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IRELAND'S DESTINY REVEALED;

OR,

THE PROPHECY OF SAINT MALACHY,
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, IRELAND.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A SKETCH OF THE SAINT'S LIFE, AND A BRIEF NOTICE OF
THE LIFE, TIMES, AND MARTYRDOM OF DOCTOR
OLIVER PLUNKET, WITH MABILLON'S
LETTER TO THE SAME,

AND TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

CRITICAL, EXEGETIC, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,
WITH SIGNS OF THE TIMES, AND HELPS TO UNBELIEF.

*Εἰς σημεῖον ἐστὶ * * ἡ προφητεία, οὐ τοῖς ἀπιστοῖς ἀλλὰ τοῖς πιστεύουσιν.*

Prophecy is for a sign, not to unbelievers, but believers.—1 Cor. xiv.

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DEDICATION.

TO
THE IRISH RACE AT HOME,
AND SCATTERED ABROAD
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES
Are Inscribed,
BY
THEIR FELLOW-SUFFERER,
ACCOLA.

Houses of the Oireachtas

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PROTEST.

IN obedience to the decree of Urban VIII., of holy memory, the compiler protests that he attaches no weight to the prophecy attributed to Saint Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, beyond what is due to it upon its own merits. Even though it be an authentic document, it still rests with the Holy Roman Catholic Church, the Mistress and Teacher of all truth, to judge it; to her judgment, therefore, it is left, and for the consolation of the Irish race it is now published.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY OF THE DOCUMENT CONTAINING THE PROPHECY OF SAINT MALACHY RELATING TO IRELAND—NOTION OF PROPHECIES—SKETCH OF THE SAINT'S LIFE.

MODERN times have brought to light many gems of Irish history. Dr. O'Donovan, Dr. Currie, Very Rev. Dr. Todd, F. T. C. D., and others, have drawn forth from the oblivion of ages many interesting literary relics in connection with Ireland, and published them to the world. Dr. Madden, of Waterford, who died recently in Dublin, had labored hard for many years in illustrating the national affairs of his native country. His "Lives of the United Irishmen" is well known and highly appreciated. For some time before his death he had contemplated publishing a work on the "Life, Times, and Martyrdom of Dr. Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland." While seeking out authentic records relating to his projected work, he had the good fortune to discover the exceedingly important document which now beholds the day for the first time in an English garb. It professes to be a faithful copy of the original, and bears the sign manual of the celebrated French critic Mabillon. Dr. Madden got it and Mabillon's letter to Dr. Plunket from a dusty old corner of the archives of the Franciscan convent of Saint Isidore, Rome, whither it had been conveyed for safe keeping, together with numerous other valuable and rare manuscripts pertaining to Ireland's chequered history.

The authenticity of this very remarkable document is vouched for by the fact that Archbishop Plunket knew of its existence, or had at least some traditional rumor of it; had heard of Mabillon's discovery, and that Mabillon writes to him *ex professo* on the subject, for although the archbishop's letter to the learned Benedictine is not yet forthcoming, it is

evident from Mabillon's reply that Dr. Plunket had written to him inquiring about the prophecy. The testimony of so able a critic, and so remarkable an authority as Mabillon, undoubtedly is, on such a subject, of itself invaluable for establishing the authority of the document. His letter is clear and definite on the point. He not only seems to have had no doubt about the matter himself, but confirms it with the concurrent testimony of tradition, and with the indirect though no less stringent one of the reality of the witnesses Reginald and Theodore. As regards the deacon Virgilius, or in Irish, Fiergal, or Farrel, whose name is mentioned in the document, there is said to have been a bishop of Ardagh of that name about the middle of the twelfth century, that is, shortly after the death of Saint Malachy. There is no direct evidence to show whether the bishop and deacon were the same individual, but, considering that one Vergilius had been the saint's deacon, secretary, and companion in his last journey to Rome, that the diocese of Ardagh is suffragan to the primitival see of Armagh, where Vergilius must have been highly esteemed, and, considering also that those only who are favorably known at Rome are elevated to the Catholic episcopacy, it is but reasonable to infer that the deacon and the bishop were one and the same person.

The verity of a prophecy is *demonstrated* by the actual fulfilment of the thing predicted. Admitting that God knows all things and can disclose the future to men, and supposing that any particular disclosure regarding futurity proceeds from Him, there may of course be ample room for yielding credence to the thing foretold, but there can be no proof positive of the fact until the event predicted has come to pass. If the prediction come from God, the author of all truth, whether it has actually occurred or not, does not in the least affect its verity. As a prophecy, if true ever, it is true always. It is always true *per se*, it proves true when it comes to pass. A true prophecy, therefore, does not depend upon its fulfilment as an argument for its acceptance—as a reason why men should give it credence. If true at all, it is true whether it has as yet come to pass or not—

whether or not men believe it. There are, however, certain conditions a prophecy must possess anterior to its accomplishment, in order to challenge our credence. These are *à priori* proofs of its origin and appeal to us in favor of its credibility. It must not be the result of investigations made according to any natural law ; it must not be a shrewd or random guess ; it must be outside and beyond and independent of every conclusion deduced from the natural order of things ; there must be no possible connection involving necessary consequences between the person, time, or thing predicted and present circumstances. Nor is this all, though prophecies are themselves miracles of the highest order ; furthermore, regarding the medium of them there must be some manifest wondrous Divine interposition to challenge credence for them, otherwise to the great majority they were given in vain—and even though there be these motives of credibility for prophecies, still many *will not* believe : “ prophecy is for a sign not for unbelievers but for believers.” Miracles beget faith in prophecies, and the power of performing them is granted, that the evidence of wonders seen may generate in unbelievers credence for what is foretold and has not yet come to pass. All true prophecies come from God, and credence attaches to them in proportion as He vouchsafes to manifest His wondrous works through their medium. How far is the subjoined document furnished with these motives of credibility ?

The life and works of Saint Malachy, or rather God's works through him, go far to beget if not absolute belief in, at least respectful credence for, his prophecies. He was born in Ireland of noble and Christian parents toward the end of the eleventh century. At that time, though the Norsemen had been finally expelled the country, they had left behind them sad traces of their barbarism. They also made periodical descents upon it, and inflicted on the inhabitants, particularly by the sea-shore and along the course of the principal rivers, all the miseries which revenge, cupidity, paganism, and hatred could instigate. Malachy had thus an early opportunity of witnessing the evils which lawlessness

from without and social confusion from within had generated in his country. Accordingly we find that from tender childhood the meek precepts of the Christian law had the sweetest possible attractions for him. To the study and practice of it he devoted himself from his youth.* While a deacon he was assiduous in his care of the sick and in burying the dead. When made a priest he preached incessantly, abolished superstitions, reformed abuses, and restored ecclesiastical discipline. Inflamed with zeal for God's honor and with a desire of spending his whole life for God's glory, he went apart with Malchus, Bishop of Lismore, and spent all his time in heavenly contemplation, prayer, and study. Such progress did he make in the way of perfection, that he was appointed spiritual guide to the king of Munster, who had laid aside his sceptre to become an anchorite. He restored the celebrated monastery at Bangor, which had been pillaged and destroyed in a piratical incursion by the Danes, and for some time presided over it a perfect model of sanctity and justice. When consecrated bishop his life was holy in proportion as his position was exalted. Though pressed with many cares, he prayed, always. He labored incessantly, regulated the clergy, preached daily, visited all parts of his diocese, administered sacraments and established discipline among the people. When made Primate of all Ireland, his labors were as unremitting, and his humility as profound, as when in the depths of solitude. He tempered the rigor of monastic discipline with ecclesiastical ministration, and taught the clergy, by his own example, to renew their apostolic spirit by retiring for awhile into solitude and giving themselves wholly to devotional exercises. He visited Rome touching the affairs of his church, and was most kindly received by Innocent I., by whom he was made Legate of the Holy See in Ireland. When he returned to his native country he became for his people in all things a perfect model of Christian life. *Vixit sine proprio*. He had no property. He had no home. During his episcopacy he never received from the people any ecclesiastical stipend, to which of course he was entitled, nor did he ask any aid from

the state. He went about continually among the churches, serving the Gospel and living by the Gospel. If at any time he found it necessary to rest awhile, he repaired to some abode consecrated to piety and stayed there, a little content in all things with the common table and common life. He was famous for miracles, and endowed with the spirit of prophecy. Long before the event occurred, he foretold the place and time of his death. A second time he journeyed to Rome, but reached only as far as the Abbey of Clairvaux, where he fell sick of fever. He received the sacrament of Extreme Unction and the Beaticum, commended himself to the prayers of the brethren, and the brethren to God. Even in death resembling one in the full bloom of life and health, he departed in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried at Clairvaux, in the Virgin's Oratory, in November, eleven hundred and forty-eight.

CHAPTER II.

STATE OF IRELAND SINCE THE DEATH OF SAINT MALACHY—
BRIEF NOTICE OF THE TIMES, LIFE, AND MARTYRDOM OF
DOCTOR OLIVER PLUNKET, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, IRE-
LAND—MABILLON'S LETTER.

THE condition of Ireland does not seem to have improved after the demise of Saint Malachy, nor did anything of particular import occur in that country until about thirty years subsequently, when her misfortunes may be said to have commenced. Occasional descents of piratical Norsemen and perpetual feuds among the native chieftains, form the staple commodity of her annals from that event till 1169, the period of the English, or rather of the Anglo-Norman invasion. Then Erin's woes began.

It is beside the purpose of the few remarks which introduce Saint Malachy's prophecy to dilate upon the causes, mode, occasion, progress, or success, or to dwell upon any phase of English rule in Ireland. Suffice it to note the fact that the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland took place in 1169, shortly after our saint's death, and that the miseries of that country date from that period, and continue to the present day. But it is to the purpose of these brief prefatory observations to note the perpetual, ever-active, all-pervading, irreconcilable antagonism between the invader and the invaded all along the weary seven hundred years since the baleful shadow of the Anglo-Norman adventurer first fell upon Irish soil up to the present hour. At this present hour it is as real, as definite, as energetic, and perhaps more so, as on the day when Strongbow landed in Wexford. On the one side there is the inborn repugnance to foreign rule in their country, and the inborn yearning for freedom which centuries of misrule and repression have made the more earnest; and there is, furthermore, the inborn, heaven-sent, undying hope and confidence of every true Irishman from that day to this,

that, sooner or later, the time will surely come when Ireland shall be fully and finally and for ever disenthralled from the yoke of England, have her own laws and her own government, her own fleets and her own armies, and a high place among the proudest nations of the earth. On the other side there is the firm, persistent, ever-acted upon determination "not to let Israel go;" to keep fair Ireland in bondage at all cost and against all comers; to murder, plunder, banish, or pauperize all of her sons who would dare attempt to redress her wrongs, and to bribe, corrupt, or buy over all who would venture to plead her cause. And if their patriotism were proof against such allurements, it has ever been the policy of England to persecute them unto death, and to heap on them, both living and dead, all the virulence and contumely of malice and hatred; to make their name a by-word and a scoff among the nations, and the memory of them a reproach for ever. In Ireland there never was a true man, in church or state, from the twelfth century to the present hour, who did not, nor is there likely to be henceforth for ever one who shall not look upon a total severance from England and her own national existence, her own laws and her own government, as Ireland's "one thing needful." During the reign of Henry II., King of England, Saint Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin and Legate of the Apostolic See in Ireland, organized a most powerful and statesmanlike confederation against the invaders of his country. He united into armed and vigorous resistance all the conflicting elements in Ireland, and he sought and obtained aid from without to expel the foreign foe from his native land. His patriotic endeavors did not succeed so as to attain his object, but they prove the spirit that animated him and the metal he was made of. He was canonized by Honorius III. Since that time never did Ireland, as a nation, acquiesce in the barbarous invasion; never did her cause lapse; never did an age pass by without her making some attempt to shake off the cruel yoke of England. At this day the evil does not cease, nor the resistance diminish: as the one progresses the other increases and intensifies. The perpetual misery, the periodical famines, the continual decrease of population in

that most lovely though most wretched country, show the world and tell in the heart of every Irishman, at home and abroad, that they have ample cause for complaint, and for desiring severance from England and self-existence, no matter by what just means this happy consummation should be effected. In England there never was a statesman, from the time of Henry II. unto this present, no matter to what party he belonged, who did not set it down as a first principle that Ireland should be kept, at all hazards, and in spite of all consequences, as the footstool of England; that her commerce should be neglected, her manufactures destroyed, her vast resources left undeveloped, for fear of interfering with England's prosperity. And the better and more efficaciously to accomplish all this, that Irishmen should be rendered barbarous, that the door of knowledge should be closed against them, that they should be systematically debarred from every office of trust, honor, or emolument, until they became recreant to the traditions of their country and traitors to their race; that they should be made everywhere "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" that for such offices only were they fitted, and such were good enough for them; and that whoever wished Ireland well, spoke in her favor, or strove for her emancipation, should be crushed by all and every means. If no such attempt were at all made, if there was the bare suspicion of any one entertaining sympathies for Ireland, as if such a thing were culpable, England, for vile purposes of her own, never hesitated to allege some capital charges against such individuals, and suborn corrupt lying witnesses to swear to them. A short memoir of Dr. Oliver Plunket, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, will fully illustrate the spirit alluded to.

Since the days of Saint Patrick, no prelate of the Church in Ireland was endowed with higher qualities, had labored more for the spiritual welfare of the Irish people, endured more privations and sufferings for the sake of his holy calling, or ended his glorious career more nobly, than Dr. Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh. He was born at Loughcrew, in the County of Meath, in 1629, and was descended from the Earls of Fingal and Roscommon. From early boy-

hood his education had been superintended by his uncle, Dr. Patrick Plunket, Abbot of St. Mary's, Dublin, subsequently Bishop of Ardagh and finally Bishop of Meath, and who for some years, during the persecution by the Covenanters of the Roman Catholics, was the only bishop of that communion left in Ireland. At the age of sixteen, and at his own desire, the youthful Oliver was sent, with a few other boys, to prosecute his studies in the Irish College at Rome, with the view of preparing himself for the ecclesiastical state. He had there the great advantage of having the celebrated Suarez, De Lugo, Pallivini, and other illustrious men, for professors. So signal was his proficiency in his various studies, that he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and afterwards, for several years, taught theology in the College of the Propaganda. He also performed with great zeal and fruit the active duties of his sacerdotal office for four years at Rome. In the year 1699, he was appointed Archbishop of Armagh, was consecrated at Brussels, and arrived in Ireland early in the next year. A wide field for apostolic labors was here opened to him. He had to gather the scattered stones of the ruined sanctuary, to provide, as well as the penal prohibitions of the dismal times would allow, for the education of youth, and he had to repair the shattered ranks of the working clergy by ordaining fit and proper persons, whom he had to train for the sacred ministry. He had to correct many abuses regarding church governance which had crept in amongst the people, to put the regulars in order and to oversee the clergy, not only in his own diocese, but throughout his province. He visited, officially, every part of his archdiocese, and almost every diocese, certainly every province in Ireland. He was remarkable for meekness, firmness, and prudence. Nothing could deter him from the discharge of his duties. When there was a lull now and again in the persecution, he made, as he expresses it, "all the sail he could," but when it burst forth with renewed fury he fled from place to place, and took refuge in the bogs, in the woods, in the mountains, enduring with unshaken fortitude the inclemency of the seasons, the pangs of hunger, the want of repose, unceasing anxiety of mind and bodily

labor. Never did he desert or think of deserting his flock, and even in the midst of the miserable times in which he lived, he was, as far as circumstances permitted, a vigorous enforcer of ecclesiastical discipline. This begat him personal enemies among some of the clergy, whom he punished for certain irregularities. If he had any fault, it was just the one which might be expected from a person of his lineage—he had a deep-rooted and affectionate reverence for kings and royalty. Now, can it be that this man, so just, so meek, so poor, so conscientious, so long-suffering, so kingly devoted, was persecuted unto death by England? Yet it was so! Dr. Plunkêt, the noble, the gifted, the pious, the learned, the revered, was sought out as a special object for enmity, with the view that if he were cut off there would be no further prop for his race, his creed, or his country. He was hunted like a wild animal, and a price offered for his capture. Possibly he might have wearied out and escaped his enemies if he had remained hidden in the fastnesses of his remote province, but he left his place of concealment in his own diocese, and repaired to Dublin to attend, in his last illness, his aged relative, the Bishop of Meath. Immediately after the demise of that prelate, he was discovered in a friend's house and arrested. This was on the 6th of December, 1679. He was taken to Dundalk and accused of exercising his episcopal authority and jurisdiction, although forbidden by the Crown, and for remaining in the country notwithstanding the royal interdict. The jury refused to find him guilty. There was nothing said about treason against the King, though it was in the indictment, till the plans of his enemies were matured, and he had been removed to London. In June, 1681, he was taken from the Tower, where he had been confined contrary to all law, and brought up again for trial. The first charge he fully admitted and gloried in. He had his commission from God and the Church, not from the King—delighted in exercising it, and rejoiced in suffering for doing so. The charge of treason was most absurd in all its details, and was denied by him, in all its parts and bearings, to his last breath. He was refused time to produce witnesses to juridicially establish his innocence. The prin-

cipal witnesses afterwards declared on oath, in the most solemn conjunctures, that the charge of treason was a groundless fabrication which they had been paid to swear against him. They have been branded with eternal infamy, but what language can sufficiently execrate those who suborned, corrupted, prompted, and paid them for their hideous perjury ?

On the 11th of July, 1681, according to his sentence, Dr. Plunket "was taken from prison and stretched, with his face uppermost, and tied with cords upon a wooden hurdle (as is there customary, saith the old narrative), and thus drawn by a horse to Tyburn. There he was hanged for awhile, but, before strangulation was complete, he was cut down, his bowels taken out, cast into the fire, and burnt before his face. Finally, while his limbs were yet quivering in mortal agony, he was beheaded." His body was interred with the five Jesuits who had been put to death two years before for preaching in England, but it was afterwards removed to Lambspring, in Germany. His head was given to Cardinal Norfolk, who took it to Rome, but, for about a century and a half, it has been, and now is, in the keeping of the Dominican nuns at Drogheda, in Ireland.

There is not a word about the prophecy or Mabillon in the critical, elaborate, and highly interesting memoirs of Rev. Dr. Oliver Plunket, published by Dr. Moran in 1862. This omission, however, merely shows that those who labor in the field of literature, and especially in historico-ecclesiastical matters, cannot easily exhaust their subject ; and that whoever is assiduous in his pursuit can draw forth from that treasury "new things and old." Dr. Moran was not able to discover any certain record of the Golden Cross given by Mons. Scanarola for the church of Armagh. Nor could he find sundry documents alluded to in the "Memoirs." The name of Colbert, the first Minister of State in France, who sent Mabillon to examine the ancient archives in the monasteries of Germany and Italy, is mentioned in a letter of Archbishop Plunket's, dated March 14, 1672. Probably it was about that time he had written to Mabillon. Catalani

informs us that Oliver Plunket imitated Saint Malachy in the visitation of his archdiocese ; how anxiously then would he desire to learn the dying emanations of his predecessor, the sainted seer ! But the fact that the great critic had been suspected of Jansenism would sufficiently account, if there was no other reason, for there being little *trace* of communication between him and the sternly orthodox Primate of all Ireland. There can be small doubt that the venerable prophecy recently discovered by Mabillon had been in some way connected with the charge of treason against Dr. Plunket, as, having been rumored abroad, it roused the mad suspicions of England. It thus became an object for concealment rather than public notoriety, more especially as it regarded a period for its fulfilment so far removed from that time. The general knowledge of its existence, therefore, had been suppressed, its whereabouts unknown, and the definite memory of it had faded away, till it had been forgotten even where it was preserved. When lately found by Dr. Madden and, being only *a faithful copy of the original*, quietly taken back to Ireland, as public property, no one missed it. But *all* recollection of it in Ireland never died out. The tradition regarding it, vague indeed and indefinite, was spread and preserved throughout the entire country. It is alluded to as *lost* by O'Kearney in his collection of Irish prophecies, published at New York in 1861. Dr. Madden had gathered sundry extracts from records in England, showing that the rumors about this prophecy, and the desire to destroy it and every vestige of it, had whetted behind the scene, the relentless cruelty against Archbishop Plunket.

MABILLON'S LETTER.

To Monsigneur Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh :

MONSIEUR : In reply to your solicitous inquiries, I have the distinguished honor to state that I have indeed found, in a very ancient archive of the Abbey of Einseildelin, the document containing the prophecy relative to Ireland of St. Malachy, your predecessor in

the See of Armagh, and herewith I send you a faithful copy of the same.

The parchment on which it is written is in a very tolerable state of preservation, and, though not of the best quality, is such as was generally used on such occasions.

The calligraphy is good, and is of the same character as that used at Clairvaux in the time of St. Bernard.

The style indicates culture and Scripture knowledge. It savors, too, of St. Bernard's school, and bespeaks the author of some note. Indeed, we find that one Reginald was Prior of Clairvaux at the period of Saint Malachy's death there, and that a certain monk, Theodore, from Clairvaux became Bishop of Autun toward the middle of the twelfth century. Although no name is subscribed to the document, doubtless these are the two whose names are mentioned therein, and both, or either, may have written it. They may have gone to the "Grange" to meet Saint Malachy, as no doubt his feeble health would have compelled him to proceed by easy stages, and in any case the fame of so distinguished a visitor's approach would have reached Clairvaux before him.

The document was evidently written for Saint Bernard, when compiling the life of Blessed Malachy, and only relates a thing that occurred on one night. Yet this was so remarkable and important that one might well wonder, if a fact so well attested as what it records were not preserved. It did not exactly enter into Saint Bernard's scope, so he barely indicates that Saint Malachy was endowed with the twofold gift of miracles and prophecy, and left the document to tell posterity its own tale.

Events in England subsequent to the time of Saint Bernard, as the quarrel about investitures, the martyrdom of Thomas-à-Becket, and the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, would call attention to the document and keep alive the interest attaching to it. It is certain that there was always at Clairvaux a lively recollection of many of Saint Malachy's prophecies, and of this one in particular. And although England had not till thirty years later invaded Ireland, yet our traditions always pointed to England, and not to the northern pirates, as the enemy who were to oppress Ireland for seven hundred years, and that same as the period of their domination in your country.

As regards "Pontefract," I have not been able to discover any place of that name within a day's journey of Clairvaux. There

was, however, a "grange" belonging to the monastery at a place now called "Ligny," a few miles distant from Clairvaux, and, though the names differ, the place is most probably the same.

Much of the archives of Clairvaux were transferred to Einsiedeln in the last century (16th).

With every sentiment of veneration and respect, I have the honor to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

J. MABILLON.

CHAPTER III.

SANTI MALCHIA, ARCHIEPISCOPI ARMA-
CHENDIS VATICINIUM, DE REGENERA-
TIONE HYBERNIA.

THE PROPHECY OF SAINT MALACHY,
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, ON THE
REGENERATION OF IRELAND.

Quum autem dilutus Deo Malachias Romam ex Hybernia secundo proficisceretur, et in eum locum quem PontifRACTUM vocant, unius diei a monasterio iter habentem, pervenisset, itinere fessus et morbo quo et migravit jam corruptus ad unam grantiam nostrum pervenit. Ibidem paulisper commemoratus et a quibusdam fratribus rogatus pernoctavit. Vir omnino Deo et patria deditus multum per noctem in oratione Dei vigilavit, et numine quodam divino tandem arreptus, extra se trahi visus est. Subito circumfulsit eum lux de cœlo dum genibus flexis et manibus junctis in cœlum intenderet. Duo monarchi Theodorus et Reginald qui haud longe adstiterunt "videntes sic admirati sunt, turbati sunt, commoti sunt, tremor apprehendit eos." Propius accedentes et præ timore nimius attenti, voces audiverunt, aliquando Sancti Antistetis et aliquando quasi cujusvis alterius cum eo colloquentis :

"Væ mihi misero! Væ patriæ perditæ! Væ Ecclesie Sanctæ Dei! Usquequo Domine oblevisceris nos? Usquequo patria mea mærore consumeris?" exclamavit. Paulo post ae si fuisset allocutus licit ipse voces protulit: "Confide fili, inquit, ecclesia Dei in Hybernia sumquam deficiet. Disciplina terribili diu erudictur, sed postea longe lateque gloria splendescet. Et tu Hybernia extolle caput! Erit et dies tua, dies

WHEN Malachy, the beloved of God, was proceeding the second time from Ireland to Rome, and had arrived at Pontefract, which is a short day's journey from the monastery (Clairvaux), being fatigued with travelling, and already seized with the distemper which carried him away, he came to a "grange" of ours. There he delayed for awhile, and, being requested by some of the brethren who happened to be in the place, stayed for the night. The man, wholly devoted to God and his country, spent a great part of the night in the prayer of God; and at length, seized with a certain divine ardor, his spirit seemed carried away from its earthly tenement. Suddenly a light from heaven shone round about him, while on bended knees, with hands joined, he gazed up into heaven. Two monks, Theodore and Reginald, who were waiting not far distant, " marvelled to see such things; they were astonished and suddenly cast down, trembling came upon them." Approaching nearer, and, in their reverential fear, being most attentive, they heard the voice at one time of the holy Bishop, and at another as it were of some one speaking with him. "Woe is me! alas for my ruined country! alas for the holy church of God! How long, O Lord, dost thou forget us! How long, my country, art thou consumed

saeculorum! Sabbatum centum annorum, septem peccata inimici tui mortalia exequentes tibi numerabitur. Tunc merces tuæ magnæ nimis pro hoste tua teterrima, misericordiam promeruerint, ita tamen per flagella maxima et longa. Inimici tui qui in te sunt pellentur et humiliabuntur et nomen eorum auferetur. Tu autem in quantum es depressa in tantum exaltaberis. Tunc erumpet quasi sol lux tua et gloria tua permanebit. Erit pax et abundantia in finibus tuis et in propugnaculis tuis decor et fortitudo."

Post hoc aliquandiu obmutuit deinde voce magna et hilari clamavit: "Nunc dimiths servium tuum Domine, in pace. Satis vixi. Sat est. Ecclesia Dei in Hybernia nunquam deficit et quamvis diù expectetur patria mea reflorescet et diem suam habebit."

Postudie tuo monachi Reginald et Theodorus sanctum antistitem, jam nunc cegrotantem cum diacono suo virgilio ad Claram vallem duxerunt. Claritati tuæ, Pater Abbas, nota sunt cœtera.

Concordat cum originali.

J. MABILLON.

with sorrow!" he exclaimed. A little after, as if some one spoke to him, although he himself uttered the words, "Be of good heart, my son," said he, "the church of God in Ireland shall never fail. With terrible discipline long shall she be purified, but, afterwards, far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory. And oh, Ireland, do thou lift up thy head! Thy day also shall come—a day of ages! A week of centuries equalling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy shall be numbered unto thee. Then shalt thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible foe, yet so as through scourges great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But in as much as thou art depressed, in so much shalt thou be exalted. Thy light shall burst forth as the sun, and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries, and beauty and strength in thy defences."

After this he was silent for awhile, then, with a loud and joyous voice, he exclaimed, "Now, O Lord, dost thou dismiss thy servant in peace! Long enough have I lived! It is enough! The church of God in Ireland shall never fail; and though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might and be fresh in its beauty like the rose."

On the following day the two monks, Reginald and Theodore, conducted the sick prelate, with his deacon, Virgilius, to Clairvaux. The rest, Father Abbot, is known to your Reverence.

The foregoing agrees with the original.

J. MABILLON.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTES ON THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHY.

THE foregoing document consists of three parts, *a*, the title, *b*, the historical narrative, *c*, the prophecy itself. A few words on each. *a*. It is not certain whether the title, as it may be termed, had been affixed to the original document as written by Reginald and Theodore, or by some one who had transcribed the same in St. Bernard's time, or whether, in fine, it had been supplied by Mabillon himself. The great critic is silent on the subject. *b*. The historical or narrative part relates how Saint Malachy came to the "Grange," how the monks met him at Pontefract, what had occurred there that night, and how the monks conducted him to Clairvaux the next day. All this had nothing to do with the prophecy itself. *c*. The prophecy consists of the words of Saint Malachy while in his rapt, or trance, or ecstasy, or by whatever name his state may be designated when the wondrous light surrounded him. The prophecy or revelation had a twofold object—namely, the Church of God in Ireland, and the ultimate condition of Ireland itself. Of both these objects the direct immediate *end* was one, viz., the consolation of the saint. The narrative assures us that that end was fully attained. A merciful Providence has preserved the revelation for the joy and consolation of multitudes.

Autem—But: This word shows the fragmentary nature of the piece, and is omitted in the translation. It connects the present matter with something, perhaps some other prophecy, which those monks may have written regarding the saint's former visit.

Reginald: This may be the same person, called also Rainald, who is mentioned as with St. Bernard at Milan in 1134.

Secundo—The second time : As much as to say that what was before narrated, which the word *autem*, but, connects with the present narrative, had occurred in the first visit, but that what had happened at Pontefract took place when the saint was coming to Clairvaux on his second journey to Rome.

Monasterio : The monastery of Clairvaux was the third filiation from Citeaux, and was founded by St. Bernard in 1115. It was situated in an uninhabited, swampy portion of the diocese of Langres, in France.

Grantiam—Grange : This is not a word of classical latinity. It crept into the language in about the fifth century, and seems derived from *granum*, grain, or *gramen*, grass, and usually means a piece of arable or meadow land. St. Benedict prescribes in his rules that every monastery, *saltem unam grantiam habeat*, shall have at least one grange to furnish requisites for the monks, and to which the brethren might occasionally repair for the healthful exercise of working in the fields, or for innocent recreation when their intellectual labors should be intermitted. Monasteries had usually several granges attached to them.

Numine quodam—A certain divine : This phrase is exceedingly significant. Strange things happen to those who are the media of preternatural manifestations. See lives of St. Hildegarde, St. Theresa, St. Francis Xavier, and others.

Voces audiverunt—They heard the voices : The peculiarity of one under divine influence speaking now in one tone and person and character, and immediately after in quite a different one, is apparent in many of the prophets. See Isaiah, Jeremiah, &c.

Væ mihi—Woe is me : Nothing can be more beautiful than this passage. St. Malachy first deplores his own fate as a bishop, for such have always special sorrows ; then he laments the general ruin of his country, which was dearer than self ; and, finally, he weeps over the calamities of the

church, which was dearest of all. And, though the realization of the whole vision was in the distant future, so intense was his subjective feeling that he cries out, as if God was regardless, "How long dost thou!"

Hybernia—Ireland: There can be no doubt about the place meant.

Sabbatum—A week: Put by *senecdeche* for *hebdomada*. There is something mysterious in the number seven—the number of centuries that Ireland's thralldom was to endure. This seems indicated also by the allusion to the seven deadly sins of the enemy. The Moors held ground in Spain for seven hundred years, when they were finally expelled.

Misericordiam—Mercy: God's mercy shall descend upon England in the shape of scourges terrible and enduring. Ireland's long-sufferings and miseries will merit from a just God this chance of retributive national purification for her enemy, England.

Nomen—Name: The very name to cease, and be taken away.

Tu autem—But thou: The promises to Ireland are magnificent. It is to be hoped the realization will come quickly.

Sol—The sun: The sunburst is one of the national emblems of Ireland, as the rising sun dispels the shades of night, so the dawning of Irish disenthralment shall chase away the recollection of her long sorrows. And, as Ireland was the Niobe of the nations, so shall she be among the noblest of the earth, "and her glory shall not pass away."

Post hoc—After this: This would seem a recapitulation, or rather the saint's subjective remembrance of his vision or revelation. Those who have such wondrous manifestations are very often unconscious of what they say or do during their continuance. In such cases their disciples, or those who witness, note them. St. Paul could not write or utter what had been revealed to him when rapt to the third heaven. Very often those to whom futurity is revealed

have an accurate recollection of all, and when the vision is over, write it, as Ezekiel, St. John the Evangelist, &c. This, of course, is said not to institute a comparison between St. Malachy and the prophets of the Old or New Law, or to claim for him a credence similar to what is due to them, but merely to note the manner in which such media are affected.

Pater Abbas—Father Abbot: Abba is a Syriac word meaning father. It is used and interpreted in the Holy Scriptures—"In which we cry Abba, Father." The term was applied to the heads or superiors of religious fraternities, who inhabited especially about Mount Lebanon, since the time of Elias the prophet. Many went from there to hear John the Baptist while preaching at the Jordan, and became his disciples. After the ascent of the Lord Jesus into heaven, Mary his mother went for some time with John the beloved disciple to dwell at Mount Carmel, and all inhabitants of the place, comprising the disciples of the ancient prophets and the followers of John the Baptist, embraced the Christian faith. The religious communities which existed here from the very beginning of Christianity called their superiors abba or abbots. From them the name as well as religious institutions were introduced into the West. The father abbot here mentioned is St. Bernard, who was at the time engaged in writing the life of St. Malachy.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, AND HELPS TO UNBELIEF.

RICHARD DE CLARE, surnamed Strongbow, Earl of Chepstow and Pembroke, landed in Wexford with his Anglo-Normans in the year 1169. Dating the English invasion of Ireland from that period, the seven hundred years of evils inflicted on her by her enemy, would, according to the prophecy, be completed in 1869. Then the measure of England's iniquities would be filled up, and the term of Ireland's miseries have arrived.

It would be sanguine indeed to suppose that so long established an influence for evil, as is England's hold on Ireland, attended as it is with all the complicated varieties of interests and prejudices which it involves at this present hour, shall be suddenly and forever terminated in the year 1869. However, if the Lord so will, and Irishmen co-operate, it can be done even by that time. If they work and pray, the time may be accelerated; if not, the complete accomplishment of the prophecy may be postponed. But it will suffice for the verification of the prophecy, that it shall then begin to be accomplished, although some time may elapse before it is verified in every particular. And we should not conclude that if it be not *seen*, by the multitude, to be by that time in the way to its accomplishment, that therefore the prophecy shall not obtain its fulfilment. Events in other climes, unobserved affairs at home, old, deep-rooted, wide-spread, well-recognized, cherished principles, germs of thought and action, latent, or seemingly trivial causes, matters wholly unconnected with Ireland, may be operating powerfully, though silently and unseen, to effect this happy and long-desired consummation. But there is vastly more than abstract principles, old traditions, mere theories or idle wishes in the matter. There are in existence, everywhere the Eng-

lish language is spoken, or the Irish race scattered, immense organizations, with a concentrated power, unity of purpose, and fixedness of resolve, such as was never before seen in the world, having for object the severance of Ireland from British rule, and her autonomy as a free and independent Republic. Foremost among these is the wondrous Fenian organization, the brave right hand of Irish national independence, which absorbs, unifies, directs, and intensifies the national principle everywhere, from New Zealand to Nova Scotia, and from Conamara to Calcutta, Australia, and the Isles of the Pacific.

No doubt, to one who has not studied the Irish question, or who looks at it from an English point of view, or who judges the present by the past of Irish history—to one who wishes the present state of things, the domination of England and the helpless, prostrate misery of Ireland—to one who knows nothing about the vast resources of Irish patriotism, or the skill by which it is wielded—to one who has little faith in anything but accomplished facts, the prophecy would appear a bogus, a silly, monkish dream, a vain thing “found in a bog,” the expression of a mere idle wish; but that England shall ever rule the seas—have her own way and the lion’s share in everything—that she is a queen, sits secure and dreads no evil—that, strong in her wealth, in her ships, in her power, she laughs at and defies the world—she glories in and enjoys what is present and visible, and “a fig” for the unseen and the future. All very fine!

But whatever such may say or think of the prophecy, does not affect it in the least. Whether it be true or not, time alone will demonstrate, and the issue depends upon no human will; but human agencies are necessary for its accomplishment. Meanwhile, it is exceedingly interesting to test such glimpses into futurity by observing whether they agree with, or differ from earthly realizations. It is curious to notice the mysterious ways of God’s providence over ALL MEN AND NATIONS. As His care extends to each individual who cometh into the world, giving to every one who lives out his mortal span the succession of tender infancy, playful childhood,

buoyant youth, vigorous manhood, care-worn age, helpless decrepitude and final dissolution—so does He give to nations their early starting in remote history, their long tutelage in hardships, their term of greatest prosperity and happiness whereof they are capable, their turn of a share in the good things which Earth, the common parent, yields for all; and, finally, their dismemberment, their dissolution and total disappearance, to make way for a new order of things. Thus have the Egyptian, the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek and the Roman nations occupied the world in their turn, and then made way for others. Thus have the Hun, the Goth and the Vandal, the Arab, the Tartar, the Saracen and the Turk—rude barbarians though they were—each in turn passed over the scene. Nations fall away, and nations rise to eminence; the old decay, the young grow up to full proportions of strength and beauty; the wicked are punished in the long run, and the righteous rewarded, and given the opportunity of producing to the full all the fruits whereof they are capable. Thus shall it be with England and the Anglo-Saxons—they have had their term, and it is well nigh passed. Thus, too, shall Ireland and the Irish have their day, and great shall be the glory thereof.

It is curious, likewise, that the abstract principles which govern a nation's life, produce the same actual results, and issue in the same historical conclusions, as had been fore-shown to the saints. The Old Testament illustrates this. The chosen people were told they should possess the "Promised Land." They were animated with the certain conviction that they should obtain what Moses had predicted. They went boldly forward, and the result was, they gained their inheritance. The New Testament illustrates this. The apostles were told to go into the whole world, and that their divine Master would be present with them through all time. They went in faith, and, behold, they are found today, in their successors, everywhere throughout the wide earth. In fact, the world's history attests revelation. It is the roundabout way of declaring by facts what had been previously made known to simple faith. Thus shall the

principle, traditional and actual, which animates all Irishmen, result one day in the same conclusion as Saint Malachy's prophecy.

It is curious, furthermore, that the manifestation of a country's inward life, displayed to the world in historic records, traditional feelings, natural bias, and actual modes of operation, lead as naturally to certain results, as accepted premises will lead the mind to logical conclusions. The English, as a nation, are intensely proud, selfish, cunning, cruel, and perfidious. They despise all creation but themselves only. They abuse, ridicule, and calumniate, all other nations. They cheat, plunder, and lie, on a grand scale everywhere. They gag, silence, starve, or murder, all who expose or resist them where they claim dominion; outside of it, they swagger, bully, and intimidate, if the people be weak, otherwise engaged, or exhausted; but if powerful, they lie again, cringe, wheedle, and deceive. They keep no faith anywhere, and never have, with those whom they can wrong, with those who submit, or with those who trust them. Throughout the globe they have done huge evils everywhere. Everywhere have they made enemies. Everywhere, therefore, shall they be punished, and their punishment shall be in proportion to their misdeeds. Concerning Saint Malachy's prophecy, therefore, inasmuch as it regards the enemy who was to oppress Ireland for seven hundred years, there is another side—a purely human side to the matter; and, apart altogether from any preternatural communication, there are certain views which dispose an impartial observer to arrive at pretty nearly the same conclusions as what it reveals. There are causes at work in Ireland, in England, and in other countries—causes wholly disconnected with each other—causes which the watchful Fenians keep steadily in view, and will turn to their account—causes which tend inevitably to produce that same effect and result, in that self-same issue. Let us pass some of them briefly in review.

RUSSIA.

The Indians are strongly imbued with the idea, and it is said that a passage has been surreptitiously interwoven in one of their sacred books to the effect, that after the rule of the "fair kings," who are understood to be the English, will come a dynasty of "silent kings," who are said to be the Russians, because the Czar acts without noise of words. Now it is asserted that several of the Russian troops, engaged in the Crimea, during the siege of Sebastopol, had been destined for service in the invasion of India; and that the progress of the war between Russia, on the one side, and France, Turkey, and England, on the other, retarded, but by no means put an end to the project. However this be, since that time immense bodies of Russian troops have been thrown down towards the south of that empire, with the ostensible object of subjugating the Circassians. Last year brought us news of the final conquest, and utter dispersion of that people. But it seems that Russian armies had other work to do. In fact, the telegraphic news for October, '64, informed us that, "The Russian troops advanced into Central Asia, and a severe battle was fought at Kokan, which is within two days' march of Bokara and Samarcand, and not far from the northern roots of the Himalaya Mountains: "Two thousand Kokanese were taken prisoners, and four thousand killed. The Russians set fire to eighteen towns, captured the cities of Kumkut and Seerum, and have since advanced on Kokan city."* There was nothing about these important movements till they were accomplished, and there is small reason to suppose that Muscovite legions will halt there. It would seem as if the English had some anticipation of this, for they have been very busy for some time past in making a road over the Himalaya Mountains, that so they might meet the Russ and fight him on his own side. But two can play at that game. The road that leads up a hill, would, of course,

* Sydney Herald, December 12, 1864.

lead down it. If it conduct the Englishman over it, can bring the Russian back, and John Bull may perpetrate his greatest bull, "catching a Tartar."

The news reached Australia in December last, that a Russian fleet had been ready to make a descent there, in view of certain anticipated movements on the part of Great Britain. She "smelled a rat," and gave no sign, so the Russian fleet returned for that time to the Amoor. The Australians, however, were astounded. They looked as one who had walked blind-folded on a plank over a precipice, and had then been shown the peril he had escaped, as if by miracle.

The Emperors of Russia and France have occasional interviews. Nothing would be easier for them than to come to the understanding that Russia should seize India, while France attended to the sick man at Constantinople. There would thus be three great empires and centres of civilization in the world. France, with her idea of solidarity of nations, holding sway in Europe, from the Danube to the North Atlantic, wherever she could, and wherever she would in Asia and Africa, from Constantinople and Ararat to the South Atlantic Ocean. Russia with her concentrated power possessing the Northern hem, with the backbone of the world in India and the rest of Asia, with the isles of the ocean. And America, with its universally diffused knowledge and individual liberty, reigning supreme from Behring's Straits to Terra del Fuego.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the bravadoes and contumelies teeming from the English press during the Crimean war stung Russia to the quick; that she resents those insults, detests England most cordially, and pants for an opportunity to humble her. It is certain also that India has ever offered the richest prizes to military adventurers. The successful invasion, then, of India by Russia—and successful it would most assuredly be—would chastise England most effectually, and would open up a new era in the world's history. It would give Russia a suitable outlet for her vast internal resources, it would let out a flood of new life and vigor into the effete East, it would spread Christianity and

civilization throughout the entire of Pagandom, it would bring the colossal power of the North into constant and speedy intercourse with the youth, intellect, and enterprise of the gigantic American Republic, and cement the friendly relations between the two countries.

Let others theorize further on the results of a Russo-India invasion, but Irishmen can see at a glance that complications of this kind or whatever humiliates, depresses, jeopardizes, weakens England, affords their country an opportunity of disenthralment and emancipation. They would rejoice, therefore, at a Russian invasion of India, not so much because of any special love for Russia, as because of their special hatred for England. They would rejoice because everything that does evil to England does good to them, more especially in the present conjuncture when any move of Russia towards India would enable the Fenians to make their own terms for Ireland. They would rejoice, too, in the general interest of humanity if Russia should overleap the Himalayas and drive paganism and England from India.

FRANCE.

There needs not to mention the animosity between France and England : it is traditional and known all over the world. Three things, however, give it a special relevance at the present time. Omitting, therefore, all other motives of pique between the two nations, there is ample ground for rupture between them from those three sources : 1. French Republicanism ; 2. The fate of Napoleon I. ; 3. The destinies of the child of France, the imperial son of the present Emperor Napoleon III.

1. The broad groundwork of social existence, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity springing from the great principle that "the people is the source of legitimate power," is so firmly established in France that nothing can eradicate it. It swept away in that country all the distinctions of class as such ; and though the change of circumstances have restored some old forms and corrected the wild excesses of undisciplined Republicanism, no change of dynasty and no form of govern-

ment in France can destroy the principle that lawful authority emanates from the people. Beyond the channel in England there is an all-grasping, all-possessing, all-absorbing, proud, bloated, exclusive aristocracy which owns all the land, which enjoys all the honors, which possesses all the emoluments of the nation, which, by its very existence, is a libel on the principle that "the people is the source of legitimate power," which, by its wealth and ascendancy, cripples the influence of that principle in France and retards its spread elsewhere. The Republican spirit in France and aristocratic spirit in England are not only opposed but are contradictory and antagonistic to each other. A circumstance has only to arise at any time and the sparks of mutual dislike will be blown at once on both sides into a furious conflagration.

2. Napoleon I. was the favored child of the great French Revolution, the first-born darling of the French people, the mighty captain who led the French armies to a hundred victories. His encroachments upon the liberties of the people were lost sight of in the marvellous prestige attaching to his name. The glories he won for France, before the nations of the earth threw him into the background, all the short-comings of his personal character, and the mighty power concentrated and consolidated in his own person, seemed to redound to the individual aggrandizement of each one of the people from whom as a body it originally emanated. The principle of Republicanism which was represented in Napoleon was regarded as an enemy by aristocratic England. Never, for a moment, did England intermit her hostilities, never did she recognize him as an Emperor, never did she omit the opportunity of cultivating enmities for him everywhere. At last, when through the treachery of some of his generals, Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo, and had afterwards surrendered to the British flag and British honor, contrary to what was due to so great a man, contrary to the respect due to the darling chief of a mighty nation, contrary to the treatment due from a chivalrous people to a confiding though fallen foe, but at the same time quite in unison with the pride of a jealous aristocracy, the great man of the people, Napoleon I., the idol of the

French nation, was smuggled away like a felon and deported to his sea-girt rock. No semblance of his greatness was left to him. None of the amenities of life were permitted to him. A stern jailor made his existence miserable, and that misery terminated only with his existence. Like Prometheus chained upon his rock he might gnaw his own vitals, but no end should come till he consumed his meal at St. Helena. 'Tis said that the French people have not forgotten all this or any part of it, and that one day they will surely avenge it.

3. The sovereign will of the French people and the momentum of his own superior intellect have set Napoleon III. on the throne of France. He has got a son, now twelve years of age, who is acknowledged as heir to the imperial dignity held by his father. Napoleon III. is now in his fifty-eighth year. If he live on in good health there is little doubt, humanly speaking, but that he will govern with a steady hand the nation that has made him its chief, until such time as his son will be old enough to take the reins of government. But if he fall prematurely beneath the hand of an assassin from England, if old age creep on him without establishing fresh claims upon the admiration of the French people, what will become of the child of France? Naturally enough the transmission to posterity of his name, his dignity, and his power, in the person of his own son, must be an object of ambition to the present Napoleon, and though the *entente cordiale*, the alliance with England, has shown the wisdom of the Emperor, advanced the glory and prosperity of France, and exhibited England in her true light of contemptible inferiority, it is admitted on all hands that no enterprise France could embark in would prove so popular in that country as a war with England. It would establish the rising Napoleon in the affections of the French people, it would afford an opportunity, and would result in the fact, of wiping out the disgrace at Waterloo and the catastrophe at St. Helena, and would give French Republicanism a chance of measuring swords with English aristocracy. It would be the first and most efficacious means for carrying out a grander than Napoleonic idea—the establishing the solidarities of nations in Europe—with France

ruling supreme from the Danube, Bosphorus and Mt. Ararat to the Atlantic ocean. With the active sympathies of mighty and congenial France Ireland would achieve her autonomy and enter into the great family of nations by the time set forth in St. Malachy's prophecy, or even before it. The genius of war abides somewhere near Paris. Though she may wander occasionally from place to place, there is her habitat, for the warlike Gauls are ever true to the character given them by mighty Cæsar—"Alacres ad bellum." When the suitable time arrives there is no doubt that Napoleon can easily find a pretext of summoning her to his aid and going to war with England, for "where there's a will there's a way." Those who love to speculate on the matter find ample room for concluding that Napoleon has the will to go to war with England whenever it suits his opportunity. Heaven inspire him to do so quickly !

AMERICA.

The United States, like France, may well look upon England as her traditional enemy. From the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers up to the commencement of the present civil war, resistance to British tyranny and injustice forms the chief feature in American history. Indeed, English infamy is too much interwoven with American glory, to be soon forgotten. The fourth of July points as significantly to British aggression as to American Independence. With the memories of Washington, and all the noble spirits of the Revolution, and of the war of 1812-14, are inseparably connected the vile attempts of their relentless, but baffled foe. Nor does England forget the past. The lessons of humility taught her by America, have never escaped her memory. Her army, her navy, her diplomacy, so generally successful elsewhere, have been found wanting when tried in the American balance. America is, in fact, the sore spot in English history—the wound impossible to heal, but not impossible to revenge. Nor is the hostility between England and America a thing that decreases with time. Before the civil war, their mutual animosities had been continually ripening into

such disputes and difficulties as are generally settled with the sword ; but the Republic, then at peace within her borders, had become so powerful that her crafty enemy, after a good deal of bluster, always preferred a peaceful settlement. The day, however, of England's revenge arrived at last, the sad day for America's bitter tears.

Before America was yet a nation, England had planted the seed of discord in the land, and anxiously watched over and fostered its development. With zealous good-will she stirred up the smouldering embers of misunderstanding between North and South. True to her instincts, she was the blow-coal between them when discord was wanted as an ally to weaken first, and if matters progressed as they had done for four years, to ultimately destroy, by dividing the power of America. Her jurists found out and defended the "casus belli," her capitalists furnished money to the revolted states, her traders supplied them with munitions of war, her aristocracy gloried in the troubles of the despised Yankee republican, her public press found something to blame in every proceeding of this country, her seaports equipped, and manned, and sent forth freebooters to do every possible mischief to merchantmen from the Northern States upon the high seas. She was hostile to the Northern States without declaring herself, though she really was their enemy. She was hostile to the Southern States, pretending to be, without being, their friend. And when the long-looked-for fruit of her cunning and perfidy had been produced, how proudly did she not gloat over its promising appearance ! America torn, and bleeding, and distracted by civil war, might now be bullied, and insulted, and outraged with impunity. **NO NOT WITH IMPUNITY !!** England has sown the wind and she shall reap the whirlwind. The star of Republicanism is again in the ascendant, and the hour is coming for the war of honor, the day of reckoning for England. O Americans ! cease all mutual strife. Unite. Awaken, sons of freedom, awaken ! Honor, and interest, and every principle that is dear to truth and chivalry, summon you to another battle-field, to another war with England. Americans, make it the last. This will unite

and unify you for all future time. You have the power, you have just quarrel, and all the world will applaud. In the past, at the present, for the future, there is nothing for you from England, as she was and is, but insults, injuries, and injustice. In former times she has ever done you wrong, when she could ; just now, in the words of your present illustrious president, Andrew Johnson, whom her venal press so ridiculed and despised, "She has all but destroyed your external commerce, and diverted it to her own shipping and harbors." And, for the future, she will do you all the evil in her power, if you let her off now. Chastise her, therefore, for the past, make her pay at the present, and disable her for further mischief, henceforth, for ever. Only open the proceedings, and the Fenians will do the fighting for you, "con amore." They will also make Ireland a Republic upon your model—a regenerated and for ever grateful affiliation of free and independent America.

SPAIN.

This country has rehabilitated herself of late years in a remarkable manner. She has reconstructed her navy, reinvigorated her army, and done much to re-establish her ancient fame. She has many an old calumny to disprove, many a wrong to avenge, and many an old grudge to settle with England ; but the occupation of Gibraltar, by the English is the one standing reproach to Spain, and the all-sufficient cause of quarrel between that country and Great Britain. Let any complications arise between them—only let a cloud the size of a man's hand appear in the political horizon, it would seem there is trouble brewing there—and there is no knowing how France would act, or what might grow out of the matter to suit the purposes of the Fenians, and advance the object of Irish national independence. It matters not whosoever on the surface of the globe is England's enemy, he is Ireland's friend, so far, and the Fenians will turn him to account accordingly.

ENGLAND.

It has been said of old that "a man's enemies are they of his own household." The aphorism applies to nations as well as to families, for the elements of decay or prosperity operate alike in both. What works out the ruin or develops the well-being of a family, produces, inevitably, the same effect in states—not merely through the laws of divine retributive justice, but also through the natural consequence of reaping what they sow. And it is also remarked that individuals, families, and nations, are rewarded in what they do well, or punished in what they transgress, and this, too, because they have already in themselves the germs of ruin or prosperity which necessarily work out their own development. Now, as regards England, it is certain that with the external appearance of prosperity she is in reality deteriorating and decaying rapidly as a nation. The elements of ruin are at full work within her boundaries. Those who wish may seek, and they shall find in the state of things there numerous sources of impending ruin, and the state of things accounts for them.

The martial spirit of the British is all but dead. They fear to go to war—witness Poland and Denmark—or when they do, they fumble, blunder, and make a mess of it; witness the Crimea. They have no generals unless, perchance, a few carpet knights—soldierlings of the effeté aristocracy. They have no warlike bands that pant for the battle, for the brave old English yeoman is a thing of the past, but they have instead an undisciplined mob of loafers, shop-boys, and factory men—mere fancy volunteers, mere holiday diletantis, who, like Falstaff's recruits, "had as lief hear the devil as a drum;" who fear the report of their own musket as much as a soldier would an earthquake. One of them was in such trepidation at a review that he fired off his ramrod and shot one of his companions in the leg.

The wooden walls of England exist no longer. Modern science has destroyed them for ever. They are an incumbrance now instead of a service. They no more answer their

old end than if they were made of buckram or pasteboard. One Monitor, one Kearsarge, could annihilate the entire old lumbering navy of England.

In the event of a war with any other power, England is prepared to abandon her colonies. She knows she is unable to protect them. With all the appliances of her wealth and power, she has not been able to subdue—nay, she has been uniformly worsted in open battle by a handful of semi-barbarous New-Zealanders.

The great bulk of the population has not the slightest interest in the country. One in three hundred has not the franchise. The population of Great Britain is over 21,000,000; of these 3,000 only are landowners, and all these belong to the aristocracy, that is to say, less than one in every seven hundred has any interest in the soil, and every one of these belongs to the so-called upper class. As far as any real interest in the soil of old England goes, it is the same thing to the bulk of the people, or in fact to the whole of the people, as such, that the land was owned by the Chinese mandarins as that it is possessed by their aristocracy. Nay, it is less so, for, if it were held by mandarins, Englishmen would insist upon some portion of it as their birthright. Now they dare not even look at a great portion of the country in which they were born. They are not permitted to enter the immense parks or domains "except on business." If admitted in, they are not allowed to carry a gun or have a dog with them. They are warned to "keep off the grass." They must stay upon the hard road. If they venture, through natural curiosity, through desire of innocent recreation, to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, or for any other motive equally harmless to stray from the thoroughfare, the first step upon the green sward must be in spite of an insolent aristocratic law telling the profane vulgar commoner that he is doing wrong, and that too at the peril of "spring guns and man traps," or of being "prosecuted according to law." At this day a man might be transported from England for seven years for killing a hare, or a salmon, or a woodcock belonging to the all-possessing aristocracy.

Cut off corn supplies from England for one year and there will be famine and revolution in the land. That the land monopoly has done. A want of cotton, no demand for coal, a slackage in the iron trade, and behold men die of hunger in England. What, then, if England were at war and could not get foreign breadstuffs? What if there were a few Fenian cruisers among their commerce and a few bold emissaries in England? There are some already, and let England look out for the consequences.

The object in view in these pages is not to exhibit to the world the multiform decay of England, nor the difficulties arising from the national debt to which another pound added may break the camel's back, nor is it to uncover to the observation of the five-and-twenty readers the hideous corruption of the masses there. That is done already in the work of Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister at Law, and late traveling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge, reprinted at New York, 1863, which forms the basis of the facts here set forth. It is done likewise in numberless other sources of information of equal authority, all which prove, in the words of Mr. Kay, which he speaks, "with sorrow and with shame, that the peasantry of England are more ignorant, more demoralized, less capable of helping themselves, and more pauperized than those of any other country in Europe." The object is not to show that "the millions of England and Wales fancy they have nothing to lose and everything to gain from political changes, and that, instead of their institutions being based upon the conservation of the masses, they are based upon the conservation of the few." Nor is it to fix attention upon what Mr. Kay calls the fact, "that if democracy should ever invade England, and the march of events during the last half century ought to show that it will be in their midst in a few years," the people, among the first laws they will pass, will sweep away the aristocracy for ever, and place the tenure of land upon a new footing. It is not to show the Irish and friends of Ireland that there are countless multitudes in England animated with the same principles as themselves,

and that among such they will find zealous and useful auxiliaries when they begin to claim their national rights with the sword. The sole object for which one word is written here upon the matter is to fix the mind well upon the fact that, viewing the case from without or from within, in itself or in its consequences, in what has been or what may be, in Divine right or human proscription, that England's lawless invasion of Ireland has been, from the starting, a barbarous tyranny; that she never got and never had a true right to be there; that the progress of years has proved she was always unwilling to benefit Ireland, and that the existing state of things in the British isles proves beyond yea or nay that she is incompetent to confer the slightest political, social, or moral advantages on that country; and, consequently, that from the sheer momentum of circumstances and the course of human events, her dominion in Ireland must soon cease, and what was shown to the dying seer of Erin, the stainless Saint Malachy, must be in its own time infallibly accomplished.

IRELAND.

All the elements for evil resulting from the land-laws, and the general order of things *regulated* by the state, which are in activity in England, operate with tenfold mischief in Ireland; and all the causes of complaint and quarrel which all the nations of the earth have with England, Ireland has in tenfold measure.

There is no use in counting over the horrors of the past, the miseries of the present, or in speculating upon the future of Ireland connected in any way with England. The principles and results of her action in that country for nearly seven hundred years are known all over the world, and tell their own tale—a tale such as was never heard before on earth—there is no hope for Ireland in any way as subject to or dependent on British rule. There is no deliverance for her but by force of arms. And why should not Ireland have national independence? Why should not the Irish people, as of yore, enjoy the fruits, since they undoubtedly possess

the prerogatives of autonomy? The genius of their race, the extent of their population, geographical position, natural resources, distinctive ethnological and historical characteristics, and the mysterious and wonderful concurrence of will among Irishmen and among various nations on the point seem to settle the question, and all but establish the fact.

GENIUS OF THE IRISH RACE.

The Heavenly Father has privileged each branch of the human family with some special gift for which it need not be ashamed in the council of other people, and whose special duty it is to develop and cultivate that characteristic. Thus the old Greek was distinguished for his appreciation and love of the beautiful in nature and art; the Roman for asserting the principle of order and submission to authority: "Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento." In modern times the Frenchman is the type of chivalry, the Spaniard of manliness of character, the German of profound metaphysical investigation, the American of personal freedom and commerce; but search the nations of the earth, and nowhere shall you find any race so completely and emphatically the type of *vigorous action*, mental and physical, as the Irish. And shall the Irish, who, as a race, possess all personal gifts of nature in an eminent degree, and some pre-eminently, be always subjected to the curse of heteronomy and robbed of the advantages derivable from self-legislation, and from developing and perfecting their race by communicating to it the rule of its operations, and fitting it to exercise those offices, and enjoy that happiness which is conformable to its nature? The Irish people at home and throughout the world say NO! The desire is abroad everywhere that Ireland must be free and self-existing, and to render the people's will an accomplished fact, is only a question of time.

EXTENT AND POPULATION OF IRELAND.

Ireland is either more populous or extensive than Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal,

Greece, or Turkey in Europe, or than any state of the Germanic Confederation except Austria and Prussia. Even small nations possessing autonomy, or self-government, have done wonders in the world. Celtic Switzerland has given the model, in modern times, of republican independence; Holland has developed commercial relations and maritime law; Portugal has traversed the huge waste of waters, and first brought China, Japan and Oceanica to Europe; and Hellas, little Hellas, for three thousand years, has ever been the type of all that is magnificent in sculpture, painting, poetry, oratory, and philosophy. The oldest germs of thought on jurisprudence, metaphysics, astronomy, and religion, are associated with the *Κελτοι*; and perhaps the oldest specimens of architecture in Europe are to be found in Ireland. At home, and scattered through the world, the Irish race numbers about fifteen millions, at this present hour. If Ireland had had autonomy for the last seven hundred years, there can be no doubt that she would have exhibited to the world characteristic results of her influence and people; and there can be no doubt, also, that when she does enter into the family of nations, she will soon make her presence felt, for as preceding action and discovery prepare the way for greater subsequent ones, so the delay of Ireland taking her place among the nations of the earth will but whet her energies in perfecting the discoveries of other peoples, and producing new ones of her own, of whose honors and fruits none can deprive her. Who knows, too but that Ireland's tardiness in bursting her thrall may be a wise and merciful dispensation of Providence, that she may come forth with all the more lustre, like a rightful heiress long robbed of her heritage, when other nations had done much to develop human society, even as our first parents issued from the great Creator's hand in all the fullness and perfection of unstained humanity, after all His other works, ere He took the Sabbath of His rest?

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION AND NATURAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

The Almighty Creator has written in the iron-bound coasts of Ireland the ineffaceable character of self-existing. He has made her by herself alone in the ocean to show she should be free. As well might the proximity of England to France be urged as a reason why she should be an appendage of that country as that Ireland's proximity to England should entail upon her English domination.

Ireland is removed from the heat of the torrid zone and from the cold of the North, while the Gulf stream coursing through the Atlantic ocean renders the climate more genial than that of any other country in the same parallel of latitude. It is away from the turmoil of Europe while its three hundred harbors scattered all around its coast afford facilities for easy communication with the interior, and with all parts of the world. It is the nearest land in Europe to the American continent, and a glance at the map will show that Ireland affords a speedier medium of communication with all the rest of Europe and with the entire earth, than any single country has with the whole. The climate everywhere throughout the land is salubrious. There is not a mountain-top or plain or valley in the entire island uninhabitable. The soil yields abundantly, the bowels of the earth are rich in minerals, and the rivers and seacoasts abound in fisheries. In a word Ireland possesses within herself all the material requisites for yielding a support to treble her present population, and she has in the inalienable God-given right and genius of her people the guarantees of autonomy as a fact, and for the good fruits derivable from it.

DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CELTO-IRISH.

Although the *Κελτοι* or Celtic race hold an eminent position in the family of peoples, it is singular that thus far in the world's history they never yet formed a purely distinct and separate empire. Far away in remote antiquity one

branch of this people seems to have started from the cradle of humanity and all human society in the East and to have worked its way through Greece where it developed into Republicanism, and to Italy where the form it gave to society became Republican likewise. They also settled among the Alps and constitute Republican Switzerland of the present day. They reached and made their homes in Belgium, the western shores of Gaul and Brittany. About the same period or perhaps before it another outpouring of the same people facing westward made their way over the Mediterranean sea to Spain and thence to Ireland which they inhabited, and from which, in process of time, they peopled Wales and Scotland. Owing to the isolated geographical position of Ireland, in nowhere else did the Celtic race so distinctly retain its characteristics as in that country. Traits of character peculiar to the race everywhere, and some no longer distinguishable elsewhere, are preserved there. And as the race was preserved purest in Ireland, so the geographical position of that country points to it as the natural sovereign domain assigned by Providence to the race.

No characteristic of the Celt is more prominent in history, than the facility with which it assimilated to itself and absorbed adventitious elements. Wherever they went they made those Celts whom they found before them, and wherever they stayed they made Celts of all who came afterwards among them. It was, and is prominently the case in Ireland. The Danes encamped there for awhile, but were either driven out or amalgamated with the natives. The early Anglo-Norman invaders—it is well known—became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Even now, it is impossible to live among the Irish people, and not adopt their manners, habits, modes of thought, and phraseology. There is, however, an exotic class more or less in Ireland—the so-called aristocracy—which keeps aloof from the people; and, like the Turks in Europe, seem but encamped on the soil. On these the instincts of the people make no impression. They are exceptions, and hence the perpetual antagonism between the exotic element and the people. But the exception proves

the rule, which has its root in a two-fold origin. First, it shows that Celtic habits, usages, and laws, are true to their nature ; and next, that they are held not merely with the intellect as true to nature, but also with the will as good in practice. In this particular the Celt contrasts with the Anglo-Saxon, whose principal characteristic seems to have been that of eliminating or destroying whatever is foreign to it.

Another prominent feature in the Celtic character, is loyalty or steadfast devotedness to the principles of lawful authority, springing from the parental, tribal, and monarcho-republican forms of government, which were the natural growth of society amongst them, especially in Ireland, and which prepared them for the reception of the Christian faith.

It is curious to see that from the remotest antiquity the old Irish Brehon laws, which are decidedly the most ancient in Europe, are directly opposed to the Salic and feudal systems, which are barbarous and unjust innovations upon old Celto-Roman jurisprudence, which, for the rest, forms the basis of the common law in the civilized world. According to these wise old Irish laws, property was held under the high dominion of the sovereign state, but through the tribes, all for each and each for all, in their respective individuality and social position ; all children, male and female, of the same parents, inheriting property alike, and all equal before society and the law. The monarch himself was elective, though the choice was confined to a certain race, but this race was so widely ramified that there was ample room for choosing. The form of government and the tenure of property, therefore, among the Irish was as thoroughly republican as at Sparta, and the state itself as democratic as any state of ancient Greece. This posture of affairs fitted the Irish for the prompt and hearty reception of the Christian faith and in turn the Christian faith, which starts with the principle of the complete, absolute, unconditional, natural equality and rights of all men born into the world, elevated, enlarged, strengthened in the Irish race the knowledge and love for lawful authority on the one hand, and for liberty,

equality, and fraternity on the other. The Irish became thoroughly imbued with the Christian faith, and the two principles—the religious and the republican—subsisted together, and strengthened each other in Ireland. Not merely as directly involving the higher interests of the soul, but likewise owing to human circumstances, the religious element became the most developed, and was and is the indirect cause of the development, spread, and intensification of the republican principle in that country at this present day.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE IN IRELAND.

After the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland there were no more kings in that country, but the people, the owners of the commonwealth, were there, and never since did their struggle cease against English robbery and aggression. Their natural instincts, their traditional laws, their sense of justice, their dearest interests, impelled them all along to resistance. Some one in every age, who felt the national principle more strongly than others, or who was better able to express it, stood forth as the exponent of the people's will, and the fact always drew a multitude to his side—not so much because of any special love for the individual as because the subject—resistance to British rule and the restoration of Irish nationality—found a ready echo in the hearts of all. The Church, the natural champion throughout the world of freedom as well as authority, found herself in Ireland on the side of the people, opposing and suffering from English tyranny. The Church sustained the people in their efforts for freedom and right and justice, and the people suffered for and triumphantly upheld the spiritual authority of the Church against the intolerant iniquitous domination of England. They each endured horrible persecution, the people first and always as claiming to own the soil of Ireland and resisting British rule; churchmen afterwards as siding with the people in their appeals for justice, and for refusing to acknowledge the authority of England in matters spiritual. Their mutual sufferings endeared them to each other, till churchmen loved the people and the people churchmen with all the ardor of

mutual affection ; in fact, till Irishmen were considered as *per se* children of the Church, and the Church itself was personified in the *Soggarth-aroon*.

Of late years England has changed her mode of operation as regards the Church, though it is thought not through love. She now pretends to respect the Church ; she no longer persecutes it openly ; she even furnishes something for the education of the Roman Catholic clergy, on the same principle that she gives a *regium donum* to the Presbyterians and sends pagan gods to India. We are not to suppose that selfish views actuate churchmen in the present posture of Irish affairs, or that they forget the past or are unmindful of the future of their country, still we may fairly conclude that the Maynooth grant, their comparatively honored present status, their natural conservatism and unwillingness for change, have much to do with the apathy of some, the timidity of others, and the opposition of more to the present current of events among their countrymen. But the Irish clergy is taken as a body from the Irish people, and cannot and will not be untrue to the instincts, traditions, and interests of their race. They are not now-a-days openly and directly persecuted by England, but in a hundred ways they are calumniated and persecuted covertly and indirectly. There is hardly one among them whose flocks have not been decimated, whose family relations have not been broken up, or whose friends have not been made heart-broken and wretched and poor and miserable through English domination, and there is hardly one among them who would not wish to see the evil of their country's ruin cease in the destruction of its cause.

GROWTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLE IN IRELAND.

Republicanism is as genial to the Celtic race as Ireland to the Irish. History shows that wherever the Celt settled, whether in Greece, as Dr. Brownson holds, or Italy, or Switzerland, the form they gave society was republican. In Ireland, as their ancient laws and usages testify, the Celts were republican also, if not in name, certainly in fact. Their

oppugnancy to the Salic law, to feudal Normanism, to English systems generally, as relating to land tenure and to British rule or misrule in their country, are characteristic of the Celtic race, and it is strange how these inherent principles of republicanism have been thoroughly developed in Ireland for the last thirty years by indirect church influences and associations.

The relations of Ireland for the last quarter of a century with free, independent republican America have been a hundredfold more intimate than with England; and while relations, direct and indirect, with England were only through absent landlords, tyrant agents, a hostile ecclesiastical establishment, oppressive, unjust laws, an alien administration, and a lying, insulting public press, the intercourse with America was bound up with the recollections of all that was dear through religion, flesh and blood, and society. Parents with children, children with parents, nearest and dearest relatives with relatives, have held constant communication backward and forward from every part of America and Ireland. There is not a village in Ireland whose bone and sinew, whose talent and enterprise, are not represented in every part of America, and there is not a hamlet in America which has not sent its happy word of cheer and generous assistance to friends at home in every part of Ireland. The American letter, with money in it, expressing not only the fond love taught by religion, imbibed in the old land, but the tangible form of freedom and independence, in ready cash, have set the people throughout the length and breadth of the land to inquire what sort of place was America, what manner of government they had there, and how it was that with freedom their children found in this land wealth, independence, and respectability. They found out, by slow degrees, till the knowledge permeated the entire mass of society, that, with republicanism, which was always genial to the Irish nature, their children found everything they wanted. It required no very special mental powers to be able to see that a change from the awful tyranny of England to the enjoyment of republican freedom in their own

country would produce the same happy results for themselves as it did for their friends in America. With the knowledge of the fact came the desire to obtain, and with the desire the old resolve of their fathers to claim once more with the sword, and this time never to cease till they achieve, their national independence.

The example gives them courage, and America, which renews the idea, inspires by her example, and encourages by her assurances of support.

Furthermore, wherever a church, convent, college, or school, was being erected in Ireland ecclesiastics came out here to solicit aid from their countrymen; nor did they ask in vain. But that was not all, they became acquainted with American institutions, and they astonished their people at home with reports of how certain among them are at present circumstanced. They were able to assign the true reason for the change, and the reasons have told upon their countrymen.

Like all great political changes, the present crisis has been long maturing, and it would argue but little knowledge of human nature to attribute it to any other cause than the true, or to augur for it any other result than certain victory.

Graunweal, the Shan Van Voght, and all other weepers, have sung their last Jeremiad of woe. They have changed the tune. Henceforth they shall sing of victory. The pulse of the Irish race at home and throughout the world now beats responsive to the same emotion. They feel that the day is at hand when Ireland shall be freed, emancipated, and disenthralled forever from the yoke of England; and they will fight and fight and fight, and never cease fighting till they shatter the power of England, and firmly establish their native land in freedom and independence as a republic. They know that those who sat on stools by their fireside at home in Ireland, and wished some one would do something for them have all died—died of famine in the midst of plenty; they know if bondmen would be free, themselves must strike the blow. They know of no nation which ever got or had or deserved freedom and independence and did

not fight for it, and win it, and keep it with the sword. The conduct of England toward their native land for nearly seven hundred years proves clearly that any and every other argument is futile. No tyrant ever relaxed his grasp for pity or supplication. They know that if Ireland should in twenty years to come recruit her population up to nine millions, what it was in 1845, England, if she still had hold upon their country, would find some means to reduce it again by another four millions, and would rejoice in the deed. They have made accurate calculation, and are certain that all the horrors of a war with England would prove far less evils to their friends in Ireland, to their exiled wandering brethren, and to their homeless, unprotected, virgin sisters in strange lands, than the actual miseries of the present state of things. At home any amelioration of the state of things in connection with England is utterly hopeless ; it is impossible for the Irish people not merely to thrive, but even live—as a Christian, intelligent, progressive race—anyhow, or at all, connected with England. If they remain in Ireland, they must not only have been born, but must live and die in poverty and degradation ; or, if they tussle their way to anything beyond abject misery it must be at the sacrifice of truth, honor, integrity, and patriotism. Abroad, they see that, though a match for the best in mental and physical vigor in all the varied walks of life, they have to start in any pursuit from the lowest standpoint, and contend against a thousand difficulties, because, for nearly seven hundred years, they have had no triumphant banner to date from, no recognized national existence. But wherever English traditions, English calumnies, or English animosities against their race prevail, the name of their difficulties is Legion. Irishmen believe they can now heal all this in the root. They believe Ireland can effectuate her own deliverance—Ireland can do for herself—and the same spirit which inspires her children to desire will instruct them how to accomplish it. This time Old Ireland shall not fight her battles alone. Her children throughout the world will assist her ; and, if they be allowed anything like fair play, they

will tear England in tatters. Talking is of no use, but they resolve in the words of the ever-memorable President Lincoln, in his last inaugural address to the American Congress, that "every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword" of avenging Erin, till she is freed, emancipated, and disenthralled from the cursed yoke of England, and firmly established in peace and republican independence. Little did England imagine when she was scattering the Irish race throughout the world that she was everywhere planting nurseries of armies to do battle against her! Now there is not a spot in the world where England can produce an army that Ireland has not one to meet it. The great heart and soul and aspiration of the Irish race have found their expression in the ubiquitous and mighty Fenian organization. Like the electric fluid filling the earth's atmosphere, permeating all creation, flashing from pole to pole, sending the silent word from the quiet corner where it is tightly bottled, or shaking the heavens and earth with thunder; so Fenianism pervades the whole Irish race from Melbourne to the remotest part of India, and from the British Isles to every portion of America; it embodies their patriotism, concentrates their power, closes their ranks, directs their energies everywhere for the attainment of the common purpose, gives forth the efficacious word without noise, and, when the time for action does come, will shiver into atoms the heterogeneous agglomeration called the British Empire. The time for completing this good work is, of course, in the hands of the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, but the time, more or less, for commencing, and the plan of operations, rest necessarily with the chief of the Fenian organization and those of his trusted friends to whom he has communicated it. Oh! that God in his merciful justice would give a few great, wise, brave, devoted men to Ireland and her cause in her day of need. Oh! for a Brian Boru, a William Tell, a Napoleon Bonaparte, or best of all, for a George Washington, to combine the discordant elements, to assimilate the conflicting interests, to outlive the struggle, and send his name down to posterity with his victories and

the fruits of them. Doubtless the effort to achieve the common wish will evoke *the* man, if he be not already in the arena. He, whoever he may be, will be the surest guarantee of all other human signs for the fulfilment of St. Malachy's prophecy. He will win the applause of all good men, and the eternal benediction of his grateful country.

