

The president rose, and cried aloud: "This court has pronounced sentence of death against John Hunter, of Ballyin; who will undertake to execute that sentence?" Several volunteers stepped forward, but the last witness against the accused man insisted on his right, and he was selected.

him to words, figures, dates and citations of authorities. Here, in this book, we have him, with his *libera scripta*, "inverted commas" and all. It may indeed be regretted that the eloquent Father Burke gave no 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 wounding compliments with the learned gentlemen on the other side, gratuitously affirming and proclaiming 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!

England, the country of the Historian, is in these days disquieted, even more by a revival of national pretensions in Ireland. "Home Rule" has become a political test. "Irish ideas," even, which England has so often before felt it her duty 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 than all, many of the best of the Protestants are cordially uniting with their Catholic fellow-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 Jesuits. And so in the very latest Irish papers I read, without surprise:—

with approbation the words of a pamphlet which seems one of his favorite authorities:— "Possibly it might be a good plan to abolish the payment of dues, offerings and fees from the poor Papists to the priests, and settle salaries for them. Their interests would then be closely tied up those of the State, and they might be managed like cannon, whose mouths are still pointed against him who fills their bellies." The reader has now a clear enough idea of the high qualifications of this Historian to do the Queen's business in Ireland.

Edinburgh, which was never written by said Randolph, attributing to Queen Mary of Scotland an atrocious and blood-thirsty saying. He replies that if Randolph, in Edinburgh, did not write that letter, yet another man somewhere in England did; yet 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?

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD. FROUDE versus IRELAND.

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD. FROUDE versus IRELAND. BY JOHN MITCHELL. (From the New York Irish American.) "The First of Living Historians," as several newspapers designate this gentleman, is only really opening his batteries. He has by no means done with his victim, but presses on, with "blow on blow." Even since the termination of the lectures and counter-lectures, by the Historian and by Father Burke, there has been published in this country and in England the First volume of a new and elaborate work—*The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*—by James Anthony Froude, M. A., a work which sheds additional darkness on a subject which the author has already done much to overwhelm in obscurity. This darkness I shall endeavor presently to dissipate in some degree. Meantime the pens of many of our national writers in Ireland, and of many fair-minded journalists, both in England and in the United States are busily employed in making indignant exposures of the spirit and tone of the Historian as well as of his alleged facts and authorities. The controversy, then, is only beginning.

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