

seven hundred and forty-six years ago. He was thus, curiously enough, descended from those Anglo-Norman conquerors who first made Ireland an English province. But his ancestors have long been among those who interpreted their entry into Ireland not as the acquisition of subject territory, but as the meeting of two races which Providence intended to live in friendship. They quickly became, as the old phrase has it, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Throughout those melancholy centuries when a deplorable effort was made to impose by force English customs, English ascendancy, English religion, we find the name of one Redmond after another among the gallant defenders of native rights. An Alexander Redmond took the lead in the heroic resistance of Wexford to that barbarity which has so stained the memory of Cromwell. His successor was among those who suffered deprivation of house and lands rather than abandon his ancient faith at the bidding of Puritan persecutors. At least one woman of the house achieved a glory which reminds us of Joan of Arc. The rising of 1798 was at least as justifiable as the resistance of France to aggression three hundred years before. And an old print still hangs upon the wall of many a Wexford family, depicting a hot engagement of that time, with a female figure in the foreground, and an inscription below; "The beautiful and accomplished Miss Redmond, seated on horseback, and leading the rebels." Through the nineteenth century, from the time when Parliament was opened to members of the Roman Catholic Church, one representative after another of the old house appears as the champion of his native country in the struggle by which grievance after grievance was redressed. Thus the whole atmosphere in which the departed chief grew up was impregnated with the memory of martyrs of freedom. As he once said himself; "I had been reared and nurtured in the midst of the hills and valleys that witnessed the struggles of '98; I had been taught to regard every scene as a monument of the heroism of our forefathers, and to remember that well nigh every sod beneath my feet marked a hero's sepulchre. One of my proudest recollections has ever been, and it is to-day, that in the dark hour of trial there were not wanting men of my race and name who attested by their lives to their devotion to Ireland." Gentlemen, these traditions count for something, especially in a land of romance. Can we wonder