

newed applause and laughter.) A very short time afterwards the slaughter began; and who began it? The Protestant Ulster settlers fled from the Irish; they brought their lives with them; at least, and they entered the town of Carrickfergus, where they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in the confusion that arose, the poor country people, frightened, all fled into an obscure part of the country, near Carrickfergus to a peninsula sea called Island Magee. There were there collected for the purposes of safety to the number of more than three thousand. The first thing these English Puritans and a Scotch garrison did when they came together was to steal out of Carrickfergus in the night time, go into the midst of that innocent and unarmed people, and they slaughtered man, woman and child, until they left three thousand dead behind them. And we have the authority of Leland, an English Protestant historian, who expressly says, "This was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side." (Applause.) How in the name of heaven can any man so learned, and I make no doubt, so truthful as Mr. Froude—(great laughter)—how can he in the name of history assert that those people began by massacring thirty-eight thousand of his fellow-countrymen, fellow-religionists, when we had in the month of December, four months after—we had a commission issued by the Lord Justice in Dublin to the Dean of Kilmore, and to seven other Protestant clergymen, to make diligent inquiry about the English and Scotch Protestants who were robbed and plundered, but not one single inquiry—not one word about all those who were murdered. [Applause.] Here are the words of Castlehaven, "The Catholics were urged into rebellion, and the Lord Justice was often heard to say that the more who were in rebellion the more lands would be forfeited to them." It was the old story—it was the old adage of James the First. "Root out the Catholics; root out the Irish; give Ireland to English Protestants and Puritans, and you will regenerate the land!" Oh! from such regeneration, for my own land, or any other land or people, good Lord deliver us! [Great laughter and applause.] "This rebellion," says Mr. Froude, "began in massacre and ended in ruin." It ended in ruin most terribly; but if it began in massacre, Mr. Froude, you must acknowledge as historical truth that the massacre was on the part of your countrymen and your religionists. Then the war began, and it was a war having arisen between the Irish and the Puritan Protestants of Ulster and other parts of Ireland, aided by constant armies that came over to them from England. It was a war that continued for seven years; it was a war in which the Irish chieftains had not the destinies of their nation in their own hands, but were obliged to fight, and to fight like men in order to try and achieve a better destiny and a better future for their people. [Applause.] Who can say that the Irish chieftains held the destinies of Ireland in their hands during these nine years when they had to meet every successive army that came to them, inflamed with religious hatred and enmity, but animated, I must say, by a spirit of bravery of which the world has seldom seen the like. [Applause.] Then he adds "That these were years of anarchy and mutual slaughter." Now let us consider the history of the event. No sooner had the English Lords of the Pale, who were all Catholics, joined the Irish, than they at once turned to the Catholic bishops who were in the land. They called them together in Synod, and on the 10th of May, 1642, the bishops of Ireland, the lords of Ireland, the gentry, and commoners of the estates—the gentry of Ireland met together and founded what is called The Confederation of Kilkenny. [Applause.] Amongst their numbers they selected for the Supreme Council, three Archbishops, two Bishops, four Lords and fifteen Commoners. These men were to remain in permanent session, watching over the country, making laws, watching over the army, and, above all, preventing cruelty, robbery and murder. A regular government was formed, and they actually established a mint and coined these money for the Irish nation. They established an army under Lord Mountcashel and Lord Preston; and in a short time afterwards under the immortal and glorious Owen Roe O'Neill. [Great cheering.] During the first month they gained some successes. Most of the principal cities in Ireland opened their gates to them; the garrisons were carefully saved from slaughter, and the moment their opponents laid down their arms their lives were as sacred as that of any man in the ranks of their own army. Not a drop of blood was shed by the Irish with any sort of connivance by the government of the country—that is to say, the Supreme Council of Kilkenny. I defy any man to prove that there was a single act which that Supreme Council enacted that was not an act to prevent bloodshed and murder. Now, after a few months of successes, the army of the Confederation experienced some reverses. The Puritan party was recruited and fortified by English armies coming in, and the command in Dublin was given to a gentleman whose name ought to be familiar to every Irishman. His name was Sir Charles Coote, and I want to read some of that gentleman's exploits to you. "Sir Charles," and mind you this is by Clarendon, no friend of Ireland, "besides plundering and burning the town of Clontarf, at that time did massacre sixteen of the townspeople, men and women, besides three suckling infants; and in that very same week fifty-six men, women and children in the village of Bullough, being frightened at what had been done in Clontarf, went to sea to shun the fury of a party of soldiers which had come out of Dublin, under Col. Clifford, and being pursued by the soldiers in boats, they were thrown overboard." Sir William Burdiss advised the governor, Sir Charles Coote, to the burning of corn, and to give man, woman and child to the sword. [Sir Arthur Loftus writes to the same purpose and same effect, "An edict of the council at that time will tell you in what

spirit our Protestant friends waged their wars with us. "It is resolved that it is fit that his Lordship do endeavor" [this was given to Earl Ormond] "to wound, kill, slay and destroy by all the ways and means that he may all of the said rebels and their adherents and relatives, and burn, spoil, waste, consume, destroy and demolish all the places and towns and houses where rebels are or have been relieved or harbored, and all the hay and corn therein, and to kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting capable of bearing arms. Given at the Castle of Dublin, on 23rd of February, 1641." And signed by six precious names. Listen to this. Sir Arthur Loftus, Governor of Naas, marched out with a party of horse, which was joined by another party sent from Dublin by the Marquis of Ormond, and they killed such of the Irish as they met, without stopping to inquire whether they were rebels or not. Oh, my friends! listen to this. "But the most considerable slaughter was in the great strait of furze situated on a hill where the people of several valleys, taking the alarm, had sheltered themselves. Now, Sir Arthur, having invested the hill, set the furze on fire on all sides, where the people being in considerable numbers, were all burned and killed, men, women and children. I saw," says Castlehaven, "I saw the bodies and the furze still burning." In the years 1641 and '42, many thousands of the poor innocent people of the County of Dublin, shunning and fearing the English soldiers, fled into the thickets and furze, which the soldiers actually fired, killing as many as endeavored to escape, or forcing them back again to be burned. "And for the rest of the inhabitants, for the most part they died of famine." Not only by land where we read of sometimes 7,000 of our people, men, women and children, without discrimination, being destroyed by these demons; but even by sea we read that there was a law made if any Irishman were found on board ships by his majesty's cruisers they were to be destroyed. "The Earl of Warwick [this is in Clarendon's account] and the officers with him at sea, as often as he had met with any Irish frigates, or such free-booters as sailed under commission they were taken, all the seamen who became prisoners to them of the nation of Ireland, they bound them back to back and threw them overboard into the sea without distinction as to their condition, for they were only Irish. In this cruel manner very many poor men perished daily of which the king knew nothing and said nothing, because his majesty could not complain of it without being concerned in favor of the rebels in Ireland. (Hisses.) Again the Marquis of Ormond sent Captain Anthony Willoughby with one hundred and fifty men who had formerly served there themselves, mind you, men who were actually in the guard service of the king, and who had fought for him. The ship that carried them was taken by a Captain Swanley, who was so inhuman as to throw seventy of the soldiers overboard, under the pretence that they were Irishmen, although they had faithfully served his majesty against the rebels there in the time of the war. You will ask if that captain was punished for the slaughter. Here is the punishment he got. In June, 1644, we read in the journal of the English House of Commons, that Captain Swanley was called into the English House of Commons and had given to him by the English House of Commons for his good service a chain of gold of £200 value, and Captain Smith had another of £100 value. Sir Richard Grenville was very much esteemed by the Earl of Leicester, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and more still by the Parliament, for the signal act of cruelty he had committed upon the Irish, hanging old men who were bedridden because they would not discover where their money was; and old women, some of whom he killed after he had plundered them and found less than he had expected. In a word, they committed atrocities which I am ashamed and afraid to mention. They tossed infants taken from their dear mothers' bosom upon their bayonets. Sir Charles Coote saw one of his soldiers playing with a child, throwing it into the air and then splitting it upon his bayonet, and he laughed and said he enjoyed such frolic. They brought children into the world before their time by the Cæsarian operation of the sword, and the children thus brought forth by them into misery from out of the womb of their dead mothers they immolated, sacrificed in the most cruel and terrible manner. I am afraid, I say again, afraid of your blood and mine, to tell one-tenth—aye, one-hundredth part of the cruelties that these terrible men committed upon our race. (Prolonged and terrific hisses.)

Now I ask you to contrast with that the manner in which the Irish troops and the Irish people behaved. "I took Naas," says Lord Castlehaven, "and I found in it a garrison of English soldiers 700 strong, and I made them a present to Gen. Oliver Cromwell, with the request that in a like circumstance he would do the same by me. But," he adds, "a few days later Goull capitulated. Cromwell promised quarter, but as soon as he entered he took the governor of the town and all the officers of the army and he put them all to death. Sir Charles Coote, going down into Munster, slaughtered every man, woman and child he met upon his march. Among others, a man named Philip Ryan, who was the principal farmer of that place, he put to death without the slightest hesitation, but some of Philip Ryan's friends and brothers and relatives related somewhat on the English, and there was fear that the Catholic people would massacre all the Protestant inhabitants of the place. Now mark what follows: "All the rest of the English" (this is in Cartes' life of Ormond), "All the rest of the English were saved by the inhabitants of that place. Their houses and all their goods which they confided to them were safely returned. Dr. Samuel Pullen, the Protestant Chancellor of Cashel, and the Dean of Clontarf, with his wife and children, were preserved by Father James Saul. (Applause.) And several other Catholic priests distinguished themselves on this occasion by endeavoring to save the English, particularly Father Joseph Everdell and Redmond English, both Franciscan friars, who hid some of them in their chapel and actually under the very altar. (Applause.) The English who were thus preserved, were carried by their desire safely into the county of Cork, by a guard of the Irish inhabitants of Cashel. Now, my friends, the war went on from

1641 to 1649 with varying success. Cardinal Rinuccini was sent over by the Pope to preside over the Supreme Council of the Confederation of Kilkenny, and about the same time news came to Ireland that gladdened the nation's heart, namely: that the illustrious Owen Roe O'Neill had landed upon the coast of Ulster. (Applause.) This man was one of the most distinguished officers in the Spanish service, at a time when the Spanish infantry were acknowledged to be the finest troops in the world. He landed in Ireland. He organized an army, drilled them and armed them—though imperfectly, but he was a host in himself, and in the second year after his arrival he drew up his army and met General Munro and his English forces at the ford of Benburb, on the Blackwater. (Applause.) The battle began in the morning, the battle raged throughout the early hours of the day, and before the evening sun had set England's main and best army was lying in confusion, and thousands of their best soldiers were stretched upon the field and choking up the ford of Benburb, whilst the Irish soldier stood triumphant upon the field which his genius and his valor had won. (Great cheering.) Partly through the treachery of Ormond and Preston, partly and mainly through the agency of the English lords who were coquetting with the English Government, the Confederation began to experience the most disastrous defeats and Ireland's cause was already broken and almost lost, when in the year 1649, Oliver Cromwell arrived in Ireland. Mr. Froude says, and truly, that he did not come to make war with rosewater, but with the thick, warm blood of the Irish people. Mr. Froude prefaces the introduction of Oliver Cromwell to Ireland by telling us that the Lord Protector was a great friend of Ireland—(laughter)—a liberal-minded man that interfered with no man's liberty of conscience, and he adds that if Cromwell's policy was carried out, "in all probability," he says, "I would not be here speaking to you of our differences with Ireland today." (Laughter.) He adds, moreover, that Cromwell had formed a design for the pacification of Ireland, which would have made future trouble there impossible. (Renewed laughter.) What was this design? Lord Macaulay tells us what this design was. Cromwell's avowed purpose was to end all difficulties in Ireland, whether these arose from the land question or from the religious question, by putting a total and entire end to the Irish race by exterminating them from the face of the earth. This was the admirable policy, my friends, in order to pacify Ireland and create peace; for the best way, and the simplest way, to keep any man quiet is by cutting his throat. (Great laughter.) The dead do not speak, the dead do not move, the dead do not trouble any one. Cromwell came to destroy the Irish race, and the Irish Catholic faith of the people; and so to put an end at once to all claims for land, and to all disputes arising out of a religious persecution. But I ask this learned gentleman does he imagine that the people of America are either so ignorant or so wicked as to accept the monstrous proposition that the man who came into Ireland with such an avowed purpose as this, could be declared to be the friend of the real interest of the Irish people? Does he imagine there is no intelligence in America; that there is no manhood in America; that there is no love for freedom, for intelligence, and for life in America—(applause)—and the man must be an enemy of religion and of life itself before such a man can sympathize with the blood-stained Oliver Cromwell. (Immense applause.) These words of the historian, I regret to say, sound like bitter irony and mockery in the ears of a people whose fathers Cromwell came to destroy. "But," he says, "the Lord Protector did not interfere with any man's conscience. The Irish," he says, "demanded liberty of conscience. I interfere with no man's conscience," he says, "and if by liberty of conscience you Catholics mean having a priest and the mass, I can tell you you cannot have this, and you never will have it as long as the Parliament of England has power." Now, I ask you, what do these words mean? To grant the Catholics liberty of conscience; their consciences telling them that their first and very greatest duty is the hearing of the Mass; to grant them liberty of conscience, and then to deny them the priest and their Mass forever. Surely it is a contradiction in words and an insult to intelligence to propound so monstrous a proposition. "But," says Mr. Froude, "you must go easy. Of course I acknowledge the Mass to be an ancient and beautiful rite; but you must remember that in Cromwell's mind the Mass, why it meant a system that was shedding blood all over Europe; a system of the Church that never knew mercy, but slaughtered the people everywhere, and, therefore, he was resolved to have none of it." Ah! my friends if the Mass was the symbol of slaughter, Oliver Cromwell would have had more sympathy with the Mass. (Laughter and applause.)

And so the historian seeks to justify the cruelty in Ireland against the Catholics by alleging cruelty on the part of the Catholics against their Protestant fellow-subjects in other lands. Now, this word of the historian has been repeated over and over again in many of his writings at other times and in other places, and I may as well put an end to this. (Great applause.) Mr. Froude says: "I hold the Catholic Church accountable for all the blood the Duke of Alva shed in the Netherlands; and I say to Mr. Froude, I deny it. [Applause.] Alva fought in the Netherlands against subjects that rebelled against the King of Spain. The first principles of whose new religion seemed to be an uprising against the authorities; of the state questions the Catholic Church had nothing to say. If Alva shed the blood of the rebels, and if these rebels happened to be Protestants, there is no reason for fathering the shedding of that blood upon the Catholic Church. [Applause.] Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church is in answerable for the blood that was shed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day under Mary de Medicis in France. I deny it. The woman who gave that order had no sympathy for the Catholic Church. It was altogether a state measure. She had France divided into factions, and she endeavored by court intrigue and villainy of her own—for a most villainous woman she was—to stifle the opposition of the people with blood. The representations that were made in Rome were that the king's life was in terrible danger, and that that life was preserved of heaven; and Rome sang a *Te Deum* for the safety of the king and not for the shedding of the blood of the Huguenots. And then among these Huguenots there were Catholics who were slain because they were in the opposite division and faction. That proves that the Catholic Church was not answerable for the shedding of such blood. But, on the other hand, the blood that was shed in Ireland was shed exclusively on account of religion at this particular time: for when, in 1643, Charles I., made a treaty for a cessation of hostilities with the Irish through the Confederation of Kilkenny, the English Parliament, as soon as they had heard that the king had ceased hostilities for a time with their Irish patriotic fellow-subjects, at once came in and said, "The war must go on; we won't allow hostilities to cease; we must root out these Irish papists, or else we will incur danger to the Protestant religion." [Laughter.]

I regret to say, my Protestant friends, that the men of 1643, the members of the Puritan House of Parliament in England, have fastened upon that form of religion which you profess; they have fastened upon it the formal argument and reason why Irish blood was to flow in torrents—lest the Protestant religion might suffer. (Hisses.) In this day of ours we are endeavoring to put away from us all sectarian bigotry, and we deplore the faults committed by our fathers on both sides. Mr. Froude deplors the blood that was shed, and so do I. But, my friends, it is a historical question, resting upon historic fact and evidence, and I am bound to appeal to history as

well as my learned antagonist, and to discriminate and put back the word which he puts out, namely, "that toleration is the genius of Protestantism." He asserts in this astounding assertion, of this, his third lecture that this persecution was hostile to the genius of Protestantism. Nay, he goes further and says, speaking of the Mass, that "the Catholic Church has learned to borrow one beautiful gem from the crown of her adversary—she has learned to respect the rights of conscience in others." I wish that the learned gentleman's statement could be more fully proved by history. Oh how much I desire that in saying these words he had spoken historic truth. No doubt he believes what he says; but I ask him, and I ask every Protestant here to-night, at what time, in what age, in what land, has Protestantism ever been in the ascendant without persecuting the Catholics who were around them? I say it not in bitterness, but I say it simply as historic truth. I cannot find in the records of history in any time during these ages up to a few years ago any time when Protestants in Ireland, in Sweden, in Germany, or anywhere else, gave the slightest toleration; or even permission to live when they could take life, from their Catholic fellow-subjects. "Even to-day where is the strongest spirit of religious persecution? Is it not in Protestant Sweden? Is it not in Protestant Denmark? Who to-day are persecuting, I ask you? Is it Catholics? No! but Protestant Bismarck in Germany. (Hisses.)

All this, I say with regret and shame. I am not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a monk; not only a monk, but a Dominican monk—(applause)—and from out of the depths of my soul I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution in any cause, in any land. (Great cheering.)—Oliver, the apostle of blessings to Ireland—(great laughter)—landed in 1649. He besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Aston and by a brave garrison, and when he had breached the walls when they found their position was no longer tenable, they asked, in the military language of the day, that they would be spared and quarter given. That quarter was promised to all the men who ceased fighting and laid down their arms. The promise was observed until the town was taken. When the town was in his hands Oliver Cromwell gave orders to his army for an indiscriminate massacre of the garrison, and of every man, woman and child in that large city. The people, when they saw the soldiers slain around them, when they saw the men killed on every side, when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with blood for five days, they fled, to the number of a thousand of aged men, and women and children, and they took refuge in the great Church of St. Peter, in Drogheda. Oliver Cromwell drew his army around that church, and out of that church he never allowed one of these thousand innocent people to escape alive. (Hisses.) He then proceeded to Wexford, and there a certain commander of the garrison, named Stafford, admitted him into the city, and he massacred the people there again. Three hundred of the women of Wexford, with their little children, gathered around the great market cross, in the public square of the city; for they thought in their hearts, all terrible as he was, that he would respect and save those who were under the sign of man's redemption, that he would spare all those who were under the image of the rood. Oh, how vain the thought! Three hundred poor defenceless women screaming for mercy under the cross of Jesus Christ, and Cromwell and his barbarous demons around them. He destroyed them, so as not to let one of those innocents escape until his men were ankle-deep in the blood of the women of Wexford. He retired from Ireland after having glutted himself in the blood of the people. He retired from Ireland, but he wound up his war by taking 80,000 and some say 100,000 and driving them down to the southern parts of Munster. He shipped 80,000 at the least calculation to the sugar plantations of Barbadoes, there to work as slaves, and in six years time such was the treatment they received there, that out of the 80,000 there were not twenty men left. (Hisses.) He collected 6,000 Irish boys, fair, beautiful, stripling youths, and he put them in ships and sent them also off to Barbadoes, there to languish and to die before they ever came to the fulness of their age, and of their manhood. Oh, great God! is this the man? is this the man? who has an apologist in the learned Frank, generous and gentlemanly historian, who comes, in silly words, to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best friends that Ireland ever had? (Laughter.) Now we must pass on. Oliver died in 1658. Here I meet a singular assertion of Mr. Froude's, who tells us that "as much as he regrets all the blood that was shed by a terrible vengeance and poured out, still it resulted in great good for Ireland." And the good consisted in this: the parliament after Cromwell's victories found themselves masters of Ireland, and the Irish people lying in blood and ruin before them, what was their next measure? Their real measure was to pass a law driving all the people of Ireland who owned any portion of the land, all the Irish landowners and the Catholics out of Ulster, Munster and Leinster. On the 1st of May, 1654, all Ireland was driven across the Shannon into Connaught. The curse and phrase used by the Lord Protector on the occasion was "That they were to go to hell or Connaught." (Laughter.) The solemnity of the historic occasion which brings us together will not permit me to make any remarks on such a phrase as this; however, the Irish did not go to hell, but they were obliged to go to Connaught. (Renewed laughter.) Lest, however, they might have any relief come to them by sea, lest they might even enjoy the sight of the fair provinces and the fair land which was once their own, he made a law that no Irishman was transplanted into Connaught was to come within four miles of the river Shannon on the one side, or within four miles of the sea on the other side. There was a cordon of English soldiery and English forts drawn about them, and there they were to live in the bogs, in the fastnesses and in the wild wastes of the most desolate country in Ireland; and there they were to live and expire by famine, and by every form of suffering that their Heavenly Father might permit to fall upon them.

Then we read that numbers of Englishmen came over to Ireland, and I don't blame them! The fair plains of Munster were there desolate, waiting for them, the splended valleys of Leinster, with their green bosoms, were waiting for the hand to put in the plough or to put the spade into the beautiful earth. They were waiting for an owner, so the English came over, and they were very glad to get this fair land of Ireland for almost nothing. Cromwell settled down his troops there. Those rough Puritan soldiers who came to Ireland with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, they took possession of this country and according to Mr. Froude, here is the benefit that resulted from Cromwell's plantation. "In fifteen years they changed Ireland into a garden: all the bogs were drained, all the fields were fenced; all the meadows were mown, all the fallow fields were ploughed and the country was smiling; never was there anything so fine seen before in Ireland as the state of things brought about by Cromwell. The poor Irish peasantry that were harassed by the priests, bishops and chieftains, now enjoyed comfort, peace and quiet, as the servants of the new English owners and possessors of the soil." Well! I wish for Ireland's sake that this picture were true. I would have no objection to see Ireland—say for a time in the hands of English settlers, and the other part possessed by the Irish if they let them live comfortably in their homes. And this fifteen years of which Mr. Froude speaks may have begun in 1650; because it was only in September of that year that the war was over in Ireland. Up to that time there was war and bloodshed. Now there was peace. Oh, my friends! he made it a solitude, he made it a desert and called it peace. But was it a peaceful desert?

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658, and now I want to read for you the state of Ireland and Mr. Froude's "Garden" at that time. "Ireland, in the language of Scripture, now laid void as a wilderness, six-sixths of her people had perished—men, women and children were found daily perishing in distress starved. The bodies of many wandering orphans whose fathers had embarked for Spain and whose mothers had died of famine, were fed upon by wolves. In the years 1652 and '63 the plague and famine had swept away the inhabitants of whole counties, so that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles and not see a living creature, man, beast or bird; they were all dead or had quite desolate places. The troops would tell stories of places where they saw smoke; it was so rare to see fire or smoke either by day or night. In two or three cabins where they went they found none but aged men with women and children, and they in the words of the prophet "they became as a bottle in the smoke," their skin was black like an oven because of the terrible famine; they were seen to eat filthy carrion out of the ditch, black and rotten, and were said to have even taken corpses out of the graves to eat. A party of horse, hunting for Tories on a dark night, discovered a light and thought it was a fire which the Tories used. They made fires in those waste countries to cook their food and warm themselves. Drawing near they saw it was a ruined cabin, and posting themselves around they peeped in at the windows and there they saw a great fire of wood, and sitting around it was a company of miserable women and children and between them and the fire a dead corpse lay broiling, which as the fire roasted, they cut and eat.

A year before Oliver died, in 1657, we find a member of the Irish Parliament, Major Morgan, declaring "that the whole land of Ireland was in ruin, for beside the cost of rebuilding the churches and court-houses and market-houses which were very heavy, they were under a very heavy charge for public rewards paid for the destruction of three beasts." What do you think the three beasts were? The wolf, the Priest, and the Tory. Now let me explain the state of the "garden" to you. (Laughter.) During these years of which Mr. Froude speaks so flatteringly, there was actually a grant of land issued within nine miles of the city of Dublin, on the north side, to a man—that is to say, on the most cultivated side of the land—there was an abatement of a hundred pounds in his rent, provided he would kill the wolves. The wolves increased in Ireland on the desolate state of the country; they fed on the dead carcasses of men and beasts; they increased in Ireland so that they actually came furnished to the very gates of Dublin, and had to be driven away. Does this look like a garden. (Laughter.) Is this the kingdom of peace, and plenty, and comfort, and happiness into which the Irish peasant had come at last—where everything was peace and security where the bogs were all drained, and the fields beautifully fenced by the dear Cromwellians who got possession of the land, which the relics of the army were embarking for Spain? Some of the soldiers had magnificent Irish wolf dogs, and managed to take their dogs with them. They were stopped at the port and the dogs taken from them for the purpose of hunting the wolves that infested the country.

This is my first answer to Mr. Froude's assertion that Ireland was a garden. The second beast mentioned by Major Morgan of the Irish House of Commons was—the priest. And he was to be hunted down like a wolf. There were five pounds set upon the head of a dog-wolf, and there were five pounds set on the head of a priest, and ten pounds upon the head of a Bishop or a Jesuit. Mr. Froude says that these severe laws were not put into execution. He tells us that whilst parliament passed these laws they privately instructed the magistrates themselves not to execute them. So merciful, so tolerant, is the genius of Mr. Froude's Protestantism! (Laughter.) We have, however, the terrible fact before us that a parliament made the laws commanding the magistrates, under heavy fine, under heavy penalties of forfeiture, to execute these laws. We had the country filled with informers, we had priest-hunting actually reduced to a profession in Ireland, and we find strange enough, the Portuguese Jews coming all the way from Portugal in order to hunt priests in Ireland, so valuable was the privilege regarded. In 1698, under William III., there were in Ireland 495 religious and 872 secular priests, and in that very year, out of 495 friars, 424 were shipped off from Ireland into banishment and into slavery; and of the eight hundred and odd secular priests that remained in the land, not one of them would be allowed to say Mass in public or private until he first took the oath to renounce the supremacy of the Pope—of Papal abjuration—in other words, as soon as he became a Protestant. It is all very well for my learned friend to tell us that the laws were not put into execution. But what is the meaning of such entries as these: "Five pounds on the certificate of Major Thomas Stanley"—this was in the year 1637, the year after the severe laws were in vogue—"to Thomas Greyson, Evan Powell and Scannel Asley, being three soldiers in Colonel Abbott's horse dragoons for arresting a popish priest by the name of Thomas Haggerty, taken and now secured in the county jail of Clonmell, and the money," it says, "to be equally divided between them." "To Arthur Spinnel, Robert Pearce and John Bruen, five pounds, to be divided equally between them, for their good service performed in apprehending and bringing before the Right Honorable Lord Chief Justice Peppes, on the 21st of January, one popish priest named Edwin Doney." "To Lieutenant Edward Wood, on the certificate of Wm. St. George, Esq., justice of the peace, county Cavan, twenty pounds for four priests and friars apprehended by him namely, Thomas McMullin, Turlough O'Gowan, Hugh O'Gewan, and Hugh Fitzsimmons, who on examination confessed themselves to be priests and friars." "To Sergeant Humphrey Gibbes—a nice name—[laughter]—and to Corporal Thomas Hill, of Colonel Lee's company, ten pounds, for apprehending two popish priests, namely, Morris Prundergast and Edward Pry, who were sentenced to the jail of Wexford, and afterwards were transported to foreign parts."

The third beast was the Tory, which means in these terrible years, several of the Irish gentlemen of Irish blood who were ordered to transport themselves into Connaught—these, they not finding the means of living in the desolate provinces of Leinster and Munster, and goaded to desperation, formed themselves into wild bands of outlaws, robbing the cattle of the Cromwellian settlers, descending upon them with fire and sword, and achieving in their own way the wild justice of revenge. [Cheers.] If Ireland was the garden that Mr. Froude describes it to be, how comes it to pass, that no Cromwellian settler throughout the length and breadth of the land dared take a piece of land unless there was a garrison of soldiers within his immediate neighborhood? [Applause.] Nay, even under the very eyes of the garrison of Timollon, in Meath, the Tories came down, robbed, plundered, set fire and destroyed the homesteads of certain English Cromwellian settlers, for which all the people of the neighborhood of Irish names and of Irish parentage were at once taken and banished out of the country. In a word, the outlaws, who, thirty years afterwards, appeared as Rapparees, who are described to us in such fearful terms by the English historian, continued to infest and desolate the country, and we find accounts of them in the State papers down to the latter year of George IV. And this was the garden! [Laughter.] This was the land of peace, of comfort, and of plenty. [Renewed laughter.]

Now, my friends, came the restoration in 1660. Charles II., was restored to the throne of England.