

very year that America began to assert her independence. In that petition he states that Lord Fingal and several other Catholic noblemen of Ireland, speaking in the name of the Irish people, pronounced the American Revolution an unnatural rebellion; and expressed their desire to go out, and to devote themselves for "the best of kings," to the suppression of American liberty. First of all, I ask, when, at any time in our history, was Lord Fingal, or Lord Howth, or Lord Kenmare, or any of these "Catholic Lords of the Pale," as they were called, when, at any time in our history, has any one of them been authorized to speak in the name of the Irish people. (Applause.) Their presence in Ireland, although they have kept the Catholic faith, their presence in Ireland in every struggle, in every national movement, has been a cross, a hindrance, and a stumbling block to the Irish nation; and the people know it well (great applause.) But, not doubting Mr. Froude's word at all, and only anxious to satisfy my historic research, I have looked for this petition. I have found, indeed, a petition in "Currie's Collection." I have found a petition signed by Lord Fingal and other Irish Catholic noblemen, addressed to his Majesty the King, in which they protest their loyalty in terms of the most slavish and servile adulation. But in that petition I have not been able to discover one single word about the American Revolution, not a single word of address to the King, expressing a desire to destroy the liberties of America. (Great applause.) Not one word about America at all. I have sought, and my friends have sought, in the records, and in every document that was at our hands, for this petition of which Mr. Froude speaks; and we cannot find it at all. There must be a mistake somewhere or other. It is strange that a petition of so much importance would not be published amongst the documents of the time. We know that Sir John Blaquiere was Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Naturally enough, the petition would go to him, not to rest with him, but to be presented to the King. And, yet, I think I may state with certainty, that the only petition that was presented to the King in 1775, was the one of which I speak, and in which there was not a single word about America, or about the American Revolution. (Applause.) But the learned historian's resources are far more ample than mine; his resources of time of preparation and of talent; his resources in the varied sources of information amongst which he has lived and passed his years;—and no doubt he will be able to explain this. (Laughter.) In any case, the petition of which he spoke must have passed through Sir John Blaquiere's hands, for he was the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, then it must have passed from him to the Lord Lieutenant, to be inspected by him; then, from him to the Prime Minister of England; and then to his Majesty, the King. We have an old proverb in Ireland, which indicates the way they imagine these things at home—"Speak to the maid, to speak to the mistress, to speak to the master." (Great laughter.)

And now I come to the question. In that glorious year of 1775, the Catholics of Ireland were down in the dust; the Catholics of Ireland had no voice; they had not as much as a vote for a parish beadle, much less for a Member of Parliament. (Laughter.) Does Mr. Froude mean to tell the American people that these unfortunate wretches would not have welcomed the cry that came across the Atlantic,—the cry of a people who rose like a giant,—yet only an infant in age,—proclaiming the eternal liberty of men and of nations,—proclaiming that no people upon the earth should be taxed without representation; and gave the first blow, right across the face of English tyranny, that that old tyrant had received for many a year;—a blow before which England recoiled, and which brought her to her knees. (Loud applause.) Does he mean to tell you or me, citizens of America, that such an event as this would be distasteful to the poor, oppressed Catholics of Ireland. (Renewed applause.) It is true that they had crushed them as far as they could, but they had not taken the manhood out of them. (Tremendous applause.) Now, here are the proofs of this.—Howe, the English General, in that very year of 1775, writes to the government, expressing his preference for German troops. You know England was in the habit of employing Hessians. I do not say this with the slightest feeling of disrespect; I have the deepest respect for the great German element in this country; but in those times, certain it is, and it is an historic fact, that the troops of Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, and other of the smaller German States, were hired out by their princes to whoever took them, and engaged them to fight their battles. General Howe proceeds to compliment the old race of Ireland, by giving emphasis to his "great dislike for Irish Catholic Soldiers; as they are not at all to be depended upon" (laughter and applause.) They sent out four thousand troops from Ireland; but listen to this:—Arthur Lee, a diplomatic agent of America in Europe, writes home to his government in June, 1777, and he says: "The resources of our enemy" (that is to say, of England), "are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resorts is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to go, every man of a regiment raised there" (in Ireland) "last year, having obliged them to ship him tied and bound." When the Irish Catholic soldiers heard that they were to go to America to cut the throats of the American people, and to scalp them, they swore they never would do it; and they had to take them and carry them on board the ships. (Renewed applause.) But Arthur Lee went on to say, "and most certainly they will desert more than any other troops whatsoever!" (Applause.)

Francis Plouiden, a historian of the time, tells us, that the war against America was not very popular even in England. "But, in Ireland," he says, "the people assumed the cause of America from sympathy." (applause.)

Let us leave Ireland and come to America. Let us see how the great men, who were building up the magnificent edifice of their country's freedom, laying the foundation in their own best blood, in those days,—how they regarded the Irish? In 1790 the immortal George Washington (loud and continued applause) received an address from the Catholics of America, signed by Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, Dominic Lynch, of New York, and many others [renewed applause.] In reply to that address, the calm, magnificent man makes use of these words:—

"I hope" [he says] "ever to see America amongst the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality; and I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic religion is professed" [applause.]

In the month of December, 1781, the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, in Philadelphia, [of which the first as well as the last President was General Stephen Moylan, brother of the Catholic Bishop, Francis Moylan, of Cork,] made George Washington an adopted member of their society. [Cheers.] These Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick were great friends of the great American Father of his country. When his army lay at Valley Forge, twenty-seven members of this Society of the Friendly Sons subscribed between them in July, 1789, one hundred and three thousand five hundred pounds, Pennsylvania currency,—principally gold or silver coin,—for the American troops, who were in dire want of provisions. [Applause.] George Washington accepts the fellowship of their Society, and he says:—"I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city [cheers]—a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked" [renewed cheers.]

During that time, what greater honor could have been bestowed by Washington, than that which he bestowed upon the Irish? When Arnold betrayed the cause at West Point—the traitor Arnold [hisses]—a name handed down to eternal execration in the history of America,—Washington was obliged to choose the very best and most reliable soldiers in his army and send them to West Point—to guard the place that was so well-nigh being betrayed by the traitor. From his whole army he selected the celebrated "Pennsylvania Line," as they were called, and those men were mainly made up of Irishmen. [Applause.] Nay, more; not merely of Protestant Irishmen, or North of Ireland men, or of those who were in that day called "Scotch Irish,"—for that was the name which, in the era of the revolution, designated Mr. Froude's friends, who emigrated from Ulster, looking over the muster roll of the "Pennsylvania Line," we find such names as Duffey, Maguire and O'Brien [cheers and laughter];—these were the names—these and such as these are the names—not of "Palatines," nor of Scotch "Planters," in Ireland, but they are the names of the thorough-bred Irish Celts. [Applause.] And now I wish to give you a little incident in the history of that celebrated corps, to let you see how their hearts were in relation to America:—

"During the American Revolution, says Mr. Carey, "a band of Irishmen were embodied to avenge in the country of their adoption, the injuries of the country of their birth. They formed the major part of the celebrated Pennsylvania Line. They bravely fought and bled for the United States. Many of them sealed their attachment with their lives. Their adopted country was shamefully ungrateful. The wealthy, the independent and the luxurious, for whom they fought, were rioting in the superfluities of life, while their defenders were half starved and half naked. The shoeless feet marked with blood their tracks upon the highway. They long bore their grievances, patiently; they at length murmured; they remonstrated; they implored a supply of the necessities of life, but in vain; a deaf ear was turned to their complaints; they felt indignant at the cold neglect, and ingratitude of that country, for which so many of their companions in arms had expired on the crimson field of battle; they held arms in their hands; they had reached the boundary line, beyond which forbearance and submission became meanness and pusillanimity. As all appeals to the gratitude, justice, and generosity of their country had proved unavailing, they determined to try another course. They appealed to her fears; and they mutinied."

Well, as soon as the English commanders heard that the Irish soldiers had mutinied, what did they do? "The intelligence was carried to the British camp and there it spread joy and gladness, Lord Howe hoped that a period had arrived to the rebellion, as it would have been termed, and that there was a glorious opportunity of crushing the half-formed embryo of the Republic. He counted largely on the indignation and on the resentment of the natives of the Emerald Isle; he knew the irascibility of their tempers; he calculated on the diminution of the strength of the rebels, and accessions to the number of the royal army. Messengers were dispatched to the mutineers. They had *carte blanche*. They were to allure the poor Hibernians to return, like Prodigal Children, from feeding upon husks, to the plentiful fold of their royal master. Liberality herself presided over Howe's offers. Abundant supplies of provisions, comfortable clothing, to their hearts' desire; all arrears of bounty; and pardon for past offences were offered. There was, however, no hesitation among these poor neglected warriors. They refused to renounce poverty, nakedness, suffering and gratitude. Splendid temptations were held out in vain; there was no Judas, no Arnold there. They seized upon the tempters. They trampled upon their shining ore. They sent them to their General's tent. The miserable wretches paid

with their forfeited lives for attempting to seduce a band of ragged, forlorn, and deserted, but illustrious heroes. We pray, "he says, "about the old Roman and Grecian patriotism. One-half of it is false. In the other half there is nothing that excels this noble trait, which is worthy of the pencil of a West or Trumbull." [Continued cheers.]

Mark! how it is that America regarded them—mark the testimony of some of America's greatest men. Mr. Froude seems to think that the American people look upon the Irish nation and the Irish people pretty much with the eyes with which the men of the last century would look upon them in Ireland, where the Irish nation meant the Protestant people of Ireland, and the Catholics did not exist at all—[laughter.] Was this the view that America and her statesmen took of them? No! Here is the testimony of George Washington Parke Curtis, the adopted son of Washington: "The Irish, in 1829, won Catholic Emancipation; and before that time, when they were struggling for emancipation, they were appealed for sympathy and moral support to America," and now this is how this great American gentleman, who had been one of the foremost of American advocates for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, speaks of them: "And why is this imposing appeal made to our sympathies? It is an appeal from the Catholics of Ireland, whose generous sons, alike in the days of our gloom and of our glory, shared in our misfortunes and joyed in our successes (great applause): who, with undaunted courage, braved the storms which once, threatening to overwhelm us, howled with fearful and desolating fury, through this now happy land; who, with aspirations, deep and fervent, for our cause, whether under the walls of the Castle of Dublin, in the shock of our liberty's battles, or in the feeble and expiring accents of famine and misery, amid the horrors of the prison ship, cried from their hearts 'God Save America!' (Great cheering). 'Tell me not,' he goes on to say—'tell me not of the aid we received from another European nation, in the struggle for Independence. That aid was most, nay, all-essential to our ultimate success; but remember the years of the conflict that had rolled away; and many a hard field had been fought ere the fleets and the armies of France gave us their powerful assistance. We gladly and gratefully admit that the chivalry of France, led by the young, the great, the good and gallant Lafayette, was most early and opportunely at our side. But the capture of Burgoyne had ratified the Declaration of Independence. The renowned combats of the Heights of Charleston and Fort Mifflin; the disastrous and bloody days of Long Island, of Brandywine, and of Germantown; the glories of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Monmouth, all had occurred; and the rank grass had grown over the grave of many a poor Irishman who had died for America, ere the Flag of the Lillies floated in the field by the Star Spangled Banner' (great cheering). 'But,' he adds, 'of the chiefs of the army and the navy of the Revolution, we have to thank Caledonia for the honored names of Mercer, McDougal, Stirling, St. Clair, and the chivalric Jones; England for a Davie. But of the operatives in war—the soldiers I mean—up to the coming of the French, Ireland furnished in the ratio of an hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever' (renewed cheering). Then this generous American gentleman, to whom Ireland appealed for sympathy—for Mr. Froude's is not the first appeal that has been made to the people of America—[laughter]—this high-minded gentleman goes on to say: "Then honored be the good old service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the shawmrock be intertwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance—eternal gratitude to Irishmen" (enthusiastic cheers).

Remember that this was Washington's adopted son; remember that he tells us, that the old, grey-headed, crippled veterans, who had fought under his father's banner in that War of Independence, were accustomed to come to his house; and there he would receive them at his door, and bring them in; and he tells us most affectionately of one old Irishman who had fought in the wars; who, after drinking the health of the gentlemen who had entertained him, lifted up his aged eyes, and, with tears, said: "Here's to the memory of General Washington, who is in Heaven!" (great applause.) He says on the same occasion:

"Americans, recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic time when Irishmen were our friends, when in the whole world we had not a friend beside" (cheers). "Look to the period that tried men's souls and you will find that the sons of Erin rushed to our ranks; and amid the clash of steel, on many a memorable day, many a John Byrne was not idle" (applause).

Remember he does not say "many a Spragg," or "many a Giblin" (great laughter), or the men that came over with Cromwell; but, honest John Byrne! Who was this honest John Byrne of whom he speaks? He was an Irish soldier of Washington's, who was taken prisoner by the English, and put on board a prison-ship in the harbor of Charleston; and we have it on the authority of Mr. Curtis, that he was left in chains in the hold of the ship, pestilence being on board. He was more than half-starved; he was scarcely able, when he was summoned on deck, to crawl like a poor, stricken creature, to the commander's feet, to hear what sentence was to be pronounced upon him. And then the English commander offered him liberty, life, clothing, food, and money, if he would give up the cause in which he was taken prisoner, and join the ranks of the British army. In a voice scarcely able to speak, with a hand scarcely able to lift itself, the Irishman looked to Heaven, and, throwing up his hands, cried out, "Hurrah for America!" (Tremendous applause.)

In the face of all such facts, in the face of such testimony, in the presence of the honored name and record of George Washington, testifying to what Irish Catholic men have done for America, Mr. Froude speaks as vainly as if he were addressing the hurt case that sweeps over his head, when he tries to impress the American mind and the American people with any prejudice against the poor Catholics of Ireland (cheers).

What does MacNevin tell us? In the year 1809, when America was preparing for her second war with England, MacNevin records, that "One of the offences charged upon the Irish, and one among the many pretexts for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland, was that sixteen thousand of them fought on the side of America" (loud cheers). But he adds that, "many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of Independence; and that will be their second offence" (renewed cheers).

Now, my friends, there are other testimonies as well as these of the men of the time. We have the testimony of American literary gentlemen, such, for instance, as that of Mr. James K. Paulding. Here are the words of this distinguished gentleman:—"The history of Ireland's unhappy connexion with England exhibits, from first to last, a detail of the most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting, and systematic oppression to be found anywhere, except among the *helots* of Sparta. There is not a national feeling that has not been insulted and trodden under foot; a national right that has not been withheld, until fear forced it from the grasp of England; or a dear or ancient prejudice that has not been violated in that abused country. As Christians, the people of Ireland have been denied, under penalties and disqualifications, the exercise of the rites of the Catholic religion, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its unity, and consecrated by the belief of some of the best men that ever breathed" (applause). "As men they have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that

they were incapable of enjoying them, which pretext they had no other foundation for than resistance of oppression; only the more severe by being sanctioned by the laws. England first denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism."

Dr. Johnson, had anticipated Mr. Paulding, when he said:—

"There is no instance, even in the Ten Persecutions, of such severity as that which has been exercised over the Catholics of Ireland."

Thus think and thus speak the men whose names are bright in the records of literary America, and of the world. Taking again the address agreed to by the members of the Legislature of Maryland,—speaking of Ireland, these American Senators and Legislators say:—

"A dependency of Great Britain, Ireland has long languished under oppression reprobated by humanity and discountenanced by just policy. It would argue penury of human feelings, and ignorance of human rights, to submit patiently to those oppressions. The laps of centuries has witnessed the struggles of Ireland but with only partial success, rebellions and insurrections have continued, with but short intervals of tranquility. Many of the Irish, like the French, are the hereditary foes of Great Britain. America has opened her arms to the oppressed of all nations. No people have availed themselves of the asylum with more alacrity or in greater numbers than the Irish. High is the meed of praise, rich is the reward which Irishmen have merited from the gratitude of America. As heroes and statesmen they honor their adopted country."

Bravo America! When such glorious words as these are wiped out of the records of American history; when the generous sentiments which inspired them, have ceased to be a portion of the American nature,—then, and not before then, will Mr. Froude get the verdict which he asks from America to-day (immense enthusiasm).

I have looked through the "American Archives" and I have found that the foundation of this sympathy lies in the simple fact that the Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with you—with you, American gentlemen with you and your fathers in their glorious struggle. I find in the third volume of the "American Archives" a letter from Ireland dated September 1st, 1775, to a friend in New York in which the writer says:—

"Most of the people here wish well to the cause in which you are engaged, and would rejoice to find you continue firm and steadfast. . . . They (the Government) are raising recruits throughout the kingdom. The men are told they are only going to Edinburgh to learn military discipline and are then to return."

Before they got a single Irishman to enlist they had to tell him a lie, well knowing that, if they told him that they were going to arm him and send him to America to fight against the American people, that he would never think of entering the ranks of the British Army (applause). A certain Major Roache went to Cork to recruit men for America, and he made a great speech to them. I read his speech; it was very laughable; he called upon them as Irishmen, by all that they held sacred, and the glorious nationality to which they belonged, the splendid monarch that governed them,—and in fact the very words almost which Mr. Froude alleges to have been used by Lord Fingal were used by Major Roache to these poor men. And then he held up the golden guineas and pound notes before them; and here is the result, as given in the Third Volume of the "American Archives": "An account of the success of Major Roache in raising recruits to fight against the Americans. The service is so distasteful to the people of Ireland in general, that few of the recruiting officers can prevail upon the men to enlist and fight against their American brethren." (applause.)

The same year, in the British House of Commons Governor Johnstone said, "I maintain that some of the best and the wisest men in this country are on the side of the Americans" (applause)—"and that, in Ireland, three to one are on the side of the Americans" (renewed applause).

In the House of Lords, in the same year of '75, the Duke of Richmond makes this statement: "Attempts have been made to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics, but the Ministry know well that these attempts have proved unsuccessful."

We find again the Congress of America addressing the people of Ireland, in that memorable year of 1775; and here are words that America's first Congress sends over the Atlantic waves to the afflicted, down-trodden, Catholic Irish:—

"Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have always shown towards us. We know that you are not without your grievances; we sympathize with you in your distress, and are pleased to find that the design of subjugating us has persuaded the administration to disperse to Ireland some vagrant rays of ministerial sunshine. Even the tender mercies of government have long been cruel towards you. In the rich pastures of Ireland many hungry parasites have fed and grown strong laboring in her destruction."

We find such words as these addressed not to the "Palatines" and "Planters"; for if the Congress of America was addressing the Planters and Cromwellians in Ireland, they would not have had the bad taste to use such language as this: "In the rich pastures of Ireland many hungry parasites have fed and grown strong laboring in her destruction" (applause).

Benjamin Franklin, of glorious and immortal memory (applause)—was in Versailles, as Minister from the American Government; and he writes to the people of Ireland, in October, 1778. Here are his words:—"The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to, and has so often experienced by such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world, have most sincerely affected your friends in America, and have engaged the most serious attention of Congress" (applause).

nature, the propitious God that seemed to lead the way."

Finally, one extract and I have done with this portion of my lecture. I find that such were the relations between Ireland and America in this struggle, that a certain Capt. Weeks, of the ship *Bephalus*, in the Summer of 1776, captured three prizes near the West Indies, which were English property. He detailed some of his own men on board of them and sent them to the nearest port to be adjudged as prizes. Shortly after, he came across another vessel, and he let her go, finding she was Irish property (cheers). The Marquis de Chastelloux, a distinguished Frenchman who was in America in 1782, published an account of his travels in America. An English gentleman, in his translation of this work, in a note to a friendly allusion to an Irish soldier of the revolution, writes thus:—"An Irishman the instant he sets foot on American ground becomes *ipso facto* an American. This was uniformly the case during the whole of the late war. Whilst Englishmen and Scotsmen were regarded with jealousy and distrust, even with the best recommendation of zeal and attachment to the cause, a native of Ireland stood in need of no other certificate than his *dialect*," (laughter and applause). Which shows that the Irishman that our friend is speaking of was not a Palatine nor a Planter, but a genuine *Paddy* (great laughter), and no mistake, (renewed laughter). "His sincerity was never called in question; he was supposed to have a sympathy of suffering; and every voice decided, as it were, intuitively in his favor."—"Indeed," he adds, "their conduct in the late revolution amply justified this favorable opinion; for whilst the Irish emigrant was fighting the battles of America, by sea and land, the Irish merchants, particularly at Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, labored with indefatigable zeal, and at all hazards, to promote the spirit of enterprise, and increase the wealth and maintain the credit of the country. Their purses were always opened, and their persons devoted to the common cause. On more than one imminent occasion Congress owed their existence, and America possibly her preservation, to the fidelity of the Irish. I had the honor," he says, "of dining with an Irish Society, composed of the steadiest Whigs on the Continent, at the City Tavern, in Philadelphia, on St. Patrick's Day." Mr. Froude must not run away with the assertion that the Irish merchants of Charleston, and Baltimore, and Philadelphia, were the Puritan settlers. If they had been they would have gone home and eaten a cold dinner on St. Patrick's Day (great laughter and applause).

So much for America and Ireland's relations with her. When the four thousand men were asked for, by the English Government, to go out and fight American Protestants Hessians. They said "No! If the country is in danger, we can arm some of our Protestant people, and they can keep the peace." Out of this sprang the "Volunteers of '82." Mr. Froude has little or nothing to say of them, consequently, as I am answering, or trying to answer him, I must restrict myself also in their regard. All I can say is this: Ireland, in 1776, began to arm. At first the movement was altogether a Protestant one and confined to the North. The Catholics of Ireland, ground as they were, into the very dust,—no sooner did the Catholics of Ireland hear that their Protestant oppressors were anxious to do something for the old land, than they came and said to them: "We will forgive everything that ever you did to us; we will leave you the land; we will leave you our country; we will leave you the wealth and the commerce; all we ask of you is to put a gun into our hands, for one hour, for Ireland" (great applause). At first they were refused, and, my friends, when they found they would not be allowed to enter the ranks of the Volunteers, they had the generosity, out of their poverty, to collect money and to hand it over to clothe the army of their Protestant fellow-citizens (cheers). Anything for Ireland! Anything for the man that would lift his hand for Ireland, no matter what his religion was (great cheering)! The old generous spirit was there; the love that never could be extinguished was there, self-sacrificing as of old; ay, the humble love for any man, no matter who he was, that was a friend of their native land,—was there, in such generous acts as this of the blood of the O'Connors, the O'Briens, the O'Neills and the O'Donnells (cheers).

But, after a time, our Protestant friends in the Volunteers began to think that these Catholics, after all, were fine, strapping fellows (laughter). Somehow, centuries of persecution could not knock the manhood out of them. "They are strong men," says an old writer, "and can bear more of hard living, hunger and thirst than any other people that we know of" (great laughter). God knows, our capability of enduring nakedness, hunger, and thirst, and every other form of misery, was well tested!

Accordingly, we find that, in 1780, there were fifty thousand Catholics amongst the Volunteers—every man of them with arms in his hands. Mr. Froude says that Gratian—the immortal Gratian (cheers)—whilst he wished well for Ireland,—whilst he was irremovable in every way, public or private,—that at this time he was guilty of a great mistake. For, says the historian, "England had long ruled Ireland badly, but she had been taught a lesson by America, and she was now anxious to govern Ireland properly and well; and no sooner was an abuse pointed out, than it was immediately remedied; and no sooner was a just law demanded, than it was immediately granted; and the mistake Gratian made was that instead of insisting on just legislation from England, he stood up and insisted on the legislative independence of the Irish Nation, and that the Irish should have the making of their own laws." Thus, according to Mr. Froude, "the energies of the Nation, which were wasted in political contention, could have been husbanded to influence England to grant just and fair laws." But he goes on the assumption, my dear American friends and others,—the gentleman assumes to say that England was willing to redress grievances, to repeal the bad laws and make good ones; and he proves this assertion by saying "that she struck off the wrists of the Irish merchants, the chains of their commercial slavery," and that she "restored to Ireland her trade." You remember that this trade was taken away from them; the woolen trade, and nearly every other form of trade, was discountenanced or ruined.

Now, I wish, for the sake of the honor of England, that she was as generous, or even as just as Mr. Froude represents her, and, no doubt, would wish her to be. But we have the fact before us, that in 1770, when a movement was made to repeal the law restricting the commerce of Ireland, the English Parliament, the English King, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the English Government opposed it to the very death. They would not have it; not one fetter would they strike off from the chain that encumbered even the Protestant "planters" of Ireland. And it was only when Gratian rose up in the Irish Parliament and insisted that Ireland should get back her trade—it was only then, that England consented to listen—because there were fifty thousand Volunteers armed outside.

The state of Ireland at this time is thus described:—"Such is the Constitution that three millions of good, faithful subjects, in their native land, are excluded from every trust, power, and emolument in the State, civil and military; excluded from all corporate rights and immunities; expelled from grand juries, and restrained in petit juries; excluded in every direction from every trust, from every incorporated society, and from every establishment, occasional or fixed, that was instituted for public defence; from the bank, from the bench, from the exchange, from the university, from the college of physicians, and from what are they not excluded?"