

this time exerted himself and regained his feet. "Yes," he cried, "are we to be sold by this man? Yes, what he wants to do. All who are for justice on traitors and the enemies of the people, help me to prevent this!"

"A number of those present ranged themselves beside him. "And all who shared in the glory of this day, led on by me, help me now to punish a murderous, and to save the cause and name of United Ireland from the foul stain of murder. "Who sides with Charles Raymond?"

"Two men joined, Ned Fenell. A crowd stood hesitating. One of the neutrals spoke. "General Raymond, how is it that you are so eager to protect the man who first betrayed and then tried to hunt you to death?"

"Because he is my brother." "Well, I allow that. But Harden is nothing to you, and you know what we owe him.—Your brother may go free but give up Harden." "Loud cries of "Give up Harden!" resounded. "Harden is father to the woman I love.—For her sake I will die in his defence!"

"And Charles stood before the squire. "Then, by my soul, I'm with you, for one," cried the man, and he sprang to our hero's side. "Come, boys, we can all understand his feelings now, and shame upon our heads for ever if we don't give him a lift to Marion Harden and her yalla boys."

This somewhat uncouth speech was nevertheless effective, and Charles soon found himself in a position to carry out the intention he had so boldly maintained. Taking advantage of the moment, he succeeded in obtaining the liberation of Craddock also, and, fearing that the present temper of his flock following might alter to its first mood as suddenly as it had veered from it, he lost no time in hurrying the three men from the camp, Ned Fenell and himself assisting Craddock, who made an effort to walk to where the horses were kept tethered.

The major, however, could not sit on the saddle with a head which still continued to reel. In fact, he was in an utterly prostrate condition, and Charles saw that repose and attention were absolutely necessary to the preservation of his life.—Now there was no house near save that which was Marion's temporary home. But casting to the winds every consideration save that of humanity, and also perhaps with a sagacious foresight, he determined to convey Craddock thither. The squire and Richard Raymond halted on the road while the wounded major was being assisted into the dwelling.

his consent to the printing thereof. But he assures me that he utterly denies it; and whoever printed it, did it without his knowledge. Thus much I thought fit to add to what I formerly said upon this occasion, that I might do this gentleman right, in case it was suspected he had any share in publishing this new edition."

"He utterly denied it," that is, did not absolutely deny that he had written and published the book, but only denied that he had given permission to any stationers to reprint the offensive thing; and his friend Lord Essex pleads this in order "to do the gentleman right." In fact the grant of an annuity was made; poor Sir John Temple never had enough. He was already an "Adventurer" under the Parliamentary arrangement for dividing the confiscated lands; he had invested money in the "Massacre," and I find his name among the subscribers to the fund of the "gentlemen adventurers;" but he always wanted more, more, being the son of a horse-leech's daughter; and he got more and more.

Now some innocent reader, greener than the rest, will say, well at least the poor man was ashamed at last of his naughty book, and endeavored to make people forget it. Alas! no: he was not ashamed; but the Restoration had occurred in the meantime; the Stuarts were come back; Charles II. was king; about the court there was supposed to be much Papistry; and a hard-working Protestant feared that his former zealous labors in doing "the work of the Lord" might not meet with such recognition and encouragement as they were assured of under the godly government of the Lord Protector.

But Temple's abandonment and repudiation of his nasty work does not suit Froude at all. Froude has no idea of permitting a man who has laid such a fine cockatrice egg, to fling it aside to rot: no; he, Froude, will pick up that egg, warm it, sit on it, hoping to hatch it into a venomous brood. It is true the egg is long ago rotten; and even we, Protestants, have noses, which we must hold, when things grow too foetid.

So much for Temple. "Read Temple," says Froude—"whatever else you read, you who would form an independent opinion."

much land for ten shillings as in 1686 yielded the same amount per annum. Aubrey says his lands brought in a rental of £18,000; which would be about £40,000, and over, at the present day, say \$200,000."

The Doctor was returned to Parliament (Richard Cromwell's Parliament) in 1658: A certain Jerome Sankey was a member of the same Parliament, who was a large "adventurer" in Ireland upon the confiscated estates, as well as Petty, but who had been overreached by the smart Doctor and his "Bing" in the matter of land-grabbing. This is not wonderful: the Doctor as Surveyor had many chances; and as he was relied upon for "setting out" lands for whole regiments and brigades, he had endless opportunities of buying up for little or nothing estates of great value. The Doctor had surveys made, and all the fieldwork done by private soldiers instructed by himself; "hardy men," says Prendergast, "fittest to ruffe with the rude spirits they were like to encounter, who might not see without a grudge their ancient inheritance, the only support of their wives and children measured out before their eyes for strangers to occupy; and they must often, when at work, be in danger of a surprize from Tories." In fact many of them were surprized and captured, and lost their ears, as tithes-protectors and bailiffs did in late years; but on the whole, Doctor Sir William and his friends had not only the large discretion which the survey gave them, but could very often, when some Cromwellian officer or soldier came to see his lot, gravely shew him a few leagues of quaking bog, and the poor fellow instantly offered to sell his estate for a horse to ride away upon; so that the county Meath tradition about the "White Horse of the Peppers" was not only true in fact, but was only a sample of many bargains in landed estate which took place in those days, under the prudent administration of the Doctor. In short he had so many advantages over his brethren of the carpet-bag, that Sir Jerome Sankey could stand it no longer. Especially there was the case of some very fine lands, the Liberties of Limerick. One Capt. Winkworth, a pious officer of the Protector's army, had obtained an order for this coveted district: at least the Captain thought his order covered that place, and so he presented his credentials to the Doctor, as Surveyor-general, who told him those lands were "reserved." This forms one of the many charges brought by Sir Jerome against the Doctor in his speech in Parliament.

"Why, then, Mr. Speaker (said Sir Jerome) there's Captain Winkworth; Captain Winkworth came with an order for the Liberties of Limerick; but the Doctor said: "Captain will you sell? Will you sell?" "No, said the Captain, 'it is the price of my blood.'" Then said the Doctor, "his bravely said: Why, then, my noble Captain, the Liberties of Limerick are meant for your master, meaning the Lord Deputy;" and so forth. In short the Doctor was bound to give the best things within his own "Bing." But Petty says that Sankey's real cause of quarrel with him was that he Petty "had stopped Sankey's unrighteous order for rejecting three thousand acres fallen to him by lot, and enabling him arbitrarily to elect the same quantity in its stead, thus rejecting at his pleasure what God had predetermined for his lot." The Doctor retorted upon Sir Jerome with much bad language, for he had a rough and rasping tongue, and the other carpet-bagger challenged him. Petty accepted, and being the challenged party, and having choice of weapons, and being somewhat short-sighted but a skillful carpenter, he chose axes, in a dark cellar; this proposal was thought too professional by the "friends" of the other carpet-bagger. It was as if you quarrelled with the first mate of a whaling-ship, and challenged him, and he selected for weapons harpoons, stipulating that the duel should be fought from two boats in the open sea. The duel never in fact took place. But such a storm of inquiry was raised, that Sir Richard Cromwell, the Lord Lieutenant, could not protect his Physician, and the latter was dismissed from his public employments.

I resume the narrative of Major Muskerry, citizen of Brooklyn No. 2.—"Then came the flurry of 1660, when Charles II. came back again. Petty did not grieve much for the Cromwells. He went to see his Majesty soon after his arrival at Whitehall, and his Majesty was mightily pleased with his discourse—the discourse of a richer man than himself. Petty could lead the king money; and perhaps he did. At any rate that menace of Parliamentary 'inquiry' went off with the Roundheads, and in 1662 Petty was made one of a Court of Commissioners for Irish estates, and Surveyor-General of Ireland. He was also knighted, and, on his arrival in Ireland, returned to the Irish Parliament for Enniscorthy. Still he did not escape entirely scot-free. The Court of Innocents' which sat in the Irish capital, found that he had got much ground that belonged to 'innocent Papists'; and so he disgorged some of his acquisitions—"great part," he says himself. But he still retained an enormous property. From one hill in Kerry it was said he could look round and see no ground that did not belong to himself. This was the hill of Mangerto, now spelled Mangerton—the rude old peak of the Devil's Punch Bowl, on which perhaps some of my readers have stood and looked down on the Lake of Killarney.

"Sir William Petty goes on to explain the swift rise of his fortunes. He says he lived within his income, set up iron works and pichard fishing, opened lead mines and sold timber. But of course he did not tell everything, nor mention half the advantages which his position brought to his hands. His fortunes grew from the ruins of a thousand old Irish families ejected from the county of Kerry, and time has only quadrupled the value of the territory he won for his descendants."

I need not follow the fortunes of that smart Doctor any further. Enough to say that when he grew rich, he bribed one of the poor highborn but beggared Gerouldine Fitzmaurices to marry his daughter, and also take his paltry name of Petty. The great estate afterwards came to the present Lansdownes, whose surname is Petty-Fitzmaurice, at the reader's service. This last affair is a matter of no consequence: the thing that I specially note here is that Doctor Sir William Petty, the man in all Ireland who had most money invested in the "massacre," who made most profit on his investment, who had the largest interest in establishing the grand field of the "massacre"—that this land-pirate is palmed off upon us by the Impostor Froude, as a witness for the said grand fact; nay, as the most moderate witness and most favorable to the Irish people. He cannot see more in it—this moderate and friendly Sir William—than, (say) 38,000 throats cut in the massacre; a pretty fair and handsome massacre, a valid and substantial massacre, for history to make a turning-point of, and for the Lansdowne estates to derive title from.

Indeed, our bold Doctor was the great administrator of the whole Transplantation: he ran the Transplantation; and he ran the massacre into the ground, but in the most pious and God-fearing spirit. His own candid autobiographical notes let us perceive that for himself he believed neither in a God nor in anything else, except in the value of acres of ground; yet when he had contracted with the government and the army to make an accurate survey, and maps of the confiscated lands, he did not dare to begin this mighty work for the glory of God without—but here I call in the aid of Prendergast.—"This great step in perfecting the scheme of Plantation was consecrated with all the forms of religion, the articles being signed by Doctor Petty in the Council Chamber of Dublin Castle, on the 11th of December, 1654, in the presence of many of the chief officers of the army, after a solemn seeking of God performed by Colonel Thomlinson, for a blessing upon the conclusion of so great a business."

It will be remembered that in the first chapter I cited from Froude, that passage in which he says that the Irish were endowed by Providence with a lovely land; but that they had pared its forests to the stump, and left it shivering in dampness and desolation; and I requested the reader to bear that in mind. Now, the chief parer of the forests was Froude's friend, Doctor Sir William. He knew the use of an axe right well; and if he was disappointed in his wish to hew down Sir Jerome Sankey in the cellar, he could, at least, fell oaks and beeches in Kerry. Students of Irish history know, that the Irish were never very solicitous to clear away their fine forests; and that it was the English commanders in Elizabeth's reign who made the first serious inroads upon those waving woods, when they had occasion to open up passes into the Irish enemy's "fastnesses." Froude knows particularly well, that the successive occupiers of "forfeited estates," who were always sensible, in those days, of the precariousness of their tenure, always aware that a new settlement, unsettlement, resettlement, a new "resumption," confiscation, revolution, or general devilement of all things, might come upon them any day, thought they could do no better than realize the value, at least, of the woods while they had them. To get a crop of wheat a man must plough, and sow, and wait for the season; but he can cut down and sell a tree at any time, or a hundred thousand trees. The reason why I say "Froude knows" all this, is that the whole process is very clearly set forth in the "Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Parliament of England to take cognizance of the properties that were confiscated upon the Irish who were concerned in the rebellion of 1688, &c." Froude knows this Report, because it is not abstruse nor recondite; and if it were abstruse or recondite he would then know it still better; for he admits that he knows everything. The Commissioners, in section 77 of their Report, say, that "dreadful havoc had been committed upon the woods of the prohibited;" and they further say, "Those upon whom the confiscated lands have been bestowed, or their agents, have been so greedy to seize upon the most trifling profits, that large trees have been cut down and sold for sixpence each." They say also, "this destruction is still carried on in many parts of the country." And so it continued to be carried on, not by the Irish, but by holders of forfeited estates, until Dean Swift, some years later, lamented that in the once well-wooded island there was not left timber enough for housebuilding or for shipbuilding, and that the land had a naked and dreary appearance for want of trees. Now, it was bad enough in these rascals to pare our forests to the stump; but this British historical being, coming forward at the present day to complain to the civilized world that we, the Irish, pared our forests to the stump, might be thought to add insult to injury; and if he means so, it is his mission.

It is in the county of Kerry chiefly that the Parliamentary Commissioners specify the cruel havoc made in Irish woods; and it was in the county of Kerry that Dr. Sir William Petty had his principal estates. For years the vales of Dunkerron and Iveagh rung with the continual fall of giant oaks. There was a good market; Spain and France were searching the world for pipestaves: in English dockyards, there was steady demand for shipkeels; and Sir William knew exactly where there was the best market for everything. In Ireland, itself, also, he set on foot ironworks, and fed the fires from his own woods; that is woods which were not his own, and from which the right owners might expel him some day. There was no source of profit known to the commerce and traffic of that day, in which Sir William did not bear a hand; he "took hold" of everything that was available and saleable, after first "seeking the Lord" in the midst of his "Bing" of Saints; for Sir William was truly one of an elect. When he went to his "Down survey" along with some faithful officers of the Army of the Saints, I find an affecting narrative of a truly touching scene, Doctor Sir William and his swaddling "Bing" upon their marrowbones, wrestling with the Lord, with strong crying and tears, calling upon the Lord (stand and deliver!) to bless the great work, Bravot Doctor Sir William, go forward boldly and seize and divide this mighty spoil. You never had such a chance in all your varied life before: there were no such prizes in the carpenter's shops of Gaen: profits upon pills in London suburbs were nothing in comparison with the victorious sharing of these wide vales of Munster. Yea, the gleaming of the grapes of Ephraim is better than the clusters of Manasses. Go ahead, then, prosperously, and ride victorious Ohi Doctor; far behold the earth and the fulness thereof is thine; and thy name shall be called, not Petty, but Mahershall-hash-baz, "for he hasteth unto the dividing of the spoil."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

"I generally like to see what I am about," answered the Duke of Wellington (to quote from an anecdote that appeared in our own columns last week), when asked if he had a good view of the battle of Waterloo, and we think it only wise to take the Duke's hint by looking around us every now and again, to see exactly what position we, as Catholics, are holding in the kingdom, and how far it is capable of improvement, or is suffering from the aggression of enemies. In fact, we like to see what we are about. At the present time Catholics, politically speaking, are in a peculiar position. Many of us are Liberal in secular matters, and such, of course, feel sorry that Mr. Gladstone's government should have suffered the blow under which it is now quivering, while at the same time they cannot but rejoice at the defeat of a Bill which was an insult to their understandings as well as to their feelings, whether it was premeditated or not. They do not know how to act. They are most undesirous of throwing over all the ideas and principles in which they have been politically trained, and at the same time they are quite well aware that their consciences will not permit them to again place implicit confidence in a statesman who cast their from him in the hour of need, and had not the courage to lead his party onwards in the cause of true Liberalism. They would support the party in whose traditions they have been educated, but they cannot violate the sanctity of their consciences and they will not be untrue to their Church and to themselves. Many of us, again, are Conservative in politics and such are very likely to remain so, if indeed they do not greatly augment their ranks by fresh recruits enlisted by Mr. Gladstone's *facies*. They see in English Liberalism the same noxious egg which has been hatched into such a monster as is that Continental Liberalism now seeking, by every means in its power, to tear up the Church by its very roots, and they dread it as a poisonous and unwholy thing springing from evil, evil in itself and leading all things and persons to an evil end. But at the same time they have a horror and dread of a renewal of the old Tory power in Ireland, of the old Protestant Ascendancy which worked in that country such misery and woe, and for these reasons they are pausing now before committing themselves, by word or deed, to a continued support of a party who may very possibly be soon in power and using that power strongly either for or against the Church. They feel pretty sure it will not be "for" to any extent, while they hope that the "against" would be a minimum of force. The third party in our ranks is that of the Irish Nationalists, or Home Rulers, who care for neither Liberal nor Conservative in the English Parliament, because they seek for a State Government of their own in Ireland, and will be content with nothing less. Such are the three great divisions into which Catholics may be classed, and it behoves them all to take a careful survey of their

several positions and calculate their future political conduct. They differ from all other political parties throughout the world in one important respect, inasmuch as they all three have one common head, one mother, as it were, the Church, and on her account their field of battle is contracted, and their reasons for fighting at all only very limited and very feeble. The Liberals cannot be Liberal to the extent of injuring their Church as Liberalism in general proposes to do; the Conservatives can only conserve those things which are harmless or good, and will never return with their party to the cruel bigotries that are threatened by some of Disraeli's followers; and the Home Rulers are too essentially Catholic to ever injure, by injudicious zeal or too hasty action, that Church from whose bosom have sprung many of the most distinguished nationalists. How then are these three great parties to act in the present crisis, or rather in the greatest crisis of all when the inevitable dissolution becomes an accomplished fact? To us there seems but one answer. Let them combine. Let them fling Liberals, Conservatives, Home Rulers, and all Protestant parties, to the wild winds whence they came, and mass themselves in one great body, which shall be called *par excellence* the Catholic Party. We do not say, fling your principles away; but we do say, make them subservient to your trust, highest, and best of all possible parties—the Church, and by so doing we will engage that all shades of Catholic political opinion will find satisfaction. The Liberals will find they are advancing along the only roads of progress that are worth traversing; the Conservatives will have every good thing preserved for them, while the Home Rulers will have no stronger friend than that Church, who never yet has been a nation obliterated without rising her voice to save it. The great Catholic Party must be the party of the future for everyone who is a true son of the Church, for within its limits will be found all those things which are essential to true liberty, good government, and freedom from foreign interference. There is a great chance now before the Catholics of these islands, and if they do not avail themselves of it they will at a future day bitterly repent it. The enemies of our faith are strong and determined—for us then be ready to avoid ourselves of any rent in their armour; they would crush us if they could; let us watch till the house be divided against itself, and then help to bear it to the ground; and they will circumvent us if they possibly can manage it—let us look sharply out for any break in their ranks through which we may cut our way. But if these things are to be done at all, they must be done effectually, or they had best be left altogether; and to do them effectually three things are absolutely essential—Registration, Organization, and Consolidation—all of which we commend to the careful attention of every Catholic who has love of his religion and of his country engraven on his heart.—*Catholic Times*.

The testimony of Professor Shaw, of the Magee Presbyterian Theological College, at Derry, will be accepted by candid men as that of an unsuspected witness; and it proves that the so-called "mixed" system of education in the Irish Queen's Colleges is inconsistent with the conscientious profession of the Catholic religion. "Presbyterians," says Mr. Shaw, "have no objection to denominational education for themselves; they only object to give denominational education to Catholics. They have for many years been ardent supporters of mixed education in the Queen's Colleges; but the simple reason is that the Queen's College mixture has always had a predominantly Protestant and Evangelical flavor. Let the Government appoint Dr. Ward and Mr. Herbert Spencer to the next vacant chair of philosophy in Belfast, and the country will soon learn the depth of the Presbyterian devotion to mixed education. I know the feeling of the Presbyterian Church, and I am convinced that Presbyterian love of mixed education simply means hatred of Catholicism, and that its true nature will appear the moment the mixed system threatens to endanger not Catholic, but Calvinistic orthodoxy. No Catholic, worthy of the name, we presume, would wish his children to receive an education of "a predominantly Protestant and Evangelical flavour." Mr. Gladstone's Bill, therefore, or any future measure on the same foundation, which propose to extend the mixed system to Dublin, thus give it universal and exclusive sway in Ireland, must be to every Catholic, *anathema marcanum*—*Catholic Opinion*.

MAYO PRISON—THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN'S SALARY.—On the opening of the Commission at Castlebar, Mr. O'Malley applied to Justice Morris to give a direction to the Grand Jury to carry out the recommendation of the Board of Superintendence to increase the salary of the chaplain to £50 a year. The learned gentleman argued at considerable length in support of his application, and read the section of the Act in support of his view. His Lordship said—I don't like interrupting you, Mr. O'Malley, because you always speak to the point, but I don't think I have anything at all to do with this as a judge. I might as well advise the Grand Jury of the county Cork. I have no jurisdiction. If you ask my opinion as a member of society, possibly I might advise them to do it, but as a judge, I don't think I can. It is not a matter that I can interfere with; if the Grand Jury pass it, I have power to approve of it, and if the Grand Jury increase it I will approve of it. Mr. O'Malley—I may as well tell the Grand Jury that they have now no Catholic Chaplain. The prisoners are to be left like savages.

At Carrickfergus Mr. Justice Keogh was presented with a pair of white gloves, and congratulated the Grand Jury upon the fact that, although there were 10,000 inhabitants in the district, there were no prisoners to be tried.

At the Kildare assizes, the head porter of the Great Southern and Western Railway at Newbridge, named Colgan, was convicted on a charge of manslaughter for negligently allowing a farmer to bring a cart on the line without using proper precautions in consequence of which the man was killed by an engine. The Chief Baron sentenced him to three months' imprisonment.

The assizes of the county of Down have been adjourned until the 7th of April, when it is expected that the trial of the persons accused of the Holywood murder will be proceeded with. The adjournment has become necessary in consequence of a misapprehension on the part of the Sheriff as to the mode of marking out a panel under the new jury system. Mr. Justice Keogh exonerated him from all blame, and suggested the necessity of reconstructing the whole system, observing that unless the Sheriff was allowed to use some discretion as to the selection of proper persons it was difficult to see how the ordinary administration of justice could be carried on.

Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, M.P.—The hon. member for Galway county has issued, in pamphlet form, the speech he recently delivered in the House of Commons on the second reading of the University Bill. The speech is preceded by a preface from which we take the following:—The whole of the following speech was not delivered in the House of Commons, because, out of regard to the time of the House, I was obliged to curtail what I had hoped to say. It was not until late in the evening of the last day of the debate that I succeeded in obtaining an opportunity of addressing the House, and then I was unwilling to trespass too much on its indulgence.—Parliamentary etiquette, naturally, gives the first place to distinguished men, on both sides, and to those who have held office in the State. As regards the interests of Ireland, this is often a misfortune,

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD.

FROUDE versus IRELAND. BY JOHN MITCHELL. (From the New York Irish American.) No. 5.

SOME readers, by this time, may be disposed to say, we have enough of Froude; he is already a notoriously convicted Impostor, and no historian; and it is making too much of him to keep pursuing him in this way. Certainly, it is making too much of Froude, himself, whose literary pretensions I estimate very low, and whose historic merits are far less than nothing. He composes fiction in a picturesque style; and ought to have confined himself to that species of composition. He could match Mrs. Emma Southworth, or our graphic follow-countryman Captain Mayo Reid. If he would contribute a striking tale of horror for the *New York Weekly Eve-Even*, he could command more per column than ever did Sylvanus Cobb; but he had no call to the writing of history. However, it still seems needful to expose a little more of his "misdealing" as Prendergast mildly terms it, in the matter of the great "Massacre" of 1641.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES. "You who would form an independent opinion on the matter I would advise you to read (*whatever else you read*) Sir John Temple's History of the Rebellion, and Dr. Borlase's History of it. Temple was, as I said, an eye-witness. Borlase's book contains, in the appendix, large selections from the evidence taken on oath before the Commissioners at Dublin."

This is from the Impostor's last lecture, in reply to Father Burke. His main authority for the whole story is still Temple; for Borlase is but a reproduction of Temple's History, and they are both founded wholly upon the famous Depositions. In this passage, then, as well as in his new Book, Froude commits himself and his readers entirely to the testimony of the eloquent Master of the Rolls; and he does not whisper one hint of the fact that Sir John Temple himself, a few years later, tried to suppress that Book. Froude knows of course (for what is there that he does not know?)—but thinks his readers may not have met with the published "Letters of his Excellency Arthur Capel Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." It is no abstruse State-paper pigeon-hole I refer him to: the book was printed in London, 1770, a fair quarto; and it stands upon the shelves of all historic libraries; and we learn from it, that in the year 1674, Lord Essex was soliciting from the English Government a considerable grant for Temple—five hundred pounds a year, "on the forfeited estates." And the Ministry seems to have made the republication of Temple's History an objection against the grant, which objection Lord Essex, on the part of his friend thus endeavours to remove—

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE EARL OF ESSEX, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, TO MR. SECRETARY OF STATE.—"I am to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 22nd of December, wherein you mention a book that was newly published, concerning the cruelties committed in Ireland, at the beginning of the late war. Upon further inquiry, I find Sir J. Temple, Master of the Rolls here, author of that book, was last year sent to by several stationers of London, to have