time to time, to call what was called the "Council of the Nation," that is to say, the great English Lords, who came over and settled within the Pale, on their large possessions, were called into council, to make laws and devise certain regulations for the people. Thus, in the reign of King John, these councils were held; in the reign of the Edwards these councils were held; and so on, until the first great Parliament of the whole Irish Nation was called, in the year 1612. But you must know that, before a Parliament of the whole nation was called, there was a " Parliament of the Pale." Now, in the time of Henry the Seventh, the English possessed in Ircland only four counties; the counties of Dublin, Louth, Kildare and Meath. These held their own Parliaments. What kind of Parliaments were they? Year after year they came together only to pass laws against their Irish fellow-citizens; only to execute every wicked and brutal mandate that they received from England; only to perpetuate divisions and divide the heart of Ireland more and more. They were not only tyrunnical at home, these Parliaments, but they were also rebellious against the English monarch and Parliament. My friends, we might as well, tell the truth: loyalty does not seem to be a very prominent virtue among them. For instance, when Henry the Seventh was declared King, in England, two impostors arose to dispute his crown,-Simnel and Warbeck. The Auglo-Irish Parliament took up both of them. Simuel was crowned King in Ireland, in Christ Church, in Dublin. Then they sent him to England, and some soldiers with him; and, after fighting a battle, he was taken prisoner; and do you know what the King did with him? He made him a scullion in his kitchen (laughter). Scarcely was the pretender Simnel promoted to the kitohen, when another pretender arose, who said he was the youngest son of Edward IV., who was supposed to have been slain in the Tower. His name was Perkin Warbeck. The Irish Parliament,-that is to say the Parliament of the English people in Ireland,-took him up; and they avowed their allegiance to him. King Henry the Seventh got angry; and he sent over to Ireland a gentleman, Sir Edward Poyning. This man came to discover what was the agitation in the state of the English portion of Ireland. It is all very well to talk about the savagery of the Irish; it is all very well to say that, amongst them, there was nothing but book was burned in London by the common violence going on. Now, here is what the English Commissioner and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland says: when he came, he says, that he found the whole land was full of murders, robberies, rapes and other manifold extortions and oppressions. By whom were they committed? By the Barons, the English Barons, and settlers in the Pale. Therefore that he came to do but just do the same thing to Brother Jonaput an end to that state of things. Secondly, he tells them that they should build a doubleditch! six feet high, between themselves and the Irish. Considering the state of affairs within the Pale, I think that the Irishmen that were outside were likely to gain a great

(great laughter). The third law that Poyning made was the most important of all. It was to this effect: that no Parliament in Ireland was to have any right to make laws, unless they first submitted these laws to England. They had no right to assemble in Parliament without the Lord Licutenant's permission. If any man had a measure to propose in Parliament, it had to be sent over to England to get the permission of the English King, before it could be laid before the Parliament. This law completely subjugated Ireland to England. The Parliament, of course, passed whatever laws they were commanded to pass. And so it wont on,-one law worse than another; the very vilest ordinances of Queen Elizabeth were recognized in the form of law by the Irish Parliament. When Charles the First encroached upon the liberty of the people, his best man, Wentworth, found his help in the Irish Parliament; and England, in the days of Charles the Second, took the money of Ireland,—the money that was to pay the interest of the National Debt,—and put it into the pecket of the profligate King; and the Irish Parliament had not a word to say. And why? Because they did'nt represent the Irish people at all.

deal more in morality, in virtue, and in reli-

gion by the building of the ditch than the

English did (laughter). The building of that

great dyke, that passed from the Anna Liffey

on to the base of the mountains of Kildare, on

the one side; and, on the other side, passed up

Irish, reminds me of a story told of a poor man

down in my own province, who was building a

wall around a field, about an acre or an acre

and a-half, of nothing but lime-stone, where

there wasn't a single blade of grass. A gen-

tleman who was passing said to him: "What

an earth are you doing that for ?- is it to keep

the cattle in?" "No, your honor," replied

the man, "but to keep the crathers out, for

fear they might have the misfortune to get in"

In the year 1753,—the year that George the Second died,—Ireland was practically govorned by a vagabond, the Protestant Bishop of erned by a vagabond, the Protestant Bishop of good battle in any cause; we are told that the Armagh,—his name was Hugh Bolter. He attribute of bravery in the Irish character is a doubtwas Bishop of Bristol, in England, and had ful one, and in a word, scarcely due to us. Now, been promoted to be Primate in Ireland. Do you know what that ruffian did? He brought a law before the Irish Parliament disfranchising every Catholic in Ireland, and passed the law without the slightest murmur. There was not a man in that House that spoke or offered an argument for the Catholic Irish, who were thus deprived of all voice in their National affairs.

At length the divided nation united upon a most strange question. They ran short of cop-per money in Ireland. There were no pence, or halfpence, or farthings; and the people began to complain; they had not the currency wherewith to buy and sell. So the King of England, George the Second, under his own the north, Irish volunteer companies were formed. hand, gave command to an Englishman, a Trishmen steed again shoulder to shoulder. The selves. And Catholic Ireland folt her heart within he has had some misgivings of his own straight- followers had been sent out of the world by a more

eighty thousand pounds in copper coin. After the Englishman had taken the contract, mark how he fulfilled it. He bought six thousand pounds worth of old brass, and he coined one of artillery; the first ladies in Ireland wove their hundred and eight thousand pounds worth of money for Ireland out of the six thousand pounds worth of old brass (laughter). There is an old name for a bad penny or a bad halfpenny in Ireland; they call it a "tinker." Well, the "tinkers" arrived in Ireland (laughter),—the English "tinkers" (renewed laughter),—Wood's tinkers" (continued laughter); and, when the Irish people looked at them,tossed them up and caught them again, they got mad; and every man in Ireland, gentle and simple, united, for the first time in our history, in resisting a few bad half pence, (loud laughter). It is a simple, and, indeed, a droll fact. The people that never united on the question of their national independence, were united, like one man, in resisting a few bad half-pence that were sent over from England. This was the first stroke at England. It was two hundred years ogo, in the days of Dean Swift—and the Dean hated bad money. The Flood was amongst them, Lord Charlement and moment that the Irish were united, and said to England, "take back that money; we won't ed the significant question: "Now that we have have it," that moment the English King was fifty thousand men armed, what are we going to do obliged to take back his own commission: and with them?" The answer to the question came Mr, Wood got back his bad money (cheers). It was a small thing, but it taught the Irish people a lesson—a glorious lesson—a lesson that overy true-hearted Irishman should preach, the glorious lesson of union and concord amongst all classes of Irishmen, (loud applause). It was very unwise of England to afford us such an opportunity of uniting. So long as it was a question of race she could keep us apart: as long as it was a question of Nationality she could keep us divided; but no man,-be he Protestant, or Methodist, or Quaker, or Presbyterian, or Catholic,—no man likes to have a bad penny thrust upon him when he ought to have a good one (laughter and cheers). The moment the Irish found that, by uniting upon any question they could gain whatever they wanted, they discovered the grand secret of National success (cheers).

Events followed each other quickly. There was, at this time, an Irishman named Mollyneaux, who wrote a book called, "The Case of Ireland Stated," that proved so clearly the claims of Ireland to National freedom, that the hangman. The eventful year of 1775 came. America was up in arms (loud cheering) .-England dealt with her the way she dealt with Ireland. She was accustomed to impose taxes upon us without asking our leave. She laid an embargo upon our commerce; she destroyed our trade; and she thought she had nothing to the way of food to America (cheers)? This law had than, over the water, that she was doing to poor Paddy at home. But Jonathan was a man of other mettle,-more power to him (tremendous cheering). The Colonists of North America rose in arms. England would not give them tea to drink without laying a tax upon it; and when the tea arrived in Boston, they took it out of the ships and flung it into the sea (cheers). At first, as we know, America had no idea or wish to separate from England : they only wanted to assert their rights, fairly and conscientiously; and they appealed to the near the town of Trim in east Meath,—embracing the two counties of Meath and Kildare, Ireland, when he said; "I am ready to die for her woollen manufactures and all the exports with the building of that dyke to keep out the England; but I must have her charter in my the West Indies, with America, or, in fact, with any hand, even when I am dead!" (Cheers) They only asked the law that England's glorious Constitution has provided for her subjects, if that law were fairly administered; for the law is just; the charter is grand; the Constitution is, perhaps, the grandest thing in the world after the Catholic Church. But the Constitution has been warped; its benefits have been denied, over and over again, to the people; and the law has been administered in a partial and unjust spirit. Well, my friends, 1775 saw America in arms. England was obliged to send every available soldier that she had here; and not only this, but, to her eternal disgrace, she poured her Hessian mercenaries in upon America; and she hired the North American Indians to cut the throats of the Colonists and scalp them (hisses). I don't know, I confess, why there should be this great friendship,—this great "cousinship," and all this talk about "blood thicker than water," which you always hear between England and America. When an Englishman speaks in America, of "blood thicker than water," you may ask, if it was so very thick, why did England hire the Hessians to shed it? Why did she hire the Indians to shed it, if it was so very warm, so very friendly? It suits England to-day, in the hour of her decline and weakness, to be constantly talking to Americans about the "same race" and "a common origin;" but it was a pretty manner in which she served her own race in the American Re-

volution (loud cheers). A call was made upon Ireland for four thousand troops. The Anglo-Irish Governor said: "Give us the Irish soldiers, and we will give you four thousand Hessians to keep Ireland quiet;" and it was added, by way of inducement, that all the Hessians were the very best of Protestants. Now, mark how significant that is. We are told that the Irish were men unable to fight; told that they never made a may I ask, if England thought that four thousand Irishmen wouldn't fight as well as four thousand Hessians, why did she ask for the Irishmen and ignore the Hessians (cheers)? Why didn't she send the Hessians to America instead of sending them to Ireland and taking the poor Irish? It was because she knew well that perhaps the Hessian might turn his back, but the Irishman would fight till he'd die. Well, my friends, the Irish Parliament gave them four thousand soldiers, but for once in their lives they had a ray of the grace of God upon them, and refused to take the Hessians (cheers and laughter). They said: "No; we will not take any foreign mercenaries into Ireland; but we will tell you what we will do: If you will give us arms, we will organize volunteers for the defence of the country! The moment the word was mentioned in Belfast, in

fifty thousand men, as well organized and drilled as any army in the world (cheers). The Volunteer organization spread; the nation made them presents flags. They were of all classes of men, officered by the best nobility in the land. Lord Charlemont, Henry Grattan, the Duke of Leinster, and Henry Flood-all the highest intellects in Ireland-the noblest and best blood of the country, were at the head of the "Volunteers." In 1781, according to Sir Jonah Barrington, their numbers had swelled into eighty thousand, perfectly drilled and perfectly organized men. The originator of all this was the famous Henry Flood, a man intolerant in his religious ideas,—for he hated us, Catholics, "as the devil hates holy water." But, although intolerant in religion, he was a man of great mind and of great love for Ireland (applause). So soon as the English Government saw the willingness of these man, springing up all over the land: under the Earl of Clanricarde, in Galway and Mayo; in the south, under O'Brien; in the north, under other chieffaius; in Leinster, under the Earl of Kildare, Lord Charlemont, Henry Gratton, Flood, Hussey Burgh, and others, the English Government got afraid of their lives and wanted them disbanded, and to get their arms back. But Ireland was armed; and then the immortal Henry Grattan assembled their leaders. other distinguished members of the Irish Protestant Parliament. When they all met together, they asked the significant question: "Now that we have from the fiery soul and the great head of the immortal Grattan. He said:—"Now that we have them at our back, we can speak as an united nation. We will not allow them to lay down their arms until we have achieved legislative and religious independence for Ireland" (cheers). Accordingly, in 1779, as soon as ever the "Volunteers" were got together, Grattan brought into the Irish House of Commons, a proposition to abolish Sir Edward Poyning's Law, which declared that the Irish could not make laws for themselves unless they first got permission of the English King. He proposed this in the Irish Parliament. All the weight of the English Government was against him; all the rottenness of the country was against him; but the streets of Dublin were lined with the "Volunteers;" and they had their cannon drawn up in the square before the House of Commons. They had cards around the mouth of the guns, inscribed-"Justice to Ireland; or else-" (the conclusion of the sentence was lost in the storm of applause).

Poyning's law was repealed. The English King

was only too glad to say: "Gentlemen, Ireland has a right to make her own laws; make them for yourselves" (continued cheers). A few weeks later, Grattan brought in another bill; and it was that there was no more restriction to be laid upon the trade of Ireland. He said "you have ruined our woollen trade. You are ruining our linen trade American Revolution had broken out, and England had such a regard toward the people of America, she made a law prohibiting the Irish to send any cattle or food of any kind to America. It is easy to-day, to say that the Catholics were all opposed to America. If the Catholics of Ireland were always opposed to America, and to her cause, why did England make a law to oblige us to send no help or succor in crushed our commerce and trade. Grattan brought in his Bill, in April, 1779. Once more the Government of England was opposed to him. Once more the King wrote over to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. "Don't send me any bill that will release Ireland. I will not hear of it. I won't sign it." Grattan proposed his bill in the House of Commons: and the slavish House was afraid to pass it. They tore it, before his eyes : it was thrown at him ; but Grattan fell back upon his fifty thousand men, and said: "Here-here are the men with arms in their hands, with flags tossing and waving for Ireland. You must give her commercial freedom" (cheers). A united, an armed nation spoke these words, and they were obliged to suspend and to repeal every law, and to declare with the sauction and signature

Then Grattan made the memorable remark in his speech, he said: "Gentlemen, your forefathers sitting in this House, sold and destroyed the trade and liberty of Ireland. Now, I have returned to her her trade, and now I demand that you return to Ireland her liberty" (loud cheering). The fifty thousand by this time were become eighty thousand; and on that glorious April day of 1782, Henry Grattan proposed in the Irish Parliament, and it was passed and sanctified as a law, that Ireland was a free nation, wearing an imperial crown; in these memorable words: "It is enacted that the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, and inseparably annexed to Great Britain, on which connection the interest and happiness of both nations essentially depend. But that the kingdom of Ireland is distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own and legislative power; and that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, the Lords and the Commons of Ireland' (tremendous cheers). The crown of Ireland was an Imperial crown. She was a nation, with her own Parliament, her own laws, her own genius, her own influence over her own resources and her own debts; with her own right to tax herself; her own laws to execute, and every other right; and she merely acknowledged the union with England in the interest and for the well-being of both countries (cheers). That was the declaration of Henry Grattan and it struck terror into the heart of England. It was the most magnificent declaration that Ireland ever made of her nationality and her claim to full and imperial freedom as a nation and empire (cheers). Grattan had eighty thousand men at his back; and in one month his message was sent to England. "I send this law," he said, " to England : I give England one month to decide; and if she decide not in one menth-there are the men" (loud applause and cheers). That was on the 17th of April, 1782. Before the month was over,—before the 17th of May, -it came back acknowledged by the English Parliament and signed by the English King; acknowledging that Ireland's crown was an imperial crown-that Ireland was a nation united. and, in truth, perfectly equal with England;—that the English Parliament had no right or title under Heaven to govern Ireland, but only the Irish Parliament, submitting to the English crown. Then Grattan made his famous speech in the Irish Parliament. He said: "I found Ireland upon her knees, I lifted her up. I watched her as she took her place amongst the nations; I saw the crown upon her head. And, now, all that remains for me is to bow before that august form, and pray- Esto perpetua, -be thou perpetual " (great cheering).

This was the climax of the triumph of the "Volunteers." They had gained all they asked or sought for for Ireland. One year later, they met in convention; and I regret to have to say what I am about to say. Their Generals and officers met and took measures for the reformation of the Irish Parliament, and to consider the representation of the people. When it was proposed to these officers and Generals of the " Volunteers " to demand the emancipation of three millions of Catholics, in Ireland,to my heart's regret I have to say it, - they refused to grant to these emancipation, or petition for it. They refused to give to their Cathelic fellow-coun-

the same time, deserted by their brethren, their Catholic countrymen lost heart in them. When they were organized no Catholic was allowed to enter the ranks of the "Volunteers," or to carry arms. The poor Catholics of Ireland collected and sent money to Dublin,-they sent £100,000 to provide uniforms for their Protestant fellow-citizens. After a time, as the American war went on, and the colonists waxed stronger, England got more fearful. And, when Burgoyne was taken prisoner, and when Clinton retired before the unconquerable sword of Washington, England was obliged to permit the Catholics to join the "Volunteers." Instantly the Irish Catholics sprang into the ranks, and took their arms into their hands. Without one feeling of rebellion or disloyalty, but only the pure love of Ireland, they stood prepared to die for the liberties

of their fellow-countrymen, as well as their own. Then came the sad dispersion. The English government had introduced the element of disunion even among the " Volunteers." Some were in favor of emancipating the Catholics; others were not. A fatal division was introduced, and then a law was quietly brought into the Irish Parliament, that it would be better to increase the regular army to twenty thousand men-not fifteen hundred, but twenty thousand men. It was also passed that they should give twenty thousand pounds towards arming the militia; and in three or four short years the Volunteers" were dispersed; their arms were taken from their hands and put into the hands of a militia entirely controlled by military officers, who were all English. The last hope of Ireland died for a time.

Then began the series of bad laws. The "Convention Act" was passed under the influence of the Duke of Wellington. As soon as they found that the "Volunteers" were disbanded, they knew that they could do as they liked with the liberties of Ircland. One of the first laws they made was that it was not lawful for Irishmen to hold political conventions, or any other kind of conventions, or nominate delegates who were to speak on any occasion, on any subject. One injustice, followed another, until the country, inflamed by the maxims of the mighty French Revolution, goaded to desperation, made the ineffectual effort of '98. Then, crushed, wounded, bleeding, deceived and degraded, nothing remained but for the accursed Castlereagh to walk over the prostrate ruin, and over the bodies of his countrymen, and, in spite of oaths and treaties-in spite of the signature of the King, declaring that Ireland alone had a right to make her own laws-in the year 1800 they took the Parliament from us: and from that day to this our laws are made for us by Englishmen.

Thus ended the "Volunteer;" but the lesson

which it teaches has not died with this glorious movements (cheers). My friends, it is not a lessen of revolution or of rebellion that this glorious movement of '82 teaches; it is the higher lesson of union among Irishmen. It was not the "Irish Volunteers" that the English feared, so much, though they were with excessive taxation." It was just when the a powerful army, it is true; but their main strenth lay in the fact that they had three millions of their Catholic fellow countrymen united to them heart and soul, (loud and prolonged cheering). It was not Ireland armed, but Ireland united, that made the tyrant tremble, and made the English Government sign every bill as soon as it was put forth. A singular example of the union which bound up all these men was given at that time. Some of the Belfast and Antrim "Volunteers" were Protestants, all Orangemen, to a man, yet, so united were they in that day, with their Catholic fellowcountrymen, and all classes of men, in that perfect union, that they actually marched out, on Sunday, and heard Mass (cheers). Ireland was united. Of course, there must be religious divisions where there is difference of religion. If I can't unite with my fellow-countryman in believing what he believes, -or rather to pare down my belief till it comes to nothing to suit him,—am I, therefore, to say to him "stand aside;" am I, therefore, to say to him, "We have no common country. I have nothing in common with you." Oh! no (loud applause). The most glorious battles of modern times have been fought in the trenches where the Protestant and Catholic stood side by side. And England, who knows so well how to divide us on the religious question, at home, knows as well how to unite us, his report was received by the authorities. Of Elizaabroad, in the ranks of her army. The 88th "Con- beth's privy council Sir Henry Sidney was, perhaps, paught Rangers" were Catholics to a man; and they the best after Cecil and Bacon. The ent were side by side, on the field of Waterloo, with the Protestant soldiers of the North of Ireland and of England (great cheering). There are questions second only in their sacredness to that of religion which is first. The question of Nationality is second only in importance to the religious question, because on that great National question depends what Cathelic and Protestant alike hold dear,-public liberty. On this great question, thanks be to God, every man can be united with his fellow-man, no mattter what shade of religious division may exist between them. I accept the word of the English historian who has come amongst us, in the case of Ireland -I accept the word that he has said. If he be reported rightly, he said, that, in the day that Ireland is united. Ireland shall be invincible (loud cheers). Away, then, with all religious animosity that would interfere with man's co-operation with his fellowman for native land. Away with that fatal division that would fain make one Ireland for the Protestant Irishman and another for the Catholic Irishman,whereas the "Green Island" is the common motherland of all. My Catholic countrymen, at the peril of your eternal salvation, be as firm as the granite rock upon every principle of your Church and your Religion; be as conservative of that faith as you are of your immortal souls, else you will lose that faith and those souls with it. But, I say to you, just as you are to be conservative in your faith as you can be, so, upon the grand question upon which the freedom and happiness of the dear old land depends, be as liberal, as large hearted, as truly united upon it as you are to be strong and united upon the question of your own religion. Then shall the future, seen by the prophetic eye of Grattan, when he hail ed his Ireland as an independent nation, be realized by the men of to-day. Then shall the dream of the lover and the aspiration of the patriot shine forth in the glory of its fulfilment; when domestic laws made by Irish men, for Ireland and for Irishmen shall govern the state affairs of Ireland; when every want of Ireland will be the bost forethought of Irish loving minds and intellects; when every Irishman will have the first place paramount in the deliberations of an Irish Parliament; when from out the intellect and the fullness of the heart of Ireland, in the future day, shall beam around my mother land and realize the glories of days long past, the sun that has set for so many years in clouds of blood,-but which shall rise serencly in the new Orient of freedom, for dear old, much-loved Ireland (" tremendous cheering, which was again and again renewed, as Father Burke bowed to his audience and withdrew.

> THE STATELY DAYS OF GREAT ELIZABETH. (From the Liverpool Catholic Times.)

Mr. J. A. Froude bears, amongst modern historians the unenviable distinction of white-washing. Henry VIII., though it may fairly be doubted whether any amount of paint, however lavishly laid on, could make that hideous uxerious lecher presentable in decent society. He has tried, with all the pride and comp of language, to disarm suspicion of the tigress daughter of the tiger king; and, in order to bring out the favourable colours of her character, has not hesitated to blacken the character of the Queen of Scots trymen the liberty which they had won for them- to serve as a suitable back-ground. Whether or not hanged; and if he and a sufficient number of his

coiner named Wood, to coin one hundred and Government reluctantly, in 1779, gave them arms, her growing faint, and breaking,—to see the very forwardness, it is difficult to say; but he has lately eighty thousand pounds in copper coin. After set forth seme startling facts, though not in the stately octave volume with the best of paper and unrivalled print, but in the more humble guise of a magazine article: yet truth, in any garb, is accept. able. The astute Cecil, no doubt took care that what he thought might criminate him with posterity, should never find its way into the public records but quite enough escaped his caution to show that many of the supposed great men, to whom Elizabeth's government owed its success, himself amongst the rest, were little better than scores of out throats and assassins who were sent to the gallows. Fronds says that sufficient remains in the Record Office to show that " the hoof of the bloody Saxon" is more than a metaphor. He writes:

The English, as times went, were not a cruel race.

The general effect of their administration in Ireland was to replace anarchy by order, to make life and property secure, and to put an end to the eternal round of murders which fill the pages of the Irish annalists. It seems, however, as if they had learnt to regard the native Irish as a sort of wolves, and as if there had been times when they thought it simpler

to exterminate than to govern.

Towards the end of the year 1569, when Sir Henry Sidney, Philip Sidney's father, was Lord Deputy, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a cousin of Walter Raleigh, was sent to command at Limerick. Sir Humphrey-and it is this which gives particular point to what I have to tell—was a man in advance, as the phrase goes, of his time. He was brave, generous, patriotic, unusually cultivated, and characterised by the simplicity of his piety. He was the discoverer of Newfoundland, the founder of St. John's. He was lost in a storm in a small pinnaco coming back over the Atlantic. As his consert drove past him in the gale he was heard to call out cheeringly, "We are as near Reaven by water as by land!" and he was last seen reading his bible by the binnacle light.

Doubtlessly the simple piety of this Gilbert, commended by Mr. Froude, was of the true puritan stamp, something like that of Protector Oliver, which used to pass as genuine, till history found out that he was a pious knave. No man can entertain a high opinion of Oliver's moral bearing, when it is known that, on the occasion of signing the death warrant of Charles I., his levity was so indecerous that, like an ill-mannered school-boy, he daubed the face of Martin with ink. This puritan and fanatical butcher might have shown other signs of contrition for the blood he had shed, than reading his bible, unless, like David, under circumstances quite as atrocious, he was reciting the Miserere psalm.

This universally cultivated butcher Had been sent to suppress a disturbance in the south-west of Ireland. After two months' work he wrote to report progress. He said he had brought all the chiefs of the country to submit themselves: Macarthy More had been on his knees before him: Lord Desmond's brother (Desmond himself was a prisoner in England) had fled no one knew where: and Kerry was so quiet that he had but to send his horseboy for any man, and he would come.

"My manner of dealing," he said, "was to show them all that they had more need of her Majesty's service than she had of their service, neither yet that we were afraid of any numbers of them, our quarrel being so good; putting also all those from time to time to the sword that did belong to, feed, accompany, or maintain any outlaw or traitor. And after my first summoning of any castle or fort, if they would not presently yield it I would not afterwards take it of their gift, but won it per force, how many lives soever it cost, puttiny man, weman and child of them to the sword; neither did I spare any malefactor that came to my hands in any respect, using all those that I had protected with all the courtesy I might; being for my part constantly of the opinion that no conquered nation will ever yield willingly their obedience for love, but rather for fear.

Mr. Froude thus comments on this inhuman narrative.

This is no story grown up in tradition or born of calumny. If there is exaggeration, it is the exaggeration of the actor himself-the words remain in his own bandwritting. After satisfying myself that I had read the letter correctly, which for a time I was unwilling to believe, I looked next to see how of his Irish administration remain to illustrate his character; even the rebols honoured while they feared him. Priest or layman, soldier and peasant judge or bishop, all had but good words for Sir Henry Sidney. How would such a man receive the intimation that one of his officers had been putting women and children to the sword? He spoke thus "For Colonel Gilbert," he wrote to Cecil, "I can-

not write praise enough of him: nor, indeed, I need not write anything in particular, for the effect of his service is manifest. The highways are now made free where before no man might travel unspoiled; the gates of cities and towns are now left open, where before they were continually shut or guarded with armed men; there is none that was a rebel of any force but hath submitted himself, entered into a bond and delivered his hostages, the arch-rebel, James Fitzmaurice, only except, who is become a bush beggar. All this I assure you is true, yet not the most or the best that he hath done, for the estimation that he hath won to the name of Englishmen there-before almost not known-exceedeth all the rest, for he in battle with so few brake so many of them, wherein he showed how far our seldiers in valour passed those rebels, and he in his own person suy man he had. I assure you that the name of an Englishman is more terrible now to them than the sight of a hundred was before. For all this I had nothing to present him with but the honour of knighthood, which I gave him, and for anything else I recommend him by your friendly report to the gracious consideration of the Queen's Majesty."

Knighthood and a special recommendation to the Queen was the reward thought proper by Elizabeth's lord deputy for proceedings of which the New Zealanders have learnt to be ashamed. It may be well to add that the pacifying process was quite ineffectual. In a few weeks all Connaught was in flames again. But if such things were done by a man of such unquestionable superiority as Gilbert, and if a Sir Henry Sidney could write of them with applause, what may not have taken place where the people were left to be handled by the average officer, ambitions of the praise of his superiors, or at least with full liberty to give the rein to the natural devil which lurks in the breast of most of us? Of this, too, there is evidence. Gilbert had the faint excuse that he was engaged in suppressing a rebellion. We have now to see how things went on when the country was, so to say, quiet-undisturbed except by local rows, faction fights, murders, or cattle steal-

It was May, 1572. The deputy was Sir William Fitzwilliam, the ancestor of the present earl. The scene is the Wicklow and Wexford mountains. The English concerned were a garrison lying somewhere near Nass. The officers were Mr. Agard, the sergeant-major and the writer of the report, Captain George, Captain Wingland, Captain Hungerford, and Licutenant Parker. Somewhere in that belt of mountains there lived a sort of freebooter called Feaghe MacHughe, who earned his living by driving cattle from the Pale, or by levying black mail upon the farmers. In one of his night-marauding expeditions, Feaghe, or some of his mon had killed an English gentleman of some position. He was doubtless a very proper person to have been arrested and