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The Camelot Series.

EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS.

PROSE WRITINGS.

P ROSE WRITINGS OF
THOMAS DAVIS. EDITED,
WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
T. W. ROLLESTON. w



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THOMAS DAVIS.

“There came a soul into Ireland.”

“Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
’Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Ireland a nation yet.
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance, free and strong;
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong!”

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

(From a poem written on the death of Davis.)

THE writings of Thomas Davis are mainly the records of a life of action. Literature with him was a means to an end, not, so far as his short life gave him the chance to cultivate it, an end in itself. Have, then, the poems, essays, articles which have been and will be published under his name no interest apart from the objects they were written to promote? Few readers will endorse such a judgment. Few readers, we hope, can fail to be touched and exalted by the revelation which these writings contain, of a spirit as high, sincere, unselfish, sweet, and brave as ever illuminated the history of any people. Whatever be the life-work to which any man has set his hand, it should help him to see the spirit in which Thomas Davis did his.

But for the country to whose cause Davis devoted so much "industrious valour" how precious must be every line which helps it to realise what he was and what he would have it be! He would have Ireland a nation, visibly and formally charged with the fulfilment of her own destinies, inwardly and spiritually united in the consciousness of them, and in that resolve to maintain her own distinct existence, which (where the elements of such distinction exist) he regarded as the primary condition of all wholesome and helpful energy. The first part of this aim looks as if it were on the way to some measure of fulfilment; but what of the second? Never since the Union were those inhabitants of that country who dread and hate the prospect of her legislative independence relatively more numerous or positively more embittered than at present. Davis, in his short lifetime, by his justice, his candour, his large sympathies, his high ideals, and the courage with which he attacked everything unworthy and false, on whichever side it might appear, was fast winning the confidence of all his countrymen and dissolving the most obstinate prejudices. His work was interrupted, not so much by his own death (for his influence was of that rare kind which is rather bequeathed than withdrawn) as by the Famine of '45-'49, in whose graves so much of noble enterprise was buried. But what can any other successes avail while this work remains undone? What Irish constitution can be worth the parchment on which it is written, unless it is written also in the hearts of the whole Irish people? This was the idea which dominated all Davis's public activity. Not indeed that he proposed to wait for Repeal until all Ireland was unanimous in demanding it. But he made the furtherance of this unanimity of national feeling the test of every

method used to gain the measure he desired ; and if there had been, as there now is, any question of the character of that measure, he would have made it the test of that also.

In striving to unite his own countrymen he strove also with the most vehement endeavour to rend asunder all the ties of sympathy and reverence which bound them to England. That union of hearts of which so much has been said during the last three years was, it must be acknowledged, no part of his aim—indeed it is certain that he would have preferred even slavery to such a union. England, with him, stood for selfishness, ruthless greed, mammon-worship, incorporate in national form ; and it is true that in her relations with Ireland such qualities had sometimes been very prominent. Davis thought them still prominent both in the internal life and the foreign policy of England, and he wished by every means in his power to protect his own country from their contagious influence. A fair representation of what he wrote with this aim is given in the present volume, which without it would lose much in value for the student of history or politics ; and the English reader must take it with what equanimity he can ; remembering two things—that it was hardly possible, without falling into some intemperateness, to attack the slavish adoration of all English as opposed to all Irish ways and things which prevailed among a large section of Davis's contemporaries ; and secondly, that, if a bitter foe, he was a scrupulously honourable one, under whose flag the use of base or criminal means was certain of the sharpest condemnation.

Davis was born in 1814 at Mallow, in the County Cork, "the centre," as Sir Charles Duffy writes, "of some of the most notable transactions, and of the finest scenery in Munster." Through his mother's family, the Atkins of Firville, County

Cork, he inherited Irish blood; his father, a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, was of a Buckinghamshire family, originally from Wales. As a boy he was shy, easily moved, and anything but quick in learning. In Trinity College, however, the passion of the student took possession of him; he read history, literature, philosophy, and social science, and though he made little effort to distinguish himself as a winner of prizes and honours, his attainments so far impressed his contemporaries, that he was elected Auditor of the Historical Society, and in that capacity delivered the striking address printed in this collection. In 1838 he was called to the Bar, but never practised very assiduously. A monthly magazine called the *Citizen* was the first periodical with which he had any connection, and he published in it his articles on "Udalism and Feudalism," and an admirable historical study of the Irish Parliament under James II.¹ In association with John Dillon he took up, in 1840, the editorship of the *Morning Register*, a Dublin daily paper, whose readers, accustomed to statistical disquisitions on finance and industry, now found themselves, to their intense astonishment, invited to take an interest in "speculations on the revival of Protestant nationality," with "historical parallels from classic and mediæval history," and even "essays on the agencies and conditions of guerilla warfare."² The astonishment with which this new departure was regarded was wholly unmixed with delight, and the *Morning Register* was soon again abandoned to facts and figures. But there was something in these young men which

¹ Mr. Lecky has described this as the best existing account of its subject. It is intended to reprint it from Davis's MSS. in an enlarged and improved form.

² Sir Charles Duffy's *Young Ireland*, Pt. I., Chap. iii. Mr. Duffy was sub-editor of the *Morning Register* in its statistical days.

demanding utterance, and it was not long before a fitting organ for that utterance was created. In the spring of 1842 Mr. Duffy, who had some time previously made the acquaintance of John Dillon, was introduced by him to Thomas Davis. They strolled together into the Phoenix Park, and a long conversation on the prospects of the Repeal movement, then at its period of greatest depression,¹ revealed to them their community of feeling and aspiration. From this conversation sprang that current of patriotic energy which for six years swelled ever fuller and faster in the veins of Ireland; which brought back into the national movement the sincere and valiant spirit of its true originator and greatest counsellor, Wolfe Tone; and which planted in the land the seed of a national literature which, apart from all political changes past or to come, would make the beginning of the Young Ireland movement a memorable date in Irish history. The project of the establishment of a new newspaper arose with Duffy, who found the necessary funds, and became sole proprietor and responsible editor. The title of the *Nation* was an amendment of Davis upon Duffy's original suggestion, the *National*. In October 1842 the first number of the new periodical appeared, and it leaped at once into the popularity and influence which never deserted it until death or exile had wholly dispersed the small band who originally gathered round the enterprise.

Most of the work of Thomas Davis was done in connection with the *Nation*. But of the extent of that work his own contributions give but a very inadequate idea. He

¹ In 1841 a general election had taken place, which gave O'Connell a chance of testing the feeling of Ireland about Repeal. The result showed a great falling off in popular support, O'Connell himself losing his seat for Dublin.

was the soul of the undertaking, and all who were connected with it, men assuredly not wanting in ability and vigour, felt that his originative faculty, his wide learning, his bold yet sagacious spirit, his steadfast industry, and the utter carelessness of self with which he merged his great gifts and acquirements in the common effort, made him their natural leader. "His comrades," writes the most eminent of them, "had the same careless confidence in him men have in the operations of nature, where irregularity and aberration do not exist." And this planetary regularity had been imposed—by what a triumph of will!—upon the passionate and sensitive nature of genius. His was the suggestion which gave the journal so much of its distinctive character, the introduction of poetry of a stirring and popular kind, for the purpose of awakening in the nation a vivid sense of what was great and noble in its past ; and his own beautiful "Lament for Owen Roe" set the example so eagerly and successfully followed by the writers whose contributions are collected in that stirring and powerful little book, "The Spirit of the Nation." The project of a "Library" of cheap books, designed to make the rising generation acquainted (as in large measure it has done) with the great personages and periods of their country's history, was also his, and he intended to have enriched the collection with a life of Wolfe Tone.

The policy of the *Nation*, its views of the needs of the country—both for the prosecution of the Repeal movement and the utilisation of its success, if it did succeed—may be summed up in three words: Education, Organisation, Toleration. No one had a more vivid sense of what the Irish people needed in all these respects, especially the first named, than Thomas Davis. He was a keen though sympathetic critic of his countrymen's failings, and there

was no power, no prejudice on earth which he would not confront in the cause of enlightenment or liberty. He was inspired to the finger-tips with the passion of reform. From the deepest lessons in political ethics, in the resources of the country, in the forces that strengthen and purify national character, down to instruction in the manner in which Repealers should march to their meetings, Davis was ever on the watch for some example, some fact which it might profit his countrymen to attend to, ever urging them to observe, reflect, apply, persevere. He held up before his people a broad ideal of self-education, the development of a noble physical and moral manhood, of which he thought the mixed race now inhabiting Ireland possessed many rare and admirable elements. This was his deepest and most enduring aim. No imaginable political success could have compensated, in his eyes, for the habits of cant, imposture, slavishness, and injustice which he saw the agitation of O'Connell was tending to engender, and which he opposed, even to the length of encountering the mighty orator before the Repeal Association, with unwavering determination.¹ And this sincerity and loftiness of purpose had their reward. O'Connell, who was an eminent political leader before Davis was born, did not give the Irish national movement so powerful and enduring an impulse as the young man who for three years worked unnoticed in the shadow of his fame.

His death took place, happily perhaps for him, before O'Connell had finally resolved to drive out the men who

¹ See *Young Ireland*, Pt. I., *passim*, and Chap. vii. in particular. It may be mentioned here that Sir Charles Duffy will immediately publish, through Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., the Life and Letters of Thomas Davis; which should be one of the most interesting of the author's contributions to Irish history.

formed the truest metal of his enterprise, and before the long agony of the famine years had blighted, to a great extent, the fruits of his own labours. He died of scarlet fever on September 16, 1845. All Ireland, irrespective of creeds and parties, mourned for him, and has still too good cause to mourn.

The present collection is the fullest published of the prose writings of Davis. It consists chiefly of articles, selected and classified, from the *Nation* newspaper. Many of these were contained in the volume of 1845, edited by Sir Charles Duffy, but some papers in that collection have now been omitted, either because their substance is given elsewhere, or because they seemed out of place in a volume not addressed, like the earlier and smaller one, to a specially Irish audience. Besides essays from the *Nation*, the present collection also contains Davis's papers from the *Citizen* on "Udalism and Feudalism." Others of his numerous essays and articles, which seemed of too ephemeral an interest to need republication, have furnished a short section of Maxims and Reflections.

It needs no long exordium to commend the writings of Thomas Davis to his countrymen. They will go wherever the Irish race has gone. And they should go wherever there exists any desire to obtain a vital understanding of the problems connected with English government in Ireland.

T. W. R.

Dublin, 1889.

PROSE WRITINGS.

THOMAS DAVIS'S WRITINGS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DUBLIN.

To the Members of the Historical Society.

GENTLEMEN,—The following Address was written for you, and, some few passages excepted, was read before you. You are in no one way connected with any opinions contained in it. Many, perchance most of you, differed from those opinions. Your candour and fairness, therefore, in printing it, is highly honourable to you. This prefatory letter is written not to defend you, but to explain my motives.

Now, tell me, candidly, do you think it can be any pleasure to me to advance opinions which, differing as they do from those of most of my cotemporaries, must have been taken up with much hesitation? Think you I have many temptations to advance opinions, which so many of you, my friends and companions, will censure? *You* will respect, for you know my motives. There are some, not of you, who are likely enough to read this paper, who will condemn me, as well as it, harshly, uncharitably, ignorantly: I shall not mind them. But let *you* fairly weigh my opinions, and, if you approve of them, do not suffer *what will then be your opinions* to be sneered down—do not be swindled or bullied out of them; and trust me, you will find that your *interest as well as your duty* is to avow and act on them. You have much to learn, much to dare. Look on our class in Ireland; are they worthy of their nature

or their country? Are they like the young men of Germany; as students, laborious; as thinkers, profound and acute? like the young men of France, independent, fearless, patriotic? like the young men of England, Scotland, America, energetic, patient, successful? (I speak of the virtues of these foreigners). And if not, if the young men of Ireland are careless, prejudiced, unhonoured—if their pupilage never ends—if no manhood of mind, no mastery in action comes for most of them—if preparation, thought, action, wisdom, the order of development in successful men, is not for them; if so, are their misleaders, the duped or duping apostles of present systems, alone to blame? No; you, young Irishmen, must blame yourselves. The power of self-education, self-conduct, is yours: "Think wrongly if you will, but think for yourselves."¹ Are you ambitious of honourable success?—you must become learned, determined, just, pious. There is no short cut to greatness. You who are called the upper classes in Ireland possess no institutions for any sort of instruction worthy of you. Nay, more, so strong are bigotry, interest, and laziness that you will get none. *You must found your own institutes—you must conduct your own affairs.* I have, in the following pages, discussed some, and hinted at other parts of the subjects which I thought most useful for you to reflect on. If you will discuss them fearlessly and unshrinkingly, 'tis well. I care little for the fate of any opinions, but much for the fate of free discussion. Accept no opinion or set of opinions, without examination, no matter whether they be enrobed in pomp, or holiness, or power; admire the pomp, respect the power, venerate the holiness; but for the opinions, strip them; if they bear the image of truth, for its sake cherish them; if they be mixed, discriminate them; if false, condemn them. That faith or philosophy which proclaims the unlimited right and innocence of free inquiry and self-government of mind is moving among you. Are there none to bear its standards? Will you linger when such powers are in motion? Do you pay no worship to plain unritual virtue? Owe you no allegiance to truth? Or

¹ Lessing.

are places on one hand, and prejudices on the other, to keep you apart from each other, and from the common highway to your country's prosperity? You have capacities; will you use them, or will you not? Will you use them for free thought—for virtue—for Ireland? Intellect has its duties as well as its rights;—the rights of power, fame, and authority cannot be withheld from it; human nature cannot refuse them; but the duties to yourselves—your fellows—your country, have you not neglected? Are you now compromising them? How long will you sin against patriotism? Let no one dare to call me factious for bidding you act in union with any men, be they of what party they may, for our common country.

I shall not apologise for taking the same freedom with you collectively that (you know) I should take with each one of you in private.

I leave these things with you. I feel my own weakness, but am equally conscious of, and ready to assert, my right of free thought and expression; but you, some of you at least, possess powers as well as rights. I therefore have done my duty in pointing out, though with feeble arm, the path I believe you ought to pursue. Again, I say, "Think wrongly if you will, but think for yourselves."—I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant and faithful friend, THOMAS DAVIS.

61 BAGGOTT STREET, *October 12th, 1840.*

ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN,—I am now about to surrender the office which you intrusted to me. Its duties, up to the last night of the session, may be well discharged by any man of common courtesy and firmness. But to-night your President has a harder task. At our usual meetings we seek to prepare ourselves for certain duties and pursuits, of which this society is a fit learning-place. We leave a single evening in the year for the consideration of what are or what should be those duties and

pursuits, and by what rules we should guide ourselves in that preparation.

Need I defend the custom of making a periodical inquiry into the theory of this Institution? If general principles be of any use, they cannot be, without hazard, neglected when we attempt to educate ourselves, for as Swift says somewhere, "He who knows his powers seldom fails; he who is ignorant of them hardly ever succeeds."

The maxim in self-teaching, as in all teaching, is to study wherein lie our deficiencies as well as our powers, and what are the means of supplying those defects. This Society is one means of correcting many errors and fostering many powers; and my duty is to call your attention to our more probable and dangerous defects, to state the objects of the institution, and what it is fitted to teach or unteach us. In attempting the discharge of that duty, I labour under some disadvantages. I am the first person who has attempted to address this particular society on these topics; yet I cannot forget that addresses to similar societies, by men whose pupil I should desire to be, abound in Dublin. If I tread the same path as these men, I shall be accused of imitation; if I leave it, their example will be pointed out, and I shall be called irrelevant. Now these addresses have laid down with logical precision the divisions of eloquence and the rules for its diversified application. Principles investigated by philosophers, tested by successful orators, and illustrated by the lights of taste and fancy, exist in these addresses. They are in your hands, and you may study them with profit. They are so many abridgments of, or supplements to, the standard works on rhetoric. As I could not hope to improve on the matter or style of these papers, I should, if unable to address you relevantly on other topics than theirs, have declined to do so at all. I should shrink from rivalry, but I am now before you because I am not forced to compete. It is common to all speculators on such societies as ours to say we want to study oratory; and satisfied with that observation, they launch guideless into the ocean of rhetorical criticism. Now this dogma conveys too wide or too narrow a notion of

what we come here for. We are associated to prepare, to make, to hear, to support, to answer speeches on historical, literary, and political subjects. Discussion of social topics, with all its necessary preparation, and all the natural results of both the preparation and discussion, is not too comprehensive a definition of our general object. That object being so comprehensive, our individual designs are somewhat various. Some indeed want to acquire mere facility and courage ; some use this society as a means of studying history ; some, politics ; others, the mind of man ; most of you, ultimately, to study eloquence—the power of making the best use of every kind of information, and of every faculty, intellectual and sentimental, in public speaking. The addressers of such societies have usually confined themselves to the abstract theory of eloquence on the one hand, and to florid descriptions of its details on the other. But surely the other steps in the series deserve some consideration, and the more so because information is the seed-sowing, and study and experience the sun and shower, without which no harvest of eloquence can gladden the mind. Botany and the change of prices are not the sole studies of the agriculturists.

In calling your attention to the condition and cultivation of mind which must precede and prepare for eloquence, rather than to the theory of its power or the details of its application, I am not seeking to deprecate, but to guide the study of it. If eloquence required a eulogy, or if I had time for the work, though superfluous, there could be no more grateful task for my pen, "*Labor ipsa voluptas.*" For though unvisited by its favours, I do not the less love its brightness. "Do the stars"—asks the French peasant—"Do the stars think of us, yet if the prisoner see them shine into his dungeon wouldst thou have him turn away from their lustre?"¹ No, gentlemen, the power and beauty be its own ; the worship mine, even though I vainly worship.

Gentlemen, you consist of members and students of the learned professions. Many of you cherish a literary ambition,

¹ Claude Melnotte, in Bulwer's "*Lady of Lyons.*"

most of you hope for success in public life ; you thus, though coming here with different powers, and various qualities, are yet all under circumstances which will make the acquisition of the orator's powers an object of ambition. Your country and your times offer opportunities for a generous—temptations to a selfish ambition. I trust, I am sure, your impulses are not ungenerous. Methinks I know the element at work within you. You aspire to political power, and you must be up and doing ; you will, ere you reach the goal, need an amount of labour which you little thought of at the starting. 'Tis no light thing to move the mind of man. 'Tis no child's play to wield the passions. The recruit must not seek to lead an army, nor the student to instruct a nation. Look back on those who have been the mind-chieftains in the civil strifes of Ireland—Swift, Lucas, Grattan. Did all the boasted precocity of Irish genius abridge their toils ? No ; a youth of hardest study, a manhood of unceasing labour, are the facts common to the lives of them all ; and yet they lived under favourable auspices for individual eminence. Though the Irish leaders have not seldom been unblessed with ancestral wealth or dignity, yet the body of competitors for political power were of the aristocracy ; for they inherited a monopoly of education, that which summons men to distinction. You also belong to what are called the upper classes in Ireland. But you will have competitors from whom your ancestors were free.

The college in which you and your fathers were *educated*, from whose offices seven-eighths of the Irish people are excluded by religion, from whose porch many, not disqualified by religion, are repelled by the comparative dearness, the reputed bigotry, and pervading dulness of the consecrated spot—that institution seems no longer to monopolise the education funds of Ireland. Trinity College seems to have lost the office for which it was so long and so well paid—of preventing the education of the Irish. The people think it better not to devote all their spare cash to a university, so many of whose favourite alumni are distinguished by their adroit and malignant calumnies on the character, and inveterate

hostility to the good of that people with whose land and money they are endowed. The self-denying virtues are "passing away, passing away."

Do you weep their departure? or are you consoled by the number of people-wrongs still endured? But away with this insulting jest—your hearts are with your countrymen—yours is a generous ambition to lead them, not their foes.

But then, I repeat, you must strip for the race; you will have competitors from among the people. The middle classes of Ireland are now seeking, in spite of the most perverse opposition chronicled in the annals of even our Anglo-Irish bigotry, to establish provincial colleges—schools for their own education. When the men of the middle class once come into the field, if I do not greatly overrate the stuff of which they are made, they will compel the men of the upper classes at home—nay, with humility be it said, the men of every country—to fight a hard battle for their literary laurels and political renown. Prepare for that time. If you would rule your countrymen you must be greater than they. But even now the National Schools, the first bold attempt to regenerate Ireland, are working, ay, and, with all their faults, working well. The lower classes, for whom they are suited and designed, are beginning to add the acquisitions of science and literature to that facile apprehension, ingenuity, and comprehensive genius with which even their enemies credit them. I tell you, gentlemen of Trinity College, the peasant boys will soon put to the proof your title to lead them, and the only title likely to be acknowledged in the people-court is that which our countryman, himself once a peasant boy, ascribes to Pericles—

" He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By nature's first great title—mind."

Gentlemen, I have not come here to flatter you. That many of you possess the highest natural abilities I feel convinced, but that is probably true of many who preceded you. And when I compare the cotemporary literature of Ireland with the

gifted nature of the Irish, I am forced to think there are some gross errors in the education of the only class which hitherto has received any education. Many of you acknowledge this, and professedly join this society less for its peculiar advantages than to correct such errors. I think they do wisely: these errors may be lessened by exertions here, and that belief has determined the nature of this Address. This is no professor's chair. My opinions have no weight save from the truth they may bear, and the proofs with which they are combined. Chosen from among yourselves to advise you touching your intellectual pursuits, it is my plain duty to tell you your defects: thus alone can I convince you of the necessity for a remedy, and not until then can we be prepared to discover it.

You are all, I believe, connected with the Dublin University. Of how many of its graduates may I say that to prepare for college occupies their boyhood, to pass through college occupies the time between boyhood and manhood, and having, loaded with cautions like Swift, or with honours, like many a dunce I know, got to their degrees, they are by their parents supposed to have received a *good general education*, and to be fitted to devote the rest of their lives to spending or making a fortune, as they are endowed with an estate or a profession. If, as assuredly is the case, you, born under propitious stars, have been preserved from such a destiny, do you owe your superiority over the multitude of A.B.'s., T.C.D. to the system of the college? No; they are the result of the system—you of a generous nature too strong for it.

Yet Trinity College has a fine bill of fare. First you have mathematics, in which, to make the best of it, you are taught to follow out subtle trains of reasoning without reference to the principles of investigation, which few students will study voluntarily; and further, whole years are thus spent on subjects admitting of demonstration, with anything like to which you will seldom have to do for the rest of your lives.

Then comes that amphibious thing called natural philosophy, consisting (as taught in Dublin College) of some application of mathematics to the general properties of matter, and to the

simpler physical phenomena. But so far as these sciences illustrate the human mind in the history of their improvement, and in the relations which physical science bears to human progress, they are ill-taught. Perhaps it is not the business of a college to teach, nor is it important to comprise in a general education the practical part of natural philosophy or mathematics. Indeed, the fault of the French system is that it does so largely. But then they are equally ill-taught if you regard them as fitted to supply illustrations of mind or a guide to nature. As branches of natural history : astronomy, mechanics, and such subjects are *so ill taught* that I verily believe the twelvemonths members of the Mechanics' Institute could teach them to half the medal men in college. Indeed, to the professors of medical or mechanics' institutes, all that geology, physiology, and chemistry contain is handed over. Natural history could not be tortured into a scholastic form ; it could only be taught in the way it was investigated, and as alone all subjects can be well taught, by analysis. But be that as it may, external nature supplies inexhaustible materials for thought and illustration to the philosopher, the poet, and the orator ; though some of the greatest of them never studied it in the schools, yet all were familiar to its face. You have facilities for the study of it outside the university, and you may lay up a hive of such materials, useful and agreeable for both public and private life, without once fluttering a wing in the collegiate parterre. Ireland offers temptations to such pursuits of which we are at length beginning to avail ourselves.¹

Then there are the courses of moral philosophy : and such as they are they are thought hazardous commodities ; and with some reason, for it is impossible for the student to read the bold and sceptical works of Bacon, Butler, and Locke without imbibing some of their spirit. I would augur that from such studies, even from within the walls of college, a better system must arise, that the tongue of the Silent Sister will be

¹ I refer to the increase of societies for the study of natural history. This is owing mainly to the exertions of the medical profession, so often, as here, in advance of their age.

loosened, and unwonted words of truth and freedom will issue from her lips. Such studies forced, as they are likely to be, on the ecclesiastics of every sect, by an unavailing hope of using them to defend their wealth and importance, must sooner or later reform the pulpit;¹ and for superstition you may meet enlightened piety; for bigotry, generous toleration and sweet-voiced charity. And who knows but that as they advance the priesthoods may forget the calumnies of their predecessors on man, and may attain notions of the Deity as lofty as those of the philosophers whom they persecuted; and from contemplating the vindicated Supreme may, with hearts softened and souls ennobled, bid men venerate nothing more highly than their own nature, save the nature of that Deity who moulded man in his own image.²

But this day would seem to be far distant. Nay, the time of even subordinate utility from such studies is remote; for by the proselytising dulness of management the mere conclusions of the ethical and psychological writers are taught by rote. A recollection of definitions insures collegiate success to whoever lets his mind be debased to its standard. The students are

¹ See an excellent article by Trenchard on clerical teachers in the fifth number of the *Independent Whig*. Why is not this admirable book reprinted?

² I say this in reference to all minds, and not merely to those superior spirits who, every system will allow, are a "light unto themselves"; and so far is this from being opposed to religion that it is the true origin of worship; for thanksgiving is the echo from earth back to heaven of God's pronounced blessing on man. The "vulgar misbelief," as Coleridge calls it, of this day and in this land is a low estimate of man's moral nature—that nature which proves his heavenly origin and immortal destiny. How have we fallen from the great thoughts of Socrates, of Cicero, of Shakespeare, of Butler, of Sterne, and yet we read those men's books nearly as much as our newspapers. Wordsworth bids us "reverence the dust of man"; and in sooth I would with him "rather be a Pagan born in a creed forlorn" than with our theologians shut my eyes to the beauty, the docility, the sublimity, the virtue, the godliness of all God's creation, travelling, though our part of it be, in probation for a higher state.

taught to skip the principles of reasoning, and perch on the conclusions, with a touch which transmutes into dogmas the last doubts of the sceptic. Hence we do not learn the metaphysical principles of reasoning, or the moral principles by which society is tied together, nor that highest philosophy which teaches the position of man and his duties in relation to God, until driven to defend ourselves from the tricks of legal sophists or political quacks, or from the ferocity of misemployed pulpits.¹ The cumbrous state of our literature renders a formal study of metaphysical and moral philosophy essential. Indeed, without an early acquaintance with the abstruser philosophy, few minds will be able to force their way through the thicket of subjects and authors which surround them in modern society. And not only will the critical and comprehensive temper resulting from such enquiries marshal your way and pioneer your path in all your studies and pursuits, but many subjects, as the foundations of government, the rationale² of reward and

¹ I have an affectionate reverence for the man, layman or priest, who devotes his time to preaching virtue and moral greatness and piety to his fellows. But when I see assumption of the right to instruct, without learning; intolerance and intemperance in opinion, without self-denial in conduct; when I hear a sentimental profession of dogmas intruding on the rightful domain of noble and kindly feeling and good works; when I see all this, I speak of "misemployed pulpits" as no imaginary evil, but a real and wide-spread infliction upon my fellow-religionists in this country. The church which had an Ussher, a Taylor, and a Berkeley among its bishops might have more learning, eloquence, and profundity than it has: and yet I would abate such demands for a little of the modesty and mildness of these indeed holy men.

² The history of this study is a testimony to the value of the more abstract philosophy; men reasoning on human nature have half persuaded the world not to kill offenders, and even to treat them gently, and educate them, and make much of them. Such scenes as a whole nation getting together and *putting to death* a poor pinioned helpless thing are becoming less common, even in Britain, with its brutal criminal law. How men with the moral profession of Christians ever did so consistency knows not.

punishment, and the leading truths of political¹ economy, rest on facts common to all minds, and learned in metaphysical schools. If I mistake not, Butler's, Cicero's, and Hume's philosophical works are the proper horn-books for the lawyer, the statesman, and the divine. May I suggest to you, that contemporaneously with the process of getting definitions by rote, which is essential to collegiate distinction, some efforts might be made by the students to compare the different systems of philosophy, and the relative merits of these systems, when tested by their own or their neighbours' minds? Such a society as ours is plainly unfit for the purpose; but whether a metaphysical society meeting to inquire, not to dispute, could be established within the walls of college, I leave you who are personally interested in its formation to determine: I am content to have suggested it to you.

The classics, even as languages, are shafts into the richest mines of thought which time has deposited. The fossils of Greek and Latin mind prove races like enough in opinions to enable us to understand and sympathise with them, were they now, for the first time, discovered by the moderns. But in sooth we have been, through every faculty of mind, and every member of society, through our literature, our languages, our laws, our arts of war and peace, galvanised, as it were, by the minds of Greece and Rome, though the force of our life may be of Gothic or Celtic origin. And this great and original difference between us and the ancients makes their literature, in some respects, the more valuable for that unlikeness. Who that has thought for himself, or been taught to think in Lord Bacon's school, cannot feel this advantage? Classic literature, though tinctured with its own doctrinal cavils, its own prejudices and superstitions, is free from cavils and prejudices and superstitions like to ours, and from these last is the only danger to us. The contrast of our idolatries and theirs (to use Bacon's metaphor) is the most instructive of criticisms,

¹ Dr. Baillie (in his *Essays on Value*) and Archbishop Whateley have sufficiently shown that metaphysical philosophy is the real remedy for the word-squabbles and confusion of the Political Economists.

while the standard truths which we find there, undisguised by such errors as could deceive us, mete our growth, or discover our degeneracy. Many a mind have they saved from doubt and dogmatism. No language of mine shall underrate the value of such a possession. Injured though they be, still are they a mighty mass of the picked thoughts of two most renowned nations—nations, too, the very death of whose states of society has stamped on their works immortal freshness and originality.

But, gentlemen, these are benefits which can only be derived from classic studies by a powerful and already disciplined mind, and which are supposed to require a very close knowledge of two difficult languages; but in my judgment the last requisite is overstated, for it is preferable to read well a good translation than to stumble through the original; and any fair man, considering how much of the spirit of classic lore can be translated, will confess the folly of expecting one man out of a hundred to learn so much from the originals as from good translations. We do not hesitate as to this in the comparatively easy modern, why then do so in the more difficult ancient languages?

I may shortly state here that my objections to the classical system of the Dublin college are, that even if well pursued it takes from a young man the best years of his life to inform him on the languages, poetry, politics, religion, manners, and conditions of nations which have perished from the earth many centuries ago; and that having so employed the spare years between boyhood and business, you insure, as far as in you lies, his ignorance of all the facts that have happened, all the knowledge that has been discovered, all that imagination has produced for some seventeen hundred years. He is ignorant of modern history, including that of his own country, whose facts would, if stored in his memory, be of direct use and application, unlike those of any remote time or unconnected country, which are of use only by analogy. He knows not of what materials the people around him are composed; he knows not the origin of their thoughts and feelings; he therefore knows not themselves. The condition of cotemporary

nations is surely more valuable to be known than that of extinct peoples. He is equally ignorant of modern languages; of French, essential to him if he visit any foreign nations other than Britain or America; of German, the root of that English language which it is more important for him to speak and write with critical fluency than to command every dialect of the Greeks or Italians from the Attic to the Oscan. Finally, for English literature he is left to the accidents of a circulating library, or a taste beyond that of his instructors.¹

I venture to assert, and could prove, that numerous works, English, French, and German, are intrinsically superior to the corresponding Greek, and still more above the parallel Roman works. But even though the ancient writers were of more value to their countrymen than the modern writers to theirs, yet lay aside the philosophical, and, so to speak, the esoteric use of the classics which I have mentioned, and fling the old writers among a modern people, and instantly the superiority is lost. I do not say all their value is gone, but the living men and women teach us more of strength and beauty than the mummies or the statues of a dead race.² But this is an inadequate condemnation of the system. If the student knew the politics and philosophy, and felt the poetry, or even appreciated the facts to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, I might forgive the error of selecting such studies in preference to native and modern; but still he would leave college, if not well instructed, yet possessed of much valuable thought, and prepared to master the more important subjects which he would want in his professional, literary, or political career. But no, his memory is crammed with phrases and rules of prosody, and what is called literal, that is to say, erroneous translation of

¹ Whatever may have been the case fifty years ago, no one acquainted with contemporary thought and literature will suppose that these reproaches apply to Trinity College in the present day.—ED.

² There is a story told of Benjamin West, which pleases me more than his paintings do:—When unexpectedly shown the Apollo Belvidere, “My God!” he exclaimed, “a young Mohawk warrior.” A brilliant and sagacious criticism, and worth analysing.

words, or correct translation, if you will; familiarising him, I may remark, with a foreign idiom ere he has learned his own, and therefore almost precluding him from ever writing good English. Seriously, what does the student learn besides the words of the classics?¹ The thoughts are obscured not merely by the foreign language, but by allusions and opinions which he begins to guess at towards the close of his career. How strange would it be if a young man could benefit by such an occupation!

Men cannot master *all* knowledge. If you believe this, conclude with me that a knowledge of his own nature and duties, of the circumstances, growth, and prospects of that society in which he dwells, and of the pursuits and tastes of those around him, accompanied too by the running comment of experience, is what every man should first learn; if he does learn this, he has learned enough for life and goodness; and if he finds this not enough, he is prepared in the only feasible way to profit by studying the works and thoughts of ancient Italy, or Greece, or France, modern Italy, or Germany. If the student take more interest in the history, and feel more admiration for the literature, or even derive more profit from the contemplation of those moderns than of these ancients, let us not condemn his taste or doubt his wisdom. The varieties of feeling, interest, and opportunity make these differences, and a preference for the study of the modern continental nations is fostered and vindicated by the greater analogy of the people of these islands to them, than to the men of old Greece or old Italy.

I do not mean to say that some knowledge is not picked up by all the students, and much knowledge by some; and yet college may be an inferior school to the few, and is mischievous to the many, by leading them into a five years' specious idleness. Even for a knowledge of the classics the plan of beginning with them is bad. To a man of genius they cannot be mischievous or useless; he has thought or read up to them. But I believe that if no one foreign literature were preferred, a much larger number of men would be apt and good classical scholars than are so now; and therefore, as it is only to those

¹ Does he generally learn so much?

who succeed that the present system can be called good, that such would be a better means of encouraging classic studies than the present.

I ask you again, how can the student profit by the study of the difficult literature of any foreigners, ancient or modern, till he learns to think and feel; and these he learns easiest from world or home life, refined and invigorated by his native literature; and even if by chance the young student, fresh from a bad school,¹ has got some ideas of the picturesque, the generous, the true, into his head, he is neither encouraged nor expected to apply them to his classic studies. Classics! good sooth, he had better read with the hedge-school boys the History of the Rogues, Tories, and Rapparees, or Moll Flanders,² than study Homer and Horace in Trinity College. I therefore protest, and ask you to struggle against the cultivation of Greek or Latin or Hebrew, while French or German are excluded;³ and still more strongly should we oppose the cultivation of any, or all of these, to the neglect of English and, perhaps I should add, Irish literature.

I may as well say something here on the study of that

¹ That is to say, from any school in which he is likely to be prepared for college. Our private schools are absolutely contemptible. One hardly knows which to condemn most, the stupid ignorance of the teachers, or the niggardliness of the parents, whose stinginess has produced and endures such schools; yet there are men of learning and genius pining and annually dying away within even Trinity College. But they are so unfortunate, as far as this life is concerned, as to have generous tastes and independent characters. These men should "rage, not droop," for as some one says, "'tis for woman to lament, man to remember."

² These were some of the standard authors in the hedge-school library, so says the report of the Education Commissioners. See some more of this Catalogue Raisonné in Moore's *Captain Rock*, p. 187, etc.

³ There are Professors of French, German, and Italian, and medals are given once a year to promote such studies; but they form no part of the graduate course, or even the fellowship, and the provisions for teaching them are notorious mockeries.

language which is spoken by the majority of our countrymen, and by the people of the countries immediately east and west of this kingdom. English philological studies are, to say the least, useful in the formation of style. I do not say they are essential, but they certainly give an accuracy and aptness to the writing of him who is familiar with them. There are so few English works on the philosophy of words, that I may enumerate them. Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* is the most valuable for acquiring a critical habit in etymology and grammatical analysis; for the common use of words, Webster's Dictionary is the best; Todd's Johnson, as an authority and illustration for the modern variations; but Richardson is the hand-book for him who would cultivate a pure English style. Horne Tooke, to be sure, was of opinion that each word had but one and an unalterable meaning in a language. Richardson has pressed this error still further, and has thereby enfeebled the otherwise admirable essay prefixed to his larger Dictionary, but his errors (if so they be) only give a sterner purity and force to the language he teaches. His faults are on the right side, for one whose native language is English, though inconvenient enough to a foreigner. Cobbett's Grammar, the book on words in Locke's Essay, some chapters in the first volume of Mill's treatise on the mind, are the only other books of consequence; at least, if I add a few articles in the magazines, the list is complete. When you have examined these books, and they are well worth reading, you must trust to the effect of your other literary studies, to the eager and full mind, to *supply* you with words and varieties of style, and to your metaphysical studies, to a patient taste, and habits of revision to *correct* them.

The standard authors, especially the older writers—the writers who preceded Lord Bacon, contain the best vocabulary. These books, in common with their successors to Queen Anne's time, are rather affluent in words than critical in the application of them. Shakespeare is more exact and felicitous, and equally copious. The fault of most writers since Shakespeare's time has been the neglect of Saxon words for Latin, and the employment of a Latin, and more lately a French idiom. I may

mention that Spenser was the favourite leisure-book of that word-wielder, William Pitt, and of his greater father, Chatham. Erskine and Fox are said to have known Milton and Shakespeare almost by heart. Curran's inspiration, next to the popular legends of Ireland, was the English translation of the Bible.¹ Coleridge, indeed, says that a man familiar with it can never write in a vulgar style; but this, like many of Coleridge's show-sayings, is an exaggeration. I could add many other authorities for my liking for the language of the early English poets and chroniclers; but their fault, a profusion of imagery, more often fitted to obscure than illustrate, to confuse than make plain, went on increasing. For ordinary use, therefore, Bolingbroke, Swift, Hume, and even Cobbett, with all his coarseness, and the common letters and narratives of the last century, are safer though not so splendid models. Amongst the orators whom you will, and, perhaps, ought to copy more than other writers, you can study the speeches of Pitt for a splendid plausibility; Fox, for an easy diction and fluent logic; Sheridan, for wit; Curran, for wit and pathos; Burke and Grattan,² for grandeur and sublimity of thought, language, and

¹ "The style of this translation is, in general, so enthusiastically praised, that no one is permitted either to qualify, or even explain the grounds of his approbation. It is held to be the perfection of the English language. I shall not dispute this proposition; but only remark, as to a matter of fact, which cannot be reasonably censured, that in consequence of the principle of adherence to the original version which had been kept up ever since the time of Henry VIII., it is not the language of the reign of James I. It may, in the eyes of many, be better English, but it is not the English of Daniel, or Raleigh, or Bacon, as any one may easily perceive. It abounds in part, especially in the Old Testament, with obsolete phraseology, and with single words, long since abandoned, or retained only in provincial use."—Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 131.

² In wealth of imagination and in expressive power, Grattan is next to Shakespeare; his speeches are full of the most valuable information on Irish politics, and are the fit hand-book for an Irishman. But his style is not for imitation: let no subject assume the purple,

illustration. Erskine possesses most of these qualities, but with a chaster, and, methinks, less racy manner; but perhaps surpassing all, by combining the best qualities of all, are the speeches so valuable, and so little known, of Lord Plunket.¹ His precise vigour marks him the Demosthenes of the English language. But I am coming to our cotemporaries. Criticism on them *could not* be unprejudiced. I shall hazard but one piece of advice: keep to the plainer styles. However you may dislike their opinions, or question their depth of judgment, the style of Southey, Smith, and some few more of the older reviewers is excellent. Coleridge, Carlyle,² and the rest of the Germanic set are damaging English nearly as much as the Latinists did; their writings are eloquent, lively, and vigorous, to those who understand them; curry and mulagatawny to the literary world, but “caviare to the general.” Just as the dish possesses a high-cooked and epicurean flavour, is it unfit for the people or the men of the people. The literary style most in fashion is corrupt, and corrupting; the patois of the coterie, it is full of meaning and sensibility to them. But as your horoscope tells not of coterie fame, shun that jargon. The orator should avoid using it as one would a pestilence; for the people own not its power; it belongs not to the nations.

I have mentioned and illustrated the vices of the university

¹ Dudley writes—“I wish you had heard Plunket. He had made great speeches before, but in this he has surpassed them all. I have not for many years heard such an astonishing display of talent. *His style is quite peculiar; for its gravity, I prefer it to all others of which I ever heard a specimen.* If he had been bred to Parliament, I am inclined to think he would have been the greatest speaker that ever appeared in it.”—*Lord Dudley's Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff*, p. 280.

² I speak of their style merely, which is like that of the Puritans; but it was natural in the latter; it is imitative in the others. Carlyle is a more honest, but less learned thinker than Coleridge. Their opinions are unsafe, but their works are of the greatest use, in tempting men by their enthusiasm, or forcing them by their paradoxes, to think.

system. I need not say that it is with its system I quarrel. Some of its members are my very good friends, and many pleasant hours¹ have I spent within the walls of the merry monastery. I have not, personally, one sad or angry reminiscence of old Trinity, and it is therefore with pain I sum up its defects; which are, that the subjects of its studies are not adapted to the different tastes, interests, and capacities of the students; that this evil is aggravated by the peculiar direction of this exclusive system, shutting out the literature of modern nations, especially the English, which should be the first and principal study, and the Irish, which should at least be in the second rank; lastly, that the studies, of what kind soever, are pursued in a dogmatical and shallow spirit, loading the memory with the words of the ancient literators, and the definitions and conclusions of the modern philosophers; but neglecting, making indeed no effort to cultivate the reason, imagination, or sentiments of the students. Is my reasoning fallacious? I pray you to look around your different circles and you will see the native abilities of hundreds of young men ruined in our college. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Gentlemen, the Dublin University is the laughing-stock of the literary world, and an obstacle to the nation's march; its inaccessible library, "the mausoleum of literature," and² effete system of instruction, render it ridiculous abroad; add its unaccounted funds, and its bigot laws, and know why it is hated at home.

I have already pointed out to you how some faults of the collegiate system may be remedied by voluntary association.

¹ Alas for such hours! few can, fewer will return; alas for the companions of the past!

"Some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are changed I wist not why."

² I should make an exception in favour of the medical and surgical school; but that is a thing apart. The alterations of the divinity course have made it more laborious, but more bigot-fostering than ever.

I shall presently show you that many of its defects may be compensated by this society. But then comes the question, Would not an academic reform accomplish all these objects at once? I doubt it. Material improvements could be made, but that university education should be continued at all seems questionable; and this doubt extends to the collegiate systems generally, metropolitan and provincial, though to the latter in a less degree. I might rely on their being in this dilemma, that if they do not enforce residence they are intellectually useless; and if they do they are morally pernicious, by destroying family ties and, too often, purity of character.

But I do not rest on this. I contend that theory and experience show the superiority of the Lyceum to the University system. That during childhood the mind requires to be guided though not schooled, as it commonly is, and that the affections do then most deserve and repay cultivation, form conclusive reasons for the *domestic* education of children. But in more educated years I believe that a young man, whether, a hermit, he seclude himself with nature and his own breast to instruct him, or more wisely combine for mutual instruction with his fellows, will by either way grow into an eager, thorough-thinking man, and become better informed and of more vigorous faculties than had he been dry-nursed by a candidate bishop, or tied to the apron-string of even such an *alma mater* as Trinity College.

Gentlemen, the Lyceum system was that of Greece in its best days, of Greece when it produced in two hundred years more eminent men than did all Europe with all its universities in twice that period.

Universities at best can only store the memory which wants no aid; they are unfit to develop the other powers of head or heart. I entreat of you to bear this *assertion* of mine in mind when I come to speak of the working of this society on its members. I cannot now discuss the question at length; suffice it, in support of the truth and relevancy of my opinion, that such societies as this are strictly Lyceums, bearing a close resemblance in their mode

of operation to the famous schools of Athens; and furthermore, such societies have existed among the students of Italy, Spain, France, England, and Germany, indeed of all Europe, to *compensate* the evils of the *Universities*. Indeed, I at first intended to have traced out what would be a good education, and then to have shown the fitness of the Lyceum system to teach it; but I remembered that my reasoning would be met, in the mind of every good, easy man, with the question, Was not Trinity College after all a very good thing? Therefore I have gone to the trouble of showing it to be a bad thing in theory. I appeal to the experience of every *disinterested* man of sense in proof of its positive inefficacy; and if I be told that the general idleness or dulness of the students would make any higher system so much too good as to be good for nothing, I shall then appeal to the history of the Lyceum system, to the minute experience of every man on mind-formation, and lastly to poor calumniated human nature itself.¹

But be the University education good or bad, with it, and such knowledge as they have smuggled from novels, newspapers, and experience, the students are flung out to spend, as chance may lead, the years till business compel them to industry. How is this interval generally passed? You recollect the song—

“ Now I’m of age and come into my property,
Devil a ha’p’orth I’ll think of but fun.”

Gentlemen, let the Purists and Calvinists pour out their gloomy and often hypocritical invectives against the weakness of man; I have no sympathy with their declarations; the path of reasonable virtue may be narrow; they may make it a

¹ I would suggest the propriety of forming an Irish Lyceum, with sections for the study of the different branches of philosophy, history, and literature. Sections should be specially devoted to the cultivation of the *Irish* language, and to promoting a knowledge of Ireland’s natural history, its statistics and civil history, and its native literature. I have spoken to many persons about it, and all thought the plan feasible.

sword-bridge—God made it wider.¹ He made man, and the path of his pilgrimage or triumph. He limits our aberrations as he steers the courses of the suns—to no unvarying road—employing our errors to instruct us, justifying his attributes to himself, and ultimately to us; and He has so made man that “to step aside is human.” Do not therefore suppose me a “pedant in morals,” when I tell you that to spend the noon of life in trifles or indulgences is for a feeble and degenerate mind. God forbid that we should so sin against human nature as to become cold, gloomy, and ambitious men. No! I rejoice *that* is not the side we err to.

" O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves." 2

But, gentlemen, a manhood of mere pleasure preludes an old age of care, a death of contempt. In that dangerous time, therefore, ere professional business, like a Mentor, comes to our aid, how useful such societies as this must be in leading the mind from frivolous thoughts to grave studies, and preparing the spirit for stirring scenes ; even then, as an occupation of so much time otherwise likely to be fooled away, a membership of our society is useful. But it does much more ; and first, it is a noble, indeed the only effective institute of the

¹ There is no such thing as philosophical misanthropy.—Taylor, *Preface to Philip Van Artevelde*.

² Burns, "Epistle to James Smith."

social sciences. It is perhaps more valuable in this way than as a school of oratory; whether it shall be a school for eloquence or loquacity depends more on the management of it, but whether well or ill-used, *it teaches things which a citizen should know*. If a member prepare himself for your debates, and listen to, or engage in them, how many valuable subjects must he learn! In politics the various questions relating to local and central governments, the host of disputes on doctrines of representation, its proper extent and restrictions, and the plans for its improvement. How far, if at all, monarchy and aristocracy should be imposed on democracy, the undoubted basis of free government; and whether a social equality should or indeed could be added to the political; and when, in addition to these, you discuss such details as the influence of a free press, of the jury system and penal code, you lay a broad and deep foundation for political knowledge.

Again, in political economy, there are the disputes, whether of the agricultural or manufacturing systems one should be encouraged to the exclusion of the other; ending generally in the conviction that all classes in the country should be left to their own natural development; only taking care that no matter how connected with, or dependent on, each other, they shall, if possible, be independent of the stranger. Then the questions on Poor and Corn Laws, on Absenteeism, Colonies, and Finance afford opportunities for acquiring a knowledge not only of these particular topics, but of fixing in the memory, and applying the doctrines of supply and demand, wages, capital, rent, and taxation, so hard to learn, and indeed so ill learned by systematic reading, but which, always of importance, have become still more so in our day. The production, accumulation, distribution, and consumption of wealth occupy much, indeed too much regard. You must, and here you can, learn these things. The people are pressing on in a career certain of sweeping away every law and custom which impedes their physical comfort, though in doing so they may overthrow some of the barriers which protect their morals, and therefore guard their happiness.

Gentlemen, if we stopped here, if only these subjects I have named were earnestly studied (and voluntary studies are always earnest), would you not have learned more of the things which you would want in life, more of what goes to make a wise and influential citizen, than from the demonstrations and "dead vocables" of the whole college course? But we do not stop here. I shall not mention your discussions on literary subjects; for except when such a society contains a number of men practised in debate and of vast information, it is vain to think of debating them; and even then they do not excite a sufficiently warm interest. Yet familiarity with the standard writers is an essential preparation for your political debates; and the critical habits which grow up naturally from competition render this as a mere literary society of some value. But, gentlemen, this is an Historical Society, and ample means does it afford for studying history; not as a record of facts, but with that philosophy which first examines these facts as parts of political and social institutions, as manifestations of human nature on great occasions; and having done so, and *not before*, applies them to the circumstances occurring around it, to the institutions and men of its own time.

Without knowing the history of a time we cannot accurately comprehend its philosophy.

Taste and politics alike receive from history correctives which prevent over-refinement. I would especially point to the opinions of the middle ages, when an ingenuity in speculation, quite unequalled, led to profitless refinement, from the want or neglect of the touchstone of experience, which history combined with personal observation (that is, past, and cotemporary history) could, and could alone, supply.

But is it not more than this? What! will you tell me that history is no teacher of the head and heart? It is—it is example that gives impulse and vitality to principles. I might tell you of the faults from which a knowledge of history shields us. Is it nothing to warn us against the brilliant vices of an aristocracy? Is it nothing that its beacons gleam to keep the people from *beginning* to shed blood?

Philosophy may account for the danger, and may on its principles forewarn the people; but without the garnered thoughts of history would philosophy have discovered those truths? or will a man, or a senate, or a people, be more influenced by a string of metaphysical truths, or by the portrait taken from life of the blood-stained and jewelled despot, or the picture of a scaffold-applauding mob? History well read is a series of pictures of great men and great scenes and great acts. It impresses the principles and despair, the hopes and powers of the Titans of our race. Every high hill and calm lake, every rich plain and rolling sea in the time-world is depicted in history's pages. With rare exceptions *national history* does dramatic justice, alien history is the inspiration of a traitor.¹

In home-history the best is generally the greatest; though the clatter of cotemporary fame may have concealed the good by the celebrity of the great, yet Washington is more dear to history than Frederick, Brutus than Cæsar. Historic writing begins now to be improved, or rather regenerated, restored to what it was in Greece. 'Tis a glorious world, historic memory. As we gaze we long to resemble. Our mental bulk extends as each shade passes in visioned pomp or purity. From the grave the sage warns; from the mound the hero, from the temple the orator-patriot, inspire; and the poet sings in his shroud.

The field of fame, the forum of power, the death-bed or scaffold of the patriots, "who died in righteousness"—you look—you pause—you "swear like them to live, like them to die." You have a list of questions not long, which I defy any man to study, with the view of making really sound speeches in this room, without learning much, and that well too. Men (I

¹ I mean the histories of a country, by *hostile strangers*. They should be refuted, and then forgotten. Such are most Histories of Ireland, and yet Irishmen neglect the original documents, and such compilations as Carey's *Vindiciæ*; and they sin not by omission only—too many of them *receive* and *propagate* on Irish affairs "*quicquid Anglia mendax in historia audet.*"

speak, having known its working) learn history in this society with a rapidity and an ease, a profundity in research, and sagacity in application not approached by any other mode of study. Suppose a man to prepare a defence of what most histories condemn, or to censure some favourite act, or man, or institution, or policy : he makes use of all the generalities of criticism, he shakes the authority of popular writers, or shows our reasoning inapplicable from the different state of society on which we reason from that in which we live, and by which alone we are apt to judge. In his eagerness to persuade he becomes more sensitive of the times of which he speaks than could the solitary student, and we half follow him to the scene over which his spirit stalks.

In aught that could be called a good speech on a historical subject there is not merely a laborious selection of such facts as have an argumentative or illustrative value, and of those alone ; they must be united, not by crude generalities or tiresome details, but by practical intermediate principles. Familiar command of such principles justly confers a character for maturity in thought, and they are more readily suggested by close thinking on historical analogies than by refinements on general principles. Gentlemen, you will find that the employment of facts by the lawyer and senator is exactly similar to this which I have described as ours ; and if so, a practice of speaking here would seem no bad discipline for the bar or the senate.¹ I would suggest to you that your questions might be so systematically chosen as, without at all diminishing the

¹ The style of speaking acquired in a good Historical Society is certainly best suited to political assemblies ; yet, even for the bar, a Historical Society is preferable to what is called a Law Debating Society, in which popular law and crabbed rhetoric struggle for mastery with a heavy perseverance. And I may add that a few campaigns in a debating society might give the pulpit oratory of the deacons a flexibility and fairness, contrasting it favourably with that of the priests. Three out of four of the orators of the last eighty years (the oratorical period in these kingdoms) were trained in debating societies, as were all the great orators of Greece and Rome.

interest, to take in the more important changes and conditions of ancient and modern states. For example, are there not questions which open up the nature, both theoretical and working, of the constitutions of the leading states of Greece, separately, and also as a confederation, bearing *some* likeness to those of the Netherlands, Lombardy, and America? The effects of the conquest of Asia by Alexander give a question not unlike that of India by the English—alien civilisation—native ruin. It were easy to name many questions from Grecian history, affording ample and accessible materials, *which we do not sufficiently use.*

Rome fares better from our hands. We have its whole early constitution displayed in the question on the tribunician power; the feuds of the aristocracy, first of race, then of wealth, with the plebians; the institutions which so long remedied these disorders, and at last failed, and *why* they perished. The wisdom of adopting the imperial constitution, if well discussed, would develop the circumstances which defeated the policy of Cicero and Pompey, the patriotism of Sulpicius and Brutus. Then comes the time when "Rome imperial bowed her to the storm," and by the deluge of rushing war the seeds of renaissance freedom were spread over southern Europe; and though the trees which sprung from the diluvium wore a rude form, yet tough was the fibre, deep the root, and healthy the sap. The autumns of war, the winters of superstition have come and gone, and yet are many of them sound at the core; and even were they dead they have leaved and fruited, and their kind has been transplanted to far lands. But as yet we are in the vestibule: let us pass in this temple of history from the antique periods; and as we advance through the aisles of time we stop to gaze on, perchance we open, the tomb of the crusader, and demand the hopes that maddened him, the state and circumstances of his peers and vassals. We glance in anger at the brutal conqueror of the Saxons, or with more interest eye the trophies of Azincourt, or the standards so often lost and won in the wars of the Roses; and we question the gain, motives, and effects of this civil fray, or that foreign conquest; or we turn

with holier emotions to the banners which waved over the peasants of Sempach and Dalecarlia, or the civic emblems which led on the leaguers of Lombardy and Holland to victory and confederate freedom. But hastily, too hastily, we move to the altar of modern civilisation, and yet it is a glorious show; glorious in the names of its saints, more glorious in those of its martyrs; splendid, if not always free from idolatrous rites, is the sacrifice of its priests; yet more noble is the occasional, the interrupted worship of the laity and the democracy; sublime are the hymns of rejoicing for the past; melting its songs of sorrow over the departed great; divine its thanksgivings for the blessings present; yet more sublime, yet more pathetic, divine are the anticipations of the future which its prophets sing. Who can discuss the nature of each revolution which reformed England, convulsed France, and liberated America, without becoming a wiser man? who can speculate on their destinies, and not warm with hope?

I shall not now reprove your neglect of Irish history. I shall say nothing of it but this, that I never heard of any famous nation which did not honour the names of its departed great, study the fasti, and the misfortunes—the annals of the land, and cherish the associations of its history and theirs. The national mind should be filled to overflowing with such thoughts. They are more enriching than mines of gold, or ten thousand fields of corn, or the cattle of a thousand hills, more ennobling than palaced cities stored with the triumphs of war or art, more supporting in danger's hour than colonies, or fleets, or armies. The history of a nation is the birth-right of her sons—who strips them of that “takes that which not enriches him, but makes them poor indeed.”

Such is a partial and feebly-drawn sketch of the information which may be learned here; and incomplete as is my account of it, it still is so extensive that I may seem to exaggerate; but the wonder ceases when we look to the advantages inherent in our mode of study. Gentlemen, we hear frequent invectives against what is clumsily called universalism in education; and certainly, if this refer to authors, or even languages, no invective

seems necessary; it will be sufficient to send the bold aspirant into any public library, even of Trinity College (if not in winter), and after a week's rummaging he will come out convinced of the utter hopelessness of any attempt at universalism. Authors are a cannibal race, they devour each other's carcasses, and the death of one set supports the lives of another. There is a certain set of books which any man mixing in literary circles must read to please the world; there is another set which he ought to read for his own sake, and there are the few master-pieces of his own, and, if convenient, of foreign literature. Perhaps about twenty writers in English, a dozen in Greek and French, and half of that number in each of the other popular languages will comprise this class. With these exceptions, which may be reduced still further, every prudent man will study *subjects, not authors*. Thus alone can you go through the wilderness of writers, *and it is only by requiring ourselves to master subjects that we render this society what it is—a means of sound general education*. When once this is acquired you can get that sort of knowledge of writers which enables you to refer to them on occasion. Learning, as such, is the baggage of the orator: without it he may suffer exhaustion or defeat from an inferior foe; with it his speed and agility are diminished. Those are best off who have it in magazines, to be drawn on leisurely occasion. That which should be carried by the memory should be borne after the expedite fashion, leaving the other faculties free; but borne some of it must be. Learning is necessary to orator, and poet, and statesman. Book-learning, when well digested, and vivified by meditation, may suffice, as in Burke and Coleridge; but otherwise it is apt to produce confusion and inconsistency of mind, as it *sometimes* did in both these men. Far better is *the learning of previous observation*, the learning of past emotions and ideas, the learning caught by conversation, invented or dug up by meditation in the closet or the field; impressions of scenery, whether natural or artificial, in the human, animal, or material world. Such learning is used by every great poet, philosopher, and orator; perhaps it requires propitious training or nascent

genius to be able to acquire it, but ability to acquire ensures ability to use.

When Grattan paced his garden, or Burns trod his hill-side, were they less students than the print-dizzy denizens of a library? No,—that pale form of the Irish regenerator is trembling with the rush of ideas; and the murmuring stream, and the gently-rich landscape, and the fresh wind converse with him through keen interpreting senses, and tell mysteries to his expectant soul, and he is as one inspired; arguments in original profusion, illustrations competing for his favour, memories of years long past, in which he had read philosophy, history, poetry, awake at his call. That man entered the senate-house, no written words in his hand, and poured out the seemingly spontaneous,¹ but really learned and prepared lullaby over Ireland's cradle, or *caoine* over Ireland's corse. Read too Burns's own account of the birth and growth of some of his greatest lyrics. Read, and learn to labour, if you would be great. There is no more common error than that great works are usually the result of extemporaneous power. You have all read an article on Sheridan by Lord Brougham, full of depreciating criticism, founded on the evidences, the chisel-marks of composition which Sheridan left, and so many others (Brougham among the number) concealed. Henry Brougham is a *metaphysician*; he made no *mistake* on this; but Lord Brougham is an *egotist*, and he *misrepresented*.

You are familiar to weariness with the talk about inspirations and sudden efforts of genius, in novelists, and the daily press. The outbursts of most minds, until highly educated, are frothy or ashes-laden. The instances adduced to the contrary will be found fallacious. The continuous and enthusiastic labours of men brimful of knowledge proved the energy of the men, not the inutility of learning. But then, as I have told, or

¹ After repeated experience, and after he had filled his mind with knowledge, Grattan, or such a man, could, when greatly roused, compose his speeches in the house, or even make the design and execution of them simultaneous.

rather described to you, experience¹ is even a greater well of knowledge than books. Without experience book-learning makes the pedant and spoils the man.

The common fault of all education, public and private, is that memory, which requires less care, receives an exclusive attention. No crop is sought from the other faculties—reason, fancy, imagination; and accordingly the business of life finds too many unschooled in thinking, unprepared to act.

The best way of teaching others the things we know, and of analysing or discovering things now unappreciated or unknown, is this:—On the very threshold of every art, and science, and subject of thought, men, either from its known uses and applications, from some knowledge of a particular detail of its exterior, or working, or of the materials used in constructing it; or from knowing the history of its formation; or from any or all of these; or from the analogy of some combinations of them, should try to judge of other parts, and their origin; or, if you will, guess at the whole from any part of it. Analogy is the first law of thought, and therefore we may do thus, naturally and without presumption, “worms in the cabinet drawer” though we be, and proceeding as I have described, and testing and correcting our guesses and fancies by learning; these particular facts acquired by deliberate study become mixed with our other information or familiar knowledge, and we arrive always at *characteristic*, if not actual

¹ That is, the deliberate noticing and treasuring for use of our experience; our treating *every* scene and group as a book to be read, as materials for *every* variety of thought and sentiment. “Ariosto’s father one day rebuked him sharply, charging him with some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began the same subject, but he easily refuted him, and with a strong argument justified his own behaviour. “Why, then,” said his brother, “did you not satisfy my father?” “In truth,” said Ludovico, “I was thinking of part of my comedy, and methought my father’s words so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son that I forgot I was concerned in it myself, and thought only of making it part of my play.” Shakespeare must have lived doing thus,

truths, and ultimately acquire that power of general analysis which is the main force of a great mind. If our memory or information be deficient, our reason is exercised in the highest and most inventive way. Thus only can the inventive faculties, reason, fancy, imagination, be trained. Once they have been so trained, once the mind can readily anticipate, combine, and compare information, the acquisition and use of knowledge has no imaginable limit.¹ *Here*, fortunately, invention and judgment are as *much demanded* and are *therefore as well supplied* as mere information. And this forms the distinctive superiority of Lyceum teaching over every other kind.

Gentlemen, do not, however, suppose that information and matured powers, such as I have named, can be produced by an occasional or idle attendance at our meetings, or by chattering speeches without preparation ; no,—to borrow an expression,—you must “read yourselves full, and think yourselves hungry,” on the society’s questions for *at least* two or three years. I entreat of you to abandon the notion that you will speak well merely from speaking often. Of a surety, all your faculties grow with use, but this very quality of mind behoves you to be judicious as well as earnest in the exercise of your powers. A bad style grows worse by repetition, as much as a good style improves ; or more generally, bad habits grow as rapidly as good ones. Give up the idea of being great orators *without preparation*, till you are so *with it*. When you are, with your utmost labour, able to make one really great speech, you will be above me, my criticism, and my advice, but will, perchance, agree with my opinion. The advantage of speaking *generally*

¹ Most writers underrate the power of improving or forming faculties. When I see a man who knows or foreknows his powers, and plans his own faculty-formation, I think of Napoleon, who when some one said it was impossible to do a certain thing, replied, “Do not let me hear that *foolish* word again.” This is the creed of a man of action, rather than of a speculator. Edmund Burke’s “presiding principle and prolific energy” seems the finest, indeed a perfect rule of action for self-government, and all government.—See the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, p. 220 to 225 of the *Dublin edition*.

with a *complete* preparation, both of matter and style, is that when occasionally you speak (voluntarily or otherwise) with *incomplete* preparation, your *usual* arrangement and style will present a good, and, what is more, an *easily-imitated* model; and thus, not only will your manner of speaking be kept accurate and forcible, but you will acquire that quality useful to all men of business, and *essential* to the orator and the public man, *presence of mind*. I think there is scarcely a finer expression in the language. It conveys, in picturesque words, a vigorous thought. Great orators have not only great but present minds. They are self-possessed, and have all their resources at command. The memory, the knowledge must be prodigious that can carry a man through the common business of life without the position strange, and the occasion sudden opening in his path, to trip or pit-fall the star-gazer. But in the great contests of public life, no day but demands the presence of a mind unembarrassed by prejudice, unimpeded by knowledge obsolete, or wisdom inapplicable; a mind whereby a man can think on his legs, and act discreetly even when he acts from his intuitions, steering his course by the same power that impels him. But the men who, by often extemporising as the spirit moved them, have got unabashed brows and flippant tongues, are as far from this noble attainment as the pertness of the sparrow differs from the valour of the eagle.

But let me reiterate that a prudent and industrious use of this society can alone make it a means of improvement. To the idle and the vain your membership may be a probation in folly. I have known men of some capacity come here, professedly with the design of learning oratory. I have watched them till their patriotism was cooled, their sagacity lessened, their courtesy not improved, all from a reckless misuse of the society.

There is another danger I would warn you against. Eloquence is contained in words, and therefore some men would turn an oratorical society into a word-school. There are worse employments than inventing smart sentences, though some men would quarrel with a friend for the sake of uttering one.

There are worse pastimes than spinning periods, though some men prefer the display of such fabrics to character for sense, or the cause of justice. I do not object to the study of language ; I commend it to your early and learned care, but do not suppose that a court of justice, that a political assembly, that a senate, or even a vestry,¹ that a mob of peers or peasants, will care for fine words, unless there be strong thoughts within them.

The successful orator must be *prepared* in a *good style*, *ready* with a *fluent* one ; but he must *also* be learned in the sympathies and the prejudices of *all* his audience, but *especially* of their influential men ; he must have a thorough knowledge of the *materials* on which, and with which, he is to work. Common industry will inform him on the *immediate* subject of discourse, and his task is done. Some will tell you not to rouse the animosity of a judge, or the suspicions of a jury, with showy words, or weary a mob with cold words. No, gentlemen, but thoughts, thoughts ; the wise man against the wordy man all the world over. And even for style's sake, study thoughts *before* words. The style suggested by long meditation on a subject is mostly apt to it, forcible and consistent. A style *formed* by verbal studies or imitation is generally inflated, unequal, and obscure. In fine, then, the order of your noviciate should be, much research, and more meditation preceding, combining with, and following that research. When you have acquired a facility in discovering information, and inventing and combining thoughts, it remains for you to *make opportunities*² for *gradually* learning to *speak well* without

¹ I am sorry I cannot add, a congregation ; but the religion of passions, not practice, of the day, the want of critical knowledge in priest and people, and the bigotry which that ignorance begets, have made congregations tolerate or admire a style of preaching which any practical assembly would scorn. This is sad, for there is no nobler, no more useful office than the preacher's. Never was there a finer field or a greater need for good preaching than in the large cities of this empire.

² The strong man never waits for, he *makes* opportunities.

particular preparation. Act thus with eagerness, enterprise, and with much reflection, and you will succeed.¹

Gentlemen, I have detained you very long ; bear with me yet a little while. I would give you my parting advice.

If you suppose it possible to be great orators, great statesmen, greatly known, without having expanded hearts and mighty imaginations, without being great men, you sadly deceive yourselves. Hear the second poet of Scotland (for Burns is the first), hear how Scott murmurs his requiem over the tomb of Charles Fox—

“ Mourn genius high and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy’s glow—
They sleep with him who sleeps below.”²

If you want to be great orators, you must not set about learning the mountebank juggles—the phrase-spinning tricks of little men attempting great parts. I shall not wrong you by supposing that any petty vanities or selfish hopes brought you here. No ; I do believe that the bold aspirations of your boyhood (for the foundation of greatness is laid in childhood), those pure and dazzling visions which have flashed upon you in dreams, and caught the steadier glance of your young

¹ The printed Addresses of which I spoke at the beginning of this paper are full of analyses and rules of application connected with this part of my subject. The writers on metaphysics and rhetoric, from Aristotle to Mill, and Quintilian to Whateley, also contain plenty of good truths on the principles of persuasion and the tactics of debate. Their advice being general, is easier understood than acted on. I have sought to batter down the more salient errors which I saw and felt ; to deal with what *is now here*, and not *what might be* ; and rather to offer a *few careful*, than *many loose* recommendations. My fellow-students can follow out this as well as I could, but their attention wanted some urgency. They have at their head one much better able to advise them than I am, and one who can enforce advice by example.

² “ Marmion,” Introduction to the first Canto.

waking eye, have not yet faded wholly away. What though many a glorious expectation has failed? What though even you have learned that toil and danger guard the avenue to success? What though disappointment and suffering have somewhat touched you, and made you less sanguine; yet, has not time rewarded your sorrows—has it not refined—has it not purified—has it not strengthened, even when it humbled you? This world is called hard; 'tis the *outside* of each little circle of feelings and ties that is so, and who is not within the bounds of at least one such? None here, I trust: and yet if there be one so wounded and desolate—one who longs for that solitude which it has been said is “fit only for a demon or an angel,” or for the equally dubious quiet of the tomb,—such a soul must, under the benign influence of early feelings, and the propitious circumstances and the teaching nobler than that of manhood, which is given to us then, have felt the generous resolve to serve a world which might not thank him. Oh, if I had the power to “bid the happy thought of innocent days play at his heart-strings,” and in enthusiastic strains to melodise the conviction, that nor prosperity, nor content, nor the blessings of friendship or love (which are dearest to the best minds) can lift to the same sublimity, or should warm with the same proud joy, as the consciousness of him who is a benefactor of mankind. Let not gentleness or virtue shrink from the boisterous elements of publicity; such a spirit makes a calm around; nor let want of rank or of wealth awe him into silence,

“For service comes of gentleness,
And least hearts of low degree.”

To each age has God given a career of possible improvement; it may exceed, it may fall short of that in other ages. The march during the daylight of *our* age may be limited by the time and training; but we have it in our power to accelerate that march.

The time is past when the omnipotence of the sword might excuse the sentimental, or learned, or melancholy retirement.

The man who now avoids his citizenship has no defence but imbecility; for if he have sagacity and learning he has *power*, and sins in folding up his talent from want of zeal to use it. He lacks not means, but a virtuous will.

J I would especially desire the diffusion of civic zeal, because in it I see the means, the only means, of human improvement. The effect of modern civilisation up to a certain point has been good; it has tended to free man from the dominion of an armed minority, who stupefied and worked the human race as if they were so many machines which they had made, and could make, and had no reason to abstain from abusing, save the prudence of perpetuating them. This step has been taken in some countries, and seems likely to be taken in all. But on the shore of democracy is a monstrous danger; no phantasm is it, but alas! too real—the violence and frowardness of selfish men, regardful only of physical comfort, ready to sacrifice to it all sentiments—the generous, the pious, the just (victims in their order), till general corruption, anarchy, despotism, and moral darkness shall re-barbarise the earth. A great man¹ has said, if you would qualify Democracy for power, you must “purify their morals, and warm their faith, if that be possible.” How awful a doubt! But it is not the morality of laws, nor the religion of sects, that will do this. It is the habit of rejoicing in high aspirations and holy emotions; it is charity in thought, word, and act; it is generous faith, and the practice of self-sacrificing virtue. To educate the heart and strengthen the intellect of man are the means of ennobling him. To strain every nerve to this end is the duty from which no one aware of it can shrink. A sphere of *influence* belongs to every man and every age, and over every man, and every nation, and every succeeding age; but that of *action* is more confined. The influence of moral power extends but gradually and indirectly over cotemporary foreign nations. Those whose acts can directly influence the republic of nations are few,

¹ De Tocqueville, preface to *La Democratie en Amerique*. What might not the clergy do if they would devote themselves in a charitable and liberal spirit to the work of moral civilisation?

and at so lonely an elevation above common habits that they usually lose our common sympathies, and their power is a curse. But no man is without a sufficient sphere of action, and of direct influence. I speak not of private life; in it, blessed be God! our people are tender, generous, and true-hearted. BUT, GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE A COUNTRY. The people among whom we were born, with whom we live, for whom, if our minds are in health, we have most sympathy, are those over whom we have power—power to make them wise, great, good. Reason points out our native land as the field for our exertions, and tells us that without patriotism a profession of benevolence is the cloak of the selfish man; and does not sentiment confirm the decree of reason? The country of our birth, our education, of our recollections, ancestral, personal, national; the country of our loves, our friendships, our hopes; *our* country——: the cosmopolite is unnatural, base—I would fain say, impossible. To act on a world is for those *above* it, not *of* it. *Patriotism is human philanthropy.*

Gentlemen, many of you possess, more of you are growing into the possession of, great powers—powers which were given you for good, which you may use for evil. I trust that not as adventurers, or rash medlers, will you enter on public life. But to enter on it in some way or other the state of mind in Ireland will compel you. You must act as citizens, and it is well, “non nobis solum nati sumus, ortûsque nostri partem patria vindicat.” Patriotism once *felt* to be a duty *becomes* so. To act in politics is a matter of duty everywhere; here, of necessity. To make that action honourable to yourselves, and serviceable to your country, is a matter of choice. In your public career you will be solicited by a thousand temptations to sully your souls with the gold and place of a foreign court, or the transient breath of a dishonest popularity; dishonest, when adverse to the good, though flattering to the prejudices of the people. You now abound in patriotism, and are sceptical of public corruption; yet most assuredly, if you be eloquent and strong-thinking, threats and bribes will be held out to you. You will be solicited to become the

barking misleaders of a faction, or the gazehounds of a minister—dogs who can tell a patriot afar off. Be jealous of your honour and your virtue *then*; yield not. Bid back the tempter. Do not grasp remorse. Nay, if it be not a vain thought, in such hours of mortal doubt, when the tempted spirit rocks to and fro, pause and recall one of your youthful evenings, and remember the warning voice of your old companion, who felt as a friend, and used a friend's liberty. Let the voice of his warning rise upon your ear, think he stands before you as he does now, telling you in such moments, when pride or luxury or wrath make you waver, to return to communings with nature's priests,¹ the Burns, the Wordsworths, the Shakespeares, but, above all, to nature's self. She waits with a mother's longings for the wanderer; fling yourselves into her arms, and as your heart beats upon her bosom your native nobility will return, and thoughts divine as the divinest you ever felt will bear you unscathed through the furnace. Pardon the presumption, pardon the hope ('tis one of my dearest now), "*forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

And I do not fear that any of you will be found among Ireland's foes. To her every energy should be consecrated. Were she prosperous she would have many to serve her, though their hearts were cold in her cause. But it is because her people lieth down in misery and riseth to suffer, it is therefore you should be more deeply devoted. Your country will, I fear, need all your devotion. She has no foreign friend. Beyond the limits of green Erin there is none to aid her. She may gain by the feuds of the stranger; she

¹ Poetry is the instructor of the heart and fancy. As man is a moral and imaginative being, beyond "the reasoning, self-sufficing thing," h's heart is the virgin soil wherein poetic feeling, that is, lofty sentiment, the sense of beauty, the desire of perfection, the joy of goodness, may be sown with a certainty of a rich crop. I rejoice at the early cultivation of poetic taste nowadays, not as a means of fame, nor for ostentation; but to accustom the young to look abroad, with the eye pure and undefiled, thence to fill his soul with what may nourish it, and give it immortal longings.

cannot hope for his peaceful help, be he distant, be he near; her trust is in her sons. You are Irishmen. She relies on your devotion. She solicits it by her present distraction and misery. No! her past distraction—her present woe. We have no more war bills: we have a mendicant bill for Ireland. The poor and the pest-houses are full, yet the valleys of her country and the streets of her metropolis swarm with the starving. Her poet has described her

“ More dear in her sorrow, her gloom, and her showers,
Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours.”

And if she be miserable, if “homely age hath the alluring beauty took from her poor cheek, then who hath wasted it?” The stranger from without, by means of the traitor within. Perchance ’tis a fanciful thing, yet in the misfortunes of Ireland, in her laurelled martyrs, in those who died “persecuted men for a persecuted country,” in the necessity she was under of bearing the palms to deck her best to the scaffold-foot and the lost battlefield, she has seemed to me chastened for some great future. I have thought I saw her spirit from her dwelling, her sorrowing place among the tombs, rising, not without melancholy, yet with a purity and brightness beyond other nations, and I thought that God had made her purpose firm and her heart just; and I knew that if He had, small though she were, His angels would have charge over her, “lest at any time she should dash her foot against a stone.” And I have prayed that I might live to see the day when, amid the reverence of those once her foes, her sons would

“ Like the leaves of the Shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one foot-stalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.”¹

But not only by her sufferings does Ireland call upon you.

¹ *Beauties of the Press*, p. 38.

Her past history furnishes something to awake proud recollections. I speak not of that remote and mysterious time when the men of Tyre traded to her well-known shores, and every art of peace found a home on her soil ; and her armies, not unused to conquest, traversed Britain and Gaul. Nor yet of that time when her colleges offered a hospitable asylum to the learned and the learning of every land, and her missions bore knowledge and piety through savage Europe ; nor yet of her gallant and romantic struggles against Dane, and Saxon, and Norman ;¹ still less of her hardy wars, in which her interest was sacrificed to a too-devoted loyalty, in many a successful, many a disastrous battle. Not of these. *I speak of sixty years ago. The memory is fresh, the example pure, the success inspiring.* I SPEAK OF "THE LIFETIME OF IRELAND."²

But if neither the present nor the past can rouse you, let the sun of hope, the beams of the future, awake you to exertion in the cause of patriotism. Seek, oh seek to make your country not behind at least in the progress of the nations. Education, the apostle of progress, hath gone forth. Knowledge is not virtue, but may be rendered its precursor. Virtue is not alone enjoyment, is not all happiness ; but be sure, when the annunciation of virtue comes, the advent of happiness is at hand. Seek to make your country forward in her progress to that goal, where she, in common with the other nations, may hear that annunciation of virtue, and share that advent of happiness, holiness, and peace.

Gentlemen, I have done. You have been disappointed ; you expected, your partiality expected, from me prescriptions to

¹ Ireland was then a confederation with local governments, and her stubborn and protracted resistance may be added to the many such instances accumulated by Sismondi, to shew the greater stability and greater defensive force of countries with a minute local organisation and self-government over the largest centralised powers.—See the admirable *Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*, p. 290 (Brussels edition) to the end. See also, *Lord Caernarvon on the Basques. Sketches*, vol. ii.

² Curran.

make the best of good speeches, at the bar, pulpit, and senate—all in a brilliant address. Yet, though to hear them has given you little pleasure, and to write them has cost me little time, the *thoughts* are not rash or inconsiderate; they were *the best I had*. It would have been easier, much easier, for me to have written rhetorical precepts, and the distinctions of a shallow metaphysics, and to have conveyed such thoughts in a showy diction and with pointed periods. I should have avoided the trouble of combining my scattered thoughts on the subject of our education, but I should have violated my conscious duty. I should have won a louder and more frequent cheer.¹ You would have cheered and have forgotten me. I shall heartily wish you, gentlemen, what each of you will, I know, wish me in return: that you may struggle and succeed in a career, honourable and useful to yourselves and those who are dear to you, in time; and which, I say it in the sincerest solemnity of my heart, may render you better fitted for eternity.

¹ I was in no sanguine mood when I penned that paragraph. I perhaps misjudged the expectations; I much underrated the generosity of my friends. They heard my lay sermon kindly, attentively, and with no cold or critic minds,

UDALISM AND FEUDALISM.

PART I.

“Who was the happiest of men?” said Croesus to Solon. “Tello,” answered the sage; “he was an Attic yeoman; he lived a good neighbour, and a good farmer, till his children had grown up strong, and comely, and honest, and then he died, fighting for Athens. The Athenians honoured him greatly.”—*Herodotus*, Book I. s. 20.

THE world has had great lights; Athens and Thebes, and the constellation of the Peloponessus, Lombardy, Switzerland, Holland, and America. Norway is a new planet—new and old. Older than history, new to us. A few years ago men spoke of Norway as the half-savage province of Sweden, wrapt in they could not tell what rudeness and gloom. At last a wise and honest man got some inkling of her. He went and saw her, and told us of her. We all wonder now why we did not know her before. She was long since as she is now, and therefore we doubt the account, which implies our ignorance; yet after all the secretness of Norway is no wonder. Seldom can we hear, save from a nation's own voice, what its heart is full of, and how it lives; and yet the very happy talk most to themselves. He who has a comfortable home stays in it, but misery comes out into the thoroughfares, noticeable, and screaming. “Pity us,” cries Italy; “help us,” cries Ireland; “just God! is it thus thou scourgest the brave?” cries Poland. Circassia which wars, and Norway which lives at peace, yet all busy and godlike, weep not, ask not, tell not. There is no missionary like the wailing exile, and far nations listen to the clank of the slave's chains. Again, the gaudy tribes who

hire themselves to oligarchs and triumphant kings, and live for fame and appearance, have a thousand busy tongues and pens to tell of arts, and arms, and subservient muses. France, and Scotland, and England have empire or letters, or both, and console themselves by fame for the loss of virtue. But Norway sits alone, self-revering, not dependant upon fame, nor urged to complaint—nearly silent. She can keep herself from slavery, yet not from fame—it will come upon her unsought. Fame is one of the sorest temptations which the very good must suffer for the sake of others. May her unsought renown not corrupt Norway.

Greater part of the globe is not private property. The sea, with its fish harvests, has few and partial laws, such as national rights to certain fisheries, and the prohibitions on some coasts against catching pregnant or half-grown fish. Of land the most is still in the hands of nomad and hunting tribes—for instance, the huge oval of Asia, whose long diameter reaches from Kamtschatka to the Black Sea, also the larger part of Persia, Arabia, Syria, Africa, Australia, and the Americas.

Europe,¹ China, India, and much of America, are split into private holdings under more or less stringent laws of property.²

In the change from either a nomad, or a hunter, to an agricultural state, the soil *remained* the property of the tribe, though the crop was the property of the tiller. The patches of tilled land in Germany and Persia were, we know, possessed only until the harvest was reaped by him who sowed it. It is easy to see from what principles of our nature, how from strength, from habit, from foresight, from policy, land came to continue, first for years and then for life, in the possession

¹ There are many remains of Nomadism in Europe: the Transhumante system of Spain, and the summer emigration of the Norwegians to their "seaters" or hill pastures, are instances. The Laplanders are still mere nomads.

² The tyrannous and unsocial extent to which the laws of trespass are now carried in England are among the barbarities of what is falsely called civilisation.

of one man. At this stage property remained in Ireland to a late period; where, on the death of the head of a family, his land returned into the common stock of the clan, and at the same time land was distributed in such quantity as was convenient among his children.¹

Thus was the first great code of property completed; the seed was always sown, for he who sowed was always to reap; while the redistribution on the death of every generation preserved the equality of conditions.

The next stage of landed property is to become divisible among the family of the possessor at his death. It still remained, and *ever does remain*, subject to the will and wants of the tribe or nation; but except in cases of gross abuse and monopoly, or of the want of heirs, few nations (having once sanctioned inheritance) exercise their still undoubted right to resume possession. Much about the same stage, certain rights of mortgage, and even of sale, appear to have been given, or assumed. But in *allowing* inheritance, incumbrance, and alienation, society *limited* them.

Thus, as to inheritance, history tells that a custom which we may call gavelkind (as opposed to primogeniture) was universal. The details were certainly various. In some sons and daughters inherited equally; in others the sons only; in some the eldest son had a little more than the second, and the second than the third. In others the whole household, including uncles, aunts, etc., took shares; but in all laws, the Indian, the Jewish, the Greek, the Celtic, the Roman, the Persian, and the Teutonic, subdivision amongst the family

¹ Vallancey, *Collectanea*. The state of property here described, united with a high civilisation, led to the quantity of corporate lands; such were the mensal lands of the Chief, the Corbes and Erenach's Lands, the Bard's Lands, the Hospitality Lands for the Ballybetaghs (the hotels or caravanserais). Such institutions seem to confer many of the benefits of an aristocracy, without some of its dangers and evils. It is a mistake to treat the Irish chiefs as forming an aristocracy, for each clan was a nation, and each kingdom of the Irish Pentarchy was a confederation.

was the rule, and such it remained in them all till *conquest* changed it.¹

The rights of sale, and mortgage too, were subject not only to the principle of national ownership, but also of family inheritance.² In many cases the restraint on alienation was unqualified.

In others the land (as among all the Teutonic tribes) might be pledged or mortgaged, but not absolutely parted with; for either the family resumed possession on the death of the mortgager, or they had in the order of their relationship a right of re-purchase.

Among the Jews this right of re-purchase was never barred (save in case of houses in walled towns not belonging to Levites, where the redemption should be within a year), and moreover, on the fiftieth year, the trumpet of liberation sounded, the year of jubilee arrived, and each family resumed, without any payment, the lands of their fathers.³

Looking over all the early codes, it is safe to say from induction that land (where parted with by the tribe) was given as a strict inheritance for the support of a family in *all* generations, not the enjoyment of *one*; and also that, though

¹ See Numbers, chap. xxvi. Deuteronomy, chap. xxi. Plutarch's *Life of Solon*; Sir W. Jones' *Attic Law*; Boeckh, *Economie Politique des Atheniens*. *Laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome*, in Terrasson: see also Plutarch's *Numa*, and Arnold's *Rome*. For the Chinese, see the *Ta Tsinglee Lee*, and Davis's *Chinese*, p. 137. Zendavesta, in Anquetil and Heeren. Institutes of Menu CIX., Articles 100 to 200. Sale's *Koran*, and Sir W. Jones on the Sirajiyyah, s. iii. 4. Tacitus *de Moribus Germanorum*. Sismondi, Palgrave, and Turner on the Anglo-Saxons. All go to establish the assertion here made.

² See Mirabeau's *Speeches* (Paris, 1792), vol. v. p. 498, for a very clear and able argument for *compulsory* gavelkind. This speech settled the adoption of that law in France. It was not delivered by Mirabeau, but given by him, when on his death-bed, to Talleyrand, who read it the day after Mirabeau's death, amid the tears and shouts of the National Assembly.

³ Leviticus, chap. xxv.

a slight preference was sometimes shown to the *grown up* sons, yet gavelkind is the true name for the national rule of inheritance. Such remains in a great degree the law of India, China, Norway, Biscay, Switzerland. Such, in some measure, is that of France. Such was the law of old Germany, and such its *first* principle of distribution, when it conquered Gaul, England, Spain, and Italy. But in conquests, as in other great bursts of mind, the law of present impulse is the prevailing law. The Jews on their irruption into Canaan, gave the lots according to the numbers in the family; yet we find the children of Joseph complaining that they were straitened, while other tribes had wide borders.¹ And in the Teutonic conquests merit in war strove with the settled customs of the tribes; and though Chief Clovis could not get the vase of Soissons from the soldier to whose lot it fell, nor take from the meanest Frank a share of Gaul, yet he dared afterwards to slay that soldier, and reserved for himself and his allied chiefs mighty domains not thrown into the common stock.²

Few corners of Europe belong to the first possessors. Helvetia, Lapland, Biscay, are perhaps the only lands the conquest of which never transferred the soil, and therefore conquest must be looked to as the origin not only of the governments, but of the ownership of land in Europe. The relative numbers and condition of conquered and conqueror before the conquest regulate their state after it.

Where the numbers of the vanquished do not much exceed those of the victor, actual slavery is their usual lot, unless they leave their country to the new-comer, as the Indians are doing before the Anglo-Americans, instead of submitting, as the Mexican and Southern Indians did, to the Spanish.

¹ Joshua, chap. xvii.

² The account of the Barbarian conquests in the *Spirit of Laws*, Books 28, 30, and 31, is excellent, but contains some errors which Mr. Hallam has well corrected; but incomparably the best narrative is Sismondi's, in his *History of the French*, a work accurate, graphic, and profound.

The Kelts seem to have retired in a similar way before the Teutons, and also the Laplanders before some tribes of the same Teutons under Odin or his successors.

The numbers of the Visigoths, and Franks, and Burgundians in Gaul compared with the Gauls and Romans; the proportion of Saxons to Britons, and afterwards of Normans to Saxon and Britons, were so small¹ that in neither England nor France did the victors seize the lands nor enslave the people on their first inroad. The Visigoths and Saxons appeared as allies; the Franks were "guests" of the Gaulish farmers; the Normans, friends of England.

Not but there was prædial slavery before Clovis and William the First.

The Romans found it in Gaul,² and left it there when the Germans rushed in. The Saxons and Danes had reduced the remaining Britons to personal or prædial slavery long before the battle of Hastings, and east of the Severn the Welshman was a fettered serf, though to the west of it the descendants of Caratach, aided by the Irish, maintained their Keltic tongue and aboriginal freedom. But we repeat, it was not the first conquest which made the bulk of the French and English the serfs we find them in the middle ages. Udalism was the law of Frank and Saxon. The necessity of military rules, where the conquered were so outnumbered; the constant wars, wherein the prisoners became slaves; the perpetual insecurity of property from the private feuds, and from Danish, Norman, and

¹ See Mr. Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*; also the Table of the Saxon Population, calculated from Domesday Book, at the back of the first vol. of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*; also p. 97 in the same vol., where Mackintosh agrees with Sismondi in estimating William's army at 20,000 or 25,000 men, instead of 60,000. See also Thierry's *Letters on the History of France*, and his inimitable *History of the Norman Conquest*.

² Sir James Mackintosh well contrasts the polity and social state of Gaul, as described by Cæsar, with Tacitus's *Germany*. Theocracy and prædial slavery existed in ancient Gaul, which shows us that the Gauls [Kelts?] were conquerors, if the Gauls were Kelts.

Saracen invasions, introduced feudalism into France, parts of Italy, and the Low Countries. The Goths carried it from Asturias over Spain. The causes which had produced it in France had nearly produced it in England before the eleventh century, when the Normans, re-emigrating from France, landed in Sussex.

The struggles of the Saxons and Danes with these Normans, and the confiscation of the greater part¹ of England in consequence, also the long baronial wars under the Plantagenets, completed the villenage of England, even at the time when by the introduction of municipal rights, and the parliamentary constitution, principles were brought in which were one day to destroy that villenage. Yet stubborn was the battle fought by udalism. The readers of Sismondi² and Hallam³ will see for how many centuries of violence and fraud allodial or udal properties still appeared scattered among the feuds. Kent and Southern France retained, even through the worst times, some relics of better days. But by the twelfth century it might be truly said of France and England, there was "no land without a lord." The noble classes, to the number of a few thousands, held these kingdoms by military service. The first distinction indeed between noble and commoner was exactly the same as that between the Turk and the Christian rayahs⁴—namely, the former, with their households, freedmen, and mercenaries, bore arms, but were not subject to taxation; the latter paid the taxes, and were not allowed to carry arms. But the peasant was in a worse condition than any rayah; he was a *thing* belonging to the baron, even like other beasts; he had no property; you might call his cabin his, as we say the cow-house belongs to the cows; his wife and children were as the mate

¹ "The territory won at the battle of Hastings was not a fourth part of the kingdom; but most of the remainder was won by confiscation following the unsuccessful struggles which the Normans called rebellion."—MACKINTOSH.

² *History of France.*

³ *Middle Ages.*

⁴ See Urquhart's *Turkey, and its Resources.*

and young of a domestic animal; he might be slaughtered in rage or sport, like the hound or the deer.

Such was feudalism as taught, as admitted; but it would be treason to human nature to suppose that it was always as bad as it might be. Peace, law, religion, tenderness, came often, no doubt, to restore and heal.

It is not for us to trace how religion and knowledge, how commerce and policy, how the dangers of kings, and the increasing numbers of the serfs, led to their emancipation. France, which was the first to renounce absolute slavery, retained the worst ills of feudalism till the revolution came, with its tremendous legislation, to repeal the deeds of *all* the conquerors of France, Keltic, Roman, and Teutonic; came with torch and sword, to enlighten and destroy, to smite and save; came with confiscation to the noble, and udalism to the peasant. Strange, unconscious antiquarians were Mirabeau and Danton, who treated primogeniture and landlordism as vulgar novelties, and restored the land to the people.

In England the feudal tenants constantly aspired to the allodial or udal rights; and the socman grew into a freeholder, the villein into a copyholder; their rents were trifling, their inheritance sure. The state of the tenantry of England, from the time feudalism relaxed to the end of the seventeenth century, was the pride of England, the envy of Europe. This was the age of the "yeomanry of England."

Never had an aristocracy a nobler heritage than the fearless love borne to them by that yeomanry. It was a stern and enormous power; it had carried the banner of England through every province of France; Scotland broke her spear against it, and Spain assailed it vainly with the power of three empires. Could this modified feudalism have afforded security against royal power, and resisted the temptations of luxury, it had been (if not the happiest) a very noble state.

We have described three states; first, udalism; second, the rank feudality of the dark ages; thirdly, the modified feudality which in England, and we may add in Germany, succeeded it. The fourth state remains—landlordism.

The Revolution of 1641 was a victory of the modified feudalism, animated by religion, over the crown; 1688 was another victory of the aristocracy, after it had lost its religion and honour, over the same crown. Here landlordism begins. Mercenary troops had succeeded militia; arts, commerce, and gold-worship succeeded military virtues and religious passions. Gold in his purse, not vassals at his back, was the desire of the gentleman. The aristocracy began to make head against the initiative udalism, into which freehold and copyhold were naturally rising in times of peace. Commerce, which from the accidents of naval genius—and trade, which from the security of property, and their mechanical turn, the Saxon English were beginning to acquire, did, by giving a vent to the ejected tenants, enable the landlords to succeed. The village was deserted and the town filled; waged labourers were preferred to stiff-necked tenants; and thus the English yeomen, struggling hard against landlordism, as their fathers did against feudalism, were ultimately overthrown. Farms have become huge manufactories of grain and cattle, for the benefit of the landlord. The people of England have lost all hold of the soil. The bulk of them are artisans in towns. Their agricultural population, which, taking the whole people, ought to be two-fifths more than the Irish, or taking the produce, ought to be three and a half the Irish agricultural population, is much less. The few agriculturists of England are not landholders, but depend on daily wages, working for hire on rich men's lands, without the rights or feelings of yeomen.

The English invasion of Ireland began in the twelfth century, when feudalism was at the worst, and towards the close of the sixteenth century the Pale consisted of parts of five small counties. The rest of Ireland, Keltic and Norman alike, adhered to the old gavelkind of the country; villenage was never known, and primogeniture was regarded as a sin. From the time that Mountjoy defeated Hugh O'Neill, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Pale ceased, and England pressed upon all Ireland. Ever since, a constant war was waged against the property, religion, and nationality of Ireland;

2,836,837 acres were confiscated from the Reformation to James the First's death ; 7,800,000 acres from thence to the Restoration ; and 1,200,000 acres under William the Third. The long wars, which Cromwell's sword and Ormond's treason ended in 1650, were renewed at William the Third's usurpation, and were followed by the penal laws, more vicious and cruel than any war. Thus has it happened, that while the extension of the modern English laws to all Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, has substituted the rules of landlordism for those of gavelkind, the events which happened in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have produced a feudalism closely resembling in its evils that of France under the old regime.¹

To complete this sketch let us return to Germany, the cradle of all these conquerors. For five centuries after Clovis Germany sent fresh hordes from the right bank of the Rhine whenever a weak monarch reigned on the left. And when a great king held the French sceptre he hurled his legions into Germany. Witikind crossed swords with Charlemagne ; but the tempestuous genius of that predecessor of Napoleon levelled the Saxons. Such mutual wars, the system of granting immense territories to royal officers (who in troubled times became independent princes, and rallied under their flags, or reduced to slavery by the lance, the once free inhabitants), the Hunnish wars—in short, causes parallel to those which introduced feudalism into France, established it in Germany. There was this difference ; Hugh Capet, Philip Augustus, Philip the Fair, and Lewis the Eleventh manufactured France into one kingdom ; but partly from the superior fierceness of the German

¹ It is a mistake to search for causes of Ireland's woes, when the facts of her history and state plainly account for them. The origin of the Irish aristocracy is in confiscation. The nature of that aristocracy results from their alienage—first, of country, then of religion. Their power was founded on conquest ; and though penal laws, carrying out what confiscation began, increased their sway during three-fourths of the last century ; and though ejectment acts and insurrection have continued their legal sway, yet their real power rests, as it originated, in the force of British regiments, recruited by inconsiderate Irishmen.

tribes, partly from the late period at which Germany was separated from France; from physical circumstances in the country; from inferior genius, or ambition in its emperors; and lastly, from the quarrels with Rome, Germany retained the most valuable part of feudalism—the multiplication of small states. The German boor remained a villein long after villenage was abolished *by law* in France; but his condition, from causes which we cannot at present examine, was greatly superior to that of the freedman of France, and resembled that of the English yeoman.

Thus have we sketched the progress of feudalism, till modified in Germany and England, rejected by France, rotted away in Italy and Spain, and lastly, imposed in modern times (in the seventeenth century) by war, confiscation, and penal laws, upon that Ireland which had retained its primitive institutions until then.

Scandinavia has never suffered feudality. There the Teutons remained pure. “The Norwegians have been always free-men.”¹ In the ninth century we find among them the manners which Tacitus found in Germany. They were republican, yet hero-followers. The Vikings, who dwelt on the Norwegian coasts, had their wooden halls full of free and fierce warriors. The Scandinavians were in absolute possession of the soil. Like their brethren on the banks of the Danube centuries before, they had domestic slaves, the captives of their sword, not hereditary serfs. Under its native chief, each tribe held its own. Each freeman had his land, which on his death was divided among his children; ’twas his own to use, his children’s to inherit. The conquest of Harold the Fair-haired, in the ninth century, was over the more turbulent of the sea kings, who bore away their manners and freedom to Iceland and Greenland; but over the nation Harold made no conquest, nor assumed its rights. Nor amid those changes of central government, which alternately gave Norway, Denmark, and Sweden supremacy over the other, were the social institutions of Norway destroyed. Sometimes they were encroached on, as

¹ “How glorious, how happy a victory!”—LAING.

by Christian the Second and Christian the Third of Denmark, in the beginning of the sixteenth century ; sometimes aided, as by the judicial institutions of the late Danish government. And, after all, Norway remains almost alone, an unbroken experiment from time immemorial of the original and once universal law of udalism.

“The social order in Ireland is essentially bad, and must be changed from top to bottom” is the emphatic summary of Sismondi,¹ and every peasant from Antrim to Cork says the same. Every one of every party confesses that something must be done. Everything that benevolence, everything that atrocity could suggest, has been recommended. But away with this probing, and irritating, and fiddling with Irish grievances. We must deal with the master-grievance. Ireland exists, and her millions toil for an alien aristocracy, her soil sends forth its abundance to give palaces, equipages, wines, women, and dainties to a few thousands ; while the people rot upon their native land. What trifling, what madness, what crime, to talk of prosperity from railroads, and poor-laws, from manufacturing experiments, and agricultural societies, while the very land, ay, *Ireland itself, belongs not to the people, is not tilled for the people!* Redress this, and your palliatives will be needless, your projects will be realised. Leave this unredressed, and your “prosperity” plans may amuse or annoy the public, may impede or assist one or other of the foreign parties who alternately afflict us, but cannot make the sick nation well. But we pray attention to this, that all the plans, legislative and private, whereby it has been sought of late years to serve Ireland, proceed on this common falsehood, that it is desirable and possible to assimilate Ireland to England. Nay, more ; we were said to be in a “transition state,” and poor-laws and public works were supported as helpers, midwives to the change. The English farms were large, and to make the Irish so being assumed to be desirable, gave rise to the two great plans for making consolidation of farms easy—viz., emigration and extermination. The agricultural societies came in the rear of these.

¹ *Economie Politique*, p. 273.

England's population was chiefly manufacturing ; hence the benevolent galvanism which thought to enable the hand-loom of the Liberty to compete (without legislative protection) with the steam engines of Manchester, fed as they are by the richest coal-mines on earth, sustained by the accumulated capital and skill of centuries, commanding the markets of the world.

If the condition of the Irish must be changed, there seem but two states at all desirable. One of these is Udalism, which at once meets and conquers our ills. The other is a sort of pious Feudalism, which Mr. Blacker, Mr. Sadlier, and others have imagined. In this vision the once absentee appears resident in his Irish mansion, superior to the temptations of luxury and power. At present he has neither inclination nor (minded as he is) inducement to live here. He is of a different creed from the people. Is it possible to change *his* religion or *that of the people* ? If not, how can that thorough sympathy arise without which a good *aristocracy* is impossible ? Different sects may dwell kindly together ; nay, without different sects there will neither be religious activity nor religious freedom ; but, without common religious sympathy, the tie of *vassal and lord* is fragile and uneasy. This alone seems an insuperable difficulty. But is not the whole design chimerical ? The recollections, blood, and habits of the Irish landlords are utterly alien ; they despise the people, the people hate them. Is it not flat nonsense to represent the absentee recalled to this contentious and uncomfortable *province*, rejecting his religious and political prejudices, giving up London notions and Paris habits, and dealing out justice, economy, and seed oats to his *wondering* tenants, who (safe in their low-rented possessions, by the kindness of their chief) learn from him farming, quiet, loyalty, and Church-of-Englandism ? You will easier make bread of our granite mountains than reclaim the alien landlords of Ireland. Their own bold resolve is more reasonable—to keep things as they are, and to coerce the people.

Ere we turn to the other alternative, which, hopeless of reclaiming the lords and squires, would cashier them, let us

show that all the ordinary proposals which drive at assimilating us to England are worthless.

Now let no man take refuge in the details of his little plans. By the end and object of the "Irish-improvement" people, we must judge them; their emigration, their works, their poor laws, are all meant to be so many precursors of Anglicism. For the present we deal only with the economical condition of England; though we are even more ready to reject with scorn the notion of assimilating our morals, manners, or passions to those of any other people on the face of God's earth: least of all would we wish to change the faithful, pure, natural, affectionate Irishman into that animal, John Bull.

England's progress for the last two hundred and fifty years has been towards manufactures and large farms, each aiding the other. The village and cottage were deserted from the landlord's oppressions, while the increase of trade, by giving the people support, prevented that agrarian war which is the natural and just consequence of driving the peasantry from the land. Yet statesmen and poets, from Sir Thomas More to Goldsmith, lamented it with sorrowful speeches, and warned England in vain. The vengeance seems not far off. The wrongs of Ireland and India, the wrongs of England herself, have appealed not in vain against the aristocracy; and in this the hour which they think triumphant, they are in peril. This generation shall hear "the howl in their halls, and the cry from their ships." The large farms are maintained, but trade can support no more. Expedients may delay revolution, but they will be expedients giving the aristocracy a foretaste of their doom. The repeal of the Corn Laws will straiten their means, and may enable England to force her goods farther than ever, and support another million of artisans; but once that burst is over, she will have used her last reserve, and the people will fall back on the land, their native property and ultimate resource.¹

¹ Here Davis is simply reproducing the well-known forecast of Carlyle. Nor is this by any means the only passage in which Carlyle's influence on his thought is apparent. Indeed, all the Young Irelanders

But men still murmur, "Assimilate us to England." Is it possible or desirable to do so? How are you to establish large farms? Emigrate, say the quacks. Exterminate, say the squires. To the latter our reply is short—*Try it*. "Clearing" has been tried every four or five years for the last century and a half. It was tried when our population was under three millions; when we were bowed by the memory of unsuccessful war, and weighed down by religious tyranny. "Clearing" was tried then in the hour of our weakness, and it utterly failed; levellers, and hearts of steel, right boys, white boys, terry alts, ribbonmen, rose against the clearers, encountered them, quelled them. It was a desperate internecine war, in which the peasants should slay or be slain. Who shall judge them? Ask Michael Sadlier, the great-hearted Tory, whom England sneered into his grave? "If they persist in this course, let them do so, but let it be at their proper peril." Ask Gustave de Beaumont, who tells you "all your efforts will be sterile." If you seek to "clear," the people will resist. Resistance is the shield against oppression. But you will put down the resistance. Will you? What code more fierce, what army more numerous, what union amongst yourselves more close, will you procure now than you ever had before? The deliberate and repeated attempts of the English government to destroy your intended victims failed. No, no, give it up; give it up. The day even for *attempts* of the sort is past. The whole world gazes upon your iniquities.¹ England herself blushes at the horrid services

were ardent students of the English thinker who unintentionally, but most powerfully, confirmed their hatred of the rule of the British Parliament in Ireland by the scorn and anger which he poured upon its attempts at government on its own proper soil.—ED.

¹ De Beaumont :—"In this country (Ireland) the poor man ought to preserve his pride: he humbles himself in vain before the rich, who enjoys his degradation without relieving his misery."—Vol. i. p. 235.

"Its (the aristocracy's) falling state, far from being the defence, is the condemnation of it; it is nothing more now for the Irish people but the bloody phantom of a government; and assuredly it will never recover its strength amid the storm of blows which showers on it, when, in a time

she has done you, and is almost ready to bid you begone and tempt her not. The consolidation of farms by "clearing" is a subject not for argument but execration,—turn we away from it.

Send them to Australia; let them be shipped to America, says some emigration quack. We are not quite sure whether a cool project for unpeopling a country does not merit reproof without further inquiry. But why emigrate? Is the produce too little for the people? No. We export annually millions worth of food, and this while our country is agitated and miserably farmed. Just read too what Mr. Blacker says:—

"It appears that the county of Armagh contains 212,755 acres, and a population of 220,653 souls, and that the entire kingdom contains 17,190,726 acres, and 7,839,469 souls. Now, in the county of Armagh, by a recent survey, more than *one-seventh* of the surface is taken up by lakes and unprofitable land, and the remainder is, for the greatest part, indifferently cultivated; and yet the peasantry are better clothed, lodged, and fed than they are in most other counties in Ireland. I cannot therefore be accused of taking away from the comforts of the rest of this kingdom by taking the county of Armagh as a standard; and its proportion of unprofitable surface is not very remote, I believe, from the average of the others. If then, 212,755, the number of acres in Armagh, give a population of 220,653 souls, 17,190,726 acres, the entire contents of the kingdom, ought to give a population of 17,828,888, in place of 7,839,469, the population at present. It therefore appears that, supposing the other parts of Ireland to be as well cultivated as Armagh, it would support two and a half times the number of its present inhabitants, and be able to export provisions largely beside; for Armagh, notwithstanding its population, exports pork, butter, and grain, in great quantities.

"But before deciding finally upon the population which the kingdom could support, it ought to be examined how far the county of Armagh

of unmolested tyranny, it has sunk so low. It is then nothing but an obstacle, which men should hasten to remove."—Vol. ii. p. 172.

"It would not be enough to destroy the Protestant aristocracy; it is necessary to abolish the principle of aristocracy in Ireland. In the place of this about to be suppressed, no other should be established."—Vol. ii. p. 179.

(the standard taken) has arrived at its full complement; and in regard to this I would say, from a pretty general knowledge of it, that under an improved system of agriculture, and a regular rotation of crops, the produce would be *treble* of what it yields at present; and I think this may be practically proved, if I can show farmers, possessing land of an average quality, who, being induced to change their manner of cultivation in the way already described, are now receiving fully *treble* produce from the identical same farm to what it formerly yielded. But supposing it only to yield *double* as much, it would follow that the population of Armagh, if that beneficial change became general, might be doubled also, without in any degree lessening the comforts of the inhabitants, which increase being taken as the basis of the calculation, and applying it to the whole of Ireland, would make it adequate to the support of better than THIRTY-FIVE MILLION OF SOULS."

Under what pretence can it be proposed to transport millions (for a less emigration would effect nothing) from a land which could support four or five times its present population, from a land which exports corn and meat, from a land which contains five and a half million acres of waste land, as good or better than those fields of Belgium which sustain a population two and a half times as dense as that of Ireland, from a land which only wants social justice and self-government to give comforts, nay luxuries, to its present inhabitants and their multiplying descendants, for many an age, from a lovely land, from a dear land, from fatherland? No, as long as these truths are known, nobody that has the people's trust will ask them to emigrate; nay, let these truths be forgotten, and the people will still cling to the soil, like the infant to the mother's breast, with the same instinct and the same fidelity.

It has been calculated that it would take seven years of the whole revenues of the Irish landlords to transport two millions of people to the nearest part of Canada. Will the landlords adjourn their existence for seven years to "consolidate" their farms? Knowing that in the end their incomes would be less (for the density of the population enables them to get high rents), it would be suicide for the men who only want their rents to diminish the population. Then has England

twenty or thirty millions to spend in transporting the population of Ireland? We fancy not. Again, unless you employed the marine of Europe, it would take a dozen years to effect this emigration, and in the meantime millions more would be born, for utter poverty in the most prolific of states.

If, then, you can neither exterminate nor exile the people, you must, as you turn them off the lands in the progress to large farms, have profitable employment ready for them in manufactures. And will this accomplish your end? Not at all. As fast as you empty the cabins they will fill again; or faster perchance, for the unloaded spring rises above its steady height. So long as you leave independent poverty to a people with the morals and religion of the Irish, they will multiply beyond calculation, so that unless you could suddenly, in the course say of two or three years, remove the impoverished masses, and change the rest into substantial farmers, you would labour in vain.

But how can you realise even your own data? What will you make? Soft goods? Manchester is ready to sell them to all the world at three per cent. profit on her capital, and cannot. Or hardware? Birmingham is canting her stores, and can hardly get bidders. Have you coals? No. Have you capital to pay wages? Have you capital in machinery? No. Have you the hereditary skill, the shipping, the command of the markets that England has? No. What have you then? Cheap labour, water-power, harbours, and position for trade. All well and good; but are you serious in thinking water-power can compete with steam, and naked hands with the overflowing capital of England? Look, you say, to Germany competing with England. But how has Germany been able to do so? Thus: she had water-power and coals in abundance; she had labour as cheap as Ireland, and yet she long failed, and England gorged her markets. How then did she succeed? Come to the point! Thus, sir, thus: she had national government. She did as Ireland did when we had national government. She imposed duties or prohibitions on English goods. She was willing to pay a little dearer to

her own manufacturer than to foreigners. The German farmer paid a little more for clothes, and furniture, and utensils; but he was saved twice as much, which he should have given in poor tax. And now comes the German's reward (if manufacturing success be desirable); Germany has trained artisans, great factories, the home market a monopoly, and she therefore begins to undersell England. Why not imitate her? you say. Why not have a national protection against the competition of England? Why not have a national government? Good sir, we may differ about the use of manufactures, but when they give you so decisive a reason for our last cry, we won't quarrel.

Let us pause on these much-desired manufactures, if it be possible to make yeomen ("bonder," as the Norwegians say) of our peasantry. To us much meditating, it seems that if England have nothing to tempt us with but its manufacturing system, 'twere better trust in God and remain as we are. The equal distribution of comfort, education, and happiness is the only true wealth of nations. What is it to the English father, with an emaciated body, that Manchester can sell cheap cottons, and Birmingham surpass the fame of Damascus? How gains he because Lord Buccleuch adds another ten thousand to his acres, and the riches of Lord Westminster shame the treasuries of kings? He is a weaver, or the worker in a dye-house, or an iron-worker, and was so from childhood. He grew up amid such revelations of God as the crash of stampers and the twirling arms of some bright steel Briareus can give, and among sickly faces and vicious and despairing looks, and he came home when a child to a weaver's home. The field, the hill,¹ the tree, the corn, the lowing herd, the bleating lamb, the whistling plough-boy, the village church, he never knew. But he is a man, and is above circumstances. Partly 'tis so, for heaven is merciful; but what a man! That

¹ The loss of wealth by much of the soil being occupied by mountains is overpaid by the effects of scenery and wild exercise on men, not that the glory is in the mountain, but in the mind which sees God in these revelations of great power.

withered, blotched thing, querulous as a sick noble, or desperately calm, stunned with noisy mill-work ; filled to the top of his mind with cranks and yarns ; trembling lest fashion, or the change of trade, or the competition of some wretch more desperate than himself, may end his hiring, and drive him to the poor-house. The poor-house ! *the prison for poverty*, with its fancy and impertinent lodge, its elaborate starvation, its imprisonment not merely from the vague public through which he used (with some imitation of cheerfulness) to bustle along, but from the wife and children, who, poor and meanness-stricken as they were, were yet the only angels who had entered his tent and sat at meat with him, messengers from heaven reminding him of God.

Oh, no ! oh, no ! ask us not to copy English vice, and darkness, and misery, and impiety ; give us the worst wigwam in Ireland and a dry potato rather than Anglicise us.

Home Manufactures we ask. Ay, HOME *Manufactures*, MANUFACTURES MADE AT HOME. Remember that ere the Factory System existed manufactures were carried on in the farm-house. If there were nothing to be said against large farms and large factories than that for some (disputed) increase of produce and economy, you deprive the farm-house of its motives to a useful and wholesome industry during those seasons when nature interrupts tillage, or in those classes whom sex or age unfits for the field, it were almost enough. But when we add that for this end you must sentence the majority of families to an unwholesome, debasing, and unhappy life in factories, enough is said. That frieze, spun in the farm-house, of winter nights, and wove by the country weaver (who is a bit of a farmer too), is precious in our eyes. This cloth from the mill tells of man and woman and tender child, all day long, from year's end to year's end, in a factory room, with nothing to ennoble, purify, or comfort them, and liable by the slightest change in the most changeable of things, trade,¹ to unsolaced pauperism.

¹ "How frightful nowadays is the position of the father of a family, stripped of all means of existence, whenever a commercial crisis, a

Is it or is it not for the good and happiness of the people that provident yeomen, fed by their own labour, and clothed by that of the women of the farm-house, should be changed partly into country labourers for daily wages, without the education, independence, or virtue of yeomen, and partly into the poor, broken-bodied, broken-hearted denizens of a manufacturing town? But in the names of reason and humanity, why seek to create those large farms which can only be kept up by such devices as we have mentioned?

The answer invariably given is, "the produce is greater than from small farms."

This answer is not true, nor, if it were, would it be sufficient.

Let us enumerate some of the errors in this. It assumes that the produce will be as great from the work of a few on one large farm as of many on several small ones.

Large farms are, and must be, worked by *hired labourers*. Let us contrast them with small ones, worked by the *proprietors*. The hired labourer has a direct interest (his personal comfort) in doing the least work for his wages; or if he work by the job, in doing it in the worst possible (or least troublesome) way. He who works on his own land never idles, never botches. His pride, his comfort, the support of his family throughout the year, depends on the quantity and excellence of his labour. He is up early, and down late. He drives his spade with an eager will, and scans every clod lest it be too big for the growth of *his* corn. How proudly he shows it to his neighbour! with what pains he strives to till according to the received system of his country!

We are not defending rack-rented labour against hired

change in the direction of labour, or in the demand for it, or a stoppage of the work in which he co-operates, comes suddenly to reduce his wages, or throw him out of work. How frightful, above all, when the progress of industry offers him ten thousand objects of new enjoyments of which education has taught him to know the value, and made necessary, too, which yet his poverty seems about to forbid him for ever."—*Morogues*, p. 7.

labour, for exactly the same sort of reasons which prevent the latter from being efficient weigh against the former.

But the principle is more general. The labour is in a great degree proportioned to the worker's interest in its success. A man may dig his friend's field as well as his own, or better, for love is as strong as selfishness; but what sympathy ties him to the interests of a rich employer? Proportionate to the interest in the work is the work. The effect of taxation in diminishing the eagerness of the labourer (even where it leaves him a large profit) is just as certain as that, when excessive, it will prevent the land from being cultivated at all, as we often see in the East. All taxes, tithes, and charges confessedly have this effect. If you are to till and reap, partly for yourself, and partly for men who are not you nor yours, you will not work as if you and yours were alone to be served.

Exactly similar in effect is rent. Why should I toil another hour (provided I have secured subsistence), when for every dig I give for myself I give two, or three, or four for others; how poor shall be my reward for this huge labour?¹ Thus argues human nature. Ere we pass from this topic, let us notice, that in order to establish any system approaching to the English in Ireland you should establish the same relations between the aristocracy and people of Ireland as exist between the corresponding bodies in England. Whatever may be the vices of the English aristocracy, they are by choice and nature heavens-high above the corresponding class in Ireland. They are English to the back-bone. They are not "aliens in religion or language." They are never the avowed foes of their tenants or labourers—they do not defame his faith, or insult his priest, or deny his country.

The English labourer may have a benevolent and sympathetic employer, rich enough to be liberal, having one creed, one country, with him, and if so, his labour will be the heartier, and his lot less irksome therefore, though he can never reach the

¹ "We may hope that the day Ireland will have small proprietors most of her miseries will cease,"—De Beaumont, vol. ii. p. 198.

firm bearing, the independent and brave virtues, of the yeoman proprietor. But take the case of the Irish tenant, who pays two-thirds or three-fourths of the produce as his rack-rent, or as Sismondi literally and justly translated it, “rente torturée,” torture-rent. Are you an Irish peasant? Then he who is the unsought and monopolising partner in your industry is one unconnected with you by blood, hostile to your creed, contemptuous towards your manners and customs, alternately (nay often, at one and the same time) the traitor and tyrant of your country, insolent to your joys, regardless of your sorrows. Must not this go with you to the field, and return with you to the cabin? Worn and withered is that once rosy girl you wedded, and old in sorrow are her infants; and as you leave your dreary wigwam to toil little for them, much for the proud alien who made them what they are, what thoughts are in your heart? To us the industry of the Irish is wonderful¹—their patience miraculous. If they were not one of the most religious and least sensual people on earth they would from their circumstances be the most despairing and savage. Toil as they may, they only labour to increase the rent. We repeat, it would madden any other people on earth.

In censuring the English system of wages, we much more condemn the rack-rent system of Ireland. Other things being

¹ “Really I am not inclined to think the Irish are an indolent people. I think that as far as spirit (of industry) is concerned, I would look with more confidence to the spirit of the Irish people in maintaining their independence than perhaps I should look to the population of either England or Scotland.”—Alexander Nimmo, Evidence, House of Lords, 1824.

“Before I came to Birmingham I could not bear the thoughts of an Irishman; now I would sooner have an Irishman than an Englishman for a labourer. An Englishman could not do the work they do. When you push them, they have a willingness to oblige which the Englishman has not; they would die under anything sooner than be beat. They show as much ingenuity and skill as the same class of English.”—Evidence of Mr. J. Holmes: *vide* Lewis on the Irish Poor in England.

equal, a system of tenancy is better than one of wages, for it is a step less in the scale of dependence; but a system of wages under the national aristocracy of England is better than a system of tenancy under the alien landlords of Ireland.¹ What then would be a system of wages under this last-named body? Something, if possible, worse than we now suffer. The wages

¹ Yet see, on the English system, Cobbett, *passim*.

See also a smashing book, in Cobbett's style, called *Colonisation and Small Farms*, by Colonel C. J. Napier, at present, we believe, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

We copy one passage from it—

"The poor day-labourer, uncertain of work, cannot afford to put his child to school; if in harvest time he saves a few shillings, he puts them by to support his family in winter: his children idle while the father works, if he *have* work, or help him to poach if he *have not* work; thus they grow up ignorant from necessity, and idle from habit, and perhaps end, if they are males, by becoming thieves; if girls, by becoming prostitutes; and our wise men taunt them with being DEMORALISED, forsooth! Yes, they are "*demoralised*," which will always happen when people starve. Even the law admits starving to be an excuse for theft. Starving makes men eat each other! In short, what will it not make men and women do?

"How different is the life of a small farmer's child! The *farm is a school*, and a noble school too, where he learns industry from HABIT: he grows up honest, because he is not driven to dishonesty by early and biting want; and he is proud and independent because he is honest: it is true, he may not have read the *Penny Magazine*, and may never know the history of the Grand Chartreuse, or the Vatican, and other more pleasant histories, of deep import, no doubt, to English working-men; but, to make up for this misfortune, he will know, *right well*, how to manage a farm. The poor hired labourer sees his half-starved infant steal; he wishes it were otherwise; though he dare not correct it: *who* dares chastise a beloved and starving child? But the small farmer's son, who was guilty of such an action, would tremble in the presence of his indignant family.

"It is now time to examine how farmer Middleman robs his landlord, having, as I think, shown how he robs the labourer. I have said, and in a little periodical work published by the Labourer's Friend

system has broken the yeoman heart of England, though worked by her own gentry; what then would it be in Ireland, under an aristocracy so bad as to have reduced a tenantry to the last stage of misery?

Again we ask, is it probable that a man can exercise the same

Society it is proved; by reference to Lichtervelde it is proved; by reference to all and every one that has seen it tried it has been proved that spade husbandry and small farms give, comparatively, a *greater produce* than large farms; because there is not, as I have before said, any waste of time, of knowledge, of labour, of money, of land, of tools. By the farm being worked by one pair of hands, all these are economised, improved, '*combined*,' and the result of this '*distribution*' (as the author of *England and America* terms it) is increased produce.

"Let us take the hired labourer, John Clod, to whom Farmer Big pays the lowest wages, and receives naturally the least portion of work that John can give; who also wastes time and material by his indifference to the interest of a man who shows no pity for him. It may be that he daily takes a few potatoes home in his pocket, and so forth; those *who are at their ease* call this *stealing*, but John reconciles it to *his* conscience (after a hard struggle) by the pinchings of hunger, by some passages of the Bible, and by human nature, which tells him that starvation never *was*, never *will be*, never *ought to be*, and never *can be* borne. Suppose that this same John Clod had twenty acres of *his own*, or of which he has a *good lease*, instead of being a day-labourer on Farmer Big's large farm of a thousand acres. Does the said John Clod *now* lose *time*, or *labour*, or material, or compromise with his conscience in a struggle with hunger? No—he loses *nothing*, unless, perhaps, sometimes a little sleep and some deep potations at a public-house; in his eager desire to make the most of his little farm, this desire makes him give up drinking, and urges him to extra exertion, making him rise at four o'clock in the morning, cheerful and full of hope, instead of creeping in sulky discontent to Farmer Big's farm at six. All is *labour* and *thrift*—even his pleasure consists in watching his farm, and in its increase of production—the very dung that falls on the public road he picks up—he watches his cabbages growing—he waters them—he manures them—he weeds them—he digs deep before he plants them—he tries experiments—he studies their health—their

prudence, caution, and economy over two hundred acres that each small owner can over ten or twenty. In small proprietorships there is the provident eye and ready hand of a master (not above his work) over every few acres.

Will a rich man make the same effort, when he can only

nature—their whole progress day by day, nay, hour by hour, from the moment he plants them till he eats or sells them; he does both with a pride, a pleasure, which he can take in no other man's cabbages; and this pleasure is his reward; it gives him health and content: but he will not do all this for Farmer Big's cabbages, nor can Farmer Big do it himself: they are too numerous, and his general concerns too large—he has to buy his port—his claret—go to the club—hunt—and has a variety of necessary avocations to attend to besides his cabbages. Here then we have *combination* of mind, and of labour, and of experience concentrated into the small space of twenty acres by John Clod; while Farmer Big's equal talents and industry are dispersed over a thousand acres, and applied to other matters. '*Oh! but he has four labourers besides,*' says the advocate for great farms. Yes, sir, he has, but he has not *half their exertions*; he has *all* the loss produced by their waste—by their *idleness*—suffers if they are dishonest—has *all* their hate for his low wages—in fine, has none of their *good will*, and as little of their *work* as they can bestow. The result is that John Clod's cabbages are bigger, and better, and more in quantity, on an equal space of ground, than Farmer Big's are; and Clod and his whole family apply their knowledge and talents to the cultivation of their own cabbages, instead of applying the same industry to stealing Farmer Big's cabbages to save themselves from starvation! Thus we easily account for Minheer Lichtervelde's assertion, that all improvements made in Belgian farming have been made by small farmers. So I fire off my ponderous MINHEER LICHTERVELDE, the big-bellied Belgian, against my opponent's '*petit Monsieur de Bonald,*' the herring-gutted Frenchman! and Minheer carries weight both physical and moral; for farming is better understood in Belgium than in France, which last country has, however, improved in its knowledge of agriculture since the revolution—that is to say, since it became broken up into *small farms*; but (to leave Belgian and French authorities) no one can deny that the man with twenty acres will observe the operations of nature more closely, and consequently more accurately, than he who

swell a large fortune by abandoning its enjoyment for hard farming, as a middling man, whose comforts and family hopes are so much on the fate of his little holding?

There are, however, two direct tests of the relative productiveness of large and small farms. One of these is the rent they pay. Now it is certain that lands let to small farmers pay higher rents than the same lands would if let in very large holdings, which can result only from the surplus produce being greater. This is so, even under the rack-rents of Ireland, which tend to put the tenant in the condition of a slave who labours for another. This contrast is much stronger between large farms and small proprietorships, and facts here afford a second proof that large farms are less productive. The parts of Europe in which cultivation and production are greatest are Belgium, Holland, Biscay, Piedmont,¹ all of which are divided into properties so small as in many instances to deserve the name of gardens rather than farms. Also compare

has a thousand, and is obliged to use other men's eyes; that the man of twenty acres will have the assistance of his family, and he will work harder for himself than the labourer hired by the farmer of a thousand acres, whose family do not work at all. '*Oh! but Mr. Coke of Norfolk had large farms, and did wonders.*' Very likely, Sir. Now, let us suppose Mr. Coke of Norfolk was a *polypus*; cut him into as many pieces as his estates could be divided into, of twenty acres each; stick a bit of him upon every small farm of twenty acres, so that each bit should become a perfect '*Coke of Norfolk*' on each farm, and whether all these *little* Cokes would not do much more with the land than the one *great* Coke did? The fact is, that this gentleman has a talent for farming; and it is Mr. Coke's *personal abilities*, not the *size of his farms*, that produce the wonders."

See too the work of the Baron de Moroges on Pauperism (Paris, 1834), in which he takes a similar view of the effect of attempting to consolidate the Irish farms that we have.

¹ See exact references on each of these in Alison on Population, Sismondi on the Agriculture of Tuscany, and the Communications on Belgium to the Board of Agriculture, by the Abbé Mann and M. de Poederlé, are amongst the most valuable original authorities.

France before the Revolution with her present state, as consisting of small proprietors.¹

Remember, too, that the strength and power of England were sustained for centuries by her yeomen, her freeholders and copyholders, who were almost proprietors, when the rest of England was in little more than a state of nature ; and again we ask you to admit that small proprietorships are more productive than small farms.

Tenancy (in the motives which it gives for industry in the labourer) is inferior to proprietorship, but superior to large farms worked by hired labour. Yet, mark that the economy of work, and the division of labour, and the use of machinery which may be urged in favour of the present English system, are quite inapplicable in defence of tenancies ; for if the peasantry be tenants, their holdings must be small.

We have sufficiently for the present contrasted waged labour and proprietorship ; let us follow the contrast between tenancy and proprietorship a little further. The man who has a property for one year rent free will labour his best, but he will not provide for the future productiveness of his land ; give it to him for ten years, and mark how cautious he is, with all his eagerness, least he exhaust the land ; how many repairs and little improvements he makes, *until* he comes near the end of the ten years, and then see how he “takes the heart out of the land,” repairs nothing, improves nothing, and tosses it up a wreck. Give it to him for twenty years, and you extend his care and improvements over some eighteen of them. Give it to him and his for ever, and then there is no end to his care and no limit save means to his improvements ; not for his own interest nor his own time only does he work. He is the friend

¹ See Mr. Henry Bulwer's *Monarchy of the Middle Classes*. Even Malthus says—“The effect of the revolution in France has been to make every person depend more on himself and less on others. The labouring classes are therefore become more industrious, more saving, and more prudent in marriage than formerly, and it is quite certain that without these effects the revolution would have done nothing for them.”—*Essay on Population* (second edition), vol. ii. p. 116.

and servant of posterity ; his children and his grand-children become so many motives powerfuller than self-interest to make him improve that farm.

In proportion then to the permanence of his holding will be the caution with which the occupier will use the land, and the energy and care with which he will improve it.

Remember what we showed before, that a labourer for wages (besides the other ills of his position) is a comparatively wasteful and negligent workman, especially where there is little sympathy between him and his employer. *And further, that in proportion to the interest which a stranger (be he tax gatherer, alien minister, or alien landlord) has in the crop and improvements, the motives for the tenant's industry will lessen.*

Put these together, and they amount to this—*Make a man's interest in his labour—perfect and permanent, and you do the best to ensure his industry and wisdom as a labourer.* That is, *make him proprietor of the land he tills.*

The influence of the possession of a small estate on the family affections, on hardihood, on morals, on patriotism, are greater still ; and the virtue and valour, the faith to God, and faith to country of the regions of Europe are found age after age when hunted from aristocratic empires, to have taken refuge among the small proprietors in small states, in Switzerland, in Lombardy, in Dalecarlia, in Biscay. But these ennobling effects of such a system are undisputed, the economical benefits have been questioned, and therefore we have dwelt most on them.

We have thus far explained our subject—we have followed property till it rose into udalism, and further followed it till it sunk into feudality. We have shown how undesirable and impracticable are the plans for Anglicising us (as if forsooth we had nor nature nor destiny of our own). Less minutely, but enough to justify our conclusions to thoughtful and observing men, we have contrasted the effects of wage-labour on the goodness and riches of man with the labour of him who tills his own little estate, and we have drawn a singular contrast between tenancy and proprietorship (*i.e.*, feudalism and udalism).

Thus much of preface we thought needful, but whether needed or not it has exhausted our space, and we must postpone till next month those facts on Norway, the importance of rightly valuing, which has led us into this long discourse.

PART II.

[The second paper consists almost entirely of extracts, chiefly from Mr. Samuel Laing's valuable work, *Journal of a Residence in Norway* (London, 1836), and from authorities on the condition of the Irish peasantry. The prosperity of Norway and the unhappiness of Ireland, and the apparent causes of the vast difference in well-being which exists between these two agricultural countries, are now so generally known and understood that it is needless to reprint here the mass of evidence with which Davis supported his views of Udalism and Feudalism. He closes his discussion of the subject with the following words—]

LET us ask our readers whether any of the plans for improving Ireland, with which their ears have been ringing in these latter times, can for a moment compare with udalism? Will the peddling emigration, will the quackery of railroads and public works, will the cruel and chimerical "assimilation to England," will poor rates and work-houses, will the romance of reclaimed landlords, or will savage attempts at "consolidation of farms" compare with udalism? Nay, take all these plans, combine them, twist them as you like, do your best with them, and say could they by possibility produce anything equal to udalism?

What are the evils under which our peasantry labour? Poverty. Give them land of their own to work on, they will then have motives to labour, and will soon cease to be poor. What else? Improvidence and recklessness. Give them the education which the possession of property gives, and they will grow prudent and economical. What else? They are subjects to an alien aristocracy, who have the administration of justice, local taxation and expenditure, and control over the representation in their hands. Make the mass of landlords proprietors

instead of dependants, and the aristocracy will crumble in the presence of the people.

Quacks will talk about the law of gavelkind causing excessive subdivision of land. Whenever you hear one talk thus, ask him, reader, whether he can point out a single instance of it, and then tell him that gavelkind is the law of human nature, that it was the universal law of mankind, and that primogeniture was a garrison order of conquerors; tell him that when subdivision becomes too great on any farm, some of the children will sell their shares; and finally, point to Norway, and say that there is an experiment of a thousand years of this gavelkind, and yet the Norwegian properties support the owners in greater comfort than any other people on earth.

We must unwillingly close this subject for the present. We have omitted much in our quotations from Mr. Laing, which would have interested those for whom we write, and we recommend them to read the book itself.

Those whom the people trust must cease to trifle with romantic schemes, and apply themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the work of emancipating the peasantry. While the people remain feudal serfs they will be trampled beggars. Free the peasantry from the aristocracy. All else is vanity and vexation of spirit.

We do not venture to point out the means whereby this great salvation is to be worked out; but we must say this much, that we think the devices of a subtle policy will delay success. Also the adoption of any particular plan for Irish tenures we think mischievous, because premature. Some would postpone this tenure question to the hope of nationality. So would not we. So should no man, for tenure is a question of life or death with the people. Yet it is equally far from us to counsel the postponement of the national question to it; for though, were that hope realised, it would not (being political) cure the ills of tenure, which are social; yet inasmuch as the Irish landlords, if left alone, could not resist the popular demand for udal tenures, and while supported by a foreign army, will never yield to that demand, it may not be unwise to regard this

political change as a good means to that social end. Some men may think that agitated alone the demand for proprietorship would end in some paltry and unprincipled compromise, but that if kept as an ulterior result of nationality, and agitated as one of its blessings, it will be won by the same effort—or failing, we shall keep our principles whole, and our rights uncovenanted, till all-redressing time gives us opportunities.

At all events, let the question be spoken of, written of, taught, preached, agitated, in fairs and markets, in church and by the fireside, in festivity and business (for it is a solemn subject, and worthy to engross us), and then, when the nation's heart is full of godlike resolve, it will tell out in accents not to be mistaken, the means and the end, the will and the power, and the chains will fall from it. Of this we are sure, that unless they are fools or cowards, eight millions will not wish in vain.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

ANCIENT IRELAND.

THERE was once civilisation in Ireland. We never were very eminent, to be sure, for manufactures in metal, our houses were simple, our very palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilised. Strange thing ! says some one whose ideas of civilisation are identical with carpets and cut-glass, fine masonry, and the steam engine ; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honoured by the poor, and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the Continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the Pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Without going into the disputed question of whether the Irish church was or was not independent of Rome, it is certain that Italy did not send out more apostles from the fifth to the ninth centuries than Ireland, and we find their names and achievements remembered through the Continent.

Of two names which Hallam thinks worth rescuing from the darkness of the dark ages, one is the Irish metaphysician, John

Erigena. In a recent communication to the "Association" we had Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of old Ireland. These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, history, and romance. They *cannot all be worthless*; yet, except the few volumes given us by the Archæological Society, which of their works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws with extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the gavelkind once prevalent over most of the world. The land belonged to the clan, and on the death of a clansman his share was re-apportioned according to the number and wants of his family. The system of erics or fines for offences has existed amongst every people from the Hebrews downwards, nor can any one, knowing the multitude of crimes now punishable by fines or damages, think the people of this empire justified in calling the ancient Irish barbarous because they extended the system. There is in these laws, so far as they are known, minuteness and equity; and what is a better test of their goodness we learn from Sir John Davies himself, and from the still abler Baron Finglass, that the people revered, obeyed, and clung to these laws, though to decide by or obey them was a high crime by England's code. Moreover the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravansarais were built for travellers in every district, and we have what would almost be legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked; nor was it quite rude. Ceremony was united with great freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and

virtue were respected, and these men, whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards who sang poetry as gallant and fiery, though not so grand, as the Homeric ballad-singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilised because mechanical arts were rude and "comfort" despised by them?

Scattered through the country in MS. are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds and manners and poetry of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. Their music lives in the traditional airs of every valley.

Yet *mechanical civilisation*, more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them, and therefore it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past.

It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbours, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least morsel of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in Dublin to pay for it or accept it.

Before the year is out we hope to see A SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF IRISH MUSIC established in Dublin, under the joint patronage of the leading men of all politics, with branches in the provincial towns for the collection and diffusion of Irish airs.

An effort—a great and decided one—must be made to have the Irish Academy so endowed out of the revenues of Ireland that it may be A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF IRISH HISTORY AND

LITERATURE AND A MUSEUM OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES on the largest scale. In fact, the Academy should be a secular Irish College, with professors of our old language, literature, history, antiquities, and topography; with suitable schools, lecture-rooms, and museums.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF IRELAND.

WE were a little struck the other day in taking up a new book by Merimée to see after his name the title of "Inspector-General of the Historical Monuments of France." So then France, with the feeding, clothing, protecting, and humouring of thirty-six million people to attend to, has leisure to employ a Board and Inspector, and money to pay them for looking after the Historical Monuments of France, lest the Bayeux tapestry, which chronicles the conquest of England, or the Amphitheatre of Nimes, which marks the sojourn of the Romans, suffer any detriment.

And has Ireland no monuments of her history to guard ; has she no tables of stone, no pictures, no temples, no weapons ? Are there no Brehon's chairs on her hills to tell more clearly than Vallancey or Davies how justice was administered here ? Do not you meet the Druid's altar and the Gueber's tower in every barony almost, and the Ogham stones in many a sequestered spot, and shall we spend time and money to see, to guard, or to decipher Indian topes, and Tuscan graves, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, and shall every nation in Europe shelter and study the remains of what it once was, even as one guards the tomb of a parent, and shall Ireland let all go to ruin ?

We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmonds, and corn threshed on the floor of abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Aileach.

Daily are more and more of our crosses broken, of our tombs effaced, of our abbeys shattered, of our castles torn down, of our cairns sacrilegiously pierced, of our urns broken up, and of our coins melted down. All classes, creeds, and politics are to

blame in this. The peasant lugs down a pillar for his sty, the farmer for his gate, the priest for his chapel, the minister for his glebe. A mill-stream runs through Lord Moore's Castle,¹ and the Commissioners of Galway have shaken, and threatened to remove, the Warden's house—that fine stone chronicle of Galway heroism.

How our children will despise us all for this! Why shall we seek for histories, why make museums, why study the manners of the dead, when we foully neglect or barbarously spoil their homes, their castles, their temples, their colleges, their courts, their graves? He who tramples on the past does not create for the future. The same ignorant and vagabond spirit which made him a destructive, prohibits him from creating for posterity.

Does not a man, by examining a few castles and arms, know more of the peaceful and warrior life of the dead nobles and gentry of our island than from a library of books; and yet a man is stamped as unlettered and rude if he does not know and value such knowledge. Ware's *Antiquities*, and Archdall, speak not half so clearly the taste, the habits, the everyday customs of the monks, as Adare Monastery,² for the fine preservation of which we owe so much to Lord Dunraven.

The state of civilisation among our Scotie or Milesian, or Norman, or Danish sires, is better seen from the Museum of the Irish Academy, and from a few raths, keeps, and old coast towns, than from all the prints and historical novels we have. An old castle in Kilkenny, a house in Galway give us a peep at the arts, the intercourse, the creed, the indoor, and some of the outdoor ways of the gentry of the one, and of the merchants of the other, clearer than Scott could, were he to write, or Cattermole were he to paint for forty years.

We cannot expect Government to do anything so honourable and liberal as to imitate the example of France, and pay men to describe and save these remains of dead ages. But we do ask it of the Clergy, Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenting, if they

¹ Mellifont, founded in 1142 by O'Carroll, King of Oriel.—C.P.M.

² See *Irish Franciscan Monasteries*, by C.P.M., C.C.

would secure the character of men of education and taste—we call upon the gentry, if they have any pride of blood, and on the people, if they reverence Old Ireland, to spare and guard every remnant of antiquity. We ask them to find other quarries than churches, abbeys, castles, and cairns—to bring rusted arms to a collector, and coins to a museum, and not to iron or gold smiths, and to take care that others do the like. We talk much of Old Ireland, and plunder and ruin all that remains of it—we neglect its language, fiddle with its ruins, and spoil its monuments.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

THERE is on the north (the left) bank of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, a pile compared to which, in age, the Oldbridge obelisk is a thing of yesterday, and compared to which, in lasting interest, the Cathedrals of Dublin would be trivial. It is the Temple of Grange. History is too young to have noted its origin—Archæology knows not its time. It is a legacy from a forgotten ancestor, to prove that he too had art and religion. It may have marked the tomb of a hero who freed, or an invader who subdued—a Brian or a Strongbow. But whether or not a hero's or a saint's bones consecrated it at first, this is plain—it is a temple of nigh two thousand years, perfect as when the last Pagan sacrificed within it.

It is a thing to be proud of, as a proof of Ireland's antiquity, to be guarded as an illustration of her early creed and arts. It is one of a thousand muniments of our old nationality which a national government would keep safe.

What, then, will be the reader's surprise and anger to hear that some people having legal power or corrupt influence in Meath are getting, or have got, *a presentment for a road to run right through the Temple of Grange!*

We do not know their names, nor, if the design be at once given up, as in deference to public opinion it must finally be, shall we take the trouble to find them out. But if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilisation, then we frankly say if the law will not reach them public opinion shall, and they shall bitterly repent the desecration. These men who design, and those who consent to the act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but beyond a doubt they are tasteless blockheads—

poor devils without reverence or education—men who, as Wordsworth says—

“ Would peep and botanise
Upon their mothers’ graves.”

All over Europe the governments, the aristocracies, and the people have been combining to discover, gain, and guard every monument of what their dead countrymen had done or been. France has a permanent commission charged to watch over her antiquities. She annually spends more in publishing books, maps, and models, in filling her museums and shielding her monuments from the iron clutch of time, than all the roads in Leinster cost. It is only on time she needs to keep watch. A French peasant would blush to meet his neighbour had he levelled a Gaulish tomb, crammed the fair moulding of an abbey into his wall, or sold to a crucible the coins which tell that a Julius, a Charlemagne, or a Philip Augustus swayed his native land. And so it is everywhere. Republican Switzerland, despotic Austria, Prussia, and Norway, Bavaria, and Greece are all equally precious of everything that exhibits the architecture, sculpture, rites, dress, or manners of their ancestors—nay, each little commune would guard with arms these local proofs that they were not men of yesterday. And why should not Ireland be as precious of its ruins, its manuscripts, its antique vases, coins, and ornaments, as these French and German men—nay, as the English, for they too do not grudge princely grants to their museums and restoration funds.

This island has been for centuries either in part or altogether a province. Now and then above the mist we see the whirl of Sarsfield’s sword, the red battle-hand of O’Neill, and the points of O’Connor’s spears ; but ’tis a view through eight hundred years to recognise the Sunburst on a field of liberating victory. Reckoning back from Clontarf, our history grows ennobled (like that of a decayed house), and we see Lismore and Armagh centres of European learning ; we see our missionaries seizing and taming the conquerors of Europe, and, farther still, rises

the wizard pomp of Eman and Tara—the palace of the Irish Pentarchy. And are we the people to whom the English (whose fathers were painted savages, when Tyre and Sidon traded with this land) can address reproaches for our rudeness and irreverence? So it seems. The *Athenæum* says—

“It is much to be regretted that the society lately established in England, having for its object the preservation of British antiquities, did not extend its design over those of the sister island, which are daily becoming fewer and fewer in number. That the gold ornaments which are so frequently found in various parts of Ireland should be melted down for the sake of the very pure gold of which they are composed, is scarcely surprising; but that carved stones and even immense druidical remains should be destroyed is, indeed, greatly to be lamented. At one of the late meetings of the Royal Irish Academy a communication was made of the intention of the proprietor of the estate at New Grange to destroy that most gigantic relic of druidical times, which has justly been termed the Irish pyramid, merely because its vast size ‘cumbereth the ground.’ At Mellifont¹ a modern corn-mill of large size has been built out of the stones of the beautiful monastic buildings, some of which still adorn that charming spot. At Monasterboice, the churchyard of which contains one of the finest of the round towers, are the ruins of two of the little ancient stone Irish churches, and three most elaborately carved stone crosses, eighteen or twenty feet high. The churchyard itself is overrun with weeds, the sanctity of the place being its only safeguard. At Clonmacnoise, where, some forty years ago, several hundred inscriptions in the ancient Irish character were to be seen upon the gravestones, scarcely a dozen (and they the least interesting) are now to be found—the large flat stones on which they were carved forming excellent slabs for doorways, the copings of walls, etc. ! It was the discovery of some of these carved stones in such a situation which had the effect of directing the attention of Mr. Petrie (then an artist in search of the picturesque, but now one of the most enlightened and conscientious of the Irish antiquaries) to the study of antiquities; and it is upon the careful series of drawings made by him that future antiquarians must rely for very much of ancient architectural detail now destroyed. As to

¹ See Note, p. 81.

Glendalough, it is so much a holiday place for the Dubliners that it is no wonder everything portable has disappeared. Two or three of the seven churches are levelled to the ground—all the characteristic carvings described by Ledwich, and which were '*quite unique in Ireland*,' are gone. Some were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of Derrybawn-bridge. Part of the churchyard has been cleared of its gravestones, and forms a famous place, where the villagers play at ball against the old walls of the church. The little church, called 'St. Kevin's Kitchen,' is given up to the sheep, and the font lies in one corner, and is used for the vilest purposes. The abbey church is choked up with trees and brambles, and being a little out of the way a very few of the carved stones still remain there, two of the most interesting of which I found used as coping-stones to the wall which surrounds it. The connection between the ancient churches of Ireland and the North of England renders the preservation of the Irish antiquities especially interesting to the English antiquarian; and it is with the hope of drawing attention to the destruction of those ancient Irish monuments that I have written these few lines. The Irish themselves are, unfortunately, so engrossed with political and religious controversies, that it can scarcely be hoped that single-handed they will be roused to the rescue even of these evidences of their former national greatness. Besides, a great obstacle exists against any interference with the religious antiquities of the country, from the strong feelings entertained by the people on the subject, although *practically*, as we have seen, of so little weight. Let us hope that the public attention directed to these objects will have a beneficial result and ensure a greater share of 'justice to Ireland;' for will it be believed that the only establishment in Ireland for the propagation and diffusion of scientific and antiquarian knowledge—the Royal Irish Academy—receives annually the munificent sum of £300 from the Government! And yet, notwithstanding this pittance, the members of that society have made a step in the right direction by the purchase of the late Dean of St. Patrick's Irish Archæological Collection, of which a fine series of drawings is now being made at the expense of the academy, and of which they would, doubtless, allow copies to be made, so as to obtain a return of a portion of the expense to which they are now subjected. Small, moreover, as the collection is, it forms a striking contrast with our own *National* Museum, which, rich in foreign antiquities, is almost without a single object of native

archæological interest, if we except the series of English and Anglo-Saxon coins and MSS."

The Catholic clergy were long and naturally the guardians of our antiquities, and many of their archæological works testify their prodigious learning. Of late, too, the honourable and wise reverence brought back to England has reached the Irish Protestant clergy, and they no longer make antiquity a reproach, or make the maxims of the iconoclast part of their creed.

Is it extravagant to speculate on the possibility of the Episcopalian, Catholic, and Presbyterian clergy joining in an Antiquarian Society to preserve our ecclesiastical remains—our churches, our abbeys, our crosses, and our fathers' tombs, from fellows like the Meath road-makers? It would be a politic and a noble emulation of the sects, restoring the temples wherein their sires worshipped for their children to pray in. There's hardly a barony wherein we could not find an old parish or abbey church, capable of being restored to its former beauty and convenience at a less expense than some beastly barn is run up, as if to prove and confirm the fact that we have little art, learning, or imagination.

Nor do we see why some of these hundreds of half-spoiled buildings might not be used for civil purposes—as almshouses, schools, lecture-rooms, town-halls. It would always add another grace to an institution to have its home venerable with age and restored to beauty. We have seen men of all creeds join the Archæological Society to preserve and revive our ancient literature. Why may we not see, even without waiting for the aid of an Irish Parliament, an Antiquarian Society, equally embracing the chief civilians and divines, and charging itself with the duties performed in France by the Commission of Antiquities and Monuments?

The Irish antiquarians of the last century did much good. They called attention to the history and manners of our predecessors which we had forgotten. They gave a pedigree to nationhood, and created a faith that Ireland could and should

be great again by magnifying what she had been. They excited the noblest passions—veneration, love of glory, beauty, and virtue. They awoke men's fancy by their gorgeous pictures of the past, and imagination strove to surpass them by its creations. They believed what they wrote, and thus their wildest stories sank into men's minds. To the exertions of Walker, O'Halloran, Vallancey, and a few other Irish academicians in the last century, we owe almost all the Irish knowledge possessed by our upper classes till very lately. It was small, but it was enough to give a dreamy renown to ancient Ireland; and if it did nothing else it smoothed the reception of Bunting's music, and identified Moore's poetry with his native country.

While, therefore, we at once concede that Vallancey was a bad scholar, O'Halloran a credulous historian, and Walker a shallow antiquarian, we claim for them gratitude and attachment, and protest, once for all, against the indiscriminate abuse of them now going in our educated circles.

But no one should lie down under the belief that these were the deep and exact men their contemporaries thought them. They were not patient nor laborious. They were very graceful, very fanciful, and often very wrong in their statements and their guesses. How often they avoided painful research by gay guessing we are only now learning. O'Halloran and Keatinge have told us bardic romances with the same tone as true chronicles. Vallancey twisted language, towers, and traditions into his wicker-work theory of Pagan Ireland; and Walker built great facts and great blunders, granite blocks and rotten wood, into his antiquarian edifices. One of the commonest errors, attributing immense antiquity, oriental origin, and everything noble in Ireland to the Milesians, originated with these men; or, rather, was transferred from the adulatory songs of clan-bards to grave stories. Now, it is quite certain that several races flourished here before the Milesians, and that every thing oriental, and much that was famous in Ireland, belonged to some of these elder races, and not to the Scoti or Milesians.

Premising this much of warning and defence as to the men who first made anything of ancient Ireland known to the mixed nation of modern Ireland, we turn with pure pleasure to their successors, the antiquarians and historians of our own time.

We liked for awhile bounding from tussuck to tussuck, or resting on a green esker in the domain of the old academicians of Grattan's time ; but 'tis pleasanter, after all, to tread the firm ground of our own archæologists.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.¹

ACCUSTOMED from boyhood to regard these towers as revelations of a gorgeous but otherwise undefined antiquity—dazzled by oriental analogies—finding a refuge in their primeval greatness from the meanness or the misfortunes of our middle ages, we clung to the belief of their Pagan origin.

In fancy we had seen the white-robed Druid tend the holy fire in their lower chambers—had measured with the Tyrian-taught astronomer the length of their shadows—and had almost knelt to the elemental worship with nobles whose robes had the dye of the Levant, and sailors whose cheeks were brown with an Egyptian sun, and soldiers whose bronze arms clashed as the trumpets from the tower-top said that the sun had risen. What wonder that we had resented the attempt to cure us of so sweet a frenzy?

We plead guilty to having opened Mr. Petrie's work strongly bigoted against his conclusion.

On the other hand, we could not forget the authority of the book. Its author we knew was familiar beyond almost any other with the country—had not left one glen unsearched, not one island untrod; had brought with him the information of a life of antiquarian study, a graceful and exact pencil, and feelings equally national and lofty. We knew also that he had the aid of the best Celtic scholars alive in the progress of his work. The long time taken in its preparation ensured maturity; and the honest men who had criticised it, and the adventurers who had stolen from it enough to make false reputations, equally testified to its merits.

¹ *The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. xx. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, Grafton Street.

Yet, we repeat, we jealously watched for flaws in Mr. Petrie's reasoning ; exulted, as he set down the extracts from his opponents, in the hope that he would fail in answering them, and at last surrendered with a sullen despair.

Looking now more calmly at the discussion, we are grateful to Mr. Petrie for having driven away an idle fancy. In its stead he has given us new and unlooked-for trophies, and more solid information on Irish antiquities than any of his predecessors. We may be well content to hand over the Round Towers to Christians of the sixth or the tenth century when we find that these Christians were really eminent in knowledge as well as piety, had arched churches by the side of these *campanilia*, gave an alphabet to the Saxons, and hospitality and learning to the students of all western Europe—and the more readily, as we got in exchange *proofs* of a Pagan race having a Pelasgic architecture, and the arms and ornaments of a powerful and cultivated people.

The volume before us contains two parts of Mr. Petrie's essay. The first part is an examination of the false theories of the origin of these towers. The second is an account not only of what he thinks their real origin, but of every kind of early ecclesiastical structure in Ireland. The third part will contain a historical and descriptive account of every ecclesiastical building in Ireland of a date prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion of which remains now exist. The work is crowded with illustrations drawn with wonderful accuracy, and engraved in a style which proves that Mr. O'Hanlon, the engraver, has become so proficient as hardly to have a superior in wood-cutting.

We shall for the present limit ourselves to the first part of the work on the

“ERRONEOUS THEORIES WITH RESPECT TO THE ORIGIN
AND USES OF THE ROUND TOWERS,”

The first refutation is of the

"THEORY OF THE DANISH ORIGIN OF THE TOWERS."

John Lynch, in his *Cambrensis Eversus*, says that the Danes are reported (*dicuntur*) to have first erected the Round Towers as *watch-towers*, but that the Christian Irish changed them into *clock* or bell-towers. Peter Walsh¹ repeated and exaggerated the statement; and Ledwich, the West British antiquary of last century, combined it with lies enough to settle his character, though not that of the towers. The only person, at once explicit and honest, who supported this Danish theory was Dr. Molyneux. His arguments are, that all stone buildings, and indeed all evidences of mechanical civilisation, in Ireland were Danish; that some traditions attributed the Round Towers to them; that they had fit models in the monuments of their own country; and that the word by which he says the native Irish call them, viz., "Clogachd," comes from the Teutonic root, *clugga*, a bell. These arguments are easily answered.

The Danes, so far from introducing stone architecture, found it flourishing in Ireland, and burned and ruined our finest buildings, and destroyed mechanical and every kind of civilisation wherever their ravages extended—doing thus in Ireland precisely as they did in France and England, as all annals (their own included) testify. Tradition does not describe the towers as Danish watch-towers, but as Christian belfries. The upright stones and the little barrows, not twelve feet high, of Denmark, could neither give models nor skill to the Danes. They had much ampler possession of England and Scotland, and permanent possession of Normandy, but never a Round Tower did they erect there; and, finally, the native Irish name for a Round Tower is *cloic-theach*, from *teach*, a house, and *cloc*, the Irish word used for a bell in Irish works before "the Germans or Saxons had churches or bells," and before the Danes had ever sent a war-ship into our seas.

¹ A turbulent and learned Franciscan friar who figured in the Confederation of Kilkenny.—C.P.M.

We pass readily from this ridiculous hypothesis with the remark that the gossip which attributes to the Danes our lofty monumental pyramids and cairns, our Druid altars, our dry stone caisils or keeps, and our raths or fortified enclosures for the homes or cattle of our chiefs, is equally and utterly unfounded; and is partly to be accounted for from the name of power and terror which these barbarians left behind, and partly from ignorant persons confounding them with the most illustrious and civilised of the Irish races—the Danaans.

THEORY OF THE EASTERN ORIGIN OF THE ROUND TOWERS.

Among the middle and upper classes in Ireland the Round Towers are regarded as one of the results of an intimate connection between Ireland and the East, and are spoken of as either—1, Fire Temples; 2, Stations from whence Druid festivals were announced; 3, Sun-dials (gnomons) and astronomical observatories; 4, Buddhist or Phallic temples, or two or more of these uses are attributed to them at the same time. ✓

Mr. Petrie states that the theory of the Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin of these towers was stated for the first time so recently as 1772 by General Vallancey, in his “Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language,” and was re-asserted by him in many different and contradictory forms in his *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, published at intervals in the following years.

It may be well to premise who

GENERAL CHARLES VALLANCEY

was. His family were from Berry, in France; their name Le Brun, called De Valencia, from their estate of that name. General Vallancey was born in Flanders, but was educated at Eton College. When a captain in the 12th Royal Infantry he was attached to the engineer department in Ireland, published a book on Field Engineering in 1756, and commenced a survey

of Ireland. During this he picked up something of the Irish language, and is said to have studied it under Morris O'Gorman, clerk of Mary's Lane Chapel. He died in his house, Lower Mount Street, 18th August 1812, aged 82 years.

His *Collectanea*, and his discourses in the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was an original member, spread far and wide his oriental theories. He was an amiable and plausible man, but of little learning, little industry, great boldness, and no scruples; and while he certainly stimulated men's feelings towards Irish antiquities, he has left us a reproducing swarm of falsehood, of which Mr. Petrie has happily begun the destruction. Perhaps nothing gave Vallancey's follies more popularity than the opposition of the Rev. Edward Ledwich, whose *Antiquities of Ireland* is a mass of falsehoods, disparaging to the people and the country.

FIRE TEMPLES.

Vallancey's first analogy is plausible. The Irish Druids honoured the elements and kept up sacred fires, and at a particular day in the year all the fires in the kingdom were put out, and had to be re-lighted from the Arch-Druid's fire. A similar creed and custom existed among the Parsees or Guebres of Persia, and he takes the resemblance to prove connection and identity of creed and civilisation. From this he immediately concludes the Round Towers to be Fire Temples. Now there is no evidence that the Irish Pagans had sacred fires, except in open spaces (on the hill-tops), and therefore none of course that they had them in towers round or square; but Vallancey falls back on the *alleged existence of Round Towers in the East similar to ours, and on etymology*.

Here is a specimen of his etymologies. The Hebrew word *gadul* signifies *great*, and thence a tower; the Irish name for a round tower, *cloghad*, is from this *gadul* or *gad* and *clogh*, a *stone*: and the Druids called every place of worship *cloghad*. To which it is answered—*gadul* is not *gad*—*clogh*, a *stone*, is

not *clock*, a *bell*. The Irish word for a Round Tower is *cloch-thach*, or bell-house, and there is no proof that the Druids called *any* place of worship *cloghad*.

Vallancey's guesses are numerous, and nearly all childish, and we shall quote some finishing specimens, with Mr. Petrie's answers—

“This is another characteristic example of Vallancey's mode of quoting authorities: he first makes O'Brien say that *Cuilceach* becomes corruptly *Claiceach*, and then that the word *seems* to be corrupted *Clog-theach*. But O'Brien does not say that *Cuilceach* is corruptly *Claiceach*, nor has he the word *Culkak* or *Claiceach* in his book; neither does he say that *Cuilceach* *seems* to be a corruption of *Clog-theach*, but states positively that it is so. The following are the passages which Vallancey has so misquoted and garbled—

“‘CUILCEACH, a steeple, cuilceach, Cluan-umba, Cloyne steeple—this word *is* a corruption of Clog-theach.

“‘CLOIG-THEACH, a steeple, a belfry; *corruptè* Cuilg-theach.’

“Our author next tells us that another name for the Round Towers is *Sibheit*, *Sithbeit*, and *Sithbein*, and for this he refers us to O'Brien's and Shaw's Lexicons; but this quotation is equally false with those I have already exposed, for the words *Sibheit* and *Sithbeit* are not to be found in either of the works referred to. The word *Sithbhe* is indeed given in both Lexicons, but explained a city, not a round tower. The word *Sithbhein* is also given in both, but explained a fort, a turret, and the real meaning of the word as still understood in many parts of Ireland is a fairy-hill, or hill of the fairies, and is applied to a green round hill crowned by a small sepulchral mound.

“He next tells us that *Caiceach*, the last name he finds for the Round Towers, is supposed by the Glossarists to be compounded of *cai*, a house, and *teach*, a house, an explanation which, he playfully adds, is tautology with a witness. But where did he find authority for the word *Caiceach*? I answer, nowhere; and the tautology he speaks of was either a creation or a blunder of his own. It is evident to me that the Glossarist to whom he refers is no other than his favourite Cormac; but the latter makes no such blunder, as will appear from the passage which our author obviously refers to—

“‘*Cai i. teach unde dicitur ceard cha i. teach cearda; craes cha i. teach cumang.*’

“ ‘*Cai*, *i.e.*, a house; *unde dicitur ceard-cha*, *i.e.*, the house of the artificer; *creas-cha*, *i.e.*, a narrow house.’ ”

The reader has probably now had enough of Vallancey's etymology, but it is right to add that Mr. Petrie goes through every hint of such proof given by the General, and disposes of them with greater facility.

The next person disposed of is Mr. Beauford, who derives the name of our Round Towers from *Tlacht*—*earth*, asserts that the foundations of temples for Vestal fire exist in Rath-na-Emhain, and other places (poor devil !)—that the Persian Magi overran the world in the time of the great Constantine, introducing Round Towers in place of the Vestal mounds into Ireland, combining their fire-worship with our Druidism—and that the present towers were built in imitation of the Magian Towers. This is all, as Mr. Petrie says, pure fallacy, without a particle of authority; but we should think “*twelfth*” is a misprint for “*seventh*” in the early part of Beauford's passage, and therefore that the last clause of Mr. Petrie's censure is undeserved.

This Beauford is not to be confounded with Miss Beaufort. She too paganises the towers by aggravating some misstatements of Mason's *Parochial Survey*; but her errors are not worth notice, except the assertion that the Psalters of Tara and Cashel allege that the towers were for keeping the sacred fire. These Psalters are believed to have perished, and any mention of sacred fires in the glossary of Cormac M'Cullenan, the supposed compiler of the Psalter of Cashel, is adverse to their being in towers. He says—

“*Belltane*, *i.e.* *bil tene*, *i.e.* *tene bil*, *i.e.* the goodly fire, *i.e.* two goodly fires, which the Druids were used to make, with great incantations on them, and they used to bring the cattle between them against the diseases of each year.”

Another MS. says—

“*Beltaine*, *i.e.*, *Bel-dine*: *Bel* was the name of an idol; it was on it (*i.e.*, the festival) that a couple of the young of every cattle were exhibited

as in the possession of *Bel*; unde *Beldine*. Or, *Beltine*, *i.e.*, *Bil-tine*, *i.e.*, the goodly fire, *i.e.*, two goodly fires, which the Druids were used to make with great incantations, and they were used to drive the cattle between them against the diseases of each year."

Mr. Petrie continues—

"It may be remarked that remnants of this ancient custom, in perhaps a modified form, still exist in the May-fires lighted in the streets and suburbs of Dublin, and also in the fires lighted on St. John's Eve in all other parts of Ireland. The *Tinne Eigin* of the Highlands, of which Dr. Martin gives the following account, is probably a remnant of it also, but there is no instance of such fires being lighted in towers or houses of any description—

"The inhabitants here (Isle of Skye) did also make use of a fire call'd *Tin-Egin* (*i.e.*), a forced Fire, or Fire of necessity, which they used as an Antidote against the *Plague* or *Murrain* in cattle; and it was performed thus: All the Fires in the Parish were extinguish'd, and eighty-one marry'd Men, being thought the necessary number for effecting this Design, took two great Planks of Wood, and nine of 'em were employed by turns, who by their repeated Efforts rubb'd one of the Planks against the other until the Heat thereof produced Fire; and from this forc'd Fire each Family is supplied with new Fire, which is no sooner kindled than a Pot full of water is quickly set on it, and afterwards sprinkled upon the People infected with the Plague, or upon cattle that have the Murrain. And this, they all say, they find successful by experience.' —*Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* (second edition), p. 113.

"As authority for Miss Beaufort's second assertion, relative to the Tower of Thlachtga, etc., we are referred to the *Psalter of Tara*, by Comerford (p. 41), cited in the *Parochial Survey* (vol. iii. p. 320); and certainly in the latter work we do find a passage in nearly the same words which Miss Beaufort uses. But if the lady had herself referred to Comerford's little work, she would have discovered that the author of the article in the *Parochial Survey* had in reality no authority for his assertions, and had attempted a gross imposition on the credulity of his readers."

Mr. D'Alton relies much on a passage in *Cambrensis*, wherein he says that the fishermen on Lough Neagh (a lake certainly

formed by an inundation in the first century, A.D. 62) point to such towers under the lake; but this only shows they were considered old in Cambrensis's time (King John's), for Cambrensis calls them *turres ecclesiasticas* (a Christian appellation); and the fishermen of every lake have such idle traditions from the tall objects they are familiar with; and the steeples of Antrim, etc., were handy to the Loch n-Eathac men.

One of the authorities quoted by all the Paganists is from the *Ulster Annals* at the year 448. It is—"Kl. Jenair. Anno Domini cccc.xl^o.viii^o. ingenti terræ motu per loca varia imminente, plurimi urbis auguste muri recenti adhuc reædificatione constructi, cum l.vii. turribus conruerunt." This was made to mean that part of the wall of Armagh, with fifty-seven Round Towers, fell in an earthquake in 448, whereas the passage turns out to be a quotation from "Marcellinus"¹ of the fall of part of the defences of Constantinople—"Urbis Augustæ!"

References to towers in Irish annals are quoted by Mr. D'Alton; but they turn out to be written about the Cyclopean Forts, or low stone raths, such as we find at Aileach, etc.

CELESTIAL INDEXES.

Dr. Charles O'Connor, of Stowe, is the chief supporter of the astronomical theory. One of his arguments is founded on the mistaken reading of the word "*turaghun*" (which he derives from *tur*, a tower, and *aghan*, or *adhan*, the kindling of flame), instead of "*truaghan*," an ascetic. The only other authority of his which we have not noticed is the passage in the *Ulster Annals*, at the year 995, in which it is said that certain Fidhne-mead were burned by lightning at Armagh. He translates the word celestial indexes, and paraphrases it Round Towers, and all because *fiadh* means witness, and *neimhedh*, heavenly or sacred, the real meaning being holy wood, or wood of the sanctuary, from *fidh*, a wood, and *neimhedh*, holy, as is proved by a pile of *exact* authorities.

¹ Author of the *Life of Thucydides*.—C. P. M.

Dr. Lanigan, in his ecclesiastical history, and Moore, in his general history, repeat the arguments which we have mentioned. They also bring objections against the alleged Christian origin, which we hold over; but it is plain that nothing prevailed more with them than the alleged resemblance of these towers to certain oriental buildings. Assuredly if there were a close likeness between the Irish Round Towers and oriental fire temples of proved antiquity, it would be an argument for identity of use; and though direct testimony from our annals would come in and show that the present towers were built as Christian belfries from the sixth to the tenth centuries, the resemblance would at least indicate that the belfries had been built after the model of Pagan fire towers previously existing here. But “rotundos of above thirty feet in diameter” in Persia, Turkish minarets of the tenth or fourteenth centuries, and undated turrets in India, which Lord Valentia thought like our Round Towers, give no *such* resemblance. We shall look anxiously for exact measurements and datas of oriental buildings resembling Round Towers, and weigh the evidence which may be offered to show that there were any Pagan models for the latter in Ireland or in Asia.

Mr. Windele, of Cork, besides using all the previously-mentioned arguments for the Paganism of these towers, finds another in the supposed resemblance to THE NURRAGGIS OF SARDINIA, which are tombs or temples formed in that island, and attributed to the Phœnicians. But, alas for the theory, they have turned out to be “as broad as they’re long.” A square building, 57 feet in each side, with bee-hive towers at each angle, and a centre bee-hive tower reaching to 45 or 65 feet high, with stone stairs, is sadly unlike a Round Tower!

The most recent theory is that the Round Towers are

HERO-MONUMENTS.

Mr. Windele and the South Munster Antiquarian Society started this, Sir William Betham sanctioned it, and several rash gentlemen dug under towers to prove it. At Cashel,

Kinsale, etc., they satisfied themselves that there were no sepulchres or bones ever under the towers, but in some other places they took the rubbish bones casually thrown into the towers, and in two cases the chance underlying of ancient burying-grounds, as proofs of this notion. But Mr. Petrie settles for this idea by showing that there is no such use of the Round Towers mentioned in our annals, and also by the following most interesting account of the cemeteries and monuments of all the races of Pagan Irish :—

HISTORY OF THE CEMETERIES.

“A great king of great judgments assumed the sovereignty of Erin, *i.e.*, Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn, of the Hundred Battles. Erin was prosperous in his time, because just judgments were distributed throughout it by him ; so that no one durst attempt to wound a man in Erin during the short jubilee of seven years ; for Cormac had the faith of the one true God, according to the law ; for he said that he would not adore stones, or trees, but that he would adore Him who had made them, and who had power over all the elements, *i.e.*, the one powerful God who created the elements ; in Him he would believe. And he was the third person who had believed in Erin before the arrival of St. Patrick. Conchobor Mac Nessa, to whom Altus had told concerning the crucifixion of Christ, *was the first* ; Morann, the son of Cairbre Cinncait (who was surnamed Mac Main), was the second person ; and Cormac was the third ; and it is probable that others followed on their track in this belief.

“Where Cormac held his court was at Tara, in imitation of the kings who preceded him, until his eye was destroyed by Engus Gaibhualph-nech, the son of Eochaidh Finn Futhairt : but afterwards he resided at Acaill (the hill on which Scrin Colaim Cille is at this day), and at Cenannas (Kells), and at the house of Cletech ; for it was not lawful that a king with a *personal* blemish should reside at Tara. In the second year after the injuring of his eye he came by his death at the house of Cletech, the bone of a salmon having stuck in his throat. And he (Cormac) told his people not to bury him at Brugh (because it was a cemetery of Idolaters), for he did not worship the same God as any of those interred at Brugh ; but to bury him at Ros na righ, with his face to the east. He afterwards died, and his servants of trust held a council, and came

to the resolution of burying him at Brugh, the place where the kings of Tara, his predecessors, were *buried*. The body of the king was afterwards thrice raised to be carried to Brugh, but the Boyne swelled up thrice, so that they could not come; so that they observed that it was 'violating the judgment of a prince' to break through this Testament of the king, and they afterwards dug his grave at Ros na righ, as he himself had ordered.

"These were the chief cemeteries of Erin before the Faith (*i.e.*, before the introduction of Christianity), viz., Cruachu, Brugh, Tailltin, Luachair, Ailbe, Oenach Ailbe, Oenach Culi, Oenach Colmain, Temhair Erann.

"Oenach Cruachan, in the first place, it was there the race of Heremon (*i.e.*, the kings of Tara) were used to bury until the time of Cremhthann, the son of Lughaidh Riabh-n-derg (who was the first king of them that was interred at Brugh), viz., Cobhlhach Coelbreg, and Labhraidh Loingsech, and Eochu Fedhlech with his three sons (*i.e.*, the three Fidhemhna—*i.e.*, Bres, Nar, and Lothoe), and Eochu Airemh, Lughaidh Riabh-n-derg, the six daughters of Eochu Fedhlech (*i.e.*, Medhbh, and Clothru, Muresc, and Drebrin, Mugain, and Ele), and Adill Mac Mada with his seven brothers (*i.e.*, Cet, Anlon, Doche, *et ceteri*), and all the kings down to Cremhthann (these were all buried at Cruachan). Why was it not at Brugh that the kings (of the race of Cobhthach down to Crimthann) were interred? Not difficult; because the two provinces which the race of Heremon possessed were the province of Gailian (*i.e.*, the province of Leinster), and the province of Olnecmacht (*i.e.*, the province of Connaught). In the first place, the province of Gailian was occupied by the race of Labhraidh Loingsech, and the province of Connaught was the peculiar inheritance of the race of Cobhtach Coelbreg; wherefore it (*i.e.*, the province of Connaught) was given to Medhbh before every other province. (The reason that the government of this land was given to Medhbh is because there was none of the race of Eochaidh fit to receive it but herself, for Lughaidh was not fit for action at the time). And whenever, therefore, the monarchy of Erin was enjoyed by any of the descendants of Cobhthach Coelbreg, the province of Connaught was his *ruidles* (*i.e.*, his native principality). And for this reason they were interred at Oenach na Cruachna. But they were interred at Brugh from the time of Crimhthann (Niadh-nar) to the time of Loeghaire, the son of Niall, except three persons, namely, Art, the son of Conn, and Cormac, the son of Art, and Niall of the Nine Hostages.

“We have already mentioned the cause for which Cormac was not interred there. The reason why Art was not interred there is because he ‘believed,’ the day before the battle of Muccramma was fought, and he predicted the Faith (*i.e.*, that Christianity would prevail in Erin), and he said that his own grave would be at Dumha Dergluachra, where Treoit [Trevet] is at this day, as he mentioned in a poem which he composed—viz., *Cain do denna den* (*i.e.*, a poem which Art composed, the beginning of which is *Cain do denna den*, etc.). When his (Art’s) body was afterwards carried eastwards to Dumha Dergluachra, if all the men of Erin were drawing it thence, they could not, so that he was interred in that place because there was a Catholic church to be afterwards at the place where he was interred (*i.e.*, Treoit *hodie*), because the truth and the Faith had been revealed to him through his regal righteousness.

“Where Niall was interred was at Ochain, whence the hill was called Ochain, *i.e.*, *Och Caine*, *i.e.*, from the sighing and lamentation which the men of Erin made in lamenting Niall.

“Conaire More was interred at Magh Feci in Bregia (*i.e.*, at Fert Conaire); however, some say that it was Conaire Carpraiige was interred there, and not Conaire Mor, and that Conaire Mor was the third king who was interred at Tara—viz., Conaire, Loeghaira, and * * *

“At Tailltin the kings of Ulster were used to bury—viz., Ollamh Fodhla, with his descendants down to Conchobhar, who wished that he should be carried to a place between Sleá and the sea, with his face to the east, on account of the Faith which he had embraced.

“The nobles of the Tua ha De Danann were used to bury at Brugh (*i.e.*, the Dagda with his three sons; also Lughaidh and Oe, and Ollam, and Ogma, and Etan, the Poetess, and Corpre, the son of Etan), and Cremhthann followed them because his wife Nar was of the Tuatha Dea, and it was she solicited him that he should adopt Brugh as a burial-place for himself and his descendants, and this was the cause that they did not bury at Cruachan.

“The Lagenians (*i.e.*, Cathair with his race and the kings who were before them) were buried at Oenach Ailbhe. The Clann Dedad (*i.e.*, the race of Conaire and Erna) at Temhair Erann; the men of Munster (*i.e.*, the Dergthene) at Oenach Culi, and Oenach Colmain; and the Connacians at Cruachan.”

ANCHORITE TOWERS.

Because Simon Stylites lived in a domicile, sized "scarce two cubits," on a pillar sixty feet high, and because other anchorites lived on pillars and in cells, Dean Richardson suggested that the Irish Round Towers were for hermits ; and was supported by Walter Harris, Dr. Milner, Dr. King, etc. The cloch angcoire, or hermit's stone, quoted in aid of this fancy, turns out to be a narrow cell ; and so much for the hermits!

The confusion of

TOURS AND TOWERS

is a stupid pun or a vulgar pronunciation in English ; but in Irish gave rise to the antiquarian theory of Dr. Smith, who, in his *History of Cork*, concludes that the Round Towers were penitential prisons, because the Irish word for a penitential round or journey is *turas* !

THE PHALLIC THEORY

never had any support but poor Henry O'Brien's enthusiastic ignorance and the caricaturing pen of his illustrator.

We have now done with the theories of these towers, which Mr. Petrie has shown, past doubt, to be either positively false or quite unproved. His own opinion is that they were used—1, as belfries ; 2, as keeps, or houses of shelter for the clergy and their treasures ; and 3, as watch-towers and beacons ; and into his evidence for this opinion we shall go at a future day, thanking him at present for having displaced a heap of incongruous, though agreeable fancies, and given us the learned, the most exact, and the most important work ever published on the antiquities of the Ancient Irish Nation.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

WHEN valour becomes a reproach, when patriotism is thought a prejudice, and when a soldier's sword is a sign of shame, the Irish Brigade will be forgotten or despised.

The Irish are a military people—strong, nimble, and hardy, fond of adventure, irascible, brotherly, and generous—they have all the qualities that tempt men to war and make them good soldiers. Dazzled by their great fame on the Continent, and hearing of their insular wars chiefly through the interested lies of England, Voltaire expressed his wonder that a nation which had behaved so gallantly abroad had “always fought badly at home.” It would have been most wonderful.

It may be conceded that the Irish performed more illustrious actions on the Continent. They fought with the advantages of French discipline and equipment; they fought as soldiers, with the rights of war, not “rebels, with halters round their necks;” they fought by the side of great rivals and amid the gaze of Europe.

In the most of their domestic wars they appeared as divided clans or abrupt insurgents; they were exposed to the treachery of a more instructed, of an unscrupulous and a compact enemy; they had neither discipline, nor generalship, nor arms; their victories were those of a mob, their defeats were followed by extermination.

We speak of their ordinary contests with England from the time of Roderick O'Connor to that of '98. Occasionally they had more opportunities, and their great qualities for war appeared. In Hugh (or rather Aodh) O'Neill they found a leader who only wanted material resources to have made them an independent nation. Cautious, as became the heir of so long a strife, he spent years in acquiring military knowledge

and nursing up his clan into the kernel for a nation ; crafty as Bacon and Cecil, and every other man of his time, he learned war in Elizabeth's armies, and got help from her store-houses. When the discontent of the Pale, religious tyranny, and the intrigues and hostility of Spain and Rome against England gave him an opening, he put his ordered clan into action, stormed the neighbouring garrisons, struck terror into his hereditary foes, and gave hope to all patriots ; but finding that his ranks were too few for battle, he negotiated successfully for peace, but unavailingly for freedom ; his grievances and designs remained, and he retired to repeat the same policy, till, after repeated guerillas and truces, he was strong enough to proclaim alliance with Spain and war with England, and to defeat and slay every deputy that assailed him, till at last he marched from the triumph of¹ Beal-an-ath Buidhe (where Marshal Bagenal and his army perished) to hold an almost royal court at Munster, and to reduce the Pale to the limits it had formed in the Wars of the Roses ; and even when the neglect of Spain, the genius of Mountjoy, the resources and intrigues of England, and the exhaustion and divisions of Ireland had rendered success hopeless, the Irish under O'Ruarc, O'Sullivan, and O'Doherty vindicated their military character.

From that period they, whose foreign services, since Dathi's time, had been limited to supplying feudatories to the English kings, began to fight under the flags of England's enemies in every corner of Europe. The artifices of the Stuarts regained them, and in the reign of Charles the First they were extensively enlisted for the English allies and for the crown ; but it was under the guidance of another O'Neill, and for Ireland,² they again exhibited the qualities which had sustained Tyrone. The battle of Benburb affords as great a proof of Irish soldiership as Fontenoy.

But it was when, with a formal government and in a regular war, they encountered the Dutch invader they showed the full

¹ See Mitchel's *Life of Hugh O'Neill*, and Meehan's *Flight of the Earls*. Dublin : Duffy & Sons.

² Owen Roe, who defeated Monro, 1646.

prowess of the Irish ; and at the Boyne, Limerick, Athlone, and Aughrim, in victory or defeat, and always against *immensely superior numbers and armaments*, proved that they fought well at home.

Since the day when Sarsfield sailed the Irish have never had an opportunity of refuting the calumny of England which Voltaire accepted. In '98 they met enormous forces resting on all the magazines of England ; they had no officers ; their leaders, however brave, neither knew how to organise, provision, station, or manœuvre troops—their arms were casual—their ignorance profound—their intemperance unrestrainable. If they put English supremacy in peril (and had Arklow or Ballinahinch been attacked with skill, that supremacy was gone), they did so by mere valour.

It is therefore on the Continent that one must chiefly look for Irish trophies. It is a pious and noble search ; but he who pursues it had need to guard against the error we have noticed in Voltaire, of disparaging Irish soldiership at home.

The materials for the history of the Irish Brigade are fast accumulating. We have before us the *Military History of the Irish Nation*, by the late Matthew O'Connor. He was a barrister, but studied military subjects (as became a gentleman and a citizen), peculiarly interested himself in the achievements of his countrymen, and prepared materials for a history of them. He died, leaving his work unfinished, yet happily sufficiently advanced to offer a continuous narrative of Irish internal wars, from Hugh O'Neill to Sarsfield, and of their foreign services up to the Peace of Utrecht, in 1711. The style of the work is earnest and glowing, full of patriotism and liberality ; but Mr. O'Connor was no blind partisan, and he neither hides the occasional excesses of the Irish, nor disparages their opponents. His descriptions of battles are very superior to what one ordinarily meets in the works of civilians, and any one reading them with a military atlas will be gratified and instructed.

The value of the work is vastly augmented by the appendix, which is a memoir of the Brigade, written in French, in 1749,

and including the War Office orders, and all the changes in organisation, numbers, and pay of the Brigade to that date. This memoir is authenticated thus—

“ His Excellency, the Duke of Feltré, Minister of War, was so kind as to communicate to me the original memoir above cited, of which this is a perfect copy, which I attest.

“ DE MONTMORENCY MORRES (Hervé),
Adjutant-Commandant, Colonel.

“ Paris, 1st September 1813.”

To give any account of the details of Mr. O'Connor's book we should abridge it, and an abridgment of a military history is a catalogue of names. It contains accounts of Hugh O'Neill's campaigns and of the wars of William and James in Ireland. It describes (certainly a new chapter in our knowledge) the services of the Irish in the Low Countries and France during the religious wars in Henri Quatre's time, and the hitherto equally unknown actions abroad during Charles the Second's exile and reign.

The wars of Mountcashel's (the old) Brigade in 1690-91, under St. Ruth in Savoy, occupy many interesting pages, and the first campaigns of the New Brigade, with the death of Sarsfield and Mountcashel, are carefully narrated. The largest part of the work is occupied with the wars of the Spanish succession, and contains minute narratives of the battles and sieges of Cremona, Spire, Luzzaca, Blenheim, Cassano, Ramilies, Almanza, Alcira, Malplaquet, and Denain, with the actions of the Irish in them.

Here are great materials for our future History of Ireland.

THE SPEECHES OF GRATTAN.¹

OF the long line of Protestant patriots Grattan is the first in genius, and first in services. He had a more fervid and more Irish nature than Swift or Flood, and he accomplished what Swift hardly dreamed, and Flood failed in—an Irish constitution. He had immeasurably more imagination than Tone; and though he was far behind the great Founder of the United Irishmen in organising power, he surpassed him in inspiration. The statues of all shall be in our forums, and examples of all in our hearts, but that of Grattan shall be pre-eminent. The stubborn and advancing energy of Swift and Flood may teach us to bear up against wrong; the principles of Tone may end in liberation; but the splendid nationality of Grattan shall glorify us in every condition.

The speeches of Grattan were collected and his memoirs written by his son. The latter is an accessible and an invaluable account of his life; but the speeches were out of print, not purchasable under five or six guineas, and then were unmanageably numerous for any but a professed politician. Mr. Madden's volume gives for a trifle all Grattan's most valuable speeches, with a memoir sufficient to explain the man and the orator.

On the speeches of Grattan here published we have little to say. They are the finest specimens of imaginative eloquence in the English, or in any, language. There is not much pathos, and no humour in them, and in these respects Grattan is far less of an Irishman, and of an orator too, than Curran; but a

¹ "The Select Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. To which is added his Letter on the Union, with a Commentary on his Career and Character." By Daniel Owen Madden, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Dublin: James Duffy, 1845. 8vo, pp. 534.

philosophy, penetrating constitutions for their warnings, and human nature for its guides—a statesman's (as distinguished from an antiquarian's) use of history—a passionate scorn and invective for the base, tyrannical, and unjust—a fiery and copious zeal for liberty and for Ireland, and a diction and cadence almost lyrical, made Grattan the sudden achiever of a Revolution, and will make him for ever one of the very elements of Ireland.

No other orator is so uniformly animated. No other orator has brightened the depths of political philosophy with such vivid and lasting light. No writer in the language except Shakespeare has so sublime and suggestive a diction. His force and vehemence are amazing—far beyond Chatham, far beyond Fox, far beyond any orator we can recall.

To the student of oratory Grattan's speeches are dangerously suggestive, overpowering spirits that will not leave when bid. Yet, with all this terrible potency, who would not bask in his genius, even at the hazard of having his light for ever in your eyes. The brave student will rather exult in his effulgence—not to rob, not to mimic it—but to catch its inspiration, and then go on his way resolved to create a glory of his own which, however small, being genuine, shall not pale within its sphere.

To give a *just* idea of Grattan's rush and splendour to any one not familiar with his speeches is impossible; but *some* glimmer may be got by one reading the extracts we shall add here. We shall take them at random, as we open the pages in the book, and leave the reader, untaught in our great orator, to judge, if chance is certain of finding such gems, what would not judicious care discover! Let him use that care again and again.

“Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease; never! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country: so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will

be the cause of new discontent ; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage ; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

✓ “ The British minister mistakes the Irish character ; had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar ; there is no middle policy ; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation’s right hand ; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war ; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right ; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty ; they judge of us with a true knowledge and just deference for our character : that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

“ Impracticable ! impracticable ! impracticable ! a zealous divine will say ; any alteration is beyond the power and wisdom of parliament ; above the faculties of man to make adequate provision for 900 clergymen who despise riches. Were it to raise a new tax for their provision, or for that of a body less holy, how easy the task ! how various the means ! but when the proposal is to diminish a tax already established, an impossibility glares us in the face, of a measure so contrary to our practices both in church and state.”

We were wrong in saying there was no humour in Grattan. Here is a passage humorous enough, but it is scornful, rhetorical humour—

“ It does not affect the doctrine of our religion ; it does not alter the church establishment ; it does not affect the constitution of episcopacy. The modus does not even alter the mode of their provision, it only limits the quantum, and limits it on principles much less severe than that charity which they preach, or that abstinence which they inculcate. Is this innovation ?—as if the Protestant religion was to be propagated in Ireland, like the influence of a minister, by bribery ; or like the influence of a county candidate, by money ; or like the cause of a potwalloping canvasser, by the weight of the purse ; as if Christ could not prevail over the earth unless Mammon took him by the hand. Am

I to understand that if you give the parson 12s. in the acre for potatoes, and 10s. for wheat, the Protestant religion is safe on its rock? But if you reduce him to 6s. the acre for potatoes and wheat, then Jupiter shakes the heavens with his thunder, Neptune rakes up the deep with his trident, and Pluto leaps from his throne! See the curate—he rises at six to morning prayers; he leaves company at six for evening prayer; he baptises, he marries, he churches, he buries, he follows with pious offices his fellow-creature from the cradle to the grave; for what immense income! what riches to reward these inestimable services? (Do not depend on the penury of the laity, let his own order value his deserts); £50 a year! £50! for praying, for christening, for marrying, for churching, for burying, for following with Christian offices his fellow-creature from cradle to grave; so frugal a thing is devotion, so cheap religion, so easy the terms on which man may worship his Maker, and so small the income, in the opinion of ecclesiastics, sufficient for the duties of a clergyman, as far as he is connected at all with the Christian religion.

“By this trade of parliament the King is absolute; his will is signified by both houses of parliament, who are now as much an instrument in his hand as a bayonet in the hands of a regiment. Like a regiment we have our adjutant, who sends to the infirmary for the old and to the brothel for the young, and men thus carted, as it were, into this house, to vote for the minister, are called the representatives of the people! Suppose General Washington to ring his bell, and order his servants out of livery to take their seats in Congress—you can apply this instance.

“It is not life but the condition of living—the slave is not so likely to complain of the want of property as the proprietor of the want of privilege. The human mind is progressive—the child does not look back to the parent that gave him being, nor the proprietor to the people that gave him the power of acquisition, but both look forward—the one to provide for the comforts of life, and the other to obtain all the privileges of property.”

But we have fallen on one of his most marvellous passages, and we give it entire—

“I will put this question to my country; I will suppose her at the bar, and I will ask her, Will you fight for a Union as you would for a

constitution? Will you fight for that Lords and that Commons who, in the last century, took away your trade, and, in the present, your constitution, as for that King, Lords, and Commons who have restored both? Well, the minister has destroyed this constitution; to destroy is easy. The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate; and as the fall of both is an effort of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength—a pick-axe and a common labourer will do the one—a little lawyer, a little pimp, a wicked minister the other.

“The constitution, which, with more or less violence, has been the inheritance of this country for six hundred years—that *modus tenendi parliamentum*, which lasted and outlasted of Plantagenet the wars, of Tudor the violence, and of Stuart the systematic falsehood—the condition of our connection—yes, the constitution he destroys is one of the pillars of the British Empire. He may walk round it and round it, and the more he contemplates the more must he admire it—such a one as had cost England of money millions and of blood a deluge, cheaply and nobly expended—whose restoration had cost Ireland her noblest efforts, and was the habitation of her loyalty—we are accustomed to behold the kings of these countries in the keeping of parliament—I say of her loyalty as well as of her liberty, where she had hung up the sword of the Volunteer—her temple of fame as well as of freedom—where she had seated herself, as she vainly thought, in modest security and in a long repose.

“I have done with the pile which the minister batters, I come to the Babel which he builds; and as he throws down without a principle, so does he construct without a foundation. This fabric he calls a Union, and to this his fabric there are two striking objections—first, it is no Union; it is not an identification of people, for it excludes the Catholics; secondly, it is a consolidation of the Irish legislatures—that is to say, a merger of the Irish parliament, and incurs every objection to a Union, without obtaining the only object which a Union professes; it is an extinction of the constitution, and an exclusion of the people. Well! he has overlooked the people as he has overlooked the sea. I say he excludes the Catholics, and he destroys their best chance of admission—the relative consequence. Thus he reasons, that hereafter, in course of time (he does not say when), if they behave themselves (he does not say how), they may see their subjects submitted to a course of discussion (he does not say with what result or determina-

tion); and as the ground for this inane period, in which he promises nothing, and in which, if he did promise much, at so remote a period he could perform nothing, unless he, like the evil he has accomplished, be immortal. For this inane sentence, in which he can scarcely be said to deceive the Catholic, or suffer the Catholic to deceive himself, he exhibits no other ground than the physical inanity of the Catholic body accomplished by a Union, which, as it destroys the relative importance of Ireland, so it destroys the relative proportion of the Catholic inhabitants, and thus they become admissible, because they cease to be anything. Hence, according to him, their brilliant expectation: 'You were,' say his advocates, and so imports his argument, 'before the Union as three to one, you will be by the Union as one to four.' Thus he founds their hopes of political power on the extinction of physical consequence, and makes the inanity of their body and the nonentity of their country the pillars of their future ambition."

We now return to the memoir by Mr. Madden. It is not the details of a life meagre for want of space, and confused for want of principles, as most little biographies are; it is an estimate—a profound one—of Grattan's original nature, of the influences which acted on him from youth to manhood, of his purposes, his principles, and his influence on Ireland.

Henry Grattan was twenty-nine years of age when he entered on politics, and in seven years he was the triumphant leader of a people free and victorious after hereditary bondage. He entered parliament educated in the metaphysical and political philosophy of the time, injured by its cold and epigrammatic verse and its artificial tastes—familiar with every form of aristocratic life from Kilkenny to London—familiar, too, with Chatham's oratory and principles, and with Flood's views and example. He came when there were great forces rushing through the land—eloquence, love of liberty, thirst for commerce, hatred of English oppression, impatience, glory, and, above all, a military array. He combined these elements and used them to achieve the Revolution of '82. Be he for ever honoured!

Mr. Madden defends him against Flood on the question of Simple Repeal. Here is his reasoning—

“It is an easy thing now to dispose of the idle question of simple repeal. In truth, there was nothing whatever deserving of attention in the point raised by Mr. Flood. The security for the continuance of Irish freedom did not depend upon an English act of parliament. It was by Irish *will* and not at English pleasure that the new constitution was to be supported. The transaction between the countries was of a high political nature, and it was to be judged by political reason, and by statesmanlike computation, and not by the petty technicalities of the court of law. The revolution of 1782, as carried by Ireland, and assented to by England (in repealing the 6th George the First), was a political compact—proposed by one country, and acknowledged by the other in the face of Europe: it was not (as Mr. Flood and his partisans construed the transaction) of the nature of municipal right, to be enforced or annulled by mere judicial exposition.”

This is unanswerable, but Grattan should have gone further. The Revolution was effected mainly by the Volunteers, whom he had inspired; arms could alone have preserved the constitution. Flood was wrong in setting value on one form—Grattan in relying on any; but both before and after '82 Flood seems to have had glimpses that the question was one of might, as well as of right, and that national laws could not last under such an alien army.

Taken as military representatives, the Convention at the Rotundo was even more valuable than as a civic display. Mr. Madden censures Grattan for having been an elaborate neutral during these Reform dissensions; but that the result of *such* neutrality ruined the Convention proves a comparative want of power in Flood, who could have governed that Convention in spite of the rascally English and the feeble Irish Whigs. Oh, had Tone been in that council!

In describing Grattan's early and enthusiastic and ceaseless advocacy of Catholic liberty, Mr. Madden has a just subject for unmixed eulogy. Let no one imagine that the interest of these Emancipation speeches has died with the achievement of what

they pleaded for ; they will ever remain divinest protests against the vice and impolicy of religious ascendancy, of sectarian bitterness, and of bigot separation.

For this admirable beginning of the design of giving Ireland its most glorious achievement—the speeches of its orators—to contemplate, the country should be grateful ; but if there can be anything better for it to hear than can be had in Grattan's speeches, it is such language as this from his eloquent editor—

“Reader ! if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic countrymen, study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him, for none can teach you better how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities caused by their unhappy history—and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character.

“Reader ! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant religion with tyranny, learn from Grattan that it is possible to be a Protestant and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence ; think also that in the hour of his triumph he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his virtuous life that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience.

“But reader ! whether you be Protestant or Catholic, or whatever be your party, you will do well as an Irishman to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn from him how to regard your countrymen of all denominations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If (as some do) you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country containing such elements as those which roused the genius of Grattan never need despair. *Sursum corda*. Be not disheartened.

“Go—go—my countrymen—and, within your social sphere, carry into practice those moral principles which Grattan so eloquently taught, and which he so remarkably enforced by his well-spent life. He will teach you to avoid hating men on account of their religious professions or hereditary descent. From him you will learn principles which, if carried out, would generate a new state of society in Ireland.”

MEMORIALS OF WEXFORD.

'TWIXT Croghan-Kinshela and Hook Head, 'twixt Carnsore and Mount Leinster, there is as good a mass of men as ever sustained a state by honest franchises, by peace, virtue, and intelligent industry; and as stout a mass as ever tramped through a stubborn battle. There is a county where we might seek more of stormy romance, and there is a county where prospers a shrewder economy, but no county in Ireland is fitter for freedom than Wexford.

They are a peculiar people—these Wexford men. Their blood is for the most part English and Welsh, though mixed with the Danish and Gaelic, yet they are Irish in thought and feeling. They are a Catholic people, yet on excellent terms with their Protestant landlords. Outrages are unknown, for though the rents are high enough, they are not unbearable by a people so industrious and skilled in farming.

✓ Go to the fair and you will meet honest dealing, and a look that heeds no lordling's frown—for the Wexford men have neither the base bend nor the baser craft of slaves. Go to the hustings, and you will see open and honest voting; no man shrinking or crying for concealment, or extorting a bribe under the name of "his expenses." Go to their farms, and you will see a snug homestead, kept clean, prettily sheltered (much what you'd see in Down), more green crops than even in Ulster, the National School and the Repeal Reading-room well filled, and every religious duty regarded.

Wexford is not all it might be, or all that, with more education and the life-hope of nationality, it will be—there is something to blame and something to lament, here a vice sustained, and there a misfortune lazily borne; yet, take it for all in all, it is the most prosperous, it is the pattern county of the South; and

when we see it coming forward in a mass to renew its demand for native government, it is an omen that the spirit of the people outlives quarrels and jealousies, and that it has a rude vitality which will wear out its oppressors.

Nor are we indifferent to the memories of Wexford. It owes much of its peace and prosperity to the war it sustained. It rose in '98 with little organisation against intolerable wrong; and though it was finally beaten by superior forces, it taught its aristocracy and the government a lesson not easily forgotten—a lesson that popular anger could strike hard as well as sigh deeply; and that it was better to conciliate than provoke those who even for an hour had felt their strength. The red rain made Wexford's harvest grow. Theirs was no treacherous assassination—theirs no stupid riot—theirs no pale mutiny. They rose in mass and swept the country by sheer force.

Nor in their sinking fortunes is there anything to blush at. Scullabogue was not burned by the fighting men.

Yet nowhere did the copper sun of that July burn upon a more heart-piercing sight than a rebel camp. Scattered on a hill-top, or screened in a gap, were the grey-coated thousands, their memories mad at burned cabins, and military whips, and hanged friends; their hopes dimmed by partial defeat; their eyes lurid with care; their brows full of gloomy resignation. Some have short guns, which the stern of a boat might bear, but which press through the shoulder of a marching man; and others have light fowling-pieces, with dandy locks—troublesome and dangerous toys. Most have pikes, stout weapons, too; and though some swell to hand-spikes, and others thin to knives, yet, for all that, fatal are they to dragoon or musketeer if they can meet him in a rush; but how shall they do so? The gunsmen have only a little powder in scraps of paper or bags, and their balls are few and rarely fit. They have no potatoes ripe, and they have no bread—their food is the worn cattle they have crowded there, and which the first skirmish may rend from them. There are women and children seeking shelter, seeking those they love; and there are leaders busier, feebler, less knowing, less resolved than the women and the children.

Great hearts ! how faithful ye are ! How ye bristled up when the foe came on, how ye set your teeth to die as his shells and round-shot fell steadily ; and with how firm a cheer ye dashed at him, if he gave you any chance at all of a grapple ! From the wild burst with which ye triumphed at Oulart Hill, down to the faint gasp wherewith the last of your last column died in the corn-fields of Meath, there is nothing to shame your valour, your faith, or your patriotism. You wanted arms, and you wanted leaders. Had you had them, you would have guarded a green flag in Dublin Castle a week after you beat Walpole. Isolated, unorganised, unofficered, half-armed, girt by a swarm of foes, you ceased to fight, but you neither betrayed nor repented. Your sons need not fear to speak of Ninety-eight.

You, people of Wexford, almost all Repealers, are the sons of the men of '98 ; prosperous and many, will you only shout for Repeal, and line roads and tie boughs for a holiday ? Or will you press your organisation, work at your education, and increase your political power, so that your leaders may know and act on the knowledge that, come what may, there is trust in Wexford ?

THE HISTORY OF TO-DAY.

FROM 1793 to 1829—for thirty-six years—the Irish Catholics struggled for Emancipation. *That* Emancipation was but admission to the Bench, the Inner Bar, and Parliament. It was won by self-denial, genius, vast and sustained labours, and, lastly, by the sacrifice of the forty-shilling freeholders—the poor veterans of the war—and by submission to insulting oaths ; yet it was cheaply bought. Not so cheaply, perchance, as if won by the sword ; for on it were expended more treasures, more griefs, more intellect, more passion, more of all which makes life welcome, than had been needed for war ; still it was cheaply bought, and Ireland has glorified herself, and will through ages triumph in the victory of '29.

Yet what was Emancipation compared to Repeal ?

The one put a silken badge on a few members of one profession ; the other would give to all professions and all trades the rank and riches which resident proprietors, domestic legislation, and flourishing commerce infallibly create.

Emancipation made it possible for Catholics to sit on the judgment seat ; but it left a foreign administration, which has excluded them, save in two or three cases, where overtopping eminence made the acceptance of a Judgeship no promotion ; and it left the local Judges—those with whom the people has to deal—as partial, ignorant, bigotted as ever ; while Repeal would give us an Irish code and Irish-hearted Judges in every Court, from the Chancery to the Petty Sessions.

Emancipation dignified a dozen Catholics with a senatorial name in a foreign and hostile Legislature. Repeal would give us a Senate, a Militia, an Administration, all our own.

The Penal Code, as it existed since 1793, insulted the faith of

the Catholics, restrained their liberties, and violated the public Treaty of Limerick. The Union has destroyed our manufactures, prohibits our flag, prevents our commerce, drains our rental, crushes our genius, makes our taxation a tribute, our representation a shadow, our name a by-word. It were nobler to strive for Repeal than to get Emancipation.

Four years ago the form of Repeal agitation began—two years ago, its reality. Have we not cause to be proud of the labours of these two years? If life be counted, not by the rising of suns, or the idle turning of machinery, but by the growth of the will, and the progress of thoughts and passions in the soul, we Irishmen have spent an age since we raised our first cry for liberty. Consider what we were then, and what we have done since. We had a People unorganised—disgusted with a Whig alliance—beaten in a dishonourable struggle to sustain a faction—ignorant of each other's will—without books, without song, without leaders (save one), without purposes, without strength, without hope. The Corn Exchange was the faint copy of the Catholic Association, with a few enthusiasts, a few loungers, and a few correspondents. Opposite to us was the great Conservative party, with a majority exceeding our whole representation, united, flushed, led by the craftiest of living statesmen and the ablest of living generals. Oh, how disheartening it was then, when, day by day, we found prophecy and exhortation, lay and labour, flung idly before a distracted People! May we never pass through that icy ordeal again!

How different now! The People are united under the greatest system of organisation ever attempted in any country. They send in, by their Collectors, Wardens, and Inspectors, to the central office of Ireland, the contributions needed to carry on the Registration of Voters, the public meetings, the publications, the law expenses, and the organisation of the Association; and that in turn carries on registries, holds meetings, opens reading-rooms, sends newspapers, and books, and political instructions, back through the same channel; so that the Central Committee knows the state of every parish, and every

parish receives the teaching and obeys the will of the Central Committee.

The Whig Alliance has melted, like ice before the sun, and the strong souls of our people will never again serve the purposes of a faction.

The Conservative party, without union and without principle, is breaking up. Its English section is dividing into the tools of expediency and the pioneers of a New Generation—its Irish section into Castle Hacks and National Conservatives.

Meantime, how much have the Irish people gained and done? They have received and grown rich under torrents of thought. Song and sermon and music, speech and pamphlet, novel and history, essay and map and picture, have made the dull thoughtful and the thoughtful studious, and will make the studious wise and powerful. They have begun a system of self-teaching in their reading-rooms. If they carry it we shall, before two years, have in every parish men able to manufacture, to trade, and to farm—men acquainted with all that Ireland was, is, and should be—men able to serve The Irish Nation in peace and war.

In the teeth, too, of the Government we held our meetings. They are not for this time, but they were right well in their own time. They showed our physical force to the Continent, to ourselves, to America, to our rulers. They showed that the people would come and go rapidly, silently, and at bidding, in numbers enough to recruit a dozen armies. These are literal facts. Any one monster meeting could have offered little resistance in the open country to a regular army, but it contained the materials—the numbers, intelligence, and obedience—of a conquering host. Whenever the impression of their power grows faint we shall revive them again.

The toleration of these meetings was the result of fear; the prosecution of their chiefs sprung from greater fear. That prosecution was begun audaciously, was carried on meanly and with virulence, and ended with a charge and a verdict which disgraced the law. An illegal imprisonment afforded a glorious proof that the people could refrain from violence under

the worst temptation ; that their leaders were firm ; and, better than all, that had these leaders been shot, not prisoned, their successors were ready. Such an imprisonment served Ireland more than an acquittal, for it tried her more ; and then came the day of triumph, when the reluctant constitution liberated our chiefs and branded our oppressors.

This is a history of two years never surpassed in importance and honour. This is a history which our sons shall pant over and envy. This is a history which pledges us to perseverance. This is a history which guarantees success.

Energy, patience, generosity, skill, tolerance, enthusiasm, created and decked the agitation. The world attended us with its thoughts and prayers. The graceful genius of Italy and the profound intellect of Germany paused to wish us well. The fiery heart of France tolerated our unarmed effort, and proffered its aid. America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organisation. From London to the wildest settlement which throbs in the tropics or shivers nigh the Pole, the empire of our misruler was shaken by our effort. To all earth we proclaimed our wrongs. To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which roused and organised us, the energy which laboured, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valour that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute.

The future shall realise the promise of the past.

THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.¹

BISHOP BERKELEY put, as a query, could the Irish live and prosper if a brazen wall surrounded their island? The question has been often and vaguely replied to.

Dr. Kane has at length answered it, and proved the affirmative. Confining himself strictly to the *land* of our island (for he does not enter on the subjects of fisheries and foreign commerce), he has proved that we possess *physical* elements for every important art. Not that he sat down to prove this. Taste, duty, industry, and genius prompted and enabled him gradually to acquire a knowledge of the physical products and powers of Ireland, and his mastery of chemical and mechanical science enabled him to see how these could be used.

Thus qualified, he tried, in the lecture-room of the Dublin Society, to communicate his knowledge to the public. He was as successful as any man lecturing on subjects requiring accurate details could be ; and now he has given, in the volume before us, all his lectures, and much more. He then is no party pamphleteer, pandering to the national vanity; but a philosopher, who garnered up his knowledge soberly and surely, and now gives us the result of his studies. There was undoubtedly a good deal of information on the subjects treated of by Dr. Kane scattered through our topographical works and parliamentary reports, but that information is, for the most part, vague, unapplied, and not tested by science. Dr. Kane's work is full, clear, scientific, exact in stating places, extent, prices, and every other working detail, and is a manual of the whole subject.

¹ *The Industrial Resources of Ireland*, by Robert Kane, M.D., Secretary to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, and of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, 21 College Green.

In such interlaced subjects as industrial resources we must be content with practical classifications.

Dr. Kane proceeds in the following order :—First, he considers the *mechanical* powers of the country—viz., its fuel and its water powers. Secondly, its *mineral* resources—its iron, copper, lead, sulphur, marble, slates, etc. Thirdly, the agriculture of the country in its first function—the raising of food, and the modes of cropping, manuring, draining, and stacking. Fourthly, agriculture in its secondary use, as furnishing staples for the manufacture of woollens, linens, starch, sugar, spirits, etc. Fifthly, the modes of carrying internal trade by roads, canals, and railways. Sixthly, the cost and condition of skilled and unskilled labour in Ireland. Seventhly, our state as to capital. And he closes by some earnest and profound thoughts on the need of industrial education in Ireland.

Now, let us ask the reader what he knows upon any or all of these subjects; and whether he ought, as a citizen, or a man of education, or a man of business, to be ignorant of them? Such ignorance as exists here must be got rid of, or our cry of “Ireland for the Irish” will be a whine or a brag, and will be despised as it deserves. We must know Ireland from its history to its minerals, from its tillage to its antiquities, before we shall be an Irish nation, able to rescue and keep the country. And if we are too idle, too dull, or too capricious to learn the arts of strength, wealth, and liberty, let us not murmur at being slaves.

For the present we shall confine ourselves to the subjects of the mechanical powers and minerals of Ireland, as treated by Dr. Kane.

The first difference between manufactures now and in *any* former time is the substitution of machines for the hands of man. It may indeed be questioned whether the increased strength over matter thus given to man compensates for the ill effects of forcing people to work in crowds; of destroying small and pampering large capitalists, of lessening the distribution of wealth even by the very means which increase its production.

We sincerely lament, with Lord Wharncliffe, the loss of domestic manufactures; we would prefer one house-wife skilled in the distaff and the dairy—home-bred, and home-taught, and home-faithful—to a factory full of creatures who live amid the eternal roll, and clash, and glimmer of spindles and rollers, watching with aching eyes the thousand twirls, and capable of but one act—tying the broken threads. We abhor that state; we prefer the life of the old times, or of modern Norway.

But, situated as we are, so near a strong enemy, and in the new highway from Europe to America, it may be doubted whether we can retain our simple domestic life. There is but one chance for it. If the Prussian Tenure Code be introduced, and the people turned into small proprietors, there is much, perhaps every hope of retaining our homestead habits, and such a population need fear no enemy.

If this do not come to pass, we must make the best of our state, join our chief towns with railways, put quays to our harbours, mills on our rivers, turbines on our coasts, and under restrictions and with guarantees set the steam engine to work at our flax, wool, and minerals.

The two great mechanical powers are fire and water. Ireland is nobly endowed with both.

We do not possess as ample fields of flaming coal as Britain; but even of that we have large quantities, which can be raised at about the same rate at which English coal can be landed on our coast.

The chief seats of flaming coal in Ireland are to the west of Lough Allen, in Connaught, and around Dungannon, in Tyrone. There is a small district of it in Antrim.

The stone coal, or anthracite, which, having little gas, does not blaze, and, having much sulphur, is disagreeable in a room, and has been thought unfit for smelting, is found—first, in the Kilkenny district, between the Nore and Barrow; secondly, from Freshford to Cashel; and thirdly, in the great Munster coal country, cropping up in every barony of Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. By the use of vapour with it, the anthracite appears to be freed from all its defects as a smelting and engine

coal, and being a much more pure and powerful fuel than the flaming coal, there seems no reason to doubt that in it we have a manufacturing power that would supply us for generations.

Our bogs have not been done justice to. The use of turf in a damp state turns it into an inferior fuel. Dried under cover, or broken up and dried under pressure, it is more economical, because far more efficient. It is used now in the Shannon steamers, and its use is increasing in mills. For some purposes it is peculiarly good—thus, for the finer ironworks, turf and turf-charcoal are even better than wood, and Dr. Kane shows that the precious Baltic iron, for which from £15 to £35 per ton is given, could be equalled by Irish iron smelted by Irish turf for six guineas per ton.

Dr. Kane proves that the cost of fuel, even if greater in Ireland, by no means precludes us from competing with England; he does so by showing that the cost of fuel in English factories is only from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while in Ireland it would be only $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a difference greatly over-balanced by our cheaper labour—labour being over 33 per cent. of the whole expense of a factory.

Here is the analysis of the cost of producing cotton in England in 1830—

Cotton wool	£8,244,693	or per cent.	26.27
Wages	10,419,000	„	33.16
Interest on capital	3,400,000	„	10.84
Coals	339,680	„	1.08
Rent, taxes, insurance, other charges, and profit	8,935,320	„	28.65
			£31,338,693		100.00

In water-power we are still better off. Dr. Kane calculates the rain which falls on Ireland in a year at over 100 billion cubic yards; and of this he supposes two-thirds to pass off in evaporation, leaving one-third, equal to nearly a million and a

half of horse-power, to reach the sea. His calculations of the water-power of the Shannon and other rivers are most interesting. The elements, of course, are the observed fall of rain by the gauge in the district, and the area of the catchment (or drainage) basins of each river and its tributaries. The chief objection to water-power is its irregularity. To remedy this he proposes to do what has increased the water-power on the Bann five-fold, and has made the wealth of Greenock—namely, to make mill-lakes by damming up valleys, and thus controlling and equalising the supply of water, and letting none go waste. His calculations of the relative merits of undershot, overshot, breast, and turbine wheels are most valuable, especially of the last, which is a late and successful French contrivance, acting by pressure. He proposes to use the turbine in coast mills, the tide being the motive-power; and, strange as it sounds, the experiments seem to decide in favour of this plan.

“The turbine was invented by M. Fourneyron. Coals being abundant, the steam engine is invented in England; coals being scarce, the water-pressure engine and the turbine are invented in France. It is thus the physical condition of each country directs its mechanical genius. The turbine is a horizontal wheel furnished with curved float-boards, on which the water presses from a cylinder which is suspended over the wheel, and the base of which is divided by curved partitions, that the water may be directed in issuing, so as to produce upon the curved float-boards of the wheel its greatest effect. The best curvature to be given to the fixed partitions and to the float-boards is a delicate problem, but practically it has been completely solved. The construction of the machine is simple, its parts not liable to go out of order; and as the action of the water is by pressure, the force is under the most favourable circumstances for being utilised.

“The effective economy of the turbine appears to equal that of the overshot wheel. But the economy in the turbine is accompanied by some conditions which render it peculiarly valuable. In a water-wheel you cannot have great economy of power without very slow motion, and hence where high velocity is required at the working point, a train of mechanism is necessary, which causes a material loss of force. Now, in the turbine the greatest economy is accompanied by rapid motion,

and hence the connected machinery may be rendered much less complex. In the turbine also a change in the height of the head of water alters only the power of the machine in that proportion, but the whole quantity of water is economised to the same degree. Thus if a turbine be working with a force of ten horses, and that its supply of water be suddenly doubled, it becomes of twenty horse-power; if the supply be reduced to one-half, it still works five horse-power; whilst such sudden and extreme change would altogether disarrange water-wheels, which can only be constructed for the minimum, and allow the overplus to go to waste."

Our own predilection being in favour of water-power—as cheaper, healthier, and more fit for Ireland than steam—gave the following peculiar interest in our eyes:—

"I have noticed at such length the question of the cost of fuel and of steam-power, not from my own opinion of its ultimate importance, but that we might at once break down that barrier to all active exertion which indolent ignorance constantly retreats behind. The cry of 'What can we do? consider England's coal-mines,' is answered by showing that we have available fuel enough. The lament that coals are so dear with us and so cheap in England, is, I trust, set at rest by the evidence of how little influential the price of fuel is. However, there are other sources of power besides coals; there are other motive-powers than steam. Of the 83,000 horse-power employed to give motion to mills in England, 21,000, even in the coal districts, are not moved by fire but by water. The force of gravity in falling water can spin and weave as well as the elasticity of steam; and in this power we are not deficient. It is necessary to study its circumstances in detail, and I shall therefore next proceed to discuss the condition of Ireland with regard to water-power."

Dr. Kane proves that we have at Arigna an *inexhaustible* supply of the richest iron ore, with coals to smelt it, lime to flux it, and infusible sand-stone and fire-clay to make furnaces of on the spot. Yet not a pig or bar is made there now. He also gives in great detail the extent, analysis, costs of working, and every other leading fact as to the copper mines of Wicklow, Knockmahon, and Allibies; the lead, gold, and

sulphur mines of Wicklow ; the silver mines of Ballylichey, and details of the building materials and marbles.

He is everywhere precise in his industrial and scientific statements, and beautifully clear in his style and arrangement.

Why then are we a poor province? Dr. Kane quotes Forbes, Quetelet, etc., to prove the physical strength of our people. He might have quoted every officer who commanded them to prove their courage and endurance; nor is there much doubt expressed even by their enemies of their being quick and inventive. Their soil is productive—the rivers and harbours good—their fishing *opportunities* great—so is their means of making internal communications across their great central plains. We have immense water, and considerable fire power; and, besides the minerals necessary for the arts of peace, we are better supplied than almost any country with the finer sorts of iron, charcoal, and sulphur, wherewith war is now carried on. Why is it, with these means of amassing and guarding wealth, that we are so poor and paltry? Dr. Kane thinks we are so from want of industrial education. He is partly right. The remote causes were repeated foreign invasion, forfeiture, and tyrannous laws. Ignorance, disunion, self-distrust, quick credulity, and caprice were the weaknesses engendered in us by misfortune and misgovernment; and they were then the allies of oppression; for, had we been willing, we had long ago been rich and free. Knowledge is now within our reach if we work steadily; and strength of character will grow upon us by every month of perseverance and steadiness in politics, trade, and literature.

THE VALUATION OF IRELAND.

THE Committee of 1824 was but meagrely supplied with evidence as to foreign surveys. They begin that subject with a notice of the Survey of England, made by order of William the Conqueror, and called the Domesday Book. That book took six years to execute, and is most admirably analysed by Thierry.

The following is their summary account of some modern surveys :—

“In France the great territorial survey or *cadastré* has been in progress for many years. It was first suggested in 1763, and after an interval of thirty years, during which no progress was made, it was renewed by the government of that day, and individuals of the highest scientific reputation, MM. Lagrange, Laplace, and Delambre, were consulted with respect to the best mode of carrying into effect the intention of government. Subsequent events suspended any effectual operations in the French *cadastré* till the year 1802, when a school of topographical engineering was organised. The operations now in progress were fully commenced in 1808. The principle adopted is the formation of a central commission acting in conjunction with the local authorities; the classification of lands, according to an ascertained value, is made by three resident proprietors of land in each district, selected by the municipal council, and by the chief officer of revenue. ‘In the course of thirteen years, one-third only of each department had been surveyed, having cost the state £120,000 per annum. At the rate at which it is carried on, it may be computed as likely to require for its completion a total sum of £4,680,000, or an acreable charge of 8½d.’ The delay of the work, as well as the increase of expense, seem to have been the result of the minuteness of the survey, which extends to every district field—a minuteness which, for many reasons, your committee consider both unnecessary and inexpedient to be sought for in the proposed Survey of Ireland.

“The survey of Bavaria is of modern date, but of equal minuteness. It is commenced by a primary triangulation, and principal and verification bases; it is carried on to a second triangulation, with very accurate instruments, so as to determine ‘all the principal points; the filling up the interior is completed by a peculiar species of plane table; and in order to do away with the inaccuracies of the common chain, the triangulation is carried down on paper to the most minute corners of fields.’ *The map is laid down on a scale of twelve inches to the mile, or one-five-thousandth part of the real size; and as it contains all that is required in the most precise survey of property, it is used in the purchase and sale of real estates.*

“The cadastre of Savoy and Piedmont began in 1729, and is stated to have at once afforded the government the means of apportioning justly all the territorial contributions, and to have put an end to litigations between individuals, by ascertaining, satisfactorily, the bounds of properties.

“The Neapolitan survey under Visconti, and that of the United States under Hessler, are both stated to be in progress; but your committee have not had the means of ascertaining on what principles they are conducted.”

The committee adopted a scale for the maps of six inches to a statute mile, believing, apparently with justice, that a six-inch scale map, if perfectly well executed, would be minute enough for buyers and sellers of land, especially as the larger holdings are generally townlands, the bounds of which they meant to include. And, wherever a greater scale was needed, the pentagraph afforded a sufficiently accurate plan of forming maps to it. They, in another point, *proposed* to differ from the Bavarian Survey, in omitting field boundaries, as requiring too much time and expense; but they stated that barony, parish, and townland boundaries were essential to the utility of the maps. They also seemed to think that for private purposes their utility would much depend on their being accompanied, as the Bavarian maps were, by a memoir of the number of families, houses, size, and description of farms, and a valuation. And for this purpose they printed all the forms. The valuation still goes on of the townlands, and classes of soil in each. The

Statistical Memoir has, unfortunately, been stopped, and no survey or valuation of farms, or holdings as such, has been attempted. We would *now* only recall attention to the design of the Committee of 1824 on the subject.

They proposed to leave the whole Survey to the Board of Ordnance, and the Valuation to Civil Engineers.

The Valuation has been regulated by a series of Acts of Parliament, and we shall speak of it presently.

The Survey commenced in 1826, and has gone on under the superintendence of Colonel Colby, and the local control of Captain Larcom.

The following has been its progress:—First, a base line of about five miles was measured on the flat shore of Lough Foyle, and from thence triangular measurements were made by the theodolite and over the whole country, and all the chief points of mountain, coast, etc., ascertained. How accurately this was done has been proved by an astronomical measurement of the distance from Dublin to Armagh (about seventy miles), which only differed four feet from the distance calculated by the Ordnance triangles.

Having completed these large triangles, a detailed survey of the baronies, parishes, and townlands of each county followed. The field books were sent to the central station at Mountjoy, and sketched, engraved on copper, and printed there. The first county published was Derry, in 1833, and now the townland survey is finished, and all the counties have now been engraved and issued, except Limerick, Kerry, and Cork.

The Survey has also engraved a map of Dublin City on the enormous scale of five feet to a statute mile. This map represents the shape and space occupied by every house, garden, yard, and pump in Dublin. It contains antiquarian lettering. Every house too is numbered on the map. One of its sheets, representing the space from Trinity College to the Castle, is on sale, as we trust the rest of it will be.

Two other sets of maps remain to be executed. First—maps of the towns of Ireland, on a scale of five feet to a mile. Whatever may be said in reply to Sir Denham Norreys' demand for

a survey of holdings in rural districts does not apply to the case of towns, and we therefore trust that the holdings will be marked and separately valued in towns.

The other work is a general *shaded* map of Ireland, on a scale of one inch to the statute mile. At present, as we elsewhere remarked, the only tolerable shaded map of Ireland is that of the Railway Commission, which is on a scale of one inch to four statute miles. Captain Larcom proposes, and the Commission on the Ordnance Memoir recommend, that contour lines should be the skeleton of the shading. If this plan be adopted the publication cannot be for some years ; but the shading will have the accuracy of machine-work instead of mere hand skill. Contours are lines representing series of levels through a country, and are inestimable for draining, road-making, and military movements. But though easily explained to the eye, we doubt our ability to teach their meaning by words only.

To return to the townland or six-inch survey. The names were corrected by Messrs. Petrie, O'Donovan, and Curry, from every source accessible in *Ireland*. Its maps contain the county, barony, parish, townland, and glebe boundaries, names and acreage ; names and representations of all cities, towns, demesnes, farms, ruins, collieries, forges, limekilns, tanneries, bleach-greens, wells, etc., etc.; also of all roads, rivers, canals, bridges, locks, weirs, bogs, ruins, churches, chapels ; they have also the number of feet of every little swell of land, and a mark for every cabin.

Of course these maps run to an immense number. Thus for the county of Galway there are 137 double folio sheets, and for the small county of Dublin 28. Where less than half the sheet is covered with engraving (as occurs towards the edges of a county) the sheet is sold, uncoloured, for 2s. 6d.; where more than half is covered the price is 5s.

In order to enable you to find any sheet so as to know the bearings of its ground on any other, there is printed for each county an index map, representing the whole county on one sheet. This sheet is on a small scale (from one to three miles

to an inch), but contains in smaller type the baronies and parishes, roads, rivers, demesnes, and most of the information of general interest. This index map is divided by lines into as many oblong spaces as there are maps of the six-inch scale, and the spaces are numbered to correspond with the six-inch map. On the sides of the index maps are tables of the acreage of the baronies and parishes; and examples of the sort of marks and type used for each class of subjects in the *six-inch* maps. Uncoloured, the index map, representing a whole county, is sold for 2s. 6d.

Whenever those maps are re-engraved, the Irish words will, we trust, be spelled in an Irish and civilised orthography, and not barbarously, as at present.

It was proposed to print for each county one or more volumes, containing the history of the district and its antiquities, the numbers, and past and present state and occupations of the people, the state of its agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, and what means of extending these existed in the county, and its natural history, including geology, zoology, etc. All this was done for the town of Derry, much to the service and satisfaction of its people. All this ought to be *as fully* done for Armagh, Dublin, Cork, and every other part of Ireland.

The commissioners recommend that the geology of Ireland (and we would add natural history generally) should be investigated and published, not by the topographical surveyors nor in counties, but by a special board, and for the whole of Ireland; and they are right, for our plants, rocks, and animals are not within civil or even obvious topographical boundaries, and we have plenty of Irishmen qualified to execute it. They also advise that the statistics should be entrusted to a statistical staff, to be permanently kept up in Ireland. This staff would take the census every ten years, and would in the intervals between the beginning and ending of each census have plenty of statistical business to do for parliament (Irish or Imperial) and for public departments. If we are ever to have a registry of births, deaths (with the circumstances of each case), and

marriages, some such staff will be essential to inspect the registry, and work up information from it. But the history, antiquities, and industrial resources, the commissioners recommend to have published in county volumes. They are too solicitous about keeping such volumes to small dimensions; but the rest of their plans are admirable.

The value of this to Ireland, whether she be a nation or a province, cannot be overrated. From the farmer and mechanic to the philosopher, general, and statesman, the benefit will extend, and yet so careless or so hostile are ministers that they have not conceded it, and so feeble by dulness or disunion are Irishmen and Irish members, that they cannot extort even this.

We now come to the last branch of the subject—

THE VALUATION.

The Committee of 1824 recommended only principles of Valuation. They were three, viz. :—

“§ 1. A fixed and uniform principle of valuation applicable throughout the whole work, and enabling the valuation not only of townlands but that of counties to be compared by one common measure. § 2. A central authority, under the appointment of government, for direction and superintendence, and for the generalisation of the returns made in detail. § 3. Local assistance, regularly organised, furnishing information on the spot, and forming a check for the protection of private rights.”

Accordingly, on the 5th of July 1825, an Act was passed requiring, in the first instance, the entry in all the grand jury records of the names and contents of all parishes, manors, townlands, and other divisions, and the proportionate assessments. It then went on to authorise the Lord Lieutenant to appoint surveyors to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. These surveyors were empowered to require the attendance of cess collectors and other inhabitants, and with their help to examine, and ascertain, and mark the “reputed boundaries of

all and every or any barony, half barony, townland parish, or other division or denomination of land," howsoever called. The Act also inflicted penalties on persons removing or injuring any post, stone, or other mark made by the surveyors; but we believe there has been no occasion to enforce these clauses, the good sense and good feeling of the people being ample securities against such wanton crime. Such survey was not to affect the rights of owners, yet from it lay an appeal to the Quarter Sessions.

This, as we see, relates to *civil boundaries*, not *valuations*.

In May, 1820, another Act was passed directing the Ordnance officers to send copies of their maps, as fast as finished, to the Lord Lieutenant, who was to appoint "*one* Commissioner of Valuation for *any* counties;" and to give notice of such appointment to the grand jury of every such county. Each grand jury was then to appoint an Appeal Committee for each barony, and a Committee of Revision for the whole county. This Commission of Valuation was then to appoint from three to nine fit valuers in the county, who, after trial by the Commissioner, were to go in parties of three and examine all parts of their district, and value such portion of it, and set down such valuation in a parish field book, according to the following average prices :—

"SCALE OF PRICES.

"Wheat, at the general average price of 10s. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Oats, at the general average price of 6s. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Barley, at the general average price of 7s. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Potatoes, at the general average price of 1s. 7d. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Butter, at the general average price of 69s. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Beef, at the general average price of 33s. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Mutton, at the general average price of 34s. 6d. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"Pork, at the general average price of 25s. 6d. per cwt., of 112 lbs.

"That is, having examined each tract—say a hill, a valley, an inch, a reclaimed bit, and by digging and looking at the soil, they were to consider what crop it could best produce, considering its soil, elevation,

nearness to markets, and then estimating crops at the foregoing rate, they were to say how much per acre the tract was, in their opinion, worth.

“From this Parish Field Book the Commissioner was to make out a table of the parishes and townlands, etc., in each barony, specifying the average and total value of houses in such subdivisions, and to forward it to the high constable, who was to post copies thereof. A vestry of twenty pound freeholders and twenty shilling cesspayers was to be called in each parish to consider the table. If they did not appeal, the table was to stand confirmed; if they did appeal, the grand jury committee of appeal, with the valuation commissioner as chairman, were to decide upon the appeal; but if the assessor were dissatisfied, the appeal was to go to the committee of revision. The same committee were then to revise the *proportionate* liabilities of *baronies*, subject to an appeal to the Queen’s Bench. The valuation so settled was to be published in the *Dublin Gazette*, and thenceforward all *grand jury* and *parish* rates and cesses were to be levied in the *proportions* thereby fixed. But no land theretofore exempt from any rate was thereby made liable. The expenses were to be advanced from the consolidated fund, and repaid by presentment from the county.”

It made the *proportionate* values of parishes and townlands, pending the baronial survey and the baronial valuation, to bind after revision and publication in some newspaper circulating in the county; but *within three years* there was to be a second revision, after which they were to be published in the *Dublin Gazette*, etc., and be final as to the *proportions* of all parish or grand jury rates to be paid by all baronies, parishes, and townlands. It also directed the annexation of detached bits to the counties respectively surrounding them, and it likewise provided for the *use* of the valuation maps and field books in applotting the grand jury cess charged on the holders of lands, but such valuation to be merely a guide and not final. From the varying size and value of holdings this caution was essential.

Under this last Act the valuation has been continued, as every reader of the country papers must have seen by Mr. Griffith’s Notices, and is now complete in twenty counties,

forward in six, begun in two, and not yet begun in Cork, Kerry, Limerick, or Dublin.

Mr. Griffith's instructions are clear and full, and we strongly recommend the study of them, and an adherence to their forms and classifications, to valuers of all private and public properties, so far as they go. He appointed two classes of valuers—Ordinary Valuers to make the first valuation all over each county, and Check Valuers to re-value patches in every district, to test the accuracy of the ordinary valuers.

The ordinary valuer was to have two copies of the Town-land (or 6-inch) Survey. Taking a sheet with him into the district represented on it, he was to examine the quality of the soil in lots of from fifty to thirty acres, or still smaller bits, to mark the bounds of each lot on the survey map, and to enter in his field book the value thereof, with all the special circumstances specially stated. The examination was to include digging to ascertain the depth of the soil and the nature of the subsoil. All land was to be valued at its agricultural worth, supposing it liberally set, leaving out the value of timber, turf, etc. Reductions were to be made for elevation above the sea, steepness, exposure to bad winds, patchiness of soil, bad fences, and bad roads. Additions were to be made for neighbourhood of limestone, turf, sea, or other manure, roads, good climate and shelter, nearness to towns.

The following classification of soils was recommended :—

“ ARRANGEMENT OF SOILS.

“ All soils may be arranged under four heads, each representing the characteristic ingredients, as—1. Argillaceous, or clayey ; 2. Silicious, or sandy ; 3. Calcareous, or limy ; 4. Peaty.

“ For practical purposes it will be desirable to sub-divide each of these classes :—

“ Thus argillaceous soils may be divided into three varieties, viz.—Clay, clay loam, and argillaceous alluvial.

“ Of silicious soils there are four varieties, viz.—Sandy, gravelly, slaty, and rocky.

“Of calcareous soils we have three varieties, viz.—Limestone, limestone gravel, and marl.

“Of peat soils two varieties, viz.—Moor, and peat, or bog.

“In describing in the field book the different qualities of soils, the following explanatory words may be used as occasion may require :—

“*Stiff*—Where a soil contains a large proportion, say one-half, or even more, of tenacious clay, it is called stiff. In dry weather this kind of soil cracks and opens, and has a tendency to form into large and hard lumps, particularly if ploughed in wet weather.

“*Friable*—Where the soil is loose and open, as is generally the case in sandy, gravelly, and moory lands.

“*Strong*—Where a soil contains a considerable portion of clay, and has some tendency to form into clods or lumps, it may be called strong.

“*Deep*—Where the soil exceeds ten inches in depth the term deep may be applied.

“*Shallow*—Where the depth of the soil is less than eight inches.

“*Dry*—Where the soil is friable, and the subsoil porous (if there be no springs), the term dry should be used.

“*Wet*—Where the soil, or subsoil, is very tenacious, or where springs are numerous.

“*Sharp*—Where there is a moderate proportion of gravel, or small stones.

“*Fine or Soft*—Where the soil contains no gravel, but is chiefly composed of very fine sand, or soft, light earth without gravel.

“*Cold*—Where the soil rests on a tenacious clay subsoil, and has a tendency when in pasture to produce rushes and other aquatic plants.

“*Sandy or gravelly*—Where there is a large proportion of sand or gravel through the soil.

“*Slaty*—Where the slaty substratum is much intermixed with the soil.

“*Worn*—Where the soil has been a long time under cultivation, without rest or manure.

“*Poor*—Where the land is naturally of bad quality.

“*Hungry*—Where the soil contains a considerable portion of gravel, or coarse sand, resting on a gravelly subsoil ; on such land manure does not produce the usual effect.

“The *colours of soils* may also be introduced, as brown, yellow, blue, grey, red, black, etc.

“Also, where applicable, the words steep, level, shrubby, rocky, exposed, etc., may be used.”

Lists of market prices were sent with the field books, and the amounts then reduced to a uniform rate, which Mr. Griffith fixed at 2s. 6d. per pound over the prices of produce mentioned in the Act.

Rules were also given for valuation of houses, but we must refer to Mr. Griffith's work for them.

COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

WHILE the Irish were excluded from English law and intercourse, England imposed no restrictions on our trade. The Pale spent its time tilling and fighting, and it was more sure of its bellyful of blows than of bread. It had nothing to sell, why tax its trade? The slight commerce of Dublin was needful to the comforts of the Norman Court in Dublin Castle. Why should *it* be taxed? The market of Kilkenny was guarded by the spears of the Butlers, and from Sligo to Cork the chiefs and towns of Munster and Connaught—the Burkes, O'Loghlena, O'Sullivans, Galway, Dingle, and Dunboy, carried on a trade with Spain, and piracy or war against England. How *could they* be taxed?

Commercial taxes, too, in those days were hard to be enforced, and more resembled toll to a robber than contribution to the state. Every great river and pass in Europe, from the Rhine and the Alps to Berwick and the Blackwater, was affectionately watched by royal and noble castles at their narrowest points, and the barge anchored and the caravan halted to be robbed, or, as the receivers called it, to be taxed.

At last the Pale was stretched round Ireland by art and force. Solitude and peace were in our plains; but the armed colonist settled in it, and the native came down from his hills as a tenant or a squatter, and a kind of prosperity arose.

Protestant and Catholic, native and colonist, had the same interest—namely, to turn this waste into a garden. They had not, nor could they have had, other things to export than Sydney or Canada have now—cattle, butter, hides, and wool. They had hardly corn enough for themselves; but pasture was plenty, and cows and their hides, sheep and their fleeces, were equally so. The natives had always been obliged to prepare

their own clothing, and therefore every creaght and digger knew how to dress wool and skins, and they had found out, or preserved from a more civilised time, dyes which, to this day, are superior to any others. Small quantities of woollen goods were exported, but our assertion holds good that in our war-times there was no manufacture for export worth naming.

Black Tom Wentworth, the ablest of despots, came here 210 years ago, and found "small beginnings towards a clothing trade." He at once resolved to discourage it. He wrote so to the king on July 25th, 1636, and he was a man true to his enmities. "But," said he, "I'll give them a linen manufacture instead." Now, the Irish had raised flax and made and dyed linen from time immemorial. The saffron-coloured linen shirt was as national as the cloak and birred; so that Strafford rather introduced the linen manufacture among the new settlers than among the Irish. Certainly he encouraged it, by sending Irishmen to learn in Brabant, and by bringing French and Flemings to work in Ireland.

Charles the Second, doubtless to punish us for our most unwise loyalty to him and his father, assented to a series of Acts prohibiting the export of Irish wool, cattle, etc., to England or her colonies, and prohibiting the *direct* importation of several colonial products into Ireland. The chief Acts are 12 Charles, c. 4; 15 Charles, c. 7; and 22 and 23 Charles, c. 26. Thus were the value of land in Ireland, the revenue, and trade, and manufactures of Ireland—Protestant and Catholic—stricken by England.

Perhaps we ought to be grateful, though not to England, for these Acts. They plundered our pockets, but they guarded our souls from being Anglicised. To France and Spain the produce was sent, and the woollen manufacture continued to increase.

England got alarmed, for Ireland was getting rich. The English lords addressed King William, stating that "the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland had long been, and would be *ever*, looked upon with great jealousy by his English subjects, and praying him, by very strict laws, totally to prohibit and suppress the same." The Commons

said likewise; and William answered comfortably—"I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England."

He was as good as his word, and even whipped and humbugged the unfortunate Irish Parliament to pass an Act, putting twenty per cent. duty on broad, and ten per cent. on narrow cloths—

"But it did not satisfy the English Parliament, where a perpetual law was made, prohibiting from the 20th of June, 1699, the exportation from Ireland of all goods made or mixed with wool, except to England and Wales, and with the licence of the commissioners of the revenue; duties had been before laid on the importation into England equal to a prohibition, therefore this Act has operated as a total prohibition of the exportation."

There was nothing left but to send the wool raw to England; to smuggle it and cloths to France and Spain, or to leave the land unstocked. The first was worst. The export to England declined, smuggling prospered, "wild geese" for the Brigade, and woollen goods were run in exchange for claret, brandy, and silks; but not much land was left waste. Our silks, cottons, malt, beer, and almost every other article was similarly prohibited. Striped linens were taxed thirty per cent., many other kinds of linen were also interfered with, and twenty-four embargoes in nineteen years straitened our foreign provision trade. Thus England kept her pledge of wrath, and broke her promise of service to Ireland.

A vigorous system of smuggling induced her to relax in some points, and the cannon of the Volunteers blew away the code.

By the Union we were so drained of money, and absentee rents and taxes, and of spirit in every way, that she no longer needs a prohibitory code to prevent our competing with her in any market, Irish or foreign. The Union is prohibition enough, and that England says she will maintain.

Whether it be now possible to create home manufactures, in

the old sense of the word—that is, manufactures made in the homes of the workers—is doubted.

In favour of such a thing, if it be possible, the arguments are numberless. Such work is a source of ingenuity and enjoyment in the cabin of the peasant; it rather fills up time that would be otherwise idled than takes from other work. Our peasants' wives and daughters could clothe themselves and their families by the winter night work, even as those of Norway do, if the peasants possessed the little estates that Norway's peasants do. Clothes manufactured by hand-work are more lasting, comfortable, and handsome, and are more natural and national than factory goods. Besides, there is the strongest of all reasons in this, that the factory system seems everywhere a poison to virtue and happiness.

Some invention, which should bring the might of machinery in a wholesome and cheap form to the cabin, seems the only solution of the difficulty.

The hazards of the factory system, however, should be encountered, were it sure to feed our starving millions; but this is dubious.

A Native Parliament can alone judge or act usefully on this momentous subject. An absentee tax and a resident government, and the progress of public industry and education, would enable an Irish Parliament to create vast manufactures here by protecting duties in the first instance, and to maintain them by our general prosperity, or it could rely on its own adjustment of landed property as sufficient to put the people above the need of hazarding purity or content by embarking in great manufactures.

A peasant proprietary could have wealth enough to import wrought goods, or taste and firmness enough to prefer home-made manufactures.

But these are questions for other years. We wish the reader to take our word for nothing, but to consult the writers on Irish trade. Laurence's *Interest of Ireland* (1682); Browne's *Tracts* (1728); Dobbs on "Trade" (1729); Hutchinson's *Commercial Restraints* (1779); Sheffield on "Irish Trade" (1785); Wallace

on "Irish Trade" (1798); the various "Parliamentary Reports," and the very able articles on the same subject in the *Citizen*.

Do not be alarmed at the list, reader; a month's study would carry you through all but the Reports, and it would be well spent. But if you still shrink, you can ease your conscience by reading Mr. John O'Connell's Report on "The Commercial Injustices," just issued by the Repeal Association. It is an elaborate, learned, and most useful tract.

NATIONAL ART.

NO one doubts that if he sees a place or an action he knows more of it than if it had been described to him by a witness. The dullest man, who "put on his best attire" to welcome Cæsar, had a better notion of life in Rome than our ablest artist or antiquary.

Were painting, then, but a coloured chronicle, telling us facts by the eye instead of the ear, it would demand the Statesman's care and the People's love. It would preserve for us faces we worshipped, and the forms of men who led and instructed us. It would remind us, and teach our children, not only how these men looked, but, to some extent, what they were, for nature is consistent, and she has indexed her labours. It would carry down a pictorial history of our houses, arts, costume, and manners to other times, and show the dweller in a remote isle the appearance of countries and races of his cotemporaries.

As a register of *facts*—as a portrayer of men, singly or assembled—and as a depicter of actual scenery, art is biography, history, and topography taught through the eye.

So far as it can express facts, it is superior to writing ; and nothing but the scarcity of *faithful* artists, or the stupidity of the public, prevents us from having our pictorial libraries of men and places. There are some classes of scenes—as where continuous action is to be expressed—in which sculpture quite fails, and painting is but a shadowy narrator.

But this, after all, though the most obvious and easy use of Painting and Sculpture, is far indeed from being their highest end.

Art is a regenerator as well as a copyist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from

a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant, and the Abbé Barthelemy from the last traveller in India—so do the Historical Painter, the Landscape composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful Portrait, Landscape, or Scene Drawer.

The Painter who is a master of composition makes his pencil cotemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Romulus sits for him and Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge, and Mohammed exhort, and Ephesus blaze when he likes. He tries not rashly, but by years of study of men's character, and dress, and deeds, to make them and their acts come as in a vision before him. Having thus got a design, he attempts to realise the vision on his canvas. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading, and colouring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, "the lights of other days," and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover over him.

But Art in its highest stage is more than this. It is a creator. Great as Herodotus and Thierry are, Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual. It is infinite, and Art is indefinitely powerful. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules mightier than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness of the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived, and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. As Reynolds says, "the effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo is that the observer feels his whole frame enlarged." It is creation, it is representing beings and things different from our nature, but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles, and Prometheus, and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature; they are beings created by the poets' minds, and true to *their* laws of being. There is no commoner blunder in men, who are themselves mere critics, never creators, than to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of poet or painter.

To create a mass of great pictures, statues, and buildings is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems or histories, or make great codes, or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power is to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them.

Ireland has had some great Painters—Barry and Forde, for example, and many of inferior but great excellence; and now she boasts high names—Maclise, Hogan, and Mulready. But their works were seldom done for Ireland, and are rarely known in it. Our portrait and landscape Painters paint foreign men and scenes; and, at all events, the Irish people do not see, possess, nor receive knowledge from their works. Irish history has supplied no subjects for our greatest Artists; and though, as we repeat, Ireland possessed a Forde and Barry, creative Painters of the highest order, the pictures of the latter are mostly abroad; those of the former unseen and unknown. Alas! that they are so few.

To collect into, and make known, and publish in Ireland the best works of our living and dead Artists is one of the steps towards procuring for Ireland a recognised National Art. And this is essential to our civilisation and renown. The other is by giving education to students and rewards to Artists, to make many of this generation true representers, some of them great illustrators and composers, and, perchance, to facilitate the creation of some great spirit.

Something has been done—more remains.

There are schools in Dublin and Cork. But why are those so neglected and imperfect? and why are not similar or better institutions in Belfast, Derry, Galway, Waterford, and Kilkenny? Why is there not a decent collection of casts anywhere but in Cork, and why are they in a garret there? And why have we no gallery of Irishmen's, or any other men's, pictures in Ireland?

The Art Union has done a great deal. It has helped to support in Ireland artists who should otherwise have starved or emigrated; it has dispersed one (when, oh when, will it

disperse another?) fine print of a fine Irish picture through the country, and to some extent interested as well as instructed thousands. Yet it could, and we believe will, do much more. It ought to have Corresponding Committees in the principal towns to preserve and rub up old schools of art and foster new ones, and it might by art and historical libraries, and by other ways, help the cause. We speak as friends, and suggest not as critics, for it has done good service.

The Repeal Association, too, in offering prizes for pictures and sculptures of Irish historical subjects, has taken its proper place as the patron of nationality in art; and its rewards for Building Designs may promote the comfort and taste of the people, and the reputation of the country. If artists will examine the rules by which the pictures, statues, and plates remain their property, they will find the prizes not so small as they might at first appear. Nor should they, from interest or just pride, be indifferent to the popularity and fame of success on national subjects, and with a People's Prizes to be contended for. If those who are not Repealers will treat the Association's design kindly and candidly, and if the Repealers will act in art upon principles of justice and conciliation, we shall not only advance national art, but gain another field of common exertion.

The Cork School of Art owes its existence to many causes.

The intense, genial, and Irish character of the people, the southern warmth and variety of clime, with its effects on animal and vegetable beings, are the natural causes.

The accident of Barry's birth there, and his great fame, excited the ambition of the young artists. An Irishman and a Corkman had gone out from them, and amazed men by the grandeur and originality of his works of art. He had thrown the whole of the English painters into insignificance, for who would compare the luscious commonplace of the Stuart painters, or the melodramatic reality of Hogarth, or the imitative beauty of Reynolds, or the clumsy strength of West, with the overbearing grandeur of his works.

But the *present* glories of Cork, Maclise and Hogan, the

greater, but buried might of Forde, and the rich promise which we know is springing there now, are mainly owing to another cause; and that is, that Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world.

These casts are not very many—117 only; but they are perfect, they are the first from Canova's moulds, and embrace the greatest works of Greek art. They are ill placed in a dim and dirty room—more shame to the rich men of Cork for leaving them so—but there they are, and there studied Forde, and Maclise, and the rest, until they learned to draw better than any moderns, except Cornelius and his living brethren.

In the countries where art is permanent there are great collections—Tuscany and Rome, for example. But, as we have said before, the highest service done by success in art is not in the possession but in the creation of great works, the spirit, labour, sagacity, and instruction needed by the artists to succeed, and flung out by them on their country like rain from sunny clouds.

Indeed there is some danger of a traditionary mediocrity following after a great epoch in art. Superstition of style, technical rules in composition, and all the pedantry of art, too often fill up the ranks vacated by veteran genius, and of this there are examples enough in Flanders, Spain, and even Italy. The schools may, and often do, make men scholastic and ungenial, and art remains an instructor and refiner, but creates no more.

Ireland, fortunately or unfortunately, has everything to do yet. We have had great artists—we have not their works—we own the nativity of great living artists—they live on the Tiber and the Thames. Our capital has no school of art—no facilities for acquiring it.

To be sure there are rooms open in the Dublin Society, and they have not been useless, that is all. But a student here cannot learn anatomy, save at the same expense as a surgical student. He has no great works of art before him, no Pantheon, no Valhalla, not even a good museum or gallery.

We think it may be laid down as unalterably true that a

student should never draw from a flat surface. He learns nothing by drawing from the lines of another man—he only mimics. Better for him to draw chairs and tables, bottles and glasses, rubbish, potatoes, cabins, or kitchen utensils, than draw from the lines laid down by other men.

Of those forms of nature which the student can originally consult—the sea, the sky, the earth—we would counsel him to draw from them in the first learning; for though he ought afterwards to analyse and mature his style by the study of works of art, from the first sketches to the finished picture, yet, by beginning with nature and his own suggestions, he will acquire a genuine and original style, superior to the finest imitation; and it is hard to acquire a master's skill without his manner.

Were all men cast in a divine mould of strength and straightness and gallant bearing, and all women proportioned, graceful, and fair, the artist would need no gallery, at least to begin his studies with. He would have to persuade or snatch his models in daily life. Even then, as art creates greater and simpler combinations than ever exist in fact, he should finally study before the superhuman works of his predecessors.

But he has about him here an indifferently-made, ordinary, not very clean, nor picturesquely-clad people; though, doubtless, if they had the feeding, the dress, and the education (for mind beautifies the body) of the Greeks, they would not be inferior, for the Irish structure is of the noblest order.

To give him a multitude of fine natural models, to say nothing of ideal works, it is necessary to make a gallery of statues or casts. The statues will come in good time, and we hope, and are sure, that Ireland, a nation, will have a national gallery, combining the greatest works of the Celtic and Teutonic races. But at present the most that can be done is to form a gallery.

Our readers will be glad to hear that this great boon is about to be given to Irish Art. A society for the formation of a gallery of casts in Dublin has been founded.

It embraces men of every rank, class, creed, politics, and

calling, thus forming another of those sanctuaries, now multiplying in Ireland, where one is safe from the polemic and the partisan.

Its purpose is to purchase casts of all the greatest works of Greece, Egypt, Etruria, ancient Rome, and Europe in the middle ages. This will embrace a sufficient variety of types both natural and ideal to prevent imitation, and will avoid the debateable ground of modern art. Wherever they can afford it the society will buy moulds, in order to assist provincial galleries, and therefore the provinces are immediately interested in its support.

When a few of these casts¹ are got together, and a proper gallery procured, the public will be admitted to see, and artists to study, them without any charge. The annual subscription is but ten shillings, the object being to interest as many as possible in its support.

It has been suggested to us by an artist that Trinity College ought to establish a gallery and museum containing casts of all the ancient statues, models of their buildings, civil and military, and a collection of their implements of art, trade, and domestic life. A nobler institution, a more vivid and productive commentary on the classics, could not be. But if the Board will not do this of themselves, we trust they will see the propriety of assisting this public gallery, and procuring, therefore, special privileges for the students in using it.

But no matter what persons in authority may do or neglect, we trust the public—for the sake of their own pleasure, their children's profit, and Ireland's honour—will give it their instant and full support.

¹ Foley's splendid legacy to the Royal Dublin Society in some measure realises Davis's suggestion.

ART UNIONS.

ART Unions are a substitute for State patronage. The State can do much for art. It can furnish teachers and models to a large class, and it can enable an artist to live by great works. Private patronage does not encourage great works. They require much time, and occupy a larger space than suits the size of private dwellings. Their price is immense, not only from the labour they require, but because of the rarity of men able to execute them. Wherever the arts have flourished, the State has been their chief patron. So it was in Athens, where art was a branch of public business. In Rome the patronage was even more liberal, if not quite so just. When arts revived they were sustained by the monarchs and ecclesiastical corporations of all Europe. But amongst their earliest, firmest, and wisest friends were the little republics of Italy and the corporations of the Low Countries. Even now there is more art of a high order called out by the patronage of the little court of Munich than by any people in the world. When we speak of high art we mean art used to instruct and ennoble men; to teach them great deeds, whether historical, religious, or romantic; to awaken their piety, their pride, their justice, and their valour; to paint the hero, the martyr, the rescuer, the lover, the patriot, the friend, the saint, and the Saviour—nor is it confined to expressing moral excellence. It expresses intellectual and physical might—the poet, the orator, the sage, the giant savage, the falling angel. Whatever can be painted or sculptured, of strength or sweetness, of grace or terror, of piety or power—that belongs to high art.

In prizing State patronage so high, we do not assume it sufficient to produce great artists. Public passions, strong thoughts, condensed and deep education must exist (along with facilities to learn, and State patronage) to produce great artists. The perfect success of the little states of Greece, Italy, and the

Low Countries in art, was owing less to their patronising art than to the strong passions, the public spirit, the concentration and earnestness of character produced by local government. Polygamy is not more unnatural and debasing than central government. We do not hope to see art advance much till national character is restored by the break up of two or three of the huge and hateful empires.

Latterly a substitute for State patronage has been found, or supposed to have been found, in Art Unions. The clubbed guineas of thousands form a sum large enough to buy the costliest pictures. We do not think these Unions can realise all their more sanguine friends look for. Some people subscribe to encourage art, most people to get pictures and prints. There is therefore a strong inducement among the managers of these institutions to have as many prizes as possible to distribute. Their motive is excellent. Their desire is to serve artists and satisfy the public. They are all gratuitous labourers in this excellent work. But the effect is to break up the fund into small sums, and to prevent Art Committees from buying great, and therefore costly pictures, and thus to discourage them. Perhaps even in this respect these committees are blameless; a petty style existed, and has not been got rid of, and it may be many years before they have the opportunity of buying a picture great in design and execution.

Still these institutions do and have done a great deal. They have given the guineas of tens of thousands to support artists who might otherwise have starved or painted portraits. They have put hundreds of pictures and thousands of fine prints into houses where a catch-penny London engraving, or nothing at all, would have reached. They have created an excitement about art. Men talk of it, read of it, think of it, and recommend it, who, ten years ago, would not have heeded its existence. Artists thus encouraged and honoured are improving, and there is every hope that by the continuance of such support, and by the increase of public spirit, a school of eminent Irish artists will be created to illustrate their country's history and character, and to associate their fame with hers.

HINTS FOR IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS.

NATIONAL art is conversant with national subjects. We have Irish artists, but no Irish, no national art. This ought not to continue; it is injurious to the artists, and disgraceful to the country. The following historical subjects were loosely jotted down by a friend. Doubtless, a more just selection could be made by students noting down fit subjects for painting and sculpture, as they read. We shall be happy to print any suggestions on the subject—our own are, as we call them, mere hints with loose references to the authors or books which suggested them. For any good painting, the marked figures must be few, the action obvious, the costume, arms, architecture, postures historically exact, and the manners, appearance, and rank of the characters strictly studied and observed. The grouping and drawing require great truth and vigour. A similar set of subjects illustrating social life could be got from the Poor Report, Carleton's, Banim's, or Griffin's Stories, or better still, from observation.

The references are vague, but perhaps sufficient.

The Landing of the Milesians.—Keating, Moore's Melodies.

Ollamh Fodhla Presenting his Laws to his People. Keating's, Moore's, and O'Halloran's Histories of Ireland.—Walker's Irish Dress and Arms, and Vallancey's Collectanea.

Nial and his Nine Hostages.—Moore, Keating.

A Druid's Augury.—Moore, O'Halloran, Keating.

A Chief Riding Out of his Fort.—Griffin's Invasion, Walker, Moore.

The Oak of Kildare.—Moore.

The Burial of King Dathy in the Alps, his thinned troops laying stones on his grave.—M'Geoghegan, "*Histoire de l'Irlande*" (French edition), Invasion, Walker, Moore.

St. Patrick brought before the Druids at Tara.—Moore and his Authorities.

The First Landing of the Danes.—See Invasion, Moore, etc.

The Death of Turgesius.—Keating, Moore.

Ceallachan tied to the Mast.—Keating.

Murkertach Returning to Aileach.—Archæological Society's Tracts.

Brian Reconnoitring the Danes before Clontarf.

The Last of the Danes Escaping to his Ship.

O'Ruarc's Return.—Keating, Moore's Melodies.

Raymond Le Gros Leaving his Bride.—Moore.

Roderic in Conference with the Normans.—Moore, M'Geoghegan.

Donald O'Brien Setting Fire to Limerick.—M'Geoghegan.

Donald O'Brien Visiting Holycross.—M'Geoghegan.

O'Brien, O'Connor, and M'Carthy making Peace to attack the Normans.—M'Geoghegan, Moore.

The Same Three Victorious at the Battle of Thurles.—Moore and O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*.

Irish Chiefs leaving Prince John.—Moore, etc.

M'Murrough and Gloster.—Harris's *Hibernica*, p. 53.

Crowning of Edward Bruce.—Leland, Grace's *Annals*, etc.

Edgecombe Vainly Trying to Overawe Kildare.—Harris's *Hibernica*.

Kildare "On the Necks of the Butlers."—Leland.

Shane O'Neill at Elizabeth's Court.—Leland.

Lord Sydney Entertained by Shane O'Neill.

The Battle of the Red Coats.—O'Sullivan's *Catholic History*.

Hugh O'Neill Victor in Single Combat at Clontibret.—Fynes Moryson, O'Sullivan, M'Geoghegan.

The Corleius.—Dymmok's *Treatise*, Archæological Society's Tracts.

Maguire and St. Leger in Single Combat.—M'Geoghegan.

O'Sullivan Crossing the Shannon.—*Pacata Hibernia*.

O'Dogherty Receiving the Insolent Message of the Governor of Derry.—M'Geoghegan.

The Brehon before the English Judges.—Davis's Letter to Lord Salisbury.

Ormond Refusing to give up his Sword.—Carte's *Life of Ormond*.

Good Lookers-on.—Strafford's Letters.

Owen Conolly before the Privy Council, 1641.—Carey's *Vindiciæ*.

The Battle of Julianstown.—Temple's Rebellion, and Tichbourne's Drogheda.

Owen Roe Organising the Creaghts.—Carte, and also Belling and O'Neill in the *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*.

- The Council of Kilkenny.—Carte.
 The Breach of Clonmel.—Do.
 Smoking Out the Irish.—Ludlow's Memoirs.
 Burning Them.—Castlehaven's Memoirs.
 Nagle before the Privy Council.—Harris's William.
 James's Entry into Dublin.—Dublin Magazine for March 1843.
 The Bridge of Athlone.—Green Book and Authorities.
 St. Ruth's Death.—Do.
 The Embarkation from Limerick.—Do.
 Cremona.—Cox's Magazine.
 Fontenoy.—Do.
 Sir S. Rice Pleading against the Violation of the Treaty of Limerick.
 —Staunton's Collection of Tracts on Ireland.
 Molyneux's Book Burned.
 Liberty Boys Reading a Drapier's Letter.—Mason's St. Patrick's
 Cathedral.
 Lucas Surrounded by Dublin Citizens in his Shop.
 Grattan Moving Liberty.—Memoirs.
 Flood Apostrophising Corruption.—Barrington.
 Dungannon Convention.—Wilson, Barrington.
 Curran Cross-examining Armstrong.—Memoirs.
 Curran Pleading before the Council in Alderman James's Case.
 Tone's First Society.—See his Memoirs.
 The Belfast Club.—Madden's U. I., Second Series, vol. i.
 Tone, Emmet, and Keogh in the Rathfarnham Garden.
 Tone and Carnot.—Tone's Memoirs.
 Battle of Oulart.—Hay, Teeling, etc.
 First Meeting of the Catholic Association.
 O'Connell Speaking in a Munster Chapel.—Wyse's Association.
 The Clare Hustings.—Proposal of O'Connell.
 The Dublin Corporation Speech.
 Father Mathew Administering the Pledge in a Munster County.
 Conciliation.—Orange and Green.
 The Lifting of the Irish Flags of a National Fleet and Army.¹

¹ Let us add to this list that conversation of Davis, Duffy, and Dillon under a "noble elm within view of the Park gate" (*Young Ireland*, p. 17), which led to the establishment of the *Nation* newspaper.—ED.

OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE.¹

MEN are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk commonplace, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an

¹ Davis's enthusiasm for the Irish language was sometimes a subject of pleasantry to his friends of the *Nation*, sometimes, however, of pain also, for he used to alter, or insist on their altering, their verses in order to adapt them to the proper form of Irish names. One of them declared that if he sent in a poem beginning

“ Let us go down
To pretty Kingstown,”

he might confidently expect to find in his proof—

“ Let us go down
To pretty Dunleary.”

Some of the ideas in this essay were not so unreasonable in Davis's time as they will appear now; for the wholesale disappearance of the Irish language is a matter of quite recent times, and has proceeded with a startling rapidity. And the effects of this widespread and sudden change have been calamitous enough; for with the language has perished a whole world of romantic tradition, maxims, poems, etc., whose influence on culture and conduct was great and elevating. One of the most competent of living observers, Mr. Douglas Hyde, has remarked that the Irish peasantry of the East, who lost their language several generations ago, approximate much more nearly in character to those who still possess it, than to those with whom the loss is comparatively a matter of yesterday.—ED.

imitative or commonplace man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilisation, and the rulers of the human heart.

Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a *people's* greatness? Force the manners, dress, language, and constitution of Russia, or Italy, or Norway, or America, and you instantly stunt and distort the whole mind of either people.

The language, which grows up with a people, is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution, and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression.

The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb.

What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek distort his organs and his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of the Hymettus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicate-organed Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, "sweet as music, strong as the wave"—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild, liquid speech for the mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?

We lately met a glorious thought in the "Triads of Mochmed," printed in one of the Welsh codes by the Record Commission: "There are three things without which there is

no country—common language, common judicature, and co-tillage land—for without these a country cannot support itself in peace and social union.”

A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—’tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river.

And in good times it has ever been thought so. Who had dared to propose the adoption of Persian or Egyptian in Greece—how had Pericles thundered at the barbarian? How had Cato scourged from the forum him who would have given the Attic or Gallic speech to men of Rome? How proudly and how nobly Germany stopped “the incipient creeping” progress of French! And no sooner had she succeeded than her genius, which had tossed in a hot trance, sprung up fresh and triumphant.

Had Pyrrhus quelled Italy, or Xerxes subdued Greece for a time long enough to impose new languages, where had been the literature which gives a pedigree to human genius? Even liberty recovered had been sickly and insecure without the language with which it had hunted in the woods, worshipped at the fruit-strewn altar, debated on the council-hill, and shouted in the battle-charge.

There is a fine song of the Fusians, which describes

“Language linked to liberty.”

To lose your native tongue, and learn that of an alien, is the worst badge of conquest—it is the chain on the soul. To have lost entirely the national language is death; the fetter has worn through. So long as the Saxon held to his German speech he could hope to resume his land from the Norman; now, if he is to be free and locally governed, he must build himself a new home. There is hope for Scotland—strong hope for Wales—sure hope for Hungary. The speech of the alien is not universal in the one; is gallantly held at bay in the other; is nearly expelled from the third.

How unnatural—how corrupting ’tis for us, three-fourths of

whom are of Celtic blood, to speak a medley of Teutonic dialects ! If we add the Celtic Scots, who came back here from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and the Celtic Welsh, who colonised many parts of Wexford and other Leinster counties, to the Celts who never left Ireland, probably five-sixths, or more, of us are Celts. What business have we with the Norman-Sassenagh ?

Nor let any doubt these proportions because of the number of English *names* in Ireland. With a politic cruelty the English of the Pale passed an Act (3 Edw. IV., c. 3) compelling every Irishman within English jurisdiction "to go like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving off his beard above the mouth," "and shall take to him an English sirname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale ; or colour, as White, Blacke, Browne ; or art or science, as Smith, or Carpenter ; or office, as Cook, Butler ; and that he and his issue shall use this name, under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly."

And just as this Parliament before the Reformation, so did another after the Reformation. By the 28th Henry VIII., c. 15, the dress and language of the Irish were insolently described as barbarous by the minions of that ruffian king, and were utterly forbidden and abolished under many penalties and incapacities. These laws are still in force ; but whether the Archæological Society, including Peel and O'Connell, will be prosecuted seems doubtful.

There was also, 'tis to be feared, an adoption of English names, during some periods, from fashion, fear, or meanness. Some of our best Irish names, too, have been so mangled as to require some scholarship to identify them. For these and many more reasons the members of the Celtic race here are immensely greater than at first appears.

But this is not all ; for even the Saxon and Norman colonists, notwithstanding these laws, melted down into the Irish, and adopted all their ways and language. For centuries upon centuries Irish was spoken by men of all bloods in Ireland, and English was unknown, save to a few citizens and nobles of the

Pale. 'Tis only within a very late period that the majority of the people learned English.

But, it will be asked, how can the language be restored now?

We shall answer this partly by saying that, through the labours of the Archæological and many lesser societies, it *is* being revived rapidly.

We shall consider this question of the possibility of reviving it more at length some other day.

Nothing can make us believe that it is natural or honourable for the Irish to speak the speech of the alien, the invader, the Sassenagh tyrant, and to abandon the language of our kings and heroes. What ! give up the tongue of Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru, the tongue of M'Carty, and the O'Nials, the tongue of Sarsfield's, Curran's, Mathew's, and O'Connell's boyhood, for that of Strafford and Poynings, Sussex, Kirk, and Cromwell !

No ! oh, no ! the "brighter days shall surely come," and the green flag shall wave on our towers, and the sweet old language be heard once more in college, mart, and senate.

But even should the effort to save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it !

Had Swift known Irish he would have sowed its seed by the side of that nationality which he planted, and the close of the last century would have seen the one as flourishing as the other. Had Ireland used Irish in 1782, would it not have impeded England's re-conquest of us ? But 'tis not yet too late.

For *you*, if the mixed speech called English was laid with sweetmeats on your child's tongue, English is the best speech of manhood. And yet, rather, in that case you are unfortunate. The hills, and lakes, and rivers, the forts and castles, the churches and parishes, the baronies and counties around you, have all Irish names—names which describe the nature of the scenery or ground, the name of founder, or chief, or priest,

or the leading fact in the history of the place. To you these are names hard to pronounce, and without meaning.

And yet it were well for you to know them. That knowledge would be a topography, and a history, and romance, walking by your side, and helping your discourse. Meath tells its flatness, Clonmel the abundant riches of its valley, Fer-managh is the land of the Lakes, Tyrone the country of Owen, Kilkenny the Church of St. Canice, Dunmore the great fort, Athenry the Ford of the Kings, Dunleary the Fort of O'Leary; and the Phoenix Park, instead of taking its name from a fable, recognises as christener the "sweet water" which yet springs near the east gate.

All the names of our airs and songs are Irish, and we every day are as puzzled and ingeniously wrong about them as the man who, when asked for the air, "I am asleep, and don't waken me," called it "Tommy M'Cullagh made boots for me."

The bulk of our history and poetry are written in Irish, and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer in the original—shall we be content with ignorance or a translation of Irish?

The want of modern scientific words in Irish is undeniable, and doubtless we should adopt the existing names into our language. The Germans have done the same thing, and no one calls German mongrel on that account. Most of these names are clumsy and extravagant; and are almost all derived from Greek or Latin, and cut as foreign a figure in French and English as they would in Irish. Once Irish was recognised as a language to be learned as much as French or Italian, our dictionaries would fill up, and our vocabularies ramify, to suit all the wants of life and conversation.

These objections are ingenious refinements, however, rarely thought of till after the other and great objection has been answered.

The usual objection to attempting the revival of Irish is, that it could not succeed.

If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of

the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended.

What we seek is, that the people of the upper classes should have their children taught the language which explains our names of persons or places, our older history, and our music, and which is spoken in the majority of our counties, rather than Italian, German, or French. It would be more useful in life, more serviceable to the taste and genius of young people, and a more flexible accomplishment for an Irish man or woman to speak, sing, and write Irish than French.

At present the middle classes think it a sign of vulgarity to speak Irish—the children are everywhere taught English and English alone in schools—and, what is worse, they are urged by rewards and punishments to speak it at home, for English is the language of their masters. Now, we think the example and exertions of the upper classes would be sufficient to set the opposite and better fashion of preferring Irish; and, even as a matter of taste, we think them bound to do so. And we ask it of the pride, the patriotism, and the hearts of our farmers and shopkeepers, will they try to drive out of their children's minds the native language of almost every great man we had, from Brian Boru to O'Connell—will they meanly sacrifice the language which names their hills, and towns, and music, to the tongue of the stranger?

About half the people west of a line drawn from Derry to Waterford speak Irish habitually, and in some of the mountain tracts east of that line it is still common. Simply requiring the teachers of the national schools in these Irish-speaking districts to know Irish, and supplying them with Irish translations of the school books, would guard the language where it now exists, and prevent it from being swept away by the English tongue, as the Red Americans have been by the English race from New York to New Orleans.

The example of the upper classes would extend and develop a modern Irish literature, and the hearty support they have given to the Archæological Society makes us hope that they will have sense and spirit to do so.

But the establishment of a newspaper partly or wholly Irish would be the most rapid and sure way of serving the language. The Irish-speaking man would find, in his native tongue, the political news and general information he has now to seek in English; and the English-speaking man, having Irish frequently before him in so attractive a form, would be tempted to learn its characters, and by-and-by its meaning.

These newspapers in many languages are now to be found everywhere but here. In South America many of these papers are Spanish and English, or French; in North America, French and English; in Northern Italy, German and Italian; in Denmark and Holland, German is used in addition to the native tongue; in Alsace and Switzerland, French and German; in Poland, German, French, and Slavonic; in Turkey, French and Turkish; in Hungary, Magyar, Slavonic, and German; and the little Canton of Grison uses three languages in its press. With the exception of Hungary, the secondary language is, in all cases, spoken by fewer persons than the Irish-speaking people of Ireland, and while they everywhere tolerate and use one language as a medium of commerce, they cherish the other as the vehicle of history, the wings of song, the soil of their genius, and a mark and guard of nationality.

INSTITUTIONS OF DUBLIN.

JUDGED by the *Directory*, Dublin is nobly supplied with institutions for the promotion of Literature, Science, and Art; and, judged by its men, there is mind enough here to make these institutions prosper, and instruct and raise the country. Yet their performances are far short of these promises, and the causes for ill-success are easily found. We believe these causes could be almost as easily removed.

In the first place, we have too many of these institutions. Stingy grants from Government and the general poverty of the people render economy a matter of the first consequence; yet we find these societies maintaining a number of separate establishments, at a great expense of rent and salaries.

The consequence, of course, is that none of them flourish as they ought—museums, meetings, lectures, libraries, and exhibitions are all frittered away, and nothing is done so well as it might be. Moreover, from the want of any arrangement and order, the same men are dragged from one society to another—few men do much, because all are forced to attempt so many things.

But 'tis better to examine this in detail, and in doing so we may as well give some leading facts as to the chief of these bodies. Take, for example, as a beginning, the

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE PROMOTION OF FINE ARTS.

And first there is the Hibernian Academy. It was founded in 1823, received a present of its house in Abbey Street, and some books and casts, from Francis Johnston, a Dublin architect, and has the miserable income of £300 a year from the Treasury. It has a drawing-school, with a few casts, no

pictures, bad accommodation, and professors whose pay is nearly nominal.

It undoubtedly has some men of great ability and attainments, and some who have neither; but what can be done without funds, statues, or pictures? To aggravate its difficulties, the Dublin Society has another art school, still worse off as to casts, and equally deficient in pictures. As a place of instruction in the designing of patterns for manufactures and the like, the Dublin Society school has worked well; and many of the best-paid controllers of design in the English manufactories were educated there; but as a school of fine arts it does little; and no wonder. Another branch of the Hibernian Academy's operations is its annual exhibition of pictures. These exhibitions attract crowds who would never otherwise see a painting, promote thought on art, and procure patronage for artists. In this, too, the Hibernian Academy has recently found a rival in the Society of Irish Artists established in 1842, which has an annual exhibition in College Street, and pays the expenses of the exhibition out of the admission fees, as does the Hibernian Academy. We are not attaching blame to the Society of Irish Artists in noticing the fact of its rivalry.

There are three other bodies devoted to the encouragement of art. One of these is the Art Union, founded in 1840, and maintained entirely by subscriptions to its lottery. It distributes fine engravings from Irish pictures among all its members, and pictures and statues, bought in the exhibitions of the Hibernian Academy, and of the Society of Irish Artists, among its prize-holders; and it gives premiums for the works of native or resident artists. Its operation is as a patron of art; and, in order to get funds for this purpose, and also to secure superior works and a higher competition, it extends its purchases to the best foreign works exhibited here. It has no collection, and has merely an office in College Street—in fact its best permanent possession is its unwearied secretary. The Society of Ancient Art was established last year for the formation of a public gallery of casts from classical and mediæval statues, and ultimately for purposes of direct teaching by

lectures, etc. It obtained some funds by subscription; but under the expectation, 'tis said, of a public grant, has done nothing. Lastly, there is the "Institute of Irish Architects," founded in 1839 "for the general advancement of civil architecture, for promoting and facilitating the acquirement of a knowledge of the various arts and sciences connected therewith, for the formation of a library and museum," etc.

To us it is very plain that here are too many institutions, and that the efficiency of all suffers materially from their want of connection and arrangement. Some, at least, might be amalgamated with great advantage, or rather all, except the Art Union. That is only a club of purchasers, and any attempt materially to change its nature would peril its funds. Some such plan as the following would accomplish all that is vainly attempted now. Let the Government be pressed to give £2000 a year, if the public supply £1000 a year. Let this income go to a new Hibernian Academy—the present Hibernian Academy, Artists' Society, Society of Ancient Art, the Art Schools of the Dublin Society, and the Institute of Irish Architects being merged in it. This merger could be easily secured through the inducements secured by the charter, and by accommodation, salaries, and utility of the new body. The present property of these bodies, with some moderate grant, would suffice for the purchase of a space of ground ample for the schools, museums, library, lecture-room, and yards of such an institution.

At the head of it should be a small body governing and accounting for its finances, but *no person* should be a governing member of more than one of its sections. These sections should be for Statuary, Painting, Architecture, and Design Drawing. Each of these sections should have its own Gallery and its own Practice Rooms; but one Library and one public Lecture Room would suffice for the entire. The architectural section would also need some open space for its experiments and its larger specimens. A present of copies of the British Museum casts, along with the fund of the Ancient Art Society, would originate a Cast Gallery, and a few good pictures could be

bought as a commencement of a National Gallery of Painting, leaving the economy of the managers and the liberality of the public gradually to fill up. Collections of native works in canvas and marble, and architectural models, could be soon and cheaply procured. The Art Library of the Dublin Society added to that of the Hibernian Academy would need few additions to make it sufficient for the new body.

Such an Institute ought not to employ any but the best teachers and lecturers. It should encourage proficiency by rewards that would instruct the proficient; it should apply itself to cataloguing, preserving, and making known all the works of art in the country; give prizes for artistical works; publish its lectures and transactions; issue engravings of the most instructive works of art; and hold evening meetings, to which ladies would be admitted. It should allow at least £400 a year for the support of free pupils. In connection with its drawing and modelling schools should be a professorship of anatomy, or, what were better, some arrangement might be made with the College of Surgeons, or some such body, for courses of instruction for its pupils. The training for its pupils in sculpture, painting, and design should include the study of ancient and modern costumes, zoology, and of vegetable and geological forms. For this purpose books should not be so much relied on as lectures in gardens, museums, and during student excursions. Of course the architectural pupils should be required to answer at a preliminary examination in mathematics, and should receive special instruction in the building materials, action of climate, etc., in Ireland.

Were the buildings standing, and the society chartered judiciously, the sum we have mentioned would be sufficient. Four professors at from £200 to £300 a year each, four assistants at £100 a year each, a librarian at the same rate, with payments for extra instruction in anatomy, etc., etc., and for porters, premiums, and so forth, would not exceed £2000 a year. So that if £400 were expended on free pupils, there would remain £600 a year for the purchase of works for the galleries.

At present there is much waste of money, great annoyance, and loss of time to the supporters of these institutions, and marvellously little benefit to art. The plan we have proposed would be economical both of time and money; but, what is of more worth, it would give us, what we have not now, a National Gallery of Statuary and Painting—good Exhibition Rooms for works of art—business-like Lecturers and Lectures—great public excitement about art—and, finally, a great National Academy.

If any one has a better plan, let him say it; we have told ours. At all events, some great change is needed, and there can be no fitter time than this for it.

In any community it is desirable to have Literary Institutions, as well classified as legal offices, and as free from counteraction; but it is especially desirable here now. Our literary class is small, and its duties measureless. The diseased suction of London—the absence of gentry, offices, and Legislature—the heart-sickness that is on every thoughtful man without a country—the want of a large, educated, and therefore book-buying class—and (it must be confessed) the depression and distrust produced by rash experiments and paltry failure, have left us with few men for a great work. Probably the great remedy is the restoration of our Parliament—bringing back, as it would, the aristocracy and the public offices, giving society and support to Writers and Artists, and giving them a country's praise to move and a country's glory to reward them.

But one of the very means of attaining nationality is securing some portion of that literary force which would gush abundantly from it; and therefore, consider it how you will, it is important to increase and economise the exertions of the literary class in Ireland. Yet the reverse is done. Institutions are multiplied instead of those being made efficient which exist; and men talk as proudly of the new "Teach'em-everything-in-no-time-Society" as if its natty laws were a library, its desk a laboratory and a museum, and its members fresh labourers, when all they have done is to waste the time of persons who had business,

and to delude those who had none, into the belief that they were doing good. Ephemeral things ! which die not without mischief—they have wasted hours and days of strong men in spinning sand, and leave depression growing from their tombs.

It is a really useful deed to rescue from dissipation, or from idle reading, or from mammon-hunting, one strong, passionate man or boy, and to set him to work investigating, arranging, teaching. It is an honest task to shame the 'broidered youth from meditation on waistcoats and the display of polka steps into manly pursuits. It is an angel's mission (oftenest the work of love) to startle a sleeping and unconscious genius into the spring and victory of a roused lion. But it is worse than useless to establish new associations and orders without well considering first whether the same machinery do not already exist and rust for want of the very energy and skill which you need too. There is a bridge in a field near Blarney Castle where water never ran. It was built "at the expense of the county." These men build their mills close as houses in a capital, taking no thought for the stream to turn them.

We have already censured this in some detail with reference to societies for the promotion of the Fine Arts, and have urged the formation, out of all these fiddling, clashing bodies, of some one great institution for the promotion of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, with a Museum, a Library, a Gallery, and Lecturers, governed by professional minds, great enough to be known and regarded by the people, and popular and strong enough to secure Government support.

Similar defects exist everywhere. Take the Dublin Society, for example. Nothing can be more heterogeneous than its objects. We are far from denying its utility. That utility is immense, the institution is native, of old standing (it was founded in 1731), national, and, when it wanted support, our pen was not idle in its behalf.

But we believe its utility greatly diminished by its attempting too many things, and especially by including objects more fitly belonging to other institutions ; and on the opposite side it is maimed, by the interference of other bodies, in its natural

functions. The Dublin Society was founded for the promotion of husbandry and other useful arts. Its labours to serve agriculture have been repeated and extensive, though not always judicious. It has also endeavoured to promote manufactures. It has gardens and museums fitter for scientific than practical instruction, admirable lecturers, a library most generously opened, a drawing-school of the largest purposes and of equivocal success, and various minor branches.

The Irish Academy has some of this fault. It endeavours to unite antiquarianism and abstract science. Its meetings are alternately entertained with mathematics and history, and its transactions are equally comprehensive. We yield to none in anxiety for the promotion of antiquarian studies; we think the public and the government disgraced by the slight support given to the Academy. We are not a little proud of the honour and strength given to our country by the science of MacCullagh, Hamilton, and Lloyd; but we protest against the attempt to mix the armoury of the ancient Irish, or the Celtic dialects, or the essay on Round Towers, with trigonometry and the calculus, whether in a lecture-room or a book.

Let us just set down, as we find them, some of the Literary and Scientific Institutions. There are the Royal Dublin Society, the Royal Irish Academy (we wish these royalties were dropped—no one minds them), the Irish Archæological Society, the Royal Zoological Society, the Geological Society, the Dublin Natural History Society, the Dublin Philosophical Society, the Royal Agricultural Society, etc., etc. Now, we take it that these bodies might be usefully reduced to three, and if three moderate government grants were made under conditions, rewarding such a classification, we doubt not it would instantly be made.

In the first place, we would divorce from the Irish Academy the scientific department, requiring Trinity College to form some voluntary organisation for the purpose. To this non-collegiate philosophers should be admitted, and, thus disencumbered, we would devote the Academy to antiquities and literature—incorporate with it the Archæological Society—

transfer to it all the antiques (of which it had not duplicates) in Trinity College, the Dublin Society, etc., and enlarge its museums and meeting-room. Its section of "polite literature" has long been a name—it should be made real. There would be nothing inconvenient or strange in finding in its lecture-rooms or transactions the antiquities and literature of Ireland, diversified by general historical, critical, and æsthetical researches.

The Dublin Society would reasonably divide into two sections. One, for the promotion of husbandry, might be aggrandised by tempting the Agricultural Society to join it, and should have a permanent museum, an extensive farm, premiums, shows, publications, and special lecturers. The second section, for the encouragement of manufactures, should have its museum, work-shops, and experiment ground (the last, perhaps, as the agricultural farm), and its special lecturers. The library might well be joint, and managed by a joint committee, having separate funds. The general lecturers on chemistry and other such subjects might be paid in common. The drawing-school (save that for pattern and machine drawing) might be transferred to the Art Institution; and the botanic garden and museum of minerals to a third body we propose.

This third body we would form from a union of the Zoological, the Geological, the Natural History, and all other such societies, and endow it with the Botanic and Zoological Gardens—give it rooms for a general, and for a specially Irish museum, and for lecture-rooms in town, and supply it with a small fund to pay lecturers, who should go through the provinces.

We are firmly convinced that this re-arrangement of the Institutions of Dublin is quite practicable, would diminish unproductive expenses, economise the time, and condense the purposes of our literary, scientific, and artistical men, and increase enormously the use of the institutions to the public.

Of course the whole plan will be laughed at as fanciful and improbable; we think it easy, and we think it will be done.

IRELAND'S PEOPLE, LORDS, GENTRY, COMMONALTY.

WHEN we are considering a country's resources and its fitness for a peculiar destiny, its people are not to be overlooked. How much they think, how much they work, what are their passions, as well as their habits, what are their hopes and what their history, suggest inquiries as well worth envious investigation as even the inside of a refugee's letter.

And there is much in Ireland of that character—much that makes her superior to slavery, and much that renders her inferior to freedom.

Her inhabitants are composed of Irish nobles, Irish gentry, and the Irish people. Each has an interest in the independence of their country, each a share in her disgrace. Upon each, too, there devolves a separate duty in this crisis of her fate. They all have responsibilities; but the infamy of failing in them is not alike in all.

The nobles are the highest class. They have most to guard. In every other country they are the champions of patriotism. They feel there is no honour for them separate from their fatherland. Its freedom, its dignity, its integrity, are as their own. They strive for it, legislate for it, guard it, fight for it. Their names, their titles, their very pride are of it.

In Ireland they are its disgrace. They were first to sell and would be last to redeem it. Treachery to it is daubed on many an escutcheon in its heraldry. It is the only nation where slaves have been ennobled for contributing to its degradation.

It is a foul thing this—dignity emanating from the throne to gild the filthy mass of national treason that forms the man's part of many an Irish lord.

We do not include in this the whole Irish peerage. God

forbid. There are several of them not thus ignoble. Many of them worked, struggled, sacrificed for Ireland. Many of them were true to her in the darkest times.

They were her chiefs, her ornaments, her sentinels, her safeguards. Alas! that they, too, should have shrunk from their position, and left their duties to humbler, but bolder and better men.

Look at their station in the State. Is it not one of unequivocal shame? They enjoy the half mendicant privilege of voting for a representative of their order, in the House of Lords, some twice or thrice in their lives. One Irish peer represents about a dozen others of his class, and thus, in his multiplex capacity, he is admitted into fellowship with the English nobility. The borrowed plumes, the delegated authority of so many of his equals, raise him to a half-admitted equality with an English nobleman. And, although thus deprived of their inheritance of dignity, they are not allowed even the privilege of a commoner. An Irish lord cannot sit in the House of Commons for an Irish county or city, nor can he vote for an Irish member.

But an Irish lord can represent an English constituency. The distinction is a strange one—unintelligible to us in any sense but one of national humiliation. We understand it thus—an Irish lord is too mean in his own person, and by virtue of his Irish title, to rank with the British peerage. He can only qualify for that honour by uniting in his the suffrages and titles of ten or twelve others. But—flattering distinction!—he is above the rank of an Irish commoner, nor is he permitted to sully his name with the privileges of that order. And—unspeakable dignity!—he may take his stand with a British mob.

There is no position to match this in shame. There is no guilt so despicable as dozing in it without a blush or an effort, or even a dream for independence. When all else are alive to indignity, and working in the way of honour and liberty, they alone, whom it would best become to be earliest and most earnest in the strife, sink back replete with dishonour.

Of those, or their descendants, who, at the time of the Union,

sold their country and the high places they filled in her councils and in her glory, for the promise of a foreign title, which has not been redeemed, the shame and the mortification has been perhaps too great to admit of any hope in regard to them. Their trust was sacred—their honour unsuspected. The stake they guarded above life they betrayed then for a false bauble; and it is no wonder if they think their infamy irredeemable and eternal.

We know not but it is. There are many, however, not in that category. They struggled at fearful odds, and every risk, against the fate of their country. They strove when hope had left them. Wherefore do they stand apart now, when she is again erect, and righteous, and daring? Have they despaired for her greatness, because of the infidelity of those to whom she had too blindly trusted?

The time is gone when she could be betrayed. This one result is already guaranteed by recent teaching. We may not be yet thoroughly instructed in the wisdom and the virtue necessary for the independent maintenance of self-government; but we have mastered thus much of national knowledge that we cannot be betrayed. There is no assurance ever nation gave which we have not given, or may not give, that our present struggle shall end in triumph or in national death.

The writers of *The Nation* have never concealed the defects or flattered the good qualities of their countrymen. They have told them in good faith that they wanted many an attribute of a free people, and that the true way to command happiness and liberty was by learning the arts and practising the culture that fitted men for their enjoyment. Nor was it until we saw them thus learning and thus practising that our faith became perfect, and that we felt entitled to say to all men, here is a strife in which it will be stainless glory to be even defeated. It is one in which the Irish nobility have the first interest and the first stake in their individual capacities.

As they would be the most honoured and benefited by national success, they are the guiltiest in opposing or being indifferent to national patriotism.

Of the Irish gentry there is not much to be said. They are divisible into two classes—the one consists of the old Norman race commingled with the Catholic gentlemen who either have been able to maintain their patrimonies, or who have risen into affluence by their own industry; the other the descendants of Cromwell's or William's successful soldiery.

This last is the most anti-Irish of all. They feel no personal debasement in the dishonour of the country. Old prejudices, a barbarous law, a sense of insecurity in the possessions they know were obtained by plunder, combine to sink them into the mischievous and unholy belief that it is their interest as well as their duty to degrade, and wrong, and beggar the Irish people.

There are among them men fired by enthusiasm, men fed by fanaticism, men influenced by sordidness; but, as a whole, they are earnest thinkers and stern actors. There is a virtue in their unscrupulousness. They speak, and act, and dare as men. There is a principle in their unprincipledness. Their belief is a harsh and turbulent one, but they profess it in a manly fashion.

We like them better than the other section of the same class. These last are but sneaking echoes of the other's views. They are coward patriots and criminal dandies. But they ought to be different from what they are. We wish them so. We want their aid now—for the country, for themselves, for all. Would that they understood the truth, that they thought justly, and acted uprightly. They are wanted, one and all. Why conceal it—they are obstacles in our way, shadows on our path.

These are called the representatives of the property of the country. They are against the national cause, and therefore it is said that all the wealth of Ireland is opposed to the Repeal of the Union.

It is an ignorant and a false boast.

The people of the country are its wealth. They till its soil, raise its produce, ply its trade. They serve, sustain, support, save it. They supply its armies—they are its farmers, its

merchants, its tradesmen, its artists, all that enrich and adorn it.

And, after all, each of them has a patrimony to spend, the honourable earning of his sweat, or his intellect, or his industry, or his genius. Taking them on an average, they must, to live, spend at least £5 each by the year. Multiply it by seven millions, and see what it comes to.

Thirty-five millions annually—compare with that the rental of Ireland; compare with it the wealth of the aristocracy spent in Ireland, and are they not as nothing?

But a more important comparison may be made of the strength, the fortitude, the patience, the bravery of those the enrichers of the country with the meanness in mind and courage of those who are opposed to them.

It is the last we shall suggest. It is sufficient for our purpose. To those who do not think it of the highest value we have nothing to say.

THE STATE OF THE PEASANTRY.

IN a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns.

He is not unconsolated. Faith in the joys of another world, heightened by his woe in this, give him hours when he serenely looks down on the torments that encircle him—the moon on a troubled sky. Domestic love, almost morbid from external suffering, prevents him from becoming a fanatic or a misanthrope, and reconciles him to life. Sometimes he forgets all, and springs into a desperate glee or a scathing anger; and latterly another feeling—the hope of better days—and another exertion—the effort for redress—have shared his soul with religion, love, mirth, and vengeance.

His consolations are those of a spirit—his misery includes all physical sufferings, and many that strike the soul, not the senses.

Consider his griefs! They begin in the cradle—they end in the grave.

Suckled by a breast that is supplied from unwholesome or insufficient food, and that is fevered with anxiety—reeking with the smoke of an almost chimneyless cabin—assailed by wind and rain when the weather rages—breathing, when it is calm, the exhalations of a rotten roof, of clay walls, and of manure, which gives his only chance of food—he is apt to perish in his infancy.

Or he survives all this (happy if he have escaped from gnawing scrofula or familiar fever), and in the same cabin, with rags instead of his mother's breast, and lumpers instead of his mother's milk, he spends his childhood.

Advancing youth brings him labour, and manhood increases it; but youth and manhood leave his roof rotten, his chimney

one hole, his window another, his clothes rags (at best muffled by a holiday *cotamore*)—his furniture a pot, a table, a few hay chairs and rickety stools—his food lumpers and water—his bedding straw and a coverlet—his enemies the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the law—his consolation the priest and his wife—his hope on earth, agitation—his hope hereafter, the Lord God !

For such an existence his toil is hard—and so much the better—it calms and occupies his mind ; but bitter is his feeling that the toil which gains for him this nauseous and scanty livelihood, heaps dainties and gay wines on the table of his distant landlord, clothes his children or his harem in satin, lodges them in marble halls, and brings all the arts of luxury to solicit their senses—bitter to him to feel that this green land, which he loves and his landlord scorns, is ravished by him of her fruits to pamper that landlord ; twice bitter for him to see his wife, with weariness in her breast of love, to see half his little brood torn by the claws of want to undeserved graves, and to know that to those who survive him he can only leave the inheritance to which he was heir ; and thrice bitter to him that even his hovel has not the security of the wild beast's den—that Squalidness, and Hunger, and Disease are insufficient guardians of his home—and that the puff of the landlord's or the agent's breath may blow him off the land where he has lived, and send him and his to a dyke, or to prolong wretchedness in some desperate kennel in the next town, till the strong wings of Death—unopposed lord of such suburb—bear them away.

Aristocracy of Ireland, will ye do nothing?—will ye do nothing for fear? The body who best know Ireland—the body that keep Ireland within the law—the Repeal Committee—declare that unless some great change take place an agrarian war may ensue ! Do ye know what that is, and how it would come? The rapid multiplication of outrages, increased violence by magistrates, collisions between the people and the police, coercive laws and military force, the violation of houses, the suspension of industry—the conflux of discontent, pillage, massacre, war—the gentry shattered, the peasantry conquered

and decimated, or victorious and ruined (for who could rule them?)—there is an agrarian insurrection! May Heaven guard us from it!—may the fear be vain!

We set aside the fear! Forget it! Think of the long, long patience of the people—their toils supporting you—their virtues shaming you—their huts, their hunger, their disease.

To whomsoever God hath given a heart less cold than stone, these truths must cry day and night. Oh! how they cross us like *Banshees* when we would range free on the mountain—how, as we walk in the evening light amid flowers, they startle us from rest of mind! Ye nobles! whose houses are as gorgeous as the mote's (who dwelleth in the sunbeam)—ye strong and haughty squires—ye dames exuberant with tingling blood—ye maidens, whom not splendour has yet spoiled, will ye not think of the poor?—will ye not shudder in your couches to think how rain, wind, and smoke dwell with the blanketless peasant?—will ye not turn from the sumptuous board to look at those hard-won meals of black and slimy roots on which man, woman, and child feed year after year?—will ye never try to banish wringing hunger and ghastly disease from the home of such piety and love?—will ye not give back its dance to the village—its mountain play to boyhood—its serene hopes to manhood?

Will ye do nothing for pity—nothing for love? Will ye leave a foreign Parliament to mitigate—will ye leave a native Parliament, gained in your despite, to redress these miseries—will ye for ever abdicate the duty and the joy of making the poor comfortable, and the peasant attached and happy? Do—if so you prefer; but know that if you do, you are a doomed race. Once more, Aristocracy of Ireland, we warn and entreat you to consider the State of the Peasantry, and to save them with your own hands.

HABITS AND CHARACTER OF THE PEASANTRY.¹

THERE are (thank God !) four hundred thousand Irish children in the National Schools. A few years, and *they* will be the People of Ireland—the farmers of its lands, the conductors of its traffic, the adepts in its arts. How utterly unlike *that* Ireland will be to the Ireland of the Penal Laws, of the Volunteers, of the Union, or of the Emancipation ?

Well may Carleton say that we are in a transition state. The knowledge, the customs, the superstitions, the hopes of the People are entirely changing. There is neither use nor reason in lamenting what we must infallibly lose. Our course is an open and a great one, and will try us severely ; but, be it well or ill, we cannot resemble our fathers. No conceivable effort will get the people, twenty years hence, to regard the Fairies but as a beautiful fiction to be cherished, not believed in, and not a few real and human characters are perishing as fast as the Fairies.

Let us be content to have the past chronicled wherever it cannot be preserved.

Much may be saved—the Gaelic language and the music of the past may be handed uncorrupted to the future ; but whatever may be the substitutes, the Fairies and the Banshees, the Poor Scholar and the Ribbonman, the Orange Lodge, the Illicit Still, and the Faction Fight are vanishing into history, and unless this generation paints them no other will know what they were.

It is chiefly in this way we value the work before us. In it

¹ *Tales and Sketches illustrating the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton. James Duffy, Dublin, 1845. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 393.

Carleton is the historian of the peasantry rather than a dramatist. The fiddler and piper, the seanachie and seer, the match-maker and dancing-master, and a hundred characters beside are here brought before you, moving, acting, playing, plotting, and gossiping ! You are never wearied by an inventory of wardrobes, as in short English descriptive fictions ; yet you see how every one is dressed ; you hear the honey brogue of the maiden, and the downy voice of the child, the managed accents of flattery or traffic, the shrill tones of woman's fretting, and the troubled gush of man's anger. The moory upland and the corn slopes, the glen where the rocks jut through mantling heather, and bright brooks gurgle amid the scented banks of wild herbs, the shivering cabin and the rudely-lighted farmhouse are as plain in Carleton's pages as if he used canvas and colours with a skill varying from Wilson and Poussin to Teniers and Wilkie.

But even in these sketches his power of external description is not his greatest merit. Born and bred among the people—full of their animal vehemence—skilled in their sports—as credulous and headlong in boyhood, and as fitful and varied in manhood, as the wildest—he had felt with them, and must ever sympathise with them. Endowed with the highest dramatic genius, he has represented their love and generosity, their wrath and negligence, their crimes and virtues, as a hearty peasant—not a note-taking critic.

In others of his works he has created ideal characters that give him a higher rank as a poet (some of them not surpassed by even Shakespeare for originality, grandeur, and distinctness); but here he is a genuine Seanachie, and brings you to dance and wake, to wedding and christening—makes you romp with the girls, and race with the boys—tremble at the ghosts, and frolic with the fairies of the whole parish.

Come what change there may over Ireland, in these *Tales and Sketches* the peasantry of the past hundred years can be for ever lived with.

IRISH SCENERY.

WE no more see why Irish people should not visit the Continent than why Germans or Frenchmen ought not to visit Ireland; but there is a difference between them. A German rarely comes here who has not trampled the heath of Tyrol, studied the museums of Dresden and the frescoes of Munich, and shouted defiance on the bank of the Rhine; and what Frenchman who has not seen the vineyards of Provence and the bocages of Brittany, and the snows of Jura and the Pyrenees, ever drove on an Irish jingle? But our nobles and country gentlemen, our merchants, lawyers, and doctors—and what's worse, their wives and daughters—penetrate Britain and the Continent without ever trying whether they could not defy in Ireland the *ennui* before which they run over seas and mountains.

The cause of this, as of most of our grievances, was misgovernment, producing poverty, discomfort, ignorance, and misrepresentation. The people were ignorant and in rags, their houses miserable, the roads and hotels shocking; we had no banks, few coaches, and to crown all, the English declared the people to be rude and turbulent, which they were not, as well as drunken and poor, which they assuredly were. An Irish landlord who had ill-treated his own tenants felt a conscientious dread of all frieze-coats, others adopted his prejudices, and a people, who never were rude or unjust to strangers, were considered unsafe to travel amongst.

Most of these causes are removed. The people are sober, and are rapidly advancing to knowledge, their political exertions and dignity have broken away much of the prejudices against them, and a man passing through any part of Ireland expects to find woful poverty and strong discontent, but he

does not fear the abduction of his wife, or attempts to assassinate him on every lonely road. The coaches, cars, and roads, too, have become excellent, and the hotels are sufficient for any reasonable traveller. One very marked discouragement to travelling was the want of information; the maps were little daubs, and the guide-books were few and inaccurate. As to maps we are now splendidly off. The Railway Commissioners' Map of Ireland, aided by the Ordnance Index Map of any county where a visitor makes a long stay, are ample. We have got a good general guide-book in Fraser, but it could not hold a twentieth of the information necessary to a leisurely tourist; nor, till the Ordnance Memoir is out shall we have thorough hand-books to our counties. Meantime let us not burn the little guides to Antrim, Wicklow, and Killarney, though they are desperately dull and inexact—let us not altogether prohibit Mrs. Hall's gossip, though she knows less about our Celtic people than the Malays; and let us be even thankful for Mr. O'Flanagan's volume of the Munster Blackwater (though it is printed in London), for his valuable stories, for his minute, picturesque, and full topography, for his antiquarian and historic details, though he blunders into making Alaster M'Donnell a Scotchman, and for his hearty love of the scenery and people he has undertaken to guide us through.

And now, reader, in this fine soft summer, when the heather is blooming, and the sky laughing and crying like a hysterical bride, full of love, where will ye go—through your own land or a stranger's? If you stay at home you can choose your own scenery, and have something to see in the summer, and talk of in the winter, that will make your friends from the Alps and Apennines respectful to you.

Did you propose to study economies among the metayers of Tuscany or the artisans of Belgium, postpone the trip till the summer of '45 or '46, when you may have the passport of an Irish office to get you a welcome, and seek for the state of the linen weavers in the soft hamlets of Ulster—compare the cattle herds of Meath with the safe little holdings of Down and the well-fought farms of Tipperary, or investigate the statistics of

our fisheries along the rivers and lakes and shores of our island.

Had a strong desire come upon you to toil over the glacier, whose centre froze when Adam courted Eve, or walk amid the brigand passes of Italy or Spain—do not fancy that absolute size makes mountain grandeur, or romance—to a mind full of passion and love of strength (and with such only do the mountain spirits walk) the passes of Glenmalure and Barnesmore are deep as Chamouni, and Carn Tual and Slieve Donard are as near the lightning as Mount Blanc.

To the picture-hunter we can offer little, though Vandyke's finest portrait is in Kilkenny, and there is no county without some collection; but for the lover of living or sculptured forms—for the artist, the antiquarian, and the natural philosopher, we have more than five summers could exhaust. Every one can see the strength of outline, the vigour of colour, and the effective grouping in every fair, and wake, and chapel, and hurling-ground, from Donegal to Waterford, though it may take the pen of Griffin or the pencil of Burton to represent them. An Irishman, if he took the pains, would surely find something not inferior in interest to Cologne or the Alhambra in study of the monumental effigies which mat the floors of Jerpoint and Adare, or the cross in a hundred consecrated grounds from Kells to Clonmacnoise—of the round towers which spring in every barony—of the architectural perfection of Holycross and Clare-Galway, and the strange fellowship of every order in Athassel, or of the military keeps and earthen pyramids and cairns, which tell of the wars of recent, and the piety of distant centuries. The Entomology, Botany, and Geology of Ireland are not half explored; the structure and distinctions of its races are but just attracting the eyes of philosophers from Mr. Wilde's tract, and the country is actually full of airs never noted, history never written, superstitions and romances never rescued from tradition; and why should Irishmen go blundering in foreign researches when so much remains to be done here, and when to do it would be more easy, more honourable, and more useful?

In many kinds of scenery we can challenge comparison. Europe has no lake so dreamily beautiful as Killarney; no bays where the boldness of Norway unites with the colouring of Naples, as in Bantry; and you might coast the world without finding cliffs so vast and so terrible as Achill and Slieve League. Glorious, too, as the Rhine is, we doubt if its warmest admirers would exclude from rivalry the Nore and the Blackwater, if they had seen the tall cliffs, and the twisted slopes, and the ruined aisles, and glancing mountains, and feudal castles through which you boat up from Youghal to Mallow, or glide down from Thomastown to Waterford harbour. Hear what Inglis says of this Avondhu—

“We have had descents of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine, and the Rhone, and of many other rivers; but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater; and yet, with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, *I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them.* A detail of all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater from Cappoquin to Youghal would fill a long chapter. There is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful—deep shades, bold rocks, verdant slopes, with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible in magnificent houses and beautiful villas with their decorated lawns and pleasure-grounds.”

And now, reader, if these kaleidoscope glimpses we have given you have made you doubt between a summer in Ireland and one abroad, give your country “the benefit of the doubt,” as the lawyers say, and boat on our lake or dive into our glens and ruins, wonder at the basalt coast of Antrim, and soften your heart between the banks of the Blackwater.

IRISH MUSIC AND POETRY.

NO enemy speaks slightly of Irish Music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. It is without a rival.

Its antique war-tunes, such as those of O'Byrne, O'Donnell, Alestrom, and Brian Boru, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting; and you are borne with them to battle, and they and you charge and struggle amid cries and battle-axes and stinging arrows. Did ever a wail make man's marrow quiver, and fill his nostrils with the breath of the grave, like the ululu of the north or the wirrasthrue of Munster? Stately are their slow, and recklessly splendid their quick marches, their "Boyne Water," and "Sios agus sios liom," their "Michael Hoy," and "Gallant Tipperary." The Irish jigs and planxties are not only the best dancing tunes, but the finest quick marches in the world. Some of them would cure a paralytic and make the marble-legged prince in the *Arabian Nights* charge like a Fag-an-Bealach boy. The hunter joins in every leap and yelp of the "Fox Chase"; the historian hears the moan of the penal days in "Drimindhu," and sees the embarkation of the Wild Geese in "Limerick Lamentation"; and ask the lover if his breath do not come and go with "Savourneen Deelish" and "Lough Sheelin."

Varied and noble as our music is, the English-speaking people in Ireland have been gradually losing their knowledge of it, and a number of foreign tunes—paltry scented things from Italy, lively trifles from Scotland, and German opera cries—are heard in our concerts, and what is worse, from our Temperance bands. Yet we never doubted that "The Sight Entrancing," or "The Memory of the Dead," would satisfy even the most spoiled of our fashionables better than anything Balfe or Rossini ever wrote; and, as it is, "Tow-row-row" is

better than *poteen* to the teetotalers, wearied with overtures and insulted by "British Grenadiers" and "Rule Britannia."

A reprint of *Moore's Melodies* on lower keys, and at *much* lower prices, would probably restore the sentimental music of Ireland to its natural supremacy. There are in Bunting but two good sets of words—"The Bonny Cuckoo," and poor Campbell's "Exile of Erin." These and a few of Lover's and Mahony's songs can alone compete with Moore. But, save one or two by Lysaght and Drennan, almost all the Irish political songs are too desponding or weak to content a people marching to independence as proudly as if they had never been slaves.

The popularity and immense circulation of the *Spirit of the Nation* proved that it represented the hopes and passions of the Irish people. This looks like vanity; but as a corporation so numerous as the contributors to that volume cannot blush, we shall say our say. For instance, who did not admire "The Memory of the Dead"? The very Stamp officers were galvanised by it, and the Attorney-General was repeatedly urged to sing it for the jury. He refused—he had no music to sing it to. We pitied and forgave him; but we vowed to leave him no such excuse next time. If these songs were half so good as people called them, they deserved to flow from a million throats to as noble music as ever O'Neill or O'Connor heard.

Some of them were written to, and some freely combined with, old and suitable airs. These we resolved to have printed with the music, certain that, thus, the music would be given back to a people who had been ungratefully neglecting it, and the words carried into circles where they were still unknown.

Others of these poems, indeed the best of them, had no antetypes in our ancient music. New music was, therefore, to be sought for them. Not on their account only was it to be sought. We hoped they would be the means of calling out and making known a contemporary music fresh with the spirit of the time, and rooted in the country.

Since Carolan's death there had been no addition to the store. Not that we were without composers, but those we

have do not compose Irish-like music, nor for Ireland. Their rewards are from a foreign public—their fame, we fear, will suffer from alienage. Balfe is very sweet, and Rooke very emphatic, but not one passion or association in Ireland's heart would answer to their songs.

Fortunately there was one among us (perchance his example may light us to others) who can smite upon our harp like a master, and make it sigh with Irish memories, and speak sternly with Ireland's resolve. To him, to his patriotism, to his genius, and, we may selfishly add, to his friendship, we owe our ability now to give to Ireland music fit for "The Memory of the Dead" and the "Hymn of Freedom," and whatever else was marked out by popularity for such care as his.

In former editions of the *Spirit*¹ we had thrown in carelessly several inferior verses and some positive trash, and neither paper nor printing were any great honour to the Dublin press. Every improvement in the power of the most enterprising publisher in Ireland has been made, and every fault, within our reach or his, cured—and whether as the first publication of original airs, as a selection of ancient music, or as a specimen of what the Dublin press can do, in printing, paper, or cheapness, we urge the public to support this work of Mr. James Duffy's—and, in a pecuniary way it is his altogether.

We had hoped to have added a recommendation to the first number of this work, besides whatever attraction may lie in its music, its ballads, or its mechanical beauty.

An artist, whom we shall not describe or he would be known, sketched a cover and title for it. The idea, composition, and drawing of that design were such as Flaxman might have been proud of. It is a monument to bardic power, to patriotism, to our music and our history. There is at least as much poetry in it as in the best verses in the work it illustrates. If it do nothing else, it will show our Irish artists that refinement and

¹ A splendid edition of this work, greatly enlarged, and printed in The Irish Exhibition Buildings, has been issued by Messrs. Duffy & Sons, September 1882.

strength, passion and dignity, are as practicable in Irish as in German painting; and the lesson was needed sorely. But if it lead him who drew it to see that our history and hopes present fit forms to embody the highest feelings of beauty, wisdom, truth, and glory in, irrespective of party politics, then, indeed, we shall have served our country when we induced our gifted friend to condescend to sketching a title-page. We need not describe that design now, as it will appear on the cover of the second number, and on the title-page of the finished volume.

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.¹

How slow we have all been in coming to understand the meaning of Irish Nationality !

Some, dazzled by visions of pagan splendour, and the pretensions of pedigree, and won by the passions and romance of the olden races, continued to speak in the nineteenth century of an Irish nation as they might have done in the tenth. They forgot the English Pale, the Ulster Settlement, and the filtered colonisation of men and ideas. A Celtic kingdom with the old names and the old language, without the old quarrels, was their hope; and though they would not repeat O'Neill's comment as he passed Barrett's castle on his march to Kinsale, and heard it belonged to a Strongbownian, that "he hated the Norman churl as if he came yesterday;" yet they quietly assumed that the Norman and Saxon elements would disappear under the Gaelic genius like the tracks of cavalry under a fresh crop.

The Nationality of Swift and Grattan was equally partial. They saw that the government and laws of the settlers had extended to the island—that Donegal and Kerry were in the Pale; they heard the English tongue in Dublin, and London opinions in Dublin—they mistook Ireland for a colony wronged, and great enough to be a nation.

A lower form of nationhood was before the minds of those who saw in it nothing but a parliament in College Green. They had not erred in judging, for they had not tried to estimate the moral elements and tendencies of the country. They were as narrow bigots to the omnipotency of an institution as any Cockney Radical. Could they, by any accumulation

¹ *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*—Library of Ireland, No. II. Thirty-nine editions of the *Ballad Poetry* have been published by Messrs. James Duffy & Sons.

of English stupidity and Irish laziness, have got possession of an Irish government, they would soon have distressed every one by their laws, whom they had not provoked by their administration, or disgusted by their dulness.

Far healthier, with all its defects, was the idea of those who saw in Scotland a perfect model—who longed for a literary and artistic nationality—who prized the oratory of Grattan and Curran, the novels of Griffin and Carleton, the pictures of Maclise and Burton, the ancient music, as much as any, and far more than most, of the political nationalists, but who regarded political independence as a dangerous dream. Unknowingly they fostered it. Their writings, their patronage, their talk was of Ireland; yet it hardly occurred to them that the ideal would flow into the practical, or that they, with their dread of agitation, were forwarding a revolution.

At last we are beginning to see what we are, and what is our destiny. Our duty arises where our knowledge begins. The elements of Irish nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man's help, and wakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue—such nationality as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish. The Brehon law, and the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sasanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all; yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are components of *such* a nationality.

But what have these things to do with the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland"? Much every way. It is the result of the elements we have named—it is compounded of all; and never was there

a book fitter to advance that perfect nationality to which Ireland begins to aspire. That a country is without national poetry proves its hopeless dulness or its utter provincialism. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul—the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of his manhood, consoles his age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions in the language most familiar to us. It shows us magnified, and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our countrymen—binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by examples and by aspirations. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognised envoy of our minds among all mankind and to all time.

In possessing the powers and elements of a glorious nationality, we owned the sources of a national poetry. In the combination and joint development of the latter we find a pledge and a help to that of the former.

This book of Mr. Duffy's,¹ true as it is to the wants of the time, is not fortuitous. He has prefaced his admirable collection by an Introduction, which proves his full consciousness of the worth of his task, and proves equally his ability to execute it. In a space too short for the most impatient to run by he has accurately investigated the sources of Irish Ballad Poetry, vividly defined the qualities of each, and laboured with perfect success to show that all naturally combine towards one great end, as the brooks to a river, which marches on clear, deep, and single, though they be wild, and shallow, and turbid, flowing from unlike regions, and meeting after countless windings.

Mr. Duffy maps out three main forces which unequally contribute to an Irish Ballad Poetry.

The *first* consists of the Gaelic ballads. True to the vehemence and tendencies of the Celtic people, and representing

¹ *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*.—Library of Ireland, No. II.

equally their vagueness and extravagance during slavish times, they nevertheless remain locked from the middle and upper classes generally, and from the peasantry of more than half Ireland, in an unknown language. Many of them have been translated by rhymers—few indeed by poets. The editor of the volume before us has brought into one house nearly all the poetical translations from the Irish, and thus finely justifies the ballad literature of the Gael from its calumnious friend :—

“ With a few exceptions, all the translations we are acquainted with, in addition to having abundance of minor faults, are eminently un-Irish. They seem to have been made by persons to whom one of the languages was not familiar. Many of them were confessedly versified from prose translations, and are mere English poems, without a tinge of the colour or character of the country. Others, translated by sound Irish scholars, are bald and literal; the writers sometimes wanting a facility of versification, sometimes a mastery over the English language. The Irish scholars of the last century were too exclusively national to study the foreign tongue with the care essential to master its metrical resources; and the flexible and weighty language which they had not learned to wield hung heavily on them,

‘ Like Saul’s plate armour on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering, and *not* arming them.’

If it were just to estimate our bardic poetry by the specimens we have received in this manner, it could not be rated highly. But it would manifestly be most unjust. Noble and touching, and often subtle and profound thoughts, which no translation could entirely spoil, shine through the poverty of the style, and vindicate the character of the originals. Like the costly arms and ornaments found in our bogs, they are substantial witnesses of a distinct civilisation; and their credit is no more diminished by the rubbish in which they chance to be found than the authenticity of the ancient *torques* and *skians* by their embedment in the mud. When the entire collection of our Irish Percy—James Hardiman—shall have been given to a public (and soon may such a one come) that can relish them in their native dress, they will be entitled to undisputed precedence in our national minstrelsy.”

About a dozen of the ballads in the volume are derived from

the Irish. It is only in this way that Clarence Mangan (a name to which Mr. Duffy does just honour) contributes to the volume. There are four translations by him exhibiting eminently his perfect mastery of versification—his flexibility of passion, from loneliest grief to the maddest humour. One of these, "The Lament for O'Neil and O'Donnell," is the strongest, though it will not be the most popular, ballad in the work.

Callanan's and Ferguson's translations, if not so daringly versified, are simpler and more Irish in idiom.

Most, indeed, of Callanan's successful ballads are translations, and well entitle him to what he passionately prays for—a minstrel of free Erin to come to his grave,

"And plant a wild wreath from the banks of the river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever."

But we are wrong in speaking of Mr. Ferguson's translations in precisely the same way. His "Wicklow War Song" is condensed, epigrammatic, and crashing as anything we know of, except the "Pibroch of Donnill Dhu."

The *second* source is—the common people's ballads. Most of these "make no pretence to being true to Ireland, but only being true to the *purlieus* of Cork and Dublin;" yet now and then one meets a fine burst of passion, and oftener a racy idiom. The "Drimin Dhu," the "Blackbird," "Peggy Bawn," "Irish Molly," "Willy Reilly," and the "Fair of Turloughmore," are the specimens given here. Of these "Willy Reilly" (an old and worthy favourite in Ulster, it seems, but quite unknown elsewhere) is the best; but it is too long to quote, and we must limit ourselves to the noble opening verse of "Turloughmore"—

"Come tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away?
Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do grieve me
sore;
I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turloughmore."

The *third* and principal source consists of the Anglo-Irish ballads, written during the last twenty or thirty years.

Of this highest class, he who contributes most and, to our mind, best is Mr. Ferguson. We have already spoken of his translations—his original ballads are better. There is nothing in this volume—nothing in *Percy's Relics*, or the *Border Minstrelsy*, to surpass, perhaps to equal, "Willy Gilliland." It is as natural in structure as "Kinmont Willie," as vigorous as "Otterbourne," and as complete as "Lochinvar." Leaving his Irish idiom, we get in the "Forester's Complaint" as harmonious versification, and in the "Forging of the Anchor" as vigorous thoughts, mounted on bounding words, as anywhere in the English literature.

We must quote some stray verses from "Willy Gilliland":—

"Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and king;
And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge he hath;
So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death;
For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,
And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done their errand well.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his brow;
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God;
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
And against a godless church and king he spoke up loud and clear.

"My bonny mare! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind;
And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank, I swear,
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair!
Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace wight
I wis,
Good battle did, on Irvine side, wi' waur weapon than this.'—

"His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
 But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
 He ground the sharp spear to a point ; then pulled his bonnet down,
 And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town."

The only ballad equally racy is "The Croppy Boy," by some anonymous but most promising writer.

Griffin's "Gille Machree"—of another class—is perfect—"striking on the heart," as Mr. Duffy finely says, "like the cry of a woman;" but his "Orange and Green," and his "Bridal of Malahide," belong to the same class, and suffer by comparison with Mr. Ferguson's ballads.

Banim's greatest ballad, the "Soggarth aroon," possesses even deeper tenderness and more perfect Irish idiom than anything in the volume.

Among the Collection are Colonel Blacker's famous Orange ballad, "Oliver's Advice" ("Put your trust in God, my boys, but keep your powder dry"), and two versions of the "Boyne Water." The latter and older one, given in the appendix, is by far the finest, and contains two unrivalled stanzas—

"Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
 But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot, as he crossed over the
 water.
 When that King William he observed the brave Duke Schomberg
 falling,
 He rein'd his horse, with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling ;
 'What will you do for me, brave boys ; see yonder men retreating,
 Our enemies encouraged are—and English drums are beating ;'
 He says, 'My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
 For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general under.'"

Nor less welcome is the comment—

"Some of the Ulster ballads, of a restricted and provincial spirit, having less in common with Ireland than with Scotland ; two or three Orange ballads, altogether ferocious or foreign in their tendencies (preaching murder, or deifying an alien), will be no less valuable to the patriot or the poet on this account. They echo faithfully the sentiments

of a strong, vehement, and indomitable body of Irishmen, who may come to battle for their country better than they ever battled for prejudices or their bigotries. At all events, to know what they love and believe is a precious knowledge."

On the language of most of the ballads Mr. Duffy says—

"Many of them, and generally the best, are just as essentially Irish as if they were written in Gaelic. They could have grown among no other people, perhaps under no other sky or scenery. To an Englishman, to any Irishman educated out of the country, or to a dreamer asleep to impressions of scenery and character, they would be achievements as impossible as the Swedish *Skalds* or the *Arabian Nights*. They are as Irish as Ossian or Carolan, and unconsciously reproduce the spirit of those poets better than any translator can hope to do. They revive and perpetuate the vehement native songs that gladdened the halls of our princes in their triumphs, and wailed over their ruined hopes or murdered bodies. In everything but language, and almost in language, they are identical. That strange tenacity of the Celtic race, which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a Proconsul in Gaul true in essentials of the Irish people to this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine of our modern poetry. And even the language grew almost Irish. The soul of the country stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old familiar idioms and cadences. Uttering them, perhaps, with more piercing earnestness, because of the impediment; and winning out of the very difficulty a grace and a triumph."

How often have we wished for such a companion as this volume! Worse than meeting unclean beds, or drenching mists, or Cockney opinions, was it to have to take the mountains with a book of Scottish ballads. They were glorious, to be sure, but they were not ours—they had not the brown of the climate on their cheek, they spoke of places afar, and ways which are not our country's ways, and hopes which were not Ireland's, and their tongue was not that we first made sport and love with. Yet how mountaineer without ballads any more than without a shillelagh? No; we took the Scots ballads, and felt our souls

rubbing away with envy and alienage amid their attractions; but now, Brighid be praised! we can all have Irish thoughts on Irish hills, true to them as the music, or the wind, or the sky.

Happy boys! who may grow up with such ballads in your memories. Happy men! who will find your hearts not only doubtful but joyous in serving and sacrificing for the country you thus learned in childhood to love.¹

¹ A corresponding Essay on Songs, written by Davis, will be found prefixed to Mr. Barry's collection of *The Songs of Ireland*.

A BALLAD HISTORY OF IRELAND.

OF course the first *object* of the work we project¹ will be to make Irish History familiar to the minds, pleasant to the ears, dear to the passions, and powerful over the taste and conduct of the Irish people in times to come. More *events* could be put into a prose history. Exact dates, subtle plots, minute connections and motives rarely appear in Ballads, and for these ends the worst prose history is superior to the best ballad series; but these are not the highest ends of history. To hallow or accurse the scenes of glory and honour, or of shame and sorrow; to give to the imagination the arms, and homes, and senates, and battles of other days; to rouse, and soften, and strengthen, and enlarge us with the passions of great periods; to lead us into love of self-denial, of justice, of beauty, of valour, of generous life and proud death; and to set up in our souls the memory of great men, who shall then be as models and judges of our actions—these are the highest duties of history, and these are best taught by a Ballad History.

A Ballad History is welcome to childhood, from its rhymes, its high colouring, and its aptness to memory. As we grow into boyhood, the violent passions, the vague hopes, the romantic sorrow of patriot ballads are in tune with our fitful and luxuriant feelings. In manhood we prize the condensed narrative, the grave firmness, the critical art, and the political sway of ballads. And in old age they are doubly dear; the companions and reminders of our life, the toys and teachers of our children and grandchildren. Every generation finds its account in them.

¹ It had been proposed in the *Nation*, by another contributor, to write ballads on the great events in our annals and collect them into a "Ballad History of Ireland."

They pass from mouth to mouth like salutations ; and even the minds which lose their words are under their influence, as one can recall the starry heavens who cannot revive the form of a single constellation.

In olden times all ballads were made to music, and the minstrel sang them to his harp or screamed them in recitative. Thus they reached farther, were welcomer guests in feast and camp, and were better preserved. We shall have more to say on this in speaking of our proposed song collection. Printing so multiplies copies of ballads, and intercourse is so general, that there is less need of this adaptation to music now. Moreover, it may be disputed whether the dramatic effect in the more solemn ballads is not injured by lyrical forms. In such streaming exhortations and laments as we find in the Greek choruses and in the adjurations and caoines of the Irish, the breaks and parallel repetitions of a song might lower the passion. Were we free to do so, we could point out instances in the *Spirit of the Nation* in which the rejection of song-forms seems to have been essential to the awfulness of the occasion.

In pure narratives and in the gayer and more splendid, though less stern ballads, the song-forms and adaptation to music are clear gains.

In the Scotch ballads this is usual, in the English rare. We look in vain through Southey's admirable ballads—"Mary the Maid of the Inn," "Jaspar," "Inchkape Rock," "Bishop Hatto," "King Henry V. and the Hermit of Dreux"—for either burden, chorus, or adaptation to music. In the "Battle of Blenheim" there is, however, an occasional burden line ; and in the smashing "March to Moscow" there is a great chorusing about—

" Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow."

Coleridge has some skilful repetitions and exquisite versification in his "Ancient Mariner," "Genevieve," "Alice du Clos," but nowhere a systematic burden. Campbell has no burdens in his finest lyric ballads, though the subjects were fitted for

them. The burden of the "Exile of Erin" belongs very doubtfully to him.

Macaulay's best ballad, the "Battle of Ivry," is greatly aided by the even burden line; but he has not repeated the experiment, though he, too, makes much use of repeating lines in his Roman Lays and other ballads.

While, then, we counsel burdens in Historical Ballads, we would recognise excepted cases where they may be injurious, and treat them as in *no case* essential to perfect ballad success. In songs, we would almost always insist either on a chorus verse, or a burden of some sort. A burden need not be at the end of the verse; but may, with quite equal success, be at the beginning or in the body of it, as may be seen in the Scotch Ballads, and in some of those in the *Spirit of the Nation*.

The old Scotch and English ballads, and Lockhart's translations from the Spanish, are mostly composed in one metre, though written down in either of two ways. Macaulay's Roman Lays and "Ivry" are in this metre. Take an example from the last—

"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

In the old ballads this would be printed in four lines, of eight syllables and six alternately, and rhyming only alternately, thus—

"Press where ye see my white plume shine,
Amid the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day
The helmet of Navarre."

So Macaulay himself prints this metre in some of his Roman Lays.

But the student should rather avoid than seek this metre. The uniform old beat of eight and six is apt to fall monotonously on the ear, and some of the most startling effects are lost in it. In the *Spirit of the Nation* the student will find many other ballad metres. Campbell's metres, though new and

glorious things, are terrible traps to imitation, and should be warily used. The German ballads, and still more, Mr. Mangan's translations of them, contain great variety of new and safe, though difficult metres. Next in frequency to the fourteen-syllable line is that in eleven syllables, such as "Mary Ambree," and "Lochinvar"; and for a rolling brave ballad 'tis a fine metre. The metre of fifteen syllables, with double rhymes (or accents) in the middle, and that of thirteen, with double rhymes at the end, is tolerably frequent, and the metre used by Father Prout, in his noble translation of "Duke D'Alençon," is admirable, and easier than it seems. By the way, what a grand burden runs through that ballad—

"Fools ! to believe the sword could give to the children of the
Rhine,
Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the Olive and the
Vine !"

The syllables are as in the common metre, but it has thrice the rhymes.

We have seen great materials wasted in a struggle with a crotchety metre; therefore, though we counsel the invention of metres, we would add that unless a metre come out racily and appropriately in the first couple of verses, it should be abandoned, and some of those easily marked metres taken up.

A historical ballad will commonly be narrative in its form, but not necessarily so. A hymn of exultation—a call to a council, an army, or a people—a prophecy—a lament—or a dramatic scene (as in *Lochiel*), may give as much of event, costume, character, and even scenery as a mere narration. The varieties of form are infinite, and it argues lack of force in a writer to keep always to mere narration, though when exact events are to be told that may be the best mode.

One of the essential qualities of a good historical ballad is truth. To pervert history—to violate nature, in order to make a fine clatter, has been the aim in too many of the ballads sent us. He who goes to write a historical ballad

should master the main facts of the time, and state them truly. It may be well for those perhaps either not to study or to half-forget minute circumstances until after his ballad is drafted out, lest he write a chronicle, not a ballad ; but he will do well, ere he suffers it to leave his study, to re-consider the facts of the time or man, or act of which he writes, and see if he cannot add force to his statements, an antique grace to his phrases, and colour to his language.

Truth and appropriateness in ballads require great knowledge and taste.

To write an Irish historical ballad, one should know the events which he would describe, and know them not merely from an isolated study of his subject, but from old familiarity, which shall have associated them with his tastes and passions, and connected them with other parts of history. How miserable a thing is to put forward a piece of vehement declamation and vague description, which might be uttered of any event, or by the man of any time as a historical ballad. We have had battle ballads sent us that would be as characteristic of Marathon or Waterloo as of Clontarf—laments that might have been uttered by a German or a Hindu—and romances equally true to love all the world over.

Such historical study extends not merely to the events. A ballad writer should try to find the voice, colour, stature, passions, and peculiar faculties of his hero—the arms, furniture, and dress of the congress, or the champions, or the troops he tells of—the rites wherewith the youth were married—the dead interred, and God worshipped ; and the architecture—previous history and pursuits (and, therefore, probable ideas and phrases) of the men he describes.

Many of these things he will get in books. He should shun compilations, and take up original journals, letters, state papers, statutes, and cotemporary fictions and narratives as much as possible. Let him not much mind Leland or Curry (after he has run over them), but work like fury at the Archæological Society's books—at Harris's *Hibernica*, at Lodge's *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*, at Strafford's *Pacata*, Spencer's *View*,

Giraldus's Narrative, Fynes Moryson's Itinerary, the Ormond Papers, the State Papers of Henry the Eighth, Stafford's and Cromwell's and Rinuccini's Letters, and the correspondence and journals, from Donald O'Neil's letter to the Pope down to Wolfe Tone's glorious memoirs.

In the songs, and even their names, many a fine hint can be got ; and he is not likely to be a perfect Balladist of Ireland who has not felt to tears and laughter the deathless passions of Irish music.

We have condemned compilations ; but the ballad student may well labour at Ware's Antiquities. He will find in the History of British Costume, published by the Useful Knowledge Society, and in the illustrated work now in progress called Old England, but beyond all other books, in the historical works of Thierry, most valuable materials. Nothing, not even the Border Minstrelsy, Percy's Relics, the Jacobite Ballads, or the Archæological Tracts, can be of such service as a repeated study of the Norman Conquest, the Ten Years' Study, and the Merovingian Times of Augustine Thierry.

We know he has rashly stated some events on insufficient authority, and drawn conclusions beyond the warrant of his promises ; but there is more deep dramatic skill, more picturesque and coloured scenery, more distinct and characteristic grouping, and more lively faith to the look and spirit of the men and times and feelings of which he writes, in Thierry, than in any other historian that ever lived. He has almost an intuition in favour of liberty, and his vindication of the "men of '98" out of the slanderous pages of Musgrave is a miracle of historical skill and depth of judgment.

In the Irish Academy in Dublin there is a collection (now arranged and rapidly increasing) of ancient arms and utensils. Private collections exist in many provincial towns, especially in Ulster. Indeed, we know an Orange painter in a northern village who has a finer collection of Irish antiquities than all the Munster cities put together. Accurate observation of, and discussion on, such collections will be of vast service to a writer of historical Ballads.

Topography is also essential to a ballad, or to any Historian. This is not only necessary to save a writer from such gross blunder as we met the other day in Wharton's Ballad, called "The Grave of King Arthur," where he talks of "the steeps of rough Kildare," but to give accuracy and force to both general references and local description.

Ireland must be known to her Ballad Historians, not by flat, but by shaded maps, and topographical and scenic descriptions; not by maps of to-day only, but by maps (such as Ortelius and the maps in the State Papers) of Ireland in time past; and finally, it must be known by the *eye*. A man who has not raced on our hills, panted on our mountains, waded our rivers in drought and flood, pierced our passes, skirted our coast, noted our old towns, and learned the shape and colour of ground and tree and sky, is not master of all a Balladist's art. Scott knew Scotland thus, and moreover he seems never to have laid a scene in a place that he had not studied closely and alone.

What we have heretofore advised relates to the Structure, Truth, and Colouring of ballads; but there is something more needed to raise a ballad above the beautiful—it must have Force. Strong passions, daring invention, vivid sympathy for great acts—these are the result of one's whole life and nature. Into the temper and training of "A Poet" we do not presume to speak. Few have spoken wisely of them. Emerson, in his recent essay, has spoken like an angel on the mission of "The Poet." Ambition for pure power (not applause); passionate sympathy with the good, and strong, and beautiful; insight into nature, and such loving mastery over its secrets as a husband hath over a wife's mind, are the surest tests of one "called" by destiny to tell to men the past, present, and future, in words so perfect that generations shall feel and remember.

We merely meant to give some "Hints on the Properties of Historical Ballads"—they will be idle save to him who has the mind of a Poet.

REPEAL READING-ROOMS.

KNOWLEDGE and organisation must set Ireland free, and make her prosperous. If the People be not wise and manageable, they cannot gain liberty but by accident, nor use it to their service. An ignorant and turbulent race may break away from provincialism, but will soon relapse beneath a cunning, skilful, and unscrupulous neighbour. England is the one—Ireland must not be the other.

If she is to be self-freed—if she is to be a retaken slave, she must acquire all the faculties possessed by her enemy, without the vices of that foe. We have to defeat an old and compact government. We must acquire the perfect structure of a nation. We have to resist genius, skill, and immense resources; we must have wisdom, knowledge, and ceaseless industry.

We want the advisers of the People never for a day to forget these facts: that of persons above five years old there are 829,000 females and 580,000 males who can only read, but cannot write; and that above the same age there are 2,142,000 females and 1,623,000 males who can neither read nor write. Let them remember, too, that the arts of design do not exist here—that the leading economical difference between England and Ireland is the “industrial ignorance of the latter”—that we have little military or naval instruction—and that our literature is only beginning to bud.

We are not afraid for all these things, nor do we wish to muffle our eyes against them. We want a brave, modest, laborious, and instructed People. It is deeper pleasure to serve, and glory to lead such a people. It is still deeper pleasure and honour to head a race full of virtue and industry, and a thirst for knowledge. But for a swaggering People, who

shout for him who flatters them, and turn from those who would lead by plain, manful truth—who shall save them?

The Repeal Association has fronted the difficulty. You, it tells the People, are not educated nor organised as you should be. Your oppressor has millions, cunning in all arts and manufactures, for your thousands. Her literature is famous among men—your's still to be created. Her organisation embraces everything, from the machinery for moving an empire to that of governing a parish. You, too, must learn arts, and literature, and self-government, if you would repel and surpass her.

The generation that will cover Ireland in twenty years will have the instruction you want, but you must not surrender *your* claim to knowledge and liberty. You, too, must go to school and learn. You must learn to obey. You must learn from each other, and obey the highest wisdom that is among you all.

The Repeal Association has resolved that it is expedient to establish Reading-rooms in the Parishes of Ireland, and has appointed a Committee to carry out that resolution.

This is a great undertaking. A meeting, a gossip, or eloquent circular will not accomplish it. It will take months of labour from strong minds and large sums of money to establish such a system; and only by corresponding zeal on the People's part can it be spread among them all.

The Repeal Association has now constituted itself School-master of the People of Ireland, and must be prepared to carry out its pretension. The People, knowing the attempt, must sustain it with increased funds and zeal.

A Reading-room Committee must not stop its preliminary labours till there is a Reading-room in every village; and then it will fill their hands and draw largely on their funds to make them Reading-rooms, and not idling rooms. Their first duty will be, of course, to ascertain what Reading-rooms exist—how each of them is supported—what books, maps, etc., it contains—at what hours it is open—and how it is attended. For each separate School—we beg pardon, Reading-room—

the Committee should make separate arrangements. One will want increased space, another will want industrial books, another maps, another political and statistical tracts.

To the districts where the Irish language is spoken they should send a purely Irish Grammar and an Anglo-Irish Grammar and Dictionary for each room, to be followed by other works containing general information, as well as peculiarly Irish knowledge, in Irish. Indeed, we doubt if the Association can carry out the plan—which they began by sending down Dr. MacHale's translations—without establishing a newspaper, partly in English and partly in Irish, like the mixed papers of Switzerland, New Orleans, and Hungary.

To come back, however, to the working of such a Committee. Some of its members should attend from day to day to correspond with the Repeal inspectors, and the Protestant and Catholic Clergy, who may consent to act as patrons of these rooms. It will be most desirable that each Committee have an agent in Dublin who will receive and forward *gratis* all books for it. The cost of postage would absorb the price of a library.

It seems to us to be almost necessary to have persons sent round the country from time to time to organise these Reading Committees—to fix, from inspection, the amount of help which the Association should give to the rent of each room, and to stimulate the People to fresh exertion. This, of course, could be united with a Repeal missionary system, on the same plan as the "Anti-Corn Law League" missions.

Help should be given by the Association in some proportion to the local subscriptions (say a third of them), or the Association might undertake to supply a certain amount of books upon proof of a local subscription large enough, and sufficiently secured, for the wants of the neighbourhood.

A catalogue of the books sent to each room should be always accessible in the Corn Exchange.

Of course, in sending books a regular system should be adopted. The Ordnance index map of the county, the townland map of the neighbourhood, a map of Ireland, and maps of the

five great sections of the globe (Asia, America, Australia, Europe, and Africa) should be in every room. Of course the Reports of the Association will be there; and they, we trust, will soon be a perfect manual of the industrial statistics, topography, history, and county, municipal, and general institutions of Ireland. Much has been done, and the Parliamentary Committee consists of men who are able and willing to carry out their work. What other works, fitted to cultivate the judgment or taste of the People, may be sent must depend on the exertions of the parishes and the faithfulness of the Committee.

Were such a room in every village you would soon have a knot connected with it of young men who had abjured cards, tobacco, dissipation, and, more fatal, laziness, and were trying to learn each some science, or art, or accomplishment—anything that best pleased them, from mathematics to music. We shall feel unspeakable sorrow if, from the negligence of the Committee or the dulness or want of spirit in our country towns, this great opportunity pass away.

INFLUENCES OF EDUCATION.

“EDUCATE, that you may be free.” We are most anxious to get the quiet, strong-minded People who are scattered through the country to see the force of this great truth ; and we therefore ask them to listen soberly to us for a few minutes, and when they have done to think and talk again and again over what we say.

If Ireland had all the elements of a nation she might, and surely would, at once assume the forms of one, and proclaim her independence. Wherein does she now differ from Prussia? She has a strong and compact territory, girt by the sea; Prussia's lands are open and flat, and flung loosely through Europe, without mountain or river, breed or tongue, to bound them. Ireland has a military population equal to the recruitment of, and a produce able to pay, a first-rate army. Her harbours, her soil, and her fisheries are not surpassed in Europe.

Wherein, we ask again, does Ireland now differ from Prussia? Why can Prussia wave her flag among the proudest in Europe, while Ireland is a farm?

It is not in the name of a kingdom, nor in the formalities of independence. We could assume them to-morrow—we could assume them with better warrants from history and nature than Prussia holds ; but the result of such assumption would perchance be a miserable defeat.

The difference is in Knowledge. Were the offices of Prussia abolished to-morrow—her colleges and schools levelled—her troops disarmed and disbanded, she would within six months regain her whole civil and military institutions. Ireland has been struggling for years, and may have to struggle many more, to acquire liberty to form institutions.

Whence is the difference? Knowledge!

The Prussians could, at a week's notice, have their central offices at full work in any village in the kingdom, so exactly known are their statistics, and so general is official skill. Minds make administration—all the desks, and ledgers, and powers of Downing Street or the Castle would be handed in vain to the ignorants of—any untaught district in Ireland. The Prussians could open their collegiate classes and their professional and elementary schools as fast as the order therefor, from any authority recognised by the People, reached town after town—we can hardly in ten years get a few schools open for our people, craving for knowledge as they are. The Prussians could re-arm their glorious militia in a month, and re-organise it in three days; for the mechanical arts are very generally known, military science is familiar to most of the wealthier men, discipline and a soldier's skill are universal. If we had been offered arms to defend Ireland by Lord Heytesbury, as the Volunteers were by Lord Buckinghamshire, we would have had to seek for officers and drill-sergeants—though probably we could more rapidly advance in arms than anything else, from the military taste and aptness for war of the Irish People.

Would it not be better for us to be like the Prussians than as we are—better to have religious squabbles unknown, education universal, the People fed, and clad, and housed, and independent as becomes men; the army patriotic and strong; the public offices ably administered; the nation honoured and powerful? Are not these to be desired and sought by Protestant and Catholic? Are not these things *to be done*, if we are good and brave men? And is it not *plain*, from what we have said, that the reason for our not being all that Prussia is, and something more, is ignorance—want of civil and military and general knowledge amongst all classes?

This ignorance has not been our fault, but our misfortune. It was the interest of our ruler to keep us ignorant, that we might be weak; and she did so—first, by laws prohibiting education; then by refusing any provision for it; next, by

pervverting it into an engine of bigotry; and now, by giving it in a stunted, partial, anti-national way. Practice is the great teacher, and the possession of independence is the natural and best way for a People to learn all that pertains to freedom and happiness. Our greatest voluntary efforts, aided by the amplest provincial institutions, would teach us less in a century than we would learn in five years of Liberty.

In insisting on education we do not argue against the value of *immediate independence*. *That would be our best teacher*. An Irish Government and a national ambition would be to our minds as soft rains and rich sun to a growing crop. But we insist on education for the People, whether we get it from the Government or give it to themselves as a round-about, and yet the only, means of getting strength enough to gain freedom.

Do our readers understand this? Is what we have said *clear* to *you*, reader!—whether you are a shopkeeper or a lawyer, a farmer or a doctor? If not, read it over again, for it is your own fault if it be not clear. If you now know our meaning, you must feel that it is your duty to your family and to yourself, to your country and to God, to *act* upon it, to go and remove some of that ignorance which makes you and your neighbours weak, and therefore makes Ireland a poor province.

All of us have much to learn, but some of us have much to teach.

To those who, from superior energy and ability, can teach the People, we now address ourselves.

We have often before, and shall often again repeat, that the majority of our population can neither read nor write, and therefore that from the small minority must come those fitted to be of any civil or military use beyond the lowest rank. The People may be and are honest, brave, and intelligent; but a man could as well dig with his hands as govern, or teach, or lead without the elements of Knowledge.

This, however, is a defect which time and the National Schools must cure; and the duty of the class to which we speak is to urge the establishment of such Schools, the attendance of the children at them, and occasionally to observe

and report, either directly or through the Press, whether the admirable rules of the Board are attended to. In most cases, too, the expenditure of a pound-note and a little time and advice would give the children of a school that instruction in national history and in statistics so shamefully omitted by the Board. Reader! will you do this?

Then of the three hundred Repeal Reading-rooms we know that some, and fear that many, are ill-managed, have few or no books, and are mere gossiping-rooms. Such a room is useless; such a room is a disgrace to its members and their educated neighbours. The expense having been gone to of getting a room, it only remains for the members to establish fixed rules, and they will be supplied with the Association Reports (political reading enough for them), and it will be the plain duty of the Repeal Wardens to bring to such a room the newspapers supplied by the Association. If such a body continue and give proofs of being in earnest, the Repeal Association will aid it by gifts of books, maps, etc., and thus a library, the centre of knowledge and nursery of useful and strong minds, will be made in that district. So miserably off is the country for books, that we have it before us, on some authority, that there are *ten counties in Ireland without a single bookseller in them*. We blush for the fact; it is a disgrace to us; but we must have no lying or flinching. There is the hard fact; let us face it like men who are able for a difficulty—not as children putting their heads under the clothes when there is danger. Reader! cannot you do something to remedy this great, this disabling misery of Ireland? Will not you *now* try to get up a Repeal Reading-room, and when one is established get for it good rules, books from the Association, and make it a centre of thought and power?

These are but some of the ways in which such service can be done by the more for the less educated. They have other duties often pointed out by us. They can sustain and advance the different societies for promoting agriculture, manufactures, art, and literature in Dublin and the country. They can set on foot and guide the establishment of Temperance Bands, and

Mechanics' Institutes, and Mutual Instruction Societies. They can give advice and facilities for improvement to young men of promise ; and they can make their circles studious, refined, and ambitious, instead of being, like too many in Ireland, ignorant, coarse, and lazy. The cheapness of books is now such that even Irish poverty is no excuse for Irish ignorance—that ignorance which prostrates us before England. We must help ourselves, and therefore we must educate ourselves.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

WE lately strove to induce our wealthier countrymen to explore Ireland before they left her shores in search of the beautiful and curious. We bid the economist search our towns and farms, our decayed manufactures, and improving tillage. Waving our shillelagh, we shouted the cragsman to Glenmalure and Carn Tual, and Achill and Slieve League. Manuscript in hand, we pointed the antiquary to the hundred abbeys of North Munster, the castles of the Pale, the palaces and sepulchres of Dunalin, Aileach, Rath Croghan, and Loughcrew, and we whispered to our countrywomen that the sun rose grandly on Adragool, that the moon was soft on Lough Erne ("The rural Venice"), and that the Nore and Blackwater ran by castled crags like their sweet voices over old songs.

But there are some who had not waited for our call, but had dutifully grown up amid the sights and sounds of Ireland, and knew the yellow fields of Tipperary, and the crash of Moher's wave, and the basalt barriers of Antrim, and the moan or frown of Wexford over the graves of '98, and there are others not yet sufficiently educated to prize home excellence. To such, then, and to all our brethren and sisters going abroad, we have to say a friendly word.

We shall presume them to have visited London, Woolwich, the factories of Lancashire and Warwick, and to have seen the Cumberland lakes, and therefore to have seen all worth seeing in England, and that they are bound for somewhere else. For a pedestrian not rich there is Wales—the soft vales of the far North and South Clwyd, and the Wye and Llanrwst, and the central mountain groups of Snowdon, and still finer of Cader Idris. But if he go there we pray him not to return without having heard and, so far as he could, noted down a few airs

from the harp and cruit, collected specimens of the plants and minerals of Wales for the museum (existing or to be) of his native town, studied the statistics of their great iron works or their little home-weaving; nor, if he has had the sense and spirit to take a Welsh and an Irish vocabulary, without some observations on the disputed analogy of the two languages, and how far it exists in general terms, as it certainly does in names of places. By the way, we warn him that he will know little of the peasantry, and come home in the dark about Rebecca, unless he can speak Welsh. The Welsh have been truer to their language than we were to ours; their clergy ministered in it; their people refused their tongues to the Saxon as if 'twere poison; and even their nobles, though tempted by England, welcomed the bard who lamented the defeat of Rhuddlan, and gloried in the frequent triumphs of Glendower.

But let us rather classify pursuits than countries.

We want the Irish who go abroad to bring something back besides the weary tale of the Louvre and Munich, and the cliffs of the Rhine, and the soft airs of Italy. We have heard of a patriot adventurer who carried a handful of his native soil through the world. We want our friends to carry a purpose for Ireland in their hearts, to study other lands wisely, and to bring back all knowledge for the sustenance and decoration of their dear home.

How pleasantly and profitably for the traveller this can be done. There is no taste but may be interested, no capacity but can be matched, no country but can be made tributary to our own. The historian, the linguist, the farmer, the economist, the musician, the statesman, and the man of science can equally augment their pleasure and make it minister to Ireland.

Is a man curious upon our language? He can (not unread in Neilson, nor unaccompanied by O'Reilly's Dictionary) trace how far the Celtic words mixed in the classical French, or in the patois of Bretagne or Gascony, coincide with the Irish; he can search in the mountains of North Spain, whether in proper

names or country words there be any analogy to the Gaelic of the opposite coast of Ireland.

The proper names are the most permanent, and if there be any truth in Sir William Betham's theories, the names of many a hill and stream in Tuscany, North Africa, and Syria ought to be traceable to an Irish root. Nor need this language-search be limited to the south. Beginning at the Isle of Man, up by Cumberland (the kingdom of Strath Clyde), through Scotland, Denmark, Norway, to Ireland, the constant intercourse in trade and war with Ireland, and in many instances the early occupation by a Celtic race, must have left indelible marks in the local names, if not the traditions, of the country. To the tourist in France we particularly recommend a close study of the *History of the Gauls*, by Amadeus Thierry.

The student of our ecclesiastical history, whether he hold with Dr. Smiles that the Irish Church was independent, or, with Dr. Miley, that it paid allegiance to Rome, may delight in following the tracks of the Irish saints, from Iona of the Culdees to Luxieu and Boia (founded by Columbus), and St. Gall, founded by an Irishman of that name. Rumold can be heard of in Mechlin, Albhuin in Saxony, Kilian in Bavaria, Fursey in Peronne, and in far Tarentum the traveller will find more than one trace of the reformer of that city—the Irishman, St. Cathaldus. We cannot suppose that any man will stray from Stackallen, or Maynooth at least, without keeping this purpose in mind, nor would it misbecome a divine from that Trinity College of which Usher was a first fellow.

Our military history could also receive much illustration from Irish travellers going with some previous knowledge and studying the traditions and ground, and using the libraries in the neighbourhood of those places where Irishmen fought. Not to go back to the Irish who (if we believe O'Halloran) stormed the Roman Capital as the allies of Brennus of Gaul, nor insisting upon too minute a search for that Alpine valley where, says MacGeoghegan, they still have a tradition of Dathy's death by lightning, there are plenty of places worth investigating in connection with Irish military history. In

Scotland, for example, 'twere worth while tracking the march of Alaster MacDomhnall and his 1500 Antrim men from their first landing at Ardnamurchan through Tippermiur, Aberdeen, Fivvy, Inverlochy, and Aulderne, to Kilsyth—victories, won by Irish soldiers and chiefs, given to them by tradition, as even Scott admits, though he tries to displace its value for Montrose's sake, and given to them by the highest cotemporary authorities—such as the Ormond papers.

Then there is the Irish Brigade. From Almanza to Fontenoy, from Ramillies to Cremona, we have the names of their achievements, but the register of them is in the libraries and war offices and private papers of France, and Spain, and Austria, and Savoy. A set of visits to Irish battle-fields abroad, illustrated from the manuscripts of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, would be a welcomer book than the reiterated assurances that the Rhone was rapid, the Alps high, and Florence rich in sculpture, wherewith we have been dinned.

We have no lives of our most illustrious Irish generals in foreign services—Marshal Brown, the Lacys, Montgomery of Donegal, the rival of Washington ; and yet the materials must exist in the offices and libraries of Austria, Russia, and America.

Talking of libraries, there is one labour in particular we wish our countrymen to undertake. The constant emigration of the princes, nobles, and ecclesiastics of Ireland, from the Reformation downwards, scattered through the Continent many of our choicest collections. The manuscripts from these have been dispersed by gift and sale among hundreds of foreign libraries. The Escorial, Vienna, Rome, Paris, and Copenhagen are said to be particularly rich in them, and it cannot be doubted that in every considerable library (religious, official, or private) on the Continent some MSS. valuable to Ireland would be found. In many cases these could be purchased, in some copied, in all listed. The last is the most practical and essential labour. It would check and guide our inquiries now, and would prepare for the better day, when we can negotiate the restoration of our old muniments from the governments of Europe.

A study of the monuments and museums throughout France,

Spain, Italy, and Scandinavia in reference to the forts, tombs, altars, and weapons of ancient Ireland, would make a summer pleasant and profitable.

But we would not limit men to the study of the past.

Our agriculture is defective, and our tenures are abominable. It were well worth the attention of the travelling members of the Irish Agricultural Society to bring home accurate written accounts of the tenures of land, the breeds of cattle, draining, rotation, crops, manures, and farm-houses, from Belgium, or Norway, Tuscany, or Prussia.

Our mineral resources and water-power are unused. A collection of models or drawings, or descriptions of the mining, quarrying, and hydraulic works of Germany, England, or France, might be found most useful for the Irish capitalist who made it, and for his country which so needs instruction. Besides, even though many of these things be described already, yet how much more vivid and practical were the knowledge to be got from observation.

Our fine or useful arts are rude or decayed, and our industrial and general education very inferior. The schools and galleries, museums and educational systems of Germany deserve the closest examination with reference to the knowledge and taste required in Ireland, and the means of giving them. One second-rate book of such observations, with special reference to Ireland, were worth many greater performances unapplied to the means and need of our country.

Ireland wants all these things. Before this generation dies, it must have made Ireland's rivers navigable, and its hundred harbours secure with beacon and pier, and thronged with seamen educated in naval schools, and familiar with every rig and every ocean. Arigna must be pierced with shafts, and Bonmahon flaming with smelting-houses. Our bogs must have become turf factories, where fuel will be husbanded, and prepared for the smelting-house. Our coal must move a thousand engines, our rivers ten thousand wheels.

Our young artisans must be familiar with the arts of design and the natural sciences connected with their trade ; and so of

our farmers ; and both should, beside, have that general information which refines and expands the minds—that knowledge of Irish history and statistics that makes it national, and those accomplishments and sports which make leisure profitable and home joyous.

Our cities must be stately with sculpture, pictures, and buildings, and our fields glorious with peaceful abundance.

But this is an Utopia ! Is it ? No ; but the practicable object of those who know our resources ! To seek it is the solemn, unavoidable duty of every Irishman. Whether, then, oh reader, you spend this or any coming season abroad or at home, do not forget for a day how much should be done for Ireland.

“THE LIBRARY OF IRELAND.”

WHILE the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland were restricted to traditional legends, songs, and histories, a library was provided for those who used English by the genius and industry of men whose names have vanished—a fate common to them with the builder of the Pyramids, the inventor of letters, and other benefactors of mankind. Moore has given, in *Captain Rock*, an imperfect catalogue of this library. The scientific course seems to have been rather limited, as Ovid's *Art of* (let us rather say essay on) *Love* was the only abstract work; but it contained biographies of *Captain Freney, the Robber*, and of *Redmond O'Hanlon, the Rapparee*—wherein, we fear, O'Hanlon was made, by a partial pen, rather more like Freney than history warrants; dramas such as the *Battle of Aughrim*, written apparently by some Alsatian Williamite; lyrics of love, unhoused save by the watch; imperial works, too, as *Moil Flanders*; and European literature—*Don Belianis, and the Seven Champions*. Whether they were imported, or originally produced for the grooms of the dissolute gentry, may be discussed; but it seems certain that their benign influence spread, on one side, to the farmers' and shopkeepers' sons, and, on the other, to the cadets of the great families—and were, in short, the classics of tipsy Ireland. The deadly progress of temperance, politics, and democracy have sent them below their original market, and in ten years the collector will pay a guinea a piece for them.

During the Emancipation struggle this indecent trash shrunk up, and a totally different literature circulated. The Orange party regaled themselves chiefly with theology, but the rest of the country (still excepting the classes sheltered by their Gaelic tongue) formed a literature more human, and quite as

serious. There occasionally is great vigour in the biographies of Lord Edward, Robert Emmet, and other popular heroes chronicled at that time ; but the long interview of Emmet with Sarah Curran, the night before his execution, is a fair specimen of the accuracy of these works. The songs were intense enough, occasionally controversial, commonly polemical, always extravagant ; the Granu Wails and Shan-van-Vochts of the Catholic agitation cannot be too soon obsolete. The famous Waterford song—

" O'Connell's come to town,
And he'll put the Orange down,
And by the heavenly G— he'll wear the crown,
Says the Shan Van Vocht ! "

is characteristic of the zeal, discretion, and style of these once powerful lyrics. A history of the authorship of these biographies and songs would be interesting, and is perhaps still possible. The reprint in the series of Hugh O'Reilly's Irish history—albeit, a mass of popular untruth was put at the end of it—shows as if some more considerate mind had begun to influence these publications. They, too, are fast vanishing, and will yet be sought to illustrate their times.

In the first class we have described there was nothing to redeem their stupid indecency and ruffianism ; in the latter, however one may grieve at their bigotry, and dislike their atrocious style, there were purity, warmth, and a high purpose.

The "Useful Knowledge Society" period arrived in Britain, and flooded that island with cheap tracts on algebra and geometry, chemistry, theology, and physiology. Penny Magazines told every man how his stockings were wove, how many drunkards were taken up per hour in Southwark, how the geese were plucked from which the author got his pens, how many pounds weight of lead (with the analysis thereof, and an account of the Cornish mines by way of parenthesis) were in the types for each page, and the nature of the rags (so many per cent. beggars, so many authors, so many shoe-boys) from which the paper of the all-important, man and money-saving

Penny Magazine was made. On its being suggested that man was more than a statistician, or a dabbler in mathematics, a *moral* series (warranted Benthamite) was issued to teach people how they should converse at meals—how to choose their wives, masters, and servants by phrenological developments, and how to live happily, like "Mr. Hard-and-Comfortable," the Yellow Quaker.

Unluckily for us, there was no great popular passion in Ireland at the time, and our communication with England had been greatly increased by steamers and railways, by the Whig alliance, by democratic sympathy, and by the transference of our political capital to Westminster. Tracts, periodicals, and the whole horde of Benthamy rushed in. Without manufactures, without trade, without comfort to palliate such degradation, we were proclaimed converts to Utilitarianism. The Irish press thought itself imperial, because it reflected that of London—Nationality was called a vulgar superstition, and a general European Trades' Union, to be followed by a universal Republic, became the final aspirations of "all enlightened men." At the same time the National Schools were spreading the elements of science and the means of study through the poorer classes, and their books were merely intellectual.

Between all these influences Ireland promised to become a farm for Lancashire, with the wisdom and moral rank of that district, without its wealth, when there came a deliverer—the Repeal agitation.

Its strain gradually broke the Whig alliance and the Chartist sympathy. Westminster ceased to be the city towards which the Irish bowed and made pilgrimage. An organisation, centring in Dublin, connected the People; and an oratory full of Gaelic passion and popular idiom galvanised them. Thus there has been, from 1842—when the Repeal agitation became serious—an incessant progress in Literature and Nationality. A Press, Irish in subjects, style, and purpose, has been formed—a National Poetry has grown up—the National Schools have prepared their students for the more earnest study of National politics and history—the classes most hostile to the agitation

are converts to its passions; and when Lord Heytesbury recently expressed his wonder at finding "Irish prejudices" in the most cultivated body in Ireland, he only bore witness to an aristocratic Nationality of which he could have found countless proofs beside.

Yet the power of British utilitarian literature continues. The wealthy classes are slowly getting an admirable and a costly National Literature from Petrie, and O'Donovan, and Ferguson, and Lefanu, and the *University Magazine*. The poorer are left to the newspaper, and the meeting, and an occasional serial of very moderate merits. That class, now becoming the rulers of Ireland, who have taste for the higher studies, but whose means are small, have only a few scattered works within their reach, and some of them, not content to use these exclusively, are driven to foreign studies and exposed to alien influence.

To give to the country a National Library, exact enough for the wisest, high enough for the purest, and cheap enough for all readers, appears the object of "The Library of Ireland."

Look at the subjects—*A History of the Volunteers*, Memoirs of Hugh O'Neill, of Tone, of Owen Roe, of Grattan, Collections of Irish Ballads and Songs, and so forth. It would take one a month, with the use of all the libraries of Dublin, to get the history of the Volunteers. In Wilson's so-called history you will get a number of addresses and 300 pages of irrelevant declamation for eight or ten shillings. Try further, and you must penetrate through the manuscript catalogues of Trinity College and the Queen's Inns (the last a wilderness) to find the pamphlets and newspapers containing what you want; yet the history of the Volunteers is one interesting to every class, and equally popular in every province.

Hugh O'Neill—he found himself an English tributary, his clan beaten, his country despairing. He organised his clan into an army, defeated by arms and policy the best generals and statesmen of Elizabeth, and gave Ireland a pride and a hope which never deserted her since. Yet the only written history of him lies in an Irish MS. in the Vatican, unprinted, untranslated, uncopied; and the Irishman who would know his

life must grope through Moryson, and Ware, and O’Sullivan in unwilling libraries, and in books whose price would support a student for two winters.

Of Tone and Grattan—the wisest and most sublime of our last generation—there are lives, and valuable ones; but such as the rich only will buy, and the leisurely find time to read.

The rebellion of 1641—a mystery and a lie—is it not time to let every man look it in the face? The Irish Brigade—a marvellous reality to few, a proud phantom to most of us—shall we not all, rich and poor, learn in good truth how the Berserk Irish bore up in the winter streets of Cremona, or the gorgeous Brigade followed Clare’s flashing plumes right through the great column of Fontenoy?

Irish Ballads and Songs—why (except that *Spirit of the Nation* which we so audaciously put together), the popular ballads and songs are the faded finery of the West End, the foul parodies of St. Giles’s, the drunken rigmarole of the black Helots—or, as they are touchingly classed in the streets, “sentimental, comic, and nigger songs.” Yet Banim, and Griffin, and Furlong, Lover and Ferguson, Drennan and Callanan, have written ballads and songs as true to Ireland as ever MacNeill’s or Conyngham’s were to Scotland; and firmly do we hope to see with every second lad in Ireland a volume of honest, noble Irish ballads, as well thumbed as a Lowland Burns or a French Beranger, and sweetly shall yet come to us from every milking-field and harvest-home songs not too proudly joined to the sweetest music in the world.

This country of ours is no sand bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilisation, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valour, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organisations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by wind and sun and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the past, we are a thriftless and a hopeless People.

A CHRONOLOGY OF IRELAND.

THERE is much doubt as to who were the first inhabitants of Ireland ; but it is certain that the Phœnicians had a great commerce with it. The Firbolgs, a rude people, held Ireland for a long period. They were subdued by the Tuatha de Danaan, a refined and noble race, which in its turn yielded its supremacy to the arms of the Milesians. The dates during these centuries are not well ascertained.¹

B.C.

1000. Dr. O'Connor, the Librarian of Stowe, fixes this as the most probable date of the Milesian invasion.

— Ollamh Fodhla institutes the Great Feis, or Triennial Convention, at Tara.

— Thirty-two monarchs are said to have reigned between this sovereign and Kimbaoth,² who built the Palace of Emania.

A.D.

40. Reformation of the Bardic or Literary Order, by Conquovar, King of Ulster. [In the reign of this king, Conchobhar, or Conor MacNessa, falls the great Conorian cycle of Irish legend, with its heroic characters, Cuchullin, Fergus, Queen Macv, Deirdre, etc.]

¹ The successive pre-Christian "invasions" of Ireland recorded in the Annals are now generally looked upon as the result of a nationalising method applied by monkish chroniclers to the Irish mythology. It is certain that the personages who in the Annals appear as historical characters, with fixed dates, territories, etc., are represented in the *imaginative* literature of ancient Ireland as gods and dæmons.—ED.

² "Omnia monumenta Scotorum ante Cimbaoth incerta sunt," wrote, *ca.* 1100 A.D., Tighernach, Abbot of Clonmacnois ; a very remarkable utterance for such an uncritical age, considering the fulness and verisimilitude of the "monumenta" on which Tighernach pronounces. Kimbaoth's *floruit* is about 300 B.C.—ED.

A. D.

90. The old population successfully revolt against the Milesians, and place one of their own race upon the throne.
130. Re-establishment of the Milesian sway.
164. King Feidlim the Legislator establishes the laws of Eric.
258. From Con of the Hundred Battles descended the chieftains who supplied Albany, the modern Scotland, with her first Scottish rulers, by establishing, about the middle of the third century, the kingdom of Dalriada in Argyleshire. [About this time is the zenith of the Fenian organisation under Finn MacComhal, Ossian, Oscar, etc.—a second, rather romantic than heroic, cycle of Irish legend.]
333. The Palace of Emania destroyed during a civil war.
396. Nial of the Nine Hostages invades Britain.
387. The birth of St. Patrick.
432. His mission to Ireland.
436. Dathi, the last of the Pagan monarchs of Ireland, succeeded Nial, and was killed while on one of his military expeditions, at the foot of the Alps, by lightning.
465. March 17—Death of St. Patrick.
554. The last triennial council held at Tara.
795. First Invasion of the Danes.
1014. April 23, Good Friday—Defeat of the Danes at Clontarf by Brian Boroihme.
1152. Synod of Kells. Supremacy of the Church of Rome acknowledged.
1159. Pope Adrian's bull granting Ireland to Henry II.
1169. May—First landing of the Normans.
1171. October 18—Henry II. arrives in Ireland.
1172. A Council, called by some a Parliament, held by Henry II. at Lismore.
1185. Prince John is sent over by his father as Lord of Ireland, accompanied by his tutor, Giraldus Cambrensis.
1210. King John, at the head of a military force, arrives in Ireland.
1216. Henry III. grants Magna Charta to Ireland.
1254. Ireland granted, under certain conditions, by Henry III. to his son Prince Edward.
1277. Some of the Irish petition Edward I. for an extension of English laws and usages to them.
1295. A Parliament held at Kilkenny by Sir John Wogan, Lord Justice.

A.D.

1309. A Parliament held at Kilkenny by Sir John Wogan. Its enactments on record in Bolton's Irish Statutes.
1315. Edward Bruce lands with 6000 men at Larne in May, invited by the Irish. Crowned near Dundalk.
1318. Defeat and death of Bruce at Faghard, near Dundalk.
1367. Parliament assembled at Kilkenny by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, at which the celebrated Anti-Irish Statute was passed [prohibiting adoption of Irish costume or customs, intermarriage with the Irish, etc., under very severe penalties, to the Anglo-Irish of the Pale. Here too, as in many other notices, we find the influence of the Irish bards denounced as peculiarly dangerous to the supremacy and separateness of the English.]
1379. The first Act ever passed against Absentees.
1394. Richard II. lands with an army at Waterford.
1399. Richard II.'s second expedition to Ireland.
1463. A College founded at Youghal by the Earl of Desmond. Another at Drogheda.
1472. Institution of the Brotherhood of St. George for the protection of the Pale.
1494. Nov.—The Parliament assembled at Drogheda passed Poyning's Law.
1534. First step of the Reformation in Ireland.
1536. Nearly total destruction of the Kildare Geraldines. Henry VIII.'s supremacy enacted by Statute.
1537. Act passed for the suppression of religious houses.
1541. Act passed declaring Henry VIII. *King* of Ireland.
1579. The last Earl of Desmond proclaimed a traitor.
1583. The Earl of Desmond assassinated.
1586. April 26—Attainder of Desmond and his followers. Forfeiture of his estate—574,628 Irish acres. Elizabeth institutes the planting system.
- [1591. Escape of Aodh O'Donnell (Hugh Roe) from Dublin Castle.]
1592. The Dublin University founded.
1595. Aodh O'Neill's victory at Blackwater, and death of Marshal Bagnal.
- [1601. Defeat of Aodh O'Donnell (Hugh Roe, chief of Tirconail) and O'Neill at Kinsale.
1602. Sept.—Aodh O'Donnell poisoned at Simancas, in Spain, by contrivance of Carew, President of Munster.]

A. D.

1603. March 30—Submission of O'Neill (Tyrone) to Mountjoy.
1607. Flight of the Northern Earls, Tyrone and Tyrconnell. Consequent seizure by the Crown of the six entire counties of Cavan, Fermanagh, Armagh, Derry, Tyrone, and Tyrconnell (now Donegal), amounting in the whole to about 511,456 Irish acres.
1608. May 1—Sept.—Sir Cathair O'Dogherty's rising.
1613. May 18—After the creation of fourteen peers and forty new boroughs, a Parliament is assembled to support the new *plantation* of Ulster by the attainder and outlawry of the gentlemen of that province.
1616. Commission for inquiring into defective titles.
1635. Lord Wentworth's oppressive proceedings to find a title in the Crown to the province of Connaught.
1641. Oct. 23—The breaking out of the celebrated Irish insurrection.
1642. The confederate Catholics form their General Assembly and Supreme Council at Kilkenny—"Pro Deo, pro rege, *et patria Hibernia, unanimes*," their motto.
1646. June 5—Monroe totally defeated by Owen Roe O'Neill at Benburb, near Armagh.
1649. Aug. 15—Oliver Cromwell arrives in Dublin.
- Sept. 2, 10, 15—Siege, storming, and massacre of Drogheda.
- Oct. 1—Siege and massacre of Wexford.
- Nov. 6—Death of Owen Roe O'Neill at Cloch-Nachdar Castle, Co. Cavan.
1650. May 29—Cromwell embarks for England.
1653. Sept. 26—The Irish war proclaimed ended by the English Parliament.—Act of Grace, ordering the Irish Catholics to transport themselves, on pain of death, into Connaught before 1st of March 1654.
- 1661—May 8, 1666. Acts of Settlement and Explanation. 7,800,000 acres confiscated and distributed under them.
1689. March 12—James II. landed at Kinsale.
- May 7 } The Irish Parliament summoned by him: met at the
— July 20 } Inns of Court.
1690. June 14—William III. landed at Carrickfergus Bay.
- July 1—Battle of the Boyne.
- Aug. 30—The first siege of Limerick under William III. raised by Sarsfield.
1691. June 30—Athlone taken after a gallant defence.

A. D.

1691. July 12—Battle of Aughrim.

— Oct. 3—Capitulation and Treaty of Limerick.

1692. April 5—The articles agreed upon by the Treaty confirmed by William III.

— Nov. 3—Lord Sydney's protest against the claim of the Irish House of Commons to the right of "preparing heads of bills for raising money"—the beginning of the struggle between the Protestant ascendancy and the English Government, which bore national fruit in 1782, but which was crushed in 1800.

1695. August—Parliament violated the Treaty of Limerick—

7 William III., c. 67—Prohibits Catholic education at home or abroad.

7 William III., c. 5—Disarms Papists.

1697. 9 William III., c. 1—Banishes Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, and all regular clergy, on pain of death.

— 9 William III., c. 2—An Act "to confirm the Treaty of Limerick," which directly and grossly violates its letter and spirit. It is fit to remember that in the Irish House of Lords, from which Catholics were excluded, seven spiritual and five temporal peers protested against this infamous legislation.

1698. The 9 and 10 William III., c. 40—An Act aimed at the Irish woollen manufacture. Molyneux published his famous *Case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament passed in England*. This book, by order of the English House of Commons, was burned by the hangman.[1703. Petition of the Irish House of Commons for legislative independence or union.¹]1704. March 4—The "Act to prevent the further growth of Popery," one of the most noted links in the penal chain.²

1719. October 17—Representation of the Irish House of Lords against appeals to England.

1720. 6 Geo. I.—Act passed by the English Legislature to secure the dependency of Ireland.

— Swift's first Irish pamphlet—"A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures." Prosecuted by Government.

¹ See Journal of the Irish House of Commons, Oct. 20, 1703.² It attacked the property of the Catholics, as previous Acts had attacked them in education and in the practice of their religion. Introduced Sept. 28, 1703.—ED.

A.D.

- 1724. Wood's patent to coin half-pence for Ireland, and Swift's successful opposition to the scheme by the "Letters of M. B. Drapier." The first time all Irish sects and parties were unanimous upon national grounds.
- 1728. 1 Geo. II., c. 9, s. 8.—The Act disfranchising Roman Catholics.
- 1737. The tithe of agistment got rid of by the Irish gentry, and the chief burden of the tithe thereby thrown on the farmers and peasantry.
- 1743. Lucas rises into notice in the Dublin corporation.
- 1745. April 30—Battle of Fontenoy.
- 1749. Dr. Lucas is obliged to leave Ireland.
- 1753. Dec. 17—The House of Commons asserts its control successfully over the surplus revenue, in opposition to Government.
- 1756. The first public effort by Mr. O'Connor and Dr. Curry to inspire the Catholics with the spirit of freedom. They succeed with the mercantile body, but are opposed by many of the gentry and clergy.
- 1760. March and April—Mr. Wyse and Dr. Curry revive the scheme of an association to manage Catholic affairs.
- 1761. Dr. Lucas returned as representative of Dublin to the first parliament of George III.
- 1763. Establishment of the *Freeman's Journal* by Dr. Lucas—the first independent Irish newspaper.
- 1768. The duration of parliament limited to eight years.
- 1778. First relaxation of the Penal Code. Catholics allowed long tenures of land, etc.
- The volunteers first formed. Flood the foremost popular leader.
- 1779. The achievement of Free Trade [*i.e.*, Ireland's right to trade with the colonies, etc.].
- 1782. Ireland's legislative independence won. Grattan's prime.
- 1785. Orde's commercial propositions [for a *Zollverein* between Great Britain and Ireland, at first accepted by the popular party in Ireland; afterwards rejected on inequalities, oppressive towards Ireland, being introduced in a new draft of the measure by the British Parliament].
- 1789. Debates upon the Regency question.
- 1790. The formation of the Society of United Irishmen at Belfast. Theobald Wolfe Tone its founder.

A. D.

- [1791. Re-organisation of the Catholic Committee for active agitation, and secession from that body of most of its peers and prelates.]
1792. { The franchise restored to the Roman Catholics, the Bar opened
1793. { to them, etc. [Far the greatest step towards Catholic Eman-
cipation ever made at one time.]
1795. Sept. 21—First Orange Lodge formed.
1796. Dec. 24—The remnant of the French expedition arrives in Bantry Bay without General Hoche, the commander.
- [— Four Catholic archbishops and six bishops endorse a proposal to grant the British Government a right of *Veto* on election of Catholic bishops in Ireland, in consideration of emancipation.]
1798. May 23—Breaking out of the insurrection.
- [— June 21—Battle of Vinegar Hill. On the following day landed in Dublin the first English troops (the Buckinghamshire regiment) sent to help in quelling the insurrection.]
- August 22—General Humbert lands with a small force at Killala.
- Dec. 9—Meeting of the Bar to oppose the projected Union. Saurin moves the resolution, which is carried.
1799. Jan. 22—The Union proposed.
- [— Feb. 7—Debate on the Union in English House of Commons. To charge of wholesale bribery Mr. Secretary Windham replies that it is necessary thus to guide Irish members into the line of duty.]
- June 1—Parliament prorogued, Government having been defeated by small majorities. [Lord Castlereagh analyses the division—
“ Against, or absent enemies..... 129
Of these, might be bought off... .. 20”]¹
1800. Feb. 10—The House of Lords divided, 75 for and 26 against the Union.
- Feb. 15—The House of Commons divided, 158 for, 115 against the Union. [60 new members since the prorogation.]
- March 17—On this day, the first of the following January was fixed in the Commons for the commencement of the Union.
1803. Robert Emmet’s insurrection and execution.
- [1808. Emancipation question before Parliament. The *Veto* agreement made known, and Irish laity repudiate it.]
1810. Great Repeal meeting in Dublin.

¹ *Cornwallis Correspondence*, iii. 45

A. D.

1813. Important debate on Emancipation. Measure lost, chiefly in consequence of Irish attitude on the *Veto*.]
1821. George IV. in Ireland.
1823. Catholic Association formed.
1825. Act passed to put down the Catholic Association.
1828. O'Connell's election for Clare.
1829. April 13—Emancipation granted.
1831. Education Board formed.
1833. Coercion Bill passed by the Whigs.
1836. May—Parliament rejects Repeal motion.
- [1839. Reform of the Tithe Laws, converting tithes into a fixed rent charge payable by the landlords.]
1838. Poor Law. Temperance movement.
1840. Corporation Reform. Repeal Association formed by O'Connell.
1842. October 15—Establishment of the *Nation*. [Its motto: "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and to make it racy of the soil."]
1843. Monster meetings. Prosecutions. William Smith O'Brien joins the Repeal Association.
1844. Verdict against, and imprisonment of Repeal leaders, 12th February and 30th May. Liberation, 7th September.
- The future is ours—for good, if we are persevering, intelligent, and brave; for ill, if we quarrel, slumber, or shrink.¹

¹ This very useful Chronology of Ireland was first published in the *Nation*. It is here printed from a copy corrected and slightly enlarged by Davis's own hand. The Editor hopes to be excused for having endeavoured to make it still more instructive by a few further additions, which are distinguished by being placed in brackets.

POLITICAL ARTICLES.¹

NO REDRESS—NO INQUIRY.

THE British Parliament has refused to redress our wrongs, or even to inquire into them. For five long nights were they compelled to listen to arguments, facts, and principles proving that we were sorely oppressed. They did not deny the facts—they did not refute the reasoning—they did not undermine the principles—but they would not try to right us.

“We inherit the right of hatred for six centuries of oppression; what will you do to prove your repentance, and propitiate our revenge?”—and the answer is, “That’s an old story, we wish to hear no more of it.”

Legislature of Britain, you shall hear more of it!

The growing race of Irishmen are the first generation of freemen which Ireland nursed these three centuries. The national schools may teach them only the dry elements of knowledge adulterated with Anglicism, and Trinity College may teach them bigotry, along with graceful lore and strong science; but there are other schools at work. There is a national art, and there is an Irish literature growing up. Day after day the choice of the young men discover that genius needs a country to honour and be loved by. The Irish Press is beginning to teach the People to know themselves and their history; to

¹ Davis contributed a political article to the *Nation* nearly every week. The plan of this Series does not permit any extensive illustration of this side of his activity; but a few of these articles are here inserted in order to show something of the spirit of his teaching.—ED.

know other nations, and to feel the rights and duties of citizens. The agitation, whose surges sweep through every nook of the island, converts all that the People learns to national uses; nothing is lost, nothing is adverse; neutrality is help, and all power is converted into power for Ireland.

Ireland is changing the loose tradition of her wrongs into history and ballad; and though justice, repentance, or retribution may make her cease to need vengeance, she will immortally remember her bondage, her struggles, her glories, and her disasters. Till her suffering ceases that remembrance will rouse her passions and nerve her arm. May she not forgive till she is no longer oppressed; and when she forgives, may she never forget!

Why need we repeat the tale of present wretchedness? Seven millions and a half of us are Presbyterians and Catholics, and our whole ecclesiastical funds go to the gorgeous support of the Clergy of the remaining 800,000, who are Episcopalians. Where else on *earth* does a similar injury and dishonour exist? Nowhere; 'twas confessed it existed nowhere. Would it weaken the empire to abolish this? Confessedly not, but would give it some chance of holding together. Would it injure Protestantism? You say not. Idle wealth is fatal to a Church, and supremacy bars out every proud and generous convert. Why is it maintained? The answer is directly given—"England (that is, the English aristocracy) is bigoted," and no Ministry dare give you redress. These are the very words of Captain Rous, the Tory member for Westminster, and the whole House assented to the fact. If you cannot redress—if you will not go into inquiry, lest this redress, so needed by us, should be fatal to your selfish power, then loose your hold of us, and we will redress ourselves; and we will do so with less injury to any class than you possibly could, for a free nation may be generous—a struggling one will not and ought not to be so.

We are most dishonestly taxed for *your* debts; the fact was not denied—an ominous silence declared that not a halfpenny of that mighty mortgage would be taken off our shoulders.

You raise five millions a year from us, and you spend it on English commissioners, English dockyards, English museums, English ambition, and English pleasures. With an enormous taxation, our public offices have been removed to London, and you threaten to remove our Courts of Justice, and our Lord Lieutenantcy, the poor trapping of old nationhood. We have no arsenals, no public employment here; our literary, scientific, and charitable institutions, so bountifully endowed by a Native Legislature, you have forced away, till, out of that enormous surplus revenue raised here, not £10,000 a year comes back for such purposes, while you have heaped hundred upon hundred thousand into the lap of every English institution. For National Education you dribble out £50,000 a year—not enough for our smallest province. Will you redress these things? No, but you boast of your liberality in giving us anything.

“Oh, but you are not overtaxed,” says Peel; “see your Post-office produces nothing to the revenue.” Ay, Sir, our Post-office, which levies the same rates as the English Post-office, produces nothing; Ireland is too poor to make even a penny-postage pay its own cost. No stronger mark of a stagnant trade could be adduced. “And then we lowered your spirit duty.” Yes, you did, because it brought in less than the lower duty. What single tax did you take off, except when it had been raised so high, or the country had declined so low that it ceased to be productive? You increased our taxation up to the end of the war two and a half times more rapidly than you did your own, and you diminished our taxation after the war thirty times less rapidly.

You have a fleet of steamers now—you had none in 1817, says some pattern of English Senators, whose constituents are bound to subscribe a few school-books for him if they mean to continue him as their delegate.

And my Lord Eliot says our exports and imports have increased. We wish your Lordship would have separate accounts kept, that we might know how much. But they *have* increased—ay, they have; and they are provisions.

And our population has increased; and when we had one-half the number of People to feed we sent out a tenth of the provisions we send away now. This is ruin, not prosperity. We had weavers, iron-workers, glass-makers, and fifty other flourishing trades. They sold their goods to Irishmen in exchange for beef, and mutton, and bread, and bacon, and potatoes. The Irish provisions were not exported—they were eaten in Ireland. They are exported now—for Irish artisans, without work, must live on the refuse of the soil, and Irish peasants must eat lumpers or starve. Part of the exports go to buy rags and farming tools, which once went for clothes and all other goods to Irish operatives, and the rest goes to raise money to pay absentee rents and imperial taxes. Will you tax our absentees? Will you employ our artisans? Will you abate your taxes, or spend them among us? No; you refuse redress—you refuse inquiry.

Your conquests and confiscations have given us land tenures alien to the country and deadly to the peasant. Will you interfere in property to save him, as you interfered to oppress him? You hint that you might inquire, but you only offered redress in an Arms' Bill—to prostrate the poor man, to violate the sanctity of his home, to brand him, and leave him at the mercy of his local tyrant.

Will you equalise the franchise, and admit us, in proportion to our numbers, into your Senate, and let us try there for redress? You may inquire, perhaps, some other time; if much pressed, you may consider some increase of the franchise—you decline to open the representation.

And if England will do none of these things, will she allow us, for good or ill, to govern ourselves, and see if we cannot redress our own griefs? "No, never, never," she says, "though all Ireland cried for it—never! Her fields shall be manured with the shattered limbs of her sons, and her hearths quenched in their blood; but never, while England has a ship or a soldier, shall Ireland be free."

And this is your answer? We shall see—we shall see!

And now, Englishmen, listen to us! Though you were

to-morrow to give us the best tenures on earth—though you were to equalise Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian—though you were to give us the amplest representation in your Senate—though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs—and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honour, still we tell you—we tell you, in the names of liberty and country—we tell you, in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits—we tell you, by the past, the present, and the future, we would spurn your gifts, if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that Ireland shall be a Nation !

THE RIGHT ROAD.

By the People the People must be righted. Disunion, and sloth, and meanness enslaved them. Combination, calm pride, and ceaseless labour must set them loose. Let them not trust to the blunders of their enemies, or the miracles of their chiefs—trust nothing, men of Ireland, but the deep resolve of your own hearts.

As well might you leave the fairies to plough your land or the idle winds to sow it, as sit down and wait for freedom.

You are on the right road.

The Repeal Year is over—what then?—Call next year the Repeal Year if you have a fancy for names; and if that, too, searches your fetter-sores with its December blast, work the next year, and the next, and the next. Cease not till all is done. If you sleep, now that you have climbed so far, you may never wake again.

Abandon or nod over your task, and the foreign minister will treat you as mad, and tie you down, or as idiotic, and give you sugar plums and stripes. Every man with a spark of pride and manhood would leave you to bear alone the scorn of the world, and from father to son you would live a race of ragged serfs till God in his mercy should destroy the People and the soil.

You are on the right road. You don't want to go to war. Your greatest leader objects, on principle, to all war for liberty. All your friends, even those who think liberty well worth a sea of blood, agree with him that it is neither needful nor politic for you to embark in a war with your oppressor. It is not that they doubt your courage nor resources—it is not that they distrust your allies—but it is that they *know* you can succeed without a single skirmish, and therefore he who harms person or property in seeking Repeal is criminal to his country.

But if they preach peace loudly, they preach perseverance with still greater emphasis. It is the universal creed of all Liberals, that *anything* were better than retreat. One of the most moderate of the Whigs said to us yesterday—"I would rather walk at O'Connell's funeral than witness his submission." And he said well. Death is no evil, and dying is but a moment's pang. There is no greater sign of a pampered and brutish spirit in a man than to wince at the foot-sound of death. Death is the refuge of the wronged, the opiate of the restless, the mother's or the lover's breast to the bruised and disappointed; it is the sure retreat of the persecuted, and the temple-gate of the loving, and pious, and brave. When all else leaves us, it is faithful. But where are we wandering to pluck garlands from the tomb?

Retreat would bring us the woes of war, without its chances or its pride. The enemy, elate at our discomfiture, would press upon our rear. The landlord would use every privilege till he had reduced his farms to insurgentless pastures. The minister would rush in and tear away the last root of nationality. The peasant, finding his long-promised hope of freedom and security by moral means gone, and left unled to his own impulses, would league with his neighbour serfs, and ruin others, in the vain hope of redressing himself. The day would be dark with tyranny, and the night red with vengeance. The military triumph of the rack-renter or the Whiteboy would be the happiest issue of the strife.

If the People ought neither spring into war, nor fall through confusion into a worse slavery, what remains? Perseverance. They are on the right road, and should walk on in it patiently, thoughtfully, and without looking back.

The Repeal organisation enables the People to act together. It is the bark of the tree, guarding it and binding it. It is the cause of our unanimity; for where else has a party, so large as the Irish Repealers, worked without internal squabbles? It is the secret of our discipline. How else, but by the instant action of the Association on the whole mass of the People, through the Repeal Press and the Repeal Wardens, could our

huge meetings have been assembled or been brought together?—how else could they have been separated in quiet?—how else could the People have been induced to continue their subscriptions month after month and year after year?

An ignorant or unorganised People would soon have tired of the constant subscriptions and meetings, and have broken into disorder or sunk into apathy.

He is a long-sighted and sober-minded man that lays out money on a complex yet safe speculation, or lays it by for an evil day. That is a People having political wisdom which denies itself some present indulgence for a future good. It had been pleasanter, for some at least of the People, to have spent in eating or clothing the shilling they sent to the Repeal Association, just as six years ago they found it pleasanter to spend the shilling, or the penny, or the pound, on the whisky shop. But the same self-denying and far-seeing resolve which enabled them to resign drink for food, and books, and clothing, induced them to postpone some of these solid comforts to attend meetings, and to give money, in order to win, at some future time, fixed holdings, trade, strength, and liberty.

The People, if they would achieve their aim, must continue their exertions.

It will not do to say, wait till the trials are over. The fate of the trials will not determine Repeal.

The conviction, imprisonment, or death of their present leaders will not crush it. There are those ready to fill the vacancies in the column, and to die too. The rudest and the humblest in the land would grow into an inspired hero were leader after leader to advance and fall. Victory would be the religion of the country, and by one means or other it would triumph. A stronger spirit than his who died issues from the martyr's coffin.

Nor would the success of the accused carry Repeal.

It would embarrass the minister—it would gain time—it would give us another chance for peaceful justice.

But the Queen's Bench is not the Imperial Parliament, nor is

the Traversers' plea of "not guilty" a bill to overturn the Union, and construct Irish independence on its ruins.

To win by peace they must use all the resources of peace, as they have done hitherto.

Is there any parish wherein there are no Repeal Wardens active every week in collecting money, distributing cards, tracts, and newspapers? Let that parish meet to-morrow or to-morrow week, appoint *active* Wardens, send up its subscriptions, and get down its cards, papers, and tracts, week after week till the year goes round or till Repeal is carried.

Is there any town or district which has not a Temperance Band and Reading-room? If there be, let that town or district meet at once, and subscribe for instruments, music, and a teacher; let the members meet, and read, and discuss, and qualify themselves by union, study, and political information to act as citizens, whether their duty lead them to the public assembly, the hustings, or the hill-side. By acting thus, and not by listening for news about trials, the People have advanced from mouldering slaves into a threatening and united People; continuing to act thus, they will become a triumphant nation, spite of fortified barracks, Wellington, Peel, and England. They are in the right road; let them walk on in it.

FOREIGN POLICY AND FOREIGN INFORMATION.

OUR history contains reasons for our extending the Foreign Policy of Ireland. This we tried to develop some months back.

The partial successes of the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from Hugh O'Neill to James the Second, were in no slight degree owing to the arms and auxiliary troops of Spain and France.

Our yet more complete triumphs in the political conflicts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries owed still more to our foreign connections—witness the influence of the American war on the creation of the volunteers, the effect of the battle of Jemappes, and of the French Fraternity of Ulster on the Toleration Act of 1793, and how much the presence of American money, and the fear of French interference, hastened the Emancipation Act of 1829.

With reference to this last period, we may state that such an effect had the articles published in *l'Etoile* on Ireland that Canning wrote a remonstrance to M. de Villele, asking him "was it intended that the war of pens should bring on one of swords." The remonstrance was unavailing—the French sympathy for Ireland increased, and other offices than newspaper offices began to brush up their information on Ireland. But arms yielded to the gown, and the maps and statistics of Ireland never left the War Office of France.

But our own history is not the only advocate for a Foreign Policy for Ireland.

Foreign alliances have ever stood among the pillars of national power, along with virtue, wise laws, settled customs, military organisation, and naval position. Advice, countenance,

direct help, are secured by old and generous alliances. Thus the alliance of Prussia carried England through the wars of the eighteenth century, the alliance of France rescued the wavering fortunes of America, the alliance of Austria maintains Turkey against Russia, and so in a thousand instances beside.

A People known and regarded abroad will be more dignified, more consistent, and more proud in all its acts. Fame is to national manners little less than virtue to national morals. A nation with a high and notorious character to sustain will be more stately and firm than if it lived in obscurity. Each citizen feels that the national name which he bears is a pledge for his honour. The soldier's uniform much less surely checks the display of his vices, and an army's standard less certainly excites its valour than the name of an illustrious country stimulates its sons to greatness and nobility. The *prestige* of Rome's greatness operated even more on the souls of her citizens than on the hearts of her friends and foes.

Again, it is peculiarly needful for *Ireland* to have a Foreign Policy. Intimacy with the great powers will guard us from English interference. Many of the minor German states were too deficient in numbers, boundaries, and wealth to have outstood the despotic ages of Europe but for those foreign alliances, which, whether resting on friendship or a desire to preserve the balance of power, secured them against their rapacious neighbours. And now time has given its sanction to their continuance, and the progress of localisation guarantees their future safety. When Ireland is a nation she will not, with her vast population and her military character, require such alliances as a *security* against an English *re-conquest*; but they will be useful in banishing any *dreams of invasion* which might *otherwise* haunt the brain of our old enemy.

But England is a pedagogue as well as a gaoler to us. Her prison discipline requires the Helotism of mind. She shuts us up, like another Caspar Hauser, in a dark dungeon, and tells us what she likes of herself and of the rest of the world. And this renders foreign information most desirable for us.

She calls France base, impious, poor, and rapacious. She

lies. France has been the centre of European mind for centuries. France was the first of the large states to sweep away the feudal despotism. France has a small debt and an immense army; while England has a vast debt and scanty forces. France has five millions of kindly, merry, well-fed yeomen. England swarms with dark and withered artisans. Every seventh person you meet in France is a landowner in fee, subject to moderate taxation. Taxes and tenancies-at-will have cleared out the yeomanry of England. France has a literature surpassing England's modern literature. France is an apostle of liberty—England the turnkey of the world. France is the old friend, England the old foe, of Ireland. From one we may judge all. England has defamed *all other countries* in order to make us and her other slaves content in our fetters.

England's eulogies on herself are as false and extravagant as her calumnies on all other states. She represents her constitution as the perfection of human wisdom; while in reality it is based on conquest, shaken by revolution, and only qualified by disorder. Her boasted tenures are the relics of a half-abolished serfdom, wherein the cultivator was nothing, and the aristocrat everything, and in which a primogeniture extending from the King to the Gentleman *often* placed idiocy on the throne, and tyranny in the Senate, and *always* produced disunion in families, monopoly in land, and peculation throughout every branch of the public service. Her laws are complicated, and their administration costly beyond any others ever known. Her motley and tyrannous flag she proclaims the first that floats, and her tottering and cruel empire the needful and sufficient guardian of our liberties.

By cultivating Foreign Relations, and growing intimate with foreign states of society, we will hear a free and just criticism on England's constitution and social state. We will have a still better and fairer commentary in the condition and civil structure of other countries.

We will see *small* free states—Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, and Portugal—maintaining their homes free, and

bearing their flags in triumph for long ages. We will learn from themselves how they kept their freedom afloat amid the perils of centuries. We will salute them as brethren subject to common dangers, and interested in one policy—localisation of power.

The Catholic will see the Protestant states of Prussia, Holland, Saxony, and America; and the Protestant will see the Catholic states of Belgium, Bavaria, and France, all granting full liberty of conscience—leaving every creed to settle its tenets with its conscience, and dealing, *as states*, only with citizens, not sects.

He who fancies some intrinsic objection to our nationality to lie in the co-existence of two languages, three or four great sects, and a dozen different races in Ireland, will learn that in Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, and America, different languages, creeds, and races flourish kindly side by side, and he will seek in English intrigues the real well of the bitter woes of Ireland.

Germany, France, and America teach us that English economics are not fit for a nation beginning to establish a trade, though they may be for an old and plethoric trader; and therefore that English and Irish trading interests are directly opposed. Nor can our foreign trade but be served by foreign connections.

The land tenures of France, Norway, and Prussia are the reverse of England's. They resemble our own old tenures; they better suit our character and our wants than the loose holdings and servile wages system of modern England.

These, and a host of lessons more, will we learn if we study the books, laws, and manners, and cultivate an intimacy with the citizens of foreign states. We will thus obtain countenance, sympathy, and help in time of need, and honour and friendship in time of strength; and thus, too, we will learn toleration towards each other's creed, distrust in our common enemy, and confidence in liberty and nationality.

Till Ireland has a foreign policy, and a knowledge of foreign states, England will have an advantage over us in both military

and moral ways. We will be without those aids on which even the largest nations have at times to depend; and we will be liable to the advances of England's treacherous and deceptive policy.

Let us, then, return the ready grasp of America, and the warm sympathy of France, and of every other country that offers us its hand and heart. Let us cultivate a Foreign Policy and Foreign Information as useful helps in that national existence which is before us, though its happiness and glory depend, in the first instance, on "ourselves alone." Ireland has a glorious future, if she be worthy of it. We must believe and act up to the lessons taught by reason and history, that England is our interested and implacable enemy—a tyrant to her dependants—a calumniator of her neighbours, and both the despot and defamer of Ireland for near seven centuries. Mutual respect for conscience, an avoidance of polemics, concession to each other, defiance to the foe, and the extension of our foreign relations are our duty, and should be our endeavour. Vigour and policy within and without, great men to lead, educated men to organise, brave men to follow—these are the means of liberation—these are the elements of nationality.

MORAL FORCE.

THERE are two ways of success for the Irish—arms and persuasion. They have chosen the latter. They have resolved to win their rights by moral force. For this end they have confederated their names, their moneys, their thoughts, and their resolves. For this they meet, organise, and subscribe. For this they learn history, and forget quarrels ; and for this they study their resources, and how to increase them.

For moral success internal union is essential.

Ireland, through all its sects and classes, must demand Repeal before the English Minister will be left without a fair reason to resist it, and not till then will we be in a state to coerce his submission.

Conciliation of all sects, classes, and parties who oppose us, or who still hesitate, is *essential* to moral force. For if, instead of leading a man to your opinions by substantial kindness, by zealous love, and by candid and wise teaching, you insult his tastes and his prejudices, and force him either to adopt your cause or to resist it—if, instead of slow persuasion, your weapons are bullying and intolerance, then your profession of moral force is a lie, and a lie which deceives no one, and your attacks will be promptly resisted by every man of spirit.

The Committee of the Repeal Association have of late begun to attend to the Registries. The majority of Irish electors belong to the middle class ; and if all of that class who could register and vote did register and vote, it would be out of the landlord's power to coerce them. The landlords have awoken to a sense of their danger. They begin to know that if once the quiet patriots of this country conclude that reform of the landlords is hopeless, the only barrier between them and their tenants will sink, and they will sink too.

There will be less landlordism next election—at least we warn the landlords that there *must* be less.

If, then, the majority of members chosen by the middle class oppose Domestic Legislation, the middle class is suspected of not being truly national—the sincerity of the People is made doubtful—an impediment is opposed to Repeal which the Repeal Association properly strive to upset.

Therefore do they and we urge the Repealers to serve notices diligently, accurately, and at once. Therefore do they and we prompt them to attend at the Sessions, and boldly claim their rights as citizens contributing to the State, and entitled to a vote in electing its managers; and therefore do they and we advise each constituency to consider well whether they have or can procure a representative whose purity of life, undoubted honesty, knowledge of politics, and devoted zeal to secure Domestic Government fit him to legislate in St. Stephen's, or to agitate in the Corn Exchange, or wherever else nationality may have a temple.

We say, the advocacy of a "Domestic Legislature," because *that* is what Ireland wants. We are a province, drained by foreign taxation and absentees, governed by a foreign legislature and executive. We seek to have *Ireland* governed by an Irish senate and executive for herself, and by Irishmen; and although a man shall add to this a claim for a share in the government of the *empire*, and of course a consent to give taxes and soldiers, therefore that (though to us it seems unwise) is not such a difference as should make us divide. He is a Repealer of the Union as decidedly as if he never called himself a Federalist. Such Repealing Federalists are Messrs. Crawford, Wyse, John O'Brien, Caulfield, Ross, O'Malley, O'Hagan, Bishop Kennedy, and numbers of others in and out of the Association. In selecting or in agitating about Members we must therefore never forget that a Federalist is quite as likely to be national as a technical Repealer, and that if his morals and ability be better than those of a *so-called* Repeal candidate, he is the better man.

We have also classed morals, ability, and zeal as being quite as requisite as national opinions in a Representative.

If our Members were a majority in the House, it might not be very moral, but at least it would have some show of excuse, if we sent in a flock of pledged delegates to vote Repeal, regardless of their powers or principles; though even then we might find it hard to get rid of the scoundrels after Repeal was carried, and when Ireland would need virtuous and unremitting wisdom to make her prosper.

But now, when our whole Members are not a sixth of the Commons, and when the English Whigs are as hostile to Repeal as the English Tories, and more hostile to it than the Irish Tories—now, it is plain we must get weight for our opinions by the ability and virtue of our Members; and therefore we exhort the People, as they love purity, as they prize religion, as they are true to themselves, to Ireland, and to liberty, to spurn from their hustings any man who comes there without purity and wisdom, though he took or kept a thousand Repeal pledges.

We want men who are not spendthrifts, drunkards, swindlers—we want honest men—men whom we would trust with our private money or our family's honour; and sooner than see faded aristocrats and brawling profligates shelter themselves from their honest debtors by a Repeal membership, we would leave Tories and Whigs undisturbed in their seats, and strive to carry Repeal by other measures.

Conciliation, virtue, and wisdom are our moral means of success. They must be used and sought on the hustings as well as in the Conciliation Hall. We must not prematurely, and at Heaven knows what distance from an election, force a good and able man to accept a pledge or quarrel with us. Pledges are extreme things, hardly constitutional, and highly imprudent in a well-governed country. Nevertheless, they are sometimes needed, as are sharper remedies; and such need will exist here at the general election. No man must go in for any place where the popular will prevails unless he is a Repealer or a Federalist; and, what is *equally* essential, an

upright, unstained, and zealous man, who will work for Ireland and do her credit. But it seems to us quite premature to insist on those pledges from honourable, proud, and patriotic men *now*, who will, in all likelihood, be with us before an election comes, provided they are treated with the respect and forbearance due to them whether they join us or not.

These are some of the canons of moral force; and if, as we trust, Ireland can succeed without cannon of another kind, it must be by using those we have here mustered.

CONCILIATION.

THE People of Ireland have done well in naming the scene of their future counsels the Conciliation Hall.

It intimates the cause of all our misery, and suggests the cure. Prostrated by division, union is our hope.

If Irishmen were united, the Repeal of the Union would be instantly and quietly conceded. A Parliament, at whose election mutual generosity would be in every heart and every act, would take the management of Ireland. For oh! we ask our direst foe to say from the bottom of his heart, would not the People of Ireland melt with joy and love to their Protestant brethren if they united and conquered? And surely from such a soil noble crops would grow. No southern plain heavy with corn, and shining with fruit-clad hamlets, ever looked so warm and happy as would the soul of Ireland, bursting out with all the generosity and beauty of a grateful People.

We trust that the opening of the Conciliation Hall will be a signal to Catholic and Protestant to *try* and agree.

Surely our Protestant brethren cannot shut their eyes to the honour it would confer on them and us if we gave up old brawls and bitterness, and came together in love like Christians, in feeling like countrymen, in policy like men having common interests. Can they—ah! tell us, dear countrymen!—can you harden your hearts at the thought of looking on Irishmen joined in commerce, agriculture, art, justice, government, wealth, and glory?

Fancy the aristocracy placed by just laws, or by wise concession, on terms of friendship with their tenants, securing to these tenants every farthing their industry entitled them to; living among them, promoting agriculture and education by example and instruction; sharing their joys, comforting their

sorrows, and ready to stand at their head whenever their country called. Think well on it. Suppose it to exist in your own county, in your own barony and parish. Dwell on this sight. See the life of such a landlord and of such farmers—so busy, so thoughtful, so happy! How the villages would ring with pleasure and trade, and the fields laugh with contented and cheered labour. Imagine the poor supporting themselves on those waste lands which the home expenditure of our rents and taxes would reclaim, and the workhouse turned into an hospital, or a district college. Education and art would prosper; every village, like Italy, with its painter of repute. Then indeed the men of all creeds would be competent by education to judge of doctrines; yet, influenced by that education, to see that God meant men to live, and love, and ennoble their souls; to be just, and to worship Him, and not to consume themselves in rites, or theological contention; or if they did discuss, they would do so not as enemies, but inquirers after truth. The clergy of different creeds would be placed on an equality, and would hope to propagate their faith not by hard names or furious preaching, but by their dignity and wisdom, and by the marked goodness of their flocks. Men might meet or part at church or chapel-door without sneer or suspicion. From the christening of the child, till his neighbours, Catholic and Protestant, followed his grey-haired corpse to the tomb, he might live enjoying much, honoured much, and fearing nothing but his own carelessness or vice.

This, 'twill be said, is a paradise.

Alas! no,—there would still be individual crime and misfortune, national difficulties and popular errors. These are in the happiest and best countries.

But the condition of many countries is as Paradise to what we are.

Where else in Europe is the peasant ragged, fed on roots, in a wigwam, without education?

Where else are the towns ruined, trade banished, the till, and the workshop, and the stomach of the artisan empty? Where else is there an exportation of over one-third of the rents, and an

absenteeism of the chief landlords? What other country pays four and a half million taxes to a foreign treasury, and has its offices removed or filled with foreigners? Where else are the People told they are free and represented, yet only one in two hundred of them have the franchise? Where, beside, do the majority support the Clergy of the minority? In what other country are the majority excluded from high ranks in the University? In what place, beside, do landlords and agents extort such vast rents from an indigent race? Where else are the tenants ever pulling, the owners ever driving, and both full of anger? And what country so fruitful and populous, so strong, so well marked and guarded by the sea, and with such an ancient name, was reduced to provincialism by bribery and treacherous force, and is denied all national government?

And if the answer be, as it must, "nowhere is the like seen," then we say that union amongst Irishmen would make this country comparatively a paradise. For union would peacefully achieve independence; would enable us to settle the landlord and tenant question; would produce religious equality, as the first act of independence; would restore the absentees by the first of our taxes; would cherish our commerce, facilitate agriculture and manufactures, and would introduce peace and social exertion, instead of religious and political strife.

Again, then, we ask the Protestant to ponder over these things—to think of them when he lies down—to talk over them to his Catholic neighbours—to see if he and they couldn't agree—and to offer up in church his solemn prayers that this righteous and noble conclusion of our mourning may be vouchsafed.

Where, in aught that has been said or done by the Catholic party, is there evidence of that intolerant and usurping spirit which the Protestants seem to dread?

Do they think it possible for a whole People of some millions of men, women, and children to tell a public lie, and to persevere in the giant falsehood for years? The present generation have been brought up in this faith of religious equality, and they would be liars, and apostates too, if they wished for

ascendency. We may add, it would not be safe nor possible for the Catholics to establish an ascendency, even if the Union were repealed; and, therefore, we again ask the Protestants, for the sake of peace, interest, and religion, to *try* if they cannot unite with the Catholics for the prosperity of Ireland.

To the Catholics we have nothing to say but to redouble their efforts.

Conciliation is a fixed and everlasting duty, independently of the political results it might have. If they despaired of winning the Protestants to Repeal, conciliation would still be their duty, as men and Christians. But there is every ground for hope. The Protestants, in defeating the rack-renters' anti-Repeal meeting, showed they began to see their interest. Something has been, more shall be done to remove the prejudice against the Catholics, derived from lying histories; and if we may take the stern reproof of the *Banner of Ulster* to the *Evening Mail* as speaking the sentiments of the Presbyterians of the North, then they begin to feel like religious Irishmen, and they will presently be with us.

SCOLDING MOBS.¹

WHY on earth have so many of the People of Dublin made fools of themselves by getting together in Sackville Street every evening to hoot at coaches? The coach contract was an injury and an insult to us, but it is now irremediable. We have serious work before us, and let us have no by-battles. To the devil with the whole affair, rather than compromise our cause.

Nothing could please the Government more than frequent little rows, which would get up a hatred between the soldiers and police and the people. They are now very good friends. The armed men are becoming popular and patriotic, and the unarmed, we trust, more orderly, hospitable, and kindly every day. Let us have no more tussling and patrolling.

What do these mobs mean? A noisy mob is always rash—often cruel and cowardly. A good friendly shout from a multitude is well, and a passing hearty curse enduring. The silent and stern assemblage of orderly men, like the myriads of Tipperary, or like one of Napoleon's armies, is a noble sight

¹ The withdrawal of the Coach Contracts from Ireland is but another instance of the same spiteful and feeble policy. Messrs. Bourne & Purcell had for years held the contract for building the Irish Mail Coaches. This contract was less a source of wealth to them than of support and comfort to hundreds of families employed by them. The contract runs out—Messrs. Bourne & Purcell propose in form for it—an *informal* proposal, at a rate inconsiderably lower, is sent in by another person, and is at once accepted. It is accepted notwithstanding its irregularity, and notwithstanding the offer of Messrs. Bourne & Purcell to take it, even at a loss, as low as any one else. It is given to a foreigner. Were the difference triple what it was, that contract should have been left in Ireland.—*Nation*.

and a mighty power ; but a scolding, hooting mob, which meets to make a noise, and runs away from a stick, a horse, or a sabre, is a wretched affair.

“I hate little wars,” said Wellington. So do we ; and we hate still more a petty mob meeting without purpose, and dispersing without success. Perfect order, silence, obedience, alacrity, and courage make an assemblage formidable and respectable. We want law and order—we are seriously injured by every scene or act of violence, no matter how transient. Let us have no more of this humbug. If we are determined men we have enough to *learn* and to do without wasting our time in hissing and groaning coaches.

In reference to popular faults, we cannot help saying a word on the language applied to certain of the enemy’s leaders, especially the Duke of Wellington. We dislike the whole system of false disparagement. The Irish People will never be led to act the manly part which liberty requires of them by being told that “the Duke,” that gallant soldier and most able general, is a screaming coward and doting corporal. We have grave and solemn work to do. Making light of it or of our enemies may inspire a moment’s overweening confidence, but would ensure ultimate defeat. We have much to contend against ; but our resources are immense, and nothing but our own rashness or cowardice can defeat us.

MUNSTER OUTRAGES.

THE people of Munster are in want—will murder feed them? Is there some prolific virtue in the blood of a landlord that the fields of the South will yield a richer crop where it has flowed? As the Jews dashed their door-posts on the Passover, shall the blood of an agent shelter the cabins of Tipperary? Shame, shame, and horror! Oh! to think that these hands, hard with innocent toil, should be reddened with assassination! Oh! bitter, bitter grief, that the loving breasts of Munster should pillow heads wherein are black plots, and visions of butchery, and shadows of remorse! Oh! woe unutterable, if the men who abandoned the sin of drunkenness should companion with the devil of murder; and if the men who, last year, vowed patience, order, and virtue, rashly and impiously revel in crime.

But what do we say? Where are we led by our fears? Surely, Munster is against these atrocities—they are the sins of a few—the People are pure and sound, and all will be well with Ireland! 'Tis so, 'tis so; we pray God 'tis so: but yet the People are not without blame!

Won't they come and talk to us about these horrid deeds? Won't they meet us (as brothers to consider disorders in their family) and do something—do all to stop them? Don't they confide in us? Oh! they know, well they know that our hearts love them better than life—well they know that to-morrow, if 'twould serve, we would be ready to die by their side in battle; but we are not ready to be their accomplices in crime—we would not be unsteady on the scaffold, so we honestly died for them, but we have no share with the murderer!

Nor is it we alone who have ever professed our willingness to take the field with the people, who loathe and denounce these crimes. Let the men of Munster read the last Act of the

Repeal Association, and they will find Daniel O'Connell, William Smith O'Brien, and the entire Repeal League confederated to proclaim and trample down the assassins. Let them enter their chapels, and from every altar they will hear their beloved priests solemnly warning them that the forms of the Church are as fiery coals on the heads of the blood-stained. Let them look upon government, and they will find a potent code and vast police—a disciplined army—all just citizens combined to quell the assassin; and then let them with their consciences approach their God, and learn that the murderer is dark before Him.

Heaven and earth raise their voices against these crimes. Will they not be hopeless?—must they not be desperately wicked?

What chance has the guilty of success?—what right to commit so deadly a sin? These murders will not give the people the land, nor leases, nor low rents. When the country was in a rude state, intimidation easy, and concealment easier, they tried the same thing. They began butchering bailiffs—they rose to shooting landlords. Did they get nearer their object? Did they overpower their oppressors, stop the law, mitigate their condition?—No, but the opposite; the successors of the slaughtered men levied the rents and enforced the ejectments of the slain. They did so with greater zeal, for vengeance strengthened their resolve. They did so with greater effect, for the law that might have interfered where the people were oppressed, and society, which would have aided the wronged people, took arms against assassins, and the death groan of the victim was the best rallying cry of oppression.

So it will be again. Already men whose tongues, and pens, and hearts were busy pleading for better tenures and juster rents are silenced. They will not clamour for rights when assassins may recruit their gangs with the words of the innocent. Already minds deep in preparing remedies for popular suffering are meditating means of popular coercion. The justice, not only of government but society, has grown cautious

of redress, and is preparing to punish—a repetition of guilt will aggravate that punishment and postpone that redress.

Headstrong and vain men, your sins will not give you a landlord the less nor a persecutor the less ; while ever the land is liable to the rent there will be found men willing to hazard their lives to get it, and you but arm them with fresh powers, with the sympathy of the public and the increased force of law and government, to lean yet heavier on you.

Why, too, should Munster lead in guilt? Our richest province, our purest race, our fairest scenes—oh ! why should its bloodshed be as plenteous as its rains? Other people suffer much. The peaceful people of Kerry, the whole province of Connaught, many counties of Leinster, are under a harsher yoke than the men of North Munster: yet they do not seek relief in butchery.

Thank God ! they do not. How horrid a blot upon earth were Ireland, if its poor had no reliance but the murder of the rich ; better by far that that people rose and waged open war. That were wild—that were criminal ; but 'twould be wisdom and mercy compared with these individual murders.

How horrible is the condition of a district subject to such crimes ! Few are struck, but all suffer ! 'Tis as if men knew assuredly that a spirit of plague were passing through the land, but knew not whom it would wither. Think of a district where there has been peace—the People are poor, but they are innocent ; some of the rich are merciless but some are just, and many are kind and sympathising ; in their low homes, in their safe chapels, in the faith of their fellows, in the hope of better days, in the effort for improvement, but above all in their conscious innocence, the most trampled of them have consolation, and there is a sort of smile even on the wretched. But let some savage spirits appear among them—let the shebeen house supply the ferocity which religion kept down, and one oppressor is marked out for vengeance, his path is spied, the bludgeon or the bullet smites, and he is borne in to his innocent and loving family a broken and stained corpse, slain in his sins.

Pursuit follows—the criminals become outlaws—they try to shelter their lives and console their consciences by making many share their guilt—another and another is struck at. Haunted by remorse, and tracked by danger, and now intimate with crime, a less and a less excuse suffices. He began by avenging his own wrong, becomes the avenger of others, then perhaps the tool of others, who use the wrongs of the country as a cloak for unjustified malice, and the *suspected* tyrant or the rigid yet not unjust man shares the fate of the glaring oppressors. What terror and suspicion—what a shadow as of death is there upon such a district! No one trusts his neighbour. The rich, excited by such events, believe the poor have conspired to slay them. They dread their very domestics, they abhor the People, rage at the country, summon each other, and all the aid that authority can give to protect and to punish; they bar their doors before sunset, their hearths are surrounded with guns and pistols—at the least rustle every heart beats and women shriek, and men with clenched teeth and embittered hearts make ready for that lone and deadly conflict—that battle without object, without honour, without hope, without quarter.

Then they cover the country with patrols—they raise up a cloud of hovering spies—no peasant, no farmer feels safe. Those who connive shudder at every passing troop, and see an informer in every stranger. Those who do not connive tremble lest they be struck as enemies of the criminal; and thus from bad to worse till no home is safe—no heart calm of the thousands.

As yet no district has attained this horrible ripeness; but to this North Munster may come, unless the People interfere and put down the offenders.

Will they suffer this hell-blight to come upon them? Will they wait till violence and suspicion are the only principles retaining power among them? Will they look on while the Repeal movement—the educating, the ennobling, the sacred effort for liberty—is superseded by the buzz of assassination and vengeance? Or will they now join O'Connell and O'Brien

—the Association, the Law, and the Priesthood; and whenever they hear a breath of outrage, denounce it as they would Atheism—whenever they see an attempt at crime, interpose with brave, strong hand, and, in Mr. O'Brien's words, "leave the guilty no chance of life but in hasty flight from the land they have stained with their crimes."

Once again we ask the People—the guiltless, the suffering, the noble, the brave People of Munster—by their patience, by their courage, by their hopes for Ireland, by their love to God, we implore them to put down these assassins as they would and could were the weapons of the murderers aimed at their own children.

A SECOND YEAR'S WORK.

IT was a bold experiment to establish *The Nation*. Our success is more honourable to Ireland than to us, for it was by defying evil customs and bad prejudices we succeeded.

Let us prove this.

Religion has for ages been so mixed with Irish quarrels that it is often hard to say whether patriotism or superstition was the animating principle of an Irish leader, and whether political rapacity or bigoted zeal against bigotry was the motive of an oppressor. Yet in no country was this more misplaced in our day than in Ireland. Our upper classes were mostly Episcopalians—masters not merely of the institutions, but the education and moral force of the country. The middle ranks and much of the peasantry of one of our greatest provinces were Presbyterians, obstinate in their simple creed—proud of their victories, yet apprehensive of oppression. The rest of the population were Catholics, remarkable for piety and tenderness, but equally noted for ignorance and want of self-reliance. To mingle politics and religion in such a country was to blind men to their common secular interests, to render political union impossible, and national independence hopeless.

We grappled with the difficulty. We left sacred things to consecrated hands—theology and discipline to Churchmen. We preached a nationality that asked after no man's creed (*friend's or foe's*); and now, after our Second Year's Work, we have got a *practical* as well as a verbal admission that religion is a thing between man and God—that no citizen is to be hooted, or abused, or marked down because he holds any imaginable creed, or changes it any conceivable number of times.

We are proudly conscious that, in preaching these great truths with success, we have done more to convince the Protestants that they may combine with the Catholics and get from under the shield of England than if we had proved that the Repeal of the Union would double the ears of their corn fields.

There had been a long habit of looking to foreign arms or English mercy for redress. We have shared the labours of O'Connell and O'Brien in impressing on the People that self-reliance is the only liberator. We have, not in vain, taught that, though the concessions of England or the sympathy of others was to be welcomed and used, still they would be best won by dignity and strength; and that, whether they came or not, Ireland could redress herself by patience, energy, and resolution.

Yet, deficient as the People were in genuine self-reliance, they had been pampered into the belief that they were highly educated, nobly represented, successful in every science and art, and that consequently their misery was a mysterious fate, for which there was no remedy in human means. We believe we have convinced them of the contrary of this. Ireland has done great things. She has created an unrivalled music and oratory, taken a first place in lyric poetry, displayed great valour, ready wit—has been a pattern of domestic virtue and faith under persecution; and lately has again advanced herself and her fame by deliberate temperance, by organised abstinence from crime, and by increasing political discipline. Yet there is that worst of all facts on the face of the census, that most of the Irish can neither read nor write; there is evidence in every exhibition that this land, which produced Barry, Forde, Maclise, and Burton, is ignorant of the fine arts; and proof in every shop or factory of the truth of Kane's motto, that industrial ignorance is a prime obstacle to our wealth. We have no national theatre, either in books or performance; and though we have got of late some classes of prose literature—national fiction, for instance—we have yet to write our history, our statistics, and much of our science.

We have week after week candidly told these things to the People, and, instead of quarrelling with us, or running off to men who said "the Irish have succeeded in everything," they hearkened to us, and raised our paper into a circulation beyond most of the leaders of the London press, and immensely beyond any other journal that ever was in Ireland. What is more cheering still, they have set about curing their defects. They are founding Repeal Reading-rooms. They have noted down their ignorance in many portions of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, history, literature, and fine arts; and they are working with the Agricultural Societies, forming Polytechnic Institutions for the improvement of manufactures, and giving and demanding support to the antiquarian and historical and artistical books and institutions in Ireland. Large *classes* wished well to, and small ones supported each of these projects before; but in this journal *all* classes were canvassed incessantly, and not in vain—and if there be unanimity now, we claim some credit for ourselves, but much more for the People, who did not resent harsh truth, and took advice that affronted their vanity.

A political impatience and intolerance have too often been seen in this country. It is one of the vices of slaves to use free speech to insult all who do not praise their faults, and their friends, and their caprices. We rejoice, in looking over our files, to see how rarely we were personal, and how generally we recognised the virtues of political foes. It is an equal pleasure to recall that in many questions, but especially in reference to the Liberal Members not in the Association, we stood between an impolitic fury and its destined victims. The People bore with us, and then agreed with us. We told them that men able and virtuous—men who had gone into Parliament when Repeal was a Whig buggaboo to frighten the Tories, were not to be hallooed from their seats because Repeal had suddenly grown into a national demand. These men, we said, may become your allies, if you do not put them upon their mettle by your rudeness and impatience. If they join you, they will be faster

and more useful friends than men who compensate for every defect by pledge-bolting at command.

Mr. O'Connell, who had at first seemed to incline to the opposite opinion, concurred with us. Mr. O'Brien was zealous on the same side; the "premature pledges" were postponed to their fit time—an election—and the People induced to apply themselves to the Registries, as the true means of getting Repeal members.

We have maintained and advanced our foreign policy—the recognition and study of other countries beside England, and a careful separation of ourselves from England's crimes. We have, we believe, not neglected those literary, antiquarian, and historical teachings, and those popular projects which we pointed to last year as part of our labours; and we are told that the poetry of *The Nation* has not been worse than in our first year. But these things are more personal, less indicative of national progress, and therefore less interesting than our success in producing political tolerance, increased efforts for education, and that final concession to religious liberty—the right to change without even verbal persecution.

The last year has been a year of hard work and hard trial to the country and to us. Our first year was spent in rousing and animating—the second in maintaining, guiding, and restraining. Its motto is, "Bide your time." Never had a People more temptation to be rash; and it is our proudest feeling that in our way we aided the infinitely greater powers of O'Connell till his imprisonment, and of O'Brien thereafter, to keep in the passion, while they kept up the spirit of the People.

They and we succeeded.

The People saw the darling of their hearts dragged to trial, yet they never rioted; they found month after month go by in the disgusting details of a trial at bar, yet, instead of desponding, they improved their organisation, studied their history and statistics—increased in dignity, modesty, and strength. At length came the imprisonment; we almost doubted them, but they behaved gloriously—they recognised their wrongs,

but they crossed their arms—they were neither terrified, disordered, nor divided—they promptly obeyed their new leaders, and, with shut teeth, swore that their “only vengeance should be victory.” They succeeded—bore their triumph as well as their defeat, and are now taking breath for a fresh effort at education, organisation, and conciliation.

It is something to have laboured through a Second Year for such a People. Let them go on as they have begun—growing more thoughtful, more temperate, more educated, more resolute—let them complete their parish organisation, carry out their registries, and, above all, establish those Reading-rooms which will inform and strengthen them into liberty; and, ere many years' work, the Green Flag will be saluted by Europe, and Ireland will be a Nation. The People have shown that their spirit, their discipline, and their modesty can be relied on; they have but to exhibit that greatest virtue which their enemies deny them—perseverance—and all will be well.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

HERE it is at last—the dawning. Here, in the very sanctuary of the Orange heart, is a visible angel of Nationality :—

“If a British Union cannot be formed, perhaps an Irish one might. What could Repeal take from Irish Protestants that they are not gradually losing ‘*in due course*’ ?

“However improbable, it is not impossible, that better terms might be made with the Repealers than the Government seem disposed to give. A hundred thousand Orangemen, with their colours flying, might yet meet a hundred thousand Repealers on the banks of the Boyne ; and, on a field presenting so many solemn reminiscences to all, sign the Magna Charta of Ireland’s independence. The Repeal banner might then be Orange and Green, flying from the Giant’s Causeway to the Cove of Cork, and proudly look down from the walls of Derry upon a new-born nation.

“Such a union, not to be accomplished without concession on all sides, would remove the great offence of Irish Protestants—their Saxon attachment to their British fatherland. Cast off, as they would feel themselves by Great Britain, and baptised on the banks of the Boyne into the great Irish family, they would be received into a brotherhood which, going forward towards the attainment of a national object, would extinguish the spirit of Ribbonism, and establish in its place a covenant of peace.”

So speaks the *Evening Mail*, the trumpet of the northern confederates, and we cry amen ! amen !

We exult, till the beat of our heart stays our breathing, at the vision of such a concourse. Never—never when the plains of Attica saw the rivals of Greece marching to expel the Persian, who had tried to intrigue with each for the ruin of both—never, when, from the uplands of Helvetia, rolled

together the victors of Sempach—never, when, at the cry of Fatherland, the hundred nations of Germany rose up, and swept on emancipating to the Rhine—never was there under the sky a godlier or more glorious sight than that would be—to all slaves, balsam; to all freemen, strength; to all time, a miracle!

If Ireland's wrongs were borne for this—if our feuds and our weary sapping woes were destined to this ending—then blessed be the griefs of the past! His sickness to the healed—his pining to the happy lover—his danger to the rescued, are faint images of such a birth from such a chaos.

It is something—the cheer of an invisible friend—to have, even for a moment, heard the hope. It must abide in the souls of the Irish, guaranteeing the moderation of the Catholic—wakening the aspirations of the Orangemen. There it is—a cross on the sky.

It may not now lead to anything real. Long-suffering, oft-baffled Ireland will not abandon for an inch or hour its selected path by reason of this message.

We hope from it, because it has been prompted by causes which will daily increase. Incessantly will the British Minister labour to gain the support of seven millions of freed men, by cutting away every privilege and strength from one million of discarded allies.

We hope from it, because, as the Orangemen become more enlightened, they will more and more value the love of their countrymen, be prouder of their country, and more conscious that their ambition, interest, and even security are identical with nationality.

We hope from it, because, as the education of People and the elevation of the rich progress, they will better understand the apprehensions of the Orangemen, allow for them in a more liberal spirit, and be able to give more genuine security to even the nervousness of their new friends.

We hope most from it, because of its intrinsic greatness. It is the best promise yet seen to have the Orangemen proposing, even as a chance, the conference of 100,000 armed and

ordered yeomen from the North, with 100,000 picked (ay, by our faith! and martial) Southern on the banks of the Boyne, to witness a treaty of mutual concession, oblivion, and eternal amity; and then to lift an Orange-Green Flag of Nationhood, and defy the world to pull it down.

Yet 'tis a distant hope, and Ireland, we repeat, must not swerve for its flashing. When the Orangemen treat the shamrock with as ready a welcome as Wexford gave the lily—when the Green is set as consort of the Orange in the lodges of the North—when the Fermanagh meeting declares that the Orangemen are Irishmen pledged to Ireland, and summons another Dungannon Convention to prepare the terms of our treaty; then, and not till then, shall we treat this gorgeous hope as a reality, and then, and not till then, shall we summon the Repealers to quit their present sure course, and trust their fortunes to the League of the Boyne.

Meantime, we commend to the hearts and pride of “the Enniskilleners” this, their fathers’, declaration in 1782:—

“COUNTY FERMANAGH GRAND JURY.

“We, the Grand Jury of the county of Fermanagh, being constitutionally assembled at the present assizes, held for the county of Fermanagh, at Enniskillen, this 18th day of March 1782, think ourselves called upon at this interesting moment to make our solemn declarations relative to the rights and liberties of Ireland.

“We *pledge ourselves* to this our country, that we never will pay obedience to any law made, or to be made, to bind Ireland, except those laws which are and shall be made by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland.

“Signed by order,

“ARTHUR COLF HAMILTON, Foreman.”

ACADEMICAL EDUCATION.¹

THE rough outlines of a plan of Academical Education for Ireland are now before the country. The plan, as appears from Sir James Graham's very conciliatory speech, is to found three Colleges; to give them £100,000 for buildings, and £6000 a year for expenses; to open them to all creeds; the education to be purely secular; the students not to live within the Colleges; and the professors to be named and removed, now and hereafter, by Government.

The announcement of this plan was received in the Commons with extravagant praise by the Irish Whig and Repeal members, nor was any hostility displayed except by the blockhead and bigot, Sir Robert Inglis—a preposterous fanatic, who demands the repeal of the Emancipation Act, and was never yet missed from the holy orgies of Exeter Hall. Out of doors it has had a darker reception; but now that the first storm of joy and anger is over, it is time for the People of Ireland to think of this measure.

It is for them to consider it—it is for them to decide on it—it is for them to profit by it. For centuries the Irish were paupers and serfs, because they were ignorant and divided. The Protestant hated the Catholic, and oppressed him—the Catholic hated the Protestant, and would not trust him. England fed the bigotry of both, and flourished on the ignorance of both. That ignorance was a barrier between our sects—left our merchant's till, our farmer's purse, and our state treasury empty—stupefied our councils in peace, and slackened our arm in war. Whatsoever plan will strengthen the soul of Ireland with knowledge, and knit the sects of Ireland in liberal and

¹ From *The Nation*, May 17, 1845.

trusting friendship, will be better for us than if corn and wine were scattered from every cloud.

While 400,000 of the poor find instruction in the National Schools, the means of education for the middle and upper classes are as bad now as they were ten or fifty years ago. A farmer or a shopkeeper in Ireland cannot, by any sacrifice, win for his son such an education as would be proffered to him in Germany. How can he afford to pay the expense of his son's living in the capital, in addition to Collegiate fees; and, if he could, why should he send his son where, unless he be an Episcopalian Protestant, those Collegiate offices which, though they could be held but by a few score, would influence hundreds, are denied him. Even to the gentry the distance and expense are oppressive; and to the Catholics and Presbyterians of them the monopoly is intolerable.

To bring Academical Education within the reach and means of the middle classes, to free it from the disease of ascendancy, and to make it a means of union as well as of instruction, should be the objects of him who legislates on this subject; and we implore the gentry and middle classes, whom it concerns, to examine this plan calmly and closely, and to act on their convictions like firm and sensible men. If such a measure cannot be discussed in a reasonable and decent way, our progress to self-government is a progress to giddy convulsions and shameful ruin.

Let us look into the details of the plan.

It grants £100,000 and £18,000 a year for the foundation of three Provincial Colleges. The Colleges proposed are for the present numerous enough. It will be hard to get competent Professors for even these. Elementary Education has made great way; but the very ignorance for which these Institutions are meant as a remedy makes the class of Irishmen fit to fill Professors' chairs small indeed; and, small as it is, it yearly loses its best men by emigration to London, where they find rewards, fame, and excitement. The dismissal, hereafter, of incompetent men would be a painful, but—if pedants, dunces, and cheats were crammed into the chairs—an unavoidable task.

A gradual increase of such Colleges will better suit the progress of Irish intelligence than a sudden and final endowment. But though the Colleges are enough, and the annual allowance sufficient, the building fund is inadequate—at least double the sum would be needed ; but this brings us to another part of the plan—the residence of the students outside the College.

To the extern residence we are decidedly opposed. It works well in Germany, where the whole grown population are educated ; but in Ireland, where the adult population are unhappily otherwise, 'tis a matter of consequence to keep the students together, to foster an academic spirit and character, and to preserve them from the stupefying influences of common society. However, this point is but secondary, so we pass from it, and come to the two great principles of the Bill.

They are—Mixed Education and Government Nomination ; and we are as resolute for the first as we are against the second.

The objections to separate Education are immense ; the reasons for it are reasons for separate life, for mutual animosity, for penal laws, for religious wars. 'Tis said that communication between students of different creeds will taint their faith and endanger their souls. They who say so should prohibit the students from associating *out* of the Colleges even more than *in* them. In the Colleges they will be joined in studying mathematics, natural philosophy, engineering, chemistry, the principles of reasoning, the constitution of man. Surely union in these studies would less peril their faith than free communication out of doors. Come, come, let those who insist on unqualified separate Education follow out their principles—let them prohibit Catholic and Protestant boys from playing, or talking, or walking together—let them mark out every frank or indiscreet man for a similar prohibition—let them establish a theological police—let them rail off each sect (as the Jews used to be cooped) into a separate quarter ; or rather, to save preliminaries, let each of them proclaim war in the name of his creed on the men of all other creeds, and fight till death, triumph, or disgust shall leave him leisure to revise his principles.

These are the logical consequences of the doctrine of Separate Education, but we acquit the friends of it of that or any other such ferocious purpose. Their intentions are pious and sincere—their argument is dangerous, for they might find followers with less virtue and more dogged consistency.

We say “an *unqualified* separate Education,” because it is said, with some plausibility, that the manner in which theology mixes up with history and moral philosophy renders common instruction in them almost impossible. The reasoning is pushed too far. Yet the objection should be well weighed ; though we warn those who push it very far not to fall into the extravagance of a valued friend of ours, who protested against one person attempting to teach medicine to Catholics and Protestants, as one creed acknowledged miraculous cures and demoniacal possessions, and the other rejected both !

It should be noted too that this demand for separate *Professors* does not involve separate Colleges, does not assume that any evil would result from the friendship of the students, and does not lead to the desperate, though unforeseen, conclusions which follow from the other notion.

’Tis also a different thing to propose the establishment of Deans in each College to inspect the religious discipline and moral conduct of the students—a Catholic Dean, appointed by the Catholic Church, watching over the Catholic students ; and so of the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Such Deans, and Halls for religious teaching, will be absolutely necessary, should a residence in the Colleges be required ; but should a system of residence in registered lodgings and boarding-houses be preferred, similar duties to the Deans might be performed by persons nominated by the Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian Churches respectively, without the direct interposition of the College ; for each parent would take care to put his child under the control of his own Church. An adequate provision in some sufficient manner for religious discipline is essential, and to be dispensed with on no pretence.

These, however, are details of great consequence to be discussed in the Commons’ Committee ; but we repeat our

claim for mixed education, because it has worked well among the students of Trinity College, and would work better were its offices free, because it is the principle approved by Ireland when she demanded the opening of those offices, and when she accepted the National Schools—because it is the principle of the Cork, the Limerick, and the Derry meetings; but, above all, because it is consistent with piety, and favourable to that union of Irishmen of different sects, for want of which Ireland is in rags and chains.

Against the nomination of Professors by Government we protest altogether. We speak alike of Whig or Tory. The nomination would be *looked on* as a political bribe, the removal as a political punishment. Nay, the nomination *would* be political. Under great public excitement a just nomination might be made, but in quiet times it would be given to the best mathematician or naturalist who attended the levee and wrote against the opposition. And it would be an enormous power; for it would not merely control the immediate candidates, but hundreds, who thought they might some ten years after be solicitors for professorships, would shrink from committing themselves to uncourtly politics, or qualify by Ministerial partisanship, not philosophical study, for that distant day. A better engine for corrupting that great literary class which is the best hope of Ireland could not be devised; and if it be retained in the Bill, that Bill must be resisted and defeated, whether in or out of Parliament. We warn the Minister!

We have omitted a strange objection to the Bill—that it does not give mixed education. It is said the Colleges of Cork and Galway would be attended only by Catholics, and that of Belfast by Protestants. Both are errors. The middle class of Protestants in Cork is numerous—they and the poorer gentry would send their sons to the Cork College to save expense. The Catholics would assuredly do the same in Belfast; they do so with the Institution in the Academy there already; and though the Catholics in Cork, and the Protestants in Belfast, would be the majorities, enough of the opposite creed would be in each to produce all the wholesome

restraint, and much of the wholesome toleration and goodwill, of the mixed system of Trinity. Were the objection good, however, it ought to content the advocates of separate education.

It has been said too that the Bill recognises a religious ascendancy in the case of Belfast. This seems to us a total misconception of the words of the Minister. He suggested that the Southern College should be in Cork, the Western in Limerick or Galway, the Northern in Derry or Belfast. Had he stopped at Derry the mistake could never have occurred; but he went on to say that if the College were planted in Belfast, the building now used for the Belfast Academy would serve for the new College, and unless the echoes of the old theological professors be more permanent than common, we cannot understand the sectarianism of the *building* in Belfast.

A more valid objection would be that the measure was not more complete; and the University system will certainly be crippled and impotent unless residence for a year at least in it be essential to a University degree.

The main defect of the Bill is its omitting to deal with Trinity College. It is said that the property is and was Protestant; but the Bill of '93, which admitted Catholics to be educated on this Protestant foundation, broke down the title; and, at all events, the property is as public as the Corporation, and is liable to all the demands of public convenience. But it is added that the property of Trinity College is not more than £30,000 or £40,000 a year, and that the grant for Catholic Clerical Education alone is £26,000 a year; and certainly till the Protestant Church be equalised to the wants of the Protestant population there will be something in the argument. When that Reformation comes, a third of the funds should be given for Protestant Clerical Education, and the College livings transferred to the Clerical College, and the remaining two-thirds preserved to Trinity College as a secular University.

Waiting that settlement, we see nothing better than the proposal so admirably urged by the *Morning Chronicle*, of the

grant of £6000—we say £10,000—a year, for the foundation of Catholic fellowships and scholarships in Trinity College. Some such change must be made, for it would be the grossest injustice to give Catholics a share, or the whole, of one or two new, untried, characterless Provincial Academies, and exclude them from the offices of the ancient, celebrated, and national University. If there is to be religious equality, Trinity College must be opened, or augmented by Catholic endowment. For this no demand can be too loud and vehement, for the refusal will be an affront and a grievance to the Catholics of Ireland.

We have only run over the merits and faults of this plan. Next to a Tenure or a Militia Bill, it is the most important possible. Questions must arise on every section of it; and, however these questions be decided, we trust in God they will be decided without acrimony or recrimination, and that so divine a subject as Education will not lead to disunions which would prostrate our country.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

ARISTOCRACY AND IRELAND.

IT was one of Bishop Berkeley's queries "whether an uneducated gentry be not the greatest of national evils?" It is surely one of the greatest evils that those of high birth, large property, and therefore great power, should misguide a community by low principles, rude intellects, and barbarous manners. There is a certain royalty in the inheritor of an honoured name and ample fortune ruling his neighbours into wisdom, virtue, and taste by his preaching and example. How smooth are the roads, how firm the bridges, how staunch and roomy the houses, how plenteous the trees and flowers around such a man's inheritance. The church and school are fair to see, and within are wise teaching and generous study. The playground and the dancing-green are full, the tillage rich, the court-house and drinking-shop empty.

This is what a really great aristocracy could do, and sometimes has done; but far oftener it is sensual, tyrannical, and ignorant, as has been the case in Ireland, or it is effeminate, selfish, and detached from the soil, as in France before the great Revolution. We have no aristocracy of which we can boast, nor have we almost any hope of getting it. We must rather look to the examples of royal republics wherein the executive was monarchical, the people small proprietors, the place of an aristocracy supplied by minute local institutions, corporate rights, and conservative habits.

MATERIALS OF IRISH NATIONALITY.

However closely we study our history, when we come to deal with politics we must sink the distinctions of blood as well as

sect. The Milesian, the Dane, the Norman, the Welshman, the Scotchman, and the Saxon, naturalised here, must combine, regardless of their blood—the Strongbowian must sit with the Ulster Scot, and him whose ancestor came from Tyre or Spain must confide in and work with the Cromwellian and the Williamite. This is as much needed as the mixture of Protestant and Catholic. If a union of all Irish-born men ever be accomplished, Ireland will have the greatest and most varied materials for an illustrious nationality, and for a tolerant and flexible character in literature, manners, religion, and life, of any nation on earth.

“IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.”

We are true to our colour, “the green,” and true to our watchword, “Ireland for the Irish.” We want to win Ireland and keep it. If we win it, we will not lose it, nor give it away to a bribing, a bullying, or a flattering minister. But to be able to keep it, and use it, and govern it, the men of Ireland must know what it is, what it was, and what it can be made. They must study her history, perfectly know her present state, physical and moral—and train themselves up by science, poetry, music, industry, skill, and by all the studies and accomplishments of peace and war.

IRISH LITERATURE.

A fiction, however gorgeous, which owed its safety to our ignorance, and which would vanish before the first assault of inquiry (like the goblin castle from the hurled mace of Sir Roland), was a poor and shameful inheritance—ill for us to have trusted in, criminal for us to leave our children. Our oppressors have belied us to excuse their tyranny, and the Irish too often dissembled for shelter, and bragged for consolation. As foreign rule widened and hope shrunk up—as knowledge declined and vigour failed—more and more falsehood came in, and the literature of the country became a disease. Imagination, depth, and manliness are needed in a

national literature; but before all things, better than all other excellence, the condition of all health is truth.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Gisipus is probably the greatest drama written by an Irishman, and *The Collegians* and *Suil Dhuv* are two of the most perfect prose fictions in the world. The series of novels of which they form a part contains descriptions of our southern scenery perfect in colour, form, and motion; and gives a truer and more living account of the ways and character of our middle and upper classes during the last one hundred years than Scott does of the feudal times.

AN ARMED NATION.

To carry arms is the first right of man, for arms are the guardians of property, honour, and life. God gave weapons, as well as clothing, to the lion and the eagle; but to man he gave skill to furnish himself with all bodily comforts, and with weapons to defend them, and all his other rights, against every assailant, be he the beast of the forest or the tyrant of society.

Other institutions apart, nations have been externally secure, and internally free, in proportion as their citizens were trained to and possessed of arms. And the laws of all nations pretending to freedom, from Athens to England, sanctified this right by special and solemn laws. Ireland in this, as in other things, has been treated by England, not as a nation, nor yet as a portion of herself, but as a rightless dependant—an injured slave, disarmed and disabled—starved, chained, darkened, and prisoned—lest she should resume her rights or avenge her sufferings.

ROME RULE.

We have ever thought the fear of Catholic ascendancy absurd. It implies that the Catholics are bigots and knaves—bigots to desire it, knaves to conceal the desire. It forgets, conveniently or weakly, the numbers, intelligence, and military

force of the Protestants. An attempt to establish a Catholic ascendancy would lead to a civil war, in which justice, Protestantism, and the sympathy of the world would triumph over Catholic injustice. No man will ever be so mad or so wicked as to attempt such a thing; or, if there be, he will be treated with the safe contempt bestowed on the Repealers of the Emancipation Act.

THE FIRST STEP TO NATIONALITY.

The first step to nationality is the open and deliberate recognition of it by the People themselves. Once the Irish People declare the disconnection of themselves, their feelings, and interests from the men, feelings, and interests of England, they are in march for freedom. Ireland must bid all whom it concerns to know that her interests are separate, and her rights peculiar. She must trace her frontier with firm hand, and that frontier will be respected.

CENTRALISATION.

Democracy has only kept half the promise given by its apostles. Centralisation is at least as great a foe to freedom, to spirit, and to prosperity, as aristocracy. In fact, centralisation, when there are no independent powers to check it, creates an official despotism, uniting the costliness and faction of an aristocracy with the iron grasp of mere monarchy.

Europe's interest, Europe's hope is not to raise its oligarchies from their tombs—not to plunge into despotism; no! it is to repeal centralisation—'tis to create as many separate nations, with separate governments, laws, manners, characters, and languages, as possible.

To give back their separate heart and independent will to the old states, which the wars of kings and the treachery of nobles had forcibly united.

Local Governments, National Institutions, round which national gems and literature can grow, which national recollections can adorn—this is, this ought to be the policy of the

patriot and the philanthropist—this should be the propagandism of our age.

HOME MANUFACTURES.

Whether it be now possible to create home manufactures, in the old sense of the word—that is, manufactures made in the homes of the workers—is doubted.

In favour of such a thing, if it be possible, the arguments are numberless. Such work is a source of ingenuity and enjoyment in the cabin of the peasant; it rather fills up time that would be otherwise idled, than takes from other work. Our peasants' wives and daughters could clothe themselves and their families by the winter night work, even as those of Norway do, if the peasants possessed the little estates that Norway's peasants do. Clothes manufactured by handwork are more lasting, comfortable, and handsome, and are more natural and national than factory goods. Besides there is the strongest of all reasons in this, that the factory system seems everywhere a poison to virtue and happiness.

Some invention, which should bring the might of machinery in a wholesome and cheap form to the cabin seems the only solution of the difficulty.

AGITATION.

Agitation is one means of redress, but it leads to much disorganisation, great unhappiness, wounds upon the soul of a country which sometimes are worse than the thinning of a people by war.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

We need not examine by what force the great Southern Colonies are held, nor deny the immense military importance of the European garrisons; but is Ireland to go shares in the criminal profits of the empire? Are the Irish people so forgetful of the common cause which binds them to the Indian and the American as to give their flexible genius, their valour,

and their passions, to holding down the subject races—regardless, too, of the crimes against themselves of the partner in such a career? We repeat, again and again, we have no malice against—no hatred of the English. For much that England did in literature, politics, and war, we are, as men, grateful. Her oppressions we would not even avenge. We would, were she eternally dethroned from over us, rejoice in her prosperity; but we cannot, and will not try to forget her long cursing, merciless tyranny to Ireland; and we don't desire to share her gains, her responsibility, or her glories.

IRISH IDEALS.

It is not a gambling fortune, made at imperial play, Ireland wants; it is the pious and stern cultivation of her faculties and virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits, and the self-respect that rewards a dutiful and sincere life. To get her peasants into snug homesteads with well-tilled fields and placid hearths; to develop the ingenuity of her artists, and the docile industry of her artisans; to make for her own instruction a literature wherein our climate, history, and passions shall breathe; and to gain conscious strength and integrity, and the high post of holy freedom. These are Ireland's wants. These she will not sacrifice to pursue the chance of being allowed a third or a half even of the offices, profligacy, and oppression of the British empire. Peace with England—alliance with England—to some extent, and under certain circumstances, confederation with England; but an Irish ambition—Irish hopes, strength, virtues, and rewards for the Irish!

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