

than resign the priceless Treasure given to humanity upon Calvary, and carried from Rome to them by the blessed Patrick. After the murder of Charles I. by the canting Cromwell, a torrent of suffering was poured upon Ireland. All that man could do, aided by the powers of darkness, was done to extirpate Catholicity in Ireland, by the sweeping process of extirpating the people; and it has been said that, after the raids of the Roundheads, only 500,000 persons dwelt in the land. In September 1658, the "protector" died, and with his death, the ill-constructed and blood-cemented revolutionary edifice of the Puritans was shattered, and the restoration of Charles II. gave it the coup de grace. The Catholics of Ireland had been faithful to the murdered King; they had been true to the exiled prince, and their hopes were high when the Stuart ascended the throne. Never were a people doomed to greater disappointment. By the infamous Act of Settlement, Charles confirmed his father's murderers in the estates they had robbed from his faithful Irish subjects. By this act the ancient nobility, with few exceptions, were reduced to utter serfdom; some, it is true, emblazoned their names in the Continental wars, but the despoilers remained masters of the situation, and troopers and camp-followers became the pseudo-lords of Ireland. In 1685, Charles the Second, closed a worthless life; but when about to appear before the Almighty Searcher of hearts, he confessed the Faith, and, as Catholics, let us pray that having obtained mercy, he was "confessed by Christ before His Father." Upon James, Duke of York, the brother of the deceased monarch, devolved the triple crown of England, Ireland and Scotland. James was an open, sincere Catholic. He was married to Mary of Modena—an ardent Catholic—he had endured trouble and persecution for his profession of the Faith, and his steadfastness had alarmed the ultra-Protestants, who viewed with deepest chagrin, his accession to the throne. We have been so accustomed to hear bad things of James that our judgments have been partially affected unfavorably in his regard. That his public acts must undergo the process of public criticism, we admit, but it is not in keeping with the plainest dictates of common sense, that Irish and Catholic writers should follow in the wake of their most bitter enemies and aid them in painting the Stuart in colors dark and repulsive. We have heard of his cowardice, and yet not braver sword than that of the Duke of York was wielded for England, and if his action in Ireland was unworthy of his former self, it must have been caused by other feeling than cowardice. Indeed the expression commonly attributed to him, "Oh, spare my English subjects," tells the story of one who, although brave when contending for England against foreign foes, sickened and failed before the horrid realities of civil war. Again we hear of his tyranny. The truth really is that he only disregarded the dictates of prudence, and used the royal prerogative to an almost illegal degree, in order to defeat the sectaries and give to his people religious equality. His purpose was laudable, but there were too many odds against him, and he had scarcely attained the throne when he came into collision with the parliament, the bishops, and judges. There were too many interests at stake for the Protestant party to allow a Catholic King to grant religious liberty in his dominions. Accordingly his English subjects discarded him, and he had to turn to Ireland to receive that support so necessary to him. In Ireland his action received the heartiest welcome from the plundered inhabitants.—His name was blessed by the sensitive people, as from out their hiding-places came the ministers of God. For years they had worshipped God in danger, offering the Tremendous Sacrifice on some moss clad stone in the silent glen, or on a rocky ledge by the mountain side overlooking the surrounding country. They had lost their ancient liberties; by nature warlike, they had been deprived of the use of arms; they were, in fact, a people thoroughly emasculated. Every virtue they had possessed was rendered a crime. Every vice they had acquired had been given them by their oppressors. Their old memories reproached them with having lost their olden greatness, and their future was shadowed by clouds of deepest and darkest despair. One thing alone was theirs. They had the Faith, and now upon the throne was a King of the ancient religion, determined to emancipate its retainers, and so although beginning to assume the cowering look and slouching gait of the slave, although unacquainted for years with the use of arms and totally deprived of their possession, the people seized pike and scythe and hook, and forgetting all in the enthusiasm of the moment, they shouted, "God bless the Stuart, James, our legitimate King." At the invitation of the Protestant rebels, William of Orange landed at Torbay on the 5th of November, 1688. He brought with him Dutch, French Calvinist, Swedes, Danes, adventurers from all nations. Finding himself surrounded by treason in England, James fled to France, but at the urgent request of his Lieutenant in Ireland, Tironnell, he returned to Ireland with an armament fitted out for him by Louis of France. The landing at Kinsale was the signal for the greatest enthusiasm. From Kinsale to Cork and from thence to Dublin, James received the wild with-joy and undivided homage of the people. His entry into Dublin was a gorgeous pageant. "Tapestry and cloth of Aras" hung from the windows. Arches of evergreens spanned the streets. No longer in "secret crypt and by-way," but in the light of noon, the priests marched before their earthly King, carrying the emblem of their Heavenly One. Ireland was fairly and fully committed to the strife, when, amid cheers from the manhood of the nation, while tears of joy coursed down many a furrowed cheek, while forty young maidens dressed in white, scattered flowers as they danced the ancient *Rinika*, the King saluted the flag waving over the Castle. What was it that had created the heaving enthusiasm?

We think we see it. Look now as the King enters the gates. See, it floats over Birmingham Tower; the breeze carries out its magnificent folds. Oh, it is the standard of Ireland; the flag of Green, and upon it is inscribed, "Now or never—now and forever." Sarsfield returned with the King from France. In the interval he had been appointed Colonel of Cavalry and Commander of the forces to protect Connaught from the Northern rebels. Before him the enemies of his King quailed, until the severe disaster at Newtownbutler, where Lord Mountcashel suffered defeat, thereby forcing Sarsfield to retire from Sligo and fall back on Athlone. In the ensuing Fall, however, he retook Sligo. On the 14th June, 1690, William landed at Carrickfergus, which place had been captured for him by the valiant Schomberg, notwithstanding its brave defense by the veteran MacCarthy More. On the 22nd, William reviewed his army at Loughbrickland. Forty-five thousand well-trained veterans wore his colors, while a force of about twenty-three thousand badly armed recruits alone stood by the King. Pass we over at present the details of the battle of the Boyne. It was fought and lost for Ireland and the King. James fled to France: the first messenger of the news of his own defeat. The Irish Army, on reaching Dublin, found itself without King or captain-general. James had advised the propriety of making terms with the conqueror, but having committed themselves to the struggle, they resolved not to abandon it, so long as there was sword to wield or hand to wield it. The wisdom of Sarsfield's plan of campaign was now proved to have been the only tenable one from the beginning. To defend the line of the Shannon was now the general idea. "To Limerick" became the general cry; upon Limerick the attention of the country and combatants was centered. On the 7th August, William reached Cahercorish about seven miles south-east of the city, with a force of about twenty-eight thousand men.—On the 8th, he was joined by Douglas with his nine thousand runaways from Athlone, whose exploits we chronicled in a former sketch. In Limerick there were but ten thousand infantry; about four thousand cavalry being encamped on the Clare side. Lauzun and Tironnell scouted the idea of defending the city with such a force against such overwhelming odds, and although all the Irish royalists declared that they would not submit, still with the French and Swiss allies, Lauzun and Tironnell departed for Galway taking with them all they could of arms and ammunition. A gallant Frenchman, man De Boisseleau remained true to his colors. He was appointed governor and Sarsfield commander of the horse. On the 10th, William's demand of surrender was refused. The bombardment then began, and from the few pieces of artillery mounted on the walls, William received such annoyance as compelled him to shift his quarters. However he took matters easily, for a magnificent battering train with pontoons of tin or sheet copper were coming to him from Waterford. On Sunday the 10th the convoy had reached Cashel, and on Monday they were within ten miles of William's camp. Then it was that Sarsfield planned a deed the very conception of which entitles him to a foremost place amongst the brave. On the night of Sunday, Sarsfield at the head of five hundred men left his camp on the Clare side and rode to Killaloe. Here he found the bridge guarded by the enemy; but favored by the darkness he proceeded to Ballyvaally, where he crossed the river and passed into gallant Tipperary. The country all round was in the enemy's hands, but this fact aided his enterprise by lulling them into a false security. "Galloping O'Hogan" was with Sarsfield as his guide. By passes known only to the rapparee chief they turned into the gorges of the Silver Mines, and on Monday they bivouacked in a ravine of the Keeper Mountains. When night fell the trusty band led by O'Hogan turned southward. About three o'clock in the morning Sarsfield met a peasant who told him that the prize was near. He also learned a fact of romantic interest, namely that the password of the Williamites was "Sarsfield." Riding quietly to Ballyneety, the spot indicated by the peasant, he halted and sent out some few but trusty scouts. After examining, they returned with the welcome intelligence that, with the exception of a few guards drowsing by the watch-fires, all the rest of the convoy were soundly sleeping. The final orders were then given by Sarsfield—Silence or death, till the men were well in upon the sentries; then forward and death before defeat. One sentry imagined that he heard the beat of approaching horsehoofs, but he never dreamt of foes. Through the shadows of night he saw the outline of one who seemed to be an officer. He challenged. "Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man" was the answer as drawing his sword the leader of the Jacobites dashed on, followed by his brave five hundred. In a few minutes the work was finished and the splendid siege train which was to have battered the walls of Limerick was in the hands of Sarsfield, the prince of chivalry. Yet all was not accomplished. One Manus O'Brien, a loathsome informer, had made his way to William's camp and there told of Sarsfield having left in the direction of Killaloe. None could tell the intention of the Irish Officer, but William to make assurance doubly sure, despatched Sir John Lanier with five hundred horse to meet the convoy. The few who escaped would be in William's camp in a short time, so that Sarsfield knew he had but little chance of carrying off the munitions of war. Accordingly he filled the guns with powder and buried the muzzles in the earth; upon them he then placed the pontoons and all the vast quantity of stores. After laying a train of powder he removed the wounded enemy to a place of safety and fired the train. Sir John Lanier leisurely advancing felt the earth shake and saw the heavens bright as day. The man of Limerick heard the tremendous peal as it

rent the very firmament; they knew that they were saved. William heard it; and he knew that his hopes of speedily capturing Limerick were destroyed. It rolled like thunder away over the hills of historic Clare, and gladdened the heart of many a bold rapparee. 'Twas heard away for miles and as it died in the distance every one felt that but one alone could have created it, and that, that one was Patrick Sarsfield. William sent for more guns to Waterford, and on the 17th August, he had thirty-six guns and four mortars pouring red-hot shot into the city. Sarsfield then ordered the women of Limerick to be removed to the Clare suburbs along with the children. With unexampled heroism the gallant women refused, preferring to aid their protectors as they could, sooner than that the foe should enter unless over the dead bodies of husband, wife, brother and sister. On the 26th the trenches of the besiegers were within a few feet of the palisades, and a breach had been made in St. John's Gate. William mined but Sarsfield countermined, while the women worked in the trenches and counterscarps, though thick as hail the grenades and balls fell round them. On Wednesday, the 27th, William ordered a final assault. Ten thousand men were advanced to support the stormers. At half-past three in the afternoon, five hundred Grenadiers leaped the trenches and mounted the breach. Thanks to Sarsfield and the gallant governor Boisseleau the Irish were not unprepared. Behind the breach unknown to the Williamites an intrenchment had been made, and as the Grenadiers advanced they were decimated by a cross fire. For a moment they stood still but recovering from their surprise they boldly rushed on. A hand to hand struggle ensued. On they pressed and at length they burst through the defenders and poured through the town. Their bravery caused their very destruction. Through the streets and lanes, men, women and even children rushed, striking buck the Williamites. For three hours the fight, the bloody fight was continued and before the aroused populace the assailants retired. During the contest the Brunnenburghers secured one of the principal batteries. Success they imagined was theirs, when with a sudden roar the *mine* earth opened beneath them and the brave regiment amidst despairing death-shrieks went upward, a mangled mass in the air. This ended the first effort to capture Limerick. Sarsfield was hailed as its saviour, and William finding that his men would not renew the assault, sailed in disgust from Waterford, for England, leaving his army in the hands of Ginkle. The Williamites under this energetic commander were kept busy. In a future sketch we shall describe the most important events that occurred in the interval between the first failure of the attack on Limerick, and the beginning of the effort which ended in the capitulation of the city. On the 27th Aug., reinforced by all the men he could gather, Ginkle invested Limerick. From William he received powers to grant almost any terms that would be likely to end the war. In pursuance of this object he issued a proclamation offering pardon of all "treasons" (meaning thereby, as Mr. Sullivan says, loyalty to the legitimate King and resistance to the foreign emissaries). Despite the efforts of a "peace party," Sarsfield's honorable advice prevailed, and a firm refusal was sent to Ginkle. Sixty guns then opened on the devoted city. A Williamite fleet ascended the river, pouring its messages of fire upon the brave defenders. Undismayed Sarsfield still held on, until by the treason of one Luttrell, the pass over the river above the city, was betrayed and the Jacobites to their consternation, one morning beheld the enemy on the Clare Side. Ginkle again sent offers upon any terms if the Irish would but capitulate and after a bloody strife from early dawn the Irish held up the flag of parley on the 23rd September. The Irish troops wept when the news spread abroad that the struggle was over, "Ireland is no more," was their cry.—Determined to leave no pretext for an after violation of the terms offered by Ginkle, Sarsfield demanded that the Lords Justices should come from Dublin, to ratify them. Accordingly, on the 3rd October 1691, the contracting parties met at a spot on the Clare side of the Shannon to exchange and sign the treaty. To this day that spot is remembered in Limerick. To the people of the historic city it is a monument of their Sarsfield's unsullied honor and of the fell triumph of that party which—

"Ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry" broke the most solemn provisions of the treaty, and by the infliction of a code of laws, worse than Draconian, proved themselves to be all that O'Connell styled them, "The base, brutal, and bloody Whigs." A few days afterwards a French fleet sailed up the Shannon, bringing men, money and stores. The affrighted Williamite general thought that the Irish would then disclaim the treaty. But no. It was not the valiant troops of James that wore to keep bad faith. "Too late," said Sarsfield, "Our honor is pledged—THE HONOR OF IRELAND; AND THOUGH A HUNDRED THOUSAND FRENCHMEN OFFERED TO AID US NOW, WE MUST KEEP OUR PLIGHTED TROTH." On the 5th October the scene on the Shannon was without a parallel in history. The Irish regiments on that day were to choose exile for life or service with William. On one side waved the *Fleur de lys* of Louis; on the other was planted the banner of William. At the head of the Irish, marching out of Limerick with all the honors of war, strode the finest regiment in the service—the foot-guards. All eyes were turned upon this splendid body of fourteen hundred men. They came to the turning point; they looked upon the flag of France, and all but seven defiled beneath the emblem of St. Louis, the ensign of *la grande nation*. Of all the army, fourteen thousand men, only one thousand and forty-six chose to remain in William's service. The ships which had been intended by Louis to relieve Limerick transported its defenders to la belle France and along with Sarsfield, nearly five thousand nobles, gentry and clergy, left for ever the land

of their love." Hard, very hard was the parting; but honor was at stake; and as they sailed away, their hearts filled with that spirit which asserted itself at Namur, Steinkirk, and Landen, and which raised triumphant over all assailants the lilies of France, on the famed field of Fontenoy. 1692 witnessed the trailing of the Williamite flag before the walls of Namur. In July of the same year, Sarsfield again lowered it at Steinkirk receiving public thanks for his gallantry, and in March, 1693, he was made a *Marechal de Camp*. On the 19th of July in this ever memorable year of 1693, Luxembourg and William met again on the banks of the river Landen. After some heavy artillery firing, the French made a desperate attack on the village of Neerwinden.—The gallant Berwick led the Irish troops.—The slaughter in the village was tremendous, and Berwick was taken prisoner. As fiercely as they were repulsed, just as fiercely the French and Irish under the Duke de Bourbon, renewed the onset. Luxembourg resolved to hold the ground near Neerwinden and the world-famous household troops of King Louis were launched against the village. Amongst the officers, leading on the Irish Brigade was Patrick Sarsfield. William fought with desperation, but "Remember Limerick" rang wildly across the field of carnage as with indomitable valor the exiles carried the *Fleur de lys* away and beyond the line. At the head of his men fell Sarsfield. He died in the moment of victory. Around him were the good and true who had withstood the foe beside the Shannon and who now witnessed the flag of William trailing in the waters of the Gette. The ball entered near his heart, and as he lay unhealed and gasping, he put his hand as if in pain on his breast. When he removed it, it was full of his noble blood. Looking at it sadly, yet proudly, as his dying gaze wandered over the field until it rested upon the Green banner of the Brigade; listening to the cheers of the victors he held his blood towards heaven and as he fell back he pronounced the memorable words—"Oh, that this were for Ireland." Thus perished Sarsfield. Truly his blood was shed for Ireland. It imbued the noble French with an increased love for the gallant Irish.—It preserved the patriotic spirit of his countrymen, until in after years a mighty man gathered the drops and enclosed them in the urn of his heart. The violated treaty of the Shannon was redeemed on the banks of the Thames and the Act of 1829 more than fulfilled all that was asked in 1691. Thus in the order of Providence the Irish Catholics were rewarded for their fidelity and while the name of the great pacificator, O'Connell, is fondly remembered, that of the warrior of Limerick is loved. Sarsfield was all that is admired in a man. A gentleman by birth and education; he was a gentleman in his dealings. A soldier by profession; he gave his abilities to the best of causes, and wrote with indelible characters his name upon the heart of his country. Facts and figures, dates and occurrences are forgotten, but the name of Sarsfield is still synonymous in the people's mind with all that is truthful, honourable, chivalric and patriotic. As the cycles of time have moved along their allotted path, strange scenes have been enacted in Ireland; persecuted as she was, still the Church emerged from the darkness of oppression, and the people of Ireland to-day seem to be approaching the legitimate end of Ireland's best and truest children. "Death before dishonor" was Sarsfield's principle: defeated but not disgraced, he left behind him a memory that rebukes those who advise the Irish people to be unscrupulous means to attain desired ends, while his patriotism is a noble incentive to honorable deeds. Far away from the Shannon, his dust commingles with mother earth. No lordly mausoleum covers his remains; but in the hearts of a grateful people, more enduring than bronze or stone or marble, is entombed the remembrance of Ireland's Norman chieftain—Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Luanan.

THE HOME GOVERNMENT MOVEMENT—DEPUTATION TO THE CORPORATION.

On Tuesday, 18th ult., a special meeting of the Municipal Council of the City of Dublin was held in the City Hall for the purpose of receiving a deputation from the Home Rule Association, and considering their views on the question of Home Rule. Representatives from several provincial corporations and delegates from the Trades' societies were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed,

The City Marshal (Mr. Michael Angelo Hayes) addressing the Lord Mayor said:—My Lord—I have to inform you that a deputation from the Irish Home Government Association, consisting of Mr. O'Neil Daunt, Mr. John Martin, M.P., and the Rev. Mr. Galbraith, is in attendance to submit to your Lordship and the Council their views on the subject of Home Rule.

The Lord Mayor inquired if it was the pleasure of the Council that the deputation should be received.

The assent of the Council having been signified,

The City Marshal then introduced the members of the deputation.

Mr. W. O'Neil Daunt, on rising to address the house, was received with great cheering, the members of the Corporation standing. When silence was observed,

Mr. Daunt said:—My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen of the Corporation—I feel very deeply the distinguished honour the Home Government Association has conferred upon me in requesting me to co-operate with my valued friends, the Rev. Mr. Galbraith and the member for Meath, in pleading before you the claims of our country to a domestic independent legislature. I must, at the outset, treat your kind indulgence for my shortcomings. Years, which have made my head gray, have brought with them physical feebleness. But I could not refuse the invitation to come here, although at the expense of much

fatigue, in order to proclaim at my advanced age the doctrine I have preached in my youth—that the Irish people are as well entitled to govern Ireland as the English to govern England; that the Irish are as well entitled to an Irish legislature as the people of England to an English legislature. (cheers.) The Sovereign of England's Irish subjects possessed a resident legislature in this Island for more than six hundred years; so that in seeking a domestic parliament we seek nothing new. We seek to recover for our country a privilege which our predecessors had for over six centuries. The existence of an Irish Parliament is coeval with the connection of Ireland and England. The objection is sometimes expressed by saying that the Irish Parliament of Henry VI. was only the Parliament of such of the Irish people as then acknowledged allegiance to the King of England. Well, then, I reply that as we inherit their allegiance to the Sovereign of both countries, so we inherit along with it their parliamentary rights (hear, and cheers). Mr. Daunt went on to speak of the actions of the Irish Parliament in former times, and its legislative independence, and continued:—On the 22d of February, 1782, Henry Grattan moved and carried in our House of Commons an address to the King, containing the words:—

"To assure his Majesty that, by our fundamental laws and franchises (laws and franchises which we on the part of the nation do claim as her birthright), the subjects of this kingdom cannot be bound, affected, or obliged by any legislature, save only by the King, Lords, and Commons of this His Majesty's realm of Ireland; nor is there any other body of men who have power or authority to make laws for the same. To assure his Majesty that his Majesty's subjects of Ireland conceive that in this privilege is contained the very essence of the liberty, and that they treasure it as they do their lives, and accordingly have with one voice declared and protested against the interposition of any other Parliament in the legislation of this country."

Well, (continued Mr. Daunt) the right of Ireland, thus strongly enforced, was unanimously affirmed by the British. You will observe that the legislative independence of Ireland is here claimed as our birthright (hear, hear), and that its possession is stated to constitute the very essence of our liberty. Are these words true? (Cries of "Yes, and loud cheers.") Well, then, let me solemnly ask you whether legislative independence is not still our birthright? Whether it is less our birthright in 1871 than it was in 1782? Whether we have forfeited that birthright, in which consists the very essence of our liberty, by any subsequent transactions? Has that monstrous crime, the destruction of the Irish Parliament, forced by the most execrable means upon Ireland against the nearly universal will of the nation—has it annihilated the equitable title of this ancient nation to make her own laws and to govern herself? (Loud cheering.) It has, to be sure, suspended our power, but our right is inextinguishable. (Renewed cheering.) Some of the newspapers that now in England oppose our claims have the hardihood to assert that the Irish Constitution of 1782 was a total failure. On the direct contrary, it was productive of extraordinary prosperity wherever it was allowed to work, and wherever its naturally beneficial results were not counteracted by our powerful and malignant foes across the water. It is true that our Parliament had two great defects which I am not at all anxious to conceal. It was to a great extent a parliament of nomination boroughs, and many of its members were afflicted with the disease of religious intolerance. Yet, despite these drawbacks, its presence produced an amount of national prosperity which is established beyond question by witnesses of the highest authority (hear, hear.) And it is the constitution under which the astonishing progress of Irish prosperity was universally admitted—it is this constitution which the *Times*, and other modern Unionists, pronounce to have utterly failed. No wonder that Charles K. and Bushé declared that the Union was a denial of the rights of nature to the Irish nation, and that the motive by which its authors were instigated was an intolerance of Irish prosperity. They overthrew a constitution which they had solemnly pledged their faith to uphold for all time, and which, by the common testimony of friends and enemies, had showered blessings over the kingdom. It was no easy task that Pitt undertook when he resolved to overthrow the Irish Parliament and to subjugate Ireland by the Union; and the means he adopted to effect that wicked end were every way worthy of the hateful purpose they were intended to accomplish. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his volume entitled "The Empire," says that Pitt sank knee-deep in pollution to effect the Union. In the Castle-reegh Correspondence, edited by Castlereagh's brother, the late Lord Londonderry, there is a letter from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Secretary Cooke, dated June 21st, 1800, in which his lordship urges that a promise of bribery to a certain applicant should be kept; and in the free and easy candour of private communication with his confidential ally, he plainly talks of the profligacy of the means by which the Union was carried. Profligacy is his lordship's word; pollution is Mr. Goldwin Smith's. But those words are totally inadequate to designate the enormous and complicated guilt of Pitt and his janissaries in their machinations against Irish prosperity and liberty (hear, hear). I shall go into but few details upon this black chapter of our history. The Catholics and the Protestants were to be set flying at each other's throats; a rebellion was to be fomented, and when the country was convulsed by civil war, the Union was to be forced by the joint operation of terror and corruption on a people laid prostrate by division. The Ministerial scheme was this—the Catholics were first to be flattered by strong hopes of immediate emancipation, hopes which Pitt had encouraged Grattan to consider certain, in a personal interview between them in October, 1794. In the beginning of 1795, Earl Fitzwilliam, a well-known emancipator, was sent over here as Lord Lieutenant, with full authority to support emancipation, or, to use his own words, in his letter to Lord Carlisle, "to give it a handsome support on the part of the Government." Grattan was taken into the Irish Privy Council, and to all outward appearance, emancipation was on the eve of being enacted. But before Lord Fitzwilliam had been three months here he was recalled, and a system not only of discouragement, but of downright persecution, was substituted for the sunshine promises with which the Catholics had been amused. Truly, when Mr. Goldwin Smith said that Pitt had sunk knee-deep in pollution, in order to carry the Union, he bestowed a very mild censure on that statesman. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more utterly diabolical than the cold, calculating policy with which the Catholics were first encouraged and then exasperated by the deception practised on them, and the words of treacherous promise followed by the fiendish persecution which at last stung the maddened, tormented people to rebel (loud cheers). The popular strength was paralysed; and at this moment so carefully prepared by the policy of Pitt and his Irish agent, Castlereagh, when the country under martial law, and occupied by an army 137,000 strong—at this moment the time was deemed ripe for the introduction of the Union into the Irish House of Commons. Bribes were as plenty as blackberries. There were high prices offered for votes, cash down, promotions in the army, the law, the navy, the Church. Castlereagh was the high priest of corruption, and admirably qualified for that office; yet, notwithstanding the gigantic exertions of the government, the measure was defeated in 1799 by a small majority. In the following year it was re-