

"If," I added, as I saw that he was not about to speak, "you should ever meet the editor who wrote that article, ask him not to be so ruthless the next time. That printed calumny is worse than murder. I could more easily forgive a murderer. And now, Mr. Lee, let us be merely polite to each other while we are here."

"He went to the window in silence. I noticed his head trembled. He turned to me as if to speak, when my father and Mrs. O'Connor came in. During his stay at Swampscoot I did not again see him alone. Imagine a woman acting like that! Love! These men may talk of love, but no woman would ever desert one she loved because the world spoke ill of his father. I am almost ashamed to admit even to you that I thought him the bravest of men."

XII.

"O Anna, Anna! what am I to do? He admits in a note I received this morning that he wrote that wicked, wicked paragraph. The wretch, the dastard, the calumniator—and yet he seems so nice!"

XIII.

"In answer to my letter asking for an explanation, he says that he can give none, except that he is a journalist. Journalists are worse than brigands, Anna. The former take our good name, the latter only our money. Does 'I am a brigand' seem sufficient excuse for highway robbery? And yet he asks me to accept 'I am a journalist' as an excuse for worse than highway robbery. How I dislike him and his—occupation!"

XIV.

"Dear Ned:—It is all up with me. What endless evil I have done! How lightly words roll from our pens, sometimes crushing hearts and blasting names! I have at last come to realise this. I will never—so help me God!—write another line thoughtlessly or under the pressure of opinion I know to be false. I will not write again for a long time. I can give Miss Vernon no explanation that would not seem to make my weakness more pitiable."

XV.

In spite of this last line, there must have been some explanation; for I find a wedding-card in the bundle, but no note further explaining it.

ENGLAND'S TREATMENT OF IRELAND.

(A paper read before the Irish National League at Waanganui, by Mr. W. BUNTING.)

(Continued.)

A HUNDRED years of such a code in active operation ought, according to all human calculations, to have succeeded in accomplishing its malefic purpose. But again God, as it by a miracle, preserved the faith, the virtue, the vitality and power of the Irish race.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, writing some 20 years ago, on what legislative independence accomplished for Ireland, says:—"If mankind needed at so late a period of the world's age as the close of the 18th century, any experiment to prove the substantial benefits of national freedom, the progress of Ireland during this brief but bright and glorious era of independence would suffice to establish the fact for ever. Statistics invulnerable attest it as the day of Ireland's true, real, and visible prosperity. Manufacture, trade, and commerce developed to a greater extent in ten years of national rule than they have developed in the sixty-seven years of subsequent 'union' legislation. Ireland's freedom and prosperity did not mean England's injury, nor England's pause in the like onward march. The history of that period disposes of the fallacies used by advocates of Irish national extinction. It proves Ireland's right does not involve England's wrong. Never before were the two countries more free from jealousy, rivalry or hostility; never before was discontent banished from Ireland, as never since has disaffection been absent. Loss of dominion, sheer covetousness of mastery, has in all ages been the source and origin of the most wanton invasions and most wicked surrations. Not even amongst Englishmen themselves does any writer hesitate now to characterize as nefarious, treacherous and abominable the scheme by which England invaded and overthrew in 1800 the happily established legislative independence of Ireland."

From 1789 to 1795 was the revelation of England's treason against the final adjustment of Irish national rights, and the exasperating demeanour, language, and action of the Government in its avowed determination to conquer right by might. To drive the Irish into the field, to goad them into action in the hour of England's choice, not their own, was the problem. Its accomplishment was arrived at by proceedings over which the historical writer or student shudders in horror. Early in 1796 an Insurrection Act was passed, making the administration of a oath identical with, or similar to that of the United Irishmen punishable with death. An army of 60,000 men subsequently increased to 80,000 was let loose upon the country. On the atrocious system of "free quarters," irresponsible power was conferred on the military officers and local magistracy. The yeomanry, mainly composed of Orangemen, were quartered on the most Catholic districts, while the Irish Militia regiments unsuspecting of any sympathy with the population were shipped off to England in exchange for foreign troops. We read in McGee's History of Ireland that the "military tribunals did not wait for the idle formalities of the civil courts, soldiers and civilians, yeomen and townsmen, against whom the informer pointed his finger, were taken out and summarily executed. Ghastly forms hung upon thickest gibbets, not only in the market places of the country towns, and before the public prisons, but on all the bridges of the metropolis. The horrid torture of picking and the blood-stained lash, were constantly resorted to, to extort accusations or confessions." Lord Holland in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," gives us a like picture of "burning cottages," "tortured backs," and "frequent executions." "The fact is intolerable," he says "but the people of Ireland were driven to resistance, (which, probably they meditated before) by the free-quarters and exercises of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare even in an enemy's country. Dr. Dickson, Lord Bishop of Down, assured me that he had seen families returning

peaceably from Mass, assailed without provocation by drunken troops and yeomanry, and their wives and daughters exposed to every species of indignity, brutality, and outrage, from which neither his (the Bishop's) remonstrances, nor those of other Protestant gentlemen, could rescue them." No wonder the gallant and humane Sir John Moore, appalled at the infamies of that lustful and brutal soldiery, and unable to repress his sympathies with the hapless Irish peasantry, should have exclaimed:—"If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel." It is a notable fact that the insurrection of '98, was the first rebellion on the part of the Irish people for hundreds of years. The revolt of the Puritan colonists in 1641, and that of their descendants, the Protestant rebels of 1690, were not Irish movements in any sense of the phrase. It was only after 1605, that the English Government could by any code of moral obligations whatever be held entitled to the obedience of the Irish people, whose struggles previous to that date were lawful efforts in defence of their native and legitimate rulers against the English invaders. And never subsequently to 1605 up to 1798 did the Irish people revolt against the new sovereignty. On the contrary in 1641 they fought for the king and lost heavily by their loyalty. In 1690 once more they fought for the king and again paid a terrible penalty for their fidelity to the sovereign. In plain truth, the Irish are, of all peoples, the most disposed to respect constituted authority where it is entitled to respect, and the most ready to repay even the shortest measure of justice on the part of the sovereign by generous, faithful, enduring, and self-sacrificing loyalty. They are a law-abiding people, or, rather, a justice-loving people; for their contempt for law becomes extreme when it is made the antithesis of justice. Nothing but terrible provocation could have driven such a people into rebellion.

Refuting Froede's falsification of the history of the 1641 rebellion—the period of the so-called "massacre of Protestants"—Mr. John Mitchel, himself an Irish Protestant, reviewing the conduct of the Irish engaged in that war, writes in very forcible language as follows:—"I am bound to maintain," he says, "after all the examination I have been able to give to the 'ghastly story,' that the Irish insurrection of 1641 was notable amongst insurrections for its mildness and humanity, and that if the Irish were not the most gentle, patient, and good-natured people in the whole world their island would long since have been a smoking wilderness of cinders soaked in blood." The heroic men of Wexford, and the United Irishmen were driven into the field to defend their homes and altars against brutal military violence. They were men who honestly desired and endeavoured, while it was permitted to them to do so, by lawful and constitutional means to save and serve their country, but who, by an infamous conspiracy of the Government, were deliberately forced upon resistance as a patriot's duty, and who at the last sealed with their blood their devotion to Ireland.

In 1846 and '47—the famine years—was witnessed a monstrous proceeding, while the people lay perishing, the land lay wasted, wherever seed was put in the ground, the hunger-maddened victims rooted it out and ate it raw. No crops were raised, and, of course, no rents were paid. In any other land the first duty of the State would be to remit, or compound with the landowners for any claims advanced for the rents of these famine years. But, alas! in cruelties of oppression endured, Ireland is like no other country in the world. With the permission of the Government, the landowners, in 1849, commenced to demand what they called "arrears of rent" for the past three years, and failing payment "notices to quit" by the thousand carried the sentence of expulsion through the homesteads of the doomed people. The ring of the crowbar, the crash of the falling roof-tree, the shriek of the evicted flung on the roadside to die, resounded all over the island. Thousands of families, panic-stricken, did not wait for receipt of the dreaded mandate at their door, with breaking hearts they quenched the hearth and bade eternal farewell to the scenes of home, flying in crowds to the land of liberty in the west. The streams of fugitives swelled to dimensions that startled Christendom, but the English Press burst into shouts of joy and triumph, that now at last this turbulent, disaffected, untameable, race would be cleared out. "In a short time," said the London Times, "a Catholic Celt will be as rare in Ireland as the red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." Their own countrymen, their kindred, their pastors and prelates could not witness unmoved this spectacle unexampled in history, the flight en masse of a population from their own beautiful land, not as adventurous emigrants, but as heart-crushed victims of expulsion. Some voices were accordingly raised to deplore this calamity, to appeal to England, to warn her that evil would come of it, but England laughed scornfully at the warning. The English press went further; they called the sorrowing cavalcade wending their way to the emigrant ship, a *race of assassins, creatures of superstition, lazy, ignorant and brutified*. Far in the progress of this exodus the London Saturday Review answered in the following language to a very natural expression of sympathy and grief wrung from an Irish prelate witnessing the destruction of his people:—"The Lion of St. Patrick surveys with an envious eye the Irish exodus, and sighs over the departing demons of assassination and murder. So complete is that rush of departing marauders whose lives were profitably occupied in shooting Protestants from behind a hedge, that silence reigns over the vast solitude of Ireland." Pages might be filled with extracts of a like nature from the Press of England; many still more coarse and brutal. There may, probably, be some Englishmen who now wish such language had not been used; that such blistering libels had not been rained on a departing people to nourish in their hearts the terrible vow of vengeance with which they landed on American shores. But then, in that hour, when it seemed safe to be brutal and merciless, the grief-stricken, thrust-out people, "friends of a generous friend, a pitying foe." And so they went into banishment in thousands and tens of thousands, with hands uplifted to the just God who saw all this, and they cried aloud "how long, oh Lord? how long?"

During the centuries of carnage, persecutions and plunder to which I have but briefly referred, there were some bright days for Ireland, and especially the day of *Blaukwater*, when the glorious Hugh O'Neill (called in English patents Earl of Tyrone), defeated the splendid army of Queen Elizabeth's picked troops. "It