-APRIL 4, 1873. AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.-WITNESS THE TRUE

life of this great Saint, three most distinctive and of course "embellishing qualities :-- they are, first-"Gratitude in Prosperity," "Courage in Adversity," and, "The Will as well as the Power to fulfil the mission given her by God."

2

Indics and Gentlemen-I find the very same at tributes; the very same life preserving gifts in the possession of Ireland as told in her history. If I thouses; the very same me preserving give in the incompany of the incompany of the remain-possession of Ireland as told in her history. If I ing time between this and his coming to Ireland, a can survey of a short locture, tell your something God's holy house. They were years during which the limits of a short locture, tell your something God's holy house. They were years during which worth knowing of that another hand called Rin; he was but feeding his mind, laying in the great worth knowing of that ancient into cated and ; ne was put receing ms mind, laying in the great and ifil can relate a country is history by following the line of saint's lift, then I say and I verily. fed. (Applause.) Hence my friends - First,-believe everyone in this hall, will agree with me in saying that of all other mations under heaven ire-all likelihood harshly treated, (in his own words)land is one, the most favoured and one whose future

must be brilliant: (applause) I have specially marked out three leading characteristics of Ireland as a nation, and I find them in her Patron's life. I will now ask you to agree with me in making three divisions of that little Isle's history. The first, her story before Patrick's visit as her Apostle-second, her history during his stayand the third her tale after and since his death.

What now, is Ireland's story, before her Patron's visit? Well, we have all heard a great deal about it; we have often been told that her chiefs were ferce, that her kings were numerous ; we have heard, and it must be very true, that her earlier inhabitants were cut away by intestine war, or by the scourge of pestilence; we have heard so much about them, that if it could be we have heard enough ; yet above all, one thing we have ever heard, that let political disturbance sway them as it may, their hearts were ever in the right place, and their love to succor one in distress was proverbial.

The old bards tell us that "300 years after the Deluge Partholan of Japhet's Stock left Spain upon his right and landed in the Island of the wooden west. He was a sinner, having killed his parents. He lived and died, and his posterity fated never to possess the land, were cut away by a fearful pestilence, and thus of him and his, was heard no more." They tell us that Nemedeth came, that he and his were at constant war, that they were bad in sooth, and they too wasted from off the Western Isle. Again the Belgæ came, but the hosts from Asia, like unto the waters of a troubled sea, swallowed them up. Next came the "Soothsayers," they who pretended to disclose the secrets of futurity; but there was one secret which they could not tell and that was that Ireland could not long be theirs.

The Gael were to own the land. Milesius came from Spain, Amergin, one of his sons, was a Druid, at once a poet, priest, and prophet. Owing to the divisions made by his warlike brethren he was rendered desperate, and was drowned in the waters of Avoca. However all this may be, certain it is that, Ireland was known at the time of our Lord's expectation, and certain it is, that in the first century, Irish warriors made inroads on the power of Rome, in Britain and Gaul.

In the first century, Rome with jealous eyes regarded Ireland as a prey. But, my friends, the Roman eagle never flapped wings in triumph over Irish soil : though Britain felt the power and chain of foreign rule so early, Ireland reared herself up like unto a mighty ship upon the deep, bearing nought of foreign shade upon her flag, having nothing of foreign feeling in her crew.

The Milesians held the land, and from them came the good King Cormac. He retired as we are told in the year 266, leaving a wise code of laws; some of its clauses challenge ours of the present day, and probably the suspicion regarding him is correct, that he was a Christian; from the simple fact, that a spirit of the most sympathetic kind is running through them, indeed they are softened by the milk of human kindness.

Ladies and Gentlemen,-there is a principle well received: it is, that the conversion of any Pagan people to Christianity must always be a primary fuct in that country's history ; of course, the spirit of Christianity, that mild spirit, and love, which each Christian must bear towards the other, has a great effect in softening manners, in soothing hearts, in teaching each that he is the brother of another. Hence I am of opinion that the few remarks I have made are quite sufficient to induce an illustration of my native country's history with or by my Patron Saint's life.

As far as I can see, the summary of Ireland's story up to the year of Our Lord 432, would be a nation

slave; he spent more than six years thus; hence he was something like twonty-four years of age when he found himself a freed man. He spent a few months with the friends nearest and dearest to him,

and then, when about twenty-five years of age, he gave himself in a particular. manner to God, under the direction of St. Martin of Tours. The remain-"In the woods, and on the mountains, and before daybreak, I have risen up to pray, amidst the ice and the snow, and the rain, and yet I never expc-

rienced difficulty; because iny heart was inflamed with divine love. Secondly,--"Gratitude in Pros-perity." When free and having the attributes peculiar to a favored one of God, he gave them back to that God, and resolved to spend his life in honor and in worship towards his Creator. Thirdly,-"The Will as well as the Power to fulfil the mission given him by God." He has had the will since he has come, and the power, since his spiritual authorities have sent him; his clever mind has fitted him, and above and before all, Almighty God has blest

him. For Ireland-"Courage in Adversity," she was, like him, in chains, not indeed the chains of slavery in a temporal point of view; but the chains of ignorance of a one true God, were tightly bound around her; yet, yet, there was a courage in this awful adversity, there was a something coming from an all-wise Deity, a something ever changing the monarchs of her soil, ever teaching her people that tranquility was not their own; that war was ever in their midst, for the spirit of darkness is a turbulent one, since for the unbeliever there is inde d no rest.

"Gratitude in Prosperity." I say Ireland's people were grateful for every act of kindness received, long and long before they ever thought of knowing their God. That they were prosperous, there is no shade of doubt. Why would they not be so? Had they not a land both rich and fair? Had they not that land to themselves? Were they not their own masters at the time of which we speak? Yes, and take the old annals of Bards, view them, and there

the character of Ireland as a nation comes out in bold relief; there the touching story is narrated; in a word, there, and from this, the truth is casily de-duced that though Ireland did not know her God, yet she helped her neighbor and respected well her fellow-man (applause). "The will as well as the Power to fulfil the mission given her by God"-What was Ireland's mission as marked out by the Creator? Oh! it was a glorious one, it was, even in dark unbelief, foreshadowed unto them. They were to be a teaching people, a clever set of Artisans, a people skilled in works, not equalled now indeed, and well did they execute them. They were to be a chosen people in mind, and also in heart. They had even in the first ages, the will, for they strove; and the means, for they erected. And hence I say, the attributes of our great Saint, the living fountains from which must ever flow waters of success, were the property of Ireland, even in her darkness; and again I say that in the opening twilight of her existence in belief, Ireland was a rich gem in the crown of nations, forming the sum of the earth; a rich field, ripe for the apostolic sickle, in all her darkness pure in heart, sitting like unto a swan by the waters of hope, waiting that the sun of justice would arise and dispel her present cloud of unbe-

lief It was the holy time of Easter when Patrick arrived in the West. He had a work to do and he lost no time. The princes and great ones were assembled in council at Tara; the affairs of the nation were discussed. Ascend that ancient hill with mc. Are you not surprised at what you behold? The north is graced with the commodious banquet-hall; to the south runs the King's rath ; east and west are marshalled out buildings, great in proportion, and striking in their architectural beauty. The sun is stay. We have thought upon his last great mo-throwing his brilliant light upon these majestic ments, and we have consigned him to his native buildings; the green sward around reflects in beau- dust. Are we now without a helm ? Have we now hills are clad in their awful grandeur, and as each silver-lined cloud intercepts the direct rays of the up to the year of our hour as, would be a hardon a sun from their embrace, the sweeping shades but Pilot to steer our bark of investigation? Is there tell you, that great changes are about taking place. I an individual here who knows not how to answer three hundred and sixty fect, from east to west forty feet. The kings and princes of Pagan Ireland are here assembled, all that riches can procure, all that ingenuity can devise, all that art can accomplish, has been done to render the court imposing, the scene brilliant, the royal ones as men to be feared. Who is this of lowly micn, with cross in hand and God in heart; that slowly comes along? Who dure thus intrude on so august an assembly? He is Patrick, the chosen one of God, the future Apostle of Ireland. The great words are spoken by him. He tells the kings and nobles of the over living Triune God. The kings come down from their thrones, and the great ones from their scats; and the noble and the high, and the exalted throng and press about his feet, and hang with breathless awe upon the words of truth, which fell with such soulstirring cloquence from his lips. Oh! happy day when the star of truth rose bright and pure to shed its gentle rays upon the infant church of God! When the Orient from on high came forth to scatter and disperse the mist of sin and darkness from my loving mother soil. Oh! happy ending of this sumptuous banquet, of this high festival and glorious revelry. Erin! we hail thee! halls of Tara newly clad with bright freedom, from the shackles of error, never again within thy precincts may be heard the song in praise of water or of fire. Now are ye the places of great ones believing in the one true God. Now are ye the habitations of real living mortuls.

through the land, that their father and their apostle, was passing to his rest. He sickens and lays down, his faithful ones around. The light of God is shining round about him. The fire of eternity is beam-ing in his eye. The seal of God is stamped upon his brow. The grand old man as he lay down there, thought of the four hundred churches he had erected; of the three thousand priests he had ordained; of the seven hundred religious houses he had established, and as such thoughts were running through his mind, his eye was lighted up with a wondrous fire, the call of God was there, angels beckoned him from, afar and summoning up all remaining strength, he asks that he be lifted up, and then he prays his God to bless poor Erin, to guard her in her woe, to watch her in her weal; then laying down his hoary head, in the monastery of Saul, on the 17th of March, 493, he passes to his God. (applause)

Patrick during his missionary life was "grateful in prosperity." Yes, for the greatest proof of this in a man's life, is the success with which his labors are crowned. He was a man of God, and a man of prayer. That creature has not yet existed who would be so blasphemous as to assert to the contrary.

He was "courageous in adversity," during that time, for his difficulties must have been great, and yet he surmounted them all.

He had "the will as well as the power to fulfil the mission given him," the will since he labored, and that well,-the power since the result was the most unparalleled success.

What is the history of Ireland from the time of Patrick's landing, to the moment of his death? We have to travel through a space of but sixty years. The history of these sixty years is simply this :---a subversion of things false; an adoption of the truth; a torgetting of false Gods; a learning of the true One; a gaining of the great virtues, of Faith, of Hope, of Charity; of faith, to know a God; of hope, to trust

in Him; of charity, Oh! that golden link which ever since has bound the son of Erin tightly to his God; inseparably to his soil: for though he may leave it, yet when he does he leaves his first young heart behind. (applause)

Was Ireland grateful in her prosperity then ? Yes, her special kind of prosperity during Patrick's day was her success in acquiring the knowledge of God for what is man not knowing his Maker? What are freedom and riches, without the glorious light of faith, to show man the proper use of both? Ireland, through Patrick, received this light; she was prosperous, basking in its sunshine, and in her prosperity she was truly grateful; for, she relinguished things of falschood, when God's good time did come, and embraced (as the child does at times the mother) her own dear mother, the true faith of Christ.

I say "she was courageous in adversity" during that time; for, the conversion of a nation; the overturning and uprooting of ancient credence, of false principles and of introducing new maxims is a matter of certain difficulty; ret, Ireland's people, fol-lowed the man of God, the good St. Patrick, and heard and believed, not caring for the consequences, little heeding the trials which unbelieving individuals might visit them with.

"She had the will as well as the power to fulfil the mission given her by God," the will since she heard and believed, the power, for her will in conscientious matters, was her pleasure, no tyrant lived and ruled, to grind her underfoot. Yes, and when her Patron died, she, like unto a young queen, enthroned and crowned with the sceptre in her hand, looked across the sea, with brow screne, not fearing for her freedom ! There she sat, with faith in mind, with courage in heart, with hand extended over her own dear beautiful green soil; with eyes uplifted tovards the clear blue sky, she said :---

"The unvanquished land puts forth each year, New growth of man and forest; Her children vanish: but on her Stranger in vain thou war'st.

(Applause.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we have taken a cursory glance (as much as time would permit) at Ireland's history, before her Patron's coming, and during his tiful colors the light which he kindly lends it; the no guiding one? Are we to search up the great events in a country's life, having no star pointing. onwards towards a resting point? Have we now no Enter the banquetting hall, from north to south | such a series of questions? Is there one here who is not well aware, that he who cared and provided for his family (according to the will of God) through life, cannot also throw an eye of pity on them now that he has passed from off this land? Not one, and hence Ireland's father, ever since the night he died, certain as he is in the bosom of his God, looks down upon his living land, on her sufferings and her toil. How is Ireland's story illustrated by the great St. Patrick's life, since he no longer lives, since the Shamrock of Ireland no longer feels the gentle pressure of his grace directed feet? He lives, not here, but, he lives in heaven. Thirteen hundred and eighty years of Ireland's life remain to be told, since the time her loving one had left her | 1380 years of that country's history is told in a few but touching words Whilst she was free, she was triumphant; full of faith, wrapped up in hope: kind and loving even to a fault. The twelfth century came and then there came a change. Then the glorious flag of freedom began to lower towards the earth. Then the men, the prosperous ones of to-day, turned towards dear Erin, and then, and never till then, Patrick's home brgan to feel, that the seat of freedom, was filled by the foreign one, and that he owned the land! For high seven hundred years he has held his place there, and for seven hundred years the sun of hone has never failed to throw his kindly rays throughout the land, to give a share of his warmth to every son of Erin ! (Applause.) True it is the Saints have true perfection ; were not such the case, they could not look upon their Ged : therefore Patrick, now that all interest in his own regard has vanished, now that he possesses the treasure for which he laboured, is " grateful in the prosperity of Ireland," is "courageous in her adversity," is able and is willing to do the will of his Creator; and that will is, to guard his adopted land; guide her children whom he has brought forth in the light of the knowledge of God. Is not Ireland to day, this very day, " grateful in her prosperity"? Is there a land formed by the will of God more thankful for great gifts received? Is she not a Paragon of excellence, that yet she retains such life and living energy, spite of all the difficultics thrown in her path? And, Oh God! "Is she not courageous"? Has she not many, many trials to endure? Ye are men. ye are mortals, ye have feelings, ye can sympathize with one in trouble, ye would assist one in distress : and hence ye can feel for a people, the principal ingredient of whose marrow and blood, is that of love of Liberty. (applause) I say "she has the will to do the work given her by God." What is that : what is the work given all men by God? Is it not to save their souls? Is it not to live a life of peace, and thus to pass away, fortified by the hope of happiness eternal and supreme? Yes, and I thing I am justified in say-ing, that no heart of Irish blood to night, is beating, and not willing to serve its God. (great applause) "Has she the power?" Yes, thank Heaven. The days are now well passed away when Ireland's sons were men of will and not of freedom: that day no longer exists when the most glorious species of dim, and the old Pontiff longed to be with God. Then a little while and it was sadly whispered To-day has been a great, a bright and precious wel- years before, to join their clans on the Blackwater,

come day to her; a day "though ancient: yet ever new;" a day of kindly and of soul-stirring thought: a day which, as it comes along, tells the little child to gambol, and the mother well to-pray: a day which, as it shows itself, bids the strong, stout heart of the Irish maiden to heave in thanks towards God, and as the spirits of God do look upon brought about, in their doleful lot, by a change of that pure form, they receive her prayer in her motherland's regard. Set of the

The nations have fallen and thou still art young ; Thy sun is but rising, when others have set; And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath

hung, .The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

Erin, oh Erin, though long in the shade,

Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade ! (Great applause.) And thus it is, too, that the proudest and the fairest

of Ireland's reviving sons, with the stamp of faith upon their brow, and the wish for perfect freedom in their hearts, like unto circles of adoring angels round the altar of hope, proclaim their love for all things truc-their love for Faith, for Home, and Fatherland.

Amidst unbounded applause and cheering the reverend lecturer retired.

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD. FROUDE versus IRELAND. BY JOHN MITCHEL.

(From the New York Irish American.) No. 3.

MAKING THE ISSUE.

I shall have little or nothing to say touching the cruel oppressions inflicted, for so many ages, upon my countrymen; and absolutely nothing at all in the way of complaint or vituperation on account of those sad events. Let it be granted for the present, that the English, or the Normans, or whoever the Historian pleases, were "forced by circumstances to take charge" of Ireland, and that, having so taken charge, they were forced to take all the lands of the island for their own people; forced to proscribe the religion of the country, and transport 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 : but whatever may be thought of all that, the present point which I shall make is, that the Historian bears false witness at any rate,-Historian and History being all one huge fraud together. If I do not prove this. I prove nothing.

Taking up, then, the said History at the "turning point" of the famous " Massacre," I shall first give some account of the array of witnesses brought forward to establish it: and especially of Temple, Borlase, and Petty, and of the "forty folios" of depositions: testimonies indeed which I did not expect that any Englishman, or any Orangeman, would ever have the audacity to cite again. As the First of Living Historians, however, 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 by Lectures and through the medium of a Book,-I shall now follow him into the revolting details at least of the one period of a few years which he has selected as the turning point in the History of my native country.

It is very observable indeed, and somewhat entertaining, that from his very dark portraiture of the Irish people in general, he kindly excepts us Proestants. "When I call them a generation of riotous and treacherous cut-throats," he says, "I don't meau you. You Protestants, on the contrary, are the noble and godly element, which we, the English, have introduced, to bring some order out of that bloody chaos :--you are the missioned race--as Macaulay, the predecessor of Froude, calls you,-the imperial race that we have planted, enabling you to help yourselves to all the lands and goods of the irrelaimable Popish savages, that you might hold the fair island in trust for us,-for us, Ireland's masters, and yours. You are our own 'Protestant Boys': I nat you on the back, and exhort you not to do the work of the Lord negligently." But I am not myself acquainted with any Irish Protestant gentleman who likely to accept aciously this considerate exception in our favor. My own friends in Ireland, from boyhood,-at school, at the University, and in after life,-have been generally of opinion that it would he a blessed and glorious deed to sweep into the sea the last remnants of English domination in their country. 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 lives, of the mon of the Seven Sacraments. My father was not only a Protestant, but a Protestant clergyman; and he, in the year '98, when only a student in college, was sworn in as an United Irishman; and then proceeded to swear in his friends; and the noble object of that society was to abolish the English power in Ireland. Grattan was a Protestant, and he declared that he despised the pretended liberty of half a million of his countrymen, based upon the seridom and slavery of two millions more: and it was this Protestant who penned the Declaration of Irish Independence, and created a Volunteer Army to make good his words. And Tone was a Protestant, who brought on two invasions of the French, to free his native island from the English. And Tandy was a Protestant, who commanded the artillery of the Volunteer army. 1 far that the Historian will find, in our Protestants, an ungrateful set of clients. We will not have his advocacy upon any terms. I can imagine that I see William Smith O'Brien receiving the courtesies of our Historian, as a Protestant, and therefore, a sort of deputy Briton. This revered name of O'Brien I cannot mention without bowing in homage to so grand a memory. For years we broke the bitter wead of exile together, and drank of the same cup of captivity. He lived for the cause of his country's independence, and never till the latest breath repented of his gallant though fruitless effort to destroy with armed hand the tyranny that was gnawing away his people's life. It would be easy to name many other Protestants of the same principles but at present let us content ourselves with Mr Prendergast, who has so fiercely declined the special compliment offered him by this Historian. And, in truth, the very best book upon the subject of the turning-point of Irish History is this very "Cromwellian Settlement," by Prendergast. Let nobody take Froude's poison without taking Prendergast's antidote.

and to ride beside the bridle-rein of Hugh O'Neill. at the Yellow Ford. Of this sad and plundered people many of the young and high-spirited had emigrated to France or Spain, to take service in the armies of those countries. The nest lingered sorrowfully, in the hope that some alteration might be kings. For example, when King Charles the First came to the throne of England, there seemed to them a prospect of some abare of relief or repara. tion : in the meantime they endured life, hiding their clergy in the woods and caves, concealing themselves with their wives and little ones, as much as possible, from the notice of the insolent intruders And when, at last, that King Charles and his Parliament were on the very point of open war, the leaders of the Northern Irish thought they might give counsel to their people,-disarmed and scattered as they were,-that the time was come to strike a blow. Of the long series of exasperating provocations which now at last made them ready to try this desperate remedy, I need not here speak. It is enough that the turning-point was reached.

FROUDE'S CHAMBER OF RORRORS.

The Historian here cannot bring himself to specify names and dates; not even to indicate, save in a general way, the authorities for his fearful story. His sensibilities will not permit him to dwell upon scenes so sanguinary ; but he gives this general account of the situation :---

"Savage creatures of both sexce, yelping in chorne and brandishing their skenes; boys practising their young hands in stabbing and torturing the English children-these were the scenes which were witnessed daily through all parts of Ulster. The fury cxtended even to the farm stock, and sheep and oven were slaughtered, not for food, but in the blindness The distinction between Scots and English of rage. soon vanished. Religion was made the new dividing line, and the one crime was to be a Protestant. The escorts proved in most cases but gangs of assassins. In the wildest of remembered winters, the shivering fugitives were goaded along the highways stark naked and foodless. If some, happier than the rest, found a few rags to throw about them, they were torn instantly away. If others, in natural modesty, twisted straw ropes round their waists the straw was set on fire. When the tired little ones dropped behind, the escort lashed the parents forward, and the children were left to dic. One witness, Adam Glover of Slonory, in Cavan, swore that he saw a woman who had been thus deserted, set upon by three Irish women, who stripped her naked in frost and snow. She fell in labor under their hands, and she and her child died. Many were buried alive. Those who died first were never baried, but were left to be devoured by dogs, and rats, and swine. Some were driven into rivers and drowned, some hanged, some mutilated, some ripped with knives. The priests told the people' that the Protestants were worse than dogs ; they were devils and served the devil; and the killing of them was a meritorious act.' One wretch stabbed a woman with a haby in her arms, and left the infant in mockery on its dead mother's breast, bidding it Suck, English bastard.' The insurgent's swere in their madness they would not leave English man, woman, or child alive in Ireland. I hey flung babies into the ditches to the pigs. Then put out grown men's eyes, turned them adrift to wander and starved them to death. Two cowboys boasted of having murdered thirty women and children; and a lad was heard swearing that his arm was so tired with killing, that he could scarce lift his hand above his head.

The main authority for all this is Sir John Temple whose story is founded upon the famous folios of Depositions; but the Historian does not cite the depositions themselves, merely saying that they are the "eternal witness of blood." To those who have made Irish history a study these wonderful affidavits are familiar, and I should be ashamed to take up space with them, but that to most readers they will be something new, and will besides show the exact sources from which the Historian has drawn his bloody marvels. Here, for example, are several specimens--

"The examination of Dame Butler, who, being duly sworn, deposeth 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 levouring ravens, and not afforded as

nation as yet honoring the sun as first God, and the rivers, as that God's satellites; a people bending the knee to the well clad trees, and yet a people great in war, willing and able to meet a powerful antagonist, a kindly people having compassion where mercy would call out; but, a people just like the Paddy of to-day, a set of men who would not receive a blow without giving a hetter. (Enthusiastic applause)

According to the best accounts, St. Patrick was born in Gaul towards the end of the year A.D. 337. His father being Calphurnius, and his mother Conehessa.

When he was but sixteen years of age, he was carried captive to Erin, by the subjects of King Nial, and on his arrival he was allotted to Milcho, a chief of Dalriada, whose flocks he attended on the mountain of Slemish in the present Co. of Antrim.

Whatever may have been the course of his few previous years, certain it is, that "God who is wondotful in all His ways, and holy in all His works' permitted him, (like unto another Joseph) to be sold as a slave. For six long Ours he was a slave, and yet, bitter as was his captivity, it was necessary for his future mission, since during that time he acquired a perfect knowledge of Ireland's language.

The bondage is over and after many difficulties Patrick reaches home. He remains but a short time in the bosom of his family; the spirit of the apostolate would not allow him. He goes to Tours, studies under St. Martin, and from that friend he receives a Christian education. Leaving college with the indelible mark of the Priesthood upon his soul, with the good and kindly feeling in his heart, he engages himself in works of piety and devotion. (applause)

He again suffers a short bondage of sixty days, and after his being freed, he beheld the great noc-turnal vision, of which you must have heard. "The voice of the Irish," such were the words inscribed upon that paper presented to him, and when sleep had passed away, Patrick knew full well, the will of God in his regard. He rushes to St. Germain of Auxerre, and under his direction he spends ten years of his long life, fitting himself for the work which God had chosen him to do. (applause)

St Germain and Lupus were sent to Britain by their ecclesiastical authorities to quell the disturbance caused by Pelagius and his errors. On their return to Gaul, A.D. 432, they send Patrick to Rome, to speak the issue of their visit, and also to narrate the sad state in which Ireland was, "a God existing and she not praising Him." Patrick goes to Rome and Celestine then ruling, gives him powers, and tells him to depart for Ireland!

My friends, the seas are rolling fast along, and the fortunes of men are upon their surface; the pilot ever watchful, stands and guards his post, looking with a longing, loving look, towards the land for which he leads; but never sailed a bark so longed for; never held a ship within her limits, a treasure half so precious, as did the proud vessel bearing Patrick, to the people who were "sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death." (Deafening applause for several minutes.) In the year 432 Patrick lands on the coast of

Wicklow, near Dublin. He was a captive in the Northern Province and, mark this well, for that same place he steers. How does Patrick's life illustrate the story of 1re-

land up to the blessed time of his coming ? I will dim, and the old Pontiff longed to be with God. tell you. Patrick when sixteen years of age was a

Alas, my friends ! that this is but a picture, would that ye could look upon your ancient honored fathers; would that ye could stand upon the sod surrounding uncient Tara's halls, your feet embedded in the Shamrock as it issues from there and your hearts replenished with that balmy air peculiar to old Erin! (applause)

But no longer'stands the princely edifice; the moat is there, and I have stood upon it, my feet have marked for aught I know, the spot on which the throne of Leary was creeted, and my feelings were at that moment, stirred up to their highest within me, my mind was full of thought, and I asked myself the question :- Did king or noble, the night they were converted ever for a moment think, that such a melody as "The harp of Tara's halls would in times to come be all remaining to remind us of the peace, the glory and the greatness, that once was

there?" (great applause) Patrick and his disciples had gained their first great victory. The year 432 had been a glorious one for them. Armagh is visited, and their efforts are crowned with the like success. Cashel is honored by the prosence of God's great Prince; and Cashel standing on the brow of the golden vale, receives in her people, the diadem of faith. And thus it was, my friends, that each part of that little isle of beauty was visited by the great St. Patrick ; thus it was that the altars of the Druid were lowered to the dust, and the priest who served them called to the knowledge of God; thus it was, that for upwards of fifty years, the Pastor cared, and provided for his flock. Seven times did Patrick travel round the land, and seven times did he find his reward to be seven-fold. Time wore on and towards the beginning of the year A.D. 493, his strongth waxed feeble, his eye grew

TURNING POINT.

That there was an insurrection is certain. It began on the 23rd of October, in the year 1641; and the whole plan and purpose of it were to retake and possess the farms and houses which had been forcibly taken away from the Irish of Ulster, only a few years before. From twenty years to thirty years had elapsed since most of the people of six counties had been driven to the mountains and bogs, that their pleasant fields might be occupied by Scotch and English settlers. The remnant of those Ulster clans had been reduced to the condition of laborers, or very small cottiers. Many men of high name, with the culture and associations of the gentry of that day, were tilling, as ploughmen, and reaping as harvest men, for the stranger, fields that had been their own. Others, with their shivering families, could look down from the brow of Tyrone hills upon

burial.

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

"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 Home, that there were forty gone to execution. Jurat. Sept. 7 1642. ANNE BUTLER.

"Thomas Fleetwood, late curate of Kilbeggan, in the county of Westmeath, deposeth. That he hath 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 suckling child, not 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 so left it there to perish."

"Richard Burke, bachelor in divinity, of the county of Fermanagh, deposetn That he heard and verily believeth, the burning and killing of one hundred, at least, in the castle of Tullah; and that the same was done after fair quarter promised. Jurat. July 12, 1643."

In looking through the monstrous farrage of swearing, it is remarkable, first, that scarcely any one saw the horrid deeds he or she swears, to, but only tells what somebody told somebody else, who told this deponent: also, that in most cases the authorities for the statements are called, in general terms, "the rebels." For example-

"Katherine, the relict of William Coke, of the county of Armagh, deposeth, That many of her neighbors who had been prisoners among the rebels, said and affirmed, that divers of the rebels would confess, brog and boast, how they took an English Protestant, one Robert Wilkinson, at Kilmore, and held his feet in the fire until they burned him to death,"

To do the Historian justice, there is not one of the fearful scenes he has above described that he did not find ine evidence duly sworn to upon the Holy Evangelists. The babies flung into boiling pots, or left to be devoured by swine; the men and women stripped naked, and driven out under the wild winter weather. Nay, more, he is too modest, and does not cite by any means the most revolting cases, fearing, perhaps, to give a certain grotesque air to his pages. I can supply him, for his second edition, with more and better horrors. Stripping, for instance, is but a trifle: why not give us the case of Margaret Fermeney, an old women of seventy-five, who swears that on her way up to Dublin, "She was stripped naked by the Irish seven times in one day." He will find this in the famous folios, and also in Temple. Or why not tell us what Elizaboth Baskerville swears she heard a murder's wife say, to the murderer, her husband-

"Elizabeth Baskerville deposeth. That she heard the wife of Florence Fitz-Patrick, find much fault with her husband's soldiers, because they did not bring along with them the grease of Mrs. Nicholson, whom they had slain, for her to make candles withal Jurat, April 26, 1643."

Indeed, several of the affidavits make express mention of the strong desire those Irish had to colthose smiling, valleys of the Blackwater and the lect Protestant grease. And it is all set forth in those volumes which are the "eternal witness of blood ?"