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PARNELL;

OR,

IRELAND AND AMERICA,

BY

VIRGILIUS.

"Salus populi suprema lex."

Price, 25 Cents.

PUBLISHED BY
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

1880.

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PREFACE.

“Ireland for the Irish.”

THE American people of all shades of opinion on foreign politics have had ample time to estimate the merits of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell's theory on the means of adjusting the relations between landlord and tenant, and permanently settling the Irish land problem on the basis of a tenant proprietary. It is the purport of these pages to undeceive the honest and impartial reader, by dispelling certain mists of prejudice which a hasty perusal of superficial newspaper articles may have led him to entertain. Answerers lie under many disadvantages. The false statements of the other side have had ample time to fly through the country, while the refutation comes limping slowly after, and arrives, too often, when men's opinions are already fixed. Besides, it is the weakness of too many to mistake the utterances of a certain section of the press for their own sincere convictions, and even for the sentiments of mankind. Nevertheless, truth is great and shall prevail. The cause advocated by Mr. Parnell is the cause of the weak against the strong. It is the defense of the oppressed and long misgoverned peasantry of Ireland, against a system and a class “whose honor rooted in dishonor stands.” Among the tenantry of Ireland there is a perfect unanimity of opinion in favor of Mr. Parnell's plan. Now all men are united in holding that when the collective body of the people agree it is the sense of the nation, and therefore should not be persistently opposed in the national legislature.

It will be well for England to take a lesson in time from this Parnell agitation; for her true interest lies in doing so. Neglect to learn wisdom from the active friends of the American colonies, the Parnells of their day, was the seed which ripened

into a mighty republic. Besides the loss of the best portion of her colonial empire, that wilful neglect, cost England the loss of many millions of annual revenue, and increased the nation's indebtedness to the amount of some \$500,000,000.

Much as the American people have done by their unexampled munificence to alleviate actual distress in Ireland, there is yet a better and more lasting service which that country asks at their hands, and which can be given without either inconvenience or expense. It is that, in thinking and speaking of the Irish question, Americans divest themselves of prejudice, and not allow preconceived ideas to warp their better judgment. Ireland solicits the impartial verdict of America on that English system of land tenure which afflicts the Irish people with periodical misery, and compels them to go forth, as tearful mendicants, to the nations. This judgment is what Ireland especially asks, and what will bear abundant fruit long after the existing distress shall have ceased to prey upon the vitals of the cottier farmers. Let the practical American mind bend itself on this problem: "Whereas Ireland produces enough food to maintain a population five times larger than it possesses, is not England the criminal cause of Irish distress?" The English Government upholds a land system by which the produce of the land passes from the poor cottier who tills it into the pockets of alien landlords, who know little and care less for Ireland. Is that honest? The answer of every true American will be, "Let the people have their own land, and let them live by its produce." That is the verdict which Ireland asks from America.

In no civilized country is public opinion more talked about and less acted upon than in England. "In fourteen years," says Grattan, "the Irish Parliament, with all its imperfections, had done more for Ireland than the English Parliament had accomplished in a century for England." Hence the absolute necessity of a vigorous, sustained expression of public opinion, in order to effect a radical change in the land system of Ireland. That is the object of Mr. Parnell's visit to America; and it would be difficult to exaggerate the lasting benefits to the Irish farmers which are sure to result from it.

Much has already been achieved. Seldom has Parliament, in its opening session, devoted so much consideration to Irish

affairs as it felt itself constrained to do in 1880. All that has been done must in fairness be regarded as the result of Mr. Parnell's patriotic exertions. He has been the means of causing nations to deplore and denounce the direful effects whose cause he aims at eradicating root and branch. Misery and famine all true hearts bleed to think of; landlordism, whence they flow, he boldly struggles to destroy. Should America fail to sustain him, justice will receive another proof that her path is rugged, and her friends are few; but whatever storms he may encounter, whatever shoals and quicksands he may have to guard against, the day is not distant when he and his friends will cry, "Tendimus in Latium."

To Parnell it is due that the scenes of '48 have not already been re-enacted, and that some future poet shall not have to chant the jeremiads of this day in language like to that of the sweetest and purest of living bards :

"Sudden fell

Famine, the terror never absent long,
Upon our land. It shrank the daily dole ;
The oatmeal trickled from a tighter grasp ;
Hunger grew wild through panic ; infant cries
Maddened at times the gentle into wrong ;
And like a lamb that openeth not its mouth,
The sacrificial people, fillet-bound,
Stood up to die. * * * * *

The nettles and the weeds by the wayside
Men ate ; from sharpening features and sunk eyes
Hunger glared forth, a wolf more lean each hour ;
Children seemed pigmies shriveled to sudden age ;
And the deserted babe, too weak to wail,
But shook its hands, pitying or curious, raised
The rag across him thrown. In England alms
From many a private heart were largely sent,
As oft-times they have been. 'Twas vain. The land
Wept while her sons sank back into her graves
Like drowners 'mid still seas."

Let us hope that Aubrey de Vere may hang up his lyre on present sorrows, to resume the exultant epic of heroic courage and fortitude, crowned by the glorious victory of peasant proprietary.

In connection with Mr. Parnell the words of O'Connell's biographer are not wholly inapplicable : "The world never saw so powerful a confederacy as the British peerage ; from

which it would seem to follow that the tribune who confronted and discomfited them must be the most extraordinary man that ever lived." I believe these words will not be falsified by Mr. Parnell; but I invite his attention to this noble sentiment of the Liberator, which in hours of gloom may stand him in stead: "I care not how much I am calumniated when the vials of defamation are poured out upon me on account of my exertions in behalf of my country."

VIRGILIUS.

I.

Mr. Parnell's Visit to America.

"Palmas qui meruit ferat."

There is no gainsaying the fact that the visit of Charles Stewart Parnell to the United States will mark a most memorable epoch in Anglo-American history. But there is another country in whose chequered annals it will, through all future ages, constitute an event of singular, if not unprecedented importance. It is needless to say I refer to Ireland. The history of that interesting and beautiful island is strangely mixed up with poverty and suffering. Civilized when all other known nations were steeped in barbarism, it is at this day the object of the compassionate sympathy of the entire world. But it comes before the nations this time in a manner unlike to that it has at any other period assumed, and this fact is owing to the energy, boldness, and independence of Charles Stewart Parnell. He is no common advocate, and he pleads the cause of his misruled, unhappy country, amid no ordinary circumstances, and in quite an original manner. His education, his force of character, and his high social position compel respect. His aim and motives are presumably unselfish and disinterested. Unless we disregard all ordinary canons of criticism, and set aside the common standards by which thoughtful men are guided in forming an estimate of human character, we are compelled to admit that Mr. Parnell has much to lose and nothing to gain by his mission to America. Irishmen, both at home and in the United States, are proverbially suspicious of men who go out of their way to vindicate Ireland's cause; nor is this to be wondered at. Perhaps no nation has been better deceived and more cruelly betrayed. But the promptings of narrow suspicion vanish

before the lofty personal character of Charles Stewart Parnell. He is, however, a man. He is neither stronger than Samson, nor wiser than Solomon, nor holier than David. He inherits all the weaknesses of his countrymen; nor is there any imaginable anchorage to which we can fancy him so immovably fastened as to be inaccessible to the pernicious influences of English bribery. Disregarding these and similar reflections, however, and leaving the future to take care of itself, we desire to view Mr. Parnell as we find him, as he is, not as he may one day possibly be. We speak of him in connection with his mission to the United States, a self-imposed mission, and one which the history of Irish patriots proves to be the reverse of attractive.

It is painfully true that Ireland has little reason to boast of those who have touched the shores of America to speak in behalf of the Emerald Isle. It is undeniable that they shed pale lustre on themselves and their country, and, in most instances, have scattered seeds of lasting bitterness among that numerous class of Americans whose knowledge of Ireland is derived from a view of the emigrants at Castle Garden, or a mid-summer church picnic, or a Patrick's day procession, wading through the mud and slush of some American city. In this connection Mr. Parnell is quite a phenomenal visitor. He is not a Catholic, and by this fact is at least partially estranged from the lowest substratum of the Catholic Irish in America. He is not an orator, and here again he is fundamentally distinguished from nine-tenths of those who have at all times espoused the interests, and imagined themselves the champions of Ireland. He is not a prating mountebank, a reckless, jolly, hair-brained free liver, of irregular life and irresponsible speech. He is, on the contrary, a perfect gentleman. He is a man of university education, of ample fortune, and singular earnestness of purpose. His indomitable sternness of character has marked his career in America as one altogether exceptional. It gives him a powerful claim to a fair and impartial hearing from friend and foe—from Irish and anti-Irish—from all who love truth and honesty, no matter what may be their creed, their politics, or their nationality.

As to the Irish who have made their homes in the United States, no unbiassed thinker can doubt but that they have

gone over in overwhelming majorities to Mr. Parnell's side. They have assembled in vast numbers to hear him. Invitations have poured in upon him. In all the cities and towns he has visited royal honors were showered in lavish abundance upon him. He went about, not as an adventurer, but as an invited guest. Large sums of money were contributed toward the two-fold cause he advocates. The *argumentum ad crumenam*, a powerful test of public approval, has been tried with complete success. Thus far as to the co-operation of the Irish element of American society. But American sympathy has not been wanting. The leading public men of our cities took part in the Parnell meetings, spoke words of no doubtful sound in behalf of the movement, and demonstrated their sincerity by handsome contributions.

A member of the British Parliament, he was listened to with respect in the legislative halls of America. He spoke in Albany, the capital of the Empire State of the Union. He was received with quiet but significant dignity by Cardinal McCloskey and President Hayes. The churches of every denomination participated in the movement. Catholic priests and Protestant ministers mingled together harmoniously on the Parnell platform, and spoke at the Parnell meetings.

It may unhesitatingly be affirmed that these clergymen represented the mind and heart of hundreds of Catholic priests throughout the United States, for in most of the cities the resolutions of sympathy, encouragement, and thanks were moved by Roman Catholic clergymen. The significance of this disinterested co-operation will be apparent when it is remembered that Mr. Parnell is not a Catholic himself. It was a spontaneous tribute of homage to a cause intrinsically just and praiseworthy. Protestant ministers were not indifferent. They entered heartily into the movement, and spoke words of weighty import. As a specimen, the reader will recognize the telling speech of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, who, at the Parnell meeting held at Brooklyn, spoke substantially as follows:—

“I am in favor of the most serious, prolonged, and earnest agitation of public sentiment in America for the emancipation of the Irish peasantry from their present condition. (Tremendous cheering.) There is no other subject that is more

important to the great mass of mankind than the question of land. There are a great many ways, gentlemen, by which oppression can make itself felt. It may take possession of the Government, and by arms despoil the citizens—take their rights from them, imprison them, slay them. That is tyranny the most common and obvious. It may be that there shall arise in the midst of the State such power in wealth, such combinations of capital and monopolies, that the great thoroughfare shall be choked up by the few, and prevent the passage of the million many, and so oppression may take place in the community. That may be more mild in its aspects, but it is nevertheless oppression. And there is another oppression quite possible by which the rights, happiness, and the life of the people may be sucked out, and that is the possession of land. The time is coming when the world is to have a new agitation on the subject of land. He that possesses the land possesses the people. You cannot put the land of any nation into the hands of a few men and not make them the despots over the many. (Loud applause.) The holding of the land in fee simple by the men that work on it is the principle, and shall yet be the universal world doctrine. (Renewed applause.) It is quite in vain that four millions of Africans have been emancipated if they are forbidden to buy land. Now the question comes up if we Americans have the right to protest against despotism anywhere except at home? I say that I have the right to protest against despotism wherever it exists under the broad heavens. (Cheering.) I hold more than this—that there is rising up in modern times an influence which we call public sentiment, a moral influence which is growing more and more powerful, and which is yet to overawe Parliaments and Courts, and to determine largely the changes that are necessary for the uprising of the great common classes of the common people. We should be false to our traditions, false to the examples of the fathers and their worthy sons, if we did not in some way denounce everything that is wrong, and let every civilized nation of the globe feel the light of our intelligence and the indignation of our conscience. But I need not refer to the liberty of the past of America, and turn to Great Britain herself to find my precedent. When Ferdinand II. oppressed his citizens, when his prisons were glutted with political prisoners, did not Gladstone, to his eternal honor, rise up in Parliament and publish the public sentiment; did he not direct the energies of the Government itself against the nobles' government in behalf of the oppressed; and did he not bring a pressure to bear, partly civil, partly moral, that changed the policy of Lower Italy? I should like to know whether Great Britain employed any

civil, military, or moral influence in Turkey. (Loud laughter.) I should like to know whether to-day in India or in Afghanistan Great Britain is expressing an opinion as to the institutions of those countries. (Applause.) I hold that it belongs to our free national character—we that are descended from the Irish, the English, the Welsh, and the Scotch—whether we have not been born, bred, and brought up in the doctrine that anything that concerns the human race concerns us. (Applause.) I hold then that we have the right to throw across the water and into Great Britain such expressions of sympathy for her oppressed laborers, and the want of conscience and justice shown to them as shall stir up this great people. I have not a word to say against them derogatively. I admit their power; but I hold that the land system of Great Britain has to be revolutionized, or Great Britain will be revolutionized. When we were helping four millions of men in bondage, without rights and recognition, was Great Britain silent? (Laughter.) Did she not set our sins before our eyes? (Laughter.) And when the thunders of war awoke us to the atrocity of our sin, then did not Great Britain turn back on us and fight what she had tried to raise up? (Renewed laughter.) Yet I can say, in regard to England, with the poet—

“ With all thy faults, I love thee still.”

I am told, however, that it is not simply land tenure that is the matter with Ireland. I am told that it is religion (laughter), I am told that it is laziness, I am told that it is thievery, I am told that it is the Irish people's depravity. Now, I would not certainly withhold the tribute of an ordinary amount of depravity to our Irish brethren. I suppose they have enough to go around. But I call your attention to one fact, that from the day when Cromwell landed in Ireland, according to Froude, the Irish have been fractious and rebellious, and never under any Government had a settled and easy state of things, which I suppose is correct; and I hope that for another eight hundred years to come they never will—unless they are free. (Applause.) I admit that they are a troublesome people to govern (laughter), that they are a proud people, intensely loving their own land and their own ways, and that they are the worst people to oppress under the face of the heavens. But bring the Irish out to this continent on which they are bound by no unjust laws, but have the benefit of free institutions, free land, and free commerce, and what then is the character of the Irish people? When they first came among us the less educated gave us some trouble. Their ideas of voting are obscure. (Laughter.) I

know not what percentage of them perish in the making, but trace them on the whole—trace the green Irishman who comes with his shillelah fresh from the soil—he has to vote a good many times in order to learn how. (Laughter.) But if he survives whiskey and gets a little property, and lives ten years in this land, he votes just as well as you do. They tell me that the trouble in Ireland is the nature of the Irishman himself. I say bring him to our land and give him a chance and time, and we will prove that he needs nothing but good institutions and good laws to make him as good a citizen as the sun shines on. The educated Irish that come to us are a bounty and a blessing, and a light and a warmth; and I hold that their mercurial blood, mixed with the colder blood of New England and Germany, is yet to give a race of people that will combine, I hope, the virtues of the different nations without their vices and their faults. That may be the millennium. Then let us hope we are near the millennium. Without expressing any opinion in favor of organized opposition and insurrection, I call your attention to one fact in history, that every amelioration of the condition of Ireland has followed the outbreak of violence in Ireland. I do not counsel organized insurrection or war; but I do honor the effort to make the Government so uncomfortable that it at last consents to make the people comfortable. (Loud applause.) It is said that emigration is the only cure for Irish grievances. I say that so far as we are concerned let them come here. We want them. And so far as they are concerned a Government which does not know how to manage its people, except by taking them out of the nation, is a Government that ought not to stand. I wish Mr. Parnell may be successful in his mission. Newspapers nor any combinations have power to crush any cause that has real worth, and that is upheld by men of pluck and substance. (Loud applause.)”

But the crowning event of Mr. Parnell's visit, and the strongest evidence that he carried American sympathy with him, is found in the fact that, by an overwhelming vote of the House of Representatives, he was invited to address that assembly on the subject of his visit to America. This is a fact of national importance both to Ireland and America. It is of similar occurrences that history is composed; that the life and hope of oppressed nationality is rescued from extinction. Some forty years ago the bones of Robert Bruce were discovered in the ruins of Dunfermline Abbey. The event created a storm of Scottish enthusiasm, which stirred the

land of Scott and Campbell from the depths of the Clyde to the mountains of the Dee; and people not unnaturally concluded that the semi-extinct patriotism of that ancient Celtic kingdom had borrowed a new lease of life. In another section of the Celtic family a mournful wail of sorrow continues to sweep the land, and the spur of adversity revives the sinking spirits of afflicted but invincible Ireland. In the spirit of true patriotism Mr. Parnell makes himself the advocate and ambassador of the Irish farmers, and with rare consistency and unswerving firmness labors to make impartial Americans realize the perfect feasibility of a plan, at once practical and just, for the lasting amelioration of the tenant farmers of Ireland. With the eagle glance of lofty statesmanship, he reviews the whole domain of periodical distress and chronic disaffection among the Irish peasantry, and fixes the true cause of both in the helpless condition to which the people are normally reduced by an unjust system of land tenure, and by the vexatious exactions, the selfishness and tyranny of alien and unsympathizing landlords. He enters upon the ennobling task of breaking down the brazen walls of this frowning fortress of Irish landlordism, and asks for the cheering sympathy of all upright minds in this broad land of freedom. It has been given in unstinted measure. The supply will continue to meet the demand. America is the natural tribunal whereat to try the cause of a despotic government against a misgoverned people. As long as this bloodless contest shall last, so long shall the hands of Parnell be lifted in suppliant appeal to Columbia, and, through the press and public opinion of Columbia, to all the nations of the earth, and so long shall the people's advocate receive the encouraging reply, "Onward! nor halt while one stone of the unseemly structure remains upon another." Generations of Americans yet unborn shall read of this Parnell discussion with feelings akin to those which the student of to-day experiences in reading Edmund Burke on the claims of the American colonies to independence. Before this century is much older, the chains of the Irish cottiers shall be broken; nor is there any need of the fire that touched Isaiah's lips to predict the glowing enthusiasm with which, forty years hence, the historian of America will describe that evening in

our legislative chamber at Washington, when the cheers of a delighted nation greeted a modest Irish gentleman who fiercely denounced the unjust land system of England. When Mr. Parnell shall stand upon the ramparts of the doomed citadel, giving the banner of victory to the breeze, one can fancy the departing spirit of landlordism addressing him in the words of the expiring Clorinda to Tancred: "Friend! thou hast conquered! I forgive thee; do thou also pardon me."

Together with much warm sympathy and encouragement, Mr. Parnell has received from the know-nothing section of Americans not a little hostility. That is but natural. A bad cause, like a bad man, is pitied; people conclude to leave them severely alone. But a good cause, like a good man, is persecuted, vilified, and persistently misrepresented. Those who thoughtfully endeavor to cast the horoscope of Ireland's future will discover in this partial apathy towards Parnell's land theories the best omen of their ultimate success. For the opposition to his scheme proves rather for than against its justness and reasonableness, inasmuch as all the great political, social, and scientific changes of modern times have been made in the face of violent opposition. Wellington was opposed to the emancipation of the slaves, and so was Peel, and so were the Southern planters, but emancipation is a fact.

Winser, the German, who made the first experiments in lighting a street in London with gas, was looked upon as a lunatic. Sir Humphrey Davy, the first chemist of his day, called it "an impossibility," and Sir Walter Scott, writing from London, says: "There is a madman proposing to light the London streets with smoke."

The project of ocean steamers was met with a tempest of ridicule. Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, declared his readiness to swallow whole the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic.

More violent still was the opposition against which Morse was compelled to struggle. His application for aid to Congress, in 1837, was received with jeers and hisses. He was refused letters patent in England, but he died decorated with all the honors Europe had to bestow.

Englishmen are traditionally and characteristically slow to perceive the value of any new movement in jurisprudence and science, a fact of which the Suez Canal furnishes recent evidence. The project was stubbornly opposed in England, to the amazement of all France. The protracted struggle for Parliamentary Reform witnesses to the same stubborn resistance to change and progress in the days of our fathers. More than thirty years after Pitt had energetically fought for reform, Wellington obstinately declared "that he was opposed to all and every reform, because the existing forms were sufficient for every purpose and possessed the perfect confidence of the country." But that pompous utterance was both indiscreet and untrue. His ministry fell, and within two years the Reform Bill became law, having received a handsome majority in both houses of Parliament. It has become fashionable with a small class of Americans to develop a sham veneration for existing laws and usages. The experience of our late "unpleasantness" makes us suspiciously intolerant of novelty. When our Elevated Road was projected, the wiseacres shouted that New York would be torn in pieces. But not one stone of our system has been displaced, and we move about more rapidly, yet more smoothly than before. A savage attack has been made on "Parnellism" by British and Irish landlordism, and the chorus has been taken up by (*sic*) our American aristocracy. But in the lifetime of living men Parnellism will undoubtedly become law, while the integrity of the British Empire, the true interests of the Crown of England, and the happy relations of all classes of the Queen's subjects shall continue, not only undisturbed, but more powerfully consolidated than before.

Here an important question suggests itself: What is Mr. Parnell's object in visiting this country? Firstly, to sound the alarm of a desolating famine among the Irish cottiers in the certain near future. I affirm that, in the order of time, Parnell's was the first voice lifted, and the first to make itself felt, in presaging the dire distress now raging in Ireland. When he first spoke of it, nobody here, and few in Great Britain, believed him. He was first in the field. Then came all the usual machinery which springs into motion in multiplied shapes on the occurrence of every critical event. The

clergy wrote, members of Parliament spoke, official investigations were instituted, the cabinet held extraordinary session. This combined action followed apace, but the first zephyrs of all this national storm were the prophetic words of Parnell, spoken at the meetings of the Land League, when, with rare tact and shrewdness, he instructed the poor, rude cottiers in the primary right to live, and the sovereign importance of self-preservation. If, which Heaven vouchsafe, the universal sympathy subsequently aroused shall be the lever to raise up prostrate Ireland, the fulcrum without which that lever had been inoperative is Charles Stewart Parnell.

To intensify the force of his appeal to the British government, Mr. Parnell crossed the ocean to obtain from America what, in her own hour of trial, America had sought and obtained from Ireland—sympathy, and the powerful aid of public opinion. Parnell asks from Americans that which Americans asked from Ireland, and France, and Canada. “I found the people of Ireland,” says Franklin, “disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them, with the expectation that our growing weight might in time be thrown into their scale, and justice be obtained for them likewise.” Appeals from afar have more telling power with those who are apt to trust too much to their fancied security at home. If the whole neighborhood congregate riotously around a man’s house, sneering at its internal filthiness, he will promptly seize the broom, and set about sweeping it. If distant strangers carry piles of food across the seas, and toss it in through his windows to feed his starving children, he himself having stores of hoarded wealth, and feasting luxuriously, he will soon learn that he has duties toward those children, which, unless he discharge, his own house will be made too hot for him. That is the idea which lies at the bottom of Mr. Parnell’s visit to America; and seldom has any idea been put forth with more astonishing success. America has already done more for the Irish poor than England. There has been more alacrity, more tender sympathy, more generous rivalry here than in England. The heart of the United States has quivered, while that of England has hardly been moved. The result is, an amount of money has been sent from America such as no one nation has ever been known

to contribute before. Now, I claim that this result is due in the main to the timely alarm given by Parnell, and to his presence and untiring exertions in the States. Let it not be said "he has many adversaries, and they do not believe in him." Be it so; he has goaded them on to action, vied with them, and stimulated them to efforts which, but for their hatred of him, they never would have made. If you refuse, at my request, to aid my starving mother, but will insist, through sheer dislike of me and my ways, in heaping upon her favors I should not have dreamed of soliciting, so much the better for the needy old lady. She will thank her boy none the less, but rather love him all the more. Neither shall I esteem myself any the less for that I can so easily lash you into such productive activity. It matters little what seas produced the pearls, what mines the gold, so the jewels are plenteously poured into my mother's casket. It will ever remain indisputably true that the first cause of America's unprecedented munificence to Ireland is Mr. Parnell; and those who think lightly of his politics will not deny that when we behold a majestic river rushing violently down to the sea our pleasure is but enhanced when we remember the tiny rivulet whence the noble stream takes its rise. The torrent of charity which America has poured into Ireland puts England to the blush; makes her feel ashamed that the foreign rebels of her former colonies should have to feed and clothe the bravest and best of her subjects. To put England in this dilemma, this most humiliating position before the world, is the second object of Mr. Parnell's visit. It has been accomplished with signal success.

But there is yet a third.

The public opinion which Mr. Parnell asks from America is a healthy and intelligent opinion, which, rooted in the convictions of the nation, shall express itself with vigorous earnestness and genuine American manliness, and thus contribute to shame the government of England into granting a new system of land tenure—the one true panacea for the ills that periodically afflict the tenant farmers of Ireland. The result of such a judgment, borne through lands and seas by the press, will set all men thinking, and will stir that common bond of intelligent sympathy which belts the globe, and is

the distinctive characteristic of this century. It is not too much for an Irish patriot to ask of free Americans, who, of all nations, scorn those unjust class distinctions which enable a despotic minority to keep its heel on the neck of an oppressed majority.

“The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man’s the gawd for a’ that.”

II.

Parnell and the Land Question.

“ Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.”

The unjust system of land tenure in Ireland is the fruitful source of the extreme poverty of her people, and of the famine which periodically spreads such withering desolation among them. It is not, by any means, the *only* source, nor would its abolition involve the discontinuance of several other real grievances of which the Irish people are, and have long been, the victims. But it is the first and principal source, because it is by the fruits of the land the people live, agriculture being almost their exclusive occupation. Now, the fruits of the small farmers or cottiers' industry are barely sufficient, in the best seasons, to meet two imperative demands—the landlord's rent and the necessaries of life. In most parts of Ireland the small farmers can barely obtain a subsistence for themselves and their families, after having paid the rent. They do not own the land, for two-thirds of Ireland is owned by about nineteen hundred landlords, most of them English, and the other third, in great measure, will come into their possession on the expiration or “falling in” of leases. The small Irish farmer, therefore, exists for no other purpose than to enrich his landlord, whom, in most instances, he has never seen, and who spends the rent earned by the ill-clad and ill-fed cottier in England, France, Italy, Asia, or America. This is not a temporary or novel state of things, either as to the tenant or the landlord. For centuries the tenant was legally incapacitated from holding possession, in fee simple, of a single acre of land as his own property, and at the present day his position is practically the same. Mr.

Gladstone's land bill remains inoperative, and the Bright clauses are confined to the paper on which they are written. At no time for centuries have the landlords been other than largely English, who drained Ireland of all they could possibly squeeze out of it, and spent it anywhere but in Ireland. Some thirty-five years ago Mr. O'Connell said, "It was calculated by an able man that nine million pounds a year pass out of this country: the railway commissioners reduced it to six millions. Take the reduced amount, and I ask, did ever a country suffer such an odious drain of six million pounds of absentee money? six million pounds raised every year in this country, not to fructify it, not to employ the people of the country, not to take care of the sick and poor, and destitute, but six millions are transplanted to foreign lands—sent there, but giving no returns—leaving poverty to those who enriched. Take six millions for the last ten years. Look now at sixty millions drawn from this unhappy country. Take it for the next six years. Can you, in conscience, encourage this?"

"There is a cant that agitation prevents the influx of capital. What is the meaning of that? We do not want English capital. Leave us our own six millions, and we shall have capital in abundance. We do not want that left-hand benevolence which would drain the country with one hand, and let in niggardly with the other. There is another item which exhausts the resources of this country, and that to the amount of nearly two millions (£2,000,000) annually. There is again the woods and forests. That department receives £74,000 a year out of Ireland in quit rents. How was that expended for the last ten years? Between the Thames Tunnel and to ornament Trafalgar square." Continuing this calculation of Mr. O'Connell's, and not including the six years subsequent to the date—1844—on which he spoke, Ireland has been drained since then by absentee landlords of £242,222,000, amounting in our money to twelve hundred and eleven millions one hundred and ten thousand dollars (\$1,211,110,000). Is it to be wondered at that succeeding generations witness a state of ever-increasing misery among the small farmers of Ireland? "But," you say, "why don't they work?" They have no work. Land is the only work, or field for work, that offers to the

Irish cottier. Ireland has no manufactures, no developed mineral wealth. She has exhaustless mineral wealth *untouched*, and a water power capable of working the machinery of the whole world. But there they lie, desolate as the sands of Syria. Since the Union, Irish industries have been crushed out of existence. Before the Union there were in the city of Dublin alone 68,000 operatives; there are not 8,000 at the present time. His little lot of land is the only hope of subsistence for the Irish peasant. Therefore, to secure him in the free hold of this, relieving him from exorbitant rents, and encouraging him to improve his holding for the benefit of his family is the true way to befriend him. That is what Mr. Parnell is working for, and to that it must come. The small farmer has, and can have, no capital. Therefore his life is blasted at his birth, for what is life without hope of improvement or advancement? If he attempts to improve the soil, he simply twists a rope to hang himself. His improvements cause the rent to be raised, or, what is more tantalizing still, excite the cupidity of a neighbor, who, because of those very improvements, offers to pay a higher rent, and causes him and his family to be cast out upon the highway. "But how," you subjoin, "can a neighbor be so inhuman?" Because the landlord spurs him on to it, and bribes him to outbid his nearby countryman, thus fostering mutual hate and strife, which speedily breed revenge, and too often end in murder. That is the true history of "the wild justice of revenge," so unintelligible to Americans, yet so natural when clearly understood. It begins and ends in "the land," and is begotten of the brutal infamy of the landlords. Thus it will appear that the "speculator," who "hangs" about a New York theatre, raising the price of tickets, and encouraging citizens to remain away, and "be sure to be late," thus deranging everything, and disturbing everybody, for greed of filthy pelf, is really a high-minded gentleman when compared to the unscrupulous Irish landlord; yet this wretched class rule with a rod of iron over the finest peasantry on earth. It would appear, indeed, that the interests of the landlord were held to be best consulted for by the utter degradation of the tenantry. Business men all over the world secure the confidence and affection of their employees by gentleness, and a thoughtful consider-

ateness for their welfare. But the Irish landlord makes the slavish cottier believe that he ought to be thankful for being allowed to exist. Hence Professor Fawcett writes, in the spirit of a true Englishman, that "it has been justly remarked that the Irish cottiers were the only people in the world whose condition was so deplorable that they gained nothing by being industrious." Nor is it the people only that are demoralized and degraded by landlord ascendancy. The land itself is made worthless. "No scheme," continues Fawcett, "could possibly be devised which would act more effectually to impoverish the people and throw the land into the most wretched state of cultivation." The study of this writer's "Manual of Political Economy" would win many earnest converts in England and America over to the cause of the Irish farmers. The traveler is amused at the primitive simplicity of the Irish peasant in thinking he holds high carnival (*America*, "is having a splendid time") over a cup of tea and some "baker's" bread, which festive occasion commonly concludes with the "squeezing of the tea-pot." The quaint usage is derived from the landlord's traditional policy of distraining, pinching, racking, and "squeezing" the poor illiterate tenant and his little holding to the utmost capacity of their resources. Among the peasantry the more common phrase is "skinning the land," which religious people associate with the famous judgment of St. Kolumkille: "the tail goes with the hide." But the true etymology will be found in the evidence taken before "Lord Devon's Irish Poor Law Commission," where it is declared, upon the highest agricultural authority, that the nominal amount of cottier rents exceeds the *whole produce* which the land yields, *even in the most favorable season*. When substance and skin are extracted, what remains for the cottier is to be tossed out upon the highway, and allowed to see his mud cabin leveled with the earth. This horrid cruelty must not continue to be tolerated in this age of steam and electricity, and England begins to awaken to this. The *London Quarterly Review* (a Tory organ) admits that ejection, under the best terms, has lived its full term. "We admit that to eject an unoffending and paying tenant from a homestead or farm which he had held for years, and whereon probably his parents had lived before him, and to which, therefore, he had

contracted a natural attachment, and thus to eject him from pure caprice or greediness, even when full compensation for actual improvements is given, is a harsh, cruel, and unrighteous proceeding, and in the Irish mind is sure to be regarded as injustice and oppression, and to be resented as such." The writer who, fifty years ago, should use even this carefully guarded language, would have been regarded in Great Britain and Ireland as a lunatic. This is the inhuman system, to destroy which root and branch, Mr. Parnell is pleading at the bar of American public opinion. England meanwhile trembles, for she is being weighed in a scale of even balance, and remorsefully feels her own side is certain to sink. But it will lend increased grace to this certain future victory to allow an Englishman to proclaim its tidings, which John Stuart Mill has done in these bold and prophetic words :

"It is not to fear of consequences, but to a sense of right, that one would wish to appeal on this most momentous question. Yet it is not impertinent to say that to hold Ireland permanently by the old bad means is simply impossible. Neither Europe nor America would now bear the sight of a Poland across the Irish Channel. Were we to attempt it, and a rebellion, so provoked, could hold its ground but for a few weeks, there would be an explosion of indignation all over the civilized world; on this single occasion Liberals and Catholics would be unanimous; Papal volunteers and Garibaldians would fight side by side against us for the independence of Ireland, until the many enemies of British prosperity had time to complicate the situation by a foreign war. Were we even able to prevent a rebellion, or suppress it the moment it broke out, the holding down by military violence of a people in desperation, constantly struggling to break their fetters, * * * could not long succeed with a country so vulnerable as England, having territories to defend in every part of the globe, and half her population dependent on foreign commerce. * * * Too much bitter feeling still remains between England and the United States, more than eighty years after separation; and Ireland has suffered from England, for many centuries, evils compared with which the greatest grievances of the Americans were, in all but their principle, insignificant. * * * America is the country with which we are * * * in most danger of having serious difficulties; and Ireland would be far more likely to confederate with America against us than with us against America. * * * If, without removing this (land tenure) difficulty,

we attempt to hold Ireland by force, it will be at the expense of all the character we possess as lovers and maintainers of free government, or respecters of any rights except our own; it will most dangerously aggravate all our chances of misunderstandings with any of the great powers of the world, culminating in war; we shall be in a state of open revolt against the universal conscience of Europe and Christendom, and more and more against our own. And we shall in the end be shamed, or, if not shamed, coerced into releasing Ireland from the connection; or we shall avert the necessity only by conceding with the worst grace, and when it will not prevent some generations of ill blood, that which, if done at present, may still be in time permanently to reconcile the two countries."

But during this present famine England, pretending to sustain the tenantry, upholds the landlords, by offering them loans on easy terms to give remunerative employment to their tenantry. For what? Immediately to relieve distress, but ultimately? to enhance the value of the holdings, and then set the tenants at each other's throats, to outbid one another, and so enrich the landlords more and more. By this one single fact Irish landlordism and the English Government stand condemned before the world. When famine comes, Government and the landlords are zealous for the reclamation of waste lands and wholesome improvements. It is mere trickery. In 1875 there were 4,255,000 acres of bog and waste land in Ireland. This had increased in 1879 to 4,650,000 acres! The true remedy for this ever-recurring apathy of Government and the landlords is to make the tillers of the soil the owners of the soil, or in one word—Parnellism. Let the reader compare the land system of Ireland with that of the Channel Islands, which, while part of the British Empire, have legislatures of their own, without the consent of which no act of the British Parliament has any force, being in their nature, too, constituted independent States. The area of these islands, taken together, does not exceed 50,000 acres, the size of an ordinary Irish barony—less than one-third the estates of two noblemen in Mayo. But, unlike the tenants of these noblemen, who are liable to eviction at the will of their taskmakers, under a system of Draconian land laws, the people of the Channel Islands have

their own land laws and legislative power for centuries, and they provide for the equal distribution of land among children, which, while preventing the growth of large properties in land, have secured the division of the islands into small farms, which are owned by the men who till them. And in the world there is no community where there is greater wealth, nor more widely distributed in proportion to the population. Here, then, is a system of proprietorship which has converted these islands into a smiling garden. They possess a population of 90,000, probably the densest in the world. If Ireland had a like population in proportion to its area, it would be considerably over 30,000,000. Guernsey alone, with only 10,000 acres under cultivation, supports in comfort a population of 30,000; while Ireland, with a cultivated area of 15,500,000 acres, has a poverty-stricken population of under five and a half millions. Were Ireland as densely populated as Guernsey, says M. S. Crawford, it would support a population of 45,000,000. The cultivated lands of Jersey are 20,000 acres, and there are 2,500 owners of land occupying farms, which would give about eight acres to each farm. In one parish of 3,000 acres there are 404 registered owners of land. In this island alone, states Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M. P., 4,000 acres of land are planted with early potatoes, and the produce is estimated to be worth £300,000.

Does this system tend to reduce the value of land? Quite the reverse. Land continually rises in value in Guernsey. No land is sold there under £100 an acre, and near the town, land in lots will fetch several hundred pounds per acre.

Yet in presence of such facts at their own door, British statesmen oppose Mr. Parnell's system of peasant proprietary, as an unheard-of novelty. It obtains in Germany, France, Austria, Belgium, Australia, and the United States. Everywhere its adoption has been attended with peace, order, contentment, and prosperity. Yet the Irish landlords and the English Government have the hardihood to maintain that its adoption in Ireland would involve national disintegration. They reiterate unto weariness that small cottier holdings are a hindrance to the prosperity of Ireland, while the best writers on political economy agree in teaching the contrary. There is nothing new in this profound system of Saxon

reasoning. England to be anything must be insular. Before Dr. Baines induced her to adopt the Gregorian Calendar, she preferred to be at war with the heavens rather than at peace with the Pope. In her land system she chooses to be at war with the whole world rather than at peace with Ireland. Rejoicing to see all nations teem with grape and corn, she holds that Ireland ought to be able to get along quite well with thistles and briars. France, which has 50,000 proprietors owning each an average of 750 acres, has 500,000 proprietors owning each an average of 75 acres, and 5,000,000 an average of $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres. In Belgium the land is still more minutely subdivided. According to Sir Henry Barron, the average extent of separate plots is 1.36 acre. England has flooded other nations with Bibles. Can English statesmen remember a class in the good Book who "have eyes and see not"?

"But," you object, "it is not the land system which ruins Ireland; it is the vicious, violent, and lazy character of the Irish people, whose horrible crimes tend to keep English capital out of the country." Let us see. As prevention is better than curing, and as good government studies economy, the easiest way to send capital into Ireland is to leave in that kingdom the eight millions sterling which are annually taken out of it. As to the Irish people, the whole world finds them to be directly the reverse of what they are described by England. In three of the four provinces of Ireland the judges on circuit last year congratulated the grand juries on the absence of serious crime, and expressed a request that the English press and people would "make a note of it." With the gaunt spectre of famine staring the people, is there any other nation on the globe of which this can be said? The battle-fields of England, France, Austria, Spain, and America found Irish soldiers the reverse of lazy. The press of London and New York, and every city where the English tongue is spoken discover little laziness in Irish brains. The yoke of English oppression removed from them, those ill-used men become lawyers, judges, legislators, authors, inventors, architects, builders, masons, miners, and models in every department of skilled labor. Two hundred and thirty-two American Congressmen, in contributing to the Irish Relief Fund, declare that they "do this in no political spirit, and with a view solely to the

aid of a people who are in actual distress in their native country, and whose energy, industry, pluck, and brains have contributed so much to the advancement of our own." Of what other elements but these is true manhood formed? If there be four qualities which especially challenge admiration in human character, they are "energy, industry, pluck, and brains." What a skeleton English literature would be if stripped of the contributions of Irish genius! But it is waste of time to further refute a slander which is best refuted by the army and navy of England itself. I subjoin an English testimony to Irish character in Ireland, given by one who knew that country better than any other Englishman of ancient or modern times: "It will be our leading object in this publication to induce the English to see and judge for themselves, and not to incur the reproach of being better acquainted with the Continent than they are with a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, and which holds out to them every temptation the traveler can need—a people rich in original character, scenery abundant in the wild and beautiful, and cordial and happy welcome for the stranger, and a degree of safety and security in his journeyings such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe. In all our tours, we not only never encountered the slightest stay or insult, but never heard of a traveler who had been subjected to either, and although sufficiently heedless in the business of locking up 'boxes' at inns, in no instance did we ever sustain a loss by our carelessness." ("Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.," Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, preface.) The value of this testimony will be appreciated when it is remembered that the authors of this beautiful work have traveled through the entire country, and have sojourned in, as they have exquisitely illustrated, every city, town, and hamlet of Ireland.

The real cause of Irish famines and Irish misery is the land system, and the one effective remedy is what posterity shall speak of as "Parnellism." The course of the Gulf stream may be unaccountably vexatious, but Ireland is not the only country to which it works mischief. It may be muddy or clear in itself, but as a philosophical solution of the misrule of Ireland it is a transparent sham. Neither will it do to fly at the heavens, and weep over the moisture of the atmosphere,

which specious pretext, besides flinging blasphemy at a beneficent God, is alleged to throw a wet blanket of oblivion over the infamous government that has made millions of the Irish weep bitter tears. Let the land system be changed, and the men who scaled the heights of the Alma amid the "pelting" of bullets, and captured Inkerman under a storm of artillery, will know how to prosper amid the generous showers that fatten the rich valleys of their Emerald Isle.

III.

Parnell and Agitation.

“There is a cant that agitation prevents the influx of capital. What is the meaning of that?”

England has a special horror of agitators. The reason is evident. No measure of relief has ever been obtained for Ireland except by prolonged and persistent agitation, and the past is a prophecy of the future. When the people formed secret societies, the corrupt press, speaking for the Government, cried, “Cowards! If you have grievances, discuss them constitutionally, and in the light of day, that they may be redressed.” When they held public meetings to do so, the press denounced them as unsettling the country, hindering commerce, and the influx of capital. In Mr. Parnell’s case we generally find an odious adjective, which points him out as one to be avoided. He is styled a “*dangerous* agitator.” To whom or to what is he dangerous? Honest and loyal citizens have no fear of the law or the police, nor the law and police of them. There is mutual peace and love. The guilty subject fears both, and lives in constant apprehension of arrest and imprisonment. The unjust and tyrannous government dreads exposure, for its ways are crooked, and it loves darkness. Therefore it hates the Agitator. If it were what it should be, it would appreciate and even remunerate the outspoken citizen who drew attention to the beautiful symmetry of the laws, and the just impartiality of their administration.

But agitation can no more be dispensed with than the light of the sun, or the air we breathe. The course of the blood, our mental and moral culture, the earth which produces our daily bread, all require agitation as an essential condition of healthy existence. To good government it is still more indispensable. The very nature of power proves *a priori* the

necessity of agitation. There is no instance where power and authority have been known to move, except when compelled to do so, either by wealth, or influence, or brute force. Hence it has been observed by O'Connell that "when authority and power are interested it requires a more cogent argument than justice to obtain relief, and it is only obtained by the power of public demonstration and the accumulated weight of public opinion." A contemporary of the Liberators, the illustrious Dr. Doyle, the most just and discreet of conservatives, spoke the converse of this in regard to power in the spiritual order. "Authority is a gem which should be laid in its casket and carefully preserved, and should only be exposed under the greatest necessity." Who or what is to urge, to prove, to call attention to the necessity when it really exists? Not caprice, nor private opinion, nor personal resentment, for these breed persecution and despotism. There is no remedy but honest, public, persistent agitation. Therefore the agitator, shielded by no other cuirass or buckler but "that innocent boldness which becomes an honest man," is the true friend of society. He is the mediator between the oppressor and the oppressed, or, more correctly, between irresponsible power and a whimsical, partisan, or incompetent administration. Suppose a statute making agitation a punishable offense, and you suppose a "law enacted to take away the force of all laws whatsoever." But such a law is not likely to encumber the statute book of any nation, for the legislators themselves are quite alive to the force and necessity of agitation when it can be made to subserve their own interests. When England became jealous of the woolen trade of the south of Ireland, the Lords and Commons waited upon William III., and requested the influence and support of the Crown in stamping it out. His Majesty pledged himself "to do all that in him lay" to carry out their wishes. That was secret, dark, star-chamber agitation with a vengeance. If the men of Ireland resisted with a storm of honest, public, fierce denunciation, and persistent agitation, their woolen trade, which commanded the respect of all Europe, would not now be a thing of the past. Agitation is the only legitimate means of redress for the weak and oppressed. The people must make power feel that power has its limits, that

there are things it must not attempt. When Government, in Queen Anne's time, was about to force upon Ireland a ruinous bill, the "Letters of a Drapier" appeared, in which Swift made matters so hot for the Irish executive that a reward of £300 was offered in vain for the name of the writer. The simple scope and aim of agitation is to make authority understand that it has its duties as well as its rights, which is equivalent to the adage, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Let Government do its duty, and agitation appears still-born, or speedily dies of inanition. The King of modern agitators was O'Connell, and the necessity of perpetual agitation was the precious legacy he bequeathed to Ireland. I call it precious, for though of priceless value to all nations, it is ten-fold more to be cherished by a nation whose liberator demonstrated its efficacy more plainly and more triumphantly than any other public man since the Gracchi. "Agitate, agitate, agitate" is the principle which makes tyrants tremble, maintains the just equilibrium between sovereign and subject, and keeps despotism permanently at bay. When the Viceroy of Ireland informed the cabinet that he could not *rule* the country unless Mr. O'Connell was compelled to keep quiet, he ought to have said he could not *misrule* the country while there was one true constitutional agitator to be found. The King was more candid than the Viceroy when he frankly put it thus to Wellington: "I tell you, Duke, England has three kings just now—King George, King Arthur, and King Dan, and, between you and me, King Dan is the strongest of us." What made him so? Vigorous, ceaseless, sleepless, uncompromising agitation. The manhood of the nation maintained it in an active press, and in public meetings, spread over lofty mountains, whose description, even at this distant day, fills hollow hearts with the burning enthusiasm of Tara, Mullaghmast, and Clontarf. The mothers of Ireland whispered it into the opening ears of childhood; and schoolboys preached it as they went to school or played in the commons, by the "bands" in their caps, or the "buttons" on their clothes. Some of us can recall the glee of our budding boyhood when, seated on our fathers' knee, we were made to feel that the measure of our candy, or the amount of our pennies were to be in proportion to the

vim with which we gave out the household anthem of the people :

Heigh for noble Dan !
 Heigh for the Agitator !
 Heigh for every man
 That joins the Liberator !

This moral tempest swept the land, lifting up the hopes of the people, inviting the impartial to serious thought, removing unjust judges, like Norbury, from the bench, and finally compelling George IV to grant Emancipation. It is this spirit which animated the founders of the American Republic. They went about to the nations, soliciting, not money, but cheering sympathy, to aid them in securing for themselves a country teeming with treasure. It is an axiom with American historians that but for the aid of foreign assistance Americans never could have won independence. The heart of Ireland and France, especially, went out to the misruled colonists, who used every means in their power to sustain the agitation for freedom. Irish orators and soldiers, French engineers and commanders—all contributed to the common end. Even the taunts of cynicism and the insolent threats of British statesmen goaded them on to increased exertion. Fancy the feelings of the sturdy men of those days, when Chatham maintained that they should not be allowed to pass for their marketing from one province into another! and if they dared to demur to this, said he, “I would not permit them to manufacture a lock of wool, or form a horseshoe, or a hob-nail.” What a piercing spur to agitation, and how it must have fanned the patriotism of Franklin, tossed in his cabin, as the rolling ship bore him to Europe to “agitate” for Independence!

All that Ireland has obtained, all that any oppressed country on the globe, has at any time been able to wring from despotism is due, and exclusively due, to agitation.

“Thus the aristocracy, by the hands of their hirelings, showered on the objects of their hatred the rage and exasperation which the renewal of O’Connell’s agitation filled them with. They knew that if the Catholics at the voice of O’Connell awoke, and discussed political questions in public assemblies, a knowledge of the horrible enormities by which their

lordships obtained their prodigious estates must flash upon their torpid intellects, and endanger their lordships' enjoyment of those trophies of massacre. They must learn that Valentine Brown, for instance, the ancestor of Lord Kenmare, had obtained those immense possessions which his representative at this moment enjoys, by writing a memorial to the Earl of Yotness, developing a plan for the total extermination of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland. That memorial, which should have been written in blood, may be found among the Yotness papers in the Lambeth Library. So horrible and heinous was the project which it reveals, that even Hains shudders at it, and scouts it as ferocious, and what was in his estimation worse—impracticable. So, likewise, thought Sir George Carow, for though amazingly active in the bloodless massacre of confiscation, he shrank back in horror from the cold-blooded policy of radical extermination. It is not at all impossible, however, that had the Catholic population been as limited in number as the Maroons whom Dundas annihilated in the present century, Valentine Browne would not have written in vain. It is very probable that when, at some future time, population has been thinned by eviction so as to make massacre safe, massacre will be attempted. In that reign, however—notwithstanding Lord Mountjoy's devastations of Ulster, which he was clearing with the sword, and Lord Carew's devastations of the South—the scheme of Valentine Browne was not adopted in all its amplitude. All, however, obtained vast scopes of land—amongst the rest Valentine Brown, whose representative in the present day, Lord Kenmare, possesses in Kerry alone 35,000 acres. The memory of their ancestral crimes harrowed the guilty conscience of the aristocracy, and made them in the year 1815 tremble and ture pale at the slightest rumor of agitation." (Life and Times of O'Connell, O'Keefe, Vol. 2, page 212.)

Now it is this same inextinguishable spirit of nations which animates Mr. Parnell. He means to do for the farming classes all he can do, and no man can do more. He believes in himself and his cause, the first condition to success, the strongest claim to the respect and forbearance even of his bitterest enemies. It is no common task he has set himself to settle, and he knows it. But he also knows that justice, truth, fair play and honest public opinion are with him. Should it cost him his life to achieve his purpose, "The soil for the tillers," in what nobler light can he appear to posterity than as a martyr to such a cause? "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Let him brace his nerves, and gird up his loins, and keep a close eye on the enemy, for in their indiscretions and perpetual blunderings lies the secret of his strength. "Free land is a dream of the future," says one; "it can never come without a complete revolution in the public opinion, not of Ireland alone, but of the United Kingdom, which controls the British Parliament. Even if it be not a perfectly visionary scheme, it can never be realized until after years of violent political agitation." (*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 22.) Precisely, but if it be so, if it is likely to take years of "agitation," two things follow: first, agitation is an excellent thing, and by itself and time can work "a complete revolution in the public opinion, not of Ireland alone, but of the United Kingdom, which (*sic*) controls the British Parliament;" secondly, inasmuch as years will be necessary, the sooner the business is set in hot and violent motion the better, for the way to begin is to begin. But, "this is no time for the discussion of distant and hypothetical reforms. What is needed now is not land reform, but food." (*N. Y. Herald, ibidem.*)

You are confused, somewhat. Food is needed for the nonce; land reform forever; food as the oft-recurring effect, land reform as the perennial cause. If you are sincere in remedying the effect, your zeal involves a desire for the final overthrow of the underlying cause. "At this," says Parnell, "I propose to keep on hammering, and shall be happy to "agitate" with you as to the effect—the existing distress." By the way, when Parnell first spoke of approaching distress, nobody paid any attention to him. "Until I landed in America, nothing was known of the imminence or threatened extent of the famine which has now assumed such horrible proportions as to attract the attention and compassion of all civilized nations." (Parnell's speech at Washington.) "Yes; but the land can wait; this is not the time." Agitators never wait. This is just the time, the very best time, and that is why it has been selected. Not that this question of land reform can allow of abatement until the tillers of the soil shall be the owners of the soil, no matter how effects or circumstances may be modified, but that there is no time so singularly appropriate for demonstrating the utter rottenness of a cause as when the nations are united in deploring and removing the disastrous

results of that cause. You appeal to a nation's purse to feed the subjects of the richest nation on the globe; I appeal to their brains, to tell them what they have a perfect right to know, viz., what necessitates this appeal, and what they can do, without expense, to aid in hindering a repetition of such appeals. Mr. Bright puts it in this way: "It is only in times of extremity in Irish affairs that English country gentlemen and county members will consent to such changes as the Irish people require and justly claim." (Bright's Speech, Jan. 23, 1880.) Englishmen are best reached through their own stomachs, but the next best argument is when the world has to fill those of their subjects who are hungry for no other reason than because they are too quiet and submissive to the English, who rob them of the fruits of their industry. This is the outrage which no alms can heal, and which civilized nations should resolve to agitate, and agitate, and agitate, until it be swept from the earth.

IV.

Parnell and Revolution.

“C'est l'Imagination qui domine le monde.”

Revolution is a “big” word. It is to the alarmist and the dreamy idealist an ever-present spectre, haunting them in their daily “plans,” and tormenting them in their restless slumbers. It is the right arm of the political mountebank, his text and motto, just as the “loud laugh that shows the empty mind” is the distinguishing characteristic of the social bore. “Big” words contain much of all sorts of littleness, especially vapor, with which they are uniformly pregnant. What is revolution? Some regard it as the only weapon of the traitor, and some as the panacea of the beneficent social reformer, and other some as the pet remedy of the erratic optimist, whose method of righting all the wrongs of life is force and violence. It is not easy to discover which of these classes Swift had in his mind when he said that “a dog loves to turn round often; yet after certain revolutions he lies down to rest; but heads under the dominion of the moon are for perpetual changes and perpetual revolutions.” There are those who hold that, for each revolution of the tragic and lawless type, history records ten of the bloodless and peaceful description. No enlightened citizen but abhors the doctrine that justice can only be obtained by bloodshed and a complete convulsion of society. The higher and safer doctrine is, “Truth is great and shall prevail;” and the more invulnerable armor and more effective scimitar for the patriotic leader is “Time and I.” The word revolution is used here in the popular sense, as involving anarchy and all manner of social catastrophes.

Now, it has been repeatedly asserted that the Parnell theory means revolution. Nothing can be more puerile,

nothing more unjust than to talk of revolution, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, in connection with this movement. Is the redress of an injury, or the righting of a wrong, given by any of our dictionaries as the meaning or the synonym of revolution? Is it just and fair to call a change or readjustment of the existing state of a system by such a name? Is it not cruelly unjust to give such a misnomer to a *change for the better*, an alteration of the laws and relations between two classes of our fellow men, by which they shall both be enabled to get along better, with increased good feeling and mutual respect? If Mr. Parnell proposed to put Great Britain up at auction, and knock it down to the highest bidder, there would be some sense in the meaningless cry of Revolution. The silly cant would have some semblance of plausibility if he had counseled violence, or encouraged unconstitutional methods of procedure, or abused his deserved popularity by goading on the Irish peasantry to deeds of bloodshed. But nothing of the sort can be truthfully maintained. Neither in Ireland nor America has he done one act or spoken one word subversive of order, contrary to truth, or derogatory to the dignity of the Crown of England. Convinced of the near approach of the famine now raging, he cautioned the cottier farmers that self-preservation is their first duty. That is the teaching of nature, and reason, and Revelation. In time of famine all things are common. No person of sound mind will gainsay this elementary principle. If the men of Ireland, during former famines, had been less dilatory, and more outspoken in circulating and popularizing this fundamental theory, and encouraging the people to act up to it, and if their efforts had not been partially neutralized by the old style of communication—the absence of steam and electricity—it is impossible to doubt but that hundreds of thousands of lives would have been saved. This saving of human life Mr. Parnell has already succeeded in accomplishing. Is that revolution?

“But,” you say, “Parnell instructed the cottiers not to pay the rent to the landlords.” He did no such thing. He told the people in the English tongue (some of them seldom were addressed in English before) that famine is a wolf, and the

landlord a responsible Christian man ; that wolves are not to be reasoned with, but landlords are ; that wolves will spring upon and devour those who resist them ; while landlords, as Christian gentlemen, can be requested to call again, when times are better. ‘If,’ said Parnell, ‘the wolf and the landlord are at your door together, be generous to the wolf, else you die, and request the landlord to call again. If the landlord come alone, receive him courteously and give him all he wants, if you have it. If you have nothing to give him, because the bad seasons have ruined you, and because the excessive rent in all past years swallowed up all, and left you nothing to put in the savings bank, tell him so. That settles it—‘*Nemo dat quod non habet.*’” “But then he will send the crow-bar people to put us out, and we shall die in the ditch.” “Not much, not this time ; he has no right to do it—Nature, reason, and Revelation are all opposed to him.” “But how if he come in defiance of them all.” Resist him to the best of your ability ; you are justified in defending your hearths and lives, and if you are butchered for not doing impossibilities, the civilized world will get square with the government which sanctions the murder of innocent subjects. Is that revolution ? Yet that is a fair and ample analysis of Parnellism. Mr. Parnell has counseled the people not to pay rack rents while they and their children are starving (that most cottier rents are rack rents, see Chapter II). He has never counseled resistance of any sort to those landlords who have made just reductions, rendered imperative by the fall of prices and the inclemency of successive seasons. He has nerved the dejected and depressed people to a just appreciation of their rights, and of the material changes wrought in their condition by foreign competition. These changes, reducing the cottier’s income, reduce his ability to meet the rent, and increase his prospects of eviction, in the burning famine fevers, to die on the wayside. Parnell, himself a landlord, rushes to the rescue, and instills hope and courage into the people. Is that revolution ? No ; but while hope continues to pour balsam into the hearts of prostrate men, society will honor the chivalrous philanthropist who improves the occasion to carry the olive branch into the scene of strife, and, while counseling moderation to the oppressed, holds the

oppressor and the vicious laws that sustain him up to the scornful indignation of mankind.

Mr. Parnell approaches a steep precipice into which he perceives a vast multitude of men, women, and children have unguardedly fallen. Beside him is a rope-walk, with huge coils of rope, and he signals energetically to the despairing crowd to cheer up, and hope on, for they are saved. And because he casts forth a few hundred dollars' worth of rope, the selfish rope-maker cries, Police! Communism! The benevolent man is arrested, imprisoned as a robber, while the newspapers, interested in the rope-walk, spin endless yarns of attacks against the man who has saved the lives of the multitude. What must the impartial American think of the Government whose land laws are so unjustifiable that the magistrate himself cannot execute them without expressing his sense of disgust? I quote from the *London Standard*, the organ of the Tories, which, in its issue of January 12, 1880, thus describes an eviction in Connemara :

“An exciting encounter has occurred between the people and the constabulary at a place called Knockrickard, near Claremorris, County Mayo. On Friday a process-server named Langley was severely handled by the people and his processes taken from him and destroyed. He was stripped and left nude in a field, from which he had to make his way to the nearest constabulary barrack for clothes. In consideration of this outrage, the authorities determined to make an effort to serve the remainder of the processes on Saturday. All the available police were concentrated at Ballyglass, the nearest police barrack. Langley had been provided with copies of the stolen processes and accompanied the police. At the village of Curry the police were put through a series of manœuvres, even to examining their rifles and pouches by the sub-inspectors in charge (Mr. T. S. McSheehy, Resident Magistrate, was in command of the whole party), and set forward for Knockrickard. They had not gone more than a hundred yards before Langley discovered that all the processes but one had been taken from his pocket. A constable was sent back to inquire about the missing documents, but his inquiries were met with mingled cheering, laughter and groans. Langley's story about the theft is regarded with suspicion, and it is stated that the only process he retained after destroying, as it is thought, the others, was for a man who had been his bitter enemy for years. At Curry the crowd that

followed the police numbered about three hundred men, women, and boys, but before Cregawn was reached it had increased until there could not have been less than three hundred women and about the same number of men and boys. It was at this place that the constabulary met with the first serious opposition. A small body of thirty-five or forty men had been sent forward in advance of the main body, but they were kept at bay by about four hundred women who stood on the road leading to Knockricard and refused to let them pass.

“The arrival of the main body of police was received with groans and shouts of defiance, and cries of ‘Where is Langley?’ The process-server having been discovered in the midst of the police, all the women made an indiscriminate charge with the view of securing him and his precious burden. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The sub-inspectors drew their swords, and rushed into the midst of the women, most of whom were barefooted and bareheaded. A young woman named Mary Fahy received a terrible gash on the back of the hand. Another woman was wounded by a bayonet thrust in the arm, while several were knocked down, trampled upon, their faces blackened, and their garments torn. Most of the constabulary behaved manfully under the circumstances, but a few exhibited a cruel savagery which was shocking to behold, thrusting at the breasts of the women with the butt ends of their rifles. The charge to capture Langley was repulsed, and the resident magistrate remonstrated with the women. ‘We have a duty to perform,’ he said, ‘and though it be disagreeable, yet we still must do it.’ The men, in the meantime, stood motionless, looking on and inciting the women to resistance. A voice from the crowd cried, ‘We don’t want to do anything to the police at all.’ Another person said, ‘Every policeman had a mother like us, and they ought not to be doing the dirty work they are at today.’ A third man exclaimed, ‘Let them stand or fire and we will do the same.’ Mr. McSheehy, the resident magistrate, then said, ‘Retire, now, and let us do our duty. I should be sorry to see a hair of your heads hurt.’ A voice shouted, ‘We are starving; we want something to eat, and here is what we are getting.’

“Again the anger of the women, fierce beyond belief, was on the point of bursting upon the police in a second charge, when the two sub-inspectors rushed past the front rank with sabres drawn, one of them shouting, ‘I’ll drive it to your heart,’ turning the point, and actually touching with it the lips of the women addressed. The men could no longer control themselves, and rushing past the women and confronting the constabulary, shouted, ‘Put up your swords; we

have but one life to lose, and we are now on the point of it. Better die now than hereafter of hunger.' The police, however, continued their march, the women every now and again making a rush for Langley. At a village called Oula they drew several carts across the road to impede the progress of the constabulary. At length Knockrickard was reached and a halt was made before the door of a house to be served. It was a thatched cabin with no windows. The women congregated round the door, effectually barring all progress. Mr. McSheehy appealed to them to allow Langley to do his duty by posting the ejection on the door. Several voices: 'No, never; we will die first; they may kill us if they wish, but we will never let him do it.' Several male voices then cried: 'If they kill ye, others will be killed too.' Mr. McSheehy said: '*I sympathize deeply with you; if I had a property I would not do such a thing.*'

"After some further altercation the magistrate ordered the women to be removed. A scene then followed which almost baffles description. Many of the constabulary dragged the women by the hair, threw them on the ground, and one young stripling actually struck with the butt end of his rifle a poor old woman. Several more received cuts on their hands and heads, and one girl named Bridget McGorn received a deep wound on the cheek. A man named Carroll was wounded in the hand. At last the women were removed, the double line of police was formed, and Langley posted the notice on the door. The police then left for their several stations."

It is matter of fact that owing to Mr. Parnell's timely encouragement to the Irish cottiers, hundreds of evictions have miscarried, and in consequence thousands of famine-stricken people are now under the shelter of their wretched hovels, who would otherwise be dying in the ditches. Is that revolution?

"But," you say, "this is all the result of mere legal technicalities; it does not show any heartless inhumanity." That is precisely what it does show. It is the result of malice prepense, and a premeditated resolve of the landlords to exterminate the cottier tenants. The Bishop of Elphin, writing to the Mansion House Committee, uses these weighty words: "It is a matter of unhappy notoriety that in Connemara and in other places that I could name, advantage is being taken of the destitution of the small landholders to evict them, and get rid of them, and a conviction prevails among the

peasantry in every part of the destitute districts that now, as in 1847, the landlords are anxious to force them into the work-houses, in order to level their cabins, and free themselves from further liability for their support." (*Cath. Rev.*, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1880.) When a gentleman of education, a landlord, and a Member of Parliament labors to check such tyranny, and asks all freemen to join him in shaming England into remedial legislation, is it fair to abuse and misrepresent him? Is it not the silliest nonsense to call such a one by the name of revolutionist? If he had any such predilections, he has had ample sphere and scope for their ventilation since he has put the ocean between himself and the law-officers of the British Government. But this consistent friend of the people is everywhere himself.

In his addresses to the American people, Mr. Parnell has gone out of his way to testify his abhorrence of violence. In the enthusiasm of the moment a voice has been sometimes heard to cry "Physical force," "Armed rebellion," etc., but Mr. Parnell was careful on all such occasions to promptly suppress the popular feeling. "We don't want to send an armed expedition to Ireland," he said at Brooklyn (a voice, "That's what we'd like to do"). "I know the wish is a natural one; but we ask you to help us to keep the people of Ireland from starving to death. An armed expedition in Ireland means its destruction." Nothing could be more unlike violence. Indeed, Mr. Parnell has been singularly consistent in his vigorous opposition to all ebullitions of such popular frenzy. His sense of self-respect is too deep and too strong to allow him to cater to the vulgar appetite. It is the intelligence of his audiences to which he prefers to address himself; it is the sound common sense of the entire community which he wishes to carry with him. Hence the uncommon simplicity—uncommon in speakers of his position—which marks all his public speeches. There is an entire absence of effort at fine speaking. There are none of the stereotyped tricks of oratory which so invariably abound in the harangues of the popular tribune. On the contrary, there is a plainness of speech amounting almost to monotonous barrenness. But it is this very sameness, and even seeming dullness of manner and matter which give increased prominence to the pivotal idea

that is sought to be impressed—"The land for the people;" "The soil for its tillers." By this sheer honesty of purpose the unselfishness of the man adds renewed force and attractiveness to the mission he preaches. His arguments carry conviction by their intrinsic merits, and bear down all opposition arising from pre-existing dislike or prejudice. In this way a complete revolution is wrought in public opinion. For Parnell does, indeed, mean revolution, in the best and truest sense of the word. "You cannot," says a certain French writer, "make a revolution with rosewater;" upon which O'Connell thus comments: "He would make it with blood; I would make it with public opinion, and I would put a little Irish spirit in it." Whereupon Mr. Parnell still further refines, thus: "I would fan this flame of honest sentiment into a conflagration of public indignation, and would cause it to blaze forth throughout the world, reflecting the lethargic injustice of the English government, and, by the scornful shouts of enraged humanity, compelling it, from sheer shame, to abolish the abominable system of Irish landlordism." Such is the Parnell programme, and its complete success is simply a matter of time. It will bring about a real and blessed revolution, adding a fresh link to the long chain of fundamental changes which have signalized this nineteenth century.

Perhaps the best presagement of its ultimate success is to be found in the indiscriminate abuse which has been heaped upon the system and its author. The Parnell plan has been described as novel, impracticable, visionary, preposterous, revolutionary. The same has been said of the submarine cable, the telephone, and all the wonderful activities born of steam and electro-magnetism. When first spoken of they were, like Emancipation and all modern legal reforms, branded as the wild creations of diseased minds. With the system of Mr. Parnell it has fared no worse than with the author himself. He has been called all manner of coarse names. His motives have been misinterpreted and twisted into various shapes—vanity, restlessness, love of notoriety, base selfishness, and the like. But such has ever been the lot of men who dared to obstruct the quiet, lazy methods of the *status quo*.

Few seem to realize the distinction between the aimless,

demagogical resistance to power which grows with rank luxuriance in the rough soil of the masses, and the calm, rational spirit of investigation into the causes of alleged tyranny or injustice. The former leads to fiery explosions of popular frenzy, annihilating everything and bequeathing to the survivors only sorrow and dry bones. The latter prunes redundancies, redresses real evils, wins the support of wisdom, contentment, and increased prosperity, while showing the shallow groundlessness of frivolous and exaggerated grievances. Statesmen and citizens are alike duped by the pompous importance of "maintaining the institutions of the country." They do not perceive the spurious method of reasoning by which they proceed. Existing institutions are not worth maintaining because they exist. They must have other claims. This special system does not prove itself to be worth maintaining, because you or I think it ought to be maintained. It is the chief function of those at the head of affairs to encourage and hasten the advent of new and better systems, and provide honorable burial for the old. The only alternative is everlasting stagnation, or else perpetual Sisypheism, ever straining itself by rolling up, and crumbling to dust in tumbling down. It is not necessarily true that this or that system ought to be maintained *because it is ancient* and approved of our fathers, and neither is the converse proposition true; this system ought not to be maintained, because it is too ancient, too long unchanged, and only suited to the days of our fathers. Either proposition may be fundamentally true or false. Therefore, the true medium lies in discovering the beneficent changes really needed, and introducing them with as much grace as possible. It is nonsense theorizing about the past and the future. Posterity will have its own difficulties, and let it settle them. Antiquity had its own and settled them. Let us, by settling ours, gratefully copy the latter, and transmit the heritage of lofty example to the former. The shades of our ancestors will not return to quarrel with us. Indeed, we pay them faint respect by concluding that their ways and means must needs be suited to this late day of ours. Do we not rather grossly insult them by implying that if they were living in our time they would mulishly cling to systems founded in circumstances wholly different? These reflections may not be

useless in enabling the reader to estimate the folly of styling Mr. Parnell a revolutionist, because he demands a change in the land system, introduced into Ireland by England many centuries ago, and the direct result of which has been a succession of famines. "Vain have been all attempts," says Alison, "to transplant to nations of Celtic or Moorish descent the institutions which grew and flourished among those of Anglo-Saxon blood. The ruin of the West India Islands proves their inapplicability to those of negro extraction; the everlasting distraction of Ireland to those of un-mixed Celtic blood. A century of bloodshed, devastation, and wretchedness will be spent ere mankind generally learns that there is an essential and indelible distinction between the character of the different races of men, and in Montesquieu's words "that no nation ever attained to durable greatness but by institutions in harmony with its spirit." Instead of harmony, undying discord, hate, and injustice have characterized the feudal land system in Ireland, and he who labors to make an end of such a disastrous state of things loves not violence, but order and peace; is not a revolutionist, but the best friend of the Sovereign and Constitution of England. When Mr. Parnell demands this change in the land laws he has but to ask the members of the House of Commons to look into the history of their own assembly, and they will find abundance of precedents for similar changes. In the olden time members were called to the Commons at the caprice of the King, a system which continued till the Restoration, when people awoke to the fact that the balance of power would be again lost, if the King could call the Commons as well as make the peers. In the time of Edward I. about one hundred and fifty members sat in the Lower House; in that of Henry VIII. about two hundred and twenty-four (Hallam iii., 50). Here is a most capricious set of changes :

Henry VIII.	restored 2 votes,	and created 33.
Edward VI.	" 20	" 28.
Mary	" 4	" 17.
Elizabeth	" 12	" 48.
James I.	" 16	" 11.
Charles I.	" 18	" 6.

Upon the Scotch and Irish Unions in 1706 and 1801, a still more fundamental reform was effected in the House of Commons, which has materially influenced the course and character of legislation down to our own day. The history of the Upper House is a chequered alternation of changes, each looking to the greater efficiency of all the others. Parnell asks for what is just and regular from a Parliament whose most irregular proceedings have been sanctioned and become the law of the land. For instance, in the year 1399, the Parliament dethroned Richard II., the legitimate monarch, and conferred the crown upon Henry IV., who had no kind of title to the crown. Again, the Parliament, in the instance of Edward IV., assumed the like power of disposing of the crown—taking it away from the house of Lancaster and conferring it on that of York. Again, the case of Henry VII., is yet stronger. The Parliament in 1485, after the battle of Bosworth, gave him a *legal* title to the crown, although he had no other title than that most irregular law. But the strongest instance is the case of King William III. The Convention Parliament at the revolution, without any king at all, dethroned the reigning and then legitimate monarch, James II. They used the word *abdicate*—but a word is nothing. The actual fact is, that they dethroned King James, and enthroned King William—who had no species of claim to be King—who had no kind of legal right to be King of England, as he *was*, not only during his wife's lifetime, but for some time after her decease. He had, we repeat, no other right save that excellent and most efficient one—an act of Parliament. What a host of legal and technical objections were and may be raised against each and all the precedents which we have thus cited, including the “glorious Revolution” itself. Nobody talked of revolution in all this perpetual shifting of the nation's supreme legislature; but when an Irish patriot seeks by a change in the land system to prevent famine, eviction, and murder, then Whig and Tory, Caiphas-like, rend their garments, and like Herod and Pilate are “Made friends that same day; for before they were enemies to one another,” and “calling together the magistrates and the people they say to them, ‘This man stirreth up commotion among the people,’ and forthwith ‘the ancients and the scribes’ (of the press)

coming in, all cry out in one loud voice, 'Revolution!'" If Mr. Parnell will answer them "never a word," they and the whole world will "wonder exceedingly." If he will be loyal to himself, to truth, and to its Omnipotent Author, he will stand by the grave of the present land system of Ireland. For his teachings are contained in these words of a German thinker who had studied England well: "Never was a universal ruin brought about by the concession of what was just and suited to the age (which indeed inquiry proves to be identical); what was destroyed by such means had lived out its life. Never, on the contrary, have senseless and untimely changes borne the fruits hoped for by lovers of revolution. Therefore, let every man who has a share in public affairs exert his understanding to the utmost, and lay aside his prejudices, that he may see *where* it is fit to concede, and where to withhold; and not fancy himself a statesman because he can repeat a few phrases out of Haller or Bentham."

V.

Parnell and Emigration.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.”

The friends of English misrule in Ireland have at all times strenuously maintained that the true remedy for the depressed condition of that country is emigration. To supply England with abundance of excellent produce is, in their judgment, the natural destiny of Ireland. This theory explains the anomalous circumstance that England imports from Ireland enormous quantities of provisions and stock at a time when the Irish cannot feed themselves, and other nations rush to their rescue with money and provisions. To England this is “loss and gain,” but to Ireland it is unmixed loss. Thus, in 1845 thousands of Irishmen died of hunger, while of the grain crop of that year England received 3,250,000 quarters. In the same year England received from Ireland live stock to the value of \$85,000,000. In 1847, with the famine at its zenith, about 8,000,000 bushels of grain and meal were exported from Ireland, and in the following year these exports rose to 16,000,000. In each of the four years from 1846 to 1850 about 200,000 horn cattle, and 250,000 sheep and lambs were shipped from Ireland to Great Britain. (See Bowen, *American Polit. Econ.*, page 86, third edition.) All writers on political economy abound in figures of this description, going to show that Irish emigration cannot be sustained on the ground of Ireland’s lack of food for its own people. The same argument applies to all famines in Ireland, including the distress which Mr. Parnell’s visit to America has happily hindered from reaching its full length. If a country cannot support its people, there remains a choice of two alternatives; either leave it, or die. But if, as has been shown, Ireland can maintain in abundance and happiness a population

larger by many millions than it has had even in its best days, the necessity of emigration and the true cause of famine must be traced to other causes than want of native wealth. We look in vain for the cause of emigration in nature and philosophy. It is not in accordance with justice and humanity that men should spontaneously emigrate to a foreign country, and leave their own native land to be enjoyed by foreigners. Yet this is Ireland's case. Those who leave are Irish of the Irish, born and nurtured, as were their ancestors, on Irish soil; while those who remain in possession are most of them English of the English, who seldom or never set foot on Irish soil. This process is not natural, nor in harmony with either the instincts of nature or the dictates of good sense. The love of country is rooted in human nature, and is co-extensive with the human race. The scenes of "childhood's happy home" are the first born and the last to die in man. Its guileless memories are a fragrant odor which gratefully perfume the laborious years of life, and even soothe the sorrows and infirmities of old age. This natural heritage has a special value for the Irish cottier, inasmuch as it does by itself for him what a variety of agencies combine to achieve for those who move in the higher walks of life. With wealth and education come a keen relish for the delights of foreign travel, and the fitful surprises of adventure, by which most people can contrive to feel at home in the whole world. International duties and relations, whether of commerce or kindred, produce similar bracing results. But with the humble Irish peasant these agreeable experiences have no place. For him there is but one world, one sphere, one central point whereat all the memories of the past, the associations of the present, and the aspirations of the future converge and mingle together. However humble, it is to him at once his birth-place and his ancestral home. The pure undivided affections of his nature intertwine themselves inextricably about it, and to have to surrender it, to leave it forever, but above all to be violently driven from it, and cast homeless on the world produces poignant pangs of grief only second to those of death itself. Eviction, the weapon or expression of landlord tyranny, is the real cause of Irish emigration.

If the hard fate of the cottier ended with the accumulated miseries of eviction, their bitter traces, if not wholly effaced from his recollection, might at least be partially obscured by the sunshine of better and happier homes. But the fever and squallor of the emigrant ship succeeded the atrocities of eviction, and the final scene of the tragedy exhibited the exhausted outcasts thrown on the inhospitable shores of a strange country without money, education, friends, or influence. During the year 1847, nearly 100,000 immigrants landed at Quebec, a large proportion of whom were totally destitute, and must have perished had they not been sent into the interior of Canada, and aided in providing themselves with homes at the expense of the taxpayers. The hospitals at times contained as many as 10,000 of them, most of whom succumbed to disease, leaving thousands of immigrant orphans in Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and other leading towns of Canada, to be supported at the public expense. Such is the history of the Irish emigrant, fleeing from famine at home to encounter death in a still more ghastly form on a foreign shore.

“ Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
 Good heavens ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last.
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.”

If a father, for valid reasons, is compelled to consent to his son's going abroad, and seeking a home in other lands, he will sweeten the rude severance of tender ties by unmistakable proofs of regret. But the history of Irish emigration proves that the English Government and the Irish landlords, in their efforts to promote it, pursued one common object—the extermination of the Irish race. As early as 1580 they had succeeded so well that, Spencer informs us, “neither the lowing of a cow nor the voice of a herdsman could be heard from Dunquin in Kerry to Cashel in Munster.” During the Cromwellian settlement a plan was devised to import Irishmen into the continent of Europe, to fight the battles, and do all the other dirty works, of the French and Spanish princes. “Agents from the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, and the Prince of Condé were contracting for those brave fellows, who were treated like slaves in their native land, and if they dared resist, branded with the foul name of rebels. In May, 1652, Don Riccardo White shipped 7,000 men for the King of Spain; in September Colonel Mayo collected 3,000 more; Lord Muskery took 5,000 to Poland, and in 1654 Colonel Dwyer went to serve the Prince de Condé with 3,000 men.” (Miss Cusack's “History of Ireland,” p. 508.) Thus, the depopulation of Ireland was the aim and purpose, from the outset, of the Government and its Irish garrison, the landlords; and this state of things continues unchanged to this day. Emigration was hateful to the emigrant, who, cast upon the highways of his country, was reluctantly compelled to accept it, and it was, and is, a burden to other countries who were and are compelled to support the helpless victims. America has been under the expense of feeding and clothing the beggars of England, in order that plundering landlords might have undisturbed leisure to lavish in riotous luxury, the extensive fortunes by which the tenantry were rendered paupers. If the Federal Government consulted its own interests, it would prohibit pauper emigration, and as often as such a law was violated, would reship the emigrants back *to the estate whence they were ejected*. Such a measure could not fail to check the pauperizing of the Irish peasantry by their merciless landlords. These are sensitive to the pressure of public opinion, and many of them are far from being

dead to the dread responsibility of seeing human beings die on their estates. If the wretched pauper emigrants—useless to this country—were returned to the doors of those who had cast them out on the highways, the result would be a reaction of wholesome sympathy for the oppressed. The landlords would see the wisdom of “Parnellism,” and would sell their estates to the Government, to be given in fee simple to the “tillers of the soil.” In this way America, while ridding herself of taxes she ought not to bear, would contribute to the abolition of Irish landlordism, from which she has much to lose and absolutely nothing to gain. The coercive measures for the starving out of the Irish peasantry prove the insincerity of the plea of emigration. Whenever, as in 1826, the landlords were beaten by the people at the hustings, their organ, the “Evening Mail,” sounded the war-whoop of “Extermination.” “It was the Protestant lords of the soil that made those free-holds, and they can unmake them.” Then came an onslaught of persecution which had been so planned as to utterly wipe out the cottier tenantry of the country “in seven years.” Hearths were deserted, hovels unroofed, villages left without a single inhabitant, and millions, worn and attenuated by want and disease, dropped dead in the ditches. Who devised the “Coercion Bill?” “A measure so mischievous could only originate in the fiendish malignity of the lords. “In that rigorous measure, the malice of the Algerine was united with the oppression of the Insurrection Act. Like the one, it suppressed all political associations; like the other, it made prisoners of the peasantry—shut up all human habitations as proclaimed from sunset to sunrise. It prohibited political meetings of every kind, assembled under whatever pretext, petitioning or anything else; it set aside the ordinary tribunals of justice, and established in their place the Draconian cruelty of marshal law. It violently broke open in the dead of night the peaceable dwelling of the unsuspecting peasant, and poured the armed myrmidons of insolent and licentious authority into the secluded chambers of domestic privacy, condemning to transportation the inmates who happened to be abroad. In the long history of British oppression—unmatched in atrocity in the annals of

mankind—an act more sweeping, tyrannical, and merciless had never been framed.” (“Life and Times of O’Connell,” O’Keefe, vol. 2, p. 555.) But the men who framed this satanic edict, at the suggestion of the King’s “brutal and bloody” speech, were Irish landlords, some of them still living, all of them ruling in their heirs, who screened their infamy under the specious pretext of “wholesome emigration.” The banishment of the cottier farmers has ever been the delight of the Irish landlord. The growth of the people, which all political writers and thinkers hold to be a true index of national prosperity, was to them a grave and serious calamity. “The encouragement,” says Lord Dunraven, “of an excess of population is the greatest sin any man can commit, or the greatest mistake he can make.” This abominable theory, rejected by all received authorities on political economy, is the logical sequence of the impious assumption that “Providence created landlords to keep down population.”

There are two sorts of emigration needed for Ireland, and the sooner they are initiated the better for that country, for England, and for America. The first is the exportation of the landlords into respectable citizenship, where they may be spared the anguish of discomfiture superinduced by themselves. By a judicious employment of their wealth, experience and attainments they might increase the prosperity of their unhappy country. In the cultivation of habits of industry and sobriety they would discover the delightful charm of novelty, and would develop resources and originate enterprises which, besides rendering them benefactors to mankind, would secure them a more prominent niche in the temple of fame than is likely to be won by elegant leisure, aimless dissipation, or the stupid routine of an hereditary manor house. The metropolis of Ireland affords them, those of them that are Irish, ample fields of employment for intelligence and capital. That beautiful city has never recovered from the crushing effects of the Union. Its revival could be speedily effected by the intelligent co-operation of the Irish landlords; and the expenditure of their revenues, while enriching the commercial classes and giving a new impulse to manufactures, would cause themselves to be regarded as the saviors of the nation and the fathers of the people. Worlds of mischief would

vanish from the midst of the agricultural classes with the disappearance of the landlords. The seething gulf of separation, which now divides the tenant from his hated and almost unknown master, would be permanently bridged over. Class distinctions would cease to be offensive; strife and hate and servile fear would be succeeded by contentment, peace and mutual respect. The bailiff, the process-server, the land-jobber, the racking agent would no longer stalk about as symbols of evil to the depressed cottiers, but, on the contrary, would awaken to the degradation of having to subsist by hounding down one class for the aggrandizement of another. Live and let live, do as you would be done by, will be the golden rule. Then may the Eodus be sounded, and the banished Irish people, scattered through the mountains and by the seaboard, and hidden among the rocky recesses of Conne-mara, be led back to the land of their fathers. The sunny valleys of Munster and the rich plains of Leinster will teem again with a dense and happy population. Ireland will cast away all sorrow and enter upon a new existence, and soon send America and the world, not ghastly bands of tearful beggars, but brilliant scholars, intellectual giants, and apostles of peace and truth. This is the second emigration, from the mountains to the valleys, from the wild morasses to the fertile plains, and there is plenty of room and plenty of need for it within the circumference of Ireland itself.

It is ingeniously alleged by the advocates of emigration, that the fortunes of those who remain are considerably ameliorated by the "thinning" process of sending away the superfluous population. That is quite true as to the landlords, but as to the tenantry it is utter sophistry. The plan has had ample time to bear fruit, but it has borne sharper thorns instead. If emigration could benefit Ireland, it ought to have done so before this; but the condition of the Irish people is worse at this day than it was when emigration began. It is also affirmed that the land is improved and its value enhanced by emigration. The reverse is the common teaching of all political economists, and they are sustained by the evidence of facts. I subjoin two extracts from the *Irish Times* of Jan. 31, 1880. The first goes to show that, after millions of Irishmen have emigrated, those who remain are

struggling for a subsistence, and compelled to pay rents exceeding the value of the produce of their holdings. The second illustrates the depreciation of the land itself, confirming the opinion that emigration is the ruin of Ireland, and tends to make the country a wilderness.

“An unusual application was made on Monday to the Recorder of Galway, on the hearing of ejectments brought for non-payment of rent against a number of tenants on a Galway estate. Counsel for the tenants said that he would raise no objection to the decrees, but asked that execution should be stayed until such time as the tenants' claims for disturbance should have been heard. The novelty of the application took the judge somewhat by surprise, and at the outset he seemed disinclined to think that there could be any claim for disturbance when the ejectments were for non-payment. Counsel fortified his argument by reference to the ninth section of the Act of 1870, by which it is enacted that the Court might, if it thought fit, try the ejectment for non-payment of rent as a disturbance. “In case of any tenancy of a holding held at an annual rent not exceeding £15, the Court shall certify that the non-payment of rent causing eviction has arisen from the rent being an exorbitant rent.” This clause applied exactly to the case before the Recorder, to whom the power of staying proceedings is given by the fifteenth section, which says that in cases of decrees of ejectment it shall be competent for the judge to grant such stay of execution as may seem proper to him under the circumstances. A memorial was presented by the tenants to the law agent, and it is only proper to observe that the document was one to which no exception was taken. It set forth that the rents were more than the value receivable from the crops, double the Poor Law valuation, and in excess of what was paid under a former landlord. They amply acknowledged the right of the owner of the soil to get his rents, but could do no more than offer a half-year's rent, scraped together with difficulty, and begged to be released from the costs of the proceedings. Counsel urged that the tenants were entitled to, and at the Land Sessions would probably receive, seven years' rent as compensation, and that the arrears of rent and legal expenses due might be deducted by the landlord. “If the plea was accepted on the part of the tenants, justice would be done to both parties. Even though they had the right to redeem, they would find it impossible to pay arrears and legal expenses, so that the forfeiture of the right, through being granted stay of execution, would be in no sense detrimental, as they could make nothing out of the holdings

owing to the high rent." Finally the Recorder granted stay of execution until one week after the next Land Sessions."

"The depreciation in the value of landed property in Ireland has been most remarkably illustrated by an application made to the Master of the Rolls. The applicant requested leave to surrender a leasehold interest in a mansion, demesne lands, and agricultural holding situated in the County Galway. In December, 1877, his lordship had directed that the interest should be sold in the Landed Estates Court, and in pursuance of that order it had been put up for sale. There were, however, no bidders, and when advertisements were issued for private tenders a similar result ensued, in consequence, according to the affidavits filed in support of the motions, of the agitation prevailing in the country. Meanwhile the head-rent was falling into arrear, and no rents were coming in from the tenants. Actions brought against the latter failed to enforce payment of their obligations, so that the interest in the lease had become almost worthless. Though the tenants refused to pay, it is certain that their refusal was not due to inability, as two of them offered to buy their holdings during the progress of the sale in the Landed Estates Court. The representative of the original leaseholder has completely lost an interest of the value of £1,000. When will it come home to the minds of those who are responsible for this state of things that the wealth of a country consists in the wealth of its individual inhabitants, and that the nation is directly injured by the impoverishment of any single member of the community?"

If the Western States have undeniable attractions for the Irish people, it is equally certain that what is wanted at home is also needed here—an internal emigration. Thousands of Irishmen in the eastern cities are huddled together in overcrowded tenements, or in shanties but one step removed from the Irish hovel or mud cabin. They are located in wild, unfrequented suburban districts, in sunken lots, or marshy swamps, or frowning rocks, where goats and donkeys roam about unmolested. It will be quite time enough to supplement this numerous class of Irish emigrants by fresh accessions when the depopulated lands of Ireland shall have been settled, and its waste lands reclaimed.

The following observations, of the Governor of Connecticut, will commend themselves to the impartial reader. Too much care cannot be taken to avoid exaggeration in offering inducements to emigrants and settlers to go West, more

especially when there is question of importing them from the land of their birth and its endearing associations:—

“That so many young men from New England do go to the West for homes, seems to me the result of misinformation or of wrong theories of life. Why should any young man from these country towns of ours go to the far West to live? In almost any of these towns there are good schools. Here are churches, and the social advantages which these give: post-offices and a frequent mail; all the conveniences afforded by having physicians, tradesmen and mechanics within easy reach; indeed, all the good and convenient things which result from a long-established and a well-regulated social organization. Why leave all these? What compensating advantages are there in the West, especially to a man who wishes to have the comforts of a home, to rear and train up children to an honorable and useful citizenship? There can be none! Certainly none worthy of being named. The reasons most often urged are the cheapness of land and the lightness of taxation. In these particulars I am quite confident that no material advantages can be gained at the West. The price of improved farms—that is, farms with buildings, fruit trees, fences, water and the like—is as small in many parts of Connecticut as in the West. In respect to taxation, many places in the West are more heavily burdened. Take, for instance, the parts where the towns and counties have been bonded to build railroads, &c. If any man and his wife here starting life on a farm, will put forth the same degree of industry that would be required on a farm in any part of the West; if they will live with the same economy, will undergo the same fatigue and suffer the same self-denial, will wear no better dress, will indulge in no more amusement; in other words, if they will live here as they would be compelled to live there, they can certainly build up a fortune here much more readily than there.”

The landlords will find a desirable investment for capital in the extensive territories of the West, together with the classic distinction of being founders of cities; while their cultured taste for sport will be satiated with the endless variety of adventure incidental to life on the prairies. But the Irish cottiers, little suited for gigantic enterprises by centuries of privation, will discover congenial bliss in developing the agricultural resources of Kildare, and Meath, and Limerick, and Tipperary. *Cuique suum.*

VI.

Parnell and the Irish Landlords.

“Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, a country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

“If a house be on fire it behooves all in the neighborhood to run with buckets to quench it, but the owner is sure to be undone first.” That is the sense of alarm under which Irish landlords come to crave for mercy at the hands of America. It is an event without precedent in our history, but everything has a beginning. Perhaps the most melancholy and depressing record of effete and worthless humanity is the history of the British peerage. “Pshaw!” said Dr. Doyle, after his examination in the Lords, “Such silly questions as they put. I think in all my life I never encountered such a parcel of old fools.” One hundred years before the time of J. K. L., the witty Dean of St. Patrick's had found the peerage and aristocracy equally stupid and unprogressive, knocking their heads needlessly against all measures calculated to benefit the people and uphold the true interests of the Crown.

“Ye paltry underlings of State;
“Ye officers who love to prate;
“Ye rascals of inferior note,
“Who for a dinner sell a vote;
“Ye pack of pensionary *peers*,
“Whose fingers itch for *writer's* cars;
“Ye bishops far removed from saints,
“Why all this rage—why these complaints?
“Why so sagacious in your guesses—
“Why against printers all this noise—
“This summoning of blackguard boys?
“Your effs and tees, your ars and esses?
“Take my advice, to make you safe,
“I know a shorter way by half—
“The point is plain—remove the cause.”

If this advice had been taken, our age would not have witnessed the humiliating spectacle of Irish landlords going down on their knees at the bar of American public opinion, striking their breasts and compunctiously exclaiming, "Through my fault, through my fault, through my exceeding great fault." A drowning man will grasp at anything, and British nobles, feeling the ground slipping from under their feet, run back here to us "vile Yankee rebels," who a few years ago tossed their flag and their army into our bay, and beg us to save them from Parnell. "Save us, we perish." Let us examine their escutcheon.

The Irish landlords and aristocracy are responsible for the present distress and all the past misrule of their unhappy country. They have traditionally opposed the legitimate aspirations of the people and persecuted those who encouraged them, espoused their interests, and fought for the recognition of their rights. But that is not all. The landlords desired and energetically struggled for the utter extermination of the Irish cottiers, positively in other days, negatively or vicariously in our own time. Before the famine of '47, for instance, they opposed every anticipatory measure suggested for the relief of the peasantry, such as the division of their estates into small freeholds, whose owners would thus be encouraged to crop their land with a greater variety of produce, and so hinder the impoverishing of the soil. Long before that famine came, it had been proved in a debate in the House of Commons that "the want of small landed proprietors," "the increase of large estates," and "the loss sustained by the small tenants from inclosures and partitions of common lands, in which the wealthy proprietors get almost all, while the poorer can hardly ever formally substantiate their rights," were causes immediately leading to increased pauperism. (See Hansard, *passim*.) But instead of regretting, the landlords delighted in this, and delight in it still. "It is," says Bishop Gilooley, "a matter of unhappy notoriety that in Connemara, and in other places that I could name, advantage is being taken of the destitution of the small holders to evict them and get rid of them; and a conviction prevails amongst the peasantry in every part of the destitute districts that now, as in 1847, the landlords are anxious to

force them into the workhouse in order to level their cabins and free themselves from further liability for their support." (*Cath. Review*, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1880.) With this testimony of an Irish Catholic Bishop we find a Scottish Protestant Professor in full harmony. "Among the acts of baseness branding the English character in their blundering pretense of governing Ireland, not the least was the practice of confiscating the land which, by brehon law, belonged to the people, and giving it, not to honest resident cultivators (which might have been a politic sort of theft), but to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs, who did nothing for the country which they had appropriated but suck its blood in the name of rent, and squander its resources under the name of pleasure, and fashion, and courtliness, in London." (Prof. Blackie, *Contemp. Review*.) This selfish clique have always been distinguished for their ostentatious support of the British Government, but in reality they were its worst enemies. Heedless of thoughtfulness and all the winning arts of conciliation, they alienated the husbandry of their estates both from themselves and the sovereign, and are the responsible authors of that proverbially bitter hatred and thirst for revenge which the very name of England everywhere evokes in the breast of the average Irishman. So that England may truly say of the Irish landlords, "Save me from my friends." These beautiful words are as applicable at this day as when written by Goldsmith :

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of frightened ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplie'd :
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipages and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth :
 His seat where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land adorn'd, for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall."

"Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms, a garden and a grave."

If the Irish landlords had limited their guilty career to indifference for the welfare of their tenantry, or disregard of serious pursuits and occupations, or even excessive dissipation and licentiousness familiar to their entire neighborhood, it could be alleged in their defense that all men have their faults, and landlords, like other people, should be allowed to mind their own business. But history arraigns them for crimes of a far more nefarious character. They framed the penal laws, unequalled by the most sanguinary edicts of Imperial Rome. They ranged themselves in serried phalanx against every effort at legislative redress, and voted and planned with murderous intent the professional ruin, and even the stealthy massacre of those who strove to break the chains of the enslaved cottiers. Who are answerable to God and man for the chronic discontent and disaffection of the Irish people? Who have kindled the flames of rebellion, and, like Nero, laid the guilt at the door of those whom they caused to be swallowed up in the conflagration? Who have thrown the torch of discord among the united peasantry, and bribed them to outbid, and thus unhouse one another? Who have sold the Parliament of the nation, and crushed out its industries, and subjugated the people by such ingenious devices of cruelty that their perverted reason regarded law and order as monsters, to be held in detestation? The despotic landlords, the indolent aristocracy, the fawning squireens, in hope of some government clerkship to liquidate their indebtedness.

The struggles for Parliamentary representation and Emancipation brought the illiberal narrowness of the lords of the soil into unenviable prominence. Worsted in numerous encounters, they repeated their abortive efforts to embarrass, to

entrap, and overthrow O'Connell. In him they recognized their own sun down. Their venal sale of the rotten boroughs for £1,260,000 ; their idiotic pastimes ; their scandalous revels and carousings afforded scope for the full play of his perennial humor :

“ Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?
Whose table wit, or modest merit share
Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or player ? ”

Lord Charlemont had been somewhat popular, and a publican at Dungannon, whose place was known as the sign of “The Goat,” resolved to change it for a portrait of the nobleman, and the place became famous as “The Lord Charlemont.” But his conduct toward the volunteers outraged public opinion, and the inn became the reverse of popular. A speculator started a rival place and revived the old title of “The Goat,” on which the people took revenge by giving him their exclusive patronage. The original publican, determined to hold his own, and unwilling to remove the portrait, which was excellent, painted in large letters, over the head of Lord Charlemont in full uniform :—

“ This is The Real Old Goat.”

The family name of Lord Enniskillen is Cole. The first of them was the son of a pack-saddle maker in Sussex. He enlisted as a common soldier, and by his rigorous cruelty to the native Irish was honored with a knighthood. He also obtained a large booty of land by which he possessed three votes, which he sold *for a consideration* to Lord Cornwallis to aid him in effecting the Union. In this connection the name of Lord Castlereagh will ever remain at the head of the list. The real name is Gregor, and the founder of the house was Rob Gregor, a ragman, who imported second-hand clothing into the County Down. In a drunken brawl at Dumbarton he knocked out a man's eye, upon which he fled from Scotland to Ulster, where he peddled dry-goods, carrying his pack upon his shoulders. The limits at my disposal will not permit me to trace the course of his career, which ended by his cutting his throat in London. The Irish peasantry toast the event

thus: "Here's to the barber that sharpened the razor that cut the throat of Castlereagh." The origin of the family was never forgotten, and the peasantry called the traitor peer "Castle-rag." Amongst the most troublesome obstructionists to the popular movement were Lords Fingal, French, and Trimleston, whom O'Connell briefly describes thus: "The first was a traitor, the second a brute, the third a coxcomb." It is matter of history that emancipation was retarded, after George had promised it, by the "minions" of his corrupt court, the worst of whom was the Irish Viceroy Lord Moira. "The truth must be told; this is Lord Moira's administration. He it was who stood between some worthless minions and the people's hopes." Some viceroys go to Ireland to drink the people into good humor; others to palaver them into content. Of the former class was the Duke of Richmond, whose uniform habit was to go to bed drunk. The reader must not suppose that I am giving the opinions of Irish writers on the landlords. They are by no means the most severe. O'Connell, indeed, said, in the House, that he would not believe Castlereagh on his oath. Here is Byron's estimate of his character: "As to lamenting his death, it will be time enough to do so when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention and the weakest in intellect that ever tyrannized over a country." I cite from Scully's preface to the trial of Magee: "The English nobility is English; the Scottish nobility is Scotch; the Irish nobility is not Irish. We shall explain ourselves. The nobility of England is Norman to a man. We do not speak of particular families or extinct titles. There may not be now a direct descendant of a peer created by William the Bastard—there is not; but all the peers are either taken from the Norman stock or from blood *purified*—to use the cant of heraldry—by a Norman alliance. The Scottish peers are the most ancient and powerful families in Scotland, heads of celebrated clans from time almost immemorial, and lords of immense tracts. There are many fine historic associations which bind them to their country and their titles; and hence the Scottish nobleman is as proud of his highland bonnet as of his insignia of the thistle. An Irish nobleman, on the contrary, is, comparatively speaking, a man of yester-

day. The oldest peers of Ireland are those called Strongboonians—Fitzgerald, De Brugh, Butler. An Irish peer of Elizabeth, James, or William is already gray (*sic*) with the honors of antiquity. In the peerages of Ireland there occur only two Irish names, O'Brien and O'Neil. The Irish peers are not bound by historical associations to Ireland, as the peers of England and Scotland are to their respective countries. They are linked to Ireland only by their estates. *Antiquam exquire matram* is the general mandate among them, and is generally obeyed. England is the country of the Irish nobleman; it is the seat of his ambition and the scene of his pleasure. He ruled Ireland, when he had the power, with a rod of iron and a scourge of scorpions. When she was to be bought he sold her without shame and without compunction. If the English minister gave but the word, he would steep her in blood."

"For a history of this modern Irish aristocracy the reader is referred to two unprejudiced authorities, Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, both Protestants, men whom inclination and principle would lead to give a favorable view. The vigorous language of the first never exhibits its terrible power so effectually as when rending the aristocracy, who never built a mansion on their properties, nor a church, nor school, nor any public institution; who saw thousands of miserable serfs die every day of cold, and hunger, and filth, and famine; who squeezed their rents out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who had neither shoe nor stocking to their feet, nor a home as good as an English hog-sty to receive them; who cried out to the tenant with Pharaoh: Ye are idle, ye are idle, O Israelities, when he wanted them to make bricks without straw. Even the gentle Berkeley describes the aristocracy of his time as 'Goths in ignorance, spendthrifts, drunkards, and debauchees.'" (*Dublin Review*. Article attributed to Newman.)

In England and America the poorer classes of the Irish are taunted with habits of intemperance. The truth is these abuses "descended to them from the ranks of what is called the gentry—a ruined race, composed partly of English blood, partly of men of "the pale." As the property of the greater part of the Irish gentry had been obtained by open and

undisguised robbery—disguised as confiscation—they naturally adopted the wild, wasteful, and licentious extravagance of robbers. They scarcely used a sentence without a blasphemy, and went out to shoot each other with as little remorse as they would feel in bringing down a woodcock. The duelist who had taken down his man was a hero whose fame excited envy. If he exceeded that number, and murdered his half dozen, his name in the Irish temple of renown was immortal. Is it suprising, then, if the manners of the upper classes were adopted by degrees among the masses whom they held in villeinage? Need we go farther in order to learn how it happened that whiskey drinking became so general? (“Life and Times of O’Connell,” O’Keefe, vol. I., page 325.) But these imported accomplishments are regarded by the average American as the distinguishing characteristics of the Irish. In addressing Lord Whitworth on the vices of his predecessor Scully, says, “The English aristocracy seldom sought for talent as a qualification for the viceregal throne of Ireland. They were long in the habit of deputing a King Log to govern us. They either sent us a viceroy without brains, or one who was notorious for the habitual vice of putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his intellect. Ignorance, inebriety, or both have been too often the characteristics of Ireland’s chief governors. Northington, Townsend, Rutland, or Richmond were distinguished for nothing so much as for thirst. Ignorance about Ireland is the bane of her viceroys.” Hence it is clear that the existence of landlordism is incompatible with the prosperity of Ireland. For they are at the head, and hold the moving springs of the political and social life of Ireland. Whatever is corrupt, bigoted, anti-Irish in them is adopted and exaggerated by their fawning imitators—the landed gentry and small squires—and is through their poisonous channel filtered down through the innermost recesses of Irish life. Thus the handful of peers are the destruction of the country. Whoever seeks, like O’Connell, to educate the public mind, and, like Parnell, to point out the popular ignorance in which the Irish aristocracy, like that of all countries, had its origin, becomes the object of their combined virulence, hate, slander, and quenchless opposition. It is no secret that their persecution of

O'Connell did much to send the *Liberator* to an untimely grave; and the present victim whom they fain would wipe out is Mr. Parnell. Their hatred does him honor; it is indeed a privilege to be hated by such monsters. Take an instance of how they rule over their Irish estates. Lord Digby owns some 30,000 acres in Ireland, about a fourth of the Kings Co.

What is the condition of the 4,532 persons employed on his property? They are buried in squalor and ignorance. "Their hungry and tattered indigence was so profound that only one was rich enough to serve on a *petty* jury." Thus, the "side of a country," the population of a principality, were destitute of the right guaranteed by the Constitution—trial by jury. In a territory comprising the quarter of a county, amongst 4,532 people, there was only one jurymen to be found. Throughout this vast tract of land the British Constitution was a mockery! The inhabitants were as destitute of its privileges as the inhabitants of Barbary. This was a consequence of insecurity. Lord Digby would give no leases, a circumstance which not only plunged his tenantry into poverty, but deprived them of the benefits which they should enjoy from the laws they were subjected to. The wealth of a province was often spread on the sumptuous board of this absentee nobleman, and his tenantry, as a consequence, were commonly in want of food to satiate the cravings of nature." (O'Keefe.) Is it to be wondered at that those tyrants should pour a tempest of virulent invective at Mr. Parnell, because he strives to break down this the most powerful confederacy that ever crushed out a people's liberty or outraged their rights? Yet there are Americans who depreciate Mr. Parnell, and call him vile names, and accept the picture drawn of him by certain New York newspapers! The reader will be careful to observe that I speak not against the principles of aristocracy generally, but against the wholly anomalous aristocracy of Ireland. There is no comparison whatever between aristocracy, as known in other countries, and that of Ireland. Indeed, the principle of aristocracy is beneficent and most humane, for it is simply the recognition of a class of superior education and acquired wealth to guide the current of events, reflect the light of lofty example, shape the destinies and even

the legislation of their country, and so virtually rule it, by the tacit consent, at least, and grateful approval of the masses. To omit the ancient aristocracies of the European Continent, America, and each large city of America, has its aristocracy of this excellent type, and is justly proud of them. Why? Because their escutcheon is stainless. They have risen by thrift and industry. Their wealth is their own, honorably acquired. It is American wealth, made in America and disbursed in America, benefiting our people, and teaching our youth to go and do likewise. To disturb or lift violent hands against such an aristocracy would be the essence of revolution. Give Ireland such an aristocracy for fifty years, and there will not be a country on the globe so prosperous and wealthy. To compare such an institution, the Astors, the Roosevelts, the Bankers, the Schermerhorns, Aspinwalls, Lenoxes, Goelets, Belmonts, Phelps, Lorillards, and hosts of such families, to the alien aristocracy of Ireland, is like comparing the free-booter, "the tramp," the pirate, and the assassin, to peaceful and industrious citizens. America has nothing to fear and much to hope from her aristocracy, and her aristocracy from America. Ireland has everything to fear and absolutely nothing to hope from the foreign aristocracy that bleeds her life blood with ceaseless rapacity. And, conversely, the Irish aristocracy has neither danger to fear nor favors to expect from the Irish people. "Having the soldiers of England to enforce, and the hireling press of England to defend its oppression, it can indulge its cruellest instincts without a thrill of apprehension." Can Americans conscientiously approve such a system? Let it not be said that this is an ancient state of things. It is not; but the existing state of things. What O'Connell said some forty years ago can be, and is, here affirmed without fear of contradiction: "The system which afflicted Ireland for centuries continues to the present hour. If the aristocracy do not slaughter with the sword, as they formerly did, they massacre by extermination. The tory landlords who drive the peasantry in thousands from their cabins, put an end to human life by the slow and wasting process of hunger and destitution." They do so at this day, and the one true remedy for Ireland is "Parnellism," *i. e.*, the abolition, by constitutional methods, of Irish land-

lordism. It is vain to reason about half measures, or to look to remedial measures from the men who, in granting them, would cripple themselves. "A tendency to pander to aristocracy was the bane of O'Connell's political projects ; it was the rock on which his fortunes were destined to be wrecked." In 1826 Dominick Ronayne threatened to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and tumble down the peerage on the heads of the peers. "I will exhibit how the accounts stand with the oligarchs. In the House of Lords there are 365 peers, with their families, who, in sinecures, grants, pensions, ambassadorships, governorships, the army, navy, church, etc., share between them no less than £283,846, with 205 peers, Irish and Scotch, including bishops, not sitting in Parliament, who pocket the sum of £978,000. Here is a total of £3,813,846. Well, how does the other branch stand, the collective wisdom, the other link of the chain, the other branch of the joint concern ? Why, they have, with their families, but £1,215,211." To prevent O'Connell from uniting with Ronayne, and, by his unlimited influence and gigantic powers, subverting their order, and liberating the empire, the aristocracy caved in, became sweet and gracious to O'Connell, and said all sorts of nice things about the Catholic association. When their point was gained, they assumed the aggressive anew, and inflicted on the people the insulting, unjust measure of the church rates bill. Let Parnell take a lesson from this. Let him labor on and he will place the Irish landlords where, at a memorable election, the Beersfords were placed in Waterford, their own stronghold, by their own tenantry. The Marquis of Waterford had canvassed for two years, spending £100,000. The fishermen of Dungarven, after election, photographed him thus : "He was like a sea-calf on the shore, with the tide out, slashing and bedaubing all about him, while he was himself stranded and wrecked forever." Parnellism, steadily followed up, will create a new manhood, and a sustaining sense of citizenship in the people, so long "driven to the hustings as the beasts that perish to the shambles." Moderation in counselling the landlords about absenteeism will not do, and, two generations hence, will provoke a smile on men's faces ; just as we of to-day smile at the just pleadings of Judge Fletcher to an Irish grand jury :

“Is there no method of allaying those discontents of the people and preventing them from flying in the face of the laws? Yes, gentlemen; I should imagine that the permanent absentees ought to see the policy, if no better motive can influence them, of appropriating liberally some part of those splendid revenues which they draw from this country, which pay no tax, or poor rates, and of which not a shilling is expended in this country. I say that the permanent absentees ought to know that it is their interest to contribute everything in their power and within the sphere of their extensive influence, towards the improvement of a country from whence they derive such ample revenue and solid benefits. Instead of doing so, how do many of them act? They often depute their manager upon the grand jury of the County. This manager gets his jobs done without question or interruption: his roads, and his bridges, and his park walks, all are conceded. For my part, I am wholly at a loss to conceive how those permanent absentees can reconcile it to their feelings or their interests to remain silent spectators of such a state of things, or how they can forbear to raise their voices in behalf of their unhappy country, and attempt to open the eyes of our English neighbors, who, generally speaking, know about as much of the Irish as they do of the Hindoos. Gentlemen, I will tell you what these absentees ought particularly to do. They ought to promote the establishment of houses of refuge, houses of industry, and school-houses, and set the example on their estates of building decent cottages, so that an Irish peasant may have at least the comfort of an English sow, for an English farmer would refuse to eat the flesh of a hog so lodged and fed as an Irish peasant is.” Are the cottiers of to-day any better off after a lapse of forty years? “Again, I say that those occasional absentees ought to come home, and not remain abroad resting upon the local manager, a species of *locum tenens* upon the grand jury. They should reside upon their own estates, and come forward with every possible improvement for the country.” Have they done so? By no means. In the London clubs such advice provokes jeers from the landlords, who agree in concluding the judge to be a madman.

Let the reader judge for himself if absenteeism is not at

this day precisely what it was half a century ago. The report of a recent Royal Committee into absenteeism shows that there are 2,973 Irish absentee persons, absolute owners, who are the absolute possessors of 5,129,169 acres of land. This land is worth variously, let us suppose, from half a guinea to three and five guineas per year. Some of it belongs to the Corporation of London, and other such bodies. The government figures, always below the truth, describe the amount drawn annually out of land alone by absentee landlords at £656,000, which calculation includes only some twenty owners. According to Arthur Young's revised list, the total sum drawn by Irish absentees is £2,220,000 a year. The Marquis of Bath receives from Ireland, which he has never visited, £79,000 a year; the Earl of Pembroke draws £37,000; the Marquis of Landsdowne, £34,000 a year from Kerry alone; Lord Fitzwilliam, £47,000 from Wicklow alone; Sir Richard Wallace, a resident of Paris, £74,000 a year from Connemara, and the Duke of Devonshire £34,000 from two Irish estates, which he scarcely ever visits. What equivalent does Ireland receive? Absolutely nothing. This is the great evil to which the true antidote is Parnellism—abolish the landlords. On their account decay is visible in the towns and cities of Ireland; exhaustion impoverishes the land, while a few months ago were seen the awful sights of a woman walking forty miles to a poor-house with her child starving in her arms, and sixty able-bodied men seeking admission to the same hated institution.

It is difficult to see how the frame-work of British society would be dissolved by the abolition of the present system of Irish landlordism. Similar changes have occurred, in the history of nations, without material deterioration of national wealth or glory. In England alone there is abundance of precedent, both in remote and recent times. In the civil war of the barons, historic houses changed names and fortunes. In the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, the nobility and gentry seem to have had nothing more at heart than their own utter destruction. New families were brought into existence and old ones demolished. To a political economist, or a violent advocate of the *status quo*, the prospect of such changes would have appeared ap-

palling in the extreme ; but the result was beneficial to England. New blood was instilled into her nobility ; her aristocracy and gentry were recuperated and placed on a more solid basis ; the money spent during the conflicts was circulated at home for the benefit of the people, and after a few years of peace matters proceeded more smoothly than ever before.

Within the last thirty years the landed gentry of Ireland have brought about a change in their own fortunes and social relations which is hardly second to those referred to in England. Without the din or expense of war they have virtually annihilated themselves. Their estates are many of them hopelessly encumbered. Their thriftless ancestry, or their own habits of excess, have so culminated that, nominally wealthy, they are in reality no more than respectable mendicants. They do not receive a tenth of the revenue of their estates, and the amount they *do* receive is spent in foreign countries, thus increasing constantly the poverty of their own. Will any sound thinker fail to see that it is the interest of these gentlemen that the Parnell doctrine be accepted and put into full operation? The condition of the people, by assuming the ownership of the soil, will be greatly improved. They will be more easily filled with the love of law and order ; a new life will be infused into them, resulting in their increased attachment to the Sovereign, and strengthening and consolidating the interests of the Crown.

But the landlords themselves have pleaded guilty. Some of them have secured land in America and elsewhere, on the principle that when the house is about to fall the rats clear out. If their cause be just, why appeal in its defense to the country which tossed England into the seas? The simple circumstance of the British press appealing to the bar of American public opinion through the shifting medium of the *New York Herald*, was itself a mortal blow to their own cause. It set public opinion, on the alert. It not only aroused suspicion of the fairness of the landlords toward their tenantry, but involved a confession of guilt, and compelled Irish Americans, and the American public generally, to ask themselves this important question : " Whence comes it that these gentlemen who, all their life long, have been calling us "vile rebels,"

“beastly Yankees,” etc., should now come across to crave sympathy and support at our hands? This deadly thrust at landlord tyranny, dealt, through the *Herald*, by the landed gentry themselves, received vigorous support from the unconcealed partiality which the *Herald* had the bad taste to display with needless ostentation. Its columns were freely opened to adverse criticism on Mr. Parnell, to the rigorous exclusion of favorable notices. About two columns were daily filled with extracts from every shade of American journalism affecting to reflect the “opinions of the press.” But in no single instance could space be found for any extract laudatory of Mr. Parnell. Here again the sagacity of the people was quick to discern foul play. The *Herald* had overshot the mark. Its power for mischief was exhausted, and its utterances were henceforward accepted in a sense directly the opposite of what they were designed to convey. Such has ever been the result when, in discussing questions of public utility, partiality, prejudice, and judicial blindness have been permitted to take the place of candor, truth, and sober argument.

The letter of the Earl of Dunraven was the last crowning effort of the *Herald* to damp the enthusiasm of the Parnell darty. It filled five columns of the huge journal, having occupied a similar space in the *Evening Telegram*, also the property of James Gordon Bennett. Leaders were profusely issued in which it was fulsomely eulogized, and all New York had soon become aware that the ponderous document was cabled word for word by James Gordon Bennett. It is needless to observe that the *Herald's* columns were closed to any reply. The majority of the staff employed on that paper were heart and soul with Mr. Parnell, several of them being members of the committees charged with making his reception and mission a gratifying success. They considered the letter a *brutum fulmen*, and laughed it to scorn. Let us see whether they were not well advised.

The following is one of many replies to Lord Dunraven, some of which were refused admittance to the *Herald* :

To the Editor of The Star :

The public having had ample time to digest the other side of the question, the friends and admirers of Mr. Parnell have

much reason to thank the press for giving to the light the significantly long letter of the Earl of Dunraven. It is a singularly suicidal production. It is also a clear mirror, reflecting truthfully the shallowness of mind and disregard of truth which characterize the conduct of the Irish landlord toward the tenant. As to Lord Dunraven's claim to be considered an Irishman, it may be observed that "all are not Israelites who are of Israel." It is right also to say to "the practical common sense and perspicuity" of the American character, that of all Irish estates, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, the least Irish is that of Adare. It is the focus and headquarters of the Palatines. They own the best farms on the estate. They are and ever have been specially preferred and fostered by the Quinn family, a fact whereof, on another occasion, I may furnish your readers some interesting evidence.

Next to the Palatine, the special fondness of the late Earl of Dunraven was for trees, and his heir is of course faithful to "inherited instinct." Small holdings were systematically consolidated into the estate and the cleared space forthwith thickly planted, the poor holders having been sent to America. The value of woodland was a hobby with the landlord and he rode it with a vengeance. The present Earl will remember, in this connection, the encouragement given to Mr. Madden to go to Adare from the Clancarty estate, so as to create nurseries and keep up an abundant supply of young timber. It was the late Earl's ambition to make Adare the best timbered estate in Ireland. To this overmastering passion all things had to yield precedence. I distinctly remember the drooping spirits with which, some fifteen and eighteen years ago, I saw human beings in Adair making place for trees, and quoted the well-known words in which Goldsmith mourns "the land to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The families then expatriated are now toiling hard for a scant subsistence in New York and other cities of these States. They have no home, and Adare has abundance of timber.

It is untrue that "fair rent" is all the landlord, and in particular Lord Dunraven, wants for a farm. Does his lordship remember when Capt. Ball's place became vacant? Will he deny that powerful influence and all manner of land-jobbing were brought into play in giving it away? Will he deny that, not a "fair rent," but "get all you can" was the terms of sale on that occasion? and it is quite true here, "Ex uno disce omnes."

There are men from Adare in our cities who well remember the rack-rent career of Captain Ball, and the burning detesta-

tion with which his name was received by the Adare tenantry twenty years ago. Does his lordship forget that in that indiscriminate display of the agent's fervid zeal the venerable parish priest (a gentleman whose family is older than the Quinn's — *i. e.*, Dunraven's) was not excluded, that his rent was raised, and that, as a last resort, it was deemed necessary to have recourse to the unseemly remedy of altar denunciation so as to checkmate the ruthless career of both landlord and agent?

But apart from the recent mismanagement of the Adare estate, the best proof that Lord Dunraven defends a hopeless cause, and is cruelly faithful to "inherited instinct," is furnished by the internal evidence of his letter. It is a tissue of falsehood, clumsily tinged with stale wit, and spiced with gratuitous assertions of quite a sensational type; and if Irish landlords will only be so good as to furnish plenty of this sort of article to the American press Mr. Parnell's triumphant success is indeed assured. Englishmen will speedily exclaim with Swift, "that no nation was ever so long or so scandalously abused by the folly, the temerity, the corruption and the ambition of its domestic enemies, or treated with so much ridicule, misrepresentation and injustice by its foreign friends."

Lord Dunraven says that "the Irish alone seem to look upon it as a disgrace to leave their native land." Nothing could be further from the truth. Men of all nations leave, and have in all time left, their native land with reluctance and heartfelt regret. There is nothing whatever "inscrutable" in the fact. It is perfectly natural, given the concession that tenants in Ireland have the right to be natural. That is what the landlords refuse to concede. "In Ireland," continues the noble Lord, "tenants are apt to attach a sentimental value to their holdings, which makes them so unwilling to leave * * * until at last they have to leave, crippled and encumbered with numerous debts." Here is an egregious piece of folly. The attachment men have for their homes—no matter how humble—is rooted in the depths of the soul. It is incomparably the noblest of the natural virtues. It is the fertile source of feats of thrilling heroism and deeds of awful sacrifice. Who will compare the achievements wrought by greed of power, or lust of gold, or tireless energy, or sleepless ambition and revenge to the transcendent works which men and nations have in all ages dared and triumphantly accomplished *pro aris et focis*? All jurists and statesmen unite in regarding it as a justifiable cause for war. It is the one spring of human action which never dries up. It has written in letters of gold the brightest pages of Grecian and Roman history. Orators never tire of eulogizing nor poets of warbling its praises.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Our Indian tribes in receding before progressive civilization show the greatest reluctance, break all manner of treaties, murder our armies and embalm with their life-blood their vanishing holdings. In distant regions the Zulu and the Afghan do likewise, thus chanting, each in his own style, the sweet strain of the ancients :

“ Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

It will not do to seek to dismiss the universal evidence of mankind as a piece of sentimentality.

I will now briefly photograph the true picture of an isolated sentimentalist. I fancy the scion of an illustrious house, to the manor born, heir to several magnificent estates, in which, both before and since his majority, he has been conspicuous by his absence. About to marry a wife, he finds, through his excessive love of Ireland, that the whole country does not contain a girl good enough or pretty enough for him. So he skips across to the Highlands and weds a Scottish lassie. He journeys through lands and seas, and is at home in the whole world. His native hills and dells see little of him, though the Empress of Austria finds there the very best sport attainable. But he glides incessantly across the great ocean; plows the trackless snows of Canada; loves to climb the Rocky Mountains; lies prostrate for whole days on a hillside in the ranches of Wyoming, chatting with his red-skinned guides, or calling the moose, or perched upon the limb of a leafless desert tree, perusing an insipid novel. The Earl of Dunraven “ knows how it is himself.”

His Lordship complains of the want of manufacturing industries for the Irish people. Next to the English Government, the Irish landlords are responsible for this. Their education, their power, and their wealth enable them to initiate efforts looking to the revival of Irish manufactures. Their influence too, rightly used, would so shape public opinion, and so concentrate the united action of the whole Irish people as to compel Government co-operation. But the landlords of Ireland are either Englishmen who never see Ireland, or Irishmen who see and understand it least of all countries on the globe. When they do reside in Ireland, here is an instance, among a thousand, which shows how they patronize native manufactures: A gentleman of Lord Dunraven’s county called to procure some horse brushes at the brush factory of Mr. Hugh Hastings, Limerick. Exhibiting an old brush to show what manner of article he wanted, he observed, “ I commonly buy my brushes in England, but just now am run short.” The trader, irritated, snapped off the thin veneering from the brush and displayed hidden underneath his private trade-mark. What was the fact? Unable to find a market in Ireland for his goods, he had been

went to ship them in large quantities to England, where they were stamped with the English trade-mark and reshipped to Ireland as English work, when they commanded good sale as English goods. What have the Munster landlords, particularly Lord Dunraven, done to foster the culture of flax, the use of Limerick lace, and the world-known Limerick glove, or Irish poplin?

But we must not suppose that Lord Dunraven's literary skill is exhausted in dishing up rehashed platitudes for our American "perspicuity." His Lordship has the astounding temerity to coin vulgar "maxims" out of the plain, sober speech of Mr. Parnell, putting into that gentleman's mouth words which he never employed. If it be not so, why has he not cited the speech or pamphlet in which he found the Parnell "maxims?" And is it not quite clear that it is Dunraven, and not Parnell, who affects to play "quack" to Irish gullibility? It is no uncommon thing, in the polemics of the land question, to find noblemen who stoop to falsify the words of an adversary; for they well know that "although the devil be the father of lies, he has, like other great inventors, lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him."

But there is luxury in putting a pet name on one's intellectual parturitions, and Dunraven forthwith sends his "maxims" to the world as "organized robbery." It is a pretty phrase, but it is likewise a perfect definition of the Adare Manor and estate. Lord Dunraven can see from the beautiful castle in which he wrote his pronouncement, the lonely abbey ruins that dot the landscape. Let him ask himself who built them? Who originally owned the Adare estate? History answers: "The Irish people," whose descendants his ancestry impoverished and expatriated to make homes for the Palatine and all manner of aliens. His Lordship can justly chuckle upon his "inherited instinct."

The "quack pill" of emigration will not furnish the desired panacea. The Irish race, in common with all the race of Adam, will insist on living and laboring for their altars and firesides. The citadel of landlordism must disappear. Parnell is but the "vox populi," and it is idle attempting to throw mud upon him. It may soil the fingers that pick it up, but it cannot besmear the pure and fearless popular tribune who stands clothed with the moral power of two hemispheres. The hatred of landlordism is rooted ineradicably in the Irish race, and the people when left to their own judgment, seldom mistake their true interests. The system was founded in bloodshed, cradled in injustice, and nurtured with merciless confiscation. Its knell is sounded. It shall die by the trenchant scimeter of truth, without one drop of blood, one

act of injustice, or one louder word than "peace to its ashes." At the funeral there may indeed be some fisticuffing, akin to that historic row in Clare, between the Inchiquins and the Quinns, in which the latter skedaddled and settled down in Limerick. But in the event of a muss the landlords will find comfort in the remembrance that "if a house be swept, the more occasion there is for such a work the more dust it will raise."

CHARLES J. SMITH, M. D., N. Y.

If Lord Dunraven's ancestors believed emigration necessary, why did they import a foreign population to overcrowd their estates, and above all, why did they select for importation a class of people who were unable to benefit, and must inflict injury on, the country?

Of the Palatines, Swift says in his history of the "Four last years of the Queen" that "The public was a loser by every individual among them." Again

"Those who advised the bringing in of the Palatines were enemies to the Kingdom" (*Examiner*, No. 4), and again, "Some persons, whom the voice of the nation authorizes me to call her enemies, taking advantage of the general naturalization act, had invited over a great number of foreigners of all religions, under the name of Palatines, who understood no trade or handicraft, yet rather choose to beg than labor; who besides infesting our streets, bred contagious diseases, by which we lost, in natives, thrice the number of what we gained in foreigners" (*Examiner*, No. 45).

Yet this class were affectionately harbored by Lord Dunraven's ancestors, who gave them some of the best holdings in Adare. In his lordship's deer park fifty families could earn an abundant living if he did not hold to the doctrine that deer are more desirable than men.

Lord Dunraven says that "many of them (the Irish) suppose that there is a Celtic Irish people in existence. There is no such thing. The inhabitants of Ireland are a very mixed race, composed principally of Celts, Danes and Englishmen, both of which is called the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman race." In the first place, that has nothing whatever to do with the Parnell question. It is not a learned ethnological discussion as to races—how much or how little they predominate in the actual agricultural population of Ireland.

But it is a question of making those who are *hic et nunc* the tillers of the soil its rightful owners, in fee simple.

In the second place, there is a patent piece of sophistry in representing the present population of Ireland as more heterogeneous in its composition than that of other countries. The Irish people to-day are more themselves than any other people on the globe. They possess more of their ancient language and their general national characteristics than can be found in most other peoples. Let us see how they compare with "the sister country."

In the time of Claudius, not to go farther back, Britain was overrun by Roman soldiers. It is not supposing too much to say that those successful warriors—not unlike the rest of men—did marry and beget children, who thus became born Britons. They stamped their own impress upon the country, and were a factor of more or less importance in the formation of the population. When the Roman legions were recalled to defend their own country against the harassing incursions of the Goths, the Picts poured down incessantly upon the British, who, to defend themselves, were forced to call in the Saxons. These reduced the greatest part of the country to their own power, drove the Britons into the mountains, and in customs, religion, and language virtually Saxonized the entire land. Here we have four distinct elementary sources of population in England, anterior to Edward the Confessor. Subsequently matters grew still worse. Edward, having lived long in France, made French the language of his Court. Then came William the Conqueror, who brought over vast numbers of the French, located them in the Saxon Monasteries, gave them great quantities of land, caused their language to be used in the courts of law, and endeavored to make it the common language of the kingdom. Under Henry the Second the change progressed apace, for, having inherited much French territory, that monarch divided his time and sympathies alike between both countries. For centuries after there was a constant intercourse between France and England, and a perpetual mixing up of both peoples, by reason of the dominions England possessed in France, and the conquests by which she extended them. But it is not England alone whose history discovers the fallacy of Lord Dunraven's

theory. Germany has a litany of peoples fundamentally and traditionally dissociated. The Italian boot is a net-work of gregarious populations, each speaking different dialects, and, though more peaceful, they are not less dissimilar at the present time than when, under their several feudal chieftains, they waged uninterrupted warfare upon one another. In Spain a common creed and a common priesthood, supported by the strongest sovereignty in Europe, could not unite the internal discordant elements among the population. It was necessary to have a mixed liturgy—Mezzorabic—so as to meet the conflicting exigencies of the Moorish and Gothic peoples of the kingdom. But it is wasting time to devote further attention to the oft-refuted slanders of anti-Irish writers in regard to the internal divisions of the Irish people. They are not one whit more miscellaneous than any nation of Europe, and far less so than the American people—a fusion of all the nations on earth. In introducing this element into his letter Lord Dunraven is clearly not in good faith, and can have had no other aim or purpose than to divert attention from the main question at issue—the reform of the British land laws and the establishment of a peasant proprietorship in Ireland. The assertion at this late day of their life that there is no such thing as an Irish race is one of those empty generalities dismissed by the schoolmen as undeserving of notice: “What proves too much proves nothing.”

Lord Dunraven's financial reference to the “bears” of Wall street, and the money needed to give practical effect to Parnellism is exceedingly puerile. The English Government could meet the difficulty in twenty-four hours. She spends annually in chastising and decimating foreign savages, and rectifying imaginary frontier lines more than is needed. She spent sixty millions in the Confederate war, beside nineteen millions sterling of surplusage beyond her share, and which she was decoyed by the allies into expending to liquidate their obligations.

By the way, this was about the very same time when the modern aristocracy of Ireland were plundering the lands of the people, and “settling” themselves down on them under sham titles. And this brings us to another of those stupendously overpowering arguments which Lord Dunraven has in

stock, and clearly thinks "good enough for Americans." "They assert that no landlord has an absolute title in the land, that is to say, that even if he bought his land under the Encumbered Estates Court, or from former proprietors, and they commence an agitation for the avowed object of creating a number of landlords who are to have an absolute interest in the land, but they do not condescend to explain how the future landlords can obtain any better title than the present proprietors possess." Here there is contempt for grammar, but an absolute murdering of logic. The Parnell proprietary will pay for the land to the last cent or shilling of its value, and will justly own it. Have the present owners done so? Lord Dunraven does not *dare* say so, but cunningly shirks a question which he must blush to confront. "Is confiscation purchase?" In pity I stop here, and am quite sure his Lordship will drop it with thanks.

"Is it probable that the mere fact of ownership will have any marked effect upon that first blessing of precept to man—Will future landlords become frugal to their families." Here he fails again to see the "*petitio principii*" by which he begs the question. In Mr. Parnell's plan there will be *no landlords*. Is that plain? "Will Irish peasants cease to be blessed with numerous children because they become proprietors?" The Irish owners of the Parnell type will not be cursed with the bands of illegitimate children which have abounded in the neighborhood of every Irish landlord. Neither will the peasant proprietor endorse the doctrine, born of devils and preached by landlords—that children must not be brought into the world. The day has yet to dawn when Irish tenants will require to be taught moral rectitude by the landlords. All else gone, they held fast to that. Early marriages have been their rule, at once their only source of bliss, and the principle of their indestructibility. They created a family affection of inextinguishable power, and its results are the pride of the Irish people. In Scotland 10 per cent. of the births are illegitimate, in England 6 per cent., and in Ireland 3 per cent. From which, if you subtract the contributions of the landlords, the Irish percentage will be 0. (See Faucett, "Pauperism," p. 86.) Progeny after progeny came forth from the pure humble homes of the loving Irish cottiers, and peopling the States,

the Canadas, and the Australias, reflected back their first love in undiminished warmth and strength, in the shape of some £13,000,000, to cheer the last days of the "old folks at home." (How far would that go toward "bearing" the landlords?")

Lord Dunraven is chagrined because the old people spent some of our American cash in clothing their youth, and making them honor the Sabbath by increased external decorum. It is an old habit of the despotic landlords to "survey" the tenantry, emerging from church on Sundays, or some public gathering, and from their dress, etc., to discover whether there was not ground for raising the rent. Those who happen to be unusually well dressed remain in church so as not to allow "the ould rogue to survey" them. Yet this is the class of man to talk of movements like the present alienating the affections of the tenantry from the landlord. You can count on your fingers the landlords who possess, or did at any time possess the affections of their tenantry. When the infamous Lord Leitrim fell, the other day, by the hand of an assassin, £15,000 were offered in vain for information as to the author or abettors of the deed.

Other landlords, besides Lord Dunraven, fell into the trap of writing to American papers; but they belong to the "gentry, who have as many grades as there were steps in Jacob's ladder." Their insipid productions are utterly undeserving of notice, nor would the rambling document of Dunraven—which suicidally admits that "experiment in the way of peasant proprietary might be tried, and might succeed"—be noticed at such length, but that his frequent visits to this country have made his name somewhat known to Americans.

It is an axiom among business men that idle and superfluous hands should not be retained under pay, more especially if their permanent employment hitherto has been so remunerative as to leave them in a position of independence. That is the situation in regard to the Irish landlords. Their work in Ireland is done, and there is no further need of their services. Every novice in history knows what that work was. It was to plant and foster among the Irish people a church and language not of the people; and to maintain and nurture the growth of those unwelcome exotics by an ocean of Irish blood. The plan for all this was the barbarous penal

code, as interpreted by the landlords. The established church of Ireland is a thing of the past. The nursery in which the unclean thing strove in vain to ripen into luxuriance is Irish landlordism. The former has been laid in its grave amid a dignified silence, which does the Irish Catholic Episcopate immortal honor. Mr. Parnell has sounded the knell of the latter in the words of Virgil :

“ Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”

VII.

Parnell and the Press.

“Every great newspaper ‘We’ imagines himself a man of great importance.”

Mr. Parnell has reason to be grateful to a large section of the press of this country. The Irish American newspapers have from the first opened their arms to receive him. They were characteristically sagacious in estimating the importance of his visit to America, the results likely to spring from it, and the ultimate benefit sure to accrue to the tenant farmers of Ireland. It is not to be wondered at that such an identity of thought should discover itself between the viceroy of the Irish at home and the organs of the Irish abroad, for time and distance only intensify Irish patriotism.

“*Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare volant.*”

The independent press of the New England States, and every shade of journalism throughout the West have been characterized by a spirit of hearty sympathy; and while candid and judicious criticism was freely indulged, the inhuman system of the English landlaws, and the cruel despotism of the Irish landlords were vigorously exposed, with incredible gain to the Parnell aspect of Irish affairs. But, apart from these two schools, there is another large network of American journals strongly imbued with English sympathy, edited by Englishmen or Anglo-Americans, and representing a shade of public opinion either utterly ignorant of or callously indifferent to Irish history, Irish politics, Irish misrule, in short anything professedly Irish. The whole of this section of the American press is inconsistent in regard to the Irish question. On the one hand, they cite the Monroe doctrine, and strongly deprecate all interference in foreign matters. On the other, they furnish ample reports of Parnell’s proceedings; send their reporters in his suite, and publish elaborate leaders on

the probable effects of his policy. The tone of these leaders is a subject deserving close attention. In every instance they are one of three things: either highly eulogistic, or simply didactic, or plainly indisposed to grapple with the question. The first class put the mantle of O'Connell on Parnell's shoulders, and place implicit trust in his ability and integrity. The second class confine themselves to a naked statement of both sides of the question, leaving it, for the rest, where they found it. The third class fall back on the Monroe doctrine, cite instances in which the Irish have been deceived, and their money misapplied, adding some kind words of approval as to the immediate relief of distress, or some cynical joke about the poor Irish peasantry. In all this there is a painful absence of serious and weighty argument. But the inevitable impression made upon an impartial public is that the American press has damned the system of Irish landlordism by the faintest possible praise. The *New York Herald*, unique in everything, has been especially energetic in stultifying itself. Before Mr. Parnell left Ireland, during his voyage, and upon his arrival in America, the *Herald* persistently assailed him in a series of leading articles which were manifestly inspired on the other side of the Atlantic. Garbled reports of Mr. Parnell's speeches were furnished, and unfavorably criticised. Interviews were obtained in every section of Irish society, even with the occupants of the mud cabins, with a view to diminishing the Parnell influence. But in every instance these malicious designs were frustrated. No evidence has been produced to show that Mr. Parnell is not thoroughly sincere; that the means and methods he employs are not constitutional; and that the masses of the Irish farmers are not loyal to him, and quite familiar with his teachings.

But the distress which Parnell had early predicted became an appalling reality, turning the tables on the *Herald*, and forthwith the hovels in which it had, a week before, insolently and heartlessly asserted that "Hennessy's brandy was to be had for the asking," became the object of its new-born sympathy. Having, in order to regain lost ground, obtrusively forced itself upon Mr. Parnell, and striven to bully him into acceptance of a position on its Distribution Committee, it stupidly objected to his proxy, a Dublin merchant of spotless

reputation. Since a man's proxy is, minus material space, nothing else but a man's self, the *Herald* is self-convicted of dishonesty in attempting to entrust such a person with the distribution of public funds. It is difficult to imagine a more awkward position than that in which the other members of the Committee are placed by this clumsy tergiversation. Indeed the whole tenor of the *Herald's* policy toward Mr. Parnell displays an alarming disregard of the accuracy and impartiality which society justly expects should characterize respectable journalism. With virulent malignity, the Irish agitator has been persistently slandered, and the public opinion of America grossly misrepresented. Tinged with Anglican bias and deriving his inspiration from Downing street, the proprietor maintains an attitude exceedingly grotesque, and which covers him with contemptuous ridicule. He is jeered at by friend and foe alike, and to no class, perhaps, does he appear in more repulsive aspect than to the staff of his own whimsical sheet. For it is matter of general notoriety that, with few exceptions, the rank and file, the energy, enterprise, and brains of the *Herald* are Irish. The staff of that paper were educated, some at Maynooth, some at Fordham, and some in the Catholic parish schools of New York. They are in the main of the same flesh and blood with Parnell, and of the same creed with the peasantry of Donegal and Kerry and Connemara. Yet through a despotism most appropriately inspired of British and Irish landlordism, they are compelled to act at variance alike with their instincts, feelings, and convictions; and to advocate what they really abhor and know to be false. With the *Herald* man it is one of two things, either lie or starve. It is a matter of bread and butter and greed of gold. "How much will you give me and I will deliver myself up to you, and betray and vilify my race and the land of my fathers?"

It is a new version of an old tale. Irishmen in other lands are too apt to rise

"On liberty' ruins to fame."

Their success is too frequently in exact proportion to their self-debasement, and their slavish truculence to the enemies and maligners of their country.

"The torch that will light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile when their country expires."

It must be with bitter tears that the Irish employed on the *Herald* water the daily bread won under such ignoble circumstances. James Gordon Bennett is the despotic master to whose fickle caprice they must pay abject homage. That gentleman is the fawning sycophant as well as the convenient tool and mouthpiece of the British aristocracy. It is an open secret that his highest ambition is to gain admission to the best class of English society. But the one itinerant sham, the one social vampire, from which the true English gentleman shrinks with instinctive horror is the American *parvenu*. He is regarded with mingled ridicule and contempt, and this settled dislike of such mushroom respectability is only intensified when mere braggadocio seeks, as in Bennett's case, to shelter itself under the cover of great wealth. Despite wealth, and the influence of the *Herald*, and persistent effort, and the sacrifice of truth and principle, James Gordon will continue to be regarded by the better classes of English society "as the best cowhided newspaperman in existence." That is the euphonious and inherited patronymic in which he can rejoice, and by which he shall be distinguished during his years in the flesh. It is labor lost trying to bolster up the doomed system of Irish landlordism, by abusing and belittling Mr. Parnell. It is futile and silly in the *Herald* to continue to offer advice to Irish people either here or in Ireland, for it is the landlords and not the people who appealed to the *Herald*, and that journal should remember that "proffered service stinks." In this sense only can the *Herald* be regarded as the friend and representative of the Irish people, viz. : let any person in search of truth read carefully all that the *Herald* says about Mr. Parnell ; let him believe directly the opposite ; and he will know the truth as it is in itself.

What are the grounds on which the *Herald* attacks this Irish patriot with such savage violence ? Because he comes to America to expose the cruel land system, by which millions of his countrymen have been decimated and expatriated, in the hope that a repetition of those horrors may be averted during the present distress, and the Irish members of Parliament be aided by the independent public opinion of this free country in obtaining a constitutional abolition of the Irish land laws.

Mr. Parnell is not the first, and will not be the last, to appeal or purposes of that description to America. He has spoken, not to the government, but to the people, who are the rightful owners of their own opinion, and to whom the press of all nations daily appeals on subjects of every conceivable character. No journal in this or any other country but prints daily copious extracts, bearing on the most burning issues of all civilized nations. What Mr. Parnell does, the *Herald*, in common with all papers, does in every issue, the only difference being that which exists between the spoken word and the written. All men are agreed that the former is the more powerful and effective of the two. Therefore Mr. Parnell employs it here in behalf of struggling Ireland, just as Benjamin Franklin employed it abroad in support of struggling and misruled America. Is that a sufficient reason for abusing him?

“But he has attacked unjustly the committees engaged in Ireland in extending relief to the suffering farmers.” It is utterly false. It is Parnell who first aroused Ireland and the world to the certain near suffering of the farmers. In no instance has he impeached the personal honor or honesty of the members composing those committees. He has carefully pointed out the political traditions, and the actual political bias, of those members in connection with the Irish farmers, and the laws under which they hold. He has shown that they inherit landlord instincts, and are, many of them, liable to be one-sided in the distribution of money sent by Americans, not for this or that set of sufferers, but for sufferers indiscriminately. The *Herald* proves that Mr. Parnell is right. In its issue of February 16, 1880, it speaks thus, through its Dublin exchanges :

“This is not the time to criticise small faults of local organizations. I have even deliberately suppressed mention of the complaints that are to be heard in every parish of Connemara touching the local connections of a *more august organization*—the unhappy fatality by which the most obnoxious persons that could be chosen have been chosen to jostle the representatives of the people out of power in the distribution. Connemara is so peculiarly circumstanced in one notorious respect that I feel this slight allusion to a very delicate subject is the least that is due to intense local feeling ; but there

I leave it for the present, recognizing fully the difficulties that surround it. I can, however, with the utmost heartiness say that the parish committees, as distinguished from the union committees, are upon the whole discharging the work of distribution with great judgment and efficiency. The relief is distributed altogether in kind—Indian meal is purchased at wholesale price, for instance, by the committee of this parish, presided over by the Rev. B. McAndrew, parish priest. Two members of the committee are appointed to visit every house in a district and make a return in the first instance of the number of families whose food supply is absolutely exhausted, and of the number of mouths in each household. Upon the arrival of the meal, enough to stave off hunger for about two weeks is apportioned to each of these families. Word is then dispatched to the head of each family to come in and take home his supply. The people are thus saved the indignity of roaming about in mendicant and demoralized crowds. Account is kept of the probable duration of the stock of potatoes of the remainder of the parishioners—those who are, as I may put it, distressed in the second degree—and according as the supply of each falls out there is his proportion of the relief awaiting him. The system works without turbulence, and with the least possible offence to the self-respect of the people. I cannot but think that this plan has substantial advantages *over the one which is followed in other places, according to which the head man or principal person of the village gets a certain number of relief tickets for distribution in his village.* The suspicion, if nothing else, of favoring his own relations, and his exposure to extreme local influences, detract greatly, to my mind, from the efficiency of the head-man system, while those whom he leaves unsatisfied are sure to flock into the nearest town clamoring at the door of members of the committee.”

In the *Herald* of 22d Feb., it is proved that the landlords to whose distribution of money Mr. Parnell objects are not only likely to tamper with money from afar, but also with money from their own Government, given to themselves on easy terms, for the express purpose of alleviating distress :

“ Much doubt was expressed regarding the value of the Government measure for relieving the distress by lending money for improvents. These works have been given to contractors who cannot be obliged, and therefore *will not employ the untrained and enfeebled poor for whose benefit the works are meant*, but only the men who can do the best work for their wages. The temptation to bad landlords to wring profit from

their tenants is shown by the following extraordinary notice from a Derry paper issued by a landlord who received a grant from Government for improvements :

“ ‘ Those tenants who wish to have improvements carried out on their holdings, either drainage, fencing, or roads, are informed that upon proper application money will be advanced, but the tenant must agree to one shilling for every one pound spent being added to his rent, such increase to commence November, 1881.’ ”

What does the *Herald* think about that for landlord impartiality? and is that the sort of committee the *Herald* wants? If not, then it should honor Mr. Parnell for guarding kind and charitable Americans from falling into such snares, and having their alms put into the landlords' pockets, and spent in the clubs of London.

But if the *Herald* was indulging in one of its Homeric naps (*aliquando dormitat*) when it thus supported Mr. Parnell, it will rejoice to find that Bishop McCarthy of Kerry and itself are unanimous, whether in sleeping or waking. His Lordship (the *Herald* loves a lord) says :

“ I send you £10 for the poor. The Government will not believe there is much distress while the work-houses are empty. The last official report shows that the number getting relief—indoor or outdoor—throughout Kerry is not more than 700 above that in the different unions at this time last year. The landlords, at whose doors the mendicants cannot appear, apply the same test. The Government hand over all power to the landlords. Money can be had on easy terms, but only by landlords. Of what use is it to the poor laborers of Tralee and Castlegregory that Sir Edward Denny can borrow money for 1 per cent.? He is an absentee, over 80 years of age, perhaps does not know of any distress in Ireland, and yet the Government boast that they have taken all necessary means to meet the present crisis, because they gave him great facilities for draining bogs and making roads! Another landlord in this diocese, with vast estates and immense wealth, is in his dotage. Another is bound to his creditors not to raise any loans, and look upon the reclamation of waste lands as a hopeless project, or welcome famine as necessitating emigration—his panacea for all the evils springing from over-population. *I say the Government do not do their solemn duty by leaving all means of relief in the hands of the landlords.* The labor bill in Lord Kenmare's office last week was £306 odd; but on all sides around his estate not an additional

shilling has been earned this year so far. Yesterday I met a poor man within a mile of this town, who showed me his breast covered with ulcers. He was quite willing to work, but could get no employment, as he was not living on the Kenmare estate. His three little children get breakfast every morning at the convent schools. I know the parish of Brosna well. There are rapid rivers without a bridge for many miles of their course. *There are vast extents of unreclaimed, undrained lands, for which the tenants pay a rent four times the valuation. There is no work, no wages, no employment, because the landlords will not move hand or foot. I see no remedy but to meet in a body, as has been done with effect in Cahirciveen and elsewhere, and to call on the guardians for work or relief. This proceeding will show to the Government that, however good their intentions, more active measures must be taken to save the lives of the people.*"

"But the Mansion House Committee has been grossly slandered by Parnell and painted in horrid colors. Can you deny it?" Yes; I emphatically deny it. He has not touched one hair of their head; nor impeached their honor and honesty; nor hinted anything derogatory to them as gentlemen. He impeached their impartiality in regard to the cottier tenants, and every word he said is absolutely true; for many of them are themselves landlords, and most of them belong to "the gentry," the vilest scourge of Ireland. If the *Herald* did but know whereof it speaks, how differently it would demean itself. "England, since I have known her by history," says the Hildebrand of Ireland, "has been always governed by a party, and that party always kept the nation hoodwinked." That is the key-note to a true understanding of the Mansion House people, and the Marlborough people, in relation to the poor cottier tenants. It is nonsense to talk of Mr. Parnell, himself a gentleman, casting any shadow of imputation on the personal character, or honesty, or politeness, or social excellence of the members of either the Mansion House or the Marlborough Committee. He has never done it. But he has held, and he would be a liar and traitor did he not hold, that they are not with the poor cottier farmers; do not believe in *fundamentally* improving the condition of these poor farmers; do not want to hear of them being made owners of their holdings; but do want to do the amiable, "the thing," in appearing

before the Irish people as the almoners of America and other nations, *without any expense to themselves*, and with *material benefit* to those *from whom they expect their rent*. Surely, nothing can be more honorable in Mr. Parnell—nothing more chivalrous, than to carefully and persistently explain this complicated state of Irish party feeling to impartial and unbiased Americans, who care nothing for such matters, so they feed the hungry, so their money be applied *directly to the sufferers*, without the questionable manipulation of interested parties.

Hence the practical and excellent Bishop Gilooley says, writing to the Mansion House Committee:—

I cannot close this letter, long as it is, without offering an observation suggested by certain local committee arrangements lately announced in the public papers. The observation is—that the parochial or other local committees, through which you will distribute your fund, although they may usefully include poor-law guardians, ought to be distinct from and independent of the poor-law union organization; and that the selection of families for relief should not be left to landlords, agents, or bailiffs, no more than to poor-law relieving officers.

The chief object of your committee and of our parochial committees is, as I understand it, to save the destitute laborers, cottiers, and small farmers not only from death and sickness by starvation, but also from the workhouse; to enable them to keep their families together until the evil days shall have passed over. Now, it is a matter of unhappy notoriety that in Connemara and in other places that I could name, advantage is being taken of the destitution of the small landholders to evict them and get rid of them; and a conviction prevails amongst the peasantry in every part of the destitute districts that now, as in 1847, the landlords are anxious to force them into the workhouse in order to level their cabins and free themselves from further liability for their support. Such being the case, it seems to me that the relief through which we hope to be able to keep those poor people in their homes and holdings should not be entrusted for distribution to those who are even suspected of a desire to deprive them of their homes. (*Catholic Review*, February 7, 1880).

That is a beautiful exposition of Parnellism, which, in a nutshell, means “Keep off landlords, and all sorts of official

and interested people if you really mean to be the ministers of 'sweet charity' to the tenantry. Another version is given by the *Herald*, from the gifted Archbishop Croke, which contains a world of significance : " He has no special fancy for certain members of the committee, whose sympathies with the people he is strongly disposed to question."

The sum of knowledge with the ancients was to know thyself. If the *Herald* had studied in that school it would not have stultified itself, and disgraced American hospitality, by abusing a stranger ; if indeed he can be called a stranger who visits the millions of his co-patriots who have fought the battles and helped to build the fortunes of this country.

APPENDIX.

It is not impossible that Mr. Parnell's visit to our shores may lead to the discovery of information on public affairs which Americans are not quite prepared for. He has proved the important fact that there is in New York at least one firm which dares not transact business except according to orders from London.

The following letter speaks for itself :

“ Messrs. DREXEL, MORGAN & Co. :

“ GENTLEMEN — Your letter of February 5, informing me of some of your reasons for declining to act as treasurers of my Irish Relief Fund, has reached me here. As however you do not in this letter, which you have published, give the full reasons assigned to us by you for your singular action, I feel compelled to remind you of the further statements made by you to Miss Parnell in explanation of your course, and which were written down by her in your presence while you were making them—viz. : ‘ That in consequence of the controversy which has arisen between Mr. Parnell and the Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee, and that of the Duchess of Marlborough, Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. have received letters from persons in this country inquiring as to the disposition of funds sent through them, requiring them to see that these funds should be solely applied to purposes of relief, and not to political objects, which letters Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. do not consider themselves at liberty to show to Mr. Parnell or those acting for him, and also private communications from their correspondents in London, the nature of which they refuse to make public, and that consequently they decline to act as treasurers or bankers for this fund.’

“ I think myself entitled to complain that you have only given partial information to the public, and I propose to publish this letter in order to supply the deficiency. I must also ask you for detailed information as to drafts received by you on account of the relief fund since your resignation, and also as to the disposition you have made of these drafts, as want

of information on this point is causing me much inconvenience.

"I am, gentlemen, yours truly,

"CHARLES S. PARNELL."

The independence and trustworthiness of the daily press of New York on matters of public interest is a subject of vital importance. Miss Parnell proves its impartiality to be a myth—a piece of information which some of us will receive with surprise :

"To the Editor of *The Star* :

"SIR—I inclose a statement from our relief office, which we supplied the *Weekly Union* with, at its special request. Including \$2,500 from Washington, we have called to our relief fund in Ireland, up to last Friday, the sum of \$71,900.15. We sent a general statement, through the Associated Press, to the New York dailies, but they have, with common consent, suppressed it. Perhaps you could oblige us by finding room in your columns for this.

"This statement does not include a great many sums of money sent direct from various parts of America to the Land League Relief Fund in Dublin, and of which we have not yet been able to obtain an exact account. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

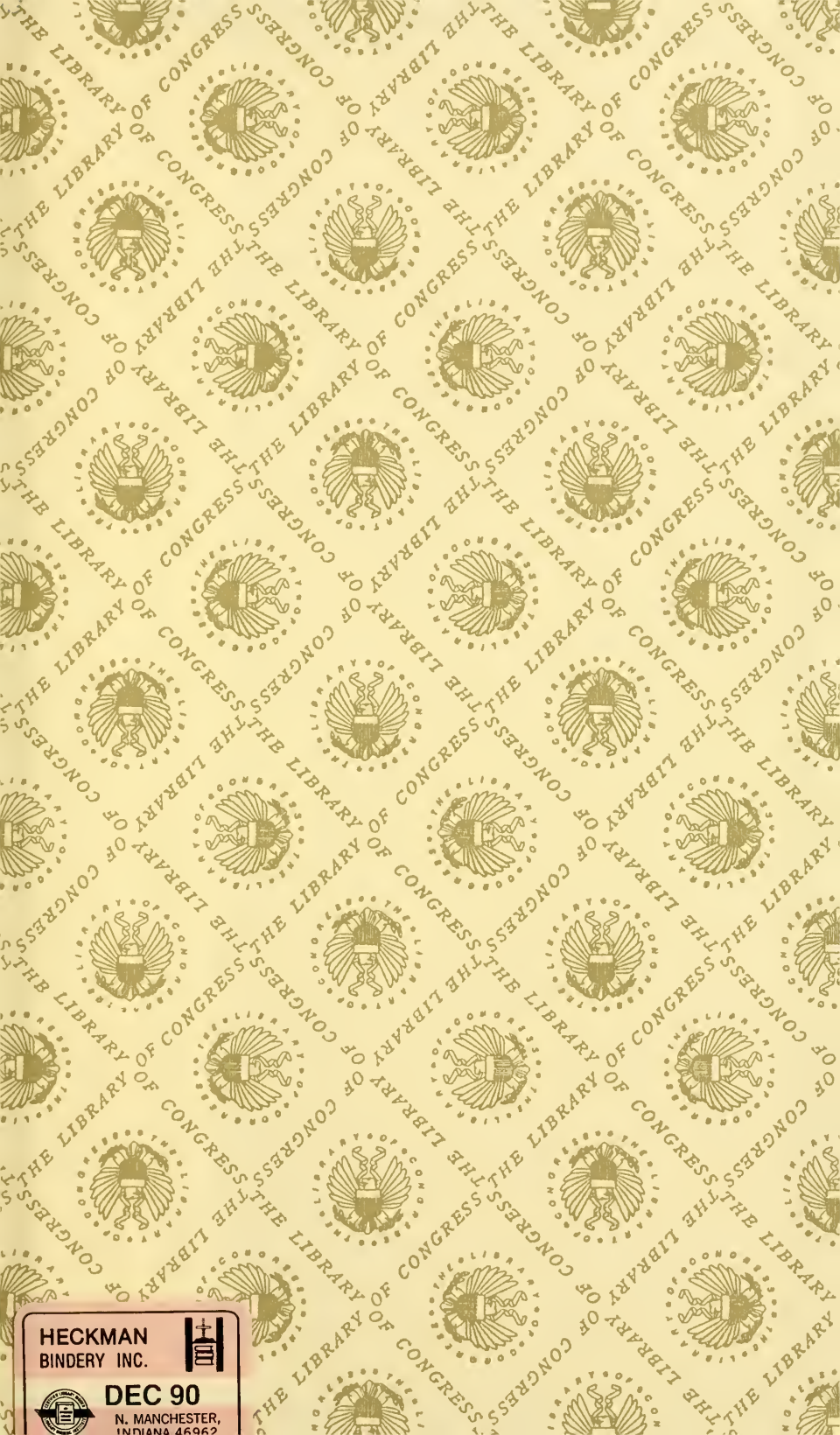
"F. PARNELL.

"NEW YORK HOTEL, February 23."

"We have attempted this week to procure statements of the amounts being transmitted through the principal channels for Irish relief. The daily papers (for reasons of their own) keep the public in the dark respecting some of these committees. The Land League, or Parnell's committee, for instance, are kept sedulously from all mention in the daily papers; yet within the past week over \$30,000 was sent to Ireland through this channel—including Brooklyn, about \$6,000; through Treasurer O'Donoghue, between \$6,000 and \$7,000; through Maverick Bank of Boston, \$14,000; and through Eugene Kelly & Co. handsome sums."

The exceptional course consistently followed by the *Star* has placed the Irish people under weighty obligations to that journal. Let all Irishmen in New York gratefully reciprocate this valued service by making the *Star* their daily paper, and let them prove they mean business by increasing its circulation to an extent beyond that of any of the dailies.





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