

"But why, then, do you call the men of Tipperary, boys? Are they all bachelors?" "No," replied the aunt, laughing, "the men of Tipperary are supposed to be very wild, hence they are termed 'the boys.' Do you understand me now, little one?"

For the moment Eda's curiosity subsided, and she seemed buried in thought.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "Civil and Religious Liberty—The Catholic Church Its True Guardian and Exponent."

(From the Hartford Times.)

My FRIENDS:—It is my privilege this evening to address an audience not only of Catholics and those of my own loved race, but it is my privilege to address Protestants and Americans upon the most glorious subject that can occupy the mind of any man, especially that of a Catholic priest, viz.: the subject of Civil and Religious Freedom. Almighty God has bestowed many gifts upon man, and among the first of these divine endowments is the gift of freedom. He created man not only with a powerful intellect whereby to understand—with affection whereby to love, but he crowned all other gifts with the glorious inheritance of freedom. And in this do we see the magnificent image of God reflected in his creatures. He has stamped his resemblance upon man in the power of intelligence and in the power of love. When he made man in his own image, he made him free; and the man who deprives another of that sacred freedom, sins against Almighty God, as well as society, which deprives a people of this sacred right. It is of this glorious boon—this magnificent gift of freedom I am going to speak. And let me first tell you that you who are assembled here within these sacred walls are citizens of the freest country on the face of the earth. Many of you, as well as I, know well what the feeling is to speak with bated breath and to watch our words. Many of you, as well as myself, are familiar with the traditions of intellectual and religious liberty. We have heard them from our fathers' lips; and we recollect the bitter days when education and religious freedom were unknown in the glorious and venerable land from which so many of us have sprung. But now, standing upon the freedom-creating shores of mighty Columbia, we enjoy the gift—we come into the inheritance denied us so long; and I, in this proscribed habit, can speak as a free man, and you can hear from my lips the glorious words of freedom, for I have a right to speak to you on that theme. Coming before you in this robe, which represents seven hundred years existence in the Church of God, I have the right to speak to you of freedom. I say that no one has a better right than I, a Catholic priest and Dominican friar. And I have the right as an Irishman talking to Irishmen, because no race under heaven has ever worshipped at the sacred shrine of freedom as I and my fathers have—because no race upon which the sun shines has ever battled with more valiant hands than mine has. And I have the right to speak to those among you who are not Irishmen, because no man is so worthy to hear the sacred praises of liberty as the American, whose very name and nationality are the glorious embodiment and incarnation of civil and religious liberty (Applause). Some of you may perhaps say: "All this is very well, but what about the Catholic Church—what does she say? Does she fetter the hand and bind the lips upon this sacred theme?" I say no. I look upon my native land, and see in Ireland the martyr among nations for the sacred cause of freedom. I turn to my own Church—to the glorious Church of Jesus Christ, the Holy Catholic Church, whose children we are, and when I look upon her royal face, and upon which Christ himself has set his crown, I see no wrinkle of slavery, but I see the very mother of civil and religious liberty. (Applause). And, my friends, before we go further it will be well for us to consider what civil and religious liberty means. A man may talk of freedom and liberty, but not know what it means.

For more than three hundred years England has boasted that she, among the nations, is the apostle of constitutional, political, social, civil and religious liberty. She has boasted of it for centuries. But who is there that reads her history and contemplates her action towards unhappy Ireland, that cannot see that she has been the greatest oppressor of liberty, not allowing the Irish people to worship at their own altars, and forbidding them to educate their children even—telling the Irishman he must stand aside because he is a Catholic, forbidding him to plead at the bar, and not allowing him security to his property, person or life? Let us examine this question, and see first what religious liberty is. We shall find, when we examine historically, that the Catholic Church, so far from being the enemy of civil or religious liberty, is the mother of both.

What is religious liberty? Men now-a-days think it means that every man is perfectly free to believe anything he likes, or nothing at all—that no matter how strange or eccentric his opinions may be, that he has the right to preach and make converts, and build up churches here, there and everywhere, and persuade all he can to his own particular views, no matter how erroneous they may be. Religious liberty, in this day of ours, involves not only the absence of persecution, but absolute encouragement to every man to discard the religious idea altogether and take up atheism if he pleases. That is the idea of the day. But, strange to say, side by side with this liberty, comes the idea that as soon as a man enters this or that sect, he feels in duty bound to hate every man who disagrees with him, and to persecute him. Is not this true? Does not history tell us this to-day? In England and Ireland, not content with holding their own opinions, our good Protestant and other brethren go

among the Catholics and insult them; and speak words of irony against the Blessed Virgin; they caricature the Catholic worship, and then, among themselves, damn one another; they believe their own faith the right one, and that the believers in all others are lost eternally. A popular writer says: "I have an uncle who is a pious Methodist preacher, and when he found that I was keeping company with a Catholic, he went to my father and mother and told them I was condemned to eternal damnation!" And does not history tell us the same in this country, free as it is, and glorious as it is in its freedom? Have we never heard of Catholic churches and convents being set on fire here, and of Catholic priests being insulted and outraged in the most terrible manner? Most assuredly we have. Therefore, the theory of universal toleration does not tally at all with the practices of the various professions of religion found here and in every other land. Such being the case, let us see what the real meaning of religious liberty is. Where shall we find its definition? Of whom shall we inquire? Let us go to God: I will not give what this man or that—this statesman or that philosopher—has written upon the subject, but will go at once to the fountain-head of all knowledge, of all wisdom and truth. I will ask the Lord Jesus Christ, the Master, to tell us what religious liberty is, for he knows best. He answers in the very words of the Gospel: Religious liberty consists in the knowledge of the truth as it is in the mind of God. In the knowledge of the Saviour you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. You shall know the truth, and there shall be no doubt—no hesitation about it. You shall know it just as you know that two and two make four. No one can argue you out of the knowledge of that fact. If any one tries to convince you of its opposite, he might as well save himself the trouble. The man is free because he knows the conclusion. The Saviour said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Now, what comes of this? Every one of common sense must see that two great conclusions follow. The first is that the multiplicity of religious opinions varying with one another—the multiplicity of religious sects existing in the land—is no proof of the religious liberty of which Christ told us. Out of forty or fifty sects, all holding different doctrines, only one can be true. Truth is but one, and cannot be multiplied; thirty-nine out of forty must be false. If Christ said that freedom consists in the knowledge of the truth, it follows that thirty-nine are false. They are not under persecution—not under the lash of religious contest—do not suffer for what they believe. They are tolerated, and even encouraged, because it is false. It is slavery of man's intellect, because liberty, in man's mind, consists in knowing the truth and in refusing the lie. It is quite evident, therefore, that if the truth be one, and only one, and if a knowledge of that truth be religious freedom, the moment people unite to preach that truth, this unity gives us religious freedom. I insist upon it, that in this Catholic Church there is perfect religious freedom. To give an example. Suppose I were to come here in the capacity of a free Methodist preacher, and that you were Protestants. I can say what I like. There is no one to tell me that I am preaching heresy. There are men in this country who preach contradictory doctrines day after day—one thing one Sunday, and the opposite the next. If I came to you as a Protestant, and tried to persuade you that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God after all, I might send half of you home doubting, and consequently not Christians at all. Who is to save you? You don't know differently. But coming here as a Catholic priest, if I were to say the least thing against the Catholic Church—to breathe the slightest doubts as to the Sacraments, and the Blessed Virgin, or any point of Catholic doctrine, is there a child among you who would be convinced? You would rise up, and cry Anathema upon me, though I were the greatest man that ever lived. Don't you see, therefore, that you are free—that I cannot say a word against the Catholic Church? The Church saves you from any religious error. A man may be free to urge you to error, but you see how this unity of belief—this having one truth and knowing it comes from God—saves men from the slightest danger. This is the meaning of the words of Jesus Christ: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Now I ask, where, among the many teachers that rise up to proclaim religion to the people, is there one voice outside of the Catholic Church, that says: "This is the truth—I believe it?" There is not one. Argue with Evangelical clergymen—with Episcopal, Methodist, or any other denomination, and they will say over and over again, "My friends, are you quite sure that what you say is the truth? Are you not trying to deceive me?" The Catholic Priest says, "I am sure. My teaching comes from the lips of Jesus Christ and from the Church—that Church of which God said, 'She is founded upon a rock and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. No lie shall ever be found upon her lips. She is a light set upon a candlestick. The Church of God is to be the light of the world, and all men are to see it and not doubt.'" And now with this divine charge, and with the glorious commission to teach, the Church of God went into the world, and from the lips of the Apostles and from the priesthood, her voice has never been silent for eighteen hundred years.

You may ask, "Did she not also go with the sword of persecution to strike down those who disagreed with her?" I deny it. I deny it as an interested but false statement. If you wish to know what the Catholic Church is, you must not study her in this or that government. You will find in every case that the act of persecution was the act of the government and not of the Church. I assert that history proves that when the Spanish government under the name of the Spanish Inquisition, was putting

people to death, the Pope of Rome pleaded to save those men. Turn to Rome. There, if you find persecution, I will admit that the Catholic Church is a persecuting Church. But with all pride, I say it as a Catholic priest, that Rome, whenever she had the power, has never been known to put a man to death for his religion.

But let us turn to the nation and the race among all the races on earth which for fourteen hundred years has been the most Catholic of all—the nation whose character and genius are the offspring of the Catholic religion: I mean the glorious Irish nation. (Applause). There surely if the spirit of persecution be in the Catholic Church, we shall find some trait of it in this race. But no. In the most glorious history ever written of any people—the most magnificent annals ever inscribed to perpetuate the glory of any race—the annals of Ireland—I read that her blood was shed for two hundred years in defense of the Catholic religion, but try in vain to discover that Ireland ever yet lifted a persecuting hand to strike a man in his religion. Let us take some of the leading points to prove it. Persecution began in Ireland in the sixteenth century. For one hundred and fifty years it continued. The Catholics were robbed of all they had in this world. Under the successive invasions of Elizabeth, of Charles the First, and under the terrible Cromwell, the Catholics were robbed of everything. They were not allowed to possess an acre of land, nor to educate their children. The best of them were slain. The priests were hunted like slaves, and sent to Jamaica to die. In 1685 the Catholics gave a king to England—the Duke of York, James the II. The moment he ascended the throne of England, he declared the Catholic religion to be the religion of his people. He saw in Ireland a whole country of Catholics, but all places of preferment, all high positions, in the hands of Protestants. Among the first things this English Catholic king did was to remove the Protestants and put in Catholics. He removed several judges. This was called persecution. Now, what does history tell us? As soon as the news reached Rome and the Pope that the new Catholic king was persecuting his Protestant subjects—taking them out of their places and putting Catholics in—the Pope wrote a letter to King James, warning him that he had no right to persecute them. At the same time a Catholic parliament was assembled in Dublin. They had the power for the first time in one hundred and fifty years. The tables were turned and the Protestants in Ireland were down now. Remember that these Protestants had for one hundred and fifty years been shedding our blood and never spared us. They had crushed us with an iron heel. You might imagine that now, when this Catholic parliament assembled, they would retaliate. But mark this: The first law of that parliament was that every man in Ireland was free to profess his religion openly, and no man was ever again to be persecuted for his religion. In a short time James lost his throne and a Protestant king came into power. No sooner was that Protestant king in power than the whole of Ireland was flooded again with Catholic blood, shed in the persecutions of the Catholics. This is history, and no man can deny it. I point to these facts to vindicate the genius of Catholics from the reproach of religious persecution; for if there is a race that represents Catholicity, it is the glorious Irish race, to which it is my pride to belong.

Take again, my dear friends, the action of Ireland but 26 years ago. There we were. The hand of God had swept over us, and we bowed before it. The hand of God was succeeded by the hand of man—the exterminating hand of the landlord. We found ourselves reduced to five millions of men at the time the Protestant church was dis-established in Ireland. The Catholics were to Protestants as seven to three. During all the time the agitation was going on, did it strike you that the newspapers brought no word of a single Protestant being insulted by a Catholic—not a word of insult? Not a word from five million Catholics that might hurt the feelings, or make any Protestant blush or hang his head for shame. They only went to the Protestants and said: "You have ceased to be our masters, and we have ceased to be your slaves. Now we meet on the same broad platform of religious liberty. Now we are prepared to forget the three hundred years of your persecution and bloodshed. Put your hand in ours. Henceforth religious discord is swept away. Hereafter let us fight for our honor together." (Applause). Ah! contrast it. I have often been obliged to contrast it. I have lived as a priest in England, afraid to go outside my own door for fear of insult and outrage. In passing along the streets, in a town where the population was nearly all Protestant. I have been personally assailed by the school children with stones, because I was a Catholic; and the teachers did not reprimand them. I have come back to my native county in Ireland, where there are 20,000 Protestants, some of them ministers, and they vilify you day after day, calling us priests and hypocrites. Yet they are able to walk the streets without receiving insult.

Now in the face of all this, and of ten thousand instances like this, is it not enough to make a man's blood boil to hear these men say: "You Catholics are always persecuting; your faith has always been that of the gridiron? If you only had the power you would tear us to pieces." Well, we have the power to-day in grand old Ireland, and no man is torn to pieces nor insulted, even though standing alone.

Next to religious liberty and unity, which is the essence of liberty—next to this in grandeur and magnificence, is sacred, civil and political liberty. And now as we have seen in what religious liberty consists, it is good to see in what civil liberty consists. What is the essence of that freedom we all prize? One says it is in being allowed to do just what you like. No! God forbid. That is a liberty that would allow the highwayman to put a pistol to your head, and say: "Your money or your life! This is a free country where we can all do as we like, and this is what I like to do." Some thirty years ago, when I was a young boy, there was a beggar in the west of Ireland, who was in the habit of threatening people in this way. He would meet a man or a woman in a lonely place, and would walk up and say, "Give me something, or else"—[drawing off in a threatening attitude]. One day a man as big as he was met him. The beggar drew up as usual, and said, "Give me something, or else—" "Or else what?" thundered the other one. "Or else I shall have to go without it," said the beggar, viewing the broad shoulders before him. [Laughter]. In those days beggars were the only free men in the land. One of them went into a farmer's house and sat down to the table and helped

himself, without saying so much as "by your leave." He stayed several days, till finally the farmer said to him one day, "As you have taken so much liberty, I will take the liberty to kick you out," and he did so accordingly.

Liberty does not consist in every man doing what he likes. It consists in every man—no matter who he is, high or low—having his own rights, knowing them and being protected in the exercise of them. Let every man know that the law gives certain rights to do certain things freely. Let every one understand thoroughly what these rights are, and that the law will protect him in them and allow no one to violate them. The moment the law defines a freeman's rights—secures them and proclaims that no one shall interfere with them, let that law be set on high. Let every man—judge, lawyer, merchant, workman—bow down and acknowledge the omnipotence of that law. Where any man can do as he likes, and violate law with impunity, there is no liberty. For instance, there was none in England when the king had two wives at the same time. Wherever a king can violate the law with impunity, there is no liberty. Liberty consists in the consecration of every man's rights. Suppose every man in this country were free to do just what he liked. You would be afraid to go out of the house without a revolver. I would rather live in Russia, where you are allowed to say Mass every morning, and to go a certain distance and no further, and to vote once a year for mayor, and nothing else—I would rather live there with only three rights, than in a country where everybody could do as they pleased. Civil liberty consists in ensuring a man's rights by the protection of law.

I ask you to go back with me in history till we see how far the Catholic Church has operated upon the world in creating these liberties and protecting them. I assert upon the authority of Protestant as well as Catholic historians, that civil liberty was the very creation of Catholics. It is not easy for us to realize what this church has done for the world. The world to-day has shaken off the church in a great measure. Fourteen hundred years ago the whole civilized world was overrun by the barbaric nations of the north of Europe—the Goths, Visigoths, Huns and Vandals. They came from the deserts of the North in countless thousands. They came armed and without a vestige of religion, or education, or civilization upon them, they swept down like an avalanche upon the Roman empire. They burned cities, shattered museums and works of art, till not a vestige of ancient civilization government and law, was left in the whole world. A man living 1400 years ago in Rome or any part of Italy—in Spain, France, Germany or England, did not know where to go for protection for his own life or that of his family. The Pope of Rome advanced to meet the barbarous hordes whose hands were dripping with the blood of the nation. By his preaching he converted many to Christianity. On this rude material the Pope and the church, for hundreds of years, had to labor before they could bring into those men's minds ideas of law, right, justice, mutual respect and charity. During these years that the church was thus laboring, the nations began to form under their hands. But the kings were rude and warlike, with powerful passions, and with the idea that they were supreme. They built their feudal castles, the ruins of which are still left. Within these castles they gathered soldiers, and from time to time swept forth over the whole country like fire and sword, burning peasant's cabins, violating women and carrying the peasants into slavery. There was no security, except what the Pope of Rome afforded by his mighty agency, the church. Then we find the Pope gathering together the people in little towns and forming associations among them of various trades and trying to build up communities, and making laws excommunicating any man who should dare to enslave one of these free men. Then it was that from Rome came the idea that every man must submit to Rome. Then it was that kings and knights, as well as people, began to be impressed with the idea that right and justice did not lie alone in the strong arm. Then those glorious republics of northern and central Italy were formed—and that glorious Spanish freedom that produced such men as the discoverers of the New World. Then it was that every one wishing to save himself from fire and sword, and from the baron emerging from his castle, had to appeal to Rome for protection. The Pope and the Church created order out of chaos by the powerful arm of the law. Whoever violated that law, down came the Pope upon them. The Pope taught the people law and justice, and that it was their duty to obey that law. But if, on the other hand, the most powerful king upon earth oppressed his people, we have the Pope excommunicating that king for his oppression. When Philip Augustus of France, the most powerful king at the head of his great armies, wished to put away his pure-minded wife and take some other woman, the Pope of Rome came down and said: "If you do this—if you violate the law—if you do what you would not allow any other person to do—I am above you, and I will cut you off!" Then it was that the sanctity of the marriage relation was made secure. Then it was that woman, not able to fight herself, and trusting her life to the fickle, treacherous heart of man, was protected and secured by the church. The church told man that whatever other law he violated, he must remain faithful to the woman he espoused. Her position did not depend upon the charms of this year or the next—upon the varying or treacherous nature of her husband. She knew that the church had set its seal upon the marriage vows, and that she was secure. At a time when more than one half the world enslaved the other half, the slave was without sympathy, and looked to one man alone who could emancipate him. That one man was the representative of Christ—the Pope of Rome—the visible head of the church.

So, year after year, new laws came out from Rome—laws made by the various Councils, and mitigating greatly the severity of slavery, emancipating here and there—now one family and now another, and not hurting the great interests of society at all.

What is the spirit of Catholicity in regard to civil liberty? I cannot speak for America. She is the home of the oppressed and the refuge of the downtrodden. She was born into that liberty for which other nations have had to toil for ages. But among the nations born in slavery, men have to go to the battle-field for it. Look at Germany, but the other day dripping with the blood of generous France, and carving out a new frontier for France. Not one of those old nations enjoys constitutional liberty. It is not to be found in them. It lay in the action and genius of the Catholic church. England boasts of her constitution, and tells the world that there is no person upon the face of the earth with so many rights; and there is a great deal of truth in it. If the liberties of Englishmen and their constitutional rights did only apply to Ireland—if the rights there were as well defined, Ireland would not be where she is to-day. But when we go back eight hundred years, we find not one vestige of the liberties and constitutional privileges which England enjoys to-day. The first concession and charter of rights was forced from the hands of an unwilling king by his subjects—and among them were the Catholic bishops and archbishops of the land. When the prosperous city and State of Florence enjoyed large liberty there arose a man, ambitious and powerful, who destroyed the republic—made himself the Duke, and curtailed the liberties of the people. When that man lay dying he sent for a Dominican friar, who wore a habit like that I have on to-night. He went to the side of Cosmo de Medici. Said the dying man "What am I to do to gain admission to Heaven?" Up rose the mighty Savonarola: "You must restore all the lands you took unjustly; you must make compensation to all the widows and orphans made so by your unjust laws." "Is that enough?" asked

the dying duke. "No," said the friar, "it is not enough. You must give me back the liberties of Florence of which you have robbed me." That is the Catholic Church does not make exceptions under despotism, but under the most grinding despotism she is able to vindicate the people and the object to any form of government; but this I say, the more does she flourish. Look at her to-day as she is in Germany—so persecuted that if a priest is to preach a sermon he must tell the government beforehand just what he is going to say. Look at her in Russia—persecuted, so that a bishop cannot ordain a priest without leave. Look at her in England, where only to-day the chains are falling from her hands. Look at her in America—this magnificent, this godly Catholic Church, which alone comes looming up before us in all the grandeur and awfulness of her majesty, and puts forth the Gospel of Truth, unchanged and unchanging, whose sacramental grace—pure and purifying, points in unity to Christ, as if this great Church were but one man. Compare her with the multitude of sects in the land. Shall we not conclude that America can be only Catholic because there is no other religion, and that in a few years it will shape the world and shape the destinies of all! America is but a child—fair-crowned with civil and religious liberty, she is growing day by day, and in half a century will overshadow this western world. And, thanks to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, she is growing in Catholicity. Irish hearts are captivated with her freedom, and wherever Ireland goes it is her destiny and glory that the Catholic Church must grow. Therefore it is that looking into the mighty future I see before me, among the nations, one, the greatest and mightiest of all—great in her material strength—great in the unfolding power of her riches—great in the energy of her youth—great in the magnificent boom of liberty. I see many crowns upon thy brow, Columbia, but among them all, and overshadowing all, I see upon thy brow the crown of Catholicity; and bending down, I say from out my Irish heart and soul—All hail!

THE MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA AND WEXFORD.

It was on the 10th of July, 1649, that General Cromwell, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, started from Whitehall in great pomp, and began his journey towards Dublin. Plenty of hard fighting awaited him and his troops. At Bristol he collected resources and men, with whom he marched to Milford, and thence embarked, like another Strongbow, with a large fleet and a strong, though not a large, army. On the 15th of August he cast anchor in Dublin Bay; and 12,000 men with a good park of artillery were soon ranged along the shore. Three combined armies in the island were ready to dispute his progress. There was the royalist army of Ormond; the half-loyal Covenanters under Munro, and the soldiers of O'Neill, representing the interests of the Catholic religion. 100,000 men in all are believed to have been under arms to repulse the Parliamentary invasion.

But Oliver Cromwell came to Ireland resolved to crush at the same time the Irish race and the profusion of Popery. Immediately after his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant, he had been present at an address presented on the part of Parliament to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, stating the object of the Irish war. "It was not," said the Chief Baron Wild, who headed the deputation, "between Protestant and Independent and Presbyterian, but between Protestant and Papist. Popery was not to be endured in that kingdom, which totally agreed with that maxim of King James, when first King of the three kingdoms. 'Plant Ireland with Puritans and root out Papists, and then secure it.'" In the speech which Cromwell made to the soldiers in Dublin his reference to Joshua and the Canaanites proved how fully his mind was possessed by the supposed analogy between the heathen and the Papists, and between the Israelites and the Ironsides. The veteran psalm-singing Independents who followed in his train regarded themselves as the saints of the Most High, and thirsted to make proof of their sanctity by droning their swords in the blood of their enemies. The ordinary rules of mercy and humanity were reversed, and true piety consisted in their eyes in slaughtering defenceless women and dashing the brains of little ones against the stones. They had done so after the battle of Naseby, when more than a hundred Irishwomen, who had followed the Royalist camp and cooked for the troops, among whom their husbands fought, were taken and murdered in cold blood in the midst of their camp-kettles and cradles.

Cromwell lost no time in urging forward his campaign. His army had swollen to 17,000 men; he spent a whole day in secret prayer; crossed the Liffey, and settled his order of march for the reduction of Drogheda, or, as it was then called, Tredagh. In three days, and on the 30th of August, the Ironsides pitched their tents before the place which they had devoted to destruction. On the 3rd of September Cromwell himself appeared on the scene. Batteries had to be framed, and they were not ready to play till the 10th. The next day a breach was made in the wall on the south side of the town; the besiegers stormed the walls; were beaten back; returned to the assault; and then, with Cromwell and his reserve at their head, forced their way into the inner intrenchments of St. Mary's Church. The whole army, horse and foot, followed as night was falling; the garrison retreated, hotly pursued, and threw themselves into the Millmount. Then it was that Cromwell issued his order to spare none that were in arms; and quarter being refused, before morning by his own account 2,000 corpses of the slain strewed the ground.

Anthony a Wood, the Oxonian scholar, has preserved an account given by his brother Thomas of the terrible events of the 11th and 12th of September, 1649, in the captured town of Drogheda. He had himself been engaged in the sanguinary affair; and as he held the post of captain in Ingoldsby's parliamentary regiment, his evidence may be taken as impartial. 3,000 persons at least, he used to say including women and children, were put to the sword on the fatal days just mentioned, and the governor, Sir Arthur Aston, who fell among the foremost, had his brains beaten out and his body hacked and chopped to pieces. When the assailants were forcing their way to the lofts and galleries of the church and up the stairs of the tower to which the royalists had fled, the bucklers with which they defended themselves from being shot or brained were live infants snatched from the arms of their shrieking mothers. Having butchered all they found in the church and the towers, they turned to the vaults beneath where the fairest maidens and wealthiest dames had fled for safety. There was one among them remarkable for youth and beauty, and arrayed with the richest attire, who kneeling to Thomas a Wood besought him with tears to save her life. The soldier's heart was struck with pity, he took her under his arm, and led her out of church, intending to put her over the works where she might shift for herself. But his design was frustrated; a righteous Cromwell perceived his intention and ran her through the body. Whereupon Thomas, seeing her at the last gasp, took her money, jewels, &c., and flung her over the ramparts.

Two towers still held out, but the defenders—about 130 in number—were soon starved into surrender. "When they submitted," wrote Cromwell to the Speaker, "their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, the rest shipped for the Barbadoes," where they were sold as slaves. Of all the garrison, one officer only escaped. For days the streets of Drogheda streamed with