never to see on earth again, now writhing beneath a planter's lash, or filling a nameless grave in Jamaican soil. Yes, that army of innocents vanish from the record here; but the Great God who marked the slaughters of Herod, has kept a reckoning of the crime that in that hour so notably likened Ireland to Rachel weeping for her children." Of the Irish regiments (or "Irish swordsmen as they were called in the European writings of the time) who elected to go into exile, preferring "to roam where freedom and their God might lead" rather than be bondsmen under a bigot yoke at home, we read that, "foreign nations were apprised by the Kilkenny Articles that the Irish were to be allowed to engage in the service of any State in amity with the Commonwealth. The valour of the Irish soldier was well-known abroad. From the time of the Munster plantation by Queen Elizabeth numerous exiles had taken service in the Spanish army. There were Irish regiments serving in the Low Countries. The Prince of Orange declared they were *born soldiers*, and Henry the Fourth of France publicly called Hugh O'Neill the *third soldier of the age*, and he said there was no nation made better troops than the Irish when drilled. Agents from the King of Spain, the King of Poland, and the Prince de Conde were now contending for the services of Irish troops. Between 1651 and 1664 *thirty-four thousand* (of whom few ever saw their loved native land again) were transported into foreign parts. While roads to Connaught were, as I have described, witnessing a stream of hapless fugitives, prisoners rather, plodding wearily to their dungeon and grave, a singular scene was going on in London at an office appointed for the purpose by Government. A *lottery* was held, whereat the farms, houses and estates from which the owners had thus been driven, were being "drawn" by, or on behalf of, the soldiers and officers of the army, and the "adventurers," that is, petty shopkeepers in London, and others who had lent money for the war on the Irish. The mode of conducting the lottery was regulated by public ordinance, and not unfrequently a vulgar and illiterate trooper "drew" the mansion and estate of an Irish nobleman, who was glad to accept permission to inhabit, for a few weeks, merely, the stable or the cowshed, with his lady and children, pending their setting out for Connaught. This same lottery was the "settlement" (varied a little by further confiscations to the same end forty years subsequently) by which the now existing landed proprietary was planted upon Ireland. Between a proprietary thus planted, and the bulk of the population, as well as the tenantry under them, it is not to be marvelled that feelings the reverse of cordial prevailed. From the first they scowled at each other. The plundered and trampled people despised and hated the "Cromwellian brood," as they were called, never regarding them as more than vulgar and violent usurpers of other men's estates. The Cromwellians, on the other hand, feared and hated the serf peasantry, whose secret sentiments and desires of hostility they well knew. Nothing but the fusing spirit of nationality obliterates such feelings as these; but no such spirit was allowed to fuse the Cromwellian "landlords" and the Irish tenantry. The former were taught to consider themselves as a foreign garrison, endowed to watch and keep down, and levy a land-tribute off the native tiller of the soil. So they looked to and leaned all on England, without whom they thought they must be massacred. "Aliens in race, in language, and in religion," they had not one tie in common with the subject population, and so both classes unhappily grew up to be what they remain very much in our own day, more of taskmasters and bondsmen than landlords and tenants,

Under what is known as the "Penal Code," from 1700 to 1775 the bulk of the population were forbidden to educate their children, to attend religious worship, to carry arms, to learn a trade, or to hold property. The schoolmaster and the priest had each a price on his head, and Statutes of George I. and George II. went so far as to make it felony to send an Irish child abroad to receive the education forbidden at home. There was one circumstance which, apart from the shocking barbarity of the "Penal Code," has made it rankle in the breast of the Irish to the present hour, namely, that it was laid upon them in flagrant violation of a solemn treaty signed between the English and Irish commanders, duly countersigned by Royal Commissioners on King William's part at the close of the Williamite struggle in 1691. There is, in fact, no more bitter memory in the Irish breast than that which tells how the treaty of Limerick was violated, and there is not probably on record a breach of public faith more nakedly and confessedly infamous than was that violation. Although the splendid army of Scandinavians, Dutch, Swiss, Prussians, Hugenot-French, and English, which the Prince of Orange led into Ireland had defeated the raw levies of the Irish Royalists at the Boyne, and more by happy accident than generalship driven them from their position at Augbrim, he was again and again defeated before the walls of Limerick, which city was defended by General Sarsfield, in command of the Irish armies of King James. At length William, who was a brave soldier and a statesman, saw the wisdom of arranging terms with such a foe, and, accordingly, on October 3, 1691, articles of capitulation were negotiated whereby the Irish army, retaining its arms, colours, bands, and transport stores, marched out with honours of war, free to enter the service of King William, or to sail to France where King James, now resided as guest and ally of Louis XIV. The "civil artices" of the treaty of Limerick stipulated, in substance, that there was to be no proscription, confiscation, no disarmament, and that the exercise of the Catholic religion should be as free as it had been in the reign of King Charles II.

After the rough draft had been agreed upon, but before the fair copy was signed by Sarsfield, the arrival of a French fleet with considerable aid in men, money, and stores, was announced to the Irish commander, and he was entreated not to sign the tr . Sarsfield seemed stunned by the news! He was silent for a mom t, and then in mournful accents replied :—"*The treaty is signed! Our honour is pledged—the honour of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen offered to aid us now, we must keep our plighted troth!*" He forbade the expedition to land, with a scrupulous sense of honour contending that *the spirit* if not *the letter* of the capitulation extended to any such arrival. The French ships, accordingly, were used only to transport to France the Irish army that had volunteered for foreign service, soldiers and civilians, nobles, gentry and clergy, there sailed in all 19,025 persons. Most of the officers, like their illustrious leader, Sarsfield, gave up fortune, family, home and friends, refusing the most tempting offers from William, whose anxiety to enroll them in his own service was earnestly and perseveringly pressed upon them to the last. Full of anguish was that parting, whose sorrowful spirit has been so faithfully expressed by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in the following simple and touching verses—the soliloquy of a brigade soldier sailing away from Limerick :—

"I snatched a stone from the bloodied brook,
And hurled it at my household door;
No farewell of my love I took;
I shall see my friend no more.

"I dashed across the church-yard bound,
I knelt not by my parents' grave;
There rang from my heart a clarion's sound,
That summoned me o'er the wave.

"No land to me can native be
That strangers trample, and tyrants stain;
When the valleys I love are cleansed and free,
They are mine, they are mine again.

"Till then, in sunshine or sunless weather,
By the Seine and Loire, and the broad Gar ne,
My war-horse and I roam on together
Wherever God will: On! On!"

These were not wholly lost to Ireland, though not a man of them ever saw Ireland more. They served her abroad when they could no longer strike for her at home. They made her sad yet glorious story familiar in the courts of Christendom. They made her valour felt and respected on the battle-fields of Europe. And as they had not quitted her soil until they exacted terms from the conqueror, which, if observed, might have been for her a charter of protection, so did they in exile take a terrible vengeance upon that conqueror for his foul and treacherous violation of that treaty. These men's deeds are the proudest in the history of Ireland. History may parallel, but it can adduce nothing to surpass the chivalrous devotion of the men who comprised this *second* great armed migration of Irish valour, faith and patriotism. These self-expatriated Irish battalions, when serving as an Irish brigade in the service of France, took heavy reprisals on the English power, confronting it on every battle-field, and deciding by their impetuous valour the fortunes of many an eventful day. The ever-glorious day of Fontenoy—a name which, to this day, thrills the Irish heart with pride. At this great battle, fought 11th May, 1745, by a French army of 45,000 men, under Marshal Saxe, in presence of the King and Dauphin, against an English force of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, under the Duke of Cumberland, victory was snatched from the British commander at the close of the day by a decisive charge of the Irish regiments. It was on the arrival of the despatches which announced the fate of Fontenoy that George II., much of a soldier and little of a bigot, is said to have exclaimed: "Curse upon the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

No sooner, however, had the Irish army sailed away for France than the treaty covenants, despite the protests and endeavours of King William, were cast to the winds. Angered at the idea of having no spoil by confiscation to divide, the anti-Stuart faction—"the Protestant Interest of Ireland" as they called themselves—now dominant in the Irish Parliament refused to approve the king's treaty, and by stopping supplies compelled King William to yield. "It was," as an Irish writer remarks, "the old story; whenever the English sovereign or government desired to pause in the work of persecution and plunder, if not to treat the native Irish in a spirit of conciliation and justice, *the Colony*, the plantation, the garrison, the Protestant interest, screamed in frantic resistance. It was so in the reign of James the First, Charles the First, Charles the Second, James the Second, and it was so in the reign of William and Mary. any attempt of king or government to mete out to the native Catholic population of Ireland any measure of treatment, save what the robber and murderer metes out to his helpless victim was denounced—absolutely complained of—as a daring wrong and grievance against what was and is still called the *Protestant interest*, or *our* glorious rights and liberties," an occurrence, I may add, ever repeating itself." In 1867 (twenty years ago), on the rumour that the English Government intended to grant some modicum of civil and religious equality in Ireland, this same Protestant-interest faction screamed and yelled after the old fashion, complained of such an intention as a grievance, and went through the usual vows about our glorious rights and liberties. Even now at this present hour the same howl is raised by the same Protestant-interest class against the Home Rule movement. Thereupon commenced the prospective legislation known as the penal code. A series of the most terrible laws that can be imagined were passed in the very teeth of the articles that were signed at Limerick. "It would," as the eminent Irish writer just quoted remarks in continuation, "be little creditable to an Irish Catholic to own himself capable of narrating this chapter of Irish history with calmness and without all-conquering emotion." For my part I content myself with citing the descriptions of it supplied by Protestant and English writers. "The eighteenth century," says one of these, (Cassell's-Godkin's-history of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 116) writing on the penal laws of Ireland, "was the era of persecution, in which the law did the work of the sword more effectually and more safely. Then was established a code framed with almost *diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection, to foster perfidy and hypocrisy, to petrify conscience, to perpetuate brutal ignorance, to facilitate the work of tyranny*, by rendering the vices of slavery inherent and natural in the Irish character, and to make Protestntism almost irredeemably odious as the monstrous incarnation of all moral perversions." "Too well," he continues, "did it accomplish its deadly work of debasement