

land,—is canonized, as well as the Monk and the Archbishop.

One more light in the bright side of our character, and I have done with this portion of my address. The Irish people, in their genius, in their national character, have kept up under the most cruel persecutions. Never did a people suffer so much and still keep up their natural humor, splendid temper and height of spirit. If any other nation on the face of the earth had gone through three hundred years of incessant war, four hundred years of national invasion, three hundred years again of religious persecution,—the heart and the spirit of the people would have been broken, and no smile would have been seen on the face of the nation. What do we find? In spite of all he has suffered, in spite of all the persecution that has been heaped upon him; the Irishman of to-day has as light a heart, as bright an eye, and as a smile of hope in the dance as any man on the face of God's earth. [Laughter and applause.] Give him an opportunity, and he will give you a stroke of wit such as you never heard before. There was a poor fellow down in my native county of Galway—I dare say some of you know the place—[Laughter and applause];—he was standing in his corduroy breeches, and grey stockings, and the breeches that he wore not worth mentioning, because they had neither soles nor uppers (laughter). As he stood in the door of his little cabin, the pig was inside, playing with the children. An Englishman was passing and saw the pig in the man's house; and he said to him:—"Now, my good man, why do you allow that pig in your house? It does not look quite right." "Why," says the Irishman, "has not the house every accommodation that any reasonable pig would require?" (Renewed laughter.) Oh! the light heart of the Irish race! If on this platform there were now an Irish piper, or an Irish fiddler, and he struck up an Irish jig, do you imagine, priest and friar as I am, that I would not feel the heels going under me? (Laughter and applause.) There was a man died in Galway, and they brought a bottle of whiskey to his wake. It was bad stuff; and the tradition of the town goes, that one of the fellows was about to take a horn of the whiskey, when the corpse sat up. "Jimmy," said he, "that is not the real stuff; that will give you a head-ache, as sure as God made little apples, and put them on the trees." (Laughter.)

Whence comes the light foot, the bright eye, the brave heart? Ah! it comes from the religion that taught them that, no matter how hard the world went with them, the hand of God was with them, and Jesus Christ and His Virgin Mother, who loved them: no matter how drear their lot in this world was, their religion opened before them a vista of a magnificent and eternal future of happiness in the next world. Hence it is that these amongst many other traits and characteristics in the genius of the Irish people are revealed to us, with the light that always comes from above. The Catholic never changed his religion in Ireland, because he was a Catholic, and the Catholic religion does not change. The Catholic Irishman always knew how to die upon the field of honor, because his religion taught him that the noblest death that man can die, is to die for his God and for a noble and just cause (great applause). The Catholic Irishman, as a faithful as the needle to the pole-star, to the wife of his bosom; the Catholic virgin as pure as the unstained snow; the Catholic mother, bearing upon her brow the mingled beauty of maternity and virginity, is a model for the women of the world. And why? Because their Catholic faith taught them the love of the mother in the virginity of the Virgin Mary, who brought forth Jesus Christ.

Finally, the Catholic Irishman loves his native land, because he knows that land is the most glorious spot on earth,—with a faith producing the deepest holiness; a learning brought to its highest pitch; a bravery never disputed, constituting the highest nobility of a race and of a people. And the Catholic Irishman is light-hearted, because he says: "I may be hungry to-day; I may be tired to-day; I may be cold to-day; but my God is preparing for me a kingdom where neither hunger shall pinch, nor labor weary, nor cold benumb." Now, my friends, with this light and beauty in our national character, what are the shades, or the shadows and defects of our people? You may ask me what they are. What are the shadows of the Irish people? I think I know my people as well as any man alive. I remember a time in my life when not one word of the English I now speak to you was on these lips, but only the sweet old rolling Celtic tongue that my father and my mother spoke before me (applause). I have lived for years in Ireland I have studied the character of my people not with eyes blinded by the prejudices of an amateur critic, but with the skilled eyes of a Catholic priest. I have seen the dark side as well as the bright side of our national character. I will not give to you my own experience, for I have learned so to love my people and my race that I cannot find it in my heart to speak ill of them. I will let the Press of England do it. I will let our enemies tell you and me what our national faults are. And what are they? The first thing of all that the English Press accuses us of as Irishmen, is that we are an improvident, reckless lot. They say: "Look at the German; he is not a year in America before he has a couple of houses, and a couple of lots; but look at the Irishman; he settles down in a tenement house and earns perhaps five dollars a week; he gives one dollar to the Priest, three more go for whiskey, and one to the wife." They say we have no prudence; we don't know how to make eighteen pence out of nine pence soon enough. I grant it. We, Irishmen, are a spend-thrift and reckless race. An Irishman goes into the saloon or restaurant, and he says, taking out five or six dollars: "Hang it, if it is to be a better let it be a better!" and puts it down the dollars on the counter. I ask you, men of Ireland, who made us so improvident? Who made us so imprudent, so

reckless? Ah! was it not the cruel, blood-stained Government of England, that robbed us of every penny of our possessions? What makes a man reckless and imprudent so soon as to deprive us of that which is our own and shut out every hope for the future? What hope had the Irishman at home? He tilled his field and drained it; he made a piece of bog choice arable land; but the moment it was worth twice its former value, the landlord turned him out, with his wife and his children, to die like dogs in the ditch, and gave his farm to some other person. What wonder that we spend our money lavishly and recklessly, when we have not, for seven hundred years, had anything left by the Government worth an Irishman's while to live, to save, to be prudent for, in the land of his birth! The English Press says: "The Irish race are drunkards, too fond of drink; they spend all their money in drink. Nothing but whiskey!" Now, I answer with my experience of Irishmen, that any man who accuses our Irish race and our Irish people of being greater drunkards than any other people tells a lie (applause). If any man said to me here such a thing, I would say: "You lie, and I will prove it." Take, for instance, the Scotch. What does their own poet tell us of their drinking? He says—

"Willie brewed a peck o' maud,  
And Rob and Allie came to see."

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

"We are na fu, we're na that fu; but just a wee  
drap in our ee;  
The cock may crow, the day may daw;  
But aye we'll taste the barley brea."

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

But if we are fond of a glass of whiskey, who is to blame for it? God forbid that I should excuse it. I hold up my hand against it, at home and abroad. I say to every Irishman that comes before me, "Brother, be sober, and you will be a prosperous man" (great applause). I admire your city of Boston. I say here publicly, I admire the legislation that puts it out of the power of a man to be a drunkard, because drunkenness is the worst degradation of man, and the worst crime we can commit against God (renewed applause). But if we find Irishmen here and there taking, as they say, a "needle-full too much," who is to blame for it? Why did England rob him? Why did England persecute him? Why did England leave him without a foot of land to stand upon and call his own in the land that bore him? Why did England cut off every hope from him? Do that to any man, and you will find that he will take refuge in the bottle.

Finally, they say "Irishmen are a very revengeful and a very deceitful people." The critics of the English press say—"Oh, you cannot trust the word of an Irishman; he will tell you a lie when he says he is telling you the truth." I answer, again, who is to blame for the lying and deceit, if it exists in the Irish character? Is it any crime for a heart-broken, persecuted people to tell a lie to the man who is made a master over them,—from whom they expect no mercy? The man that will stoop to cover his fault with a lie, is the man that knows there is no allowance made for him or his faults. Therefore, I deny that we are a lying people; and even if true, I say that the seven hundred years of English rule ought to have made us the most deceitful people on the face of the earth. They say we are revengeful. If you travel in England, you will hear in the railway carriage, from the Englishman, that Ireland is a most awful country; the Irish are a most dreadful people; that if you go out there to take an evening walk, suddenly a man will come out of the bushes, point a blunderbuss point blank at ten paces at you, and "blow you to blazes" (laughter). There has been a great deal of crime in the way of outrages against life in Ireland. There is no doubt about it; there has been, for a Christian and a

Catholic people, too much. But, my friends, I may say that this undisputed fact, that there are more murders committed in the city of London in one month than there are in Ireland in three years (applause). Secondly, again, I say, if the people take the wild justice of revenge,—if they go out and take the law into their own hands,—who is to blame for it? Ah, well they know who is to blame, when that Government has allowed a "crowbar brigade" to uproot the homesteads of our people, to hunt them from their dwellings like wild beasts, and leave them to perish on the road-side, or in the workhouse, or else to consign them to the hard fate of the moneyless emigrant coming to a foreign shore. If our people have taken the law in their own hands, it is simply because Judge Keogh (hisses) and his companions would not give them any law (renewed hisses). All you have to do anywhere is to deny justice to a people and they will take it for themselves (great applause). Don't they take it in America? Why do you "lynch" your negroes whenever they commit a crime against the people? Because you are afraid the "carpet-baggers" in the South would let the negro go scot-free and allow the white man to suffer (applause). Well the people of Ireland have, in twenty or thirty cases,—not more than that—"lynched" a landlord. As I was once travelling in England, and I met an English gentleman. He was a smart, gentlemanly, mild creature. He said to me "Reverend sir, you are an Irish priest?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Ah, I knew it by your face; and when you began to speak I knew it still better." I said to him, "It is true I have the Irish brogue. My father and mother had it before me; but my grandfather did not have it at all." "How is that?" said he. "Because," said I "he did not speak English at all" (laughter and applause). "How is it that you shoot your landlords?" said he. "You must have an awful country."—"Just listen to me one moment," said I. "Last week a man came to me and told me his story. I went to his house to make out the truth of it; and it was this—He had taken thirty acres of bog, at fifteen shillings an acre; he drained the bog, putting drains through every perch of it; he ploughed it and manured it, and expended every penny he had in the world upon it. Not only that, but he married a wife, who had £400 fortune; and he put that also into it. He built a slated house, for himself and his family, and had just finished it, and the place was worth two pounds an acre, when the landlord came to him and said: "My man, you had better get out." "O, is it to leave my home you mean, that I have built myself, and the place that I have made out of the bog which seven years ago was only a bog, and now it is a meadow?" "No matter; you will have to go." "But," said the man, "will you let me keep the land and pay as much for it as any other man?" "No, you must go out." And he had to go out, with his wife and two children, and he went into the town of Galway, a beggar." The Englishman said to me: "Was he a friend of yours?" "Yes," said I, "a relation of my own; and he was sent out in that way; they took his home in that way." "Did he not shoot the landlord?" said the Englishman. "No," said I, "he did not; because he was a good Christian man, and goes to his Communion once a month." "Then," says he, "By Heavens,—I would have shot him!" (great laughter and applause). These are the men that are shot in Ireland, by what our English defamers style "the wild bloodthirsty vengeance" of the Irish people. The blackguard aristocrat tries to seduce a girl, but he does not succeed; he tries to deceive a decent Irish girl,—and make a blackguard also of her;—and the Irish father takes his pistol in his hand, and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shoots him. Why? because he knows if he brought the ruffian into the court-house, the girl, in her red wooden petticoat, would be laughed at, and treated as if she was fit for nothing better; while honor would be paid to the blackguard. The father shoots him; and I would say, only that I am a priest. "My blessing on him" (great applause). The Irish landlord comes to the door of an Irish tenant, and says to the man—"Go out!" His family have, perhaps, lived for three hundred years under that roof; and they have to go out. He says to the woman lying, perhaps, in her confinement, or her fever, "Go out!" He says to the little children, "Go out!" with not a morsel of food or an article of clothing, from under their roof, in the midst of the bitter winter. And the Irish father clubs his gun, and, in the name of God, dashes the tyrant's brains out (great applause). I say, again, God forbid that I should justify them; God forbid that I should encourage them; but, as a priest, as a theologian, as an Irishman, I stand here and say, if ever there was a people who were guiltless of blood shed in murder, it is the people of Ireland (great applause).

Now, my friends, one word, and I am done; because you can easily perceive I am beginning to be a little tired. You have seen the shadows of the Irish character. The lights, I have endeavored to prove to you, come from above, the shadows from below. Twenty years ago, Ireland,—persecuted, starving,—"the Niobe of all the nations,"—turned her eyes westward, and with that vivid Irish imagination which has never failed to realize the beautiful and the true, beheld the magnificent shores of Columbia. She sent her people here. Eight millions of them are on American soil, the bone and sinew, the brain and intellect, and the energy of this land (great applause). The lights, that came to them from above, they have brought with them,—their Catholic Faith, their Catholic bravery, their Catholic fidelity, their Catholic light heart and good humor. All these, they have brought with them, because it shone from above; and no man could take it from them. The shadows in their character,—the deceitfulness, the drunkenness, the imprudence, the revenge,—if such there be,—that came from the misgovernment under which they lived,—the cause of them is removed. England has no longer any claim upon any Irishman here, except myself. You are all having the glory of being free men on a free soil. You have amongst the men of this world the first, the grandest title that man can have under Heaven to-day,—the title of the Catholic American citizen (great applause). The grandest shadow that can fall upon man to-day is the shadow of the Cross of Christ; and the next greatest shadow is that of the "Stars and Stripes" of free America. (Loud cheers.) "These are yours. The lights remain; the shadows ought to depart. If there be any traditions or traces of imprudence, they should not be here. We were improvident at home, because we had nothing to live for. But, oh! I behold the glorious future, as America's imperial hand opens for every citizen her liberties. No trace of slavery is on this soil: no penal law to condemn you to ignorance or to slavery; no seeped monarch to tell you, at the peril of your life, to think as he does, or to die; no Harry the Eighth, to tell you, if you are Catholics, he will destroy you; and that in order to live, you will have to forego the faith you have held for more than a thousand years. No American hears no tyrant footstep on her soil, and hearkens to the voice of no man who is oppressing and enslaving his fellowmen. (Thunders of applause.) Long may she wave the emblems of hope and of freedom over a country vast in its proportions, terrible in its power, strong in its magnificence, and in its liberty and the freedom which she grants to all men. (Enthusiastic cheers.) The Irishman in America has what he never had at home;—he has the genius of freedom around him. He is able to expand his glorious Celtic bosom, to breathe an air untainted with tyranny. I am a loyal British subject, because I am a priest, and the Church teaches loyalty and peace; but I confess to you that, never, never for twenty years, have I spoken in Ireland as I feel I can speak in America. (Loud applause.) I can't tell you why it is; I only know that it is so. I feel like a blind man when his eyes are first opened,

and he beholds the light; I feel like the man who, when his chains first fall from his limbs, and he knows that he can use his arms; I feel like the worshiper of Freedom when he first beholds his goddess and kneels before her. (Loud cheers.) America! glorious America! The first land of freedom that struck every chain of the Irish hand that is laid upon her soil. (Great applause.) Every shadow of the past is gone. Why, then, should not the Irishman in America be provident, prudent, thrifty, industrious? Thanks be to God! he has something to hope for, for himself and for his children after him. Why should not the Irishman in America be sober, and not take refuge in the consolations of the bottle. He has a glorious land before him, bright skies above him, a high scope for the intelligence with which God has so largely endowed our people. Why should he not be a king among men, a leader of men? Place, power, influence, civic and military glory are before him. Why should he not be in the foremost ranks of the army of America? Was he not foremost on the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, when the soil was steeped in Irish blood, and the bodies of Irish soldiers covered the hills as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa? He was in the front ranks behind the ramparts of New Orleans, with Jackson, when, as the yellow grain falls before the mower's scythe, so fell the old enemy, the red-coated soldiery of Britain, before the terrible fire of the American soldiery. (Great applause.) Why should not the Irishman in America live in peace and fellowship with his fellow men? Are they not the first to vindicate the freedom that they have given him? Why should not the Irishman in America be the first man in the state? Has he not genius? American history as well as Irish history will tell you. Whatever else Almighty God deprived us of, He gave us a large amount of brains. Has he not energy? The cities and the railways of America attest the work of the Irishman's hand, and the Irish energy that triumphs beyond any other race upon the earth. Has he not virtue? His religion will answer for him, if he will only come within the shadow of her walls. The principle of unity, namely the unity of faith, is his; the principle of conjugal fidelity is his, also; the faith of the Catholic Church will answer. When his race shall be educated in the land the Irishman need only ask to be allowed a generation to show the strength, the energy, the prolific grandeur and the purity of his race which his Catholic faith has preserved for him. (Loud cheers).

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

As the Rev. lecturer concluded, there was a mighty outburst of applause, and the whole audience rose to their feet and cheered again and again. As Father Burke descended from the rostrum, those in his immediate vicinity pressed forward, eager to grasp his hand; and it was several minutes before he was able to escape from the multitude of his enthusiastic admirers. As soon as he had retired, the immense multitude dispersed, delighted with the discourse to which they had listened, and more ardent than ever in their admiration for Father Burke.

RECREATIONS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH IN IRELAND.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times.) If Ireland has preserved the Catholic faith, it has not been for the want of Elizabethan blandishments to entice her into the lap of Protestantism. She lavished her charms of seduction in vain on laymen as on priests; for the one rejected her offers of promotion at the expense of his country, as the other rejected her proffered ecclesiastical benefices at the sacrifice of his faith. Experience—bitter, sad experience—had led them to distrust her promises; their faith encouraged them to defy her threats. The favors of the Virgin Queen of England were as fatal to the votaries honored with her attentions, as the embraces of the equally cruel Virgin of Nuremberg, who, on one touch of a spring, opened her arms, and clasped the guilty wretch to her bosom, and then cast him from her into the charnel-house below. There was this difference, however, between the two Virgins; she of Nuremberg practised her charms only on criminals condemned to death, whilst she of England lavished her favors on her untried Scotch subjects, not for the punishment of guilt, but for the purpose of wringing from them by torture matters of accusation that might enable the law officers of the crown to prosecute them to death. The most Rev. Dr. Dermot O'Hurley, a scholar of mark, was named Archbishop of Cashel, by Pope Gregory XIII., in the year 1580. By a betrayal of the rights of hospitality he soon fell into the hands of Queen Elizabeth's officers. He was bound in chains and thrown into a dark and loathsome prison. The Lords Justices of Ireland suggested to her Majesty's Secretary of State, that, as they had neither rack nor engine to torture him, he should be sent to the Tower of London, as being a better school than the Castle of Dublin. They further signified that as the law in Ireland did not allow of his execution by ordinary trial, it would be better to have him executed by martial law, against which he could have no just challenge, for that he had neither land nor goods, and because it would be conducive to their own personal safety: the cowardly ruffians! Meanwhile they dealt with him by all the good means they could, and by advice of his Honor—Sir Francis Walsingham, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth—they toasted his feet against the fire with hot boots, in the hope of wringing from him by the intensity of his sufferings some confession that would send him to the gallows, or an abjuration of the Catholic faith. Their hopes, however, were disappointed. The good means used against the innocent prelate by this unwomanly woman shall now be described. His legs were put into tin boots filled with oil and salt, which were then fastened in wooden

stocks, and a fire placed under them. The boiling oil penetrated the feet and legs that morsels of flesh fell off and left the bone bare and his whole body was burnt by the heat and bathed in the chill perspiration of exhaustion; but neither boiling oil nor scorching saltnor blazing fire could wring from him aught but a profession of faith. At first his cries were piteous, but gradually he lost voice and sense, and when taken out of the stocks lay on the ground like one dead, unable to move hand or foot, or tongue. Let it not be supposed that these atrocities were perpetrated by those Calvinistic fanatics on their own responsibility; they were inflicted by her Majesty's pleasure, who signified that he must be proceeded with by torture or any other severe manner. Mind he was yet untried.

The law officers of the crown in Ireland were firm in the opinion, that rules of common law applied to no ordinary trials of things beyond the seas, and that things committed without the realm could not be tried within it, as the law stood. Elizabeth, however, albeit a constitutional sovereign, signified her pleasure, that, if the lawyers persisted in their opinion that he could not be found guilty for matters committed in foreign parts, or if they feared an acquittal "by reasons of the affections of such as shall be his jury" they should take the shorter way with him by martial law. Furthermore she gave them to understand that she could not but greatly allow and commend their doings; that is, this vainglorious wringled old woman in silk stockings commended the use of tin boots filled with boiling oil for this courageous martyr. The Lords Justices of Ireland—Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor, and Sir Henry Walpole—lost no time in the use of the discretion given to them, as in two days they would have to surrender their power into other hands, and so what to more humane men could have been an excuse for delay, did but spur them on to greater activity, and they gave a warrant to the knight marshal in her Majesty's name, to do execution upon the Archbishop. At early dawn, he was taken out of the castle without any noise, lest the spectacle should excite a tumult amongst the people; but the Catholics who were prisoners there, seeing him going, called out that he was innocent. Upon which the jailer severely flogged them, and so reduced them to silence. He was drawn on a hurdle through the garden-gate to a wood near the city, where he was hanged with a halter roughly woven of twigs, to increase his torture. This barbarous and inhuman cruelty satiated their thirst for his blood, and opened the fountain of eternal life for the holy prelate, who, with his last breath, called on God and forgave his torturers with all his heart. At evening his body was buried in the half-ruined church of St. Kevin, where many miracles are said to have been wrought, so that his grave was much frequented by the people who went to recommend themselves to the prayers of the holy martyr.

In 1563 her soldiers attacked the Franciscan convent in Armagh, and, upon the refusal of its inmates to acknowledge her supremacy, bound them, cruelly flogged them and left them half dead,—a brave occupation this for English soldiers! Four years later, by order of Lord Arthur Gray, the Viceroy, a company of soldiers took a Franciscan, Daniel O'Duiliann, to Trinity Gate in Youghal, tied his hands behind his back, fastened heavy stones to his feet, and three times pulled him to the top of the tower, and left him hanging there for some time. At last they hanged him head downwards at the mill near the monastery, making a target of his body, till a fatal shot relieved him from his sufferings. They varied their tortures in the case of another Franciscan, Father O'Dowd, and of a Minorite friar, who refused to reveal a confession. They knotted a cord round their foreheads, and thrusting a piece of wood through it slowly twisted it so tightly that at length the skull was broken, the brain protruded, and death relieved them from their cruel hands. Two Franciscans, Bishop O'Hilly of Mayo, and Cornelius O'Rourke, were martyred with an uncommon degree of barbarity by the orders of Drury, the Lord Deputy. They were stretched on the rack, their arms and feet were beaten with hammers, so that their thigh bones were broken, and sharp needles were cruelly thrust under their nails. When taken from the rack, they were hanged from the branches of a neighboring tree, where they were left for fourteen days, as a target for the brutal soldiery. Another bishop, Edmond Tanner, of Cork, was more than once hung up for two hours at a time with his hands tied together behind his back, till the hardships of his imprisonment relieved him by death. Thomas O'Herliagh, Bishop of Ross, was cast into prison by Perrot, President of Munster with a chain fastened round his neck, and fetters on his legs; he was subsequently sent to the tower of London, where he was shut up in a dark cell, without bed fire or light, having only one small window open to the northern blast, which froze his aged limbs. Father Moore with two others, on refusing the oath of allegiance and supremacy, were led to the forge of a blacksmith, where their legs and arms were broken in three different places, and they were subsequently hanged on a gibbet on the walls of the Golden Fort which had been surrendered to Lord Gray. The abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Boyle, and a companion, were treated much in the same way; their legs and arms were broken, fire was applied to their feet, and they were ignominiously executed. Two monks of Bantry were led to a high rock overhanging the sea, and tied back to back were precipitated into the waves beneath. Daniel O'Niellan, a priest of the diocese of Cloyne, was flung from the battlements of Trinity Top with a rope around his waist; the rope broke, and bleeding and mangled they dragged him to a water mill hard by and tied him to the water wheel, which speedily smashed him to pieces.—Maurice Kintrehan seized whilst administering the last Sacraments, was hewn to pieces by the soldiery, who scattered the fragments of his body along the highway. Edmund Donnelly, a Jesuit, was hanged, cut down alive, and his heart and entrails thrown into the fire and his four quarters were set up on poles to teach fidelity to the Queen. Two good Franciscans, Doherty and O'Molloy, ministering to families from other counties, who had sought refuge from the fury of the English troops in the mountainous district of Leinster, fell martyrs to their charity. They travelled about from place to place by night, visiting the sick, consoled the dying and offered up the Sacred Mysteries. Oftentimes the hard rock was their only bed, but they willingly embraced nakedness and hunger, and cold to console their afflicted brethren. They fell at length into the hands of a party of cavalry, were bound hands and feet, and carried with every species of insult, to the garrison of Abbeyleix. Here they were flogged and put on the rack, and were at last strangled disembowelled, and quartered. Roche, a student, was seized in Bristol, flogged through the streets, thrust into Newgate, and expired under the torturo of the "Scavenger's daughter," or compression in an iron hoop which squeezed the legs and arm and head into a circle. Walter Firman, a zealous priest, was thrown into prison, tied around with an iron chain, and then hung to the beam of the roof by his hands and feet for forty hours. He was then flogged, and salt and vinegar were rubbed into his lacerated flesh. Lastly he was stretched on the rack where he died, because he refused to swear that a woman—was, as St. Paul teaches, may not even speak in the Church—was the head of the Church. O'Molloy, Vicar of the Diocese of Killaloe, was driven into Dublin, with his hands tied behind his back like a robber. Here his feet were squeezed in iron boots, and his hands in iron gauntlets till the blood oozed from every finger. He was then stretched out a span in length on the rack, and he expired a few minutes after his was led back to prison; and all this, because he refused to acknowledge as the Vicar