

thenceforth to put his acquaintance with this man on a less intimate footing.

Richard, riding beside him, silent as himself, was occupied with his own thoughts, which followed the track of the Squire's reflections. He felt that he had hopelessly excited the fear and dislike of Marion; he feared lest her father should retain impressions too deep for forgetfulness of the manner in which he had shrunk from confronting his elder brother, and he ground his teeth with rage and spite as he pictured Marion flying in the embrace of his outlawed rival. Not until now had he really experienced the tortures of a passion, at first fed from two sources, but since he had been more in Miss Harden's society, inspired wholly by the influence of her person. She had ceased to be to him the heiress of Castle Harden, and was now the woman whose beauty and grace had enchanted him. He rode on, his heart in a tempest, and swore that no regard should stand between him and possession.

For Craddock, he pitied Marion, and, loyal officer as he was, breathed a silent hope that if the rebel Raymond were to fall a captive it might not be into his hands. He had commiserated Marion's treatment by her father, and had in fact remonstrated with the Squire, but with a result which showed him how vain expostulation was to bend the obstinate old man from his purpose. Richard Raymond he thoroughly despised, and the Squire's lieutenant hated him in return.

The troopers clattered on in rere of the trio, the veteran soldiers looking on the entire adventure with military indifference, their younger and more sentimental comrades anticipating imaginations more or less ardent the romantic hour when they might be engaged in a like perilous escapade with some wealthy chancier captivated by the *beau sabreur*.

Save the clang of hoofs and the rattle of accoutrements no sound broke the stillness. Everything loomed out of the mystery of deep shadow; hill and grove, transformed from their natural aspects, showing strange and ghostly through the indistinctness. "Who goes there?"

"Friends!"

"Advance, friends—all's well." It was Craddock who challenged and who gave the assurance, which was, however, somewhat contradicted by the action of his dragoons, who unsling and cocked their carbines at the first hint. The party had almost ridden into a patrol coming against them. They proved to be Craddock's own men returning from an inspection of the road.

In answer to the eager questioning of the Squire, the corporal announced that they had met a carriage and four followed by a servant with a led horse, going at a furious rate. The dragoon explained that, seeing a lady in the vehicle, they concluded it was a gentleman and his wife, and so let them pass.

"How far ahead are they?" asked the Squire.

"I should say some two miles," replied the corporal.

The Squire hurried an oath at the man, and dashed off, leaving the corporal in a state of perplexity. If it came to this that he was to stop every person he met, he was likely to get into trouble, for how could he tell what magnitude of the land he should fall in with?

The Squire leads now, and makes the pace in fox-hunting style. Two miles ahead! It is nothing to fresh-mounted men.

And yonder comes the moon. She puts a horn over the distant ridge, and then sails slowly up the whole crescent. The pale light discovers the mists above the river, and shows the white intervals of road far away. No trace yet.

"Halt!" A dragoon has come heavily to the ground. His saddle girths burst and swung him over the side, he came to the ground with his horse dead. The man is slightly stunned. The Squire chafes at this untoward accident.

"Let some of his comrades remain with him," he cries. "When he has recovered they can return to Castle Harden or follow us. This delay will spoil all!"

"I cannot do as you desire, Mr. Harden," replies Craddock. "I am responsible for the safety of my command. It is too small to divide, since I have not a non-commissioned officer with me."

The disaster was speedily repaired, but Squire Harden guessed the consequences to a letter.

The delay served Charles Raymond and his companions. He had made the most of the start allowed him in the first instance, and, hurrying his mistress from the house, assisted her into the vehicle waiting at a suitable part of the grounds in charge of Ned and Butler, who instantly on their arrival made his way to the stables, and got to bed in time to play the innocent after the manner we have seen.

Marion had snatched up a cloak and hat she had put off that afternoon in the hall, where they fortunately remained, else she would have had to leave in an attire which might have aroused suspicion even in the mind of the dragoon corporal.

Ned Fennell, provided by the groom with a key, threw open the entrance gates, and the flight began. Squire Harden's carriage horses were famous, and his best pair upheld the reputation of the best stables in that district. They howled along the smooth, dry road like one animal, Charles driving, and Ned Fennell following, with the horses on which he and his master had performed their journey of the night before, had to ply continued whip and spur to keep his position.

Charles knew the hazard of the road, but his precious charge gave him a bold heart, and with confidence in Heaven he sped onward. His great dread was to fall in with a chance party of yeomanry, who were far more insolent in their behaviour than the regular soldiery, and from whom there was danger of recognition. His heart beat fast as he encountered a small party of horsemen. Whipping his horses he drove furiously through them, and to his relief saw they were his Majesty's cavalry, who, misunderstanding the boldness of his action, scattered to let him pass, and then rode quietly on till they met the pursuit, whom they informed as the reader has seen.

If, however, the escape was favored in some respects, there was an obstacle which threatened to prove fatal to it. Marion, overcome by excitement and weakened by all she had suffered for some time before, suddenly exhibited signs of weakness. She strove with all her might against these symptoms, but nature was stronger than her will.

"Dearest," she whispered, as Charles slackened his pace, lest the movement should distress her, "do not fear for me; I shall be myself again directly. If I only had a little wine, I feel it would revive me."

Opportune enough the lights of the stage-house gleamed on their view at that moment. As he drew up his smoking horses before the door, Charles failed to notice some figures lounging about. He cast the reins to Ned Fennell, and, alighting, hurried into the hostelry for the refreshment Marion so much needed.

Entering hastily, he found himself in the middle of a number of soldiers who filled the kitchen, and were employed in eating and drinking, smoking or chatting, and every other resource of military leisure.

(To be continued.)

A Yankee paper says: In an obituary notice, that the deceased had been for several years, a director of a bank, notwithstanding which, he died a Christian and universally respected.

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD.

FROM THE NEW YORK IRISH AMERICAN.

BY JOHN MITCHELL.

(From the New York Irish American.)

No. 2.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE "FIRST HISTORIAN."

Froude is really a man to be congratulated, or almost envied. He has stirred up hosts of vindictive enemies on both sides of the Atlantic. He is the Hero of Two Worlds, in another sense than the Lafayette sense. Like bloodhounds, they are upon his track in either hemisphere; his new book: *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, will have a sale unexampled; and this—as they say in New England—this is the calculation.

I said that the discussion raised by the Crusader is only beginning. Now it grows hotter and fiercer every day. Not only that fell critic, the bulldog "Citizen of Brooklyn," holds our Historian fast, with a grip like death, but I find that Mr. Prendergast, author of the "Cromwellian Settlement," has fallen upon Historian Froude with a fury even more ferocious than Mr. Melville's own; not counting the long array of his other enemies in England and Scotland. I have the honor to make him my compliments. Nothing could fall out more happily for him than this *revue-hello* and full cry of eager hunters. Mr. Prendergast, after having read the first volume of the new book, has addressed several letters to the Dublin press; one of which opens thus—

"Mr. Froude, I believe, is lighting a fire that he has little conception of. Deep as our hatred has hitherto been at our unparalleled historic wrongs, it is as nothing to intense detestation we shall hereafter hold the English in. The vile English press are unwilling to commit themselves to the support of Mr. Froude's crusade against the exiled Irish, until they see the success of it, it is easy to see how they sympathize with it, and how gladly they would see the Americans hate us as deeply as they do themselves. For, in truth, the self-imposed mission of this friend and lover of Ireland (God save us from our English lovers!) is to turn the Americans against us."

Here Mr. Prendergast is quite wrong, on one point! Our Historian knew very well that he was lighting a fire; and intended it. Moreover, he will get out of it himself without singing a whistler by means of a patent fire-escape which he has invented. But now, some one may ask who is Mr. Prendergast? He is an author of whom Mr. Froude himself has made honorable mention in this very book, the *English in Ireland*. He says (page 124 n):

"I cannot pass over this part of my narrative without making my acknowledgments to Mr. Prendergast, to whose personal courtesy I am deeply indebted, and to whose impartiality and candor in his volume on the Cromwellian Settlement I can offer no higher praise than by saying that the perusal of it has left on my mind an impression precisely opposite to that of Mr. Prendergast himself. He writes as an Irish patriot—I as an Englishman; but the difference between us is not on the facts, but on the opinion to be formed about them."

—Meaning that, in Prendergast's opinion, it was hard measure to compel all Irish land-owners in three of the four provinces, on a certain day in winter, by sound of trumpet and *beats of drums*, to arise and transplant themselves, into the wilds of Connaught; but that in Froude's opinion it was a wholesome measure, intended for the good of the Irish themselves. But what I specially desire to call attention to, in this place, is the excessive discourtesy with which Mr. Prendergast repays that honorable mention by the First of Living Historians. After having, by his "personal courtesy" (and something more than that) earned so grateful and graceful an acknowledgment from so grand a prince of literature, this Irishman no sooner reads the book in which so flattering a notice of himself is contained, than he suddenly turns round and rude, and even brutally barbarous. He ignores entirely the compliment to himself; and is perhaps ashamed of it. "The twistings and wrappings of the English viper"—such is about the best language he can find for his *quondam* acquaintance.

Mr. Prendergast admits that he did guide the researches of our Historian, and did furnish him with authorities and references, sometimes directly, sometimes through others. But he soon had reason to doubt the good faith of this ardent historic investigator, and thought it needful to deal with him accordingly. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, about the years 1719 and 1723, occurred certain legislative proceedings in the Colonial Parliament in Dublin, concerning which some doubts arose; and both Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Froude were at the same moment laboring in record offices to ascertain the facts and discover the documents. Mr. Prendergast found what was wanted;—I do not enter here into the odious and indecent details; but must do so before I have done with Froude. Having lighted upon the documents, the laborious Irish scholar, in all good faith, thought he was bound to communicate them to Mr. Froude. Here is his own account of this matter in a late letter to the Irish journals:—

"Now for Mr. Froude's treatment of this event.—He knew he could not avoid it, or mis-state it, as he has done so many other events. For, having met Mr. Froude shortly afterwards, making his researches in the State Paper Department at Dublin Castle, I thought it right to tell him of my discovery. But he was already aware, so he told me, of the fact, having seen the original letter in the Public Record Office, London. There was something, however, so extraordinary in the man's demeanor that I had my misgivings that he intended to mislead with the transaction in some way; so I published it in the *Premier's Journal* of the 28th April, 1871. I confess I had great curiosity to see how he would treat the matter in these circumstances."

The writer then repeats some words and phrases from this book; and continues—

"Let it be remembered that I had bound him with such strong cords by publishing the entire letter beforehand that there was no possibility of his mis-stating the terms or the scope of it; and then observe the wrappings and twistings of this English viper, that, nursed in his youthful sickness by the poor peasantry of Mayo, and since that day a frequent visitor to Ireland, seeks to spit his venom against us at home by publishing his book, and then immediately rushing to America to endeavor to instill into the English race abroad the same hatred he and his colleagues are filled with at home."

"WORDS THAT BURN."

I mean to tell something of the matter which was in question, before I have done: but in the meantime it is enough to arouse the sympathies of all readers in favour of Mr. Froude, by showing the shocking manner in which his kindly overtures to Prendergast have been received. It is true, no compliment from our Historian could elevate the reputation of Mr. Prendergast, the author of the most perfect Monograph of one special cardinal point in our Irish history; but still it seems hard that the recipient of so pretty a compliment, should have no better return to make, than refusing the courtesy with both his hands, saying—"Keep off you English viper!" Is the time indeed come when these generous tributes from one literary man to another, which give such a grace and charm to the intercourse of lofty intellects, are to become of no account? Is a gentleman who has received so flattering an eulogy from a great man justified in replying with a kick and a curse? Let a discerning public judge.

WORDS THAT BURN.

In the midst of all this tumult of abuse the First

Historian walks serene: he is altogether impassive, going calmly on the even tenor of his way, answering all hostile critics with disdain. Mr. Melville has vainly tried to worry him into giving some sign, making some defence in the matter of Queen Mary of Scotland and her "latest Historian." Yet the critic seems to have been aware from the first that he would get nothing out of the man. Says that inevitable citizen of Brooklyn—

"That Mr. Froude at this or at 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 responses 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 his gigantic labors with documents and MSS. 'In half a dozen languages.' But during all the years Mr. Froude has 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."

It is an attitude of grand disdain: but this inevitable Melville does not like it: he would prefer that the Historian would be good enough to explain some of those very numerous passages in which he has brought forward misquotations or palmed off mis-translations, and to expound how it has happened that all those "clerical errors," as Froude calls them, were on one side, always going to favor the scoundrel he intended to whitewash, and to blacken the unhappy Papist he meant to cover with obloquy.

Father Burke, I think, in his lectures, only ventured to call in question one statement made by his opponent—a statement that, while the Americans were in revolt, the Irish Catholics, represented by Lord Fingal and others, were crawling to the foot of the throne, praying to be led against the rebellious Americans. The great Dominican said he had searched for some such address, thinking very naturally that a document of so much importance would certainly have been printed; but he had not found any document answering the description, although he had found, in Curry's Collection, an address testifying general loyalty. It is service enough God knows, and it is signed certainly *Fingal, Garmanstown, Dillon, Kenmare*, and many others; but it says no word of America. Here is the Historian's proud rejoinder in his last lecture—

"I quoted a loyal address to George the Third, signed in the name of the whole body by the leading Irish Catholics. Father Burke says that, though fulsome in its tone, it contains no words about America. As he meets me with a contradiction, I can but insist that I copied the words which I read to you from the original in the State Paper Office, and I will read one or two sentences of it again. The address declares that the Catholics of Ireland abhorred the unnatural rebellion against his Majesty which had broken out among his American subjects; that they laid at his feet 2,000,000 loyal, faithful, and affectionate hearts and hands, ready to exert themselves against his Majesty's enemies in any part of the world; that their loyalty had been always as the dial to the sun, true though not shone upon."

This last line—is the Historian very certain that it is not a quotation from Tom Moore? At any rate he pre-emptorily shuts all mouths by saying, "I can but insist that I copied it in the State Paper Office." Now, the fact is, that nobody, by this time, believes one word that the first of Living Historians writes or utters upon his own authority. There are, accordingly, many still who will not believe that such a document exists, not at least until after the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and the Judges have exhibited a certified copy of it, in the Chancery Office, Four Courts, Dublin.

THE HISTORIAN MARCHES OFF.

With his head high, and lofty disdain upon his countenance, this haughty creature then finally brushes off the troublesome swarm of his assailants, and wraps himself nobly in his mantle of proof. Closing his last lecture he says—

"Here I must leave him [namely, Father Burke] at leave untouched a large number of blows which I had marked for criticism; but if I had not done enough to him already, I shall waste my words with trying to do more; and for the future, as long as I remain in America, neither he, if he returns to the charge, nor any other assailant, must look for further answer from me. His own knowledge of his subject is wide and varied; but I can compare his workmanship to nothing so well as to one of the lives of his own Irish Saints, in which legend and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspects of things and character, can no longer be discerned. This sarcasm about the Irish Saint, is in English good taste, being addressed to an Irish Dominican Friar? The Christian Young Men rub their hands with glee, over so neat and cunning a cut administered to these superstitious Romanists. Yet, after all perhaps the Historian has not spent much of his time in studying the lives of the Irish Saints. He is more deeply read in the legend of that round-bellied French saint, the jolly 'St. Ampoul' where perhaps, Father Burke cannot follow him."

The main thing which we learn most explicitly from this last paragraph is, that the malignant critics of the Historian may now consider themselves safe from the effects of his resentment. There are fifty of them; and I am now emboldened to become the fifty-first: he will not notice any of us; his sole reply to one and all being, "Dix!" Very well; although I should deem it a very high honor indeed if I could any how good and badger so illustrious a person into replying, even in the most damaging manner to me, I must not think of so flattering an encounter; and as I have the Book itself before me, I can only comment upon its text as my lights may enable me. So now for the book itself.

THE BOOK ITSELF.

At the opening of a "section" of chapter third, the Historian, speaking of the situation of the country in the reign of James II., has this frank and satisfactory statement of the position of affairs—

"The Irish believed that Ireland was theirs: that the English were invading tyrants who had stolen their land, broken up their laws and habits, and proscribed their creed. The English believed that Ireland was a country attached, inseparably, by situation and circumstances, to the English crown; that they were compelled to govern a people who were unable or unwilling to govern themselves; and that the spoliation with which they were reproached had been forced upon them by the treachery and insubordination of the native owners. Between these two views of the same facts no compromise was possible."

Certainly not; and, indeed, everybody who has any interest in the question ought to feel obliged to the English Historian for stating the issue so clearly, and for arguing it so steadily and consistently throughout his work. Mr. Prendergast expresses the hope that *The English in Ireland* may be translated and published in France and in Germany as we may be very sure it will be. In the meantime we have it in very plain English; so that Americans (if they care) have the best opportunity of learning the whole case of our nation in its relation to England, upon excellent authority. I call it excellent authority for the special purpose, namely, for ascertaining the genuine sentiment of the English people, because all the author's historical books have an enormous currency in that country; and

this one, above all, is sure to be devoured, by the multitudinous readers of England, with a greedy delight. They leave to commend it to them. I give my modest aid to the advertising of it. In truth, if some Irishman, possessed of the grim humour of Dean Swift, had written these chapters with the intention of presenting the English case in the most grotesquely horrible and offensive point of view, he could scarcely go beyond our Historian. One might be almost inclined to suspect him of this malignant design, if the man were a wit like the Dean of St. Patrick's. But there is not a ray of humor in his intellect: and when he gravely propounds that, to term the "abolishing" of the religion of a people by force, whipping, transportation, and the gallows, a case of religious persecution is "a mere abuse of words," and when he mentions as a wholly untenable theory the belief prevalent among the Irish, that Ireland was theirs, he means no sarcasm; it is the most serious and stolid British insolence; not intended to be laughed at by any means, nor a fit subject for amusement at all. The thing has an odor of blood. Such words call up the ghosts of many generations of murdered men; and they are intended and calculated, to make more such ghosts for ages yet to come. If I have heretofore spoken of this man's performances in a tone somewhat like levity, I drop that tone from the present moment, and proceed to expose the Historian in all his naked horror.

THE "NORMANS."

There is no need for the present purpose, to examine this writer's account of the "occupation of Ireland," at the end of the twelfth century, by people whom he calls the Normans "whose peculiar mission was to govern men." The conquerors of England, the invaders of Ireland, were, according to the Historian, not only Normans but Norman aristocrats. In this, as in everything else, he carefully consults and flatters the prevailing sentiment of his own people at the present day. The English cannot endure to say, or to hear, that their island was conquered in one battle by a mob of *Frenchmen*,—*Frenchmen* pure and simple, including those who lived in Normandy. They cannot endure to be told that one whole wing, and one third of William's army, consisted of Bretons: another wing of Gascons and other people of the south and centre of France. And as for the "Normans," who came over afterwards, "take charge" of Ireland, it seems to our English friends invidious to dwell upon the fact that they were not Normans at all—you might as well call them Auvergnats or Savoyards. The Fitzstephens and Fitzmaurices who preceded Henry II., were Geraldines, the Italian (Gherardini); and their mother was the notorious Nesta, a Welsh lady of no unenviable virtue. Out of the same nest of Nesta came also Geraldus Cambrensis, the very first of the carpet-bag school of writers upon Ireland. And when Henry himself came over with his Knights, he also had no title to be called a Norman aristocrat, nor a Norman at all—for in fact he was born in Anjou where his father before him was born, and his children after him. He became indeed Duke of Normandy, as he became King of England; yet he never called himself a Norman; and if any one had affronted him by calling him an *Englishman*, he would have had the insult lashed with dog-whips.

I notice this rubbish about "Norman rulers of men," only to point out how sedulously the Historian has consulted the national vanity of his public; but I shall now apply myself to his treatment of that which he calls "the gravest event in all Irish history, the turning-point on which all later controversies between England and Ireland hinge."

THE "MASSACRE" OF 1641.

Those who see in that massacre the explanation and the defense of the subsequent treatment of Ireland, however unwilling to revive the memory of scenes which rivalled in carnage the horrors of St. Bartholomew, are compelled to repeat the evidence once held to be unreasonable. In these words (p. 83) the Historian commits himself to the whole ghastly story. He will not, indeed, insist that two hundred thousand Protestants were assassinated in six months. But if there was a certain exaggeration in the estimate of the numbers, he assures us that "for these enormous figures the Catholic priests were responsible. They returned the numbers of the killed in their several parishes, up to March, 1642, as 154,000." Also, "Sir John Temple considered that 150,000 perished in two months, or 300,000 in two years." But as our learned Historian knows well enough that there were not so many Protestants in all Ireland, counting women and children, he thinks it best to take the cooler and calmer estimate of Lord Clarendon, who reduced the estimate to 40,000, or he is willing to take Sir William Petty's numbers, namely, 37,000. And even these figures, he says, may "seem too large." But that there was in fact a most frightful massacre perpetrated in Ulster, he feels it his duty to affirm; and for proof of it, in all its details, he refers to the folio volumes of sworn depositions now to be read in the library of Trinity College, "whose evidence is the eternal witness of blood which the Irish Catholics have, from that time to this, been vainly trying to wash away."

Now, I propose to show—

First, that there was no massacre at all.

Second, that the Historian knows there was no massacre.

Third, that he intentionally and advisedly cites "authorities" which prove nothing and shed not a ray of light.

Fourth, that in producing Temple, Petty, Dean Maxwell and others as witnesses, he is producing those carpet-baggers who had need of establishing a "massacre," because it was their title-deed to the great estates afterwards confiscated—that in short there was money in the massacre.

Fifth, that he has woven together this tissue of sanguinary falsehood for the purpose of blackening and scandalizing a whole people before the civilized world, or, as he expresses it, making that gory fable "the explanation and defence of the subsequent treatment of Ireland," meaning the Penal Laws, and the whipping-post and the gallows and universal plunder of all persons who went to Mass.

Sir William Petty gathered together, out of the confiscated estates, those vast domains which his descendant, Lord Lansdowne, now possesses in Ireland. Sir John Temple was the founder of the Irish fortunes of the Temples Lords Palmerston. Dr. Maxwell was made Bishop of Kilmore, in reward for one affidavit: to be sure it was a hard one, as we shall see; but he swallowed it, and it agreed with him. Sir John Borlase, an Englishman, but a carpet-bag judge on the Irish bench, had a share out of the spoil of the Papists. And these men and many others like them, and their dependants, could not afford to let the "massacre" be questioned at all; it was on the massacre they lived and were providing for their little families; if any man at that time doubted the massacre they would have his blood.

PROTESTANTS, GOOD AND BAD.

Indeed, in the last Lecture of the Historian, he refers to the Rev. Ferdinand Warner, a very respectable clergyman of the Church of England, and author of a History of Ireland, who made a most careful examination into the alleged murders of Protestants, and reduces them to two thousand and one hundred people—a heavy hecatomb! enough, one might think: but it will not answer our Historian's purpose at all; he cannot come down to so low a figure: he does not know but that the next Protestants may whittle it down to nothing. So he treats Mr. Warner's estimate with a *pooh-pooh*, and actually says (I quote the *World's* very good report) "I am sorry to say I have known many Protestants entirely

unable to distinguish truth from falsehood." Indeed the Historian is utterly disgusted at such a "Protestant" as this, who tries to cut and lop away the whole foundation on which the treatment of Ireland is grounded and justified. Such a Protestant is no better than that Papist keeper of records in London who actually answered Mr. Melville's inquiry by giving him such information as convicted the Historian of fraud.

I am about to prove myself a very poor sort of Protestant, according to the Historian's religious test; for the task I have undertaken, and the end I have set before me are to demonstrate, to all rational and fair-minded people, that this individual purporting to be a Historian, has, both by his Lectures and his Book, deliberately falsified the very History which he undertook to elucidate; that he has used his researches of years with the cold malignity of a spider, to involve his intended victim in an inextricable network of black falsehood; referring to his "facts" to authorities he knew to be worse than worthless; presenting those pretended authorities to his readers as trustworthy and undeniable; suppressing in general, or else disparaging (as of no consequence) all evidence which bore against his bloody plan; and that he has done all this with a certain "purpose fixed as the stars"—to use a fine expression of his own; but in fact I prefer my own illustration to his, my own spider to his star:—and that this settled purpose was, to cover with execration and to overwhelm with a load of calumny, a generation of men, all dead two or three hundred years ago in such sort as to cast a shadow of horror over their children and their children's children, even to the ninth and tenth generation. I know it may be suggested that the motive of his labour was perhaps no worse than to ensure a vast circulation for his Book, by flattering the conceit of his own people and feeding their bitterest and dearest rational passion: let those who find this a good excuse give to the Historian all the benefit of it.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT UNIVERSITY BILL.—DECLARATION OF THE CATHOLIC PRELATES.—At the meeting of the prelates assembled at Marlborough-street, Pres. Cathedral, Dublin, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

And a petition signed by all present:—
Resolutions of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, assembled for the consideration of the proposed Irish University Bill.

"1. That, viewing with alarm the widespread ruin caused by godless systems of education, and adhering to the declarations of the Holy See, we reiterate our condemnation of mixed education as fraught with danger to that Divine faith which is to be prized above all earthly things: for 'without faith it is impossible to please God' (Heb. xi. 6), and: what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? (Mat. xvi. 26)."

"2. That whilst we sincerely desire for the Catholic youth of Ireland a full participation in the advantages of University Education, and in the honors, prizes, and degrees intended for the encouragement of learning, we are constrained by a sense of the duty we owe to our flocks to declare that the plan of University Education now before Parliament, as being framed on the principle of mixed and purely secular education, is such as Catholic youth cannot avail themselves of without danger to their faith and morals."

"3. That the distinguished proposer of this Bill, proclaiming, as he does, in his opening speech, that the condition of Roman Catholics in Ireland in regard to University Education is 'miserably bad,' 'scandalously bad,' and 'protesting to reverse this admitted grievance, brings forward a measure singularly inconsistent with his professions, because instead of redressing, it perpetuates that grievance upholding two out of three of the Queen's Colleges, and planting in the metropolis two other great teaching institutions the same in principle with the Queen's Colleges."

"4. That, putting out of view the few Catholics who may avail themselves of mixed education, the new bill, without its being avowed, in point of fact gives to Protestant Episcopalians, to Presbyterians, and to the new sect of Secularists, the immense endowments for university education in this country—to Trinity College some £50,000 or more, with splendid buildings. Library and Museum—to the new University £50,000, to the Cork College, £10,000, to the Belfast College, £10,000, while to the Catholic University is given nothing; and, furthermore, the Catholic people of Ireland, the great majority of the nation, and the poorest part of it, are left to provide themselves with endowments for their colleges out of their own resources."

"5. That, this injustice is aggravated by another circumstance. The measure provides that the degrees and prizes of the new University shall be open to Catholics; but, it provides for Catholics no endowed Intermediate Schools, no endowment for their one college, no well-stocked library, museum, or other collegiate requisites, no professorial staff, none of the means for coping on fair and equal terms with their Protestant or other competitors; and then, Catholics, thus over-weighted, are told that they are free to contend in the race for university prizes and distinctions."

"6. That, as the legal owners of the Catholic University, and at the same time acting on behalf of the Catholic people of Ireland for whose advantage and by whose generosity it has been established, in the exercise of that right of ownership, we will not consent to the affiliation of the Catholic University to the new University unless the proposed scheme be largely modified; and we have the same objection to the affiliation of other Catholic colleges in Ireland."

"7. That we invite the Catholic clergy and laity of Ireland to use all constitutional means to oppose the passing of this bill in its present form, and to call on their Parliamentary representatives to give it the most energetic opposition."

"8. That now more than ever it behoves the Catholic University, the only institution of the kind in the country where Catholic youth can receive university education based upon religion."

"9. That we address to the Imperial Parliament petitions embodying these resolutions, and praying for the amendment of the Bill."

Signed on behalf of the meeting,

PAUL CARDINAL CULLEN,
Archbishop of Dublin, Chairman.

† GEORGE CONNOR, Bishop of
Ardagh and Clonmacnoise. } Secre-
† JAMES MACDEVITT, Bishop } taries.
of Raphoe.

Presbytery Marlborough-street,
28th Feb. 1873.

THE IRISH PRESS ON THE UNIVERSITY BILL.—The *Daily Express* says "the cardinal principle of the Bill is neither more nor less than an expedient for giving to the Ultramontane party a paramount influence over University education, in a form which is hoped will not violently offend the just susceptibilities of the English people"—the *Express* does not explain what English education has specially to do with English susceptibilities, or prejudices—and it bases its estimate of the measure on the circumstance that the new governing body would have supreme control would—according to its view—"be very largely composed of Ultramontanes," there being no limit to the number of affiliated colleges, and, therefore, no limit to Cardinal Cullen's power of increasing the number of affiliated "sectarian seminaries," and through them the power of his "nominees" in the governing body. The writer in the very Conservative organ evidently fears that the majority might eventually attain to proportionate representation.