

the latter sinking beneath the shock of tidings which they felt convinced would end with regard to Lord Balmerino, in bringing him to the block, while Edward, his frame enfeebled by a long and severe illness, was but little calculated to prepossess the multitude to others which he strangely lauded forth for memory would linger upon old days—the days of his happy, reckless childhood—when he, the youngest of the family, and the favorite grandson of the Marshal, not unfrequently won him over to join him in his boyish sports.

At length, brushing away the tears that stood in his eyes, he tried to play the part of comforter, and avowed his intention of escorting them to London immediately.

"It is impossible, Edward," said Lady Balmerino. "Why, it is but a few days since you first left the sick room. Consider how our distress will be increased should you have a relapse and fall ill by the way."

"I am getting very strong and am quite well enough to travel," was the reply.

But his looks belied his words, and remembering that they would accomplish the journey far more quickly than the unfortunate captive, Lord Balmerino, he yielded consent to the wishes of the ladies, and agreed to postpone his journey till three more days had elapsed.

And so it happened that the compulsory stay of young St. John in Edinburgh had not only though at the cost of a severe illness, saved his life from being forfeit to the law, had he even not fallen on the field, but had been the means of making him the stay of two defenceless women when most they needed protection, and gave him the melancholy pleasure of knowing that it would be in his power to soothe by his presence the last hours of one of the Marshal's oldest and best-loved friends.

(To be Continued.)

JOHN MITCHEL.

LECTURE ON "FROUDE FROM THE STAND-POINT OF AN IRISH PROTESTANT," BEFORE THE LIBERAL CLUB OF NEW YORK.

HOW THE GREATEST LYING HISTORIAN OBTAINS HIS "FACTS."

HIS AUTHORITIES AND THEIR CHARACTER.

Mr. President of the Liberal Club, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I have to address you to-night upon the subject of a very extraordinary crusade which has lately been made upon this country by a most distinguished English historian. I think, in all the history of literature and of literary enterprise, so singular an achievement as this has never been heard of or read of. I am the more emboldened to come here and say what I think of all that affair just for the reason that this is a liberal club, and that I am likely to be censured or controverted if I say anything that is liable to such remark. In such an audience, whether it be large or small, accustomed to weigh and to judge of argument, and to let mere rhetoric pass unnoticed and fly away on the wind. I am not likely to carry off anything on my own simple announcement of a fact or of my own view, no matter how eloquent soever my own expression of opinion. Now, the crusade which we have seen lately commenced here by Mr. Froude, has occupied the attention of cultivated writers in New York so much that I don't find it at all necessary to enter into a description of it. You all know what it was; and I must say that it was an ungracious mission, to say the very least, that Mr. Froude took upon himself when he came over here, after writing his book, charged with the contents of that book, to discharge them in America in the American cities, all directed point blank at the social, political, moral and intellectual standing of the whole Irish race. Now, in the remarks that I am going to make I shall certainly not do as my respected friend, Father Burke, felt himself obliged to do; I shall not make it an ecclesiastical affair. It is not a matter between rival creeds; it is a matter of the relation of my native country, Ireland, and the larger wealthier and more potent country, England; and it is of no consequence in my mind what creed any Irishman believes or disbelieves. I am not coming to horrify you and harrow up your feelings by any narrative of the cruelty, the oppression, the many confiscations, the slaughters that have been perpetrated on my country and its inhabitants. That is outside my present purpose. Neither will I have any sort of complaint or vituperation to pour out upon the English nation for all that has passed in Ireland. No! there is no occasion for complaint or vituperation. But I do mean to tell you that this series of lectures and this book of Mr. Froude's bears false witness against my people. If I don't convince you of that fact before I sit down, then I have lost my time in coming here to-night. It may be granted for all purposes—and let it be—that the English or the Normans, or whoever else the historians please, were forced by circumstances to take care of Ireland. (That is his expression—they were "forced over to Ireland by circumstances")—and that, having so taken charge, they were forced to take all the lands of the island for their own people, "forced" to prescribe the religion of the country and transport and flog the priests for saying Mass, "forced" to stir up continual insurrections in order to help the good work of confiscation. Let all this theory stand admitted. The chief aim I have in the present point which I shall make is to show that this historian has falsified history in order to blacken the Irish people and lower them in the estimation of this nation which has given them an asylum and opened a career for their industry which, I trust, they will never disgrace.

Taking up this history, then, at the period Mr. Froude has elected, and which he calls the turning point in the history of Ireland—that is the Cromwellian period and that of the so-called massacre of 1641, which immediately preceded Cromwell's coming—taking that part of the history, I must first give some account of the array of witnesses brought forward to establish that massacre, and especially of Sir John Temple, of Berlesse, of Sir William Petty, and of the forty folios of depositions—"sworn depositions"—testimonies which, indeed, I did not expect that any Englishman or any Orangeman would ever have the temerity to quote again. As Mr. Froude, however—who is called "the First Living Historian"—has thought proper to drag to light again the whole hideous romance, and has actually come over to America to pour it into the horrified ears of this people, both through his lectures and through the medium of his book, I shall now follow him into the revolting details of one period of the few years which he has selected as the turning point. There is one thing very observable both throughout the lectures and the books of this Mr. Froude, and to my mind it is somewhat entertaining. It is, that though Mr. Froude exhibits very dark portraits of the Irish people in general, he kindly excuses us Protestants. He says: "Oh, when I call them a generation of reproaches and traitors and outthroats, I don't mean you; you Protestants, on the contrary, are a noble and godly ele-

ment, which we Englishmen have introduced to bring some order out of the bloody chaos. You are the 'missioned race' (Mr. Macaulay, his predecessor, had previously called us the imperial race). "We have planted and we have enabled you to help yourselves to the lands and goods of the irreclaimable Popish savages, in order that you might hold the fair island in trust for us—Ireland's masters and yours. You are our own Protestant boys. I put you on the backs; I exhort you not to do the work of the Lord negligently. That is a kind of phrase they had in that day. But I am not myself acquainted with any Irish Protestant gentleman who is likely to accept this consideration except to our favor. My own friends in Ireland from boyhood, at schools and at the University and in after life, have been generally of the opinion that it would be a blessed and a glorious day when the last remains of English dominion in their country were swept into the sea. (Applause.) I never was taught in my youth that the man of two sacraments has a natural right and title to take all the possessions and to take the life of the man of seven. My father was not only a Protestant, but a Protestant clergyman, and in the year 1799, when a student in college, he was sworn in as a United Irishman, and then proceeded to swear in all his friends into the same society. (Applause.) I am sure that you gentlemen know what was the noble object of this society. It was to suppress and abolish forever that soil the dominion of England. (Applause.) Now, Henry Grattan was a Protestant, and he was not a very bad Irishman. Henry Grattan did not affirm, but on the contrary denied, the pretension of England to govern Ireland for her own profit, which is Mr. Froude's theory. His was the hand that penned the Declaration of Irish Independence. His was the mind—the brain—that brought together the great army of the volunteers, an immense force to make good his Declaration of Independence, and he did make it good for eighteen years. Theobald Wolfe Tone was a Protestant, and he brought over two successive French expeditions to Ireland to assist the Irish in shaking off British dominion. And Tandy was a Protestant, and he commanded the artillery in front of the Parliament, the House of Commons, to extort from the English Government free trade for Ireland. Shearson and many other patriots were Protestants, and there seemed to be no incompatibility between Protestantism and Irishism. But I confess that I felt myself a little mortified when this controversy was lately sprung upon us to find that it was treated by both parties in a manner a little too ecclesiastical for my tastes. I don't blame Father Burke, because, perhaps, it was forced upon him, a Dominican monk, in repelling furious and bitter assaults upon his church and his order. It was unavoidable for him to retort; but it has given the whole of that controversy as it stands hitherto a too religious aspect. I don't say that in any disparaging or derogatory sense, but it does not meet the case; that is what I mean to say. (Applause.) Well, you know when Mr. Froude takes us Protestants in such a conspicuous manner under his charge, and flatters us with being the salt of the earth, upon whom England relies for maintaining her power in Ireland, I fear that he is going to have a very ungrateful set of clients in us. We will not have his advocacy at any price. I can imagine that I see William Smith O'Brien receiving the congratulations of the historian as a Protestant and therefore as a sort of deputy Briton. (Laughter.) This reverend name of O'Brien I cannot mention without bowing in homage to that grand memory. He was as good a Protestant at least as Mr. Froude the historian, but he spent many years of his life in exile and captivity because he sought to free his country by the armed hand from British rule. He and I, myself, who address you, have broken the bread of exile together, and have drunk of the cup of captivity with one another in the forests of the antipodes, and he never, to my knowledge, to the latest hour of his life, repented the part he took in trying to stir up his people, Catholic and Protestant—he did not care which—stir them up to one manly, vigorous effort to throw off English dominion. (Applause.) It would be easy, of course, to enlarge upon this affair of Mr. Froude's Protestant clients, but I will drop that. One of them is Mr. Prendergast, the author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland." It is not a very large volume, and it is one of the most perfect works of art, as a historical composition, I have ever seen. It treats, as the title implies, of that particular portion of our history, and Mr. Froude himself takes occasion to pay a very high compliment to Mr. Prendergast, although he is not in the habit of paying compliments. But he could scarcely help it on this occasion, because Mr. Prendergast, being much more familiar with the archives and Record Office than ever he was or ever will be, was of great use to him in procuring authorities for his books. He therefore takes occasion, and I marked it down to read you that sentence in order that the book of Mr. Prendergast may become better known—and it is well having the very high and irrefragable attestation of Mr. Froude: "I cannot pass from this part of my narration without making my acknowledgments to Mr. Prendergast, to whose personal courtesy and impartiality and candor I am deeply indebted. In this volume of the Cromwellian Settlement I cannot offer better praise than by saying that the conclusions which he has arrived at and my own are precisely the very opposite. He writes as an Irish patriot, and I as an Englishman; the difference between us is not of the facts, but the opinion to be formed about them." Mr. Prendergast writes relative to the transplantation of the people of the three provinces out of four in Ireland. Their transportation was into the province of Connaught, which was a land of lakes, wastes, black morasses and mountains. The differences of opinion to be formed of that transaction appears, as Mr. Prendergast thought it was, a hard measure, and Mr. Froude thinks it was a wide and prudent arrangement, intended for the good of the Irish race.—Now, the amusing part of this relation that exists between Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Froude is that since the publication of that book Mr. Prendergast seeing that he was highly complimented by a very eminent historian, who is very acceptable to many thousands of readers, Mr. Prendergast, who might have felt flattered and soothed by so handsome a mention, suddenly flies out into a passion of rage. He writes to the Dublin journals and says, "It is true I did give him information. I did give him references to the authorities, sometimes through other persons, and sometimes directly to himself!" Then Mr. Prendergast goes on to say that on one occasion where they were at a loss for some authorities on a point which was likely to involve a good deal of difference of opinion, he found the authorities and communicated them to Mr. Froude. He says, "I met him at the College Library, and told him I had found what was wanted, and referred him to it, described it;" but he goes on "I saw well enough, from the demeanor of the man, and his expression, that he was going to mislead with it in some way or other." Absolutely he says that in print now. So what does he do? He goes and publishes it in the Dublin papers, the best evidence to nail the fact that he thought Mr. Froude would otherwise mislead with it. Now, I shall not have time nor space in one lecture to enter upon that particular question he has raised. I only mention it to show you how another of Mr. Froude's clients takes his patronage, for it happens that Mr. Prendergast is a Protestant. (Applause.) Well, now to come to that insurrection of 1641. Undoubtedly there was an insurrection. It commenced in the Province of Ulster, and it broke out suddenly on the 23rd of October in that year, more than two hundred years ago; and the whole plan and purpose of it, as admitted by the worst enemies of the Irish nation, was to retake and to possess the farms and

the houses which had been forcibly taken away from the Irish of Ulster. At the very most but from twenty years to thirty years had elapsed since the people of these counties had been driven to mountains and bogs, that their pleasant fields might be granted to Scotch and English settlers. Most of the Irish people were still living by or near the fields they had lost. They could see them. From the brow of the hills where they generally had to fly for shelter, they could see the fields they had lost, tilled by the stranger; they could see the yellow corn falling beneath the sickle of the stranger; they could see the smoke from their own chimneys rising up from the stranger's hearth. Now was not that a provoking sight? To say that they frequently made incursions, that they frequently violated what the English called the law, broke the peace, that they became Tories (which was a political term in those days) and Rapparees, was inevitable. The best of them, the most high-spirited of the young men, went to France and Spain to take service in those armies or in any other army where they might have a chance to strike a good blow at England on any field. But most of them were still on the hill sides and in the bogs and scrubby forests of Ulster. Their case was, when they were charged with these troublesome incursions upon the lowland settlers, very similar to that of the Highland catanans, their kinsmen, who often made a sloop down from their hills upon the valley of the Clyde or the Forth, and carried away herds of cattle. As one of them said to one who remonstrated with him on the illegality of his proceedings:

"Pent in this fortress of the north, Thinkst thou we shall not issue forth To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber read the prey? Ay, by my soul! while on you plain The Saxon rears one shock of grain, While of ten thousand herds there strays, But one along you river's maze, The Gael, of plain and river heir, Will, with strong hand, redeem his share."

Now the feeling was the same, and yet it was more excusable in the Irish evicted peasant than it was in the Highlanders. Those Highlanders had lost their rich fields for ages and generations; but the Irish, as I told you, could look down from their hills and see their own houses and their own cattle, or the produce, or increase of their own cattle, browsing on their own fields, so that it is not very wonderful, after the confiscation of six counties in the time of James I., the Irish, after waiting many years to see whether any good might not come to them from complications in politics in England, after waiting until another reign, that of Charles I., at last finding that King Charles and his Parliament were coming to blows, it is no wonder they thought they would take a hand in. But, as I say, the intention was, and I will be able to show you that the execution was the same—simply to repossess themselves of the land which they had, and which they could very easily identify by metes and bounds at that time.

To give you some little idea of their provocations, let me mention this. There had been but lately presented to the English Parliament a proposition by divers gentlemen, citizens and others, "For the speedy and effectual reducing of the Kingdom of Ireland"—it is a Kingdom that always needs "reducing"—"First, they do not compute that less than a million of money will do that work;" secondly, "they do conceive that the work being finished, there will be enough of confiscated land in the country, under the name of profitable land, to amount to ten millions of acres English measure." Now, the whole of Ireland is exactly the size of the State of South Carolina, yet they want ten millions of acres for Englishmen. Two millions and a half of these acres to be taken out of the four provinces will sufficiently satisfy them to be divided amongst them as follows, namely, to such an adventurer a thousand acres in Connaught in proportion to the share he contributed to the fund, and this was to consist of meadow and pasture land, the woods, bogs, and barren mountains coming in over and above. And the act was passed, and the gentlemen adventurers put in their money, and these gentlemen adventurers did actually come, for a short time, to become proprietors of a great part of Ireland.

I may mention this on the authority of Dr. Leland, the historian, and a Protestant clergyman. He says, "The future hope of the Irish colonists and the Irish Parliament was the utter extermination of the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland; their estates were already marked out and allotted to their conquerors. So they and all their posterity were consigned to inevitable ruin." Carte says "This event was most disastrous," in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant. "They hoped for the extirpation, not only of the mere Irish, but of the old English families that were Roman Catholics. Whatever were the professions of the chief governors, the only danger that they apprehended was the too speedy suppression of the rebels." All Irishmen were called rebels then.

Well, that has given you no details, nor shall I now take time to do so, of what they suffered in the matter of religion. I will only read you one extract. On January 31st, 1629, more than ten years before the rebellion, a letter was sent to the lords, justices and councilors of Ireland, from the government; an extract from it reads: "For where such people are permitted to swarm, that is to say, friars, monks and priests, they will soon make their hives, and then endure no government but their own; who cannot be otherwise restrained except by a prompt and reasonable execution of the laws, and such is the direction to the people from time to time that is sent from his Majesty in this part." And such messages as these to his officers, "If any shall be discovered openly or underhand, by favoring such offenders to take all necessary and sufficient advantages by the punishment and discipline of the few to make the rest more cautious, and when we write to assure you of our assistance on all such occasions, we have advised his Majesty and we require you to take order: first of the house where so many friars appeared in their hoods, wherein the Archbishop of Dublin (a Protestant archbishop) and the Mayor of Dublin received their first affront and to speedily demolish it to make it a terror to others. And the rest of the houses erected or employed elsewhere in Ireland for the use of superstition to be turned into houses of correction for such idle people to work for the advancement of justice, good art and trade." At that same time before these people were stirred up to insurrection, the laws required all men to attend the Established Church of England on pain of £20 sterling penalty a month. It was no small sum at that time. But, if in addition to that, if any man should be convicted of harboring or relieving a person who did not go to church, that person was to pay another fine of £10 sterling a month for so long as he harbored or relieved him. In certain cases, if a man's father or mother were extremely poor and had no other place to go, the man was allowed to harbor, and to relieve his own father and mother, but if they had any place to go, any means of living, he was in for the fine. So at this time a poor Irishman might harbor, a burglar or a murderer, he might relieve any cut throat or rick burner, but to harbor or relieve his father or mother, involved him in ruin. Now the writers that form really all the authority upon this subject are the writers on whom I exclusively, and Mr. Froude rely, are Carte, who wrote this book of the "Life of the Duke of Ormond," Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls, the Rev. Ferdinand Warner, and Dr. Leland. And these very men have given us these several testimonies, Carte says: "Their first intentions," (these insurgents) "is not further than to strip the English Protestants of their power and possessions; and unless forced to, by opposition not to shed any blood."

Temple, the bitterest enemy of all, says: "It was resolved by the insurgents not to kill any but where they of necessity were forced thereto by opposition." Warner says: "Resistance produced some bloodshed, and in some instances private revenge, religious hatred, and the suspicion of some political concealment has enraged the rebels. So far, the other was the original scheme first pursued, and fell by the sword except in open war and assault."

So I think those who study that time with some degree of care, find that few or none ever fell by the sword, or none except by war and open assault, until a certain day. The leading deponent who filled up these forty folios, as Mr. Froude calls them, but there was only thirty-four of them in Trinity College—the leading deponent is a certain Dr. Maxwell, who then lived in a little village called Tynan, in the county of Armagh. It is on his deposition that most of the forfeitures in all Ulster were made, and it is to him Mr. Froude refers as bearing out the terrible picture he has given of the massacre, as he calls it. Let me give you some notion of the sort of the swearing that took place. He has given you an extract or two from Dean Maxwell's affidavit. But bear in mind that the Dean who was a very ambitious divine, desired to rise in his position. He in fact was a corrupt and bigoted divine, who actually became bishop for this affidavit—the Bishop of Kilmore. "The deponent saith that the rebels themselves told him" (note that form of expression). What were the representations of the Rebels? Had they no name. What chance had they to come to the Dean of Tynan and tell him—the rebels themselves? They told him that they murdered 954 in one morning in the county Antrim, and besides them, they killed 1100 or 1200 more in that county. They told him likewise that Colonel Brian O'Neill killed about a thousand in the county Down, and 300 near Kilmore, besides many hundreds both before and after in these counties. That he heard Sir Phelim likewise report that he had killed 690 Englishmen at Garva, in the county Derry."

Try if the human mind can imagine the killing of six hundred Englishmen, and Sir Phelim coming to Dean Maxwell at Tynan to tell him what he had done, and that he had left neither man, woman nor child in Tyrone, Armagh, Derry and so on! "He saith also that there were above two thousand of the British murdered for the most part in their homes, whereof he was informed by a Scotchman."—This Dean swears on the holy Evangelist that two thousand British, who had no names, were murdered, whereof he was informed by a Scotchman who was in these parts and saw their houses filled with their dead people? In the Glenwood they slaughtered, said the rebels, and told the deponent upwards of twelve thousand in all. Why, there were not the half of twelve thousand Protestants in all that county of Down taking in the women and children." Arthur Culm Claugwater, in the County of Cavan, esquire, deposes: "That he was credibly informed by some that were present there that there were thirty women and young children, and seven men flung into the river of Belurbet; and when some of them offered to swim for their lives, they were by the rebels followed in boats and knocked on the head with poles; the same day they hanged two women at Tubert; and this deponent doth verily believe, that Mulmore O'Reilly, the then Sheriff, had a hand in the commanding the murder of those said persons, for that he saw him write two notes, which he sent to Tubert by Brian O'Reilly, upon whose coming these murders were committed; and those persons who were present also affirmed that the bodies of those thirty persons drowned did not appear upon the water till about six weeks after; as the said O'Reilly came to the town all the bodies came floating up to the bridge; those persons were all formerly stayed in the town by his protection, when the rest of their neighbors in the town went away."

Now, let me read for you other extracts or memoranda. The examination of Dame Butler, who, being duly sworn, deposes that "she was credibly informed by Dorothy Renals, who had been several times an eye witness of these lamentable spectacles, that she had seen to the number of five-and-thirty English going to execution; and that she had seen them when they were executed, their bodies exposed to devouring ravens, and not afforded as much as burial."

"And this deponent saith that Sir Edward Butler did credibly inform her that James Butler of Tynnyinch, had hanged and put to death all the English that were at Goran and Wells, and all the English abouts."

"Jane Jones, servant to the deponent, did see the English formerly specified, going to their execution; and as she conceived they were about the number of thirty-five, and was told by Elizabeth Holmes, that there forty gone to execution."

"Thomas Fleetwood, late curate of Kilbeggan, in the county of Westmeath, deposes that he had heard from the mouths of the rebels themselves of great cruelties acted by them. And for one instance, that they stabbed the mother, one Jane Addis by name, and left her little sucking child, not quite a quarter old, by the corpse, and then they put the breast of its dead mother into its mouth, and bid it 'Suck, English bastard; and left it there to perish."

"Richard Bourk, bachelor in divinity, of the county of Fermanagh, deposes that he heard and verily believeth of the burning and killing of one hundred at least in the Castle of Tullagh, and that the same was done after fair quarter had been promised."

"Elizabeth Baskerville deposes that she heard the wife of Florence Fitzpatrick find much fault with her husband's soldiers because they did not bring her the grease of Mrs. Nicholson, whom they had slain, to make candles withal."

It would weary you if I were to repeat all that the deponent verily believes, or has heard somebody tell that the rebels have done. There is much that I could not read in this, or indeed in any assembly. But the shameful part of this matter is, that Mr. Froude cites nearly all these things that I have now read to you, except the ghosts, as matter of fact. (Laughter.) He refers in general terms to those great folios of papers as "the eternal witness of blood" (fine language he always uses) "which the Irish Catholics have been striving ever since to wipe away." Go through that eternal witness and you will find these things I have read to you. He absolutely cites them here. "Some were driven into the rivers and drowned, some hanged, some mutilated, some ripped with knives; the priests told the people that the Protestants were worse than dogs, that they were devils, and served the devil, killing of them was a meritorious act." One wretch, he is credibly informed, "stabbed a woman with a baby in her arms, and left the infant in mockery on its dead mother's breast, bidding it 'suck, English bastard.'" He does not in the whole of his account give the slightest hint that anybody has objected to the authenticity of these evidences, or that anybody ever doubted that these persons ever did really take these oaths, or that these oaths are not all relied upon as historical authorities.

It is a very sad and dreadful thing to think of, that they founded upon such ignominious trash, monstrous masses of bloody baldorcad and infamous perjury, laws that might confiscate the estates of almost all the gentlemen in Ireland; and these estates were handed over to the adventurers that had already subscribed and put in their contributions, and to the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell. All was done with the utmost piety—[laughter]—that was the rule in those days. Mr. Prendergast, in his excellent book, gives a good many examples of the astonishing piety and virtue of Sir William Petty, the Surveyor for Cromwell's army, and the other people who were concerned in the usual exercise of

setting out the lands and estates that were confiscated, and in driving their inhabitants across the Shannon into the mountains of Connaught. "They sought the Lord always with strong crying and tears that He would send a blessing upon the great work that they were achieving—[laughter]—they cried out that the infant was almost-come to the birth, but there was no strength to bring forth unless the Lord helped." In one way or another they got the whole population, except the merest laborers and plowmen out of their lands to the soldiers and officers of Cromwell's army.

Now all that is done; it is over. There is nobody now talking of unsettling the settlement of property, which now exists there. In all the discussions about the Irish national questions that are constantly disturbing society there, nobody is daring enough to propose that there should be a new confiscation to make things straight after two hundred years of quiet enjoyment. The Irish seek nothing in this world but the legislative independence of their country, and then each man to have the opportunity of doing the best he can to advance himself in life and to contribute his share to the enriching and the governing of his native land. [Applause.] I think it must have cost an effort to any man with the accomplishments and talents of Mr. Froude, to come over here to endeavor to inculcate upon Americans such a dreadful impression of the national character of a people that form now so large a portion of our population. Why should he do it? What harm had they ever done to him? Not only no harm, but he himself acknowledges somewhere, that when he was taken by nearly a mortal sickness in his youth he was taken care of by a poor family of peasants in the county of Mayo. They took such tender care of him as only Irish women know how. And never from that day to this has he received cause of quarrel or complaint from any Irish man or woman that I ever heard of?

Why should he tell you you ought to hate them? For he does that in so many words in this book—that you ought not to tolerate their religion, and that no government ought to tolerate it, but repress it by pains and penalties. He says: "No government need keep terms with such a creed (meaning the Catholic) when there is power to abolish it, and to call the repression of England of a religion which has issued so many times in blood and revolt, by the name of persecution, is merely an abuse of words." What I ask your attention to is that phrase of his: "No government ought to tolerate it, and every government ought to repress it by pains and penalties." What does he mean by that? When one man seeks to force his opinions on another man and the other resists the force, now which of the two opinions causes the revolt and blood? [Laughter and applause.]

Another thing I have to complain of in Mr. Froude. He quotes the work of Sir John Temple, who gives extracts of these depositions; but, besides that, he gives a very considerable account himself of the miseries and slaughter that fell on Ireland in those days. Mr. Froude never hints that Temple is not good authority. He never seems to have the fear of anybody coming at him—the great historian—to accuse him of palming off on them on bad authority. Now, he knows that this same Sir John Temple not only had the very strongest interest in establishing the truth of that massacre, but also in making it as bad as possible, because he was one of the adventurers himself—had paid his subscription, and could not get his money back unless the massacre was established. But after his term was served, he endeavored to suppress that book and to stop its circulation; either he was ashamed of it, or else, what is more probable, he thought it would not do him any more good after King Charles II. had come back after the Restoration. Lord Essex was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in a letter of his, which is published, soliciting for a handsome annuity to Sir John Temple, he contradicted the fact that he ever allowed a second edition of that work to be published, and informed the government that Sir John Temple absolutely denied that he ever gave the booksellers permission to print a second edition. Nevertheless, it was reprinted several times, and I am the fortunate possessor of a copy. I should be very glad, indeed, if some enterprising publisher would reprint it, and send it along with Mr. Froude's history for everybody to read. But what I complain of is, Mr. Froude knows that Essex had made that disclaimer on the part of Temple, for it is in the well-known collection of the "Letters of the Earl of Essex" in two quarto volumes, which collection is known to Mr. Froude, and must be in all the public libraries of the English-speaking nations.

Now, not to detain you too long, I only want to say that it is here that my quarrel with Mr. Froude lies; that he has come over here to misrepresent the Protestants of Ireland. We cannot take him as a representative of the Protestants. [Laughter and applause.] I do not know that he is a Christian at all. My impression is, that the Seven Sacraments and the Two Sacraments in his eyes are all one. But what I do say is, that we cannot take his advocacy of establishing our right and title in Ireland to that superior ground. We want no superior ground. We want to live in good fellowship and good neighborhood with the Catholic people around us. [Applause.] We want to see some reparation made for the long centuries of rapine and slaughter that have been inflicted upon them. [Renewed applause.]

In fact, I believe my task has been almost cut away from under me—almost has been rendered useless before I came here, by the very extraordinary lecture lately delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips. A most generous and noble speech was that of Mr. Phillips, and I confess some surprise at finding that a gentleman of Massachusetts had flung himself so heartily on the side of the weak against the strong, and had taken the Irish side against the English. I always knew that Mr. Wendell Phillips was in favor of the freedom of the black man, and I am now glad to learn that he believes white Irishmen have rights which other white men are bound to respect. I could not end without paying my tribute to Wendell Phillips for that speech, and I thank you for the kindness with which you have listened to me so far.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

DEATH OF AN IRISH CELEBRITY.—We regret to have to announce the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Macnamara, which took place at his London residence, where he had been staying since April. The deceased gentleman was the only son of the late Major Macnamara, of Ennistymon House, who represented the County Clare during a lengthened period in the House of Commons. Major Macnamara is, perhaps, more widely known to fame as the celebrated second to O'Connell in his memorable duel with D'Este. The fame won by the Major in that celebrated transaction was scarcely second to that accruing to the principal himself. In fact, numerous proofs are frequently adduced to establish the fact that O'Connell owed his escape from the previously fatal aim of D'Este to the experience and intrepid coolness of the veteran duellist, in whose hands he had placed himself. His son, the gentleman just deceased, lived in quieter times. The deceased Colonel was a deputy Lieutenant for the County Clare, and represented the borough of Ennis in Parliament. He has been a captain of the 8th Hussars, and a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 94th Clare Militia. The deceased gentleman was born on the 2d of September, 1802, and was consequently in his 71st year. His health had been for some time back falling, more from the natural decay of nature than from any other special disease. By his death, the gentry of Clare will miss one of their most honorable and high-minded members; the country