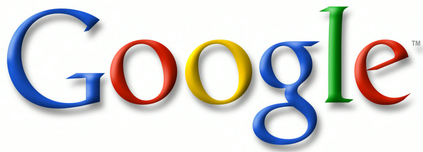


This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

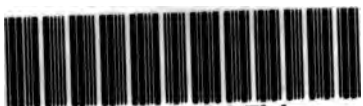
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

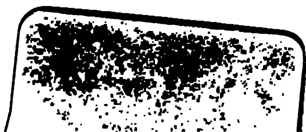
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/


600024685V



SKETCHES

OF THE

Lives and Times

OF

EMINENT IRISH CHURCHMEN,

FROM THE REFORMATION DOWNWARDS.

BY

JOHN WALTON MURRAY, LL.D.

SENIOR MODERATOR, T.C.D.;
RECTOR OF BALLYMENA AND BALLYCLUG, IN THE DIOCESE OF CONNOR,
AND RURAL DEAN.

DUBLIN:
GEORGE HERBERT, 117 GRAFTON STREET.
LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., AND J. NISBET & CO.
1874.

210. m. 488.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD WAVENEY,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD AND RESPECT,

These Pages

ARE INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

INDEX.

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	INTRODUCTORY	9
II.	ARCHBISHOP BROWNE	15
III.	ARCHBISHOP CORWEN AND ARCHBISHOP LOFTUS	22
IV.	BISHOP BEDELL	31
V.	ARCHBISHOP USSHER	40
VI.	ARCHBISHOP BRAMHALL	52
VII.	BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR	57
VIII.	GEORGE WALKER	63
IX.	ARCHBISHOP KING	73
X.	PRIMATE BOULTER	81
XI.	DEAN SWIFT	89
XII.	BISHOP BERKELEY	125
XIII.	PRIMATE ROBINSON	131
XIV.	EARL OF BRISTOL, BISHOP OF DERRY	139
XV.	ARCHBISHOP POWER LE POER TRENCH	149
XVI.	ARCHBISHOP WHATELY	162
XVII.	GENERAL VIEW—PART I.	177
	,, PART. II.	189

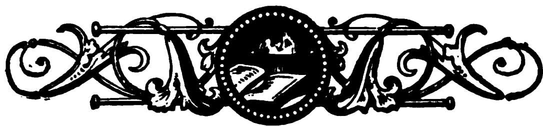
PREFACE.

THE following papers have already appeared in the pages of the CHURCH OF IRELAND PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE, and they are now, at the suggestion of some friends, published in a collected form.

For the most part the biographies are, as they profess to be, mere sketches of the lives of those remarkable men whose names appear at the head of the several chapters; but it will be found that a continuous thread of history runs through the whole, and that the principal events which have marked the course of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the disestablishment have received such notice as was possible within limits which were necessarily circumscribed.

The author has been careful to verify his statements by reference to such authorities as were within his reach, and which, from the variety of the subject-matter, were more numerous than might at first be supposed. The facts connected with the Lives and Times of the Irish Churchmen noticed in this little work have been gleaned principally from "King's Primer of Church History;" "Mant's History of the Church of Ireland;" "Burnet's Life of Bedell;"

"Dr. Bernard's Life of Ussher;" "Carwithen's History of the Church of England;" Scott's Life of Swift;" "Primate Boulter's Letters;" "Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs;" "Leland's History of Ireland;" "Dr. Monck Mason's History of the Irish Society;" "Ware's Bishops;" "Dr. Sirr's Life of Archbishop Trench;" "Miss Whately's Life of Dr. Whately;" and "Gilbert's History of Dublin."



SKETCHES

OF THE

Lives and Times of Eminent Irish Churchmen.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I PURPOSE in these chapters to give short biographical sketches, in regular order, of eminent Irish Churchmen, from the time of the Reformation to the present time. Such sketches must more or less include a brief history of our Irish Church during that period. And in order that the reader may be able to take in such a history with profit, it will be necessary in the present chapter to offer a short summary of the causes and events which led to the establishment of the Papal power in Ireland, and of the progress and results of that establishment previous to the Reformation.

The Mission of St. Patrick, and his successful propagation of the Gospel in this country, is generally supposed to have been carried out in the fifth century; and for ages afterwards, Ireland was known as the Isle of Saints, the abode of learning, piety, and pure religion. Roman Catholics fondly suppose that during this long period the Irish Church was in communion with, and dependent on, the Roman See; there never was a more groundless supposition, as may easily be seen by the plain historical

account of the means by which the Irish Church was actually brought under the power of Rome.

To England, as most persons know, we owe the Reformation of the sixteenth century; to England, also, we owe that connexion with Rome which bound our Church for several centuries, and which binds the great majority of our countrymen to this very day. Different people will take different views of the extent and measure of our obligations in both these particulars, but whatever view they take, the obligations undoubtedly remain.

In the eleventh century, Ireland was in a very distracted state. The kings or princes who divided the country into petty principalities were at war with one another, and a common enemy of all—the Danes—who had succeeded in obtaining a footing in England, succeeded also in obtaining a footing in this island; they did indeed receive a check, when they were soundly beaten by the celebrated Brian Boru at the Battle of Clontarf, but still they established themselves firmly in Dublin, in Waterford, and other places besides.

Now as the invasion of the Saxons brought the power of the Pope into England, the invasion of the Danes contributed to bring the same power into Ireland: but it did so, in the first instance, by bringing Irish Churchmen into contact with the heads of the Church of England.

In the year 1040, the Cathedral of Christ Church, or Holy Trinity, was founded in Dublin, by the Danes; one Donatus being Bishop; and on the death of Donatus, in the year 1074, the people of Dublin, influenced by the Danish element which so largely prevailed among them, sent one Patrick to London to be consecrated by the celebrated Lanfranc, then Archbishop of Canterbury. Patrick professed allegiance to the See of Canterbury, and as Canterbury professed allegiance to Rome, the Irish Church thus took her first Rome-ward step. On the death of Patrick, Donagh, the next Bishop of Dublin, was consecrated at Canterbury by the same Lanfranc, and promised him canonical obedience.

This subjection of an Irish bishop to an English prelate, *seems* to have attracted the attention of a Pope who was

always wide awake for every opportunity of advancing his power. The famous Gregory VII., otherwise Hildebrand, about the year 1084, wrote a letter to Turlough, King of Munster, kindly informing him that by divine right he claimed dominion over all the kingdoms of the world. Turlogh does not seem to have taken much notice of this letter, but it suffices to show that the Pope was not slow to take advantage of the connexion of the Bishop of Dublin with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

That connexion was not only kept up, but extended, by Anselm, the successor of Lanfranc. Anselm, though a devoted adherent of the Roman See, was a man of great learning, urbanity, and address; and when he succeeded in having a monk named Samuel—who, though an Irishman by birth, was educated at the English monastery of St. Albans—consecrated Bishop of Dublin, he obtained a firmer footing for his influence in Ireland than his predecessor had done. Nor did the matter stop here: the Danish city of Limerick began to imitate the Danish city of Dublin, and Gillebert, who became bishop of that city in the year 1106, was not only the friend and liegeman of Anselm, but he also allowed himself to be made Legate of the Pope, and was the first Papal Legate in Ireland. It is true that all this did not go on without protest from the Irish prelates. Celsus, Archbishop of Armagh, created the Archbishopric of Cashel without any reference to the Pope; but the learning and civilization of England were too much for the poor Irish bishops, who were labouring in a country which had become unsettled and distracted, and when the celebrated Malachi became Primate and Legate of the Pope, Gillebert and Anselm had it all their own way. It is not a little remarkable that the English Prelates, Lanfranc and Anselm, who paved the way to the supremacy of the Pope in Ireland, had the questionable honour of establishing the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the practice of clerical celibacy, in England.

Another step in the Rome-ward direction was taken in the action of synods or Church assemblies, in the year 1111. A synod was held at a place called Rathbreasil

and was presided over by a Legate of the Pope; but in the year 1152, a still more remarkable assembly was convened at Kells—a real live Cardinal (Paparo) presided, and four palls, or collars—which were doubtless very pretty to look at, but which were really a yoke of bondage—were placed on the necks of four Irish bishops by the Cardinal in the name of his master the Pope.

But something more was needed: it would have taken a long time for the action of individual Bishops, or of a few synods, to have brought a whole nation to a new subjection. That something more came in the shape of an English Pope, and the invasion of an English king; the first, indeed the only English Pope who occupied the Papal chair was Nicolas Breakspear, otherwise Adrian IV. And he, in virtue of his office, and in good fellowship to his royal countryman, made a present of Ireland to Henry II., on the grounds that every island on which the sun shines belongs to St. Peter, and for the consideration of a penny for each house in the island, which, as every thatched cabin (they were all thatched, and were all cabins then) must have been included, must have amounted to no contemptible sum; it is not needful to tell what is told in all the school histories—how Henry allowed adventurers like Strongbow, Raymond le Gros, De Courcy, and others, to come over and do the fighting; how they prospered through the divisions of the Irish, and the treachery of Dermot McMorrogh; how Dublin, Waterford, and Wexford fell; and how the lordly Lion came over with his men-at-arms and archers, when the brave jackals had killed the game: it is only necessary to correct a common impression—that Ireland was invaded and conquered by the Saxons. The Saxons had nothing to do with it. It was by the Norman conquerors of the Saxons that the invasion was carried out. But the result of it all was this, that when Ireland lay bound and helpless at the conqueror's feet, Henry caused the Synod of Cashel to meet in the year 1172; and, in order to express his obligation to the Pope for his great kindness in giving him what it was not his to give, he brought, by means of this synod, the Church of Ireland into complete conformity with the Church of

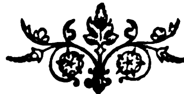
England, and consequently into complete obedience to the Roman See. And so far, this is what Ireland owes to the King of England and the Pope of Rome!*

And now, for a period of 365 years, the Church of Ireland lost her old independence, and was merged in the communion of Rome. How much she lost, and how little she gained from the connexion, may be gleaned from the dreary and scanty annals of the time. Many a deed of cruelty, lust, and blood must have been done by the wild barons who left their castles in England, to come over and conquer Ireland; and, according to the fashion then in vogue, these wild barons hoped by the fruit of their plunder to atone for the sin of their souls. On all sides splendid abbeys—whose ruins to this day excite our admiration—rose with gable and tower and graceful spire. But little had the mere Irish to do with these splendid foundations. On all cathedrals, monasteries, and benefices, were written the words, "No Irish need apply." Not in the Church of the Reformation was the rule of exclusiveness half so strictly carried out as in the unreformed Church of Ireland, during its period of subjection to the Pope. For nearly 500 years there was no Irish-born Archbishop in Dublin; and out of these 500 years, 365 were years of connexion with Rome; and the bishops, abbots, and Church dignitaries of those days appear to have been even worse than the bishops Dean Swift spoke of at a later time. Instead of being shepherds, they were wolves who harried the flock. Sometimes they fell out amongst themselves—as when the Bishop of Waterford attacked the Bishop of Lismore in his cathedral, and burned it over his head. And sometimes they fell out with their people—as when an Archbishop of Cashel confiscated the property of a lady, whose father he had killed, whose grandfather he had imprisoned, and whose brothers and sisters he had starved to death. And, as if to stamp the seal of legislative approval on all such

* The subject of the Introduction of the Papal power into Ireland is fully treated in the excellent "Primer of Irish History," by the Rev. Robert King, Master of the Diocesan School, Ballymena.

doings, the infamous statute of Kilkenny, in the year 1367, made it penal for persons to assume Irish names or Irish dress, and prohibited the use of the Irish language, or intermarriage with persons of mere Irish extraction!

Meanwhile, the results that might have been expected ensued. When the whole head was sick, the whole heart grew faint; when the bishops were such as they were, the inferior clergy were no better, but rather worse. They could not emulate the violence of their superiors, but they took it out in ignorance and immorality. Many of the priests could not read Mass, and preaching was altogether neglected; instead thereof, the worship of relics was upheld; and in the City of Dublin itself, the centre of Irish civilization, amongst the treasures of Christ Church Cathedral were reckoned "some of the milk of the Blessed Virgin, a thorn of the crown of Christ, and a small piece of the manger of our Lord!" And it was to this that the Isle of the Saints and the Church of St. Patrick had come! Surely a reformation was wanted. It came, indeed, in the matter of religion; would that it had been accompanied by a wise and righteous government of the country. Still we must take things as we find them, and in the next chapter trace out the progress of the Reformation so far as it is connected with the life of George Brown, Archbishop of Dublin.



CHAPTER II.

GEORGE BROWNE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A.D. 1534–54.

THE year 1534 is remarkable in the annals of Irish History for what is called the rebellion of "Silken Thomas." This Silken Thomas was son of the Earl of Kildare, who being Lord Deputy of Ireland, was summoned to England by Henry VIII. to answer for certain crimes and misdemeanours to that ungentle and tyrannical king. There were rumours that Henry had not only thrown the Earl of Kildare into prison, but had actually put him to death; and as such a proceeding was very much in accordance with the usual course of action of the despotic monarch, Thomas could hardly be thought too hasty in giving credit to a rumour which was not, after all, founded upon fact. Burning with anger and the spirit of revenge, he assembled his followers, and broke into the city of Dublin, and even into the great hall of St. Mary's Abbey, where the Council of State were sitting in deliberation. The suddenness and audacity of the attempt for a while made it successful, and all who were specially obnoxious to the wrath of the Silken Lord thought it well to get out of his way as fast as possible. Amongst these was Alan, Archbishop of Dublin, who was regarded as being very unfriendly to the Earl of Kildare; he fled for refuge, at first, to Dublin Castle, and then, thinking that he was not secure even within the shelter of its walls and gates, he determined to put the sea between himself and his infuriated enemies. Unfortunately, however, the ship in

which he embarked for his voyage to England, ran aground at Clontarf, and Archbishop Alan escaped the peril of water, to fall into the hands of his enemies on the land. He was seized by the wild followers of Silken Thomas, who is reported to have turned from his eager supplication with the words, "Away with the churl;" the consequence of which was that the See of Dublin became vacant, and was soon afterwards filled by Dr. George Browne, who sustained the office of Archbishop of Dublin for about twenty years afterwards.

This George Browne was brought up at Holywell, in Oxfordshire; and was so remarkable for his learning and zeal that, at a comparatively early age, he was chosen Provincial of the Order of Augustinian monks in England, and was much sought after in London as an eloquent and faithful preacher. He particularly warned his hearers against putting their trust in the Virgin or the Saints, or in any other but Christ; and was therefore marked out as an advocate of those Reformation doctrines which were then beginning to spread through the length and breadth of England. Henry VIII. never cared much for the distinctive doctrines of the Reformation, and a few years after this endeavoured to extinguish them; but from the time of his breach with the Papacy, he was determined that no one should be supreme in his dominions but himself; and so, knowing the principles of Browne, he resolved that he should carry out in Ireland the work which Cranmer and others were then carrying out in England; and Henry was the more anxious about this, as Cromer, who was then Primate of Ireland, was an adherent of the Papacy and the old system of religion.

George Browne was therefore consecrated by Archbishop Cranmer and Bishops Fisher and Shaxton, early in 1534, and soon afterwards came over to Dublin to engage in his arduous work. There were two things to be done by him—one, the establishment of the King's power as supreme in all matters over which the Pope used to claim supremacy; the other, the reformation of religious doctrine and practice. To both of these tasks he set himself at once and in earnest. Through his influence and that of the

Lord Deputy, certain Acts were introduced into the Irish Parliament in the year 1535, which struck a fatal blow at the supremacy of the Pope. These were the Act of Succession, which quite took away the Papal power in Dispensations with regard to marriage and the like; the Act for the King's Supremacy, which made the King the chief authority over all orders in the realm; and another Act, which, if it had been followed out, might have been of immense advantage; namely, the "Act of the English Order, Habit, and Language," by which Act parochial or diocesan schools were to be established throughout the country, and the clergy bound to teach the English language, and inculcate English civilization on all under their charge. How far this could have been done in the circumstances of the country may be a question, but there can be no question at all that it had been well if it could have been done.

We are not to suppose that such Acts of Parliament as these were passed without opposition, and yet it is wonderful how little opposition after all was offered. This, no doubt, arose from the position of things at that time in the country. The English power was only established in the large fortified towns. Outside the "Pale" were the wild barons, descendants of the old English settlers, and the still wilder and more barbarous aboriginal Celtic population. At times, the wave of rebellious and turbulent discontent dashed against the fortified walls, to be driven back for a while by the united efforts of the citizens and soldiers, fighting with some kind of discipline, and with the energy with which people will fight when they are defending their property; but there was no sympathy between the inhabitants of the Pale, and the people of the country; they had nothing in common, and, so far as they understood one another, each hated what the other liked.

But there was in the minds of the native population some remnant of that old independence which formerly incurred the censure of the Papacy. This was shown in many ways; but one instance may suffice as evidence of the fact. In the year 1484, there was a Bull of Pope Innocent VIII., with reference to the erection of the Collegiate

Church of Galway, in which document the disorderly customs of the "wild and mountainous" people are contrasted with the "modest and civilized" practices of the people of the towns. From this it will appear that *at first* no very strong opposition was likely to be offered to the Acts introduced into the Irish Parliament by the Lord Deputy and Archbishop Browne. The people of the Pale were strongly attached to the English rule, and the wild barons and wild Irishmen were too little attached to the Pope to trouble themselves about his supremacy, until they found that the question of that supremacy could be worked to the detriment of England, which they did after some years.

Indeed, the only opposition to the measures came from the clerical proctors, or representatives of the clergy in Parliament; but as these proctors had the power of speaking only, and not of voting, their opposition was of little consequence, and the various Acts of Succession, Supremacy, &c., became law. As soon, however, as the Act was passed, Rome began that course of tactics which she afterwards pursued so successfully. Cromer, the Irish Primate, did not approve of the proceedings of Browne, and he encouraged the attempts of the Papal emissaries to stir up a spirit of rebellion against the authority of the English King amongst the great Irish Chieftains. A letter was sent by the Pope to the most powerful of the Northern Chieftains, O'Nial or O'Neill; it was entrusted to one Thady Birne, a Franciscan friar. Birne was seized and imprisoned in Dublin Castle; but the letter did its work, and O'Neill raised the standard of revolt. He came down on the country of the Pale from his northern fastnesses, burning and plundering as he marched along; but he was encountered at a place called Bellahoe, near the county of Meath, by the forces of the Government, under the Lord Deputy Gray, and utterly defeated. This, for a while, checked the progress of disaffection, and made the way more open for that reformation of religious abuses which the Archbishop desired to effect.

The reformation, however, was by no means an easy task. Acts of Parliament may abolish the claims of a

foreign usurped power, but they cannot remove superstitions and practices which are the growth of time and ignorance. From a letter written by Archbishop Browne to Lord Cromwell, Henry's minister, in the year 1538, we learn that he could get very few of the bishops or clergy to assist him in his endeavour to wean the people from their image-worship, and their trust in the mediation of Saints and the Blessed Virgin. Of the clergy he says, that they could not read the Latin Mass or Liturgy, and that, in point of fact, a bird could have been taught to speak with as much sense as they did; and of the Primate, Cromer, he says that, both openly and privately, he hindered his work; still he went on preaching and reforming, and doing what he could. He set forth a number of prayers in English, which he called the "Form of Beads," in which Christ was put forward as the one Mediator between God and man; and with a view to check the relic worship which was so prevalent, he caused the staff of St. Patrick, a curious remnant of antiquity, to be publicly burned in Christ Church Cathedral. He also took away the images that were over the altar, and set up in their place, in gilded frames, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, commanding that the same should be done in the other churches of his diocese. In the same year (1538), he visited the counties of Carlow, Wexford, Waterford, and Tipperary, setting forth the Word of God, and doing his best to impart his own spirit to the bishops and clergy.

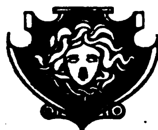
The death of Henry VIII. gave a great impulse to the work of the Reformation. That capricious and cruel tyrant never went in heartily for any protest but the protest against the supremacy of the Pope. When his son, Edward VI., became King, the work of reform proceeded with rapid pace. In England the Liturgy was published in the year 1549, but from various causes it was not introduced into Ireland for three years afterwards. On the 1st of March 1551, Archbishop Browne summoned an assembly of prelates in Dublin, to take counsel on this great and decided step in the reformation of public worship. They met in the great hall of St. Mary's Abbey, and there

discussed the matter. The Primate Cromer was dead, but he was succeeded by Dowdall, who, though appointed by Henry, and actually superseded by the Pope (who nominated one Robert Waucop to the See of Armagh), was still an adherent of the old forms of service. Dowdall's great argument against the English Liturgy was simply this, "Establish such a service, and then shall every illiterate fellow read mass?" Such an argument could not count for much, and so Archbishop Dowdall did what most people do when they get the worst in an argument—he lost his temper, and withdrew angrily from the hall. Four bishops, however, remained with Browne, and assisted by these, and in the presence of an immense congregation, including the Lord Deputy, the Mayor and Bailiffs of the city, and other officers of State, the English Service was celebrated in Christ Church, Dublin, on Easter Sunday, 1551, the Archbishop preaching on the text, "Open mine eyes, that I may see the wonders of Thy law."

A new Lord Deputy, Sir James Crofts, was sent to Ireland this year Like his predecessor, he was disposed to help on the work of George Browne; and it would have been well for our country if the policy of future reigns had carried out an Order in Council which he issued soon after his appointment, the Order being that "the Service should be translated into *Irish* in those places" (and they were many then) "which needed it." It was too much to expect the poor Irish-speaking population to appreciate the beauties of a service of which they did not understand a word, and very many of the troubles which afterwards came on the Church and the country may be traced to the neglect of this Order.

The conduct of Primate Dowdall was marked by the displeasure of the Government. In the first place, he was deprived of the title of Primate of all Ireland, and this distinction was conferred on the Archbishop of Dublin, and then, still proving contumacious, Dowdall was deposed, and his place filled by Hugh Goodacre, an English Protestant; and on the same day that Goodacre was consecrated, another reformer of zeal, and wit, and learning, *John* Bale, was made Bishop of Ossory. These prelates

e consecrated according to the form of the English
inal, in Christ Church, Dublin, and soon after the tide
uccess which had so long flowed steadily in favour of
rge Browne turned against him. Edward died in his
y youth, and was succeeded by his sister Mary, of
ecuting memory. Then the Reformation was checked,
vdall was brought back, the English Service was pro-
ted, and the Reformers had to look to their own safety
rell as they could. Bishop Bale was assaulted in Kil-
ny, and hardly escaped with his life, five of his servants
ing been slain in attempting to defend him; Goodacre
Browne had to go into exile, where, after a short time,
latter died, having had the honour of being a steady,
est, and faithful propagator of the reformed religion
ng an episcopate of nearly twenty years.



CHAPTER III.

ARCHBISHOPS CURWEN AND LOFTUS.

A.D. 1556–1603.

BEFORE we say anything about Archbishop Loftus or the circumstances of the Irish Church during his Episcopate, it will be necessary to take a slight glance at the position of things during the reign of Queen Mary, and at the accession of Queen Elizabeth. When Archbishop Browne fled from persecution his post was filled by Hugh Curwen, a man of very accommodating disposition—in fact an episcopal Vicar of Bray. A chaplain to Henry VIII., he fell in with the proceedings of that arbitrary monarch; a bishop under Queen Mary, he complied with her wishes, and restored the service of the Mass in his diocese; and again a bishop under Queen Elizabeth, he took an active part in reintroducing the English liturgy and abolishing the monuments of superstition.

It does not appear that the Irish Protestants received any great measure of persecution during the reign of Mary. Individual bishops had to flee for their lives; some Acts of Parliament were passed against heresy and heretics, and the Deputy, Lord Chancellor, and other Officers of State listened meekly on their knees to a Bull of Pope Paul IV., which offered pardon to all persons who had rebelled against the Church of Rome, and who repented of their rebellion, and then joined in a solemn Te Deum, which celebrated the reconciliation of the Pope and his easy-going children; but it would seem that the spirit of Curwen largely pervaded the citizens of Dublin

and other places, or that the principles of the Reformation had made but little way amongst the people in general, or that the Queen and her advisers had enough to do in England, for no overt act of persecution took place. Had Mary lived a little longer, however, it is probable that a few fires might have been lighted in Hogins Green or some other convenient place, for there were, no doubt, sturdy Protestants who would have refused to bow down to the Papal power, the existence of considerable Reformation tendency in Dublin being evidenced by the great sale of the Bibles printed by Humphrey Powell in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. Happily, however, the idea of persecution did not occur to the Queen until the close of her reign, and then a providential delay saved the objects of her wrath. It appears that Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, went over from London to Dublin, bearing with him a commission for punishing heretics. On his way he halted for a night at Chester, and, in conversation with the Mayor of that town, declared that he had a document with him that would "lash the Protestants of Ireland." The landlady of the inn overheard the vapouring of the enthusiastic Dean, and not feeling similarly disposed towards heretics, took the opportunity of abstracting the commission from the parcel in which it was folded, placing in its stead a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost. The Dean, little suspecting the trick that had been played upon him, went on his way, and arriving in Dublin by the good ship that then did the service of the Holyhead Mail, proceeded to the Castle. Great was his dismay and anger, when he opened the parcel and found his knave of clubs, the observation of the Deputy that Dr. Cole might go back for another commission, and that he and his officers would shuffle the cards in the meantime, could hardly have improved his temper, but fortunately for the poor Protestants, ere the Dean could get another commission Mary was dead, and the days of persecution were ended. And now, in the month of November, 1558, Elizabeth commenced her reign, a long and glorious reign; though so far as Ireland was concerned, it was a reign marked by many troubles and much dissaffection.

Amongst the instructions given to the Earl of Sussex, who was sent over as Lord Deputy in August 1559, the one of the most interest to the cause of religion was, "that he should set up the worship of God in Ireland as it is in England," where already the Reformed Liturgy was restored. There was a curious circumstance attending the restoration of this service in Dublin. The accommodating Hugh Curwen was as ready to have the English Liturgy sung in Christ Church Cathedral as he had been previously to celebrate the Latin Mass; however, the monks who had during the reign of Queen Mary regained their places, were determined that if nothing but a miracle could save the Mass, a miracle should be forthcoming. To this end, one of them placed a sponge soaked in blood in a cavity of the head of a marble image of our Saviour which stood in the choir of the church. No sooner had service commenced than this man—who having hidden knew where to find—drew the attention of some near him to the bleeding image. One told another, and the intelligence soon spread through the vast congregation; then the latent Popery of those who had complied, through fear or subservience, with the order of the Deputy, broke forth: portly aldermen dropped their English prayer books and pulled surreptitious beads out of their pockets, and fell to blessing themselves or thumping their breasts; women went into hysterics, and many faces grew so threatening, that the Deputy and his Court were about to leave the Church, when Archbishop Curwen—who, though he was a turncoat, was a thorough one—procured a ladder, and ascending to the head of the image, discovered the sponge, and showed it to the disorganized congregation. Horror now gave way to indignation—the trick recoiled on its unworthy promoters, and the Liturgy was triumphant, whilst the monuments of superstition were abolished. On the next Sunday the Archbishop struck the iron while it was hot, by preaching a sermon on the text, "God shall send them delusions that they will believe a lie." And then, so far as Dublin was concerned, the Reformation had a fair start.

It was necessary, however, that the ecclesiastical policy should be constituted by certain legal provisions, and so

a Parliament was called in the year 1560, which enacted the supremacy of the Queen and uniformity in public worship. With regard to these acts, we have to note two things—first, that in the Act of Uniformity, the old fatal mistake was made of neglecting the use of the Irish language. We can hardly believe that the Statesmen of those days had any serious idea of converting the mass of the Irish-speaking population, when they ordered that in places where people could not understand the English service, that service should be said, not in Irish, but in Latin! Such an order would be a subject for a good laugh, if it had not produced such serious consequences for the Irish Church. The other matter worthy of note is the fact that the Acts re-establishing the Reformation in Ireland obtained the assent of all the Irish Bishops except two. Twenty Prelates were present in the Parliament, and of these only Walsh, Bishop of Meath, and Leverons, Bishop of Kildare, dissented. No doubt many of the majority had no special liking for the Reformation, but they were sensible men who understood that Queen Elizabeth was not to be trifled with any more than her sister, and so they conformed generally to the new state of things, and continued to perform their episcopal functions. This fact is of great importance and significance, as we shall have occasion to see. Even those persons who think but lightly of an orderly succession of ministry must confess that whatever theory may be founded upon it, the *fact* is, at any rate, that the present Bishops of the Irish Church are the regular successors of St. Patrick, and those who followed him. The Bishops of the Roman Church in Ireland have no claim to this lineal succession; they are the successors of certain creatures of the Pope, who were nominated to Sees already filled by lawful bishops, and though they may be Irishmen by birth, they are, no doubt, foreigners so far as their official position is concerned.

The See of Armagh was vacant at the accession of Queen Elizabeth; Primate Dowdall having died during the latter part of Mary's reign, various troubles, and the difficulties in the way of organizing the Church, made a delay in the appointment of a successor, so that it was not until 1562-3 that *Adam Loftus* was nominated as Primate of Ireland.

This Adam Loftus was a Yorkshireman by birth, and one who early adopted the principles of the Reformation: he was consecrated to his new dignity in March, 1563, by Archbishop Curwen, and soon after proceeded to take possession of his See. Armagh, however, did not prove a bed of roses to its new bishop; he had not been there a year when the Pope consecrated one Richard Creagh, the son of a Limerick merchant, a rival Archbishop. This might not have troubled the Primate much, as he had possession of the temporalities of his See, and as Creagh was a traitor in the eye of the law, and spent most of his life in exile or in prison; but there were other troubles of a more serious and dangerous character.

In the days of Elizabeth the name of O'Nial or O'Neill was, indeed, a power in the North of Ireland. When the old Earl Con Baccagh, as he was called, died, Shane or John O'Neill assumed the post of Chief of his tribe in defiance of the English law which secured the succession to his brother Matthew, the Baron of Dungannon. This act of Shane O'Neill of course brought him into opposition with the Government, and the Pope and King of Spain were both ready to encourage his discontent to further their own purposes. Accordingly they gave this truculent and murderous savage their blessing, and full commission to command, plunder, burn and slay in defence of holy Church, and the pious John cheerfully undertook the commission, though he never could bring himself to treat his clergy with that due respect with befitted a general of the Pope; still his faults in this particular might have been condoned, had he not in a rash moment given way to the impulse of passion and avarice. In the year 1566, he engaged in one of his plundering expeditions, and after taking some castles from the English, he came upon the city of Armagh, then glorious not only with its cathedral, but with abbeys and the palace of the Archbishops; he left the city full of smoking ruins. Abbeys, palace, and cathedral were destroyed, and the O'Neill is reported to have said that he would not have burned the cathedral but that he thought the Archbishop was in it.

This expedition had two results. It proved the ruin of

O'Neill, for he was at once excommunicated by Adam Loftus and Richard Creagh, Under the ban of Protestant and Roman Catholic Prelates, he wandered about a shunned and broken man, and was finally assassinated in his tent, about the year 1567; and in the same year Archbishop Loftus, finding Armagh too dangerous a place, or for other sufficient reasons, was translated to Dublin, which See was vacant by the death of Curwen. In Dublin he continued until the time of his own death, in the beginning of the following century, filling the office of Lord Chancellor as well as that of Archbishop.

The remainder of the reign of Queen Elizabeth was marked in Ireland by troubles arising from the contentions of factions and lawless chieftains. The great Earls of Desmond and Ormond engaged in a petty but wasting war, and when the English Deputy seemed to side with the latter, Desmond threw himself into the cause of the Pope and the King of Spain, and became a champion of Rome, such as Rome's necessities compelled her to accept. Notwithstanding the Bull of Pope Pius V. excommunicating the Queen, James Fitzmaurice, kinsman of the Earl of Desmond, was finally defeated, but the effects of the long wars were visible in the state of the country; the churches were in ruins; the ministrations of the reformed religion interrupted, and the people—who at first had generally resorted to church—for want of stated pastors, for want of understanding the English language, and instigated also by monks and priests who came over in shoals from the Continent, gradually lapsed into Romanism, so that the Protestant religion prevailed only in the large towns; they were not bright days for Ireland or her Church, these days of Queen Elizabeth; still some efforts were made which were in the right direction, and which were productive of good effects. Adam Loftus had two bills introduced into the Irish Parliament, one for the establishment of a free school, under an English master, in every diocese; the other for the repair of the parochial churches, which in the country parts were mostly in ruins. The first bill became law, and the diocesan schools are the fruits of it to this day; the other was not carried through, Parliament

probably thinking that it was no use to rebuild churches, in order that next year O'Neill or Desmond, or some other equally pious man, should throw them down. Another step in the right direction was the recognition of the importance of the Irish language for the Irish-speaking people. Whilst the Archbishop lent his approval to this, it was carried out by the energy of Nicholas Walsh and John Kearney, Chancellor and Treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who obtained an order from Government that the Liturgy should be printed in the Irish language, and a Church set apart in every shire-town where prayers should be read and a sermon preached to the common people in a tongue they could understand. Walsh and Kearney laboured at a translation of the New Testament for many years; they were assisted by Donnellan, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and the work was completed and published in the year 1608 by the successor of Donnellan, Dr. Daniel.

The most important event, however, for the Church of Ireland during the episcopate of Adam Loftus, was the foundation of the University of Dublin, or, as it is more generally called, Trinity College. Various attempts to form an University were made in the fourteenth century, and such an institution was connected with the Cathedral of St. Patrick. In the year 1569, the Deputy, Sir H. Sidney, brought in a motion to Parliament, with a view to re-establish the University in St. Patrick's, and he proposed to convert the Cathedral revenues to University purposes; in this he was warmly opposed by Archbishop Loftus, who did not approve of this application of the Cathedral funds. The subject of education, however, was one in which Loftus took a deep interest, and after some years, an opportunity seemed to offer itself to him. Near Dublin, hard by Hoggins' Green, where now the stately piles of the Bank, Trinity College, St. Andrew's Church, and other buildings rise, and where the busy hum of traffic is heard from early morning to midnight, there was an old monastery, which had lain neglected and decayed from the time of its dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII. This building was under the control of the Dublin Corporation, and the Archbishop came before this august body in the Tholsel,

at Easter, 1590, and prayed them to give him the monastery for the purpose of founding a College. To this request the Corporation graciously acceded; the Queen also assented, and on the 9th of January, 1593, students were admitted to the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, which has subsequently had a career and history amply sufficient to reflect honour on the name of its founder, Archbishop Loftus.*

* The first stone of Trinity College, Dublin, was laid by Thomas Smith, then Mayor of Dublin, and the first officials and members of the foundation were: Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Chancellor; Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, Provost; Lucas Challoner, William Daniel, James Hamilton, and James Fullerton the first Fellows; Abel Walsh, James Ussher, (afterwards Primate) and James Lee, Scholars. Sir John Perrot was at this time Lord Deputy of Ireland.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM BEDELL, BISHOP OF KILMORE.

A.D. 1570–1642.

AMONGST the first students admitted into Trinity College was the celebrated James Ussher, nephew to Henry Ussher, who was Archbishop of Armagh in the year 1595. His life will occupy a succeeding chapter, and it is only necessary to say now that the student of 1592 was himself Primate of all Ireland in the year 1627, and in that exalted capacity he concurred with the Fellows of the Dublin University in an invitation to a learned Englishman, named William Bedell, to become Provost of their College.

A few words may suffice for the history of Bedell previous to his appearance on the scene of Irish affairs. Born in the county of Essex, in the year 1570, he received his collegiate education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and was ordained at the close of the sixteenth century. His reputation for learning, piety, and firmness in what he believed to be right, grew so quickly, that soon after his ordination he was selected as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, who went as Ambassador to the Venetian Republic from the Court of England. Venice was at this time under the interdict of Pope Paul V., and it was hoped that the quarrel with the Pope might have led to the Reformation of religion in a state which, at that critical period, numbered amongst its ecclesiastics the celebrated Father Paul Sarpi, who had the insight of a Luther into the abuses of the Roman system, but who had not the boldness of a Luther to attack and overthrow them. Father Paul and Bedell became fast friends, and our English divine translated for

him the English Prayer Book into the Italian tongue, which so pleased the Venetian priest and his friends that they declared they would make it their pattern for Church service in case their disagreement with the Pope came to the issue they expected and wished for. During his stay at Venice he also made the acquaintance of the famous Romish Archbishop, Antonio de Dominis—who was for some time a convert to the Protestant religion, though finally, and unfortunately for himself, he relapsed into Romanism. Bedell corrected a work which the Archbishop was preparing for the press, and did so with great applause. The breach between the Pope and the Venetians was made up, and Sir Henry Wotton returned to Englaud with his chaplain, who left behind him a very favourable impression for his learning and talents. On his return he was presented with a living in Suffolk by Sir Thomas Jermyn, afterwards Vice-Chamberlain to King Charles I., and in his conduct on this occasion he exhibited characteristics which distinguished him throughout his subsequent career. The Bishop of Norwich, according to custom, demanded large fees for instituting and inducting the clergy to livings. Bedell absolutely and emphatically refused to pay a farthing, he would pay for the wax and parchment used in the process, but for nothing else; it was simony, he said, and with simony he would have nothing to do. The Bishop at first naturally refused—no man likes to forego an accustomed fee—but, Bedell continuing firm, the Bishop in the end relaxed, and admitted the clergyman to the living without money and without price. There might, after all, appear to be little merit in a man trying to get off some money payments which had usually been insisted on, were it not for the fact that when Bedell became a bishop he practised what he preached, and refused fees for institution, induction, letters of orders, licences, and the like, wherein he set a worthy example to all bishops who have to deal in such matters.

His fame for learning extended to Ireland, and at the solicitation of Ussher, backed by the interest of Sir Henry Wotton, William Bedell was appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1627. Promotion now came

quickly to him; he had not been more than three years in his Provostship, when he was advanced to the Episcopal bench; his old friend Sir Thomas Jermyn obtained for him the sees of Kilmore and Ardagh, and the King himself expressed in the most honourable terms his sense of the manner in which the new bishop had discharged his duties in the University of Dublin.

William Bedell was in his fifty-ninth year when he entered on his Episcopal charge, and from a letter which he wrote to Primate Ussher, the dioceses over which he was to preside were in a rueful condition. Indeed it could not be well otherwise; Ireland had been the sufferer for the enmity of the Pope and King of Spain to England for many long years. Scarcely had the head of the Earl of Desmond been fixed upon the spikes of the Tower Gate in London, when Hugh O'Neill was up in arms in the North of Ireland; and, before this new rebellion could be put down, there was the usual amount of burnings and plunderings and slaughter. It is true that from the beginning of the reign of James I. matters were in a more quiescent state; but, after all, it was a solitude which had the name of peace. In the more distant parts of the country nothing was to be seen but ruined churches and houses, the fields untilled, and men wasted and gaunt, wandering about with famine in their looks and despair in their hearts. In his own words, "The cathedral church of Ardagh, one of the most ancient in Ireland, together with the bishop's house there, down to the ground; the church here (in Kilmore) built, but without bell or steeple, font or chalice; the people, saving a few British planters here and there, obstinate recusants, *i. e.*, Papists; a Popish clergy more numerous by far than we, and in full exercise of all jurisdiction ecclesiastical, by their Vicar-general and officials; for our own clergy there are only seven or eight ministers in each diocese of good sufficiency, and these have not the tongue of the people, and many of them hold three, four, or more vicarages apiece; his Majesty is indeed now, with the greatest part of this country as to their hearts and consciences, king but at the Pope's discretion."

This is indeed a melancholy picture, and the prospect was gloomy and clouded; but the Bishop was the right man in the right place. He set himself to the work of restoration and reform, and soon alienated property was recovered, and the churches began to rise from their ruins. One thing he was resolved on, and that was, that there should be no pluralities in his diocese; and, as in the case of the fees, so in this case also, he practised what he preached. Though on account of the impoverished state of the Sees of Kilmore and Ardagh, the united revenues of both were barely sufficient for the ordinary expenses incident to his Episcopal office, he resigned the latter see, to which Dr. Richardson was soon afterwards appointed. This example of self-denial had its effect, only one clergyman refused to give up his livings, and this singular pluralist was the non-resident Dean cf the diocese. He was not so successful in compelling his clergy to reside in their parishes as he was in abolishing pluralities. Indeed it would have been difficult, in many instances, to have found a residence for a parson, the glebe-house having shared the fate of the churches; he set on foot, however, a project for assigning suitable glebes to the various parishes, which he would, no doubt, have carried out, if this and many another useful design had not been interrupted by the Great Rebellion.

There was one thing for which Bedell was distinguished in the age and country in which he lived, and that was his true and entire sympathy with the sufferings of the poor country people, who were fleeced and plundered by all parties—by the so-called adherents of the Pope as well as by the soldiers of the King; indeed his enemies took advantage of his kindness of disposition and expression. When the stern and somewhat despotic Strafford came to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Bishop Bedell was represented to him as having passed some strictures on the army, its numbers, and conduct, which so roused the anger of the Viceroy, that the Bishop had to seek for the good offices of his old friend, Sir Thomas Jermyn, in order to make things smooth in Dublin Castle. Not often, however, did this good man become involved in distant troubles,

he found enough to occupy him at home, in ruling his clergy, administering justice in his bishop's court, and in works of literature and charity.

It would appear that in the seventeenth century the law's delays and expenses were, in proportion, as great as in later days. Bedell found that the system of Ecclesiastical courts was sadly in need of reform. His own court was managed by a lay Chancellor, who had bought his place from his predecessor, and in this court he found that suits regarding threepence worth of turf, grew to an expense of five pounds before they were ended. He was resolved to take the bull by the horns, and send the Chancellor to the right-about. This of course raised a howl of indignation from the whole fry of Chancellors, but the Bishop was firm, and so far as his own court was concerned, he sat in it as judge himself, and gave cheap law to his people. At the same time that he reformed the courts he reformed the Episcopal visitations. These had hitherto been dreaded by the impoverished clergy; as, what with entertainments and fees, a visitation was nearly equivalent to an incursion of the O'Neill, or some other wild Irishman. Bedell would exact nothing but the strictly legal fees, which were moderate; these he spent in entertaining his clergy, and if, after this, there was anything over, he sent it for the relief of poor prisoners or other destitute persons.

But the proceedings of the Bishop which most of all exhibited his long-headedness, as well as his large-heartedness, were those connected with his desire to establish an Irish-speaking ministry in his diocese. He saw that not only had the English neglected the Irish as a people, but that even the clergy had left them entirely in the hands of the Roman priests, taking no other heed to them than to make them pay their tithes.

And here again our Bishop practised as well as preached. An Englishman, he set himself, at the age of sixty-five, to learn the Irish tongue, and soon become such a proficient in it that he was able to compose the first complete Irish grammar on record, and every Sunday in his own cathedral the afternoon service was read in Irish to his congregation of converts; he had already the New Testament and Prayer

Book in the Irish tongue, and it is an iastance of his taste, that he refused to allow the Psalms to be parodied, as they were in English, by being put into rhyme in metres. He would have nothing but the prose version as alone worthily conveying the force of the original; and now he determined to have the Old Testament also in Irish, and for this purpose he employed an Irish clergyman named King, who had originally been a Roman Catholic priest; with him he laboured at the translation, comparing the Irish version not only with the English, but also with the Hebrew. In this work he received opposition; the Romish priests were up in arms, and the Jesuits, Allen and Saunders, had been long enough in Ireland to leave some knowledge of Jesuit tactics behind them. Strafford, the Lord-Lieutenant, and Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, were informed that this translation would bring down contempt on the Reformed religion; that the Bishop was imposed on by King, who was a man quite incompetent for the work of translation. Strafford and Laud were alarmed, and even the Primate Ussher shared in their unfounded terror; but Bedell held his ground and stood by King, who was ousted from a living which the Bishop had given him, by the Lord Lieutenant. Bedell wrote Strafford a letter, which concluded with a tolerably round application of Nathan's parable to David about the poor man's ewe lamb, and then he determined to carry on the translation of the Bible in his own house; and though the rebellion intervened to prevent the publication of the book, the manuscript escaped the storm, and was afterwards printed by that great and good man, Robert Boyle.

The Bishop was a great stickler for exactness and conformity to the Rubric in the conduct of the Church Service. He generally took part in daily prayers in his Cathedral, and once when a strange clergyman took the liberty of adding something of his own to the Collect, he left his stall, took the book into his own hands, and finished the service himself. He constantly preached twice on the Sunday, and catechised in the afternoon, and his hearers listened with rapt attention to the low and mournful voice, which still breathed words of wisdom and earnestness and

truth. And thus in little more than ten years, William Bedell had made great and manifest improvements in the diocese over which he presided, Churches and glebe houses were rebuilt, pluralities were abolished, law was administered to rich and poor alike, poverty was relieved, the Romish priests were in some instances brought over to the Church, and a Synod, regularly convened, assisted the bishop to make Canons for the regulation of his flock; so that one said, "If all the bishops had been like Bedell, Episcopacy might still have kept upon its wheels." But there was a storm brewing which was to sweep away bishops and property and civilization itself from the face of the country. The storm burst in the end of the year 1641.

There had not for many a year been so quiet a time in Ireland as that which preceded the outbreak. Strafford's policy of "thorough" may not have suited the English people; but it was the very thing for the half-civilized and fickle Irish of the seventeenth century. They would have hated *any* Lord Lieutenant who ruled as the deputy of a Saxon king, but they feared and admired Strafford while they hated him, and he took good care never to slacken the reins or spare the whip whilst he drove the state chariot; but when Strafford was removed, and lost his head on Tower Hill, the discontent so long repressed began to mutter and give other signs of life. The plantation of Ulster in the reign of James I. created a spirit of bitter hostility in the North, where a leader was found in the person of Sir Phelim O'Neill of Tyrone; whilst in the South, Roger Moore, whose family had been dispossessed of its estates so far back as the reign of Qneen Mary, organized a conspiracy which included many names of note. The time was favourable for rebellion, the despotic acts of Charles in England and Scotland roused a spirit of opposition which daily threatened to break out into a rebellion, and the maxim of so-called "Nationalists," that "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity," was a maxim with the men of those days as well as of ours.

It was in the month of October, 1641, that the rebellion broke out. An attempt to surprise the Castle nf Dublin

was frustrated by the information of a man named Owen Conolly; but Sir Phelim O'Neill succeeded in taking by treachery the Castle of Charlemont, near Armagh, and soon Dungannon, Tandragee, and Newry were in the hands of the rebels; after a few weeks the only posts which remained in the hands of the loyalists, were Derry, Coleraine, Lisburn, Carrickfergus, and Enniskillen.

Then ensued a scene of murder and brutality, over which the narrator would willingly draw a veil. The outbreak of long pent-up hatred is always cruel, and many a defenceless family in the out-posts of the Ulster counties, counted it a happy thing to be allowed to fly naked and wounded, carrying nothing with them but their lives, to the nearest English station.

In the midst of all this terror and carnage, the house, and even the church, of Bedell were respected by these savages, who were tamed by his gentleness and virtues. His palace, churchyard, and cathedral were crowded with fugitives who sought his protection, and shared such hospitality as he was able to afford. Affecting indeed it must have been to have heard the "low, mournful" voice of the Bishop preaching to his trembling congregation on the last Sunday they were permitted to meet in the cathedral. Within were tears and hysterical sobs; without the clamour and blasphemies of violent and drunken men; but over all were heard the words of David in the fifteenth Psalm, "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory and the lifter up of my head. I laid me down and slept, I awaked, for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid for ten thousand of the people that have set themselves against me round about."

This state of things could not last for ever; the rebels were willing to make use of the Bishop to draw up a memorial for them to the Government, and they even declared that he should be the last of the English left in the country; but, sooner or later, his turn was to come. There was a rival casting envious glances on the Palace of Kilmore—one Swiney, or M'Swiney, the Romish Titular Bishop. Ere long the crisis came, and Bedell and some of his friends were removed to a strong but somewhat ruinous and utterly

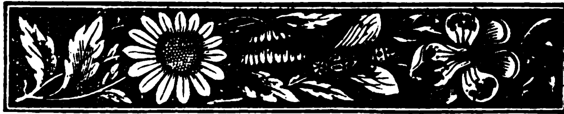
uncomfortable castle called Lochwater, situated in the midst of a lake, Even in this extremity the rebels showed their respect for the Bishop, by not putting him in irons like the rest, and by allowing him some books and writing materials; and it is worthy of note that he employed his time in imprisonment in writing a letter to his friend Mrs. Dillon, wife of one of the leaders of the insurgents—herself a Protestant, but assailed on every side by attempts of Romish controversialists. The letter of the Bishop, strong in argument, and weighted with the circumstances under which it was written, helped materially to confirm this lady in her faith.

And now the motto and crest adopted by Bedell appeared to be peculiarly appropriate. Playing on the Hebrew word, "Bedil," which signifies "tin," he had adopted for his crest a flaming crucible, and for the motto the words in Hebrew, "Take from me all my *tin*." All earthly substance and enjoyment had been taken, and with these no doubt also much pride and self-will and whatever clings to the corrupt human heart; and soon he who had so faithfnlly laboured for his Master on earth was to be called to join Him in heaven.

After the first shock of surprise the loyalists began to rally and stand stoutly on their defence, and in an engagement with the rebels about this time they managed to take some prisoners of note, who were, in January, 1642, exchanged for the Bishop and his friends. Bedell found refuge in the house of an Irish-speaking clergyman, who had been converted by himself from the Roman Catholic faith, and for the few remaining weeks of his life was unmolested by his foes. These weeks he employed in preaching to and praying with the little circle of Protestants around him, comforting their hearts with the prediction that "God would surely visit them, and turn their captivity as the rivers in the south;" but the shock of the last few months and the hardships of confinement in the damp dungeon of Lochwater were too much for the frame of an old man, and so ere the month of February was done, William Bedell ended his Episcopate, and entered into his rest.

The Romish Bishop, with difficulty roused from his drunken orgies, at first denied Christian burial to the remains of the good Bishop—he would not admit heretics to holy ground; but in sober mood, and perhaps influenced by the threats and murmurs of the rebel soldiers, who loved the memory of Bedell, he at last granted permission. The body was borne to the grave, followed by a crowd of real mourners; and the soldiers said that if his friends desired it the English service for the dead should be read over his remains. His friends thought it prudent to refrain from doing so, but the rebels fired a volley over the grave of the "last of the English," and a friar bore what was for him a wonderful testimony to the worth of the departed by exclaiming—

"O, sit anima mea cum Bedello!"



CHAPTER V.

ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

A.D. 1581–1655.

HITHERTO our sketches have been of eminent members of the Irish Church rather than of eminent Irish Churchmen, in the strict sense of the words. Browne, Curwen, Loftus, and Bedell were all natives of England, and though the last named prelate was *Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior*, it was in spirit and affection that he was so, and not by birth; now, however, we have to contemplate the career of a distinguished man in a very important and interesting crisis of our history, who was not an Irish Churchman by office only, but also by birth.

James Ussher was born in the city of Dublin, in St. Nicholas' Parish, in the year 1581; he was nephew to Henry Ussher, who was Archbishop of Armagh from the year 1595 to 1613, and such relationship no doubt contributed in a great degree to direct his aims and studies. He was one of the first students of Trinity College, and such was his learning and skill in disputation that he was chosen, when nineteen years old, to dispute with the Jesuit Fitzymonds, who with others of his fraternity was confined in Dublin Castle during the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Romish Goliath at first despised the stripling by whom he was assailed, but soon found him a foe worthy of his steel—indeed after a while the Jesuit got too much of it, and withdrew from the fight. Ussher, deprived of the opportunity of further controversy, came out with his *Answer to a Jesuit*, and fully satisfied the expectations of

his friends. When twenty years of age he was chosen Cathechist to the College, and was one of three young men appointed to preach in Christ Church before the Officers of State, and so great was his learning and promise, that he was ordained before he arrived at the canonical age on the Sunday before Christmas Day, 1601.

The accession of James I. did not at first seem likely to inaugurate that time of comparative tranquillity which Ireland enjoyed for many years of the seventeenth century; hopes and fears were aroused in Ireland as in England; Papist and Puritan alternately looked for indulgence or dreaded persecution, and as the Papists had the most to look for and the most to dread, their indignation was loud and deep when they found that no change was to be made upon the order of the preceding reign. Hence there were plots, conspiracies, and some insurrections, of short duration indeed, but of considerable extent. Two great Irish chieftains, who had received from Elizabeth the titles of Earl of Tyrone and Earl of Tyrconnell, engaged in conspiracies, on the failure of which they fled precipitately from the country, leaving their immense estates to become forfeited to the Crown. This was in the year 1607, and it was to this flight and forfeiture that we trace the celebrated "Plantation of Ulster." Five hundred thousand acres of land, mountain, plain, and bog, cultivated and waste—but for the most part waste—lapsed to the King. By the advice of the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, James resolved to colonize this vast territory with a new and improving tenantry. The colonists were of three kinds, viz., undertakers or immigrants from England, who undertook to cultivate and defend their lands; servitors, or persons who had in some way or other served under Government; and Irish natives, who were (of course after strict examination of character and antecedents) to be allowed to come in. The lands were divided into portions of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres. The man who had an assignment of the largest portion was bound to plant forty-eight able and honest men on his estate, the others were bound to plant in a similar proportion. Each proprietor was to build a fortified castle, house, or bawn, and all were to take oaths

of submission and fidelity to the Government. Multitudes flocked from England and Scotland, and the London Corporation obtained vast tracts of land, and built the cities of Londonderry and Coleraine. Nor were the interests of the Church forgotten in this Plantation; that they were not forgotten, however, was principally due to Dr. Ussher, who explained the nature of the claims which were made in behalf of the clergy. Men had in these times become so accustomed to plundering and appropriating the revenues of the Church, that they could hardly bring themselves to an act of restitution, and so they found it very convenient to laugh at the terms—Termon, Corbe, and Herenach—in which the claims of the Church were couched. Ussher, however, in a seasonable tract showed that these terms were in accordance with the process of Church endowment in other parts of Christendom; the "Termon" being the portion of land assigned to each church at its foundation for the support of the minister; the "Herenach" being the parochial steward who let the Termon and received the rents for the parson; and the "Corbe" being the superintendent of a number of Herenachs in an assigned district including a number of parishes. The explanation of the learned Doctor was satisfactory, and in the Plantation of Ulster it was provided that a church should be built, rebuilt, or restored in every parish; and that in accordance with the size of the parish, glebes of 60, 90, or 120 acres should be assigned to the clergymen. Nor were the interests of education forgotten; free schools were to be established in the large towns, and a considerable portion of the confiscated lands was assigned to Trinity College, which also obtained the patronage of six parishes in the North. Such was the Plantation of Ulster, carried out by the Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, who had the assistance of some able counsellors, not the least able of whom was James Ussher. The success of the project was great, though not so great as was hoped for; the curse of jobbery brooded over this as over many as fair a scheme. Contrary to the intentions of the Government, speculators began to let the land to the highest bidders, and as the dissafected Irish, for their own reasons,

offered fictitious prices, the farms were often let to tenants other than those contemplated by the King, and in this point the London companies grievously offended, dealing as they did from a distance and by unscrupulous agents with the people of the country.

A few years after this (1615) a Parliament was summoned in Dublin, in which the Roman Catholics of the Pale and other parts of the country obtained a considerable representation. Along with this Parliament sat the two Houses of Convocation, and so great was the confidence reposed in Dr. Ussher—at this time Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin—that to him was entrusted the task of drawing up a Confession of Faith for the Church of Ireland. With the approval of Convocation and the Lord Deputy, he drew up this Confession in 104 Articles, which, as they included the "Lambeth Articles" of 1595, were of an entirely Calvinistical complexion, going in thoroughly for Predestination and all the other "points" which created so much controversy in those days. At this time, and until very nearly the close of his life, Ussher embraced and supported with the full weight of his learning and intellect those Calvinistic views which prevailed so extensively during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the early part of the reign of King James, and in the reaction against which he did not share for very many years. Though there were some things in the Articles of which King James could hardly have approved, he testified his admiration for the learned Churchman by advancing him to the Bishopric of Meath.

On the removal of Oliver St. John, who held the reins of government for a short time after the retirement of Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Faulkland became Lord Deputy of Ireland. The Bishop of Meath was selected to preach before him, and different parties received his text, "He beareth not the sword in vain," with very different emotions; one party highly approved, the other raised a howl of persecution. At this time the Roman Catholic Party was becoming very daring in its assumptions. Fearful and cowed in the time of Queen Bess, the Romanists hid in holes and corners, unless when at times they broke out in

actual rebellion; but now in a time of peace, they came out boldly, took possession of churches in many parts of the country, and revived several monastic orders in Dublin itself, where they opened a University in Back Lane, close up to the precincts of Christ Church Cathedral. The army in Ireland had for economy's sake been very much reduced, and the sermon of the Bishop was supposed to point to a re-imposition of penal laws, backed by the persuasion of an increased military force. Indeed it appeared to be necessary to take some notice of the proceedings of the Romish party. Some years before, in a Synod held in Drogheda, and again at Kilkenny, that party had organized a system for the supply of priests for every parish, and Lord Faulkland soon found that a manufactory for such priests existed at Douay in France, and Louvain in Flanders, and that a large supply of the article was yearly exported from thence to Ireland. All that he could do, however, was to watch the course of things very attentively, and pledge suspected persons by administering the oath of supremacy. He found the arguments and persuasions of the Bishop of Meath, who was a member of his Council, very efficacious in overcoming the scruples of many who hesitated to take the oath, indeed the tact and forbearance of Ussher at the Council Board and in the management of State affairs were as conspicuous as his learning and eloquence in the pulpit; and one of the last acts of King James was a further recognition of his merit and services, for in the year 1624, shortly before that king's death, James Ussher was advanced to the high dignity of Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland.

In his Northern Primacy he was brought into contact with many Scotch ministers, who came over with the Scotch settlers. These ministers were naturally given over to Presbyterian views of Church order, and all the moderation of Ussher was needed to retain them in a kind of loose conformity with the Church of Ireland. He persuaded them to submit to ordination at his hands, and in return for their condescension in this particular did not press the Prayer Book on them, and permitted some of the principal Presbyters to sit as assessors with the Bishop in *Council.* Whether this compromise would eventually have

warded off schism is a question, but it did stave it off for a time, for the first regular establishment of a Presbyterian form of government in Ireland was not until the year 1642, when a Presbytery with all its officers complete was set up at Carrickfergus.

The reign of Charles I. commenced with the offer of certain *graces* to his Irish subjects, in consideration of a subsidy of £120,000, which he demanded of Parliament. These graces were chiefly, though not exclusively, in the nature of relaxations of the penal laws which pressed hard on the Roman Catholics; some of them bore on the Scotch settlers; and some were reforms of abuses which prevailed in the Established Church. Henceforth, every Incumbent of that Church was either to preach himself, or keep a curate to do so, and no Incumbent was to indulge in the luxury of *keeping a private prison*, which it appears was sometimes done in order to screw fees out of persons who were unwilling to pay! Ussher looked with alarm at the proposed relaxation of the penal laws, and calling together twelve of the Bishops, he drew up and presented a petition against such a measure.* It was in vain: Charles wanted the money, and knew he shouldn't get it if he did not concede something to the Romanists, who numbered in their ranks many Lords of the Pale. The concessions made were, however, attended with the usual results; the Popish monks and friars swarmed into the country, and in Dublin there was blood shed in the streets in an attempt to put them down. The temper of the English Parliament would not brook such a state of things as this, and so the imprudent boastfulness of the Romish party was rebuked by the suppression of all religious orders, and the conversion of the Roman Catholic University in Back Lane into a dependency of Trinity College.†

* The grounds of the petition were, that the Romish religion was idolatrous and "apostatical," and that to relax the provision against it was, 1st—to make ourselves accessory to its heresy; and 2nd—to set up religion to sale. There was some foundation for this last reason, taking the subsidy of £120,000 into account.

† The site of this apostatical Romish university was the property of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church. The collegiate buildings in Back Lane were subsequently converted into a Government hospital, and were so used till the conclusion of the reign of Charles II.

The year 1632 is remarkable in Irish Annals for the appointment of Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, as Lord Deputy. Few men have been the subjects of such eulogy, or wholesale condemnation, as he; originally an adherent of the Puritan party in England, that faction could never forgive his desertion to the side of the King; and, certainly, this over-bearing, imperious, and tyrannical officer tried the patience of all who were opposed to him in the political world. Still it is impossible not to admire the downright thoroughness of Wentworth in his master's cause, and it is almost impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that fifty years of Strafford's rule in Ireland, with full means at his command, would have made the country peaceful and prosperous. It must never be forgotten that Strafford was the man who introduced the cultivation of flax and the manufacture of linen into the country, and that he embarked £30,000 of his private fortune in the enterprise; nor that peace and order, to which Ireland were so long strangers, prevailed during his administration. The value of land doubled, the Customs were four-fold their former amount; never was there such state and magnificence kept in the old Castle as in his time—never were there such gorgeous processions of gallant cavaliers to St. Patrick's Cathedral. True, it did not do to cross this haughty personage; it needed all the diplomacy of an Ussher to keep clear of difficulties, and poor Bishop Bedell committed himself sadly when he dared to criticise some of the Lord Deputy's measures. Few Churchmen will blame Strafford for making the proud Earl of Cork disgorge £2000 per annum of Church money which he had appropriated to his own use, and compelling him to remove a huge ugly monument that he had set up in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the very place where the Lord's Table stood. But few persons will uphold him in his treatment of Sir Piers Crosbie and Lord Mountnorris, in which he displayed an uncommon amount of cruelty and implacability; and few persons will approve of the measures he took for the Plantation of Connaught. Still, with all his faults, he had his virtues, and we shall never estimate his character aright, if we believe one-half of what *is said of him* by his Romish or Puritan contemporaries.

It was Strafford's wish to bring the Church of Ireland into complete conformity with the Church of England, and Archbishop Laud strongly urged him to make the attempt. Accordingly, in the year 1634, Convocation was summoned to meet in Dublin, and there it was proposed that the Thirty-nine Articles should be adopted as the standards of the Irish Church. It will be remembered that in the Convocation of 1615, Ussher drew up 104 Articles as a Confession of Faith for his Church; and it may be well supposed that he hardly relished what seemed to be an interference with his old work. Strafford, however, was a diplomatist as well as Ussher, and so he pleased the Primate by allowing the 104 Articles to stand, knowing full well that they would soon drop into disuse, as they did, and he pleased him still more by allowing him to draw up Canons for the Irish Church, which, though framed on the model of the English Canons, still have their points of difference, as is proper in the case of an independent Church.*

At the same time that these doctrinal modifications were being made, the Lord Deputy addressed himself to the task of improving the material condition of the Church; he compelled others besides the Earl of Cork to disgorge their plunder; the King himself gave up all the tithes, &c., appropriated by the Crown, and about £30,000 a year was thus regained to its rightful use. In this undertaking Strafford had not only the help of the Primate, but of the celebrated John Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, who deserves a chapter to himself. Things now began to look up; the clergy began to recover from their beggary and indolence and vice; glebe-houses were built, churches restored, Ussher wrote and preached, Bedell and Bramhall engaged in literary undertakings; all seemed to promise well, when suddenly a cloud, which rose over Scotland,

* The 19th canon of the Irish Church had a remarkable provision, viz.—that "the afternoon before the administration of Holy Communion the minister was to give warning by the tolling of a bell or otherwise to the intent that if any have any scruple of conscience, or desire the special ministry of reconciliation, he may afford it to those who need it."

rolled over to the North of Ireland, bringing with it storm and blackness and horror.

Every reader of English history is familiar with the attempt of Charles to force the Scotch Presbyterians into conformity with the English Church, and with the recoil of that attempt on himself. When the King found that his army was mutinous and the aspect of affairs was threatening even in England, he recalled Strafford from his post in Ireland, believing that the genius and energy of this nobleman would help him in his need. Unfortunately, however, for Strafford, his enemies were too powerful, and the King too weak and undecided; he was brought to trial, found guilty, and executed. Thus the King lost a good servant, and the strong hand that kept down discontent in Ireland was powerless in death. Then that discontent blazed out in the rebellion of 1641. At first, all was wild confusion and massacre. Lurgan, Portadown, and many another place in the North were the scenes of blood and rapine, whilst the whole country was covered with fugitives who fled over mountain and fen, naked and half famished from their pursuers, and brought many a tale of horror to the more civilized parts of the land, whither they were happy to escape with their lives. When the first shock of this hurricane passed by, the rebellion became less horrifying in its details, but more organized, and on that account more dangerous. Owen Roe O'Nial took the place of the barbarous Sir Phelim O'Neil in Ulster, and in the South, Lord Muskerry, Preston, Glamorgan, and other noblemen acted as leaders of the insurgents. Had there been a strong Government, with a good head, the rebellion would soon have been at an end; but the Justices Borlase and Parsons were utterly unable to cope with it, and the King and Parliament in England were too busy quarrelling with one another to think of the quarrels of other parties. At length, however, Charles sent over the Earl of Ormond as Lord Lieutenant—a wise choice, if only the times had been more propitious. Strafford never showed greater discernment than when he made a friend of Ormond. For once in his life the imperious Lord Deputy confessed that he should

bend before a spirit haughtier than his own. When Strafford declared that no man should enter his Council Chamber girt with a sword, Ormond declared that *his* sword should enter the body of the man who dared to attempt to take it from him, and Strafford finding that it was really a privilege of the house of Butler to wear the sword in the Presence Chamber, not only forebore to press his order, but laboured, and with full success, to make the fiery young nobleman his friend and the friend of the King. Never had king a more faithful lieutenant than the Marquis of Ormond. Never was a long service more ill-requited than was the service of that nobleman by that king's son.

Ormond could do nothing of consequence for the King, though he laboured strenuously. Even in Dublin he was thwarted by the Puritans, and hard pressed for money, and in the South of Ireland a Government stronger than his own ruled the country. What was called the Council or Convention of Kilkenny, took possession of the churches and set up the Romish worship, and the Pope—supposing that all was secure, and the country about to return to his allegiance—sent over Rinuncini as his Legate, a wily and most bigoted priest, who cared nothing for anything else but the aggrandisement of the Papacy at whatever cost. The Lords of the Pale, tired of the rebellion, were disposed to accommodate matters with Ormond, and Ormond, pressed by the increasing necessities of the King, was ready to offer them terms. They would have been content with a simple toleration of their religion, and offered if this were granted to join their forces with those of the King, who was now at war with the Parliament in England; but Rinuncini broke through every arrangement—he would have nothing but complete ascendancy for his Church; he doubted whether he would allow the King one chapel for Protestant worship in the kingdom, and as for the rest, why they must bow down to the Pope his master; and so in the end Ormond, wearied with fruitless negotiations, worried by Papist and Puritan, with a hungry army and an empty purse, disheartened by the accounts of the King's defeat and subsequent execution, surrendered

Dublin to the Parliament, who sent over Oliver Cromwell, who frightfully avenged the massacre of 1641, and made Rinuncini feel Ireland far too hot for him. For this last piece of service we must confess that we owe the stern Puritan a debt of gratitude.

Meantime the Church in Ireland was for a time laid in the dust. Papists, Presbyterians, Independents, and Anabaptists shared the pulpits amongst them. Ussher and the other bishops, with many of the clergy, had to go to England or elsewhere.* The learning and moderation of the Irish Primate gained him an honourable reception even from the Puritans in England; he remained with Charles at Oxford, until the final defeat of that unhappy monarch, and was even honoured and succoured by the Protector himself. Nor did he obtain this favour from Cromwell by any sacrifice of principle; never indeed were his Church principles so strong as when the Church was despoiled and overthrown.† We have seen how gently he dealt with the Scotch ministers who came over to the North of Ireland, and it may also be remarked that Charles, when in the year 1648, he made his last concessions in the matter of Episcopacy to the Commissioners of Parliament, employed Ussher to lay before them his own moderate plan of Episcopacy which gave the Presbyter a voice in the Council of the Bishop; but when the day of adversity came he gave no uncertain sound. He himself entered into controversy with Blondel on the Divine right of Episcopacy, and encouraged the learned Dr. Hammond to undertake a similar task; nay, he even modified his views on those points of Calvinism for which he was of old so strong an advocate. In a sermon preached shortly before his death (for whilst others of his order

* As a testimony to his character and reputation, it may be mentioned that at the time of the troubles in Ireland and England he was offered an asylum in France by no less a person than Cardinal Richelieu, and in Holland by the authorities, who would have made him Honorary Professor of Leyden.

† Ussher was nominated a member of the "Westminster Assembly of Divines," but feeling no doubt that he would not be in *his place* there, he never joined in the deliberations of that body.

were silenced he was allowed to preach,) he strongly inculcated the sincerity of God's universal call to every one of all sinners to whom the Gospel is preached; and when in consequence of this sermon he was asked by a divine, "Doth God give eternal grace to all who are called by the preaching of His Word, that they may repent if they will?" Ussher replied, "Yes, they all *can will*, and that so many will not, is because they resist God's grace;" and then he added, "Bishop Overal was in the right, and I am now of his mind."

But the end of a long and useful life was now approaching. Ussher had outlived his honours and emoluments; the Church over which he once presided was in ruins; and in England, Cromwell, though he might protect individuals, gave his assent to acts which had it in view to root out all the old Church principles from the hearts of the people. In the year 1655, Cromwell and his Council issued an order that no Episcopal clergyman should support himself by acting as chaplain or schoolmaster in private families; this filled up the measure of persecution for a class who, according to some, were never persecuted at all. Ussher warmly remonstrated against so tyrannical an order, but though Cromwell listened to him with respect, he made no change in the ordinance. Ussher retired to the country, and the old man, weighed down with infirmities and broken in spirit, soon after died. The Protector honoured him with a public funeral and a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and a sermon, which is all praise and no blame, was preached on the occasion by Dr. Bernard, an eminent Puritan divine.

CHAPTER VI.

ARCHBISHOP BRAMHALL.

A.D. 1593-1663.

THE history of the Irish Church during the time of the Commonwealth is very much a blank. In the year 1647 the use of the Liturgy was suppressed by proclamation, and from the death of Launcelot Bulkeley, in September, 1650, to the appointment of James Margetson, in 1660, the See of Dublin was vacant. In Dublin, in many parts of the North, and in a few of the large towns, the Presbyterian, Independent, or Anabaptist ministers, held possession of the churches. In the Cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin, Dr. Winter, Provost of Trinity College, who appears to have been inclined to the Baptist persuasion, preached and administered the Sacrament; but in the greater part of the country Protestantism was nowhere, and the rites of the Romish religion were secretly practised.

On the death of Cromwell, in Ireland as well as in England men began to look to the restoration of the ancient monarchy as the only way of escape from anarchy and ruin. Converts from the Republican party came in day after day. Lord Broghill, Sir Charles Coote, Sir Theophilus Jones, Sir Oliver St. George, and many others of weight, were now as eager to bring back the King as they had formerly been to send him away, and when all England went mad with joy at the advent of the Merry Monarch, Ireland was not slow to follow the example. Indeed, with the exception of a few fanatics who were

implicated in the judicial murder of the late King, and the Popish Primate and some of his adherents, the body of the nation caught the flame of loyalty, and hailed with acclamation the restoration of the Throne.

No one seemed so fit to govern the country as that noble Marquis of Ormond (now advanced to the dignity of Duke,) who had contended so long and manfully, and against such overwhelming odds, for the cause of his Royal Master. That master was not one to cherish an enduring sentiment of gratitude, and Ormond himself, notwithstanding his great services, had full experience in subsequent years of the Royal caprice and neglect. But now all was sunshine and profuse thanks, and the Duke came over, with full powers and a gallant train, to take up his abode in the old quarters at Dublin Castle. He found that he was not to have an easy time of it. The confiscations and settlement of Cromwell had introduced a new class of proprietors, who were by no means easy to be intreated, and the Royalists, who suffered for their loyalty to the King, put forward claims which it was impossible to ignore. When to these were added the "Innocent Papists," as they were called—*i.e.*, those of the Romish party who had not joined the rebels in the late insurrections, and who had losses, and claimed compensation—it will at once appear that the Lord Lieutenant had no easy task before him. It is not our province, however, to follow him through his patient and ungrateful labours, but rather to trace the fortunes of the Church under his administration, and the lives and characters of some of her chief rulers.* In the month of January, 1661, there was a scene of unprecedented grandeur and solemnity in the Cathedral of St. Patrick. For years before, the old church had been suffered to fall into extreme neglect and decay. Cromwell had stabled his horses in the great aisle, and his troopers had improved the occasion by mutilating

* At the time of the Restoration, eight of the old Irish Bishops survived, viz.:—Bramhall, of Derry; Lesley, of Raphoe; Henry Lesley of Down and Connor; Maxwell, of Kilmore; Baily of Clonfert; Williams, of Ossory; Jones, of Clogher; and Fulwar, of Ardfert.

all the monuments and ornaments that came in their way. Now, however, everything put on a new face; the communion table stood in its accustomed place, and the choir was hung with tapestry and banners bought or borrowed for the occasion, the Liturgy was in use once more, and though the Dublin joiners had not as yet erected the case into which Renatus Harris put his famous organ—the accompaniments of music were present to lend power to Dean Fuller's triumphal anthem—the Duke of Ormond was there keeping up the glorious traditions of his former vice-royalty by the splendour of his train—the twelve selected men from the Irish and English Church were there, who on that day were to be consecrated Bishops, whilst conspicuous amongst the consecrating prelates was John Bramhall, formerly Bishop of Derry, and now Primate of all Ireland.

Dr. John Bramhall, a native of Yorkshire, and educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, came over with Strafford when he was appointed Lord Lieutenant, and was speedily advanced to the Bishopric of Derry.* Here he distinguished himself by his zeal and success in recovering the alienated property of the Church, and by his opposition to the republican spirit which was then beginning to spread; indeed so zealously did he second the acts of Strafford in respect of State as well as Church, that Oliver Cromwell called Bramhall the "Canterbury of Ireland,"† and when the Lord Lieutenant was impeached, the House of Commons included in the impeachment the Bishop of Derry, who, along with three others, Bolton, Lowther, and Radcliffe, was accused of "traitorously contriving and exercising a tyrannical government in Ireland, by the countenance and assistance of Thomas, Earl of Strafford," and finally, when the King's cause was irretrievably lost in Ireland as well as England, Dr. Bramhall shared with the Marquis of Ormond the honour of being excluded

* Bishop Bramhall strenuously advocated the adoption of the English Thirty-nine Articles at the Convocation of 1634.

† Jeremy Taylor, in his funeral sermon on Bramhall, calls Strafford "Zerubbabel who repaired the temple and restored its beauty; and Bramhall the Joshua—the high priest, who, under him, *ministered* this blessing to the congregation of the Lord."

from pardon, which necessitated exile during the time of Cromwell's Protectorate.* Services so thorough and loyalty so constant seemed to merit no ordinary reward, and when rewards were going, in the first flush of the restored King's gratitude, Bramhall received his in the shape of promotion to the highest office in the Irish Church—the Primacy and Archbishopric of Armagh.

He did not live for many years after this exaltation, but his course as Primate was marked by a temper and moderation which contrasted somewhat with his conduct during the vice-royalty of Strafford; no doubt age and experience and the uses of adversity combined to bring round so desirable a result.

The difficulties of Archbishop Bramhall's Episcopate arose not merely from the opposition of the Romanists, who were now kept in on every side by severe restrictions, but much rather from his relations with the Presbyterian ministers, who were, in very many instances, in possession of livings in the North of Ireland at the time of the Restoration. The Act of Uniformity brought matters to a crisis; these ministers had then to make choice between retaining their livings or retaining their scruples against Episcopacy. The moderation of Bramhall discovered a means by which their prejudices and his requirements were reconciled. Naturally enough these men did not like to confess that all their former ministry was a mockery and a sham, nor in requiring their re-ordination did the Archbishop ask them to do so. "I dispute not," he said, "the value of your former ordination, nor those acts you have exercised in virtue of it, but we are now to consider ourselves as a national Church, limited by law, which among other things takes chief care to prescribe about ordination, and I do not know how you could recover the means of the Church, if any should refuse to pay you your

* Bramhall received an impartial measure of persecution from Romanist and Puritan: flying from Cromwell to Spain, he narrowly escaped capture by a Parliamentarian frigate; and in Spain, to his great surprise, he was warned by his landlady (who knew him by his picture) that the spies of the Inquisition were sharply on the look out for him.

tythes, if you are not ordained as the law of this Church requireth." This last hint about the "tythes" was exquisite in its way, and had a wonderful effect, and many of those who submitted to re-ordination found a softening clause in their letters of orders, to the effect that these orders did not presume to "annihilate" former orders, nor to condemn the orders of foreign Churches, but simply to supply what was still requisite, according to the canons of the English Church. There is generally a way of walking round a difficulty when it would be ruin to rush through it, and the Primate, on this occasion, appears to have been fully aware of the fact.* Not long, however, did he live to consolidate the Church over which he presided; he died in the year 1663, and was succeeded by Dr. James Margetson, who was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin three years before.†

* On the whole, only fifty-nine persons refused to qualify themselves by ordination for ministering in the Church of Ireland. Thirty-eight of these were in Down and Connor; eight were in Clogher; and thirteen in Raphoe. Some, who at first refused in Down and Connor, were afterwards admitted by Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

† A striking testimony to the services of Bramhall is borne by Primate Ussher in one of his letters. He says: "I find by the catalogue of compositions that the augmentations of this See of Armagh (procured by the exertions of Bramhall) amount to £735 4s. 4d. per annum. Not only myself, but my successors will have cause to honour the memory of the Lord Deputy and yours, whom God has used as an instrument to bring this work to perfection."

CHAPTER VII.

JEREMY TAYLOR,

BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, WITH DROMORE.

A.D. 1660-1667.

ON that great occasion when twelve prelates were consecrated to the Irish Episcopate in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the preacher was one who, from his rich and varied eloquence, had gained the title of the "English Chrysostom," the celebrated Jeremy Taylor. It reflects no small credit on the discernment of the Duke of Ormond, and is no inconsiderable proof of his real affection for Ireland, that he should have selected such a man to be one of the chief rulers of the restored Church—indeed merit, service, and fitness seem to have been the passports to the favour of this excellent Viceroy. He did not—as in this case—regard a man as ineligible *because* he was an Englishman; but the usual policy of the Government with reference to the Irish Church—the policy which made the Irish Establishment the refuge for such English clergymen as could not for shame's sake be promoted in their own country—found no favour with him. When at one time the Duke's enemies prevailed on the King to nominate an Englishman to an Irish Bishopric without his concurrence, he did not hesitate to write thus to the Secretary of State:—

"It is to be remembered that near this city of Dublin there is an University of the foundation of Queen Elizabeth, principally intended for the natives of this kingdom, which hath produced men very eminent for piety and learning, and such there are now in this Church; so that

while there are so, the passing them by is not only a violation of the original intention and institution, but a great discouragement of the natives from making themselves fit for preferments in the Church, whereunto if they have equal parts they are better able to do service than strangers—their knowledge of the country and their relations in it giving them the advantage."

But the Duke had no prejudice against Jeremy Taylor, who was by his influence appointed to the See of Down and Connor, with which, "on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry," was afterwards joined the administration of the See of Dromore.

Born in the year 1612, and educated in the University of Cambridge, Taylor was a young man when the civil war between the King and Parliament broke out in 1643, and he threw himself into the cause of the unfortunate Charles with all the ardour of youth and all the impulse of his own fervid spirit. He was consequently one of those marked out for persecution when the King went down and the Parliament triumphed. During the Protectorate he, with many other Royalists, experienced vicissitudes of favour and disfavour; sometimes he came in for the average amount of fines and imprisonment, and sometimes he was allowed peacefully to pursue his literary labours in the retirement of Golden Grove. The bounty of his friends provided a refuge for him; and writing from the rugged coast scenery of Wales in the year 1654, he says—"I was exposed to the gentleness of the sea, and the mercy of an element that could distinguish neither friend nor foe, and, but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of the waters, and the madness of the people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all opportunity of content or study." How much the Church would have lost by such a loss may be understood from the fact that in this retirement Dr. Taylor not only composed his learned and argumentative Tract, entitled "The Real Presence and Spiritual of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament proved against the doctrine of Transubstantiation," but a work of much more extensive interest— his "Liberty of Prophesying."

In the beginning of the civil strife Taylor had served

the Church by his defence of Episcopacy and authorized forms of prayer. Then, however, the Church was still standing, and had been but lately dominant; now the Church was down, and was obliged to plead, not for power, not even for toleration, but for exemption from distinct persecution; and never on such a subject was there such eloquent pleading as in the "Liberty of Prophesying." Amidst the general toleration of the wildest sects, he asks, "is there not room for the Church of England? and is the reign of latitudinarianism to re-instate that worst practical operation of Popery—namely, persecution?" If the Church of England in the day of her desolation had produced no other fruit than this rich work of intellect and charity, then full surely the English Church could not be said to have suffered in vain.

In the period immediately preceding the Restoration, Dr. Taylor seems to have resided in Ireland, and in that very diocese over which he afterwards presided as bishop. He was established in a lectureship at Lisburn, and resided at Portmore, the property of his patron, the Earl of Conway, his place of residence being about eight miles from the scene of his duty. Here he did not escape persecution. One Tandy, a jealous-minded individual, denounced him to the Irish Privy Council as a dangerous and disaffected character, because he used the sign of the cross in administering the Sacrament of Baptism! A warrant was issued by the Privy Council to the Governor of Carrickfergus to bring Dr. Taylor before them for examination, but no further action seems to have been taken in the matter.

The days of persecution were ended by the restoration of the monarchy, and the re-instatement of the Irish Church in all her old privileges, and in the full enjoyment of those temporalities which had been recovered from the spoilers during the Viceroyalty of Strafford and the Episcopate of Bramhall. Jeremy Taylor was, as we have seen, called from his retirement to preside over the See of Down and Connor. In the prominence and prosperity of his later years he exhibited the same zeal, piety, and literary assiduity as in former years. The work of an Irish Diocese at the time of the Restoration must have been work of a

very up-hill kind. The cathedral church of the Diocese, at Downpatrick, lay in ruins, as it had lain from the middle of the previous century, when it had been dismantled by Lord Grey, and as it continued to lie until the close of the last century. The times were not propitious for cathedral restoration, and so for practical purposes the church at Lisburn, or Lisnagarvie, was made by Act of Parliament to serve as the cathedral for Down and Connor. In Dromore, indeed, the cathedral bears the impress of Taylor's hand, and the chalice is still there which he used in the administration of the holy communion. What he could not do in respect of his cathedral in Downpatrick, he did in respect of that spiritual building which should be the chief object of a bishop's care.

The Act of Uniformity produced, as we have seen in our notice of Archbishop Bramhall, great confusion in the Presbyterian camp; not all the wisdom and care with which Bramhall and Taylor dealt with the emergency could reconcile those ministers who were set against Episcopacy, and who were full of their recent triumph. Still Bishop Taylor was enabled to bring round many to submit to the rules of the Church and realm, and though he had opposition and difficulties to contend with, the great difficulties did not arise for some years after his death, when the persecution of the Covenanters and Cameronians in Scotland, led some hot and eager spirits to take refuge in the North of Ireland, and to inaugurate a new covenant and a new crusade against Prelacy and the like.

The Bishop had also to turn his hand against the emissaries of Romanism, who are always particularly busy when there are manifest signs and tokens of divisions amongst Protestants; he checked their inroads by his well-known "Dissuasive from Popery," aud then leaving aside contro versy, he edified and comforted the souls of the faithful by the sweet and rich consolations of his "Holy Living and Dying."

To his episcopal duties the favour of Ormond added the duties of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, thus a wide field was opened for all his energies and capabilities. He was as useful in his academical dignity as he

was active in his episcopal work. It will be remembered that Bishop Bedell drew up a body of statutes for the regulation of the University; these were methodized and completed by Taylor. Indeed when we add to this work the arrangement of disputations and lectures, and the definition and confirmation of the privileges of the University, it is not too much to say that the basis of the reputation of Trinity College was laid by this Vice-Chancellor.

Too short, alas! was his life—too soon worn out—perhaps by its very fervour. He died at Lisburn in the year 1667, in the 55th year of his age, after an episcopate of only seven years.

During the remainder of the reign of Charles II., the course of the Irish Church was singularly uneventful. After a few years the policy pursued in our own time of governing Ireland as a Roman Catholic country began to take shape and form; James, Duke of York, an avowed Romanist, was supposed to be the instigator of this policy, and there is no doubt that he himself attempted to carry it out when he came to the throne; to such a policy the Duke of Ormond would never lend himself; he was no persecutor of the Roman Catholics, he brought down upon himself the dislike of the hateful faction headed by the infamous Cabal, becaused he wished and worked to obtain compensation for the "innocent Papists;" but notwithstanding all this, he would not be a party to put those Papists in a position in which they might do harm to the State. For this reason he was recalled from his Lord Lieutenancy, and his place filled by Lord Berkeley, who was soon succeeded by the Earl of Essex. During his residence in London Ormond was coldly received at court; but the King felt so much shame at the manner in which he treated his old and distinguished servant, that he always betrayed embarrassment at his presence, insomuch that the witty and dissolute Duke of Buckingham once said, "I wish to know whether it is the Duke of Ormond who is out of favour with your Majesty, or your Majesty with the Duke of Ormond?"

It was about this time that the desperate attempt on the life of the Duke was made by the notorious Colonel Blood,

who but a short time before had tried to steal the crown and sceptre from the Tower. The attack on Ormond, instigated, as was supposed, by the Duke of Buckingham, had very nearly succeeded; but for the whimsical determination of the ruffian to hang the Duke at Tyburn, which gave time for a rescue, a noble life would have been sacrificed to private malice and the audacity of an accomplished scoundrel.

The careless and ungrateful King hardly reproved the would-be murderer of his own and his father's faithful servant, and the only observation made by Ormond on the subject was, "If the King has forgiven the attempt on his crown, I may easily pardon the attempt on my life." He left London, however, and retired to his castle at Kilkenny, where he had a kingly reception, and by-and-by, when Charles came to a better mind, the brave old Duke was once more installed as Lord Lieutenant in Dublin Castle; there he continued till the death of Charles; but scarcely had James II. ascended the throne when he recalled the Duke, ostensibly because of his age and infirmities, but really because he would not become a tool to promote the interest of a Roman Catholic ascendancy. On the last night of his long Viceroyalty, the Lord Lieutenant gave a splendid entertainment to his officers and household in the stately Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, built by himself on the foundation of the old Priory, for the reception of old and disabled soldiers, and at the close, lifting his glass to his lips, he said to the company—"See, gentlemen, they say at court I am doting, but my hand is steady and my heart fails not, and I hope to convince some of them of their mistake. This to the King's health."

CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE WALKER.

A.D. 1684–1690.

THE name of George Walker appears at the head of this chapter principally for the sake of uniformity. He was prominently engaged in the most stirring actions of a time which was, in many respects, the most eventful of all the times recorded in Irish annals; but the course of events leads us to dwell on many circumstances of interest prior to the famous siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne, the former the scene of Walker's steadfast courage, the latter the field of his death.

The death of Charles II. opened up a gloomy prospect for the Irish Church and Irish Protestants. The religious convictions of the "Merry Monarch," such as they were, were on the side of Popery, but they were very transient, and by no means deep; all he wanted was to have an easy time of it, and inasmuch as any profession of Romanism, or any exhibition of favour to Romanists, would have materially interfered with his pleasures, and perhaps with the stability of his throne, Charles was careful to avoid making the profession or showing the favour; it was only in the very article of death that his conscience, hardened by infidelity, was fain to take refuge in superstition. It was far otherwise with his brother James, who now ascended the throne; for years previously he had renounced the religion of his baptism and conformed to that of Rome; and, like all converts from conviction, he exceeded in zeal and devotion to his new faith, indeed he was altogether in the hands of

the Jesuits, and to their counsels, combined with his own obstinacy, most of his subsequent misfortunes are due.

In Ireland there was a feeling of uneasiness from the time of his accession; the recall of the brave old Duke of Ormond was not likely to allay this feeling, and though Primate Boyle and the Earl of Granard were nominated Lords Justices pending the appointment of a new Lord Lieutenant, it was felt that great and serious changes were imminent; still the Irish Protestants resolved to give no cause of offence, and during the troubles in England and Scotland, consequent on the rebellion of the Dukes of Monmouth and Argyle, there was no attempt at rebellion in Ireland. The defeat of Monmouth emboldened James to pursue his favourite object more swiftly and openly, and Ireland, as the weaker vessel, and the more Romish country, was selected as the scene of his first real attempt.

The campaign was opened by a letter from James to Primate Boyle and Lord Granard, commanding them to call in all the arms of the militia; now as the militia was exclusively composed of Protestants, such an order was equivalent to the disarmament of the distinctively loyal portion of the population; Primate Boyle used his influence with the citizens of Dublin, and induced them, for peace sake, to send in their arms to the Castle; but it fared ill with the scattered Protestants in the country parts; to disarm them was to expose them to the attacks of their bitter and relentless foes, and very soon tales were heard of a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the atrocities of 1641—houses burned and plundered, whole families massacred, or else flying, half dead with terror, to the nearest fort or fortified town.

In this state of confusion the Earl of Clarendon was sent over as Lord Lieutenant; the appointment of a Protestant to this office was by some hailed as a good omen; but it was feard by most that, like the Lords Justices, he was only employed to fill up a gap for the time, and it was soon known that it was his mission to revolutionize the Irish corporations by filling them with Roman Catholics. Events proved that such fears were only too well founded; Primate Boyle was at this time Lord Chancellor of Ireland,

but the seals of office were soon taken from him and given to Sir Charles Porter, a man whose poverty promised complete subservience to the will of the King. Three Protestant judges were detruded from the bench, and their places filled with three bigoted Romanists—Nugent, Daly, and Rice; and when the Archbishopric of Cashel fell vacant, the King declined to fill the post up, intending it for one of his own persuasion when affairs were a little more ripe; to crown all, Clarendon, for presuming to remonstrate against these illegal proceedings, was removed and his place filled by the newly-created Earl of Tyrconnel, commonly known as "lying Dick Talbot."

Descended from the English Lords of the Pale, Richard Talbot was born about the time of the rebellion of 1641. From his infancy he was trained up a bigoted Papist, and an enemy to English rule; in his youth he witnessed the storming of Drogheda by Oliver Cromwell; and the slaughter of his compatriots on that occasion did not tend to reconcile him to Protestants in general or Puritans in particular. In his manhood his regard for his own interest led him to ingratiate himself first with Charles, and afterwards more successfully with James; in this course he spared neither flattery, bribery, nor truth, and now, as the reward of iniquity, he was made Earl of Tyrconnel and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

From this time events hastened on with alarming rapidity. The scruples of Clarendon no longer stood in the way. The bench of judges and the corporations of the large towns were filled with Romanists; Romish ecclesiastics appeared in the habits of their orders in the streets and at the court, and what was worst of all, Tyrconnel carried out the remodelling of the army with energy and despatch; indeed the word was not now to any one seeking the post of officer in the army, "None but a Roman Catholic need apply," but rather "None but the most bigoted and ultra Papist need apply!" At the same time, in the country parts, the disinherited owners of forfeited estates forbade the tenants to pay rent to English landlords, and the Romish priests forbade the people to pay tithes to Protestant parsons.

No wonder that terror spread through the whole land, and that all the Protestants who could do so, gathered up their belongings and sailed for England. Some idea of the number of such fugitives may be gleaned from the fact that when Lord Clarendon left Dublin he was accompanied by 1,500 Protestant families, and that the Protestant population of Ireland, which in the reign of Charles II. amounted to 300,000, at the time of the revolution amounted only to 100,000 souls.

Having modelled the army to his entire satisfaction, Tyrconnel next turned his attention to Trinity College, and commanded the heads of the University to admit one Green, a Roman Catholic, to the professorship of the Irish language. When, however, it was found that there was no such professorship then existing in the University, Green was disappointed; so furious was the Lord Lieutenant at this disappointment, that the Board of the University resolved to sell the College plate lest it should be seized and confiscated; nor was the Board far wrong, for Tyrconnel getting wind of the transaction, actually did seize the plate when it was on its way to be shipped to England, and only restored it on the strong remonstrance of some members of his own party. Not yet, however, had he done with the University; he endeavoured to force on the College, as a fellow, one Doyle, a new convert to Romanism, and was only foiled in his attempt by the refusal of the man to take the oath of supremacy, and by the acknowledged infamy of his character.*

The cup of Protestant Ireland was now full to over-

* When King James arrived in Dublin, he withdrew the pension paid out of the exchequer as part of the support of the University; a further attempt was then made to force Green as a senior fellow upon Trinity College, and when the members resisted, they were forcibly ejected by the soldiers, and the Provost and some of the fellows fled to England. The King then nominated two Romish priests to be Provost and Librarian. The library, too, founded in 1601, by the officers of the English army, who generously gave up their arrears of pay for the purpose, and enlarged by the addition of Primate Ussher's books, was seized on by James, and so also were the furniture and communion plate of the College Chapel, which building was turned into a magazine.

flowing. The army, the courts of law, the corporations, were thoroughly Popish; the loyal and peaceable subjects of the King were plundered, insulted, and cowed; and to such a pitch had the insolence of the minions of Rome arrived, that the new Romish Lord Mayor of Dublin actually fined the bell-ringers of Christ Church Cathedral because they did not ring a merry enough peal on the occasion of the birth of the son of James II., the Prince of Wales! However, the birth of this unhappy Prince produced a crisis in England, a crisis in which Ireland had its share, and it was with no ordinary feelings that both parties heard that King William had landed in Torbay, and that the near relatives of King James, his ministers of state, and nearly all the nobility, were deserting the fallen monarch, and crowding into the camp of his rival.

The news of the landing of William of Orange in England was received in Ireland with varied emotions; at first the Ultramontane party refused to give credence to intelligence which boded them but little good. After a while, however, the matter admitted of no doubt, and then the subservience of Tyrconnel was only equalled by his former truculence and cruelty. When, however, the first burst of joy and terror was over, the Protestants began to feel that their position was anything but secure; Tyrconnel armed the rabble of the Popish party through the country, and the scattared adherents of the Reformed faith soon found that life and property were safe only in the towns, where crowded together, they were able to resist their foes. The panic extended even to the city of Dublin; Lord Mount Alexander received a letter in the County of Down warning him of an intended massacre which was to take place on the 9th of December, 1689; the inhabitants crowded to the river side, employing the captains of the various ships to take them from that dangerous place to England and safety. When the effect of this rumour was such in the capital city, it may readily be supposed that it was much more dreadful in the country and the country towns.

The city of Londonderry was the most remarkable of those strongholds to which the scattered Protestants

resorted for protection. Situated on the west side of Lough Foyle, it was a seaport, and a town regularly fortified with walls and bastions; it contained, moreover, a sturdy population of Scotch and English settlers, who afterwards proved that they relied on their stout arms and good cause more than on walls and bastions. This city had been garrisoned by a regiment under Lord Mountjoy, son to Primate Boyle; but when the first rumour of the invasion of the Prince of Orange came to Ireland, Mountjoy was recalled to Dublin by Tyrconnel. The inhabitants of Derry regretted this, as they had confidence in Mountjoy and his soldiers, and they regretted the matter still more when they heard from Philips of Newtownlimavady, that Tyrconnel was sending the Earl of Antrim's regiment, consisting entirely of Irish and Highland Papists, to occupy the town. For a short time all was confusion and hesitation; the inhabitants collected in groups, took hurried counsel in the streets; some were for submission and some for resistance; it seemed as if the favourable moment had passed by; two of the officers of the regiment were in the city looking for quarters for the soldiers, and those who watched at the ferry draw-bridge could discern the fierce faces of the vanguard, when lo, the difficulty was solved by the action of a few gallant apprentice boys, who rushed to the draw-bridge, drew it up, and locked the ferry gate and the other gates of the city. The spirit aroused by this daring act did not soon subside; the citizens made good their defence against this Antrim regiment, and sent over Cairns, one of their most prominent men, to London, to solicit succour from the Prince of Orange, inasmuch as their gallant deed was likely to bring down upon them the vengeance of King James' lieutenant.

At this time, however, Tyrconnel was too busy to take much trouble about them. He contented himself by sending Lord Mountjoy and Colonel Lundy to Derry, and the inhabitants admitted their old commander of forces on condition that half his soldiers should consist of Protestants, and that a free pardon should be granted to all those who were concerned in the late resistance. This was granted, and Mounjoy assumed the command of the city,

and was obeyed as a friend and associate. The spirit of Derry communicated itself to the whole North. Enniskillen refused to admit two companies of Tyrconnel's army. In Down, Donegal, Tyrone, and Armagh, parties arose under Lord Mount Alexander, Blayney, Rawdon, and Skeffington; county councils for defence were nominated, and a general council was summoned to Hillsborough to appoint officers and direct the operations of the associated body.

Not long, however, was Derry to enjoy rest and peace under the rule of Mountjoy. Suspected by the Lord Lieutenant, he was recalled to Dublin, sent on a mission to James, who had fled from England to France, and when he arrived in France, was rewarded by his implacable master by being thrown into the Bastile. Louis XVI. proved a good friend to the banished monarch: he furnished him with ships and money, and sent him to Ireland to win back his kingdom, with the polite wish that he might never see him more—a wish which James no doubt devoutly echoed. On the 12th of March, 1689, the ill-fated king landed at Kinsale, with 1,200 of his refugee subjects, and 100 French officers. Marshal Rosen, a German officer of distinction, was to take command of the forces. The progress of James from Kinsale to Dublin was one of triumph—cannon boomed, bonfires blazed, and the wild natives cheered the king, who, though a Saxon, was a defender of the Romish faith. In Dublin his triumph culminated; there the Protestants were fain to hide their heads in any shelter that offered. The Romish ecclesiastics, obese in body and strongly Celtic in countenance, appeared in the full glory of mitre, crozier, and cope; the Host was carried in procession through the streets, the king humbly knelt before it, and Mass was celebrated in Christ Church Cathedral.*

* Some further instances of the persecution now brought to bear against the Protestants may be noted. A proclamation of 13th July, 1689, forbade Protestants *to go out of their parishes*. On the 6th September a case of pistols and a sword having been found in some outpart of the buildings about Christ Church, that Cathedral was locked up for a fortnight, and no service permitted. On the 13th September all Protestants were forbidden to assemble in Church for divine service. On the 27th October, Christ Church

So far went the king without opposition, but no farther. The North was up in arms, and a sturdy and faithful band had resolved on "no surrender." At first, indeed, it seemed as if all efforts would be of no avail; the men of the North failed to reduce Carrickfergus—had to retreat from Newry, from Dromore, from Hillsborough; they fell back on Coleraine, but soon found that post untenable; then they retreated to Derry, resolved to make a last desperate stand.

Lundy still commanded the troops in the city; but it was only too evident to the citizens that he was not to be depended upon. He was warned of the approach of James by one who was destined to play a foremost part in the great drama which followed. George Walker, a native of Tyrone, but born of English parents, was at this time Rector of Donoughmore, not far from Dungannon; the dangers of the time evoked the spirit of military ardour which lay hidden beneath the cassock of the priest. He raised a regiment; flew from post to post; rebuked the coward; infused new courage into the brave; and now, at the crisis of Derry's fate, stood beside the Governor to animate and warn him; but Lundy was neither to be animated or warned: he had made up his mind to surrender.

He refused to allow two English regiments to land from Lough Foyle; and he held a council of war, at which he declared that the town was no longer tenable, and that the troops should withdraw from it, leaving the inhabitants to make the best terms they could. This transaction soon got wind, and terrible was the scene of rage and distraction in the city. The populace shouted for vengeance against the council, the Governor, and every suspected officer. At this moment Colonel Murray arrived at the head of a reinforcement. In vain did Lundy order him to

was appropriated by the Papists. On the 18th of June, 1690, Colonel Luttrel, Governor of Dublin, forbade more than five Protestants to meet together on pain of death; all churches were shut up, and Dr. King says that they were assured that if King James returned victorious from the Boyne, they should never be opened for Protestants any more. Such were the results of unrestricted Rome Rule in Ireland!

retire. He refused to do so, and declared that it would be madness to surrender to the cruel and ruthless foe that was advancing; and then, for the second time, the people rushed to the walls, shut the gates, and pointed their guns against James and his army; and in this way Derry was fairly in for its ever memorable siege.

Lundy escaped in disguise to the ships in the Lough, and a governor, better suited to the emergency, was found in the warrior ecclesiastic, George Walker. With him was associated Major Baker, to provide for the contingency of one of them being slain, and under the Governors were eight regiments, numbering in their ranks between 7,000 and 8,000 men. It is hardly necessary to dwell at any length on the incidents of this famous siege. Most people are well acquainted with the story which may be gleaned from the diary of Walker, who tells us of the things which he saw and did—tells us of the savage host which surrounded the town, that town being defended by raw and untried troops, without the appliances of war—without a properly mounted gun—without an officer of experrience—tells us how the gates remained open during half the time of the siege, the enemy never daring to enter;—how famine came when the enemy could not come, and the flesh of horses, dogs, and vermin, and hides and tallow were purchased at extravagant prices, and eagerly devoured—how he and others, his brethren in the ministry, now exhorted the gaunt and hunger-stricken crowd, who daily haunted the battered cathedral—now pointed the way to attack or repel the foe—now comforted the sick or dying, or read the last office for the dead—tells us of that helpless crowd of fugitives, compelled by the pikes of the Jacobite army, beneath the walls of the city, and left there to suffer the pangs of cold and hunger, until the counsellors of James cried shame upon the brutal German soldier who practised such barbarities in civilized warfare —tells us of the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, and which never had so fair an illustration as when Kirk sailed away on the 13th of June, after raising expectations which he doomed to bitter disappointment; and then tells us of that glorious 13th of July, when the

ships once more appeared in sight, and the band of defenders, now reduced to 4,300 men, ghastly with famine and disease, but with the light of hope in their faces, crowded the walls and towers that looked towards the sea —tells us how that light once faded, as the ship, recoiling from the broken boom, grounded on the sand, but how it broke out brightly again as she floated once more, and sailed proudly to the quay, amidst the shouts of the suffering but jubilant multitude, who knew that they were saved, and that their city was free. All this is well known; but it cannot be too well known, for the story is a glorious one—a story of which any nation might be proud.

George Walker did not long survive the memorable siege in which he played so conspicuous a part. When William came to Ireland he joined his camp, and was received with favour. Indeed, the king intended to reward the heroism of the divine by making him Bishop of the diocese which took its name from the city he so nobly defended; and as the old Bishop of Derry died a few days before the battle of the Boyne, the appointment was actually given to Walker. Unfortunately the ardent spirit of this soldier of the church militant led him to the field of battle once more; and when the fight at Newbridge town was done, George Walker was amongst the slain. Whilst we admire the endurance and heroism of the defender of Derry, and say that *there* he was the right man in the right place, we cannot but agree with King William when he gave it as his opinion that the clergyman had no business at the battle of the Boyne.

CHAPTER IX.

ARCHBISHOP KING.

A.D. 1690-1729

THE Church of Ireland was in a bad way during the latter part of the reign of James II. At first the persecution was rather of a negative than of a positive kind, and consisted mainly in the refusal of the King to fill up the vacant Sees as the bishops dropped off; but soon the dominant party showed that they intended to make the country too hot for their Protestant neighbours; and during the brief period that James sojourned in Ireland, previous to his final defeat, those of the Protestant Episcopate and clergy who did not flee to England had to run the risk—and the risk was no inconsiderable one—of fines, ill-usage, and imprisonment.

The victories of William and his Generals at the Boyne and Aughrim ended this state of things; the Romish party was thoroughly beaten, and made to suffer in like manner as it had made others suffer during its term of ascendancy. Such statutes as were passed in the Irish Parliament of 1697, ordering Romish ecclesiastics out of the kingdom, forbidding burials in ruined monasteries, forbidding all intermarriage of Protestants with Papists, and the like, were the fruits of that sad and bitter time in which brass money and wooden shoes were the signs and symbols of oppression, violence, plunder, and murder. Once more the Church recovered possession of her lost territory, and her bishops resumed their sway over their impoverished and disorganized dioceses.

The intention of William to reward the clerical warrior, George Walker, with the Bishopric of Derry, was frustrated by the death of that clergyman at the battle of the Boyne, and the choice of the Government fell on one well worthy of promotion—Dr. William King, Dean of St. Patrick's. Born in the county of Antrim about the middle of the seventeenth century, and educated in the University of Dublin, King occupied a prominent position in the metropolis during the troubles of James the Second's reign, and acted as Commissary for the Archbishop during his absence in England. He was thrown into prison by the Jacobite party, and on his release was rewarded with the preferment of the Deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral; in the year 1690, he received the higher honour of the Bishopric of Derry. At first it seemed that the new prelate was to find that his new dignity was by no means a bed of roses. Popish malignancy was pretty well curbed, but Puritan hatred of Episcopacy and Church ceremonies was rampant. Before the new bishop could visit the newly famous city of Londonderry, indications of this spirit were exhibited by petitions from godly ministers, praying the King to abolish Episcopacy in the North of Ireland, and to restore greater purity of worship and discipline, to which petitions, it is needless to say, William did not graciously incline: and scarcely had King taken up residence in Derry, ere he was involved in controversy with a certain Mr. Boyce, a Dissenting minister there. This controversy is chiefly interesting for the statistics which the Bishop brings out regarding the relative position of Churchmen and Dissenters in those quarters, as to divine ordinances, and knowledge of formularies and confessions of faith. He tells us that from time to time he had conferred with about 800 Dissenters, and that not more than four of these were acquainted with their confession and catechism; he states that there were 30,000 Dissenters in his diocese, that for these there were but nine meeting-houses, having an average congregation of about 300 each, so that not one-tenth were in the habit of attending public worship. During a period of seven years, he declared, the sacrament had been administered but

nine times in the Presbyterian meeting-houses throughout his diocese, viz., in Derry, twice; in Clondermot, once; in Ballindret, once; in Ballykelly, once; in Burt, twice; in Ardstraw, once; in Aghadoey, once. He contrasts this with the communion in the Church. During a period of three years the sacrament was administered forty-three times in the Cathedral, and three hundred and forty-three times in the other churches of his diocese; whilst in that space of three years the communicants in the Cathedral alone numbered 3050, or nearly as many as all the Presbyterian houses in his diocese could number for seven years. In conclusion, he urges on his Dissenting brethren to come to church rather than go nowhere, and the effects of his labours may be traced in the results of his confirmation tours during the first two or three years of his episcopate. In those years upwards of 2000 well-instructed young persons were presented for the rite, and confirmed by him.

He incurred a good deal of odium on account of his determination to compel his clergy to do their duty and observe the rules and regulations of their Church; but he was prepared to endure this rather than swerve from the path of duty. Feeling an interest no doubt in his own county, he writes to the Bishop of Down and Connor complaining of the churlish and irreverent conduct of the Churchmen of Belfast:—"I understand," he says, "that the people of Belfast are refractory, and do many irregular things: they refuse to enlarge their church lest there should be room for their people; they bury without prayers; they come into church with their hats on; they break up the seats in the church." Surely a great change has come over the spirit of the Churchmen of Belfast since this was written! In after years, writing about his career in Derry and his relation to the Dissenters there, he uses these words:—"My ways in the Diocese of Derry were the ways prescribed by the common ecclesiastical laws; the ways of those that censured me were truly their *own* ways, being contrary to ecclesiastical laws and also to justice!" It is true, however, that consistency will always win respect; it did more in the present case, it won affection—for when

King left Derry the great body of the Dissenters parted from him with tears.

Whilst by the necessity of his position he was chiefly brought into contact with the great body of Protestant Nonconformists, he was not unmindful of his obligations to his Roman Catholic neighbours, and to those Protestants who were likely to fall into their superstitions. In the barony of Innishowen and along the coasts of Antrim were settlements of Highlanders, who, from their ignorance of the English language and the want of ministrations in the Gaelic tongue, were fast lapsing into Romanism. For these he sent two clergymen into the barony of Innishowen, and by his influence Gaelic-speaking ministers were stationed along the Antrim coast, two of them being the Rev. Duncan MacArthur andthe Rev. Archibald MacCollum.

King, however, was occupied with the care of the whole state of the Church, as well as of his own diocese and neighbourhood. He laments the supineness of public men and Parliament men in Church matters. Abuses of ecclesiastical patronage were only too common; when, a few years after, Swift said, "that the Government appointed excellent men to offices in the Irish Church, only that as they were on their way to take up their duties, they were stopped by highwaymen, who plundered them of their dress and patents, and filled their places," he only said bitterly what was not far from the truth. Moreover, the Government did not even care to bestow favours which cost them nothing on an institution for which they seemed to have no regard; there were impropriated tithes forfeited at the time of the Revolution, and these they did not take the trouble of restoring to the Church. "Nothing for good," says King, "will pass the House of Parliament: more care seems to be expended in the settling of a Jewish Synagogue than on that of a Christian Church, and that because the Jews are traders. As for our churches, many of them are only thatched, and that not well either." The remonstrances of the Bishop were not without some good effect. In the year 1698 an Act was passed to facilitate the building of parsonage houses on glebe lands; and in the year 1699 another Act was passed for facilitating the *rebuilding* of parish churches.

In the year 1702, William King was translated to a sphere of greater prominence and usefulness. Michael Boyle, the Primate, died in that year, and was succeeded by Narcissus Marsh, who had been Archbishop of Dublin, and whose name is still perpetuated there by the library which he founded and endowed in the immediate vicinity of St. Patrick's Cathedral. When Marsh was translated to Armagh, King was made Archbishop of Dublin, a post which he filled and adorned for many subsequent years.

Trouble, though not of a very serious kind, awaited the Archbishop on entering into his new office. The Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, declaring that their cathedral was also a Chapel Royal, demanded to be exempted from the jurisdiction of the Diocesan; King resisted so preposterous a demand, and finally succeeded in establishing his rights. His career when Bishop of Derry was that of one who desired to work in harmony with the laws and spirit of his Church. Nor did he change the tenor of his way when Archbishop of Dublin, it being his endeavour to effect a much needed reformation in the Church of Ireland by means of Convocation. How much reformation was needed will appear by a few statements regarding pluralities, and the number and financial position of the clergy. Writing about the Diocese of Ferns, he says:—"In it are 131 parishes, 71 of these parishes are impropriate in lay hands; 28 are appropriated to the Bishops and the Cathedral; 32 only, and these of the worst, are in the hands of the clergy; only 13 beneficed clergymen and 9 curates are in the diocese—the Bishop, Dean, and Archdeacon are non-resident!" Again, speaking of his own diocese, he says, "I have not 50 ministers in the country parts of the diocese, of these but 5 have £100 a year, not 12 have £40 per year, some have but £12 or £16, and some nothing."

In the year 1705, King urged Convocation to take up the question of discipline; and was actively engaged in opposing an agitation got up by the Presbyterians for the abolition of sacramental tests. This agitation was unsuccessful, and in the year 1709 the tests were made more stringent than ever, so far as the Roman Catholics were concerned: every convert from Popery was obliged to

receive the sacrament within six months after his alleged conversion, before he could be admitted to any office of trust, or to practise at the bar. The reason for this Act was, that many Roman Catholics were known to have pretended to be converts in order to obtain privileges, and when they had obtained them hardly took pains to conceal the fact that their conversion was but a sham. Through the influence of King, some improvements were effected in the Diocese of Armagh. In the years 1709-10, the parishes of Tynan and Derrynoose were separated by Act of Parliament; and the same Act provided for rebuilding the churches of Killeavy and Arboe, and creating a parish and building a church in the district of Tartaraghan.

Another worthy object which the Archbishop proposed to Convocation was the conversion of Roman Catholics by means of their own language. This, the cherished project of Bishop Bedell, was now to all appearance seriously taken up by the authorized Council of the Church. It was ordered that the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Catechism should be printed in that language, and that this should be done at the public expense; the clergymen of the various parishes were ordered to make a yearly return of the number of Popish recusants in their districts, and the Provost of T.C.D. made some provision for supporting Irish scholars. This last effort was so far successful that, in the year 1715, there were 45 Irish students in the University of Dublin; the question of expense, however, retarded this attempt—as it has retarded many another of a similar kind. There was the usual amount of circumlocution office business; a memorial praying that the printing, &c., should be done at the public expense was presented to the Lord-Lieutenant; he referred it to the prelates, who approved it; they referred it to Queen Anne, who received it graciously, and she referred it back again to the Lord-Lieutenant to report on it; it was then once more submitted to Convocation, to receive its sanction, and the delays there and the undercurrents, the effects of which were only too visible, plainly showed that neither the Government nor the Convocation had any serious intentions of really forwarding the good work; indeed, the *Archbishop's* eyes were opened to the character of Convo-

cations in general, and to the policy of the Irish Government in particular. Of the members of Convocation he says: "Some men are very dexterous at doing nothing." And again: "'Tis an uncomfortable thing that all assemblies of men come to some conclusion and agreement, only clergymen; all others who have controversies can write with temper and humanity—only *they* treat one another with passion and bitterness!" His remarks on the policy of the English Government in Ireland are bitter, but too sadly true: "It is plain to me, from the methods taken by civil and ecclesiastical powers, that there never was any design that all should be Protestants!"

What was left undone by Convocation, was partially effected by a private individual, backed by the influence of the Archbishop. The Rev. John Richardson, a Northern clergyman, applied to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and that Society printed 3,000 copies of his history of his attempt to convert the Irish; thus attention was drawn to the subject, and subscriptions were raised, by means of which 6,000 copies of the Bible and Prayer Book were printed in the Irish tongue, and a fount of Irish type was purchased and brought over to Ireland. The Irish Convocation did not long survive the inglorious result of its attempt at the conversion of the Romanists; in the year 1711 it sat for the last time,* and during this sitting five canons for regulating proceedings in ecclesiastical courts were drawn up, and three services were sanctioned, viz.: one for prisoners, another for criminals under sentence of death, and another for debtors. Soon after this time the Archbishop was associated with the celebrated Jonathan Swift in the effort to secure for the Church the "First fruits and twentieth taxes," formerly paid by the clergy to the Crown. In the early part of the eighteenth century, that quaint old castle-like building in Kevin-Street, now occupied as a police-barrack, was the palace of the Archbishop of the diocese. Hard by was the Deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral. And the strange, wayward, witty, and sometimes savagely morose being,

* Archbishop King tried to assemble Convocation in 1713, and Primate Boulter in 1728, but the government frustrated both attempts.

who lived there, often walked in the palace gardens, and concerted plans for the advancement of the Church with his Diocesan. Sometimes there was war between the Deanery and "St. Sepulchre's," but the estrangement seldom lasted long; and together they worked for the restoration of the first-fruits and twentieths; and through Swift's influence with Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, about £3,000 a year was recovered, and set apart as a fund for building houses, purchasing glebe lands, and buying up impropriations.

King's work in his diocese was eminently practical. In the beginning of his episcopate he said: "If I can get three churches erected in the city of Dublin, and four or five in the county, I think I shall have done pretty well for my time." And yet he lived to see 17 churches newly built, 14 rebuilt, 11 glebe houses erected, and £300 a year of tithes re-purchased for his diocese. In the matter of church building he was indefatigable; in the year 1725, we find him addressing Lord Palmerston and Sir John Stanley on the subject of the erection of a church in the district of Grangegorman. He characterizes this place as the most lewd and irregular about Dublin; he says he has got a clergyman to attend the sick there, but no church; and he incites the landlords to build a church, by the instance of Ringsend, which had become quite civilized since the erection of St. Matthew's Chapel, and the same result, he said, had followed in Glasnevin. He calculated the cost of the church at £800, but the project failed, nor was it carried out for more than one hundred years after his death.

Nor did he care less for the improvement of his clergy than the improvement of the material edifices in his charge. He laments bitterly the disinclination of young men of promise at that time to devote themselves to the church, and labours to furnish inducements for them to do so. He was opposed to a bitter spirit of controversy which began to show itself at the accession of George I., and well and wisely remarks, "I thank God party spirit is being banished from the pulpit; instead thereof people begin to preach something of the *Christian religion and the duties of it!*"

CHAPTER X.

PRIMATE BOULTER.

A.D. 1724-1742.

THE history of Archbishop King, subsequent to the year 1724, is to a certain extent mixed up with—and, perhaps, overshadowed by—that of another prelate, who occupied a higher post of dignity in the Church of Ireland; that prelate is the well-known Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, who, from the year 1724 to the year 1742, took a prominent and often a useful part in the affairs of Church and State. What remains therefore to be said of Archbishop King will probably come out in the life of Primate Boulter.

Hugh Boulter was born in London, in the year 1671; he was educated at Oxford, took orders, and in due course became Bishop of Bristol. A Whig in politics, he came in for Government favours during the long period of Whig ascendancy which followed the accession of the House of Hanover to the English throne, and when Archbishop Marsh died, full of years and honours, in the year 1724, Boulter was sent over from Bristol to fill his place.

The times were not propitious in Ireland when the new primate arrived in Dublin—indeed, when *were* they propitious in this unhappy land?—the old, old story of potato famine and wholesale emigration was scarcely a new one at the beginning of the eighteenth century; moreover, the genius of that strange, eccentric, but wonderful Dean Swift was in full ascendancy at this time; for these were

the days of Wood's coinage and the *Drapier Letters*, and a Whig archbishop had little to expect from the bitter and disappointed dignitary of St. Patrick's, who was a Tory from disposition or conviction, and an Irish patriot because he was not an English bishop. Moreover, the new primate could hardly hope for a very cordial reception from his brother of Dublin, whose experiences and services warranted an expectation of promotion to the highest dignity in the Irish Church,—an expectation frustrated only by the intrigues and exigencies of party; nor indeed was the first meeting between the two archbishops full of omens for future cordial relations. "My lord," said King, when Boulter came to pay his respects to him, "I am too old to rise," whereby he not only refused to pay an act of courtesy, but did so on the grounds on which the Government refused to promote him to the primacy—viz., that he was "too old" for the post.

When to all this we add that Boulter, an Englishman in heart and soul, came over to Ireland with the express purpose of supporting and advancing the English interest, and nothing but the English interest, in the Church and in the country, we can readily believe that Dublin, with Archbishop King and Dean Swift—the honest archbishop and the clever, bitter dean—at the head of affairs, was no bed of roses for him.

We have a collection of Primate Boulter's letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, his influential friends in England, and these letters not only give us some valuable information respecting the contemporary history of Ireland, but also serve as an index to the disposition and predilections of the writer himself. In these letters he complains of being regarded as an "intruder" by those of the same descent as himself; he expresses a strong desire "to break the Dublin faction on the bench of bishops," and whilst he acknowledges that being an Englishman was not the *sole* qualification for an Irish bishop, he evidently regards it as a very important one; he is evidently alarmed at the agitation about Wood's half-pence, but in this respect he was not singular, for all *Ireland*, and all England, too, were startled by the *Drapier*

Letters, which, as is well known, were written by Swift to denounce the speculation of one Wood, who undertook a coinage of copper for the Government—a coinage not bad in itself, very much needed, and a subject for praise rather than blame, if only praise had suited the humour of Jonathan Swift. He is alarmed, however, at more trifling things—a riot in Stephen's Green, for example, which was speedily put down by forty soldiers, and a fracas in Trinity College, caused by two students who had some friends to supper and kept them rather late. It seems that these friends, in college language, were "gated," and when the students could not induce the porters to unlock the gates, they audaciously hammered at the provost's door; and when that venerable person appeared, possibly in his night-cap, they peremptorily demanded the keys; the letters do not say much about the rage of the provost, nor the terms in which he refused so unexampled a demand; but the primate evidently magnified what was probably a tipsy, boyish freak into a serious demonstration, because the provost was a Whig and an Englishman, and because the students, on account of their connexion with Lord Anglesea, were more than suspected by him of Tory proclivities. When the provost, too tender to the erring youths on account of their grand relations, was disposed to remit the sentence of expulsion, the primate would not suffer this to be done until they made an ample and abject submission. This passage of arms with Trinity College seems to have left no kindly impression on the mind of Boulter; he did not scruple to call the Dublin University a "nest of Jacobitism;" he opposed the appointment of three vice-chancellors because one of them, Dr. Coghill, was an upholder of the Irish interest, and he took measures to deprive Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift, of the prebend of St. John's, which he was anxious to hold along with his fellowship.

In the life of Boulter, as in that of most other men, we find many things to blame as well as to praise. There is, in one respect, a great contrast between King's administration of the diocese of Derry and Boulter's administration of the archdiocese of Armagh—the former resided in

his cathedral city and made his personal weight to be felt and acknowledged in his neighbourhood; the latter contented himself with an occasional fortnight's tour in his diocese, and for the rest resided in Dublin, and when he wanted a country residence, instead of enjoying the bracing breezes on the hills of the primatial city, he besought the Lord Lieutenant to grant him the house at Chapelizod, near Dublin, for a country mansion. Again, he had the usual Whig horror of Convocation, or of any independent action on the part of the Church, and in his accustomed way declares his utter ignorance of "Irish" Convocation. As primate he seems to have been too ready to come into collision with the Archbishop of Dublin, and in some of his letters to his English patrons speculates on the death of his most reverend brother in terms rather cool than affectionate. One matter of dispute was carried on with much acrimony; it had reference to the claim of the Archbishop of Dublin to grant licenses for marriage at uncanonical hours, or, as they would now be called, special licenses. Primate Boulter claimed this privilege for his See; it had been granted, he said, to Primate Hampton and his successors by James the First, and he was not going to surrender it to any man; "besides," said Boulter—and here the spirit of the man shows itself most clearly—"this issuing of licenses is of great practical consequence; in this country more of such licenses are likely to be asked for, since the Irish people are *more vain than the English*, and therefore desire to be married at extra times!"

To Irishmen this intensely English phase of Boulter's character is certainly distasteful; it is not pleasant to hear him constantly and earnestly pressing a policy of exclusion on the British Government; he rejoices in the appointment of Dean Cross, a "hearty Englishman," to the Bishopric of Clonfert, and at the same time laments that out of twenty-two bishops in Ireland, only *nine* were Englishmen. Not content with his own special branch, he extends his observations from the episcopal to the judicial bench, and expresses his opinion that the Irish might very well be content with the *puisne* judges, leaving the chief justice-

hips to the English. We feel a sort of serene satisfaction when we find this un-Irish primate worsted in a contest with Dean Swift about the Archbishopric of Cashel. Boulter used his influence to obtain this appointment for another "hearty Englishman," the Bishop of Elphin; Swift used his influence for the Bishop of Kilmore, and carried the day. One practical result of an evil nature attended this policy of the primate. Unlike the Archbishop of Dublin, he took no interest in the instruction of the native Irish-speaking population; so far from that, in the year 1730, he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle and the Bishop of London, suggesting the formation of a corporation whose object would be to found schools for training up the children of Papists in the English tongue. The schools of the Incorporated Society were the fruits of this suggestion, which failed, and might have been expected to fail, in extending the Reformation to any appreciable extent, or in drawing closer the bonds between England and Ireland.

The defects of Boulter's character are, however, lost in the light of his splendid virtues. In the year 1729 his little contentions and rivalries with Archbishop King terminated with the death of that venerable and excellent prelate. Consecrated on the anniversary of the Conversion of St. Paul, King proposed that apostle to himself as an example of conduct and labour; and when in his last years he looked around him and saw the abundant fruit in every part of his diocese, he could say he had not laboured in vain. As usual, Boulter was anxious that an Englishman should receive the vacant post, and though he did not succeed in getting Dr. Ferris appointed, for whom at first he was interested, he must have been well pleased when his countryman, Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of St. David's, was nominated Archbishop of Dublin.

The Church of Ireland was still in a very unsatisfactory state. Notwithstanding the Acts of Parliament already passed, pluralities abounded, churches were in ruin, glebe-houses unbuilt. In the primate's own diocese, one Mr. Singleton presented himself to the parishes of Dunleer, Capoche, Disart, Milarre, Drumcarre, and Monasteraboice;

and being at the trouble to collect some statistics as to the general state of the Church in Ireland, Boulter discovers that there were five Papists to one Protestant, 800 of our clergy as against 3,000 Roman Catholic priests, few glebe houses, few market towns, and the parishes, for the most part, eight, ten, or fourteen miles in length, with but one church, and sometimes not even that. So early as January, 1727, he exerted himself to bring in Bills to Parliament, which had in view the multiplication of glebe houses and chapels of ease, the multiplication of resident ministers, and the consequent prevention of lapses to Romanism and dissent, which were only too frequent. By these Bills which, at a subsequent period, were passed into law, a bishop was authorized to erect one or more chapels in places where Protestants lived more than six Irish miles from their parish church. Landlords were also empowered to grant fifteen or twenty acres of land for glebes, at an improved rent, to be settled by a jury, and incumbents were, under certain circumstances, obliged to build houses on these glebe lands, three-fourths of the money which they laid out on building being allowed to them. There was another Bill, which empowered the bishops to part with advowsons under £30 per annum to lay patrons, on conditions of said lay patrons restoring the tithes they had impropriated, or else adding £30 to the value of the living, and the trustees of the "first fruits," in the recovery of which Archbishop King had interested himself, were to be authorized to receive benefactions for buying up glebes and small livings. In addition to these Acts, all of which were promoted and carried through by the primate, there was another for the recovery of small tithes under forty shillings per annum by a summary process; to prosecute such sorry wretches as the payers of small tithes, in those strongholds of circumlocution, the Spiritual Courts, were, in Boulter's mind, a vain and unprofitable task.

The country at this time was no better off than the Church. In reading the letters of Boulter we seem to be reading the newspaper articles of to-day, which speak of the depression of trade and the drain of emigration. Swift might rail against Wood's copper coinage, but any

coinage was better than none, and the silver coinage was so depreciated in value that it was necessary to pay a premium of fourpence to get change for a pound. The English Government had interfered with the woollen manufacture, and the linen manufacture seems to have had one of those temporary checks which periodically affect it. Add to this a potato famine, for there were such famines in the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth century, and no wonder that the people, the "lusty young fellows," as Boulter says, were leaving the country in thousands. From the north of Ireland above 4,000 people went in three years. In 1739 and 1740 there was a hard winter; seven ships, loaded with emigrants, left the quay of Belfast, and the most of those emigrants were Protestants. From Boulter we learn not only the similarity of the condition of Ireland in those days with days of a later date, but also, curiously enough, that interested parties referred the cause of the national calamities to the same source as many patrons and politicians of our own days have done; whether it was a hard winter or a bad summer, whether things went wrong with linen or wool, whether the rot was in the potatoes, or the disease among the pigs, the Church was to blame, and the pressure of the tithes accounted for Ireland's misery and destitution. Boulter did good service here in putting the saddle on the right horse; not the tithes, he says, have to answer for this pressure, but scarcity arising from climate and unfavourable seasons, and *bad laws*, and *excessive rents*. "What the gentlemen want to be at," he says, "is to raise the rents and abolish the tithes, or leave them at their old value." Now, the land was so impoverished at the time of the Revolution that the clergy were glad to let their tithes much under their value. When they attempted to raise them to something like their value, they were met by a cry from the landlords, who had just raised their rents, and that cry was eagerly echoed by the dissenting ministers. The primate did not content himself with exposing this injustice; he set himself, as well as he could, to ameliorate the condition of the Irish farmer; laws were introduced to improve and encourage tillage, and every owner or farmer of one hundred acres was obliged to have at least five acres under cultivation.

But the most conspicuous effect of this season of trial was to bring out the nobly charitable spirit of Hugh Boulter. There was a warm heart in the breast of this square, solid, and somewhat prejudiced Saxon. In the spring of 1740 whole multitudes of famished, frozen-out Irish paupers were fed and clothed at the gates of the English primate. The House of Commons passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the generous bishop, and in two years after, he passed into that world where judgment will be fairly meted out to men for what they have done. In 1745 crowds of men fought in Patrick's Close for locks of silver hair from the head of Jonathan Swift; no such competition arose at the death of Primate Boulter, who probably wore a wig, but sharp words and flattering speeches often do more in this world than upright conduct and good deeds. It is well, therefore, that the account is not closed in this world.

In one way Primate Boulter being dead yet speaketh. To many a poor parish in Ireland a pleasant message came twice a year in the shape of a bill for fifteen, twenty, or sometimes thirty pounds. This was the fruit of "Boulter's Fund," a bequest left by the primate for the augmentation of small livings, and redeemed by the Representative Body, since the disestablishment of the Church, out of the sum given by Government in lieu of private endowments.

CHAPTER XI.

DEAN SWIFT.

A.D. 1697-1745.

SOME years ago I visited a very interesting but very dingy locality in the city of Dublin. Ascending the "Castle Steps," from the Ship-street side, I passed through a gateway on my left hand, and found myself in a narrow alley bounded on one side by a wall, supposed to contain some fragmentary remains of the masonry of the old city wall, and on the other by a row of dilapidated houses which had once seen better days. The aspect and surroundings of the place were forlorn and dirty in the extreme. A woman sat near the gate, which opened on the Castle Steps, beside a basket of mouldy oranges; a few squalid children disported themselves in the puddle, for the formation of which abundant facilities were afforded in the inequality of the pavement. Some of the natives hung out rags to dry from the upper windows of the tottering tenements; and a policeman, standing in the middle of the street, with a sort of "monarch-of all-he-surveyed" air, eyed me with a glance of wonder, not unmingled with suspicion, and seemed debating with himself whether he should take me up, or merely order me to "move on." "Moving on," I passed round a sort of bend or angle in the lane, where it leads into Werburgh-street; but the aspect of everything was still that of unvarying dinginess and desolation : many of the buildings were untenanted, roofless, and utterly ruinous; and some vacant spaces marked the site of houses which had altogether

disappeared. And yet this narrow court once wore a very different aspect frnm that which it now presented. Once it led into the wealthiest and most fashionable part of the city, and was itself tenanted by the learned, the wealthy, and the gay. Involuntarily I passed, musing on the vicissitudes of men and of streets; but ere I had made more than one or two reflections of the most commonplace kind, I was roused from my reverie by the chiming of the bell of St. Werburgh's Church, and the derogatory remark of a young urchin who compared me to a "sentry," and so I speedily became conscious of the presence of dilapidation —the supercilious policeman and the woman with the mouldy oranges—and after taking another hasty glance at Hoey's Court, regained the outer world. I had lived in Dublin for the greater part of my life, and had never ventured through this street before, and the interest which I felt in it now arose from the fact that just 197 years before, in No. 7, Hoey's Court, was born the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's—Dr. Jonathan Swift.

The Rev. Thomas Swift came of a Yorkshire family. In common with the rest of the clergy, he espoused the cause of Charles I., and when that cause was lost, in common with the rest of the clergy, he paid a heavy penalty for his loyalty.

The possession of a large family and a small living is not generally reckoned a very enviable one; but here was a man with a large family and no living at all, for the parliament did not deal very tenderly with those who gave such proofs of "malignancy" as were exhibited by the mass of the Church of England clergy in the great struggle which issued in the overthrow of the Church and Monarchy.

Thomas Swift struggled on as he could until the Restoration brought him some relief, and then, through the interest of some of his mother's friends, his eldest son, Godwin Swift, was made Attorney-General of the palatinate of Tipperary. In process of time the settlement of the elder brother in Ireland attracted thither some of the younger branches of the family; and we find that Jonathan Swift came over to Dublin, and, doubtless through

the interest of Godwin, obtained the post of steward to the Society of King's Inns, in the year 1665. He did not live long to enjoy the emoluments of his office, for on the 30th of November, 1667, his widow gave birth to the subject of this notice, in the house No. 7, Hoey's Court, and the poor woman called her child—thus born an orphan—by the name of his father—Jonathan. Poor Mrs. Swift was indeed to be pitied. Her husband had died leaving her without any support, and her whole dependence was placed on her brother-in-law, Godwin, who, from various circumstances, some of which are to be noticed hereafter, was not able to do much more than to afford her the bare means of subsistence. The cold shade of poverty, which threw a gloom over the infancy of the future statesman and divine, was somewhat relieved by a gleam of the romantic, not alogether removed from the mysterious. It appears that the woman who nursed Swift was a native of Whitehaven, and for some reason or other she carried off the juvenile Jonathan with her to that town, and kept him there for some years. However, she took very good care of him, attending not merely to his bodily, but also to his mental culture; for we are informed that when he was barely five years of age, the precocious youth was able to read any chapter in the Bible. His attachment to this nurse was of a very deep and lasting character; and it was a day of sorrow for Jonathan when he was brought back to Ireland and placed by his uncle at Kilkenny School. There he went through the usual drudgery of school life, and there he acquired, no doubt, the ordinary amount of school learning, though his teacher, with that want of perspicacity which the best teachers have evidenced in similar cases, gave him the character of being an uncommonly stupid boy. We of course cannot assent to this judgment; but we may well believe that if the boy at all resembled the man he must have been wayward, fitful, gloomy, and eccentric to a degree. At the age of fourteen he came up to Dublin and entered Trinity College: this was in the year 1682; and his patron was still his paternal uncle, Godwin Swift. This uncle, however, always seemed to have kept Jonathan at the starving point; and

to this fact we may trace the hatred and contempt with which Swift always regarded speculation and speculators. Not content with the emoluments of his office, Godwin Swift engaged in various businesses with which he was entirely unacquainted, and in which, as a matter of course, he entirely failed; hence his scanty remittances to his nephew were the result of his poverty. He gave what he could; but that unfortunately was all too little for the merest wants of a young man passing through the University. No wonder that Swift, who was ever a "good hater," looked with an evil eye on speculations in general, when the speculations of his uncle in particular brought home to him so closely the inconveniences of pinching poverty.

In the year 1685 the degree of B.A. was granted to Swift—granted to him, say some writers, with the appendage of a disgraceful note. For the future Dean was not careful to lavish flattery or even common civility on the college dons: and his utter contempt for the Aristotelian philosophy as it was then understood, and the dialectic forms as they were then used, afforded an excellent opportunity to such of the aforesaid dons as were anxious to give expression to their disapproval. Swift's college censures are noticed with some particularity by Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, however, was too honest and too large-minded a man to give implicit credence to stories which may have been without foundation—and in any case were sure to be grossly exaggerated. Moreover, it appears that there were two Swifts in College at this time, and Sir Walter is willing to suppose that his namesake is answerable for a good deal of what has been laid to the charge of the Dean. Not so Lord Macaulay. At a much later period, and without any qualification, he reproduces the statements of the great novelist, and writes, in his epigrammatic way, of "an eccentric, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin." Now, the fact is that Sir Walter Scott bases his statements on some *inferences* of Dr. Barrett—inferences which are hardly borne out by facts, when it is remembered that Swift actually obtained his degree a year or so before the regular time. To talk of "plucking" under such circum-

stances is manifestly absurd. We can readily believe, however, that a man of Swift's temperament was likely enough to incur censure for breaches of college discipline; and we may therefore accept the statement—making due allowance for exaggeration—that, subsequently to obtaining his degree, he incurred an enormous amount of penalties for absence from chapels, and once was ordered publicly to ask the pardon of the junior Dean. One thing is clear—Swift did not cherish a very affectionate remembrance of his connection with Trinity College, Dublin. In the year 1688 a new phase of life was presented to Swift. The events which occurred in Ireland during the Revolution made it a very unpleasant place to live in; and at the instance of his mother, who then lived in Leicestershire, Swift bethought him of going over to England, as the best way of avoiding the troubles and dangers of war. His mother was, as some say, a relative of the celebrated Sir William Temple– at all events she had influence enough with him to induce him to become the patron of her son. Sir William had at this time very much withdrawn himself from political life, and lived in elegant and learned retirement at his seat in Surrey, which he called Moorpark. Though much withdrawn from politics, the veteran politician was still consulted by the Monarch, and gave the benefit of his wise counsels to William III. on more than one occasion. Hence it came to pass that his Irish Secretary gained some insight into statecraft, and was even employed by Sir William in arguing some delicate questions with the King. In return for arguments, which did not prove convincing, the King offered the future Dean the command of a troop of horse, and taught him how to cut asparagus. This fact may enable us to estimate at its proper value the further statements of Macaulay in the paragraph already alluded to. The uncouth Irishman, he says, "attended Sir William as amanuensis, for board and £20 a-year; dined at the second table; wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty dark-eyed girl who waited on Lady Gifford. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependent concealed a genius equally suited

to politics and letters; little did he think that the flirtation in the servants' hall, which he perhaps scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch or Abelard." The sneer conveyed by the words "second table" here has as little foundation for it as that conveyed by the words "servants' hall." It is as little likely that Sir William Temple would have degraded to the position of a menial dependent the man whom he employed to argue the question of triennial Parliaments with the King himself, as that he would have degraded to the servants' hall the daughter of a lady who was deemed worthy to be the companion of his sister. Moreover, in his anxiety to write an epigrammatic and agreeable passage, Lord Macaulay seems to have quite forgotten that Swift did not meet with this pretty "waiting-maid," as he calls her, until the period of his second residence at the house of Sir William Temple. An insight into the mysteries of statecraft was not the only benefit which Swift derived from his sojourn at Moorpark: he had full access to the extensive library of his patron, and he made an excellent use of the privilege. He studied the literature of the ancients and moderns; deepened his classical and historical lore, and cultivated an acquaintance with the poets of all ages and of all countries.

Even at this early period Swift was attacked by what seems to me to be premonitory symptoms of that terrible malady to which he succumbed at a later period of his life. He attributed the dreadful giddiness and strange loss of recollection, with which he was now sometimes affected, to a surfeit of fruit. This may have been the occasion which educed that organic disease which afterwards affected his mental powers, but it is impossible to to regard such an occasion as the *cause* of that affection which clung to him during life, and left him only when, after paroxysms of furious madness and a lengthened period of idiotcy, he sank into the grave. On the hypothesis of latent mental disease, we may account for many of the eccentricities and morbid peculiarities which cast a shadow on a great, a generous, and even virtuous career. It was

about this time, 1692, that he took an "ad eundem" degree at Oxford. He does not fail to contrast very forcibly the hospitality and courtesy which he received at the English University, with the want of both which prevailed at the University of Dublin. He felt, however, that he could not afford to linger for ever in the delightful retirement of Moorpark; he knew that the time was come to bid adieu, for a while at least, to the library of Sir William Temple, and the beautiful woodland scenery of Surrey; and so, like all clients, he looked to his patron to do something for him in the way of procuring a post. Clients and patrons do not always coincide in their estimate of qualifications and rewards. Sir William thought that he was doing very well for Swift when he procured for him an appointment in the Rolls Court, in Dublin, at a salary of £120 a year. Not so Swift; indeed he thought himself so underrated that the very offer of this post was the twofold cause of a quarrel with his patron, and a determination to take orders. Through the influence of Sir William Temple, who was not so much disposed to quarrel, and who was probably disposed to make up the breach, Swift, on taking orders, obtained the prebend of Kilroot, a small parish in the diocese of Connor. He was ordained deacon in the year 1694, and priest in the following year; but he soon found that a residence in a remote part of the country was not to his taste. He sighed for the delights of Moorpark, for the delights of fair England, as he ever sighed for them throughout his life, even when relegated to the emoluments and dignities of the Deanery of St. Patrick. And so ere long he contrived to do a kind act to a needy individual, and regain the scenes and associates for which he longed.

It happened that there was a poor curate, who, like many others of his class, was meditating matrimony. Not even the blank prospect which was before him caused him to forego his resolution, nor the friendly and very outspoken advice of Jonathan Swift. Seeing that the mar was bent on doing something desperate, Swift posted u to Dublin, resigned his living in favour of the marryir curate, and speedily found himself in the society of S

William Temple, and in the scenery of Moorpark. He resided with Sir William Temple during the few remaining years of that great statesman's life, and made many acquaintances amongst the wits and politicians of the day. And when his patron died, in the year 1699, there were few who mourned for him more sincerely or more deeply than the harsh-mannered and eccentric Irishman.

Regard for his patron about this time gave occasional opportunity to Swift for the exercise of those peculiar powers of wit and burlesque for which he was pre-eminently distinguished. Sir William, whose classical taste was somewhat in advance of his classical knowledge, became involved in a controversy, which, like many similar controversies, might be included under the description of "great cry and little wool." The learned and accomplished statesman, in the course of a dispute about the relative advantages of ancient and modern learning, took upon him to uphold the genuineness and authenticity of the "Epistles of Phalaris," and was foolish enough to enter the lists with that colossus of classical literature, the celebrated Richard Bentley. Bentley placed the spuriousness of the epistles beyond all manner of doubt; but Swift came to the rescue of his friend and patron in his "Battle of the Books," and pleasantly covered his retreat. It was about this time that he exhibited similar powers of humour and wit by burlesquing the Meditations of Robert Boyle. When he read his "Meditations on a Broomstick" to a lady, as if quoting from the book of Boyle's Meditations before him, the lady never discovered the trick that was played upon her, so close was the imitation, until Swift himself informed her that she had been deceived.

His association with Sir William Temple and his own political feelings inclined him to take part with the Whigs; and his first essays in public life were in connection with the Whig party.

It may be well for us, therefore, at this stage of his career to notice the causes which, after some years, led him to become the ally of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and separate himself from those with whom he acted in the earlier stages of his political life. Swift was a High Churchman: indeed he often said that he did dot know how a man

could be a Churchman at all without being high; and High Church and Low Church, in Queen Anne's reign, were parties as well defined and as much opposed as were the Whigs and Tories—the High Church siding with the latter, and the Low Church with the former: in fact, the Tories were all High Churchmen; and the Whigs—such of them as were Churchmen at all—were Low. It will, therefore, easily be seen that Swift's principles as a Churchman would bring him sooner or later to act with that party to which, from early associations and from mental predilection, he was more or less politically opposed. This remark will save us the necessity of pausing to explain the reasons why Swift took certain steps at a subsequent period of his life. On the death of Sir William Temple, Swift had sufficient interest to have himself appointed chaplain and private secretary to Earl Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland. Once more, therefore, he had to leave fair England, and go, as he considered it, into exile—though that exile was the land of his birth. His prospects of preferment were very good, for we find that there was at this time some intention on the part of the Government of making him Dean of Derry. The intention, however, was not carried out. Dr. King, the then Archbishop of Dublin, considered Swift too young a man for such a preferment; he thought that, instead of settling down in his deanery in the famous but quiet city of Derry, Swift would be ever running over to London, and engaging in political rather than spiritual offices. Though he lost for this time the style and title of "dean"—for which he did not forget his obligations to Dr. King—he soon obtained a substantial living from the Government: he was preferred to the vicarage of Laracor, in the diocese of Meath, to which were added the prebends of Rathbeggan and Dunlavin, giving him an income of at least £350 a year—at that time a fair income in the Church, and especially so in a country where living was so cheap as it was then in Ireland. This was in 1700; and about that time two ladies, with whom Swift had long been in correspondence, left civilized England and a large circle of friends, to take up their residence among the

wild Irish. In the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and close to the bust of its most famous Dean, there is a tablet surrounded by an ornamental border, and crowned with a grinning death's head; the inscription on the tablet runs thus:—"Underneath lie interred the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnston, better known to the world by the name of 'Stella,' under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments in body, mind, and behaviour; justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections. She died Jan. the 20th, 1727-8, in the 46th year of her age; and by her will bequeathed one thousand pounds towards the support of a chaplain to the hospital founded in this city by Dr. Steevens." Poor Stella! with her fine dark eyes, her raven black hair, and her pale sad face—that tablet, with its death's-head, says nothing of her broken heart, and does not dare to tell us that she whose virtues are commemorated, and whose beneficence is recorded, was the wedded wife of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of that Cathedral. Hester Johnston was the daughter of a lady who was honoured with the friendship of Sir William Temple's sister, Lady Giffard; she resided in Moor Park with her mother, and was thus brought into daily contact with Swift during his second sojourn with his patron; indeed she seems to have been his pupil for some time; and he not only succeeded in teaching her the elements of literature, but in impressing his own character upon her heart and mind; for this "uncouth Irishman," as Macaulay calls him, had a very winning way with him, and such as few ladies could withstand. He was tall and portly, with a sort of harsh gracefulness; and though coarse in conversation even beyond the coarseness of the age, he could play the courtier with the best of them, when it pleased him to do so. Titled ladies—Lady Bettys and so forth—lost their hearts to him, and what else could poor Stella do in her unsophisticated youth when brought within the full power of his fascination? Indeed she loved him with all her heart, and it is

very doubtful whether Swift had any heart to give her in return. All he seems to have been capable of offering her was such friendship and esteem as made but a poor return for such love as hers. Though it must be confessed his friendship for Stella had more of tenderness about it than is consistent with the strict meaning of the word, still it was not love: if Swift had an idol it was ambition; and, if another idol threatened to dethrone ambition from his heart, it was the desire of acquiring wealth. In the early part of his career he set for himself a limit within the bounds of which marriage was to him an impossibility; he should have a certain income; and in after years, when he passed beyond the limit, he seems to have considered the amount of income at first fixed upon as insufficient. However, the idol of his youth and manhood was ambition—before that, everything else must bow down. Ambition with him, like the idol-car, was to crush all obstacles that came before it; and amongst other obstacles poor Stella and another were crushed beneath its cruel wheels. When Swift came over to Ireland and took possession of his living, Stella also came over, bringing with her as companion a certain Mrs. Dingley. Mrs. Dingley appears to have been the princess of that useful class called "gooseberry pickers;" and Swift was ever careful to distribute his attention most impartially between the young and interesting Stella and the middle-aged and rather common-place Dingley. The ladies took lodgings in Dublin, where Swift often came to visit them; and when he went over to England to remain for lengthened periods, as he often did, thus justifying the apprehensions of the Archbishop, Stella and Mrs. Dingley went down to Laracor and took up their residence in the vicarage. As long as the witty parson remained in the country he made a capital parish priest; he was diligent in preaching; and on Sundays he attracted a large and respectable congregation to the parish church; he even tried to establish a daily service, but in this attempt he failed, as many did before him, no doubt, and as many certainly have done since. The story about Swift and his clerk Roger is referred to this period of his life. It was in Laracor church

that, in the absence of a congregation, he is said to have thus commenced the service: "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places!" There is a doubt about the truth of the story, but every one will confess that it is just such a thing as Swift would have done under the circumstances. He did not remain very long in this post of quiet and unobtrusive usefulness; he was wanted by his friends in England; and to England, the land of his ambition, he joyfully returned, leaving Stella, Mrs. Dingley, and, of course, a curate to look after the parish. Ere we turn from contemplating Swift as a parochial clergyman, we may notice the fact that he left substantial marks of improvement behind him in a restored church and a restored parsonage—both of which he found in a dilapidated condition. The grounds of the latter were very tastefully laid out by him—gardens, shrubberies, and an artificial lake, bordered by plants and statues, reproduced in miniature the beauties of Surrey in the wilds of poor Ireland. In London, our divine was up to his eyes in business, in politics and literature; he became the friend and assistant of Harley, St. John, and other statesmen, and of Steele, Addison, Arbuthnot, Gay, and other men of letters. At first, indeed, he was unknown by appearance to many of the wits who congregated in the coffee-houses; and at the celebrated "Button's" he was nicknamed the "mad parson," from his habit of pacing up and down the room like a wild beast in a cage, and from the abrupt and strange answers he gave to the most ordinary questions. This, however, did not last for long—ere many years had passed away, Bishop Kennett could speak with something like envy of the tall churchman's behaviour, in the antechamber of royalty; of his evident importance; his evident participation in the secrets of state; and his too evident superciliousness to those who were his superiors in rank. In the year 1701 appeared his pamphlet on the Partition Treaty, and then a series of tracts on the occasion of the impeachments of Lords Portland, Oxford, Somers, and Halifax.

The trial of Dr. Sachaverell in 1710 proved to be the occasion of the downfall of the Whigs, and of the Duke of

Marlborough. The worthy doctor, an adept as we are told at flourishing a white pocket handkerchief, but a very indifferent writer of the Queen's English, was the idol of the mob, the hero of the hour, and the puppet of the Tory party. Atterbury wrote speeches for him that moved the ladies who crowded Westminster Hall to pity by their pathos, and one of them at least to tears by their profanity; but the Queen herself was secretly glad of anything that would rid her of the tyranny of the Duchess of Marlborough, and establish in power a party to which she secretly inclined; therefore it was not to be wondered that when the mob had shouted themselves hoarse with crying out, "We hope your Majesty is for God and Dr. Sachaverell," and when some hundreds of pulpits had coupled together the names of the Church and Dr. Sachaverell, and when the House of Lords, though they found him guilty of sedition, feared to inflict on him more than a nominal penalty, the result should have been that a new Ministry was appointed comprising the names of Harley and St. John, with Rochester for its nominal head. From this Ministry Swift had great hopes of preferment; Harley was his friend; and a circumstance which nearly proved fatal to that statesman was the occasion of his rise to the rank of a peer, and the office of Prime Minister of England. A Frenchman named De Guiscard, who called himself a marquis, was employed as a sort of spy on the French Government; it is said that the salary which he received for his services was reduced from £500 to £400 a year, and, attributing this reduction to Harley and St. John, he determined to have his revenge. Seeking a private interview with these ministers, he stabbed Harley with a penknife, and as it was at first thought, mortally wounded him. St. John passed his sword through the assassin's body, and Guiscard died of his wound a few days afterwards in Newgate. The whole nation, however, was roused to compassion for the wounded minister, and so incensed were the multitude against the unfortunate Frenchman, that the keeper of Newgate had to pickle his body with a view to preserve it for exhibition to those who came for weeks to the prison to satisfy themselves of his

actual death. When Harley recovered he was made Earl of Oxford; and, on the removal of Rochester, Prime Minister. This little episode is necessary in order to prepare the way for Swift's Journal to Stella, which gives as much of his doings at this period in London, as it is necessary for us to mention in a brief sketch like this, and which, moreover, is worthy of notice, as it gives us some idea of the state of his feelings towards this patient and long-suffering lady. The journal consists of letters addressed, really, to Stella, but nominally to her and Mrs. Dingley; and the title "M.D.," which so often occurs, sometimes refers to both ladies, but oftener to Stella alone. The first letter bears the date of 1710, and the correspondence closes with the year 1713, when Swift returned to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's. In these letters we have matters of all kinds touched upon, from the praises of Patty Rolt, an agreeable young lady of Swift's acquaintance whom he mentions more than once, to the praises of Oxford and Queen Anne herself. From the journal we learn how Swift tasted tokay for the first time in the company of Addison, Steele, and Mr. Boyle, and how he liked it and his company; how he dined with Will Frankland and his "fortune," meaning his newly-married wife, whom he did not greatly admire; how he supped with St. John, Lord Dartmouth, Prior, and Lord Orrery; and how his terrible fits of giddiness were attacking him again and again. Interesting little scraps of local history occur here and there; for instance, he alludes to an attempt to blow up the statue of King William, in College Green, Dublin, an attempt which gave some food for gossip at the coffee-houses in London; and a little private failing, if we may so term it, of Mrs. Dingley, is betrayed to posterity by one sentence, in which Swift informs Stella that he "had got the finest piece of tobacco that ever was born" for her interesting companion. Curious forms of expressions sometimes occur, as when he says, "Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed while I write;" and as when he commences many of his paragraphs with the words "O faith." Now he dines *with* Harley at the "Devil's" tavern, near Temple Bar,

and now he manifests the strong affection he bore that statesman, by forbearing to write to Stella until he was pronounced out of danger from the wound he received from De Guiscard. But in and through all the dinings out, the tokay, Patty Rolt, Harley, Addison, and even at last his promotion to St. Patrick's Deanery, Stella, his pretty Stella, her horse, her birthday, her whims, her bad spelling, come uppermost, and show us how the wind is blowing. Thus, for example, he ends his first letter:— "I have only time to pray God bless M. D., M. D., M. D., M.D." And again, in another letter he writes:—"Henceforth I will write something every day to M. D., and make it a sort of journal, and when it is full I will send it whether M. D. writes or not, and so that will be pretty, and I shall always be in conversation with M. D. and M. D. with Presto;" and again—"So Parvisol (his steward) tells me he can sell your horse. Let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases. Let him sell my grey, and be hanged." And again— "I must begin on a whole sheet for fear saucy little M. D. should be angry, and think much that the paper is too little;" then we find him twitting her with her spelling of "aile," "villian," "dainger," a weakness to which poor M. D., like many others of both sexes, was prone; and then there is a hint dropped of an acquaintance which will one day prove the fruitful source of misery to Stella and others. "I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh;" and again—"I drank punch at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, a queer way of beginning Lent;" but then he returns again to M. D.—"And so you kept little Presto's birthday, I warrant. Would to God I had been at the health rather than here. I have no pleasure, and nothing but eternal business on hand." And then, finally with reference to Stella's own birthday—"God bless poor, dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy, healthy, wealthy, and with me, ever together and never asunder again, unless by chance. Such is a specimen of a journal which was at once a chronicle of an unhappy love, and of the political gossip of the day.

Swift could well say that at this time he was entangled in an eternal round of business. He was not only a writer, but he was the almoner of Harley and others for distressed literary men. Many a poor hack, starving in his garret, received a seasonable relief at the hand of his more fortunate literary brother. He was not only on the look-out for some promotion for himself, but he was employed by Archbishop King to negotiate the restoration of the 'first fruits,' a tax imposed on livings in the time of the Crusades; nay, he whose Christianity was doubted on account of the lightness of some of his compositions, wrote at this time a pamphlet entitled "A Project for the Advancement of Religion," which the grave Archbishop of York laid before the Queen. He even broke a lance with the astrologers of the day, and put the quacks to ignominious flight. One of them, by name John Partridge, who was in the habit of bringing out a sort of "Moore's Almanac," with predictions of all sorts for the ensuing year, was utterly confounded by the issue of a counter almanac edited by Swift under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., in which John Partridge found his own death predicted for the 29th of March at the hour of eleven at night. Indeed, Swift seemed to be on the high road to a bishopric; he was spoken of for the then contemplated bishopric of Virginia; and he certainly would have attained to the dignity of a mitre had he not given offence to some court ladies (chiefly to the Duchess of Somerset), and had he not written his famous "Tale of a Tub." The Dean's own estimate of this production is sufficiently high. In after years when he read it over, he is said to have exclaimed: "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book." And indeed it is a work of incomparable genius —witty, humorous, sarcastic, severe. It is so well known that it would be waste of time to give a sketch of it; suffice it to say that in Peter, Martin, and Jack, who gave such various treatment to the coats their fathers left them, we have the exaggerations and abuses to be found in the different religious denominations held up to unsparing ridicule. It is to be regretted that the ridicule sometimes *seems*—*but* only seems—to go farther than the exaggera-

tion and abuse. The author should have remembered that there were numbers of his enemies who would be delighted to have an opportunity of misrepresenting his words to the Queen, and he should have been more careful; for the sake of his profession and for the sake of public decency (though there was but little of that at the time)—he should have been more careful; but we are bound to remember his own apology for this work: "He was then young," he says; "much in the world, and wrote to the task of those who were like himself; and in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen which might not suit with maturer years or graver characters, and which could easily have been corrected had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication." The "Tale of a Tub," notwithstanding, Swift's Christianity, might have passed muster if he had not at this time written his "Windsor Prophecy," in which he ridiculed the Duchess of Somerset, who took care to persuade Queen Anne that she herself had not escaped either. And so the Queen said, "Nolo episcopari" for the too witty divine, and would listen to the solicitations of none of her ministers. Swift was almost in despair: he said he could forward the interests of every one but himself; and when his high friends called him "Jonathan," he said he supposed they wonld continue to do so to the very end of his life. At last three Irish deaneries fell vacant simultaneously; and Swift plainly told his patrons that he would break with them at once and for ever if they did not do something for him. It would seem that the Christianity which was necessary for an English bishop was not considered essential for an Irish dean; for, although the Earl of Nottingham expressed grave doubts about the Christianity of Jonathan Swift, he was nevertheless made Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the month of February, 1713. He set out for Ireland, and arrived there safely. He did not, however, find himself very comfortable in Dublin; the report of his heathenism had gone before him, and he found himself branded as a heathen in some verses that were fixed on the great west door of his own cathedral. Moreover, there were inconveniences of a more

practical kind: there was a charge of £1,000 on the deanery, and Swift had no money to pay it; he did not like to borrow, and he naturally enough looked to his friends the ministers for whom he had worked hard, and to whom he had rendered good service, to do something for him at this pinch. The ministers, however, were not very willing to pay the money; they were profuse in their promises, which cost them nothing, but which did not profit the Dean. And, indeed, they had their hands full of business at this time—so full that Swift soon found it necessary to leave Dublin and hurry over to London. The fact was, that a dispute had broken out between Oxford and Bolingbroke—a dispute which threatened the very existence of the ministry; and Swift, who was the friend of both parties—but especially the friend of Oxford—went over for the purpose of mediating between them. His clever pamphlet, entitled "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs," was published with a view to their reconciliation; but all in vain. Oxford retired to the country, and Bolingbroke was ordered to form a new ministry. He was very anxious to attach Swift to himself. The order for the £1,000 was made out at once, and higher honours—the very highest honours—were offered to him if he would cast in his lot with the new Prime Minister; but, to Swift's eternal honour, he refused all inducements, and preferred to accompany his friend with whom he sympathized in his bereavement, and whose life he once saved, to the country.

Swift's virtuous renunciation of place and honour was, however, as the event proved, not so much a sacrifice, as a readiness to make a sacrifice. Bolingbroke's Ministry lasted only for three days, terminating with the death of Queen Anne, who was actually dying when the change of Ministry took place. The death of the Queen spread consternation through the ranks of the Tory party; they were thoroughly cast down, and seemed to have lost all spirit. Swift alone preserved his courage, and strove to rally the party; and it is probable that if his daring and energetic counsels had been promptly followed, the position of the Tories might have been secured. But they allowed the moment of action to pass by, and soon all the party were

scattered, exiled, or imprisoned; and Swift found it for the benefit of his health to change the air and resume the duties of his deanery in Dublin.

Before I proceed briefly to sketch the career of the Dean in Ireland, I shall notice a literary work, the plan of which must be referred to the period of his connection with Harley and his Ministry, in the days of good Queen Anne. In the midst of all the cares of State, the Ministers found time to pursue the study of literature. There was a club then in London called the "Scriblerus Club," of which Oxford, St. John, Arbuthnot, Gay, Prior, and Pope were members, and of which Swift was the moving spirit. Two records perpetuate the memory of this famous club—one of which is certainly partially, and the other wholly, the work of Swift—the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," and the "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver." Whilst there are many who are unacquainted with the wit and humour of the former work, and whilst it requires a certain knowledge of the logic and logicians of the middle ages to be able thoroughly to appreciate it, who is there that is unacquainted with Gulliver? What schoolboy has not been delighted over its grotesque marvels? which yet have such a verisimilitude about them, that we can fully understand the honest seaman who, on reading the story, said "he knew the captain very well; but that he lived at Wapping—not at Rotherhite," as the author supposed. Indeed, whilst the schoolboy finds in this story a marvellous tale, to be classed with "Sinbad the Sailor," or some other such narrative, the student of the history of the period finds in it a keen and admirable satire on passing events and on existing characters.

For a while the Dean lived a quiet life in Dublin; he was, however, subjected to some annoyances at first. The mob of Dublin was at that time strongly in favour of the Hanoverian dynasty, and Swift was suspected of Jacobitism; on several occasions he was hooted and pelted in the streets, and on one occasion Lord Blaney attempted to drive over him as he was walking on the Howth Road, for which he took ample revenge on his lordship with his own sharp weapons, his tongue and his pen. These

annoyances soon ceased, and Swift rejoiced in the society of some people, who, if they had not as great names in the political and literary world as his companions in London, still they had enough of wit and learning to make the evenings pass pleasantly over. Amongst his friends we find the brothers Grattan, Rev. Mr. Jackson, Dr. Delany, of College, Dr. Sheridan, George Rochford, Dr. Helsham, and Mr. Stopford.

The calm of Swift's life was broken in upon by a storm of love and politics; that of love came first, and swept away his own happiness and that of two others besides. As we have already remarked, he seems to have possessed unusual powers of attractiveness; his tall person, dignified appearance, and fascinating conversation, inspired with feelings of friendship, if not of a more tender kind, Lady Betty Germain, Lady Masham, the Countess of Winchelsea, the Duchess of Ormond, and a whole host of stars of the second magnitude. It was not to be wondered, therefore, that such of the softer sex as came into such contact with him, as a pupil does with his or her teacher, should have yielded to the power of his fascinations. This was the case with Stella, who had been his pupil in the house of Sir William Temple, and this was the case with Miss Vanhomrigh, better known in the writings of Swift under the name of Vanessa. The father of Miss Vanhomrigh had been a commissary of stores for King William. He was a Dutchman, and he died leaving his wife a large fortune, which was eventually to go to her pretty daughter. Mrs. Vanhomrigh lived near Swift in London, and an intimacy sprung up between them which is alluded to more than once in Swift's journal, and which appears to have been inaugurated, or at all events closely cemented, by the "punch-drinking" in the beginning of Lent. Swift, no doubt, made himself very agreeable to the young and beautiful girl, and she, all unconscious of the existence of Stella, began to love the Dean with all her heart. There are evidences in the letters and journals of Swift which go very far to shew that Vanessa, as he now began to *call her*, was not indifferent to him, nay, that she

had for a while at least supplanted her rival, and that if it had not been for that rival she might have become his wife. However that may be, it is plain that some one of that large tribe who are ever busying themselves in the affairs of their neighbours, contrived to let Stella know how the wind was blowing, and it is to be supposed that she lost no time in giving her lover a piece of her mind. To add to Swift's embarrassment, Miss Vanhomrigh did the same thing much about the same time. She had waited for a long time for a declaration from the Dean, and when she found it not forthcoming, she resolved to make one herself, and offered him her hand, her heart, and her fortune. He was astounded. Incapable of love himself, or feeling himself bound to Stella, he could not understand the existence of such a passion in others, or else saw that it was impossible for him to give way to it. He wrote Vanessa some pretty letters, and vowed eternal friendship, as if he had been vowing to Harley or Bolingbroke, or some of his male friends, and then he retired from London, and took up his residence in Dublin. On his resignation of the living of Laracor, Swift took lodgings on Ormond Quay for Hester Johnson and the interesting Dingley, so that he had a fine opportunity of making all sorts of explanations, and obtaining that forgiveness which a woman finds it so hard to refuse extending to a man whom she really loves. What was the Dean's consternation when he discovered that Miss Vanhomrigh, with whom he continued to correspond, was actually about to come over to Ireland, in order to be near that friend to whom she had given what he had not to return—the warmth of her youthful affection. Vanessa had a fortune, her mother was dead, and she could live where she liked; but what a position for a man who had just made his peace with a woman who had loved him dearly for many years. But something was to be done—that was clear. Stella's suspicions were again aroused, and Vanessa was in Dublin—nay, she had resolved to settle in the neighbourhood of the city, and had actually taken a charming place called Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, on the romantic banks of

the river Anna Liffey. Poor Vanessa now began to fathom, as she thought, the secret of the "eternal friendship," and accused Swift of trifling with the affections of a poor girl. Stella on her part was equally emphatic; and with a strong desire to put an end to the suspense of both parties, Swift took what was for him a strong measure—he married the woman who had given him her loving heart some seventeen or eighteen years before. This ill-starred, this most strange and unhappy marriage took place in the gardens of the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in the year 1716, and the officiating minister was the Bishop of Clogher. There, under the shadow of the venerable cathedral, the Dean gave his hand to her who gave him her heart—there they were joined together, to live a life of cold isolation—he to go down to posterity as Dr Jonathan Swift, and she as Mrs. Hester Johnson—better known by the name of Stella. What the reason of all this was has never been explained. That the marriage did take place can hardly be doubted; that Hester Johnson was never publicly acknowledged as the wife of Jonathan Swift is a fact still more undoubted. That the mystery connected with the matter was one of a very sad and dreadful kind may be inferred from the fact that on the morning after the marriage, as Dr. Delany was about to enter the library of Archbishop King, Swift rushed past him with grief and horror depicted on his face, and the Archbishop said to the Doctor, "You have just seen the most unhappy man in all this kingdom"—said this, but nothing more. Solutions to the mystery are not wanting, and certainly the whole matter is accounted for if we accept that solution which makes Hester Johnson to be the half sister of the man to whom she was married. Poor Stella, her's was an unfortunate marriage. She was worthy of a happier fate. Beautiful and witty, she was worthy of being the companion of a man who shone amongst the wits of his age. To her we trace up the common expression of "money burning in the pocket," and the still more common expression in the mouth of the fair sex, "I have a tongue of my own." Thus matters were very much in the old state. Stella's mouth was stopped; she

knew that there was some secret which rendered separation advisable, but she does not seem to have known what the secret really was. She acquiesced in the disposition of things with what grace she could, and the services of the amiable Mrs. Dingley were still in constant requisition. And poor Vanessa, ignorant, like most others, of what had taken place, still continued her intimacy with Swift; she wrote to him, and with her female friend—for she had a Mrs. Dingley too—occasionally paid a visit to the deanery. Swift also wrote to her, and sometimes rode out to see her, at her beautiful little place at Celbridge. They were white days for the poor lady, when he came to visit her. In the memory of some still living, or at least not very long dead, there were laurels blooming at Marley on the banks of Anna Liffey. These laurels were planted by the fair hand of Vanessa, one by one, to commemorate the happy days on which she received a visit from the cold and cruel man, who knew what it was to suffer the agonies of remorse, but who did not know what it was to love. Things could not always go on in this way—that was plain. Stella was conscious that there was such a person as Vanessa, and Vanessa was conscious that there was such a person as Stella. Matters tended decidedly to a pulling of caps, and the battle was commenced by Miss Vanhomrigh, who wrote to Hester Johnson, accusing her of stealing away the affections of her lover. And Hester Johnson replied by stating that she was only stealing what was of right her own, for that the man whom Miss Vanhomrigh had the impertinence to style her lover, was her wedded husband. Poor Vanessa had engaged in an unequal contest, for Stella did not scruple to strike when she had her adversary down—indeed, magnanimity under the circumstances was hardly to be looked for. Stella had wrongs enough of her own to sour an angel's temper; and it was too bad for the Dean to treat her as he did, for a reason which she did not altogether comprehend, and to add insult to injury by carrying on a flirtation in so cool and public a manner; and therefore she went to him with Vanessa's letter, and it is highly probable let him know that she had "a tongue of her own." Swift was furious;

he was subject to fits of uncontrollable passion; and now he broke out with a vengeance, he blamed himself—he blamed Hester Johnson, but most of all he blamed Miss Vanhomrigh; and mounting his horse, he rode off madly to Marley, rushed into the house, flung down before the astonished woman the letter she had written to Stella, and with a bitter reproach, and a threat that he would never see her more, left the room and rode back again to Dublin. Vanessa planted no laurel on that occasion—she wandered amongst the laurels planted in happier times for a few weary days, and then she died of a broken heart, having first, however, altered her will, and instead of leaving her fortune to Swift, as she intended—leaving it all in charity. Such was this sad episode in the troubled life of this strange man. On reading the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," which is a record Swift has left of his intimacy with Miss Vanhomrigh, he tells us how he was overwhelmed with "shame, surprise, and guilt," when he first discovered that she loved him. To shame, surprise, and guilt, surely remorse must have been added, when he found that his cruel harshness broke Vanessa's heart.

We must pass from this painful subject to contemplate the Dean of St. Patrick's in another and nobler character, as the patriotic vindicator of the rights of his oppressed country, and the fearless and uncompromising denouncer of injustice in high places. The case of poor Ireland seems to have been what we may term a case of chronic crisis. She has always been passing through a crisis, and never seems rightly to have got through; and at the period immediately subsequent to the Revolution, the crisis appeared to be critical in the extreme; the long wars—the unsettled state of society—the ill-repressed spirit of party hate contributed to check the progress of industry; and the position of the country, thoroughly subdued and at the mercy of England, was a standing temptation to the latter nation to legislate for Ireland as for a conquered province. The object which the British Parliament had in view was, to make the commerce of Ireland entirely dependent on that of England; and an attempt was made to carry out this object by enactments passed in the

10th, 11th, and 12th of William III., which prohibited the export of woollen manufactures from Ireland to any other countries save England and Wales. Against this Molyneux protested in the year 1698 in his "Case of Ireland Stated;" and in a discussion in the House of Commons, which arose out of this pamphlet, it was asserted that it was the merest presumption on the part of the Irish to aspire to a woollen manufacture, and that they ought to be well content with the linen manufacture, which they already possessed. This one-sided legislation went on from year to year, and Swift, who, though he ever longed for England, still had a strong attachment to the country of his birth, and a keen sense of injustice, felt his spirit stirred within him at the treatment which the people and manufactures of Ireland were receiving. In the year 1720, he published "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures by the Irish People," a proposal not in accordance with the principles of political economy, but made in a patriotic spirit, and urged with point and earnestness. The authorities took offence; but the Dean, though suspected, was too powerful to be attacked in the first instance. The unfortunate printer, however—one Waters—was prosecuted in the Court of Queen's Bench for libel, and every effort was strained to obtain a conviction. Nine times did the jury return to their box with a verdict of acquittal, and nine times did the Chief Justice send them back to reconsider their decision. At length, wearied out, they consented to leave the verdict in the Judge's hand. This, of course, was really a triumph for the Dean and his party; and the triumph was still further enhanced when, on the arrival of the Duke of Grafton as Lord Lieutenant, which took place soon after, a "nolle prosequi" was entered on the part of the Government. This, however, was only a prelude to the great encounter. The most insignificant things often give rise to the most serious result; and, on this occasion, the origin of the "Drapier's Letters," which set the whole country in a ferment, and which of themselves would have sufficed to make Swift's name immortal, is to be traced to the attempted issue of some indifferent

halfpennies by an obscure projector, who will stand in the pillory for his pains as long as the English language exists.

It appears that one William Wood obtained leave from the English Government, chiefly through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, to coin £108,000 worth of copper for circulation in Ireland. This permission was given without any reference to the Lord Lieutenant, to the Irish Council, or to the Irish Parliament, and a great sensation was created because this was only of a piece with the treatment which the country had been receiving for some years previously—indeed, so depressed was Ireland at this time, and so disspirited were the people, that Wood was not afraid to boast in the most insulting manner that he would force his coinage on the country, whether it would or no. He little thought that there was a lion in his path, whose very roars would make him tremble in his shoes. All Dublin was moved by the publication of a letter, signed "M. B. Drapier," which was quickly followed by another, in which the unhappy speculator was unmercifully handled. An extract from the second letter may serve as a specimen of the style and severity of both:—"Observe this impudent little hardware man turning into ridicule the direful apprehensions of an entire kingdom; priding himself as the cause of them, and daring to prescribe (what no King of England ever attempted) how far a whole nation shall be obliged to take his brass coin; and he has reason to insult, for sure there never was an example in history of a great kingdom kept in awe for a whole year, in daily dread of utter destruction, not by a powerful invader at the head of 20,000 men, not by a tyrannical prince (for we never had one more gracious); not by a corrupt administration, but by one single diminutive insignificant mechanic. It is no loss of honour to submit to the lion, but who with the figure of a man can submit to be devoured alive by a rat! He has laid a tax on the people of Ireland of 17s. in the pound. If the famous Mr. Hampden chose to go to prison rather than pay a few shillings to Charles I., I will be hanged rather than have all my substance taxed at 17s. in the pound, at

the arbitrary will and pleasure of the Ven. Mr. Wood."* All Dublin, all Ireland, nay, the Court at London were amazed. It was clear that the attack was not so much on Mr. Wood as on the policy of the Government: for though the letters deprecated the value of the halfpence, they were not such bad halfpence after all. Still the Court did not like to retrace its steps, and with a view to conciliate parties the amiable and accomplished Lord Carteret was sent over as Lord Lieutenant, with orders to carry out the policy entered upon as quietly as he possibly could. But the Drapier had something more to say; and in the fourth letter he dropped the wretched Wood for a moment, and fastened his sharp fangs in the august persons of the ministers and rulers of England. Three hundred pounds was at once offered for the real name of "M. B. Drapier." Everyone guessed who the writer was, but no one would inform. Harding, the printer, was arrested and thrown into prison, and the morning after the arrest, Swift burst into the presence chamber at the Castle and demanded by what authority so gross an outrage on the liberty of the subject was perpetrated? The polite and classical Cateret answered the excited Dean by a Latin quotation;† but nevertheless went on to direct a prosecution against Harding for libel. Swift then published a pamphlet entitled "Seasonable Advice:" and the Grand Jury ignored the bill that was sent up to them. The excitement was intense, and the feeling of triumph equally

* The following is a specimen of a few of his verses on Wood's Halfpence:—

"Ye people of Ireland—both country and city,
Come listen with patience and hear out my ditty,
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty,
Which nobody can deny.
The halfpence are coming—the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing and baking and brewing,
In short you must all go to wreck and to ruin,
Which nobody can deny.
Both high men and low men, and large men and small men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man and that man, and all men,
Which nobody can deny.

† "Res dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt moliri.'

so, when it was known that Wood surrendered his patent to Government, in consideration of receiving £3,000 a-year for twelve years. Swift became the most popular man in the country—everywhere he went he was followed by applauding crowds; and "M. B. Drapier" was woven into all the pocket-handkerchiefs: and when the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, uttered a threat of arresting the Dean, he was brought to a stand by the question, Whether he could spare 10,000 soldiers to send to Ireland for the purpose of carrying his threat out? From this time forth the names of Swift and patriot were held to be convertible terms; he was the pride of his country; and when many years after he was insulted by Mr. Ram, of Gorey, very much in the same way as he was insulted when he first came to Ireland by Lord Blayney, the couplet in the *Intelligencer*—

> "Hear not Britain how Ireland's glory
> Was butted in a slough by the great Ram of Gorey,"

expressed no more than the literal truth. For some years the Dean resided regularly at the Deanery-house, attended to the duties of his office, and kept a hospitable table. Stella was generally present, and though in the character of a guest, did the honours of the entertainment. He still maintained the character which he had acquired in the days of his political influence in London, and was a staunch and constant friend. Dr. Sheridan had proof of this when he obtained for him the post of Master of the Royal School in Armagh, a post which greatly to his after regret he refused to accept. He was very strict in the regulation of his household, and we find the following amongst other laws by which he bound the servants of his establishment:—"If either of the two men-servants be drunk, he shall pay an English crown out of his wages for said offence, by giving the Dean a receipt for so much wages received." And thus he went on preaching, scolding, writing, entertaining, doing everything in his own eccentric way, but ever upholding his patriotic principle: now pleading with the Government, and now with the Archbishop, for the distressed silk weavers, especially urging upon the latter the duty of

compelling his clergy to wear gowns and cassocks exclusively of Irish manufacture. In the early part of 1727, Dr. Swift again visited the land of his desire, and mingled once more with his literary associates in London. Estranged for a time by political differences from Addison, he was now reconciled to him, and many a pleasant evening did he spend with him, as well as with Pope and Gay, at Pope's delightful villa at Twickenham. What he longed for was a settled position in England—a bishopric, a deanery, or even a living would have been acceptable; but the companion and secretary of Oxford could look for little favour at the hands of Sir Robert Walpole. At the death of George I. his hopes were excited; there was some prospect of a Tory Ministry; but these hopes were dashed when, on the accession of George II., the Whigs, with Sir Robert at their head, were established in power. Disappointed, he began to turn his thoughts towards Ireland, whither his return was accelerated by the intelligence that Stella—his dear, but ill-used Stella—was dying. In an agony of mind he hurried to Dublin, and found that, though death was for the moment averted, the day was not very far distant when he must bid her farewell for evermore in this world. The long years of neglect, of isolation, of intercourse more trying than any neglect—the sense of a secret which set up a wall of separation between her and the man to whom she was married; a secret which was even a secret to her; all these preyed upon the heart of Hester Johnson, and brought her to an untimely grave. Swift was inconsolable—he watched, he wept, he wrestled in prayer beside her sick bed, but all in vain; the day of death came at last, and Stella went into a world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven. Various accounts are given of the closing scene; one account tells us that they parted in peace; another tells us that on the evening of her death Swift was alone with her for an hour and a half, and that the voice of the woman was heard by those who were in the house, heaping bitter reproaches on the man who had worn her heart—and worn it out—on the man who could take such love as hers, and yet refuse to love her in return. It is hard to say what passed

at this sad interview, but Stella would have been more than woman if she had forborne reproach, and Swift would have been less than man if he had not been overwhelmed by the agonies of remorse. He was now, to a great extent, alone in the world—his heart burdened with sad memories, and his temper soured by disappointment; it was his melancholy pleasure to write out a list of his dearest friends who were dead and gone, or from whom he was separated by the seas and the mountains. The list commenced with the name of Sir William Temple, his first best friend, whose memory was not the less dear to him because it was associated with the memory of Hester Johnson. His agitation of mind at this period brought on more frequent attacks of his old malady; he was afflicted with dreadful attacks of giddiness and loss of recollection. But ever as his brain recovered its balance, the old genius flashed forth, and his pen and his influence were at his country's service. It was now that he made his bitterly ironical proposal to relieve the distresses of Ireland, by converting the children of the poor into food for the rich —a proposal which so impressed a foreign author that he compared the state of this unhappy country to that of Jerusalem during its last great siege! Henceforth, his life was spasmodic. When roused by abuses, or the injuries of his friends, he hit out right and left, sparing no one, not even royalty itself. He gave a proof of this when he considered that his friend Gay was insulted; he put up a monument in St. Patrick's Cathedral to the Duke of Schomberg, with such an inscription on it that the King said that the Dean had written it for the express purpose of embroiling him with the King of Prussia. He published an ironical defence of the Government, who were accused, and not without some reason, of appointing Englishmen of doubtful characters to Irish bishoprics—"excellent men," he said, "appointed by the Government, but the truth was, that as they were passing over Hounslow Heath, on their way to Ireland, they were robbed and murdered, and the highwaymen, seizing on their robes and patents, came over and were consecrated bishops in their stead." He attacked the lawyer Bettesworth, branded him as a place-hunter, and, by the lawyer's own account, deprived him of £1,500

a year. Bettesworth, in a rage, threatened to assault the Dean, and prowled about the streets in search of him; but the "Liberty boys" rallied around their champion, and would not let a hair of his head be harmed. An attempt was made to defraud the clergy of the tithe of "agistment," and down came the "Legion club," Swift's last poem, on the heads of the defrauders. The gold coinage was lowered, and Swift's last public act was consequent thereon; he hung a black flag from the steeple of his cathedral, and caused the bells to ring a muffled peal; truly he died hard. From 1708 to 1736 he was engaged in public affairs; and from first to last, and even at the last, more than at first, he was a steady thick-and-thin friend, and a bold, bitter, uncompromising thick-and-thin foe. Let it be said for him that his friends were chiefly amongst the honest and good, and his foes not infrequently the foes of his country, and the foes of justice.

One of the flashes of his genius, not unworthy to be ranked amongst the most brilliant, was the epitaph upon himself, written about 1731-2, to which we may refer, before we come to the last sad scene—the eclipse of a mighty soul, in the night of madness and imbecility. He thus begins:

"The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die,
When I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends—
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus methinks I hear them speak—
See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he drops apace,
You plainly see it in his face;
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead!
Besides, his memory decays—
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind—
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er
He told you fifty times before.
His fire is out—his wits decayed—
His fancy sunk—his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there's no talking to some men."

He then goes on a while in this strain, and then comes to the day of death, and the death itself—

> " Behold the fatal day arrive,
> 'How is the Dean?' 'He's just alive;'
> Now the departing prayer is read—
> He hardly breathes; 'the Dean is dead,'
> Before the passing bell is rung
> The news thro' half the town is run.
> 'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
> What has he left, and who's his heir?'"

He then supposes his friend to make some observations on his character, which supply us with his own estimate of himself and his peculiarities—

> " Perhaps, I may allow the Dean
> Had too much satire in his vein,
> And seemed determined not to starve it,
> Because no age could more deserve it;
> Yet malice never was his aim—
> He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
> He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
> Whose owners, set not up for beauty;
> True genuine dulness moved his pity,
> Unless it offered to be witty!
> He gave the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad,
> To shew, by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted it so much!"

It was even so. With a sad foreboding of the approaching issue, he gave £10,000 to found an asylum for the insane, which is still known by the name of "Swift's." And now that issue approached rapidly, the Nemesis of Stella and Vanessa was at hand. He heard of the death of Gay, then Arbuthnot, and he said, "All are going away from me." His friend, Dr. Sheridan, moved to Cavan, and he wandered through the empty house on the day the furniture left it, weeping like a child.

> "Deaf, giddy, helpless, and alone,"

he sometimes broke out into mad fits, and turned the Deanery topsy-turvy, setting the servants down at the *table, serving* them himself, and breaking out into jokes

which moved to tears much more than laughter. And once, when standing before a noble elm which, struck by lightning, was withered in its topmost branches, though the lower ones were covered with leaves, he turned to a friend and said, "Yes, I shall be like that tree; *I shall die at the top.*" For some years he lingered on, half mad, half imbecile, with occasional efforts of thought and reason; but thought and reason seem to have expired with the following words written in the year 1740: "I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain; I am so stupid and confounded I cannot express the mortification I am under both of body and mind. All I can say is I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few—few and miserable they must be. If I do not blunder, this is Saturday." This sad letter was written to his friend Mrs. Whiteaway, who watched over his declining years, and warded off the harpies who came clustering around him to plunder him of his property. A few days later and Mrs. Whiteaway had nearly fallen a victim to his fury. He burst into a paroxysm of raging madness, and it took strong men and strong chains to hold him down and prevent him from working his own destruction and that of his dearest friends; then, after a time he lapsed into idiotcy—idiotcy scarcely relieved by a solitary gleam of reason. Once or twice in the course of his few remaining years he seemed to make an effort to think and speak, but the effort was spent in the sad and petulant exclamation, "I'm a fool," and then he sank back into his folly. This living death mercifully terminated in the year 1745, when the great Dean breathed his last, and followed his genius and his reason into eternity. Then it was that the affection and the grief of the warm-hearted people for whom he had toiled and striven broke out with clamorous demonstration. Men and women of all ranks filled St. Patrick's Close, and besieged the gates of the deanery; hard-handed mechanics wept like children and kissed the dead face, peaceful now and composed. Then it was that that head was stripped of its "silver honours," and that the multitude fought

for one lock of the gray hair, or one shred of the garments in which he died, that they might have some memorial for themselves and their children of him who stood when living between the oppressors and the oppressed. He was buried in the great aisle of his own cathedral, and was followed by rich and poor—by the highest and the lowest, to an honoured grave; happier, far happier in his death than in his life.

It is very difficult to comment on the character of this man; in truth Swift was a living paradox: coarse and refined; pious and profane—the author of the "Tale of a Tub," and of "Thoughts on the Advancement of Religion"—a Whig and yet a Tory—avaricious and yet liberal—faithful and warm in his friendships—and, if not unfaithful in his loves, simply so because he had no love to give, though he had the power and the art to enkindle it. And yet, when we look closer into his life and character, we must confess that there surely was much that was good in it, when we find that the best men and the best women of his age were ever attracted towards him, and ever felt for him a sentiment of friendship and esteem. One thing to be said of him is this: he never put on the mask of the hypocrite, but even made himself out to be worse than he really was.

With regard to the coarseness which pervades his writings, whilst we deeply regret it, we must remember the character of the literature of the age; and the fact that society as well as literature was deeply infected by the taint of the licentious manners of the reign of the second Charles. It took years and years subsequently to the death of Swift to work out that taint; and Sir Walter Scott tells us that an old lady, a friend of his, turned with disgust from the novels of Miss Aphra Behn, which she herself had read with delight, and which were all the rage when she was a girl. Still whilst we deplore the coarseness of Swift, and rejoice that it would not be tolerated now, we must remember that he was a master of refined wit. Nothing can be more apposite, nor at the same time more witty, than some of his classical *bon mots.* Thus, for example, he comforts a lady who had knocked [illegible]*wn a fiddle* by the sweep of her mantua:—

"Mantua-væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

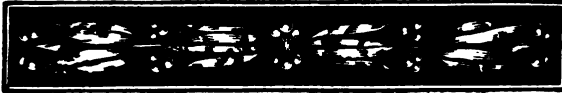
And thus an old gentleman who had lost his spectacles on a rainy night:—

"Nocte pluit tolâ—redeunt-*spectacula* mane!"

It may be thought indeed that he mistook his profession when he entered the Church; and yet, even here, the more closely we examine into his life, the more reason we shall find to modify if not to alter our opinion. Not only was he most punctual in his duties as a clergyman—first in his parochial capacity, and afterwards in his position as Dean of St. Patrick's—but he was strict in the observance of family worship, and fervent in his private devotions—and this, if we knew but all, is no small praise for a parson of the period of Queen Anne's reign, and the reigns of the first and second Georges. Swift was charitable—charitable without ostentation; nay, when we consider his besetting sin of avarice, nobly charitable. With the first £500 he could call his own, he instituted a loan fund for poor artizans; and even when sunk in the imbecility of his later years, when avarice was one of the phases of his madness, in a lucid interval he refused a large sum of money for the renewal of a lease, because he saw it would injure his successor if he took it. Amongst his private records are some eccentric jottings of his outlay in charity. Thus—"to twelve scoundrels at 6½d. per week, 6s. 6d.; to a blind parson and his wife, 10s.;" and once for all it may be said that from the time he came into the receipt of an income, he regularly set apart one-tenth portion of it for charitable purposes. With regard to the spirituality, which lies deeper than the outward discharge of duty or the exercise of benevolence, who can read that beautiful evening prayer composed during the illness of Stella without a strong hope that, with all his lightness and eccentricity of manner, this strange being had the root of the matter within him? What can go beyond this supplication for divine grace? "Oh! let Thy good Spirit, without which we can do nothing, work in us to will and to do such things as may be well-pleasing to Thee. Oh! let it change our hearts and minds, and take them off the vain pleasures of this world, and place them where

only true joys are to be found. Fill our minds every day more and more with the happiness of that blessed state, of living ever with Thee; that we may make it our great work and business to improve in the knowledge of Thee, whom to know is life eternal!" And what can be more Scriptural than the thanksgiving with which the prayer closes?—"And now, blessed Lord, it is right, meet, and our bounden duty, that we should offer up our praise to Thee for all Thy goodness, for preserving peace in our land, the light of Thy Gospel, and true religion in our Churches. But above all, for Thy great mercy, for contriving our redemption, by the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom Thou didst send into the world, to take upon Him our flesh; to bear the faults of our transgression; to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification. May the sense of Thy love effectually encourage us to walk in Thy fear and to live to Thy glory—Amen."

There, then, is the man for you—a man taller than his fellows in more senses than one—a man of dignified countenance; his eyes blue, his bushy eyebrows black, his features aquiline—a man that was never known to laugh, though his wit moved, and still moves, so many to laughter—a man, who, as one old gentleman of my acquaintance used to say, had a head shaped like that of a fool—which, if it were really so, only proves to us by how slight a line wisdom and folly are separated. A man more perfect you may find if you search through the records of history—a happier man, and a man more capable of making others happy you may readily find without the trouble of an extensive search; but a man more brave and uncompromising—a man less given to flatter and to fawn—a man more true to his friends—a man more just in his own wild eccentric way—a wittier man or a steadier patriot, you will not easily discover, than the great Dean of St. Patrick's—Dr. Jonathan Swift.



CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

A.D. 1734–1753.

THE eighteenth century has got the character of being a very dull prosaic, flat Dutch, and unspiritual period of time, and so to a certain extent it really was; it was a reaction from the political and religious activities of the preceding century; and though the great reaction from the enforced austerities of the Puritan period took place during the reign of license in the reign of the merry Monarch, that reaction continued on in a more quiet, but very persistent way, during the times of George I. and George II.

A strange scene this eighteenth century presents to us, with its wigs, and hair powder, and face powder, and patches, its straight alleys of stiff poplars, its square red brick houses, with long gaunt windows, its oblong churches with three deckers, and cherubims and pelicans carved in wood, and pepper-castor towers of impossible styles of architecture. And talking of the seventeenth century in relation to church architecture, we must not forget that in Ireland it cost us two cathedrals, the magnificence of one of which is still attested by its ruins; tradition only, or rather history, records the magnificence of the other.

In the middle of the last century, Dr. Price, Archbishop of Cashel, being, as tradition states, unable to drive in his carriage to the door of his cathedral, procured an Act of Parliament to enable him to erect a church in the town of Cashel. The fine old building on the Rock was deserted,

and the roof being taken off for the sake of the lead, it soon became a ruin; the Nemesis of this Vandalic act has come in our own day. When the Irish Church Bill became law, the Rock of Cashel, with ruins of the Cathedral, Cormac's Chapel, the Archbishop's palace, &c., being no longer used for the purposes of the Church of Ireland, passed into the hands of the Temporalities Commissioners, and an attempt, foiled for the present, but not unlikely to be repeated, has just been made to have them transferred to the Roman Catholics for what would be a triumphal restoration.

And about the same time that this deplorable and stupid sacrilege was perpetrated, another still more deplorable and stupid was perpetrated in the Diocese of Waterford. The cathedral there, with its arcaded transepts, was unique amongst the cathedrals of Ireland, and yet the chapter determined to have it supplanted by a handsome Grecian edifice. To do the Bishop of Waterford justice he resisted this Gothic or ungothic attempt, but the chapter was too many for him. This enlightened corporation actually employed a man to shower down some mortar from the roof of the old building on one occasion when the Bishop was leaving it. Convinced by such a proof that the church was tottering to its fall, the Bishop unwillingly gave his consent to its removal. We can hardly think the chapter had the grace to blush when it was found necessary to blow up the strong walls of the cathedral with gunpowder, but no doubt the members thereof rejoiced when they looked at the Grecian structure which occupied its site.

And yet this eighteenth century has its charm, though the charm does not lie in its churches or architectural taste. There was a certain grace in those wigs, and laced waistcoats, and flowing robes, and long vistas ending in artificial lakes surrounded with doubtful statuary; and whilst that Vandalic Archbishop and that dreadful chapter wasted and destroyed the beautiful houses of God in the land, poetry, and genius, and philosophy, and Christian virtue flourished. Pope had hardly ceased to write the best of poetry, and Addison the best of prose; Garrick and Quin and Margaret Woffington delighted thousands;

Handel practised on St. Michan's organ, or brought out his oratorios in the Fishamble Street Music Hall in Dublin; and in an age when philosophers in their anxiety to avoid going above common sense, went very much below it, Thomas Berkeley propounded his Idealism, and obtained credit from no partial observers for "every virtue under heaven."*

Any collection of the Lives of eminent Irish Churchmen would be unpardonably imperfect without a notice of the illustrious Berkeley. There are few men of whom our country has more reason to be proud, for, as has been observed, "To extraordinary merits as a writer and thinker, he united the most exquisite purity and generosity of character, and it is still a moot point whether he was greater in his head or in his heart."

He was born at Kilcrin, in the county Kilkenny, on the 12th March, 1684, and in due time entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was admitted to a fellowship in the year 1707. His participation in collegiate honours and emoluments acted as an incentive to literary and scientific pursuits. In 1709 he published his *New Theory of Vision*, which made an epoch in science, and the next year his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, which made an epoch in Metaphysics. Having thus made a name for himself, he came to London, where he was received with open arms. As Sir James Mackintosh remarks, "Adverse factions and hostile wits concurred only in loving, admiring, and contributing to advance him; the severe sense of Swift endured his visions; the modest Addison endeavoured to reconcile Clarke to his ambitious speculations; his character converted the satire of Pope into fervent praise; even the fastidious, discerning, and turbulent Atterbury said, after an interview with him, 'So much learning, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I saw this gentleman!'"

* "Nor was Berkeley the only bishop deserving of praise in this age of Vandals and Gallios. Dr. John Stearne, the son of a Dublin physician, who was Dean of St. Patrick's, and subsequently Bishop of Clogher, spent a fortune in building a See-house and rebuilding his cathedral, and by his will bequeathed large sums for hospitals, lectureships, and other useful purposes. The "Stearne charities" survive to this day, and the spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral was built by a *bequest of £1,000*, which he left for the purpose."

It is not our purpose to dwell on that philosophic system of Berkeley, which all the reading world knows by the name of Idealism. The consideration of philosophic systems is not, generally speaking, very profitable, unless indeed such consideration serves to show us that meddling with metaphysics for the most part means muddling. Suffice it to say that, whatever may have been the merits or demerits of Berkeley's Idealism, those coxcombs who "strove to vanquish it by a grin," or those ponderous wits, like Dr. Johnson, who thought to refute it by "kicking a stone," were both of them very wide of the mark. They thought that the system of Berkeley involved a total denial of an external world, whereas it is plain from his *Hylas and Philonous*, that what he did deny was only that unknown substance or substratum, which philosophers said underlay all the attributes we perceive. Berkeley never denied the existence of those things which are cognizable by the senses, such as colour, taste, figure, &c. What he did deny was the unknown underlying substance, which no sense ever yet perceived, which is only a mental inference, and which as such he proposed to seat in *the mind* of the person who perceives, and not in the thing perceived. Any one who is acquainted with the controversies of Nominalists, Realists, and Conceptualists, will confess that whatever this system may be worth, when thoroughly sifted, it is not to be dismissed with a laugh from a coxcomb, or a kick from the heavy foot of Dr. Johnson.

As a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Berkeley was in Holy Orders, and soon after coming to London, he became Chaplain and Secretary to the Earl of Peterborough, and accompanied him on his embassy to Sicily. In 1724 he was made Dean of Derry, a post not only of dignity, but of great emolument; and yet this philosopher, this chosen companion of the high-born of the land, this favourite of fortune, left his ease and dignities to go to what was then a wild and savage region of North America, to preach to the Red Indians, stipulating with the Government for £100 per annum towards the purposes of his mission!

On this romantic and generous expedition he was accompanied by his young wife; he brought with him,

purchased at his own expense, large quantities of books, clothing, &c., for the natives, but after seven years of incessant labour, finding that he was unsupported by the Government, and making but little progress in consequence, he was obliged to return to England, having spent the greater part of his fortune to all appearance in vain.

The English Government in those days seems to have thought that there was one panacea for disappointed hopes, and that was an Irish Bishopric. Generally speaking, the consolation was reserved for an Englishman, worthy or unworthy, as the case might be; but on this occasion the recipient was a worthy Irishman, for in the year 1734, not long after his return from America, Thomas Berkeley was made Bishop of Cloyne.

In those days, as indeed in our own days, the history of the bishop of a remote diocese is hardly the history of the church in which as one Chief Pastor he presides. Bishop Bedell took a part which brought him prominently forward as one who strove to evangelize the people through the medium of their own language; but in general it was reserved for the Primate or the Archbishop of Dublin to come to the front in all matters affecting the being or well-being of the Irish Church; and this applies to Bishop Berkeley, who was more conspicuous as a man of letters, as a philanthropist, as a Christian missionary, as a worker in his own neighbourhood, than as one who took a public part in affairs, and pushed Bills through Parliament for the general benefit of the Church.

There was one thing, however, which as a bishop he considered it his duty to insist on as far as he could, and that was the residence of his clergy. A non-resident clergy must necessarily be the ruin sooner or later of the Church to which they belong, and the Church of Ireland has in times past suffered sorely from this evil; and so when Bishop Berkeley found that circumstances rendered it expedient for him to leave his diocese for a time, he requested the King to accept his resignation; he would not himself set an example which would run counter to his exhortations to the clergy. George II. positively refused to accept the resignation, and so he left his diocese.

Amongst other arrangements the Bishop made this one, that during his absence £200 per annum should be paid to the poor of Cloyne. This was in the year 1752, and in a year afterwards at Oxford, whilst in the act of reading aloud, he was attacked with palsy of the heart, and died instantaneously without a struggle.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRIMATE ROBINSON.

A.D. 1753–1794.

SUBSEQUENTLY to the time of Primate Boulter, documents which throw light on the history of the Church of Ireland became scarce and meagre; indeed, the history itself is meagre, so far as we are able to see into it, which renders the scarcity of documents of less account. The Church was recovering slowly, very slowly, from the shocks of the seventeenth century, and those who should have aided her recovery, through ignorance or indifference, were doing their best to retard it; the Governments of the eighteenth century seem to have regarded the Irish Church as a refuge for English clergymen, who aspired to Episcopal honours, but were not, for various reasons, eligible for English Bishoprics. During forty years, out of forty bishops who were appointed, twenty-two were Englishmen; and as for the Archbishops, but one Irishman occupied the Primatial chair during the whole of the eighteenth century—Michael Boyle, who was previously Archbishop of Dublin. We do not mean to say that the mere fact of so many Englishmen occupying posts of honour in the Irish Church is of itself an account of the slow progress that was made, but the further fact, that many of those bishops set themselves to the work of personal aggrandisement, many to political pursuits, and few to the real work of their calling, justifies what, under other circumstances, would be a groundless and ungracious prejudice.

About the middle of the century a great scandal was created by Dr. Clayton,* Bishop of Killala. Educated at Westminster School, he came over to Trinity College, Dublin, where he took high honours, and was elected a Fellow. Having considerable property, he resigned his Fellowship in order to marry, and through the interest of his cousin, Mrs. Clayton, one of Queen Caroline's Ladies of the Bed-chamber, he was, when a young man, advanced to a bishopric. Some time after, he published a work entitled *An Essay on Spirit*, in which he controverted the doctrine of the Trinity, and, of course, attacked the Athanasian Creed. Not content with this, he brought forward a motion in the Irish House of Lords in the year 1756, for the excision from our formularies of the Nicene, as well as the Athanasian Creed, and made such a speech in support of his motion, as caused the not too sensitive ears of Primate Stone to "tingle." In short, he came out so strongly in the character of an eighteenth century Colenso, that proceedings were taken against him, from which he only escaped by a fever which ended in death.

There were other evils besides those resulting from bad appointments; the revenues of the livings were for the most part very small, and wretchedly paid. Dean Swift tells us that in his time, "there were not ten clergymen reputed to have £100 a-year, who ever recovered more than £60 of tithes from the farmers," and he adds that the "landlords in most parishes expect *as a compliment* that they shall pay little more than half the value of the tithes for the lands they hold in their own hands." These observations of Swift were endorsed by the then Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh. Then, again, the clergy were miserably off for residences, the glebe-houses were down, and in default of them the clergy had nothing better than mud hovels in which to hide their heads, and to their credit be it said, they *did* often occupy the mud cabins, and resided

* This Dr. Robert Clayton was once (whilst a Fellow of Trinity College) curate of the parish of St. Michan's, in the city of Dublin; and, as appears from the memorial book of that parish, stirred up the parishioners by a "lively and pathetic discourse," to subscribe for their once famous organ.

more generally and constantly in their wild parishes than did their brethren of the English Church, who had so many advantages in the way of civilization, quiet neighbours, and snug vicarages. The great evil, however, for the Irish Church lay in pluralities; in order to afford anything approaching a sufficient maintenance for the clergymen, three, four, or half-a-dozen parishes were grouped together, and a district formed utterly beyond the capacity of any man to work. From this resulted another evil, the ruin of churches; where pluralities abounded it was only too likely that, in a union of parishes, but one church would be kept up, and the others would go to decay; this fact is very clearly and painfully shown in a *History of Waterford*, published about 1756, where statistics of churches in repair, and churches in ruin, are given for six dioceses. From these statistics it appears that in the diocese of Waterford, there were nine churches in repair and twenty-two in ruins; in Lismore, fourteen in repair and forty-nine in ruins; in Cork, thirty in repair and forty-six in ruins; in Ross, eleven in repair and twenty-one in ruins; in Cloyne, forty-seven in repair and twenty-two in ruins; in Ardfert, fifteen in repair and fifty-four in ruins; making a sad total of 126 churches in repair and 214 in ruins, in six Irish dioceses. What wonder that Primate Boulter should have said, "Until we get more churches, and more resident clergy, we *must* lose the people; in fact, we *do* lose them. Many of the descendants of Cromwell's officers and soldiers have gone off to Popery."

Still there were redeeming points in the Irish Church of this period. John Wesley, the great founder of English Methodism, spent a good deal of time in Ireland, and his testimony is not altogether unfavourable to the Irish clergy. The visits of Wesley to Ireland are interesting for many reasons; they serve to show the attitude he bore to the Church, it certainly was not the attitude borne at the present time by those who call themselves by his name. In 1747, when he came to Dublin, we find him preaching in St. Mary's Parish Church, to "as gay and senseless a congregation as ever he saw," but still he had the warm thanks of the curate for his sermon. We find, also, that

he duly reports himself to the Archbishop of Dublin, and converses with him for three hours. Again, on Sunday he is careful, when he does not officiate, to attend service, both in the morning and afternoon, in the cathedrals, if possible, if not, in St. James' or some other parish church. He never preaches in the Marlborough-street Preaching House during church hours; he exhorts earnestly all his followers to attend their parish church. He seems to have had a fondness for cathedral service, and praises very much the devoutness of the congregation at Limerick Cathedral, but tells us that the afternoon congregation in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, behaved very badly during his attendance there, which, also, succeeding congregations have continued to do unto this very day! John Wesley evidently did not approve of people straying from their parish church. Being asked at Carrickfergus, "if he was ready to go to meeting?" he astonished his interrogator by saying, "I never go to meeting!" But the point that we wish chiefly to bring forward is this, that all through his progress in Ireland, in Cork and Bandon in the south, in Athlone in the centre, in Lurgan, Lisburn, and Belfast in the north, whilst he complains of much deadness, unspirituality, and mere formalism, he also testifies to life and Gospel truth, evidenced and borne witness to by clergymen of the Establishment and their people. At Athlone, he heard a "plain, useful sermon;" at Bandon, "a strong, close, practical sermon;" at Lisburn, "only one man gainsayed, and he was so roughly used that he was soon glad to hold his peace;" in Carrickfergus, he heard a "lively, useful sermon;" and here, as at Lisburn and other places, he enjoyed much converse with the clergy. And last, not least, in Lurgan, a number of gentlemen in a room adjoining that in which he preached, left off tuning their violins in order to attend to his discourse.

And amongst the bishops, who, as a body, did not contribute as they might, to the advancement of the Church, are to be found some who adorned their age by virtue, learning, and munificence. Bishop Stearne, of Clogher, re-edified his cathedral, and built a palace at Clogher, as he *had* previously done at Dromore, besides endowing

charities at Dublin and elsewhere. Bishop Pococke, of Ossory, contributed the treasures of his Oriental and antiquarian lore. Bishop Cumberland, of Kilmore, in the See once occupied by Bedell, emulated the devotion and mildness of his sainted predecessor. And, in the primatial city of Armagh, which, with more than the magic of the Roman emperor, he converted, not from brick, but from *mud*, to marble, ruled Richard Robinson—Baron Rokeby, *facile princeps* of all the prelates of the age.

Splendid munificence seems to have been the great characteristic of Primate Robinson. When Richard Cumberland describes his visits to the palace at Armagh, we seem to have before us a scene of the olden time when bishops were princes, and kept court as kings. Standing before the doors of the massive house just raised by the archbishop, and looking over the long sweep of pleasure-ground, well planted and tastefully laid out, the eye rested not on the groups of labourers—lazy, dirty, and ragged, yet equal in in numbers to a small army—but on the cathedral which bounded the view, and which had been restored from partial ruin, by the same liberal hand that created house and park, and supported the army of labourers. But soon the scene changes, a chariot, drawn by six horses, preceded by outriders, and attended by footmen in gorgeous liveries, conveys his Grace to his cathedral; the great west door is thrown open, the dean and chapter and singing men stand in line within, and the primate enters as the swelling organ peals forth, and the anthem rises in long and melodious strains. Rather too much for a bishop these six horses and gorgeous flunkies! and we feel a little doubtful about the matter, just as we do on the return from service to the palace, when we see the clergy assembled in the hall to make their bows, and hear the primate say to Mr. Cumberland, who asks, "How many of these are to dine with us?" "Not one!" We are, indeed, prepared to assent to Mr. Cumberland's remark that these clergy were "in excellent discipline." But we need to be informed that the primate "gave employment to the industrious, and food to the hungry, but spread no table for the voluptuous;" and we also need to take in the fact that the Armagh clergy of

that day must have been very well fed and cared for before we can reconcile the stateliness of the temporal lord, with the meekness and simplicity of the bishop of Christ's Church.

Richard Robinson, Baron Rokeby, was a prelate of the Irish Church for forty-three years, and for more than thirty of those years he was primate of all Ireland. Descended from the Robinsons of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, he came over as chaplain to the Duke of Dorset, and as at that time a chaplaincy to the Lord Lieutenant was the high road to a bishopric, Richard Robinson was made Bishop of Killala in 1752, from which he was translated to Ferns and Leighlin in 1759, to Kildare in 1761, and finally to Armagh in 1765. Thus his episcopate occupied one-third of the reign of George II., and more than one half of the long reign of George III. Possessed of a large private property, as well as a large episcopal income, he used both with unsparing liberality for the advancement of his cathedral city, and the general benefit of the Church. Armagh is full of enduring monuments of the munificence of Primate Robinson. The splendid restoration of the cathedral by the late Primate Beresford, has obliterated the work of his predecessor—a work extensive and needful at the time, but more in accordance with the ideas of the eighteenth century than with those of correct ecclesiastical architecture; but the cathedral library, with its well stored shelves and noble rooms, still remains. So does the observatory; so, also, are still remaining the palace, the infirmary, the lines of well-built houses, the well-paved streets, the accompaniments of a model city.

But the usefulness of this prelate extended beyond bricks and mortar, though bricks and mortar are not to be despised. He it was who procured the passing of the Act of the 11th and 12th of George III., for erecting parochial chapels of ease, and making them perpetual cures in parishes of large extent. This Act was very applicable to the parish of Armagh, in which there was but one church, the cathedral, at the time that Primate Robinson came to preside over the See. It gave the impulse to the effort

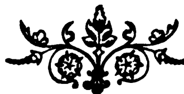
which then, and at subsequent periods, led to the erection of the churches of Grange, Lisnadill, Ballymoyer, Eglish, Kildarton, and Aghavilly, to say nothing of St. Mark's chapel of ease, which, within the bounds of the city itself, accommodates one of the largest congregations in the North of Ireland.

This princely bishop may not have been remarkable for theological attainments; his natural disposition, the ideas of the age, and the court paid to him, may have contributed to make him cold, haughty, and distant in his carriage; but, as Dr. Johnson said of him, "It is well, where a man possesses any strong positive excellence; few have all kinds of merit belonging to their character. No, sir, a fallible being will fail somewhere!"

John Wesley's stricture on the primate is hardly fair. In his journal for 1787, he says, "Visiting Armagh, we took a view of the primate's house and chapel, elegant in the highest degree, and of the demesne surrounding them, which is laid out and planted in the most beautiful manner, and what hath the owner thereof? Not so much as the beholding of it with his eyes! He is fully taken up in building a large seat near Dublin, at above eighty years of age!" This is hardly fair; the bishop's hobby was building, but this work alluded to was undertaken as much with a view to give employment as to gratify his peculiar taste, and the preamble of the prelate's will shows clearly that in the multitude of his building transactions, he was not forgetful of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Speaking of that will, there was one curious bequest in it of which no use was made; he left £5,000 for the purpose of helping to found an university in Ulster, provided such an university could be got up within five years after his death. The provision was too stringent; the university was not—hardly could have been—got up within the time, and so the bequest lapsed.

On the 10th of October, 1794, Richard Robinson, Baron Rokeby, Primate of all Ireland, died at Clifton, near Bristol, and all that we have of him now, save and except those enduring works of which so many are still reaping the benefit, is his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in all the

bewigged stateliness of the age in which he lived. There is also a monument to his memory in Armagh cathedral, and at the time of his death, a medal was struck, having on the reverse side of it an engraving of the west front of the Armagh Observatory, with the inscription placed by the primate on the front of that building at the time of its erection—"The heavens declare the glory of God."



CHAPTER XIV.

LORD BRISTOL, BISHOP OF DERRY.

A.D. 1768–1803.

THE latter part of the eighteenth century was not remarkable for any great spiritual progress in the Irish Church. Still we find very many respectable names amongst the bishops; the names of Bishop Percy, Archbishop Agar, Bishop O'Beirne, Bishop Mann, &c. &c., represent distinction in the walks of literature, and constant earnest work. The biography of any one of those we have mentioned would be interesting and profitable; nevertheless, as the history of the Church during the period we speak of is very much mixed up with politics, it may serve to present a more extended view, if we take up the name of one who, for his rank, position, eccentricity, and the part he took in public affairs, certainly deserves the title of an "Eminent Irish Churchman."

In the early part of the eighteenth century the Romanists were thoroughly disheartened and subdued. They made no effort to join in the rebellions in favour of the Stuart family in 1715 and 1745, and Swift could say, with something like truth, "We look upon the Catholics to be altogether as inconsiderable as the women and children."

As the years went on, however, it became evident that a formidable power was being developed in the country. Content with a bare subsistence, satisfied with mud hovels and potatoes, the Irish peasantry grew and multiplied, and in process of time began, in some instances, to acquire substance. A sense of growing power and importance led

the Romanists to seek for relief from their manifold disabilities, but the relief came at first rather from the pity of their Protestant neighbours than from their own efforts. Indeed, however some people may be inclined to question the policy which admitted the Romish party to an equality of political privilege with the other subjects of the King, few, if any, can question the wisdom and equity of the relaxation of restrictions which were imposed in the flush of angry victory on a bitter but prostrate foe. Acts of Parliament, which forbade Romanists to act as solicitors, or even as gamekeepers, which allowed any Protestant who discovered a valuable horse in their hands to seize it on payment of five pounds; which enabled a son, on becoming a Protestant, to oust his father from all power over house and property—such acts as these might indeed have for the most part slumbered on the Statute Book, through the pity and good feeling of Protestants, but to have left them there to be revived by any who might be cruel enough to revive them, would have been a slur on the legislation of a civilized community. The first step in the direction of relief was taken during the viceroyalty of Earl Harcourt, in the year 1774, when an Act of Parliament was passed, "enabling his Majesty's subjects, of whatever persuasion, to testify their allegiance to him." This oath could be taken by any Romanist who was willing to allow that the Pope had no *temporal* power in this kingdom, and was, no doubt, intended to act not only as a test, but also as a *proof* of the loyalty of those who were willing to take it. Another Act was passed during the viceroyalty of the Earl of Buckingham, in the year 1778, entitled, "An Act for the relief of his Majesty's subjects professing the Popish religion." By this Act Romanists were allowed to hold leases for 999 years, or for lives not exceeding five, and they were placed on a level with other people, as to the devising, transfer, inheritance, and holding of lands. The odious provision, by which a son, on conforming to the established religion, could reduce his father to the position of a mere tenant on what was his own property, was also abolished, and the "Papists," as they had hitherto been *called, were* designated Roman Catholics in the preamble

of this bill, which was regarded as a softening of old asperities. Another Act was passed in the year 1782, the Duke of Portland being Lord Lieutenant, whereby Romish priests were allowed to teach schools frequented by children of their own persuasion. Here concession stopped—social anomalies and hardships being redressed.

We must now turn for a while from the Romish to the Protestant part of the population. This influential body was for the most part far from being satisfied with the existing state of things. In the beginning of the century, Molyneux, Lucas, and Swift, protested against the restrictive laws by which England hampered the manufactures of Ireland, and in the latter part of the century the same complaint was echoed by such men as Flood and Grattan. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. caused a large number of French Protestants, who were also skilful artizans, to emigrate to Ireland. A considerable number settled in Dublin, where there were at one time three French congregations, one of them worshipping in the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Some settled at Lisburn, some at Waterford, many at Portarlington; and the names of Saurin, Crommelin, La Touche, Lestrange, Vignolles, Lefanu, Perrin, Dubourdieu, &c., testify to the present day to the character and success of these emigrants. To them we owe the weaving of damask; and to them that manufacture of poplin, which once made the Liberties of Dublin—now so dingy and dilapidated—prosperous and busy. Yet, notwithstanding all these apparent facilities, Ireland was poor and discontented. No doubt there were many causes for this; still, misgovernment was one, and as it was a tangible one, and gave opportunity for getting up a good cry, many began to say, "Oh! if we only had a real Parliament—not a sham one, that merely registers the decrees of the English House of Commons—all would be right." It appears that in 1782 "Home Rule" was regarded as a panacea for all the ills of Ireland; how far it was so, history tells us.

But in the year 1782 Home Rule came. England was at war with France, and there were fears in Ireland of a French invasion—hence there was a muster of volunteers.

Protestants and Roman Catholics stood side by side in the ranks, and cocked hats, and gay uniforms, and flint muskets, and short bayonets, were as plenty as blackberries in the autumn. It appeared, however, that this enthusiasm was not altogether evoked by the fear of a French invasion. The volunteers did a little business on their own account, and before the year was over the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament was acknowledged by the English Government. Even this, however, was not enough for the volunteers; there were amongst them many, especially amongst the Presbyterians in the North, who were more or less influenced by the Republican principles which were then gaining a triumph in America, for it was just about this time that Washington had succeeded in carrying the War of Independence to a successful issue; hence the cry of the volunteers was now, "Reform of our native Parliament."

On the 8th September, 1783, a meeting of delegates, returned from 248 volunteer corps in Ulster, was held in the church of Dungannon. These delegates represented upwards of 18,000 individuals, and they drew up thirteen resolutions, setting forth their grievances, and concluding with one to the effect that a "committee of five persons from each county be chosen by ballot to represent this province in a grand national convention, to be held in Dublin on the 10th day of November next, to which we trust each of the other provinces will send delegates." One of the delegates chosen in accordance with this resolution was Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, whose name appears at the head of this paper.

The Hon. Frederick Augustus Hervey, Master of the Magdalen College in Cambridge, was, in the year 1767, brought over to Ireland and made Bishop of Cloyne. He remained but a short time there, for in those days family interest could do a great deal. A year had not elapsed from the day of his appointment, when, as he was amusing himself in his palace garden with the rather unepiscopal exercise of jumping with some young men, a letter was put into his hand; on reading it, he told the young men he would jump no more, for that in point of fact he had

jumped farther than any of them, having jumped from Cloyne to Derry! In truth, he was now bishop of the rich northern See, and soon afterwards, by the death of his elder brother, he came in for the title and estates of the earldom of Bristol. He was undoubtedly a man of brilliant parts, though of little depth. Fond of show and popularity, he dealt his money on all sides with a lavish hand, and to this day towers and spires, some of them without churches attached, witness to the extent of his purse and the character of his tastes; whilst a handsome palace, built in a remote and secluded part of his diocese, proves conclusively that one character of his tastes was, undoubtedly, eccentricity. He was, strange to say, a great patron of the Methodists. This man, who delighted in purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare, could sit down with John Wesley at the unearthly hour of two o'clock, and regale himself on boiled beef and an English pudding! And what is more, John Wesley tells us that the Bishop had a soul above boiled beef and pudding, and even more sumptuous fare, for, "on June 4th, 1775, being Whit Sunday, the Bishop preached a judicious, useful sermon on the blasphemy of the Holy Ghost;" and, he adds, "he is both a good writer and a good speaker, and he celebrated the Lord's Supper with admirable solemnity."

But the Bishop never had such a field for the display of his generosity, grandeur, and eccentricity, and for the acquirement of popularity, as on the occasion of his visit to Dublin to attend the convention of volunteer delegates in the Rotundo, a very graphic description of which is given by Sir Jonah Barrington in his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.* Dublin in those days was a gay, bright city, very different from what it is now; true we have got the metropolitan police, and gas by night, and some sort of order in the streets, whilst in those times of oil lamps and poor old hobbling watchmen, there was a daily rumour of some unfortunate soldier being "houghed" by the butchers of Ormond-quay or Clare Market, and of rewards offered by irate colonels for the heads of the aforesaid butchers; true Dame-street and College-green are now full of stately banks and offices of hewn stone, though the parliament is no

longer there, whilst in those days there were mud holes in Suffolk-street deep enough to smother a man; but the brightness, the gaiety, the last rays of a feudal splendour which shone out gloriously ere they sunk for ever—these are gone! The brilliant throng of lords and ladies which graced the dress circle of Crow-street theatre, or the galleries and halls of the Castle—this, too, is gone; gone, too, is that august assembly—sometimes a little too noisy, but always august—that occupied that noble room in the Parliament House, now cut up into compartments, within which fusty clerks sit, counting out their money, and taking pleasure in keeping you waiting. What a scene there must have been in the precincts of the Parliament House on the day that Lord Bristol was the chief figure in the long procession that wended its way from College-green to the Rotundo; there he sat in an open landau, drawn by six milk-white horses tricked out with purple ribbons, himself clad in purple velvet and gold, with volunteer cavalry in front of him, volunteer cavalry on right and left of him, and volunteer cavalry in rear of him! There, too, he sat right before the great door of the House of Lords, and when the lords spiritual and temporal rushed to their door, not knowing what all this prancing of horses and blowing of trumpets might mean, they saw one of their own body bowing to them, as a prince might bow, and then passing on. Ride on, right reverend prelate, fair faces smile on you from crowded balconies on each side of the spacious street; the Rotundo is before you; there you shall repeat your magnificent kinglike bows, and hear the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembled thousands. What, though that volunteer organization, by reason of inherent elements of disunion, shall collapse before another year is out, this is your day of triumph, and never, never shall the streets of Dublin witness such a triumph again!

The rest of the story of the Bishop of Derry is soon told. He received an address from the Presbytery of Derry praising his patriotism, which he answered in glowing terms, and then he gave a striking illustration of his patriotism by going to live in Italy, where he dressed after the fashion of Roman dignitaries, was petted by Roman

cardinals, and finally died at Albano, near Rome, in the year 1803; but meantime his Church and country were going through a great trial.

With regard to the internal history of the Church, two things only demand our notice at this period: the effects of the infidelity let loose in France at the time of the French revolution were felt in Ireland, those misguided men who directed the councils of the United Irishmen were in constant communication with France, and the speeches, conversation, and pamphlets of the day were tinged with what was Deistic in form and Atheistic in tendency. To counteract this, an "Association for discountenancing vice, and promoting the knowledge of the Christian religion" was formed in the year 1792, and has continued to carry on its good work ever since. About the same time the institution of rural deans was revived by Dr. O'Beirne, who was at first Bishop of Ossory, and afterwards of Meath, an example which was in the year 1795 followed by Primate Newcome, who succeeded Primate Robinson in the See of Armagh.

Troubles from without were, however, gathering around the Church at this period, which at times threatened to utterly overwhelm her. We have seen already that the Romish party was becoming a power in the land, and that it had obtained concessions which appeared to be only just and fair. Unhappily that party has ever seemed to regard one concession as only good for the purpose of obtaining a further one, and it has, moreover, ever persisted in visiting its wrongs upon the unoffending Church. In the year 1762, the encroachment of the landlords on the commons, which had been granted to poor cottiers, gave rise to the "Whiteboys." In the following year arose the "Oakboys," and in the year 1769 the "Steelboys," whose wrath was aroused by the determination of an absentee nobleman to extort fines from unwilling tenants when their leases were out; but these organizations at first formed against the oppression of landlords, were, in the end, turned against the Church, and payment of tythes. In 1787 the Roman Catholics of a number of parishes in Kerry, assembled in a chapel, and took an oath to obey "Captain Right," the name given to the leader of the "Rightboys," and to starve

the clergy! In other places they opposed, by force, the collections of church rates for the maintenance of worship, and in the parish of Donoghmore, in the diocese of Cloyne, they actually nailed up the church door, and forbade the curate to enter on peril of his life. In the diocese of Cork they threatened to burn the new church at Glanmire, unless the old one were given to them for a mass-house. To such an extent did these outrages grow, that the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant, brought the matter before the Irish Parliament through Fitzgibbon, the attorney-general, with a view to obtain an Act to restrain and punish the authors of them; at the same time, that he might apply healing as well as coercive measures, he stirred up Mr. Secretary Orde to introduce an education bill. Well might Mr. Secretary Orde say when introducing his bill, "for lack of learning the land perisheth," and we may add, well would it have been for the country if his comprehensive measure had been carried. He proposed to establish five classes of schools to be supported by the State:—1. Primary or parish schools for the education of the poor. 2. Four great schools similar to the Blue Coat Hospital in Dublin, or Christ's Hospital in London. 3. The diocesan schools to be put on a better footing, and made really good classical schools. 4. The establishment of two great academies immediately preparatory to the university. 5. He proposed to establish another university:* but, alas! this scheme proved abortive; before it could be carried through the house, the Duke of Rutland died on 24th October, 1787, and his successor did not care to take it up.

Indeed the viceroys of Ireland had their hands pretty full for the next ten years. The French Revolution and the wrongs of their country set a number of enthusiastic Irishmen, whose heads were hotter than their hearts, all astray! The names of Napper Tandy, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Hamilton Rowan, John and Henry Sheares, Emmett, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, belong rather to secular

* It was possibly with a view to the provision as to an university in Attorney-General Fitzgibbon's bill being carried out, that Primate Robinson left the contingent bequest of £5,000, noticed in the *last chaper.*

history than to the history of the Church. Suffice itt o say that these men, leaders of the United Irishmen, organized a conspiracy which would have been truly formidable, engaged as England then was in foreign wars, if the conspirators had not been too garrulous, and if there had not been traitors in their camp; the government knew all that was going on, and when the plot was ripe, they sent their officers, Majors Swan and Sirr, to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was hiding in the house of one Murphy in Thomas-street; Lord Edward killed one of his assailants, but was wounded and captured by Major Sirr, and soon after died in prison. The principal leaders were secured, so that when the rebellion broke out in 1798, it was partial, and gained head only in the county of Wexford. Here there were cruelties and atrocities committed on both sides, but the nature of the atrocities committed by the rebels were such as to disenchant those too confiding Protestants who had joined with them, some of whom discovered that the hatred of the Popish rebel for heresy was much stronger than his love for patriotism.

The rebellion of '98 led the way to an act of great importance. It seemed to the statesmen of the day, and in particular to Lord Castlereagh, who set his heart upon it, that nothing could save Ireland and her Church but union with England. The nation one with England, she would not be so likely to seek foreign alliances as in the late rebellion; the Church one with that of England, would no longer be a small body outnumbered by the Irish Roman Catholics, but an integral part of the great Anglican community which numbered adherents by millions. It certainly did seem as if concession was not making Irish Romanists better affected to the Church, the very liberal measure by which the College of Maynooth was founded for the education of the Romish priesthood in 1795; the series of liberal measures propounded by Lord Fitzwilliam in the same year only preceded the outbreak of 1798 by three years. It would seem then that something had to be done, but it was a hard thing that was proposed to be done, and it was a difficult thing to do it, but it was done, and it cannot be undone. In the session of 1799, the bill for the union

was brought in and rejected, those who determined to pass it made a good use of the recess; never were bribery and corruption carried on upon so large a scale; never were so many voters bought and sold; never did votes fetch so high a price; but it was to be done, and so in January, 1800, the Irish Parliament met in session for the last time; that magnificent lustre which still survives was lighted up for the last time; Grattan made his last indignant speeches, but eloquence, alas! was not so powerful as gold, or peerage, or place; the division was taken, the bill was passed, the doors of the parliament house were shut, and on those doors men of Ireland, but above all, men of Dublln, albeit no Home Rulers, may write "Ichabod," for the glory of the city is departed!

Amongst the articles of the Union there was one with which we *had*—not have—a special concern, by this article the Protestant Churches of England and Ireland were made ONE, and were henceforth to be known as the "United Church of England and Ireland," but, thereby hangs a tale!

CHAPTER XV.

POWER LE POER TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

A.D. 1770-1839.

POWER LE POER TRENCH was the second son of William Power Keating Trench, who was raised to the Peerage, by the title of Baron Kilconnell, in the year 1797, and was afterwards—subsequently to the Union—created Viscount Dunlo, and Earl of Clancarty. Born in Sackville Street, Dublin, in the year 1770, the future Archbishop was not only an Irish Churchman, but an Irishman, and one who shed the lustre of a beautiful life on his own country, as well as on the order to which he belonged. Rarely does it fall to the lot of a biographer to trace so fair a character as that of the last Archbishop of Tuam.

His early life does not claim much of our attention. Transferred from the School at Harrow to a Provincial Academy at Castlebar, he does not seem to have made much progress in classical or scientific studies; and when he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1787, he acquired no academic distinctions. These defects of education were matter of regret to him in after years, and had, as we shall have occasion to see, much to do with certain lines of action adopted by him in his subsequent career.

Nor shall we say much of his clerical life previous to the time he was consecrated to the Episcopal office; it is enough to know that he was ordained Deacon in 1791, and Priest in 1792; that he was Rector of Ballinasloe, which is near Garbally, the family estate; and that he

afterwards held, along with this parish, the living of Rawdenstown, in the county of Meath; but it may also be said that at this period of his life he exhibited the same abundant philanthropy, the same liberality to the poor, the same active sympathy with sorrow and suffering, which ever distinguished him. Christian charity has always had a fine field in Irish parishes in the south and west, and the first fifty years of the present century may fairly be said to have presented their average of opportunities. Bad harvests were succeeded by poverty and typhus fever, and the Rev. Power Trench was ever found by the bedside of the fevered patient, sparing neither his purse nor his bodily strength. When comparatively a poor man, as Vicar of Ballinasloe, in one winter he spent some six hundred pounds, in aiding to procure provisions for his starving parishioners.

In 1795 he married Anne, daughter of Walter Taylor, of Castle Taylor, in the county of Galway; and during the Viceroyalty of the Earl of Hardwicke, in the year 1802, he was appointed to the Bishopric of Waterford; and curiously enough, the consecration took place in the Cathedral of Tuam, to which Archbishopric he was subsequently translated.

The years of this Prelate's Episcopate were many. From the year 1802 to the year 1839 he ruled as Bishop or Archbishop; and we may well say that these were years of interest to the Irish Church in regard of her internal as well as external history. Great changes were coming over her, or were in store for her; the influence of that evangelical movement, which produced so marked an effect on the Church of England, at the close of the last century, and with which the name of Charles Simeon is so closely linked, extended to Ireland in the beginning of the present century. Slow in its progress at first, it took a strong hold of the minds of the Irish clergy, and soon spread rapidly, gradually developing into a definitely Calvinistic form; at the same time a spirit of zeal in combating Romish error, and an ardent desire for controversy with Romish priests began to be manifested; the pulpits gave *forth a sound*, not more eloquent, but certainly more evan-

gelical, than they did in the days of Walter Blake Kirwan, and the platforms presented the novel spectacle of Protestant parsons, pitted against Popish priests, with listening and excited crowds of warm and demonstrative sympathizers, such as are only to be found in Ireland.

And that power so long in the background, but which began to manifest itself in the latter part of the eighteenth century, continued to grow, and to gather intensity and virulence. The Act of Union may in one way have given prestige to the Irish Church, by apparently incorporating it with the Church of England, but it really tended to diminish the strength of the Protestants in many parts of the country. The removal of the Irish Parliament was the cause of the removal to England of many persons who were bound to Ireland by official or social ties, and very many of the Protestant Yeomanry, for various reasons, left the country and emigrated to Canada or the United States. Thus whilst the Romish party grew and multiplied in numbers and influence, the Protestants in most parts of Ireland became weakened and disheartened; the tide had turned, and with scarcely any perceptible ebb, flowed steadily in the one way.

Hence from 1802 to 1839, we have amongst the records of Irish Church History, or History affecting the Irish Church, the agitations of the "Catholic Association," for Emancipation, the Tithe War, the Emancipation itself, the Church Temporalties Act, the Education Act, and the foundation of a determined and ultimately successful agitation for the overthrow of the Irish Establishment; and we have also the records of the foundation of religious societies, such as the Hibernian Bible Society, the Old Irish Society, the Church Education Society. During this period the clergy seem to be earnest and active in stirring up their parishioners, and in urging one another to new advances in spiritual knowledge, by means of clerical meetings for the study of Holy Scripture.

We, who are not as yet very old, know something of those days. We lived during a small portion of them, and when we began to think and reason about things, the breath of them was still upon us. For us O'Connell

and Sheil were not persons of the past. To our own ears tidings of the discussion between Father Tom Maguire and the Rev. Tresham, or, as they called him *Thrashum* Gregg, were borne on the rich tones of the Dublin catchpennies; whilst the Corn Exchange, Conciliation Hall, and the cry for "Repale," almost reproduced the scenes enacted by the "Catholic Association" some years previously in Fishamble Street Theatre. They were not altogether lovely those days; their memory is not golden; the ugly churches built in them are types of them, and yet the inevitable poetry of the past *does* throw a certain light around them. There are still, even from Weyman's *Melodia Sacra*, some strains that speak to our hearts of quiet evening services, where we somehow felt that our Church was a persecuted Church; and there are words from two hours' sermons, yes, from two hours and three-quarters of an hour sermons, that made a mark on our conscience, and which, though we may have somewhat modified their meaning, have continued to be words of blessing to us to this very day.

As Bishop of Waterford, Dr. Trench manifested much activity and capacity for business. His inquiries at visitations were strict and searching, and many trust funds in the diocese were placed by him in a very different position as to management and prosperity from that in which they had been in before. Bishop Gore's fund for the repair of the churches; an establishment called the "Widows' Apartment," founded by the same bishop; Bishop Foy's free-school, and the "House of Industry," all shared the benefit of his superintendence and reform, whilst his conduct in abating the nuisance which existed in the burial ground of Trinity parish, near the west end of the Cathedral, showed no small amount of courage. It is easy to cry out against the evil of an over-crowded, ill-fenced, ill-kept graveyard, but it is not every one who would dare to attempt the redress of so crying an abuse. It was a rare thing in the year 1803 to see new churches and new glebe-houses erected, and yet in the parishes of Drumcannon, Kilmeaden, Kilrossinty, &c., the Bishop left such memorials behind him. His own episcopal residence was

repaired and completed during the time he was in the See of Waterford.

In the year 1810 he was translated to the Bishopric of Elphin, where he exhibited the same care of details, and the same active exercise of his office. His first task was the formation of a Clergy Widows' Fund; his next a *real* visitation of his diocese. Setting aside the ordinary mode of visitation, which was rather a visitation of the bishop by the clergy than of the clergy by the bishop, he made it a point personally to inspect every Church and parish in his diocese. During this tour he visited all the prisons, hospitals, and charitable institutions that came in his way, contributing most generously to the relief of whatever want came under his notice. Soon after he entered on the duties of the Diocese of Elphin, he took a step which was a sign of his own principles, and of the times in which he he lived. He held a meeting in his Cathedral for the purpose of establishing a diocesan branch of the Hibernian Bible Society, and became one of its Vice-Patrons; nor did he care solely for the spiritual interests of his people; the poverty of Elphin was proverbial, and with this poverty he at once set to grapple—labourers, spinners, and weavers were all employed—and those who could not work were not allowed to want; for the sick he established a dispensary at his own expense, and placed in it a well-qualified medical man, whose salary he paid; and as an instance of the benevolence of his character, it may be added, when, after some time, that medical man was stricken down by fever in the discharge of his duties, the Bishop never lost sight of his widow and family.

We have already noticed the fact that the early literary training of the Bishop had been, from one cause or another, rather defective. No one appeared to be more conscious of this than himself; he not only never pretended to anything in the way of theological attainments, but exhibited a humility in his estimate of himself in this particular, which, though sincere, we cannot but regard as overstrained. Distrustful of himself, unaccustomed to sift religious questions very deeply, satisfied with the system of theology that was then regarded as orthodox and safe, the

Bishop was very likely to fall in with the definite views, definitely enunciated, of a strong mind, which was thoroughly satisfied with its own reasons, and even so it came to pass. The Rev. William Digby, who had been made Archdeacon of the diocese a little previously to the arrival of Dr. Trench, took umbrage at a visitation sermon, preached by the bishop, in the year 1816, in which he considered that his own strongly evangelical views were attacked. Archdeacon Digby wrote his diocesan a letter which no doubt he considered a faithful one, and which at any rate was very plain spoken. The Bishop's reply breathed a humble and candid spirit, but his own arguments did not appear to carry conviction to himself, for after a few months he surrendered to Archbishop Digby, and became for the rest of his life a patron of those who held similar views, though he never could heartily go in for those high doctrines of election which were dear to many of those who surrounded him. There was doubtless a providence in this; his controversy with his Archdeacon led to his union with a party in the Church, who in those days were alone remarkable for much life, earnestness, and spirituality, his gentle mind and large heart, toned down the harshness which must ever attend the definite statement of Calvinistic doctrine; and the remnant of his old theology, poorly as it had proved itself in the conflict, enabled him to check in himself and others a tendency, which in the case of the Rev. C. Hargrove, a clergyman of his diocese, developed into open dissent of what may be called the "Darbyite" type.

It was about this period that the idea of clerical meetings began to engage much attention. Several of the Elphin clergy met and drew up rules to regulate their procedure at such meetings. At the foot of the resolutions, amongst other names, we find that of the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, afterwards celebrated as a controversialist, and loved and admired as the minister of Harold's Cross Church, Dublin. The Bishop hesitated at first about joining the clerical society; but on closer acquaintance with its mode of operation, he was a constant attendant at the meetings, and insisted on their being held at his own house, where he extended an ample hospitality to all who came.

In the year 1819 a further honour awaited the Bishop of Elphin. The most Rev. William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, died, and the Prince Regent, by letter, dated from Carlton House, appointed Dr. Trench his successor. He left Elphin, deeply regretted by the people of the diocese at large, but especially by the clergy, who addressed him as a body in the most warm and affectionate terms.

His life in Tuam was of a piece with his life in Elphin and Waterford. There was the same care for the working of his diocese, and the same sympathy with and unsparing liberality towards the sick and suffering poor. Scarcely a day passed when the Archbishop might not have been found by the fever beds of wretched patients, who lived in mud hovels so low, that it was only possible to enter them on all-fours! In the severe year of 1822 he laid in forty tons of meal, which must have cost him £21 a ton, besides giving £700 to the general charity funds of the town of Tuam.

The restoration of his Cathedral also engaged his attention, and through his instrumentality a Parochial School was built in the town; and in his own Palace a Sunday School, altogether a new institution, was regularly held. The memorial applying for books for this school, in the Archbishop's own handwriting, is still preserved amongst the records of the Sunday School Society.

The unsparing benevolence of the Archbishop extorted the admiration of Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and his exertions during the famine year of 1822 actually led a Roman Catholic priest named Gill to dedicate a very florid but very laudatory sermon to the Protestant prelate. When, however, that prelate, under a sense of duty, recommended controversy with the Romanists to his clergy in his charge of 1826, he roused the ire of Dr. John MacHale, then known as Bishop of Maronia, but subsequently as "John of Tuam." The dead fly of controversy marred the savour of the unction of charity, and henceforth there were not wanting persons who were ready enough to question the motives of the Archbishop. The agitation for emancipation was growing in intensity. The

Romish priests were daily becoming more daring, and at a meeting called in Westport in the year 1827, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, a number of Roman Catholic priests, marshalled under Dr. MacHale, attended to interrupt the proceedings. This was, however, by no means so serious an interruption as was attempted two years previously by the Rev. Peter Daly, Roman Catholic Warden of Galway, in Loughrea. At a meeting held in behalf of the Hibernian Bible Society there, we meet with many familiar names, such as Rev. W. B. Mathias, Rev. Denis Browne, Rev. Dr. Urwick; and here we can see that Archbishop Trench had not only a warm heart, but a strong will when the occasion demanded it. He withstood the threatening murmurs of the crowd of priests and their turbulent sympathizers. Refusing to leave the Chair, he proceeded to put the resolutions, and sat undaunted when it was even thought expedient to call out the military for the protection of the more peaceable portion of the assembly. Such scenes repeated a little later in Carrick-on-Shannon, and in Galway, when the great agitator, Daniel O'Connell, intruded for the purpose of disturbing the proceedings, augured but ill for the success of the Act of 1829. Those who opposed that Act might well have said, "If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If in the day of political disability the Romanists interrupt Protestant meetings for Protestant purposes, what will they do when they have the full power in their hands?

Long before this the Archbishop had united with efforts for the instruction of Irish Roman Catholics. The "Irish Society," instituted for the purpose of teaching the people to read their own tongue—and then giving them the Irish Bible to read—was founded in the year 1818, and Dr. Trench, then Bishop of Elphin, accepted the office of President. This society undertook a work which, if it could have been undertaken by the Irish Church at the time of the Reformation, and steadily carried on, would have extended that Church throughout the length and breadth of the land. Of course, we may say, "better *late than never*," and better a voluntary association than

none at all. Still the Irish Society had many difficulties to encounter at its first formation; many objections were made to it by those who might have been expected to be friendly, and it needed a blessing from on high to prosper its labours. We have not space here to indicate the course of this prosperity. It is written in the reports of the society, and in the existing monuments of its success, and is thus, thank God, known and read of many. It is enough for us to connect the name of the Archbishop of Tuam with its first formation and early history. We may, however, add by way of anticipation, that the liberality of the late Primate Beresford and of Dr. Trench, aided by the exertions of the Rev. Robert Daly, afterwards Bishop of Cashel, and of Mr. Monck Mason, led to the establishment of an Irish Professorship in T.C D., and the first professor, appointed in 1840, the year after the Archbishop's death, was a clergyman highly esteemed by him during his lifetime—the Rev. T. De Vere Coneys.

We may pass over the connexion of the Archbishop with the events of the tithe war and the visitation of cholera in 1832, as in both instances he exhibited his uniform liberality to the suffering clergy on the one hand, to the suffering sick and poor on the other. We may also pass over the Church Temporalities Act of 1833, and his views of it, as that matter will better come before us in the life of a succeeding prelate; but his connexion with the Church Education Society demands more than a passing notice at our hands. The Incorporated Society for Discountenancing Vice, &c.—established in 1792—was doing a good work in distributing Bibles, Prayer Books. &c., and in carrying out a regular system of catechetical examinations; but its resources were inadequate for anything like national education. With this society Dr. Trench always maintained a close connexion. In the year of 1808 a society was founded under the name of the "London Hibernian Society for Establishing Schools and circulating the Holy Scriptures in Ireland." This society was rather dissenting in its composition and tendency, and in the year 1811 it was, to a certain extent, superseded by the "Kildare Place Society." This was originally a voluntary

union, originating out of a large school in the liberties of Dublin, chiefly under the control of Quakers, and modelled on the Lancasterian system. This voluntary association caught the attention of Sir Robert Peel when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and through his influence it was incorporated as the Kildare Place Society, and received a large Parliamentary grant. The secular system of this society was on all hands allowed to be excellent. As for its religious requirements, it only insisted on a knowledge of the letter of Holy Scripture, and in the year 1825 it had more than 100,000 children under its care. However, the fundamental rule as to the reading of Holy Scripture by all the pupils was looked upon by the Roman Catholics as a vital defect, and the passing of the Emancipation Bill, in 1829, not only gave them a greater opportunity for pressing their demands, but seemed to have whetted their appetite for new concession. Their clamours were listened to, and Mr. Stanley, then Irish Secretary, and subsequently Earl of Derby, moved in the year 1831 for a grant of £30,000 for the purposes of Irish education, and for the creation of a board to superintend the distribution of the fund. This was the well-known "National Board," which exists to this day, and which distributes a much larger fund than was at first contemplated. It is well known that the principle of this board was distasteful to the vast majority of the Irish clergy. Regarding themselves as responsible for the sort of education given in their schools, they could not reconcile it with conscience to accept Government aid on condition of putting any restriction on the reading of Holy Scripture, or of taking an active part in excluding from such reading Roman Catholic children who might come to their schools. Some people may regard the part the Irish clergy took on this occasion as injudicious, and may say that this, that, or the other—highly improbable—result would have followed had they heartily embraced the system, but every fair-judging man must allow that the Irish clergy in this matter acted from a high view of duty, and submitted to many and serious losses for the sake of what they believed to be right in the sight *of God.* Archbishop Trench never wavered on the point.

He took up his position at once as an advocate of Scriptural education, and when after some few years it was found impossible to modify the Government system so as to enable the clergy to fall in with it, he, along with the late Primate and nearly all the bishops, concurred with the proceedings taken for the formation of the Church Education Society.

The first great protest was made at a public meeting in the Rotundo in the year 1832, and in the year 1834 a society for education, on the basis of Scripture, was established in the Archdiocese of Tuam; but in the year 1838 it was resolved at a meeting of clergy held in Trinity College, to unite all diocesan education societies into one cooperative body. Dr. Trench, a relative of the Archbishop and a clergyman of his diocese, was very active in organizing this society. He travelled from diocese to diocese, doing his work well, and at last came before the clergy of Tuam and his own diocesan. Then it appeared that the Archbishop had not forgotten his Churchmanship. He noticed, as a singular omission, that no mention was made of the Church Catechism or other formularies of the Church in the plan for religious instruction. There was some difficulty in remedying the omission, and various suggestions were made. One suggestion offered by a deputation to the diocese of Tuam is so very like an argument pressed on members of the Church Education Society—by members of the National Board—that we cannot refrain from mentioning it. The members of the deputation said, "That if the Diocesan Society of Tuam joined with the general body *they might regulate their own schools* (in respect of Church instruction) *as they pleased.*" This argument did not suit the Archbishop. His fixed idea was that the clergy had no business to interfere with the literary, or even Scriptural, education of the people, *except upon the principles of the Church.* "The fact is, gentlemen," he said to his clergy, "we have all been guilty of compromise; guilty in supporting the Kildare Place Society; guilty in supporting the Hibernian Society. Let us compromise our principles no more." Noble old man; consistent to the very last. Such consistency wins respect. And the conduct of the

Presbyterians in this education business shows conclusively that the Church in taking up a position in the matter should from the very first have taken it up on her own ground, if she took it up at all; for that was the only really unassailable ground to occupy in her then position as an establishment. If it was her mission to teach all the people the Bible, it was her mission to teach them the Bible *as she received it.*

Most people are aware that the rule on the subject finally adopted by the Church Education Society was to insist on the Scriptures for all the children in attendance, and on the formularies of the Church only for the children of the Church. Such a rule, as to the latter part of it, is certainly more in accordance with our ideas of toleration, and is alone applicable to our present position as a disestablished Church. Ere it was adopted, however, Archbishop Trench passed away from his busy labours, his anxieties of conscience, his deeds of charity, into the land of rest and love. He died—fell asleep rather—from the weakness following upon an attack of fever, on the 26th of March, 1839.

He was the last Archbishop of Tuam, for the Church Temporalities Act of 1833, amongst other things, suppressed ten of the Irish Sees, and altered the titles of the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel into Bishops of those respective Sees, but though last, he was certainly not least.

Though by no means distinguished for theological attainments, and painfully alive to his deficiency in such matters, he was always an acceptable preacher, and in his early days his commanding figure, beautiful countenance, and fine voice—used, no doubt, with the elocutionary art of the time—made him popular even in that city which still admired the tones and periods of Dean Kirwan.

But it was for his moral, rather than his intellectual power, that he deserves our reverence and regard. No man was ever more conscientious than he was in the discharge of duty. He rose every morning, summer and winter, at four o'clock, that he might get through his multifarious business. He spared no pains in visiting his diocese, and in acquainting himself with the work and wants of his

clergy. Dignified as beseemed his high station on all proper occasions, he had the true and unfeigned humility of a little child. If in anything he erred, it was, perhaps, in too great diffidence as to his own powers, and in too high an estimate of the powers, intellectual and spiritual, of others.

In one point, at the dictate of conscience, he was a little autocratic. Careful to a fault in his promotion, if, indeed, there *could* be carefulness to a fault in such matters, he demanded of every clergyman whom he appointed to a living the right to appoint for him a curate. Thus all the curates in his diocese were appointed by himself. Such appointments were never made without the concurrence of the rector, and never without the prayerful consideration of the prelate.

But it was for splendid generosity to the poor, and tender and unaffected sympathy with the suffering, that he was pre-eminent. The long rows of wretched cabins in the city of Tuam knew him as a constant visitor. Two young gentlemen returning from a ball in Tuam observed the light of a lamp at the upper end of the street. As it came nearer they saw, to their intense surprise, that it was borne by the Archbishop, who was wrapped up in a large cloak. "Let us dog him," they said, and so they followed him to a wretched hut, into which he entered. Peering through a chink in the door, they saw saw him approach a miserable bed, on which three fevered patients were lying, and then drawing a blanket from beneath his cloak, cover them with his own hands. Then they saw him take some restoratives from his pocket and administer them. Then they saw him bring forth his Bible. But this was enough. They withdrew as softly as they came, wiser and better men. In all his dealings he exhibited the same noble and kindly charity. Many a widow's heart did he cause to sing for joy. He respected the property of his See, unlike others, who regarded the revenues of the Church as a profitable mine, to be worked for the benefit of their own families. Truly, as one old man said of him after he was gone, this last Archbishop of Tuam had a "big heart."

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHARD WHATELY, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A.D. 1831–1863.

THE measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation was the result of a long, and fierce, and well-organized agitation. The leader of the agitation was the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, who had the assistance of many able men, chief amongst whom was Richard Lalor Shiel, an orator and poet of no mean order. In the month of November, 1824, the enormous sum of £30,000 was collected for the purposes of the "Catholic Association," and in 1825 the symptoms of dissatisfaction was so dangerous that the association was put down by proclamation; it was, however, soon revived under another name, and an intense desire for the measure of Emancipation laid hold of the mind of the whole Romish population. Nor was it by threats alone that the Romish leaders strove to accomplish their ends; promises were freely given; and it was stated by the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, R. C. Bishop of Leighlin, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he was "very confident that if Emancipation was granted, religious differences would cease to agitate the public mind of Ireland." Led on by such promises and scared by the threatening aspect of affairs, which seemed to presage civil war, the Duke of Wellington and the late Sir Robert Peel introduced a Bill for the admission of Roman Catholics to legislative privileges in the Imperial Parliament—a Bill which was passed by large majorities

of both Houses, and which received the Royal assent on the 13th of April, 1829.

The opposition to this measure was general and strong. The King himself yielded most unwillingly to the pressure of his ministers, and expressed his displeasure in no equivocal terms. We who can look back over so many years on this momentous proceeding, may grant that Ministers had no other resource than to give in at the time they did. Preventive measures should have been applied long before, and those preventive measures should have been of a kind that the ruling powers in Ireland never thought of applying. In default of them an enormous power had grown up in the State, and by the logic of necessity it followed that the demands of that power should be acceded to. But still this logic of necessity did not invalidate the arguments used by the opponents of the Bill; they declared that the passing of this measure would *not* tranquillize Ireland, and that it would in time seal the ruin of the Protestant Establishment; nor had they long to wait for the justification of their words. Scarcely had the Emancipation Bill passed into law when a new agitation against tithes—against the Church itself—was set on foot; an agitation which was only staved off for a time by the Church Temporalities Act of 1833 and the Tithe Commutation Act of 1838.

Before this, however, a man came over from England to guide the ship, tossed in dangerous and troubled seas; and however many may have differed from him, or even have been alive to certain defects of his character, all must confess that the Church of Ireland in her last years as an Established Church, was highly honoured and distinguished by the presidency of such a man as Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

It will best answer our purpose to touch very briefly on the history of Dr. Whately previous to his appointment to the See of Dublin. The youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Whately, of Nonsuch Park, in Surrey, he early gave proof of a great capacity for the consideration of abstract questions, and great quickness in solving arithmetical puzzles. His favourite authors were Aristotle, Bacon, Butler, and Adam Smith; and his love of study

and solitude tended to develop his natural shyness and an abruptness of manner which was probably the result of that shyness. He entered Oriel College, in Oxford, in 1805, and there moved in that brilliant circle which in those days distinguished Oriel amongst the other colleges in the University. The name of Whately is found side by side with the names of Copleston, Senior, Newman, Pusey, Keble, Arnold, Froude, Wilberforce, Hinds, and others, which represent various parties and opinions, but all of which are the names of men who left their mark upon the age in which they lived. Dr. Whately took a double second at his degree examination, and was ordained Deacon in the year 1814. Soon afterwards he came out as an author. His *Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, *Difficulties of St. Paul*, *Errors of Romanism*, &c., brought him into notice in the theological world; but in the year 1826 his *Logic* established his reputation on a sound and permanent basis. It was reserved for him to raise to the dignity of a science, which had heretofore in the schools of the University been, at best, an exercise of memory and ingenuity—at worst, a string of barren and semi-barbarous jargon.

In 1822 he accepted the living of Halesworth, in Suffolk, where he showed great diligence in preparing the young for confirmation; but subsequently he became Principal of St. Alban's Hall, in Oxford, where he displayed his aptness to teach, and where he cultivated the study of political economy, for which he had early shown so strong a predilection. He now mingled more in the world of politics than he had hitherto done, and though he ever declared he was no party man, and never would solicit a favour for himself or others from those in power, there could be no doubt in the world as to the party to which he gave his sympathy and approval. In 1829 he supported Sir Robert Peel in the Emancipation Bill, and this was the occasion of a rupture with Newman and the party afterwards known as the Tractarian Party, whhic was strongly opposed to that Bill. Soon after Dr. Whately appeared as the advocate of the abolition of slavery in the English Colonies; and the Whig ministry of the day testified their appreciation of his character and services, by advancing him to a high but difficult post.

On the death of Dr. Magee,* in 1831, Lord Grey, who had, as he said, "never spoken to, written to, or even seen, Dr. Whately," wrote to him, in the name of the King, offering him the vacant Archbishopric of Dublin. He frankly accepted the offer, and set out for Ireland in the month of November in that year. During his journey he had a foretaste of the troubles which awaited him in his future career. In Birmingham he nearly fell a victim to the violence of a Reform mob, who imagined that a bishop *must* be a Tory and an opponent of the Reform Bill; and at Holyhead, walking on the pier in the dusk of the evening, he very nearly shared the misfortunes of a friend who was with him, and who fell into a quarry-hole, sustaining injuries which detained the whole party in Holyhead for upwards of ten days.

From henceforth the Oxford Professor of Political Economy, and Principal of St. Alban's Hall, was an eminent Irish Churchman, taking an active part in the questions, movements and struggles of the time, and obtaining a very full share of obloquy and misrepresentation—and in the end of admiration and praise.

The year of Dr. Whately's consecration was a year to be remembered for more reasons than one. The cholera had just then reached Europe; the agitation against tithes was at its highest point; and the measure of Parliamentary Reform just about to be passed, portended change and curtailment, if not annihilation, to the temporalities of the Irish Church. The Archbishop was fully alive to the need of some action on the part of the friends of the Church. "It is a great loss," he said, "to cut away the masts, and throw the cargo overboard; but the ship is on the eve of foundering; some decisive steps must be taken, and that very speedily, if the Irish Church, or indeed Ireland, is to be saved." These words expressed no more than the truth—a truth which was plainly and forcibly stated by the Protestants assembled in public meeting in the Mansion House, Dublin, in the year 1832. The

* William Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, author of the well known and justly celebrated work on the Atonement.

"appeal" of those Protestants speaks of the violation of pledges given by the Romanists previous to Emancipation, and the terrorism established over the whole country by an organized system of agitation:—"The Protestant scarcely dares to venture after sunset from his home; he fears to transact his business in the fair or market; he is waylaid, insulted, beaten, robbed, or assassinated on his return. To such an extent have these sufferings pressed upon the Protestants of Ireland, that it appears, on good authority, that more than 60,000 of them have fled to America since the Emancipation Bill has passed the British Legislature." It would seem from this that "healing measures" had pretty much the same effect in 1829 as in 1869; but, to let that pass, we may say that the state of things rendered some such Act as the "Temporalities Act" of 1833 an absolute necessity. This Church Temporalities Act, introduced in the above-mentioned year, suppressed ten of the Irish bishoprics, together with the chapters pertaining to them. The archbishoprics of Tuam and Cashel were reduced to bishoprics, and a heavy tax was laid on all livings above £300 per annum. A body denominated the "Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland," was to be appointed to administer the fund thus created; and this body was to have power to "suspend" parishes in which the Protestant population had died out, and to appropriate their revenues to general purposes. These purposes were the repairs of churches, the provision of church requisites, (such as light, fuel, &c.,) the payment of parish clerks and sextons, and the enlargement of the incomes of very poor livings. The income of the Commissioners from the suppressed Sees, &c., was calculated at £155,000 per annum; but it was an income in prospect rather than in actual possession, because it did not accrue until the death of the incumbents of the suppressed Sees and taxed livings. The Commissioners, therefore, had to begin by borrowing money from the government, and were not in the full receipt of a clear income until a few years before the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Such as it was, this Act put an end to the levy of

"vestry cess," an impost which gave rise to many heart-burnings. Henceforth churches were to be repaired, heated, and lighted by a tax on Protestant bishops and clergy, and not by a direct charge on the parishioners, who, in many instances, were chiefly Romanists. It would have been well, however, if in the matter of the suppression of the bishoprics the counsel of the Archbishop of Dublin had been followed. He thought that instead of suppressing so many bishoprics, it would have been better to have curtailed the revenues of all; for himself, he felt that he would much rather have submitted to the loss of half the income of the See of Dublin—provided the See of Kildare were left untouched—than to enjoy the whole of his income with the latter See tacked on to his already too heavy charge. Few will now be inclined to question the wisdom of this suggestion, but it did not appear practicable to the late Primate, and so it was abandoned; indeed, the Primate thought that the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners might have been raised by the suppression of a much smaller number of Sees than were actually suppressed, an opinion which was afterwards negatived by the facts of the case. The zeal of the Archbishop for the Church Temporalities Act brought on him the anger of the extreme section of the High Church party, then beginning to be known by the name of the "Tractarian" school. The Rev. J. H. Newman, one of the chief leaders of the Tractarians, wrote to his former friend and teacher, of "the mixed and very painful feelings which the late history of the Irish Church raised in him, the union of her members with men of heterodox views, and the extinction of half her candlesticks, (the suppression of the ten Sees,) the witnesses and guarantees of the truth, and the Trustees of the Covenant." It was hardly fair, however, to come down so heavily on Dr. Whately, and pass by others who agreed with him on the principle of the Bill, though they may have differed on matters of detail, and it was comparatively easy for men in the seclusion of a college to say that this, that, or the other thing ought not to be done. Those who mingled in affairs, and saw things as they really

were, had surely the best right to know the possibilities and necessities of the case.

Closely following on the Temporalities Act was the measure for regulating the tithes of the Irish Church. This was a measure involving greater difficulties than the former one—difficulties which led to the overthrow of more than one ministry, and which, in the end, was compromised rather than solved.

In the month of November, 1831, Ireland appeared to be on the verge of civil war. Riot succeeded riot with alarming rapidity, and it seemed impossible to levy tithes even at the point of the bayonet; the unfortunate clergy were starving, and their friends were anxiously concerting measures for their relief. In 1832 two committees of the House of Lords sat on the subject, and a variety of schemes for relief were suggested, schemes however which, for the most part, proved abortive.

In the year 1835, Sir Robert Peel being Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, the leader of the opposition, proposed that the "House should resolve itself into a committee for the purpose of considering the state of the Irish Church, with a view to appropriate any surplus left over from spiritual objects to the education of the people at large." This latter provision with regard to the surplus was the celebrated "appropriation clause;" it was vigorously opposed by the ministerial party, and when it was carried in a full house, by a majority of forty-three, Sir Robert Peel resigned, and the Whigs under Lord Melbourne came into office. Lord Melbourne, however, could not carry the "appropriation clause;" he had a small majority in the House of Commons, but the provision was struck out in the House of Lords, and so the matter dragged on during the years 1836 and 1837. Dr. Whately took a considerable part in this tithe question. In letters to Lord Melbourne, the Marquis of Wellesley, (Lord Lieutenant,) and Mr. Stanley, (Chief Secretary,) he stated his opinion as to the expediency of the proposed measures; whilst he saw very clearly that the "surplus" of the Irish Church revenues, after provision for the wants of Irish Church members, would not be nearly so large as was supposed, he objected

in toto to the method by which the Government proposed to obtain the surplus, and to their manner of dealing with it when it was obtained. He objected to the provision in the Bill for the suppression of all parishes the Protestant population of which was under fifty, and the confiscation of their revenues, the life interests of the incumbents being preserved. He showed with great clearness and force the difficulties of drawing a line as to population, and the very great danger to the life of an incumbent in a disturbed country like Ireland, if it were known that his death would set free an amount of money which would be transferred to objects in which the Romanists had a share. He also objected strongly to the appropriation of the surplus to the purposes of the National Board; he considered that the Board was already unpopular enough with the great majority of the clergy, without making it more so by setting it forth as the receiver of the confiscated property of their Church. And he consequently proposed that the Government should redeem all the tithes for a lump sum, giving to the Irish Church out of that sum a fair proportion for carrying on her work, such proportion to be managed by a body of her own members; and as to any surplus which might remain, he proposed that Government should reimburse itself out of that for all additional grants made to the National Board. This latter proposal savoured somewhat of the process known as "taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another," but even a process like that will often save offended dignity; and if the plan of the Archbishop, as a whole, had been, or could have been, put into operation, it would very probably have saved us from the sweeping measure of 1869.

The appropriation clause, however, did not pass the Upper House, and the Parliament got tired of this mere Irish question; and in the year 1838, Lord John Russell introduced a Bill for the commutation of the tithe into a rent charge. From henceforth the parson was to receive his money from the landlord, who was, in nine cases out of ten, a Protestant; and the landlord was to get twenty-five per cent. from the parson for his trouble in collecting the

money from his tenants in the shape of rent; but even so, considering the previous state of things, it was not such a bad bargain for the parsons after all!

During this period the Archbishop was occupied with many other things besides Church politics. Social questions, such as those of Secondary Punishments, and the Poor-law, engaged his attention; and so also did matters connected with the internal arrangements of the Church. He had a favourite project of a training college for Divinity Students, which was intended by him not to supersede, but to be supplementary to, and in aid of the Divinity School in Trinity College. He rightly judged that a longer and more strictly professional training for the office of the ministry was needed than could be supplied in the ordinary course of the University, and he proposed to occupy the two or three years which generally intervene between a man's taking out his degree and taking orders, with the teaching of the theory and practice of a clergyman's life, in an institution specially set apart for the purpose. With that generous disinterestedness which so nobly distinguished him, he offered to give a large part of his episcopal income for the endowment of this college, and he so interested the Marquis of Wellesley in his undertaking, that he had a promise from that nobleman, for the seat of his college, of the old palace of the Archbishops of Dublin, hard by Marsh's Library, and adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, and which had long been used by Government for a police barrack. He had also the assent of Dr. Elrington, then Regius Professor of Divinity in the Dublin University, and who was intended by the Archbishop to be president of the new college. From various causes this hopeful project failed, and the Irish Church remained without an institution which might have conferred upon her present benefits, and which would have rendered her independent of future changes in the constitution and endowments of the University.

The publication of Tract 90, in 1839, and its condemnation by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford, created a large amount of public interest, and elicited the approval or disapproval of contending parties. The side which

Dr. Whately would take in this controversy was a matter of easy prediction; his tone of thought and his leaning in theology were at the very antipodes of Tractarianism. The Tractarians called him an Erastian, and hinted darkly at his "Sabellianism," which was all the worse because, as Whately said, so few people who used the word knew what Sabellianism was. Moreover, they persecuted his friend, Dr. Renn Dickson Hampden, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, and scrupled not to call him an Arian. No wonder, therefore, that the Archbishop should hit out hard against the Tractites, should speak of Newman as one who had an "intellectual squint," and should prohibit Dr. Pusey from preaching in his diocese, lest he should introduce, if not "novelties," at least "antiquities." Whilst we are speaking of "Tracts for the Times," it may not be out of place, though it be somewhat in the way of anticipation, to refer to the "Cautions for the Times," which, in conjunction with Dr. Fitzgerald, now Bishop of Killaloe, the Archbishop brought out in 1852. These very valuable papers were designed to counteract the efforts of the more subtle and refined arguments used by Romish Controversialists, and for which Tractarian teaching might in some minds prepare the way.

The accession to power of a strong Conservative Government, under Sir R. Peel, in the latter part of 1841, raised some apprehensions in the minds of the strong supporters of the National Board, of which Whately was one. These apprehensions appeared to be unfounded, nor indeed was it to be thought that a Government which included Lord Stanley, the originator of the system, would take an active part in its overthrow. Indeed the Conservative Government pursued for the most part the conciliatory policy of its predecessors. The only exception to this course was the State prosecution of O'Connell and his friends—a prosecution which could scarcely have been avoided. But for the rest, the object seemed to be to win over the Roman Catholics, by favours, if possible. It was during the administration of Sir Robert Peel that the Maynooth Act was introduced. It will be recollected that this college was established for the education of Roman Catholic Priests

in the year 1795, by William Pitt. It was supported by an annual grant of £9,000, which depended on a Parliamentary vote. Sir Robert Peel not only made this grant permanent, but actually increased it to nearly £30,000 per annum, and it may well be supposed that the introduction and carriage of such a measure gave room for long, vehement, and excited debates. Dr. Whately's observations on Maynooth are worth recording. "I am not sure," said he, to his friend, Mr. Senior, "that its original institution was wise. Mr. Pitt thought that the young priests were taught disaffection and anti-Anglicanism at Douay, and he created for their education the most disaffected and anti-English establishment in Europe! But having got it, we must keep it. While the grant was annual it might have been discontinued; now that it is permanent, to withdraw it would be spoliation!" We are sometimes sneered at when we call the Irish Church Disestablishment Act a "Spoliation Bill." Judging from these remarks about Maynooth, we wonder what else Dr. Whately would have called it?

The close of Sir Robert Peel's administration was marked by the beginning of the awful famine of 1846-7. Having succeeded, at the expense of his own political life, in abolishing the corn duties, an act for which, as he truly said, he should receive the blessings of posterity, he returned into opposition, leaving the helm of the State at this difficult juncture to the guidance of Lord John Russell. Very many of us in Ireland have a vivid recollection of the horrors of that awful period, and of the Christian love and self-denial it brought into active exercise. Foremost amongst those who counselled, and laboured, and spent, in the good cause, was the Archbishop of Dublin. It was a difficult task. Not only was suffering spread through the ranks of those who are usually called "the poor," but those of a higher class felt the pressure. The heavy rates which had to be paid, combined with the non-payment of rents and rent-charge, caused the landlord and clergyman to feel the effects of the famine. More especially did the clergy feel the terrible pressure; they did, indeed, abound out of their deep poverty to the relief of the starving

multitudes; but how very deep that poverty was, God only, and some who were moved by Him to look into the matter, really knew. In these years of famine, the Archbishop, though his private fortune was so small as hardly to count for anything, spent in giving relief to the suffering poor upwards of £8000.

The years of famine, in the providence of God, opened the hearts of many Roman Catholics in Ireland for the reception of Scriptural truth. They felt that those who had done so much for them in things temporal, might, perhaps, do them some good in things spiritual; hence the operations of the Irish Society received a strong impulse, and a new society, originated by the zeal, and carried on by the untiring labours, of the Rev. A. R. C. Dallas, took a share in the work of evangelizing Irish Romanists.. No one can deny that the Irish Church Missions' Society did a good work in the West of Ireland, in the city of Dublin, and in other places. Its schools and orphanages are models of what such institutions ought to be, filled with children reclaimed not from Romanism merely, but from heathenism, neglect, and dirt, to humanity, civilization, and religion. The Archbishop was not likely to lend himself to a movement of this kind without due consideration. A great controversialist himself, he was apt to regard with somewhat of contempt the controversial flights of eloquent but unfledged divines, and the rough and ready arguments which might knock an opponent down, and stun him for the moment, but which could never pierce the joints of his armour. Still, when he found that a work was being done, he gave it a candid recognition. The Mission Church in Townsend Street was licensed by him for service, and the "Birds' Nest" at Kingstown embalms the memory of two who were very dear to him on earth, and who went before him to heaven.

In the year 1853, the relations so long maintained by Dr. Whately with the National Board were materially altered. Always a strenuous advocate of the National System of Education, he was one of the most active of the Commissioners who administered that system. At the time that the rules of the Board were first drawn up, two

books were authorized to be used as regular lesson books in all National Schools. These were *Scripture Extracts* and *Easy Lessons on Scripture Evidences*, compiled by the Archbishop. From 1837 to 1853, they continued to be used with the sanction of the members of the Board, including Dr. Murray, then Roman Catholic Archbishop in Dublin. Indeed, that prelate expressed his distinct approval of the books in question. On the death of Dr. Murray, however, his successor, Dr. Cullen, brought an influence to bear upon the Board. The *Extracts* and *Evidences* were prohibited, and the decision first arrived at having been re-affirmed, Dr. Whately, though still approving of the National System of Education, resigned all connexion with its governing body.

For many years the Archbishop enjoyed a singular exemption from bodily ailments and domestic bereavements. Strong and energetic in body and mind, he wrote, and walked, and talked, and made incursions into the regions of all the "ologies" and "opathies" with unflagging vigour and uniform success. He saw the members of his family grow up around him, and though he was not one to make a parade of such feelings, those who knew him best, knew how tenderly he loved them all. Still, afflictions must come on the strongest and most fortunate, and when long delayed they often come like an armed force. It was even so with the Archbishop. In the year 1856, he had manifest symptoms of creeping paralysis; the once steady hand began to shake, and the disease, as it always does, increased as time went on. Still the mental powers were vigorous, and the tongue was able to dictate what the hand could not write. So he fared on to the year 1860, in the early part of which year his youngest daughter, Mrs. Wale, a bride of but four months, was taken from him by death. One month afterwards, in Hastings, whither he had gone with his family for change and the benefit of the climate, his beloved wife, worn out by attendance on the sick bed of her daughter, succumbed to an illness of five days' duration. His cup was full, but his letters to his most intimate friends ever breathed the resignation and hope of the true Christian. These last

years of the Archbishop's life are very affecting, even to those who had not the privilege of his friendship, and not less instructive than affecting. The poor, palsied form with difficulty struggling up the pulpit stairs at the old Chapel of Ease in Tunbridge Wells, bespoke the sure decay of bodily powers. The intellect clear and strong to the very last, bespoke the undying qualities of the immortal spirit.

His last charge to his clergy was delivered in the Cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin, on the 18th of June, 1863. Soon after this, symptoms of a gangrene in the right leg began to appear; still he bore up, presiding at his monthly clerical dinner in July, and even conducting an examination of candidates for Holy Orders; though the pain, as he expressed it, was "as if red-hot gimlets were being put through his leg." But human nature could stand it no longer, and the active spirit, bewailing its uselessness, was "cribbed and confined" by the poor diseased body. He lingered on through August and September, tenderly cared for by the surviving members of his family, and ministered to by his domestic chaplains. On the 14th of September, he received the Sacrament along with his friends, the Bishop of Killaloe, Archdeacon West, Rev. Hercules Dickinson, and others, and on the 8th of October the "bells were tolling" for one who had been—

> "Only an old Archbishop, growing whiter
> Year after year, his stature proud and tall
> Palsied and bowed, as by his heavy mitre—
> Only an old Archbishop—that is all!"

But a prince, and a great one, too, had fallen in Israel. Nor can we pretend in a short sketch like this to have indicated those characteristics which show how truly great he was. No doubt he had his faults, and amongst those faults, vanity is specially prominent; but after all it was a very pardonable kind of vanity, and there was never any attempt to conceal it. It is to be seen on the very surface of his writings, for, if Whately wishes to quote an author whose opinion should carry weight, *Whately* is most fre-

quently the author he quotes. It was the vanity of a great author and a great teacher, conscious of his own powers, and always having an abundant supply of ready and willing listeners and disciples. It has been whispered, indeed, that the disciple who most eagerly drank wisdom from this full fountain was sure of speedy promotion. But, however the Archbishop may, from his peculiar position, have been restricted in his choice of men, the patron of Hinds, of Fitzgerald, of Dickinson, (afterwards Bishop of Meath,) had no cause to blush for his promotions, whilst his bitterest enemy could never charge him with nepotism, or self or family aggrandisement at the expense of his See.

It must also be acknowledged that the Archbishop was a loose disciplinarian. During his time each one did very much that which was right in his own eyes. It is true that the tendency of the time had something to answer for in this particular, and the action taken by the Archbishop in the case of the Rev. Robert Kyle, a curate in his diocese, who insisted, against the will of his diocesan, on joining the Evangelical Alliance, proved that a limit did really exist beyond which forbearance could not pass.

Apparent contradictions marked his character. No one would venture to call him a poet, and yet his writings are thickly studded with the most striking metaphors. No one would describe his manners as conciliating, and yet undoubtedly he had a kind heart. He never gave a penny to a street beggar, and yet in the course of his episcopate he disbursed £40,000 in charity. In this last matter, however, we confess there is no apparent contradiction at all!

Some men outlive their popularity, but sterling qualities often, from various causes, require years to make them known; so was it in this man's case, the longer he lived the better was he esteemed. Men spoke not of him as "His Grace," but as *The* Archbishop. We, in our College days, with his logic in our hands, spoke of him, and heard him spoken of, as "Whately;" but whether we speak of him as Whately or the Archbishop, we hold him to have been a good, an able, and an honest man.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL VIEW.—PART FIRST.

IN bringing to a close the foregoing biographical notices of some Irish Churchmen who have taken a prominent part in the leading events which have marked the history of their Church from the Reformation downwards, it may be well briefly to review those events, presenting, as they do, a series of unexampled difficulties, too often unappreciated by friend as well as by foe.

That the prejudices of the native Irish were against the English settlers as such, and not specially against the Reformation, is evident from the state of things in Ireland for upwards of two centuries before that Reformation. The same wasting and destruction of churches prevailed during the fifteenth century, when the churches were in the hands of English Papists, as in the latter part of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, when they were in the hands of English Protestants. Thus we read of one M'Adam, or Hugh M'Gilmori, who, in the year 1407, destroyed forty churches in Ulster, and was afterwards killed in the Church of Carrickfergus, which he had reduced to ruin; and long before his time we find the MacCarthys plundering the Abbey of Innisfallen, and murdering the clergy, the O'Boyles and M'Mahons destroying the Abbey of Lough Dearg, and Manus M'Dunleve indiscriminately burning churches and monasteries on all sides. The real grievance was, that these churches were in the hands of the English, and whether they belonged to Romanists or Protestants was not in the first instance a question at all; indeed, it is by no means too much to say, that if the English had remained in communion with the Papal See, the Irish chieftains would have

become very strong—though, perhaps, not very enlightened—Protestants, and would have sought alliance with the low countries rather than with France or Spain.

Such, however, was not the case. The Reformation in Ireland was intimately connected with the English interest, and it was introduced by a characteristic measure of Henry VIII. in 1537—viz., the suppression of the monasteries, and the confiscation of monastic property. Most people will be ready to acknowledge that those monasteries, which in a barbarous age had been founded for the purposes of education, civilization, and hospitality, had in after years degenerated into abodes of idleness, superstition, and luxury, if not something worse; but most impartial and reflecting people will confess that the abuses of the monasteries might have been redressed in the same way as those of the Church at large, *i.e.*, by reformation, that they might have been converted into seminaries and colleges for the diffusion of religion, and that the gold, silver, and precious stones, bells, ornaments, and furniture of every description might have been applied to better uses than those of enriching a rapacious tyrant, and his still more rapacious courtiers.

The progress of the Reformation in the reign of Edward VI. was more real and spiritual; (necessarily so, as Church temporalities were reduced to a minimum;) but it was at first very slow, and always was confined to the larger towns and the English settlers. At first, Archbishop Browne had the sympathies and aid of but three of his episcopal brethren—viz., Sanders, of Leighlin; Miagh, of Kildare; and Staples, of Meath. But as events proceeded, there did seem to be a wish on the part of the Government to advance the Reformation in Ireland, and the orders to preach in Irish, and use the Liturgy in the Irish tongue, where there was a necessity, and accompanied by the appointment of Bishops Lancaster, Travers, Casey, Bale, and Goodacre, augured favourably for the interest of true religion. The accession of Queen Mary interrupted this work, small as it was, and Romanism easily resumed its sway, under the auspices of a Romish queen; but the whole question was *re-opened* when Elizabeth, after a few years, came to the

throne. During the very early period of her long reign, the Act of Uniformity seemed to enjoy a measure of success; the bishops, with the exception of two, gave in their assent, and the people attended the churches of the Establishment. We are not to suppose, however, that these consenting bishops were all of them good, or even middling Protestants; nor are we to be too particular in our inquiries as to the precise sort of service celebrated in the more remote country churches. The English Deputy and the English Deputy's deputies could not be everywhere; and English law seldom existed where English soldiers were not to be found. Where English law was not enforced the observance of the Act of Uniformity could scarcely be looked for.

There was one provision of this Act of Uniformity, however, which did not indicate any intention of the Government to extend the Reformation in Ireland by missionary agency. Instead of sending an army of preachers—who, though they might probably have been converted into an army of martyrs, would, doubtless, have sown good seed—to preach the doctrines of the Reformation to the people in their own tongue, they enacted that where the people could not understand the Liturgy in English, it should be read for them in *Latin!* Thus, under the wild and visionary idea of civilizing and winning over a people by abolishing their language, and substituting that of their conquerors, the Scriptural and rational plan of giving them the Gospel in their own tongue wherein they were born, was set aside, and separation and disaffection became stereotyped institutions in Ireland.

Romish emissaries from abroad supplied the place which was not occupied by Protestant Irish-speaking missionaries. These Spanish emissaries, Jesuits, and others, found willing hearers, and too soon a spirit was stirred up in the country at large, which hated Protestantism with a bitter hatred, because it was the religion of the English settler and ruler. A bishop in those days could scarcely have had a pleasant time of it, judging at least from the case of Robert Daly, Bishop of Kildare, who, though so near the capital city, was in the course of an episcopacy of eighteen years, three

times turned naked out of his house, and plundered of all his goods by the rebels. Some of the bishops, however, seem to have been what is vulgarly called a "bad lot;" they did not do what they could for the advancement of religion, and they did what they could for the aggrandisement of their own families at the expense of the Church. The details of what some of them did are very sad, but very suggestive.

When Sir Henry Sidney came as deputy to Ireland, in 1565, he had instructions to inquire into the waste and alienation of the Church property. On inquiry he found that, between the years 1553 and 1565, Thonory, Bishop of Ossory, had made fee-farm leases of episcopal lands at mere nominal rents, and had "lopped off from the bishopric large branches of revenue." Between 1560 and 1564, Craike, Bishop of Kildare, exchanged his lands for some poor tithes, by which that See was reduced to a state of poverty, from which it has never risen. The Bishop of Ferns followed suit, and the Bishop of Leighlin so impoverished his See that it was literally worth nothing, and had to be united to the bishopric of Ferns. Archbishop Magrath, of Cashel, stripped his See of most of its ancient estates; and Lynch, of Elphin, in the year 1584, brought down the income of his diocese to 200 marks a year, a mark being equal to about thirteen shillings. Bishop Bramhall found, some years subsequently, certain Sees reduced much below this—one to forty shillings, and another to five marks per annum.

Whilst this was going on, the country was in a state of chronic rebellion. Pius V. issued his excommunicating Bull in 1570. O'Neill wasted Armagh with fire and sword, burning the cathedral, and reducing the city to ruin. The Spaniards invaded the southern parts of the island, and the Protestants of the country were only saved from an intended massacre by the defeat of the combined Irish and Spanish at the battle of Kinsale.

A solitary gleam of light is thrown on the affairs of the Church by the establishment of the University of Dublin in 1595; but the general results of the policy and government of the last half of the sixteenth century are faithfully

and graphically set forth in the letters of Edmund Spenser, the celebrated author of *Faery Queen.*

He tells us of the Irish clergy, that none of them were learned, save the few planted in the new college; most of them were living like laymen, neither reading, preaching, nor celebrating the Sacrament, only christening after the Popish manner; the bishops in the remote dioceses were setting up their servants and horseboys to receive the tithes of the livings; the country was swarming with Jesuits from Louvain, Douay, and Rheims; most of the churches were even with the ground, and some were so unhandsomely patched and thatched, that men "did shun them for the uncomeliness thereof;" parishes were lumped together in groups of three, four, or more; and as for the people, most of them were Papists by open profession, but knew no ground of religion or article of their own faith, being able only to say a Pater Noster or Ave Maria, without knowing what either meant. Add to this the troubles of the times, and we are prepared to assent to the remark of the author of the *Faery Queen*, that it is "ill time to preach among swords," and to say that his picture, though not overcharged, is gloomy in the extreme.

The sagacity of Lord Bacon, who saw clearly into Irish affairs, as well as all others into which he looked, discovered the grand mistake that had been made. He proposed to send over to the Irish towns "good preachers, of the sort that are zealous persuaders, and not scholastical; the placing of good men in the Sees; the replenishing of the college begun in Dublin, and the taking care that bibles, catechisms, and other books of instruction should be translated into the Irish tongue." Provision was made in the Irish University for the training of Irish scholars; but for various reasons, the provisions were not carried out, and the suggestions of the noble author of the *Novum Organum* had not fair play.

The accession of James I., and the course of events in his reign, gave some promise of improvement. Things could not well be worse. They might have been, and were, something better during the greater part of his reign. The ruin of churches and impoverishment of livings still

remained; but the Plantation of Ulster appeared to be a strengthening of the Protestant interest in what had been a disturbed part of the country. The immediate effect of this plantation was not, however, to strengthen the Irish Church. As it happened, the immigrants, for the most part, brought over from Scotland, whence they came, a different form of Church government and worship from that which prevailed amongst Irish Protestants, and in process of time a strong Puritan feeling grew up in the North, and divisions, always the bane and weakness of Protestantism, were the direct consequences.*

Nor did it seem that the Church was to enjoy any considerable exemption from Romish machinations. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the restrictive laws which checked the inroads of the Jesuits were relaxed, and the immediate consequence was that the Romanists threw off the slight appearance of conformity which in some cases they previously exhibited. This state of things stirred the spirit of James Ussher within him, and drew from him, in the course of a sermon preached in Christ Church Cathedral in the year 1601, what proved to be a remarkable prophecy. Choosing for his text Ezek. iv. 6, where the prophet, by "lying on his side," was to bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days, "I have appointed thee a day for a year," he boldly applied the prediction to the then state of Ireland in relation to the government connivance at Popery, and went on to say, "from this year (1601) I will reckon the sin of Ireland, that those whom

* The cases of Robert Blair and John Livingston show the difficulties which sometimes resulted from the Scottish plantation. Mr. Blair had been invited by Lord Claneboy, son of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, to settle in the parish of Bangor county Down. He declared he could not submit to the English Liturgy or Episcopal government. The Bishop of Down and Connor (Robert Echlin) according to Blair's account, accommodated matters by ordaining him as a presbyter, amongst presbyters, and not as a bishop. After being thus indulged, the first act of Mr. Blair was to rebuke his patron for kneeling at the Lord's Supper! and preaching at the primate's triennial visitation in 1626, Mr. Blair addressed himself to the task of proving that "our Lord instituted no bishops, only presbyters." The affair ended, as might have been anticipated, by the suspension of Blair, Livingston, and some others.

you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." Whether this was by chance or by inspiration, exactly forty years afterwards occurred the rebellion and massacre of 1641.

In the reign of James I. there was issued, in obedience to an injunction from the Crown, a report of the state of the diocese of Ferns by Thomas Ram, bishop of that See. This report bears the date of 1612, and is a remarkable document, giving us a strange view of the interior economy of the Irish Church at this time.

Touching on the case of the Popish recusants, he tells us that the poorer sort had a great dislike of Popery, though they only dared to say so in confidence to him, whereas the Romish gentry were very steadfast to their religion, the truth being that the poorer sort desired to curry favour with the bishop by saying what they really did not believe, whilst the higher sort were more independent. The bishop goes on to speak of the state of the churches in his diocese, which was poor enough, even the cathedral lying in ruins, and then of the income of his See, which he rejoices to say is over £100 per annum, it having been increased by £40 per annum since he came to it. It seemed the bishopric had been worth £500 a year, but his predecessors, Alexander and John Devereux, had kindly bestowed the difference on their immediate relations. As to the benefices, there were twenty-seven in the diocese. The highest in value was, when he reported, £30 per annum; the lowest, forty shillings. The total value of all the benefices in his diocese was £261, yielding an average income of £9 13s. 4d. With two or three exceptions the incumbents were residing on their benefices. One of the incumbents was a student of T.C.D., aged twenty years. Seven of the ministers were reported as of Irish birth, and skilful in the English, Irish, and Latin tongues. We may say *ex uno disce omnes*. A similar account was given of Leighlin diocese, where, after the rebellion in Queen Elizabeth's reign, twenty-five benefices were returned as worth nothing. Surely there was call for some reform, for some one that should make the plunderer hold his hand, and the receiver of plunder

disgorge the same; and if the "some one" who carried out that reform came in the person of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Irish Churchmen have reason to be grateful to that stern and arbitrary lord.

The reign of Charles the First was more auspicious for the Irish Church than any which preceded it from the time of the Reformation. During that reign Ussher was primate, Bedell was Bishop of Kilmore, and John Bramhall, who came over with Strafford, was Bishop of Derry. In 1633 a royal visitation was held, of which Bramhall was one of the commissioners. He reported that the See of Cloyne was reduced to five marks (*episcopus quinque marcarum;*) Aghadoe to £60, and Ardfert to £1 1s. 8d. per annum; not one of the bishoprics that had not the "print of the sacrilegious paw upon it." The discovery of this state of things urged Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, to incite Strafford to pursue the work of reform and restoration—a work initiated by the King himself, who restored to the Church the tithes which had been impropriated by the Crown.

A letter written at this time by Bramhall to Laud, reveals a strange state of things, even in the city of Dublin. In that city one parochial church had been converted into the Lord Deputy's stable; * another into a nobleman's dwelling-house; another to a tennis-court, the vicar acting as keeper! The vaults under Christ Church Cathedral were actually let out as tippling-rooms for beer, wine, and tobacco, to Popish recusants; and in St. Patrick's Cathe-

* The church converted into a nobleman's house was probably that of "S. Marie de la Dam," or "Our Ladie of the Dames," which stood on Cork Hill. The parish, at the time of the Reformation, was incorporated with St. Werburgh's; and Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, erected on the site of the church the mansion afterwards known as "Cork House." Dame-street derives its name from the church of "S. Marie de la Dam."

The church converted into a stable for the Lord Deputy was the old church of St. Andrew, outside of "Dame's Gate." It was restored by Strafford to the "Chaunter of St. Patrick's Cathedral," but was not rebuilt on its old site. We have not ascertained the locality of the church whose choir was used as a tennis-court; and the less said about its vicar the better.

dral, the Lord's Table was removed from its place to make way for a monster monument to the Earl of Cork! He then goes on to tell the oft-told tale of a miserably poor, unlearned clergy, of livings heaped together to make provision for one poor vicar, of churches ruined to the ground, and glebe houses utterly destroyed.

Certainly the Lord Deputy laboured in season and out of season to remedy all these evils. His policy, as he called it himself, was "thorough." It was his aim, if possible, to weld together all the Protestants in Ireland in the same confession and worship; and if he used strong measures to attain to such a consummation, he lived in an age of strong measures; and it would, on the whole, have been well for the country if he had had time and means to succeed. In 1633-4, he issued a commission for the repairs of the ruined churches; and that the spiritual might advance *pari passu* with the material edifice, he directed his attention at the same time to the schools, the public charities, and the university, the statutes of which last institution were remodelled by Laud. In the same year (1634) was assembled, along with Parliament, that celebrated Convocation of the Irish Church in which the canons were drawn up, and in which an agreement with the Articles of the Church of England was declared. The appearance of difference which had existed since the year 1615, when the Calvinistic Articles were adopted, was thus done away with; and the eighth canon of this Convocation provided for service in the Irish tongue where it was necessary.

Thus things were looking brighter for the Irish Church. Her temporalities were being recovered, her churches repaired, her ministers well trained, her code of rules and regulations complete, Popish malevolence and Puritan faction were kept in check, when, unhappily, the ill government of Charles embroiled him with his Scottish subjects. The Lord Deputy was removed; England herself became the prey to civil war. Her extremity was Ireland's opportunity, and the Church was overwhelmed in the ruin of the terrible outbreak of 1641, and the wars

of succeeding years. When the long conflict was over, and the Church began to rise again slowly from the dust, she found that the terrible reprisal of Oliver Cromwell, and the new confiscations, which were more sweeping than any of the former ones, had rekindled, or rather tended to keep up, a bitter, indiscriminating hatred of all things Protestant on the part of the Romish population. Not even the golden eloquence of Jeremy Taylor could overcome this sentiment of hatred on the part of the Romanists, nor, we may add, the sullen dislike of the Puritans, who remembered their day of triumph, and could hardly affect acquiescence in their unlooked-for defeat.

The results of the rebellion of 1641 were most disastrous for the Irish Church so far as her edifices were concerned. What Popish rage spared, Puritan zeal defaced and destroyed. Dean Swift, in after years, commenting on the destruction wrought by Cromwell and his myrmidons, says:—"In their self-will they digged down a wall. In this kingdom of Ireland, the poor temples we had were not merely defaced, but almost totally destroyed." In 1680, Williams, Bishop of Ossory, says that "of about 100 churches our forefathers built in this diocese, there are not 20 standing, nor 10 well repaired at this day;" and again, "As God is without churches for His people to meet in, so is He without servants to teach His people: and why? I say, it is easily answered: it is not so easy to get able and sufficient ministers unless there were sufficient means to maintain them; but, alas! these means have been given to the king's nobility and lay gentry." Speaking of the union of small parishes, this bishop says: "Do you think the Protestant religion will be planted and Popery suppressed amongst the people by this union of parishes and diminution of churches? *Credat Judæus Apella; non ego.*"

And so, about the same time, Bishop Mossom, of Derry, tells us that the only church in good repair in his diocese was the one in the city of Londonderry. The rest were ruinous, nor were the inhabitants able to repair them. The holy offices of public worship were administered, for the most part, in a dirty cabin, or a com-

mon ale-house; and the ministers were generally non-resident, having no houses on their cures.

In every century since the Reformation efforts were made to promote the instruction of the Irish-speaking people through the medium of their own language, though, unfortunately, such efforts were frustrated by untoward events up to a period within recollection of many who are still alive. In the reign of Charles II. the Hon Robert Boyle, son of that Earl of Cork who flourished in the former reign, had a fount of type cast at his own expense, and, in the year 1680, printed the Church Catechism in the Irish language. He then resolved on re-printing the Irish Bible; and in the year 1681, put forth the New Testament as it had been translated by Archbishop Daniel; and in the year 1685, the Old Testament as it had been translated under the superintendence of Bishop Bedell. But, unfortunately, the year 1685 was the year of the accession of James II., and the country was occupied with other matters for the next six years. Nor were the effects of the Revolution likely to advance the interests of the Protestant religion amongst the Romish masses. If it is "ill preaching amongst swords," it is also ill preaching amongst parties exulting in proud triumph on the one hand, and crushed with a sense of bitter and overwhelming defeat on the other; it is ill preaching amongst confiscations, and banishments, and penal laws. And so there was no preaching at all to the Roman Catholics; and, for the matter of that, none but preaching of the most perfunctory kind to the Protestants. Archbishop King did a good deal; Primate Boulter did a good deal; and the eighteenth century boasted the learning and virtue of a Berkeley, and the princely munificence of a Robinson. But in the early part of that century, the *Drapier's Letters*, the copper coins of Mr. Wood, and the woollen manufacture, monopolized the attention of the thinking and commercial part of the community, which part was Protestant; and, later on in that century, the fashionable part of the community, which part was likewise Protestant, took much more interest in the rivalries of Barry and Mossop, and the success of their respective theatres in Crow Street and

Smock Alley,* than it did in the progress of the Church in the city of Dublin, or in the country at large. Meantime, amidst famine, persecution, neglect, and contempt, the Romish party grew and multiplied. Potatoes were cheap when they did not fail, and they only failed now and again in those days, and early marriages were frequent. The old terror faded away in successive generations, but the old hatred grew in intensity. Protestant pity was moved by the abject condition of the serfs of the soil, and set itself to the task of removing social and political disabilities, whilst it left spiritual wants unsupplied. Then Protestant pity found itself unappreciated in the insurrection of 1798; and the events and cruelties of that period bequeathed a new legacy of hatred and heartburning, which stood in the way of the Church's progress when a new and better spirit animated her sons.

Even so has the Chnrch of Ireland been situated since the time of the Reformation. We have simply stated facts, and have as yet drawn no inference from them. We leave the inferences, with some further facts, for our next and closing chapter.

* Strange to say, about this time the stage seems to have moved in the matter of education, when the Church was standing still. Thomas Sheridan, (father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,) manager of Smock Alley Theatre, originated the "Hibernian Society," for the improvement of education in Ireland; and in his house, adjoining the theatre, committee meetings of that society were held in the year 1758. (See *Gilbert's History of Dublin*, vol. ii., p. 112.)

GENERAL VIEW—PART SECOND.

In the Session of Parliament in the year 1868, the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone—being then the leader of the Opposition—brought forward his celebrated resolutions, which affirmed the principle of disestablishment, so far forth as the Irish Church was concerned. These resolutions were—to the surprise of some who remembered former divisions on a similar question—carried by large majorities in the House of Commons, and next year—*i.e.*, in the year 1869—the "Irish Church Act," by which the ancient Church of Ireland was disestablished and disendowed—after an unavailing opposition in the House of Commons, and a somewhat tame surrender in the House of Lords—became the law of the land.

This heavy blow came at the last suddenly and unexpectedly. It was well known, indeed, that for many years the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, and their creatures, the agitators, had clamoured for the destruction of the Temporalities of the Church; it was also well known that the Liberation Society in England was eager for the overthrow of the State Church in Ireland, as a step towards the overthrow of the State Church in England. But few persons supposed that the attempt could have succeeded so easily and so soon; such persons were ignorant of the fact, that new convictions are often produced with amazing rapidity under certain conditions of politics and parties. It is a question whether Mr. Gladstone would have introduced the Irish Church measure, if he had had ready to his hand any other measure which would have consolidated the then disorganized Liberal party, and brought him into power with a decisive majority at his back. No other measure offered, and the man who in former years had written up Church and State, the man who was the favourite of the very party which, in 1833, had poured out vials of wrath on the heads of those who, in passing the Church Temporalities Act, had, as was said, sacrilegiously taken away ten of the "candlesticks" of the Irish Church, was the man of all others who,

with a determination and bitterness surpassing that of her hereditary foes, introduced and carried through, the Bill for her Disestablishment and Disendowment.

It is not for us now, however, to say anything more of the instrumentality by which this unhappy measure was accomplished. We have rather to dwell on the policy and probable results of the measure than on the consistency or inconsistency of the statesman who passed it into law. The logical results of the disestablishment of the Irish Church do not seem to have been apparent to the advocates of disestablishment; indeed, those advocates seem, either from ignorance of the real state of the country, or from self and party interest, to have been blind to what many said must ensue, and which has since actually ensued in Ireland.

If the Irish Church had been admittedly *the* great grievance—and the great and acknowledged cause of the discontent and disaffection which existed—then there might have been some cause, or some show of reason for attempting her overthrow; but if this were not the fact, and if the disaffected themselves did not pretend that it was the fact, then the attempt was a blunder in policy—and a wicked blunder, too—inasmuch as it was the fruit of party exigencies and desire for power.

There are two reasons which conclusively show that the Irish Church was not the grievance which her enemies in Parliament declared her to be at the time of her disestablishment; in the first place, successive Acts of Parliament had removed whatever might have pressed, or seemed to press, upon the Romish and dissenting portion of the population. The Act of 1833 abolished all vestry assessments for the requisites of Divine worship, which were from that time supplied by a tax on the bishops and beneficed clergy—the Act of 1838 commuted tithes into a rentcharge, payable by the Protestant landlord—and the Act of 1854 abolished a tax producing some £12,000 or £13,000 per annum, which, under the name of "Minister's Money," was levied in Dublin and a few other towns in the country. So thoroughly was all real cause of complaint removed, that the agitators who declaimed against the grievance of *the Irish Church*, were compelled to call it a "sentimental

grievance." But, in the second place, there is still more conclusive reason against the notion, that the Irish Church was the cause of the discontent and disaffection which is unfortunately so prevalent in Ireland—and that is, that though the Irish Church has been disestablished and disendowed, *the disaffection remains, and has acquired a standing and dimensions such as it never had before.*

Sometimes the enemies of the Irish Church—in England as well as in Ireland—urged it as a plea against her, that she was a sign and token of, and a pledge and means for, cementing connection with England, that therefore she was distasteful to the great majority of the Irish people, and that, therefore, she ought to be overthrown. We admit, to a certain extent, the premises and first part of the above conclusion; we utterly deny the last. For her sins—or for some other reasons known to Providence—the Irish Church *has* been intimately connected with England since the conquest of 1172. In consequence of that connexion she has ever been "preaching amongst swords," and from the time of the Reformation she has been hampered in her missionary action by a policy which never had in view the Protestantizing of the Irish people. She has been made in times past a *refugium peccatorum* in no good sense—has been dragged through the mire at the tail of the ministers of the day, and has often been forced into a position of apparent hostility to those who had at heart the good and prosperity of their country. It is only too true that her connexion with England in days gone by has led her into odium and unpopularity; but it is also true that in herself the Irish Church was a real bond of union between the two countries, and never was this more clearly recognized and asserted than in the Act of Union in 1800, for therein was it declared that "The United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said Church shall be, and shall remain in full force for ever; and that the continuance and preservation of the said United Church of England and Ireland shall be deemed, and shall be taken to be, *an essential and a fundamental part of the Union.*" The taunt then of "English connection" is one which should never have

come from other lips than those of so-called Irish nationalists, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church was an act of ingratitude on the part of those who knew the part she played in cementing the connexion of England and Ireland.

But the disestablishment was more than this: it was a mistake in policy. Instead of cutting down a "upas tree," the minister cut through the link forged so laboriously, and at the cost of so much gold in the old Parliament House in College Green in the first year of the present century. If there are hearts in Ireland which cling to union with England at this present time, it is not because that union rests on the untouched sanctions of law, but rather because the dread of a very possible Ultramontane ascendancy, and a further and more complete subversion of the rights of property, is just now stronger than the sentiment of burning indignation at broken faith and violated treaties.

From another point of view, the policy of the Irish Church Act of 1869 appears in a very questionable light. It was a truly inopportune Act. Had it come as a part of some new settlement after some great revolution, it might have received a show of justification, by being styled inevitable; had it come in the days of Swift's bishops, in the days when parsons hunted, and congregations slept, and cathedrals were dismantled, then the minister of disestablishment might have seemed to be the Nemesis of a righteous retribution. But if in the history of the Irish Church there was any one particular period of time in which, less than another, she deserved to be visited with a penalty, then that time was the very time chosen for her disestablishment and disendowment. Freed from all association with the old bad penal laws, her anomalies redressed, no longer a burden to those of another form of religion, no longer a convenience for divines whose merits were not appreciated in the sister-land—alive to her responsibilities as a missionary Church, and —for this was the case at the date of the disestablishment —with all her Archbishops and Bishops, *Irishmen* as well *as Irish Churchmen*—the Church of Ireland had, for the

first time, a clear field and a bright prospect of usefulness before her. Indeed her progress since the year 1806 had been great, but never so uniform as in the years immediately preceding her plunder. Between the years 1806 and 1826, the clergy increased from 1,253 to 1,977; the churches from 1,029 to 1,292; the benefices from 1,181 to 1,396; the glebe-houses from 295 to 768; whilst from the year 1826 to 1864 the clergy increased from 1,977 to 2,172; the churches from 1,192 to 1,579; the benefices from 1,396 to 1,510; the glebe-houses from from 768 to 978.

A good deal of capital was made out of the religious statistics of the Census of 1861; but it was forgotten, or industriously kept out of sight, that the Church of Ireland had held her ground better than her two great rivals—the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, and the Presbyterian on the other;* her deficiencies were made the most of—there were few to chronicle her triumphs. The *Times* did not disdain to lend its columns to gross misrepresentations and distortions of facts—our congregations were ridiculed—our modes of performing Divine service caricatured—our churches represented as damp vaults, out of which the water, which accumulated through the week, was pumped on Sunday morning previous to the twelve o'clock prayers—and yet those who went through Ireland could have borne a different testimony as to churches and congregations. In Armagh they would have seen the metropolitan Church of St. Patrick, restored principally by the late Primate at a cost of between £30,000 and £40,000; in Dublin the Cathedral of St. Patrick, restored by the private munificence of one man, at a cost of £150,000;† in Cork, a splendid new cathedral

* The Census of 1871 has shown that our Church has still held her own, and decreased in a less ratio than either the Roman Catholics or Presbyterians. There were in Ireland in the year 1871, 863,332 fewer Roman Catholics than in 1861; 22,916 fewer Presbyterians, and only 10,062 fewer members of the Church; the total numbers in 1871 being—Roman Catholics, 4,505,000; Church people, 683,295; Presbyterians, 503,461.

† Within the memory of the writer. upwards of twenty new churches have been built in Dublin and suburbs, six have been

built by the munificence of the gentlemen and merchants of the city and county, aided by the liberality of the energetic Bishop; in Kilmore, a new cathedral, a memorial to the sainted Bedell, raised mainly by the efforts of the present Primate; a new cathedral in Tuam all but completed; in Kilkenny, Down, Derry, and Limerick, cathedrals restored and beautified, and fitted for the solemn services performed therein. They would have seen, too, the strides the Church was making in Belfast, where the merchants in one year endowed five new districts, in which churches have since been built, and to which four more have been added within the last three years;* and all along the line of the Northern Counties railway; in secluded villages and busy towns; in Kilbride, with its purely rural district; in Ballymena, with its large population and noble church; in Ballymoney, Coleraine, Ahoghill, and fifty other places, they would have seen manifest signs and tokens that the Church was up and doing. And it was at this time, when our Church could boast of the presidency of such men as her Primate Beresford, and Archbishop Trench; of the learning of O'Brien and Fitzgerald; of the eloquence of Alexander and Gregg; of the matchless eloquence of Magee—for he then was with us—it was at this time that the hand of the spoiler was lifted, and the fatal blow was struck; surely a most inopportune time, as all impartial men must confess.

altogether rebuilt, and nine have been enlarged. It is to be carefully remembered, that the building and enlargement of churches in Ireland is a distinct measure of the liberality of Irish Churchmen. The late Ecclesiastical Commissioners usually gave one-third of the cost of building, the remaining two-thirds were supplied by the parishioners. As we have mentioned the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, we cannot forbear to mention the equally munificent restoration of Christ Church Cathedral now in progress. It is not every city that can boast of having two cathedrals, nor, we may add, of having, and having had, two such citizens as Mr. Henry Roe and the late Sir Benjamin Guinness.

* The progress of the Church in Belfast has been something marvellous. In the year 1833, according to the religious Census then made, the Church people numbered about 18,000—in 1861, they increased to upwards of 29,000, and in 1871, to 48,000.

But now we must not look mournfully into the past, but hopefully to the future—the dead past may be left to bury its dead—and it has much within it that may be well hidden out of sight. Our hope and our help are in the name of the Lord, but humanly speaking, they are in our heartiness and energy, in our determination to avoid divisions and party work, and mean and unworthy suspicions. Then will the untried path on which we are now entering be a path of usefulness as well as a path of peace, and the old Church—the same still, for all her disestablishment and disendowment—will continue to add from age to age new and illustrious names to the long bead-roll of eminent Irish Churchmen.

Porteous and Gibbs, Printers, 18 Wicklow Street.