

of Gibraltar, before her bitter enemies. She has been stripped of this world's goods,—starved,—robbed by process of law,—murdered, yet a divine vitality enabled her to withstand the shock, and, by patience, wrest from her foe the bright guerdon of victory. When brute force had failed, recourse was had to the most insinuating temptation. If she would only abandon her faith, what worldly comfort awaited her. Bad law would be remedied,—cakes and ale would be within the reach of all,—the anomalies of English rule would be swiftly abolished and a general millennium would ensue. "Look at Scotland!" quoth John Bull, full of dignity and dinner, "there's an example for you! What happiness is the portion of the Scots! What a moral people; What a bright and shining example of the benefits derived from an obedient submission to British rule and religion! Now, the less said about the Scottish Presbyterian morals the better, but, leaving that aside, Ireland was deaf to the would-be benefactor charmed he ever so wisely. She would much prefer thirty-nine stripes with St. Paul to the thirty-nine articles with Saxon morality and enlightenment thrown in. She preferred the Holy Sacrifice, of the New Law, to the banging box and bare table of the English Law Church. She preferred Popery with poverty to rich pickings and Protestantism. She very foolishly clung to a Church which possessed the Keys of the gate of Heaven rather than to the human, law-made institution which had not even a bit of crooked wire to pick the lock of the doors celestial withal. St. Paul's Cathedral might boast of an earthly Sovereign's presence before whom portly John Bull crawled on abject belly with more devotion than ever did Eastern Pagan before Mumbo Jumbo, but the hungry Irishman, knelt in rags on the mud floor of the humble thatched chapel before the King of King's, whose glory was never known in the proud temple of heresy. The power of the Catholic Church reaches the heart; the power of Protestantism stops at the ears. So, the longer the ears the better the Protestant, which offers food for serious reflections.

But John Bull did not cite Scottish

examples alone. He instanced his own notable performances as a paragon of morality. In the intervals of persecution, after having wiped the nasty Irish blood off his hands, he would array himself in black gabardine, white choker, stove-pipe hat, umbrella, gaiters and eloquent pocket-handkerchief; and, ascending his banging box, would drearily prose, hours and hours at a time, concerning Irish perversity—the advantages of Protestantism as a dollar-producing engine,—and his own exceeding great morality, compared with the "more Irish." He would demonstrate you, by pregnant quotation and unanswerable logic, that Popery was the sole cause why so many breeds of Irish pigs were stunted and of a skeleton style of conformation. He would grind you forth texts sufficient to furnish a kitetail, corroborative of the charge that the wildness of Irish bulls and kindred beasts was entirely due to the Popish atmosphere of Ireland. "Look at London Bridge!" exclaimed His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, at a scientific congress, over which, as was natural and becoming, he presided. "Look, gentlemen, at London Bridge, and, laying your hands upon your hearts, can you say that that bridge was not built by Science!" This splendid apostrophe to London Bridge and to science, which was, of course, greeted with cheers and tears, is but the kick of a feeble moon-calf compared with John Bull's improving conversation on the subject of Popish Ireland. "Look at me!" says he, spreading out his arms and trying to look as wise as port wine will let him, "look at me! My ships are on every sea! My capital is in every enterprize from the Suez Canal to the Erie Railroad! I dine every day on roast beef and plum pudding, and wash them down, with the best wines that can be bought for money, My religion is a comfortable religion. No beltings, no macerations, no fastings, no nothink but Bible. Our ministers must preach to suit our ears or, bounce! they go!—Now, ye unfortunate Irish, why can't ye listen to reason? Give up Popery, and you shall have a share of our good things. Only give up Popery, ye poor, benighted vagabonds, and ye may be anything else ye like. We have Thirty-nine articles. Take any one of 'em you like.