sent out four thousand troops from Ireland. But listen, my friends, to this—but listen to this: Arthur Lee, the agent of America in Europe, writes home to his government in 1777, and says that "the resources of our enemy are annihilated in Germany, and their last resort are the Catholics of Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to go. Every man of a regiment raised there last year obliged them to ship him tied and bound." Honor to the Catholic soldier's heart that when they were to be shipped to America to cut the throats of and scalp the American people they swore they would not do it, and they had to tie them and carry them on board. But Lee goes on to say, "And more certainly they will desert more than any other troops." Lowder tells us that the war was not over popular, even in England. But in Ireland the people assumed the cause of America from sympathy. Let us leave Ireland and come to America. Let us see how the great man who was building up a magnificent dynasty in this country viewed the Irish people. I refer, my friends, to the immortal patriot and Father of his Country, George Washington. In 1790 George Washington received an address from the Catholics of America, signed by Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, and by many others. In reply to that address, the response this magnificent man (Washington) makes, is in these words: "I hope to see America free and ranked among the foremost nations of the earth in examples of justice and liberality, and I presume that you, fellow-citizens, will not forget the patriotic part which you Irish took in the

the history of that celebrated corps (the Pennsylvania Line), to let you see how their hearts and hands were in relation to America. During the American Revolution, as Mr. Carey informs us, these Irish-American soldiers, who were avenging at the same time the wrongs of the country of their birth and those of the country of their adoption, became disheartened at what they conceived to be the neglect of the Government toward them. Everywhere around they saw the people in wealth, and comfort and affluence, while they themselves were spilling their blood for the country which would relieve neither their nakedness nor their hunger. On the frozen roads they marked their march with the blood that trickled from their shoeless feet, and they were half naked in the midst of winter. They petitioned; they appealed to Congress; they remonstrated; and at last, stung beyond endurance by their suffering, they mutinied. When the English commander heard this, he was overjoyed, and he wrote home to England, saying that the rebellion (as he called it) would soon be crushed. Lord Howe sent his agents to confer with the mutinous Pennsylvania Line, giving them a free card to make any terms whatever that could induce the starving Irish soldiers to go over to the British side. The Pennsylvania Line seized and bound the agents of the British general and sent them to the tent of Washington!

There was no Judas, no Arnold among them. They denied the tempters while they trampled on their shining gold, and miserable wretches, the English spies, paid the forfeit of their lives for attempting to seduce these illustrious heroes. About Irishmen and

The same high authority, the adopted son of Washington, ever entertained the heartiest sympathy and admiration for the veteran Irish soldier of the revolution. He was accustomed to welcome them into his house, there to treat them with kindness and esteem; and he tells us of one aged survivor whom he invited in, and who, while holding the hospitable glass offered to him, said: "Let me drink to General Washington, who is a saint in heaven this day." On another memorable occasion the same eminent American pays the following tribute to Ireland:

"Recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic times when Irishmen were our friends, and when they were throughout the whole world, no matter where scattered, the friends of our interests, the supporters of our independence. Look to that period that tried the souls on men on this soil, and you will find the sons of Erin rushed to our ranks, and amongst the clash of steel there were many a John Byrne who was not idle." He does not say Gibbs, or Spragg, or any Cromwellian name of that kind. Let me tell you who this John Byrne was. A certain Irish prisoner was put on board of a ship and there left in chains in the bow of the ship, pestilence being on board; he was more than half starved, and was scarcely alive when summoned on deck to have sentence pronounced, in consequence of the cruelty inflicted on him. And then the English commander offered him plenty of money and liberty if he would give up the cause which he had espoused, which cause was the American cause, and join the British army. With a hand scarcely able to lift up he opened his mouth and uttered vehemently with all the

the imputation of barbarism."

Another distinguished american___Mr. Johnson, for instance___says he has never observed such severity as that exercised over the Catholics of Ireland. This is a gentleman whose name stands high in the literary record of America. Take again the unanimous address of the Legislature of Maryland. Those American legislators say: "A dependency of Great Britain, Ireland, is lying languishing under an oppression reprobated by humanity and discountenanced by just policy. It would argue ignorance of human rights to submit patiently to this oppression. The Senators have witnessed the struggle of Ireland, but with only poor success. Rebellions and insurrections have gone on but with little instances of tranquillity. America has opened her arms to the oppressed of all nations. No people have availed themselves of the asylum with more alacrity or in greater numbers than the Irish. High is the meed of praise which the Irish feel for the gratitude of America. As heroes and statesmen they honor their adopted country." Until such glorious words as these are wiped out of the record of American history, until the generous sentiments that have inspired them have ceased to be a portion of the American nature, then and not before then, will Mr. Froude get the verdict which he seeks from America. I have looked through the American archives, and I find that the foundation of that sympathy lies in the simple fact that the Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with you in that glorious struggle. I find a letter from Ireland in September, 1775, to a friend in New York, in which the gentleman writing says:

Verplanck. When the Catholic Emancipation was passed there was a banquet in New York City to celebrate the event, and this distinguished American proposed a toast: "The Penal Laws: requiescat in pace___may they rest in peace. And now that they are gone, I have a good word to say for them." What was the good word? Here it is: "Both in that glorious struggle for independence and in our more recent contest for American rights those laws gave to America the support of hundreds and thousands of brave hearts and strong arms." Two of America's greatest statesmen, Henry Clay and William H. Seward, have given substantial proof of their sympathy for Ireland, and have shown that Ireland always deserved it of America. I now come to another important question in this discussion___the volunteers of 1782. The cause of the formation of the volunteers was the determination of the English Government to send over to Ireland regiments of Hessians to take the place of soldiers that had been sent from thereto America, and the Protestant Irish said that they would have none of them, and from this sprang the volunteers of 1782. Mr. Froude had little to say of them, and consequently in answering him he would restrict himself also in that regard. In 1776 Ireland began to arm, but the movement was altogether Protestant. But we find that the Catholics of Ireland, ground as they were to the dust, no sooner did they hear that their Protestant oppressors were anxious to do something for the old land than they came to them and said: "We forgive everything you ever did to us; we leave you the land, our country, and our wealth and our commerce; all we ask of you is put a gun in

have been induced to grant just and fair laws; but he goes on the assumption, my dear American friends—the gentleman goes on the assumption that England was willing to redress grievances, to repeal the bad laws and make good ones, and he makes this assertion by saying that she struck off the wrists of the Irish merchants the chains of their commercial slavery and restored to Ireland her trade. You remember that this trade was taken away from them. Now, I wish for the honor of England that she was as generous, or even as just, as Mr. Froude represents her, as he no doubt would wish her to be; but we have the fact before us that in 1779, when a motion was made to repeal the laws restricting the commerce of Ireland, the English Parliament, the English king and the English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland opposed it to the very death. They would have none of it; not a fetter would they strike off even of the chains of the Protestants and planters of Ireland; and it was only when Grattan rose up in the Irish Parliament and insisted that Ireland should get back her trade, it was only then that the English consented to listen, because there were 50,000 volunteers armed outside. The policy of trade interference still continued, and serious as it was, it was but an iota of the wrongs inflicted. No Irishmen were recognized but Protestant Irishmen. All others were men excluded from the bench, the bank, the exchange, the university, the College of Physicians, and so on. When, then the English king and Parliament and aristocracy were bound to have this thing go on, it was a righteous act for Grattan to rise in the Senate and swear before heaven that it should cease. As firmly was

bound. The rising of 1798 took place on the 23rd of May, and on that day the United Irishmen arose. As early as 1797 the country was beginning to be disturbed, and during the months of February and March Lord Moira said in the House of Lords:

"I have seen Ireland in the most absurd and disgusting tyranny that any nation ever groaned under. I have myself seen it practiced and unchecked, and the effects that resulted were such as I have stated to your lordship. I have seen in that country a marked distinction between the English and the Irish. I have seen troops full of this prejudice, and every inhabitant of that is, and is a rebel to the British Government."

Their treatment of the Irish was cruel in the extreme. They persecuted them until Irish blood could stand no more, until Irishmen would have been poltroons and servile cowards to have yielded without a determined and forcible assertion of their rights. (The lecturer continued his description of the of the outrages encouraged by English tyranny and practiced by the troops, and closed that portion of the narrative with the remark, which brought great cries of enthusiasm from the audience): And all this occurred before the rising actually took place, and this course was pursued with the view of provoking the great rebellion which followed. I ask you, in all this goading of a people into rebellion, if the infamous Government which ruled Ireland was not to blame? ere the Irish responsible when the myrmidons of England were let loose upon them, violating every principle of honor and decency? Did they not goad them into the rebellion of 1798? Mr.

obeyed only those who were strong enough to make them. But the common folks were as miserable as men could be and live. Such misery has been seen in latter times, indeed, but it was a fair question then, not whether the English had interfered too much, but whether this unhappiness might have been spared if they had interfered a little more.

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The lecturer was frequently given loud applause, and at the close of his remarks much general satisfaction was manifested.

James Anthony Froude___5th Lecture

IRELAND SINCE THE UNION

The last in a series of lectures delivered
in the United States in October and November, 1872

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,___Those who would estimate rightly the political or economical condition of any province of the country, ought not, in my opinion, to fix their chief attention on the form or constitution of the governing body. They should look rather at the material and spiritual condition of the masses of the inhabitants. They should consider under what special evils, if any, those inhabitants were suffering, and whether the measures adopted towards them are well calculated to remove those evils. If national happiness was uniformly proportioned to the share possessed by the people in managing their own affairs, political problems would be simpler than nature has been pleased to make them. It is notorious that forms of government that suit one race well, suit another equally ill. Under the freest of constitutions a country may be miserable. Under a monarchy, provided (it is a large proviso) your monarch is as wise as he is powerful, a nation may be happy, may be prosperous, may possess the reality of freedom instead of the shadow, because those only are interfered with who deserve interference.

At all times, the first question is whether a country be ruled justly, whether each individual receives good or ill, according to his personal merits. Just laws alone make possible either national

minority may convert itself into the majority by argument and patient persistence. When for any reason the majority is obstinately wrong and obstinately tyrannical, resistance may become the most sacred of duties. Thus, as I said, above all questions of forms of government lies the higher question—what is right and what is wrong. Let men fix their minds on a wrong to be redressed, on a right to be asserted; the chances are that if they are resolute in demanding justice, justice will not long be refused. If the government, whatever it be, determinately persists in a false course, then, and not till then, it is time to attack the Constitution. A Constitution is evil when not when it is democratical or when it is oligarchical, but when it upholds iniquity. A revolution is beneficial when it is undertaken as a last resort with a defined object. The wrong complained of will then disappear, when the tyranny which maintained it is overthrown. But reverse the process. Begin with political agitation, with no clear idea why a change is desired; transfer the power from kings to nobles, from nobles to middle classes, from the middle classes to the people, from the people back to the kings, without inquiring first what kings, or nobles, or middle classes are to do, which the others would not do, and the result is nothing but aimless convulsion, power wasted in beating the air, and the multiplication of practical misery from confusion and anarchy.

In these positions you have the key to the failure of so many efforts to obtain what has been called justice for Ireland. No sooner has a wrong been admitted, and a beginning made toward

hand-labour. Ireland had little accessible coal, and rivalry with England on that platform was thenceforward impossible. The linen manufactory in Down and Antrim, carried on as it was by energetic Scotch and English Protestants, expanded of itself; but the hope was gone of training the Irish population of the southern provinces to skilled manufacturing industry.

What other evils were there then of which Ireland complained, which legislation could remove? What was there now amiss with Ireland? That something had been amiss no one could be so hardy to deny. An entire population, even of Celts, does not mutiny without some provocation. as Mirabeau said, 'When the people complain, the people are always right.' Whatever theologians may say of mankind, they are a much-enduring race. The lot of the multitude, under the happiest circumstances, is a hard one. They bear it without complaining, if they see they are not treated unjustly. It is injustice only which gives to suffering its venom and its poignancy.

We will suppose that some one to have been travelling through Ireland in 1802, when the Constitution after Union was finally at work. What would have been his experience? He would have seen three-quarters of a country, richer naturally than Scotland, as rich as the best parts of England, lying a wilderness, dotted with potato gardens; districts as large as counties mere wastes of morass; a peasantry ragged and miserable, living in houses in which an English gentleman would not keep his sporting dogs; families—the Irish are the most prolific people in the

and fenced and tilled it after their fashion. They found it barren moor, they made it able at any rate to grow food for a dozen human creatures. The landlord called it his, and if it so pleased his mightiness he could turn them into the ditch to starve.

The landlords themselves were of three sorts—the magnates who lived in splendour in London and managed their estates by middlemen; a few cultivated and distinguished resident noblemen and gentlemen; and the squires and squireens who spent their lives in hunting, gambling, drinking, and fighting duels, themselves at elbows, idle, extravagant, in debt and haunted by the bailiff, their lands often in the hands of creditors who, of course, squeezed out of the tenantry the last obtainable penny. It is curious that as long as there were no evictions the last sort were the most popular. There was a community of recklessness and good humour in which landlord and peasant fraternized. If the landlord wanted more rent his readiest road to it was to fall in with the inclinations of his dependents. He had to but subdivide the holdings on his property, allow the son or a brother of one of his tenants to squat beside him on the mountain, throw up a turf cabin, plant an acre or two of potatoes, marry, and beget another family to live in the same style.

The real enmity was against the improving landlord. An englishman would buy an estate, seeing the capabilities of the soil if properly cultivated. He would establish large farms, build barns and cattle sheds, put his capital into the ground, draw the water off and plant and manure. Finding his property littered with

First, there was the character of the Irish people. They were what they were as much from circumstances as from faults of their own. They had been trained under a system which was compounded of anarchy and injustice. The law had been their enemy, and therefore they were lawless. They could not gain by being industrious, and therefore they were idle. Time only, with a better education and a better administration, could remedy an evil so deeply rooted. Next, a more effective police was wanted. The most rudimentary civilization was incompatible with the private use of pike and pistol. No country could thrive where the people had a code of laws of their own, which they enforced with secret tribunals and by organizing assassinations over the whisky bottle.

But again, it would not answer to repress crime and leave the laws standing which provoked the crime and almost made it justifiable. If authority was to assert itself, authority was bound to be evenhanded and protect the rights of the poor when it forbade them to protect themselves. England had taken the land from the old Irish owners under the plea of providing better rulers for the country than the native chiefs. If these rulers had broken their implied covenants, or in any way had failed in the work assigned to them, the object was defeated for which they had been planted in Ireland. The whole condition of Irish land tenures had to be revised, and the landlords forced to recognize the duties attached to their offices, if the power which they had abused was not to be taken from them.

Lastly, there was the religious difficulty. A half reformed

as much security as if we had been___I will not say in London or New York, I should be sorry to try the experiment in either place___I will say as if we had been among the saints in Paradise. In the 16th century the Irish had been notoriously regardless of what is technically called morality. For the last hundred years at least impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. And this absence of vulgar crime, this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character, are due alike, to their everlasting honour, to the influence of the Catholic clergy. I do not know that the priests are called on to use the power of the confessional to put down agrarian conspiracy. If they have not been politically loyal to England I am not indisposed to blame them for it. Neither, however, can I hold England to have been materially in fault in the jealousy in which she regarded the priests. The fault, as I conceive, lies in the attitude which the Roman Church was pleased to assume long ago towards the Reformation. From this fountain all else has flowed. If the waters have been bitter, the bitterness was in the spring from which they rose. By Rome's own showing, her discipline at the beginning of the sixteenth century had fallen to pieces throughout Europe. Her moral degeneracy led men to look into her doctrines. Germany and England and other countries declared that many of her doctrines were false, and she set to work with all the force that she could make to punish the attacks on her as rebellion. For nearly two hundred years she had burned heretics, when she could catch them, at the stake. She stirred up kingdom against kingdom, sovereign against subjects, and subjects

chiefly until after the Irish St. Bartholemew, the massacre of 1641, and the long, desperate, religious war which followed, that either the creed or its priests were proscribed. Even then the persecution was short lived. Toleration came back with Charles the Second; and indulgence was again abused. Another civil war followed___another desperate effort to make Ireland Papal. I say it could not be___after such experience it could not be___but that strong efforts should have been made of so dangerous an element. I consider for myself that far more blame rests with England for her treatment of the Irish Nonconformists than for what she did towards repressing Romanism. Rather, it was due to England's interference that, after the battle of Aghrim, Romanism was permitted to survive. Had not England tied the hands of the Protestant gentry they would have made complete work with it, and have driven the last priest out of the island.

With the peace of Utrecht and the accession of the House of Hanover in England, Europe entered upon a new era. The Roman church changed its attitude if not its secret aspirations. Religion was no longer a pretext for war or revolution. The pretension of putting men to death for a difference of opinion was quietly abandoned. It came to be understood that a Catholic was not to plead allegiance to the Pope as a pretext for disloyalty. And, from the moment that this confession was sincerely made and acted on, the Catholics became as much entitled to the full privileges of citizens as the members of any other community.

From that moment, at the close especially of the eighteenth

popular government,

The Catholics, however, were not made to wait for their emancipation for these forty years. They found a champion in the great O'Connell, the Grattan of the Celts. The peasantry, good, credulous people, were taught to believe that if they could be represented by Catholics in Parliament they would have good houses over their heads, good coats on their backs, good food for their stomachs, and be rid of the bailiff and sheriff for evermore. They got their pikes and muskets again. A few hundred thousand of them were said, as usual, to be ready to fight. Protestant prejudices gave way, and emancipation was conceded.

It was a proper thing to do, though, as it neither produced any of those effects which the people expected, nor had the least tendency to produce them, I can not look on it as a triumph, or as of any considerable consequence at all. It returned to Parliament a number of persons who obtained patronage, after the old Irish fashion, by making themselves troublesome. It raised the Catholic bishops and archbishops to social consequence. They were invited to dinner by the Lord-Lieutenant. They were given rank beside the bishops of the Establishment. Cardinal Cullen, I believe, at present walks in the dining room before a duke.

For all else it was 1782 once more. The most glorious expectations issued in blank disappointment. The Irish peasant remained the same down-trodden, forlorn being the world had known him___s ill-fed, as ill clothed, as much at the mercy of the landlord as before. In some respects he suffered more, for he was

Composed as they were and are, of the same elements as the wildest Fenian mob, their entire nature is metamorphosed under military discipline. In the whole empire there is not a force more loyal, more trustworthy, or more efficient.

That was one essential step toward improvement. Another was the establishment of the national school system in Ireland.

Education, excellent in quality and unsectarian in character, was provided in every corner of the country, open to the poorest, free alike to Catholic and Protestant, where children of both creeds are brought up together, and learn for one thing, that they are made of common flesh and blood, and may as well leave off hating each other.

The priests don't like it. They consider their young people to be tainted by companionship with heretics. They wish to re-establish, if they can, the hard and fast line which divides the sheep from the goats this side of the day of judgement, and to kindle up again the theological malignity which is beginning to wane. Some of our English philosophers are so fond of liberty or so fond of priests that they are inclined to indulge them. One eminent Radical consoles himself with remembering that Voltaire and Diderot were bred by the Jesuits, and that a Catholic education is the road to practical Atheism. Even for such a beautiful result as this I should be disinclined to run the risk. The world has suffered enough from sectarian bigotry, and no wise statesman, if he can help it, will again countenance the splitting of a nation into hostile camps about of which one of us knows as much as

that God almighty sent them, and the God Almighty would somehow provide for them. The Irish are intensely affectionate. Father and children, brothers and sisters, cling to one another, and cling to the spot where they were born. A farmer with four-and-twenty acres and half-a-dozen boys, cut his acres into half-a-dozen divisions, and on a farm which would barely maintain one family in comfort and decency you had six families, all living on the eternal potato.

So it went on. Of the nine millions it was reckoned that there at least two million beggars___creatures who were absolutely idle, who wandered from cabin to cabin asking charity for the love of God, and never asking in vain. Wonderful commentary on Catholic emancipation and the government of Ireland by O'Connell.

Those of us who have reached middle life remember how all this ended. In the entire globe there was scarce a spot where the keen of despair was unheard which arose from the famine-stricken island. The note of warning had been sounded. Cobbett long ago had dwelt upon the madness of allowing an enormous population to spring up like mushrooms, depending for their lives on a single precarious root. But no one listened to Cobbett. Not O'Connell, for O'Connell's glory was the multiplication of the Irish people. He produced his grandest rhetorical effects when he could say that he was speaking the thoughts of 'eight millions of his countrymen.' Not England; for England had fallen under the dominion of Adam Smith's new gospel, and was learning that the chief business of government was to do nothing. that was the best government that

came, they laid down and died uncomplainingly. A quarter of a million at least perished of hunger. The blow came so suddenly that there was no preparation to meet it. So little food had been usually imported into Ireland, that trade could not expand to meet the demand; nor had the people money to buy food if it had been there. Professional agitators raised the usual cries. A bishop of the Catholic Church assured me first that two millions had died, and then insisted that the death of every one of them lay at the doors of the English government. Wretched English government! 'Upon the king___all lies upon the king.' If the learned prelate meant that the rulers of Ireland ought not to have allowed a state of things to grow up which made such a misfortune possible, then I agree with him. But the causes lie too deep to be thus lightly touched on.

They lie first in the political principles of modern times___dear alike to you and to us___which curtail the power of government, and leave every man free to do as he wills with his own. Such principles may suit you, with your huge continent and your enormous elbow room. Old thickly populated countries, with narrow boundaries, will have to revise their theories in these matters, and to learn that knaves and fools can not be trusted with the same freedom which may be allowed to the wise and disinterested.

But if the bishop meant that England was indifferent, it is not true. Fast as the administration could move, shiploads of corn were sent around the Irish coast. Agents were scattered over the

Grattan was to have created a millennium. The fruits of his endeavors that way were corruption, Defenderism, potato gardens at seven guineas an acre, and the rebellion of 1798. Catholic emancipation was to have brought the millennium. The millennium came in the shape of a population starving on potatoes, two million beggars, and last of all, the famine. O'Connell had said, the one thing lacking was repeal. The young Irishmen, maddened at the wretchedness which they saw around them, took O'Connell at his word. If repeal was indeed to remedy, then let the tall talk be made reality. The revolutionary fire had again burst out over Europe. The young Irishman re-lighted the torch of 1798 in the French conflagration. Insurrection was preached in a hundred newspapers and on a thousand platforms, and again we heard that four hundred thousand Irishmen were prepared to strike a blow for freedom.

I was myself in Ireland at the time. I was possessed with a romantic belief that the day of judgment was come for unjust authority. I conceived, as men under thirty are sometimes apt to do, that it was a simple thing to overthrow a bad social system and establish a new one; and I had gone over to see what the Irish could do. I can not say that I expected much. There had been too much blowing of trumpets, and I had learned already that noise and action are usually in an inverse ratio to each other. I can not say, however, that I expected a collapse so ignominious, so utterly, so shamefully disgraceful. A scuffle in a cabbage garden and a handful of Irish police sufficed to end the hopes of the

a poor-law was passed, which in some parts of Ireland amounted to confiscation. The days of idleness and amusement for squires and squireens were over. Spendthrifts who had encumbered their estates with mortgages were ruined. Delicate ladies brought up in luxury were turned adrift to battle in the ranks for a livelihood. I was staying the year before the famine in a great Irish house. My host wished to show me the neighbouring gentry, and invited many of them to a picnic in the park. Two hundred of us sat down to a luncheon, and I found myself sitting next to a Scotchman who had come over to try his fortune at sheep farming. I remember now the wrinkles of his mouth as he said to me, 'There you see the gentlemen of the country X____. In the whole of them there may be one, there are not more than two, who suppose they came into the world for any purpose but to ride fox-hunting, shooting snipes, and lose their money at races. They will find some day that was not God Almighty's purpose with them at all.' My friend's prophecy was fulfilled sooner than he could have dreamt of. The famine swept them all away, and the very memory of the class to which they belonged has died away out of Ireland.

This was one great measure of purgation. Another was the exodus. There were nine millions in Ireland in 1846. There are now five millions and a half. A quarter of a million died: allow for the natural rate of increase, and you will find that between four and five millions have emigrated____half as many again as all the inhabitants of Scotland. In the first shock of the calamity they rushed away in hundreds of thousands. For many of them the

fast as it is safe to travel, but violent changes are proverbially short lived. The first distinction to be drawn was between the good landlords and the bad. The good might be left alone. Of the others, there were at least some who could be immediately disposed of. Part were bankrupt; part were hampered with enormous nominal properties___half a county it might be___drowned in debt, yet unwilling or unable to sell. A law was passed for the sale of encumbered estates; a creditor holding a mortgage was enabled to compel the sale of the land on which he had advanced money.

I do not know precisely how many million acres have been disposed of in Ireland under this Act. The numbers have been enormous. Bitter prejudices had to be overcome before Parliament would consent___but Parliament did consent. Solvent landlords took the place of the insolvent, and the revolution was advanced one step more, which will at last give back the Irish soil to the Irish nation.

The history of the working of this Act, however, is so remarkable and so characteristic of a particular class of people in that country that I must ask you to attend to it particularly. I wish you to see how far the peasantry, for whom I chiefly care, would be likely to be benefitted if the thing asked for under the name of home rule was conceded. Before the famine and before the poor-law, the more families there were on the estate the higher the rent. After the famine, when, in times of extremity, the support of the poor was thrown on the land, and rates were levied on it for their maintenance, a large population was a serious encumbrance.

men have lived in clover. Their wealth gives them social importance, and if their agents now and then got a bullet through their heads, they sent others to go on with the work, and they told the people they were not to be intimidated.

Great social changes are not unattended with misery. The misery unfortunately falls heaviest on the poor and helpless, who have done least to merit it. This is the constitution of the world. We can not help it altogether, but we can help it in some degree, and we are bound to try. True it was that until Ireland could be better cultivated, there were more people there than could safely be allowed to remain. Political economy preached that the owners of a property were the best judges of what ought to be done with it. From that new evangile, or message of good tidings, the words justice and mercy had been erased as no longer possessing a meaning. These evicting gentlemen claimed the right of all men to do as they would with their own, and they turned the tenants, whom it no longer answered to them to keep, out into the roads. If they would not go, gangs of workmen were sent with crowbars to pull down the walls. Old and young, sick and healthy, out they went. In vain they pleaded that they had paid the rent; they had lived from father to son, for hundreds of years, perhaps, on the spot. They were bidden simply to go___go to the devil if they could find no other place. So they came to America___and who can wonder at it? ___in no gentle humour.

We peopled New England with Protestant Nonconformists, and we found the effects at Bunker's Hill and Lexington. We sent next a

England might have said this, and might have done it. It would have cost her twice what she wasted over the Abyssinian War, or a quarter of what she sunk in the mud of Balaklava. And, if we look at the thing as merely an investment of money, I conceive it would have paid her better than either of those speculations. If the Irish exiles had taken her at her word she would have had her colonies twice as productive as they are. She would have had a loyal Ireland at home and some million of loyal Irish subjects in Canada and Australia.

If they had preferred the United States, as many of them probably would, yet the offer made in good faith would have taken the sting out of the banishment. I never knew an Irish peasant who was not instantly conquered by generosity; I suppose because they have not experienced too much of it.

An English Minister said not long ago that if we had interfered with the natural current of emigration the United States would have been displeased. For my own part, I believe nothing would please the United States better than to see rich England forget her political economy, and think a little of what she owes the poor.

It is needless to say that nothing was done of this kind. Economic formulas forbade it, and for a time seemed to forbid also an interference with the evictions.

Owners of land in Ireland appealed to the practice in England and Scotland. English landlords turned out their tenants when they pleased. Scotch landlords turned out their tenants when they

rudely endeavoring to assert itself.

The right in these evictions lay with the Irish peasant. The wrong was the oppressors, and therefore, with their own methods, the people flung a veil over the agrarian assassin. Witnesses would not give evidence, juries refused to convict, and the secret tribunals of Westmeath and Tipperary asserted powers which were too strong for all the efforts of the recognized authorities.

Parliaments in England are desperately slow of conviction. We do not lightly change the customs which have come down to us from our fathers; and one ill consequence is that reforms are delayed till they take the shape of concession to fear; when it is almost as mischievous to yield as to refuse. We must take our constitution as we find it, with its lights and shadows. There is an advantage also in the slow progress of change among us, and when we have taken a step forward we never recall it. We have large concerns all over the world; we can attend to but one thing at a time; but when the attention was once arrested by Ireland it was admitted universally that there must be a change in the land laws there. Public opinion in England is now omnipotent, and public opinion there is emphatically just.

The landlords would have had their hands tied for them sooner than in fact they were, but for the revival of the chronic mischief in Ireland___which starts up like an evil spirit to thwart or spoil every measure devised for its benefit___'political agitation.' The Irish whom we had driven hither, drinking in the air of the Republic, believed that, with other institutions, their own Ireland

necessary to give Ireland peace and content. The moral force of an opinion so pronounced is irresistible, and I for one have no fear of what you will say. America is no apostle of gratuitous anarchy. If there be anything which legislation can accomplish, which shall approve itself as just to the American mind, and if an English Parliament refuses or delays consent, then I will say—Go! Take upon yourself the mission which was once England's own, as the friend of gallant nations struggling against despotism—deliver Ireland, and every free heart in England herself will bid you God speed! I speak of what is impossible. There is no rational or just demand which can be made of an English Parliament for Ireland's real good, which that Parliament is not eager to anticipate.

The rebellion of 1848 collapsed in a comedy. Did Fenianism succeed better? I put it to General Cluseret. A few attacks on handfuls of police, or the blowing-in of the walls of an English prison, with the wanton destruction of a certain quantity of innocent life, may suffice for a scene or two in a melodrama, but they will not overturn an empire. Has Fenianism, either at home, in Ireland, on the Canadian frontier, or at Mansfield or Clerkenwell, shown qualities which promise success in a revolutionary struggle? Fanians! Faineants! Do-nothings. I do not blame them, however unwise I think them, for wishing their country free, as they call it. I do not blame them for undertaking so grave a matter with so little insight into their own resources, with so many traitors in the middle of them, for their confident

did us no harm. It was a great thundering grievance. When the world asked what ailed us, we could always point to the Church. You take away our pet grievance, and you call that "justice to Ireland!"

The education too—the third branch of the upas tree! The national education in Ireland is at this moment the best that exists in any part of the empire. The priests want to have entire control of it! All over Europe, even in Catholic countries, it has been found necessary to take the education out of the priests' hands, and if Mr. Gladstone tries to cut off this branch of the tree, I trust his axe will break in his hands.

The heart of the matter lies in the land. The land is the home of the Irish people. The land is the life of the Irish people. Agriculture is their only industry—and those who till the soil have the first right to the fruits of the soil. Of these rights, from immemorial time, under one plea or another, under chief's law and Norman law, under Scot and Saxon, under English agent and Irish middleman, the peasantry have been robbed; and it has been this systematic plunder which has deprived them of the natural motive to exertion, which has bred, as in a hot-bed, the unthrifty improvident habits that we all deplore, and has smitten one of the most beautiful countries in the world with barrenness.

The land question was the secret splinter in the wound, and the English Parliament set to work to remove it. The Irish Land Act, passed three years ago by Mr. Gladstone, is the most healing measure that has been devised for Ireland during two centuries at

Nothing of this kind is now possible in Ireland___I wish I could say it was impossible in any quarter of the world. Ireland any way is specially protected. If a landlord tries a game of this kind, he is made to pay for his indulgence a higher price than he will easily afford. He can not evict the meanest peasant now, without compensating him for every stroke of work which he has put into the soil. He must pay a further fine for disturbing him. The enormous value of this measure can be no better evidenced than by the fact___I am not sure that I state the proportion accurately, but I am not far off the mark___the fact that agrarian crime has fallen at once to a tenth part of what it was.

If more is found necessary in the way of protection, more will be done.

The Irish are not yet contented. They demand home-rule. It has been their invariable custom whenever any practical measure has been passed in their favor. Why not grant it? you may ask: Ireland must understand best where her own shoe pinches.

First and foremost, I answer, because no Irish legislation would have passed the Land Act. If you had polled the resident landlords in Ireland, Catholic or Protestant, you would have found three out of four passionately opposed to it.

The peasants are not fools, you may say: they know their own interests, and if the landlords are opposed to them, they will choose other representatives. I say they will do nothing of the kind. An Irish legislature would be returned by the priests. It would consist of Catholic gentry who either owned land or aspired

maintaining themselves; but we are bound not to place them in a position in which they may be driven to protect themselves by force against the votes of the Catholic majority. In an Irish Parliament they would be outnumbered three to one. The memory of the old confiscation is green as ever, and as sure as such a Parliament met, the scenes of 1690 would be enacted over again. In some shape or other the Catholics would make the Protestants feel that their turn had come to tyrannize, and if I know anything of the high-spirited, determined men in the north of Ireland, they would no more submit to being governed by a Catholic majority in a Dublin Parliament, than New England would have submitted to a convention of slave-owners sitting at Richmond. Within a year either England would have again to interfere, or there would be civil war in Ireland itself; and if the Protestants were overborne by numbers, the English nation would not stand by and see them crushed___never! never!

Limit the functions as you please of a Federal Irish legislature, unless wholesale bribery is tried again, these results will follow if that legislation is more than a cypher. I at least most earnestly hope that the rash and dangerous experiment will never be tried.

What then ought to be done___or can more be done? I am here rather to ask your opinion than to offer mine. Nevertheless I will not end without a few general words.

The land laws came down to us from a time when they meant something widely different from what now they have come to mean.

the process of change was less happy and less satisfactory. Once, every poor man's cottage had its four and five acres attached to it. The working laborers, the descendants of the old villains, once happy as copyholders in virtual independence, have drifted into the class known as agricultural laborers, wretched beings who drag through existence on a pittance scarce sufficient to keep them alive, while the profits pass to the landowners, whose duties have ceased to exist, and whose ownership consists now in nothing but the receiving of rent and spending it.

All over the world, the problem is now presenting itself how rightly to resolve the relations between capital and labor, between property and industry. Men dream that they can settle it by balance of rival interests, by strikes and revolutions. You might as well try to carve water with a knife as determine by these rude means how a man shall discharge his obligation to his brother. The problem is most simple, while it is most difficult. Those who would hold the high places in the world, and claim to rule and guide, must understand that their rewards and perquisites do not lie in fine houses and retinues of servants, and champagne, and gilded wardrobes. If these are their objects they must have them but with aspirations which can be satisfied they must sit apart, like the Olympian gods, discharged of all authority to meddle or to mar in the busy workings of life. If this be all, the poor toiler with his hands, who forgets his worthiness in the gin palace, is, in moral worth, the equal of the proudest of them. In all societies a class of gentlemen may be the noblest of elements. The

wretches have been saved by the Scilly lifeboats, when pilots less skillful had drifted them upon destruction.

Had Ireland been blessed with landlords such as this gentleman there would have been no Irish difficulty. Could the Irish landlords be suddenly converted after his likeness we shall ask for no extension of the Land Acts. But if they would recover their stability they must learn the meaning of their existence.

Idle gentlemen, who live for pleasure and indulgence, can be trusted no longer with discretionary power over the fortunes of other men. The time is coming, the time is already come, when, in our small crowded islands, the so-called owners of property must either revise their entire position, or they will cease to be. When all is said, it remains true that there are but three ways of living possible in this world___by working, by robbing, or by begging. To beg is infamous, to rob is criminal. If a man will not work neither shall he eat. How to apply this principle, how to apportion to each man his allotted task, how to see that he fulfills it, how to punish him if he is mutinous and negligent, this is the riddle which now lies before mankind to answer, and in the due solution of it lies the future improvement of all countries, Ireland among them. Let Ireland look at it. She has a fair start now. She has better laws than England has. Let her point to any other measure of practical advantage to her, and no matter what interests are affected, she will not ask for it in vain. If, instead of attending to her real needs, she wastes her energy in clamouring for an independence which she can not keep

ANSWERS

TO FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN

by

REV. THOMAS N. BURKE___5TH LECTURE

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

impossible to thrust unjust laws upon a people or nation. According to Mr. Froude, England was only too willing. too happy, in the year 1780 to repeal all the bad laws that had been passed in the blindness and bigotry of bygone ages, and to grant to Ireland real redress of all her grievances. "But the Irish people," says Mr. Froude, "instead of demanding a redress for their grievances, insisted on their national and parliamentary independence. And they were fools in this," he says, "for that very independence led to internal contention, from contention to conspiracy, from conspiracy to rebellion, and from rebellion to tyranny." Now, I am as great an enemy of political agitation as Mr. Froude or any other man. I hold, and I hold it by experience, that political agitation distracts men's minds from more serious and more necessary avocations of life; that political agitation distracts men's minds away from their business and from the safer pursuits of industry, while it creates bad blood between citizens; that it provides an easy and profitable employment to worthless demagogues, and that it brings very often to the surface the vilest and meanest elements of society. All this I grant. But at the same time I hold that political agitation is the only resource left to a people who are endeavoring to exact good laws from an unwilling and tyrannical government. May I ask the learned historian what were the wars of the seventeenth century in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands—the wars Mr. Froude admires so much, and for which he expresses so much sympathy. What were they but political agitations, taking the form of armed rebellion, in order to extort

Froude himself said, "although the French might be offering for Irish wool, the Irish merchant could not sell to them, but he was obliged to sell to English merchants at his own price." When the Irish people demanded this just measure, I ask was England willing to grant it? Was England, as Mr. Froude says, only anxious to discover unjust laws in order to repeal them, and discover grievances in order to redress them? I answer, No! England nailed her colors to the mast. She said, "I never will grant a repeal of restriction duties on Irish trade. Ireland is down, and I will keep her down."

The proof lies here, that the English Parliament resisted Grattan's demand for the emancipation of Irish industry until Henry Grattan brought 50,000 volunteers, and the very day that he rose in the Irish Parliament to proclaim that she demanded her rights and no more, the volunteers in College Green and Stephen's Green, in Dublin, planted their cannon right before the English House of Commons, and had written over the mouths of their cannon, "Free trade for Ireland, or ____" If England was so willing to redress every Irish grievance____if the Irish people had only to say, "Look here, there is this law in existence; take it away, for it is strangling and destroying the industry of the country"____if England was willing to take away the thing____and this Mr. Froude says she was____if she was willing to hear a defect only to remedy it, why, in the name of God____why, in that day of 1780____why did she hold out until at the cannon's mouth she was compelled to yield the commercial independence of Ireland? Is it any wonder that the

failure, I grant it. Mr. Froude says that the Parliament was a failure because the Irish are incapable of self legislation. It is a serious charge to make now against any people, my friends. I who am not supposed to be a philosopher, and because of my habit that I wear am supposed not to be a man of very large mind—I stand up here tonight and I assert my conviction that there is not a nation or a race under the sun that is not capable of self-legislation, and that has not a right to the inheritance of freedom. But if the learned gentleman wishes to know what was the real cause of that failure, I will tell him. The emancipated Parliament of 1782, although it enclosed within its walls such honored names as Grattan and Flood, yet did not represent the Irish nation. There were nearly three million and a half and a half of Irishmen in Ireland at that day. Three millions were Catholics and half a million Protestants, and the Parliament of 1782 only represented the half-million. Nay, more; examine the constitution of the Parliament and see who they were, see how they were elected, and you will find that not even the half-million of Protestants were fairly represented in that Parliament.

For the house of commons held three hundred members, and of those three hundred there were only seventy-two elected by the people; the rest were nominees of certain great lords and certain large land proprietors. A man happened to have an estate as large as a county, and each town sent a man to Parliament. The landlord said, You elect such a man, naming him. These places were called rotten boroughs, pocket boroughs, because my lord had them in his

have honored me with their presence this evening, it may be interesting to my Irish fellow-countrymen, to know what were the three precepts on which the United Irishmen were founded. Here they are: The first resolution of that society was that "the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require cordial union among all the people of Ireland to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and to the extension of our commerce."

Resolution No. 2: "That the only constitutional means by which the influence of England can be opposed is by complete, cordial, and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament." Resolution No. 3: "That no reform is just which does not include every Irishman of every religious persuasion." There you have the whole programme of the formidable Society of United Irishmen. I ask the people of America if there is anything treasonable, anything reprehensible, anything deserving imprisonment, punishment, or death, in such resolution? But England opposed and hindered the reform. England said the Parliament must remain representative of a faction and not of the nation—the corrupt and venal representatives of only a small portion of the Protestant faction. On the 29th of November, 1793, Flood introduced into the Irish Parliament a bill of reform. The moment it was read a member rose to oppose it. That member was Barry Yelverton, afterward Lord Avonmore, the Attorney-General of Ireland, who gave to the bill an official and government opposition. The bill was defeated by 159 to 77. Every one of the

duty is to detail dry facts, and the less he has to do with theories the better. I believe the learned gentleman is too much of a philosopher to be a good historian, and too much of a historian to be a good philosopher. The first of Pitt's three designs was accomplished in 1785. His next move was to send to Ireland a standing army of 15,000 men, and to obtain from the Irish Parliament a grant of £20,000 to enable him to organize a regular militia. Between the army and the militia he caught the volunteers in the center and disarmed them. On the day when the last volunteer laid down his arms the hopes of Ireland were for the time laid down with him. In 1793 the Parliament passed two bills, the Gunpowder Bill and the Committee Bill. A public meeting of the United Irishmen was held in Dublin to protest against the outrageous course pursued by certain agents of the Government in entering houses, and penetrating into private chambers, under pretense of searching for gunpowder, alleged to be concealed there. The Hon. Simon Butler, president, and Oliver Bond, secretary, of the meeting, were imprisoned for five months and fined £300 for their part in the demonstration. The United Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge from persecution in secrecy, and were thus forced to become conspirators.

But the first really treasonable project in which they took part was in 1794, when the Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, came over to Ireland, commissioned by the French Convention. Mr. Jackson was a true man, but he was accompanied by a certain John Cocquaine, an English lawyer of London, and the

his country. The founder of this society was Theobald Wolfe Tone. I admit that Mr. Tone was imbued with French revolutionary ideas, but he certainly never endeavored to impress these views upon the society until Mr. William Pitt's, the Prime Minister, influence forced that society to become a secret organization. The third objection of the Premier of the Government, namely, to create an Irish rebellion___was accomplished by the cruelties and abominations of the soldiers, who were quartered upon the people and destroyed them. They violated the sanctity of Irish maidenhood and womanhood, burned their villages, plundered their farms, demolished their houses, until they made life even more intolerable than death itself, and compelled the people to rise in the rebellion of 1798. Now, you may ask what advantage this was to William Pitt, the Premier, to have conspiracy and rebellion in Ireland? I answer you that William Pitt was a great English Statesman, and that meant in those days a great enemy of Ireland. He saw Ireland with her Parliament, free and independent, making her own laws, consulting her own interests, and he said to himself: "Ah! this will never do. This country will grow happy and prosperous; this country will be powerful, and that won't serve my purposes, my imperial designs. What do I care for Ireland? I care for the British Empire." And he made up his mind to destroy the Irish Parliament and to carry the Act of Union. He knew well as long as Ireland was happy, peaceful, and prosperous he never could effect that. He knew well that it was only through the humiliation and destruction of Ireland that he could do it; and, cruel man as

himself with men of liberal minds and large, statesmen-like views. He began by telling the Catholics of Ireland that he would labor for their emancipation. A sudden peace and joy spread throughout the nation. Every vestige of insubordination and rebellion seemed to vanish out of the Irish mind; the people were content to wait; every law was observed; peace, happiness, and joy was for the time being the portion of the Irish people. How long did it last? In an evil hour Pitt returned to his old designs; Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled on the 25th of March, and Ireland enjoyed her hopes only for two short months. When it was ascertained that Lord Fitzwilliam was about to be recalled, there was scarcely a parish in Ireland that did not send in petitions, resolutions and prayers to the English Government to leave them their Lord Lieutenant. All to no purpose; the policy was changed; Pitt had made up his mind to carry the Union. On the day that Lord Fitzwilliam left Dublin the principle citizens of Dublin took the horses from his carriage, and drew the carriage themselves down to the water's side. All Ireland was in tears. "The scene," says an historian of the time, "was heartrendering; the whole country was in mourning." How easy it was, my American friends, to conciliate these people whom two short months of kindness could so have changed. Oh! if only the English Government, the English Parliament, the English people—if they could only realize this for ever so short a time, the mine of affection, the glorious heart, the splendid gratitude that lies there in Ireland, but to which they have never appealed and never touched! They have turned the very honey of human nature into the

a Parliament in 1560, forty years before Mr. Froude's revolution. Here is one of the laws of the Parliament: "All officers and ministers ecclesiastical" (that took us in) "were bound to take the oath of supremacy, and bound to swear that Queen Elizabeth was Popess; that she was head of the Church; that she was the successor of the Apostles; that she was the representative of St. Peter, and through him the Eternal Son of God." Queen Elizabeth! My friends, all were obliged to take this oath under pain of forfeiture and total incapacity. Any one who maintained the spiritual supremacy of the Pope was to forfeit for the first offense all his estates, real and personal; and if he had no estate, and if he was not worth twenty pounds, he was to be put for one year in jail. For the second offense he was liable to the penalty of premunire, and for the third offense guilty of high treason and put to death. These laws were made, and commissioners appointed to enforce them. Mr. Froude says they were not enforced. But we actually have the acts of Elizabeth's Parliament, appointing magistrates and officers to go out and enforce these laws. And these were made forty years before the revolution which Mr. Froude alludes to as the revolution of 1600. How, then, can the gentleman ask us to regard the penal laws as the effects of the revolution? In my philosophy, and I believe in that of the citizens of America, the effect generally follows the cause. But the English philosophical historian puts the effects forty years ahead of the cause, or, as we say in Ireland, he put "the car before the horse." But, my friends, Mr. Froude tells us, if you remember, in his second lecture, that the

repealed before 1798." Very well; now I ask you, dear friends, to reflect upon what these large measures of indulgence to the Catholics were of which Mr. Froude speaks. Here they are: In the year 1771 Parliament passed an act to enable Catholics to take a long lease on fifty acres of bog. My American friends, you may not understand this word bog. We in Ireland do. It means a marsh; it is almost irreclaimable; it means a marsh which you may be draining until doomsday, still it will remain the original marsh. You may sink a fortune in it in arterial drainage, in top dressing, as we call it in Ireland. Let it alone for a couple of years, then come back and look at it, and it has asserted itself as a bog once more. However, the Parliament was kinder than you imagine. For while they granted to the Catholic the power to take a long lease of fifty acres of bog, they also stipulated that if the bog was too deep for a foundation, he might take half an acre of arable land and build a house. Half an acre! Not more than half an acre. This holding, such as it was, should not be within a mile of any city or town. Oh! no; and mark this: if half the bog was not reclaimed, that is five and twenty acres, within twenty-one years, the lease was forfeited! Dear friends, the Scriptures tell us that King Pharaoh of Egypt was very cruel to the Hebrews because he ordered them to make bricks without straw. But here is a law that ordered unfortunate Irishmen to reclaim twenty-five acres of bog in twenty-one years, or else lose his land. Beggarly as this concession was, you will be astonished to hear that the very Parliament that passed it was so much afraid of the Protestant

water. And this loyal and benign Englishman comes and says: "Why, you fools, you were almost free!" Well, people of America, if these be Mr. Froude's notions of civil and religious freedom, I appeal to you for Ireland not to give him the verdict. "The insurrection of 1798," continues the learned gentleman, "threw Ireland back into confusion and misery, from which she was partially delivered by the Act of Union." The first part of that proposition I admit, the second I emphatically deny. I admit that the unsuccessful rebellion of 1798 threw Ireland back into a state of misery. Unsuccessful rebellion is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation, and the sooner Irishmen and Irish patriots understand this the better it will be for them and their country. I emphatically deny that by the Act of Union there was any remedy for these miseries; that it had any healing remedy whatever for the wrongs of Ireland; that it had anything in the realm of benefit or blessing. I assert that the Union of 1800, by which Ireland lost her Parliament, was a pure curse for Ireland from that day, and nothing else, and that it is an evil that must be remedied if the grievances of Ireland are ever to be redressed. I need not dwell on the wholesale bribery and corruption by which the infernal Castlereagh, that political apostate, carried that detestable Act of Union. Mr. Froude has the good sense to pass by that dirty subject without touching him, and I can do nothing better. He says: "It was expected that whatever grievances Ireland complained of would be removed by legislation after the Act of Union." It was expected, it is quite true. Even Catholics

persecution and oppression, which would be testimony to our virtue, and throw ourselves once more under the mercy of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent to the political murder of our country. I do know that although exclusive advantages may be ambiguously held forth to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the sacred duty which he owes to his country, I know that the Catholics of Ireland still remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept any advantage as a sect which would debase and destroy them as a people."

Shade of the great departed, you never uttered truer words! Shade of the great O'Connell, every true Irishman, priest and layman, subscribes to these glorious sentiments, wherever that Irishman is this night!

Now, Mr. Froude goes forth in an innocent sort of way: "It is a strange thing after the Union was passed that the people of Ireland were still grumbling and complaining. They were not treated unjustly hard." These are his words. Good God! People of America, what idea can this gentleman have of justice? What loss did this Union, which he admired so much___what loss did it inflict on Ireland? He seems to think that it did absolutely nothing, and I ask you to consider two or three of the losses. First of all you remember, my dear friends, that Ireland before the Union had her own national debt, as she had her own military. She was a nation, And the national debt of Ireland in 1793 did not amount to three millions of money. In the year 1800, the year of the Union, the national debt of Ireland amounted to twenty-eight millions of

Napoleon, for they had to pay Germans, Hessians, and all sorts of people to fight against France. At one time William Pitt was supporting the whole Austrian army. The austrians had men, but no money. In Ireland the debt in 1801 was twenty eight and one-half millions; consequently the annual taxation was one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. That was in 1801. In 1817 the same Irish debt, which sixteen years before was only twenty-eight millions, had risen to one hundred and twelve millions seven hundred and four thousand pounds, and the taxation amounted to four millions one hundred and five thousand pounds sterling. In other words, in sixteen years the debt of England was doubled, but the debt of Ireland was made four times as much as it was in the year that the Union passed. You will ask me how did that happen. It happened from the fact that being united to England, having lost our Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer took and kept the money, and the Irishmen kept the bogs. Ireland lost the privilege of keeping her money and accounts, and that is the way the debt accumulated in sixteen years. Ireland was so little burdened with debt at the time of the Union, compared with England, that the English had the presumption to ask us to take share and share alike of the taxation. We owed only twenty millions, and they owed four hundred and fifty millions. Why should we be asked to pay the interest of that debt? They were rich and could bear the taxation. Ireland was poor and could not bear it. It is easier to pay interest on twenty pounds than on four hundred. Castlereagh, in the British Parliament, said that Ireland should pay one-seventh of

in the English house of Parliament there was a falling off of 5,000,000 yards in the export of linen. The same gentleman, three years later, said that, in 1800, the net produce of the Irish revenue was £2,000,800 while the debt was £25,000,000. Three years later, after three years' experience of the condition of things, the debt had increased to £53,000,000, while the revenue had diminished by £11,000. Ireland was deserted; that absenteeism which was the curse of Ireland in the days of Swift had so increased by that time that Dublin had the appearance of a deserted city, and all the cities of Ireland became as places in a wilderness. At this very day, in Dublin, the Duke of Leinster's city palace is turned into a museum of Irish industry. Another large palace has become a draper's shop. Tyrone House is a school-house, and the house of the Earl of Bective was pulled down there a few years ago, and was rebuilt as a Scotch-Presbyterian house for the people, and six months ago, when I made a visit to the place, I was surprised to see the marvelous change in contrasting the present condition of the city with her former state. Her fashion and trade, her commercial activity and intellect, her enterprise and political superiority over England, are gone, and Ireland may fold her hands and sigh over the ruin which is left to her. And all this is the result of the Union. The crumbling of her liberty and the ruin of the trade of Ireland, the destruction of her commerce, the utter uselessness of the harbors of Limerick and Galway, the ruin of the palaces of Dublin, announce to us the ascendancy of England and the transfer of Ireland's intellect

in the gigantic Irishman who represented the Catholics of Ireland. The English historian can not say that England granted Catholic emancipation willingly; she granted it as a man would yield up a bad tooth to a dentist. O'Connell put the forceps into the false old mouth, and the old tyrant wriggled and groaned. The bigoted profligate who then disgraced England's crown shed his crocodile tears upon the bill. The face that was never known to change color in the presence of any vicious deed or accusation of vice, that face grew pale, and George IV. wept for sorrow when he had to sign that. The man who beat the great Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, the man who was declared to be the invincible victor and the greatest of warriors, stood there with that bill in his hand, and said to the King of England, "I wouldn't grant it your majesty, any more than you; it is forced from you and me. You must sign this paper, or prepare for civil war and revolution in Ireland." I regret to be obliged to say it, really my friends, England never granted anything from love, from a sense of justice, or from any other motive than from a craven fear of civil war and serious inconvenience to herself.

Now, having arrived at this point, Mr. Froude glances in a masterly manner, over the great questions that have taken place since the day that emancipation was demanded. He speaks words the most eloquent and compassionate over the terrible period of '46 and '47—words reading which brought tears to my eyes, words of compassion that he gave to the people who suffered, for which I pray God to bless him and reward him. He speaks words of generous,

have attempted to review, if it teaches us anything it teaches us, as Irishmen, that there is no use appealing to the sword or to armed insurrection in Ireland. Mr. Froude says that to succeed there are two things necessary—namely, union as one man and a determination not to sheathe that sword until the work is done. I know that I would earn louder plaudits, citizens of America, and speak a more popular language in the ears of my auditors, if I were to declare my adhesion to this class of Irishmen. But there is not a living man who loves Ireland more than I do. There are those who may love her more fervently, and some love her with greater distinction. But there is no man living who loves Ireland more tenderly or more sincerely than I do. I prize, citizens of America the good-will of my fellow-Irishmen; I prize it next to the grace of God. I also prize the popularity which however unworthy, I possess with them. But I tell you, American citizens, for all that popularity, for all that good-will, I would not compromise one iota of my convictions, nor would I state what I would not believe to be true; and I say that I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as Ireland. There is another class of Irishmen who hold that Ireland has a future, a glorious future, and that that future is to be wrought out in this way. They say, and I think with justice and right, that wealth acquired by industry brings with it power and influence. They say, therefore, to the Irish at home, "Try to accumulate wealth, lay hold of the industries and develop the resources of your country. Try in the meantime and labor to effect the blessed union without which there

gentlemen. I dare say you remember that when Charles Edward was pretender to the crown of England during the first years of the House of Hanover, there was a verse which Jacobite gentlemen used to give:

"God bless the king, our noble faith's defender,
Long may he live, and down with the Pretender;
But which be Pretender and which be the king,
God bless us all, and that's quite another thing!"

And yet, with the courage of an old monk, I'll tell you my mind upon this very question. History tells us that empires, like men, run the cycle of the years of their life, and then die. No matter how extended their power, no matter how mighty their influence, no matter how great their wealth, no matter how invincible their army, the day will come, inevitable day, that brings with it decay and disruption. It was thus with the empire of the Medes and Persians. It was thus with the empire of the Assyrians, thus with the Egyptians, thus with the Greeks, thus with Rome. Who would ever have imagined, for instance 1,500 years ago, before the Goths first came to the walls of Rome—who would have imagined that the greatest power that was to sway the whole Roman Empire would be the little unknown island lying out in the Western Ocean, known only by being conquered by the Romans—the *Ultima Thule*, the Tin Island in the far ocean. This was England. Well, the cycle of time has come to pass. Now, my friends, England has been a long time at the top of the wheel. Do you imagine she will always remain there? I do not want to be one bit more disloyal

abandoned Britain. England today says to Canada and Australia: Oh! take your Government into your own hands; I don't want to be bothered with it any more." England that eighty years ago fought for the United States bitterly, as long as she could put a man into the field. How changed it is! Secondly, an empire is crumbling to decay when she begins to buy off her enemies, as in the case of the Roman Empire when she began to buy off the Scythians, the Dacians, and other barbaric forces that were rising upon her. England a few days ago was presented with a little bill by America. John Bull said: "Jonathan, I owe you nothing"; and he buttoned up his pocket and swore he wouldn't pay a cent. But America said; "Well, John, if you don't like to pay, you can take one of these," presenting a pair of swords, and putting the hilt of one of them into Johnny Bull's hand. "Take whichever you like, John." John Bull paid the bill. My friends, it looks as if the day of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander is rapidly approaching. In that day my position is, Ireland will be mistress of her own destinies, with the liberty that will come to her, not from man, but from God whom she never deserted. There is another nation that understands Ireland, whose statesmen have always spoken words of brave encouragement, of tender sympathy, and of manly hope for Ireland in her dark days, and that nation is the United States of America—the mighty land placed by the Omnipotent hand between the far East on one side, to which she stretches out her glorious arms over the Pacific, while on the other side she sweeps with uplifted hand over the Atlantic and touches Europe. A mighty land, including in ample bosom untold

future be used in turning the wheels set to those streams by Irish-American capital and Irish industry. If ever that day comes, if ever that union comes, it will be no degradation of Ireland to join hands with America, because America does not enslave her states; she accepts them on terms of glorious equality; she respects their rights, and blesses all those who cast their lot with her. Now I have done with this subject and with Mr. Froude. I have one word to say before I retire, and that is, if during the course of these five lectures one single word personally offensive to that distinguished gentleman has escaped my lips, I take this word back now; I apologize to him before he asks me, and I beg to assure him that such a word never came wilfully from my mind or from my heart. He says he loves Ireland, and I believe according to his lights he does love Ireland; but our lights are very different from his. But still the Almighty God will judge every man according to his lights.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE
REBUTTAL to FATHER BURKE
HALL of the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
November 30, 1872
Fraser's Magazine____January 1873

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 so many of them been presented in 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 a 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

approved. I think for myself that there are certain definite measures for Ireland's good which she could obtain more easily from the United Parliament than she could obtain from her own. I wished to show that she had less cause than she supposed for the animosity that she entertained against England, ill as England had behaved to her; and I have said what I had to say here in the form of lectures, because it was the most likely way to attract attention.

Father Burke goes on to say 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 eight millions of them who have come from the old country, and the fourteen millions 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 forty-two millions of American citizens, twenty-two millions were either Irish born or of Irish descent. 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.

Add half a million for children of the second generation, and

immigrants arriving since 1850 can be included in this class; the arrival of the native Irish was inconsiderable before 1847, and in 1850 the entire number of Irish who had arrived in the United States amounted only to 988,945. The mortality among the Irish, whether as children or as adults, is in advance to any other part of the population.

The most extravagant conjecture will not venture, therefore, to add more than 600,000 for the number of Irish children whose parents were born in this country. Those who have best means of judging, estimate the entire race now in America at between four and five millions.)

Still speculating on my motives, Father Burke inclines on the whole to give me credit for patriotism. He thinks I have come to speak for my own country, and he is good enough to praise me for doing so. I am grateful for the compliment, but I can not accept it. I have not come to speak for my country, but for his. I believe that the present agitation there is likely to avert indefinitely the progress of improvement, that the best chance for the Irish people is to stand by the English people and demand an alteration of the land laws.

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 a pleasant one? I say that for various reasons I have a peculiar and exceptional respect for the

Ireland by one of Elizabeth's officers. Both these papers I had reason to know were extremely welcome to the Irish Catholic Prelates. They were no less unwelcome to the Protestants. I was violently attacked, and I replied. The documents were looked into, up and down, but without producing conviction on either side. I, after the most careful consideration, was unable to withdraw what I had written. The Tory journals continued, and perhaps continue, to charge me with misrepresentation, and speak of me as a person whose good faith is not to be depended on.

I determined that from that time I would never place myself in such a position again. 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature falls Between the pass and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites.' I hope I am not, strictly speaking, the baser nature. But it has been my fortune ever since I began to write on these subjects to feel the pricks of the opposing lances, and I shall continue to feel them as long as I tell the truth. My *History of England* has been composed from, perhaps, two hundred thousand documents, nine-tenths of them in difficult manuscript, and in half-a-dozen languages. I have been unable to trust printed copies, for the manuscripts often tell stories which the printed versions leave concealed. I have been unable to trust copyists; I have read everything myself. I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time. I have had to condense pages into single sentences, to translate, and to analyze; and have afterwards to depend entirely on my own transcripts. Under such conditions it is impossible for me to affirm that no reference has

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 massacre on 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 control of the text books. Father Burke himself, perhaps, only repeats what he has been taught. I suppose he never heard of the Edicts of Charles the Fifth. By those Edicts, which were issued at the opening of the Reformation, every man accused of holding heretical 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, declares 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

and died in the Catholic faith. But I do hate the spirit which the Church displayed 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 the long desperate battle for liberty of conscience, that very liberty to which Catholics now appeal, is a sacred treasure left in charge of 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 widest. I am heartily glad of it. I wish I could feel 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 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 the 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. The Catholics were innocent victims. If on those terms he is willing to forgive and forget, I for one am not. Father Burke

fourteen years before the conquest, when according to the Father, all things were going so well. In that one year three kings were killed, besides an infinite slaughter of other people. Look for yourselves. See whether the year was exceptionally bad. If there was a few months' breathing time in such a state of things an Archbishop might well write to congratulate.

Giraldus, the Welshman, who came over soon after to see what Ireland was like, confirms substantially the account of the *Annals*. Father Burke calls him freely a liar, though he quotes him approvingly when he mentions the Irish virtues. If Giraldus is to be believed when he says the Irish were loyal to their chief, I do not know why he is not to be believed when he says they were fierce, licentious, treacherous, false, and cruel. Giraldus tells us some absurd stories. The Irish books of the age are full of stories much more absurd. In the twelfth century there were extant sixty-six Lives of St. Patrick. Mr. Gibbon says of them that they must have contained at least as many thousand lies. That is a large estimate. Of those which survive, the earliest, which is very beautiful, contains few lies, or perhaps, none. The latest, that by Jocelyn of Ferns, which has been adopted by the Bollandists, contains probably many more than a thousand lies. It is one of the most ridiculous books I have ever looked into. By the side of Jocelyn, Giraldus is a rationalist. I wish you would read Giraldus' account of Ireland. It is translated; it is short, and carries about it, in my opinion, a stamp of conceited veracity.

I go to the Norman conquest itself, and Pope Adrian's Bull,

tools he is imperfectly acquainted with. He is evidently ignorant that the English official year began on March 25. 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.

But we are only at the beginning of the difficulty in which we are involved by the hypothesis of forgery. I advised Father Burke to look at a letter from a subsequent Pope to King Henry III., published by Dr. Theiner from the Vatican Archives.

I have not Dr. theiner's book by me to refer to; I must therefore describe the letter from memory, but I have no doubt that I remember it substantially. The Irish had represented at Rome that the Normans had treated them with harshness and cruelty. They had appealed to the Pope. They had been brought under the Norman yoke, they said by an act of his predecessor, and they begged him to interpose. What does the Pope answer? Does he say that he has looked into the archives and can find no record of any such act of his predecessor, that it was a mistake or a fraud! He does nothing of the kind. He writes to the King of England, laying the complaints of the Irish before him. He reminds him gently of the tenour of the commission by which Adrian had sanctioned the conquest, and begs him to restrain the violence of his Norman subjects.

Once more we have a letter from Donald O'Neill, calling himself King of Ulster, to the Pope, speaking of the Normans much

Brehon or Irish law. Now felony was a word of English law entirely. Under English law, homicide was felony, and was punished by death. Under the Brehon law homicide was not a felony: it was an injury in which compensation was to be made by the slayer to the family of the slain. Every Irishman living inside the Pale was as much protected by the law as everyone else, to kill him was as much a felony as to kill an Englishman. But English law could not protect those who lived under it. Questions often rose, what was to be done when life was lost in a border scuffle or quarrel; and the Norman Parliament declined to attach more importance to the life of an outside Irishman than his own law attached to it. Father Burke quoted a case triumphantly of an Englishman who had killed an Irishman pleading the Statute, but offering in court to make compensation according to Brehon custom, and being in consequence acquitted. This exactly demonstrates what I have been saying. I admit, however, and I insisted in my own lectures, that the Norman failure had been complete—that the result of the conquest was to leave the country, after three hundred years' experience, worse than before.

I pass to the modern period, Father Burke opens with an eloquent denunciation of Henry VIII., and as I have a great deal to say on points of more consequence, I leave Henry to his mercies. I will only pause out of curiosity to ask for more information about three Carthusian abbots, whom a jury refused to find guilty under the Supremacy Act, till Henry threatened, if they did not comply, to prosecute them for treason. I thought I knew the

Finglas's *Breviate of Ireland*, and Sir Henry Sidney's *Correspondence*, you will not require me or Father Burke to tell you what was the real condition of the country we are both talking about.

Meanwhile I must say a word or two. Father Burke talks with great vehemence, about spoliation of lands and the expulsion of Irishmen from the homes of their fathers. There is a document, the opening document of the 'King Henry series,' which he does not seem to have studied, but I wish you would study, for it gives a complete key to the real difficulties of Ireland, and to all the policy of succeeding reigns. This document is dated 1515, and is called a 'Report of the State of Ireland, with a Plan for its Reformation.' Father Burke admits that there was disorder at this time, but he says that it was caused by Anglo-Normans. Now this report explains that the real cause was that the Normans had ceased to be Normans, and had become Irish. They spoke Irish, dressed like Irish, adopted Irish habits and laws, and customs. Father Burke can not be ignorant that to the Geraldines in Munster and Leinster, to the Butlers in Kilkenny, to his own ancestors, the DeBurghs or Burkes, in the west, the Irish clans looked up with a feeling of loyal allegiance. As far as there was any order at all in the country, it was in the homage paid by the native race to these four families. They, and the smaller Norman barons who held under them, are spoken of in State Papers as English in contrast to Irish. They were as much English as you Americans are English, or as Grattan and Wolf Tone were English; yet Father Burke thinks that

compel the fighting banditti to take to some other employment. Here lies the explanation of Father Burke's mistakes. When he talks of confiscation and spoliation, it was confiscation simply of the rights of robbers to plunder the poor. All sorts of plans were thought of, and ultimately tried: sometimes to use downright force, to send an English army and conquer them; sometimes to arm the peasantry, and make them protect themselves; sometimes to plant English and Scotch colonies; sometimes, where the case seemed hopeless, to send the entire race over the Shannon into Connaught, where, in closer quarters, they would be unable to find the means of supporting the fighting battalions.

I can not go into any details here. I ask you only to satisfy yourselves, by a perusal of the report, that this was the real condition by which the country was reduced. You will see then how arduous the problem was, and be better able to form a just opinion on the conduct which England pursued. Father Burke says nothing of it. I can hardly suppose he knows anything about it. Yet anyone who will look to the index of the State Papers and the Carew Papers, and will refer to the words 'Coyn and Livery,' will see that this Irish custom with all its consequences was the one central enormity against which English effort was, however ineffectually, directed.

The Reformation of course complicated matters worse, but the social problem then as now was the real one. When I spoke of King Henry's appointment of the Earl of Kildare to the viceroyalty as an experiment in Home Rule, Father Burke asks me why Henry did not

is to be now thrown aside, I will only say here, that it is a bad return for the blood which the Geraldines and the Barons of the Pale risked and lost in the cause of Ireland and the Catholic Church. I trust, for the honour of Irish patriotism, that Father Burke is not in this instance a representative of the feelings of his people.

As to the Kildare rebellion itself, Father Burke as usual exaggerates. He says it desolated the whole of Munster and a great part of Leinster, and ruined half the Irish people. It scarcely touched Munster at all. It affected severely only half Leinster. The chief sufferers were the inhabitants of the Pale, and among them chiefly such of the inhabitants as were loyal to English rule. But I conclude that Father Burke is not distinguishing between the rebellion of the Kildares under Henry VIII. and the rebellion of the Desmonds under Elizabeth, and lumps them both together as a confused unity.

I will not follow him through Reformation History. But he asks a question which I will answer. I said in my lectures that the private lives of some of the Catholic bishops before the Reformation were not perfectly regular. I made light of it, and I make light of it now. But, when he calls it 'a wild and unsupported assertion,' I must show him I was not speaking without book. I was thinking at the moment of Archbishop Bodkin, of Tuam, from whom the Galway Bodkins, whom Father Burke must know about, are descended. If he requires another instance I must send him back to Dr. Theiner. I wish he would read his Theiner. He need

preferred the legitimate son. Shan has a certain respect for his father. In one of his letters, of which I have read many, he says, alluding to his own parentage, that his father, like a gentleman as he was, never denied any child as was sworn to him, but Shan was not going to lose his inheritance on that account. He conspired against Con, and as Father Burke truly says, shut him up till he died. The legitimate brother was murdered or made away with, and Shan by these means became the O'Neill. A very natural piece of business, but I should not have described it myself as arising from devotion to the Catholic faith.

Once more (Father Burke drags it in here out of its natural place, but I will follow his own arrangement), he insists on the religious toleration which was always displayed by the Irish Catholics. There were no heresy prosecutions in Ireland. These heresy prosecutions were judicial processes, and the Irish preferred more rough and ready ways. I have no room to go into this. But Father Burke produces as proof an act of the Celtic Irish Parliament, which met in the time of James the Second, on which I must make a short remark.

What, said the Father, was the first law which this Catholic Irish Parliament passed? 'We hereby decree that it is the law of this land of Ireland that neither now, nor ever again, shall any man be prosecuted because of his religion.' 'Was not this magnificent?' he asked and he was answered by 'tremendous cheers.'

I am very glad that he and his hearers are such complete converts to toleration. But his mind is not yet in the perfectly

of fine writing. I am obliged to him for the compliment, but in the plucked and wretched state in which he exhibits me, I could well have dispensed with it. The fact, however, to which the passage refers, is of real importance. Elizabeth had to fight at last with the great Catholic powers of Europe in defense of the Reformation. She was very unwilling to do it, but at last she was forced to do it, and she won the battle. Father Burke thinks he answers me by pointing to the Act of Uniformity passed in Ireland in the second year of her reign. I had myself mentioned this Act and explained why it was passed. I regretted it and called it unwise, but I added that it was not executed, and I am obliged to insist to Father Burke that this is true and that the smallest accurate acquaintance with the time will show anyone that this is true. The whole country was prey to anarchy. The churches like all else went to ruin. But among other causes of this the most important was perhaps Elizabeth's determination that the Act of Uniformity should not be enforced. I speak of what I know. I have studied her correspondence with the viceroys. One of them, Lord Grey, being a strong Puritan, pressed to be allowed to make what he called a Mohametan conquest, to offer the people the Reformation or the sword___his complaint was that she forbade him to do it, forbade him strictly to meddle with anyone for religion who was not in rebellion against the crown.

I said and I repeat that Elizabeth meant well for the poor country, though never was the proverb better illustrated, that the road to the wrong place is paved with good intentions.

come near them. Has not Father Burke omitted one small but important expression? Or an Irishman who refused to take the oath of allegiance? I have not examined the Charters in detail under which the separate grants were held. I will not affirm that there was no corporation which was intended to be exclusively Scotch or English. But I do know that the oath of allegiance was the general term. Let me remind Father Burke of an act of Parliament passed at this very time by the very men whom he accuses of the bitter enmity to the Irish. It repeals simply and for every law which had made a distinction between the English and Irish inhabitants of the country. It declares them all citizens of a common empire, enjoying equal laws and equal protection. It expresses a hope that thenceforward they would grow into one nation in perfect agreement, with utter oblivion to all former differences. If you doubt me, gentlemen, look into the Irish Statute Book for the reign of James the First and satisfy yourselves.

As a matter of fact it can be proved distinctly that from the date of the settlement the English and Irish did live together in these half million acres, and cultivated their land together. Their houses and fields lay side by side, they helped each other, employed each other, grew into useful social and kindly relations with one another. It was this close intimacy, this seeming friendliness, this adoption by so many of the Irish of the laws and customs of the settlers, which constituted the most painful features in the rebellion of 1641.

cruel, and dangerous. He speaks as if the Puritan party in England and Scotland were bent on destroying the Catholics in Ireland. The commission which went from the Irish Parliament to London, to complain of Strafford, was composed jointly of Protestants and Catholics. The arraignment of Strafford was conducted by the great Puritan statesman, Pym, and I pointed out in my lectures that his administration of Ireland formed one of the most serious counts on which he was condemned. Does this look as if the complaints of Ireland could receive no attention from the Long Parliament? Does this bear out Father Burke in charging me with defending Strafford, and calling his conduct just?

Again, Father Burke accuses me of having said that the rebellion began with massacre, as if it was a preconceived intention. In a summary of the events of ten years, I said generally that it commenced with massacre, and so it did, when the period is reviewed as a whole; but in my account of what actually passed, I said expressly, and in the plainest words, that so far as I could make out from contradictory evidence, I thought the Irish had not intended that there should be bloodshed at all.

Lastly, he accuses me of calling the Irish cowards, and he desires me to take the word back. I can not 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

patrolled by the fragments of the Catholic army which had been raised by Strafford and afterwards disbanded; and the Lords Justices were in utmost them. Situated as they were they would have been simply mad had they foreseen what was to happen, and purposely permitted it.

The Irish, Father Burke says, had good reason to rise. Who denies it? Certainly not I. My own words were that it was the natural penalty for past cruelties. But the Father will not have it to have been a rebellion___because he says Charles the First approved of it, or would have approved of it had he been in a position to express an opinion; and that Sir Phelim O'Neil, who headed the movement, issued a proclamation that he was acting in the king's name. That Charles had been encouraging some movement in Ireland is perfectly true, but not that of Sir Phelim O'Neil.___ Sir Phelim produced a commission purporting to have been given him by Charles and signed with the Great Seal___but Sir Phelim confessed afterwards that the commission was forged, and that he had taken the Seal from a private deed which lay among his muniments. Of this Father Burke says nothing.

The Irish, Father Burke acknowledges, stripped the Protestant settlers of their cattle, horses, and property. Under property, I suppose, he means houses and their clothes, for they were turned out of doors, men, women, and children, literally naked. So far, he thinks the Irish did nothing but what they had a right to do. The property of the settlers belonged to the Irish, and they were simply taking back their own. When wild races who do not

examination as well as other parts of the popular version of the massacre___but apparently to no purpose. Out it comes, round, confident, unblushing as ever. Father Burke quotes it from the Protestant historian, Leland; therefore he assumes it to be true. He pays a compliment to Protestant veracity; but Protestants are veracious only when they speak on the Catholic side. Dr. Reid, the author of the *History of the Presbyterians in Ireland*, the very best book, in my opinion, which has ever been written on these matters, shows how little Leland knew about it; yet Dr. Reid is not worth the Father's notice.

The legend, for such it is, is due to a mistake or a misprint in a single short sentence of Lord Clarendon's. The evidence that Clarendon had before him is now in Dublin, and every fibre of this Island Maghee story can be traced. First, the number of the number killed is multiplied by a hundred. In revenge for some atrocious murders in the neighborhood, the Carrickfergus garrison did attack Island Maghee, and did kill there, not three thousand persons, but thirty persons. Again, the date is wrong, and the date is all in it. To fit with the theory that it was the beginning of the mischief, it is thrown back to the beginning of November, 1641. The real date was the beginning of January, 1642, and in January, and long before, the country was in flames from end to end. I wish you who are dissatisfied will at least look at what Dr. Reid says on this matter; you will find yourselves in good hands. Colonel Audley Mervin, who was in Ireland at the time, says that, in his own county of Fermanagh, which he calls one of the best planted

Listen to sir John Temple.

`That which made the condition more formidable was the daily repair of multitudes of English that came up in troops miserably despoiled out of the North, many of good rank and quality, covered with old rags, and some without any covering but twisted straw; wives came lamenting the murder of their husbands; mothers of their children barbarously destroyed before their eyes; some so surbated as they came creeping on their knees, others frozen with cold, ready to give up the ghost in the streets; others distracted with their losses, lost also their senses. Thus was the town, within a few days after breaking out the rebellion, filled with these lamentable spectacles of sorrow, having no place to lay their heads, no clothing to cover their nakedness, no food to stay their hunger. To add to their miseries, the popish inhabitants refused to minister the least comfort to them. Many lay in the open streets, and others under stacks, and there miserably perished. Those of better quality, who could not frame themselves to be common beggars, crept into private places, and wasted silently away, and died without noise. I have known some that lay naked, and having clothes sent, laid them by, refusing to put them on: others would not stir to fetch themselves food, though they knew where it stood ready for them; and so, worn with misery and cruel usage, their spirit spent, their senses failing, the greatest part of the women and children thus barbarously expelled from their habitations, perished in the city of Dublin, leaving their bodies as monuments of the most inhuman cruelties used towards them.'

the same numbers. You, who would form an independent opinion of the matter, I would advise to read (whatever else you read) Sir John Temple's history of the Rebellion, and Dr. Borlase's history of it. Temple was, as I said, an eye-witness. Borlase's book contains in the appendix large selections from the evidence taken on oath before Commissioners in Dublin.

I shall not be met with the 'thundering English lie' argument; and so far you have but my assertion against Father Burke's. In my opinion he treats the Irish massacre precisely as he treats the Alva massacre and the St. Bartholomew's massacre. The wolf lays the blame on the lamb. But that, you may fairly say, is only my view of the question. Very well, I have a proposal to make, which

I hope you will endorse; and if we work together, and if Father Burke will help, we may arrive at the truth yet.

Ireland and England will never understand each other until the story is cleared up. Now, I am fond of referring disputed questions to indifferent tribunals. An enormous body of evidence lies still half examined in Dublin. I should like a competent commission to be appointed to look over the whole matter and report a conclusion. It should consist of men whose business it is to deal with evidence—i.e., of lawyers. I would have no clergy, Catholic or Protestant. Clergy are generally blind in one eye. I would not have men of letters or historians like myself and Father Burke; we partake of the clerical infirmities of disposition. By-the-bye. I must beg Father Burke's pardon. As a priest I have put him out of court already. I say I would have a commission of

Barbadoes. In six years, such was the cruelty, that not twenty of them were left. 80,000 thousand men, Father Burke! and in six years not twenty left. I have read the Thurloe Papers, where the account will be found of those shipments to Barbadoes. I can find nothing about 80,000 men there. When were they sent out, and how, and in what ships? You got these numbers where you got the millions of native Irish in America. Your figures expand and contract like the tent in a fairy tale, which would either shrink into a walnut-shell or cover 10,000 men as the owner of it liked. Father Burke says that all the Irish landowners were sent into Connaught. Lord Clarendon says that no one was sent to Connaught who had not forfeited his life by rebellion; and next, that to send them there was the only way to save them from being killed, for they would not live in peace. If an Englishman strayed a mile from his door he was murdered, and there was such exasperation with these fighting Irish that if they had been left at home the soldiers would have destroyed them all.

Ireland was made a wilderness, says Father Burke, and that true—but who made it so? The nine years of civil war made it so—and it could not revive in a day or in a year. If three or four thousand Irish boys and girls were sent as apprentices to the plantations, it was a kindness to send them there in the condition to which Ireland had been reduced; but when I said that fifteen years of industry brought the country to a higher state of prosperity than it had ever attained before, I am not answered when I am told that it was miserable when the settlers had been at work

Major Morgan, I will quote another:___ 'The Irish,' he said, 'bring in their comrade's heads. Brothers and cousins cut each other's throats.'

Mr. Prendergast, the latest and most accomplished historian of these times, a man of most generous disposition and passionately Irish in his sentiment, alluding to these words of Major Morgan, makes a comment on them; which tempts me to abandon in despair the hope of understanding the Irish character.

'No wonder they betrayed each other,' he says, 'because they had no longer any public cause to maintain.'

I shall notice but one more point.

In speaking of the American Revolution, I said that a more active sympathy was felt at that time for the American cause by the Protestants of the North of Ireland than by the Catholics, and that the more active service was done in America by the Anglo-Scotch Irish, who emigrated thither in the eighteenth century, than by the representatives of the old race. Do not think that I grudge any Irishman of any persuasion the honour of having struck a blow to their common oppressors when the opportunity offered. I was mentioning, however, what was matter of fact, and I wished to remind Americans that there is a Protestant Ireland as well as a Catholic___with which at one time they had intimate relations.

There is a distinct proof that during a great part of the last century there was a continual Protestant emigration from Ireland to this country. Archbishop Boulter speaks earnestly about it in his letters, and states positively that it was an emigration of

abhorred the unnatural rebellion against his Majesty which had broken out among his American subjects, that they laid at his feet two million loyal, faithful, and affectionate hearts and hands, ready to exert themselves against his Majesty's enemies in any part of the world, that their loyalty had always been as the dial of the sun, true though not shone upon.

Father Burke is hasty in telling g me that I am speaking of a matter of which I am ignorant, but I will pursue it no further, nor, but for his challenge, would I have returned to it. Both he and I are now in the rather ridiculous position of contending which of our respective friends were most disloyal to our own Government.

Here I must leave him. I leave untouched a large number of blots which I had marked for criticism, but if I have not done enough to him already, I shall waste my words in trying to do more; and for the future, as long as I remain in America, neither he, if he returns to the charge, nor any other assailant must look for further answer from me.

His 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 legends and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspects of things and characters 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.

Any way I hope that we may now part in good humour; we may