

was a fair one. Did the learned gentleman, in such apology for entering so late upon the discussion of Irish affairs? (Applause.) Oh no; there was no apology necessary; he was only going to speak of the "Irish." There was no word to express his own fear that perhaps he did not understand the Irish character, or the subject upon which he was about to treat; there was no apology to the Irish in America; the fourteen millions, if he boldly take up their history, endeavoring to hold them up as licentious, immoral, irreligious, contentious, obstinate, uncooperable race, not at all. It was not necessary; they were only Irish. If they were Scottish then the learned gentleman would have come with a thousand apologies for his own presumption in venturing to approach such a delicate subject as the delineation of the sweet Scottish character, or anything connected with it. (Laughter and applause.)

What, on the other hand, is his treatment of the Irish? I have, in this book before me, words that came from his pen, and I protest as I read them I felt every drop of my blood boil in my veins when the gentleman said: "The Irish may be good at the voting booths, but they are no good to handle a rifle." He compares us, in this essay to a pack of hounds. He says: "To deliver Ireland, to give Ireland any need, would be the same as if a gentleman, addressing his hounds, said, 'I give you your freedom; now go out to set for yourselves.'" That is—he means to say, that after worrying all the sheep in the neighborhood, they would end by tearing each other to pieces. (Laughter.) I deplore this feeling. The man who is possessed of it can never understand the philosophy of Irish history. (Applause.)

Thirdly: Mr. Froude is utterly unfit for the task of delineating and interpreting the history of the Irish people, because of his more than contempt and bitter hatred and detestation in which he holds the Catholic religion and the Catholic Church. In this book before me, he speaks of the Catholic Church as an "old serpent whose poisonous fangs have been withdrawn from her; and she is now as a Witch of Endor, mumbling curses to-day because she cannot burn at the stake and shed blood, as of old." He almost invariably charges the Church and makes her responsible for the French massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, for the persecutions before those days that originated from the revolution in the Netherlands against the Duke of Alva and Philip II., for every murder that has been committed and fouler butchery. He says, with the virus of a most intense prejudice, that the Catholic Church lies at the bottom of them all, and is responsible for them. The very gentlemen that welcomed and surrounded him when he came to New York, gave him plainly to understand, where the Catholic religion is involved, that they did not consider him a reliable or trustworthy witness or historian. (Cheers.) Yet, where his prejudices are concerned, I again declare—not that I believe the gentleman to be capable of lying; I believe he is incapable—but wherever prejudice comes in, such as he has, he distorts the most well-known facts for his own purposes. This gentleman wishes to exalt Queen Elizabeth, by blackening Mary, Queen of Scots, and in doing this he has been convicted by a citizen of Brooklyn of putting in his own words as if they were the words of ancient chronicles and ancient laws, deeds and documents and the taunt has been flung at him that "Mr. Froude has never grasped the meaning of inverted commas." (Laughter.) Henry VIII. of blessed memory (renewed laughter) has been painted by this historian as a most estimable man—as chaste and as holy as a monk. Bless your soul! (Great laughter.) A man that never robbed anybody; who every day was burning with zeal for the public good. As to putting away his wife and taking young and beautiful Anne Bolcyn to his embrace, that was an anxiety for the public good. (Renewed laughter.) All the atrocities of this monster in human form, all melt away under Mr. Froude's eye, and Henry the Eighth rises before us such a form that even the Protestants in England, when they heard him described by Mr. Froude, say, "Oh! you have mistaken your man, sir!" (Great applause.)

One fact will show you how this gentleman treats history. When King Henry the Eighth declared war against the Church, and when all England was convulsed by his tyranny—one day hanging a Catholic because he would not deny the supremacy of the Pope, the next day hanging a Protestant because he denied the Real Presence—any body that differed from Henry was sure to be sent to the scaffold. It was a sure and expeditious way of silencing all argument.

During this time when the monasteries were beginning to be pillaged, the Catholic clergy of England, especially those who remained faithful to the Pope were most odious to the tyrant, and such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate their clergy in order to please their king.—Well, at this time a certain man whose name was Hunn, was lodged a prisoner in the Tower, and was found hanged by the neck in his cell. There was a coroner's inquest held upon him, and the twelve blackguards—I can call them nothing else, in order to express their hatred for the Church, and to please the powers which were, found a verdict against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, a most excellent priest whom everybody knew to be such. When the Bishop heard of this verdict, he applied to the Prime Minister to have the verdict quashed. He brought the matter before the House of Lords, in order that the character of his Chancellor might be fully vindicated. The King's attorney-general took cognizance of it by a solemn decree, and the verdict of the coroner's inquest was set aside, and the twelve men declared to be twelve perjurers. (Applause.) Now, listen to Mr. Froude's version of that story. He says: "The clergy of the time were reduced to such a dreadful state that actually a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of

willful murder against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, and the Bishop was obliged to apply to Cardinal Woolsey to have a special jury to try him, because if he took any twelve men in London, they would have found him guilty." Leaving the reader under the impression that this priest, this Chancellor, was a monster of iniquity, and the priests of the time were as bad as he; leaving the impression that this man was guilty of the murder, who was as innocent as Abel, and who if put on trial before twelve of his countrymen, they would have found him guilty on the evidence. This is the version he puts upon it—he knowing the facts as well as I know them.

Well, now, my friends, we come to consider the subject of his first lecture. Indeed, I must say I never practically experienced the difficulty of hunting a will-o'-the-wisp in a marsh. (Laughter.)—until I came to follow this learned gentleman in his first lecture. I say nothing disrespectful of him at all, but simply say, he covered so much ground, at such unequal distances, that it was impossible to follow him. He began by remarking how General Rufus King wrote such a letter about certain Irishmen, and said that the Catholics of Ireland sympathized with England, while the Protestants of Ireland were breast-high for America, in the old struggle between this country and Great Britain. All these questions which belong to our day, I will leave aside for the close of these lectures. When I come to speak of the men and things of our own day, then I shall have great pleasure in taking up Mr. Froude's assertions. But coming home to the great question of Ireland, what does this gentleman tell us? For seven hundred years Ireland was invaded by the Anglo-Normans. The first thing, apparently, that he wishes to do is to justify this invasion, and establish the principle that the Normans were right in coming to Ireland. He began by drawing a terrible picture of the state of Ireland before the invasion: "They were cutting each other's throats; the whole land was covered with bloodshed; there was in Ireland neither religion, morality or government; therefore the Pope found it necessary to send the Normans to Ireland, as you would send a policeman into a saloon where the people were killing one another." This is his justification—that in Ireland, seven hundred years ago, just before the Norman invasion, there was neither religion, morality or government. Let us see if he is right? (Applause.)

The first proof that he gives that there was no government in Ireland is a most insidious statement. He says: "How could there be any government in a country where every family maintained itself—according to its own ideas—of right or wrong, acknowledging no authority?" Now, if this be true, in one sense, of the word family, certainly Ireland was in a most deplorable state. Every family governing itself according to its own notions and acknowledging no authority! What does he mean by the words every family? Speaking to Americans in the nineteenth century, it means every household in the land. We speak of a family as composed of father, mother and three or four children gathered around the domestic hearth, this is our idea of the family. I freely admit if every family in Ireland were governed by their own ideas—admitting of no authority over them—he has established his case in one thing against Ireland. But what is the meaning of the words every family? Irishmen who hear me to-night know it meant the sept or the tribe that had the same name. They owned two or three counties and a large extent of territory. The men of the same name were called the men of the same family. The MacMurrags of Leinster; the O'Tooles of Wicklow; the O'Byrnes of Kildare; the O'Connors of Connaught; the O'Neills and the O'Donnells of Ulster. The "family" meant a nation. Two or three counties were governed by one chieftain and represented by one man of the sept. It is quite true that each family governed itself in its own independence, and acknowledged no superior. (Cheers.) There were five great families in Ireland—the O'Connors, in Connaught; the O'Neills in Ulster; the MacLoughlins, in Meath; the O'Briens in Munster, and the MacMurrags in Leinster. And under these five great heads there were minor septs and smaller families, each counting from five or six hundred to perhaps a thousand fighting men, but all acknowledging in the different provinces their sovereignty to these five great royal houses. These five houses again elected their monarch, or supreme ruler, called the Ardriagh, who dwelt in Tara. (Applause.) Now, I ask you if "family" meant the whole sept, or tribe, or army in the field defending their families, having the regularly constituted authority and head, is it fair to say that the country was in anarchy because every family governed themselves according to their own notions? Is it fair for this gentleman to try to hoodwink and deceive the American jury, to which he has made his appeal, by describing the Irish "family," which meant a sept or tribe, as a family of the nineteenth century, which means only the head of the house, with the mother and the children?

Again he says: "In this deplorable state the people lived, like the New Zealanders of to-day live in underground caves." And then he boldly says: "That I myself opened up in Ireland one of these underground houses of the Irish people." Now, mark. This gentleman lived in Ireland a few years ago; he discovered a rath in Kerry. In it he found some remains of muscle shells and bones. At the time of the discovery he had the most learned archaeologist in Ireland with him, and they put together their heads about it. Mr. Froude has written in this very book that "what these very places were intended for, or the uses they were applied to, baffled all conjecture; no one could tell." Then if he baffled all conjecture, and he did not know what to make of it—if it so puzzled him then, so that nobody could declare what they were for, what right has he to come out to America and say they were the ordinary dwellings of the Irish people? (Applause.)

In order to understand the Norman invasion I must ask you to consider, first, my friends, the ancient Irish constitution which governed the land. Ireland was governed by septs or families. The land, from time immemorial, was in the possession of these families or tribes. Each tribe elected its

own chieftain; and to him they paid the most devoted obedience and allegiance, so that the fidelity of the Irish clansman to his chief was proverbial. The chief, during his lifetime, convoked an assembly of the tribe again, and they elected from among the princes of his family the best and the strongest man to be his successor, and they called him the Tanist. The object of this was that the successor of the king might be known, and at the king's death or the prince's death there might be no riot or bloodshed, or contention for the right of succession to him. Was this not a wise law? The elective monarchy has its advantages. The best man comes to the front because he is the choice of his fellow-men. For when they come to elect a successor to their prince, they choose the best man. Not the king's eldest son, who might be a booby or a fool. (Laughter.)

And so they came together and wisely selected the best, the strongest, the bravest and the wisest man, and he was acknowledged to have the right to the succession. He was the Tanist according to the ancient law of Ireland. Well, these families, as we said, in the various provinces of Ireland, owed allegiance and paid it to the king of the province. He was one of the five great families called the five great families of Ireland. Each prince had his own judge or Brehon, who administered justice in the court to the people. These Brehons or judges, were learned men, the historians of the time tell us, that they could speak Latin as fluently as they could speak Irish; they had established a code of law, and when they had graduated in their studies came home to their respective septs or tribes, and were established as judges or Brehons over the people. Nay, more! Nowhere in the history of the Irish do we hear of an instance where a man rebelled or protested against the decision of his Brehon judge. Then these five monarchs in the provinces elected an Ardriagh, or high king. With him they sat in council on national matters within the halls of imperial Tara. (Applause.)

There Patrick found them in the year 432, minstrels and bards and Brehons, princes, crowned monarchs, and high king; there did he find them discussing, like lords and true men, the affairs of the nation, when he preached to them the faith of Jesus Christ. (Applause.) And, while this Constitution remained, the clansmen paid no rent for their land. The land of the tribe or family was held in common—it was the common property of all, and the Brehon or Judge divided it, and gave to each man what was necessary for him, with free right and pasture over the whole. They had no idea of slavery or serfdom amongst them. The Irish clansman was of the same blood with his chieftain. O'Brien that sat in the saddle at the head of his men was related to gallowglass O'Brien that was in the ranks. No such thing as looking down by the chieftains upon their people; no such thing as a cowed, abject submission upon the part of the people to a tyrannical chieftain. In the ranks they stood as freemen—freemen, perfectly equal, one with the other. (Applause.) We are told by Gerald Barry, the lying historian, who sometimes, though rarely, told the truth—(laughter)—that when the English came to Ireland nothing astonished them more than the free and bold manner in which the humblest man spoke to his chieftain, and the condescending kindness and spirit of equality in which the chieftain treated the humblest soldier in his tribe.

This was the ancient Irish Constitution my friends. And now, does this look anything like anarchy? Can it be said with truth of a land where the laws were so well defined, where everything was in its proper place—that there was anarchy? Mr. Froude says, "There was anarchy there, because the chieftains were fighting amongst themselves." So they were; but he also adds: "There was fighting everywhere in Europe after the breaking up of the Roman Empire." Well! Mr. Froude, fighting was going on everywhere; the Saxons were fighting the Normans around them in England, and what right have you to say that Ireland, beyond all other nations, was given up to anarchy, because chieftains drew the sword against chieftains frequently from time to time.

So much for the question of government. Now for the question of religion. The Catholic religion flourished in Ireland for 600 years and more before the Anglo-Normans invaded her coasts. For the first 300 years that religion was the glory of the world and the pride of God's holy church. Ireland for these 300 years was the island mother home of saints and of scholars. (Great applause.) Men came from every country in the then known world to light the lamps of knowledge and of sanctity at the sacred fire upon the altars of Ireland. Then came the Danes, and for 300 years our people were harassed by incessant war. The Danes, as Mr. Froude remarks, apparently with a great deal of approval, had no respect for Christ or for religion, and the first thing they did was to set fire to the church and monasteries. The nuns and holy monks were scattered, and the people were left without instruction. Through a time of war men don't have much time to think of religion or things of peace. And for 300 years Ireland was subject to the invasions of the Danes. On Good Friday morning, in the year 1014, Brian Borohme defeated the Danes at Clontarf, but it was not until the 23d of August, 1103, in the twelfth century, that the Danes were driven out of the land by the defeat of Magnus, their king, at Loch Strangford, in the centre of Ireland. (Applause.) The consequence of these Danish wars was that the Catholic religion, though it remained in all its vital strength, in all the purity of its faith amongst the Irish people, yet it remained sadly shorn of that sanctity which adorned it for the first 300 years of Irish Christianity. Vices sprang up amongst the people, for they were accustomed to war, war, war, night and day, for three centuries. Where is the people on the face of the earth that would not be utterly demoralized by fifty years of war, much less by 300? "The Wars of the Roses" in England did not last more than thirty years, and they left the English people so demoralized that almost without a struggle they changed their religion at the dictates of the blood-thirsty and licentious tyrant, Henry VIII. No sooner was the Dane gone than the Irish people summoned their bishops and their priests to council, and we find almost every year after the final expulsion of the Danes a council held. Here gathered the bishops, priests, the leaders and the chieftains of the land—the heads of the great septs or families. There they made those laws by which they endeavored to repair all the evils of the Danish invasion. Strict laws of Christian morality were enforced, and again and again we find these councils assembled to receive a Papal Legate—Cardinal Paparo, in the year 1164, four years before the Norman invasion. They invited the Papal Legate to the council, and we find the Irish people every year after the Norman invasion obeying the laws of the council without a murmur. We find the council of Irish bishops assembled, supported by the sword and power of the chieftains, with the Pope's Legate, who was received into Ireland with open arms whenever his master sent him, without let or hindrance. When he arrived he was surrounded with all the devotion and chivalrous affection which the Irish have always paid to their representatives of religion in the country. (Applause.) And, my friends, it is worth our while to see what was the consequence of all these councils—what was the result of this great religious revival which was taking place in Ireland during the few years that elapsed between the last Danish invasion and the invasion of the Normans. We find three Irish saints reigning together in the church. We find St. Malachi, one of the greatest saints, primate of Armagh. We find him succeeded by St. Celan, and again by Gregorius whose name is name high up in the martyrology of the time. We find in Dublin St. Laurence O'Toole of

glorious memory. (Great applause.) We find Felix and Christian, Bishops of Lismore; Catholics of Down; Augustus, of Waterford—every man of them famed not only in Ireland but throughout the whole Church of God for the greatness of their learning and for the brightness of their sanctity. We find at the same time Irish monks, famous for their learning as men of their day, and as famous for their sanctity. In the great Irish Benedictine monastery of Rathfarnham, we find Laurence and twelve other Irish monks. We find, moreover that the very year before the Normans arrived in Ireland in 1168, a great council was held at Athboy, thirteen thousand Irishmen representing the nation; thirteen thousand warriors on horseback attended the Council, and the bishops and priests with their chiefs, to take the law they made from them and hear whatever the Church commanded them to obey. What was the result of all this? Ah! my friends, I am not speaking from any prejudiced point of view. It has been said that Mr. Froude gives the history of Ireland from an outside view, from an inside view. Now, I am not giving it from an inside view. I am only quoting English authorities. I find that in this very interval between the Danish and Saxon invasion, Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to O'Brien, King of Munster, congratulated him on the religious spirit of his people. I find St. Anselm, one of the greatest saints that ever lived, and Archbishop of Canterbury under William Rufus, writes to this King of Munster: "I give thanks to God," he says, "for the many good things we hear of your Highness, and especially for the profound peace which the subjects of your realm enjoy. All good men who hear this give thanks to God and pray that He may grant you length of days." The man that wrote that, perhaps, was thinking while he was writing of the awful anarchy, impiety and darkness of the most dense and terrible kind which covered his own land of England in the reign of the Red King, William Rufus. And yet we are told indeed by Mr. Froude, a good judge he seems to be of religion—(laughter)—for he says in one of his lectures: "Religion is a thing of which one man knows as much as another, and none of us know anything at all." He tells us that the Irish were without religion at the very time when the Irish Church was forming itself into the model of sanctity, which it was at the time of the Danish invasion, when Rodric O'Connor, King of Connaught, was acknowledged by every prince and chieftain in the land to be the high king or Ardriagh. Now, as far as regards what he says: "That Ireland was without morality," I have but little to say. I will answer this by one fact. A king of Ireland stole another man's wife. His name accused! was Dermot MacMurragh, King Leinster. (Applause.) Every chieftain in Ireland every man rose up and banished him from Irish soil as unworthy to live on it. (Applause.) If these were the immoral people; if these were the bestial, incestuous depraved race which they are described by leading Norman authorities, may I ask you might not King Dermot turn around and say: "Why are you making war upon me; is it not the order of the day? Have I not as good a right to be a blackguard as anybody else?" (Laughter.) Now comes Mr. Froude and says: "The Normans were sent to Ireland to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish." (Great merriment.) In the language of Shakespeare I would say—"Oh! Jew, I thank thee for that word." (Upbraiding laughter.) In these Ten Commandments the three most important are, in their relation to human society, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." The Normans, even in Mr. Froude's view, had no right or title under Heaven to one square inch of the soil of Ireland. (Cheers.) They came to take what was not their own, what they had no right, no title to. And they came as robbers and thieves to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish people, amongst them the Commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." (Laughter.) Henry landed in Ireland in 1171. He was after murdering the holy Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Thomas a Becket. They scattered his brains before the foot of the altar, before the Blessed Sacrament, at the Vesper hour. The blood of the saint and martyr was upon his hands when he came to Ireland to teach the Irish, "Thou shalt not kill. What was the occasion of their coming? When the adulterer was driven from the sacred soil of Erin, as one unworthy to profane it by his tread, he went over to Henry and procured from him a letter permitting any of his subjects that chose to embark for Ireland to do so, and there to reinstate the adulterous tyrant, King Dermot, in his kingdom. They came then as protectors and helpers of adultery to teach the Irish people, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." (Great laughter.)

Mr. Froude tells us that they were right—that they were the apostles of purity, honesty and clemency, and Mr. Froude "is an honorable man." (Laughter.) Ah! but he says, remember, my good Dominican friend, "that if they came to Ireland, they came because the Pope sent them." Henry, in the year 1174, produced a letter which he said he received from Adrian IV., which commissioned him to go to Ireland, and permitted him there, according to the terms of the letter, to do whatever he thought right and fit to promote the glory of God and the good of the people. The date that was on the letter was 1154, consequently it was twenty years old. During the twenty years nobody ever heard of that letter except Henry, who had it in his pocket, and an old man called John of Salisbury, that wrote how he went to Rome and procured the letter in a huggermugger way from the Pope. Now let us examine this letter. It has been examined by a better authority than me. It has been examined by one who is here to-night, who has brought to bear upon it the acumen of his great knowledge. It was dated, according to Rhymer, the great English authority, 1154. Pope Adrian was elected Pope the 3rd of December, 1154. No sooner was the news of his election received in England than John of Salisbury was sent out to congratulate him by King Henry, and to get this letter. It must have been the 3rd of January, 1155, before the news reached England, for in these days no news could come to England from Rome in less than a month. John of Salisbury set out, and it must have been another month—the end of February or the beginning of March, 1155—before he arrived in Rome, and the letter was dated 1164! (Laughter.) This date of Rhymer's was found inconvenient, wherever he got it, and the current date afterwards was 1155. "But," says Mr. Froude, "there was a copy of it kept in the archives of Rome, and how do you get over that?" The copy had no date at all! (Laughter.) Now, this copy, according to Baronius, had no date at all, and, according to the Roman laws, a receipt that has no date is invalid—just so much waste paper. So that even if Pope Adrian gave it, it is worth nothing.—Again, learned authors tell us that the existence of a document in the archives of Rome does not prove the authenticity of the document. It may be kept there as a mere historical record. But suppose that Pope Adrian had given the letter to Henry and Henry had kept it so secret, because his mother, the Empress Matilda, did not want him to act upon it. Well! When he did act upon it why did he not produce it? That was the only warrant on which he came to Ireland, invaded the country and never breathed a word about that letter. There is a lie on the face of it! (Applause.) "Oh! Mr. Froude reminded me," to remember that Alexander the III., his successor, mentions that receipt of Adrian's and confirmed it." I answer with Dr. Lynch, and the learned author, Dr. Moran of Ossory, and with many Irish scholars and historians that Alexander's letter is a forgery as well as Adrian's.

I grant that there are learned men who admit the Bull of Adrian and Alexander's receipt. But there are equally learned men who deny that Bull, and I have as good reason to believe one as the other, and

I prefer to believe it was a forgery. Alexander's letter bears the date 1172. Now let us see whether it is likely for the Pope Alexander to give Henry such a letter recommending him to go to Ireland. "The beloved Son of the Lord to take care of the Church," &c. Remember it is said Adrian gave the receipt and did not know the man he gave it to. But Alexander knew him well! Henry in 1160 and 1176 supported the anti-Popes against Alexander, and according to Matthew, of Westminster, King Henry II. obliged everyone in England, from the boy of twelve years of age to the old man, to renounce their allegiance to Alexander III., and go over to the Anti-Popes. Now is it likely that Alexander would give him a receipt, telling him to go to Ireland and settle the ecclesiastical matters there? Alexander himself wrote to Henry and said to him, "Instead of remedying the disorders caused by your predecessors, you have added prevarication to prevarication; you have oppressed the Church and endeavored to destroy the canons of apostolical men."

Such is the man that Alexander sent to Ireland to make them good people. (Laughter.) According to Mr. Froude, "The Irish never loved the Pope until the Normans taught them." (Laughter.) What is the fact. Until the accused Norman came to Ireland, the Papal Legate always came to the land at his pleasure. No king ever obstructed him; no Irish hand was ever raised against a bishop, priest of the land or Papal Legate. After the first Legate, Cardinal Vivian passed over to England, Henry took him by the throat and made him swear that when he went to Ireland he would do nothing against the interest of the King. It was an unheard of thing that archbishops and cardinals should be persecuted until the Normans taught the world how to do it with their accursed feudal system, concentrating all power in the King.

Ah, bitterly did Laurence O'Toole feel it—the great, heroic saint of Ireland—(cheers)—when he went to England on his last voyage! The moment he arrived in England, the King's officers made him prisoner. The King left orders that he was never to set foot in Ireland again.

It was this man that was sent over as an apostle of morality to Ireland; he was the man accused of violating the betrothed wife of his own son, Richard I. a man whose crimes will not bear repetition; a man who was believed by Europe to be possessed by the devil; a man of whom it is written "that when he got into a fit of anger, he tore off his clothes and sat naked, shewing straw like a beast!" Furthermore, it is likely that a Pope who knew him so well, who suffered so much from him, would have sent him to Ireland—the murderer of Bishops, the robber of churches, the destroyer of ecclesiastical liberty, and of every form of liberty that came before him? No! I never will believe that the Pope of Rome was so very short-sighted, so unjust as by a stroke of his pen to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people who ever bowed down in allegiance to him. (Great applause.)

But let us suppose that Pope Adrian gave the Bull. I hold still it was of no account, because it was obtained under false pretences; for he told the Pope: "The Irish are in a state of miserable ignorance, which did not exist. Secondly, he told a lie, and according to the Roman law a Papal Rescript obtained on a lie was null and void. Again, when Henry told the Pope when he gave him that receipt and power to go to Ireland, that he would fix everything right and do everything for the glory of God and the good of the people, he had no intention of doing it and never did it. Consequently, the rescript was null and void.

But suppose the rescript was valid. Well, my friends, what power did it give Henry? Did it give him the land of Ireland? Not a bit of it. All it was that the Pope said was, "I give you power to enter Ireland, there to do what is necessary for the glory of God, and the good of the people." At most, all he said he wished of the Irish chieftains was to acknowledge his high sovereignty over the land.—Now you must know that in these early middle ages there were two kinds of sovereignty. There was a sovereignty that had the people and the land.—They were his; he governed these as the kings and emperors do in Europe to-day. Besides these, there was one that went by the name and title of king and required the homage only of the chieftains of the land, but who left them in perfect liberty, and in perfect independence. Yet he demanded this nominal tribute of their homage and worship and nothing more. This was all evidently that the Pope of Rome claimed in Ireland if he permitted so much; and the proof of it lies here that when Henry II. came to Ireland he did not claim of the Irish kings that they should give up their sovereignty.—He left Rodric O'Connor King of Connaught, acknowledging him as a fellow-king; he acknowledged his royalty, and confirmed him when he demanded of him the allegiance of a feudal Prince—a feudal suzerain—leaving him in perfect independence.

Again, let us suppose that Henry intended to conquer Ireland and bring it into slavery. Did he succeed? Was there a conquest at all? Nothing like it. He came to Ireland—the King and Princes of the Irish people—said to him: "Well, we are willing to acknowledge your high sovereignty.—You are the lord of Ireland, but we are the owners of the land. It is simply acknowledging your title as lord of Ireland, and nothing more." If he intended anything more, he never carried out his intention; he was able to conquer that portion which was held before by the Danes, but not outside. It is a fact that when the Irish had driven the Danes out of Ireland at Clontarf, that as they always were straightforward and generous in the hour of their triumph, they permitted the Danes to remain in Dublin, Wexford, Wicklow and Waterford, and from the Hill of Howth to Waterford. The consequence of this was that the whole eastern shore of Ireland was in possession of the Danes. The Normans came over, and were regarded by the Irish as cousins to the Danes, and only took the Danish territory—nothing more, and they were willing to share with them. Therefore, there was no cause now for Mr. Froude's second justification of these most iniquitous acts, that Ireland was a prey to the Danes. He says the Danes came to the land made the people ferocious, and leaves his hearers to infer that the Danish wars in Ireland were only a succession of individual and ferocious contests between tribe and tribe, and between man and man, whereas they were a magnificent trial of strength between two of the greatest and bravest nations that ever met foot to foot and hand to hand on a battlefield.—(Great applause.) The Danes were unconquerable, the Celts for 300 years fought with them and disputed every inch of the land with them, filled every valley in the land with their dead bodies, and in the end drove them back into the North Sea, and freed their native land from their domination. (Applause.) This magnificent contest is represented by this historian as a mere ferocious onslaught, daily renewed between man and man in Ireland. The Normans arrived and we have seen how they were received; the Butlers and Fitzgeralds went down into Kildare; the De Berminghams and Burkes went down into Connaught. The people offered them very little opposition, gave them a portion of their lands and welcomed them amongst them; and they began to love them as if they were their own flesh and blood. But, my friends, these Normans, so haughty in England, who despised the Saxons so bitterly that their name for the Saxon was "villain" or churl, who would not allow a Saxon to sit at the same table with them, who never thought of intermarrying with the Saxons for many long years; the proud, Norman, ferocious in his passions, brave as a lion, formed by his crusades and Sacrocinio wars, the bravest warrior of his times—this steel-clad knight

(CONCLUDED ON 6TH PAGE.)