Hunter, of Ballyin; who will undertake to execute that sentence?"

Harrier to conservativities recorded and conservation in the contrate of the conservation of the first of the contrate of

Several volunteered, but the last witness against the doomed man insisted on his right, and he was

solected. Hunter, an attorney and (Three days afterwards Hunter, an attorney and land agent, was found murdered in his office in Ex-chequer street.)

The president called several other names, and heard the witnesses against them. Some were doomed to die; sentench was pronounced against the property of others, and a few were acquitted.

At last he called "Sampson Harden, of Castle-Harden who accuses him?"

At this hated name murmurs of execuation went round. Several hastened from the throng.

"One of Harden's yeomea trainfied my mother to death under his horse's heofs," said one.

"Another of his troop slashed the arm off a child

of mine," said another.

"He burnt the roof over my head," said a third. "I heard," said a fourth, " that his new licutenant -bad luck to the renegade !-stood by while 'Tom the Devil' rubbed gunpowder into the hair of a girl,

and set It on fire." [Hom the Devil was a sergeant in the North Cork Militia. The soubriquet is familiar to every person who has read the history of the rebellion.

There was a terribly strong indictment preferred against the squire.
"Brothers!" said the president, addressing the jury, "what say you?—is this man guilty, or is he

Before they could answer, a man rushed forward, and Charles Raymond cried:

"Stav !" This interruption caused a general movement of enriosity. Many present knew of Marion Harden's

love for the young insurgent leader.

"My friends and companions in the cause," continued Charles, "I am not here to defend Mr. Har-den, but to plead for him. Horrible atrocities have been committed by the yeomanry under his command, but never with his cognisance. I have known Squire Harden to be unjust often; but cruel—deliberately crucl—never——

"He is amongst our sternest persecutors," said the president, "and the vengeance of the people will visit him at the first chance."

'He is guilty," cried the jury, who were thus anticipated in their finding by the head of the court. " He must die," shouted the gathering.

Charles unbuckled his sword. "Brothers," he said, "I will use no arguments. All these men you have named have done you deep wrong, and it is impossible to blame your anger against them. But we are soldiers of independence, fighting for the freedom of our native land. We are not secret assassins, and assassination of the foulest kind I would hold it to watch for even the worst of these men and slay him with a cowardly blow in his unguarded moment. See my heart and soul are in this cause—as I have given proof; but commit this unmanly crime, and I can no longer stand with honor by your side. I had rather lay this sword on this hill-side, and seek my comrades elsewhere."

This harangue, delivered energetically, produced

a visible effect. "But are they to go unpunished ?" they cried on

every side. "No. I do not ask that. But individual punish ment will come soon enough, and with the solemnity and effect should attend it, when you have achieved the liberation of your country. I ask you only to postpone these proceedings to a fitter time, for to complete them now will force me hence, and I swear to you I desire to face the enemy in no other ranks than yours."

After some demur, and some bold commentary on his motives, Charles succeeded in procuring the adjournment of execution in each of the sentences declared by this new tribunal, and he was proceeding to join Villemont, who was drilling a portion of his force at some distance, when exclamations from those around directed his gaze upon the expanse stretching from the foot of the hill. A solitary figure on horseback was approaching at a pace and gait which told of weary posterns. The apparition was of a sufficiently amusing character to awaken the conjectures of all.

"One of ourselves after escaping, may be." Just as likely its a spy. sorts of cuteness.

Let half a dozen of us slip down there among the bushes and put a bullet or two in him.

The stranger urged the tired horse to a shambling trot, and came on boldly to the base of the hill there drawing up to wave a handkerchief and hail skrilly. One thing was decided. Every man cried, "That's a woman's voice, anyhow!"

"It's Norah Dounelly!" cried Ned Fennell and springing from his master's side with a yell of joy Norah's lover with a foot as quick as his eye soon reached her, almost dragging her from her horse, and kissing her in full view of the encampment. He received for his temerity a sound box on the ear, which changed the cheers, with which his salute had been greeted, into roars of laughter. Fennell fed his mistress, who were now recognised, and hastened to meet her.

While walking with her towards Father O'Han-Ion's Charles learned the purport of her errand. He had a short conference with Villement, who found a horse for Ned Fennell, and at about the same time at night that Norah had set out from Castle Harden Charles and his retainer quitted the camp.

To be continued.

THE

CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD.

FROUDE versus IRELAND.

BY JOHN MITCHEL.

J. of 12 2.

" and " (From the New York Irish American.)

THE "First of Living Historians," as several newspapers designate this gentleman, is only really opening his betteries. He has by no means done with his victim, but presses on, with "blow on blow."

Even since the termination of the lecturers and counter lecturers, by the Historian and by Father Burke, there has been published in this country and in work: The English in Ireland in the Highteenth Century: By James Authory Frouds, M. A. a work which sheds additional darkness on a subject which the author had already bloom much the England the First volume of a new and elaborate author has already done much to overwhelm in obsecurity. "This darkness I shall endeavor presently to dispet in some degree. Meantime the pens not buly of national writers in Ireland, but of many fair-minded journalists both in England and in the by United States are busily employed in making indig-inant exposities of the spirit and tone of the Historian as well as of his alleged facts and authorities. The hor o contreversycthen, is only beginning.

Theo ybooki a comi ndomental, tell-fee by the Historian and las gravely tried before the imit in the finished, and got out of the way. Not in the finished, and got out of the way. Not indeed is finished, and got out of the way. Not indeed is finished, and got out of the way. Not indeed is finished, and got out of the way. Not indeed is finished, and got out of the way. Not indeed is finished, and got out of the way. Not that all those plendings are before us, as well as the first and formidable indictment set, forth in the now hook, it may be expedient to review the truthfulness of spirit is shount, or cleanliness of perbut in the now hook, it may be expedient to review the son and habit.

Not assuredly, the First Living Historian had no easily correct; but still (at least so far as MY. Froude's mission, to flatter the Irish race.) But let readers there in them is concerned, they do not seem to have been revised by the author and published as have been revised by the author and published as have very words, so that you cannot absolutely hold further with the modest review. .95 the mhis grandalles, lately brought forward so gravely

The president rose, and cried aloud: "This court | him to words, figures, dates and citations of authorihas prenounced sentence of death against John ties. Here, in this book, we have him, with his litera scripta, "inverted commas" and all. It may indeed regretted that the eloquent Father Burke gave any countenance to the Sham Trial; that he innocently accepted the tribunal and pleaded to the declaration in the name of his country; thus materially helping the general plan of the crusade: also that after bandying compliments with the learned gentlemen on the other side, gratuitously affirming and pro-claiming that person's honesty, and saying that he loved him. Father Burke ended by giving up the whole case, concurring in his adversary's practical conclusion, turning to his countrymen and telling them plainly that they can do nothing, nothing, at home or abroad, to relieve their native island of British domination; and in short that they had better "wait for the New Zealander!"

"Attendee sous Forme," is the ironical French proverb to this same effect. "Wait for the New Zealander" will become proverbial in Ireland, in the same derisive sense. When that predestined savage shall be seen squatting upon the broken arch and sketching the ruins of London, then Ireland will arise great glorious and free, first flower, &c.! Also when the sky falls, shaint we have larks?

And so, at the end of the sham "trial," the Historian comes forward with a kind of playful insolence, and seizes on his small triumph with a sneer; congratulates everybody that "for practical objects" he and his opponent are agreed, offers him his hand, and kindly says, "Any how, I hope we part in good humour." Oh! certainly; all the good humour in life, so far as he and Father Burke are concerned: and the sham court, rises with a cordial laugholvuntur risu.

But there are others concerned in this crusading mission of the Historian. And there is, and was, no tribunal at all: it was only the agreeable Englishman's device to flatter this great American people, by presenting a sort of mimicry of a Geneva Arbitra-tion to settle international differences by the high and mighty award of American public opinion. I decline to plead at all before the American public : because Irishmen are themselves the best and sole ndges of the rights and the wrongs of their own land. Neither can I be a client of the excellent and cloquent Father Burke in this cause; indeed he excludes me; for in his second lecture he accepts with thanks and effusion Froude's statement, that, after the "Reformation," " the cause of the Catholie Religion and Irish independence become inseparably and irrevocably one." As a non-Cathelic, then, I am ruled out of court, as well as Grattan and Tone and O'Brien and Davis. We are not quite Irish, under this rule. Counsel on the other side, indeed, is willing to take us under his protection: he treats the Irish Protestants as his peculiar and favoured clients; but I repudiate his advocacy even more earnestly than the Dominican's. He has obliging things to say concerning Irish Protestants when they were useful slaves of British policy: and not being a slave to that policy, I cannot hope to profit by the author's advocacy. From my own point of view, then, I shall adventure to survey the whole separate denominational education, without being field on which our Irish cause lately uppeared to be compelled also to pay for the State-education of debated so earnestly, but from which the two adver-other people's children? Easy enough to alarm field on which our Irish cause lately appeared to be debated so earnestly, but from which the two adversaries have walked off together almost hand-in-hand, with all the complasency in the world.

The truth is, and it may as well be said, that many of Father Burke's countrymen have felt disappointed at the soft and tender usage which he gave, broughout, to that loud and furious enemy of our native island. Surely, the Dominican could have struck heavier blows; but that something held his hand. The two champions semehow were unwilling to hurt each other. Just so, the betting men of sporting tastes eagerly awaited the battle between Mr. Mace and Mr. O'Baldwin. Loud boasts and threats there were, and diplomatic correspondence in newspapers, to settle place and preliminaries: men made their books, and thought full surely there was going to be a real well; but the two buffers had no idea of getting hurt, -of bruising one another's expressive mugs, or drawing claret from those aquiling cenks: at least they walked off with their respective backers, and left the betting men in the lurch.

Yet it is not easy to understand what moved Father Burke to such rather fulsome tenderness of courtesy: for assuredly the First Living Historian prepared the campaign of this foray of his in a manner irritating enough to provoke a saint. PLAN OF THE CRUSADE.

The Historian had written his book, and had sent | ble religious rage in Ireland. it to the press, a book full charged with venomous loathing and contempt of the Irish name and nation; and seems to have judged it expedient, for some reason or another, to condense the substance of it into lectures, and to come over and discharge them in American cities, where he supposed he would be sure of a favorable hearing for any abuse of Irish and Catholics amongst the preponderating masses of American Protestants. I suppose he had been told so by some "Christian young men." At any rate the thing would make a stir, and advertise his book. At the very moment when it was convenient for him he was invited by the "Literary Bureau." Whether this was a happy coincidence, or whether he invited the Bureau to invite him, cannot now be guessed; nor is it worth while. His subject was to be "The Relations between England and Ireland;" and his coming was heralded by a pamphlet containing first a fac-simile of his letter of acceptance, and then many pages presenting selected passages from his works, entitled "Gems from Froude." This pamphlet was largely circulated gratuitously. In the letter he considerately says _"I should like it to be understood by the Irish in New York generally, that I am neither going to flatter them nor flatter England" Were "the Irish in New York generally" fondly soothing themselves with the idea that Froude was coming to flatter them? Who saw any sign of such pleasing anticipations? In truth, we are not much used to flattery,—save from a politician now and then about election times. And those who know very much of the "First Historian's" previous writings could scarcely have looked for anything very fulsome in the way of sycophanoy at his hands. Indeed in these very "Gems," strung together on the thread of this pamphlet, there is but one passage referring to Ireland, which begins thus:-

"Sadder history in the compass of the world's great chronicle there is none than the history of the Irish; so coumgeous, yet so like cowards; so intoresting, yet so resolute to forfeit all honorable claims to interest. In thinking of them, we can but shake our heads." &c.

I do not well know how courageous men contrive to be "like cowards:" yet after all, it seems our people are "interesting:" he never denies this: interesting yet "resolute to ferfeit honorable claims to interest!"-Not only a dishonorable people, but resolutely and irrevocably determined that honorable person can concern himself about any of them. Differ, we Irish may, on politics, on religion, on many matters of human conduct and life, but at least on one point we are agreed-we are unanimously and irremediably resolved to be dishonorable! This is bad indeed. Let me add to this "Gem" another jewel of my own selection from the

new volumo just published-

MEANING OF THE CRUBADE. England, the country of the Historian, is in these days disquieted, ence more by a revival of national pretensions in Ireland. "Home Rule" has become a political test. "Trish ideas," even, which England as so often before felt it her dutey to stifle in blood—these very Irish ideas are now again put forward as the only just basis on which the island should be governed; and worse then all, many of the best of the Protestants are cordially uniting with their Catholicfellow-countrymen in demanding some approach to self-government, British policy had often been interfered with by such demonstrations before; and had usually, at least since the "Reformation," found its best safety in promoting religious animosities: the same course must be taken now again : hatred and spite of Protestant against Catholic must be kindled again and fed with fresh fuel, or all is lost. Prudent British statesmen look anxiously around and survey the situation: they see a considerable Protestant recrudescence in several parts of the world, provoked ostensibly by the late Council of the Vatican with its definition of the ancient doctrine of Papal Infallibility. They see prosperous and triumphant Germany girding up its loins to do battle with the dreadful Pope; and Prince Bismarck is prosecuting bishops and thundering against Jes-uits. And so in the very latest Irish papers I read,

the Crown Office, Dublin, in the names of Mr. Christopher Palles and Mr. W. Lane Joynt, against his Lordship the Bishop of Clonfert, twenty-three Catholic clergymen of the county Galway, Captain Nolan, and Mr. Sebastian Nolan. All these gentlemen are charged with the use of undue influence, and the Court of Queen's Bench is asked to "award due process of law" against them. The venue is laid in the county Galway, and it appears that, as the informations are equivalent to bills found by a Grand Jury on an indicment, the next step will be to put the Bishop of Clonfert and his fellow-defendants in the dock of the County Court-house, in Galway, and call on them to plead."

The "undue influence" was in representing to their flocks that it would be committing a sin to vote for Gladstone's candidate: and a crying sin it certainly would have been; and who could more properly warn them against it than their clergy? However, the prosecution itself will excite spite and rage, unmanly exultation amongst the Orangemen, bitter and vindictive wrath amongst the Catholics; and thus a great point is gained, to begin with. Next it is at any time easy to create exasperation amongst them ore ignorant Protestants, by pointing. out the so called presumption of the Catholic Church; and facilities are given to carry on the unholy work of lashing the two parties to fury by the agitation now existing on the question of public education. Shall the education of children be made carefully irreligious? Or shall all the people be required to pay for an irreligious education, though they cannot use the article? Or shall parents be at liberty, if they choose, to give to their children a the ignorant persons aforesaid, by a suggestion that this latter plan is nothing but a device of the Jesuits to bring back the Inquisition. Then, in turning their eyes anxiously around the horizon, those pradent English Statesmen take careful note of the signs of the times in the United States. Here also the State and denominational school systems are eagerly debated. Here also the ignorant masses have been taught to believe that the infallibility of the Pope, and especially the "Syllabus," are only an insidious machinery for troubling the peace of States and Governments and making us all vassals to "the Woman who sitteth upon Seven Hills." The English know also, (for they have both spies and agents busy here,) that, ever since the close of the war, there has been gradually reviving a strong anti-Catholic and anti-Irish feeling, which awaits only a good stirring example, set in England, to fellow suit as usual. An excitement can always be stirred up in America on this principle. It was the "Ecclesiastical Titles Act," to restrain Papal Aggression, that gave birth to our shabby Know-Nothing crusade; and a few bloody riots were duly enacted, a church or two wrecked, a good priest "ridden on a rail," and tarred and feathered by the principal inhabitants of a New England town. A renewal of all this would be invaluable for exasperating the so-desira-

And there is more in it. Certain millions of the Irish people, extirpated out of their own land, and escaped from the British famines, are now dwelling, they and their children, upon this continent; and every body knows that they watch with keen interest every National movement of their kindred at home, with the stern determination to bear a hand in the final settlement of that question. Nothing could possibly be more serviceable to Gladstone's policy than the successful arousing of strong dislike and contempt on the part of the Protestant-American people against their Catholic and Irish fellow citizens. Now no man in all England could be found so fitted for this dreadful office as the First Living Historian.

THE CRUSADER HIMSELF.

Froude's qualifications for this mission (besides a most fluent and sensational rhetoric) are twofold. First, he hates the Catholic Church, and has at his fingers' ends all the foulest imputations and all the diabolical language of abuse usually employed these last three hundred years to cover that Church with a robe of blackest horror:—second, he claims for his own country an absolute right to possess and govern Ireland at her own will and for her own profit. As I read these pages of the "First Historian," I confess that I warm towards him a little; he does not cant much, for an Englishman, but pours forth his insults upon the people and upon their religion with a rather honest kind of cynical brutality. He tells us in plain words that "superior strength is the equivalent of superior merit;" and referring to Ireland and her rights, forsooth, he says:-"There neither is nor can be an inherent privi-

lege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honourable courses; and the rights of man-if such rights there be-are not at liberty, but to wise direction and control;" -that is, the control by us English. There is an

other passage (page 600) which I like even better-"The consent of man was not asked when he was born into the world: his consent will not be asked when his time comes to die. As little has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey. Let a nation be justly grverned.

—that is, by us English.

As for the Catholic Church in Ireland, the only defect he finds in the course of English policy is, that there was not persecution violent enough and constant enough exercised upon that Church. Here are his words (p. 213)-

"No government need keep terms with such a creed when there is power to abolish it. To call the repression of opinions which had issued so many times in blood and revolt by the name of religious persecution, is mere abuse of words; while at the same time, the best minds in England really believed that, besides its treasonable aspects, the Roman Catholic religion was intellectually degrading and

nearthy agrees with them. But the author is not brandishes before its the 200,000 authorities which! This is the sweet power of compulsion of (which the altogether averse from "reconciling the loyal we must master before two can ("convidu" him of Catholic Church possesses this secret, and when she priests and the Government, and subsidizing a power which had proved too strong to be violently overtheorem, he intimidates the simple mind. In places it in, the hands of some meak, bother or vain the citizen of Brooklyn points out that the gentle nun, whose hearts compiled of all early overthrown? p. 565; On the same page he cites. Historian has printed a letter as from Randolphylin affections, beat only with love to consist and his citizen of the wall now if the wall now if the wall now if the citizen of the consist and his in the citizen of the wall now if the wall now if the citizen of the consist and his citizen and the citizen of the consist and his citizen of the consist and hi heartily agrees with them. But the author is not

with approbation the words of a pamphlet which seems one of his favourite authorities-

"Possibly it might be a good plan to abolish the payment of ducs, offerings and fees from the poor apists-to-the priests, and settle salaries for them. Their interests would then be closely tied to those of the State, and they might be managed like cannone, whose months are still pointed as they please who fill their bellies."

The reader has now a clear enough idea of the high qualifications of this Historian to do the Queen's huminess in Ireland.

The adventurers under Henry II. came to "take charge" of the Irish, says this Historian, in his preliminary chapter "The Normans" he assures us, were a people "whose peculiar mission was to govern men;" and it seems they could not help it. Who can resist his fate?-

"They were born rulers of men, and were forced, by the same necessity which has brought the decrepit kingdoms of Asia under the authority of England and Russia, to take the management, eight centuries age, of the anarchic nations of Western Europe."

It was hard on the Norman people? For these poor devoted rulers of men were forced "by the same necessity," to do much forgery, perjury and murder to carry out their missioned task. Neither will our rulers of men altogother give us up when we escape from under their clutch: their care and sympathy follow us round the world. Here, for example, the Irish-Americans who have been living on good enough terms with native Americans and other citizens, and who have been doing much honest work here, making themselves independent, marrying and giving in marriage, procreating a good breed, which is to have its full share in the labour and the thought and the honourable effort of every kind upon this Continent in the future,these Irish-Americans find themselves followed, even here, from time to time, by agents and emissaries of those blessed governors of men, whose task is to lower us in the eyes of our fellow.citizens, and to make them understand that we are not fit to be trusted as citizens of this or any other country. These English have taken direction of our people, once for all, and cannot without a pang give up the management of us. Though we take the wings of the morning and fice to the uttermost ends of the earth, even there will their hand lead us, and their right hand guide us; Even hero we find at every turn a vigilant English "ruler of men" cooling our friends, heating our enemies, carefully warning our neighbours that we are false. treacherous, cowardly and cruel, that we never knew what to do with our own country, when we had one, and will surely do what in us lies to ruin America as we rained Ireland.

I cannot but admire the Historian when in one of his lectures he comes to deal with the apparently simple suggestion that, incomuch as England has shown nothing but imbecility and stupidity in her dealings with Ireland for seven hundred years, and brought the island to be a world's wonder for its long agony of misery, famine, and discontent, she had better perhaps relieve herself of the charge and let Ireland alone. At this idea he breaks out into a foam of rage. What! let Ireland govern berself! No, never! Anything but that. England will never consent either to Home Rule, or to any altered arrangement which might put Ireland into the way of being able to extort Home Rule :- never, until England is beaten to her knees; never! never!

Bravo! First Historian. Beaten to her knees. quetha? Beaten to her mouth and nose must she be. It is precisely the sentiment which I have myself often written and uttered. The British Empire must utterly perish, that is, be dismembered as an Empire,-or "Ireland must die a daily death, and suffer an endless martyrdom."

Mr. Froude seems to admit all this; confesses with a charming ingenuousness that Ireland has been always not only unjustly and cruelly, but stupidly governed by England; that she is now so governed, and is likely to be; nay that Ireland has ample provocation and perfect right to take up arms and establish her independence on the field: Very well then, says the Historian, draw your sword and This is a curiously happy sarcasm, adcome on! dressed to a nation carefully disarmed by law, and whose houses are at all times subject to search for any kind of weapon. A gang of robbers seizes a traveller, ties him to a tree disarms him, strips him, robs him of his money; he cries out and remonstrates; calls them a pack of rascals, demands to be let loose: but one of the brigands replies to him. 'Friend, you have no right to liberty unless you fight for it. Your arguments are good, are unanswerable: therefore will you fight us all, there as you stand, with your hands tied behind oyour back to that tree. If you cannot do this, stop your vain arguments and 'Datunt' howlings,—enough to disgust the very owls in the trees." As Dean Swift said, concerning the book of Molyneux: "In reason, all government, without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery; but, in just, eleven men, well armed, will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt."

Here, then, is the whole political theory and priniple of the Historian. We have you down, throttled, stripped, disarmed, garotted; our treatment of you and of your country has been stupid, and a scandal: it is going to be in the future what it has been in the past: and now, what are you going to do about it? I must confess that I like this Crusader of the Period for so honest an exposition of his principles: and feel inclined to take his part against the savage, word-catching critics who have been finding him guilty of misquotations, mistranslations, and even ignorant blunders, as they fondly

THE "INVERTED COMMAS." And does a citizen of Brooklyn, indeed, or that keen Scotchman, Mr. Hosack, or the Quarterly Re-view, and "fifty others," do they, or does any of them, innocently imagine that they can corner the First Living Historian, by peinting out misquotations, falsified authorities and the like? The Historian defies them. He has composed his " History of England" from "perhaps two hundred thousand documents," and, with a calm irony, invites his critics to follow him through these two hundred thousand pigeon-holes, some in the State-Paper Office, some in Trinity College Library, or elsewhere; and he cannot think of replying to any special charge of fraud or forgery, unless his aceu sers go through all those references. "I have read everything myself," he observes in his last lecture. I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time." And again-" It often happens that half a letter is in one collection and half in another. There will be two letters from the same person and the same place, on the same subject and on the same day. One may be among the State Papers, another in the British Museum. will not say that the passages from two such letters may not at times appear in my text as if they were one." But he has done his utmost, as he assures us, to tell the truth. And those who doubt it have only to go through his 200,000 pigeon-holes. Thus a rabbit squats at one of the burrows of his intricate warren, and invites the terriers to chase; they give chase: there are a thousand galleries, corridors, labyrinths; the rabbit slears are seen for a moment peeping at one of the roles: the dog goes for him; but in the twinkling of an eye the rabbit's fud is spiritually poisonous."

Seen at another, hole forty, yards, off, No straight forward terrier can follow him up, though a well-trained, but the best; and the Historian most trained ferrest might, Thus, when the Historian heartily agrees with them. But the author is not brandished before its the 200,000 authorities which

Edinburgh, which was never written by said Ran-dolph, attributing to Queen Mary of Scotland an atrocious and blood-thirsty saying. He replies that if Randolph, in Edinburgh, did not write that let ter, yet another man somewhere in England did write another letter; and although that other letter does not attribute the blood-thirsty utterance to Queen Mary at all, yet the Historian denies that he has been convicted; no, only accused by the citizen of Brooklyn: If he answered the citizen he would have to answer "fifty others" so many are the charges which have been made against him and with a frank and noble candor he offers to submit the examination of his authorities to a commission of five Irish judges (out of twelve), with the Irish Lord Chancellor to preside they are to examine the 200,000 authorities, and if they find that he has been unfaithful in citing any one, he will expunge that passage : can a candid Historian do more?

Some persons may term this proposal an illusory kind of challenge; because the human mind is incapable of conceiving the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and four of the Judges quitting the bench where they have their own business to mind, flinging off wigs and ermine, burying themselves for (let us say) seven years in the crypts of recordoffices, museums and college libraries, closely following the Historian as he fits his references or parts of them to a MS. in London, then dives and re-appears in Dublin to find the other lines of the letter. Not seven years, but seventeen, would be needful for this labor: and the enemies of our First Historian will be sure to say that he never would have proposed such an inquiry but that he knows it to be impossible. I suggest, then, that he add to the list of Commissioners the name of General Grant.

In short, the Historian is too hard a nut for these word-catching critics to crack. Let them not im. agine that they can impale such a man as this upon the horn of an inverted comma, or hang him at the tail of a semi-colon. It is in vain for the citizen of Brooklyn or fifty ethers, to taunt him with misquotations; he smiles in front of his 200,000 pigeon holes, and says to them, "Come on, then, gentle. men, follow! follow!-or send on the Lord Chan. cellor or the President: either do this, or forever hold your peace." It is in vain also that another small critic points out how the First Historian, having occasion to refer to the oil-bottle of Bheims speaks of the bettle as a man, and calls him "Saint Ampoul." Do they think they have caught him Vain dream! Mr. Froude connait son Rabelais; and knows that famous voyage which Pantagruel made to consult the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, whose name was Eac-Buc; and this is the very Saint, and the very bottle, which the learned person means. Ah! critics, you are not going to trip up the First Living Historian in this flimsy

I am now in good humor with the Crusader of the Period; and in the next chapter shall come closer to him.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

PASTORAL OF THE CATHOLIC HIRRARCHY. - A pastoral signed by all the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church, assembled in Dublin on the 21st and 22nd of last month, was read on Sunday in the respective chap-ls. After warning their flocks against the infidelity of the present age, and denouncing the policy pursued by the Italian and German Governments towards the Pope and the Cathelic Church, the prelates pass to the education question. The pastoral says:-"The supreme effort to weaken the Church's influence is made on the educational field, by banishing religion from the schools, whether of higher, middle, or primary instruction. In a pastoral letter which we addressed to you several months ago, we end avored to set before you at some length, dearly beloved brethren, the dangers which threaten your faith from pemicious systems of education. The experience of every day that has since passed has but strengthened the convictions we then expressed, sauctioned the warnings we then gave, and rendered us more determined than ever to struggle to the last, with all the energy, of our hearts, helped by the grace of God, against every form of un-Catholic education, no matter from what source it may come, or by what patrons it may be recommended. It is chiefly for the consideration of difficulties arising on this all important subject education that we are now assembled; we have adopted, confining ourselves at present to express our deep regret that the generous grants lately made by the Legislature, in behalf of educa-tion, have been accompanied by conditions which have, up to the present time, deprived many meritorious teachers of the long-expected reward of their labors—rewards which should have been made dependent on their certified efficiency. The Catholic Church can never look with dislike upon a system of education merely because it is gratuitous. She loves too well Him who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' to allow any considerations of human interest to hinder the approach of the poorest children to the sauctuary of her maternal bosom. If to be gratuitous be a ment in education, then should religious schools be admittedly the most perfect the world bas ever seen for they gratuitously give not only an education of the best kind, but they give also the unpaid, the unpurchasable service of holy men and women, who expend their energies and talents in teaching the poor of Christ without other reward than the insult neaped upon them by the well paid official patrons of gratuitous education. When the novel system of education shall have produced teachers equal in silent, loving, patient, unpaid labor, to the members of the religious congregations, then, but not till then, shall we believe the new-born admiration of gratuit ous education to be sincere. But as long as gratuitous education means that Catholic parents shall be heavily taxed to pay enormous salaries to an army of inspectors and teachers, whose chief work it will be to slay the Catholic faith in the souls of children, we cannot but consider the cry for gratuitous education to be a piece of mocking hypocrisy. And can that education be called gratuitous in which a Catholic parent is forced to pay for what he believes to be the moral ruin of his own child? Finally, in open violation of the natural rights of parents, and of the sacred rights of the Church, and to leave to the rising generation no loophole of escape from anti-Christian influences, education must be compulsory. What a bitter satire on the vaunted liberty of the age is this, that the people must be compelled by fine and imprisonment to receive educational liberty! If the public opinion of the age be in reality enlightened, why should it be necessary to proclaim compulsory education as one of the greatest wants of society? And if it be, so unenlightened as to deserve for its persistent ignorance the severe treatment awarded to thieves and evil-doers, what are we to think of the pretensions of those men who make war on the Church in the name of the m lightened nineteenth contury?, Those inconsistent compulsory educational, laws, would have been unnecessary had there been no fetters placed on the action of the Catholic Church. She binds her sacred ministers continually to impress on the minds of parents that the education of their children is dutylimposed on themolly, God Himself in the 4th Commandment of the Decalogue and on the mind of children, that they are bound to devote them selves to such studies as may suit their state in this world, and prepare them for eternity in the next.—
This is the sweet power of compulsion of which the Catholic Church pages as the same state of the next.—