whole literary work. If he had not had occasion to name frequently the O'Connells, the O'Neils, the Fitzgeralds, the Geraldines, the Clairs and the Desmonds I should hardly have kapwn as/I listened, that howas an Irish story.
In my hasty way I have had occasion to study somewhat at length the history of Treland in its relation to the British Government, and I confess, with the exception of the dates and the names, I should not have recognized the picture which the brilliant essayist drew. I remember once Mrs. Butler read for us a striking extract from Marmion. I have declaimed it, listened to it, sung it and croened it over a hundred times, and when I heard it announced it seemed to me it would be but a tame piece to listen to; but when the deep-studied and unequaled voice, and that soul that permentes all her public readings, gave me the piece anew, I thought I had never seen it at all.

So when I listened to this history of Froude's taking out the names and the dutes, I did not recognize the story. No doubt, it was fair enough to England. With rare justice, he painted her as black as she deserved. That is honestly to be said. But having given one broad, liberal black pigment to the whole canvas he took it all off and brightened up the lines. As it was said of Joshua Reynolds, that he would proclaim an artist the first of painters, and then in detail deny him every quality of the artist, so Froude, having told us in a sentence of marvellous frankness that Elizabeth was chargeable with every fault that a ruler could commit, that she lacked every quality of a worthy ruler, went on piece by piece to say that in no other possible way but the one she did could she have met the exigencies of her reign. Then when you turn to Ireland, every statement, I think, of

THE ENGLISHMAN IS PALSE; false in this sense, that it clutched at every idle

tale that reflected upon Ircland, while it subjected to just and merciless scrutiny every story that told against England. He painted the poverty, the anarchy, the demoralization, the degradation of Ireland for the last three centuries, as if it stood out exceptional in Europe, as if every other kingdom was bright, and this was the only dark and disgusting spot on the continent, whereas, he knew, and would not if questioned have denied, that the same poverty, the same reckless immerality, the same incredible ignorance which he attributed to the population of Ireland was true of France at that still of Scotland at every date that he named. And then when he came to the public men of Ireland he painted them monsters of corruption, steeped in the utmost subserviency, in the most entire readiness to traffic for votes and principles, when he knew that, all that being granted these men were toiling and panting in their narrow capacity to lift themselves up to the level of the corruption of their English brothers. (Applause.) He painted every leading Irishman but Grattan either as a noisy demagogue or a childish sentimentalist, and even Grattan, when he had said that he was honest, he finally ended him by painting him as a simpleton. I left on the patient listener after hearing them all. Now, it seems to me that all this indicates the partisan, the pamphleteer, the pleader of a cause, not an impartial searcher after a great truth or the generous and frank acknoledgment of a great national error. Some men were surprised that an Englishman should bring to this country a question apparently of so little interest as the relations of Ireland, but it would be only a superficial thinker that would be led into that mistake. The relations of Ireland are the gravest.

THE MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE

of England's politicall ife. Eight years ago I was hissed in Cooper Institute for having said that England was a second-rate power on the chess-board of Europe, but to-day her journalists have ceased to deny the fact, and are engag- in the thirty-eight before, nobody explains. ed in an explanation of why she is so. And the two great influences which have made her fall from a first-class power are the neglect and oppression of her own masses and seven centuries of unadulterated and infamous oppression of Ireland. Mr. Froude told us, with epigrammatic force and great truth, that the wickedness of nations was always punished, that, no matter how long Providence waited, in the end the wickedness of a race was answered by the punishment of their descendants. England has held for seven centuries to the lips of her sister Ireland a poisoned chalice. Its ingredients were the deepest contempt, the most unmeasured oppression, injustice, such as the world ever saw bofore. As Mr. Froude said, Previdence to-day is holding back that same cup to the lips of the mother country, which has, within a dozen years, felt the deep punishment, of her long injustice to Ireland. Ten years: ago, when Germany pressed to the wall the small kingdom of Denmark, which gave to England her Princess of Wales, England longed to draw her sword; when, two years ago, Bismarck snubbed her in the face of all Europe, again and again insulted her, smote her actually in the face, England longed to draw her sword, but she knew right well that the first cannon she fired at any first-rate power, Ireland would stab her in the back. Checkmated, she cannot move on the chess-board of the great powers, and one of the great causes of this crippling of her powers is the Irish question.

I do not wonder at all that the thoughtful Englishman should long to explain to the world, if he can, how the steps by which his country has been brought to this step have been inevitable, that by no wit of statesmanship, by no united against Cromwell, whereas they were about generosity of high-toned and magnanimous honor could she have avoided the path in which she is treading. If Mr. Froude could make out should get a large army of 225,000 men, because

ther these whole fine presentations of the Irish | that proposition; if he could convince the world question after all they are so discordant, so through the American people that England acperbusing so fragmentary, so one sided, that it cepted the inevitable fate which the geographionly runs in the line with the character of his cal proximity of Ireland had entailed upon her, it would have gone half way to wipe out the clots on his country's fame. I do not wonder he should make the attempt. I believe that instead of England's having conquered Ireland, that in the true, essential statement of the case, as it stands to-day,

IRELAND HAS CONQUERED ENGLAND.

She has summoned her before the bar of the civilized world to judge the justice of her legislation; she has checkmated her as a power on the chessboard of Europe: she has monopolized the attention of her statesmen; she has made her own island the pivot upon which the destiny of England turns; and her last great statesman and present prime minister, Mr. Gladstone, owes whatever fame he has to the supposition that at last he has devised a way by which he can conciliate Ireland and save his own country. But in all the presentations of the case it seems to me that our English friend has been a partizan and not a judge. Let me illustrate in one or two instances what I consider the justice of this charge. The population of Ireland, previous to 1811, is wholly matter of guess .-There never was a census till after this century had opened. Sir William Pettie, Fynes Morrison, the Secretary of Lord Mountjoy and others have formed an estimate of the different periods of the population of Ireland. Now, what I charge as a proof of partisanship is that whenever it served his purpose to adopt a small guess in order to excuse an English injustice or to bear hardly down on the critical condition of the Irish, he has always selected the smallest possible estimate. Whenever it served his puroose, on the contrary, to exaggerate the moral inefficiency of the Irish people, the divided meut was corrupt; and he told us of this man offercouncils, the quarrelsome generations, the totally | ing himself for sale, and another asking for a thouinefficient race, compared with some interval of English rule, he has always adopted the largest guess. For instance, the historian's estimate of the population of Ireland was made about the year 1600, the beginning of the seventeenth century, which was made by Fynes Morrison. He puts it at from 500,000 to 600;000 men.— Mr. Froude adopts this when he wants to say that James I., in confiscating six of the best counties in Ireland and settling them on his followers, was not very harmful, because he says there were very few inhabitants in Ireland, and room enough for a great many more. I do not see myself by what principle he would justify a despot in confiscating the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Middlesex, Bristol, and Worcester, turn out all the inhabitants, day, true of England at the same period, truer and give the property to aliens, because there was a great deal of

VACANT LAND IN NEBRASKA!

(Laughter and applause.) I do not see any exact moral principle. Then he brings us down to 1641-49, the era which Cromwell, with his purpose, as an advocate, to swell Ircland iato large proportions, and show you a great people swept like a herd of stags before one single powerful English hand. Then he tells you that Sir William Pettie has estimated the population of Ireland in 1641 at a million and a half of human beings, an estimate which Hallam calls prodigiously vain, and it is one of know that you can pick out of his lectures here the most marvellous estimates in history. Here and there a just sentence of acknowledgment; was an island, poverty-stricken, scourged by but I am endeavouring to give the result of all war, robbed of its soil, and still it had trebled the discourses—the impression that would be in population in about thirty-eight years, when, with all our multitudinous and uncounted emigration, with all our swelling prosperity, with all our industry and peace, with all our fruitful lands and no touch of war, with all this, it took our country more time sian that to treble. It took France 166 years to treble, but this poverty-stricken, war-ridden, decimated, starved race, trebled in a quarter of the time. However, having put down that point, the advocate goes on in order to exaggerate the trebled immorality and frightful fratricidal nature of Irish life, and tells you that in the next nine years this curious population, which had trebled four times quicker than any other nation in Europe, lost 600,000 in the wars. How the wars became so much more dangerous and bloody and exhaustive in these nine years than He tells us there were 900,000 men, women, and children when Cromwell came to Ireland. These 900.000 were the old; the young, the women, the decrepid, the home-keepers. Cromwell landed with 14,000 men, and how many did he meet? How many did this population

send out to meet him? TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN!

Every other man in the island went out. When France elevated herself with gigantic energy to throw back the utter disgrace of German annihila-tion, how many men did she put into the field? One in fifty. When Germany moved to the contest for the imperial dignity of Europe, raised all her power to crush France in that terrific struggle, how many did she raise? One in thirty-five. When the South, in her terrible conflict with us, was said to have emptied everything but her graveyards into the cause, how many did she send out? One in twenty. But this poverty-stricken, decimated, women and children population, went ont one in four! (Laughter.) Massachusetts, stirred to the bottom, elevated to a heroic enthusiasm, in the late war, sent out how many? One in sixteen. Massachusetts, swelling, earnest, prosperous, peaceful for forty years, full of adult, robust men, sends out one in sixteen, or one in eighteen, it is hard to say precisely; but Ireland wasted by a hundred years' war. sent one in four, if you will believe Mr. Froude. There never was such a nation on the face of the earth. Well, all I can say is that if 960,000 sick, infants, men, and old women contrive to put an army of 200,000 into the field to fight a nationality that is trying to crush them, God crush the nation that ever dared to lift a hand against it! (applause.) But that is the idlest tale in the world, of course. She never raised the army; no creditable authority ever supposes it. She had probably 30,000 or 40,000 men in the field in different parts of Ireland, and that would give her a much larger army than any other nation of similar size was over supposed to send into the field, and Mr. Froude says they all equally divided among themselves, and that discuseven Macaulay hesitates to describe. "At last Ireland knelt down at his feet."

KNELT DID IT?

Well, the next city he went to was Clonmel, and she resisted so gallantly that he granted her honorable terms. In Kilkenny nothing but the treachery of some persons inside the walls would have got Cromwell inside, and he himself said, "I never could have touched you, if you had not a traitor t'other side of the walls" That did not look much like a snow-drift. But Scotland is the great ideal of our eloquent friend. It was Scotland that never made a mistep: it was Scotland that exhibited the finest qualities of national unanimity. Well this great English soldier went to Ireland, and had spent a year, and after massacreing, butchering two cities, and having a hard fight with two more, and leaving them with compliments and honors, and then unable, even then, to leave Ireland till the Protestants betrayed their own Ireland, this same soldier went to model Scotland, high-toned, chivalrous, united, brave, ideal Scotland, fought two battles, took one city, had no butchery, and in six months left it sub-

IS THAT A SNOW DRIFT?

Rather it is more of a snow-drift than Ireland. I claim no praise for Ireland especially. She did make no gallant resistance, broken up in races, divided by sects, worn by centuries of oppression. When Grattan, with his heroic energy, and by the powers of his simple life and eloquent tongue, elcvated Ireland into the union of 1782, taking advantage with statesmanlike insight of the great opportunity of England's affairs. Mr. Froude has no praise for him, and he tells us that the constitution he founded if allowed to live would have amounted to nothing, because every Irish member of Parliasand pounds, and when he had painted the infamy of the traffic, he said, Where is Grattan? It was a just and honorable testimony against political corruption and did honor him who made it. Cannot we see that this effort is made to prove that nation is unfit to be trusted with self-government? Cannot we see that the man points to the Irish Parlinment, with such a leader as Grattan, and says it is unfit to be trusted with a constitution, until some wiser, purer minded race is allowed to intervene and save them from themselves? May we not ask where is that race to be found, and are you sure that you will find it in London, composed in equal parts of Scotch and English members of the House of Commons? Scotland sold Charles I. to his enemies, the old English nation, for 400,000 pounds.

THAT IS ANGELIC!

(Laughter and applause.) The French minister of Louis XIV. reported to the French Government the names of the men who took money to sell their country in the time of Charles II .- every great name except that of Russell, the younger Hampdon, Algernon Sydney, and all the great names that figure in a boy's rhetoric at college. Will you go down a little further? Walpole, after being expelled from the House of Commons, becomes afterwards the prime minister of that respectable body, and boasts that he knows the price of every man in it, 14,000 troops, subdued Ireland. Then it is and dies the inhabitant of a palace filled with the plunder of his official life. Chatham, that name that no stain never touched, becomes the paymaster of the English forces, and refuses to steal the interest of the public funds and put it in his pocket: and Grattan says such honesty astonished Europe, Macaulay says such integrity was not known among politicians. Miss Martineau says his course was incredible, and King George II. said that an honest man like that was an honour to human nature. If a simple honesty like that astonished the world, what must the world have been? Well that same picking and stealing, which Chatham disclaimed to touch, was well known to have been the foundation of the princely fortunes of the house of Holland. This is the angelic nation that comes down to help poor Ireland, and before whom does Mr. Froude first make his argument? To whom, on his landing on this soil, does he offer it? To an audience of New York, where, if he had said it three years before, it would have taken a lantern infinitely brighter than Diogenes' to have found one honest man in the city or State Government. Why, it seems to me an actual impudence, astounding, to give that as a reason why the constitution of Grattan could not have succeeded. How should we have borne it if Tweed had lived in 1790, and some Englishman had proposed that the sons of George III., with their mistresses, should come over here, and the members of the House of Commons, and help New York to an honest government? It seems to me that the painter of such a picture is not a fair judge of the condition of Ireland. Then again, take this very criticism on Henry Grattan, Wolfe Tone of 1782, who undertook, under the constitution, to carry out the nationality of their country.

. MR. FROUDE READ US, with great nausca, some very absurd proclamations that proceeded from the pen of Wolfe Tone, but remember that there have been a great many silly proclamations, and it does not prove at all, because a man's head may have been carried away with the excitement of the controversy, he may not be an honest man and a patriot after all. What was it that turned the hearts of the young men of Ireland of that herioc day? Why, he tells us that it was the French revolution, the revolution that was a tornado and earthquake combined. It swept up in its great maelstrom Mackintosh, Jefferson, the Duke of Richmond, and the finest intellects of Europe. It swept kingdoms from their places, and even agitated the young republic. It was no fault of Grattan. It was the common misfortune of that generation that the violence of the French Revolution upset the hopes and rendered uscless the labors of many a patient and great soul. It is not to be thrown upon Grattan as an evidence that he lacked common sense and statesmanship, but only that in common with all Europe he felt the violence of that critical period in the history of the human race. (Mr. Phillips next referred to O'Connell, another great name which he said, it had pleased Mr. Froude to fling a sneer at. He paid a glowing tribute to his memory, and then proceeded to compare the condition of Ireland with Poland.)

Mr. Fronde never mentioned the name of any man who played a part in Ireland's history, with the exception of Grattan, but that he sneered at him. I appeal, said Mr. Phillips, to the grand jury of the American people, where a nation that cannot rule a nation except with the sword, after 700 years, is not bound to give up; that in endeavoring to rule another race it has no policy except extermination, is it not bound to give up? For seven hundred years proud and conceited England has been governing impoverished Ireland under the pretence that Ireland cannot take care of itself.

I SAY, LET HER TRY

(Applause.) Mr. Froude says why if Ireland wants it we will let her go, but we know it will be to anarchy. Still I say, let her try. Suppose she falls, suppose that her statesmen fall her, whose fault sion was worse than English arms. But you see it will it be? Her own? I submit not. Suppose a "There are no such words in it, nor anything like did Mr. Froude obtain it? I pause for a reply. was necessary to make out the picture that we should get a large army of 225,000 men, because and thrown on board a ship and taken to sea; and Preface to 2nd Ed, p. 34.) Mr. Caird's book was remark that he has "found by experience that con-

otherwise it would not have been possible for the suppose that in mid-ocean his captors relented and published five years ago, but from among his books brilliant essayist to end off with his usual figure that after one or two stalwart blows they all disappeared after one or two stalwart blows they all disappeared like a snow-drift before the sun. Yes, that is a like a snow-drift before the sun. Yes, that is a favorite phrase; it occurs half-a-dozen times in defavorite phrase; it occurs half-a-dozen times in describing the defeat of the Irish army, and if it is scribing the defeat of the Irish army, and if it is wanting, then comes another that they were like wanting, then comes another that they were like wanting, then comes another that they were like thim loose and flung him unadqual like a snow-drift before the sun. Yes, that is a into the sea, and he sank and were drowned? The word in the system has the merit of consistency. If begins with his History. The one all important point of controversy in the Mary Stuart question that they were like wanting, then comes another that they were like wanting, then comes another that they were like taught by the long experience, convinced by the intension is the case against her is closed. If they are genuine taught by the long experience, convinced by the intension is liminocent, and her accusers are the murderen of blem. Disraeli stands by his side. Every great like five years ago, but from among his books and published five years ago, but from among his books and papels Mr. Froude has as yet given no sign. He does not answer simply because he cannot another that he merit of consistency. The one all import in the does not answer. And his system has the merit of consistency. The does not answer. And his system has the merit of consistency. The does not answer. And his system has the merit of consistency. The does not answer. And his system has the merit of consistency. The does not answer. And his system has the merit of consistency. The does not answer. And his system settled England can never draw a sword : while her salve to a conscience that has no rest, hannied by the ghosts of Elizabeths and Henrys that have made the blood of the Saxon race infamous on the records of history. (Applause.)

In the course of the lecture the speaker was liberally applauded, for his audience was largely made up of those Bostonians who believe in and always swear by Wendell Phil ips.

MR. FROUDE'S POSITION.

REVIEW BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN."

(To the Editor of the Tribune.)

Sir,-When I answered (Tribune, 23rd Nov.,) your question "Why should not Mr. Meline accept the Challenge which Mr. Froude has just uttered in Boston?' it was my intention to say no more upon the subject. But our American hospitality has been so liberal to our distinguished English guest, that, while his Boston proposition has been everywhere reprinted, my reply to it has had scant notice or repetition. While I do not complain of this, it is but simple justice that the objections to Mr. Froude's specious challenge should be understood and his

true position made known. For one, I find it to be my duty to protest against the reception of that gentleman's "History of Eng-land" as a work unworthy of the name, and to do all in my power to avert the calamity of having such a travestie of history read by and impressed upon the minds of the rising generation in this country as a trustworthy record. The grounds on which I base this protest are very fully set forth in 'Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian," and I declined to accept Mr. Froude's socalled "challenge," for the following, among other reasons:—"If Mr. Froude had been accused in merely general and sweeping terms of bad faith in his treatment of historical documents, he might justly say that it is impossible for him to reply to the vague and the indefinite, and demand something specific. But that is not his case. The charges made in the book to which you refer-'Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian'-are clear and explicit in every instance, citing page and volume, chapter and verse. Wherever the historian is charged with unauthorized assertion or suppression, with interpolation, with adorning his own language with inverted commas, with changing expressions which do not suit him for such as do—every such objectionable passage is designated by italics or otherwise, and where he claims quotation, confronted with the original in such a manner as leave no possible room for mistake. Now these originals are not always state papers. Many of them are published works; some relate to French history, some to the Simancas papers. A very large number of Mr. Froude's historical assertions are totally without support of reference, and what are charged as his gravest offences-his suggestions, concealment, innuendo, attributing of motives, pictorial exaggeration and pretended psychological introspection—are all matters which utterly clude and such test as he

In his lecture at Association Hall, on the evening of November 30, Mr. Froude refers delicately and carefully to this reply, giving it treatment annumous, and evading answer to any of the charges advanced in the work above mentioned. And here I avail myself of the opinion of one of our leading dailies: "We do not mean to be so discourteous as to say that he deliberately evades them. But he practically evades them." [The World, December 1.] the same paper adds: "This has an appearance of own letter to Mary in which she apologizes for her candor and fairness, indeed, but, while it keeps the mistaken idea of her guilt; but of The Times,

That Mr. Froude at this or any other time would

answer the charges presented in "Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian," I have never expected. He cannot do it and better his position, and I am, moreover, sufficiently familiar with his manner of fence" with critics at home to know that he would not now attempt serious response in a case of any gravity. Mr. Froude cannot reply to my allegations, because, he says, "I am on one side of the Atlantic and my books and papers are on the other; and he then repeats the plaintive wail made several years ago in The Pall Mall Gazette touching nis gigantic labors with documents and MSS, "in half a dozen languages." But during all the years Mr. Froude was at home among his books and papers, his most aggressive critics and those of bluntest speech succeeded no better than I have in obtaining answer, explanation or apology from him. In reply to the most damaging imputations, to the most offensive accusations, he had nothing to say—and, wisely, said nothing. Take one instance. In his ninth volume, in describing the scene where Bothwell at the head of 1,000 horsemen intercepts and carries off Mary Stuart, Mr. Froude represents that her guard flew to her side to defend her, but that with singular composure she said she would have no bloodshed; her people were outnumbered, and rather than any of them should lose their lives she would go wherever the Earl of Bethwell wished." Upon this passage, Mr. Hosack, in his "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers," (p 302) makes this withering comment: "But this is the speech, not of the Queen of Scots, but of Mr. Froude, who has put it into her mouth for the obvious purpose of leading his readers to conclude that she was an accomplice in the designs of Bothwell." Is the accusation sufficiently explicit? Now this little speech of 28 words—a pure invention of Mr. Froude, for which he wisely abstains from quoting any authority -is one of the hundreds of instances of flagrant literary outrage which could not be brought within the purview of Mr. Froude's clever Boston proposition. Te cites neither " state paper" nor anything clse for it, and thus the thronging crowd of fictions with which his novel is filled would totally escape trial and condemnation. Of yet another passage: (Froude, vol. ix., p. 119.) Mr. Hosack remarks (p. 346): "For the circumstances here so graphically detailed, Mr. Froude is indebted entirely to his imagination." Mr. Hosack's work was published in 1869, at London, the abode of Mr. Froude and of his books and papers but to these peculiar charges he has never attempted defense or reply.

Another instance: At p. 295, vol. ix., Mr. Froude speaks of the examination of the so-called casket letters submitted to the Duke of Norfolk and others as Commissioners for Queen Elizabeth, and says: 'He (Duke of Norfolk) inclosed extracts from the letters in his disputch, and he left it to Elizabeth to sny whether, if they were genuine, which he and his companions helieved them to be, there could be any doubt of the Quoen of Scots' guilt." The portion of this passage most damaging to Mary Stuart, the one which I give in Italies, and which alone Mr. Froude adorns with quotation marks, is presented to his readers as an extract from Norfolk's dispatch. Here is Mr. Alexander McNeel Caird's comment upon it:

ries before and after the fact. On this single point turns the whole question, and Mr. Froude knows it settled England can never draw a sword: while help as every one else knows it. On introducing them scholars come over to this other branch of the England can never to this other branch of the England can be known it. On introducing them lish race, to claim of us a verdict that shall be a into his History, his first duty was to establish their authenticity—if he could. He does not attempt it but promises to discuss the authenticity "in a future volume." The reader, all anxiety to have this major question settled, reaches the future volume only to be evasively informed by Mr. Froude that "the inquiry at the time appears to me to supersede, authoritatively, all later conjectures," and to listen to some twaddle as to the genius of Shakespeare being required to invent one of the letters. Upon this performance, here is the opinion of high literary authority in Scotland—that of the Glasgow Herald "That the writer of a voluminous history should pooh pooh as unnecessary such discussion, while scores of able men hold opinion opposed to his own, is cowardly and impertinent; that he should weave them into the texture of a history both before and after the time for discussing them arrived, is unjust and unworthy of a historian." I am aware that it may be claimed for Mr. Froude

that he did sustain a controversy in at least two instances. The first and earliest case was that in which he was taken to task by The Edinburgh Review for attempting to blacken the character of one of the greatest and best of men-Sir Thomas More. I am under the impression that he will thank me for not dwelling upon it. It may be found in the number of the Review for October, 1858. The second case is that of an unfinished controversy with Miss Agnes Strickland, out of which Mr. Froude contrived to-wriggle. I sm sorry to be obliged to use the word, but it is the only one which properly describes his managuver. In his history Mr. Froude suppresses all mention of the fact that Darnley's mother, the Countess of Lennox, became satisfied of the innocence of Mary Stuart, and so wrote her in a letter which is entirely accessible in the English Record office, where Mr. Froude is so entirely at home. (See "Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian," pp. 281, 282.) A controversy upon this point was carried on in *The London Times*, which I am fortunate enough to be able to describe in Miss Strickland's own words. From a letter of that lady to a correspondent in the United States, dated March 22, 1872, I make the following extract: "Of course you are aware that I was the first to introduce the letter of her (Mary's) mother-in-law, to the worlda complete justification of the calumniated Queen, I obtained Her Majosty's leave to have a fac-simile of the precious document made by Nethercliffe and printed in my volumes as an act of justice to Mary's memory. I then said: 'Now the controversy is at an end; for if the mother of Darnley could write in such a loving and revential style to Mary, who shall dare to doubt her?' Judge then my strong surprise and indignation at Froude's disgraceful book, which appeared just after mine was finished. I wrote to the editor of The Times, exposing his false witness respecting Darnley's murder, and inquiring his authority for the scene in Darnley's house at Kirk o' Field, after the Queen was gone, and his singing the 55th Psalm to his page, reminding him to whom I wrote that Darnley was a stanch Roman Catholic, and would not have tolerated the English version of the Psalms; for when John Knox presented him with a copy of his version of the Psalms which he had dedicated to Darnley, the petulant youth tossed the book into the fire, instead of thanking Knex for his compliment. Froude, after a few days, made a most lame rely, to which I rejoined, and quoted Lady Lennox's letter. He answered by quoting a letter written two years previous, when Lady Lennox was under the impression that Mary was guilty of her husband's death. Of course I wrote again, explaining the misconception under And, referring to Mr. Froude's Boston proposition, which Lady Lennox at first labored, and quoted her word of just criticism to the ear, it breaks the sense of just criticism to the mind."

who had written the laudatory review of Froude, being his brother-in-law, of course prevented the insertion of my letter, which must have floored the false witness. So he went on in his career of andacious falsehood unchecked."

I have cited these instances to show that Mr. Froude's refusal to answer my book is part of a system long since settled upon by him, and that it does not arise from the fact that the Atlantic is between him and his books and papers. That my book merits an answer, or-more properly speaking -that Mr. Froude's reputation stands sadly in need of a reply to it, is not my judgment, but that of persons far more competent than I am to decide. Goldwin Smith, late Regius Professor in the University of Oxford, says:-"Unlers Mr. Meline can be answered, he has convicted Mr. Froude not only of inaccuracy, not only of carelessness, not only of prejudice, but of tampering with documents, perverting evidence, practicing disingenuous artifices, and habitually disregarding truth."

A distinguished American author and critic expresses himself to the effect that "if Mr. Meline is sustained, if there is no evidence to offset his showing, Froude is a fraudulent writer of history;" and the New York Evening Post, which editorially, means Wm. C. Bryant and Parke Godwin, is of the opinion that "the case made against him by Mr. Meline's work should not be left to stand if Mr. Fronde places even a moderate value upon his good name."

But if Mr. Froude will not answer my whole book, I have a right to exact that he shall, at least, complete the answer already entered into by him against one of its charges. I have, so to speak, a lien upon him, and am justified in insisting that he shall finish what he has undertaken. At page 211, volume viii, Mr. Froude presents a vivid picture of Mary Stuart full of passion and revenge, and adds, "she said she would have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelheraut's head," supporting the passage with this reference, "Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 5, Scotch Mss., Rolls House." Mr. Froude was told that there was no such letter in existence, in or out of the Rolls. House, and, soon after, a reply evidently inspired, if not furnished, by Mr. Froude himself, appeared in the New York Tribune of October 15, 1870. It claimed that there had been " either by himself or a compositor, a clerical error in giving the name of "It was the Earl of Bedford instead of tlo lotter." Randolph who wrote the letter, though, owing to the fact that Randolph was at that time about the Court and in connection with Bedford, the latter could only have been written with authority of Randolph." That in the letter I was right, but in the spirit false, &c., &c., and much more to the same effect—all claborately misrepresenting the nature and tenor of the Bedford lotter, and totally failing to show where Mr. Froude found the passage, "She said she could have no peace," &c. I procured from the English Record Office a certified copy of the Bedford letter, which, with an account of the controversy so far as it was carried, may be seen in the 8th chapter of "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest English Historian." The passage "She said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head," is not in the Randolph letter as cited by Mr. Froude, for that letter, he admits, has no existence. It is not in the Bedford letter. Where

did Mr. Froude obtain it? I pause for a reply.

Perhaps it is this case which provokes Mr. Froude's