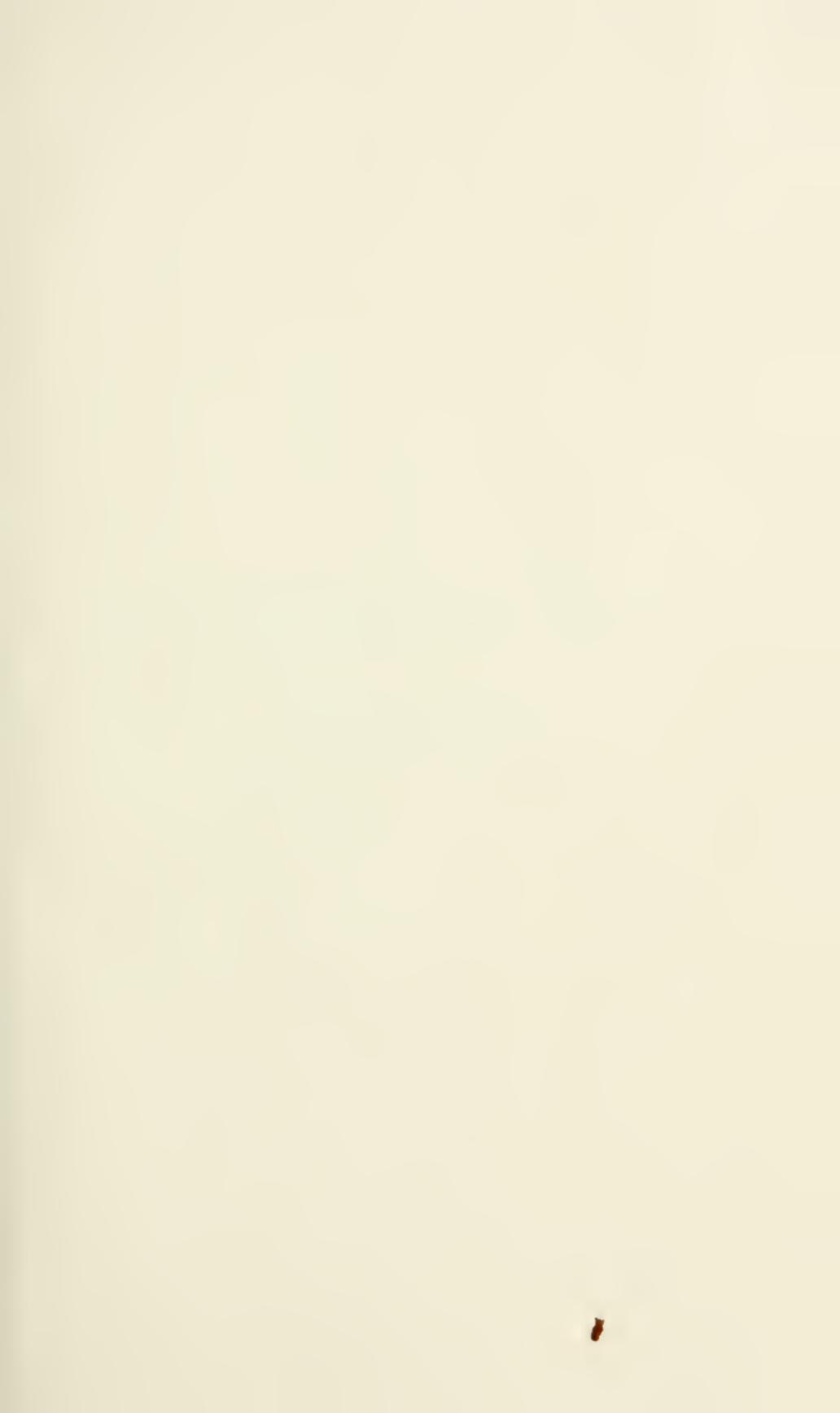




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FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND

1895-1900.

Mr. Balfour's Rule in Ireland.

By M. J. F. M'CARTHY.

The late DR. GEORGE FERDINAND SHAW, S.F.T.C.D., in the *Evening Mail*, October 20th, 1891, wrote as follows in a leading article:—

“The instructive and brilliantly-written pamphlet, the title of which heads this article, was evidently composed before the author or anybody else, was aware that Mr. Balfour's Chief Secretaryship was about to terminate. There is no sign of haste in the composition, no crudity of thought, no disorder in the marshalling of facts nor an omission, so far as we can see, of any of the many aspects in which Mr. Balfour's rule in Ireland need be considered. . . . Mere knowledge, however, is of no account without intellect to make use of it, and behind that intellect an honest purpose. That Mr. M'Carthy possesses all three qualifications is apparent, we think, from every page of his pamphlet.”

The *Daily Express*, of the same date, wrote:—

“The above is the title of a little volume by Mr. M. J. F. M'Carthy, Barrister-at-Law, which is published in Dublin by Messrs. Hodges, Figgis & Co. It is an appropriate and well-timed tribute to the qualities which have made the *regime* of the Chief Secretary so signal a success. . . . The leading events and incidents of his administration are faithfully and vividly related by the author, who shows a keenly discriminating appreciation of the characteristics of Mr. Balfour and of the chief opponents whom he had to meet. His career is traced through every stage of the struggle, from the moment he entered the lists amidst the derisive comments of his opponents, until the end he triumphs, and is crowned with honour. . . . The writer gives a graphic and spirited narrative of the terrible incidents which marked the reign of terror produced by the power of the conspiracy before the passing of the Crimes Act, as well as the fierce resistance which was given to that measure.”



From Photo by Lennon, Dublin.

THE QUEEN APPROACHING THE CITY GATE.

Specially erected for the occasion at the Grand Canal Bridge, Leeson Street, Dublin, on April 4th, 1900.—Page 475.

“Entrance for the Queen was demanded by the Athlone Pursuivant-at-Arms.”—Page 476.

CPA

FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND

1895-1900.

BY

MICHAEL J. F. MCCARTHY,

B.A., T.C.D., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

AUTHOR OF "*Mr. Balfour's Rule in Ireland.*"

'The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!'

HAMLET.

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INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS.

For Index of SUBJECTS, NAMES of PERSONS Living and Dead. SOCIETIES, PUBLIC BODIES, &c., mentioned in "FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND," see end of book.

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ERRATA.

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- Page 155, line 11, for "they" read "the".
 „ 350, „ 14, omit "more".
 „ 507, „ 10, for "seems" read "seem".
 „ 529, „ 1, for "demands" read "demand".

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The persons whose portraits appear in "FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND," have no responsibility whatever for the Author's opinions. The portraits are inserted, solely, as part of the HISTORICAL section of the work. They are pictorial facts, and have no connection with the OPINIONATIVE part of the book.

INTRODUCTION.

THE visit of Her Majesty the Queen, in April this year, and events connected therewith, rivetted men's minds upon Ireland to an extent rarely, if ever, before equalled. Not only the thoughtful and the sympathetic, but even the hitherto adverse Englishman and American have felt their interest in this historic island quickened. If, therefore, an Irishman seizes the occasion to give the public some account of social and political life and progress in his country, it is to be hoped, at least, that the time will not be considered inopportune. During no previous similar period, perhaps, has so much beneficial legislation been passed for Ireland, *without precedent agitation*, as during the five years under review.

This book is not intended to be a eulogy of the Irish Government on that account.

It is written by an Irishman, completely outside the pale of Castle influence in Ireland, and actuated only by an earnest desire for the advancement of his fellow-countrymen at home and abroad. I say "abroad," because I happen to have some forty or fifty cousins in the United States of America, descendants

of my parents' brothers and sisters who settled there half a century ago. They are all born Americans, doing well, I am glad to say, in different walks of life, and exceedingly loyal to the States.

It may be said that it was the injustice of "England" that caused my parents' brothers and sisters to leave Ireland, and it may be asked, therefore, why I should write in approval of anything done by the "English" Government in Ireland? My answer is, that "England" has ceased to persecute, and that the policy pursued in Ireland for the past five years—from the day of the "Kingstown Programme" to the visit of Her Majesty last April—is a practical attempt, and a successful attempt, to give Ireland to the Irish, so far as it lies in the power of any Government to do so; and that if the parents of my cousins lived to-day, they would not be forced to leave Ireland by any iniquity of the law. Nor would my cousins, who are all smart men and women, be inclined to run away from the struggle of life in Ireland, if they happened to have been born and to have lived here as I have done. There is a lack of true patriotism, I think, in leaving one's country, especially when, as in the case of Ireland, one's country is in difficulty. Irishmen, especially young Irishmen,

should stick to Ireland, and do all they can to pull her out of the slough in which she has been floundering for centuries. They cannot all be orators or statesmen, or do deeds which will live in story, but each one can do whatever is in him, and do it here in Ireland rather than abroad, thereby carving out a career for himself, and at the same time serving Ireland.

Therefore, unless Irishmen intend to sit down forever, posing as martyrs before the world, and nursing a debasing feeling of revenge, we are bound to give credit for *what has been* done, no matter how much, in our opinion, still *remains to be done*. We must not be for ever recalcitrant. But, while giving due credit, let us make sure that "government" and "politics" in Ireland shall not be anything more than what they are amongst all free and enlightened peoples, who have passed through the earlier stages of civilisation, namely, highly important accessories, but not by any means things of the first importance in the national life. In Ireland both "government" and "politics" are of more importance than their intrinsic worth merits, because *our national life is not as real* and as robust as it should be amongst earnest and determined men. It has been and is being daily proved in England

and America that political or governmental achievements are trivial in comparison with what private individuals accomplish. Therefore, I wish to see my countrymen depending more upon themselves and less upon the Government; and hence this book will not occupy itself exclusively with politics; but will make an earnest effort *to get deeper down than politics* into what is called the "Irish problem."

If I give what appears to be excessive prominence to the sayings and doings of members of the government and of politicians, and to matters connected with the Catholic religion, it is because excessive importance is attached to them in Ireland; and my object is to give a truthful picture of the country, as it was during the Five Years under review, and as it is. There are *no secrets* in the book. Only the public acts of public men are dealt with. I have sought no *entrée* to any backstairs. Nothing personal occurs from the first page to the last. Everything in it, except my own opinions, have appeared in print in the newspapers of the country. And, with reference to the opinions, if anyone feels inclined to resent them, let him bear in mind that they are expressed, for the present at any rate, by a person of no importance.



From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

IRELAND'S EYE, WITH LAMBAY IN THE DISTANCE.

“Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused.”

HAMLET.

CHAPTER I.

WHY THE AUTHOR WROTE THIS BOOK.

DURING the splendid June of 1895, I sat one evening on the pier at Howth, looking across the full tide at Ireland's Eye. The glow of sunset reddened the sky from West to North, from Portmarnock and Malahide to Lambay Island. The scene and the time were favourable to meditation.

Beneath that arch of purple and gold lay the plains of my native land, stretching westward to the great rampart of rock and cliff which protects Ireland from the stormy Atlantic. I thought of the centuries of strife and misery, of darkness, misunderstanding and ignorance through which the inhabitants of our Island have passed, since the Normans landed in 1172.

The grandfathers of those Normans who came here in 1172, had conquered England in 1066, only a century before; and at the period when their grandsons landed in Ireland, the Saxons were still kept down by them as "an oppressed race" in England. I then thought of the determined patience with which those Saxons bore that oppression, and how they ultimately absorbed the Normans without ever coming to a conflict of arms, so that the Norman race is no longer spoken of now, but the Saxon race is the dominant race in England.

Had the Saxons "treasured up" the memory of the wrongs inflicted on them by the Normans, what would have been the condition of England to-day? Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tale of the Two Drovers," vividly contrasts the highly-strung and revengeful Celt with the plethoric, unemotional Saxon; and few have read that tale without pitying the Highland drover, carried away in a torrent of passion, caused by brooding over a "treasured wrong." We hear Irishmen in everyday conversation, Irish writers and Irish speakers, boasting of our national ability to treasure up a wrong, and hand it down from generation to generation, as if that were a trait to be proud of and to perpetuate. How rarely, have we ever heard the

Christian doctrine "Love your enemies," preached for the guidance of the nation in its relations with England. I, at least, have never heard it laid down as a rule of conduct by anyone in authority, clerical or lay, at any juncture of Irish affairs.

Alas, for Ireland! Alas, for Robin Oig! The jail and the scaffold, or a poisoned mind which, turned inward on itself, fiercely consumes all its best energies, and makes life a living hell, are ever the reward of "treasured wrong." The treasuring up of a wrong, as a matter of fact, leaves no time or energy for anything else. "That which is past, is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore, they do but trifle with themselves, that labour in past matters." In this connection, I often think that the English word "forgive" is but a feeble translation of the Latin word "ignoscere," which literally means *not to know*. The Romans when they forgave, obliterated the objectionable thing from their minds, so that they did not even *know* that it happened. They "both forgave and forgot." How often do we not hear the saying, "I may forgive but I never forget?"

It was the end of June, and the Liberal Government had been defeated by a majority

of seven votes, on a snatch vote about cordite. Would they now resign and drop their Irish Land Bill? That was the question. It was by the votes of our Irish Members that that Government had come into power in 1892, and now after three barren years of Liberal Administration, Mr. John Morley, the Chief Secretary, was told by the official organ of the Irish Members that he only served to demonstrate "the utter hopelessness of British rule in Ireland, even with the most competent and conscientious administrator."*

Few people admire Mr. Morley's moral courage more unreservedly than the writer of this book. I hope we shall yet see him doing much good for Ireland, and, thereby, for the United Kingdom.. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I asked myself, was I one of "the irreconcilable junta, always unteachable, always wrong,"† to whom Mr. Morley had recently referred so scathingly in Parliament, when speak- of those who opposed him in Ireland. Were, then, the "treasuring up" of wrongs and the nursing of racial hate, evidences of teachability?

* "Freeman's Journal," April 2nd, 1895.

† Mr. Morley's Speech, introducing his Land Bill, April 2nd, 1895

Was the "wrong" *all* on one side? Is England still an enemy of ours? "England itself is no longer a unit against Ireland's claims. We have the British democracy on our side."* A great London daily paper, five years after these words of Mr. Davitt's, writes:--

Let us frankly recognise that a passionate love of Ireland, a sturdy devotion to Irish interests, is by no means opposed to fealty to the Empire. If we will but act wisely, such sentiment may become one of the strongest links of our Imperial chain. Home Rulers and Unionists (to use old names that are fast losing their meaning) are agreed that fresh legislation must be so framed as to add to, and not to weaken, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and the power of the central Government. Both are agreed that many purely Irish affairs can be best dealt with by the Irish people themselves. Agreeing on so much, can we not arrive at some genuine understanding? If we are to do so, the first necessity is that we shall trust each other.†

Yes, I agree with the writer, we are bound to arrive at a "genuine understanding," we are bound to trust each other. But, let us, above all, *know each other*.

Have we, the real, the true Irish—the Irish by race, by faith, by sympathy, the Irish who never

* Mr. Davitt in Melbourne, "Freeman," July 1st, 1895.

† "Daily Mail" article, entitled "The Golden Moment," April, 1900.

lived within the Pale—never been wrong? Have we always been “teachable,” always been “right”? Might we not profitably look within ourselves for *some* of the causes which have so long made Ireland a chronic eyesore in Europe?

It makes one’s nerves quiver to record it, but the very paper which reports that speech of Mr. Morley’s, also reports the evidence in the Ballyvadlea Case, with which I shall deal exhaustively later on, as well as with the Lisphelan Case.

I determined then, that June evening, in that atmosphere of peace and charm, to watch the progress of events in Ireland, and to record the result of my observations. Five years have passed since then. Let me now examine what has happened in Ireland, to the knowledge of the public, during those five years which have just culminated in the recent historic visit of Her Majesty the Queen.

I wish it to be distinctly understood, at the outset, that, in any criticisms or statements of fact which I have to make in this book about the Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament, I do not mean to convey either disrespect for them, or an under-valuation of their services to Ireland from 1880 to 1890. The verdict of history will admit their undoubted ability. Their movement was

started and grew to power, without assistance from the priests; nay, in many cases, in spite of the opposition of the priests. They were the only body of Irish Catholic laymen, in modern times, who asserted their independence from clerical domination, and thereby vindicated the rights of us all for a time. They were led by a non-Catholic, it is true; but *they were Catholics*. They joined hands with their Protestant fellow-countrymen and fought the good fight as they best knew how. Their aim was to seek the improvement of Ireland from *external* sources. Mine is to achieve it *by reform within ourselves*.

It is not the hope of pecuniary gain, or a desire for personal notoriety which has urged me to write this book. I do not expect the first, and I shudder at the prospect of the second. I am urged on *solely* by love of my lay Catholic fellow-countrymen, at the continuing mental decrepitude of thousands, nay millions, of whom, I always feel appalled. It is to raise my feeble voice against the continuance of their present dull, bare and fruitless lives that I have written. England the Persecutor is no more! English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish men manage and own the United Kingdom now. Will not my brothers rise to the level of that conception?

CHAPTER II.

PRELIMINARIES AND FALSE PROPHECIES.

A WEEK or so after my determination, we were all startled one evening, when walking on the East Pier at Howth, by a blast of fog-horns, a clanging of metal, the hooting and groaning of a great crowd of people. It was only a little while ago that I had seen the new Attorney-General, Mr. Atkinson, pass inwards on the pier with a friend. Thinking it had something to do with politics, I hastened along the pier towards the village. The din was dreadful. The fog-horns of all the fishing boats in the little harbour were booming with raucous blasts from the land, mingled with hoots and shrieks and the clanging of buckets. The cries and blasts seemed to come from all points—from Howth Castle to Lord Justice Fitzgibbon's house, over Balcadden Bay. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, who, unless I mistake, was acting at the time as one of the Lords Justices for the Government of Ireland in the absence of a Lord Lieutenant, had been seen by me, dressed in peaceful pyjamas, and quietly chatting with Professor Mahaffy, Fellow of Trinity

College, some hours before, near his own house. I noticed that a train had recently steamed into the railway station, and also perceived that a dense crowd of people was slowly moving from the station towards the East Pier, on which I was. By the time I reached the shore end of the East Pier, the crowd was also arriving there; boys and men beating tin pots and buckets with sticks, women and girls shouting and jeering, fishermen in their blue jerseys blowing ear-splitting fog-horns. Mixed up with the crowd were about 50 Royal Irish Constabulary men, with rifles and bayonets, marching in an irregular, hollow square on the four sides of a body of respectably dressed, pious-looking young men and women. In the thick of the confusion, the band of young men and women halted in the open space at the end of the pier. The policemen grounded arms and formed themselves into a circle around them. I saw at once that the young men and women set to work to sing hymns and preach. Their proceedings were mere dumb-show, for the infernal din made by the crowd drowned everything. A great number of indifferent people, visitors, either staying at Howth, or who had come out from Dublin by train or bicycle to spend the evening, were gathered around outside the circle of police,

looking on and discussing the merits of the performance. Some held the preachers to blame, for they should have known beforehand that the priests and Catholic population objected to their coming. Others held the crowd was guilty of a riot, and should be prevented from breaking up the peace and harmony of a spot to which so many people had come to rest, disturbing sick people and sleeping children, and that the praise of God by word or hymn should not be an offence to anyone believing in God. If the crowd did not believe in God, the proceedings would be intelligible. Others, still, held the police to blame, and said that if they were not there the thing would settle itself. The scene was one that afforded food for reflection—the little knot of worshippers hemmed in by the guns and bayonets of the fifty policemen, and the raving, raging mob of men, women and children seething around, with respectable onlookers sprinkled through them.

Occasionally one of the mob, sometimes a man or boy, sometimes a woman, would rush up to the line of police, and send a deafening blast from a fog-horn into the face of one of the preachers. I had seen this sort of thing more than once in the Phoenix Park, but the opposition was on a smaller and much less violent scale. The new Chief

Secretary, scenting, but not quite getting at the true root, will say, later on, in one of his first "prepared" utterances—"The Government recognises the present difficulties in Ireland as arising from deep-seated *differences of religious sentiment between different sections of the people of Ireland.*" The remark resembles, but it is not, the truth. You will hear Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, on Mrs. Smyly, in a later chapter, dealing with similar disturbances in Sligo. In a few days' time the wielders of the fog-horns would be voting to return Mr. J. J. Clancy as their Member of Parliament, and I thought of the eloquence with which he would protest against the intolerable burden laid on the ratepayers by the superfluous police in County Dublin. He dare not tell his constituents to exercise their self-restraint, and allow these two or three pious people the same liberty of action which they would willingly give to as many drunken revellers or tramp acrobats. Mr. Clancy would probably say it was Canon Flanagan's business, not his. But neither Mr. Wilson, Mr. Clancy's Unionist opponent, nor himself, would have the courage to suggest such a course of action to the fishermen themselves.

For we were on the brink of the General Election. The Rosebery Government had abandoned

the Land Bill and resigned, and we had already begun to gird our loins for a fight in Ireland. "A Coalition Government always unpopular and *shortlived*, must be formed. Whether a Liberal Government is returned or whether the Tories come back with a *small* majority, an united Irish Party will be absolute arbitrator of the destinies of the House of Commons."*

Never was prophecy doomed to more utter falsification. The days were gone, never to return, when the Irish Members could say of themselves, exultantly, in the words of a poet of the eighties:—

"If one of us demand a count,
 And Peel pay no attention;
 We quickly make his dander mount
 To choleric dimension.

At questions we are masters past,
 We first found out their uses;
 We ply 'em hot and fire 'em fast
 We take no lame excuses.

We speak, as ordered, short or long,
 When told to put a tax on;
 A minister that's doing us wrong,
 Or other beastly Saxon.

* "Freeman's Journal," June 23rd, 1895.

Upon the house we've got a hold,
 Unparalleled and novel;
 To us, when we blow hot or cold,
 Each government must grovel.

Hip, Hip, Hurrah! For Erin's Cause
 We'd march to blank destruction;
 We recognise no king or laws
 But Parnell and Obstruction."

Instead of being "absolute arbitrator" of the destinies of the House of Commons during the five years following the General Election, the Irish Party became, perhaps, more insignificant and useless than any other body of men of the same numbers in the House of Commons. They were utterly demoralized, powerless, and not worth counting upon as an effective force in Parliament. The "Nominal Home Rulers" had been better men in *their* day.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy had forthwith issued an Address to the Irish Nation:—"The defeat of the "Home Rule Government has placed Ireland's "bitterest enemies in office. *For the brief space "between this and the General Election, Downing "Street and Dublin Castle will be occupied by "men who are pledged against any effective "measure of land reform, and who, instead of a "policy of peace and lasting reconciliation "between the peoples of England and Ireland,*

“ have, by their own confession, no policy but
 “ that of coercion, with all the hateful implements
 “ and methods of a coercion regime.”*

The question one asks oneself, on reading such sentiments, is:—Did Mr. Justin M'Carthy really believe all this?

The members of the new Cabinet were, we were told, persons of no importance. I shall not quote the depreciations written about the Lord Lieutenant the instant his name was announced. “ His place in the Cabinet
 “ places the Irish policy, *nominally at least*, in his
 “ hands.”† As for the creator of occupying proprietors, we were told, “ Lord Ashbourne is fortunate to resume his position of Lord Chancellor, for which, it is said, there were many competitors.” But in fairness to the Irish press, we must mention that the *Irish Times* wrote:—
 “ Lord Cadogan, is a nobleman of much popularity, and has a love of sport, and we may be assured that he will promote those interests that we have most at heart.”

But I shall not burthen you with any more of the political journalism of those dog days of 1895, when we were all in suspense and doubt as to

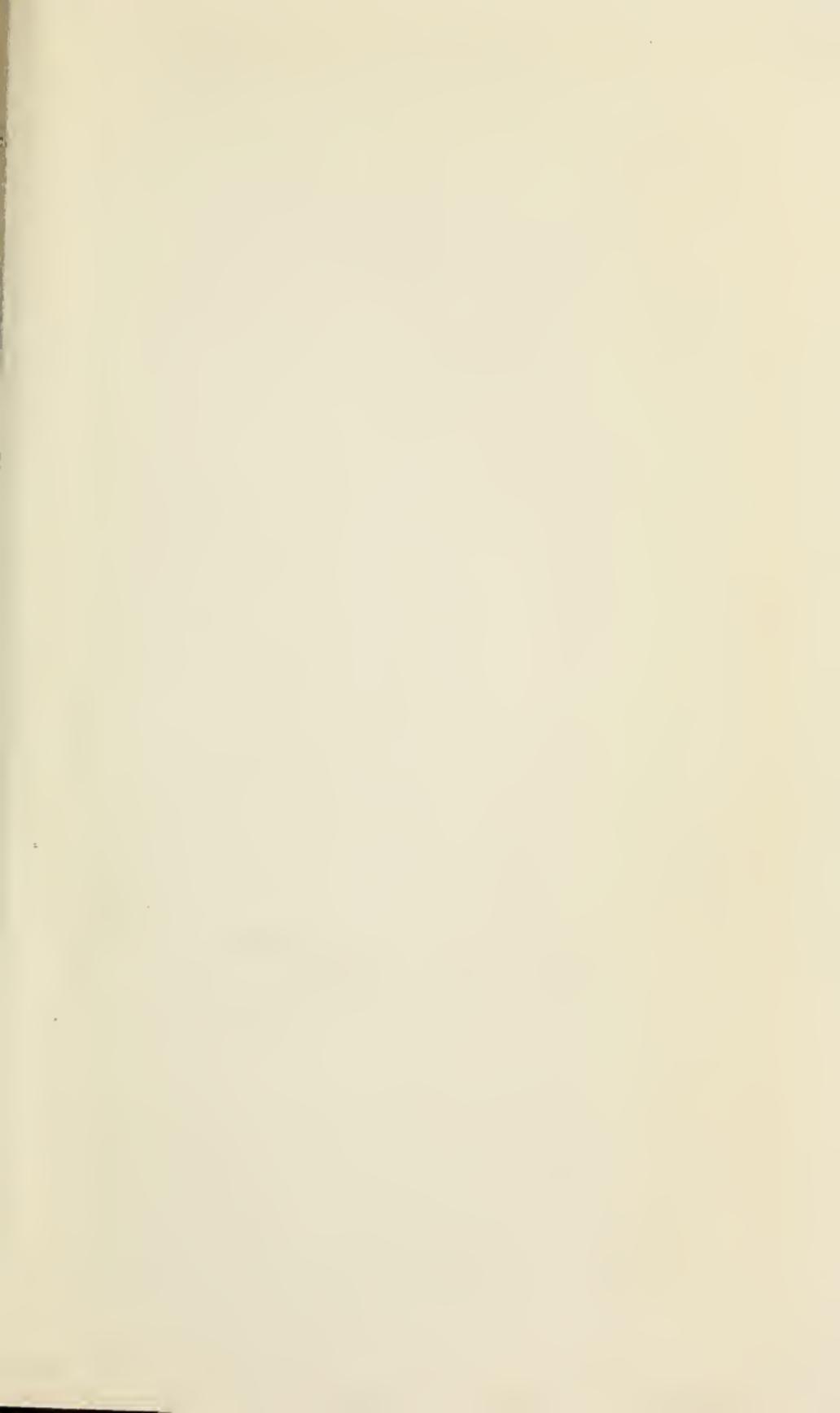
* “ Address to the Irish People,” by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, June 26th, 1895.

† “ Freeman's Journal,” July 1st, 1895.

whether the owner of Ladas would again be "sent for" after the General Election. I have quoted so much simply to show how futile and valueless were the political forecasts, made for the Irish people by their leaders and their Press. Truthful, sensible guidance, at such a moment, would have been invaluable to the Catholic population. A General Election is always made a burning matter for them in Ireland, by the fact that several huge semi-organised bodies of men and women are ever looking to the Government for one thing or other; the National Teachers, male and female; the Royal Irish Constabulary, whose existence was so recently threatened; the Nuns and Christian Brothers, interested in State-aided industrial schools and Intermediate Result Fees; the priests, on the look out for everything, but especially for an endowed university under ecclesiastical control; the farmers, ever on the look out for an improvement in the Land Laws, but never self-reliant; the farm labourers, eager for a cottage and a plot of land at the expense of the community, which would rescue them from the wandering gipsy life led by themselves and their fathers; and many others. The two last-mentioned classes constitute the bulk of the community, and are, perhaps, what patronising

people mean when they talk of the "Irish people"—we shall have something to say of people who are not the "people" later on—except in Belfast (about which I shall have much to say) and Dublin and a few other towns in which goods are manufactured for export.

As this book proceeds, evidences of the power assumed by the priests in Ireland will accumulate. We cannot help, in this instance, remarking the strength displayed by Catholic Irishmen when working in organised bodies, while deploring the weakness displayed by them so often individually. The priests are only about one in a thousand of the Catholic population, yet see how they claim the mastery. I believe the best "possibilities" of Irish Catholics go into the Church. But can the Irish nation be expected to prosper in worldly competition when its best are thus drafted out of the fight—not alone for clerical service in Ireland itself, but *all over the English-speaking world*? Is it right for the present generation of priests, to further increase the calls and claims of clericalism on the Catholic population? I suggest the question is well worth their consideration.





From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

THE CHAPEL AT MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

“ Engaged in the e’aborate ritualistic, oratorical, and gastronomic celebration of the Centenary of that College.”—Page 23.

“An overgrown Clergy doth speedily bring a State to necessity.
For they bring nothing to the Stock, &c.”

BACON.

CHAPTER III.

THE CATHOLIC CLERICAL FORCES OF IRELAND.

BUT though a General Election was upon us, we were not entirely engrossed with politics. On the contrary, the most remarkable body of men in the country, the Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests of the Roman Catholic Church, with many ecclesiastical dignitaries from other lands, including Cardinal Vaughan, were assembled at Maynooth, engaged in the elaborate, ritualistic, oratorical, and gastronomic celebration of the centenary of that college, which is the principal, but by no means the only institution in Ireland for the education of young men for the priesthood. Its history has been written by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert. A Cardinal, 3 Archbishops, 25 Bishops, 2 Mitred Abbots, and 2,722 *Secular* Priests; together with a host of *Regular* Priests of all the different Orders, such as Jesuits, Franciscans, Vincentians, Holy Ghost, Carmelites, Passionists, Augustinians, Mary Immaculate, Dominicans, Cistercians, Marists, Redemptorists, and so forth, all of whom flourish in Ireland—such is the force which

constitutes the formidable clerical army of the Catholic Church in Ireland; and its auxiliary forces are the numerous Orders of Nuns, Christian Brothers, Lay Brothers attached to the *Regular* Orders, and so forth; together with the great body of Catholic National teachers, male and female, who are under the control of the priests, and teach Catechism in the churches; the Parish Priests, as managers of the parochial National Schools having the power of dismissing the teachers. May it not be said of this great organisation, in the words of Lords Farrer and Welby and Mr. Currie, in their special report, dealt with later on in the chapter on the Financial Relations, that "it is on a scale such as few nations would be able and willing to afford"? At a later stage it will be my duty to contrast the Ireland of "this world" with the Ireland of "the next world." In this chapter are we not in the heart of the Ireland of "the next world"? With what exultant pride, therefore, did not Archbishop Croke assert at the banquet at Maynooth:—* "The Irish priesthood is unique on the face of the globe. Supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful, they had never yielded to bribes, the blandish-

* "Freeman's Journal," June 26th, 1895.

ments or the persecutions of the State. And to-day, through the length and breadth of the land, they held possession of the people's hearts to a degree unknown to any other priesthood in the world."

Not in Ballyvadlea and Lisphelan, as the reader will, perhaps, see for himself!

Everyone had been remarking the extent to which church and convent building and renovating had been proceeding since the fall of Mr. Parnell after the Divorce Court, but this great festival drew public attention to it in a marked manner. After Mr. Parnell's death the Catholic Church in Ireland seemed to have roused itself as from a nightmare, and claimed its own again. The concentration of the people's minds on politics, under Mr. Parnell, had rendered church-building impossible, because so much of the people's money went to the Irish Party. But from 1891 to 1895, and still more from 1895 to 1900, there has been more ecclesiastical building done in Ireland, probably, than in any other similar period since the Emancipation Act. The grandest spire in Ireland is destined to be the memorial of these centenary celebrations. "We shall never be satisfied, until every tower and every turret is built, and every chair established, that will make

the Irish Church what it should be, *and what it will be*, please God, in our own times.*

All the greater and lesser dignitaries then, with their colleagues from abroad, were now in session at Maynooth, congratulating themselves and the country upon the extraordinary progress made in wealth, numbers, and power, by the priesthood of Ireland during the century from 1795 to 1895. "The magnificent buildings," "the stately quadrangles" of Maynooth were depicted in glowing terms in a hundred newspapers, which described in perches of print, the concerts, the banquets, the lectures, the debates, at the "mighty function" which was now being enacted at "the hallowed Mecca of the Catholic Church." "It started," said the *Freeman's Journal* proudly, "with 50 students in 1795; it has now 600."

The direct opposite of all this eulogy of the priesthood, was being said and written about the "people" of Ireland; said by the very bishops and priests who boasted so truly of their own progress as a class, in the century from 1795 to 1895; written by all the newspapers who profess to be so proud of that progress of the Church in Ireland; and declaimed by every Member of Parliament and public speaker of popular views, who all pose

* Cardinal Logue, inaugurating the Maynooth Union, June, 1896.

as champions of the Church! They all tell us how Ireland has deteriorated, how its manufactures have been steadily dying, and its population dwindling away, its wealth diminished, and its resources lying undeveloped. Why have the people fared so ill while the church has fared so well? Cardinal Gibbons will tell us later on how he found "the people" of Ireland "passing away" and their place being taken by sheep and cattle. Why does not the Church, with all its attractiveness, suffice to hold them in their native land? Let a trusted political authority speak now:—

"During this century the population of our country has fallen from eight and a half millions in 1841 to four and a half millions to-day (Shame). While every nation in Europe has advanced this century in prosperity, Ireland, under the deadly blight of British rule, has sunk, decade by decade, lower and lower in poverty. The industries of Ireland, with the single exception of the industry of agriculture, might be said to have absolutely disappeared, and every year the area of land going out of cultivation increased."*

Does not that constitute a problem great enough to tax the abilities of the greatest Statesman—this growth of the Church in wealth, in

* Mr. John Redmond, M.P., at the Patrick's Day Banquet in London, 1900.

numbers, in power; admitted, boasted of—and this concurrent decay of the People?

Would not the contrast between the shepherds and their flocks force itself upon the attention of any thoughtful man? Would it not be painted in particularly vivid black and white, confronting an English Lord Lieutenant and a Scotch Chief Secretary on their arrival here; as it had confronted many a man before them, and *will confront* every considerate man who studies the condition of Ireland? For Judge O'Brien, himself a remarkable type of successful Irish Catholic, dead since, was sentencing the Ballyvadlea people in Clonmel almost at the moment that the public celebrations and rejoicings for Archbishop Croke's episcopal silver jubilee were in full swing all over the diocese of Cashel!

Exercising the unbounded power which it claims, boasting of its "possession of the people's hearts," to use the words of Dr. Croke, must it be written that the enormous organization of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has been null and void as a force for the material improvement of the people? We shall hear of Father Finlay's exertions in connection with the agricultural co-operation societies and Archbishop Walsh's efforts in connection with scholastic education

later on, and we can form an opinion as to the motives which prompted them, and the value, or the loss, resultant to the country in consequence of them. If called upon to give an account of its stewardship, would the Church content itself with replying:—"Oh! the affairs of this world do not concern us: we have fixed the people's thoughts on the better world which is to come; we do our part to insure that for what the people suffer here at the hands of British misrule, they will receive an eternal reward in Heaven?" I shall have much more to say on this subject in several later chapters when I have to contrast North with South, and deal with the success of Protestants in life as compared with the Catholics.

It is to be feared that such a plea cannot be sustained, for there is not a political subject existent, on which eloquent resolutions have not been passed at some period or other at the quarterly meetings of the Bishops at Maynooth. We have it, oracularly, from an influential Dublin Jesuit, that "Christ and the Apostles did not busy themselves with things exclusively spiritual. Spiritual objects are not to be worked out solely by spiritual means, nor are secular concerns often without important

bearing on the affairs of the soul."* Christ busied himself with many things to which Father Finlay, alas, turns a deaf ear; and Christ stood clear of many enterprises to which Father Finlay lends a helping hand. Few, if any, modern priests would come well out of the ordeal of comparison with Christ!

There is, in fact, no phase of social and economic life in Ireland in which, by way of promotion or obstruction, the priests do not interfere, from the starting of a branch of the United Irish League or the Agricultural Co-operation Society, to the holding of a local concert.

* Father Finlay, Lecture, Catholic Club, January 22nd, 1896.

CHAPTER IV.

POLITICS REDUCED TO A SHADOW. ECCLESIASTICISM
GROWN TO BE THE SUBSTANCE OF IRISH LIFE.

DURING that momentous month of July, 1895, the seeds of all that followed, during the subsequent five years, may be said to have been sown. Although affairs in Ireland were in an unsettled condition, the political excitement seemed to be more especially confined to the Members of Parliament, and was not shared in by the Church or by the mass of the people. The bishops and priests did not go into action in the political arena, but waited to see how the cat would jump.

Archbishop Walsh ordered "the Collect of the Mass of the Holy Ghost" to be said, and "the Collect of the Votive Mass for Peace" by the clergy at each Mass.* Archbishop Walsh was then celebrating the Jubilee of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Dublin, of which it was written:—"Never in the history of Catholicity in this country has a more wonderfully interesting or a more impressive inci-

* Address to the Clergy, July 11th, 1895.

dent taken place." Fifty-five principal Irish cities and towns were represented, and the Lord Mayor, the Mayor of Waterford, Judge Waters, and a host of others, breakfasted, after Mass at the pro-Cathedral, in the Leinster Hall, under the presidency of Dr. Walsh.

Nobody knew which party would be victorious at the General Election. "Nobody quite knows which party will be uppermost," said the *Daily News*. "If the Tories remain in office, there can be no hope for Ireland," exclaimed Sir George Trevelyan.* "Gentlemen, they have no policy. Their position is one of mockery and dupery. . . . They have found a delightfully simple plan of keeping the Irish question out of the House of Commons. It consists of keeping the Chief Secretary out of the Cabinet," cried Mr. Morley.† It occurred to me that Mr. Morley must have forgotten how Mr. Gladstone had kept all his Chief Secretaries after Mr. Forster out of the Cabinet, viz., Lord F. Cavendish, Sir G. Trevelyan, and Mr. C. Bannerman; or, if he did not forget the fact, he was now only stating Mr. Gladstone's motive in having done so. While the present system of appointing Lord Lieutenants subsists,

* Speech at Lambeth, July 1st, 1895.

† Speech at Manchester, July 4th, 1895.

I should prefer to see the Viceroy made *the* responsible Minister. There is too much *acting*, on *all benches* in the House of Commons, in reference to the Irish question. If the Lord Lieutenants were appointed for fixed terms by whatever Government chanced to be in office, as in the case of Canada or India, it would, of course, be different.

As instancing the virulence of the politicians towards each other, I remember Mr. William O'Brien writing at the end of a long attack on Mr. Timothy Healy: "In pursuance of a set policy of making public life insufferable for men of honour, by making imputations the basest that an evil imagination could conceive, Mr. Healy uttered one taunt which the elementary decency of civilised society forbids me to touch upon. The man who was capable of uttering it is a disgrace to human nature."* Amongst Mr. Healy's contributions to the turmoil, was an alleged accusation that "that man" (Mr. Dillon) and his followers had sold "O'Neill's County" (Tyrone) to an English Party for £200 per annum per seat.

"To fight the General Election, money is absolutely essential," cried the organ of the Irish

* "Freeman," July 1st, 1895.

Party, and it went on to complain that money was not forthcoming.

But if the people's purse-strings were drawn tight against the politicians, they seemed loose enough for other objects, the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Dr. Croke, for instance, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. The Archbishop was described by the political organ in want of money, as "the fearless champion of mutual service and mutual trust between pastors and people." Mark the use of the term "people"—the people that are "passing away." The Corporations of Munster, the Irish Party itself, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, the Nuns, the Christian Brothers, the Teachers, the Roman Legion of Great Britain, as well as the Archbishops and Bishops, and a host of other bodies, all joined in contributing to the success of Dr. Croke's Jubilee. They did so just when the elections began, and when the daily returns from the seat of electoral warfare all over the United Kingdom began to chronicle reverse after reverse for the Liberals. Just at a time, too, when we were told, "the announcement of the irreparable loss of Mr. Sexton's intended retirement will, we believe, be received with absolute dismay." Subsequent events have

proved Mr. Sexton's astuteness. But even the loss of a man "whose character and abilities, labours and services are enshrined in the remembrance and admiration of his countrymen the wide world over,"* did not galvanize the country.

Nationalist conventions were being held in all the counties for the selection of Parliamentary candidates, but they were only shadows of the conventions of old. They were mere stage-play. At one of them in Clonmel, a few miles from Ballyvadlea, Mr. T. P. O'Connor was declaiming in verse:

"I was walking along in a pleasant place,
In the County of Tipperary;
The scene smiled as happy as the face
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary;"

and in prose:—"When I look at the vast horizon of Irish sorrow and Irish suffering I cannot understand how any man can withdraw his gaze to his own small personality."† There was no reality in the politics of the day for the mass of the people. It proved to me conclusively how the speeches of politicians and the articles of political newspapers can degenerate into mere froth; significant very often of ferment in the

* "Freeman's Journal."

† T. P. O'Connor at Clonmel, July 4th, 1895.

vat, it is true, but not even significant of that in July, 1895. There has been nothing but "small personalities" in Irish Nationalist politics since the date of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's apothegm.

Mr. Morley, despite frantic appeals which we all read with amazement, had been defeated in Newcastle; yet on the very day after the defeat, the great Jubilee celebrations commenced in Thurles, and no notice was taken of the fact. Two hundred and sixty-six Unionists had been returned, as against ninety-nine Home Rulers (Irish and English), by the 18th July, yet nothing checked the swollen stream of the Silver Jubilee at Thurles. There Cardinal Logue was; and Archbishops Walsh and M'Evilly; and Archbishop O'Riordan of San Francisco; and Bishops O'Donnell, Donnelly, Brownrigg, Browne, O'Callaghan, Coffey, M'Redmond, Fitzgerald, Sheehan, Lyster, M'Cormack; and Lord Abbot Beardwood; and Monsignor Gargan of Maynooth; and Rector Kelly of the Irish College at Rome; and Canon Keller of Youghal, whose name will be remembered in connection with the Ponsonby estate, and whom everybody expected to have saluted Bishop of Cloyne, for which dignity he was elected dignissimus by the Parish Priests, an able

man; and there were hosts of others also; about sixteen miles, as the crow flies, from Ballyvadlea.

There and then Dr. Croke was presented with a gold chalice (18c.), thirty-one inches high, set with 52 precious stones, enriched with figures of the Sacred Heart, the B.V.M., St. Patrick and St. Bridget, by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland; with another gold chalice by the Presentation Nuns; with a point lace garment by other Nuns of the same Order; with Grecian Vases by the Christian Brothers; with an Aviary; with a quantity of silver plate by the Sisters of Mercy; with a carriage and pair by the people of Thurles; with a Vinery, 50 feet by 14 and 16 feet high, by the Ursulines; and with countless illuminated addresses from the public boards and bodies; and with innumerable other things. Cardinal Logue, always explicit, always ready to mount the pulpit, delivered a sermon. He said—
“Many told them now that the ties that bound the priests and people together were loosening, that the day was not far distant when they would drop those ties in Ireland, as they had elsewhere. But those who said so, forgot the deathless principle from which they sprang, the supernatural power by which they were cemented. . . . He maintained, therefore, that the beautiful

union between pastors and people, which they so often heard attributed to ignorance and superstition with the assistance of authority on one part, which it was fashionable to describe as tyranny, and the willing obedience on the other, which was so flippantly denounced as slavery, had its roots firm and deep in the constitution of the Church.”* What the value of this boastful statement is, let those who read the Ballyvadlea and Liphelan chapters say for themselves.

No words could be more appropriate to the occasion. Even Dr. Croke, whom the writer, a mere child, saw that night when his Grace was about to leave Doneraile on his way to Auckland, amidst a great outbreak of popular enthusiasm, did not excel the Cardinal in appropriateness:—“When I came an utter stranger amongst them (the clergy of Cashel), they received me with the respect due to my exalted office, and they, ever since, on better acquaintance, have ever honoured me as a father, confided in me as a friend, revered me as a bishop, and believed in me as a genuine Irish patriot. . . . For twenty long and troubled years I have sat on the throne and held the crozier of Cashel, and it is no small thing for me to be able to say publicly, and in

* “Freeman’s Journal.”

sober truth, that, during that time, *I have not had, as bishop, one hour's serious trouble* on the part of priests or people." Ballyvadlea, in Drangan parish, is set down as being in the diocese on whose "throne" Dr. Croke sits! Mr. Thomas Callaghan, now dead, a fellow-townsmen of mine, and one time Governor of the Falkland Islands, Ascension and other places, happened to be present in Midleton at a dinner to Dr. Croke, on Dr. Croke's return from Auckland to take up the See of Cashel. Mr. Callaghan was a very smart man, and he happened to be enjoying his gubernatorial holiday in Midleton at the time. This must have occurred about the year 1875. Father Fitzpatrick, the P.P., gave a little banquet to his one time curate, the then new Archbishop of Cashel, whose health Mr Callaghan proposed. The writer was only a boy, but he can distinctly recall a saying of Mr. Callaghan's that night:—"In the old coaching days Cashel was on the straight road from Midleton to Dublin. I shall remind his Grace to-night, and express the hope that, for him, Cashel may still be only on the road to Dublin." But Dr. Croke never got to Dublin!

Thus July wore on, and when the last day of the month came, it was announced all over the

land that 411 Unionists had been returned to the House of Commons, as against 258 Home Rulers of all denominations, giving Lord Salisbury a sweeping majority of 153. Nothing like it had been dreamt of. A letter of my own to the *Irish Times*, enclosing a small subscription to the election fund, and dated June 27th, written before the General Election, after Lord Salisbury had temporarily accepted office, expressed the following opinion:—"The new Government may, I think, look forward with confidence to the result of the General Election, and to a prolonged lease of power." But I had not anticipated so smashing a victory. Sir William Harcourt had been defeated at Derby. Lord Houghton had left the country; Lord Cadogan had been sworn in as Lord Lieutenant, and his public entry was fixed for August 22nd. I sincerely regretted Sir William Harcourt's defeat. He is a great man; but he has allowed his great qualities to be warped by political exigencies, and seems to have allowed himself to become the slave instead of the master of political circumstances.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN FALSE PROPHECIES. IRISH BAD
BUSINESS.

THE triumph of the Unionists at the polls astounded all the Irish-American and Irish politicians. Mr. Patrick Egan, ex-U.S. Ambassador and ex-Treasurer of the Land League, warned us of what we had now to expect:—"The Tories will attempt, as the *Times* once advised them, to stamp out Irish disaffection as they would the cattle plague. Irish landlords will take advantage of the changed situation to grind and persecute the unfortunate tenants. . . . People will form themselves into small local groups and shoot down their oppressors. Shooting will be followed by hangings, and hangings by dynamite."*

The Irish Party, led by Mr. M'Carthy, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy, sneered at the eleven Parnellite Members returned at the polls as "The All-Ireland Eleven"—those eleven men to whom they have now *wisely* conceded the

* Mr. John Finnerty, Mr. William Lynam, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, and their friends made even stronger observations at the Chicago Convention, at this time also.

chair of the Party and the rule of the whole Irish Nationalist representation this very year 1900!

The Irish Party still sadly "wanted money." The diocese of Dublin had just casually subscribed £1,700 in Peter's Pence for the Pope, and the organ of the Party told us that "year by year this duty of partaking with Christendom in making good the resources of the Holy See after the spoliation of its patrimony, has been growing in popularity."

Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, expressed his views upon the subject of Peter's Pence about this time as follows:—"I know that you will have scores of greedy applicants for a large share of the good gifts with which Providence may bless you in the coming harvest. The landlord will demand his share in the form of rent, and perhaps arrears of rent; the Government will demand its share in the shape of tribute and taxes. But the sovereign proprietary rights of God, over what are purely and exclusively His free gifts, are infinitely superior to theirs, and He will demand His tribute of you in the form of a contribution to the Sovereign Pontiff."*

If the new Government had been fractiously

* Pastoral read in the Churches of Meath, Sept., 1895.

inclined, pretexts were not wanting to justify it, unpledged as it was, in postponing local government for an indefinite period. Take one instance out of many. The management of the Union Workhouses was the only form of local government in force in Ireland before 1899 in the rural districts. The workhouses are almost entirely under the management of farmers now; but in 1895 the number of *ex-officio* guardians (landlords and their connections as a rule) was as great as the number of *elected* guardians, who were mostly farmers. The public were shocked at this time to hear from the medical and other officials of the Nenagh Union in Tipperary that "men have been known to scramble out of their beds and die on the boards in their wards at night without assistance, and to be got at nine o'clock next morning stark dead under these revolting circumstances." The doctor said that "many a time inquests should have been held, as inmates were repeatedly picked up off the floors dead and dying." He advised the guardians to appoint a competent trained nurse. The members of the Board at once asked how "the place did without a nurse for 20 years:" although the facts stated seemed to answer the question in a sad way. It was decided to appoint "*nurses from among the*

inmates for a month and see how the system would work!"

This was the state of things in August, 1895. I find the following changed condition of affairs in a report of a meeting of the same Board on April 12th, 1900:—

“At the meeting of the Nenagh Guardians to-day Mr. Wm. Hogan, chairman, presiding, there being thirty other members of the board in attendance, the question of the *enormously large nursing staff*, engaged in the institution and the heavy cost of its maintenance and remuneration underwent a good deal of discussion. It transpired that there are *seven trained and fifteen assistant nurses* in the place, or *a nurse for every four inmates* in the infirmaries, some of whom, the clerk stated, do not require nursing at all.

To such bulky dimensions had the nursing staff grown recently that the Guardians were now called upon *to build additional accommodation for them*, in fact there were no available apartments in the place for a newly appointed nurse who was coming in that evening.

It is a very realistic picture of how business is too often done in Ireland; “nurses coming from all quarters, and it is hard to keep trace of them.”

In 1895, when the inmates of the Workhouse were alleged to have been picked up dead and dying off the floors, there was *no nurse*.

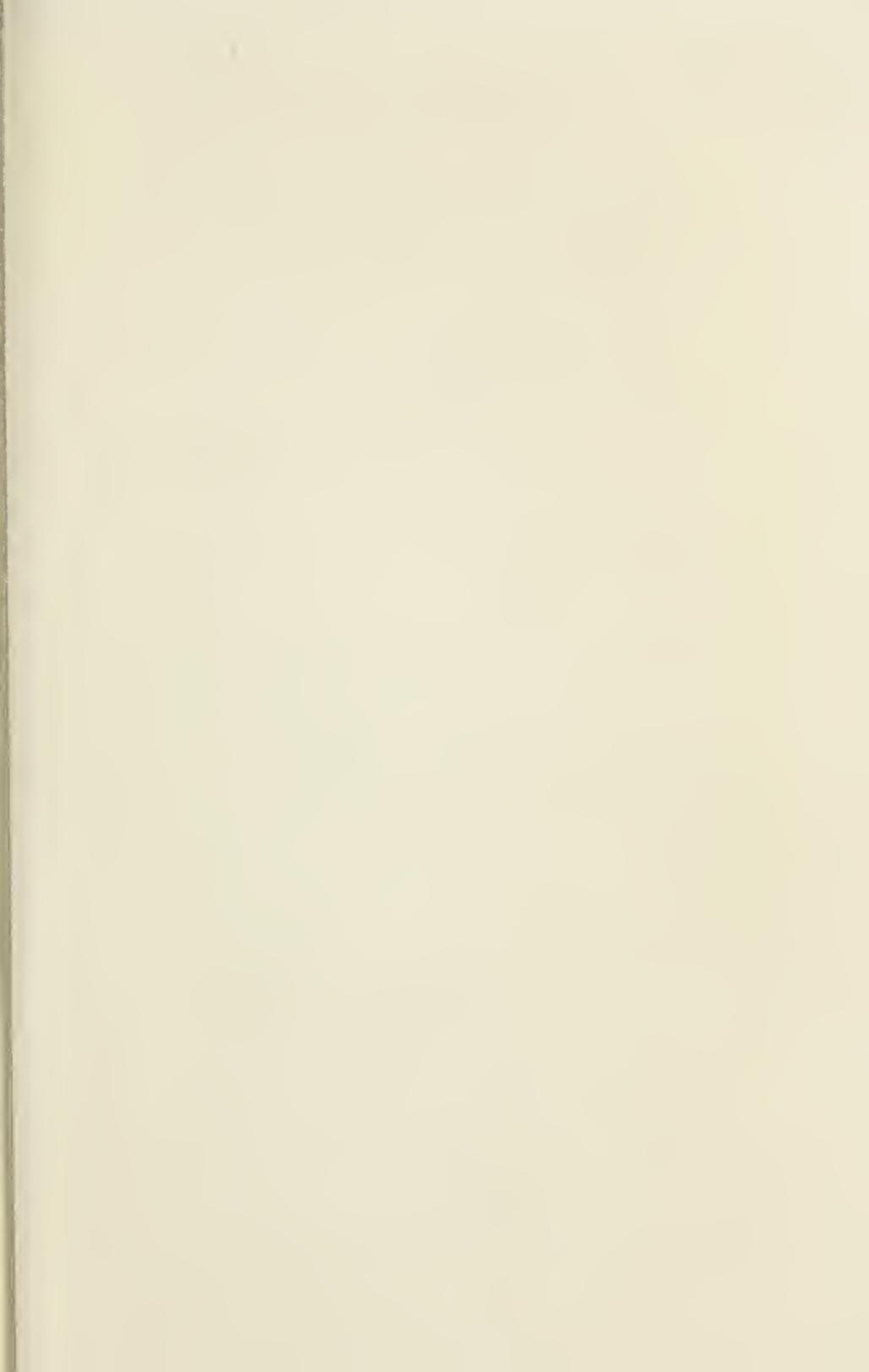
In 1900 the nurses are tripping each other up in the corridors of the Workhouse, with *no patients*, and with the results which "will mean ruin to the ratepayers." I observe that the Local Government Board is censured for compelling the Guardians to maintain the large staff of nurses complained of. I also note that Cardinal Logue has recorded it as his opinion that Irish Workhouses are the abodes "of universal waste and slovenliness," which is, perhaps, too strong. But, at any rate, I fail to see how the check of the Local Government Board can be removed just yet.

In the Mullingar Union it was discovered by the Board of Guardians that Outdoor Relief to the extraordinary amount of 2s. 3d. per head of the population was being given out. And that the recipients included owners of land and house property, the owner of a bank, and people who had been dead for years, but whose relatives took the money! There was also the conviction of the Skibbereen Guardians for bribery in 1897.

Though the Irish elections in 1895 passed off, on the whole, peaceably, the temperature occasionally rose above normal. After the Roscommon election, the victorious citizens marched in triumph, holding lighted sods of turf aloft on

pitchforks. The turf was refreshed from time to time with paraffin oil carried in a tin. In the act of replenishing the flames, the oil exploded, and the blazing saturated turf wrought havoc amongst the crowd, killing a youth of fifteen and injuring several other people. Lisphelan, of which you shall hear later on, is in the County of Roscommon.

It is cheering to note in contrast with these things, the self-helpfulness of the body known as the Irish National Foresters—a benevolent society, whose members are for the most part Catholic artisans—who announce that their accumulated fund stands at £24,000. They constitute a mere handful of the population, as compared with the farmers. Yet the Irish farmers have never had the sense to combine in a practical, non-political organisation of a benevolent or trades union character. Had they the grit to do so successfully, there is positively no limit to what they might achieve for themselves. An illustration of what might be done by such combination in connection with the export cattle trade, for instance, occurs in a later chapter.





From Photo by Lafayette.

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**EARL CADOGAN, K.G., LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,
1895-1900.**

*"By any humble effort of mine . . . to do what in me lies to promote the prosperity
and welfare of your beloved country.—Page 53.*

CHAPTER VI.

CONDITION OF THINGS AT LORD CADOGAN'S
ARRIVAL.

AT this juncture Cardinal Gibbons paid us a visit. We heard of him at Galway; heard of him at the Shelbourne at Dublin for a night; then heard of him at New Ross; then at Queenstown. Gone! How glad Dubliners would have been to hear a sermon, a word of counsel from him from the pulpit in Marlborough-street! It was announced that Dr. Walsh was suffering from a severe cold. The Cardinal's verdict upon our country will appear in its proper order in the next chapter.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy sends forth yet another "manifesto" characterising Mr. Healy's action as disloyal to the party, but nobody heeds it. Mr. Gladstone's giant intellect, Home Rule foresworn, is fulminating broadsides at that most evasive of targets, Abdul the Damned, because of the Armenian atrocities.

Lord Cadogan is coming nearer. "It is not rash to prophecy that he will not be twenty-four hours on Irish soil before he takes the opportunity to insult and deride the convictions and senti-

ments of the people he comes to rule.”* We shall see before this chapter closes. Good people in Dublin, like Sir Robert Sexton, Sir Henry Cochrane, R. M. Mitchell, E. W. Smyth, A. Beattie, George Macnie, W. Ireland, Hy. Brown, and George Healy, innocently call on the Lord Mayor to summon a special meeting of the Corporation to present His Excellency with an address. Not he, for Parliament met yesterday (August 15th), and the word “Ireland” was not even mentioned in the Queen’s Speech.

Mr. John Redmond moved an amendment to the Address, calling upon the Government to declare its policy on Home Rule, Land Reform, the Evicted Tenants, and Industrial Reform. Mr. Horace Plunkett, Unionist Member for South Dublin, supported Mr. Redmond. Mr. Dillon moved an amendment to Mr. Redmond’s amendment, calling on the Government *not to declare*, but to legislate. Did Mr. Dillon forget that Mr. Gladstone laid it down, that in the House of Commons “Speech *was* action,” and is not a powerful Government’s declaration tantamount to legislation? Mr. Gerald Balfour proceeded to “declare,” the Government’s opposition to Home

* “Freeman,” August 12th, 1895.

Rule to be "unchanged and inflexible. If it fell to his lot to introduce a Land Bill in the coming year, he could not expect it to be treated as a non-contentious measure." The "first statutory period" (15 years from the Land Act of 1881) was expiring, the legal position of the judicial tenants would be doubtful, but he "undertook on behalf of the Government to deal with the Land Question early next year."

The differences between the members of the Anti-Parnellite Party were temporarily patched up by the appointment of Messrs. A. O'Connor, Vesey-Knox (the vanquisher of John Ross at Derry), and Mr. T. M. Healy, *difficilis procis*, to the Committee of the Party. Minor matters kept the Party at work in Parliament. An unprofitable attack was made on the Government by the Irish members, *because* the Chief Secretary said he had consulted Mr. Justice Bewley, head of the Irish Land Commission, with reference to the legal status of tenants whose statutory term of 15 years was about to expire, and on the immediate necessity for a new Land Act. Whom could he more fittingly have consulted on such an occasion? A demand for Amnesty was put to Sir M. White Ridley, the then new Home Secretary whom we

saw here in attendance on the Queen the other day, but he retorted by citing the conduct of Mr. Asquith, who, while reposing in the hollow of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's hand, had shut the prison doors "with a bang" on the member just elected for Limerick (John Daly) and on the present City Sword Bearer of Dublin (Mr. Egan), who refused to hand the civic sword to the Queen the other day at Leeson-street Bridge. Mr. W. Field, M.P., a really useful and unassuming Irish member, suggested that a Board of Agriculture for Ireland should be appointed. Dean White, at Nenagh, the native place of Mr. T. P. Gill, now Secretary to the Board at £1,300 a year, did the same. The Government said they would "carefully consider" the matter during the recess.

Boards of Guardians all over the country, in view of a Land Bill, now began to pass resolutions calling upon the Government "to revise the judicial rents." Guinness announced a dividend of sixteen per cent. on their ordinary shares and a large addition to reserve. Father Ring, of the Order of Mary Immaculate at Inchicore, organized an Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes and Montmartre. Mayor P. A. M'Hugh, M.P., of Sligo, called dramatically upon the Castle, and upon the local

Resident Magistrate, not to let a band of Dublin Street Preachers visit the town, or——; the Protestants of Sligo called upon the public to witness that, as there were plenty of recognised places of worship in Sligo, they saw no necessity for street preaching. But the preachers came in spite of all that, and the Constabulary, too, and there was a succession of rows and battles “for the love of God.” The Most Rev. Dr. Clancy will give us his views about them later on.

Lord Cadogan now landed at Kingstown (Aug. 22nd), and Mr. Adam Findlater, then Chairman of the Kingstown Board, and his colleagues presented an address of welcome. The Board of Pembroke Township, on the grounds that they “did not go in for high jinks,” to use the chairman’s words, did not do so, although invited by Sir George Moyers. Lord Ashbourne, Recorder Falkiner, and many leading Irishmen, were present at the landing. When I heard the terms of the address, I felt that it was the most practical and useful document of the kind ever presented. Breaking through the silly veil which is supposed to hedge in viceroyalty from the realities of Irish life, the address informed Lord Cadogan that five things were “indispensable to a good condition of affairs here;”—1. Local Government similar to that

existing in Great Britain; 2. Extension of Land Purchase; 3. Security for leaseholders in towns (a pressing matter in Kingstown); 4. A re-adjustment of the financial relations of Ireland with England, so that Ireland might contribute no more than her fair share to the joint revenue; and, 5. An Act to facilitate private bill legislation. The Address was signed by Mr. A. S. Findlater, and Mr. Donnelly, the Town Clerk; while Mr. H. C. Atwool, Colonel Beamish, Mr. James Evans, Mr. T. W. Robinson, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. W. Wallace, Mr. T. Ross, and others connected with the Board were present. Lord Cadogan's reply was a sympathetic and unpretentious appeal for the trust of the Irish people: "I can assure you that no effort on my part will be spared to promote the material interests of Ireland and the welfare and prosperity of her people."

Here, then, was the man who was to "insult and deride" us, Irishmen, within twenty-four hours of his landing. Is all the misunderstanding on the side of the English? Was not this Englishman, Lord Cadogan, misjudged and wronged by our leading journal before it had any knowledge of him whatever? The organ of the Irish Party could only console itself next day by saying, "There is, we fear, little hope of the

Kingstown programme from the present Government." If the writer had said, "There is, *we hope*, little *fear*, &c." his position would have been accurately defined. Lord Cadogan soon displayed his great tact, now so well established, when receiving, a day or two after, the Address of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce. When the Address had been read to him by Mr. John Wigham, he made *two* replies to it; the first, a spontaneous, unwritten reply, as from a man to men, a little speech from an equal to equals; the second, the formal, written reply. Here we first saw the man, coming out of and from his artificial surroundings as only a strong man, quite sure of himself, would do. "It is quite true," he said, "that during the tenure of office of Lord Salisbury's last Government, I had the honour, as Lord Privy Seal, to carry out and superintend general legislation in the House of Lords affecting Ireland. I look back with great interest to the labour which it was then my duty to perform, and I can only say I look forward with equal interest and pleasure to the prospect of being able, by any humble effort of mine, to further beneficial legislation for Ireland, and to do what in me lies to promote the prosperity and welfare of your beloved

country." *By any humble effort of mine!* There one of the roots of the matter was touched. The assumption of the "superior person," which so offends us in Englishmen, was cast aside, nay, was never donned. *Your beloved country!* These two sayings stamped Lord Cadogan, in my opinion, as a most promising, a most able man, one of the best who ever came here as Lord Lieutenant. The powerful paper which prophesied that he would insult and deride us, could only say: "There is nothing in the sentiment of which the most staunch and enthusiastic Nationalist has any reason to complain."* From that instant it was obvious that Lord Cadogan would prove the right man for the time being, and that, in Bacon's words, "The place" had shown us "the man." It is not because Lord Cadogan is a Conservative that I praise him. One who loves Ireland can only view the public acts of such men, just as they make for the advantage or disadvantage of Ireland. One would praise Lord Spencer with equal pleasure if his policy made for the betterment of one's native land.

* "Freeman," August 26th, 1895.

CHAPTER VII.

BUSINESS *versus* RHETORIC. THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

THE Mr. Horace Plunkett before alluded to, suggested in print about this time, that during the recess, a committee of Irish Members of Parliament of all sections should meet together and formulate a practical plan of legislation for the betterment of the country, particularly with reference to the constitution of a Board of Agriculture and a Technical Education Bill.

The Irish Cattle Trade Association, at whose meeting Mr. Plunkett was present, now proclaimed, through the mouths of Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Leonard and others, that "there was certainly an overwhelming argument for a Board of Agriculture." The rate for conveying cattle over a distance of 4,000 miles, from America to London, was about £2 10s. to £3 a head, "and the cattle were landed in perfect condition, as good as prime polled Angus beef." Dublin is "only about 300 miles from London, and the rate for conveying cattle to that city was £1 a head, and, owing to the bad treatment of the cattle in transit, the cattle deteriorate.

They imported into England about 700,000 cattle a year, and, if they were properly conveyed, at reasonable rates, they would increase one-third in value." That, though "a humble affair," was a big item. Setting down 700,000 cattle at £10 a head, it meant £7,000,000, a third of which would be £2,333,333 per annum. That was a bigger matter than the whole outcome of the Land Act of 1881. For Mr. Dillon was, just that very night, complaining in the House of Commons, that while the Land Act had cost £1,300,000, to administer since 1881, it had only reduced rents by £1,120,000 a year! Here the Cattle Trade quietly suggested a means of putting more than double that annual sum into the pockets of the Irish cattle-raisers, without doing any injustice to anyone. Would that the Irish farmer could be induced to give increased attention to the practical interests of Ireland and less attention to showy politics!

The Congested Districts Board, established in 1891, was nominally doing for the poorest fringe of Ireland what one would desire to see done for the entire country. Its operations covered an area of 3,609,569 acres, having a population of 556,141 persons. A sum of £126,041 had been placed at the board's

disposal up to March 31st, 1894, and, of that, £86,279 had been expended in improving the breed of horses and asses, and the quality of seed corn and potatoes; amalgamating small holdings and assisting migration; developing collateral industries like fishing, spinning, weaving and soforth. The Foxford Industrial School Stall at the Horse Show drew particular attention to those collateral industries in one of the congested districts. The Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show in August every year, has become, literally, a world-institution, if the reader has never seen it, he certainly should do so, for it is a microcosm of all that is best in Ireland.

The members in Parliament were having scenes—useless scenes—and all-night and all-day sittings over portions of the Irish estimates such as £20,537 for the Board of Works; £36,661 for Criminal prosecutions and other law charges; £64,395 for the Superior Courts; £63,104 for the County Courts; £26,178 for the Police Courts; £1,140,000 for the Royal Irish Constabulary; £69,888 for the General Prisons Board; £56,095 for Industrial Schools; £528,807 for the National Education Board, and a host of others. It would well repay some business intellect to busy itself, *without* scenes and

without all-night sittings, upon this vast expenditure. I imagine much of it, on examination, may be found to be fruitless for Ireland?

During the brief existence of the session which was prorogued on September 5th, 1895, the Government passed speedily the Land Purchase (Amendment) Ireland Act, giving to evicted tenants the benefit of Section 13 of the Land Act of 1891; during the recess, 104 applications to purchase were received from evicted tenants, *none of which were refused*. The Dillonites and the Healyites, meanwhile, were virulently squabbling about the South Kerry election, which resulted in the triumph of Mr. Farrell (Dillonite) and the defeat of Mr. William Murphy (Healyite). Just at the same time Mr. William Kenny (now Mr. Justice Kenny), who had been appointed Solicitor-General, was re-elected for the Stephen's-green Division of Dublin against Mr. Pierce Mahony (Parnellite) by a substantial majority. With so much practical National work undone, evidenced, *inter alia*, by the statements of the Cattle Trade, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Flynn, and a dozen other of our members, were beating the air, talking from a brief in Parliament, to get the Government Grant to the National Teachers' Pension Fund increased

—a fund created originally by a grant of £1,300,000 taken from Irish Church property—and declaring exultantly that the Compulsory Education Act of 1892 was a dead letter in Ireland. The importance of the National Teachers' "showy organisation," as Lord Salisbury would call it, may be gathered from the fact that there are 8,301 National Schools in Ireland, in which 606,121 Catholic, 91,967 Church of Ireland, and 86,782 Presbyterian children receive primary education. With regard to the Catholic National Teachers, it is laid down:—"The Bishops, and the Bishops alone, are, by divine right, the guides and counsellors of the Catholic National Teachers of Ireland, in relation to all questions in which the religious interests of their flocks are concerned; and they feel confident that the Teachers will listen to those words of friendly warning in that spirit of docility and obedience which has hitherto characterised the National Teachers of Ireland."*

Members of the party were also, but, I should say, *without* a brief, making martyrs of the Christian Brothers, who get no State aid, and who are announced at the same moment, and will again and again be announced, to have beaten all

* Episcopal declaration at Maynooth, June 26th, 1896.

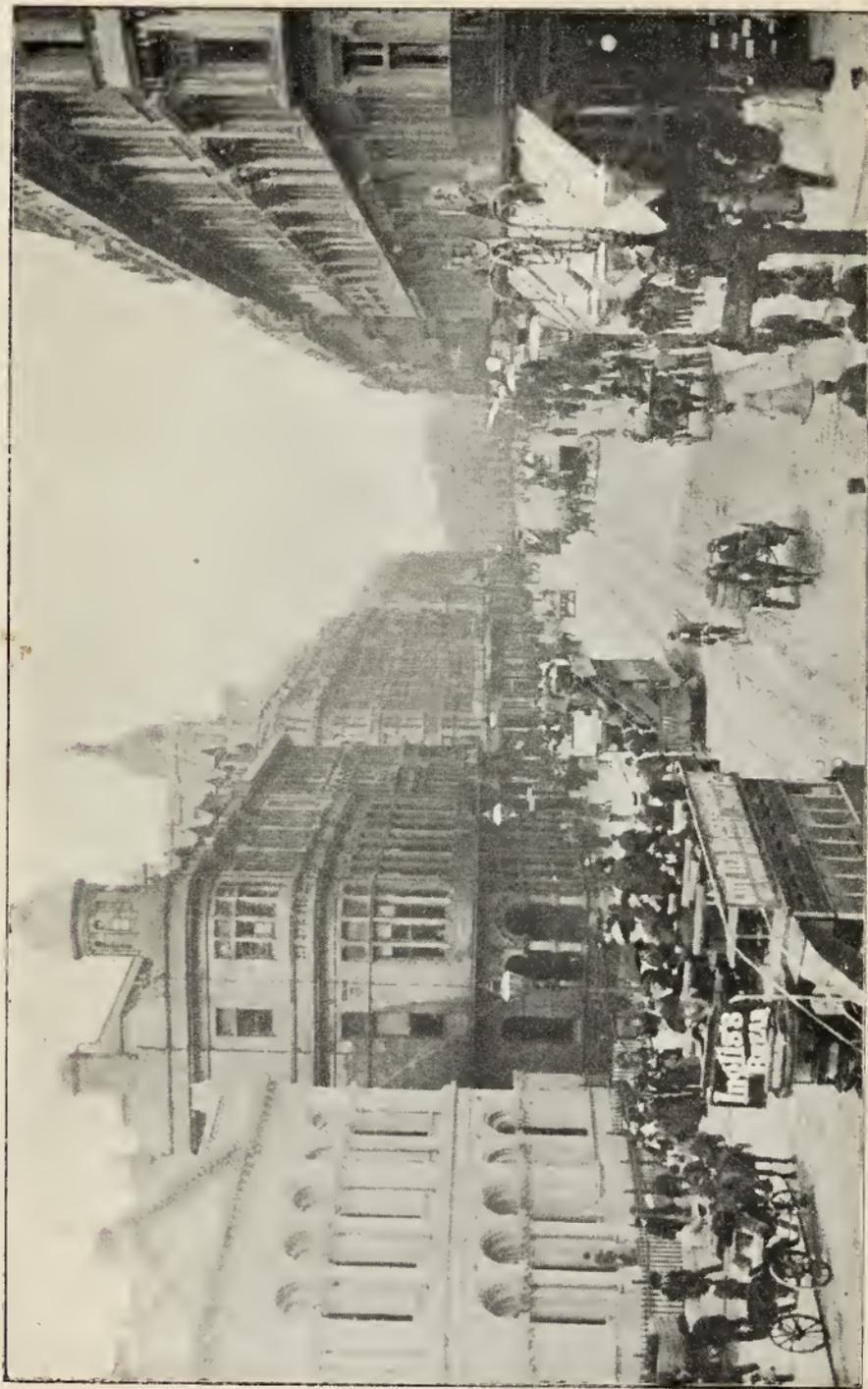
other scholastic establishments in the Intermediate Competitive Examination, the results of which are just published.

The quarrel between the Christian Brothers and the National Board was another of these profitless topics warmly taken up by the public boards, and Members of Parliament, and harped upon by the newspapers. A word about the Christian Brothers. I respect them greatly, and I have never met an Irishman who *knew* them, who does not do so. They are *not* priests; they are laymen. But they dress like priests and receive salutations from the humble people in cities and from all classes of Catholics in the country. They devote their lives to teaching, and, for many years now, over twenty-eight thousand Irish Catholic boys have received their primary education at their hands. They are most successful teachers, and are beloved by their pupils. The clergy quarrelled with them years ago about their dress, but the Christian Brothers stuck to their guns and won in an ecclesiastical battle fought at Rome. Their schools exist solely by voluntary contributions from the parents of the better-to-do boys, the poorer children being educated free. They refuse to take a grant from the National Board, because they insist on the right of saying

prayers whenever they think fit, and *always* having religious images and emblems in the school. They refuse also to be subject to the Parish Priest, in the conduct of their schools; though they are so intensely loyal to Catholicity. If they were to take a grant from the National Board, the Parish Priest would at once become the manager of the parochial Christian Brothers' School, and would acquire the power of dismissing the Brothers, and of controlling them in every item of school management. They prefer their freedom. The people have rallied to the Brothers' side, and the Order flourishes exceedingly all over Ireland. Their position is honourable and intelligible. If the Crucifix be an object worthy of veneration, as they really think it is, they will be no party to hiding it away for five hours of the teaching day and then bringing it forth during the sixth hour set apart for religious instruction. The Nuns do so, but the Brothers *won't*. The emblem of Him who redeemed mankind is, in their opinion, not one to hide at *any* hour. They are right. You may say they are enthusiasts, but I tell you they are excellent men at their business, the business of teaching. They lead lives of frugality and edification. What a pity there are not many bands of Christian Brothers in Ire-

land—men bound by no vow of celibacy or renunciation, but taking their share of life in all its phases and sticking to their guns as truly as the Christian Brothers. The Government, in 1896, brought in a bill to give them a Government grant; but it was dropped in consequence of the “entire disapproval” expressed by the Catholic Bishops. An entire chapter will be devoted later on to Catholic Education of all grades in Ireland.





From a Photo by Lawrence Dublin

THE ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST, CAPITAL OF THE "NORTHERN DIAMOND"

During the past 60 years...

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONDITION OF IRELAND,
NORTH AND SOUTH.

WE have now seen the new Irish Government settled down in their places at the head of affairs in Ireland where they are destined to remain during the entire period covered by this book. We find the Chief Secretary, Stanley-like, saying to the Leeds people:—"I have been making a tour through some of the poorest and most congested districts in Ireland, and everywhere I have been well and even cordially received." I think his wife had even ventured to accompany him in his explorations, a proceeding equally praiseworthy, whether undertaken from motives of prudence or heroism. Let the reader now join me, at this stage, in taking a broad, comprehensive view of the condition of Ireland, as it was in 1895, and, indeed, as it is now in 1900, before we plunge into the main features of the social, political and religious life of the people during the Five Years under review. Let us, then, survey the island of Ireland—the most historic and remarkable Island in the world—of which it has been

observed that its back is turned upon Europe and its face towards the New World.

The population has fallen from 5,798,564 in 1861, to 4,704,750 in 1891. Birth-rate, 106,113; death-rate, 84,395; marriages, 23,120; a clean bill of health. Of this 4,704,750, the Catholics number 3,547,307, and the non-Catholics 1,157,443. The Catholics, roughly, are three-fourths of the population. In 1841, the percentage of people who could read and write was 28; in 1891 it had risen to 71. In 1841 the percentage who could neither read nor write was 53; in 1891 it had fallen to 18. In the matter of "Superior Education," I find it stated,* that there are 15,430 Catholics returned as attending Superior Schools; 7,280 Protestants; 3,312 Presbyterians; 787 Methodists; and 930 others; making the total Non-Catholic children, 12,309. If the number were in proportion to the population, the Catholics at Superior Schools being 15,430, the Non-Catholics should be only 5,000. Therefore the proportion of Non-Catholic children getting a Superior Education is very much greater than that of Catholic. The leaven of superior education amongst the mass of the Non-Catholics is three times as great, in

* Duffy's Catholic Directory, 1899.

proportion to what we shall call the dough, as it is amongst the Catholics. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the 'rise' is proportionately great, as we shall see presently.

Industrial and social Ireland must be geographically divided into two parts. The first part is the North-Eastern triangle, the base of which roughly, is a line drawn from Derry to Dundalk, and whose apex is Fair Head in Antrim. The North of Ireland word "Diamond" would, perhaps, more accurately describe the outline of this part of the country. In this triangle or "diamond," which has its face *towards* Great Britain, are situated, Belfast, Derry, Lisburn, Ballymena, Coleraine, Portadown, and a number of other thriving towns, surrounded by well-tilled, well-populated country. It is inhabited by a population who hold the tenets of the various Churches of the Reformation, Protestant, Presbyterian, and so forth. There the linen industry and ship-building, for which Ireland has become justly renowned, are carried on. Let the representative men of this portion of Ireland now describe the condition of their part of the country for themselves in their own words. First, the Belfast Corporation, represented by Lord Mayor M'Cammond, Alderman Sir Daniel Dixon, R. J.

M'Connell, W. J. Johnston, Dr. Graham, Sir James Henderson (proprietor of the *News-Letter*), Sir William Pirrie (of Harland & Wolff's); Councillors W. Masterson, J. Adams, R. S. Herdman, J. Forsythe, W. J. Woodside, R. Anderson, Dr. Bigger, W. Weir, T. Harrison, B.L.; J. Reid, and Sir Samuel Black, the able Town Clerk. In their address of welcome to Earl Cadogan, the words of these men, speaking for their important city and district, are:—"We are pleased to be able to assure your Excellency of the peaceful and prosperous condition of our city and district, and the full employment of our population, and the continued development of our industries. During the past fifty years the city has grown from a population of 70,000 to nearly 300,000." The Town Commissioners of Lisburn, a centre of the linen industry, say: "Our town is progressing and prospering. During twenty years it has increased, in value and population, 40 per cent. Our work-people are fully employed, and on good terms with their employers." The history of the whole district is told in these quotations. There is a Catholic population in this triangle, and I do not say that it is not a hard-working, deserving population; but, it is a minority, and, therefore, the atmosphere of the whole area is as decidedly

Protestant as the atmosphere of Cork is Catholic. The second part of the two into which I have divided the country, is the Rest of Ireland, which is seven times as large as the Northern Triangle. In the Rest of Ireland, there is no social or industrial progress to record. The man who would say of it, that it was "progressing and prospering," or that "its work-people were fully employed," or that there existed "a continued development of its industries," or that its towns "had increased in value and population," would be set down as a madman. It is in this seven-eighths of Ireland that the growing and great organisation of the Catholic "Church," with all its ramifications, has taken root. I do not censure the "Church" here, I only state a fact; and the earlier chapters of this work illustrate that fact. I do not take my stand with writers who, in the words of Cardinal Logue, quoted earlier, denounce the power of the priests as "tyranny." But the submission of the Catholic laity does seem to be "slavery." For they should be, of right, a constituent governing part of their "Church" as well as the priests. If a man or woman is a voluntary slave, who can be expected to lead a crusade for his or her emancipation? Let us approach the question

gradually. The position depends on the relative degrees of importance which a man attaches to what is called "this world," and what is called "the next world." It would be absurd, bearing in mind the brevity and incertitude of life, for those who seek (and, so often, seek in vain) for their happiness on earth, to sneer at those who look forward to an ideal condition of things beyond the grave—where "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first." But I unhesitatingly condemn those who look forward to a land beyond the grave in which the lazy and the selfish, who steadily practise a kind of formal drill here, are to be rewarded with a passport into the drawingrooms of God.

Mr. Morley, who ought to be above the suspicion of weakness on this point, never seems to have felt called upon to condemn the religious domination which he found established in seven-eighths of Ireland. In the North-Eastern Triangle of Ireland, you find the Irishman in whose mind "this world" is the predominant fact; but who does not by any means lose sight of the good things promised after death. In the rest of the country, you have the Irishman for whom "the next world" is the predominant fact; and who, alas, often loses sight of the

opportunities afforded by "this world"; like his countryman, Burke, perhaps, "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient." In the North-East the great buildings are the factories, with their smoking shafts belching up the baseness and grime of earth into the blue face of heaven. In the rest of Ireland, the great buildings are the churches, the convents, and the monasteries, whose graceful spires and towers point, like index-fingers, to the mansions of bliss, where is His home, who said, "Come to Me, all ye, who are heavy burdened and labour and I will refresh you;" His home "whose yoke is sweet and whose burden is light." I shall not follow Mr. T. W. Russell's lead and call attention to the architectural points of the jails, asylums and workhouses of this part of Ireland. Let the censorious remember the "heavy burden" which those Irish, and their ancestors, who remained Catholics, have borne so long in this world; and let them say, then, if our yearning for a world of justice and consolation and rest is a thing to be wondered at. The hard-working population of the North may truly urge that the beautifully worded invitation of the Son of Man is more especially addressed to them. I would ask them to remember that there is a Providence which suits the burden to the back. We shall see,

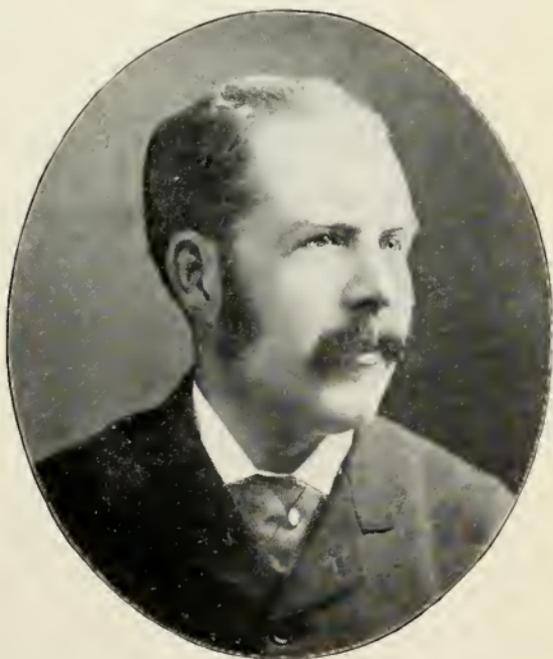
presently, how the "next world," in the shape of the Foxford Sisters of Charity, must needs come to the aid of the Connaught peasant in the most trifling and elementary efforts at learning to walk, nay, to crawl in the path of worldly progress.

Again, in the North-Eastern Diamond, there is, practically, no Racing, no Hunting. But in the Rest of Ireland, there is more racing—steeple-chasing, flat-racing, point-to-point racing; and more hunting—fox-hunting, hare-hunting, both with harriers and beagles, stag-hunting, otter-hunting; and coursing—both hare coursing with greyhounds and rabbit coursing with terriers—than in any other piece of country of the same size and population, I shall not say in existence, but that was ever heard of. I doubt if even Newmarket itself has more race meetings in a year than Dublin, if we count all those held at Leopardstown, Baldoyle, Fairyhouse, Punchestown, and the Curragh, as well as small Sunday suburban meetings like Jones's Road and Rathfarnham, and the trotting matches at Ashtown. Therefore, perhaps, I should have said that the Rest of Ireland, besides containing masses of poor people, for whom "the next world" is the all important and depressing fact

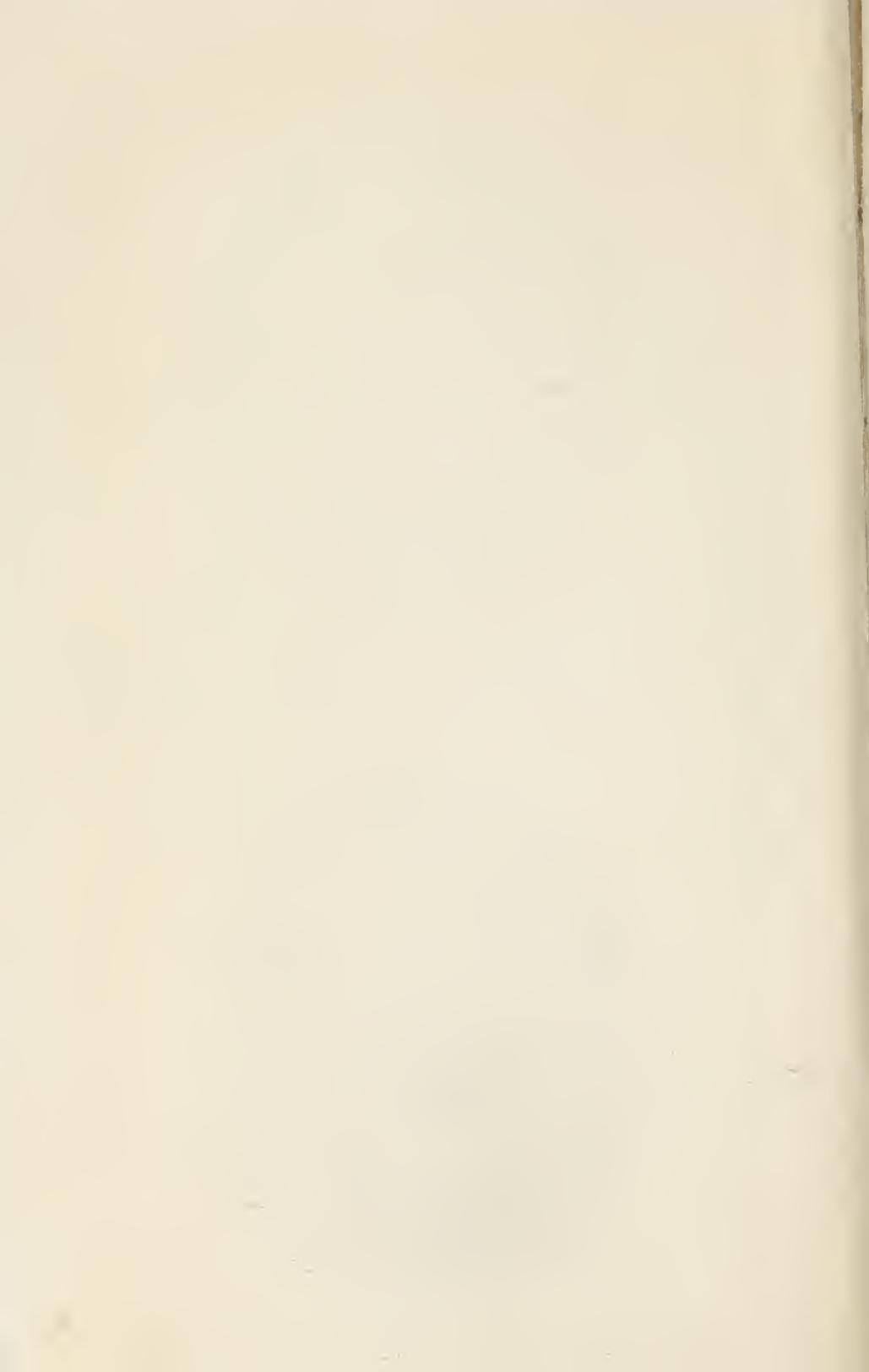


From Photo by Hembry, Belfast.

SIR ROBERT M'CONNELL, BART., LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST,
On whom a baronetcy was conferred by her Majesty in 1900.



From Photo by Lafayette.



of life, contains also a large class of people for whom the enjoyments of life, as distinguished from its duties, form the predominant fact.

The ideal of the Rest of Ireland is thus put by Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin:—"The spirit of the world, as our Lord had foretold to his Apostles, was ever antagonistic to the Church, and every priest on ordination entered into a life-long fight against that spirit. . . What guarantee had we in Ireland that the heritage of the faith should be preserved for us any more than the people of England, Scotland, or Germany had six hundred years ago? Six hundred years ago England was studded with churches and monasteries. Almost every cross road had its sacred shrine. The same was true of Scotland and of Germany, and, even in a larger measure, of France. Yet, see what these countries have come to. England, for instance, had turned her back on the faith, and in the Protestantism that was now her creed, there was left but few shreds of the religion of Christ."* We would not change places with England, Scotland, or Germany! The poor Cunninghams and the other "good, moral, respectable peasants" of Lisphelan—which is in Dr. Clancy's diocese, I believe—to be alluded to

* Sermon at Athlone, September 30th, 1895.

later on, do not seem to the lay mind to have gained much from "the heritage of the faith." In the "pishogues" case of *Meehan against Burke*, at Cahir Petty Sessions, at this very time, where the complainant had accused defendants of exercising black art against him, and thereby preventing the milk of his cows from becoming butter, it was stated that the priest "had been brought into the house about it." I have personally known cases where farmers got Mass—that awful sacrifice, taken in its literalness—said in their farm-houses to banish evil fairies and bring back the recalcitrant butter. It is a perplexing consideration for any thoughtful Irishman. North, South, East, and West new churches are being dedicated or foundations laid. The Archbishop of Trinidad, a Dominican, speaking at St. Saviour's, in Dublin, "made a touching allusion to the late Miss Murphy, who had left, many years ago, a legacy of £2,000 for a new aisle or chapel in the Church of St. Saviour's, and he asked the prayers of the congregation for her soul and those of her relatives. The Archbishop pointed out that the aisle, now completed, had cost £3,500, and that there had accrued a debt of £1,500 remaining, and he appealed to the generosity of the people to clear it off." Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of

Waterford, almost at the same moment, "re-opened his Cathedral" after spending £5,000 on alterations.

I do not cite all this here in the spirit of condemnation. I do so to show how the ideals differ in what I have called the Rest of Ireland from those of the Northern Triangle.

The reader will not have forgotten the relative proportions of pauperism in North and South, viz.:—Poor Law Out-door Relief in Belfast—the centre of the Northern Diamond—is only 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ d. per head of the population; while in Mullingar—a central point in the rest of Ireland, and in which the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty had his palace—it is 2s. 3d. per head,* as we have seen.

The vapid dissensions between Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and Mr. Healy and Mr. Redmond rage up and down these seven-eighths of the country at all the "Unity demonstrations." The Parnellites utter some plain truths about the Church—some of them, Mr. Lamb of Newry, and the late Dr. Kenny, go so far as to say they would not take a Catholic University if the present hierarchy had anything to do with it †—but the Church has its

* Dr. Nulty's Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee was being celebrated when the Mullingar Guardians issued the tabulated statement to this effect, July, 1896, before referred to at page 45.

† Parnell Anniversary, Oct., 1895.

reply ready:—"We cannot tolerate under pretext of political discussion, or any other pretext, the use of language which, if allowed to be repeated without protest, can have no other effect than to weaken, and, if possible, in the end to destroy the filial confidence which, at all times, has existed between the Irish people and their priests, and has been the outcome in God's providence, of the sacred and intimate relations which exist between them. We trust that this admonition *will be enough, and that we shall not be forced to an exercise of our spiritual authority for the prevention of this very grave evil.*"*

There were no such episcopal threats or deliverances during Mr. Parnell's reign, prior to the notorious epistle of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Morley to be again referred to later on.

The situation seems to have suggested the following grim, but truthful observations, to Lord Salisbury:—

"The flash with which the genius of Parnell illuminated the gloomy history of Irish disaffection, has entirely disappeared, worn out. If Richard Strongbow could come to earth now, he would say: 'Why, things are exactly as they were when I was here. The Irish quarrel so.

* Maynooth Statement, Oct., 1895.

They quarrelled so then that I had no difficulty in conquering them. They quarrel so now that they will be unable to shake off the influence and power of England. Internal quarrels are the real appeal which England has against the *showy organisation of Irish agitation*. It is a sovereign remedy. It is a certain remedy, only it requires time; and whenever the Irish trouble you with proposals of disintegration, hold on for a few years and you will soon see them at each others' throats. I only deeply regret that they have not learned this lesson from history, that if they would only quietly sit down and pursue their industry as industry is pursued in this country, with such assistance as a Unionist Government has always been prepared to give them, they would soon find in the prosperity for which their land has every material—and which the quality of the people has every right to deserve—a compensation for the imaginary blessings which Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. M'Carthy, in different proportions, are prepared to pour over their heads." Though an *ex post facto* statement of that kind cannot add to the deliverer's reputation for prescience, and though Lord Salisbury *has not laid his finger on the spot*, and though he pressed with unjust severity on the politicians

while he passed over the priests; yet viewed in the light of what Lord Salisbury's Government did for Ireland in the five years which followed, let no man say that a caustic tongue is incompatible with a kindly disposition. It is only a friend who really desires us to go on the right road, that will upbraid, nay, offend and insult us, in order to win us from the road to ruin. It was only a few days after this rankling speech that he said: "in her new enterprise, in her revived industry, aided by all that is best in this country (England), I feel sure she will gradually build up a population that will forget the delinquencies of the old time, and rejoice in the partnership of England as the surest path to prosperity and happiness."* To build up a population, and to sit quietly down to industry; that is precisely what is wanted in what I have called the Rest of Ireland. What is it that prevents the poor Catholic laymen and laywomen of Ireland from sitting down quietly to their industry, and building up a population at home in Ireland? Let the reader solve the question when he has read this book. The Catholic priests are not alluded to by Lord Salisbury, it will be noted; but a later chapter dealing with education, will show the grave danger we are in

* Speech at Nonconformist Association Dinner, January 31st, 1896.

of having three-fourths of our population *clericised*, and thereby unfitted for life's competition. Would it not be wise for the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood to pause before pursuing that line *too far*? For the present, they hold the future of Catholic Ireland in trust. It is a terrible responsibility *for them*. They seem to have a giant's power, let them weigh well the consequences before they go on to further use it like a giant. And here let me premise, that in anything which I write in this book about the priests of the Catholic Church, there is nothing whatever of animus or personality. The fact that I, a Catholic in Ireland, write it, affords some evidence that ecclesiastical tyranny in Ireland is not as bad, at all events, as some writers have painted it. So much liberty is, at least, something to be grateful for. But to whom is our gratitude due for possessing it?

CHAPTER IX.

HELPLESSNESS OF THE CATHOLIC PEASANTRY.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, on returning to New York, after his recent visit to Ireland, to which allusion has been already made, is reported to have said that he found "pasturage increased and tillage decreased; he found the people passing away and their place taken by sheep and cattle." But he added that he thought "the people were individually better off than before." The Cardinal's remarks, of course, apply to the Southern and Western area of Ireland, and do not refer to the Northern Triangle. *The people passing away.* I alluded, at the opening of this book, to my own cousins in America, because, in that respect, I am typical of the greater part of Ireland. From 1851 to 1899, 1,981,443 men and 1,814,688 women, so far as could be ascertained by the Registrar-General, a total of 3,796,131 persons emigrated from Ireland, mostly to America. The greatest number that ever left in one year was 190,322 in the year 1852. The number has gone up and down during the subsequent forty-seven years; but it is a good record for the present Government of Ireland that the lowest annual

total ever recorded was that of 1898, namely, 32,241, to which the figure had been surely, if somewhat irregularly, dropping from 108,723, at which it stood in 1883, when the Home Rule Agitation was at its height, and two years after the passage of the Land Act of 1881. The figures for 1899, I regret to say, show a considerable increase again. The people have, indeed, been, and are, "passing away," out of what I shall call Catholic Ireland, for want of a better name. That the majority of them do not cease to be Catholics when they pass away from Ireland, is proved by the existence of Cardinal Gibbons in the United States and Cardinal Moran in Australia, the outward and visible heads of the Catholic churches in those lands. But it is incontestable that the young men and women, children of the emigrants, cease to become Priests and Nuns; and hence, alas, the supply of Religious for America and the Colonies is almost *entirely drawn* from Ireland—a serious drain on the country. But, of that, later on.

One of the most peculiar phases of life in the Rest of Ireland, from which all this emigration mainly takes place, is the interest which numbers of persons profess to take in "the people." Each of these persons, be he politician,

priest, employer of labour, landlord, civil servant, philanthropist for the time being, or what not, seems to regard himself as a being apart altogether from what he speaks of as "the people." The people (who are "passing away") would seem to require as much nursing as an exotic plant, and the amazing thing to me always has been the number of influential persons ready to take up the position of nurses, as it were, to "the people." One hears, for instance, of "the priests and the people;" of "the leaders and the people" (this was a great phrase in Mr. Parnell's time); "the gentry and the people," a favourite expression of Chief Justice Lord O'Brien; and "the police and the people;" to mention a few examples. All those people who are not "the people" are full of benevolence, and their kindliness—their brazen kindliness—is, perhaps, the most aggravating thing about them. In the Northern Triangle, there are none of these persons who are not "the people"—none that are aggressively so, at all events. It will have been remarked that the Belfast address to Earl Cadogan used the word "population," not people, and the signatories to the document, of course, included themselves in the expression, for the census is no respecter of persons. The late

Recorder of Dublin, Sir Frederick Shaw, I have been told, once called a very prominent citizen to order for his use of the expression "people." This man was repeatedly saying, in giving his evidence, that "he told his people to do so," he understood "his people had done so," and so forth. It is not an uncommon form of expression. But the Recorder said, "Your people! Your people! I often heard of Kings and Emperors speaking of *their people*; but I was not aware that Chartered Accountants ruled over peoples before. You must be more definite." Let us now take a concrete instance of how "the people" in the second and greater part of Ireland require to be nursed, and how benevolently they are nursed, in some cases.

At the village of Foxford, in the County of Mayo, is a Convent Industrial School, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, the Superioress of which is the Nun Mrs. Morrogh Bernard. Here, in September, 1895, was held what was called the Connaught Industrial Exhibition. "In three years," in the words of the reporter, "this little village has been transformed from a poor, desolate, decaying cluster of houses into a happy, prosperous centre of industry and improvement." You can imagine what the

village and district *were*; hovels of mud and thatch in a country of bog and mountain; fresh good air in abundance; timid, prolific peasants, like mountain sheep which, they say, are ever in terror that the earth will open and swallow them into its depths. Different people those from the peasants of the Yorkshire and Lancashire moors in the Bronté country, where cottage weaving reached its climax. The Sisters of Charity who are, perhaps, the most practical of the many Orders of Nuns, think that those bright eyes and muscular limbs were meant for something better than starvation in this world. They borrow, therefore, £1,000 in 1891, and set the cottagers to work at tweed suitings, blankets, machine-knit stockings, handspun flax yarns and soforth. The cottagers follow the lead of the kindly light from the Convent when, perhaps, light from any less ethereal source would be rejected. "This world" was represented in the business by Mr. J. C. Smyth of Caledon, a practical manufacturer whom the aegis of the Sisters of Charity, no doubt, concealed from view at the psychological moment, but to whom full meed of praise was given at the Exhibition. It appears the £1,000 borrowed would have gone the way of all flesh, and the little enterprise would have had to be

given up prematurely, but that the Congested Districts Board, Mr. Wrench, Mr. Burdett-Coutts and other mountains travailed and produced an offspring in the shape of a grant of £7,000 from the Board, lent to the Nuns "on the security of Dublin property belonging to the Order." The capital expenditure, it was now stated, had grown from £8,000 to £20,000, at the date when the Exhibition was held in 1895, and the annual turnover was said to be £13,000. No man can have any feeling but one of rejoicing at such a narrative. One pictures the plaintive, listless, vacant eyes and idle hands around Foxford *before* the movement; one pictures the busy hands, the concentrated, occupied looks of the poor people *after* the movement had been set going; one imagines the self-confidence, the briskness which grew up in the locality, not to speak of the better standard of living. It is all excellent if one could let the matter rest there. But why did Mr. Max Greene of the Textile Department, or something of that kind, complain so piteously that the Nuns found it so very, very hard to repay the instalments covering principal and interest of the Congested Districts Board's loan? Why, again, were so many giants invoked, both of "this world" and the "next world" (I speak in no irreverent spirit),

to produce so trivial, though so admirable, a result? The little Exhibition was opened by the Countess of Arran. There were present on the occasion Lord and Lady Ashbourne; the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Mr. V. B. Dillon); Mr. Horace Plunkett; the Countess of Bective; Lady Louisa Tighe, whose heart was one of the thousand which "beat happily," (I assume there was not a second Lady Louisa Tighe) on the famous occasion of which Byron spoke when he said:—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

Col. Blake, D.L.; Mr. Pery Knox-Gore; Utrud A. Knox, D.L.; Joseph Pratt, D.L.; S. O'Grady M'Dermott; Countess of Lucan; The O'Connor Don and Madame O'Connor Don; Earl and Countess of Fingall; Sir John, Lady and Miss Talbot Power; Mr. and Lady Francis Doyne; Mr. J. E. Butcher, M.P.; Hon. Lionel Bingham; Lady K. Pakenham; Professor Carroll; Mr. Max. Greene; Mr. F. Switzer; Major Fair, Local Government Board Inspector, and a host of others. I had almost left out Hamlet. Mr. James Talbot Power, the Dublin distiller, with his characteristic generosity, had acted as host to

a large number of persons on the spot, having been actively interested in the "movement." Several speeches were delivered on the occasion. The absence of the Catholic Bishops having jurisdiction over the locality was explained, lest there should be any doubt entertained as to their attitude towards the project. They might have been present, one would have thought, without endangering the "heritage of the faith" or lessening their reputation for politeness. A few words spoken by Lord Ashbourne are worth recalling: "The stage Irishman and the comic paper Irishman differ from the real Irishman. The Irish people, if given fair scope, are most industrious. They have great self-reliance, and have very largely in their natures the virtue of thrift." I wish our self-reliance and our thrift were of a more sustained character. Or, rather, I wish that our poor Catholic brethren would cultivate, or be suffered to cultivate, their self-reliance to the pitch necessary to enable them to enjoy the fruits of their undoubted thrift. Earl Cadogan had sent, it was stated, an official from the Castle to select some stuff for suitings.

Nothing could be better. But, mark the cloud of personages both of "this world" and "the next world," in the history of the little business, who

almost hide, nay, do hide, "the people" from one's view. Could such a thing possibly happen in the Northern Triangle, one asks? The reply is—One has never heard of it. It plainly shows the kindness of heart of all those personages; but, alas, it also shows the invalidism, for want of a better word of "the people." I am one of those who hope for better things from my brethren on their own soil; but I rejoice to see persons, above the possibility of want themselves, thus recognising it as their duty to guide the footsteps of those so long kept down by want and ignorance. It marks the dawn of a new day, let us hope, for Ireland. But it shows a backwardness and a want of stamina in the people which, it should be our most fervent hope, will not be of long continuance.

When Countess Cadogan visited Foxford in August, 1896, twelve months after the affair just recorded, she was piteously informed that "The Sisters of Charity having effected so much, it is a public calamity that their further exertions are impeded by the burden of a heavy debt of £14,000." And again, when Miss Maud Gonne visited the place in April, '98, the Reverend Mother said to her:—"When we have paid the £600 a year interest, it does not leave us much with which to start fresh work amongst the poor!"





From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

PATRICK'S BRIDGE AND PORTION OF DUBLIN.
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CHAPTER X.

AN APPEAL TO THE IRISH FARMERS TO BE SELF-RELIANT.

FROM this rough sketch of the contrast between North and South, let us pass on to other features of the country. As has been already stated, the farmers and farm labourers form the bulk of the people, except in Belfast and Dublin and a few other localities in which goods are manufactured for export. The agricultural class is the basis on which the social life of seven-eighths of the country rests. The shop-keeping class lives by the farmers; the professional classes by the shop-keepers and farmers; the artisan class by all three; the manufacturing class live by sale of their goods partly abroad and partly at home. Necessarily, agriculture is the most important subject to which the ability of Irishmen can be applied. How to produce, first of all, what the country itself wants of agricultural produce, and, secondly, what other countries require and would take from us.

Out of an acreage of 20,819,928 acres, only 1,703,749 are under crops. Only 1,439,053 acres of that total are under cereals or corn; and, of

that figure, oats accounts for 1,216,370 acres, leaving the balance divided between barley (170,535 acres), and wheat (52,862 acres). Meadow and clover occupy 2,174,293 acres. Wheat is practically gone out of cultivation; not because we could not grow it, but because the American and Colonial wheat can be had so much cheaper. A proportion of the oats produced is exported, but the principal part is used at home as horse-feeding and a small quantity for human food as oatmeal. The majority of Catholic peasants who use meal as food, use ground Indian corn, while the horses eat the far superior oats.

One would expect barley to be the chief Irish cereal, owing to the amount of whiskey and porter manufactured in the country; but I understand that all our distillers and brewers use foreign grain of some description or other in the manufacture of their liquor. Be it for high-class malting, or be it for economy sake, a large quantity of Scotch grain and Continental grain is imported annually into Ireland.* We hold first place as

* Resolution of the Midleton Board of Guardians at this time:—
“That we publicly condemn, in the strongest manner possible, the action of the Cork brewers who are importing Danish barley, to the detriment of Irish farmers, and of most inferior quality: and that we naturally expect to get fair play and preference to foreigners, as the porter of these firms is almost exclusively consumed in this district.”

manufacturers of stout and whiskey. One would think that we should hold an equally high place as barley producers. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, the acreage under barley is decreasing, while the quantity of stout and whiskey manufactured in Ireland is increasing. Our farmers should enter into this competition fearlessly, and make it their business that all the barley wanted is produced and bought in Ireland.

Waste land is growing somewhat less yearly. Pasturage is constantly on the increase, both for fattening, as in Meath, and for milk, as in Limerick. The number of cattle in the island, of all kinds, is said to be 4,338,041; sheep about 4,000,000; horses, in which we have a fine business, 660,212; asses, 724,446; and pigs, 1,338,458. There are, so far as can be ascertained, about 6,000,000 turkeys, geese and ducks in the country and 11,000,000 common fowl, which figures could certainly be doubled. By energetic cultivation of the land, which will result from what has been called "the transference of ownership from the landlords to the tenants," those live-stock figures could be doubled without overstraining the resources of the soil. If, like the Southern after the American Civil War, we but had the *courage* to admit, at once and for all, that

Ireland is wedded to England for better or for worse, and that it would consort better with Ireland's dignity to give up playing the part of shrew! England is our best customer. We export 30,422 horses, 746,012 cattle, 804,515 sheep, and 695,307 pigs, to Great Britain in a year. Nor is it any exaggeration to say that these figures could be doubled by redoubled attention to business on our part. That is the way to get money, *like men*, from England. To cry out for Parliamentary grants is the way to get it, *like beggars!*

In corroboration of what our farmers can do when they become *owners*, hear what the Board of Public Works in Ireland said, in its report issued at this time:—"The loans for improvement of land, to owners and occupiers, amounted for the year to £76,609;" and, speaking of the new Tenant Purchasers, the report said:—"Their anxiety to secure improvements which are productive of profit, rather than mere convenience or comfort; their anxiousness to secure the greatest advantage with the smallest amount of indebtedness to the Board, and their readiness to comply with the regulations and requirements made to secure good work, deserve to be noted." The Board's

advances for the year were £621,034, £463,879 of which went to counties and poor law unions for public works, on the security of the rates, £194,193 of which was for the erection of labourers' cottages. Would that the advances to Tenant Purchasers (£76,609) were £463,879 and the "public works" advance only £76,609, for many of these public works are of doubtful utility, whereas every penny advanced for "the improvement of land" roots our population in the soil of Ireland! But the tenants should be allowed to carry out the improvements according to their own ideas.

Apropos of the Board of Works—a department much sneered at by the Irish members—a new departure was made by the new Government by appointing Mr. Robertson, Manager of the Great Northern Railway of Ireland, a most successful line, as Chairman of the Board. On the question of the doubtful utility of some so-called public works, and the desirability of letting the tenants carry out the works in their own way, let me cite the case of the Suck Drainage. The Suck is one of those Irish rivers in Connaught, which, like the Barrow in Leinster, will not make a permanent channel for itself. It rises in violent floods, and literally walks through the low-lying country

around. Those who have ever been at Ballinasloe—scene of the great October sheep, cattle and horse fair, lasting a week—will know the Suck. As the late Mat Harris, Member for Ballinasloe, used to say, “The Suck is a terror.” He, poor man, seemed to have Suck on the brain. Well, a Suck Drainage Act was passed in 1882, and, under that Act, the Board of Works carried out drainage improvements in the Suck District. The Board made an award apportioning the liability for the money so spent amongst the tenant farmers of the District, and it was to be repaid by annual payments covering forty years. In 1896, 270 tenants had to be sued by the Board for these instalments, the amounts due varying from “a shilling to £50.” The tenants refused to pay and said the drainage works had done them harm instead of good. One of them, a man called Vaugh, said in court:—“I stood my ground when my house was burned over my head by the Land League, and *this is another league to hunt me out of it.* I will die a thousand times on the land before I pay a sixpence.”

The crop and stock figures above given, roughly, constitute the agricultural stock-in-trade of Ireland. In six-sevenths of the country it is our *only* stock-in-trade. If valued,

and contrasted with the stock-in-trade of a similar area in England, mineral, manufacturing, and agricultural, one would have something approaching a literal idea of what is meant by "the poverty of Ireland." But we must not cry out about that, for "The virtue of Adversity is Fortitude," as Lord Bacon says. The case can be mended, if only our farmers will *be men*, and combine in a *practical* way:—

1st. To become owners of their holdings *at a fair price*, where they have not yet become so. If our Irish farmers wait for the day when they can get rid of the landlords, on any terms whatever, except the payment of a fair price, they will find themselves in "the next world" without having become owners of their holdings. Have not twenty years gone by since that hope was planted in their breasts in 1880, and are they a step nearer to realization?

2nd. To increase their production of all produce.

3rd. To insist on getting greater facilities for putting their produce on the market.

On this point of railway facility, I find Mr. H. Plunkett saying at the Conference of Agricultural Co-operative Societies: "I say, therefore, that the persistent refusal of the railway com-

panies, extending now over six years, to take any share in helping a movement the success of which is as important to them as to any other interest, appears to me to be not only unpatriotic but unwise." Let him now, in his official capacity as "The Department" of Agriculture, bear these words in mind, and show the Railway Companies that he is a man who keeps his word.

Our farmers ought to cultivate courage and self-confidence. Father Finlay, S.J., a very active man, who represented the inevitable "next world" in this business, said that "the great achievements of the Danish Dairy systems were effected by the farmers themselves without any State contribution whatever, or any guidance or instruction from the State." Why did he not urge the Irish farmers to follow so useful a precedent? Was it because such a course would place no patronage in his hands, supply no posts for *protégés*? This Agricultural Conference was a small affair, which, considering the auspices, is not a thing to be wondered at. It should have been, if genuine, the greatest and most important gathering ever held in Ireland. Would that the farmers of Ireland would follow the example of their Danish brethren, and *give their own great strength a trial* at last! Let them "sit down

to their industry," as Lord Salisbury put it. Why should they not do as the Scotch farmers have done? "The Scotch farmers are a clear-headed and intelligent body of men. They have risen superior to agricultural depression, and not only have they not allowed their own land to go out of cultivation, but they have invaded England and taken up much of the derelict land there." Had the Scotch farmers to be helped by State or technical aid to do all this? Not at all. On the contrary, "it was found that many local authorities in Scotland had quietly pocketed their grants for technical education, and certainly none of them had done anything wise or worthy for agricultural education. There were institutions for the highest agricultural education in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, recognised by the Universities, but *it had been found impossible* to get the counties to give any support to these institutions."* Let not our Irish farmers, therefore, think they must all become professors to make money at farming. The Scotchmen despise the professor, yet they "have invaded England," aye, and Ireland too. The

* Paper read at British Association, on "Agriculture and Science,"
by Mr. T. Hendrick, 1895.

essentials of success for the farmers of Ireland are *courage, self-reliance, hard work* on the old lines, plenty of manure, and plenty of stock; and *combination* (1) to make themselves all Tenant Purchasers, and (2) to fight the carrying companies successfully. I am quite confident that Land Purchase will be universal and compulsory in Ireland in a short time. A reasonable scheme, properly presented, properly thought out, without scenes and hysterics, is all that is wanted to secure it. But the subject of Land Purchase will be dealt with later on.

Such, then, in the main, is Ireland—North and South—manufacturing and agricultural. Such was it in this year, 1895, in which the constituencies of the United Kingdom discarded Home Rule and its authors. I shall deal with professional Ireland in a later chapter. There is not, perhaps, another country, on the face of the globe, where more good, solid work is waiting to be done, where greater capacities lie dormant, yet, where trifling of all kinds so abounds? You noted the superfluous, at all events, the enormous, amount of spiritual, social, political and intellectual power which was brought to bear upon the little Foxford business. The same amount of business would be done by

a grocer's assistant in Belfast—say, some mute, inglorious Lipton—without any display whatever.

Here is the same sort of thing, but in Dublin this time. Earl Cadogan is waited upon by Lord Mayor Dillon; the Earl of Howth, K.P.; Judge Boyd; Sir Thornley Stoker, M.D.; President of the College of Surgeons; Dr. Walter Smith, President of the College of Physicians; C. U. Townshend, J.P.; J. R. Wigham, President of the Chamber of Commerce; W. Field, M.P.; Sir Howard Grubb, F.R.S., the great astronomical lens maker; Sir C. J. Nixon, and the promoters of what I shall call this "demonstration" or "reconnaissance in force," with a request that he would do what—why, that he would assist in the "Tourist Development movement." Mountains in labour again! Where else but in Ireland would the name of Bourdett-Coutts be heard of in connection with the procurement of an amply-secured loan of £7,000 of Government money, specially earmarked by a special Act of Parliament for the special purpose for which it was lent?

Of course, Earl Cadogan will do all he can for the "Tourist Development" of Ireland. But he will do far more than that, though *that* is not

contemptible; only the mountains, if they must travail, could produce better things for Ireland. Earl Cadogan's "variegated and multifarious duties," to use his own words,* must have fully employed his mental energies now. For, according to his immediate predecessor, Lord Crewe, addressing the Americans in *The North American Review*— "The problem of how to give Local Government, without alarming the favoured land-owning class, to whose support the Government is attached, if not actually pledged, is a desperately difficult one to solve. A party containing the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Wm. Johnson, Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Smith-Barry, will not find it easy to shape its policy to suit all ingredients of Unionism." It will be done, though. It is not what is "easy," but what is just and right, or some portion of it, at all events, even though *that* is desperately difficult," that will be attempted in Ireland for the next five years.

At the outset of the "desperately difficult" enterprise, two Irishmen, who would have been deeply interested in the work, died; one, the Marquis of Waterford, by his own hand, at Curraghmore; and the other, Mr. Villiers Stuart,

* Speech at dinner of Incorporated Law Society, May, 1896.

while sculling ashore from his steam launch on the picturesque Blackwater, near his own famous residence at Dromana—one of the most beautiful localities in Ireland, between Youghal and Cappoquin.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1895—CONCLUDED.

THE closing months of the memorable year of 1895 witnessed some events in Ireland worth recording briefly, before we enter upon the achievements of 1896; inasmuch as they give us a general picture of the country which need not be reproduced. Ecclesiastical activity is everywhere noticeable. We find, for instance, Cardinal Logue paying his quinquennial visit to Rome, *ad limina apostolorum*; but, before he leaves Ireland, he reminds his faithful people of the claims which the Armagh Cathedral has upon their generosity. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, also is received in audience by His Holiness, who has, doubtless, read his pronouncement on the question of Peter's Pence. Father Humphreys of Tipperary beards the Chief Secretary face to face about the Erasmus Smith School endowments, in which Judge O'Brien and Lord Justice Fitzgibbon had delivered opposing judgments. Father Humphreys wants the children of the tenants, Catholic and Protestant, on the estates of Erasmus

Smith, part of which are in Tipperary, to get the benefit of the "free education" which that public benefactor intended they should get under his bequest. At present, Father Humphreys truly contends, perfect strangers having no connection with the Erasmus Smith estates, receive the benefit of the Endowment. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, gives an example of liberality by declaring in favour of an amendment of the rules of the National Education Board, so as to admit the Christian Brothers to the benefit of a grant under the Board, in which he is opposed by the vast majority of his fellow-churchmen; and differs too from the Presbyterians, who are particularly vehement against any concessions being made to the Christian Brothers. Whereupon the *Freeman* protests against what it calls the "Presbyterian Ascendancy," and shows how this small religious body, by its sheer pugnaciousness, has established for itself "an ascendancy" in religious matters in Ireland! Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, whom we have heard of before, and whom the Maynooth students call "The Lady" of the Irish hierarchy, because of his polished manners, returns, with the odour of sanctity fresh upon him, from Rome, and contributes his share to the political discussion.

He had had an audience with the Pope, and he tells the people of Sligo that His Holiness, referring to the dissensions after Parnell's death, "is hopeful that the agonising confusion of recent years in Ireland is only the natural seething of the waters which follow the foundering of an unseaworthy vessel in a storm, and that soon the moral atmosphere will grow clear"! In Rome Dr. Clancy had learned "the salutary lesson that though the cause of country is sacred, yet the interests of religion have the first claim on our hearts." He might have added, "And on our purses!" Ireland was very much in evidence at Rome just then. We find Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, presenting the newly-married Mr. John Dillon and his bride (Mr. Justice Mathew's daughter) to the Pope, who gave the happy pair his blessing, urging Mr. Dillon to be "a champion of the Church." The street preaching in Sligo was rapidly becoming too much for the inhabitants. Dr. Clancy, in whose diocese is Lisphelan, wrote about it to an indignation meeting held in Sligo: "The confiscations of Elizabeth, the butcheries of Cromwell, the penal enactments of three centuries of persecution proved inefficient to rob us of our ancient faith; and so, milder and more insidious methods have now to be

tried. . . Should the soup bowl prove too visible and too palpably mean a bait, the proselytising agent or the tract depot or the open air mission must have its turn. . . Mrs. Smyly's clerical assistants. . . When simpering Protestant dames discuss these edifying topics at their five o'clock teas, with the Catholic maid-servant behind their chairs they flatter themselves they are sowing seed which will make a good crop for justification." I cannot see any justification for such Brobdignagian indignation against a poor little knot of street preachers, who firmly believe they are following the mandate, "Go preach to all nations." Surely the rock on which Dr. Clancy stands, against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail," was in no danger of being blasted. I sympathise in my aloofness, or wrong-headedness perhaps, with all sincere efforts at what is opprobriously called "proselytism," whatever the religion of the proselytiser, provided no physical or pecuniary compulsion is used. I have always regarded it as the best evidence of England's sincerity, that having adopted the principles of the Reformation, and found them good for herself, she should so determinedly have set to work to force them upon us. Had we adopted them, we should have become the equals of the

English, and shared all their advantages. We did not adopt them, because, impressed by the brevity of life and the eternity of God's kingdom, we believed our doctrine alone could secure for us the eternal happiness promised to the "good and faithful servant." Let us admit, then, that our Protestant fellow-countrymen as sincerely believe the same of their doctrines, and, conspicuously amongst them, Mrs. Smyly, whose name Dr. Clancy has just mentioned. I have a great respect for Mrs. Smyly. I have seen her constantly moving through Dublin; though I never had the honour of speaking to her; and no man of experience could look upon her distinguished face without feeling that she was, indeed, a lady of great ability, great force of character, and one whose presence and personality must be a source of help and consolation to all with whom she comes into contact. I shall not enter into any dissertation upon the value of her work. She is one of the best-known people in Ireland, a woman of high position; widow of a doctor, and mother of two well-known Dublin doctors, Sir Philip Smyly and Dr. W. J. Smyly. I doubt if Dr. Clancy ever saw Mrs. Smyly, or those Homes which she directs in Dublin, and which she devoted her life to building and equipping, for if he did, I feel sure

he would be incapable of speaking disrespectfully of her. The completion of the Church of SS. Augustine and John, in Thomas-street, Dublin, was celebrated in December, Dr. Walsh being the presiding prelate. It was announced with pride that the total cost of the building had been £60,000.

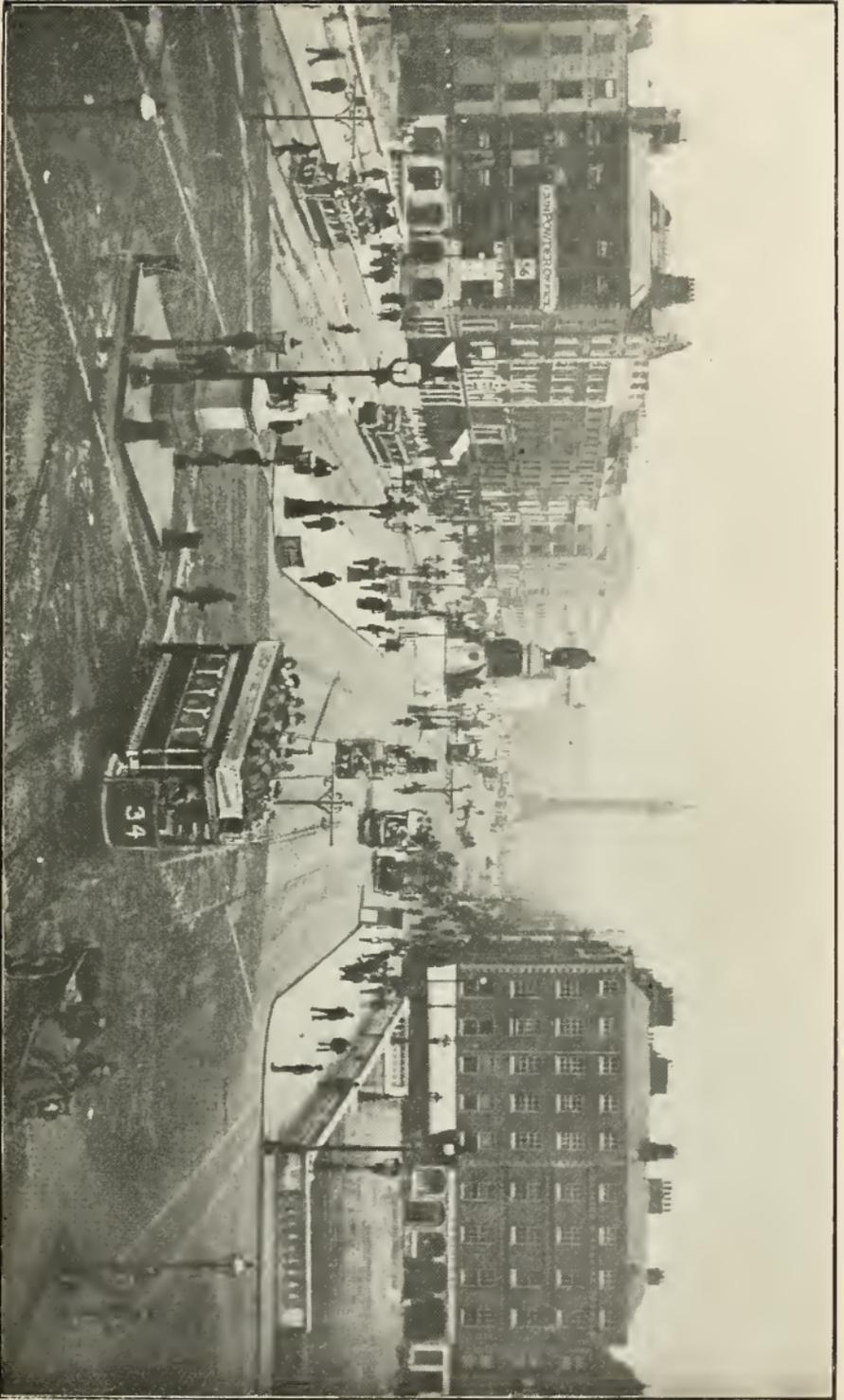
Earl Cadogan paid a visit to the Duke of Abercorn, at his place near Derry, and visited the ancient town itself, where he got a most cordial reception. "In the name of the Queen," he said, with his characteristic unpretentiousness, "I thank you for your reception of her unworthy representative. . . . Though I have been but a short time in Ireland, I have become absolutely convinced that the Irish people are determined that, for a time, at any rate, we shall devote ourselves to that remedial legislation of which, I am sorry to say, during the past two or three years, there has been too little.* Poor Irish people, poor Irish Catholic people, how little power is yours to "determine" anything. At an exhibition of Arts and Crafts, organised by the Earl of Mayo, and held in Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Roberts, just appointed Commander of the

* Speech at Derry, Dec. 13th, 1895.

Forces in Ireland, both made speeches, and the attendance of fashionable personages was very large, larger even than at Foxford.

The first trial trip of an electric tram was made from Ball's Bridge to Kingstown on December 1st, 1895, a most important event, for it has resulted in giving Dublin what is, perhaps, the best electric tram service in the world. "All's well that ends well," but the history of the business leaves much to be desired as regards the smartness of those who had the tramway business of Dublin in their hands at the time. An English company had been working the suburban tram line from Dublin to Dalkey by horse traffic for many years. The Dublin United Tramways Company worked all the other city and suburban trams by horse traffic at the time. This English company's line was a sleepy affair, which nobody ever travelled by, apparently; it seemed to take a day to get to Kingstown by it. The railway was, therefore, the means of transit to Kingstown. So useless seemed this Kingstown tram line that the Dublin Company would not take it over on any terms, though it was offered to them. Then, inspired by a happy thought, this Cinderella of a Tramway Company adopted electricity on the over-head wire system. New

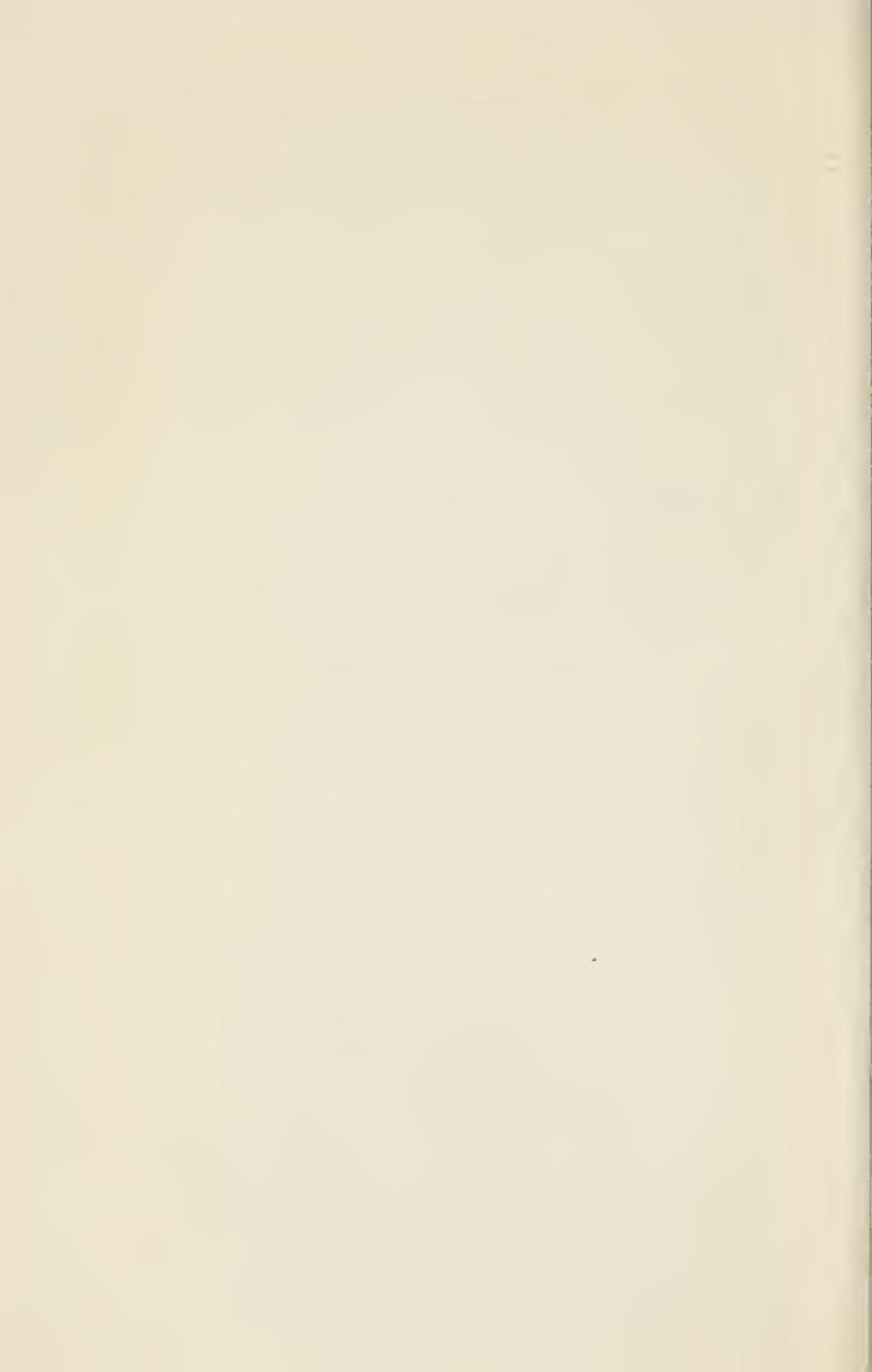
From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.



O'CONNELL BRIDGE AND SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN,
SHOWING THE ELECTRIC TRAMS.

Copyright of the Smithsonian Institution

1906



cars were put on the line, the speed was doubled, and the result was that all Dublin and every country visitor to Dublin were rushing to ride on the electric trams to Kingstown and Dalkey. Never was such a revolution in locomotion seen in Ireland, a pleasant drive, at eight miles an hour or more, through nine miles of lovely inland and bay scenery for four-pence! The unlucky Dublin, Wicklow & Wexford Railway Co.'s business between Dublin and Dalkey seemed ruined by the blow. Stuffy railway carriages against open air and comfortable seats and a pleasant roadway; all first-class, against first, second and third-class; it was easy to see which was bound to win. The ultimate result of the *furore* was that the Dublin United Tramways Company had to buy the once-despised old line of trams for a price amounting to over a quarter of a million, and, on its acquisition, set to work and gave all Dublin electric traction and cheap fares. Cork, too, has got electric traction and electric street lighting as one of the results which flowed from this first trial trip of an electric tram from Ball's Bridge to Kingstown on December 1st, 1895.

The Trinity College election is a topic on which a few moments may be spent. On the elevation of Mr. David Plunket, brother of the Archbishop, to

the peerage as Lord Rathmore, a seat in Trinity College became vacant. There were now two candidates before the constituency, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, and Mr. George Wright, at present Solicitor-General for Ireland. The contest was conducted with great vigour, bearing in mind the character of the constituency in which a contest was very unusual. Considering the political dissensions raging in the country outside, and the meetings which were being held every day to "suppress dissension," but which really fomented it instead, the progress and termination of the contest in Trinity is instructive. Professor Mahaffy (my tutor, by the way, when in College), a well-known and witty man, described Lecky as "a man of ideas," and Wright as "a man of action." The Fellows and Professors were all for Lecky; the students and outside voters gave Mr. Wright all the support he had, but it was substantial. Mr. Lecky said that "the last election had opened a new era in English politics." He also said that "a country like Ireland, with very few large fortunes, and but a small middle class, required Government assistance to a much greater extent than England." Mr. Wright said that "if he were to talk of his own personal and private affairs, he

would say that there was no man at present practising at the Irish Bar whose chance of a judgeship so little depended on his entering Parliamentary life as his did. . . . Mr. Mahaffy had said that a man of ideas was infinitely superior to a man of action, and that the only action of a man of action was pushing himself—an idea absolutely repugnant to the delicate and sensitive mind of Mr. Mahaffy.” The election resulted in the return of Lecky, and what was called “the disestablishment of lawyers in Trinity.” But while Sir Edward Carson sits for Trinity, that description can hardly be said to be true. At the close of the proceedings, after the declaration of the poll, Mr. Wright said:—“The contest is over, the position has changed. Mr. Lecky was yesterday my opponent. To-day he is the illustrious representative of the illustrious and cultured University of Dublin.” In the same speech Mr. Wright admitted that he was “a disappointed, a bitterly disappointed, man.” What a lesson the words conveyed to our wrangling fellow-Catholics! Mr. Lecky has been so caricatured by E. T. R. in *Punch* that his face and figure are known now all over the world. How few people know him as the author of the following beautifully written little poem,

which so tersely expresses an idea elaborated in one of her short tales by Mrs. Oliphant, of a respectable member of society breaking the social bonds, under the influence of infatuation:—

“Children and wife and honour and fame,
True love and goodness and grace,
He sold them all for a life of shame,
For a vulgar, venal face.

His name must pass and his memory slip,
From the scenes where it shone so high,
It was all for the little curve of a lip,
And the glance of a cunning eye.”

At the close of the year, Sir John Harley Scott was elected Mayor of Cork, a remarkable fact, considering that he was one of the most active and influential opponents of Home Rule in what Mr. William O'Brien always calls “the Rebel City.” Talking of Cork, reminds me that at this time one of the best known figures within hail of Shandon Bells, Mr. Denny Lane, philosopher, poet, politician, inventor, patriot, barrister, brewer of ale, manufacturer of starch, railway director, and secretary to the Cork Gas Company, died at the age of 77, on the 29th November. His last public appearance on the hustings had been in '76, when, after the death of his great friend, “honest Joe Ronayne,” Member for Cork, he contested that city unsuccessfully. There died

in Dublin, on Christmas Eve, one of our few Irish literary men, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, author of "The Sham Squire" and a host of other books, principally biographies.

On the same day, quite suddenly, of heart disease, died Sir Edward Harland, at his country seat in County Fermanagh, the founder and head of the great firm of Harland and Wolff of Belfast. He was, by birth, a Yorkshire man, and married in 1860, soon after settling in Belfast, the present Lady Harland, who was a Miss Wann, of Belfast. He had filled every representative position which could possibly be bestowed upon him in Belfast, and was literally a king amongst the people of the Northern Capital, and one of the most important men in the country. Thackeray's "Battle of Limerick" will justify the mention of the death of the author of "The History of Limerick," Mr. Maurice Lenehan, several times Mayor of that city, at a very advanced age. The year closed with the wreck of the Finnish vessel, *Palmé*, off Kingstown; and the still more deplorable loss of a lifeboat and its crew of fifteen, which went out to save that ill-fated vessel. The generosity of the Dublin people was never surpassed in their copious, nay, lavish subscriptions, not only for the immediate

relief and lifelong provision for the families of the drowned men, but for the help of the captain and crew of the Finnish ship, who must have thanked their lucky star that, if they were destined to be wrecked, it had been in Dublin Bay.





From Photo by Guy & Co., Cork.

EMILY J., LADY ARNOTT (née FITZGERALD).

'She took the deepest interest in every project which he advanced, and appreciated to the full,' &c.—Page 115.



From Photo by Lafayette

THE LATE SIR JOHN ARNOTT, BART.

"He was most unselfish, and, so far from seeking to reap for himself all

CHAPTER XII.

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1896.

THE New Year's honours list for 1896 showed that a baronetcy had been conferred upon Sir John Arnott who, though not an Irishman, had filled a most prominent position in Irish public life for a generation. A Scotchman by birth, he had settled in the North of Ireland when a boy, and, by his industry and unsurpassed business capacity, had risen, while still a young man, to be one of the foremost business men of the day. Everything that he initiated prospered. He was most unselfish, and, so far from seeking to reap for himself *all* the benefits of any enterprise he started, his aim was to surround and associate himself with capable young men with whom he liberally shared the profits of the undertaking.

Scores of promising young Irishmen were thus launched into affluence. Like the Duke of Wellington; the evening of his life was a very long one. So long that his active ownership and partnership in the multifarious businesses which he started had come to be forgotten by the younger generation.

When he was knighted in 1859, everyone

thought it was the climax of his career! It will, perhaps, give the reader a partial idea of the variety of the branches of commerce in which he engaged, to state that Arnott & Co., Belfast; Arnott & Co., Dublin; Cash & Co., Cork—three great drapery firms; Baldoyle and Cork Park Race Meetings; the *Irish Times* newspaper; the Gresham Hotel, Dublin; the City of Cork Steam-packet Company; Arnott's Brewery, Cork; the Passage Docks Shipbuilding Company, and the Bristol Steam Navigation Company, were all financed and engineered, owned or partially owned by him, besides a host of other ventures. He was heavily hit—the particulars of the case will be in the memory of many readers—at one time, and the indomitable courage with which he met all the engagements sprung upon him at the time is still fresh in the memory of business men. At the moment when the welkin was ringing with the woes and disturbances caused by the wholesale eviction of tenants on the Ponsonby Estate near Youghal, Sir John Arnott offered to purchase the whole property for something like £120,000, and to reinstate the tenants, but the offer was not accepted. His gifts to charitable institutions during his life were always large, and at his death were equally so. At an

early period of his career, he determined to make his home in Cork, where he was held in the greatest respect and popularity by all classes. A short time before his death he purchased the Duke of Devonshire's Bandon estate, in County Cork. His beautiful wife, Emily Lady Arnott, *née* Fitzgerald, was, and is, a leader in every social and philanthropic movement set afoot in Cork, or, indeed, one might say, in Ireland. She took the deepest interest in every project which he advanced, and appreciated to the full the nobility of her husband's character. He died on the 28th of March, 1898, leaving a large family, and was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, the present baronet. He had amassed a large fortune, amounting to about a million sterling; and the record of his useful life proves, amongst other things, that princely fortunes may be amassed in Ireland by those who are fortunate enough to unite industry with ability.

We must not omit to mention that the notorious raid of Dr. Jameson into Transvaal territory, followed quickly by his defeat and capture, in the early days of January, came upon us in Ireland with as much surprise as upon the people of England. I shall not pursue this subject, as one would be inclined to thresh it out

here, perhaps, in the wrong place. It must keep until I come to deal with the Irish view of the Boer War in its proper sequence.

The so-called Recess Committee, or Round Table Conference, met at the Mansion House, and as a matter of interest to the curious, the names of those who attended it may be given. Lord Mayo (originator of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition) was there; so, too, were Lord Monteaagle, another Irish peer who declared himself interested in public questions, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin at the time. Alderman Meade was also there, a successful Dublin builder and a reputedly sensible and determined man, whom Mr. Morley, desirous of making friends, had advised Her Majesty to create a Privy Councillor. So well did Alderman Meade, assisted by his pretty wife, discharge his functions as Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1891 and 1892, that Trinity College, never lavish with her honours to Irish prophets in their own country, conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. He was a Parnellite, a professed believer in that great man, whose "genius illuminated" our island for seventeen years. He died quite suddenly, on the 14th of July, 1900, during the preparation of these pages for press. At the conference also was Monsignor Molloy, the

reconciler of geology and revelation, Rector of the Catholic University College, and a popular lecturer at the Royal Dublin Society's Theatre, one of the best known clerics in the country, and a type which is not increasing in numbers. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., was there, and his henchman, Mr. William Field, M.P., whom we have met before. Mr. R. Dane, M.P., capturer of an Ulster seat from the Nationalists (now a County Court Judge), and Mr. John Ross (now Mr. Justice Ross), loser of an Ulster seat, Derry City, which he had won formerly from Mr. Justin M'Carthy, were also there, as well as Mr. T. Andrews, President of the Ulster Liberal Association; Dr. Joseph Kenny, who died the other day, City Coroner of Dublin, a most enthusiastic and generally respected man; Mr. T. P. Gill (now Secretary to the Irish Board of Agriculture), an ex-member of the Irish Party; and Father Finlay, who was, doubtless, working out "a spiritual object" by means which were not "solely spiritual" on this occasion. Mr. Horace Plunkett, who had gathered them together, was also there. The little gathering, though so small, and with no cordial support or volume of opinion behind it, marks the fact that the waters of agitation had been subsiding.

The middle of January finds Earl Cadogan on his way North for the second time, this time to visit Lord Londonderry. At Portadown and at Newtownards, in reply to addresses, he delivers himself with his previous good sense and unpretentiousness: "He would endeavour to the utmost of his ability to discharge the duties of his office so as to develop the prosperity of the country and promote that hive of industry and law and order which they (Portadown) rightly said in their address their town had always maintained." The Newtownards people, as befitted a more agricultural community, "ventured to hope that His Excellency would use his great influence to see that, in the coming Land Bill of the Government, there would be a full and final settlement of the agrarian question on such lines as would satisfy the just aspirations of the tillers of the soil, yet do no injustice to owners of property, and thus secure to His Excellency the blessings of a peacemaker to our country." Earl Cadogan joined with them in the hope. I think no one will deny that Lord Cadogan deserves "the blessings of a peacemaker." It was on this occasion, and at Belfast, that he made use of the following words as to his position and his duty:—"The position in which I stand is this. I am primarily responsible



Stereoscopic Co., London.

THE LATE SIR EDWARD HARLAND, BART.

"Was literally a king amongst the people of the Northern Capital."—Page 111.



THE RIGHT HON. W. J. PIRRIE,
OF HARLAND & WOLFF'S,

for the legislation and for the policy of the government of the moment in Ireland. I do not mean to shrink from that; on the contrary, I mean to undertake it, and carry it out to the best of my ability.”* It was full time that some man, connected with the Irish government, had the honesty to make such an admission of individual responsibility. Lord Mayor Pirrie, of Belfast, and the Corporation presented an address, which deserves notice. Belfast at that time, and for some months or so previously, had been the scene of a serious strike in the ship-building trade. The strike was still in full swing, and no settlement in sight. Lord Mayor Pirrie, as one of the principals of the great firm of Harland and Wolff, was, of course, up to his eyes in it; yet, mark the calmness and generosity of the reference to the strikers in the Address of the Corporation:—“We have pleasure in bearing testimony to the exemplary character and conduct of those affected by the strike, not a single case of lawlessness having arisen once through it, though there has been much suffering.” Lord Mayor Pirrie also deserves the reward promised to the peacemaker.

A few days after this Belfast incident, we find

* Speech at Belfast, January 15th, 1896.

the Ulster Land Committee's delegates in Dublin, tackling the Chief Secretary at the Castle—Revs. J. S. Mains and Thomas Eaton (Presbyterians) and Messrs. J. Dinsmore, John J. Megaw, James Carr, Andrew Kennedy, Hugh Carson, Mathew Dysart, James Wilson and George Nelson. Presbyterian clergymen are keen politicians; but, more of the Presbyterian Church later on

The Catholics in Belfast and Derry are crying out that, owing to the narrowness of the municipal franchise, they are unrepresented on the city Councils; but we shall see something done for them before this book closes, through the mediation of the peacemakers.

Mr. Michael Davitt has returned from Australia, but his message to us is not as clear as usual. No one admires his untiring activity more than I do, but the political exhaustion of the time was too overpowering to be overcome even by his energy.

Sir George Colthurst, proprietor of

“The groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked with posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.”

waited on the Chief Secretary to request for assistance in promoting agricultural education in Munster. He was accompanied by Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald, of Corkbeg, M.P.; Mr. Ludlow Beamish; Mr. James Byrne, J.P., of Wallstown Castle, a veteran Tenant Righter; Mr. James Ogilvie, and Mr. C. J. Dunne. Mr. Milliken's description of the prolific verdure of Blarney, perhaps, hardened Mr. G. Balfour's literary heart on the occasion:—

“'Tis there the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily
And the daffadowndilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.”

The Rev. Francis Mahony, for instance, another Adept at excellent jingling rhymes, is responsible for much mischief; for I believe it was he who convinced Thackeray that Ireland or Irishmen should never be taken seriously.

Father Prout's brothers, Martin, Timothy, and Nicholas Mahony, did not waste much time in cultivating daffadowndillys in Blarney. They started the Blarney Woollen Mills, and founded the signally prosperous and famous firm of Martin

Mahony Brothers, of Blarney, whose woollen goods are now, and have long been, one of our world-famed Irish staples. Blarney Castle was a stronghold of the MacCarthys; but, unlike Barry Lyndon, I have no grudge against its present possessor, Sir George Colthurst, who is a living instance of the inefficacy of the virtues of the famous Blarney Stone:—

“There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a Member
Of Parliament.”

The Chief Secretary reminded Sir George Colthurst now, that all the Model Farms, which existed as Government institutions in Ireland had been abolished fifteen years before, except the ones at Cork and Dublin. They were not abolished a moment too soon; and nobody, but the employees, regretted them.

The National Federation, we find, no longer fulfils its functions as successor to the all-embracing National League, under whose reign it was heresy to start any other farmers' association whatever, south of Carlingford Lough. Now, we find such societies as the Meath and Louth

Farmers' Protection Association, the Irish Agriculturists' Association, and others springing up through the country, in defiance of the National Federation. We also find a Conference on the Land Question being held at the Mansion House, Dublin, and calling on the Government to pass a Land Bill. At this Conference the "humble" statement is made that it costs £4 to send a pig from Ireland to Birmingham, whereas a pig could be sent to America and back for less money! I have heard of a man who used to send hides from Cork to Liverpool *via* New York, because it came cheaper than the direct route.

The date of the re-assembling of Parliament is drawing nigh. The Irish National Federation meets. The Irish Party meets, and Mr. Justin M'Carthy's retirement from the chairmanship is regretfully accepted. Mr. Sexton is unanimously elected Chairman of the Party, but declines what was, undoubtedly, a high honour, and a marked testimony to the widespread respect won by his abilities. Mr. Healy, member of Committee, wrote to Mr. Sexton "through the newspapers" to say "if my withdrawal from the Party would purchase your acceptance, it is needless to say what pleasure it would afford me," &c. "*purchase*" was not a nice word under the circumstances.

But I doubt if Mr. Healy ever got a cleaner blow, and he has got many, I believe, than was contained in Mr. Sexton's reply "through the newspapers." The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh was engaged at this period in writing long—some of them very long—letters to the papers about the Catholic University Question. It was a Mr. Magennis who excited his ire, I think—a Fellow of the Royal University. With regard to the Fellows of the Royal University, who get their fellowships without any examination test, there will be something to say before this book closes. But Parliament is about to meet, and we must begin a new chapter:—

“While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1896.—CONTINUED.

THE Queen's Speech of 1896 did not promise much for Ireland, "an amendment of the difficulties which experience has shown to exist in the provisions of the various Land Acts passed for Ireland," and, in what is called the omnibus paragraph, "the institution of a Board of Agriculture for Ireland." To the Address, in reply, Mr. Dillon moved an amendment informing the Queen that "her present advisers aroused feelings of the deepest discontent by refusing any measure of self-government for Ireland," but the amendment was defeated by a majority of 116.

It was a few days after this that Mr. Dillon was elected Chairman of the Irish Party by a majority of 38 to 21, there being several members of the Party absent. We have seen how he and his bride were presented to the Pope, let us now have His Holiness's comment on Mr. Dillon's selection to the chairmanship: "I said, 'Holy Father'" wrote Monsignor Kelly, of the Irish College at Rome, to Mr. Dillon, on the 2nd of March, "'our Members of Parliament have recently elected a new chairman in the person of'—here His

Holiness interrupted me, saying, 'Dillon, is it not? Has he accepted?' 'Yes, Holy Father, and to-day he charges me to lay at your feet his homage and felicitations, and at the same time to implore your blessing.' He manifested by his look and attitude a particular and paternal acceptance of your message. Then he said: 'Yes, I bless them. Let them be united; let them be united.'"

Mr. William Johnson, commonly called "of Ballykilbeg," piloted the Poor Law Guardians (Women) Bill through the House of Commons with such celerity that it passed its third reading on the 19th of February. By its provisions women in Ireland became eligible to act as guardians of the poor, with the excellent result that several ladies, like Mrs. MacDowel Cosgrave and Mrs. Browne of Dublin, have been elected throughout Ireland.

Two private Bills excited a great deal of controversy, namely, the Belfast Corporation Bill and the Londonderry Improvement Bill. Mr. Vesey Knox, M.P., showed himself possessed of singular capacity and dash in his attack on both measures, which, after second reading, were referred to Select Committees. It appeared that within the Parliamentary boundary of Belfast, there were 202,000 Protestants and 70,000 Catholics, and



From Photo by Lafayette.

MRS. BROWNE.

"It is idle to attribute . . . as Mrs. Browne does in the appendix."—Page 487



From Photo by Lafayette.

MRS. MACDOWEL COSGRAVE.

that the Catholics had not a solitary representative in the Municipal Council. Mr. Wolff, M.P., said that the differences between Catholic and Protestants in Belfast were purely political, and in no sense religious, and though the statement is not true of the past,* I do verily believe it is true of the Belfast of to-day. In Derry, Mr. Knox's constituency, the case was worse, for out of a total population of 33,200, the Catholics numbered 18,300, yet they had not a representative in the Corporation. Except the introduction of the Public Health (Ireland) Amendment Bill, the only other matter of Parliamentary interest before the introduction of the Land Bill, which did not take place till the middle of April, was the discussion on the Evicted Tenants Bill, introduced by the Irish Members. The Chief Secretary stated that since 1882 the number of evictions, which, in that year, was 5,201, had fallen to 671 in 1895. He, pertinently, as his friends thought, but impertinently, as the Irish Members thought, asked why the Paris Funds † were not released and given to

* Vide Mr. M'Knight's Diary, published at this time. Mr. M'Knight was the editor for 28 years of "The Northern Whig," and an Englishman.

† A sum of money lodged in a Paris bank, in the name of trustees, by Mr. Parnell, and, as yet, unable to be released, as some of the trustees were Parnellite and others Anti-Parnellite.

the Evicted Tenants *if* their grievance was so crying. He went further, and asked why the Irish people, whose generosity was so gloriously proved by the Kingstown lifeboat disaster, did not come to the relief of the Evicted Tenants *if* their hardship was so pressing. His queries were held to be evidence of a cruel disposition and a heart of flint. They did not enhance his dignity.

As we shall have to devote a chapter to the Land Bill, I shall now notice the events outside Parliament, which were happening at the time. A horrible occurrence—having its origin, like the Ballyvadlea business, in gross, ingrained, savage superstition—took place at Lisphelan, near Roscommon. I shall have to devote a chapter to it and the Ballyvadlea affair, and let me say that nothing but a strict sense of duty could overcome the distaste which I feel at being obliged to touch on so revolting a topic.

The Ponsonby tenants, it was announced, were being re-instated in their farms, and the “emergency men” were taking themselves off. The Tipperary tenants of Mr. Smith-Barry were re-admitted to their holdings after a seven years’ fight. Mr. Burke Roche was returned for East Kerry by a large majority over the Unionist candidate, a M’Gillicuddy of the Reeks,

after a terrific washing of dirty linen on the Nationalist side. The judges are delivering addresses "on the state of the country" at the Spring Assizes—a practice which has occasionally been carried too far. It is true that most of them say only quite what is appropriate; but others, notably the late Judge William O'Brien—but, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. I have always thought myself that lectures from the Bench to the country, except in reference to some specific crime, produce no good result, and, in the case of Judges who are men of sentiment, often produce a distrust of justice in the minds of the masses.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh was writing long, closely-reasoned letters to the *Freeman*, about, I think, the Irish School Grant, at this time. A magnificent and costly altar was consecrated to the memory of Father Tom Burke, the famous Dominican, at the Church of the Order in Galway. Has the reader ever been in Galway? If so, how many times have how many different people pointed out to him "the house where Father Burke, prince o' preachers, was born." It reminds one of "The Queen's Chair" at Gibraltar in the "Innocents Abroad." I wish we had in Ireland at present a preacher as famous and as powerful as he was.

The course of events now, fortunately, gives us an opportunity of saying a few words about a family which, one regrets to say, may be called the most important at present left to us in the country.

Lord Iveagh, head of the world-famed firm of Guinness, was invested with the dignity and insignia of the knighthood of St. Patrick at this time. He is said to be the richest man in the United Kingdom, a fact for which, of course, he deserves no personal credit, but his wealth affords another proof that nobody *need* leave Ireland in order to make money. He is the third son of the late Sir Benjamin Guinness, who, at his death, left the great brewery at James's Gate, Dublin, to his two sons, Arthur, the eldest son (now Lord Ardilaun), and Edward, the third son (for the present, Baron Iveagh). The second son, recently deceased, was in the army. Lord Ardilaun retired from the brewery in 1882, I think it was, and received a capital sum of £2,000,000 for his interest on leaving. The brewery then became the sole property of Edward, who converted it into a limited liability company in 1886, with a capital of £6,000,000, which was readily subscribed by the public. That it was under-capitalised is evidenced by the fact that ten years after flotation the £10 ordinary shares



From Photo by Werner & Son, Dublin.

LORD IVEAGH, K.P.

"He is said to be the richest man in the United Kingdom, a fact for which, of course." &c.—

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were quoted at over £70—they are now somewhere about £55, and the £10 Preference Shares are about £18. The brewery is almost entirely managed by Irishmen, Lord Iveagh being still the largest shareholder; and the excellence of the management has increased rather than abated since flotation—a rare occurrence. Apart from the question of temperance—which cannot be even raised in so crowded a book as this is, but which constitutes a most important study for everyone who loves Ireland—Guinness's brewery is a concern which a certain class of Irishmen are proud of, for it displays the great business capacity of Irishmen and their powers of organisation in other than political fields—organisation which is not what Lord Salisbury calls “showy.” It also demonstrates the power which we, Irishmen, possess of beating the whole world when we work with a will. Lord Iveagh is such a public character that it is unnecessary to enumerate here his various colossal gifts of money for philanthropic objects. Neither is it my task to follow in the wake of those who inquire into the history of the component pennies of those vast sums and trace their progress from the pockets of the poor into the treasury of Lord Iveagh. That, too, must wait with many other

things of burning moment to Catholic Ireland. The eldest brother, Lord Ardilaun, bestowed Stephen's Green Park—an inestimable boon—on Dublin, and a thankful public has erected his statue therein. He has patriotically made his home in Ireland, having residences and estates at St. Ann's, Clontarf; Cong, County Mayo; Macroom, County Cork; and, quite recently, he has struck yet another root into Irish soil by the purchase of the celebrated residence and estate of Herbert of Muckross at Killarney. Lord Ardilaun, as Sir Arthur Guinness, represented Dublin for many years in Parliament. Apropos of Lord Ardilaun, it is to be noted that the silver jubilee of his wedding was being celebrated at this time in the vicinity of his various estates in different parts of Ireland. Lady Ardilaun is a daughter of the Earl of Bantry, and one of leading ladies in Irish Society.

But we must not let these things run away with our space. The Court of Exchequer, consisting of Chief Baron Palles, a Catholic Judge, of whose legal ability we are all very proud; Mr. Justice Andrews, a most courteous and capable Northern; and Mr. Justice Murphy, well versed in criminal administration; declare that bequests for Masses are valid; pro-

vided it is stipulated that the Masses are to be said in public; and are charitable donations exempt from legacy duty. This decision, it may be safely said, affects millions of money; for vast sums are bequeathed to priests every day in Ireland for the purpose of having Masses said for the repose of the deceased testator's soul and the souls of his friends. To quote one instance, a well-known journalist died here in Dublin the other day, Mr. E. T. Murray, of the *Irish Times*—an employee of the late Sir John Arnott—and I find from advertisement in the public press, that he has left £2,600 to priests and religious institutions, most of it for Masses for his own soul and the souls of his father and mother.

Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, a clever, active, but snappy man, accuses Mr. G. Balfour of having practised intentional deceit upon him, in the matter of the Roxboro'-road School Endowment. "By the skill with which you threw me off my guard . . . I was never more deceived, etc.," writes Dr. O'Dwyer. "Your lordship in effect charges me with having deliberately lulled your vigilance to sleep with false assurances intended to deceive. To those who know me, etc.," writes Mr. G. Balfour. "Your reply is entirely beside the question at

issue," winds up Dr. O'Dwyer, and sends the whole correspondence to the press. Dr. O'Dwyer and Mr. Dillon once met in deadly combat in the brave days of old, before Mr. Dillon had been officially appointed "champion of the Church," but, thank fortune, we have nothing to do with the fight.

The Royal Dublin Society, with a membership of 2,247, and with an annual income of £20,818, organisers of the great Dublin Horse Show, declare, through the mouth of their President, Viscount Powerscourt, a most popular resident nobleman, whose beautiful home at Enniskerry is one of the show places of Ireland, that they are opposed to the creation of a Board of Agriculture. Lord Powerscourt says "there is nothing for it to do." Time has yet to tell whether he was right or wrong.

Mr. Dillon, at the Patrick's Day Banquet in London, at which Mr. Justin M'Carthy is the guest, borrows from a great English poet a description of Ireland's position:—

"Of ancient lineage sprung, and wilder seed,
And master once in my own house I sat.
Only for rule of my own house I plead,
Nor can the leave to sit in yours atone
For lack of leave to call my own, my own;

A bare house, as you saw, and cold fireside,
Through many a chink the mad winds pipe and dance.
And you grow weary if I speak of pride,
Pride in so beggared an inheritance,
Yet some old echoes still with me abide
Of arts and arms not shamed by yours, perchance ;
And, trust me, you shall crave repose in vain
Till I be lord of that poor hearth again."

"Of ancient lineage"! Yes, what Irishman is not? Even so insignificant a person as I, have a pedigree, through my Fitzgerald mother, compiled by an energetic Canon and Parish Priest, direct to Milesius, King of Spain, which has been borrowed by several Fitzgerald families, rich in worldly goods but deficient in point of pedigree! Yet, one cannot adopt this finely expressed sentiment, quoted by Mr. Dillon, as a description of the true position of Ireland. We are not beggars to England: we are partners: junior partners, if you will, but *partners*. Does not the O'Connor Don acquiesce, who is, I believe, the descendant of Roderick O'Connor, the last King of Ireland? He would not desire Mr. Dillon to put him on the throne of Ireland as a King of Schnorrers? No, we do not sit in England's house. We sit in our own. Could not the Irish Members have got office—the highest office—from 1880 to 1895 if they accepted it. Was not Mr.

Sexton wooed to the Chief Secretaryship by Mr. Courtney on a famous occasion?

But we cannot follow up the theme, the record calls us back to business. Mr. M'Ghee was returned for South Louth over the head of Colonel Nolan, Parnellite. The *Freeman's Journal* had to endure a noisy annual meeting, but makes and will make steady progress under the admirable guidance of Mr. Sexton and the late Alderman Kernan (whose life afforded another instance of how needless it is to leave Ireland in order to make money) until all its many difficulties are conquered—a most creditable business to its directors and its staff of able journalists.

The lenten pastorals would make a volume in themselves, but we shall pass them. Mr. Dunbar Barton M.P. (now Mr. Justice Barton), introduces a deputation, comprising the Mayors of Cork and Limerick; Mr. (now Sir James) Musgrave, Chairman of Belfast Harbour Board; Mrs. Power Lalor, a staunch, practical philanthropist; Monsignor Molloy; Mr. Malcolm Inglis (now President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce); Mr. Ogilvie, President of the Cork Chamber; Mr. Stanley Harrington, one of the most active public men in Cork; Mr. Arnold Graves, a much and long interested man on this subject;

and Alderman Dillon—to Earl Cadogan, on the question of more Government aid for technical education in Ireland. Lord Cadogan, in his reply, pointed out that considerable assistance was being given already, that in 1894 the amount given in Ireland in result fees in agriculture was £12,058; in needlework, £12,722; sewing machine work, £960; and drawing, £8,338;—“I again repeat I cannot for one moment say that that is at all an adequate return, but I simply mean that it shows—and that in itself is a valuable fact—that previous Governments have recognized the necessity for institutions such as that to which the previous speakers have alluded. In the estimates for 1895-6 I find the following entry—Department of Science and Art, United Kingdom, (1) maintenance of the Dublin Museum of Science and Art, including the National Library and the Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, £21,355; (2) Royal College of Science, Dublin, £7,145; (3) Royal Hibernian Academy, £300; (4) Grant in aid of Technical Instruction (Ireland), £2,500. Then there are grants made by the Department of Science and Art during the year 1894, including the Pembroke Technical School at Ringsend, £417; Royal Irish Association for

Promoting the Training and Employment of Women, £100; City of Dublin Technical Schools, £671; Belfast Technical Schools, £250; Gort (Galway) Convent Technical School, £146; and the Galway Technical Institute, £276—the total amount being £1,860 from that source. The amount of the grant in each case is equal to the sum contributed to the school by the local authority out of the rates under the Technical Instruction Acts.” The vote for Number (1) is, I think, the best spent public money in Ireland.

A conference of landlords, at which are present the Duke of Abercorn; Lord Londonderry (out of office then); Earl of Belmore; Colonel Lowry; Captain O’Callaghan Westropp; H. D. F. Montmorency; Mr. Savage French (Agent for Major Longfield of the 2nd Life Guards, and of Castlemary, whom we saw here in Her Majesty’s escort the other day); Dr. Traill, of Trinity and Bushmills; Mr. Walter Kavanagh, of Carlow; and the O’Conor Don; is held in Dublin, and protest recorded against the “proposed depreciation of landlords’ property without compensation.” They complain that the Tithe Rent-charge was *fixed* by the Act of 1872, while prices and rents varied; also that the redemption rate was fixed by the Treasury at $22\frac{1}{2}$ years’ purchase, though

the Land Commission had declared it should be only 20 years.

The Pneumatic Tyre Company started in Dublin in 1888, with a capital of £22,500, is sold now (Ap. 13, 1896) to an English Syndicate for £3,000,000! What better proof than this of how little any Government will or can do for us, compared with what we can do for ourselves? Here is a Belfast Veterinary Surgeon producing £3,000,000 in sheer actual gain for Ireland, as the result of a practical invention which all the world finds itself compelled to buy! During the first year of its existence it had paid 8 per cent.; second year, 20 per cent.; third year, 57½ per cent.; fourth year, 200 per cent.; and so on. The shareholders were informed that they had paid £75,000 in capital and £185,000 in premiums on shares; in all, £260,000; that they had got back £395,778 in dividends, £262,245 in profits on shares, in all, £658,123. "To-day," said Mr. DuCros (on April 13, 1896), "we hand the shareholders £2,887,500; total result, £3,845,623, in exchange for £260,000." At 3 per cent. the interest thereon is nearly £120,000 a year, or treble the sum total of Lord Cadogan's figures quoted above. This is another proof of how money can be amassed in Ireland. Why, then, are we not

prosperous? Answer the question when you have read this book. The subsequent slump in the affairs of the new Company, floated at £5,000,000, occurred after it became an English concern—one of the group launched by Ernest Terah Hooley, in fact.





From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

TYPES OF THE YOUNG IRISH MARRIED WOMAN.

"Virtuous and respectable in all her conduct and all her proceedings."—Page 144.

CHAPTER XIV.

BELIEF IN FAIRIES AND WITCHES.

“Novalis said of Goethe : *Let him engage in any task, no matter what its difficulties or how small its worth, he cannot quit it till he has mastered its whole secret, finished it, and made the result of it all his own.* This surely is a quality of which it is far safer to have too much than too little.”—*Carlyle.*

THE cases dealt with in this and the succeeding chapters are, so far as the public know, quite exceptional cases in Ireland. But the number of people more or less involved in two of them, and the apparent acquiescence of entire localities in some or all of the proceedings, raise them far above the category of ordinary crimes. These cases were hushed up and cloaked, or only partially reported, by the National press of Ireland; and, furthermore, no public condemnation has issued in reference to them from either the pulpit, the press or the platform—or from the oracle at Maynooth. That is not right. There are thousands of “good, moral, industrious” peasants in country localities in Ireland, who, if they do not firmly believe the

superstitions which led to such horrible results in these cases, do certainly border on those beliefs. If these dreadful cases are not indicative of any general condition of intense superstitious depravity in Ireland, but are more or less isolated cases; then our note of condemnation should be all the more distinct and unequivocal. They are cases which occurred during the five years reviewed in this book, and, therefore, come within its purview. Perhaps, I attach more importance to them than they deserve. But, at all events, I have come to the conclusion that they afford food for reflection; and that if they are to be narrated at all, they must be narrated in full. Let the reader skip this and the next chapter, if he or she pleases; they do not affect the tenor of the book.

I sincerely pity all the people connected with these tragedies, but I pity still more intensely the many peasants who border upon, if they do not firmly entertain, the beliefs expressed in these two cases. This latter feeling is the gadfly which urges me on, as it urged Socrates of old, to do what little I can to crush out those remnants of savagery which should by this time be as extinct as the snakes in this so-called "Island of Saints."

The earliest knowledge we have of the Ballyvad-

lea case was what occurred on Wednesday, March 13th, 1895. It was on Thursday, 14th, that the brutal tragedy began, so far as the public will ever know, and it was consummated on the night of Friday, the 15th, and in the small hours of the morning of Saturday, the 16th. Let the reader picture one of those new labourers' cottages, erected at the expense of the locality, and let by the Guardians at a nominal rent, standing in its half-acre of ground close to the public road in the Townland of Ballyvadlea, in the County of Tipperary. The district is far from the railway, but is well peopled. It is in the Parish of Drangan. and, I believe, in the Cashel arch-diocese, and all the people connected with the tragedy are Catholics. Father Ryan, the Curate, tells us that the Clearys were "members of his congregation and under his spiritual charge," and that he knew them for four years and a half. Michael Cleary, described to me as "a clever fellow," and, by trade, a cooper, and his wife, Bridget, were living in their new labourer's cottage, then, along with Mrs. Cleary's father, Patrick Boland. Mrs. Cleary, from all the accounts I can gather, was a handsome young woman, 26 years of age, who had been married for some years to Cleary, and had had no children. In the words of Judge O'Brien,

she was "a young married woman, suspecting no harm, guilty of no offence, virtuous and respectable in all her conduct and all her proceedings." Another witness says, "she was nice in manners and appearance." Cleary's own words: "She is too fine to be my wife," point to her physical beauty also. One who had frequently seen her, before this dreadful business, on his way to hunt with the Tipperary hounds, tells me she was distinctly "good-looking." We have it that she wore gold earrings, and it leaks out accidentally that there is a canister, with £20 in it, in the house. On the Wednesday, then, which we shall call the first day, Dr. Crean called to see Mrs. Cleary at her house. He had been summoned on the 11th, and "was not able to go till the 13th." He found her suffering from nervous excitement and a slight bronchitis. She was in bed, but the doctor "could see nothing in the case likely to cause death." Dr. Crean then gave her some medicine. He "had no anxiety about the case," left the house, and never saw her alive again. We, in the light of subsequent events, can well understand her "nervous excitement," although we are given no clue to anything that happened previous to this, the first day. She herself never uttered a word of complaint to doctor, to priest, or to neighbour, or to a living

person, about the agonies she was subjected to—tortures that equal some of the heinous doings of the Inquisition. Or, as the Coroner, Mr. J. J. Shee, J.P., to his lasting credit, put it at the inquest: “Amongst Hottentots, one would not expect to hear of such an occurrence.” The next actor on the scene is Father Ryan, who visited Mrs. Cleary on the same Wednesday afternoon. She was in bed. He says that “she did not converse with him, *except as a priest*, and her conversation was quite coherent and intelligible.” He, too, left her on that day without receiving any clue whatever to the persecution and hellish misery of which she was the victim. If an unpierceable brass wall stood between this confessor and penitent, the confessor could not have been further away from the truth as to her condition. He, too, then walked out from that house, on that Spring afternoon, as ignorant of and as out of touch with her and those people of whom “he had spiritual charge” as if he were a marionette. That is absolutely all we know about Wednesday, the 13th. The doctor saw her, thought her illness trivial, prescribed, and left. The curate heard her confession, gave her Extreme Unction, and left—out of touch with the poor sufferer,

who had no friend on earth to whom she could open her inmost heart, and thereby escape from the hideous doom which awaited her. There was no kindly human being in the locality to smell out this nest of horrors, no sharp, sympathetic eye to pierce beneath the surface and probe out her miseries.

We now come to Thursday, the second day. On the morning of Thursday, 14th, Father Ryan says "he was called to see Mrs. Cleary, but he told the messenger that having administered the last rites of the Church on the previous day, there was *no need to see her again so soon!* He did not consider her dangerously ill." The priest knew nothing at all, I hope and believe, about what was the matter with her. She, poor thing, was yearning for some one to speak to, but could not get the words out. *No need to see her again so soon!* A professional ceremony then, it seems, had exhausted the whole duty of the clergyman; a professional ceremony in which, as is proved in this case, nothing vital, nothing essential was revealed. The Rev Father Ryan did not go to see her, then, on the second day. How the forenoon and afternoon of this second day passed will never be known; but it is now our task to narrate the horrors of the evening. "It

appears almost incredible," said Judge O'Brien afterwards at the trial, "that there could be such a degree of human delusion, that so many persons, young and old, men and women, could be so incapable of pity or sympathy with human suffering." He added that the crimes of that night "had spread a tale of horror and pity throughout the civilised world."

But, if we are ignorant of the day's events, as we are of the events of the many previous days during which *she must have been* suffering persecution; our information as to the evening's and night's proceedings are explicit enough. William Simpson, a near neighbour of the Clearys, living only 200 yards off, accompanied by his wife, left their own house between 9 and 10 o'clock that evening to visit Mrs. Cleary, having heard she was ill. When they arrived close to Cleary's house they met Mrs. Johanna Burke, accompanied by her little daughter, Katie Burke, and inquired from her how Mrs. Cleary was. Mrs. Burke, herself a first cousin of Mrs. Cleary's, said:—"They are giving her herbs, got from Ganey, over the mountain, and nobody will be let in for some time." These four people then remained outside the house for some time, waiting to be let in. Simpson heard

cries inside, and a voice shouting, "Take it, you b——, you old faggot, or we will burn you!" The shutters of the windows were closed and the door locked. After some time the door was opened and shouts were heard from within of "Away she go! Away she go!" As Simpson afterwards learned, the door had been opened to let the fairies leave the house, and the adjuration was addressed to those supernatural beings. In the confusion, Simpson, his wife, Mrs. Burke and her little daughter, all went into the house. From this forward we know some, at any rate, of the doings of the incarnate fiends and cowards assembled within these walls. Simpson saw four men; John Dunne, described as an old man; Patrick Kennedy, James Kennedy and William Kennedy, all young men, "big, black-haired Tipperary peasants," as they were described to me by one who had to do with the case from start to finish, brothers of Mrs. Burke and first cousins of Mrs. Cleary; "holding Bridget Cleary down on the bed. She was on her back, and had a night-dress on her. Her husband, Michael Cleary, was standing by the bedside." Cleary called for a liquid,* and said,

* The liquid, described in the newspapers as "a noxious fluid," was, as a matter of fact, urine

“Throw it on her.” Mary Kennedy, an old woman, mother of Mrs. Burke, and of all the other Kennedys present, brought the liquid. Michael Kennedy held the saucepan. The liquid was dashed over the poor woman several times. Her father, Patrick Boland, was present. William Ahearne, described as a delicate youth of sixteen, was holding a candle. Bridget Cleary was struggling, vainly, alas, on the bed, crying out “Leave me alone.” Simpson then saw her husband give her some liquid with a spoon; she was held down by force by the men for ten minutes afterwards, and one of the men kept his hand on her mouth. The men “at each side of the bed kept her body swinging about the whole time, and shouting, ‘Away with you! Come back Bridget Boland, in the name of God!’ She screamed horribly. They cried out: ‘Come home, Bridget Boland.’” From all of which Simpson gathered that “they thought Bridget Cleary was a witch,” or had a witch in her, whom they “endeavoured to hunt out of the house by torturing her body.” Some time afterwards she was lifted out of the bed by the men, or rather demons, and *carried to the kitchen fire* by John Dunne, Patrick, William and James Kennedy. Simpson saw red marks on her forehead, and

someone present said they had to "use the red poker on her to make her take the medicine." The four men named held poor Bridget Cleary, in her night-dress, over the fire; and Simpson "could see her body resting on the bars of the grate where the fire was burning." While this was being done, we learn that the Rosary was said. Her husband put her some questions at the fire. He said if she did not answer her name three times they would burn her. She, poor thing, repeated her name three times after her father and her husband! "Are you Bridget Boland, wife of Michael Cleary, in the name of God?" "I am Bridget Boland, daughter of Patrick Boland, in the name of God." Simpson said they showed feverish anxiety to get her answers before twelve o'clock. "They were all speaking and saying, *Do you think it is her that is there?* And the answer would be 'yes;' and they were all delighted." After she had answered the questions, they put her back into bed, and "the women put a clean chemise on her," which Johanna Burke "aired for her." She was then asked to identify each person in the room, and did so successfully. The Kennedys left the house at one o'clock "to attend the wake of Cleary's

father," who was lying dead that night at Killenaule! Dunne and Ahearne left at two o'clock. It was six o'clock on the morning of the 15th, "about daybreak," when the Simpsons and Johanna Burke left the house after that hellish night. There had been thirteen people present in Cleary's house that night, yet no one outside the circle of the perpetrators themselves seems to have known or cared, if they knew, of the devilish goings on in that labourer's cottage. At one time during that horrible night, the poor victim said: "The police are at the window. Let ye mind me now!" But, alas, there were no police there!

We now come to the third day, Friday, 15th of March. Six o'clock on that morning found Michael Cleary, the chief actor, Patrick Boland, and Mary Kennedy in the house with the poor victim, when the two Simpsons and the two Burkes were leaving. Simpson says: "Cleary then went for the priest, as he wanted to have Mass said in the house to banish the evil spirits." This brings us back again to the Rev. Father Ryan, who says: "At seven o'clock on Friday morning I was next summoned. Michael Cleary asked me to come to his house and celebrate Mass, his wife *had had a very bad night.*" Father

Ryan, apparently as completely estranged from those members of his flock as if oceans rolled between, suspects nothing, sees nothing, knows nothing. Cleary "asked him to come to his house *and celebrate Mass,*" and he *at once assents* to this proposal. Father Ryan arrived at the cottage at a quarter past eight, and *said Mass* in that awful front room where poor Bridget Cleary *was lying in bed*. He was the medium through which the miracle of transubstantiation was performed there and then, yet he had no glimmering of the atmosphere of hell in which he stood. "She seemed more nervous and excited than on Wednesday," he says, and adds, "her husband and father were present before Mass began, but I could not say who was there during its celebration." He had no conversation with Michael Cleary "as to any incident which had occurred," because he suspected nothing. "When leaving," he said, "I asked Cleary was he giving his wife the medicine the Doctor ordered. Cleary answered that he *had no faith in it*. I told him that it should be administered. Cleary replied that *people may have some remedy of their own that could do more good than doctor's medicine.*" Yet, Father Ryan left the house "suspecting

nothing." "Had he any suspicion of foul play or witchcraft," he says, "he should have at once *absolutely refused to say Mass* in the house, and have *given information to the police*. We have no personal censure for him. He, too, is a victim—the victim and the product of a system as rigid as iron, to discuss which would require a separate book.

After Father Ryan had said his Mass and left, she remained in bed. Simpson saw her there at midday and never saw her afterwards. His excuse for his presence and non-interference on Thursday night is that "the door was locked, and he could not get out." We find the names of still more people mentioned as having visited her this day. Thomas Smith, a farmer, of Ballyvadlea, was ploughing in one of his own fields, adjoining Cleary's house, on this day, and "hearing that she was ill, went in to see her." He only remained ten minutes and went home. Other names are also mentioned as having been in the house that day; Meara, Tobin, Anglin, Leahy; who called to see her also. Yet not to one of them did she utter a complaint, *let us hope*, about the persecution she was undergoing; nor do they seem to have noticed anything strange in what they must have seen and heard in that house. She

seems, judging from the number of visitors, to have been extremely popular. Johanna Burke seems to have been in the house the greater part of this day. At one time she tells how Cleary came up to the bedside and handed his wife a canister, and said there was £20 in it. She, poor creature, took it, tied it up, "and told her husband to take care of it, that he would not know the difference till he was without it." She was "in her right mind, only frightened at everything." No wonder. Her brain must have been a particularly good one not to have become unhinged.

At length the night fell upon the scene; and, at eight o'clock, Cleary, who seems to have ordered all the other actors about as if they were hypnotised, sent Johanna Burke and her little daughter Katie for "Thomas Smith and David Hogan." Smith says: "We all went to Cleary's, and found Michael Cleary, Mary Kennedy, Johanna Meara, Pat Leahy, and Pat Boland in the bedroom." The husband had a bottle in his hand, and said to the poor bewildered wife, "will you take this now, as Tom Smith and David Hogan are here? In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!" Smith was the man who said "he had known her always since

she was born." He inquired what was in the bottle, and Cleary told him it was holy water. Poor Bridget Cleary said "Yes," and took it. She had to say, before taking it, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," which she did. Smith and Hogan then left the bedside and "went and sat at the fire." Cleary told them that his wife, "as she had company, was going to get up." She actually left her bed, put on "a frock and shawl," and came to the kitchen fire. Their talk turned upon "pishogues," or witchcraft and charms. Smith remained there till twelve o'clock, and then left the house, leaving Michael Cleary (husband); Patrick Boland (father); Mary Kennedy (aunt); Patrick, James and William Kennedy (cousins), Johanna Burke, and her little daughter Katie (also cousins), behind him in the house. Thomas Smith never saw Bridget Cleary after that. According to Johanna Burke, they continued "talking about fairies," and poor Bridget Cleary, sitting there by the fire in her frock and shawl, wan and terrified, had said to her husband: "Your mother used to go with the fairies; that is why you think I am going with them."

"Did my mother tell you that?" exclaimed Cleary.

“She did. That she gave two nights with them,” replied she.

This shows us that Cleary had drunk in superstition with his mother's milk. Johanna Burke then says that she made tea and “offered Bridget Cleary a cup.” But Cleary jumped up, and getting “three bits of bread and jam,” said she would “have to eat them before she could take a sup.” He asked her as he gave her each bit: “Are you Bridget Cleary, wife of Michael Cleary, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost?” The poor, desolate young woman answered twice and swallowed two pieces. We all know how difficult it is, when wasted by suffering and excited by fear, to swallow a bit of dry bread without a drop of liquid to soften it. It, in fact, was the task set to those in the olden days who had to undergo the “ordeal by bread.” How many of them, we are told, failed to accomplish it! Poor Bridget Cleary failed now at the third bit presented to her by the demon who confronted her. She could not answer the third time. He “forced her to eat the third bit.” He threatened her: “If you won't take it, down you go!” He flung her to the ground, put his knee on her chest, and one hand on her throat, forcing the bit of bread and jam down her throat.

“Swallow it, swallow it. Is it down? Is it down?” he cried. The woman, Burke, says she said to him: “Mike, let her alone, don’t you see it is Bridget that is in it,” and explains, “he suspected it was a fairy and not his wife.” Let Burke now tell how the hellish murder was accomplished: “Michael Cleary stripped his wife’s clothes off, except her chemise, and got a lighted stick out of the fire, and held it near her mouth. My mother (Mary Kennedy), brothers (Patrick, James and William Kennedy), and myself *wanted to leave*, but Cleary said he had the key of the door, and the door would not be opened till he got his wife back.” *Wanted to leave!* Cowards, dolts! “*They were crying in the room and wanting to get out.*” This crowd in the room crying, while Cleary was killing their first cousin in the kitchen. “I saw Cleary throw lamp oil on her. When she was burning, she turned to me (imagine that face of woe) and called out: ‘Oh, Han, Han!’ I endeavoured to get out for the peelers. My brother William went up into the other room and fell in a weakness, and my mother threw Easter water over him. *Bridget Cleary was all this time burning on the hearth*, and the house was full of smoke and smell. I had to go up to the room, I could

not stand it. Cleary then came up into the room where we were and took away a large sack bag. He said: 'Hold your tongue, Hannah, it is not Bridget I am burning. You will soon see her go up into the chimney.' My brothers, James and William, said: 'Burn her if you like, but give us the key and let us get out.' While she was burning, Cleary screamed out, *She is burned now. God knows I did not mean to do it.* When I looked down into the other room again, *I saw the remains of Bridget Cleary lying on the floor on a sheet. She was lying on her face and her legs turned upwards, as if they had contracted in burning. She was dead and burned.*" Cleary next asked Patrick Kennedy to assist him in burying the body "until such time as he could lay her beside her mother." According to his sister, Mrs. Burke, Patrick Kennedy at first refused. His own account, when charged before the magistrates, was that he went with Cleary to bury her "for fear he would be killed." He had nothing to do, he said, with the *actual* burning on that night; he "heard a roar" from the room in which he was, that was all; adding, "I am cracked after it for to see my first cousin burned." James Kennedy said, in court, that "on the second (Friday) night he *asked* Cleary for the love of

God not to burn his wife," adding, they had *gone three nights to the Fort* at Kyleneagranagh, but *did not see anything*.

As this is the first mention of the word "fort," let me say at once that it means a ring fence, or double ring fence, of simple earth, thrown up in ancient times by the Danes or other settlers in Ireland after the manner of a Zulu Kraal. The South of Ireland is studded with them; and though they are often most inconveniently situated on tillage land, and though their destruction presents no features of difficulty whatever, beyond merely levelling the fence, they have been preserved; from a superstitious dread of ill-luck to anyone who ventured to destroy them. I am informed that people in Ballyvadlea believe that a person being near this fort at night is liable to be struck with rheumatism, paralysis, and so forth! Those accursed unlovely and useless remains of barbarism should be levelled to the ground by every man who wishes to see Ireland prosper. I myself know a score of farmers who have these forts on their land: all farmers of the best class, comfortable, rational, hospitable, intelligent, keen men of business; yet, not one of them has the courage to remove these nuisances from their holdings, although they continually grumble at the inconvenience they cause.

Observe, now, the cool generalship displayed by Cleary. William Kennedy says that "when he came out of the room he saw Bridget Cleary blazing; he asked Cleary what he was doing; Cleary said it was nothing to him. He *asked to be let out*. Cleary wouldn't let him." No. But "Cleary himself then *went out and locked the door after him*," and left those four male and three female human beings in the house with the burned body. Out into the night with him, searching, no doubt, for a trusty, secret spot in which to put the body. The hiding place he selected was *over a mile* distant from the cottage! "When he came back he got Pat Kennedy to go out with him," and they buried her! Yes, and so well selected was the spot, that the body was not found for six days afterwards by the police. Now, behold Cleary and Patrick Kennedy returning again to the house, having got rid of their horrible burden, after an absence of two hours. Johanna Burke says—"My mother, my two brothers, Pat Boland, my daughter and myself were made prisoners till they came back." Cleary had locked the door on the outside! Cleary then, on his return, confronted Johanna Burke, and she says "he told me to say that I went to

prepare her a drink, and, when returning, met her at the door, and that she spat at me and went out of the door, and that I could not say where she went to." This is the story to be concocted to explain her disappearance. Cleary said "that he would go down towards Cloneen *and pretend he was half mad.*" Then he said to Johanna Burke: "Hannah, it is hard to depend on you; but if you were to be kept in jail till you rot, DON'T TELL. Johanna Burke then says: "I went down on my knees and declared before God and man that, until the day I died, I would never tell, *even if she was found.*" Cleary next faced his father-in-law, and, including Johanna Burke in his glance, said: "I dread the two of you." Old Boland said: "Now that my child is burned, there is no use in saying anything about it; but God help me in the latter end of my days."

It was now daylight on Saturday morning, the 16th of March, the fourth day; and Johanna Burke "saw Michael Cleary washing the trousers of his light tweed suit that he had on him. There were stains like grease on it, and he exclaimed: 'Oh, God, Hannah, *there is the substance of poor Bridget's body!*'" He also picks up one of his wife's earrings and destroys it; lest it should be evidence against him. John

Dunne, who was not present at all on the Friday night, now re-appears upon the scene. He is the man who is said to have suggested holding her over the fire on the Thursday night; but, in extenuation, he says "they did not burn her that night they only *held her over* the fire!" On this Saturday morning he came up to Cleary's house, and "found her gone." Cleary, in explanation of her disappearance, told him the story which he had already concocted for Johanna Burke, adding that "he thought she was gone with the fairies." Dunne offered to search for her, and, Cleary accepting his offer, the two men set off for Kylenagranagh fort, and searched it, and the whole neighbourhood near it. Cleary said: "She used to be meeting an egg-man in the lower road about a mile and a half away." The peasant women, living in the by-roads, used to come out with their eggs, to meet this egg-man on the main road. A proof of Bridget Cleary's thrift. Cleary now insinuates to Dunne that he thought it possible that she actually had gone to meet the egg-man!

Having searched everywhere in vain, Cleary could not keep up the self-restraint any longer, and he burst out: "She was burned last night." Ignorant and deplorable a human being as Dunne

may be, there is some spark of energy and manliness in his character, and I believe his story.

"You vagabond," said Dunne, "why did you do it?"

"She was not my wife," replied Cleary, "*She was too fine to be my wife.* She was two inches taller than my wife."

But Dunne brushed him aside, and said: "Go now and give yourself up to the authorities and to the priest. You will have no living on earth."

Cleary replied: "Well, I will if you'll come along with me." Dunne consented, and they went towards Drangan. They met Michael Kennedy on the road, and he went back to Drangan with them. He had not been present at the Friday night's doings either. There are various versions of how the communication was made to the priests. Father Ryan says "he saw Cleary kneeling near the altar, very nervous, and asked him into the vestry;" that Cleary "suggested going to confession, but I would not allow him, as I did not think him *fit to do so!* I coaxed him into the yard. I began to *feel afraid of him.*" *Not fit to do so!* Is not repentance the only cure for agony of mind? Michael Kennedy took away Cleary from the precincts of

the chapel without confession. John Dunne says he told the Rev. Father Ryan that "they had burned her to death last night and buried her; and that he had been asking Cleary all the morning to give her Christian burial." *Christian burial*; wait until you hear the sequel of the case! Father Ryan was horrorstruck, and could not remember what reply he made; his only thought was, *How could three or four of them go out of their minds simultaneously!* Suffice it to say, the priests only told the police that "they suspected there was foul play," and, with this vague direction, blindfolded Justice was started on the track. John Dunne says he told the Parish Priest, whose name has not been allowed to appear in print in connection with the case, and which I shall not mention either. Dunne says that as they walked home from Drangan they saw a policeman following them. Justice, in the person of Acting-Sergeant Egan, met Cleary later on in the day "on the road near Cloneen," where Cleary said he would go, *and pretend to be half mad*, you remember. Acting-Sergeant goes to Cleary's house with him, asking him questions about his wife. Cleary tells him "she left home about twelve o'clock last night," and mentions that "Johanna Burke had

been at the house last night," and also that his father-in-law had slept in the next room. The two people whom Cleary had coached, you remember, in the morning. Not much madness here, only the pretence of madness, which he foretold in the morning he would assume. Pat Boland was also there, and in reply to a query, cries and says, "My daughter will come back to me." The restless Acting-Sergeant goes off; but returns at ten o'clock at night, and finds the house deserted and doors locked; like some hellish theatre after the tragedy had been performed! Gets himself in through the window, and *finds a burned night-dress*. Where Cleary and Boland were we do not know. Simpson does not appear to have seen Cleary at all on this day, Saturday. Johanna Burke is taken in hands by the police, and deposes: "I was at the house on the night of the 15th. Bridget Cleary was raving. After some time she got up and dressed, and sat at the fire. She afterwards went to bed. I went out for some sticks. When I returned I met her at the doorway, *going out in her night-dress. I endeavoured to hold her and failed*. Since that night I have not seen her. Her husband followed her some time and returned. He did not see her. She is missing ever since, and they made search for her."

Simpson also deposes what he knows of Thursday night's doings, before quoted, and says "he heard she was missing since Friday night." Now, blind-folded Justice, double-bandaged, what are you to do? You can arrest the five Kennedys, mother and sons, and John Dunne and William Ahearne and Cleary and old Boland, or *watch them* like a cat watching a wicked rat, and keep your Burke and your Simpson, your mainstays, well in hand. All of which things are well done. These rats, then under surveillance of the cats of justice, are allowed to play for a day or two.

Sunday, the 17th of March, Patrick's Day, now dawns. Moore's words, associated with this National holiday, are inappropriate in Ballyvadlea to-day:—

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And shine through our tears like a sunbeam in
 showers;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.

Our Rulers cannot well be blamed for this sad business in Ballyvadlea, our *political* rulers!

Simpson saw Cleary on this Sunday morning, and Cleary told him that "his wife left home at 12 o'clock on Friday night." Between 7 and 8 that evening, Simpson saw him again, and Cleary

asked him for a revolver, saying "that these parties who had convinced him about his wife would not go with him to the Fort,"—that execrable fort at Kyleneagranagh Hill. "It appeared to me," says Simpson, "that they had convinced him that his wife had gone with the fairies. The fort was supposed to be a fairies' habitation. He said *she would be riding on a grey horse. She told him so.* And he said they should cut the ropes tying her on the saddle, and that she would then stay with him, if he was able to keep her." Simpson refused to give him the revolver. What a pity Simpson had not got his revolver with him on the Thursday night? Simpson afterwards saw Cleary going to the Fort with a big table knife in his hand, to cut the ropes and set her free from the grey horse, presumably! Did he think of suicide, or was he still keeping up the pretence of madness?

During the interval that now elapses between the 17th and the 21st of March, the police are busily searching for the body, assisted by Michael Kennedy, who was *not in the house* on the Friday night. The police, thus set upon a false scent, under that able young man, District Inspector Wansbrough, who certainly deserves to rise high in the Royal Irish Constabulary, proceed to

search and scour the entire countryside. Railway stations are watched, farmhouses and outhouses are searched; fields and woods and brakes are tried in all directions; ponds and rivers are dragged! Neither priests nor participators give any assistance to the police. At length, when, after several days, no trace of this woman *who had left her house at midnight, arrayed only in her night-dress*, is discovered, District-Inspector Wansbrough rightly concludes that she must be dead. If Bridget Cleary's body was not discovered, no further effective proceedings could be taken. No crime could be laid to the charge of those people whatever. It seemed a hopeless quest that the police now entered upon. Thousands of square miles of country to search for one poor half-burned body lying in a few feet square of earth! No assistance, no clue, though so many people around them knew everything. All the parties—Cleary himself; Boland; Dunne; the five Kennedys, and William Ahearne—were arrested. The neighbourhood was astir with the *mystery* of the missing woman. On the 21st the prisoners are brought before the magistrates, in open court, at Clonmel; Simpson's depositions and Johanna Burke's false Cleary-concocted story being the only basis on which the



DISTRICT-INSPECTOR WANSBROUGH, R.I.C.

"The police thus set upon a false scent, under that able young man," &c.—Page 167



MR. J. B. DUNLOP.

"Here is a Belfast Veterinary Surgeon producing £3,000,000 in sheer actual gain 'or Ireland."—Page 130.

prosecution has to work. Denis Ganey, who is said to have supplied the herbs, is arrested, but afterwards released. There was no case against him whatever. His herbs were, perhaps, as good as much of the stuff called doctor's medicine. Nothing was elicited to elucidate the mystery. Cleary, Pat Boland, Pat Kennedy, and his mother, and two brothers, all kept their secret well. Old Boland goes so far as to say from the dock:—"I have three more persons that can say she was strong the night she went away; she got up and dressed." This would go to prove, you see, that what they had done to her on the Thursday night—which was all they were charged with so far, had inflicted no serious injury on her, was, in fact, a fatherly kind of curative treatment! Their *'cuteness* is the most astonishing thing about all this gang of people. Their appearance, under arrest, in the streets of Clonmel, was greeted with "yells, hisses and groans;" but their demeanour in the dock is described as "unconcerned; they chatted and exchanged pinches of snuff with each other."

But, notwithstanding all their cunning, discovery was at hand. After the Court had adjourned, and the prisoners were remanded to jail, District-Inspector Wansbrough directed the

police at Cloneen, Drangan and Mullinahone "to make a deliberate search" once again for the body. It was next day, Friday, 22nd March, that Sergeant Rogers, keen on the scent, when crossing some furzy ground, noticed "some broken thorn bushes freshly cut from a hedge in an angle of a field." And there, under a shallow covering of clay, only a few inches deep, the body of poor Bridget Cleary was discovered at a spot considerably over a mile from the cottage. It presented a most terrible appearance," back and lower part all burned, but head preserved and "features perfect!" Marvellous preservation. There was no clothing on the body, except the stockings. Her head was enveloped in a sack, and in her left ear was *one* of her gold earrings. Her limbs were cramped up, and her arms folded across her breast. Constable Somers, who knew her for three years, identified her "by her features; they were perfect." He had last seen her about a month or six weeks before. I shall not give the gruesome description of the doctors who made the *post mortem*, how the muscles of the spine were burned and the bones exposed, and so forth, and the deadly purple marks of strangulation, with others too horrible to mention. Suffice it to say the burns were "the cause of

death," which was all the coroner's jury wanted to know. The coroner's jury did not go into the attendant facts, but found that the burns, inflicted by some persons unknown, caused the death of poor, young, beautiful Bridget Cleary.

Had not that body been discovered, the world may never have heard of the Ballyvadlea case! The inquest was held in a vacant house near where the body was found. After the conclusion of the proceedings, not a single human being, male or female, clerical or lay, would lend any assistance to give Christian Burial to the body. Horror of horrors! *The police had to bury poor Bridget Cleary that night, by the light of a lantern, in Cloneen churchyard.* We shall find the Maynooth theologians, in a later chapter, arguing that "the existence of motion proves the existence of a necessary being apart from the world." Fudge! I tell them that they will have to answer for this case and the Lisphelan case, I hope and pray, when they are confronted with that "necessary being." With regard to the police, let me say that it is because of their action in cases like this and the Lisphelan case, now about to be described, that I shall never be found saying a word against the Royal Irish Constabulary, no matter what views I may hold about the expensive character

of its establishment. The policemen act like Christians, at any rate; and they stand between us and barbarism in such cases as this.

It was now, *after the discovery* of the body, on the second day of the magisterial investigation, that all the dreadful facts of the Friday night's doings were divulged by Johanna Burke. The end draws nigh at last. The prisoners were returned for trial to the Clonmel Assizes in July by the presiding magistrates, Colonel Evanson, R.M., and Mr. Grubb, J.P., after a prolonged investigation, during which the 'cuteness and coolness of the accused were manifested more than once. At the July Assizes, Judge O'Brien, himself a Catholic, and not a nominal one either, said: "This case demonstrates a degree of darkness in the mind, not of one person, but of several, a *moral darkness, even religious darkness*, the disclosure of which had come with surprise on many persons." One would hope so! But the leniency of the sentences also, it may be truly said, came with surprise on many persons. The charge of murder was withdrawn by the Crown Prosecutor! Cleary was, therefore, found guilty, not of murder, but of manslaughter, and was sent to penal servitude for twenty years; Patrick Kennedy, found guilty of wounding, "the

most guilty of all, except Michael Cleary," in Judge O'Brien's opinion, got 5 years' penal servitude; John Dunne, the least contemptible of them all, got three years' penal servitude; William and James Kennedy, a year-and-a-half's imprisonment each; Patrick Boland and Michael Kennedy, six months; and when Mary Kennedy's turn came, the Judge said, tearfully, "I will not pass any sentence on this poor old woman."

Thus ends this tale of "moral darkness, even of religious darkness, not of one person, but of several," the events of which took place, not in Darkest Africa, but in Tipperary; not in the ninth or tenth, but at the close of the nineteenth century; not amongst Atheists, but amongst Catholics, with the Rosary on their lips, and with the priest celebrating Mass in their houses. Ah, my readers, Ireland is not the merry country which people think, which Protestant Irishmen like Lever and Lover, have painted it; or of half-humorous, half-contemptible braggarts, as Thackeray saw it. It is a sad, a gloomy, a depressed, a joyless country for the bulk of its peasantry. Hence it is they leave it. When the heart is sad, and the mind clouded in ignorance, and oppressed by darkest fears and mystery, there can be no humour, no gaiety. There is, I have

always believed, more real gaiety of heart in one coster on the Old Kent Road, than in all the Catholic peasants of Munster.

“The wind blows East, the wind blows West,
And there comes good luck and bad;
The thriftiest man is the cheerfulest;
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad,
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.”

CARLYLE.

NOTE—The synopsis of the case given in the foregoing chapter is founded on the admirable reports of “The Irish Times,” extending over a long series of days, at long intervals of weeks and months, and on personal interviews with parties well acquainted with all the circumstances,

CHAPTER XV.

BELIEF IN FAIRIES AND DEVILS AND THE
TORTURES OF HELL.

“In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.”

LORD BACON.

THE scene now shifts from Munster to Connaught, from March, 1895, to March, 1896. In the village of Lisphelan, in the County of Roscommon, and, as I understand, the diocese of Elphin, there then lived one James Cunningham, in “a comfortable dwelling-house,” along with his father, three brothers and a sister, all people of mature years. Most of the people in this village are said to be inter-related, and it appears the majority of them are Cunninghams. James Cunningham was the second son, and a shoemaker by trade, “the rest of the family working on the land.” The Athlone or Roscommon correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, at the time of the occurrence now to be related, said that “the inhabitants of Lisphelan district were extremely superstitious,” and that “on the night of the 6th of March *many of them*, including James Cunningham, were under the impression

that evil spirits were hovering round their dwellings." Father Gately, the parish priest, who, like Father Ryan in Ballyvadlea, "was in spiritual charge," branded this as a calumny, and accused the correspondent of "slandering with charges of belief in witchcraft and fairies, etc., a whole locality who, in their appreciation of the *laws of God and of His Church*, and in their observance, are probably far in advance of—." What? "The Athlone or Roscommon correspondent of the *Freeman!*" He says further, that they are "good, honest, moral, respectable peasants." Father Gately is reported as having said at the trial in July, that, for a few days before Friday, the 6th of March, James Cunningham was "religiously insane;" and, in a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, of March 13th, writes: "I saw him at home on Thursday, in presence of all the members of his family, in whose hearing he told me that, for twelve days, the Devil (I hope your Athlone correspondent will pardon me for using the word) had been tempting him to do away with himself, but that God gave him grace to resist the temptation." What, it may be asked, was there "religiously insane" in this? Was not He who founded Christianity "led by the Spirit into the

desert to be tempted by the Devil?” Is not the Devil “going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour”? Father Gately also writes that “not a word did anyone in the house, including the insane man, say to him about witches or fairies.” Father Gately is reported as testifying in court that it was more than ordinarily zealous of him to call on James Cunningham, because “it was not in his district to attend sick calls.” He called, however, at the request of one of the brothers, and he is reported as telling the court: “coming near the house, I asked him was he violent, and *was there any danger* in seeing him? . . . The family pressed me *to accept money to offer up Masses* for his recovery, and *I did not*, and *begged to be excused for objecting*. *But they persisted so much that I accepted the money and the obligation.*”* High Mass, high money; low Mass, low money; no Mass, no money. He said, on the same occasion, that the family were “sober, industrious, good people, and inoffensive to their neighbours;” that they were a “religious family.” The curate, Father Mulleady, had also been visiting James

* “Freeman’s Journal” report of the trial at Roscommon Assizes, July, 1896.

Cunningham "frequently" during the days prior to the 6th of March. We are told by Father Gately that, up to that fatal day, "no people could be kinder to James Cunningham than the members of his family." They actually "*paid a doctor*, contrary to James Cunningham's wishes, to come and see him." *Paid a doctor!* Marvellous proof of kindness in Father Gately's opinion!

At Lisphelan, as at Ballyvadlea, we find visitors in the house. "On the night of the dreadful tragedy," Father Gately writes, "they asked neighbours who were visiting up to ten o'clock, to stay for the night, which they would never have done if they had it in their minds to do away with him, for any reason, superstitious or otherwise." I do not believe they *meant beforehand* to kill him; but I do believe that those people's minds were worm-eaten with superstition about devils, fairies—THE THING especially—and all sorts of other non-existent portents. I believe that their nerves were strung to breaking point after a prolonged fit of superstitious terror, and that, on the night of the 6th March, their hysterical, scared condition, such that they were capable of any crime. Father Gately protests his complete ignorance of their superstitious beliefs. I cannot disbelieve

him. I do not even censure him for being so out of touch with those poor, poor people—not poor in worldly goods, for they were very comfortable. It is the system of which he is the product, and to which I referred before in the Ballyvadlea case, that is at fault. We are told, but not by Father Gately, that “for a week or so” previous to the eventful night, now about to be described, “James Cunningham was observed to pay frequent visits to a fort, called the Fairies Fort, in the locality.” One of those same ring-fenced forts we met in Ballyvadlea, abominable breeding grounds and preserves of superstition! William Cunningham, a neighbour, residing “40 yards away,” said at the trial that “he only knew that James Cunningham was suffering weakness of mind *four days* before the occurrence.” This is all we know of the case, then, prior to the 6th of March. It is uncontested that, on that night, James Cunningham and the rest of the family, believed “they heard noises” in and round their house, and “determined to sit up till the cock would crow.” Whether “other families in the village,” as the local correspondent asserted, and has never since withdrawn; other “good, honest, moral, respectable peasants,” were under the same delusion that

night, in Lisphelan, and sat up likewise, I shall not inquire too closely. It is to be hoped that no other family of "sober, industrious good people," in Ireland, will ever do so again. During the evening William Cunningham, next neighbour, James Cunningham and John Gately, also neighbours, had been visiting the Cunninghams, and left the house about nine or ten o'clock. Why did not this William Cunningham go to bed when he got home? "He went out about eleven o'clock and found the prisoner's family saying the litany; then he went into his own house; then he heard a dull thud or sound from the prisoner's house, and could not make out what it was." So he says; and adds, "I bolted my door and got into bed as quick as I could"! Mark you, the pity of it is that I do verily believe these wretched Cunninghams were "sober and industrious." There is no mention made of alcoholic drink of any description, either in the Ballyvadlea case or in the Lisphelan case; and the worldly comfort both of the Clearys and of the Cunninghams would go to prove that they were industrious.

Imagine this family now sitting up at midnight, in this lonely Roscommon village, across the Shannon—the father and his four sons, all

great gaunt men ; and the sister, who, in the words of Father Gately, "is naturally a mild and even timid girl." Nobody saw anything wrong apparently in the proceeding. The "religious" queerness of James had been remarked, it is said ; but the kindness of the members of his family to him, their perfect amity and unity amongst themselves, *their perfect sanity* is not questioned by anyone. Let us ask ourselves now whether the frenzy of this coming and several succeeding nights, is the sudden and unconnected birth of this night ; or, whether it is not rather the outbreak of superstitious flames that were smothered in their breasts from childhood, and which grew in force with their growth to manhood ? When Father Gately left them on Thursday, he wrote them down as we have seen, and entertained a high respect for them ! Let us now proceed with our narrative.

Twelve o'clock—that fatal hour—strikes, and the whole family "kneel down and say the Rosary." They believe that "the house is filled with thousands of devils ; that they are in the loft and outside the door ;" and they have been sprinkling quantities of holy water over the place to subdue them. As will be found subsequently, they are under the impression that these fairies or

devils lodge "in a person's throat," and must be pulled therefrom. Suddenly now, we are told, James jumps up from his knees, catches his father by the throat and throws him on the ground. The whole family rush to old Cunningham's assistance, and a fierce fight, of four against one, ensues. But James is a powerful, "a gigantic" man, and the fight rages from room to room for a long time, until at last James is overpowered and slain in a room off the kitchen, "terribly battered, chin cut away, teeth broken, etc." When the murder is committed, they imagine that a voice cries from the loft—"Look out for yourselves now," whereat the entire family rush from the accursed house, leaving the corpse alone therein; and fly to William Cunningham's, the neighbour living forty yards away. How are they received by that "good, moral, respectable peasant"? These "sober, industrious, inoffensive, religious" people, in the words of the Parish Priest, how are they received by their neighbour? He says himself: "They asked to be let in for God's sake. *I refused to admit them!*" They do not attempt, like Cleary, to conceal what they have done. They say to him, "*Keep up good courage, you! We have him killed. There is no fear of you. There is no danger now.*" They

then, he says, burst in the window, and let themselves in. William Cunningham says that during the rest of the night, while they stayed at his house, they kept “saying the Rosary and making crosses;” and they told him how “their own house was filled with thousands of devils in the loft, outside the door, and so forth;” and that “but for all the holy water,” these devils “would sweep them all in no time.” In the *morning*, on Saturday, the 7th, we are told by him, they went off “to inform the priest.” They also went and informed the police, but not until seven in the *evening*. Patrick Cunningham, the brother, tells Constable Dalton, and his statement is corroborated by his father, that “the deceased had attacked them, and they *had to do away* with him.” The old man tells the Sergeant how he heard a voice from the loft saying: *Look out for yourself now*. Pat Cunningham tells the Sergeant that his slain brother “went down to the priests a couple of times, but they did him no good. ‘We gave him £12 to go to America,’ he added, ‘but *The Thing* would not let him go. *The Thing* should have him! *The Thing* shouted down from the loft: *Mind yourself now.*’”

The police wisely arrested the whole family, and put them into the little lock-up at Lecarrow

Barracks. During the night, they kept roaring out for "daylight," kicking the door, spitting (you remember how Cleary told Johanna Bourke to say that his wife spat at him when going away), and saying that "spirits would take them away; but that when the cock would crow they would go away." Not much sleep for the constables in Lecarrow Barracks that night. The Cunninghams broke out the lock-up door; and a battle ensued in the day-room, the end of which was the "handcuffing" of the Cunninghams, and the tying of "their legs with ropes;" the "talk about fairies and devils" being kept up all the time! "They were very violent. They could not be worse," says Sergeant Doyle.

On Sunday, the 8th, they are all removed to Athlone Barracks, "followed by a jeering crowd through the streets," like the Ballyvadlea people in Clonmel. Why "jeering?" Obviously because it was felt these people had brought disgrace upon the locality. "They were handcuffed and tied on brakes, presenting a fearful appearance, faces wounded, clothes bloodstained," and so on. That night in Athlone barracks incessant prayers were kept up "to drive away the fairies." The daughter, let loose out of pity, "attacked her father, and nearly choked him *trying to draw*

fairies from his throat," and she then had to be bound.

On Monday, the 9th, an inquest is held at Lisphelan, and after that, the question of burying the body has to be faced. One would expect that in a locality inhabited by "good, moral, respectable" peasants, obedient to the "laws of God and of His Church," this simple act of human, we shall not say Christian, respect to the dead would be willingly undertaken by scores of pitying hands. On the contrary, the *Freeman*, of the 11th of March, reports that though "Lisphelan village is almost exclusively inhabited by relatives and namesakes of the deceased, *not one of them could be induced to lend assistance in the burial of the body.* Father Mulleady personally requested most of the neighbours *to assist the police,*" but in vain! An instance is quoted of how one man, on being asked, made answer that "he was only a first cousin by marriage." Eventually the police, under the direction of the doctors, "had to place the remains in a coffin," which "at the last moment was found to be too small for the body," and had to be broken! "The murdered man was not divested of his clothes; the coffin was placed in a cart and brought to the graveyard by the police. None of the relatives or friends took part."

Why, and a thousand times why, was this so?

All this, as we say, appeared in the *Freeman* of the 11th. It was two days later that Father Gately's letter, before referred to, appeared in the *Freeman* of the 13th. It is dated March 12th. He has not one word of denial or condemnation for this brutal conduct of the locality. He does not allude to it even. It is to my mind *the feature* of this case which is most important; and, but for which, the case would not be worthy of mention; the conduct of "those good, moral, respectable peasants," slandered, forsooth, by being called superstitious and believers in fairies, who, doubtless, all read Father Gately's flattery with unction in the *Freeman*, two days after they had so savagely disrespected the remains of a poor dead friend and neighbour! Thus were the remains of James Cunningham, all his life a "sober, industrious man," laid in their last resting-place. In the ordinary way, there would not have been a priest present at James Cunningham's funeral, unless he had been specially invited and his fee prepaid.

There is no sight so sad, I think, as the burial of an Irish Catholic peasant, whose friends cannot afford a pound *to pay for the priest's attendance*

at the funeral. Many and many a time, in the part of Ireland where I was born, attending one of such funerals, my father's labourers or their wives, have the tears welled up into my eyes; when, at length, the last shovelful of earth had rattled into the grave, and the last sod had been well and truly banked—and there was no more to do! The look of pained suspense, the dead silence used to be heart-wringing, as these poor men and women, gathered around the grave, gazed foolishly into each other's eyes, not knowing what to do. No word of consolation, no hopeful mention of the Resurrection and the Life to come—in which they so realistically believe—from lips that would command respect. Oh, Heavens, is it any wonder that at such a moment the welkin should ring with what is called an Irish howl, and that the pent-up feelings, for which no intelligent expression is vouchsafed, should thus find vent? Oh, my much-wronged fellow-countrymen, possessed of qualities which, all who know you, admit should command the highest success, why are you thus made to suffer, as it were, on the rack? Your priests, our priests, if one of their own number dies, will attend *his* interment in shoals; will celebrate his Month's Mind as a religious festival, and even his

Anniversary, with High Mass and other ceremonials. Why will they not attend *your* funerals, and show *your* remains that last tribute of religious respect for which you so yearn? It is *because*—but not in this already overladen book! The theme is too big.

Why pursue the tale of woe? After a magisterial inquiry before Captain Preston, R.M., and Mr. Lyster, J.P., the father and brothers were committed to Tullamore Jail, to await their trial for murder at the July Assizes. The Doctor said they were “suffering from acute mania, the symptoms of which were religious illusions.” The girl and one of the brothers were sent to Ballinasloe Lunatic Asylum: When the others arrived at Tullamore, we are told, they “presented a frightful appearance.” Crowds gathered to see them. They were escorted from the railway station to the jail “by a strong escort of police and the Lancashire Fusiliers.” At midnight in their cells, we are told, they began to roar, crying that their “cells were filled with fairies and devils, from whom they prayed to be delivered;” and they “roared out for Father Gately, the parish priest of their native parish.”

On July 11th, before Judge O’Brien again, the

father and two sons were tried for wilful murder at the Roscommon Assizes. The father was acquitted. The sons were ordered to be confined in a criminal lunatic asylum during Her Majesty's pleasure. The same sentence was passed on the third son in the March following.

Once again the scene shifts back to Tipperary, in the diocese of Cashel, near the village of Cappawhite. The tragedy occurred on the 29th of November, 1896, and differs from the foregoing cases in the following features. In those cases the actors were labourers or tradesmen. In this case we have to do with the farmer class—the well-to-do farmer of the Golden Vale district—and there is no question of fairies. It is fear of the tortures of Hell, this time, that is the motive power. But we have what Father Gately would call “religious insanity,” a far more heart-rending instance of it than in James Cunningham's case. The reader can decide for himself or herself, not only who and what caused the insanity, but also whether it is insanity to follow out a religious belief to its logical conclusion. The priest's name in this case did not get into the papers, either at the inquest or by way of letter of explanation or denial from himself, therefore I shall not mention it. Poor Mrs. Sadlier, a comparatively young

married woman, mother of four little girls, aged $4\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, and five months, lived near Cappawhite, in her comfortable farmhouse, along with her husband, her children, and her servant girl. She was known to her neighbours and her dependents as "a good mistress," as being of "a very religious disposition," as one who "paid great attention to her religious duties." The witnesses at the inquest swore that not the slightest trace of insanity was noticed in her, either immediately before or after the dreadful occurrence; and the priests of the parish did not come forward at all, as I said before, to offer any explanation. On the morning of the 29th of November, 1896, Mr. Sadlier got up at 3 a.m. to attend the pig fair at Bansha, several miles away. Having had his breakfast, he left the house to transact his day's business, leaving behind him his wife, four children, and Anne Meara, the servant. It appears that three of the children slept with their mother, and the eldest little child slept with Anne Meara. Apparently the eldest child, while the servant was getting her master's breakfast, went into the mother's room and stayed there. At all events, an interval elapsed, and Anne Meara, surprised at hearing no stir or sound from her mistress's room, went up to

see what was the matter. There she saw a sight which must have sent a chill to her heart. Mrs. Sadlier was lying in the bed, which was incarnadined with blood, and on the floor were the two elder children in a pool of blood. The girl swears "she did not find Mrs. Sadlier a bit disturbed, no more than ever." The servant ran out of the house at once and procured help. The police came quickly on the scene, and Sergeant O'Sullivan says he found Mrs. Sadlier, lying quite still and dazed, but perfectly rational and conscious, with her two younger children, their heads almost severed from their bodies, by her side. The two elder little children were on the floor, also semi-decapitated, as before stated. Lying under a cloth laid at the foot of the bed was the razor with which the deed had been done. The Sergeant said he would have to arrest her, and, having cautioned her that anything she might say would be used in evidence against her, asked her if she had any explanation to offer. She was "perfectly quiet" and made her statement to him at intervals. Her words were, as sworn to by the Sergeant at the inquest: "Well, I killed the four children in order that they may be with Almighty God, as I consider they were not capable of committing sin. I hope they were

not. They were not up to the use of reason. I strove to destroy them before they would fall into the same sins that I had committed." It is stated that "this statement," as to her having committed sins, "is not supported by a single action of her's during her lifetime." That is, of course, as far as her servant and her neighbours knew. But what is it they don't know in a country place? Nothing, except, perhaps, what happens in the confessional. Sergeant O'Sullivan swore that she went on to say to him: "I imagined I saw our Saviour this morning on a Cross at the foot of the bed. I also saw my good acts and my bad acts in the balance; and I saw my bad acts overbalance my good acts, and *I thought I was damned*; and, sooner than *put my poor children in Hell*, I destroyed them. Oh, my God, have mercy upon me! I have *consulted my spiritual adviser, and have got Masses said for myself*." Does not the rationality, the logicality, of this quite stagger one's brain? I remember, when a child, having been given or lent an execrable little book called "Hell open to Christians," by either a Priest or a Christian Brother, as an aid to piety, and it is a wonder to me now that it did not give me meningitis. I was in spasms of terror day and

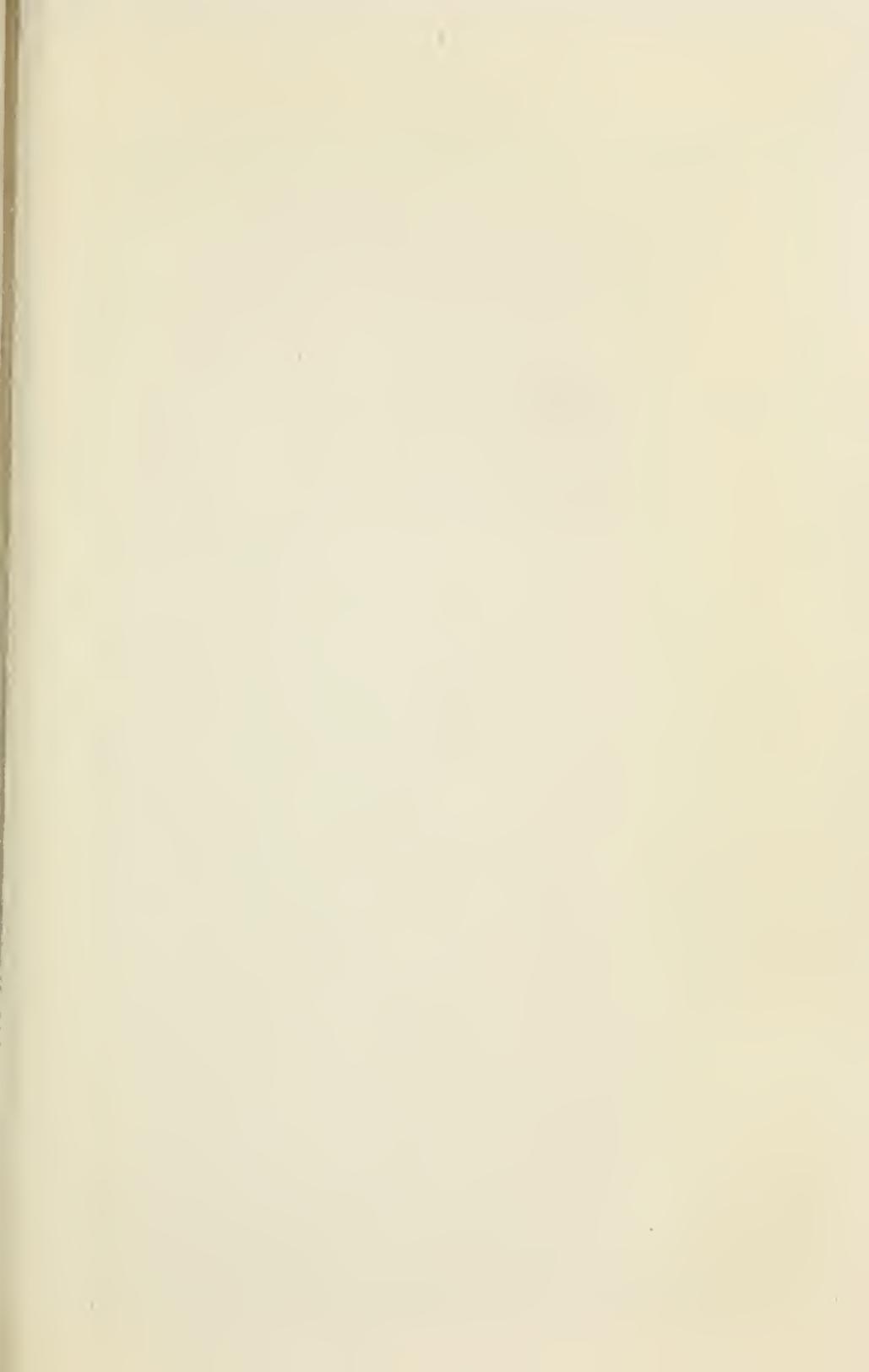
night for over a month until the abominable book either got lost or I had to return it to the donor. I remember one picture in it represented a man—a Christian—in an enclosure like the lion's cage at the Zoo, being burned by flames which yet did not consume him, while demons harried him with pronged tridents! The Sergeant says she was perfectly quiet. There is no mention made of the "spiritual adviser" having come or having been sent for. "About twelve o'clock," the Sergeant continues, "I allowed her to get up." We are told that she washed, dressed, "made her toilet," and put on her best clothes; and the Sergeant says that "before leaving the house, she kissed all her dead children in the room." Poor Mrs. Sadlier, it was not on you, but on someone else, that day, that the Recording Angel had his ever-watchful eye while he entered up the crime that had deprived Ireland of those four promising young lives—"those four pretty children" as they are described. The Sergeant took her, or, rather, she accompanied the Sergeant, for nothing could exceed her docility, to Cappawhite Police Barrack, and thence she was committed to Limerick Jail. She preserved her calmness of demeanour all through, and the jail doctor certified, mercifully, that she was insane,

“suffering from melancholia;” and, on the Lord Lieutenant’s order, she was committed to Limerick Asylum.

Admitting that those three dreadful cases are isolated ones, they are certainly three too many to have occurred in the five years under review.

“Religious Insanity,” is it? Well, then, *let us have no more of it!* I would rather have small-pox. *That* is more easily grappled with.

NOTE.—The summary of these two cases is compiled from the reports of the occurrences, trials, etc., mainly in the “Freeman’s Journal.”





From Photo by Lawrence Dublin.

AN IRISH EVICTION

A sight which I hope we shall never see again. Needless to say, it is not Mr. Bullard's.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1896—
CONCLUDED.

THE eviction of Mr. Fullam, ex-Member of Parliament for South Meath, which occurred in May, 1896, is an incident well worth considering.* Mr. Fullam was returned as an Anti-Parnellite; but was unseated on petition, on the grounds of clerical and other undue influences brought to bear to secure his return. The unseated candidate had to bear the costs of the petition, £1,900. and Mr. Fulham had to allow his interest in his two farms to be sold. The farms were valuable, but a hope was entertained that, under the circumstances, there would be no competition. Mr. Fullam went to the sale prepared to buy in; but Messrs. Carew, brothers of the present Parnellite member for the College-green Division of Dublin also went to the sale, and outbid Mr. Fullam, and secured the two farms at £1,780, a sum said to be much below their value. There seems to have been nothing whatever personal or

* This summary is based on the long report of the proceedings in the "Freeman's Journal."

vindictive in the business. Messrs. Carew appear to me to have aimed at securing their party against loss of their costs. They had now to recoup themselves against loss, and did so thus:—They got a writ of ejectment against Mr. Fullam, and put it into the sheriff's hands to execute. On the day appointed for the eviction, the two brothers Carew, accompanied by Mr. Saurin, a friend of theirs, a well-known grazier—and, I assume, a Parnellite—went to Mr. Fullam's place. There they found Mr. Fullam and his family in possession of their house; and, collected on the ground in front of the house, they found half-a-dozen Parish Priests, a host of Curates, the Mayor and Corporation of Drogheda, a band or two, and a large concourse of people. The Messrs. Carew brought along with them a caravan, containing a caretaker and all his household utensils complete, including even a cat and a collie dog, prepared to enter into possession of the Fullam family residence. The sheriff and his men were there waiting to begin. Then the Mayor and the ecclesiastical dignitaries solemnly approached the Messrs. Carew and offered to pay them down the £1,780 which they had paid for the farms. But the Carews refused, it is said, to accept anything less than £3,000.

They were begged by the Mayor and Corporation, implored by the Parish Priests, to accept the £1,780, but in vain. The Sheriff was ordered to proceed, and the family were put out. Under other circumstances, this would have been a heart-rending spectacle. Then the furniture was put out. When several of the articles had been hurled forth, the Carews offered, it is said, in response to continued appeals, to accept £2,500. When the furniture was all out, they yielded so far as to express their willingness to accept £2,000. This sum was agreed to, and the articles of the treaty thereupon settled, £1,780 paid on the nail, and the balance secured by the Parish Priests, Mayor and Corporation, and so forth. The Fullams then went back to their home; and I understand a testimonial was made up in the locality to refund to Mr. Fullam and his securities the £2,000. These events afford food for reflection, proving, amongst other things, the sharpness of Meath and Kildare people. I doubt if such an affair could be carried through anywhere else in the Rest of Ireland; though it would not be at all beyond the capabilities of the Northern Diamond. There was nothing in the transaction to merit the denunciations expended upon it by the Anti-Parnellite Press.

Talking about evictions, reminds me of New Tipperary, whose occupants had left it, as I have already noticed, and gone back to their old quarters. We were now informed that Mrs. William O'Brien, wife of the creator of New Tipperary, and *née* Raffalovitch, of Paris, had purchased for £750, the site on which New Tipperary had been erected at a cost of £15,000, and presented it to the townspeople of Tipperary. Thus ended an affair which created a great stir ten years before. Mr. William O'Brien, deserting, or, perhaps, still following up the paths of fiction (for I did not read them) was engaged at this time in writing "crushing exposures of the landlords," which, however, do not seem to have crushed anyone. But do not infer from this that I have a low opinion of William O'Brien. He fought what he believed to be the good fight, in the only way known to him.

A big political bubble burst in 1896, after having been sedulously inflated for months, viz., the Irish Race Convention held in Dublin in September of that year. For half a year before, the faithful *Freeman* had been organizing the Convention, making ready for the Convention, preparing for the great gathering, and so forth.

It was a melodramatic spectacle. Father M'Fadden, of Gweedore, opened the proceedings with a prayer in Gaelic. The enthusiastic reporter says that "As the accents of the Gael were heard appealing to the Holy Spirit for guidance, a hush fell upon the assembly, and a loud 'Amen' expressed the heartfelt earnestness of the gathering." Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, presided, and announced that the Convention had received "the exalted favour" of a message from the Pope, through Rector Kelly, of Rome, of whom we have heard before. "There's wine from the royal Pope upon the ocean green," were the opening words of the Bishop-President. He read the papal message in Latin to the meeting:—*Sanctissimus bonum spirituale et temporale Hibernorum exoptans, finem dissensionum precatur.*" The Latin reply of the Convention was then read, in which the "omen (augurium) of peace" was accepted gratefully from the Pontifex Maximus; and the Convention set to work in English. But nothing came of it. Oh, how those idealess men at that gathering must have sighed for a flash of Parnell's genius! The barrenness of the Convention must have been a sore disappointment to those who organised it.

The Government released John Daly and other

political prisoners at this time, upon whom Mr. Asquith was charged with having "shut the prison doors with a bang." They also passed a Labourers (Ireland) Amendment Act, which shortened and expedited the procedure for compulsorily acquiring land for labourers' dwellings, and empowered the Local Government Board to ensure that the dwellings were occupied by agricultural labourers only. They also passed a Public Health (Ireland) Amendment Act, giving rural districts in Ireland the power to put the provisions of the Public Health Acts in force.

Amongst the deaths of Irishmen during the Summer of 1896 were those of Mr. William M'Laughlin, Q.C., a Derryman and a distinguished Catholic barrister; and of the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, on August 15th, the popular Catholic Bishop of Clonfert. The Catholic layman, no matter how distinguished, has no voice in the affairs of his Church; but I shall deal with that separately later on. The Most Rev. Dr. Foley was consecrated Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, at Carlow, in great state, and received numerous addresses and presentations. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Sherry was consecrated Bishop of Justinianopolis, in still greater state,

at Dundalk by Cardinal Logue. Both were great events, and many special trains were run to convey the crowds who came to witness them. I believe Dr. M'Sherry is now Bishop of South Africa. The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty of Meath, since dead, celebrated his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee with great *éclat*, too, at Mullingar, and said that "the Land Bill was to be reprobated." Dr. Croke was founding a New Church at Rockwell—in fact, new churches were being founded or dedicated continually in all parts of the country. We find Archbishop Croke, Cardinal Logue, Bishop O'Callaghan of Cork, Bishop O'Dwyer of Limerick, Bishop Sheehan of Waterford, and Bishop Browne of Cloyne, in Middleton, in October, dedicating a new church there; and received by crowds, with brass bands and illuminations!

The Blessed Thaddeus M'Carthy, an ancient Bishop of Cork, whose tomb had been recently discovered at Ivrea, in Italy, by Dr. O'Callaghan, the Dominican Bishop of Cork, was beatified with great ceremony at his Shrine at Ivrea by our three Bishops, Dr. O'Callaghan, of Cork, Dr. Browne, of Cloyne, and Dr. Fitzgerald, of Ross, in the September of 1896. Dr. O'Callaghan was eulogised in all the papers, both for the discovery and

for getting the papal decree of beatification with such promptitude.

To make our picture of the country as complete as possible, it may not be out of place to note the doings of the Lord Lieutenant at this time. But, before doing so, let me state that the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria paid a long visit to Ireland this summer, staying at that grand watering-place, Kilkee, on the Clare coast; at Dublin; at Belfast; and elsewhere. Sir Charles Cameron whose cocoa and other testimonials form such interesting reading, and who also receives, I think, a salary of £1,200 a year from the Dublin Corporation, took Earl Cadogan in hand, and led him to Bride's-alley, a place near the Castle, which the Corporation had "cleared." I wish somebody would take Sir Charles Cameron himself to some of the places in Dublin, with its death-rate last winter of almost 50 per thousand, which the Corporation of Dublin have "not cleared," and put some questions to him on the spot.

The Lord Lieutenant went to Monaghan and visited Lord Rossmore, who, at that time, happened to be in occupation of Rossmore Castle, and was very well received. He visited the truly

splendid new Catholic Cathedral erected on a hill outside that town, one of the few *consecrated* Catholic Cathedrals in Ireland. Churches cannot be *consecrated*, though they may be *dedicated*, for public worship, till they are complete, and all the liabilities incurred in connection with them have been paid. It is a proud distinction possessed by the Monaghan Cathedral, erected by that most energetic man, the late Bishop Donnelly of Clogher, that it is *consecrated*, a distinction far distant from Cardinal Logue's neighbouring Cathedral in Armagh. The Monaghan Cathedral, standing out there in the lonely, lovely country, is an inspiring sight. It is beautiful in its exterior and its interior, most comfortably furnished inside, and possesses a lofty, well-designed spire and a fine chime of bells. One day, as I happened to be walking along the Armagh road, near but out of sight of the Monaghan Cathedral, these bells burst forth into Moore's air, "Oft in the Stilly Night," flooding the silent fields and filling the air with melody. I never heard such music in Ireland, and the occurrence excited emotions of patriotism within me, which, for the most part, lie dormant. Nobody who goes North and takes an interest in Catholic Ireland should

fail to see this Cathedral. Lord Cadogan told Dr. Owens, the present Bishop, and others present, that he was descended directly from William Cadogan, who was Member of Parliament for Monaghan early in the seventeenth century.

Earl and Countess Cadogan, in September, went to Cork, and stayed at Fota Island with the Lord Lieutenant's "life-long friend and school-fellow," Mr. Smith-Barry; having been received in the city by Sir John Scott and Lady Scott, the Mayor and Mayoress. Lord Cadogan's behaviour in Cork was well calculated to win the people over, so strongly humble was it, so unpretentious, so sensible. "It would be outrageous on my part," said he, opening the rebuilt courthouse, "to impart into my speech any allusion to contentious matters. I am grateful to you for the kind manner you received me. I have very rarely seen so many friendly faces turned towards me as I did to-day, as we drove through Cork. I think I may say that, even as a member of the Government, my presence here may not be wholly unwelcome." That very day the Chief Secretary and his family were in Donegal, in the Inishowen peninsula, and were politely welcomed by those of the population who were interested in light rail-

way accommodation—a very important thing; as they were also in Clare a few days afterwards. Mr. G. Balfour announced his intention of not making promises “which might never be fulfilled”—a good intention, but a disappointing announcement.

While in this viceregal atmosphere, let us record that a distinguished Irishman, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, having just retired from the diplomatic service, in which he had won such celebrity, came home to live in Ireland, at his place of Clandeboye, in the County of Down, as befitted a good Irishman, enriching the Society of the country by his presence in our midst.

The close of the Session of 1896 saw the Belfast Corporation Act passed into law, a friendly settlement having been come to between the Protestants and Catholics as to the delimitation of the wards, and consequent minority representation on the Municipal Council—a proof of the reasonableness of both sides.

The year also saw the present splendid new mail service inaugurated between Kingstown and Holyhead—the finest service of mail packet steamers in the world.

Some continental events also interested us, notably the arrest at Boulogne of Tynan, the

“Number One” of the Invincible Society—that black terror of the early eighties—just prior to the Czar’s visit to the Queen at Balmoral. Fortunately, there appeared to be no foundation, beyond suspicion, for the arrest; but many of us who had passed through the eighties, breathed a sigh of relief at the thought of the calm water in which we sailed now in Ireland.

A few other matters worth mentioning occurred towards the close of 1896. The tercentenary of the potato was celebrated in Dublin; and Lord Cadogan, taking part in the celebrations, informed the Irish Gardeners’ Association that the Government intended to establish a Board of Agriculture for Ireland in the next session. He also told them they ought to teach people, particularly English people, how to cook a potato, as well as how to grow it. “I never,” said he, “see a potato properly cooked in my own house—I say so with all due respect to Lady Cadogan.” A Viceregal Commission to inquire into the breeding of horses in Ireland—one of our most important Irish Trades—was also appointed, and commenced its sittings; and, like all other commissions, took a great deal of valuable evidence. Its members were Lord Dunraven, Lord Rathdonnell, Lord Ashtown, Land

Commissioner Wrench, Mr. Fitzwilliam, Mr. P. La Touche, Colonel St. Quentin, and Mr. Carew, M.P. Our annual export of horses to Great Britain, as we have already mentioned, is close on 40,000, which, at £30 per head—a low average, I should say—would come to £1,200,000 per annum. Like Lord Powerscourt, the *Freeman* wants to know what the Board of Agriculture is for, what it will have to do except to draw salaries, and says that the whole thing is “a put up job between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Plunkett.” As it has done nothing yet, the query remains to be answered. Earl and Countess Cadogan went to visit Lord Dunraven at Adare, apparently bent on making themselves familiar with as much of the country as possible. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, died at Tullow at the advanced age of 90. As far as one can gather, he, with a Father Dooley, had been the founder of the Irish Vincentians, and of their well-known school at Castleknock, to which we shall refer again briefly. It is stated that the original idea was that the Order were to devote their lives exclusively to giving missions to poor people. That is quite lost sight of now; and they are now reapers and gleaners of Intermediate Result Fees; official confessors at

Maynooth; directors of the young Catholic National Teachers at Drumcondra; and of the ecclesiastical students for the Foreign Mission at All Hallows in the same locality. They are what one might call superior priests. I went to their school in Cork for three years, when a boy, and I must say that I have very pleasant recollections of their affability. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, died also; having succumbed, it is said, to over-exertion, involved in the long journey to Ivrea, before referred to, and the laborious ceremonials in connection with Blessed Thaddeus M'Carthy. A Protestant Bishop, Dr. Wynne, of Killaloe, fell dead on the footpath on Waterloo-road, Dublin, at four in the morning, when summoning a doctor to attend Mrs. Wynne, who had been seriously ill for some time previously. By a melancholy coincidence, the devoted wife died within an hour after the bishop's death. The death of Sir George Owens also occurred; a well-known Dublin doctor, who had been Lord Mayor of the City, and held a seat in the Corporation up to his death. As 1895 closed with the wreck of the "Palme" in Dublin Bay, so 1896 closed with the remarkable landslip near Killarney. An entire upland bog, several acres in extent, left its position and descended

like an avalanche on the country underneath, choking up the River Flesk, and carrying to destruction a house and all its occupants, involving the loss of eight lives.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REPORT OF THE FINANCIAL RELATIONS
COMMISSION.

THE summer of 1896 brought forth the Report of the Financial Relations Commission. Who has not heard of it? The Most Rev Dr. O'Donnell called it "an epoch-making event, a Nasmyth hammer to crush argumentative opposition to Home Rule." But will anything whatsoever come out of it, for Ireland, despite all the Irish unanimity it produced? Things which produce feelings of unanimity sometimes do not produce anything else. I hope it will not be so with this Financial Commission. I make a suggestion at the close of the next chapter which, if it could be acted upon, would produce wonderful results for the country, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would hardly miss the amount from the enormous Budgets we are now growing accustomed to. It is not my wish to strike a dissentient note in Ireland upon the Financial Relations Commission's Report. I would fain believe that it will realise, either a refund from England to Ireland or a differentiation in taxation. If it fails to attain one or other of these objects, and I do not believe it will attain either of



From Photo by Russell & Sons, Windsor and London.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P.

*"And have been moved, as people are sometimes moved at sea, to throw it all up." --
Page 313.*



From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

MR. H. F. SLATTERY, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL BANK.

"A national institution which will safely bear comparison with any similar banking corporation."—Page 214.



them, it does not follow that it is "a nut in a toothless mouth;" but its labours will ultimately prove useful. Briefly, this is the Financial Relations Report. Complaints had been made from time to time that the financial arrangements existing since 1800 between Great Britain and Ireland were not in accordance with the principles of the Act of the Union, and were consequently inflicting financial wrong upon Ireland. These complaints resulted in inquiries held in 1811, 1812, and 1815, the period immediately following the Union. Those inquiries at that date were what one would naturally have expected. But, after these natural dates, nothing in the shape of an inquiry was held till 1864. Then another long interval ensued till 1890, when Mr. Goschen promised but did not hold an inquiry; and, in 1893, this great Financial Relations Commission, with which we are concerned, was appointed by Mr. Gladstone. It was presided over by Mr. Childers, an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, dying in harness towards the close of its deliberations, was succeeded by The O'Connor Don. The ability of its members cannot be questioned. Many of them were experts; and it has been asked, with reason,

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whether a much-needed reform is ever left to experts to carry out? If one wanted to radically reform the laws of this country, to *really* simplify them, so that all men might understand them, would one entrust the doing of it to Lord Chancellors and Attorney-Generals, or to leaders of the Bar, or to rich solicitors? Perhaps one would. Would one entrust the reform of, say, the War Office to Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, and other distinguished Generals? Perhaps one would. It has been done before. But then, if one did, one wouldn't *reform*. No one could impugn the ability of men like Mr. Sexton, whom we know. Nor of Mr. Childers, Lord Welby, Lord Farrer, Mr. Bertram Currie, and Mr. Slattery, who are experts. Whether the question which called these men together was an immediately pressing one or not, all sides admit the care and thoroughness with which they pursued their investigations. They worked for three years, examining witnesses and taking notes and they reported unanimously: That Great Britain and Ireland must be considered separate entities; that the Act of Union imposed on Ireland a burden she is unable to bear; that the increase of taxation from 1853 to 1860 was not

justified by then existing circumstances; that identity of rates of taxation does not necessarily involve equity of burden; that while the actual tax revenue of Ireland, as computed by the Treasury, is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is only one-twentieth. Mr. Blake, the well-known Canadian statesman, brought over, it is said, by Mr. Gladstone to guide the tottering footsteps of the new Ireland to be created by the Home Rule Bill, which did not pass; Mr. Sexton, one of our most clear-headed men; and Mr. Slattery, Chairman of the National Bank; fixed, in a separate report, the taxable capacity of Ireland at 1-36th of Great Britain.

Now, it is quite obvious that if Ireland should only pay one-twentieth, or one-thirty-sixth as much as Great Britain, into the common exchequer, she is being robbed of the difference between either of these sums and the one-eleventh which the Treasury people (whoever they are) compute she pays. Why should Ireland only pay one-twentieth, or one-thirty-sixth? How was it found out that she should pay only that much? It was found out by trying to fix her "taxable capacity." How was her "taxable capacity" found out, and what is it? The "taxable

capacity" was found out by discovering roughly the total income of a nation, the aggregate of the incomes of all the people in it. Others deduct what it costs those people "to subsist," and say the balance is the true "taxable capacity." The total income of Great Britain was put down, at a sum of about £1,400,000,000, fourteen hundred million pounds; the total income of Ireland was put down at £76,000,000, seventy-six million pounds, about one-twentieth of that. Allowing for and deducting the cost of "subsistence," the "taxable capacity" of Great Britain was found by Mr. Sexton to be thirty-six times the "taxable capacity" of Ireland. Thus Mr. Sexton, Mr. Edward Blake, and Mr. H. F. Slattery, Chairman of the National Bank—a National institution which will safely bear comparison with any similar banking corporation in the United Kingdom—proved that Ireland should only pay one-thirty-sixth of what Great Britain pays into the common exchequer. It was stated in one paper that the annual excess sum so paid for 96 years since the Union, if computed at 4 per cent. compound interest, would amount to £3,000,000,000, three thousand million pounds! What a paltry thing the two hundred odd millions required for Universal Land Purchase seems in comparison!

This golden bait was dangled before the country by the Press and the politicians and the mentally unemployed, with, what seemed to me, a too sanguine pertinacity, all through 1896 and 1897, and until the outbreak of the Boer War caused it to drop out of public view.

Now comes the consideration, is this statement of the case true? To arrive at absolute truth, in such a case, is, of course, impossible; but, in the main, I believe it is true that Ireland has been paying and pays too much taxes. Wastefulness, recklessness, devil-may-care living has long characterised us in Ireland; and we have paid too much for our whistle. The spirit indicated by such National songs as "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "Fill the Bumper Fair," and "Lanigan's Ball," is disappearing amongst our farmers. It cannot be said of so many youthful farmers in Ireland to-day, in the words of the song:—

There was a young man called Patsey O'Lanigan,
Battered away till he hadn't a pound.
His father he died and he made him a man again,
Left him a farm—ten acres of ground!

Nor does the Patsey of to-day proceed to rehabilitate himself, like O'Lanigan, by giving "a great ball to all his relations." The spirit of the

old Connaught landlord, whose sole bequest to his son on his death-bed consisted of the advice, *Never drink with your back to the fire, or fight with your face to the sun*, is not altogether dead yet either, but it is dying. We are improving in these respects; and the improvement is equally noticeable amongst the farming classes and amongst what Chief Justice O'Brien calls "the gentry."

In 1881, the deposits in the Government Savings Banks in Ireland amounted to £1,645,000; in 1891 they amounted to £3,878,000; in 1898 they amounted to £6,957,000. During that, nay, during a far longer period, the deposits in the Trustee Savings Banks remained about stationary, viz., in 1862 they were £2,088,370, and in 1897, £2,252,097. This money is largely the property of small people of the "Lanigan's Ball" or "Ten Acres of Ground" class, and of artisans.

The findings of the Commission are, I believe, true. Where, then, does my difficulty come in? Why have I expressed it as my opinion that nothing, or hardly anything, is likely to result from the findings of the Commission? It is—

- (a) Because the taxation we pay is altogether *voluntary* (except the Income Tax) and

indirect; and levied on things which are not necessaries of life; and

(b) Because they are the *same* taxes as those levied in Great Britain.

Our contribution to the common exchequer is made up of the taxes on Porter, Whiskey, Tea, and Tobacco, and the Income Tax. No one compels us to go in so heavily for any of these articles. The consumption of dutiable articles in Ireland has been stated to be *one-tenth* of the consumption in Great Britain. Is it not evident, therefore, that if our taxable capacity be only *one-twentieth* or *one-thirty-sixth*, that our use of dutiable articles is proportionately far in excess of Great Britain. In accordance with our means, we should only consume *one-twentieth* or *one-thirty-sixth*, whereas we actually consume *one-tenth*! Consider also whether, if the duties levied on these articles were *substantially* reduced, the result would not injure instead of benefiting the country. It requires consideration.

The only *future* remedy would be a change of duties from articles for which we go in heavily in Ireland, to articles for which we do not go in heavily: The only *present* remedy would be a refund. I suggest a *third* method, that of hypothecation, at the close of the next chapter.

In this we can do something for ourselves, and need not depend on the Government. Each man can reduce his own share of the yearly excess paid by Ireland into the common exchequer by any amount he pleases. Let us not be frightened by the dimensions of the figures quoted at all. Just note what the activity of one individual can do, in remitting taxation indirectly.

Let us suppose 2,000,000 drinkers of tea in Ireland, consuming each a quarter-pound weight per week. Lipton reduced the price of tea in Ireland by 6d. or 8d. a pound, which, at 8d., would be 2d. per head per week for two million people; which would be £8,333 6s. 8d. per week; which comes to £433,333 6s. 8d. per annum. Some such sum has been literally given to the Irish tea-drinkers, *to do what they like with*, as the incidental result of the activity of one man, acting on his own initiative, without any State aid! A Government thinks it a marvellous achievement to pass, say, an Intermediate Education Act, which only gives £36,000 a year *for a specific purpose*; or a Congested Districts Boards Act, with about £45,000 a year to spend in a certain specific way also!

It is mainly by individual action, in this Finan-

cial Grievance business, as in all else, that we can hope to do lasting good to ourselves.

Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, and Mr. Currie make an important suggestion, which would put the matter into our own hands. In a separate report, they state that "the public expenditure in Ireland is on a scale totally unsuitable to the country, and such as few nations would be able and willing to afford." They point out that civil Government in Belgium in 1893 only cost £2,600,000, while in Ireland it costs £4,544,000. No contrast could be more pregnant with material for reflection. The report further points out that the public expenditure in Ireland had increased from £2,300,000 in 1860, to £5,600,000 in 1893! The report adds that Ireland pays that sum, at the present moment, and contributes £2,000,000 besides, for Imperial purposes. Was Ireland a gainer, then, in 1860? No. For in 1860 Ireland contributed nearly £5,500,000 for Imperial purposes, when Ireland's own public expenditure stood at £2,300,000; so that Ireland had gained nothing by the economy. Nor, under present arrangements, would she gain anything by economy to-day; for whatever was saved in Ireland would go into the Imperial Exchequer. The agreement under the Act of

Union was that the expenditure of both countries should be levied "indiscriminately," *i.e.*, without differentiation, on both. Lords Farrer and Welby and Mr. Currie suggested in their report that "Irishmen should be entrusted with practical control of their own receipts and expenditure," and pay a fixed contribution for Imperial purposes. If this suggestion could be carried out, *so as to effect the desired economy*, it would be admirable. But one would require to consider the *pros* and *cons*. Consequent upon that suggestion—an infinitesimal consequence, no doubt—I have been examining into every statement of accounts issued by every department in Ireland which is at present supposed to return valuable work in lieu of coin of the realm to the tax-payers, and I may publish the result of my investigations. I am inclined to imagine there is gross waste of the public's money; but, pending the completion of my examination, I shall say nothing further, except that the publication would be interesting reading.

In the session of 1897, the present Government, in the face of a strenuous outcry from its own supporters at the Irish Bar, did a little to reduce our public expenditure by the passage of the Supreme Court of Judicature (Amendment) Act,

1897. Under the provisions of that Act, the Court of Exchequer was fused with the Queen's Bench, and it was enacted that, at the next vacancy in the office of Lord Chief Baron, no appointment should be made. The offices and staffs of the two divisions were consolidated, and, in time, a considerable saving will be thus effected. Furthermore, the Act abolished the separate existence of the Court of Probate and the Court of Bankruptcy, and fused both with the Queen's Bench, abolishing the two judgeships in bankruptcy and the Probate Judgeship. The ten judges of Queen's Bench now do, in addition to the former work of the Queen's Bench and Exchequer Divisions, the Probate, Matrimonial, Admiralty, and Bankruptcy business. It was also laid down in this little Act that the saving so effected should be devoted to exclusively Irish purposes; so that we have now a Judicial Surplus to draw upon, in addition to the Church Surplus, and that Judicial Surplus *has been already drawn upon* for a purpose which, at present, as we shall see later on, does not promise well.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNIONIST GOVERNMENT AND THE IRISH
LAND QUESTION.

“Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.”

POPE.

LET us now consider the action taken by the Government in reference to the Irish Land Question. They came into office, as we know, absolutely unpledged to do anything for Ireland except to refuse Home Rule. Yet we find them voluntarily introducing an important Land Bill in the House of Commons on April 13th, 1896—a Bill which received the Royal Assent on the 14th of August, and is now the Land Law (Ireland) Amendment Act, 1896. The Chief Secretary's speeches on the measure did credit to his powers of exposition, considering his difficulties, but the Act itself is clumsily written, like every statute passed since Mr. Gladstone delivered the farmers of Ireland over to the lawyers by his Act of 1881. I do not censure the lawyers. It is only the necessities of the case which drive a man, be he farmer or otherwise, into a lawyer's



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**LORD ASHBOURNE,
CABINET MINISTER AND CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.**

"The Ashbourne Acts point out the true lines which should be followed."—Page 229

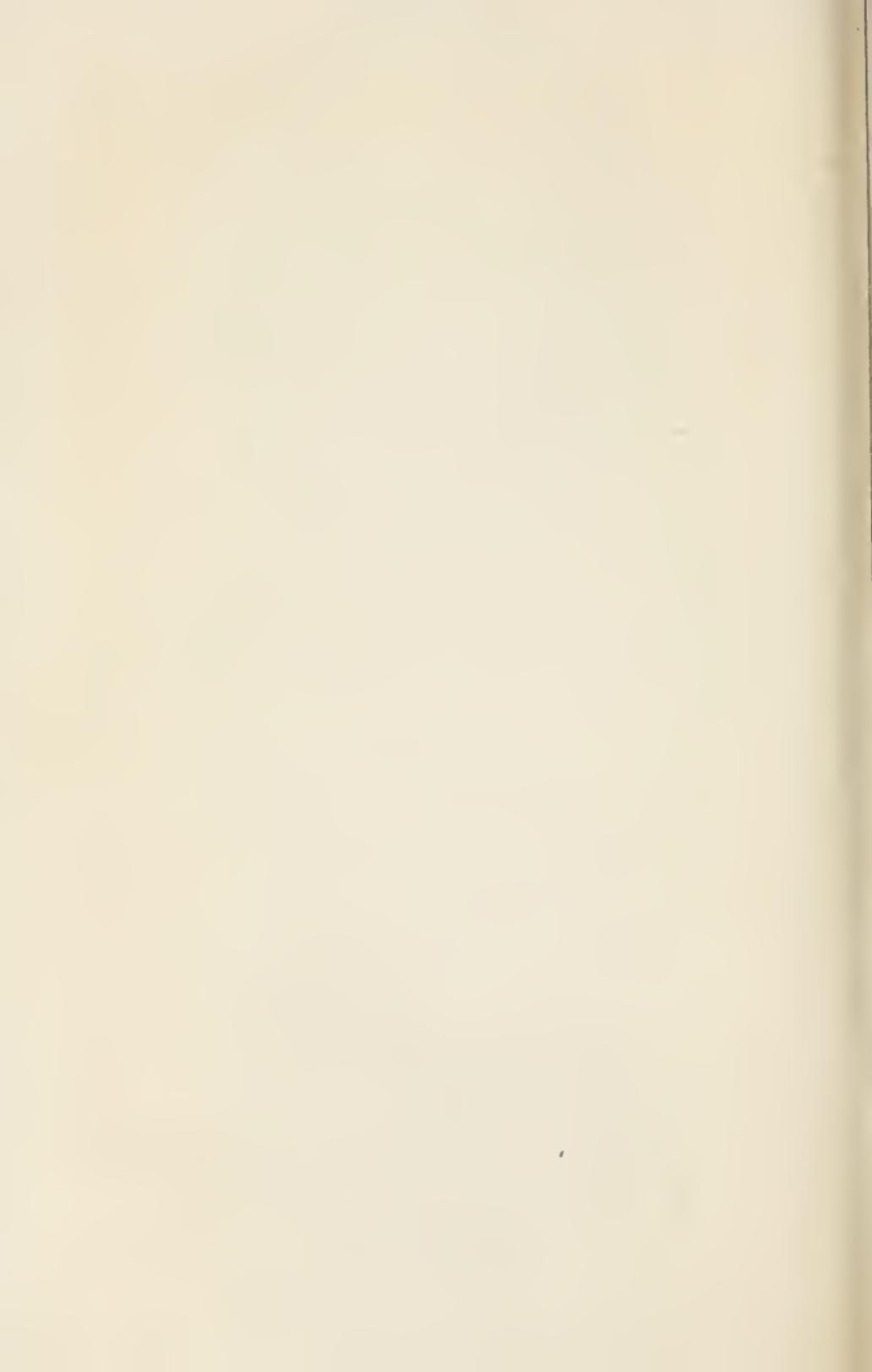


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THE CHIEF SECRETARY TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

His name of execution, considering his



office. The measure is, as he described it, "a collection of small bills." If the Government felt themselves not strong enough, in the face of landlord opposition—or, not called upon—to tackle what must be the final and only true solution of the Irish Land Question, viz., Universal Purchase, they cannot be blamed. "The final goal at which, in our judgment, land reform in Ireland must aim, namely, the substitution of simple ownership for dual ownership *is far distant*," according to Mr. G. Balfour. His reason for thinking so was that the number of applications under the Act of 1891 had been decreasing. But a little examination will show that the necessity for Universal Purchase is not a whit lessened by the actual facts. There were three Purchase Acts passed:—The Ashbourne Act of 1885, The Ashbourne Act of 1888, and the Balfour Act of 1891. Under the two Ashbourne Acts, the Government paid the landlords in cash; under the Balfour Act they paid the landlords in Stock—Guaranteed Land Stock. As all three Acts are voluntary, the change from payment in cash to payment in Stock, together with some other restrictions imposed by the Act of 1891, will account for the drop in the number of appli-

cations for purchase under the Act of 1891 in the first years of its operations. No application for purchase could be formulated without the consent of landlord and tenant; and the landlord was not as eager for Stock as he was for cash. Then, during the years 1892 to 1895, there was such unrest, pending Home Rule, that nobody cared to buy or sell. Land Stock had been some time below par, indeed, at first. In 1891 I wrote,* "The British Exchequer could not issue better security than Irish Land Stock." The truth of that forecast was now proved by the fact that all the Stock issued stood substantially above par on the market—at present its market value is about £113 per £100 stock—and the Chief Secretary, in consequence, proposed in this Land Bill to revert henceforth to cash payments, and to issue no more Stock under the Act of 1891.

Under the Ashbourne Act of 1885, in the first three years of its existence, the yearly numbers of applications were:—3,021, the first year; then, when the tenants had grasped the idea, 6,195 in the second year; and 4,786 in the third year. Thus the £5,000,000 was exhausted in three years, and the Ashbourne Act of 1888, giving a second £5,000,000, was passed. In a second period of

* "Mr. Balfour's Rule in Ireland," p. 40.

three years the applications were in each year respectively 5,533, 3,813 and 4,526. Is it not obvious that, at this rate of progress, Universal Purchase, so far from being "far distant," was only a question of a generation at most, *provided that* the experiment under the Ashbourne Acts warranted public confidence in the Irish tenant-purchaser. But, then, after the passage of the Act of 1891, came the drop in the number of applications, the reasons for which I have explained. That Mr. G. Balfour's pessimistic forecast as to the prospects of Universal Purchase, founded on the temporary decline in the number of applications, was happily falsified by the result of the Act of 1896, will be evident from the following figures:—During the next year, March, 1897, to March, 1898, the number of applications rose to 6,204, the amount applied for being £1,777,893, of which £1,325,169 was sanctioned. During the next succeeding year, March, 1898, to March, 1899, the number was 6,275, the amount applied for £1,925,989. I have said that Universal Purchase would have been brought within measureable distance by the Ashbourne Acts, provided that the experiment warranted public confidence.

What had been the result of the experiment under the two Ashbourne Acts up to the date of

the introduction of the Land Bill of 1896? They had been in operation ten years, and 24,900 tenants had purchased their holdings under them, the terms being annuities of 4 per cent. on the purchase-money, payable to the Government for 49 years, after which period the land will be free of anything in the nature of rent. The Government still held in April, 1896, a sum of £1,938,446 of the Purchase Money advanced under the two Acts as a *guarantee deposit* against irrecoverable debts. What was the amount of the irrecoverable debts? What was the amount of the defalcations thus anticipated and provided for? The amount was almost nil, being, in fact, only £3,625 in respect of 22 defaulters on 18 different estates. Twenty-two defaulters out of 24,900! Less than one in a thousand. This encouraging result, surpassing even sanguine expectations, determined the Government now in their new Bill to release this Guarantee Deposit in proportion to the amount of principal and interest repaid by the tenants—an operation which would release about half the deposit.

Would that Mr. Gladstone's great but tortuous mind had *commenced* in 1881 with the simple idea of the Ashbourne Acts! Proceeding on the basis of those Acts, and doubling or trebling

the amount of each successive grant, the substitution of "simple ownership for dual ownership" would be an accomplished fact all over Ireland in thirty years. What has stopped the good work begun by the Ashbourne Acts? What has barred our progress? Many reasons are set forth, besides those I have already given, notably, the tenderness of the Tory Party towards the Irish landlords. Some justification is lent to this alleged reason by a statement in Mr. G. Balfour's speech, with which we are now dealing. He said that landlords were able to get about 5 per cent. from their invested capital as long as it remained in the land, *i.e.*, while they remained landlords; but that if they sold and got cash, they could not hope to re-invest the capital, with equal security, at more than 3 per cent. Therefore, the loss of this 2 per cent. to the landlords was so serious a contemplation for the Government that Universal Purchase must remain "far distant." Why, may I ask, must the landlord class of the present day necessarily be idlers? For that is what the statement amounts to; that they, having got their cash, will lock it up in some thing irreproachably safe, and sit down twiddling their thumbs, waiting for the half-yearly dividends. That may apply to elderly

ladies with jointures; but I have a better opinion of the Irish landlord than it would imply. All shrewd Irish landlords must know that "dual ownership" cannot last long, and that it would be the height of unwisdom for them to bring up their sons *to be landlords* in Ireland. Both political parties in the United Kingdom are pledged to tenant-proprietorship in Ireland. Dual ownership, or, triple ownership, if we include the lawyer's share in the profits, only continues temporarily. Therefore every man deriving his income from Irish land must be looking forward, and training his children to look forward, to the day when the countless avenues of mercantile and professional business must be searched for a living. Will the loss of *two per cent.* interest on capital to the section of landlords who are content to sit idle—a small section as I hope and believe—long continue to stay this great reform on which all political parties have made up their mind? It would be idiotic to think so. What, then, if not Tory tenderness to Irish landlords, has delayed Universal Purchase? I say it is the action of the Liberal Party and our own Irish members who allied themselves to that party—who have stopped our way to Universal Purchase. They deprecated the Ashbourne Act of

1888 and the Balfour Act of 1891; and, worst of all, *did nothing* while in power, from 1892 to 1895, to help forward Land Purchase. Their unwillingness to give the landlord a fair price for his interest, which the landlord *must and will* get, explains their aversion to Land Purchase.

I trust that when the Liberals come into power next, that all their Irish legislation will be directed to converting tenants into owners. It is the one thing which a Government can do for the bulk of the Catholic laity of Ireland, to infuse some hope, some courage and some joy into their lives and the lives of their children. The task is not too big for Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley.

The Ashbourne Acts point out the true lines which should be followed, the germ idea which should be developed until Universal Purchase is an accomplished fact. Voluntary and Partial Purchase Schemes, while admirable as experiments, are not defensible, except that, when proved to be successful, they lead to Universal Purchase. They are a direct incentive to Agitation and Unrest, unless they do so, for they give an advantage to some occupiers of land over the great bulk of their fellows. Land Purchase, now so well begun in Ireland, must and will proceed to its logical conclusion, Universal Purchase. Why should Volun-

tary Land Purchase be necessarily left for Government settlement, in the face of the good faith of the tenants as proved by the facts stated? Has Mr. H. F. Slattery considered the question? Why cannot private resources be got to supply the money on such splendid security? Why cannot private financial institutions be encouraged to help in the good work of purchase in conjunction with the State?

But let me now discuss the small bird in the hand, viz, the Land Act of 1896, and not be tempted to forget it while expatiating upon the larger bird in the bush. The Act remedied some details of importance in, and extended the benefits of, the existing Land Acts. The Act laid down that when the Court fixes a "fair rent," it shall record in a schedule:—

- (a) The annual sum which should be the fair rent of the holding, assuming that all the improvements belonged to the landlord.
- (b) The condition of the holding as to cultivation and buildings.
- (c) The improvements made by the tenant; the present capital value of them; when they were made; and deduction from rent in consequence of them.

- (d) The extent to which the landlord had compensated the tenant.
- (e) The improvements made by the landlord.

It laid down that the tenant could part with his ownership in the holding to one person, by way of mortgage, family settlement, or agreement in consideration of marriage, and that such alienation shall be a sale.

Hitherto, where the immediate landlord was a life tenant, a statutory tenancy held under him terminated on his death, and the superior landlord was not bound by it; although if the immediate landlord were a leaseholder, a statutory tenancy held under him did not expire with the expiration of his lease, and the superior landlord was bound to abide by it. This defect as to limited owners was remedied. But, at the same time, the Court was given the power to vary the fair rent, on the application of the landlord, if just ground existed, for the remnant of the statutory term. Tenants evicted since the 1st of May, 1879, or, if dead, their heirs or representatives, were permitted to apply to the Land Commission, within twelve months after the passage of the Act, to "act as mediators," either for their reinstatement as tenants, or for the sale of their

holdings to them; the consent of the landlord, however, being necessary.

Tenants who were being or had been proceeded against in ejectment could redeem their holdings, by paying two years' arrears, no matter how many years' arrears were due as a matter of fact, the right to recover the balance, *by civil process only*, not by ejectment or distress, being left to the landlord.

The benefits of the Acts of 1881 and 1887 were extended to pastoral holdings valued up to £100; the previous limit being £50. Large holdings, partly pastoral and agricultural, or partly demesne and pastoral, could henceforth be treated as two separate holdings, and each be thus enabled to come within the Acts.

Townparks remain much as they were. A townpark was defined by the Act of 1881 to be a holding adjoining a city or town and deriving an increased letting value therefrom as accommodation land. The term has enriched many a lawyer, and a voluminous expenditure of legal erudition has been well laid out upon the question, What is a Town? for instance, and others equally exemplary of the saying that "To the judge belongs the fruit of the process, and to the parties the rind." One would imagine

that if a townpark be a holding deriving increased letting value from an adjacent town, then a town should be whatever aggregation of houses did, as a matter of fact, increase the letting value of the holdings near it as accommodation land. The provisions of the Act of 1881 about townparks would have suited admirably in England, where towns are continually expanding, but there was really no necessity for the separation of townparks in Ireland from ordinary holdings.

Sub-letting of dwelling-houses, or of one-eighth of the holding, if made prior to 1887, or in substitution of a sub-letting made before 1887, will not exclude the holding from the benefit of the Land Acts.

Tenants or landlords cannot be held to have got compensation for improvements unless they have got money or money's worth, a valuable consideration, apart from mere enjoyment of the improvements, or mere letting of the land.

Judicial or statutory tenancies remain fixed, as before, for 15 years; but *both parties* to a statutory tenancy may by mutual agreement, at any time during its continuance, abridge its duration, or make any other arrangement they wish, as to fair rent, surrender, partition or consolidation of holdings.

Rent shall not be paid by tenants on improvements, merely because they are unsuitable to the holding. On this question of improvements, let us see how the lawyers have got the 600,000 tenant farmers in Ireland under their grip, owing to the complexity of Mr. Gladstone's great intellect who devised the Act of 1881 and the reflected ingenuity of his Attorney-General, the late Lord Herschell. The Act of 1881—having created dual ownership—laid it down that tenants should not pay rent on their improvements; in other words, that the farm should be valued at what it would be worth, *if the improvement done by the tenant, had not been done*; and that the rent to be paid by the tenant should be fixed on that basis. But the lawyers having found out what was the increase in the value of the farm which resulted from the tenant's improvement, wanted to know how much of that increase was due (a) to the tenant's expenditure of capital and labour; and how much (b) *to the inherent capacity of the soil!* Then they argued that the *inherent capacity of the soil* is the landlord's, not the tenant's; therefore, whatever proportion of increased value had resulted therefrom belonged to the landlord, not to the tenant. Dual ownership! My uncle,

a great producer of weight-carrying hunters, once sold a fine chestnut gelding to a Dublin dealer for £200. The dealer sold again, and the horse was exhibited at Ball's Bridge Horse Show, and got First Prize and Gold Medal, and was bought at a fancy price for the Empress of Austria's stud, in which the horse greatly distinguished himself. My uncle used always want to know, when conversation turned on this point of "inherent capacity of the soil," whether he was not entitled to a share in the profit made on this horse, after he had left his hands, as the increased value of the horse was due to "the inherent capacity of the horse." If "dual ownership" and this argument of the lawyers, you see, were applied in every walk in life, society could not continue to exist. Mr. Parnell acted promptly; for when the court gave its decision, in what Mr. G. Balfour, smitten by his subject, now called "the famous and terrible case of *Adams v. Dunseath*," he (Mr. Parnell) introduced a Bill in 1883 to stop the legal train from travelling along any farther on the "inherent capacity" line. But relations were strained, very strained, at that time between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone; and Sir Farrel Herschell was put up to say, like a true Pickwickian, that if there was one thing he and all

the Liberal Government had always had a sacred respect for, it was "the inherent capacity of the soil;" that they could never divorce its sole ownership from the landlord; leaving it to be inferred that the tenant did not measure the rent he paid for a farm by the "inherent capacity" of that farm at all; that, in fact, the tenant didn't care what sort of a farm he paid rent for, or how much he paid for it, so long as he paid; the tenant was such an ass that he would give £2 an acre for Kerry bog just as readily as for Meath pasturage. Sir Farrer Herschell never could imagine such a conjuncture as that the tenant bought "the inherent capacity" of the soil by the increased rent he paid for good land as compared with bad land; and so forth, crushing Mr. Parnell, who would rise again; but, alas, crushing many others who would not rise again. The position now is perplexing, but who will deny that that is the perfectly correct position of any subject whatsoever, *from a lawyer's point of view?*

The purchase part of the Act improved the Ashbourne Acts by not asking the tenant to pay interest on the whole principal during the whole term of 49 years; but reduces the principal at the end of each 10 years by the amount of the

accumulations of the sinking fund. This works out to the tenant-purchaser's benefit thus:—

Purchase price, £100.

1st ten years; interest at 4 per cent. on £100.

2nd do. ; do. do. £86

3rd do. ; do. do. £74

Remainder of term do. £64

“Every person,” it was explained, “who buys at less than 20 years' purchase will start with an annual payment 20 per cent. less than his former rent; at the end of ten years a further 10 per cent. will be taken off his annual payment; at the end of twenty years a still further 10 per cent. will come off it; and a third 10 per cent. at the end of thirty years.”

Purchaser's Insurance was abolished, and what was called the county percentage under the Act of 1891 was to go to strengthen the sinking fund.

Guarantee Deposits were not to be required henceforth from vendors, unless the security was insufficient, which is practically never. Those Guarantee Deposits already made were to be released, as stated in the early portion of this chapter, in proportion to the amount of principal repaid by tenants. These were the concessions to landlords to induce them to sell.

Another was that Tithe Rent-charge could be

redeemed at 20 years' purchase without the consent of the Treasury.

The powers of the Congested Districts Board were to be extended, by allowing it to borrow money for the acquirement of land for sale to the tenants in its districts.

The sale to the tenants of Bankrupt Estates was to be promoted. It was found that out of 1,500 estates pending for sale in the Land Judges' Court, receivers had been appointed on 1,266, with a rent roll of £648,000. "This Court," said Mr. G. Balfour truly, "has ceased to exercise the functions of a court to facilitate the sale and transfer of land, and has drifted into a State Department to collect the rents of Bankrupt Estates." It is now enacted that the Land Judge may request the Land Commission to report the price at which the insolvent estate may be offered for sale; and he can, on receiving their report, then offer it to the tenants. If three-fourths of the tenants accepted the offer, the Land Judge may make the purchase compulsory on the remainder.

Such then, roughly, is the Land Act of 1896. The Irishman who would not give the Government credit for passing it, taking into account the

fact that they were bound by no promises to legislate for Ireland, would be unjust indeed.

Writing of the passage of the Act, Lord Ardilaun said, at this time, "Who can be surprised at the anger and bitterness which *such a betrayal* has engendered in the minds of the much-wronged and long-suffering Irish landlords?" But Lord Ardilaun's bark is worse than his bite. It was since the date of that letter that he purchased the Muckross estate at Killarney.

In September, 1897, a Royal Commission, presided over by the ex-Lord Justice Fry, and consisting, in addition, of Mr. George Fottrell, a Dublin Solicitor and Clerk of the Peace, Dr. Traill of Trinity, Mr. R. Vigors, and Mr. G. Gordon, sat in Dublin, and inquired into the procedure and practice and methods of valuation under the Land Acts; Mr. R. R. Cherry, Q.C., an able Dublin lawyer, acting as Secretary to the Commission.

It is the opinion of every thoughtful person who *knows Ireland*, not with a twelvemonth's knowledge such as Mr. G. Balfour possessed at the passage of this Act of 1896, but with a life-long knowledge—that all Irish remedial legislative efforts made henceforth by the authority of the body politic of the United Kingdom should be

concentrated upon the task of converting occupiers of land into owners of land. *That* reform can be effected for us partially *from without*; *the other* great reform, which we shall hear of later on, must be effected by ourselves *from within*. One will hasten the other, no matter which comes first.

The reader will doubtless remember my remarks on the Financial Relations in last chapter. Well, if the yearly difference between what Ireland ought to contribute to the Common Exchequer—one-twentieth, or one-thirty-sixth, of the whole—and the amount (one-eleventh) which Ireland actually pays, could be devoted to Land Purchase, the first disquieting problem would soon be solved. A sum equal to £3,000,000 a year could be earmarked, *as a national, contingent, guarantee* for half the interest, at 3 per cent., on a loan of £200,000,000, which would be readily subscribed on such additional security. The Purchase Price of the freehold might be fixed by agreement, or by Joint Irish, English, and Scotch Commissioners, acting for the time being as a permanent body. The instalments, interest, and sinking fund to be, say, on the terms of the Act of 1896, which we have just set forth. Would Mr. Slattery feel equal to it?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EVENTS OF JUBILEE YEAR, NINETY-SEVEN.
IN IRELAND.

SOME general events of the year 1897, which are not especially alluded to in other parts of the book, deserve mention. The year opened with the conferring, by Lord Cadogan, of a knighthood on an Irish literary man, avowedly because of his literary work—an unprecedented occurrence. The writer so distinguished was Sir John Gilbert, best known as the author of *A History of Dublin*, *Calendar of Irish Records*, and other historical works involving considerable research. His wife, now his widow, is also distinguished for her writings, but is better known to the public by her maiden name of Rosa Mulholland. Mr. William Findlater, a Dublin solicitor and proprietor of a brewery, was also raised to the rank of knighthood; and a Constabulary officer, Sir Owen Slacke. The Chairman of the Belfast Harbour Board, Mr. Musgrave, whose name has occurred before, was the recipient of a baronetcy on the same occasion. Lord Russell of Killowen honoured us with a flying visit, and presided at

the inaugural banquet of the Castleknock Union—a society connected with the Vincentian College, before alluded to—at the Antient Concert Rooms, in January. His opening words to the public and his audience were:—“The organisers of the feast,” the Vincentians, or Dooleyites, as the Irish Branch should properly be styled—they are known as Lazaristes in Paris—“have ordained that there shall be proposed two toasts and two toasts only. . . . The first in natural order is a combined toast: *The Pope and Queen, the Queen and Pope.*” Then he raised his glass and gave “The Health of the Pope and the Queen, the Queen and the Pope.” These were his actual words, and they show us Irish Catholic clericalism *in excelsis*. Poor Ireland had no place on the toast list. What the Queen has to do with the Pope, and what the Pope has to do with the Queen, I leave to “the organisers of the feast” to explain. I cannot see the connection, though I respect the Queen and I respect the Pope for their signal and proved ability in their different spheres. One could understand the toast at a clerical banquet in Maynooth. But used at a banquet of Catholic laymen, heavily interlarded, even though it was, with clerics, the words give one the keynote of clerical ascendancy in Catholic

Ireland; and their use was fittingly "ordained" by the "organisers of a feast" given in honour of one of the Catholic clerical schools of Ireland. Lord Russell died on the 10th August, 1900. He was a Catholic hailing from the North-eastern Diamond of Ireland. He left Ireland when a young man, and is one of the many instances of Irishmen who out of Ireland, have risen to the highest posts in their walk of life, and also one of the many proofs that Ireland governs England to a certain extent now-a-days as much as England governs Ireland. Ireland can govern the United Kingdom to a still greater extent, if she only wills it; but it will not be by means of "The Pope and Queen, Queen and Pope" policy. Lord Russell alluded to his distinguished fellow-pupils at Castleknock, Canon Flanagan (before alluded to), Canon Keon, Canon Connolly, Monsignor Molloy, and others. He also mentioned his school-fellow, Dr. Nedley, who, like the others, was present, but is since dead, a great teller of funny stories and doctor to the Viceregal Household. In conjunction with the late Father Healy of Bray, Dr. Nedley often tickled into action, by his stories, the sluggish livers of dyspeptic Lord Lieutenants, Lord Chancellors, and Chief Secretaries. I daresay he and Father Healy, like Prout in the case of Thackeray, unfor-

tunately assisted in forming the minds of those officials on the Catholic Irish Question. Dr. Nedley once wrote a ballad called "The Soupers," ridiculing the Catholic poor who accepted soup from Protestants of the stamp of Mrs. Smyly. The poem says of these poor people that they

"Sowld their sowls
For penny rowls,
For soup and hairy bacon."

The first month of the year also saw the death of Mr. J. P. Maunsell, proprietor of the *Daily Express* and *Evening Mail*, a man in the prime of life and of great promise. Clerical agitation for the Catholic University, hopes of which had been raised by Lord Cadogan's speech at Belfast; and a movement of elephantine broadness for redress of the Financial Grievances of Ireland, occupied the attention and filled the space of the newspapers through the first half of the year. The people of the country, however, I am happy to say, were attending to their business, except in Limerick and Waterford, where an acute strike, accompanied by some violence, momentarily paralysed the bacon industry—a trade in which we still hold the highest position, despite the invasion of the Danes. It was some months before a permanent settlement

was arrived at. Lord Cadogan appointed another of his Viceregal Commissions at the beginning of the year, viz., a Commission on Manual and Practical Instruction in Primary Schools. The Earl of Belmore presided, and its members included Archbishop Walsh and Archbishop Lord Plunket. This Commission also accumulated a great deal of valuable evidence, and much evidence which is of very little value. Another event of which a great deal was made was the unveiling of the Celtic Pillar Cross at Cashel, the lasting memorial of Dr. Croke's Silver Jubilee, before referred to at some length.

An amendment was proposed by Mr. Engledow to the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech in Parliament—in which "nothing but a Board of Agriculture" had been promised for Ireland—calling on the Government to propose legislation dealing with Catholic University Education in Ireland, and, in the course of the debate, Mr. A. Balfour referred sympathetically to what he called "the prejudices of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland;" but which he would more correctly have described as "the prejudices of the Roman Catholic *clergy* of Ireland." The people or the population have very little to say to the question; and we would have still less to say to

it, if the University were to become an established fact.

Lady Cadogan's suggestion, made in a letter written to the Duchess of Abercorn at the end of February, that an Exhibition of Irish manufactures should be held in the Royal University Building during Horse Show week, was warmly taken up. Her Excellency attracted public attention to the admirable quality of our Irish linen, cotton and woollen goods; our lace and crochet; our poplins and silks; our needlework, embroidery and hosiery—in all of which we really produce the best class of goods obtainable.

Lord Cadogan gave a State Banquet at the Castle on the 13th March, in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The banquet, Lord Cadogan said, was an "endeavour to gather within the Castle walls an assemblage of distinguished Irishmen, of all professions, of all creeds, and of all parties." He telegraphed to the Queen, who was then at the Riviera, that "252 of the most representative and distinguished Irishmen," assembled at the Castle, had done honour to Her Majesty's lengthened reign. A Committee of Dublin citizens, presided over by Mr. Ion Trant Hamilton, afterwards Lord Holmpatrick, and since dead, raised a fund to be administered in



From Photo by Chancellor & Son, Dublin.

**THE COUNTESS CADOGAN, LADY LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,
1895-1900.**

"Lady Cadogan's suggestion, made in a letter written to the Duchess of Abercorn."—Page 246.

connection with Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, in honour of the Jubilee.

Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, died on the first of April, at the age of sixty-eight, and was generally regretted. County Court Judge Roche died in March, and I notice his death because I knew him. He hailed from near Fermoy. He was a singularly upright man, and, after a life of steadfast toil at the Bar, had just entered upon the well-earned repose of a County Court Judgeship, when he was attacked with paralysis. Mr. H. E. Linde, of the Curragh, died in the same month, a sportsman who, in such a sporting territory as the Rest of Ireland, filled a large space in the public eye. Judge Miller, of the Bankruptcy Court, died in May. For over a generation his figure had been known to Dubliners, whether sturdily trudging through Pill-lane to the Courts, or galloping his fine largely-built horse in the Phoenix Park.

Lord Justice Barry, a Catholic Graduate of Trinity College, and a lawyer, who contained many of the elements of a really great man, died suddenly, and amidst universal regret, on the 15th of May.

The Jubilee of Her Majesty in 1897 seems to have started a host of jubilees and

centennial celebrations, mostly ecclesiastical, throughout Ireland. I cannot say whether they came into being out of sympathy or antipathy to the main event. Certain it is that the celebrators of these other affairs took no part in the Diamond Jubilee. First came the fiftieth year of O'Connell's death, which was altogether monopolised by the priests, and commemorated by way of High Masses in the Cathedrals and Churches. There were a number of golden jubilees of Monsignors, Deans, and other Parish Priests, including Canon O'Hanlon, of Sandymount, a good man, and author of a book or books on the Irish Saints. Second came the thirteenth centennial anniversary of the birth of St. Columba or Columkille, which was celebrated in June, in the presence of enormous crowds, by High Mass, Benediction, and Te Deum, in the open air, on the mountain slopes near Lough Gartan, in Donegal, where the Saint was born. Cardinal Logue and a number of Bishops assisted, including, of course, the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. O'Donnell, who kept the vast concourse in order with the gong he had used as President of the Irish Race Convention before alluded to, presented to him Mr. Davitt! The festivities connected with the Maynooth Union

were in full swing in June; and the usual episcopal declarations, of which I shall print no more in this book, were reverently published in the press over a black column of Maltese crosses. The health of the Pope and the health of the Union were the only toasts proposed at the banquet. Whatever one may think of such procedure, the omission of any recognition of the head of that State to which the Bishops are continual and persistent mendicants, the omission of all reference to Ireland, and so forth, at Maynooth; one must say it was more appropriate than "Pope and Queen, Queen and Pope" at the Antient Concert Rooms. It is a curious point to note that it was left to Mr. Andrew Lang to translate into English a new poem by the Pope which appeared at this time. Why did not someone of the thousands of Irish bishops and priests give the faithful a rendering of it? It is a capital poem, *In Praise of Frugality*:

"Neatness comes first! Be thy spare table bright
 With shining dishes and with napkins white;
 Be thy Chianti unadulterate
 To cheer the heart and raise the spirit's weight,
 Yet trust not much the rosy god: in fine
 Be sure that you put water to your wine."

The Re-union of Christendom and the Re-union of the Irish Party occupied a great deal of atten-

tion, and both seemed equally near or equally remote. I am glad to say that now, three years after, the re-union of the Irish Party seems upon a fair way to accomplishment, under the popular leadership of Mr. John Redmond, M.P. Mr. Swift M'Neill, M.P., was, I dare say, doing what he considered useful work by publishing a diary of the Rebellion of 1798 in the *Freeman*. What would that good man have done had he lived in 1798?

On Jubilee Day, the publication of the Irish Honours list caused great disappointment to expectants. Mr. Ion Trant Hamilton was raised to the peerage as Lord Holmpatrick, and knight-hoods were conferred on the Presidents of the College of Surgeons and Physicians, Sir William Thompson and Sir George Duffey; Mr. Cullinan, a Castle official; Colonel Dease, Chamberlain; Mr. Reginald Guinness, Chairman of the Brewery; Mr. William Watson, of the Kingstown and Holyhead Mail Steamer Company; and Mr. Whitney, a Solicitor and Clerk of the Peace. Lord Roberts, then our Commander of the Forces, was made a K.P., or Knight of St. Patrick. On the night of the Jubilee, the Ninety-eight Centenary Committee met in the City Hall of Dublin, under the presidency of Mr. John O'Leary, a

writer of a book on Fenianism as it affected himself, and heard speeches from that handsome giantess, Miss Maud Gonne; Mr. P. N. Fitzgerald, and Mr. C. G. Doran, both very talented men, and from others. That night there was, I regret to say, extensive breakage of plate glass in Dublin, and some police charges had to be made to disperse the crowds; but the disturbances were really very trivial.

CHAPTER XX.

THE EVENTS OF JUBILEE YEAR NINETY-SEVEN—
CONTINUED.

DR. KELLY was elected Bishop of Ross, of which diocese Skibbereen is the chief town. Dr. Kelly brings us back to ecclesiastical matters. Prominent amongst them is "an impressive ecclesiastical function at Armagh." The public were informed that "Cardinal Logue obtained special permission from the Pope for the Canons of his Cathedral to wear the celebrated choral dress, as worn by the Canons of the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the special Canons of His Holiness the Pope, a dress which is considered one of the richest and most beautiful both in material and colouring that the Canons of the Church are permitted to wear." The function was the "investing of the Canons with this imposing and gorgeous church uniform." Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, issued his first pastoral, and nothing could be more instructive for those who wish to know what manner of man the Irish Catholic Bishop is than to read that document, or the part of it printed in the Press for the instruction of the Irish people. Had

I room, I would print it all. He lamented the fact that “it may not be prudent” to have public processions of the Blessed Sacrament through the towns. I have seen them in the South of Ireland. He laments that we, in Ireland, “cannot give full and free expression to the homage that we know well ought to be given to our Divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist.” And he exclaims: “The very atmosphere we breathe is *not one calculated to force* the finest specimens of full-blown Catholicity.” With all due respect to Dr. Foley, the forcing-bed and the artificial heat are sufficiently in evidence here already; and if Catholicity in Carlow is not full-blown enough for him, he is very hard to please. The foundation stone of the new Catholic Church of St. John was laid at Kilkenny, one of our most decadent Irish towns. It will be, when completed, a magnificent building, with a tower and spire 238 feet high! It is said to have cost £30,000, up to the year 1900, but the works have been stopped, I believe, owing to the cost having exceeded the estimate and the gift for its erection, but I have not been able to obtain any statement of accounts in connection with this or any other of the new Catholic Churches referred to. The vast sum of money intended to cover its erection

was the gift of an old couple called Loughlin and their two sons, and was inherited, it is stated, from relatives in Australia. Dr. Brownrigg, the Bishop of Ossory, boasted that it "would be the most beautiful church along the line of the silver Nore from the spot where it rises at the root of Slievebloom to where that river mixes its waters with the sea at Waterford." He alluded to the people who gave this vast sum for its erection, as "the venerable old man, head of the family, whose health, I hope, has permitted him to be here, and his two sons," and "the venerable old lady, his wife, whose health I know has not permitted her to be here." Thus were the Loughlins dealt with, while he eulogised to the stars his fellow-bishops who were present, and himself, as if they had done more in connection with the affair than the Loughlins. All I can say is that I do not believe Saint John feels a bit honoured by the building of that church in such a poor town and district as Kilkenny; and I am sure he could have suggested to Dr. Brownrigg a dozen ways in which the money might have been better spent.

I wish I could say that I had done with ecclesiastical matters, even for 1897; but, though I only mention a small fraction of the whole, there are still some to be alluded to. These

things constitute the great public facts of life for the Catholic people in the Rest of Ireland. The Silver Jubilee of the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh, an affair which, I daresay, the people of Edinburgh were unaware of, was actually disseminated in detail through Ireland by the press. The consecration of Sligo Cathedral, Dr. Clancy's, was made a great event of, and St. Asicus was belauded in leaded type. The Golden Jubilee of the Dominican Convent at Kingstown gave Archbishop Walsh an opportunity of deluging the *Freeman* with a speech. His namesake, the Archbishop of Toronto, came to Ireland; but Catholic Dublin received no official enlightenment as to his presence. Dr. Naughton, the Catholic Bishop of Dominica, and Dr. Grimes, the Catholic Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, also came to Ireland, the land of their birth. Dublin made its yearly collection of Peter's Pence, and the *Freeman* solemnly assured its readers: "It is with more than a common joy that we set before our readers to-day the magnificent offering of the people of the Archdiocese of Dublin to the Father of the Faithful. Never did the Vicar of Christ receive from the sons of this diocese a nobler token of fealty and love." A two-page advertisement

gave some practical foundation for this eulogy.

Even the "Saint Augustine Celebrations" in Kent—a business about which I venture to say the people of Kent neither knew nor cared—were detailed for the people of the Rest of Ireland. It appears they were a commemoration by the English Catholics of the thirteenth centennial anniversary of St. Augustine's landing at Ramsgate! A shoal of new Catholic Churches were being dedicated all over Ireland throughout the summer months. "Papal honours for Irish Priests" were announced also; amongst them being the dignity of Monsignor, or domestic chaplain to His Holiness, conferred on Fathers Murphy, of Kildare; J. Foley, of Carlow; A. Phelan, of Maryborough; Burke, of Bagnalstown; and Tynan, of Newbridge. In September these religious affairs were brought to a climax by the ceremonies attendant upon "the translation of the relics" of the Blessed Thaddeus M'Carthy, before alluded to, which took place in Cork. The relics were solemnly deposited in the Catholic Cathedral by five Bishops and an enormous number of priests, in the presence of thousands of the Cork people. A reporter says "the translation" was accomplished "amidst a scene of surpassing suggestiveness." It was,

indeed, a suggestive proceeding; suggestive, alas, of many things which are out of joint in Ireland. The Master-General of the Dominican Order, a Father Fruhwirth, visited Ireland in state from Rome about this time. A Catholic Pilgrimage to Rome to see the Pope was organised in Dublin, and set off with great *éclat*. The pilgrims were received by His Holiness; but all the honours of the occasion were carried off by "Father Ó'Brien, P.P., of Ticonderoga, in the State of New York." The Pope is a really great man, and does not appear to have a particle of that standoffishness and mystery so characteristic of our Catholic clergymen in Ireland. When Father O'Brien came in his turn to be presented, the Irish Yankee produced a Zuchetta or cap and actually offered it to the Pope. Leo XIII. was, like a truly great man, equal to the emergency; and, accepting the cap, took off the Zuchetta he had been wearing and gave it to Father O'Brien; "a priceless souvenir," as the reporter of the occurrence calls it, not without justification. The Diamond Jubilee of the Loretto Convent at Rathfarnham was also celebrated with great religious ceremonial; and the Silver Jubilee of the Bishop of Achonry.

I reserve the case of the Markhams against the

Curate of Kilshanny Parish in Co. Clare, and the breaking up and stoppage of Mass in the Church rather than have it celebrated in the presence of Markham, who was the tenant of a boycotted farm, for my book dealing with the Catholic Church in Ireland.

The Jesuits of the College of Clongowes Wood, not to be outdone by the Vincentians at Castleknock, started a Union, also, in connection with their clerically-governed school. They held their banquet at the Shelbourne Hotel, and it was presided over by the Chief Baron Palles; and Chief Justice O'Brien was the next most distinguished guest. There was no "Pope and Queen" toast reported. But "The Queen" was properly toasted, and "The Union," and "The Jesuits." No toast to Ireland or its prosperity is recorded! I said of the Vincentians that they were "superior priests"; I say of the Jesuits that they are sensible priests. But, like all priests, their first object is the glorification of the clerical order at the expense of the lay. For instance, at this banquet, Father Keating, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, said: "The Society of Jesus had done a great deal to promote liberal and solid education." The first and greatest result of this liberal and solid education, in Father Keating's

opinion, was, that "during the past 300 years, many pupils of the Society had sat in the Papal chair. Leo XIII. did not feel ashamed of calling himself a Jesuit pupil, and many Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops were Jesuit boys." This constituted *the* great achievement of the liberal and solid education of the Society; and Father Keating then went on to deal with those pupils who had not joined the ranks of the Church.

Amidst all this saturnalia of ecclesiastical display and expenditure, it makes one blush to record that a winter of famine was being predicted by the Nationalist Members and the very priests themselves, and that eleemosynary relief works were being begged for from the Government! On the second of October, sixty-five Irish members memorialised Mr. A. Balfour to summon an Autumn Session of Parliament for the purpose of obtaining funds to institute relief works in the impoverished districts. Mr. A. Balfour replied, on the 6th of October, that "the possibility of distress" was not "a sufficient justification for departing from the ordinary Parliamentary practice."

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived in state in Dublin on the 18th of August, 1897.

There was a great military display in the streets. When all the street traffic had been stopped, and a continuous double line of soldiers had grounded arms from the Castle to Westland Row, Lord Roberts alone, on his little Arab charger, cantered along the entire route and received the salutes of the military and the ovations of the people. Nothing could well exceed the cordiality of the popular welcome given to the young Duke and Duchess, as their carriage passed along, Lord Roberts riding beside it. I had never seen the Duchess before, and I must say I felt, on first impressions, that all her features and her expression gave promise of great intellectual ability and sense. The Duke and she made themselves very popular here during their somewhat long stay. The military manœuvres that year had been more important than usual, and a comparatively large army was encamped in the Phoenix Park.

The Exhibition of Irish Textile Industries, initiated by Countess Cadogan, and before alluded to, was opened by the Duke of York on the 19th, and turned out a great success. On the following day, the 20th, the Duke and Lord Roberts were both formally invested with the insignia of the Knighthood of St. Patrick. On



From Photo by Guy & Co., Cork.

LADY ARDILAUN.

"Lady Ardilaun is a daughter of the Earl of Bantry, and one of the leading ladies in Irish society,"—Page 132.



LORD ARDILAUN.

*He has patriotically made his home in Ireland," &c., p. 132. 'But Lord Ardilaun's
Lord is more than his life" &c., p. 99*

the 21st the Duke and Duchess and their Excellencies went to Leopardstown Races. On the 22nd they visited Lord and Lady Ashbourne at Howth Castle. On the 24th they went to Bray, and visited Lord Powerscourt at his famous residence, before mentioned. On the 25th and 26th they went to the Horse Show, at which the attendance that year was phenomenally large. On the 27th there was an enormously large Garden Party at the Viceregal Lodge, and on the 29th the Royal couple left Dublin for Killarney. There they were received with marked public rejoicings and welcome. They spent a day or two amidst the beauties of the historic locality, going so far afield as the island of Valentia, where they were received by the Knight of Kerry and Lady Fitzgerald. They left Killarney for Lord Dunraven's place at Adare, in County Limerick. Then they sailed up the Shannon by a new river steamer route, and went on to the Duke of Abercorn's place at Baronscourt, in County Tyrone, where they arrived on the 1st of September. They visited Derry on the 4th, accompanied by their hosts, and they joined in a procession through the principal streets, being received by the Mayor and Mrs. Johnstone and the Corporation. They next visited Lord

Londonderry in County Down, and drove round to enjoy the fine coast scenery near Newcastle.

On the 8th of September they visited Belfast, and left for Scotland the same evening. They received an address from the Belfast Corporation, which will be pleasant reading after the dubious matter which has occupied so much of this chapter. Lord Mayor Pirrie (of Harland and Wolff's), still in office, signed the Address: "We have to record the continued prosperity of our city, the increase of its population and trade, and the steady growth in value of its property, evidencing the wealth that has been accumulated by the full employment of our people, their perseverance and self-reliance." Would that these words could be truthfully spoken of the Rest of Ireland! The Duke and Duchess received numbers of other Addresses, all equally joyous and encouraging; and they paid a visit to Harland & Wolff's great yard, where they saw the now famous *Oceanic* on the stocks. "We leave to-day with your hearty Irish cheers ringing in our ears, and we look forward with pleasure to again visiting Ireland"—were the Duke's last words before embarking.

In August that year the Commission on Horse Breeding reported and recommended that

“increased State aid should be given for Horse Breeding in Ireland.”

On the 31st of October occurred the death of Dr. Samuel Haughton, at the age of seventy-five, Senior Fellow and Senior Lecturer of Trinity College—a man admired for his wit, learning and candour by everybody in Ireland who knew him. Talking of Trinity College reminds me that in November the centenary of Edmund Burke was celebrated in Dublin, by a Lecture at the Royal University; and also, by a banquet at Trinity College, at which Lord Cadogan attended. Dr. Salmon, the Provost, who is one of the wisest men in Ireland to-day, complimented Lord Cadogan, giving him “the praise of being an honest man, striving to the best of his ability to do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him,” and went on to say that a Royal Residence, occupied only for a few weeks in the year, would not compensate for the loss of a really good Lord Lieutenant.

A deputation of Chambers of Commerce waited upon the Chief Secretary, and urged the establishment of a Department of Agriculture. The new Theatre Royal was opened on December 13th, in the presence of a large and distinguished

audience, with a performance of "The Geisha"; and thus we found ourselves on the "Eve of '98." The Centenary of the Rebellion was ushered in by a torchlight procession at midnight through the various streets of Dublin which were connected with the events of 1798.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF EDUCATING CATHOLICS
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Poor moth! Thy fate my own resembles
Me too a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles
To seek the good I ne'er shall find."

CARLYLE.

MR. A. BALFOUR, who finds his views over-ridden by his colleagues in the Cabinet, *and who does not in consequence resign his seat*, the course usually followed in such contingencies, says he is "passionately convinced"—a curious phrase, for when people are convinced they are not passionate—of the necessity for a Catholic University. I say nothing for or against. I merely ask, is it wise and good to give further prominence and increased power to Religious Influence in Ireland? Is it likely to benefit Ireland? That is all I care to know. The Catholic Bishops have laid it down* that their claims would be substantially satisfied:—

- (a) By the establishment and endowment, in an exclusively Catholic, or, in a Common University, of one or more Colleges

* Maynooth, October, 1895.

conducted on purely Catholic principles, and, at the same time, fully participating in all the privileges and emoluments enjoyed by the other College, of whatsoever denomination or character.

- (b) By the admission of the students of such Catholic College, equally with the students of the non-Catholic College, to all University honors, prizes, and other advantages.
- (c) By securing to Catholics, in the Senate or other supreme council of Common University, should such be established, an adequate number of representatives, enjoying the confidence of the Catholic body.

This constitutes the only authoritative pronouncement on the question; for, in this matter, Catholic laymen seem to regard themselves as of no account. They are without organization, and the Catholic education of the country is altogether under ecclesiastical control.

I attach no importance whatever to the so-called Declaration of the Catholic laity published in the press on New Year's Day, 1897. It is described by the signatories—a few hundred Catholic peers

and commoners, who have not a single detail or shred of a plan to offer as to the constitution of the governing body of the University—as “a renewal of the declaration made by the Catholic laity in 1870.” During the 27 years which had elapsed since their fathers or themselves had signed the Declaration of 1870, they had not been able to add an iota to their knowledge of the question. They needlessly affirm “that it is the constitutional right of all British subjects to adopt whatever system of Collegiate or University education they prefer.” Of course it is; but it is not the constitutional right of any religious body to call upon the population of the country to endow with hard-earned money a *religious* university for that *religious* body. Queen Elizabeth did it in the case of Trinity College; but, if Trinity College had not been endowed centuries ago, while the fervour of Reformation glowed in the land, it is doubtful if it would ever have been endowed since. That the sort of university which those Catholic laity—blindly, as I believe—asked for, would be a religious body, is evident from their very words: “Large numbers of Irishmen are precluded from University education on account of conscientious *religious opinions* regarding existing systems of education,” and

they "demand such a change as will place them on a footing of equality." That is all they have to say, these reiterators of "the Declaration of 1870." Are these vague observations the words of men labouring under a pressing grievance? Who would fill in the details for them? Who suggested the renewal of the Declaration to them? Answer when you have read this chapter. I do not oppose the granting of a State-aided Catholic University for Ireland, if the one condition mentioned in this chapter be complied with. But I am as firmly convinced as I am of my own existence, that if, at that juncture, Lord Cadogan and Mr. A. Balfour, had induced Lord Salisbury to grant a richly-endowed Catholic University, they would have but increased the heavy burden of clerical domination on the people of the Rest of Ireland. An English Government, anxious for a quiet life, may give a Catholic University; but, unless the rights of laymen are primarily and adequately safeguarded, such an institution will be a curse instead of a blessing, a disaster instead of a victory for Ireland. That is the fact, despite all the renewals of declarations that were ever or can be ever signed; and despite all that self-seeking flatterers of the priesthood may write or may declare—a disaster, firstly, to the Catholic

laity, and eventually to the clerical order themselves.

Let us now examine the condition of Catholic education in Ireland. There is not a school of any description in Ireland to-day, except a few grinding establishments, kept by a Catholic layman or Catholic laywoman. Forty or fifty years ago there were several admirable superior schools, managed by Catholic gentlemen and Catholic ladies, where a good classical and general education was given, in all parts of the country. To-day all the superior male Catholic schools are managed by priests, either secular or regular; and all the Superior Female Schools are managed by the various Orders of Nuns. Those are the Catholic schools, whose successes in the Intermediate Examinations yearly are so belauded in the National Press—all managed by Priests, Nuns, and Christian Brothers. I think their success in teaching boys and girls to know books by rote, which are utterly valueless to them afterwards, is of very doubtful benefit to Ireland. But the benefit of it to the Secular Priests and the Orders of Priests, Nuns, and Christian Brothers, the managers of the schools, who throw themselves with such verve into the work, is by no means doubtful. Can people of common sense credit the

existence of the following state of things? The Intermediate Education Act, passed by Lord Beaconsfield with the best intentions, handed over £1,000,000 from the Irish Church Surplus to certain Commissioners, with authority to expend the interest of it upon Intermediate Education. During an average year of the five under review in this book, the produce of that capital sum amounted to £38,982, and was all expended within the year. But, in addition to that sum, the Intermediate Education Commissioners also received that year £53,317, under the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act, making a total for the year of £92,299. The number of children who presented themselves for examination was 8,711. In order to examine these boys and girls, official salaries to the tune of £4,374 were paid; the carrying out of the examinations cost in money £13,514; the result fees paid that year were £7,054; and the Exhibitions, &c., to pupils amounted to £6,211. These items came out of the original endowment. How was the £53,317 of the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act expended? The vast sum of £41,817 of this public money was paid to *managers of schools*, all Priests, Nuns, and Christian Brothers on the Catholic side; and only £10,220 given in

exhibitions to the pupils. Add to this the £7,054 paid in results out of the original endowment, and we find that, out of the total, £92,299, of the public's money for the year 1897, the result fees to the school-owners came to £48,871; and we find that out of the £92,299, only £16,431 went to the pupils. What is the result? The result is that touting for smart poor boys all over the country is in full swing, and when likely to win exhibitions they are taken in free into those scholastic or monastic institutions. But, far worse, I have known scores of cases where the bargain with those smart but needy boys was that the exhibition money won by the child should be left to the owners of the school. Those managers of schools were not satisfied with taking 52½ per cent. of the entire Government grant, but their voracious maw also must needs swallow up the seventeen per cent. of it which is the rightful property of the child! The original intention, I take it, of the grant of public money under this Act was, that deserving boys, the children of struggling parents, might be able, while at school, to earn something in money, by their book-learning, which money would go to assist them, *after school-days*, in getting a provision for life, either by way of a profession or

further study. I therefore hold that such a frustration of the Act is not only illegal, but is dishonest.

The primary education of Catholics is equally in the hands and grasp of Religion. The Catholic National Teachers are now trained, before getting their appointments, in Clerical Training Schools, as, for instance, under the Vincentians at Drumcondra, and under the Sisters of Mercy, at Baggot-street, Dublin. They are imbued with the spirit of submission to the clergy. After their appointment, the Catholic Teachers are completely in the power of the Parish Priest, who is always the manager of the school, and who can dismiss them at three months' notice. The case of Father Hunt, of Leixlip may be quoted as an instance which occurred during the five years covered by this book, of the exercise of this power by a Parish Priest on a female teacher of life-long service and unblemished record. That case was made public and met with condemnation; but how many cases have not been exposed? The following figures show how the Catholic clergy have absolutely monopolised the primary education of the Catholic youth. There are 5,890 Catholic National Schools, under the control of 1,325 managers, who possess the power of

appointment and power of dismissal of the teachers. Of these Catholic Managers, 1,184 are Priests, and only 141 laymen. One can realise the position of power and patronage held by these Managers from the following figures. In the year 1897-1898, the Teachers received in cash from the State:—

1. Salaries	£563,814
2. Results' Fees:—			
(a) Parliamentary Vote	...		225,640
(b) Local Taxation	...		76,239
(c) Under Act of 1892, as Increases, Bonuses, Capitation, &c.		249,485
(d) Subscribed by Contri- butory Unions and school pence	...		35,966
			<hr/>
			£1,156,144

By far the greater portion of this vast sum is patronage at the disposal and dispensation of the Priests, unchecked by any lay control whatever.

And, besides the patronage, the Convent and Monastic schools, though their conductors are not National Teachers, receive the comfortable sum of £139,038 in cash every year from the Board of National Education.

The Protestants have a Training School also, directed by a clergyman, it must be added. And, besides these, there is a Neutral Training College, kept by the National Board itself; but, I understand, neither a Catholic nor a Protestant manager will take a teacher from it, unless one is not available from his own Clerical Training establishment. With regard to the Protestant Managers; first, they are not always clergymen; and, secondly, even when they are, it must be borne in mind that the Protestant clergyman, as we shall see in the next chapter, is not independent of lay control. The Catholic clergyman is an absolute autocrat, owning no lay authority whatever. On the point of Protestant Managers, I find that, out of a total of 948, 679 are clerical and 269 lay, controlling 1,490 schools; and of the Presbyterian Managers, out of a total of 534, 375 are clerical and 159 lay. The Christian Brothers, who have to do with primary as well as Intermediate education, are a religious Order also, and under the power of the Bishop of the diocese; though their non-endowment under the National Board saves them from the Parish Priest.

Let us now descend a degree lower in the scale of Catholic Education, and we find the

same force at work. It may be an extreme opinion, but I shall express it for I believe it, namely, that the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Act, as carried out in Ireland, is a curse instead of a blessing to the country. It was during the period covered by this book, in July, 1896, that Judge Holmes, a keen, sensible man, denounced from the Bench, at the Cork Assizes, the hypocrisy and subterfuge, resorted to by all the parties concerned in procuring the admission of a child into one of these Industrial Schools. The School in question happened to be a Protestant one, and the parties Protestants; but that fact only attests the honesty of Judge Holmes, who is himself a Protestant.

There are 71 of these schools in Ireland—9 being Protestant and 62 being Catholic. They were originally intended to save the street waifs, abandoned by their natural guardians, from utter demoralisation. To-day they contain children whose parents and friends could well support them, and who have been got into those schools by artifices degrading to the children and their parents or friends, and disgraceful to all concerned. These schools are, in fact, remunera-

tive boarding schools, for which the conductors have only to provide the pupils, whereupon the public, at once and without demur, pays the annual pension till the child arrives at adolescence! I find that a deputation waited on the Chief Secretary in October, 1898, and Mr. Charles Eason, Junior, the first spokesman, urged the Government to compel the parents to contribute to the support of the children in those schools, which would, in my opinion be a step in the right direction. The nine Protestant Industrial Schools are stated to have 909 pupils. The 62 Catholic Schools have 7,174 pupils. If the figures were in proportion to population, the Catholics should only have 2,727, or *three times* as many as the Protestants, whereas the Catholic children are *eight times* as numerous as the Protestant. The leaven of "superior education" amongst the Protestants, as we have seen, is three times as great, proportionately, as amongst the Catholics. Now, we find the leaven of derelict children, abandoned by their natural guardians, is almost three times *greater than it should be* amongst the Catholics in proportion to the Protestants! The teachers in the Protestant Industrial schools are lay men and lay women. The governors, or directors, of all the Catholic

schools are Religious Orders! Thus, again, the clerical element claims even the Catholic waifs for its own; and exercises its well-intentioned, kindly—often too kindly—but unpractical influence over their budding faculties. There is the greatest competition amongst the directors of these Catholic schools for boys and girls. Wackford Squeers himself never was keener on the scent for a boy; but far be it from me to compare the food and treatment given so plentifully and kindly to the children in these schools with the fare at Dotheboys Hall.

These schools are profitable businesses for the communities who direct them. The total cost of them to the public in 1898 was £165,216 6s. 3d., of which the Protestants only took £16,092 10s. 6d., leaving £149,123 15s. 9d. to be distributed amongst the Religious Orders, male and female—principally female—there being 44 female and only 18 male Catholic schools. Is not that a handsome sum of money to be paid into the coffers of these communities? Who pays it? The Treasury pays £101,225 5s. 7d., local authorities, £41,261 0s. 3d.; the profits of the schools come to £10,373 16s. 3½d.; and other sources contribute £6,436 14s. 3d. The average cost per child per annum comes to nearly £20.

Are there not many boarding schools on the Continent, aye, and in the United Kingdom, wherein struggling gentle folk place their daughters at £20 a year?

Is this state of things right? Is this for the National good? Is it not a direct incentive to parents to neglect their primary duties? Is the Act not used as a further lever for the degrading of the lay Catholic element and the exaltation of the power of the clerical? Mark how the same abuse of public trust is creeping into England. I find that England, with a population *seven times* as great as Ireland, has only 14,226 children in Industrial schools, which is not nearly *twice* the number of children in the Irish schools, viz., about 8,000. In proportion to its population, therefore, England has only one-fourth the number of derelict children. But, I regret to note, that, of the 14,226 children in these schools in England, 3,608 are Catholic children in Catholic Industrial Schools, worked on the same principles as those in Ireland. That is to say, that although they do not number *one-tenth* of the population of England, the Catholics provide *one-fourth* of the derelicts who occupy these schools.

Let us now consider how the priests show up,

in the limited amount of University Education with which they have to do in Ireland. Take the case of the defunct Catholic University which was started with such *éclat*. After the Synod of Thurles in 1850, the Committee appointed to make all the arrangements consisted of four Archbishops, four Bishops, eight other ecclesiastics, and eight laymen, giving the clergy, *qua* clergy, a majority of two to one. We have in Ireland an establishment called The Royal University; created also by Lord Beaconsfield by a grant of £20,000 a year from the Irish Church Surplus; and working in connection with the three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Galway and Cork; University College, Dublin, and Magee College, Derry. Its annual report, signed by Lord Dufferin, is a worthless document, giving no statement of accounts. The attitude taken up by the Catholic Church towards the three Queen's Colleges is, that they are accursed, that they are Godless colleges; and their work in Cork and Galway has been blighted in consequence. If the Catholic Bishops and Priests really desired and desire the education of the Catholic youth, which I doubt, why did they not, as they could easily have done, and may do still, make their own of the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway; as they so often

point out the Presbyterians have done with Belfast Queen's College? Only 49 Catholics entered the three Colleges in 1897-8, the central year of the five which we are considering. When I myself was sent to a Protestant Endowed School, and afterwards to Trinity, the vials of clerical wrath were poured over the devoted head of my father; when my brother entered a Queen's College, and took his medical degree therein, the same consequences ensued.

But the defunct Catholic University in Stephen's-green is now called University College; it is occupied and managed by the Jesuit Order; and it is worked in connection with the Royal University. What is this Royal University, then, that it should thus win the countenance of the denouncers of the Godless colleges? Is it a University properly so-called? Does it impart tone or culture to its students? Who are its directors? Who are its Fellows? Its directors are a body of thirty-six senators, residing at all points of the compass, who have no cohesion whatever, and who are selected for their religion. They are like the ornamental directorate of a public company; for the Royal University seems to be managed more on the principles of a business institution than a University, and its two

secretaries—Sir James Meredith, a very able, active man, and Dr. Magrath—one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, are the great pillars of the Institution. They and the office staff draw £3,808 in salaries, which I do not say is not earned.

The Fellows of the Royal University appear to be thirty-seven in number, and draw £8,774 in salaries. They are elected by the Senate, firstly, for their religion; so many must be of each denomination; and without any test whatever by examination as to educational qualification; on the recommendation of the affiliated colleges. I think there would be no difficulty in establishing that every lay Catholic Fellow of the Royal University was appointed on the recommendation of the Priests, and, directly or indirectly, owe their appointments to them. There are five priests amongst the Fellows, purely and simply *as priests*; and fifteen of the Fellows are Professors at the Catholic University College, managed by the Jesuits on Stephen's-green, in which institution they deliver their lectures. We see many of them in Dublin, drawing their £400 a year each of public money, and running about the streets from day-school to day-school teaching at so much an hour, or following other avocations.

The University Constitution forbids them to coach pupils, but they are allowed to teach at schools. The 37 Fellows are divided into 29 Fellows and 8 Medical Fellows. Half of these 29 Fellows are attached to the University College; and their work for the State is done in teaching there under the Jesuits. Their salary is £400 a year each. I shall refer to the Sodality connected with the University College in a later chapter. The other half of the 29 Fellows are distributed over the country, professors at the Queen's Colleges, Magee College, and so forth; but the professors of the Queen's Colleges, who are Fellows, only get in salary the difference between their professional pay, if it is less than £400, and £400 a year; so that Magee College and University College, nay, University College alone, gets the lion's share of the £8,774. Is not the Catholic portion of this Royal University, then, clearly under complete clerical control? The Fellows' first duty is to examine; but, perhaps, exhausted by their teaching duties, supplemental examiners have to come to their assistance at the cost of £2,352 per year. A sum of £3,902 seems to be given in Exhibition Prizes and Junior Fellowships. As we would naturally expect from a business institution under the control of Sir James

Meredith, its finances are all right; the receipts in 1898-99 having been £36,874, from fees and Parliamentary grant, and the expenses, £25,109.

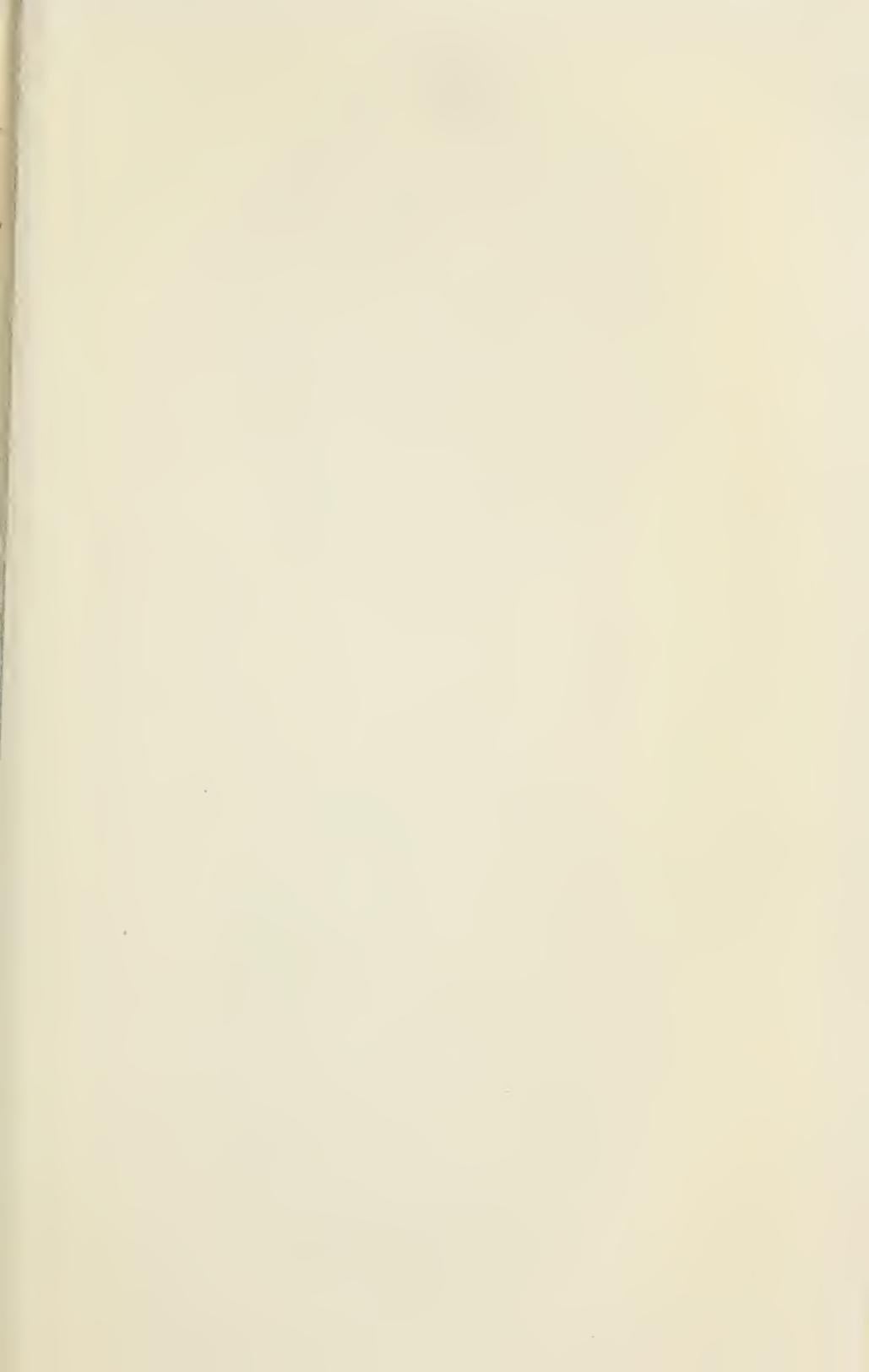
Bearing in mind the figures above given, must it not be admitted that the Catholic clerical element handles a vast amount of public money, and exercises a vast amount of public patronage in Ireland in connection with education?

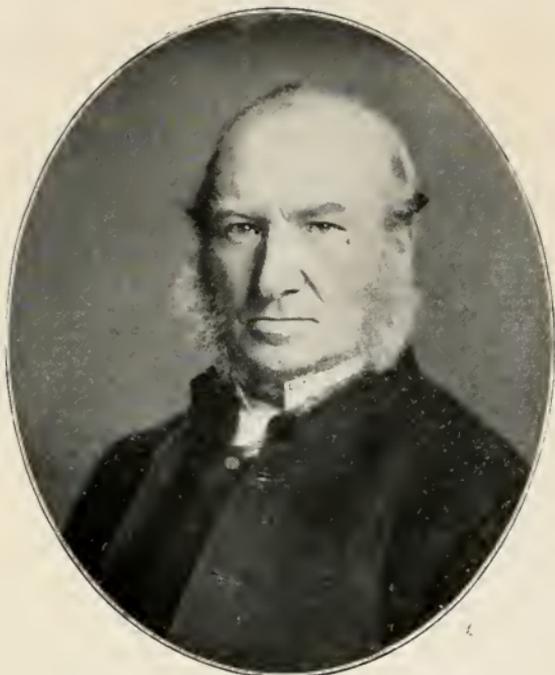
I ask the reader now, would it not be folly to imagine that a new and highly-endowed Catholic University would not also be dominated by the priesthood, who claim "by right divine" to be the sole guides in everything that crosses the line of Christian duty, which means, in fact, *everything*? What authority can you set up, powerful enough to say to the Irish Catholic Bishops:—"Inside the gate of this new Catholic University you shall exercise no more authority than do the Protestant Bishops inside the gate of Trinity College?" I know of no authority in Ireland capable of enforcing this indispensable condition. Certainly, such an authority could not be manufactured from the sort of person who is a lay Catholic Fellow of the Royal University. Physical force cannot be used; a detachment of the Royal Irish Constabulary cannot take up its quarters in the Porter's Lodge

at the gates of the new University, as someone remarked. But, produce that Competent Authority, from any quarter of the globe, endow it with full power, and I see no objection to a New Catholic State-aided University.

We have now seen how the University Education, such as it is, the Superior or Intermediate Education, the Primary Education, and the education of derelicts, in Catholic Ireland is all dominated and overshadowed by the clerical element. Thus the entire range of the education of the Catholic youth of Ireland is in clerical hands from the lowest to the highest. Is it any wonder, then, that the average Catholic layman finds himself in this world, but not of it? Any wonder that he is something in the nature of a fish out of water, his natural element being, let us hope, the waters of the river of eternal life? I said, at the outset of this book, that we "might profitably look within ourselves for some of the causes" of our racial stagnation. May not this be one of them?

All the Catholic youth in Ireland, then, to-day are brought up under clerical direction. That is not so with the Protestant youth. Some of the best schools in Ireland are kept by laymen; or, even if the head master





From Photo by Lawrence, Dub.in.

THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, LL.D.
(Honoris causa) T.C.D.

"My own respected head master, for instance, Dr. Moore, of Middleton."—Page 285.



From Photo by Lafayette's

MISS MULVANY,
OF THE ALEXANDRA SCHOOL, DUBLIN

be a cleric, he is only incidentally so. The Protestant schools are not kept by Protestant Monks; or bands of Protestant Regular Clergy, divorced from the world, bound down by rules which are out of keeping with every-day life. The clerical Protestant head master; my own respected head master, for instance, Dr. Moore, of Midleton; is a man of the world as a rule, a gentleman who has enjoyed the advantages of domestic and outdoor experience unknown to the Catholic clergymen. There are clergymen amongst the Fellows of Trinity, but they are not there, *as or because they are clergymen*. They have had to pass the same fellowship examination as every other man—one of the most difficult examinations in the world, and open to the whole world. Dr. Peacocke, the Archbishop of Dublin, has no more authority inside the gate of Trinity than, say, to put a very extreme case, Mr. T. W. Russell or Mr. T. M. Healy would, if either of them held a degree. Dr. Salmon is a clergyman, but nobody looks upon him in that light. He is looked up to as a distinguished mathematical and divinity scholar, and one of the most clear-headed, sensible and able men to be found in any walk of life in this country.

Bear in mind the contrast between the educa-

tion of the Catholics and that of the Protestants, and then consider what follows. There is no more generally-voiced complaint in the press of the Rest of Ireland than that which alleges that an unfair preference is given to Protestants, as against Catholics, in the bestowal of salaried public appointments. For instance, it was only the other day, after the death of Judge O'Brien, that we were told that his death left only three Catholics amongst the 18 judges of the Superior Courts. Now, in a Catholic country it would be idiotic on the part of any administration—and certainly the Irish Government for the past five years cannot be called idiotic—to keep Catholics off the Bench, just because they are Catholics; and to put Protestants on, just because they are Protestants. Mr. Justice Barton, who succeeded Judge O'Brien, was certainly not appointed on the score of his religion. He had been Solicitor-General for some years before his appointment. He is a man, full of common-sense, whom everyone found it a pleasure to know when he was Professor at the King's Inns, and who will do his duty like a man on the Bench. Neither were Mr. Justice Ross, Mr. Justice Meredith, and Mr. Justice Kenny—the three other satisfactory

appointments to the Bench made by the present Government—appointed *because of their religion*. But the fact remains, that out of eighteen Judges, only three are Catholics. Those who complain about the matter would stop there. But I shall go farther and ask:—Out of, say, the twenty best men at the Bar, how many are Catholics? I doubt if the percentage would be much higher. Out of the twenty best doctors in Ireland—the doctors in best and most lucrative practice—how many are Catholics? I doubt if the percentage is much higher. Out of the twenty best business firms in Ireland—the richest and most profitably conducted—how many are Catholics? I doubt if the percentage is at all higher. Everyone who thinks on the question knows, alas, that it is not higher. There are no laws whatever specially favouring Protestants in these matters. I do not mention names, as there is no canon to go by in all these instances of the Bar, Medicine and Business. There is definite ground to work on in the case of the Bench, for when a man is elevated to that eminence he becomes more or less public property. Furthermore, when Mr. Morley was Chief Secretary here, his Lord Chancellor and Solicitor-General were non-Catholics. It fell to his lot to

appoint an Under-Secretary, and an Assistant Under-Secretary, yet both appointments were given to non-Catholics, very suitable men!

Why, then, is there this preponderance of Protestants? I say it is because there is more general ability and business capacity amongst them; and it is easier to pick out good, practical men on that side than on our side. Why is there more general ability and worldly capacity amongst them? I have before remarked how the leaven of "superior" education is three times as great in proportion to the mass amongst the Protestants as amongst the Catholics. Not only is it three times as great; but its quality is three times as good. All our Catholic youth receive a *clerical education*, as I have shown. They are brought up under the guidance of men whose own life "is a warfare with the world," as Dr. Clancy says: who *know* nothing about the practical struggles of life, and therefore cannot impart the necessary knowledge. The lay element in Catholic Ireland is thus, at the outset of its career, completely submerged by the clerical. We suffer for it in the everyday affairs of life afterwards. Let us hope that we shall get our reward in the world to come. But it appears we cannot, under the present system, hope for our reward in this world. Yet

it is for the reward in this world—the unattainable under our present system—that we are eternally hankering; for the lack of which we are eternally blaming everything but the right thing, censuring everyone but the real culprits, who are—ourselves. The Catholic receives his education at the hands of men who claim a “right divine” to act as agents between the pupil and his conscience, between the pupil and his God, in every affair of life—yet men who are themselves quite unexperienced in the affairs of life.

These remarks apply with quintupled force to the education of Catholic girls by the Nuns. I have a great sympathy for Nuns. One must pity the frailty which drives them into organised bands for self-protection against a hideous and a wicked world. But why, in God’s name, are they selected to teach all the Catholic girls who are destined to be the wives and mothers of coming generations? Just because they are the female clerical element; and their appointed mission, like that of the male clerical element, seems to be to crush the Catholic lay element under the surface. It was for this that the many really good girls’ schools, kept by Catholic ladies in Ireland, have been all crushed out of existence. I have known elderly Catholic ladies

in the South of Ireland who were educated at these lay schools; and how immeasurably superior in taste, in culture, in common-sense, in conversational power, they were to the generation educated in convents! Why, these old ladies actually *knew something*, actually *spoke rationally* on such topics as, let us say, Milton, Irish History, the American Commonwealth, the public events of the moment, and what not; and, at the same time, knew how to manage a house. They, too, recognised the change which had taken place in Catholic women of their own standing, and always deplored it. They could, for instance, never approve of entrusting to a Nun the education of a girl destined to live in the world. But they *had to do it*, or send their children to Protestant schools. These ladies were women of the calibre, say, of Miss Mulvany, head mistress of the Alexandra School, Dublin, on the Protestant side to-day.

Thus, and because of these things, we find the Protestant minority beating us in every walk of life, not alone where the patronage of the State comes in, but in the free open walks of everyday life, in business, and in the professions. Because the lay element in Catholicity is a weakly plant, growing, as it were, by sufferance,

under the shadow of the rankly nurtured clerical element. The clerical element in Protestantism is kept within proper bounds, and arrogates to itself—nothing. The clerical element with us passeth all bounds, and arrogates to itself—everything. I write this in a friendly spirit, and because I desire the *permanent* good of the Catholic clerical class as well as of the Catholic laity in Ireland. Things cannot proceed much farther on the present lines without an outbreak or revolt of some kind.

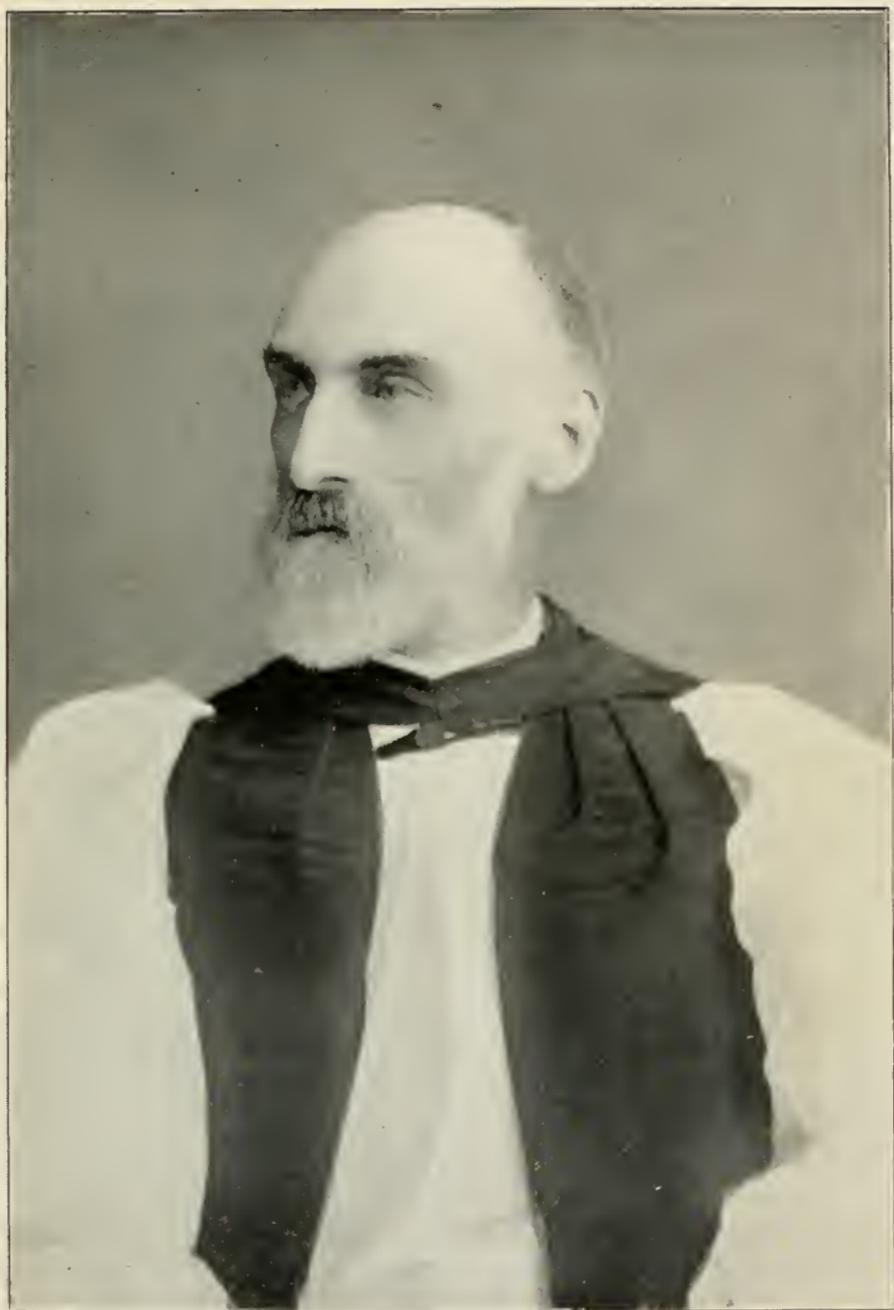
CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROTESTANT AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES
AND MINOR RELIGIOUS BODIES IN IRELAND.

“Meanwhile the first condition of success is, that, in striving honestly ourselves, we honestly acknowledge the striving of our neighbour, that with a Will unwearied in seeking Truth, we have a Sense open for it, wheresoever and howsoever it may arise.”

CARLYLE.

LET me now fulfil my promise, and say something of the Protestant Church of Ireland; and also of the Presbyterian Church, which, as we are told, has established a new religious “ascendancy” in Ireland. Both of them seem to me to differ from the Catholic Church in Ireland in this, that their temporal affairs are managed on intelligible business principles, and that the laity have a preponderating influence in the settlement and regulation of all questions connected therewith. In both these Churches there is no clerical autocracy to be found; no “right divine” claimed by the clerics, personally, over the laymen; no divorcement of their priests, as a separate class, from their people—whom *they serve*, rather than rule. There is, on the contrary, community of interest to be found, between the clerical and lay members, to an extent unknown on the Catholic side. The clerical element in these Churches does not



From Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

ARCHBISHOP PEACOCKE.

OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF IRELAND

"It would seem so strange, would it not, to see Dr. Peacocke placing himself, or placed in such a position."—Page 340.

crush and throw the lay element into the shade; does not claim, or, at all events, obtain the right of initiative in every detail of life; does not monopolise, and use for the augmentation of its own order, the education of the youth.

The clergymen are married men, fulfilling the functions of society in all its phases. Anyone who happens to be in Dublin in the month of April every year, during the week following Low Sunday, will see the streets brightened by the presence of the country parsons of the Church of Ireland, up for the Synod, with their wives and daughters—fresh, healthy, happy-looking, intelligible people, taking an interest in everything they see around them. They are not wrapped up in the gloom of mystery; they are not divorced from the world in which they live.

I do not touch the question of doctrine at all. I only deal with the temporal affairs, both of these Churches and of the Catholic Church.

The Church of Ireland, as everybody knows, was disestablished in 1869; and the winding-up and settlement of its financial affairs were handed over to the Church Temporalities Commissioners, in whose hands the administration of the Church property remained until 1881, when it was vested in the Land Commission, in whose hands it now

remains. But the Land Commission has nothing whatever to do with the Protestant Church of Ireland, as a Church; nor had the Church Temporalities Commissioners. These bodies merely took over the Church property after disestablishment, administered it, paid a fixed sum in capital and interest to the National Debt Commissioners, who had advanced the money to buy out the Church in 1869, and held the surplus for the benefit of the community. The original debt of £9,000,000 due to the National Debt Commissioners for the purposes of the Church Act, had been all paid off in 1898, except £814,368; and the revenue received by the Land Commission from Church Property in 1898 was £550,116.

It is from this Church Surplus that successive Governments have been drawing various sums for various purposes in Ireland ever since. I was going to say, "for philanthropic purposes;" but it is debatable whether the withdrawals from the Church Surplus Fund have all benefited either Ireland or mankind. Some large sums have thus been given; for instance, the £1,300,000 before referred to, which created the National Teachers' Pension Fund; the £1,000,000 for Intermediate Education, and so forth. Many of the grants might be correctly described as "doles" by the

Government for the time being for the sake of a quiet life. But those doles did not, I am happy to say, as a rule, procure that quiet life. On the contrary, they often left a legacy of unrest for the successors of the pusillanimous donors. We shall not pursue the theme.

The regulation and government of the Protestant Church of Ireland is in the hands of the General Synod and the Church Representative Body, established in 1870. The Synod is the Supreme Governing Body, and the Church Representative Body is the Finance Committee of the Synod. The Church Representative Body holds all the property invested in it, in trust for such objects as the General Synod may direct, subject to the order and control of the Synod "in all matters not provided for by the laws of the realm." The total revenue of the Established Church of Ireland, before 1869, is set down at £613,384 yearly. Today, *i.e.*, 1899, a central year in the period covered by this book, the Church Representative Body holds £8,128,444 in Funds, which is the property of the Disestablished Church of Ireland. Its annual receipts for 1899 were (a) Dividends on Investments, £310,123; and (b) Contributions and Revenue from all other sources, £168,742; Total, £478,865.

Thus we see that by judicious management of its funds and by the generous spirit of its lay members, the Disestablished Church does not seem to be so much worse off than the Established; for, as we have seen, the revenue derived from its property by the Land Commission in 1898 was only £550,116. The Church's annual expenditure in 1899 was (a) Diocesan Financial Scheme, £284,938; (b) Commutations, Private and Parochial Endowments and others, etc., £134,285; Total, £419,223. The balance to credit, about £59,642 for that year, was added to the Funds. Could anything be more intelligible? All the accounts are published, open to the world, and are discussed at the yearly meetings of the Synod.

The composition of the Church Representative Body is just as satisfactory as its proceedings. It consists of—

I.—The 2 Archbishops and 11 Bishops, <i>ex-officio</i>	13
II.—The elected members—13 clerical and 26 lay, three from each of the thirteen dioceses 	39
III.—The co-opted members, who may be lay or clerical 	13
Total ...	65

Thus we see that out of the total of 65 members of this paramount body, 26 are clerical and 26 are laymen before they begin to co-opt. The 13 co-opted members at present consist of 8 laymen and 5 clerical members, one of whom is Dr. Salmon and the other Dr. Bernard, neither of whom are beneficed or practising clergymen, so that the Representative Body consists of 34 laymen and 31 clergymen.

Let us now consider the Synod. It is elected for three years, and consists of Two Houses—the House of Bishops and the House of Representatives. The House of Representatives consists of 208 clerical members and 416 lay members, distributed in certain proportions amongst the 13 dioceses.

This supreme body of the Church meets every year in Synod Hall, adjoining Christ Church Cathedral in Dublin. Synod Hall was built by Mr. Henry Roe, the Dublin distiller, who also restored Christ Church Cathedral. The Hall alone cost £27,000, and was presented as a free gift to the Irish Church by the distiller, at the opening of the Synod in 1875. The Cathedral cost something enormous. Alas, for the transitoriness of human greatness, Mr. Roe spent the closing years of his life in circumstances

that were far from affluent. He had lost his distillery, and had left Dublin, which owes to his generosity one of the finest of its many fine buildings. This Synod, then, which meets publicly for a week every year, consists of "the clerical and lay representatives" of the Protestant Church; and they, there and then, "sit and discuss all questions with the right to vote by Orders." There are no secrets; no mysteries; nothing which need shrink from the test of public discussion and examination. The voting, in case of a division, is by Orders, and no proposition can be carried except by a majority of both Orders, clerical and lay.

The Court of the General Synod exercised its authority, during the period under review, in the case of the Rector of Ardcanny, in County Limerick, who had refused to desist from unorthodox practices when called upon to do so by his Bishop, Dr. Graves, of Limerick. He was deprived of his benefice, and had to be forcibly evicted from the Glebe by the Church Representative Body.

Commencing with the parish, let us see the extent to which the Protestant laymen participate in the affairs of their Church.

I find that the numbers of those returned in the census of 1891 as professing the doctrines of

the Church of Ireland was 600,103; and I find that the total number of clergy provided for them, including bishops, deans, &c., is 1,535—a number which one would be inclined to say is, at least, ample. The laity have a voice, in proportionate numbers, in the selection of their Bishops, and, in the vast majority of, indeed it may be said, in all cases, of their clergymen; the bishops and ministers being elected in accordance with fixed rules. If he chooses to interest himself in Church matters, any Protestant layman can have a voice, as of right, in the settlement of everything connected with the religious interests of the parish as well as the parochial clergy themselves.

First of all, any Protestant layman, either resident in, or owning property in a parish, or attending the parish church, can get himself registered, as of right, as a vestryman of that parish, and participate in all parochial Church business. The clergymen of all the parishes in any diocese, together with two laymen for each one of those clergymen, under the presidency of the Bishop of the diocese, form a Diocesan Synod. The lay members of the Diocesan Synod are elected by the lay registered vestrymen. This is the body which transacts all diocesan affairs, and elects the diocesan representatives to the General

Synod, the clergymen electing the clerical representatives and the laymen electing the lay representatives.

Now let us see how the incumbents or ministers and bishops are elected. The vestrymen of each parish elect three men, who are called lay nominators. The Diocesan Synod elects two clergymen and one layman, and they, with the Bishop of the diocese, form what is called the Committee of Patronage of the diocese. This Diocesan Committee of Patronage and the lay Nominators of any particular parish, acting together, have the power of appointing a parish clergyman when a vacancy occurs. It is a body of seven members, of whom four are laymen.

The Bishop of the diocese is elected by the Diocesan Synod of that diocese, when a vacancy occurs. He must receive two-thirds of the votes of the members of each order, clerical and lay, present and voting, to secure election. If no candidate receive the required majority, and the election prove abortive, the Diocesan Synod sends forward to the Bishops the name of the man who has received the highest number of votes, but with it they must send one or two other names, and from these the Bishops will select their new colleague.

We shall not go deeper into the constitutions of the Protestant Church here. Its members seem to be happy people. They are bright, contented, active, and industrious. We are told, as I have said, that they preponderate to an unfair degree in all public positions; but, as I have shown, I find them also preponderating in business and professional walks of life, where competition is open and patronage is only bestowed on the ablest. Is it anything wonderful that all their brightness and content, all their success in life, is attributed by many thoughtful Catholics to their education as boys and girls, and to their intelligent, rational surroundings? Is it to be wondered at that their advance is attributed to the fact that the growth of their character in youth is not checked, or their spirits depressed, by the overshadowing influence of clergymen, who are bound by their vows to wage eternal warfare with the world—as Dr. Clancy put it—who live divorced from the world, and wrapped up, each for himself, in the all-engrossing project of gaining an eternity of bliss after death? I make no assertions on the subject, which is a very painful one to me. But the man would be a hypocrite who, perceiving what we all perceive, would shirk from the

acknowledgment of the facts, or try any longer to conceal them from himself. Most of all, would that man be a hypocrite, were he a Catholic, possessed by a fellow-feeling for his co-religionists, and animated by an earnest desire, not for their fictitious, or, at most, superficial and temporary gain, but for their real, substantial, and permanent advancement in the scale of humanity.

The Presbyterian Church is principally located in the North of Ireland; but there are considerable portions of it to be found also in Dublin and the South of Ireland. It is even more subject than the Church of Ireland to lay influence, possessing no bishops or any Church dignitaries whatever beyond the simple ministers. There are 655 of these ministers, or thereabouts, at present; and they attend to the spiritual wants, so far as it lies with them, of about 500,000 professing Presbyterians. The whole Church is divided into 37 Presbyteries, which are sub-divided into 569 congregations—each congregation being governed by the Ministers *and Lay Elders* of the congregation. Each presbytery, comprising, as stated, several congregations, is also governed by a body consisting of Ministers and Elders. The supreme authority in the Presbyterian

Church is the General Assembly, a body resembling the General Synod of the Church of Ireland, which meets yearly, under the presidency of the Moderator, and regulates all the ecclesiastical affairs of the Presbyterians. Its meetings, too, are public.

The Presbyterian Church is supported by voluntary contributions, and by the interest on what is known as the *Regium Donum*. This *Regium Donum* is a capital sum of money, amounting to £712,829 in all, paid to the Presbyterians by the State in lieu of an annual grant, which was stopped on the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869. As one would naturally expect in the case of a Church, shorn of all its dignities and ostentation, and reduced to the most elemental clerical necessities, the Presbyterian Church is very economically managed. Its contributed income in 1897 is stated to have been £253,364, derived from seat-rents and other voluntary contributions, which gives a fair average of its receipts during the five years with which this book deals.

Some Irish thinkers assert that there is a noticeable lack of softness, of breadth of view and culture of the widest kind, in the Presbyterians,

and attribute the drawback to the absence of the softening influence of bishops and other dignitaries, and of the etiquette and ceremonial attendant upon them. With that I have nothing to do. I only know that the Presbyterians are more successful in life, more robust and more self-asserting, than the Catholics; and for the same all-pervading reason, as in the case of the Protestants, namely, that the lay element in the Presbyterian Church is in the ascendant, instead of being crushed and overshadowed in temporal affairs, as those who read this book to the end will see that it is crushed in the Catholic Church.

When our Nationalist speakers and newspapers complain of the "ascendancy" of the Presbyterian element in Ireland, they should bear in mind that the Presbyterians represent the "Nonconformist conscience" here—a term invented by Mr. Gladstone, an ideal tribunal which Mr. Gladstone set up as a kind of papal authority on all secular matters affecting the weal of these Kingdoms. Whether Mr. Gladstone really believed that Nonconformists are more accurate thinkers than Church people or not is a moot point. But full advantage has been freely taken of the status given by Mr. Gladstone's recognition, and now the Nonconformist con-

science has become articulate, and bellows like Boanerges on every possible pretext from certain well-known London pulpits, which it does not concern us to name. The Non-conformist conscience, or at all events, its trade name, seems to have been taken possession of for trade purposes by one or two London individuals, in whose opinions I find very little to respect or admire. But I admire the sturdiness of the Presbyterians, although quite alive to the sometimes objectionable accompaniments of that sturdiness and force of character. The Presbyterian is full of pluck.

The Rev. J. M. Hamilton, Donore Church, Dublin, the new Moderator of the General Assembly, speaking to that Body at Dublin on Whit Monday, 1900, said:—

“Perhaps, the most outstanding fact from an ecclesiastical point of view in the history of our country during the century was the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Anglican Church. When the subject was under discussion many good men trembled for the ark of God. But the result has testified that their fears were groundless. Protestantism is stronger, more vigorous, *more aggressive* to-day than when, thirty years ago, the State withdrew her patronage and her pay. Nor have the numbers of our people in the South and West diminished in the interval, notwithstanding the great decrease in the population of these districts. In the three

provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, in 1864, the first year in which this Assembly published the annual statistics of the Church, we had 66 congregations, with 3,752 families, and an income of £11,352. The number of our congregations in those provinces last year had increased to 75, with 3,769 families, and an income of £24,440."

I do not believe there is a single parish priest in those three provinces named who could tell you the number of Catholic *families* in his parish. One would not be inclined to use the word "aggressive" in connection with Irish Protestantism to-day; but, I suppose, Mr. Hamilton meant Presbyterianism. What religious body in Ireland, except the Presbyterian General Assembly, would have the courage and candour to make the following announcement to the world through the mouth of its recognised Head:—

"If our own Presbyterian people possess any moral firmness, any self-reliance, if this Church of ours has grown from a small band to a mighty army, we owe our advance to the principles which the Bible has taught us. We have learned to love that Book as God's message to our hearts and consciences, and we do not conceal the fact that it is our desire, and that it will ever be our effort, to make it as free to all our countrymen and countrywomen as it is to us. Were it better known in Ireland it would help to lighten life's burdens, to sweeten life's cares, and to make *the pathway to the tomb less gloomy*. We aim at nothing less than the spiritual conquest of our island home, and our motto must and shall be, Ireland for Christ."



From Photo by Forbes, Dublin.

THE REV. J. M. HAMILTON, MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL
ASSEMBLY, 1900.

My aim and hope is to live to see the day when the pathway to the tomb will be made less gloomy for our Catholic laity; and I believe that end can only be achieved, *without* abolishing Roman Catholicity in Ireland, by giving the Catholic laymen a potent voice in the temporal affairs of their Church.

There are no other Churches to be written about in Ireland. But we all know how well these admirable Christians, the Society of Friends, Plymouth Brethren, and Baptists get on in this country. Some of the largest and best business establishments in Ireland belong to Friends, who bear names honoured in every corner of the Island..

It is only a few short months ago, for instance, since all Dublin heard with regret of the death of Mr. Thomas Pim, one of the principals of the great firm of Pim Brothers Limited, which may be said to be one of the institutions of Dublin. The Plymouth Brethren are also to be found occupying very high positions, both under Government and in other avocations of life. The Methodists, of whom we had 55,500 in our midst in 1891—the only religious denomination in Ireland which increased in the decade from 1881 to 1891—are also

prosperous. Notable for the moment amongst them is Sir T. D. Pile, present Lord Mayor of Dublin, on whom a baronetcy was conferred by Her Majesty at the close of her recent visit to Dublin.

Why, in the name of common-sense, should we, Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, and the rest of us in Ireland, put it in the power of an intelligent educated Scotchman and stranger, coming here as Chief Secretary—if any native of the United Kingdom can be truly called a stranger—to point his finger at the “deep-seated differences of religious sentiment,” existing between us here in Ireland, as a cause of our National poverty and backward condition? How long shall we, by our acts, give him or any other man the power to do so.? Were it in my power by any act of mine to prevent it, no man coming here, in any capacity whatever, should ever have the chance of uttering such words again, with any semblance of truthfulness. If the day ever comes when our country is “Ireland for Christ,” no man shall then have the slightest pretext for such an utterance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SUGGESTION FOR REFORMING THE TEMPORAL
AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.

“ O heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The stuff of Nero enter this firm bosom ;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none :”

HAMLET.

LET me now briefly discuss the temporal affairs of the Catholic Church in Ireland. An old priest said in my presence, only the other day: “Education, pshaw! Paul Cullen used always say it ’twas too much education the people had. ‘They’re attacking the Government now,’ he used to say. ‘If you give ’em any more education, they’ll be attacking the Church.’” It being impossible to deny secular education entirely; though everything possible is said and insinuated to discourage it from the Altar; the priesthood are determined that whatever education is given shall be of such a kind as will not lessen their own domination one whit, that they themselves, in fact, shall remain in complete command. The same old priest also said: “It is not for education the Bishops want the University, but for money and

positions!" Into that phase of the question I shall not follow him, for I decline to ascribe sordid motives. The rule of the priest; the Rule of the Monk—to quote the title of Garibaldi's little-read novel—has had judgment passed upon it by all ages and in all climes wherever it was suffered to exist.

I shall not reiterate the condemnation passed by history upon the Rule of the Monk; but I shall now speak of the Rule of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and with regard to temporal affairs only; and, in whatever suggestions I make in this chapter, let it be distinctly understood that I do not desire to give the Catholic laity any voice in the regulation of Church Services, the Tenets of Belief, or such matters. The religious law of the Catholic Church is well known: As there is but one God, so there is but one true Faith and one true Church, outside which there is no salvation. That true faith has been lost, as Dr. Clancy tells us, by England, Scotland and Germany, and also by France and all the most prosperous countries in the world. That "priceless heritage," which was never possessed by the countless millions, civilised and uncivilised, of Asia and Africa, has been preserved by Catholic Ireland.

The law upon all the points of that Faith, as, for instance, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, the Infallibility of Themselves, and so forth, is laid down by the Pope and the Œcumenical Council. Any professing Catholic who does not accept it *in toto* is doomed, for outside the "Church" there is no salvation. I shall not express any views upon the question of dogma or religious beliefs here, nor have I done so at any point in the progress of this book, though I by no means bind myself not to do so hereafter, when dealing more minutely with the Catholic Church in Ireland.

It is time that truth and candour should take the place of secretiveness and hypocrisy in dealing with this question of the present position of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Truth and candour have been as lacking in the deeds and words of successive Governments, Liberal and Conservative, in Ireland, as they have been on our own part on this burning question.

There is, perhaps, no subject on which it is so hard for outsiders to ascertain the real opinions of the Irish people as on the subject of the Priests. The language used in private conversation about the priests by, for instance, the writers of those fulsomely flattering articles which we see

in the Irish press; or, the language used about the priests in private by many farmers and shopkeepers; or, the ideas and opinions expressed by Catholic professional men about the priests in private; all these bodies of secret opinion, if published, would be a revelation to outsiders who only see the ceremonials and hear the set orations of flattery. The publicly-expressed opinion is quite the reverse of the opinion really held in private. The hypocrisy of the whole business has quite staggered me ever since I was a boy. Nothing but flattery for the priests in public, nothing but contempt and disrespect for them in private. I go to neither one extreme nor the other. I admire what is good in them; but no fear of pains and penalties in this world, or in the next, will ever make me join the ranks of the parasites and hypocrites who have fulsome flattery on the tips of their pens and tongues, and nothing but a mixture of contempt and ridicule and craven fear in their hearts.

The present state of things in Ireland produces a feeling of disgust and despair in every intelligent man who considers it. False remedies are sought, and the real cause of our horrible position is sedulously concealed. A cablegram in 1892 "drew me across the stormy Atlantic

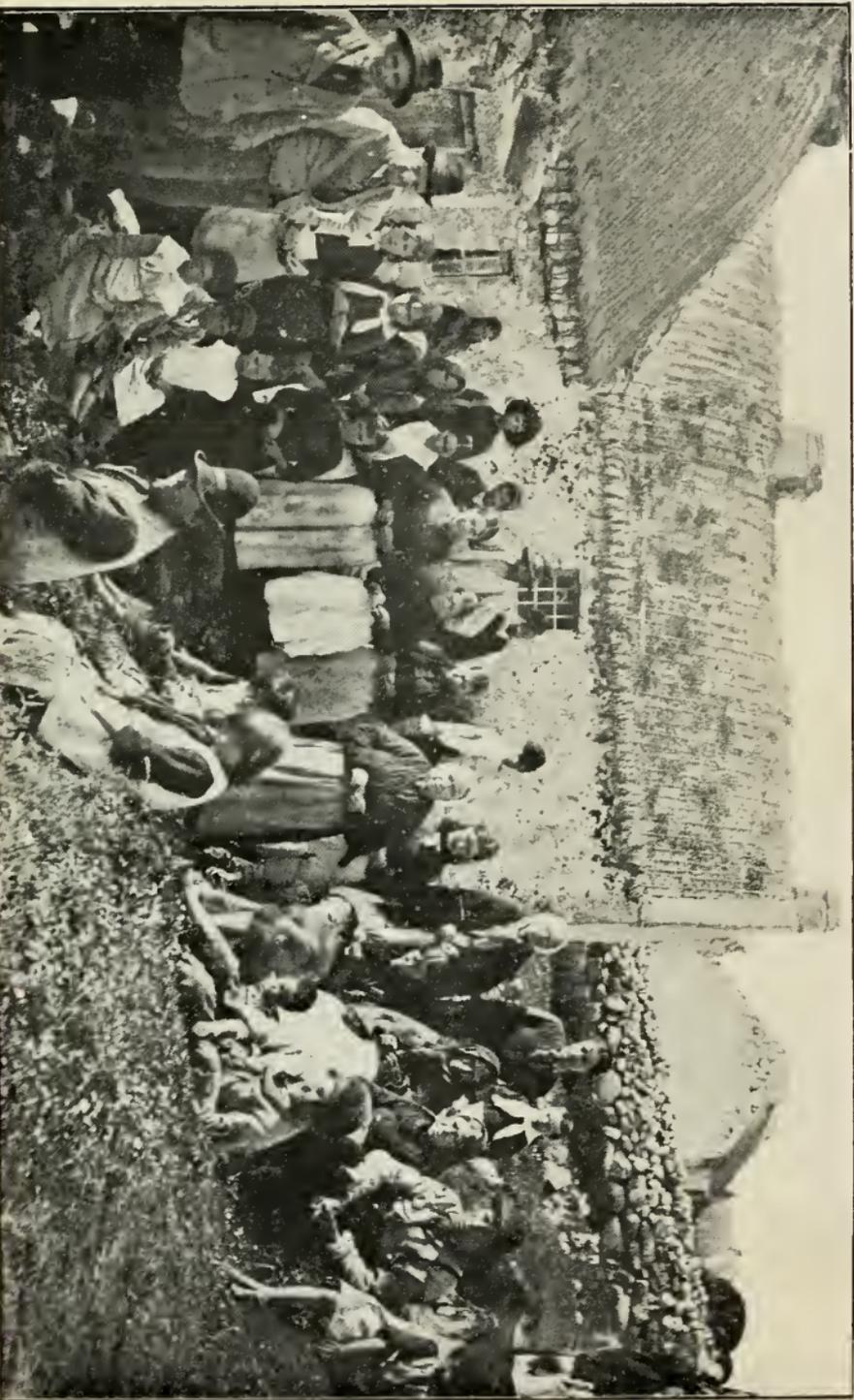
seas, and has kept me for eight weary years tossing on the still stormier and dirtier seas of Irish politics," said Mr. Blake the other day. "On the Atlantic sea I am never sick; but I own I have sometimes been sick in the cross currents of these political seas of ours, and have even been moved, as people are sometimes moved at sea, to throw it all up." I sympathise with Mr. Blake, an eminent and able man, who is himself, I believe, a member of the Reformed Church. Mr. Michael Austin, M.P., a clever Irish Labour representative, speaking at the Trades' Union Congress on Whit Monday in Dublin, despairingly said—"During the past year 41,000 of their people had left the shores of Ireland. They represented the very best blood of the country, being all young persons from 18 to 35 years of age. Last week not less than 2,800 left the country. What was Ireland going to come to if this continued? The problem was one which appealed to every delegate, and it should appeal to representative men and to the Legislature to provide a means to cope with such a disastrous state of affairs."

Both those men, taken from such different spheres of life, are speaking of Catholic Ireland. Neither of them says a word as to clerical

domination. What can be the depressing, stifling, choking influence which drives these Catholic young men and women out of the country? Is it English oppression? Nonsense, there is no such thing in Ireland. Would any statute law, short of actual prohibition, passed by Parliament, have the power to prevent them from leaving the country? Assuredly not. For neither Catholic Emancipation, nor Land Acts, nor Labourers' Acts, nor Franchise Acts, nor Local Government Acts, neither drawing the fangs of landlords, nor disestablishing the parsons, nor annihilating the Grand Juries, have availed to keep them. They go from us in never-ending procession; they "pass away" in millions; in order that they may tread the earth as freemen. They go to seek out Hope and Buoyancy and Life. They fly from Sham and Hypocrisy in search of Reality and Truth. They are poor young people who cannot express themselves; but when some of them return in after years from America or Australia, they give vent to *their* opinions freely on the point. It may be at once urged that these emigrants do not leave the Catholic Church when they get to America or Australia. I have already stated that such is the fact. Nine-tenths of them do not cease to be

Catholics. But Catholicity in the States and the Colonies is a totally different thing from what it is in Ireland. The American and Colonial priests are bright, approachable, intelligible men, who deal with their flocks on a footing of equality, and assert no domination whatever over them. The American or Colonial Priest does not envelop himself in a cuirass of unpenetrable dogmatic theology. He comes out into the open. That is why I and many others have always felt it to be such a loss to us that distinguished American prelates and priests, like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, have never had the opportunity of addressing and instructing us from the pulpits of Ireland. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, rather than leave us without opening his eloquent mouth last year, addressed an audience of Corkmen from the stage of the theatre, in words the like of which, for fervour and thrilling eloquence, I never heard from a priest, and rarely heard from a layman. Those burning words of his on that occasion were by no means flattering; but they were truthful and luminous as the light of the sun itself, and the intensity of that great man's pity and sympathy for the Catholics of Ireland passed all bounds. It was those admirable men, the Christian

Brothers, who gave Archbishop Ireland an opportunity on that occasion of addressing the youth of Ireland, through their boys, at the Greenmount Industrial School. "Cultivate at the same time your whole moral character," exclaimed the American Archbishop; "you must *yourselves* know what is right, and do what is right, *just because* it is right, and you must have the force and firmness of character to say and do what is right, even if all around you were doing wrong. There are so many boys and men of the world *who are like sheep*. They first follow where the flock go. Well, brave men will follow *where righteousness points, and no other way*." No such words are ever heard from Irish priests or bishops, who, instead of encouraging the belief in *the moral self-helpfulness of the individual*, try to encourage *moral self-helplessness*; who, instead of condemning Irishmen and Irishwomen for being sheep, *encourage them to be sheep*. If that creed of Dr. Ireland's be the Catholicity of the States, then Catholicity is bound *to live* in the States. If our Clerics pursue their present line of conduct, Catholicity is bound *to die* in Ireland. Dr. Ireland's utterances at Cork will be dealt with at greater length in a book on the



From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

DONEGAL PEASANTRY, FROM ST. COLUMBA'S COUNTRY.

"I saw several on sale in the hope of my late Catholic fellow-countrymen."—Page 13.



position of the Catholic Church in this country. It is my sincerest wish—not to abolish the Irish priest, not to wreck the Catholic religion here, as many people will falsely assert—but to see the Irish priest become more and more like his American and Colonial brothers. I wish to see broken down forever that unpierceable brass wall of mystery and shyness and isolation, to which I have before alluded, and which stands like a decree of divorce between the Catholic Priest and the Catholic Layman. I am not of those who think that the Catholic religion is hopeless, and that every people which seeks true worldly prosperity must spurn that religion with contempt as in Scandinavia or Germany, or retain it as a mere Death's Head and Skeleton of a religion, as it is retained in France. I believe that our Irish priests, without renouncing an iota of the dogma or practice of the Catholic Church, are capable of being turned into a great accelerating force in this country's worldly progress, instead of being, as I and a million other Catholics in Ireland believe them to be to-day, *the* great retarding force which clogs the advancement of Catholic Ireland. They constitute, as I believe and have said, the best *possibilities* of the Irish Catholic Race. Generous in their youth,

full of every good impulse of friendship, charity, hospitality and humour, they seem with advancing years to draw over them a Nessus-shirt of hard-hearted aloofness, and to pass their lives estranged from humanity, forgetful of country, forgetful of every human tie, mindful only of what Dr. Clancy has called "the cause of religion." To benefit that cause, they will thrust themselves forward on every occasion, interfering with every practical effort made by the laity to advance themselves in the scale of human prosperity. It is religion, and religion only, they obtrude into everything that concerns the laity, in which they interfere. It is religion in the National Schools, religion in the Industrial Schools, religion in the Intermediate Schools, religion in the Universities, religion at the Boards of Guardians, religion in the County Councils, religion in the Department of Agriculture, religion in season and out of season, all the year round with them in Catholic Ireland. Why do they never consider that even for the existence of religion a degree of worldly prosperity is necessary? The priest is not an earner. It is the layman who must pay for the Cathedrals, the Churches, the Convents, the Monasteries, the Schools, and the costly

ceremonials. The priests obtrude themselves and religion into worldly matters which have nothing whatever to say to religion; which are, on the contrary, invariably injured by that obtrusion. They resent being excluded from participation and dictation in every movement for their worldly advancement set afoot by the Irish Catholic laymen. Yet they systematically and contemptuously exclude the Catholic layman from all share in the temporal affairs of his Church, affairs in which he has an incontestable right to intervene, inasmuch as it is he who pays for everything. There is hardly anything more important to the Catholic laity, than the character of the man who is to be their parish priest. Why have they no voice in his selection? We have seen that the Protestant laity have a predominant voice in the selection of their parish minister. Yet the Catholic's right to this privilege is far greater than the Protestant's, for the Catholic parishioners *entirely* support their priests, while the Protestants only *partially* do so. Then, again, what is more important than the *personnel* of the Catholic Episcopacy, as things go in Ireland? Yet how are the members of that Episcopacy selected? They are selected without

consulting the feelings or opinions of the 3,500,000 Catholics of Ireland in any shape or form. For instance—without any intention of impugning the Bishop—how many intelligent Dublin Catholics after Cardinal M'Cabe's death, would have selected Dr. Walsh as Archbishop of the Diocese? If they were consulted on the point, they would certainly not have selected the President of Maynooth College to be their ostensible head. The Bishop and Parish Priests stand in the same relation to each other as the Sheriff and the Grand Jurors did before Local Government. The Parish Priests select the Bishop; the Bishop selects the Parish Priests. Do the Parish Priests select the ablest man to be their Bishop? It is a notorious fact that they prefer King Log to King Stork, and I seldom find them hitting upon the happy mean. It is constantly remarked that one could pick out, not alone twenty-eight, but two hundred and eighty, men from amongst the Parish Priests of Ireland who are far superior men to the twenty-eight Bishops. I shall not put any stronger opinion than that in print about the Irish Catholic Bishops at present. Suffice it to say that those twenty odd men so selected by the Parish Priests of Ireland, have no "right

divine" whatever to the sole management of the temporal affairs of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Let them keep to themselves, by all means, matters exclusively religious, as, for instance, the management of colleges for the training of priests—a branch in which there is room for improvement also.

But the National Schools of Ireland are not exclusively religious institutions. There are other things besides religion taught in these schools, although I hear grievous complaints from teachers as to the amount of Catechism which the priest-managers insist on being taught in them. The Catholic Catechism, by the way, and the Catholic Prayer Book, will well repay a little attention on a future occasion. Why, then, should the priests be the managers of the National Schools of every parish? It is grossly unfair to the Catholic laymen of the parish thus to treat them as nonentities beneath consideration. It does not tend to increase their self-respect and manliness. Those Catholic laymen have very shrewd ideas of how their children should be educated; and they, as the creators of those children, under God, should not continue to transfer their responsibility for their children's prospects in after life, to a cleric who is divorced

from the world. There is a National Board of education in Ireland. It foolishly temporised with the priesthood in the days of its infancy, to secure any kind of education whatsoever for the poor Catholics. Those days are gone; and that Board which spends so much of the public's money should now do its duty, and appoint three Joint Managers for every separate school in the country which takes the public's money, instead of one manager as at present. And it should be a rule that two of these managers should be, in the case of Catholic schools, Catholic parishioners, leaving the third position open to a clergyman. Those who know the life of our Irish villages and country parishes, will agree with me that nothing would so stiffen up the moral fibre of our Catholic laity as some such change as I have suggested. That, then, constitutes one branch in which our laity can be at once given a voice in the temporal affairs of their church.

How to get the Intermediate Education of Catholics *all at once* out of the hands of the priests I do not know. But everything which is done to strengthen the moral fibre of the Catholic laity will hasten the day when educated Catholic laymen, instead of leading lives of slavery as underlings in religious institutions—teaching

boys for whose distinction their clerical masters claim *all the glory*—will again start schools of their own. Then will come the day when rich Catholics will devote their money, as rich Protestants do, not to undefined clerical purposes, or to building churches like the Loughlins of Kilkenny; but to founding good schools for practical education, and independent of the priests.

At present the building of Catholic churches, their preservation and renovation, and whatever property exists in them, are altogether vested in the Parish Priests. The laymen who build those churches, support those churches, and maintain the priests themselves, are treated as complete outsiders. Does not this treatment work out badly again for the self-respect of the Catholic laity? To be despised, to be treated as of no account, by the very men whose coats one pays for, to feel oneself a stranger instead of a proprietor in that House of God, which oneself has built, can anything have a more deteriorating effect upon the individual? To walk into that House, to which He welcomed everybody, with a feeling of awesomeness and oppressive mystery, and like a shivering slave, Sunday after Sunday, cannot but have a debasing effect on the character.

I have long believed that there should be a Parochial Committee of laymen in every Catholic parish, in whom the Church Property and funds should be vested; that the Committee should be *elected* by the parishioners, the humblest head of a family attending the church to have a vote; that the maintenance of the church, the parochial house, and the voluntary schools should be the care of this Committee, of which all the priests of the parish should be *ex-officio* members and the parish priest the chairman. That, I believe, would do something towards "making the pathway to the tomb less gloomy." It would build up the character of and infuse a spirit of pluck into our Catholic laity, from which great results would flow for Ireland, and in an incredibly short space of time too. This Committee should also pay the Parish Priest a fixed stipend; but should not interfere with any *voluntary* gifts made by the parishioners in addition. In some of our Irish dioceses, the arrangements made by the Bishop with the Parish Priests are very unfair to the Pastors and most injurious in their effects upon the parishioners. In one diocese, for instance, the Parish Priests are bound to give periodical statements of account to the Bishop, and hand him over *all* the money

received, he giving them back a fixed stipend. It was in that diocese that one of the Parish Priests, who used to celebrate Mass in a ragged surplus and shabby vestments, died some time back without a will, leaving five or six thousand pounds worth of money and securities hidden in the tester of the old wooden bedstead in which he died. The inordinate greed for money which Irish Priests develop as they grow older, forms the basis of one of the most frequently heard complaints amongst the Catholic laity. There is also a corresponding lack of not only generosity, but of even common, everyday charity, which is yearly becoming more pronounced amongst the Irish priests. In the case of the old priest I have referred to, the relatives, very poor people, got possession of and made good their claim to the money against the Bishop, who demanded delivery of the whole sum to himself, to be devoted to a Cathedral in the building of which he is engaged! I know another diocese in which the Bishop compels every priest, on his appointment to a parish, to make his will leaving everything to the Bishop; and a priest showed me the safe in the diocesan college in which all these documents are kept under lock and key. There was another old parish priest in a country district who left

£20,000 or £30,000 at his death. He used to dress in the shabbiest clothes, and used to work in a flannel waistcoat at turning with a *graffaun* the immense heap of manure which he used to accumulate in front of his house every year for agricultural purposes. Love of money will be the ruin of the Irish priesthood, if the present system is suffered to continue. The present system of collecting money at "Stations," for instance, and at Christmas and Easter, is most degrading to the character of the priests, and equally so to the character of the laity. Then, again, the system of levying enormous fees for marriages is a most unlucky one. I have known cases where the priest refused to celebrate a marriage amongst people of the tenant-farmer class until he received £50! The haggling about "paying the priest" at christenings, marriages, deaths, and at every stage of one's life, is one of the most unpleasant, most debasing features of life in Catholic Ireland. It saps the manliness of all concerned, and under its baneful influence, the whole structure of social life in Catholic Ireland is becoming worm-eaten with meanness and duplicity. Respect for truth, respect for the most sacred dogmas of Catholicity are being lessened every day. But this theme cannot be pursued here.

Then, with regard to the building, renovating, and maintaining of the Catholic Churches, these parochial committees could not but be a great improvement on the management or mismanagement of the priests. Nothing could well surpass the discomfort of the interiors of Catholic Churches, with their graduated classification of seats, at different prices and with different entrances, like the seats and doors of a theatre, but not at all so well arranged. There are some Catholic Churches in Dublin, for instance, one of which I occasionally attend myself, and the means of exit and entrance are as difficult as those of the Catacombs. It is, perhaps, the most idiotically managed building of its kind in the world. The priests' portion of it, the altar and sacristy, are comfortably attended to and well devised; but the accommodation for the parishioners—well, it is just as good as they deserve, seeing that they put up with it. It is the church of a rich and what is called a "fashionable" parish. But the people come so late to Mass, and the Mass is skimmed through so quickly, and they are all so eager to huddle out again, many of them without opening their prayer books or even kneeling down, that the discomfort of the arrangement is taken as part of the service. There is no such thing practically

as a sermon in Catholic Churches in Dublin, except, perhaps, at the Jesuits' Church. The congregations boycott the Mass at which the perfunctory sermon is preached; and, curious to say, the priests appear to acquiesce in the extraordinary arrangement. The most absurd and irreverent sight possible is to be witnessed, for instance, every Sunday at the Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough-street. A High Mass and a Low Mass both begin at different altars at twelve o'clock, and the church is generally filled. When the Low Mass is finished at about half-past twelve, the preacher at High Mass is always mounting, or has just mounted, the pulpit. At that instant, the entire congregation, *sixpenny*, *threepenny* and *penny*, all get up and crowd out of the church, leaving the preacher to make his discourse to empty benches, and leaving High Mass to be finished in an almost desolate church. The extraordinary aspect of the business at this Church is that the priests seem to like it, and I have often seen the preacher waiting patiently in the pulpit to begin until the noise of the departing congregation had died away. So much for church management. Now as to building and renovating. The ever-increasing number of bazaars and wild begging appeals, by no means

confined to the parish, or even the diocese, for which the particular work is required to be done, which deluges us in Catholic Ireland for ecclesiastical work, cannot be dealt with here. But I do think the following case in connection with the rebuilding of an Irish Church is to be condemned, and would not be sanctioned by any *regularly elected and permanent* parochial committee. Two elderly ladies, living on the interest of a capital sum as their sole means of support, were allowed to part with all their capital, selling out their securities to do so, upon the strength of a promise that interest would be paid yearly and regularly while they lived. They are still alive, and from a position of comfort and independence they find themselves reduced to beggary. An appeal is made for them, in a half-hearted way, Sunday after Sunday from the Altar, *in their own presence*, the parishioners being nagged at for their dilatoriness; and very often, while waiting for even a portion of the money to come in, I am informed they are in want of the absolute necessaries of life. They are laughed at by their "fashionable" fellow-Catholics of the Parish; and not a word have I ever heard said in condemnation of the most unjustifiable conduct of the parish priest. On the contrary,

the comment oftenest heard is that the parish priest was *clever* and the old ladies *fools*!

Then, more important still, this Parochial Committee, with the existing clergymen and the Bishop of the Diocese, should have the power of appointment to any vacancy in the ministry which would occur in the parish. What importance and employment that would infuse into the blank and sheepish lives of our Catholic laity! These Parochial Committees in all the parishes of a diocese, in conjunction with all the clergymen of that diocese, and voting by Orders, should have the power of appointing the Bishop of the Diocese, or of selecting three names for the Pope's approval, as *the Parish Priests alone* do at present. I know of nothing but some such reforms as these which will infuse that degree of moral strength into the Irish Catholic laity which is necessary to enable them to take up and maintain the position which of right belongs to them amongst the other religions of the United Kingdom. As long as the Irish Catholic laymen are treated *with contempt* by their own ministers of religion, how can they expect to be treated *with respect* by their civil governors? Reform and improvement, to be effective, must come *from within* the individual or the body politic. Respect

yourself and all the world will respect you. Disrespect yourself, or suffer yourself to be treated with disrespect by those immediately connected with you, and all the world will disrespect you. The Irish Catholic race is not a poor race of aboriginals, as their conduct in the past leads many to suppose, who cannot exist without external support, who can only be saved from self-degradation by constant efforts made *from without*. We have all the elements of progress and lasting success within ourselves, if we would only make up our own minds to *depend upon ourselves*, and teach our children *to depend upon themselves*, instead of begging from London or from Rome.

Those moderate reforms, outlined by me, would do more than all the statutes ever passed to exalt the status of the Catholic Irishmen in the scale of humanity. That would not be saying much, for all the statutes ever passed *have done* nothing, or next to nothing, towards the attainment of that end. All the work is still to do; and I am firmly convinced that, without a minature French Revolution—in which the Irish Priest, as we know him, would disappear for ever—there is *no other way* but the way I have pointed out, in which that work can be accomplished.

At present and for many years the Irish priests

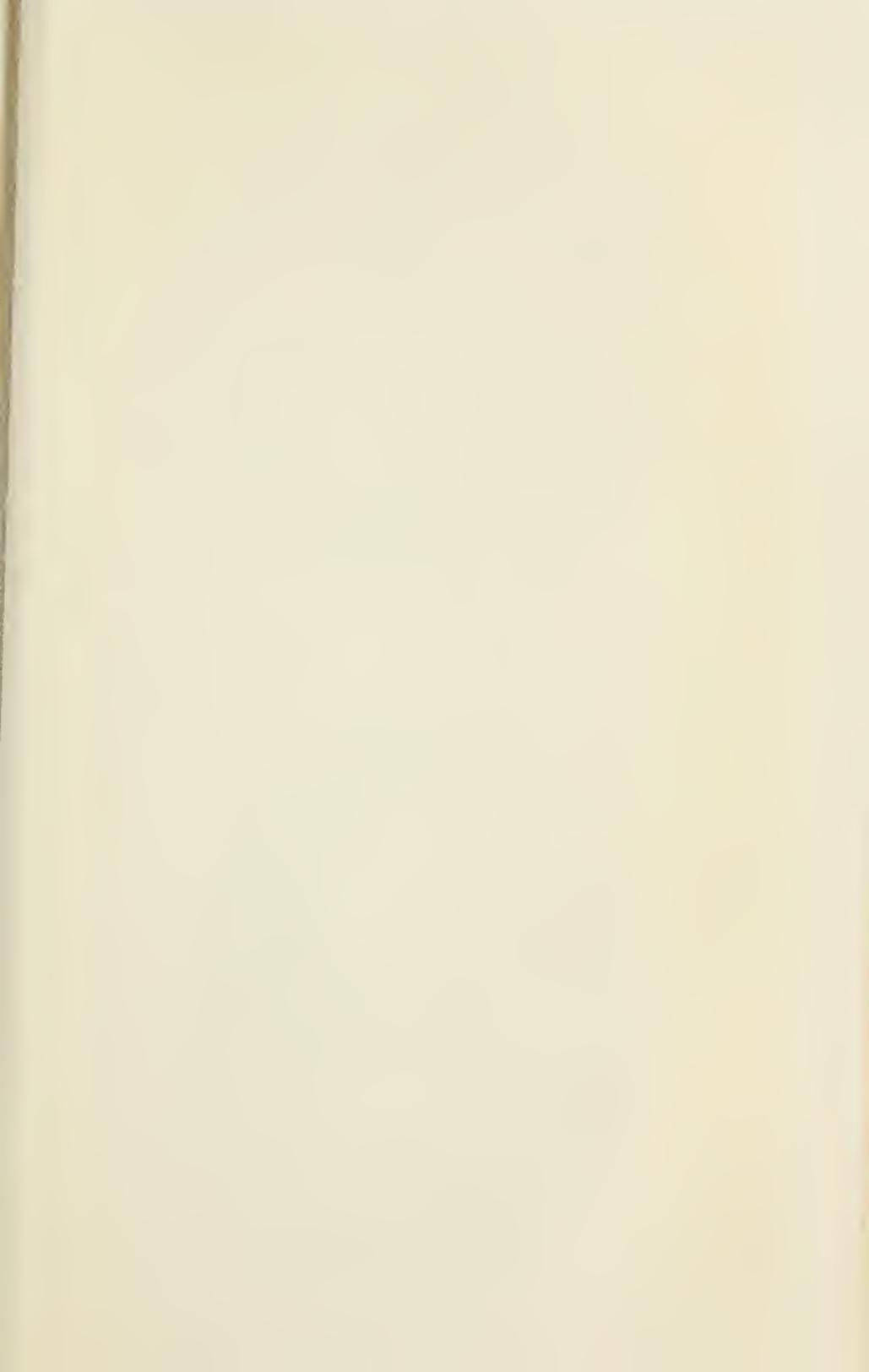
find the greatest difficulty in getting respectably bred boys to become priests—notably in the Diocese of Dublin and half-a-dozen other dioceses. The highways and the byways have to be scoured, and many arts have to be resorted to in search of boys, which I may at a future time go more fully into. The farmer's son is not becoming a priest to-day as he used of old. I shall say no more now. But will not that fact warn our *clerical rulers* that there is danger for them in the distance. The lower the stratum of society from which the priests are drawn, bearing in mind the isolated lives led by them as students in Maynooth, the smaller will their *personal* influence over the laity become; and the oftener must recourse be had by them to *religious* and *supernatural* influences, for the preservation of their power. Those religious and supernatural influences must always fail in the long run in a country where the Reformed religions exist side by side with Catholicity.

In exclusively Catholic lands where they succeed, as, for instance, in Spain, the success is achieved only by strangling the life of the nation.

The young men of the Irish priesthood should not sell their birthright. Nor should they be so ready to cast their bleeding and persecuted native

land under the chariot wheels of the Roman Juggernaut. It is not necessary, even for Catholicity, to do so. A little more manliness would pay, even in Rome. It is to Italian influences I attribute the extraordinary career which the directors of the Catholic Church in Ireland are pursuing. I hope, for the credit of our race, that I am right in doing so. All the gush we hear in Ireland to-day about the Pope and about Peter's Pence—a small sample of which has been given in this book—is not calculated to make the Pope respect Ireland. Let our Catholic Churchmen confide in the Catholic laymen, and thereby obtain *real* power in Ireland; power resting on the people's confidence and trust; instead of power which has to be buttressed up by pounds, shillings, and pence, tortuously and meanly obtained from a State to which the most elementary courtesies and charities of Christianity are denied in return; instead of power which has to be propped by periodical "boosts" from Rome. Let them deduce the amount of *real* power they possess from a contemplative study of Mr. Dillon, "the champion of the Church," who entered upon his chairmanship with a Papal benediction, as readers have seen, and of Mr. Healy, on the one side; and on the other side, of Mr. John Redmond,

who braved their wrath and stuck to Parnell in his sorrow, and who now, with the assent of Catholic Ireland, is the recognised political leader of the race. The "showy" structure of the temporal power of the Irish Priests has not as strong a foundation as they themselves and superficial observers imagine. If the economy of the nation renders it necessary to annihilate the power of the priesthood, it is by the Catholic laity that their destruction will be accomplished. *And a man's enemies shall be they of his own household.* And is it not also written: *Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled?* The Priests *alone* do not constitute THE CHURCH; *they alone* are not "CHURCHMEN." Their own Catechism lays it down that "THE CHURCH is the congregation of all the faithful who, being baptised, profess the same doctrine and sacraments, and are governed by one visible head on earth." At present that definition of the Catholic Church in Ireland is A LIE; for the clerics *alone* are the "Church." Let them take the laity into genuine partnership with them in time, and no structure will then be more solid, or no association more beneficial to Ireland than the Catholic Church. So, at least, I firmly believe. But things will not drift on very much longer as they are at present.





From Photo by Glover, Dublin.

SIR CHRISTOPHER J. NIXON, M.D.

"And I know of no Doctor in Dublin more competent to fight his corner on his own merits."—Page 340.



From Photo by Werner & Son, Dublin.

DR. JAMES LITTLE,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF PHYSIC, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEDICINE, LAW, ARCHITECTURE, ENGINEERING,
PAINTING, LITERATURE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE
IN IRELAND.

THE learned professions, so-called, of medicine, law, and engineering, as well as our Irish artists and Irish literature, during the five years under review in Ireland, and a word or two about the Civil Servants, will now occupy our attention for a while. We have considered the members of the clerical profession, of different denominations in Ireland. I regret to have to use the word "profession" in such a connection; but the fact remains, however much to be regretted, that the modern clergyman is daily becoming more and more of a professional man. It is frequently stated, that in proportion to the population, we have far too many professional men in Ireland. I cannot say that we are under-supplied, in the country as a whole; indeed it may be said that in our large towns, especially Dublin, we are overstocked. Take first, the most necessary and the greatest of the professions, medicine, which exercises such influence over the health, the life and

death of us all, yet which, in proportion to its importance, gets the least recognition from the State or community or Government—or whatever name you desire to give to the aggregate of authority in this country—of all the professions. There are no big posts, carrying with them ease and affluence and public respect, open to the medical man in the prime of life, such as we see given (how often inexplicably!) to certain fortunate lawyers. The Corporation of Dublin pay what they style their Medical Officer of Health the high salary of £1,200 a year; but that is an exceptional case. The Mastership of the Rotunda is worth some thousands a year, but that is money earned by personal work and voluntarily given. It is not a State-paid sinecure. Even engineering, with its county surveyorships and other public appointments, receives more of the community's money proportionately than medicine. A knighthood, as in the case of Sir John Banks; or a baronetcy, as in the case of the late Sir George Porter; unaccompanied by any State emolument, is the most that an eminent doctor can look forward to in the way of public recognition. He must remain in harness till he dies. Those who retire before incapacitation, like Dr. Atthill, for instance, are extremely few. The medical man works on, apparently

very often from sheer love of his work, rather than from necessity, until that Reaper cometh, the swish of whose sickle he has so often heard, and taps him on the shoulder. Even in London, where such large professional incomes are said to be made, they rarely ennoble the medical man—a distinction freely conferred on members of the legal profession, artists, poets, scientists, and all sorts of people who manage to accumulate money: Is it that the medical man, much as we hear to-day about large professional incomes, does not succeed in accumulating sufficient money to justify him in accepting hereditary nobility? I believe it is. For, certainly the Queen, who is the fountain of honour, entertains as high a respect for the medical profession as it deserves, and would, I imagine, be quite willing to confer all the honour that would be desirable by the recipient, upon any supereminent member of the profession. With the exception of Sir George Porter, I, in my own experience, cannot just now call to mind any medical man who died recently in Ireland possessed of a considerable fortune. But we can all count scores of legal men who have accumulated large fortunes. They are principally, I regret to say, solicitors; for barristers, even when they

become Judges, do not seem, as a rule, to accumulate money in large quantities. There are in Ireland 2,773 registered medical practitioners. It seems a large number in proportion to the population—a still larger number in proportion to the number of barristers and engineers. In regard to it, it may safely be said that, were it not for the Poor Law system, the number of medical practitioners would not be half as great. The salary of a dispensary doctor, small as it seems—in or about £120 a year—in proportion to the work, gives the young doctor something fixed to go on with, and often leads to a remunerative connection. The dispensary system, in this way, places medical assistance within the reach of people, other than the necessitous, who otherwise could not, perhaps, get any medical aid at all. With regard to hospitals and infirmaries, they are institutions which, except in surgical cases, or in cases of marked destitution, unkindness, or uncleanness in the home, or in contagious diseases, may readily be multiplied until they become harmful to the community, encouraging the neglect of sick friends in the members of the community, and diminishing their powers of self-help in rudimentary cases. For students they are admirable; but, as I said before, there is

danger of a tendency to carry them to excess. A hospital becomes a kind of monastery for the doctors and nurses attached to it; its glorification becomes an object in life; a canvass for students is established; the spirit of advertisement sets in; all of which are not results which are always to be desired. In Ireland we are well supplied with Union hospitals and County Infirmaries in the country districts; and with general and special hospitals in our large cities, notably Dublin, which has, perhaps, more hospitals for its size than any other city in the world. Here, too, in the hospitals, on the Catholic side, we find the dominance of clericalism asserting itself, with more justification, perhaps, than in other spheres, but not entirely justified. Two of our largest Dublin hospitals are *owned* by Nuns—the Mater Misericordiæ by the Sisters of Mercy, and St. Vincent's by the Sisters of Charity. The Nuns, too, are being employed as nurses in nearly all the Union hospitals. Is it fair thus to close a much-needed source of legitimate employment to respectable lay Catholic women? It is not, for it crushes the vitality of the lay Catholic element at a most damaging point, by limiting the activity and usefulness of our women. Another premium is thereby set upon the con-

ventual life, and another source of attractiveness shorn from the already bare and fruitless lives of our Catholic maids and matrons who dare to live in the world. There is also what is called a Catholic University School of Medicine, at which Archbishop Walsh delivers long speeches and receives the obeisances and flattery of the Catholic doctors. In the words of Sir C. Nixon—an undoubtedly able physician—on one occasion, speaking for the Catholic doctors, at that institution, after a long speech from Dr. Walsh: “We, on our part, would not exchange the powerful advocacy of your Grace, for anyone to fight our corner.” It would seem so strange, would it not, to see Dr. Peacocke placing himself or placed in such a position in a medical school? I should be inclined to say that the more *materia medica* and the less dogmatic theology a Catholic doctor has “to fight his corner” with, the better for himself and for his patient. And I know of no doctor in Dublin more competent to “fight his corner” on his own merits, without any supernatural aid, than Sir Christopher Nixon. If Archbishop Walsh would spend some of the vast sum of money he controls, on founding a midwifery hospital for the Catholic poor, which would be within measurable distance of the

Protestant Rotunda, where these poor women have been, and are so well treated in their trouble, it would be something to the purpose, and something to his credit.

Our Dublin hospitals do credit to the city; as evidences, both of the generosity of Dubliners, to which I called attention already in mentioning the wreck of the "Palme," and of the administrative and operative skill of our doctors. We have specialist doctors in Dublin who cover the entire range of human ailments. We have general surgeons and physicians of the highest ability. Some are Catholic; others are Protestant. But our eminent Protestant doctors have hosts of Catholic patients, and our distinguished Catholic doctors have many Protestant patients. I fail to see how I can mention names, except by adopting some arbitrary test which can leave no suspicion of unfair preference on my part. The distinction and reward of a lawyer is to reach the Bench; although it is a well-known fact that there are many men practising at the Bar who possess more sense and know more law than some men sitting on the Bench. The only similar mark of public distinction in medicine is a title, as I have shown. Let the reader attach what importance he or she

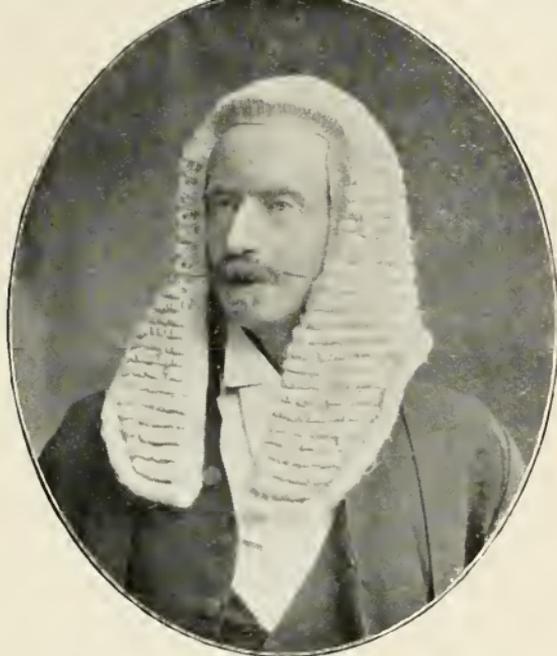
thinks fit to the distinction, just as he or she values the legal capacity and common sense of the man who happens to have been raised to the Bench, as compared with the man who is still practising at the Bar. All our medical knights are Dublin doctors, and we have got what is considered a large proportion of them. There is Sir John Banks, of Trinity College and Merrion-square, a distinguished and courtly man; Sir Philip Smyly, of Merrion-square, who, I believe, has been responsible for Lord Cadogan's health during the past five years; Sir William Stokes, of Merrion-square, who died in South Africa on the 19th August, 1900; Sir William Thompson, of Stephen's-green, also there in charge of Lord Iveagh's Field Hospital; Sir George Duffey, of Fitzwilliam-place; Sir Christopher Nixon, of Merrion-square, whom I know from personal experience to be a most able man; Sir Thornley Stoker, of Ely-place, famous for his judgment in articles of *vertu*, in addition to his surgical ability; Sir Francis Cruise, who has written, besides enjoying a large practice; and, lastly, Sir J. W. Moore, President of the College of Physicians, who was knighted on the Queen's birthday, 1900. Of these nine doctors so distinguished, two are Catholics, and seven are

Protestants. If one were to step outside the lines of knighthood, there would, of course, be nothing but personal opinion to guide one. But, as far as I can see, upon any other selected plane, whether that of lucrative practice or special distinction in particular branches, nearly the same proportions would be observed. I state this, because it may be truly observed that, as the holders of the post of Lord Lieutenant are *necessarily* Protestants, their connections and acquaintances amongst medical men are also naturally Protestant; and hence the predominance of Protestants amongst the medical knights.

There were, during the lustrum under review, 1,077 men in Ireland who had been called to the Bar. That is about the number to-day. This number includes Judges and holders of other appointments and men who do not practice at the profession. Eliminating all these, there are only about 400 practising barristers left in Ireland. From the ranks of these men are selected the eighteen Superior Court Judges (drawing £73,600 or thereabouts in salary); the 21 County Court Judges (drawing about £32,000 in salaries); many of the Land Commissioners; most of the well-paid, under-worked officials in the Four Courts; the Revising Barristers; Police

Magistrates, many Resident Magistrates (drawing £39,000 in salaries); and, of course, the Government's lawyers, from the Attorney-General to the junior County Crown Prosecutor. In proportion to their number, the practising barristers seem to receive more public money than any other class in Ireland, or, perhaps, in the United Kingdom. Yet, the amount of general legal business is so small that many of the limited number of practising barristers are poor men. Everybody knows that the Lord Chancellor gets £8,000 a year, and the other Judges various sums, from £5,000 down to £3,500; but few people observe that the County Court Judges are also, to put it mildly, paid on a liberal scale. The Recorder of Dublin, for instance, draws £2,500; the Recorders of Belfast and Cork, who have far more work, £2,000 each; of Derry and Galway, £1,500 each; and the remaining 16 County Court Judges, £1,400 each. So much for the State-derived emoluments of the profession.

Strangers say that the method of transacting business adopted by the Irish barristers is unique. Instead of each man having an office and a clerk in the vicinity of the Courts, or in a central position of town, they all sit or stand in



From Photo by Lafayette.

MR. SEYMOUR BUSHE, Q.C.

"There are some exceedingly smart men at the Irish Bar to-day."—Page 345



From Photo by Lafayette.

MR. R. K. CLAY
(MESSRS. CASEY & CLAY).

"Those and many other Irish solicitors occupy positions of trust outside their profession."—Page 349.



one room from 10 to 5 daily during term, except while engaged in court. The bag of briefs and papers is sent down early from the barrister's house on the shoulders of some seedy male or female court loafer, and the bag may be seen finding its devious way home similarly at night. In this room, the Library, they sit as close together as the flower-women at Nelson's Pillar on a Saturday, like labourers waiting in a market-place to be hired. How a man can read up a case, or do any work *well*, under such circumstances, would be a nice point to settle. If anyone comes for a barrister the Crier bawls out his name. Gossip and conversation are the order of the day. There are some exceedingly smart men at the Irish Bar to-day—some quite as good as Sir Edward Carson—but there is no adequate stage on which to ventilate their eloquence in Ireland; no adequate network of mercantile transactions upon which to display their subtlety.

In a previous chapter I alluded to the small proportion the Catholics bear to the Protestants, amongst the occupants of the Judicial Bench, and, instead of blaming the dispensers of this large patronage, I have endeavoured to seek within ourselves for what I hope is the true explanation of it. If I thought for a moment

that this Irish Protestant Government, which has been in possession of that vast patronage during the five years dealt with in this book, had systematically passed over Catholics *because of their religion*, and given the public's money to Protestants in consequence, there are no words in English which would adequately express my contempt for everyone connected with that Protestant Government. They would, if such were the case, occupy the position of public pilferers, dealing dishonestly with monies which no more belong to them than they do to me. If such were the case—and many Catholic thinkers and writers appear to believe it—why is it tolerated by the 3,500,000 Catholics in Ireland? It is tolerated; for, according to those who allege it, this nefarious abuse of public trust exists in Ireland. If it exists, what does it prove? It proves to demonstration the weakness, the civic incapacity of Irish Catholic laymen. Go to the root of the matter, my readers, and cut out the canker. Look inwards for the true remedy. Does any sane man or woman believe that, under the existing laws, the 3,500,000 Catholics in Ireland would be suffering under the grievances they complain of, and drawing such an inadequate proportion of the public's money, as

compared with the 1,120,000 Protestants, if we were as good men and women, from a practical standpoint, as they are?

The Irish solicitors number 1,500 odd. Philosophers do not consider the profession one which makes for luminosity; but it exists in all civilised countries. They are found all over Ireland; but most of all in Dublin, where every country solicitor is bound to have another solicitor as his agent. The whole scheme of legal administration, which will occupy a good deal of my attention in the course of my investigations into public expenditure in Ireland, was originally well thought out, and has been running for a long time; but I fear it is getting out of touch with the spirit of the people. The solicitors make a good deal of money, more, perhaps, than any other profession; but there is not so much fatness as there used to be in olden times, when it was the natural thing for a highly-successful solicitor to retire to his landed estate and spend the evening of his life as a *grand seigneur*. Nearly everyone, at some time or other, has seen for himself, or has been shown by a troubled friend, that mysterious production known as a Bill of Costs. We can produce those documents here in Ireland with an ability unsur-

passed in any civilised country. The most abstruse thesis in dogmatic theology does not so stun the ordinary brain as does one of those bills. Dogmatic theology is dying hard; but its friend, the Bill of Costs, is dying even harder. "Costs" is as sacred an expression in every Act of Parliament as "Incorporeal Hereditament" in a Land Act. The legal men in Parliament always take care that the solicitor shall be paid by hook or crook. The State appoints and pays people called Taxing Masters (taken from amongst the solicitors themselves) to correct the statements of account presented by solicitors to their clients. Can any man in any other business realise how he should ever find any difficulty in making out a statement of account for a customer, and how it would ever be necessary for the public to come to his assistance by appointing a public official to enable him to do so correctly? The Clerkships of the Crown and Peace, sinecures, are all given to solicitors; so are the Taxing Masterships, and some Land Commissionerships, and some other positions. But, in the main, the solicitor earns his money *directly* from the public, unaided, or with the assistance of the High Court, of which he is the faithful and favoured officer, whose good

sense, tact and respectability always come in for the highest encomiums from the Bench; but whom the Lord Chancellor will strike off the Rolls, for cause shown, without any compunction. There are several exceedingly able and respected men amongst the Irish solicitors, men who are looked up to in various walks of life; men like, say, Mr. John L. Scallan, Mr. Robert K. Clay, Mr. William Fry, and very many others, who are really first-class men. Those and many other Irish solicitors occupy positions of trust, outside their profession—a proof of public confidence—as, for instance, on the boards of railways, banks, and other companies; on District Council, Asylum, and Hospital Boards, and so forth.

There is only room for a brief word about our Architects and Engineers in Ireland. We have a Royal Institute of Architects, and an Architectural Association, and also an Institution of Civil Engineers in Ireland; and there is a School of Engineering and a degree for Engineering in Trinity. The Board of Works, the Railways, Harbour Boards, Corporations, County Councils, and such bodies afford all the public employment to be had in this profession. It is not as large as one would like to see it. The new Catholic Churches and Convents, to which

frequent allusion has been made, must have made fortunes for some of the Catholic Architects in Ireland for the past ten years. But then, as a set off, one often hears of large subscriptions paid by architects to the building funds of these churches. Architects say they like dealing with Nuns, because those prudent women rarely start building till they have got the wherewithal in hands. Whereas in the case of priests——! Our architects and engineers are very good ones, and it is only to be regretted that the system on which the country is managed, both by the Governments from above, and by ourselves from below, does not give them more the opportunity of embellishing Ireland with more works of beauty and utility. Her Majesty honoured the profession on the occasion of her recent visit by conferring a Knighthood on Sir Thomas Drew, President of the Institute of Architects, who is said to have designed the picturesque City Gate, erected at Leeson-street Bridge, and which was the most striking feature of the decorations.

The Artists are not what can be styled a pampered class in Ireland. When Lord Iveagh bought a street urchin picture of Mr. Moynan's in 1899 for £400, the firesides of Dublin re-echoed the marvellous fact in a hundred

thousand echoes that evening. Mr. Alfred Grey's bulls, cows, and sheep look plaintively at us in March, April and May every year from the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy in Abbey-street. They are capital cattle, on misty brae-side, or knee-deep in the placid Tolka. I personally know them all, as if they were old friends, quiet, healthy, contented-looking animals. Mr. Grey is as good a cattle artist as Sidney Cooper, I think; but why does he go in for Scotch cattle so much? Mr. Hone is freely criticised every year for his well-known pasturages in the broadest style; but I think his drawing is marvellously good, and his effects wonderful. I know those cattle of his also, particularly that Hereford heifer at Malahide in this year's picture; in my opinion, the best picture in the Academy. Mr. Williams does fine work in landscape, and really works hard to get original matter, racy of the soil; making expeditions into Ireland, far beyond Malahide or the Tolka, down to Achill, Donegal, and Killarney, to get subjects for his pictures. Mr. Moynan loves the street urchin, and, it may be safely said, no painter ever had a more unlimited supply of models to work upon than Mr. Moynan finds in Dublin. Mr. Vincent Duffy loves the horizon at sea, and

paints it very, very frequently. Mr. Walter Osborne gives us some beautiful, realistic, substantial portraits of Irish ladies, many of which are really "things of beauty," and, for the production of which I, as a mere spectator, value and admire Mr. Osborne highly. Mrs. Noel Guinness's portrait, in 1899, seemed to me altogether admirable, as a presentation of an Irish gentlewoman of the present day. Mr. J. M. Kavanagh's pictures of level strand and tide are excellent. A new man, called Ernest Taylor, from Belfast, produced some admirable small studies of old men, in last and this year's Hibernian Academy, upon which I set the highest value, as being full of promise. Sir Thomas Farrell, the President, is a sculptor of repute, many of whose statues ornament the streets and public buildings of Dublin. He died, I regret to say, the very day after he had sent me his photograph for this book. But, admitting all this, I would say to the young Irish artists—would there be any use in saying it to the old artists?—why not paint the living pictures of Dublin, that are under your very nose, yet which none of you seem to see? I know of no city in the United Kingdom so full of subjects for the artist as Dublin is. I know of no country

more full of lovely bits of scenery for backgrounds or settings for figures than the immediate vicinity of Dublin. Yet these things are never painted. But we are confronted, instead, with the pallid-looking Highland Crofts, or secondhand Continental views, year after year—meaningless, valueless daubs! Why, a thousand historic, first-class pictures of life and scenery could be made out of the Phoenix Park alone. Yet, who ever sees a Phoenix Park, or even a Stephen's Green, picture in Abbey-street, in which some idea of the actualities of Dublin life is given? The first business of an artist should be to leave some record of *his own times and surroundings* behind him, his impression of the people and the things he sees. If our young artists, henceforth, would but take heart of grace and set themselves hopefully and manfully to the task of painting Dublin and its people, they would, I feel assured, succeed in painting pictures profitable to themselves and valuable to the purchasers. A paltry £300 a year is all the Government gives to the Royal Hibernian Academy; about as much as pays the people who attend to the pens and ink in some inferior sub-department in the Castle.

With regard to Irish literature, I fear a chapter devoted to that would be as empty as the well-known one on the snakes of Iceland.

It is not for want of capacity to write on the part of present-day Irishmen, for some of the best writing of the day is done by our fellow-countrymen, particularly in the Press. But we do not produce, say, novels racy of the soil, in which a rational presentation of Ireland, as it really is—not a clown Ireland—is laid before the reader; or histories of Ireland in recent years, from which instruction may be obtained; or, thoughtful works upon the utterly perplexing state of Ireland, which would assist Englishmen to understand the country really—not superficially and fictitiously as even the best-meaning of them only do now; or, readable studies upon the many movements which we have seen here during the Nineteenth Century. There are Literary Associations here, which is, perhaps, the most hopeless evidence in any country that there is no literature being produced in that country. There are “movements,” “meetings,” “speeches,” “advertisements of projected books,” and “resolutions to support and foster Irish literature,” to record; but I know of no body of Irish literature written in English which comes within my province. The Irish Literary Association is very enthusiastic, and very well-meaning, but it seems as helpless in the matter of

independent work as the Foxford peasants. Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, do not those energetic Irish Literary Association people "sit quietly down to their industry"—the industry of writing something readable in English about Ireland—instead of meeting and passing resolutions, and so forth? Good writings about Ireland are wanted; yet there is no such thing as a craftsmanlike novel founded upon the actualities of the Irish life of to-day, or of any other period, which has been recently written. There is not a poem, or even a passable ballad, except Mr. T. D. Sullivan's Land League lays, which undoubtedly did good to the cause for which they were written. "Father O'Flynn" is a Music Hall song, which, if I were an Irish priest, I should listen to with very mixed feelings. And the modern songs which are written about our peasantry are, almost all, insulting to, and most unfair presentations of, the National character.

Here is a health to ye, Father O'Flynn,
Slauntha an' shlauntha an' shlauntha agin!

How often have I heard, with puzzled amazement, some young Catholic Curate bellowing forth, after dinner, these adjurations to the "Kindliest craythur in ould Donegal"! Let us

not be whining any longer that Irish literature is not supported in Ireland. Let our literary men, or let somebody, produce some Irish literature in English, and it will be supported as generously, say, as Manx literature in English, not only by the four and a half millions of people in Ireland, but by the hundred and twenty millions of English-speakers in the United Kingdom and the United States and the Colonies.

The Civil Servant Class is, perhaps, more numerous in Dublin than in any city of the same population in the world—except in those South American cities in which we are told that every man, woman and child is a Civil Servant—a state of things which naturally follows a yearly expenditure of £4,544,000 on civil government! They live a life of comfortable routine; doing the same light work; taking the same light refreshment; in the self-same month of the year, every year of their lives. Their mild excitements are altogether social; the theatre; the marshalling of the family battalion to church with staggering regularity every Sunday; tennis or bicycle parties in summer; dances and card parties in winter; a well-devised trip to the Continent every year; a month at the seaside;

worries about unmarried daughters or omnivorous sons; new clothes at the same dates; perplexities about insurance premiums, tradesmen's bills, invitations not arrived, and so forth. They do all the work which they contracted to do; and many of us, poor, world-worn Irish people, often wish we had as little to do, and as much security, without absolute mental stagnation, under the all-sheltering ægis of a Budget running up to £120,000,000 a year! The Civil Servants have a steadying influence upon society; but, at the same time, there is nothing which so stagnates the life of a nation as an overgrown Civil Service; "when more are bred scholars than preferments can take off."

The evils of it are apparent in Ireland in the large numbers of partially educated young men, disappointed candidates for places in the Civil Service, having no prospect before them but poverty and unhappiness, who are to be found wasting their time all over Ireland.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ABOLITION OF THE GRAND JURIES. THE
LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT OF NINETY-EIGHT.

THE Supreme Court of Judicature (Amendment) Act, before alluded to, and the Outdoor Relief Act (1897), which authorised the Local Government Board to give the Boards of Guardians permission to borrow money, on the security of the rates, for the purpose of giving immediate outdoor relief, constituted the only Irish legislation in 1897. This last-named Act was passed with a view to meeting the exceptional distress which was apprehended by the Irish members; an apprehension which, happily, did not turn out to be well founded. But the following year, 1898, saw the passage of the most important constructive Act of Parliament ever passed for Ireland. It is true that the Act possessed neither novelty nor originality, for it was simply an extension to Ireland of the local government existing in Great Britain; but that does not detract in the least from the benefits which it has conferred upon Ireland. The national

manliness and independence of Ireland had long lain under a blight for the lack of truly representative local government; and the passage of Local Government for Great Britain in 1888 had made the want of it more felt than ever in Ireland. Before there had been any demand for extended local government in Great Britain, we, in Ireland, had been *agitating* for it. The use of the word "agitating" leads me to express a hope that we are done with what is known as "agitation" in Ireland. Started by O'Connell, the prince of agitators, the game of "agitation" has been played with occasionally intermittent, but on the whole, fairly persistent energy in Ireland by men of different characters and capacities. Mr. Parnell was not essentially an agitator, notwithstanding his extraordinary success. A really pressing agrarian grievance in Ireland cried aloud for a spokesman in 1879-80; and Mr. Parnell, striking out a new line, appealed from England to America, addressed the Congress from the floor of the House in Washington, came back to Ireland in triumph, and became political dictator of the country for ten years. Mr. Parnell's act was a most original one. It was an appeal to a foreign country on a question of domestic legislation against the action of the country of the

appellant. That, I have always thought, was the keynote of Mr. Parnell's policy towards England while his power lasted from 1880 to 1890, a continuing appeal from, as he alleged, an unjust majority in the United Kingdom to the justice of the United States. Mr. Parnell despised the English, who constitute the majority in the United Kingdom, he spurned their contented mediocrity, their knack of making themselves comfortable, and just doing whatever tended to that end—attending to business, for instance, because notably their own comfort was promoted by so doing. Mr. Parnell possessed within himself capabilities equal to anything ever achieved by, perhaps, any human being in any age. He soared, an eagle in empyrean heights, while the sparrows, to use his own word, who surrounded him only hopped from eaveshoot to sill and sill to kerbstone. Like Achilles, he was vulnerable, and, owing to a multitude of circumstances—well worth consideration did space permit—he was vulnerable at a vital point. I believe that O'Connell at one end, and Parnell at the other end, are the pillars which mark the boundaries of the Agitation period in Ireland. Henceforth, perhaps not immediately, but certainly in ever-

increasing volume; the quiet demand, accompanied by the well-thought-out practicable plan, will take the place hitherto occupied by the incoherent bluster of Agitation. There are *two* parties who must bear between them the responsibility for the long continuance of the Agitation period in Ireland. They are the Government party in Ireland and the Agitation party. Never again, I hope, will any man or body of men, English or Irish, entrusted—as it often happens, not by right of proved ability, but by accident or nepotism—with the Government of Ireland, allow themselves to get completely out of touch with the bulk of the population. Such conduct is not good enough for the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. The body of men called the Irish Government—Lord Cadogan, Mr. G. Balfour, and Lord Ashbourne at present, for instance—are sent here, or put into their positions primarily, by the inarticulate millions of Great Britain, *to keep in touch with the people* of Ireland. That is what they are paid for, and it is by the measure of their success in doing so that their value to the United Kingdom is to be gauged. They have no mandate to shut their ears to, or, by their demeanour or acts, to stifle up, any popular expression of feeling in

this country. The humblest farmer in Kerry is, in theory, as much a governor of this realm as Mr. G. Balfour; neither man has more by law than his vote. Nothing, therefore, I think, can be more caddish than that any man, temporarily invested with a delegated authority, should give himself airs, as if the right to that authority were inherent in himself. I believe that this better spirit, this truer conception of their position, will henceforth be more and more evinced by those persons, be they Irish or persons from other parts of the United Kingdom, who, as long as the existing practice continues, are sent here to govern Ireland. This representative spirit has been evinced, in a marked way, by Lord Cadogan from the very moment he landed at Kingstown, as the deputy of a Party which had been returned in triumph over the ruins of Home Rule, down to the present day. That is why I praise Lord Cadogan and the present Irish Government. That is why Lord Cadogan and the present Irish Government have been, and are, such a success. Lord Houghton estranged and got out of touch with all the Unionists in Ireland by refusing to receive addresses, protesting against a proposed legislative change in the constitution of the Kingdom. I suppose Mr. Gladstone directed

him to do so. If so, Lord Houghton had no right to excuse his refusal of the addresses on the plea that the representative of the Queen should be above party. That sheltering plea was such obvious humbug, that I have drawn special attention to Lord Cadogan's early repudiation of the doctrine, in his Belfast speech, delivered before he had been six months amongst us. The Queen wants no representative here, as a matter of fact. We know Her Majesty now for ourselves; and I, for one, shall always regard Her Majesty's behaviour during the recent Royal Visit in Dublin as the most lasting lesson in good manners, common-sense, and the art of popular statesmanship ever administered to those people who have constituted, do constitute, or will constitute, the Irish Government. I shall have more to say about the Queen's Visit later on. Let me repeat, in conclusion, my belief that the period of agitation is passed by, and that the period of sensible demands, accompanied by feasible plans of execution, has set in.

Ireland, as I have said, had long been agitating for local government, before the proposal to extend local government had been heard of in England. Reform of the Grand Jury Laws had long been a standing dish in the bill of fare pre-

sented to us by the political agitator—I do not use the word in a disrespectful sense. The Grand Jury Laws needed reformation; and they have now been reformed, *without precedent agitation*, in a root-and-branch fashion that was never hoped for by the agitators.

The Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898, came as a surprise upon the country. It had not been heralded in by any series of promises or by any flourish of trumpets whatsoever. It was three years after their accession to power that the Government took action in the matter; having, no doubt, by inquiry and investigation, thoroughly satisfied themselves that the time for action had arrived. It is true that in his speech in the House on the 21st May, 1897, Mr. A. Balfour foreshadowed the main rating provisions of the projected Local Government Bill; but there was, as I have pointed out, no agitation for the measure; and incredulity is, perhaps, the word which best describes the attitude of Ireland during the memorable Parliamentary session in which the measure was shaped into law. No system of local government that I know could be more appropriately described as the reverse of popular, than the system of Irish Grand Jury Government. The Grand Jury of each

county was selected, and its members summoned every year by the Sheriff of that county, the only restriction placed upon the Sheriff's choice being that the body summoned by him should contain at least one individual from each barony in the county, holding freehold or leasehold property above a certain value. Who, it will be asked, was the Sheriff himself? He was a Grand Juror. How was he appointed? A list of persons qualified by their property to act as Sheriff was prepared by the Sheriff, with the cognisance of the Grand Jury, and placed before the Judge of Assize, the person whom the Grand Jury desired to see appointed being always, by an understood arrangement, put first upon the list. The Judge of Assize then pricked three names on the list, always the first three, and those three names were sent forward to the Lord Lieutenant, who appointed the Sheriff from amongst them, the first name being nearly always selected. Then the Sheriff, so appointed, selected and summoned a Grand Jury, twice a year, immediately before the Spring and Summer Assizes. He was expected to give them a sumptuous luncheon, at which the Judge of Assize usually attended. Thus was this important body selected, which was entrusted with the fiscal and administrative busi-

ness of the county. It only sat for two or three days, and was then discharged formally by the Judge of Assize, when its business was transacted; and when all the presentments had been filed by the Judge, which was done as a matter of course, except in the rare cases when a presentment was traversed. It had two spheres of duties—its fiscal or administrative duties, and its criminal duties. Its criminal duties consisted of giving all criminal cases, brought forward for trial at the Assizes, a first hearing; and the Grand Jurors had the power, if they believed there was no *prima facie* case against the accused person, of throwing out the bill, and ending the case without trial. This criminal jurisdiction of the Grand Jury is a bulwark of our liberties, though few people realise it. The Grand Jury still exists, as of old, for this purpose, and exercises what is called its criminal jurisdiction unaffected by the Local Government Act. But all its fiscal and administrative duties are transferred to the County Councils. One important portion of its duties, namely, the awarding of compensation for property maliciously injured, or for personal injuries maliciously inflicted upon persons, such as constables or witnesses, in discharge of a public duty, has not passed to the

County Councils, but has been transferred to the County Court Judge, from whom there is an appeal to the Judge of Assize, who can empanel a jury to try issues of fact if he thinks fit. The administrative duties of the Grand Jury comprised the providing of the ways and means for all the public works of the county, such as the maintenance of roads and bridges, county asylums and infirmaries, paying the guaranteed dividends on light railways, paying local contributions to Industrial Schools, payments for an increased number of police in the county, and so forth. All this constituted an important body of work, which was transacted literally over the heads of the ratepayers of the county. It is true that at the baronial presentment sessions held in each barony of the county, the baronial justices of the peace and the largest payers of county cess, who were not justices, exercised jurisdiction, and gave a *first hearing* to presentments, such as road contracts and so forth, in that particular barony; it is also true that a County-at-large Presentment Sessions, similarly constituted, was held, at which presentments, to be levied off the county as a whole, were given a first hearing. But all presentments passed by these bodies had to be ratified by the Grand Jury; nay, the names of

the cesspayers, not justices of the peace, who constituted these sessions, were selected by the Grand Jury itself. But, what was worse even than non-representation from a popular point of view, was that the expenses of all this system, and the ways and means for all the public works and charges mentioned, were provided by a rate, called the county cess, struck by the Grand Jury, and levied entirely off the *occupiers* of land in the county, no proportion of it being borne by the landlords or rent-drawers of land in the county, except where special agreements were made. Landlords, or Rent-drawers, which is a more appropriate name for them now, had to bear half the poor rate; but they escaped all share of the Grand Jury rate, unless in very exceptional cases. It, therefore, often happened that this important rate was struck by men who had to pay little or none of it. No more glaring instance of taxation without representation could, perhaps, be found.

Such was the state of things existing in Ireland all through Mr. Parnell's reign, from 1880 to 1890, and during the three years of Liberal Government from 1892 to 1895. It was left for this Unionist Government to abolish the Grand Jury system, so long inveighed against. The Local

Government (Ireland) Act, now the law of the land, transferred all the fiscal and administrative business of the counties to County Councils, whose members are elected on the Parliamentary franchise. This supreme county body, the County Council, elected on the widest franchise, also supersedes the old Boards of Guardians in the important matter of levying the poor rate, half of which used to be paid by the landlord; and takes over all the extraneous administrative work which successive Acts of Parliament had laid upon the guardians of the poor, such as the construction of urban water supplies, erection of labourers' dwellings, regulation of dogs, and all matters in connection with the Diseases of Animals Acts. The members of those old Boards of Guardians were selected on a narrow franchise and cumulative voting, so that the gain to popular government is remarkable, also, in the abolition of these bodies. The County Councils are elected for three years, and all go out in a body, except in the case of county boroughs—of which there are six, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Derry and Waterford—or Urban District Councils where they have the option of going out yearly in rotation. The county is divided into districts, called, in the case of towns,

Urban districts, and otherwise Rural districts, for each of which there is a subsidiary governing body called an Urban District Council or a Rural District Council, as the case may be, elected on the same wide franchise as the County Council. The Rural District Councils possess the powers previously exercised by the baronial presentment sessions, they correspond as nearly as possible in area with the Poor Law Unions, and they have the management of the Workhouses, powers for acquiring land for public purposes and so forth. They have no power to levy rates, which is done by the County Council. But Urban District Councils levy their own rates within their own boundaries, and possess all the powers possessed by them as Town Commissioners, independent of the County Council, save for a fixed contribution to county charges. County Boroughs are, of course, administrative counties in themselves, and quite independent. The Chairman of every County Council and Rural District Council, is, *ex officio*, a Justice of the Peace, a capital provision, as tending to the popularisation of the magisterial body. One or two of these district chairmen were removed from the Commission of the Peace by the Lord Chancellor for very violently expressed opinions



From Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

The late RIGHT HON. J. M. MEADE, LL.D.
Alderman Meade was also there, a successful Dublin builder," &c.—Page 116



From Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MRS. MEADE.

"So well did Alderman Meade, assisted by his pretty wife, discharge his functions



with regard to the Boer War in 1899. The expressions were very violent, needlessly so, in one case, to be referred to, otherwise I am sure Lord Ashbourne would not have taken cognizance of them. Certainly he would never have used his power to fetter the legitimate expression of opinion for or against the Boer War. There should be an increasing number of those *ex-officio* Justices of the Peace appointed in all new legislation wherever possible. Every man so appointed becomes a pillar of the State in his own district.

The rates levied by the new bodies fall entirely on the *occupiers* of land in the rural districts. But the Government, recognising that the landlord used to pay half the poor rate, under the old system, now gives yearly what is called an "Agricultural Grant" out of the Consolidated Fund, as a contribution for the use of the County Councils. The amount of this grant for the entire country has been fixed at £727,000 per annum, divided *pro rata* amongst the counties, and out of this, the Councils are empowered to make to occupiers the allowances for poor rate previously paid by the landlords; and also, in all cases, to refund half the county cess to the occupiers of the land. There is also paid to the credit

of the County Councils, out of the Consolidated Fund, a sum of about £280,000 annually, being the equivalent of the Local Taxation (Ireland) Grants, similarly distributed. Both Imperial grants together amount to about £1,000,000 yearly, and by their means the rent-drawers are relieved from the direct incidence of local taxation which they used to bear; while the occupiers of the land have only to bear half the county cess, of which they had to bear the whole before the Local Government Act. The County Councils possess all the county patronage, a large item; and they enjoy large borrowing powers for purchasing land, for building, for permanent works, and so forth, subject to the approval of the Local Government Board. The disqualifications for elections to these Councils are worthy of attention. "A person being in holy orders, or being a regular minister of any denomination, shall not be eligible as a County or District Councillor." Against this clause the Catholic Priests, and their flatterers in the press, raised an outcry, and thereby showed how intensely they would have liked to introduce the "next world" into the administrative and fiscal business of the counties. But the Government had the strength of mind to resist. Persons who within five years

have made a composition with their creditors are also excluded, as well as all persons holding offices paid out of the rates, and all persons interested in contracts with the Councils. Women are excluded from membership of County Councils, by order of the Lord Lieutenant in Council, though they may be voters. But they are eligible for election and co-option to all Urban and Rural District Councils. They are not eligible as councillors for those six boroughs, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Waterford and Derry, which are county boroughs, but they are eligible as guardians of the poor for those and all other places. Their emancipation is thus expressed in Lord Cadogan's Order in Council: "No person shall be disqualified by sex or marriage for being elected or chosen, or being a guardian, or councillor of a rural or urban district other than a borough, or a town commissioner." I think, for the present, that decision was a wise one. This is not the book in which to go into further details about this great Act of Parliament, which is, in my opinion, the greatest *constructive* measure ever passed for Ireland. We have had many great measures passed for us, but they were mostly *destructive*. An important feature of this Act, which is likely to lead

to especially beneficent results, is that it was not the outcome of agitation. It was fully and considerately given by the Unionist Government, the men whose business it is to *keep in touch* with the people, and to concede whatever they wish for, consistent with the good of the general body politic of the country at large, which is the United Kingdom.

Canon M'Cartan, P.P., of Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone, an able man, lost sight of this fact in his speech in April, 1900, when he said:—

“The English Government had taught the Irish people that without agitation no Irish grievance was ever redressed (loud cheers). They had shown that this agitation to be successful must pass through several stages (cheers). First, it must be a united effort on the part of the people (renewed cheers); second, during the course of the agitation the Irish must be prepared to have broken skulls (cheers); thirdly, they must be imprisoned or transported, if not shot; and, lastly, when this regular process had been gone through, they must either be on the verge of rebellion or a Ministry on the verge of being turned out of office without the assistance of Irish votes (cheers), and in either of the last two contingencies, and only then have the Irish any chance of getting redress from the British Parliament, which never acted from a sense of justice, but always from expediency or fear (cheers).”

The working of the new bodies has been admirable; and the tomfoolery of the Mullingar people, in connection with the green flag, forgetful

of their fulsome address to Lord Wolseley in 1895, only serves to emphasize the self-respect and common-sense of the great body of the new councillors. I have no special dislike to Mullingar, but it appears to me to be inhabited by the silliest people in Ireland. The Address to Lord Wolseley, which I have before alluded to, read in connection with the speeches made about this green flag episode, and, say, a lecture of the late Bishop Nulty's on the water supply of the town, or the correspondence between the present bishop, Dr. Gaffney, and Lord Greville about the Blessed Virgin, would supply Mark Twain with material for a volume. What kind of green flag can it have been that the father and the county councillors wished to float over the Courthouse, and that the son and the Constabulary objected to? Was it like the green flag which proudly floated over the wise Provost of Trinity's House in Grafton-street during the Queen's Visit, or over the Mansion House, whose occupant received a baronetcy from the Queen?

In conclusion, let me say, that I look to great consequences, in stiffening up the character and moral fibre of our Catholic farmers and shopkeepers, as the result of this great measure. The Government which passed it, returned, as it was,

absolutely unpledged to do anything for Ireland, deserves the respect and thanks of the Irish nation. And let me state here that, although I thus give Cæsar his due, there is not a man residing between the Atlantic Ocean and the Irish Sea, who is more Irish in heart and brain than I am. There has not been a movement of Irish political thought or action, with which I have not sympathised, provided it were only a genuine effort to serve Ireland. But will not my fellow-Irishmen see that we have had too many *unpractical* movements which have brought us no nearer to the light of knowledge or the warmth of comfort? Will they not, at length, resolve that our night of darkness and discomfort—of dreams fascinating, perhaps, but fruitless—has lasted long enough? We are at a turning point of time, on the threshold of the unknown Twentieth Century which is already dawning upon us. It is a fitting season to take stock.

“Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day;
Say shall we let it
Slip useless away?”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EVENTS OF NINETY-EIGHT. DOCTORATE OF
DIVINITY AT MAYNOOTH.

THE year 1898 was chiefly remarkable for the passage of the Local Government Act for Ireland, which has been dealt with in a separate chapter, for the Ninety-eight Centenary Celebrations, and for the death of William Ewart Gladstone. But so journalistically noisy was the agitation, got up by the clerical party in the early months of the year, for a Catholic University, that, at one time, I thought they would have jostled the country out of local government. So far from being content with the assured obtainment of that one great measure of reform in 1898, their noisy greediness raised such a cloud of dust, or, rather, print, before our eyes, clamouring for their University, that the poor people almost lost sight of local government. Indeed a weaker Government would, in all probability, have dropped the solid reform for which there was no agitation, and passed the fictitious boon so clamoured for in printer's ink. A meeting of Catholic laymen, the signatories of the

Declaration before referred to, was held in the Mansion House on the 11th of January. The proceedings were verbose and wanting in every element of practical detail which might have naturally been looked for. The O'Connor Don, Mr. Dillon, Lord Emly, Lord Powerscourt—not a Catholic—Mr. J. J. Clancy, and others, delivered long speeches, on which I shall pass no comment whatever.

Some deaths, worthy of mention, occurred in the early part of the year. Ex-Alderman Tarpey, a very well-known Dublin citizen, who had been twice Lord Mayor, died in January. Ex-Lord Chancellor Ball, an able man, universally respected, died at the advanced age of 83, on Patrick's Day. Dr. Patton, Editor of the *Daily Express*, and a well-known man in Dublin for forty years, died the following day. Dr. Patton was the Irish correspondent of *The Times*, and used to be violently abused by *United Ireland*, the *Freeman*, and all the Irish members, particularly by Mr. William O'Brien, in the eighties. To the credit of *The Times* be it said, the libellous clamour did not in the least diminish the respect of its proprietors for Dr. Patton. And now the strange spectacle was witnessed, of warm personal eulogies of Dr. Patton dead,

appearing in the very columns in which Dr. Patton living, had been hounded as a miscreant and liar. I used often to read Dr. Patton's brief reports of Irish affairs in *The Times* during the Land Agitation, and they always seemed to me, like every other line of matter in that greatest of newspapers, to be as carefully and impartially written as the most conscientious man could write at such a disturbed time.

There also occurred at this time on March 24th, the death of Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the great Charles Stewart Parnell. She was burned to death at Avondale, the well-known family mansion of the Parnells in the Vale of Ovoca, near Rathdrum. Mrs. Parnell was an American, and daughter of Admiral Stewart, of the U. S. Navy. Her eldest son, Charles Stewart Parnell's eldest brother, Mr. John Howard Parnell, M.P., was elected City Marshal of Dublin, by the Dublin Corporation, to their credit be it said, about the same time. The post is a sinecure, and its existence probably indefensible; but certainly no man living in Ireland better deserved it than its present holder. The Rev. Geo. T. Stokes, Rector of Blackrock, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Trinity

College, and writer of some well-known books on that subject, died on the same day as Mrs. Parnell.

A costly new altar was consecrated in the Dominican Church, Dublin, by Archbishop Walsh, who made a long speech on the occasion. I reserve the case of Archbishop Walsh and Father O'Malley, one of the Parish Priests of Dublin, for consideration in my book dealing especially with the position of the Catholic "Church" in Ireland.

Mr. J. H. Campbell, Q.C., Unionist, one of our ablest Irish barristers, was returned for Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, *vice* Mr. Justice Kenny, on the 21st of January, having beaten Count Plunkett—Count of the Holy Roman Empire—the Nationalist candidate. This reminds me that a Knighthood was conferred in the same month on Mr. Justice Bewley, who retired from his position as Land Commission Judge on medical advice. I have alluded elsewhere to Mr. Justice Meredith's appointment in Sir Edmund Bewley's place, as being a most satisfactory one. Let me only add here that the appointment was made with quite unprecedented suddenness; being, in fact, a *coup* on the part of the Executive,

Parliament met on the 8th of February, and Mr. Davitt brought the question of the distress, already alluded to, before the House. With regard to this alleged and actual distress amongst the Catholic peasants of the South and West—for there is always distress and beggary where there is excessive religiosity—let me record that a fund was started by Lord Mayor Tallon, of Dublin, and that the *largest subscribers to it* were British manufacturing localities like Glasgow, Hull, Manchester, and other places in Lancashire and elsewhere, from all of which munificent subscriptions were sent in. While this fund was being raised, the Bishops and Clergy of the Catholic Church in Ireland continued to found, dedicate, and renovate Churches and Convents, positively in shoals, and went on organising bazaars and fetes for that purpose, making a monstrous exhibition before the other parts of the United Kingdom, of our want of self-respect in Catholic Ireland.

Amidst unparalleled grandeur and ostentatiousness, too, they held their annual gathering at Maynooth in June; not only in connection with the recently-founded Maynooth Union, but in connection with a proceeding called a Public Defence by a young man, just ordained, who

sought his degree of Doctor of Divinity. The power to grant the degree had only recently been conferred upon Maynooth by the Pope, and this was to be the first degree of the kind ever conferred in Ireland. If an earthquake had swallowed the whole collection of Catholic dignitaries then assembled at Maynooth into the bowels of the earth, there could not have been more display and more space devoted to the event in the Nationalist papers. It was a mystifying business, a perplexing spectacle, truly, in a country seeking alms at the very moment from Englishmen and Scotchmen, who have only the same number of bones in their bodies as we have ourselves. Father Dineen, of Curragheen, near Fermoy, the young man referred to, wrote a Thesis on "Probabilism" to get this extraordinary degree. I shall only briefly refer to the matter, because all these subjects will be dealt with in a separate book. He, it appears, laid down a number of propositions, and all and sundry were, in theory, permitted to come there to Maynooth and endeavour to refute the propositions, the idea being that, if Father Dineen did not establish his propositions, he would not get the degree. The first Thesis was that, "for a valid sacrament a solemn external

intention does not suffice, but there is required besides an internal intention of doing what the Church does.” Who attacked this, do you think? Father Finlay. Is he the Jesuit who is running the Agricultural Board with that panconciliatory gentleman, Mr. Horace Plunkett, whose name has been mentioned already? Father Finlay went into the discussion, and, I suppose, tried to show that a Pecksniffian exterior without any internal sincerity was enough. A Rev. Dr. O’Mahony attacked another thesis, which was: “that from the existence of motion in the world, it may be truly concluded that there exists a necessary Being apart from the world.” *The Maynooth people* look upon motion as an unnatural condition of matter. *They* believe motion must be accounted for by extraordinary force from without. *They* think that motion can never be an intrinsic condition of matter. *They* think that rest and stagnation and no-motion are the true conditions of matter. *We* all know that motion is the true, the natural condition of matter. *We* all know that wherever matter is, there motion is, or a striving after motion. *We* all know that there cannot be rest. If one sits in an armchair from sheer idleness one does not rest; one rots, decomposes, so to

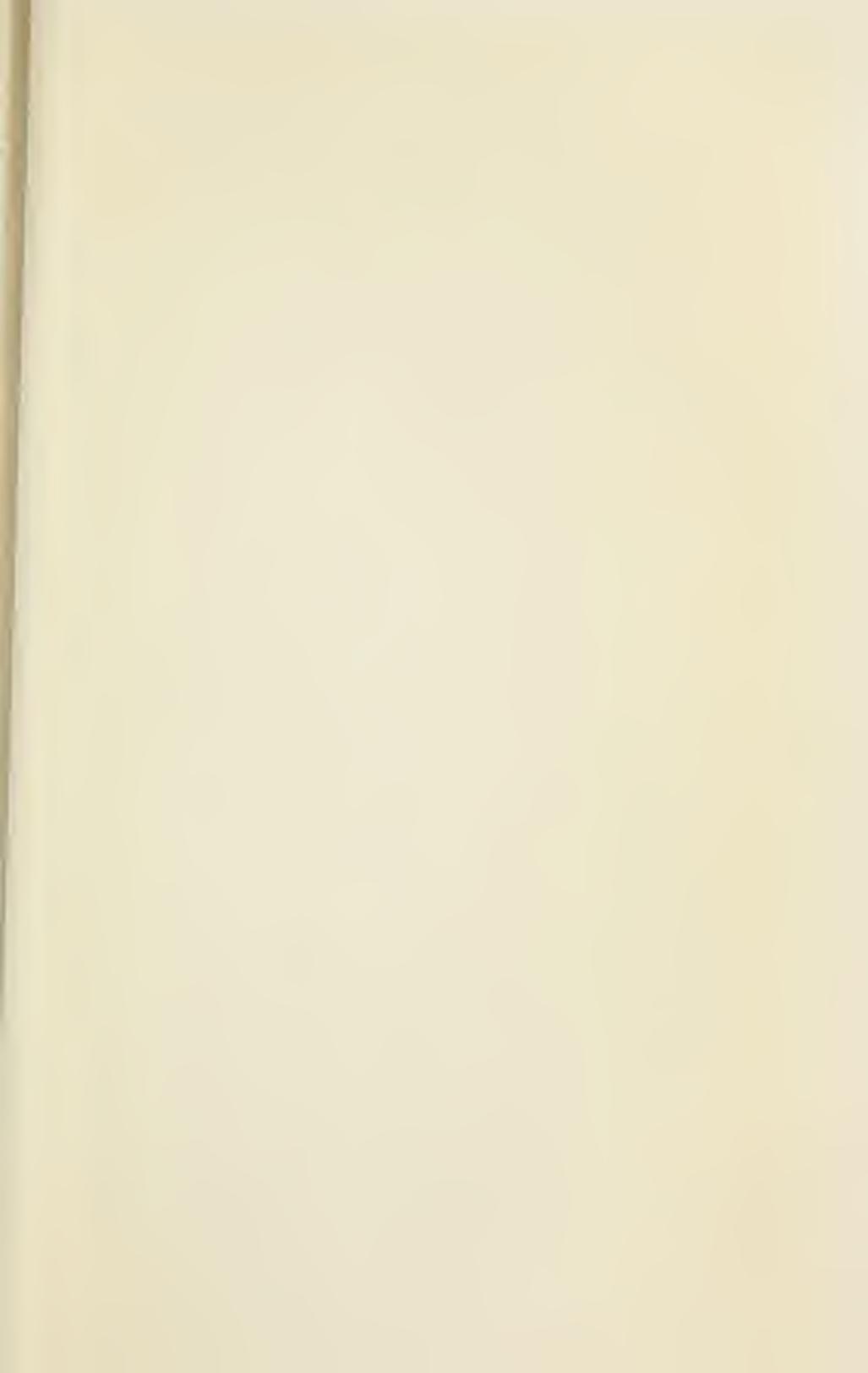
speaking, in it. If one sits in an armchair from genuine exhaustion, one's tissues and nerves and muscles keep building themselves up again, one recuperates. Dr. O'Mahony tried to prove, I suppose, that the existence of a Being, apart from the world, did not necessarily follow *just because* things were in motion. But, of course, he failed to convince the Maynooth people, to whom Rest, eternal Rest, is the most natural condition of things. A Rev. Dr. O'Connell assailed the thesis that: "To consummate the work of the Redemption, Christ Our Lord, while here on earth, constituted His Church—that is a visible and perfect society." A most extraordinary proposition this was of Dr. Dineen's; for it means, if it means anything, that Christ's sufferings and death on the Cross were not of themselves *sufficient* to redeem mankind, but that the Church was necessary to *consummate* that end! "A visible and perfect society!" It is certainly *visible* in Ireland, but there are millions of people who will agree with me when I deny that it is *perfect*.

But it was when Cardinal Logue stepped into the arena that the climax must have been reached. He assailed the thesis that: "God may be said at the same time to be free and

immutable." I suppose he held that because God is free He cannot be unchangeable; and that if He be unchangeable He cannot be free. What a pretty state of things! Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert—actually appointed a member of the new Board of Agriculture for Ireland the other day—attacked the thesis: "that the justified man cannot avoid venial sins through life without a special privilege, such as that which the Church teaches with regard to the Blessed Virgin." Of course he was badly beaten on this point by Father Dineen; for if a man could avoid venial sins *without* a special privilege, what would be the necessity for maintaining the clerical dignitaries who are the keepers and dispensers of those special privileges? It was a priest from Mullingar—the town before alluded to—Father Daly, who assailed the thesis: "that God wishes the salvation of all men, both adults and infants." He, I suppose, contended that God would rather they were not saved, but would enjoy seeing a fair percentage of them damned!

Let this brief sketch suffice to show how the first Roman Catholic degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred in Ireland; and now to other matters. I reserve the case of the Sligo School, in which Dr. Clancy, before alluded to, and a

Mr. Sweeney were concerned, for my forthcoming book—as well as the host of new ecclesiastical building and other ceremonials.





From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

MR. THOMAS SEXTON,

Once M.P. for West Belfast, and Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Mr. Sexton is unanimously elected Chairman of the Party, but declines," &c.
Page 123. Also, pp. 34, 136, 212, &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVENTS OF NINETY-EIGHT—CONTINUED.

DEATH OF GLADSTONE. CENTENARY OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

On the 19th of May died the greatest man then living in the world, William Ewart Gladstone. What corner of the earth could have felt his death so keenly as Ireland? In England they do not hang on to the skirts of great men as we do; though they so intensely believed in Mr. Gladstone. Into the question of whether great men of action are a blessing or a curse to humanity, I shall not enter here. Suffice it to say, that their existence on the earth never makes for peace and quietness. There is, I think, no "great man" living to-day either in Europe or America; yet we cannot but admit that things go very well all round. We are told, for instance—we have been told for many years—that there is a continuing danger of a "European conflagration." We were particularly warned of the danger when Greece went to war with Turkey in 1897, during the five years covered by this book. We were again warned of it in 1898, when

Spain went to war with the United States. We were again warned of it in 1899, when the Boers went to war with the British Empire. But the conflagration did not take place. Why? I candidly believe it is just because there was not, and is not, a "great man" in either Europe or America. Just before Mr. Gladstone died he set to work to make a conflagration about the Armenian atrocities; but, not being as young as he was in the seventies, he did not succeed. His treatment of Ireland is what chiefly concerns me, and of that I shall say at once that I believe he was actuated by the highest and noblest motives in all he did here. He did many unjust things. For instance—for, after all, personal experience exceeds in value any amount of hearsay experience—he arrested my father in October, 1881, just after he had arrested Mr. Parnell, and put him into prison for two months without trial, because he was President of the local Land League. He also thereby arrested my collegiate career in Trinity, upon which I had just entered, and in which I had already achieved distinction, which justified the highest hopes. A more self-helpful, a more conscientious man than my father never existed. Had he had Mr. Gladstone's opportunities, he would, I imagine, have given a

tolerable account of himself in the world. As it is, I have never heard better or truer ideas from any source than those I used to hear from him when I was a child, at a time when the ideas he expressed were quite foreign to the atmosphere in which he lived. Such an arrest as his would have been utterly impossible under the much-denounced Coercion Act of 1887, passed and framed by mere ordinary mortals, and not by a transcendent mind like Gladstone's. Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Protestant Church for us; he passed the Land Act of 1870 for us, a good measure at that time; he intended to pass a Catholic University Act for us *in Newman's time*, but was turned out of office in consequence of that proposal in 1874; he passed the Land Act of 1881 for us, which took the *sole* ownership of land from the landlords; he passed the Representation of the People Act for the United Kingdom, which enabled us in Ireland to return 86 Nationalist Members of Parliament in 1886, and thereby carry a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons; he worked and pleaded for Home Rule from 1886 to 1892, with such power that the United Kingdom turned a Unionist Government out of office in 1892, and returned Mr. Gladstone expressly to pass Home Rule; he

carried Home Rule again through the House of Commons in 1893; he then retired. But, curious to say, his natural successor, one of the ablest men, in my opinion, now living—Sir William Harcourt—was not appointed as Premier; and the result is chaos in what was Mr. Gladstone's party, the once great Liberal Party of England. Mr. Gladstone had no sense of humour. The very books and authors who had a *succès* Gladstone, like, for instance, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels, have no humour. He was as terrific as a torpedo; but, oftentimes, particularly in Irish affairs, a little quiet humour would have saved him the exertion of much force, and accomplished equally well the desired end. We lamented him here; but we cannot truthfully say that, as yet, we have lost much, if at all, by his death. His letter to Mr. Morley about Mr. Parnell, in 1890, seems to me indefensible. Why could he not have left Mr. Parnell to consult his own honour and the honour of Ireland, so far as either was impugned by the existing state of affairs? Did Mr. Gladstone want to destroy Mr. Parnell, and did he deliberately select what he believed to be the most efficient weapon in his armoury, for Mr. Parnell's destruction? That is a question which Mr. John Morley should answer for us, if he can,

in his forthcoming Life of Mr. Gladstone. But this great theme cannot be pursued in so humble a book as this, which only deals with the occurrences of Five Years in Ireland; and, fortunately, 1890 is not one of the Five Years.

The explosion of the U. S. Ship *Maine*, in Havanna harbour, on the 16th of February, startled us in Ireland, as well as the rest of Europe. During the continuance of the Spanish-American War which followed, our sympathies in Ireland were apparently divided between Spain and the States. The sympathy of the retrograde Catholic element went to Spain; that of the progressive Catholic element went to the States. One would have imagined that all Ireland, *without exception*, would have rallied to the side of the oppressed Cubans and the outside intervention in their behalf. But the clerical element had its innings even in this business, and the "most Catholic" country had claims not to be ignored. The only other foreign affairs which interested us in Ireland were the death of Bismarck on the 31st July and the assassination of the Empress of Austria on the 11th of September. Cardinal Logue sent a telegram of condolence to the Emperor Francis Joseph, to which a reply was sent. We liked the Empress

here in Ireland because she had visited us more than once. She was a dashing horsewoman, and astonished the field by her pluck on several occasions with the Meath, Kildare, and other foxhounds near Dublin.

Amongst the ecclesiastical visitors who came to Ireland, their native land, in 1898 were Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, who told his former parishioners in Galway that "many useful lessons may be derived in Ireland from the energy and enterprise of Australia." Bishop Moore, of Ballarat, also visited Father O'Riordan, P.P., of Kingwilliamstown, and informed the people there that "all the Catholics in Ballarat are Irish; that they had subscribed £185,000 for religious purposes; £60,000 of which was for a consecrated," *i.e.*, an out-of-debt, "Cathedral, and £12,000 for a bishop's residence." Kingwilliamstown is not in the North of Ireland; it is in the County of Cork, strange to say. A Father Muller, the first Zulu ever ordained as a Catholic priest, visited us in Dublin at this time. He was a nice, intelligent, bright young man, and a pure Bantu. I saw him myself. He spoke English, and had a strong Irish accent. He explained the existence of the accent very naturally. "He was educated at the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where

most of the students are Irish!" Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, was appealing for funds for the Loughrea Cathedral, in poverty-stricken Connaught, while Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, was telling the public how £100,000 had been expended on his Cathedral at Queenstown, which was still far from completion, and was urgently whipping up the Catholics of his diocese for more funds. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, was—not starting a Cathedral for Dublin—but correcting "gross misrepresentations," "protesting against calumnies," and so forth, in the hospitable columns of the *Freeman's Journal*. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Mullingar, died on Christmas Eve, and his death is the last ecclesiastical event of the year. The vast number of public ecclesiastical ceremonials during the year must all be reserved for special consideration hereafter.

The centenary of the Rebellion was formally celebrated in Dublin on August 15th, which was kept as a general holiday. The fullest latitude was given to all parties concerned. Had the Ninety-Eight Centenary Committee been installed as Governors of Ireland at Cork Hill, the streets of the city could not have been more completely handed over to their will and pleasure. It showed great wisdom on the part of the Executive to have done so.

Let me mention, before briefly referring to these '98 celebrations, that the Orange Anniversary in the North, the Twelfth of July, was celebrated with, perhaps, more fervour than usual this year in consequence of the Ninety-Eight festivities. This yearly Orange demonstration is kept up all over the Northern Diamond, in commemoration of the victory of the Boyne, in which James II. was defeated by William III. in 1696, and the salvation of Ireland achieved thereby from the yoke of Papistry. For instance, "A Grand Orange Demonstration will be held in Donegal, on Tuesday, 12th July, 1898. Who fears to speak of Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne? Papists, stand aside! We conquered you before, and can do so again. Our motto still is: Down with Home Rule, Hurrah for King William, and to Hell with the Pope! God save the Queen." Donegal is one of the Catholic counties of Ulster, where Dr. O'Donnell, of Raphoe, before alluded to, holds his episcopal sway.

A great event occurs in the South of Ireland also on the 12th of July; but it is of a different nature. For this occasion only North and South change places; and while the Northern July is full of sentiment, the Southern July is full of good business. Cahirmee Fair—held on the 12th

and 13th of July, and the greatest horse fair in these islands—fills many an empty pocket in the hungry days before the harvest. Cahirmee Fair is held about four miles from Buttevant Station, on the Great Southern Railway, in County Cork; it is the finest show of trained and untrained horses to be seen anywhere; and it is attended by buyers from all parts of the world.

On August the Fifteenth—the great Catholic holiday of Lady Day in Harvest—the commemoration of Wolfe Tone and the other United Irishmen was held in Dublin, as I have said. Theobald Wolfe Tone was the founder of the Society of the United Irishmen. He was a coach-builder's son, and was born in 1763 in Stafford-street, Dublin. His father was a Kildare man, and the memorial tablet now placed upon the house says of Theobald Wolfe Tone himself, that "he died for Ireland in Provost's Prison, Arbour Hill, on November 19th, 1798." His remains are buried in Bodenstown Churchyard, in County Kildare, about which fact there is a very melancholy melody, but a very popular one, beginning:

"In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a lone grave."

The celebration consisted of a vast procession,

which first defiled past Tone's house in Stafford-street. It then pursued its way, with bands and banners, to St. Michan's Church, in the vaults of which lie the remains of the Brothers Sheares—unburied, but marvellously preserved; a gruesome sight!—also the remains of Oliver Bond, Jackson, and, it is said, Robert Emmet. Lower Bridge-street was next visited, in which are the Brazen Head Hotel, an old inn, founded in 1688, at which meetings of the United Irishmen used to be held; and what was once Oliver Bond's house. Moira House, the town residence of Lord Moira in 1798, where many of the United Irishmen were sheltered and entertained by its owner, was next passed. It is now called the Mendicity Institution! Next in order came the site of Robert Emmet's execution in Thomas-street; and the house, No. 151, in the same street, where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested on May 19th, 1798; also the birthplace of Napper Tandy in Cornmarket. Who has not heard of him?

“I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand, Saying, ‘How is poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?’

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the wearing o'
the green!”

How times have changed since then! Catholic Ireland is still "distressful," it is true; but, even in that morass, solid ground is looming into view. They have ceased to hang men and women "for the wearin' o' the green." It is a Royal Command now to the Irish regiments to wear the shamrock on Patrick's Day.

Back Lane, the site of Tailors' Hall, founded in 1706, was next visited, where the Irish Catholics assembled in 1792, and the United Irishmen in 1793 and 1794. Then came High Street, where the remains of Wolfe Tone were "waked" for two nights, prior to his burial at Bodenstown; St. Werburgh's Church, in which lie the remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and, finally, College Green, the site of the Irish Houses of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland. The foundation stone of a projected monument to Tone and the United Irishmen was laid with great ceremony at the Grafton Street corner of Stephen's Green. But I regret to say that personal bickering amongst the committees in charge of the execution of the project has frustrated the accomplishment of the idea, either in whole or in part from that day to this—a state of things which I hope will not long continue..

All this fervour about the Centenary of the

Rebellion was carried through in a perfectly law-abiding and respectable way, and it did not in the least interfere with the other business of the country. For instance, in June, all the Grocers' Associations of England, Scotland, and Wales—prosaic but very necessary people—sent their delegates to attend their Annual Conference, which was held that month in Dublin. The Royal Institute of Public Health also held its Annual Congress in Dublin, within the precincts of Trinity College, and a Health Exhibition in connection with it was opened at the Royal University on August 18th.

Lord Cadogan again went to Belfast in October, and there made the only *faux pas* of which I am cognisant in his public actions in Ireland. It may not have been a *faux pas*. I only express my opinion. He had already, when in Belfast in 1896, referred to the leanings which he and Mr. A. Balfour had towards a Catholic University, and he now reiterated those leanings. He seems to me to have been sounding the feelings of the people in the Northern Diamond, like a man who doubts the wisdom of his own views. He had the common sense to acknowledge, however, a few days afterwards, that his speech “seemed to have offended every-

body." The Belfast people, much as I admire and respect them, do not constitute a tribunal of final appeal on the question of a Catholic University or No Catholic University. They have nothing special to do with the case at all. It does not affect them. But it would be asking them to play the part of hypocrites—and they are not hypocrites—to ask them to give their assent beforehand, and, thereby, their encouragement, to any attempt to rivet more firmly upon the country in which they live, the chains of papal domination, from which they themselves have been freed by their own exertions. They might assent to a *fait accompli*, if the scheme were not really too bad and too retrograde, but Lord Cadogan cannot ask them to assist him in doing what they believe to be injurious to the country. If he wants to do that sort of thing, they say, let him do it without their encouragement, and off his own bat!

Lord Dufferin was making a sensible speech at the same moment at the Royal University in Dublin, pointing out the vast quantities of butter, eggs, bacon, poultry, and other produce, imported from foreign countries into the United Kingdom; and urging his hearers to produce these things in Ireland, and keep out the foreigner.

Was he serious, or was he satirical? Did he not know that the excess of scholastic learning in Ireland, of which excess he, as Chancellor of that very University, is one of the supporters, is the main cause of the slackness of our farmers and artisans? Many young men and young women upon whom he conferred degrees that day, were embarking upon careers of useless poverty, when they might, if they had stayed at home with the butter and eggs, be destined to careers of useful prosperity!

A few deaths which occurred in 1898, are worth mentioning. Mir Aulad Ali, a native of Lucknow, who had been 37 years Professor of Arabic and Hindustanic in Trinity College and a well-known figure in Dublin, died suddenly and alone in his house on July 15th. Colonel Waring, M.P., of Waringstown, and Member of Parliament for North Down, a leading Unionist, well known in the house of Commons, died at home on the 12th of August. The Rev. Dr. Kane, a Belfast clergyman of wide repute, great candour, and extremely strong anti-Papist and anti-Home Rule views, died on the 20th November. His death was intensely mourned in the North, and generally regretted all over the country.

Instead of winding up with a calamity, this

year of 1898 witnessed the achievement of fame by Mr. M'Kenna, a cattle dealer of Armagh. He was present at a theatrical performance in that town, and took the affair over seriously. It appears that in one scene of the melodrama, the heroine was about to be executed by the guillotine, when M'Kenna jumped on the stage, rescued her from the executioner, and began to lay about him on the actors with his ash plant. The performance had to be stopped; but after the removal of the honest cattle dealer by constabulary persuasion, it was resumed, and the heroine properly executed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE "DEPARTMENT" OF AGRICULTURE AND HIS SHORTCOMINGS. THE CLERICAL AGRICULTURIST.

THE year 1899 saw the Agricultural and Technical Instruction (Ireland) Act passed into law. If incredulity was the term which best described the feeling of the country during the passage of the Local Government Act, then it may be said that a spirit of benevolent neutrality existed in Ireland towards the measure under consideration, and still exists with regard to it. It cannot disappoint the nation keenly, for nothing, or at all events, only very small results are expected from it. But a careful watch must be kept on the Department, lest he fritter away the substantial sum at his disposal in conciliatory doles, barren of all result. Mr. H. Plunkett, Mr. T. P. Gill, Mr. Coyne (is this gentleman still a Fellow of the Royal University?), Mr. Daly, Mr. Macartney Filgate, and others whose names I forget, have been provided with competences for life by its enactment; which is, at least, a tangible achievement. I mention this fact, at the outset, because

an overwhelming importance seems to have been attached to *clerking* work at the expense of *practical* work in distributing the salaries out of the limited amount of funds at the disposal of the department, an amount which may be still more clipped down if circumstances warrant the Treasury in so doing. Instead of appointing, for instance, a practical, first-class agriculturist—a Scotchman or a Dane if needs be—at £1,000 a year, and a clerk to do his writing for him at £300 a year, the Department has appointed a journalist as his secretary at £1,300 a year! I speak of the Department in the masculine gender, for reasons to appear later on.

But, let me explain briefly the provisions of the Act. It first of all declares that “there shall be established a Department of Agriculture and other industries and Technical Instruction for Ireland, with the Chief Secretary as President thereof, and a Vice-President appointed by and removable at the pleasure of one of Her Majesty’s Principal Secretaries of State.” Owing to the precarious tenure of Mr. H. Plunkett’s seat in South Dublin, which would have rendered his retirement risky, and as it was understood beforehand that he was to be the Vice-President, the Acts breaks through one of the most sacred

traditions and principles of the British Constitution, and lays it down that: "The office of Vice-President of the Department shall not render the person holding the same incapable of being elected, or of sitting or voting as a member of Parliament, or avoid his election if returned, or render him liable to any penalty for sitting or voting in Parliament." Thus Mr. Plunkett's salaried post can be accepted by a sitting member of the House of Commons without involving his retirement and re-election.

The duties transferred to the Department—constituting "what it has got to do," an inquiry which, as yet, puzzles everyone—are (1) the duties under the Diseases of Animals Acts, 1894 and 1896; (2) under the Destructive Insects Act, 1877, and the Fertilisers and Feeding Stuffs Act, 1893; (3) the Registrar-General's and the Irish Land Commission's duties with reference to the collection and publication of statistics relating to agriculture, and of returns of average prices of agricultural produce; (4) duties of the Land Commission under the Markets and Fairs (Weighing of Cattle) Acts, 1887 and 1891; (5) administration of the grant for Science and Art in Ireland; (6) administration of the grant in

aid of Technical Instruction, under the Technical Instruction Act, 1889, in Ireland; (7) the management of the Glasnevin and Cork Model Farms; and (8) duties of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries, including that little known statute The Mussels, Periwinkles and Cockles (Ireland) Act, 1898! All these things were being done quite well, before this new Act, by the existing arrangements, so that they present no feature of novelty whatever, except, perhaps, the Mussels, Periwinkles and Cockles' portion.

The fifth clause gives the Department a general order as to his duties which is wide enough or narrow enough for anything, according as it is interpreted: "The Department may make, or cause to be made, or aid in making, such inquiries, experiments, and research, and collect, or aid in collecting, such information as they may think important for the purposes of agricultural and other rural industries." Then the Department is authorised by the sixth clause, "to appoint or employ a secretary, two assistant secretaries, and such inspectors, instructors, officers and servants as the Department may require." You see the secretary and assistant secretaries constitute, evidently, the great

desideratum. Then it is laid down that the Vice-President shall receive "the annual salary of £1,200 and a residential allowance of £150; the payment of the other officials being left to the Department to determine, "with the sanction of the Treasury."

The Department, it is important to notice, consists of "the President or Vice-President, or any person appointed by the President, to act on behalf of the Vice-President." Therefore, the Department at present is Mr. G. Balfour or Mr. H. Plunkett, or his substitute, either acting alone. The wording of Section I., sub-section (2), apparently makes no provision for the two acting together; it must be either one or the other. It is in "the Department" that *all power* is vested. Mr. Parnell was once called "an institution;" it was left for Mr. Plunkett to be called "a department." Section 7 lays down, however, that: "For the purpose of *assisting* the Department in carrying out the objects of this Act, there shall be established:—

"(a) A Council of Agriculture;

"(b) An Agricultural Board; and

"(c) A Board of Technical Instruction."

The Council of Agriculture is a body con-

sisting of (a) 68 members, appointed by the County Councils, two from each of the "administrative counties" under the Local Government Act, except Cork, which appoints 4; and (b) of members appointed by the Department, *i.e.*, Mr. Plunkett, to the number of 34, divided amongst the four provinces in the ratio of the number of County Councils in each province.

This body of 102 members, it is enacted, is to be divided into four provincial committees, each of which will appoint two persons, and to these eight people, so appointed, the "Department" will add four, and these twelve people, so selected, are what is known as the Agricultural Board.

The Board of Technical Instruction consists of (a) three persons appointed by each of the County Boroughs of Dublin and Belfast; (b) a person appointed by the Dublin Townships; (c) a person appointed by the Council of each of the other four County Boroughs, Cork, Derry, Limerick and Waterford; (d) a person appointed by the provincial committee of each province; (e) a person appointed by the National Education Board; (f) a person appointed by the Intermediate Education Board; and (g) four persons appointed by "the Department."

There is no power whatever entrusted to the Council of Agriculture except that: "it shall meet at least once a year for the purpose of discussing matters of public interest in connection with any of the purposes of this Act." They may meet and discuss; that is all. Neither is there any power vested in the Agricultural Board, except that: "They shall advise the Department with respect to all matters and questions submitted to them by the Department in connection with the progress of agriculture and other rural industries." As the Northern says, "they must wait till thar axed." The self-same remark applies to the Board of Technical Instruction.

Now let us consider the financial portion of the Act: "The following moneys shall be placed at the disposal of the Department—(a) £78,000 annually out of the Local Taxation (Ireland) Account, under section 3 of the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act, 1890; (b) £70,000 annually out of the Church Surplus for fifteen years certain, and, after that period, conditionally upon there being no danger of impairing the security of existing liabilities on the Church Surplus. But if, on the 31st of March, 1901,

the Treasury thinks the Church Surplus cannot afford the whole grant, they may reduce it; (c) that part of the fisheries fund reserved by the Land Act of 1891 for expenditure outside the Congested Districts; (d) £12,000 annually out of the saving under the Supreme Court Amendment Act, 1897, which I have before called attention to as a Judicial Surplus, together with any accumulation thereunder from 1897 to 1900; (e) £6,000 annually out of the sum hitherto paid in connection with agricultural instruction in Ireland; (f) any overplus under the Local Taxation (Estate Duty) Act, 1896, which may not be required under the Local Government Act.

The disposal of these considerable sums of money, close on £200,000—which I sincerely trust the Irish Members of Parliament will save from being fooled away—is thus regulated:—

- (a) £15,000 to be spent on buildings, fittings and appliances for the Royal Veterinary College of Ireland.

One would like to have seen an endowment of, say, £2,000 a year for two or more first-class veterinary chairs, added to this capital sum, for there is no more important industry in Ireland

than horse-breeding. Merely building a College is altogether inadequate. As Pope divided the qualities of man broadly into (1) Worth, (2) Leather and Prunella; so it may be said that Agriculture in Ireland consists, broadly, of (1) Horses, Cattle, Live Stock, and Crops and all their connections, and (2) Mussels, Perriwinkles and Cockles. Every sane man wants the money to go to No. 1, and to save it from being fooled away on No. 2.

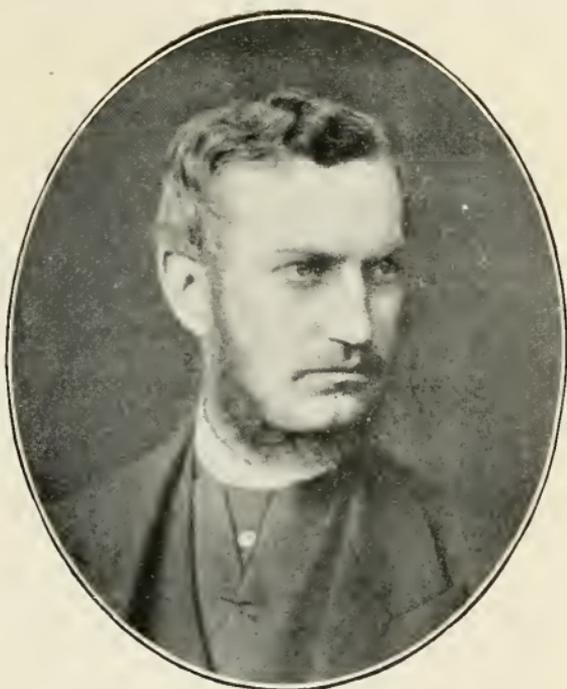
(b) £10,000 to be spent on the Munster Model Farm.

(c) £55,000 annually to be divided between the the County Boroughs and the rest of the country on Technical Education.

(d) £10,000 annually to sea fisheries.

(e) travelling and "subsistence," expenses for the Council and Boards specified above, "when absent from home" *a very thoughtful* provision.

These facts really constitute all that is important in the Act. With reference to the iniquities of the Irish Railways, whose rates should really not be tolerated, about which Mr. Plunkett was so loud-voiced during his manœuvring period, the Act gives the "Department power to



From Photo by Caldesi & Co.

THE O'CONOR DON, P.C.

"He would not desire Mr. Dillon to put him on the throne of Ireland as a King of Schnorrers."—Page 135.



SIR THOMAS FARRELL, P.R.H.A.

He had been in the news day after he had sent me his photograph



appear" as complainant on behalf of any person aggrieved in reference to any matter," other than postal business, "which the Railway and Canal Commissioners have jurisdiction to hear and determine." I would urge Mr. Plunkett to do something practical in this direction. I think it was a cardinal error to give "the Department" any jurisdiction with regard to Technical Instruction. It has nothing to do with Agriculture, and it is upon this branch that I fear most of the money will be *misspent* by the theorists in control. Neither should the Department have got the administration of the Science and Art Grant, which cannot be improved, but may be injured by his interference.

The County Council "of every county, other than a county borough," is given the privilege of raising over the whole of the county, by means of the poor rate, a sum not exceeding in any one year a rate of a penny in the pound on the rateable value, "for the purposes of agriculture and other rural industries." Urban districts may raise a penny in the pound on their valuation for technical instruction. These moneys cannot be applied without the approval of "the Department." County or Urban District Councils may, under conditions, borrow for purposes of the Act

also. Councils will do well to pause before rushing to take advantage of this privilege, until, at all events, we see how the £200,000 goes in the first year. The Department must make a report every year, and for its first report the public will be curiously expectant.

The first meeting and luncheon of the Council of Agriculture was held on the 29th of May at the Royal University, The Department being in the chair. The following is a full list of the Council:—

ULSTER.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY COUNTY COUNCILS.

ANTRIM.—John Megaw, J.P., Ballyboyland, Ballymoney; William E. Best, The Cairn, Aghalee.

ARMAGH.—Thomas Faloon, Beech Lee, Lurgan; Wm. Simpson, J.P., Killeen House, Armagh.

CAVAN.—Thomas P. M'Kenna, Mullagh, Co. Cavan; Thomas M'Govern, J.P., Gortmore, Dernaerieve, Belturbet.

DONEGAL.—Captain Thomas B. Stoney, J.P., Oakfield, Raphoe; Thomas Hayes, J.P., Mulroy, Milford, County Donegal.

DOWN.—Thomas Andrews, Ardara, Comber; Michael J. Magee, Ashgrove, Newry.

FERMANAGH.—Edward Archdale, D.L., Castle Archdale, Lisnarick, Fermanagh; J. Jordan, M.P., Enniskillen.

LONDONDERRY.—Alexander L. Clark, Mayola Lodge, Castledawson; John W. Stewart, Boghill, Coleraine.

MONAGHAN.—*Rev. James Gallagher, Monaghan*; Thomas Toal, Smithborough, Monaghan.

TYRONE.—H. de F. Montgomery, D.L., Blessingbourne, Fivemiletown; George Murnaghan, M.P., Lisonally House, Omagh.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY THE DEPARTMENT.

Frank Barbour, Hilden, Lisburn; H. D. M. Barton, The Bush Antrim; *Rev. E. F. Campbell, Killyman Rectory, Moy, Co. Tyrone*; George K. Gilliland, J.P., Brook Hall, Londonderry; Hugh A. Law, J.P., Marble Hill, Ballymore, Letterkenny; Arthur S. Lough, J.P., Drummully House, Killeshandra, Co. Cavan; R. H. Reade, J.P., Dunmurry, Co. Antrim; Right Hon. Colonel E. G. Saunderson, D.L., M.P., Castle Saunderson, Belturbet; Colonel R. G. Sharman Crawford, D.L., Crawfordsburn, Co. Down.

LEINSTER.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY COUNTY COUNCILS.

CARLOW.—Walter M. M. Kavanagh, D.L., Borris House, Borris, Co. Carlow; Patrick Hanlon, Grangeforth, Carlow.

DUBLIN.—Patrick J. O'Neill, J.P., Kinsealy House, Malahide, Co. Dublin; J. J. Molloy, J.P., 55 Harcourt-street, Dublin.

KILDARE.—William R. Ronaldson, Barn Hall, Leixlip; Stephen Heydon, Brownstown, Athy.

KILKENNY.—Major J. H. Connellan, D.L., Coolmore House, Thomastown; Gerald J. Brennan, J.P., Eden Hall, Ballyragget, Co. Kilkenny.

KING'S COUNTY.—William Delany, Roskeen, Killeigh, Tullamore; William M. Corbett, Killeigh, King's County.

LONGFORD.—Henry Reynolds, J.P., Ballinalee, Edgeworthstown; James Mackay Wilson, J.P., Currygrane, Edgeworthstown.

LOUTH.—Nicholas B. King, Knockdillon, Knockbridge, Dundalk; James M'Carthy, Newfoundwell, Drogheda.

MEATH.—Colonel N. T. Everard, D.L., Randalstown, Navan; P. J. Kennedy, J.P., Rathcore, Enfield.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Laurence Thomas Kelly, Ballymeelish Park, Ballybrophy; James MacMahon, J.P., Ballyroan, Queen's County.

WESTMEATH.—Thomas Maher, J.P., Moyvoughly, Moate; Robert J. Downes, Russellstown, Mullingar.

WEXFORD.—Sir Thomas H. Grattan Esmonde, Bart., M.P., Ballynastragh, Inch, R.S.O.; C. H. Peacocke, J.P., Belmont, Wexford.

WICKLOW.—Anthony Metcalf, J.P., Lemonstown, Ballymore Eustace; Thomas J. Troy, 51 Ferrybank, Arklow.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY THE DEPARTMENT.

R. A. Anderson, 22 Lincoln-place, Dublin; Stephen Brown, J.P., Naas; Captain Loftus Bryan, D.L., Borrmount Manor, Enniscorthy; Thomas M. Carew, Kinnegan, Kildangan, Kildare; Michael J. Cleary, M.R.C.V.S., Dominick-street, Mullingar; Professor D. J. Cunningham, M.D., F.R.S., 43 Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin; William Field, M.P., Blackrock, Co. Dublin: *Rev. T. A. Finlay, F.R.U.I.*, University College, Dublin; Toler R. Garvey, J.P., Thornvale, Moneygall, King's County; Sir J. Malcolm Inglis, J.P., Montrose, Donnybrook; the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, D.L., Palmerston House, Straffan; the Right Hon. Lord Plunket, Old Connaught, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

MUNSTER.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY COUNTY COUNCILS.

CLARE.—Henry R. Glynn, Kilrush; P. J. Hogan, Coolreagh, Bodyke, Co. Limerick.

CORK.—Jer. J. Howard, J.P., Lehenagh, Cork; Thomas Barry, Ballingarrane, Killavullen, Co. Cork; James Gilhooly, M.P., Bantry; Thomas Lenihan, J.P., Ballinvarrig, Whitechurch, Co. Cork.

KERRY.—George O'Gorman, Kilkinedan, Farranfore, Co. Kerry; Alexander O'Driscoll, J.P., Valencia Island.

LIMERICK.—Thomas B. Mitchell, J.P., Ballybricker, Caherelly, Grange, Co. Limerick; Anthony Mackey Castleconnell.

TIPPERARY (N.)—Thomas Corcoran, J.P., Honeymount, Roscrea; Thomas Duggan, Two-Mile-Borris, Thurles.

TIPPERARY (S.)—Edmond Cummins, J.P., Brookhill, Fethard; William Dwyer, Elmville, Clonmel.

WATERFORD.—Thomas Power, J.P., Dungarvan; Edmond Nugent, Ballymacarberry, Clonmel.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY THE DEPARTMENT.

Richard Barter, J.P., St. Anne's, Cork; James Byrne, J.P., Wallstown Castle, Castletownroche; Captain William C. Coghlan, J.P., Dromina, Passage East, Co. Waterford; the Right Hon. Lord Montegle, K.P., D.L., Mount Trenchard, Foynes; Count Moore, D.L., M.P., Mooresfort, Tipperary; Hugh P. Ryan, Reskeen, Thurles; A. W. Shaw, Roxborough, Limerick; George F. Trench, J.P., Abbeylands, Ardfert, Co. Kerry.

CONNAUGHT.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY COUNTY COUNCILS.

GALWAY.—Thomas Byrne, Beechlawn House, Ballinasloe; Professor Joseph P. Pye, M.D., D.Sc., Queen's College, Galway.

LEITRIM.—*Rev. P. M'Loughlin, C.C.*, Manorhamilton; *Very Rev. Canon Donohoe, P.P., V.F.*, Mohill.

MAYO.—P. J. Kelly, Westport; Daniel Morrin, Foxford.

ROSCOMMON.—Patrick Webb, Loughglynn, County Roscommon; John Millar, Ballydangan, Ballinasloe.

SLIGO.—John O'Dowd, M.P., Bunnanaden, County Sligo; P. A. M'Hugh, M.P., Sligo.

MEMBERS APPOINTED BY THE DEPARTMENT.

The Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock, H.M.L., Clonbrock, Ahascragh; *Rev. T. C. Connolly, C.C.*, Dromahair, County Leitrim; H. Lindsay, Fitzpatrick, D.L., Hollymount House, County Mayo; Sir Jocelyn Gore-Booth, Bart., D.I., Lissadell, Sligo; Colonel John P. Nolan, J.P., Ballinaderry, Tuam.

The reader will observe that the County Council of Leitrim, the poorest county in Ireland, selected *two priests*, and that Monaghan selected *one priest*, making three priests in all. I give all due meed of credit to the County Councils of Ireland for not having allowed themselves to be induced to select more priests between them, and I draw attention to the fact that no minister of any other denomination was so selected. But the pan-conciliatory Department selected a fourth priest from Leitrim, making three for that miserable county, and a fifth priest, our Jesuit acquaintance, Father Finlay, from Dublin. Lest these five priests should feel uncomfortable, the Department selected a Protestant rector from Tyrone to

keep them in countenance. Of him I shall only say that I wonder he consented to act. The Catholic Hierarchy issued an "Important Statement" with reference to the Act, of which I shall not print one word, as I consider they have no *locus standi* whatever in the business. Mr. Plunkett made a vapoury speech, in which he said colourless things about everybody, as became an autocrat on fixed salary. Then the meeting lunched and selected the Board of Agriculture and the Board of Technical Instruction.

What, think you, was the Board of Agriculture selected? Two laymen, Messrs Magee and Montgomery, for Ulster; two laymen, Messrs P. J. O'Neill and Sir Thomas Esmonde, for Leinster; one *Catholic Bishop*, Dr. Kelly of Skibbereen, and Count Moore, M.P.—Count of Rome and Chamberlain of Honour to His Holiness—for Munster; and one *Catholic Bishop*, Dr. Healy of Clonfert, and Colonel Nolan, for Connaught. Thus we find two Roman Catholic Bishops on the Board of Agriculture! Destitute of power though that Board be, I think it is *wrong* to have them on it. The following have been appointed by the Department:—Ulster, Alex. L. Clark, Moyola Lodge, Castledawson, County Londonderry. Munster, James Byrne, J.P., Wallstown Castle,

Castletownroche. Connaught, Sir Jocelyn Gore-Booth, Bart., Lissadell, Sligo. Leinster, Colonel N. T. Everard, D.L., Randalstown, Navan, Co. Meath.

The Board of Technical Instruction was elected as follows:—Ulster, Mr. Frank Barbour, a most proper selection; Munster, Lord Monteagle; Connaught, Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, whose acquaintance we have made before; Leinster, Father Finlay, S.J., F.R.U.I.! To me, knowing what I do, this seems to stamp the whole proceedings with the stain of indelible ridicule.

The following have been appointed to the Board of Technical Instruction besides those mentioned:—Alderman James Dempsey, Sir Otto Jaffe, and Alexander Taylor, by Belfast County Borough Council; Sir Thomas D. Pile, Bart., Lord Mayor, T. C. Harrington, M.P., and Alderman Patrick Dowd, by Dublin County Borough Council; Alderman Edward Fitzgerald, by Cork County Borough Council; John Daly, Mayor of Limerick, by Limerick County Borough Council; Sir William M'Learn, Mayor of Londonderry, by Londonderry County Borough Council; Wm. G. D. Goff, by Waterford County Borough Council; William Wallace, by Joint Committee of Councils of County Dublin Urban Districts;

Rev. Wm. Todd Martin, D.D., by Intermediate Education Board; Wm. J. M. Starkie, Litt. D., by Commissioners of National Education; and Sir James Musgrave, Bart., Belfast; Ludlow A. Beamish, Cork; Very Rev. P. Lally, P.P., Manager, Technical Schools, Galway; and Professor Geo. F. Fitzgerald, F.R.S., Trinity College, Dublin, by the Department. Here we find "the Department" availing himself of his opportunity to put on another priest for Connaught!

Powerless though these two bodies of men may be, they will have to give an account, first to their own consciences, and, secondly, to the public whose deputies they are, if the sum of money placed by the nation under the control of Mr. Plunkett should be wasted on unproductive jobbery. Ireland is by nature a great pastoral and agricultural country. There is sufficient waste grass by the roadsides in Ireland, if utilised, to feed all the cattle in the Transvaal. Let it be Ireland's *role*, therefore, to supply Great Britain with all the agricultural produce which its millions require; and leave to Great Britain the supplying of the world with manufactured goods. I do not mean that Irish manufacture should be neglected. By no means. But I insist that *Ireland's great national opportunity* lies in

attending to agricultural produce, which affords the noblest and healthiest mode of life, and which, owing to press of other occupations, is not attended to in Great Britain. England possesses coal, iron, and all the facilities for manufacture. She has taken full advantage of them, and, in consequence, has come to the front amongst the nations of the earth. Ireland possesses all the qualifications for pasture and agriculture and live-stock raising. Let Ireland seize her opportunity, and, leading the freer and the healthier life compatible with such pursuits, take up a pre-eminent place in the United Kingdom.

Father M'Loughlin, of Leitrim, deserves a word of praise—and in this connection let me say that in all I say about the priests, there is nothing personal, it being the system alone against which I inveigh, as ruinous to the Rest of Ireland. He proposed in a business-like interval—well within his rights under the Fifth Clause—that the Department should purchase grass lands and divide them up amongst small tillage farmers. But the Department stood up, and at once ruled him out of order, which the Department had no power whatever to do. Mayor M'Hugh, of Sligo, to my surprise, bowed to the decision like a lamb, and the more congenial sub-

ject of the amount of travelling expenses to be allowed to those present was then taken up. This Agriculture and Technical Instruction Act was passed with the best intentions; but Mr. Plunkett has yet to prove that his is the back to bear the burden of, and his the brain to direct the operations of any agricultural movement likely to confer *real* or lasting benefit on Ireland. The public will give him a fair trial, but if he does not show them *real* value for their money, he may expect to hear objections to his little plans which will not be stifled by all the Departments in Ireland. It would be too intolerable if this substantial grant of the public's money were to be frittered away on what will be of as little benefit to Ireland as Mussels, Periwinkles, and Cockles. It appears that Mr. H. Plunkett worked up his Co-operative Associations mainly through clerical assistance, as I hinted at an early stage of this book; and secured his present competencies for himself and his coadjutors at the same time. Mr. George L. Tottenham, of Glenade, County Leitrim, the poor county I have specially referred to, writes:—

“Of the many instances that might be adduced in proof of this we have had one particularly in a very poor district in this immediate neighbourhood, where one of

these voluntary associations was started, and where the people were practically driven by the priest to become shareholders, and to continue their membership long after disillusionment and dissatisfaction had set in, and they would willingly have put up with the loss of their shares to have done with the whole thing."

Referring to the priests, Mr. Tottenham says:—

"*The priest in agriculture*, indeed, appears to *have come to stay*, and not only for the purpose of sjamboking poor people into putting down their pounds for shares. In this county we enjoy the unique distinction of being represented on the new Agricultural Council that met last week by priests only, two appointed by the County Council, and as if that were not enough in a matter entirely outside their functions, a third nominated by the Department on account of his activity as a co-operative propagandist—an essential qualification, as it would appear, looking down the names for any nomination."*

I sincerely hope the priest in agriculture has not come to stay; for if he stays, agriculture goes. There is no earthly reason, even, why "The Department" himself should have come to stay. He is dismissable at will by a Secretary of State; and a practical man—like, for instance, Mr. Field, M.P.—of whom the public would highly approve, may see his way to serving agriculture in Ireland without a copious spray of holy water and a clerical crutch to lean upon.

* Letter to "Irish Times," June 4, 1900.

The Unionist Government would stand out better before the electorate of the United Kingdom if a tendency to dabble with Roman Catholic clerical affairs, both in England and Ireland, were not so visible. The Boer War will not last always; nor can a Government rest for long on the laurels of the most satisfactory of settlements in South Africa, if the laymen of the United Kingdom feel justified in thinking, rightly or wrongly, that the Priest is installed in temporal power in these islands, or in any part thereof.

I have alluded to Mr. Field, M.P., who is the sort of man who possesses the practical knowledge which the farmer lacks. Speaking the other day at the Cattle Trade Association, he said:—"There were a few practical points to which he would briefly refer. The Veterinary College would, he expected, soon be an accomplished fact in Dublin, and it was hoped it would be worked on broad lines as a national institution for the benefit of everyone concerned in the animal industry; for it should be remembered that it must apply to all live stock, and that the value and interest in cattle, sheep, and pigs in Ireland far exceeded that in horses, although the Irish horses were famous all over the world. In the new

Agricultural Department many improvements might be suggested, such as the prevention of warbles in hides, which cause much suffering and loss." He made a number of other admirable suggestions which I advise "the Department" to study, before, for instance, he consults Bishop Clancy of Elphin about the Connaught share of the Technical Education grant of £55,000! The improvement and inspections of sires; the education of flock-masters and feeders; the necessity of increased tillage and other things, on which the £150,000 at "the Department's" disposal could be well and profitably spent, were all touched on by Mr. Field. We are told that—

"The meeting was unanimous in approving of the suggestions made by the President in the foregoing remarks. In connection with his reference to warbles in hides, a letter was read from a great English firm of hide and skin auctioneers, enclosing the catalogue of one day's sales this month, which showed a loss varying from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 5d. per hide from Ireland. It has been repeatedly estimated that the loss from warbles suffered by Ireland averages £500,000 a year, partly from the damage to the hides themselves, and partly from the damage done to the meat-producing qualities of cattle afflicted with warbles. The meeting decided that the Irish Board of Agriculture should be pressed to exert itself to put a speedy end to so large and so easily preventible an annual loss to Irish agriculturalists."

£500,000 a year lost by warbles alone! Fancy, if you can, the millions which are lost to us in

all branches of agriculture annually in Ireland. Then ask yourself, if so great a question is one for triflers; for *dilettantes*; for Catholic Bishops and Catholic Priests, fresh from speculations on the "capacity of a justified man to avoid venial sins without a special privilege," and on the necessity of "an interior intention" for a valid sacrament? This Agricultural and Technical Money, if corruptly spent, may, in the wisdom of Providence, be the last straw which will break the patience of the long-suffering laity of Catholic Ireland, and save the country from becoming a land of religious and lazzaroni. Would that Archbishop Ireland were eligible for a share in *supporting* "the Department," since he (the Department), it appears, has made up his mind to introduce a new actor upon the already overcrowded stage of Irish Civil Government, to wit, the Clerical Agriculturist! If I have written hardly of "the Department," let him rest assured that my remarks are not personal to him. He is, in the structure of this book, a mere fly on the axle. My thoughts are bent on laws, on principles, on causes, on effects, which are eternal, so far as anything human can be so described, and which are as eternal in Ireland as in all other parts of the globe.

CHAPTER XXIX.

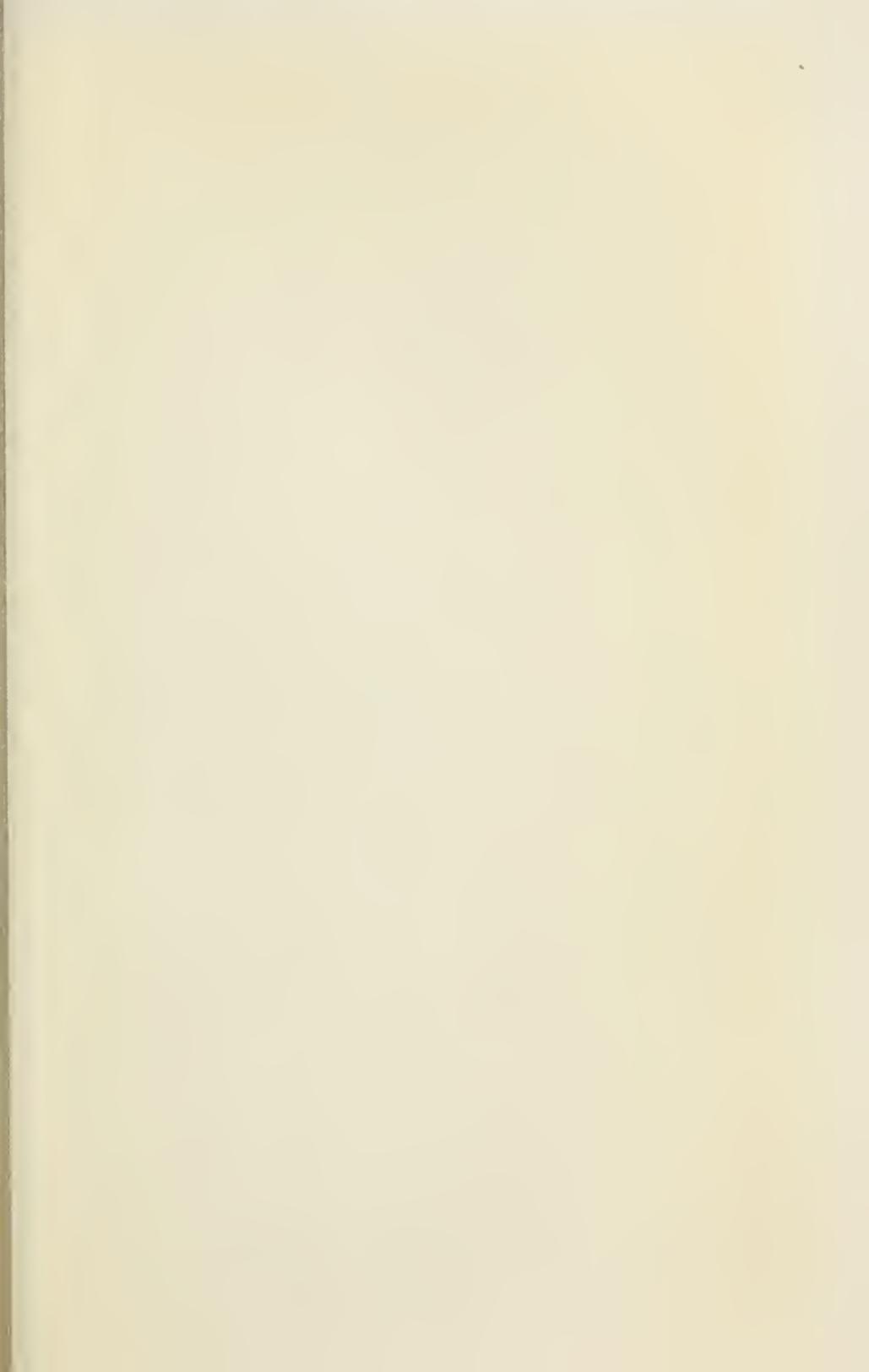
THE EVENTS OF 1899. BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. TRINITY COLLEGE. A
SUGGESTION AS TO PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

THE opening of the year 1899 found the whole country busy in selecting its candidates for the new County Council elections. It also witnessed an attempt on the part of the priests to resuscitate the newspaper agitation for a Catholic University. Cardinal Vaughan came to the rescue of the moribund cause, and throwing off the mask, clearly proved the clerical character of the pseudo-agitation. He sent a letter to all his priests, enclosing a draft of the "petition which the Catholic Bishops of England *have agreed to promote*" in favour of a Catholic University for Ireland, so that they might get signatures to it. Our Irish laymen, as we have seen, like marionettes, had signed the bald "declaration," *promoted*, not avowedly, but secretly, *by our Bishops*, which has been before referred to.

What a contrast and an example are afforded by the English people in this matter of University Education. The Birmingham University, as we

all know, was opened the other day with flying colours. Did one hear of priest or parson in connection with its establishment and foundation? Did one hear of howling and whining and begging from the State on its behalf? Was that University not established in the great midland city, just because, and simply because, honest, thorough, fair-and-square education of a high class was desired by the people, and they meant to have it *on its own merits*, without any intermixture of religion? In connection with that University, and equally by his whole career of self-helpfulness—self-assertiveness, if you will—Mr. Chamberlain has set an example to faltering humanity of what a man may still accomplish, even in this age of rampant chicanery, and of coquetting with false Gods!

Mr. A. Balfour again nibbled at the Catholic University cake, in a speech at Manchester in January, 1899, in response to the Vaughan move. No one can more truly say that he has admired Mr. Balfour than I can. I discovered and appreciated his worth, when there were very very few in Ireland to admit it. But I must say that I detect a false ring in all he has ever said about this Catholic University question. He alluded,





From Photo by Werner, Dublin.

THE REV. GEORGE SALMON, PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

"Neither is Salmon regarded in a religious light."—Page 433.

for instance, in that speech, to the Provost of Trinity, Dr. Salmon, as "that eminent theologian"—a description which he will some day flatteringly apply to, say, Bishop Clancy—forgetful of Salmon's Conic Sections, apparently, and forgetful of the great width and depth of Salmon's culture and his character as a man. Trinity College students do not regard Dr. Salmon in a religious light. He rules over and is beloved in Trinity, not by virtue of his theological attainments alone, but by reason of the wideness of his learning, the grandeur of his character, and the depth of his common-sense. Just as the great Library, the home of knowledge, dominates all the other College buildings, so Salmon, in his position, dominates the College life. The Library contains countless theological works, but it is not, on that account, regarded as a religious institution. Neither is Salmon regarded in a religious light. Is there any view so limited, any estimate so depreciating to a distinguished man, in fact, as to so regard him? Apply the test in the case of anyone of your own friends. Would you sum up a man of the world whom you *respected* and *knew* by saying: He is a good Baptist, or Catholic, or Presbyterian? If you used these words of the man to a third party, what

estimate of your friend's character would they convey? I detect the same false ring in Lord Cadogan's utterances on this question also. On this Catholic University question, both those men, Lord Cadogan and Mr. A. Balfour, "instead of the sound ring of true knightly valour, emit nothing but the discord of cracked pots." The fact of the matter is, that neither of them—I do not suggest that such men could be insincere; but I do think their knowledge of the question insufficient—really knows what he is talking about on this point; they do not know where the real roots of the matter lie; and let them, as free-born British politicians—with all respect I unhesitatingly say it—thank their stars and their happy lots in that they *do not know it*. And let this be my last word on the subject in *this* book!

The New Year's Honours List showed that knighthoods were to be conferred on the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir James Henderson, owner of the *News-Letter*, an admirable daily paper; the Mayor of Derry, Sir J. B. Johnstone; the Recorder of Cork, Sir J. C. Neligan; and Dr. Plunkett O'Farrell. Lord Dunraven, and Colonel Cooper, Her Majesty's Lieutenant for Sligo, were made Privy Councillors.

Lord Cadogan appointed another of these Vice-regal Commissions for which his term of office has been remarkable, viz., the Intermediate Education Commission, of which Chief Baron Palles was chairman, and the following were members:— Mr. Justice Madden, Dr. Salmon, Archbishop Walsh, The O'Connor Don, Rev. W. Todd Martin, and Mr. D. G. Barkley. Great faults were found by certain Catholic ecclesiastics with the Intermediate system, and, if they got their way, they would have ended the system of *public competitive* examinations and substituted *private examinations* by Inspectors at the different schools, and the awarding of exhibitions and result fees to each school on its own merits, without the present open, comparative and competitive test. I rejoice to say the attempt was frustrated. The Report of the Commission, issued in August, 1899, deals mainly with the apportionment of the Result Fees! Those who have read my chapter on education know what this amounts to.

While we are dealing with educational matters, let me state that Mr. C. T. Redington, the Resident Commissioner of National Education, died on February 6th. The post is a splendid one, carrying a salary of a couple of thousand a year, and was given by the Government to Mr. W. J. M.

Starkie, a Catholic, a Fellow of Trinity College, and President of the "Godless" Queen's College of Galway, whose appointment was endorsed by public opinion.

The University College of the Jesuits in Stephen's-green has a society for its students, but it is not called a society. It is called a Sodality, a religious designation. At the meeting of this Sodality, at this time, Dr. Magrath, the Catholic Secretary to the Royal University, presided; and a lecture was delivered by a Mr. Dowling upon "Dangerous Literature," upon which a debate followed. When the Catholic Secretary to the Royal University wound up the debate, he is reported to have said he approved of *Ally Sloper*, and did not consider it "dangerous literature" at all: "His old friend, *Ally Sloper*, his doings and the doings of his family possessed great interest for him."* And he added sapiently that *Answers*, *Tit-Bits*, and *M. A. P.*, "did not tend to subvert morals or endanger faith." The Rev. Dr. Delaney, Jesuit and Member of the Senate of the Royal University, thereupon moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Magrath: "His (Dr. Magrath's) life had been that of one who became a scholar, and, becoming a scholar, was also a Christian and a

* "Freeman's Journal."

gentleman." The inference is that the generality of men who become scholars, cease to be Christians and gentlemen. Perhaps, Father Delaney may live yet to see a Sloperian chair and degree at the Royal University for the perpetuation of scholars, Christians, and gentlemen.

When Parliament met, it found the Irish Nationalist Members still demoralised, like a bundle of sticks scattered by the roadside; and Mr. William O'Brien was pensively meditating on the ruins of Carthage. Two very important Irish private Bill projects came before Committees of both Houses, and, although carried on to an advanced stage, neither of them became law. One was the project, or rather projects, for the amalgamation of two or three minor railway lines—the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company and the Waterford and Central Ireland Railway Company, and some others—with the trunk lines owned by the Great Southern and Western Company and the Midland Great Western Company. There was also a highly important proposal made by the Great Western Company of England to take over the minor Southern Irish lines and give us a new cross-Channel packet service from Rosslare in Co. Wexford to Fishguard in Pembroke-shire—a shorter sea passage than from Kingstown

to Holyhead, and which was the route to Ireland taken by the famous Richard Strongbow—a proposal which, if adopted, would give a splendid direct route to London to the entire South of Ireland. The amalgamation scheme was before Parliament again this year, and successfully carried through; and the Great Western Railway of England are expending a large sum of money in improving the Fishguard Harbour to accommodate their fleet, which is destined to be an important link between London and the isolated South. I sincerely hope we shall soon get our new line of first-class packets from Rosslare to Fishguard, and our new and much-wanted direct route to London from the South of Ireland; and that everything possible will be done to facilitate the project of the Great Western Company of England, and the Great Southern of Ireland.

The second of these important private Bill projects was the proposal by the Dublin Corporation to extend the City Boundaries, and thereby bring the prosperous Townships of Rathmines, Pembroke, Clontarf, Drumcondra, and Kilmainham under the authority of the Corporation. The townships vehemently opposed the proposal, and it cannot be denied that their anxiety to “leave well

alone" was justified from their point of view. But admitting, for argument sake, that the Dublin Corporation is as badly managed as the Townships allege, would not the accession of the members of the Townships' Boards to the Corporation go a long way to bring that body into harmony with the views of the class of people who reside in the Townships? There may be nothing to gain for the Townships in the proposal; but if there is a great gain for Dublin, in which all the Township residents are interested, and if there is a strong representation guaranteed to the Townships, would it not be well to put Dublin under the government of one powerful body? After passing all its stages in the House of Commons, the Bill was rejected by the Committee of the House of Lords, to the consternation of Lord Mayor Tallon and the Corporation, who had counted upon its passage. I think the Corporation were not wise in refusing to accept the inclusion of Kilmainham and those portions of County of Dublin for which they asked, and which the House of Lords consented to pass. The project was before Parliament again this year, and a settlement was arrived at, by which the Townships of Kilmainham, Clontarf, and Drumcondra were added to the City; while it was

recommended that Rathmines and Pembroke should contribute to the City Main Drainage Scheme.

A book of this sort will naturally be expected to contain some mention of the suggestions so frequently made by different classes in Ireland, during the Five Years under review, that we should have some local tribunal in Dublin to do the work now done by Parliamentary Committees in London with reference to private Bills. I think there might be a local tribunal, but I certainly do not think it would be for the national advantage to make the passage of private Acts of Parliament *too easy*. The Provisional Orders of the Local Government Board, at present, afford a very good precedent for any extension of Irish Private Bill facilities. I would be inclined to say that a local inquiry into private Bill proposals should be held by a Local Government Board official, in conjunction with, say, a representative man from the locality; a representative Irishman, not from the locality; and a non-Irishman. I think the appointment of these men should be left in the hands of the Government, but that their names should be submitted beforehand to Parliament. I think the report of this body or commission of enquiry should be laid before Parlia-

ment, and that any Bill so reported upon should not be referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, but should be left to its fate in the two Houses like a public Bill, the Government, of course, taking cognizance of the Commission's report, and adopting whatever attitude towards the measure they believe to be right. If a local reconsideration be thought necessary, the Commission of Inquiry's report could be considered by the Local Government Board and a Provisional Order issued, as at present. Again, if a strengthening of the Irish Local Government Board be deemed advisable—and I think it would be very salutary—two or more *elected* members might be added to that body as at present constituted. One, and, if the number of added members exceed two, then half the added number might be appointed by the Lord Lieutenant—in the same way as he at present appoints the sheriffs—from a list of highest ratepayers, so many from each county, submitted by the County Councils; the other half of the added members to be appointed by ballot of all the County Councils of Ireland. Some such easily established machinery as this would meet the grievances, at present complained of, that large sums of Irish money are annually spent in London in the promotion of Irish private bills.

CHAPTER XXX.

EVENTS OF 1899—CONTINUED. RETURN VISIT OF
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK. DERRY
AND PARIS RIOTERS.

A contrast between North and South was afforded us in the Spring of 1899. In January, the great steamship *Oceanic*, the work of Belfast brains and hands, was launched at Harland and Wolff's, and the event was one of world-wide importance. She went forth upon her great mission of knitting closer together the peoples of two hemispheres in the bonds of peace and brotherly love. In April, at that decaying town of Kilkenny, before alluded to, Dr. Brownrigg, the Catholic Bishop, assisted by Cardinal Logue, thirteen other bishops and a Lord Abbot, opened the Cathedral of St. Mary. Dr. Healy, of Clonfert, proudly announced from the pulpit that "the cloister, chapter rooms, store rooms, the whole noble pile of buildings indispensable for a cathedral" were without a flaw; that "the whole interior had been re-decorated, new flooring laid, and the building most artistic and complete in all its details." He flattered to the top of their bent

the inhabitants of what he called "the fair city by the Nore," of whom the great Nationalist newspaper approvingly wrote, that they had "come together to felicitate each other that they have once more in their midst a Cathedral worthy of the proud traditions of Ossory." The Corporation of the town, in their address to Cardinal Logue, the following day, said that "their annals were inseparably bound up with the history and progress of the Catholic Faith in Ireland." I reserve the consideration of Cardinal Logue's replies to the shoal of addresses presented to him on the occasion.

The building and renovating of Catholic churches and the organizing of bazaars and fetes for that purpose went on through this year as energetically as ever, but I have no space to notice the details. Castleknock College—the clerically-governed school before referred to—held an important celebration in the middle of May. It was the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the foundation of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Castleknock, at which past and present students were present. There was Pontifical High Mass at Twelve, o'clock, and a luncheon for everybody at 2 p.m., the toasts at which are not reported. I also

reserve the proceedings at the Maynooth Union Annual Meeting this year, at which a second degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred; and the proceedings at the consecration of Dr. Nulty's successor in the bishopric of Meath, Dr. Gaffney, for which special trains were run, and so forth; and Dr. Gaffney's correspondence with Lord Greville, Chairman of the new County Council, about the statue of the Blessed Virgin; and a delivery of Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, on the education of women.

The Duke and Duchess of York paid our country the greatest compliment in their power to pay, by visiting us for a second time in April this year. It was not so formal a visit as that which they paid in 1897. They arrived in Dublin on the 10th of April, went to Punchestown Races on the 11th and 12th, to the Curragh Camp on the 13th, to Leopardstown Races on the 14th and 15th, visited Lord Ashbourne at his Merrion-square house on the 16th. Then on the 17th the Duke visited Major Lambert at Beauparc, near Drogheda, while the Duchess visited the Duchess of Leinster at Carton, near Maynooth. The Duke and Duchess visited the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show at Ball's Bridge on the

18th, and left Dublin for Kilkenny, to visit the Marquis of Ormonde, on the 19th. From Kilkenny, the Duke crossed country to Careysville, near Fermoy, and had some fishing on the river Blackwater. The Duchess visited the Protestant and the Catholic Cathedrals at Kilkenny, and paid a visit to the Lady Louisa Tighe, before referred to, at her residence, Woodstock, near the village of Inistiogue, in the County Kilkenny.

On the 3rd of June, Lord Cadogan announced, in connection with the Queen's birthday honours' list, his intention of conferring Knighthoods upon Mr. Walter Armstrong, director of the National Gallery; Mr. J. E. Barry, President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce; Mr. J. C. Meredith, Secretary to the Royal University, before referred to; and Mr. Robert A. Taylor, distiller, of Coleraine; and the honours were actually conferred a short time afterwards.

The well-advertised marriage of Lord Houghton to Lady Peggy Primrose at this time did not escape notice in this country, where an amount of interest is still taken in the Earl of Crewe. A tour of English Members of Parliament through Ireland was arranged, and

successfully carried out, during the Whitsuntide holidays, a large number of legislators with their families partaking in it. Some deaths in the first half of the year are worth mentioning. Mr. H. S. Persse, D.L., distiller, died at Galway in March. I mention him, because by his personal energy and exertions he worked up a big sale for his whiskey in England and at home, and died in affluence. The same results in different trades can be achieved by other Irishmen who will resolutely put their shoulders to the wheel. Mr. Persse was a Protestant. Alderman Kernan, of Dublin, before referred to in connection with the *Freeman's Journal*, died in May. He had amassed something near a quarter of a million by judicious speculation, the *Freeman's Journal* shares having been his last great success. He was a Catholic. Dr. Geo. F. Shaw, Fellow of Trinity College, died in Dublin in June. He was an exceedingly popular man, and, besides his work in College, wrote a great deal for the press, especially for the *Evening Mail*, a clever Dublin paper. There also died the best known, perhaps, of Irish Christian Brothers, Brother T. A. Hoop, of Artane, who started, and worked up to its present dimensions, the great Industrial School of

that place. The deaths of three other important and useful Irishmen have to be recorded at this time. Mr. Thomas Crosbie, proprietor and editor of that admirable paper, the *Cork Examiner*, founded by the well-known John Francis Maguire, died on the 30th of June, at Aghada, a lovely and peaceful seaside village on one of the many estuaries of that wonderful expanse of land-locked water known as Cork Harbour. Mr. Crosbie was a sensible, prudent man, who had made money by his newspaper, and had well filled the position of Chairman of the Institute of Journalists. The Most Rev. Charles Graves, Protestant Bishop of Limerick, a very distinguished man in social and scholarly circles, died on the 17th of July. He was a Fellow of Trinity, but resigned his fellowship to pursue a divinity career. Professor Cuming, of Belfast, a most distinguished Catholic physician, educated at Armagh Royal School, and the "Godless" Queen's College of Belfast, in which he became a Professor, died on the 28th of August. He had been elected President of the British Medical Association in 1884.

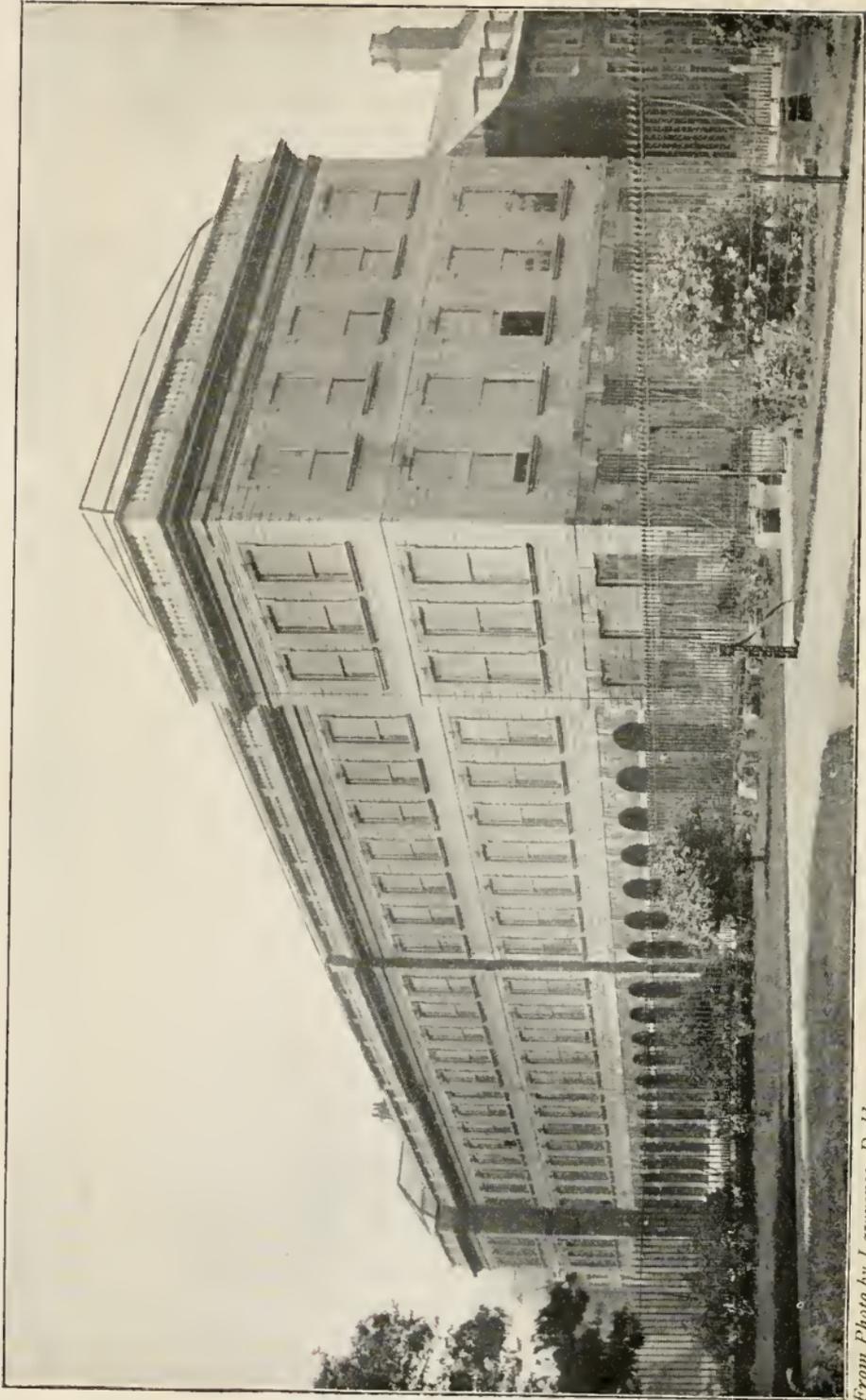
I noted about this time that Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, visited his native county, and stayed a little while at Thurles; but, in the same

breath, we were told that Dr. Croke was not at home. He also visited Dublin; but no public notice was taken of him whatever by Archbishop Walsh. He stayed with Canon O'Hanlon, of Sandymount, for a few days and left. Bishop Gaffney, of Meath, was making a triumphant tour through his diocese, at this time, talking some sense, as when he lamented the vast increase of pasturage and decay of tillage in Meath and Westmeath, and some nonsense, the consideration of which I reserve. Father Mathew Russell, Jesuit, published a book of poems at this time, in the preface of which he wrote of his brother the Lord Chief Justice of England—the toaster of Pope and Queen—as follows: “Whose public life is before the world, and who in all the relations of private life, as son, brother, husband, father, and friend, has always been faithful, generous, and true-hearted.” It was an admirable display of brotherly love, and owing to the recent death of the subject of the encomium, possesses additional interest for us now. Archbishop Flood of Trinidad, the Dominican, whom we met before, went to Derry on the 14th of August, the eve of Lady's Day in Harvest, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a day on which the Ulster Catholics are in the habit of

having religious processions and celebrations. He was hooted and mobbed in his carriage or cab by a crowd of Orangemen "waving crimson handkerchiefs." The mob attacked one of the Catholic Churches, where "confessions were being heard," with the result that the "congregation had to be dismissed and the church closed." The windows of the priest's house were also broken, and the priest chased into the streets. Nothing could exceed the violence of the language in which the Orangemen were condemned by the Catholic press. But, six days afterwards, in Paris, the capital of Catholic France, where Catholicity is the religion by law established, on Sunday, the 20th of August, the Church of St. Ambrose and two religious houses had their windows all broken by the mob. Then the Church of St. Joseph was attacked and sacked, and, according to report, the doors broken open with hatchets, the altars, baptismal fonts, holy water stoups, and statues thrown to the ground, the pulpit set fire to, the tabernacle torn from its place, the Host trampled under foot, a figure of the Saviour on a great cross above the altar made the butt of missiles and broken, a bonfire of furniture lit in the nave of the Church, and the Crucifixes all pulled down, before the rioters were arrested by the Republican Guard.

I condemn rioting of all and every kind. But I say, at the same time, that prevention is better than cure; and I say the isolation of the Catholic clergymen from their flocks brings frightful consequences on their heads, *when once* popular wrath is turned upon them. From those to whom much is given, much is expected. The "giving" may be of long continuance; but the day will come when the expectations will be formulated and their realisation *demand*ed. There is no limit to the area over which this law operates; and Ireland, Catholic Ireland, like all other parts of the earth, comes within its scope.

The Armagh Cathedral Bazaar and the Golden Jubilee of Canon Cahill, of Tipperary, must be reserved. The Sisters of Mercy from Demarara, Irishwomen of course, paid a visit to Ireland at this time in search of "suitable subjects to help them in their great work for God in South America," to quote the euphuism of the *Freeman*. Just fancy our young girls being cajoled and baited by the Press of their own country into such a trap as that, while the same press are eternally whining and adjuring the British Government to stop the drain of emigration, which, they say, is bleeding Catholic Ireland to death.



From Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

THE LIBRARY AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, OF WHICH MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS LL.D.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EVENTS OF 1899—CONCLUDED. THE BOER WAR
AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.
ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS *ad nauseam*.

TOWARDS the end of September the War with the Boers seemed likely to come off, after months of threatening and doubt; and public boards throughout the Rest of Ireland began to pass resolutions in favour of the Boers, and against the United Kingdom's action in the matter. Hatred of "England," distrust of the English Sassenach, the memory of "treasured wrongs," to which I alluded at the opening of this book, were the mainsprings of the sympathy felt for the Boers. I express no personal opinion on the merits or demerits of the Boer War. It is obvious that what makes for the gain of the United Kingdom and its Colonies must inferentially make for Ireland's gain, unless Ireland sulks and refuses her share of that gain. The advantages to be derived from the Boer War have been summed up by many well-known people who have specially studied the question, and it would be premature to reiterate the enumeration of them, until some

time has elapsed for us to pass judgment. Happily, the war is now almost over; but it was at a very disastrous stage of its existence for the United Kingdom when Mr. Chamberlain visited Dublin to receive his honorary degree of LL.D. at Trinity College.

“Now Christ thee save, Paul Kruger!
 Now Christ thee save from harm!
 And may the God of Joshua
 Bear up thy strong right arm.

* * * *

May He who fought the battles
 Of all thy Hero Sires,
 When Orange William kindled
 The blaze of Freedom's fires.

* * * *

May He defend the children
 Who kept the father's cause
 Who raised the ocean ramparts
 And bade the spoiler pause!”

These lines were written by the late Miss Fanny Parnell—the talented sister of the Irish Leader—in 1881, after the battle of Majuba Hill; and were now republished in our Nationalist papers, along with many other verses, not nearly so poetical, but much more violent in their sympathy with the Boers and antipathy to what is called “England.”

For a moment it appeared that the British Empire and the continued existence of the

United Kingdom as a first-rate Power were in jeopardy. Everybody's first anxiety was to know whether any of the great powers would take advantage of the United Kingdom's difficulty and strike a, perhaps, fatal blow at our pre-eminence? That was the question, about which hopes and fears were excited in Ireland during October, November and December, 1899. In November, at the London Guildhall, Lord Salisbury had said: "My faith in the British soldier is unbounded, and I am *doubly* gratified to feel that he is in the *vigorous and sagacious hands of Sir Redvers Buller.*" Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, too, had been out-Heroding Herod, in October, exhausting his stores of eulogy in praise of Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, and some other Generals whose names I forget. Had he been invited, at the close of his speech, to say a few words upon Wellington or Julius Cæsar, his tribute to the generalship of those men must have been pallid beside his rubicund laudations of Buller and White.

On December 15th the temporarily decisive battle of Colenso, in which the Boers defeated Sir Redvers Buller's army, led by that General in person, astounded the whole country, coming.

as it did after Lord Methuen's defeat at Magersfontein. Methuen's defeat we did not so much mind. He had fought a good fight thrice, at Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River. He was only a person of secondary importance; but I believe that, had he been in chief command, he would have carried the war through successfully. The defeat of the "vigorous and sagacious" General Buller, on the contrary, in a regularly pitched battle deliberately fought, after ample time for preparation, was productive of consternation, and could not be explained away by any sophistry. It was on the 18th of December, three days after Colenso, that Mr. Chamberlain came to Dublin to get his honorary degree at Trinity College. As Dr. Salmon explained, it was not in connection with the Boer War that the honour was conferred; but in recognition of Mr. Chamberlain's services to the State. I have expressed my opinion of Mr. Chamberlain in the last chapter, and I think it is an opinion which many, of even his greatest opponents, will endorse. It was suddenly announced on the same day, the 18th December, that Lord Roberts, our Commander of the Forces in Ireland, had accepted the supreme command in South Africa. Can you imagine a more electric atmosphere,

then, than there was in Dublin on that memorable day? A meeting summoned for Sunday, the 17th, to denounce Mr. Chamberlain and condemn Trinity College, and in support of the Boers, was proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant. I would not support Lord Cadogan, or any other person in authority in Ireland, in suppressing a meeting considerably and rationally convened to express disapproval of an expensive war. I do not think Lord Cadogan would suppress such a meeting. But the rational, considerate people were not at the head of this particular "suppressed" meeting. Indeed, the very violence of the language used in the posters convening this particular meeting would seem intended to court suppression. The same remarks apply to the resolution passed at the Cork meeting, for supporting which Mr. Thomas Barry, of Killavullen, before alluded to, was removed from the Commission of the Peace. No body of men residing within the confines of the United Kingdom, and reaping the benefits of its citizenship, should endorse a resolution like the following:—"That we call on all the Nationalists of the District, young men and old, to join our ranks, take a lesson from the gallant Boer farmers, and be up and ready for the fight against villain John Bull, who plundered us of

our National rights and robbed us of three hundred millions sterling"—three thousand millions another authority says—"and sent the pride of our country into exile. The time has come when we can exult in the trouble of England. We hope the Continental Powers will aid the Boers in wiping her out. She can never command American sympathy while Irish influence is paramount in the States. She is hated everywhere, and her downfall is Ireland's glory. We call upon the young men of the district to join our organization, and be up and watchful."

To me, an Irishman, those are most humiliating words to read; humiliating to everybody who endorsed that resolution; but who, notwithstanding, continue to remain in the United Kingdom. That resolution is the utterance of a slave, the plaint of a man who prefers posing as a slave when it is in his power to act as a master and a ruler. Personal talents apart, what advantage whatsoever, under the law, did the Irishman, Lord Roberts, who was going out as the Empire's deputy, at that moment, possess over Mr. Tom Barry and his friends, who, at the same instant, were hugging and rattling their imaginary fetters? None whatever except this,

that Lord Roberts takes full advantage of the opportunities within his grasp, while Mr. Barry spurns those advantages, and passes his life in a sulk. I believe in Irishmen of the Lord Roberts' type, and I pity, in my very soul, Irishmen of the Mr. Barry type. Mr. Barry's character, as disclosed in his correspondence with Lord Ashbourne, appears to be that of a man possessing pluck and spirit. He "neither apologised, retracted nor qualified" anything he had said, and gives it as his opinion, that "a Justice of the Peace in Ireland ought to have the interests of justice at heart, and also the welfare of the Irish people. He should not be a mere hireling, &c." Why will not Mr. Barry—and the many other Mr. Barrys in Catholic Ireland—devote their remarkable abilities to practical purposes, instead of letting their energies run to seed, while they pursue with their hatred that chimera which they call "England," and which no longer exists in fact. The England of Cromwell's time is as defunct as Cromwell. The England of Strongbow's time is as dead as Richard Strongbow, whose body has lain "mouldering in the grave" in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, for the last seven centuries. Strongbow's descendant, the Earl of Pembroke, who is such an

important personage in Dublin to-day in connection with the Pembroke Estate, has to obey the letter and spirit of the same law as Mr. Barry. The imaginary "England," which Mr. Barry condemns in such unmeasured terms, is full of Irishmen, and the descendants of Irishmen. England the Invader, England the Despot, is dead. If Mr. Barry and Mr. Kendal O'Brien, of Cashel, also removed from the Commission of the Peace for the same cause, and the men of their stamp in Ireland would only forgive *and forget* the England of the past; and if, having asserted their own rights as citizens and laymen in their own houses, they would only "sit quietly down to their industry;" if only they did these things, it is Englishmen who, in a few years, would be agitating for Home Rule. For, I verily believe, we Irishmen would literally govern the United Kingdom. But, to return to Mr. Chamberlain's visit.

Professor Tyrell, public Orator, a scholar, of whom we are justly proud, truly said of Mr. Chamberlain, that he was "the pivot of the whole fabric of the State, the cynosure upon whom the eyes of the whole world are fixed with strained attention." Mr. Chamberlain wound up a few unpremeditated words, which he addressed

to the students in the Examination Hall, with this sentence:—"I only hope, now that you have seen me, you will think that after all I am not quite so black as I am painted." On the evening of December 19th, two men left Westland-row Station, Dublin, who for the moment were, perhaps, the most remarkable men in the world, namely, Lord Roberts, bound for the seat of war, in South Africa, and Mr. Chamberlain, returning to England after his brief but trying experience of Dublin.

Some general affairs of the concluding months of 1899 still remain to be referred to, and with them we shall close this chapter.

It was on the 2nd of October this year that the six Roman Catholic Bishops, whose sees are in the poor province of Connaught—Tuam, Galway, Clonfert, Achonry, Killala, and Elphin—constituted themselves the mouthpiece of the province, and wrote a complimentary letter to Mr. G. Balfour, praising the work done by the Congested Districts Board. They urged him "to purchase the large uncultivated grazing farms," for sub-division amongst the poorer class of agricultural tenants, who, at present, like the Highland crofters, live in a miserable way on the rocky fringes of the mountains and the sea-

coast, and eke out a subsistence by migrating to England every year to work as additional hands for the English farmers at harvest time. "By the ungrudging labour and skill," truthfully wrote the Bishops, "of peasant proprietary, these desolate tracts might be made once more highly productive and profitable, not only for the cultivators, but for the entire community." *

On October the 8th, the annual Parnell demonstration, held in Dublin every year since Mr. Parnell's death in 1891—and one of the saddest sights ever witnessed, I believe—was held, and the foundation stone of a monument to his memory laid at the junction of Sackville-street and Cavendish-row, a fine position. Nothing has since been done in the matter, and the project, like the Wolfe Tone monument, has hung fire.

New churches were being founded and old ones improved, and innumerable other religious functions were being performed almost every day during the closing months of 1899, all of which I must reserve, with many other things, for my book on the Catholic Church.

The University College Society held a public meeting at this time, at which there were many

* See Appendix A

speakers, including Mr. Richard Adams, now County Court Judge of Limerick, but described by Mr. John Morley—on a memorable occasion for Mr. Adams—as an Irishman and a “B.L.” Mr. Adams is a really funny man, one of a tribe who are growing fewer and fewer in Ireland, I regret to say. He said at this meeting: “One of the causes of the intellectual decadence of Ireland was the Intermediate system, which had been tried and found wanting, which neglected the dull boy, which crammed the clever boy, and which was fatal to all high culture.” But did he forget the golden harvest of Result Fees which it showered upon the Managers of Schools? He went on to say: “There was a graceful phrase which was often used in the South of Ireland when anyone wanted to say anything unpleasant. It was, *present company always excepted*, and he would use it on the present occasion. He never saw a young man in the country who, though of graceful manner, and an excellent fellow, appeared to be especially ignorant of matters literary, he never saw such a man and inquired who he was but he was informed—‘That is John Stanislaus Poldoody, who won the £30 prize at the Intermediate Examinations.’”

The controversy between Bishop O’Dwyer, of

Limerick, and the Bruff Christian Brothers, as well as the whole attitude of the clergy towards that Order, will be dealt with in my book previously alluded to. But we may lift a corner of the curtain here. It appears the Christian Brothers at Bruff had the privilege of what is called "reservation of the Blessed Sacrament" in the oratory of their residence. Dr. O'Dwyer discovered this, and, as he says, "stopped the reservation." The Christian Brothers appealed to Rome, but the Bishop's decision, as Dr. O'Dwyer triumphantly tells us, was upheld. His next step, as he himself tells us, was to prevent the Brothers from hearing Mass in the Nuns' Convent at Bruff. It appears Bishop O'Dwyer visited the Convent himself, and found "a Nun and a Christian Brother" arranging the Altar in preparation for the Mass which was about to be celebrated. He made inquiries, and discovered "that the Christian Brothers heard Mass daily, and frequently answered Mass in the Nuns' chapel, *which was situated in the centre of the House, and that there was no separation whatever between them and the Nuns and the young lady boarders.* . . . All of which was most improper . . . and must cease. . . . And he decreed that the Christian Brothers could

not continue to hear Mass in the Convent."* Against this decree, and, I should say, still more so, against the insinuation it conveyed, the Brothers also appealed to Rome; but Dr. O'Dwyer's "decision was upheld." Whereupon, and consequent upon other proceedings, the the Superior-General very naturally withdrew the Brothers from Bruff, to the great loss and indignation of the inhabitants, who freely vented their wrath on Bishop O'Dwyer. The popularity of the Christian Brothers is not pleasant to the priests.

Bishop M'Cormack, of Galway, wrote a friendly epistle to that good henchman, in the fight for a Catholic University, Mr. A. Balfour, and published that letter in the early part of December this year. Mr. Balfour sent him "a most courteous reply," but it was marked *private!* Bishop M'Cormack had asked Mr. Balfour to effect some "settlement by which Galway Queen's College would be made available to Catholics without sacrifice of conscience." The Bishop's objection to the College was, that nearly all the Professors were Protestants. How could it be otherwise, when Bishop M'Cormack and his

* Dr. O'Dwyer's letter published in "Freeman," November 18th, 1899.

confreres had been forbidding Catholics, under pain of ecclesiastical censure, to have anything whatsoever to do with those "Godless" Colleges for the past fifty years? The only solution would have been to dismiss all the professors on full pay pensions, and let Bishop M'Cormack appoint an equal number of men as successors, *just because* they happened to be Catholics! I tell Bishop M'Cormack that if he wants his people to enjoy the benefits of Queen's College, Galway, let him withdraw his ban from that institution, and, when it is full of Catholic students, I venture to predict that every professorship, as it falls vacant, will be given to a suitable Catholic, if such a man can be found.

Archbishop Walsh, amongst other innumerable deliverances, verbal and written, made a speech in December at the Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra, on the criminality of proselytism: "For there is no Catholic mother, no matter how callous, no matter how degraded she may be—however she may stifle, or strive to stifle, the voice of conscience—who does not know that she cannot, without deadly sin, hand over her child to be brought up as a member of a Protestant community." He evidently believes that there are a large number of Catholic mothers like the

one he describes. Certain it is that, within a stone's throw of Dr. Walsh's new and costly palace at Drumcondra, a very little while ago, a poor mother was degraded enough *to boil the dead body of the illegitimate child of her daughter in a pot, so that the remains might keep until it was convenient for her to secretly inter them!* How comes it that such a state of degradation exists amongst Catholic mothers? If the “degraded, callous mother,” commits deadly sin in allowing her child to be brought up a Protestant, what is the position of Catholic prelates who allow those mothers, for whom they are responsible, to be and continue “callous and degraded”? This theme must be reserved.

The Pope was sending quite a host of Apostolic Benedictions over to Ireland during the last months of the year, in return for handsome donations of Peter's Pence. He sent a message to Bishop Clancy, in return for a valuable remittance, saying: “I am at present working for Ireland”!

Mr. Justice O'Brien died on December 5th. He was a Catholic, and had risen, from a very humble position in life, to a seat on the Bench. He had been a reporter and part editor of the *Cork Examiner*, before referred to, and had been

taken up by Sir Edward Sullivan, the well-known Irish Master of the Rolls, and subsequently Lord Chancellor. It is hard to know what to say about Judge O'Brien. To be candid, I did not admire him. But I believe he did his duty according to his conscience, and, in doing it, he ran considerable risk, as it fell to his lot to try the famous and terrible Invincible Conspirators for the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke on that dreadful Saturday afternoon in May, 1882.





Chaancellor, Lafayette, (Dublin), Downey and Ellis (London).

HER MAJESTY AND HER CHILDREN WHO WERE WITH US IN IRELAND,
APRIL, 1900.—Page 474.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NARRATIVE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1900.

“And know ye not that where a woman governs, the rule is in the power of men? For she gives heed to wise counsellors, and these gather round her. But where the distaff excludes from the throne, there is the government of females; for the women that please the king's eyes, have his heart in their hand.”

MUSEUS.

CONSIDERING all the surrounding circumstances—notably, the advanced age of the revered and distinguished monarch herself; the length of time, thirty-nine years, which had elapsed since her last previous visit; and the cantankerous state of existing Irish public opinion consequent upon the feelings aroused by the Boer War, already alluded to—considering all these things, the visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland in April, 1900, must always be regarded as a public event of the first importance. In no sense of the word, can it be considered as a mere regal ceremonial. It was the act of a great woman, undertaken upon her own initiative, triumphantly carried through upon her own responsibility, and productive of results which will grow more apparent as we recede from the event. The Irishman who could regard the action of the Sovereign in the matter without

a thrill of sympathy must be lost to all instincts of chivalry. I had never seen Queen Victoria before. To me she had been something in the nature of a myth, an impassive constitutional sovereign, whose duty it was to ratify the acts of time-serving politicians—I use the adjective literally—of both and all political parties. I often sympathised with the position of the Sovereign of the United Kingdom. A wise, far-seeing woman—standing aloof from the pettiness, the short-sightedness, the trumpery make-shifts which characterise the political careers of even the best and most high-minded statesmen—how often must she not have inwardly revolted from adopting the course suggested to her! Never before has a woman found herself placed, and for so long a time, in a position of such fierce publicity and overwhelming responsibility. Had anyone with a fraction of a fibre of the fool in his or her anatomy occupied the Queen's position for the past sixty-three years, that person would have found ready to his or her hand countless opportunities for the display of his or her folly. Not to have ever acted foolishly in such a position would, in itself, have been to have scored a great success. Sense and self-abnegation have been, and are, I think, Queen Victoria's most signal personal

characteristics as a monarch; and the verdict of posterity upon her career will be that she attained the *highest possible* measure of success and distinction as a constitutional sovereign. It is happily obvious to anyone who takes even a passing interest in their careers, that both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have inherited from the Queen and Prince Albert that extraordinary power of self-repression, that unequalled level of good sense which, to me, appear to place Queen Victoria on a pinnacle by herself amongst the great and historic sovereigns of the world. Before I acquired any personal knowledge of the Queen, I always felt that she must have possessed truly great qualities to have inspired Tennyson to write of her as he did in his own unequalled verse:—

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old.

I believe that Tennyson was as much above hypocrisy as Shakespeare; he was a man full of the true fire of genius; and circumstances supplied Tennyson with a sovereign as worthy of his praise, as ever Elizabeth was worthy of the high-sounding compliments of Shakespeare. That

long expanse of three centuries of British progress, from Elizabeth to Victoria, from 1587 to 1887, will be bounded in history by two colossal, everlasting pillars, *aere perennius*; one representing the achievements of the reign of Elizabeth, the other representing the achievements of the reign of Victoria. Elizabeth died childless, and her power and great opportunities fell into the hands of a fool, destined to be succeeded by many fools. Victoria, at the close of her great career, sees herself surrounded by her children and her children's children, and the children of her children's children. We, therefore, may happily and reasonably look forward to a long continuance of the good sense and wisdom which have illumined from above the affairs of this realm for the past sixty-three years.

Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

But these large considerations are outside the narrow scope of this book, and we must hasten to narrate briefly the events and incidents of Her Majesty's Visit to Ireland.

Lord Cadogan once again displayed his acumen in the method selected by him for

making the announcement to the public. Nobody, outside those in the Queen's confidence, expected that Her Majesty would visit Ireland, and the intelligence of it took the entire country by surprise. Lord Cadogan, on the afternoon of the 7th of March, sent an official to all the newspaper offices in Dublin with a request that each editor would send a representative to the Castle at 10 p.m. that evening, to receive a communication from His Excellency. At that hour Lord Cadogan informed the collected Pressmen that the Queen intended to visit Ireland for the benefit of her health, "in the same way as Her Majesty usually visited the South of France" at that season of the year. The newspapers of Dublin were, perhaps, never more taken by surprise, yet certainly they had never been treated with greater respect and consideration by a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

On Sunday, the first of April, a splendid fleet appeared in Dublin Bay, embellishing that fine expanse of water to the delight of Kingstown and all the coast townships. In the interval arrangements had been made for the public decoration of the streets and leading sites of the city and townships, on a scale surpassing in completeness and magnificence

anything ever previously attempted in Ireland. The Corporation had officially decided to welcome the Sovereign; and the Lord Mayor, in consequence, found himself in a position to take the place which of right belonged to his office, and put himself at the head of all the proceedings. When the *Victoria and Albert*, having Her Majesty on board, dropped anchor, amidst the booming of a hundred cannon, in the middle of Kingstown Harbour, at quarter past two in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 3rd of April, the city of Dublin and its horseshoe of environs from Howth to Killiney, and its beautiful bay enclosed within the arms of that horseshoe, presented an appearance of rejoicing and expectation never before witnessed. On the night of Tuesday, the 3rd, the beautiful town of Kingstown, which slopes up so picturesquely from the water level, was illuminated; all the craft in the harbour were also illuminated; and, outside the harbour, the illuminations of the immense fleet in the bay, irradiated the face of the waters from Sandycove to the Bailey, and out even to the Kish. The Queen slept on board the yacht that night. What must have been her thoughts, revisiting this island after thirty-nine years? "I come to this fair country," she said on the following day,

in her reply to the Corporation Address, "to seek change and rest, and to revisit scenes which recall to my mind—amongst thoughts of the losses which years must bring—the heartiest recollections of the warm-hearted welcome given to my beloved husband and children." On the following day, Wednesday, the 4th of April, the Queen landed at the Victoria Wharf, and entered Dublin in semi-state. The day was observed as a general holiday, all places of business, including the banks, being closed. The city of Dublin was full to overflowing, of visitors from all parts of the Three Kingdoms, and our magnificent capital rose equal to the occasion in every respect. The public decorations in the streets, the private decorations in the houses, not only all along the line of route, but in all parts of the city, reached their climax at the Grand Canal Bridge, at Leeson-street, the point of the city boundary at which the Queen, having passed through the townships of Pembroke and Rathmines, was to enter Dublin. It was about half-past eleven when the Queen landed at Kingstown, and entered the pavilion prepared for her reception on the wharf, where she found herself surrounded by some of the most distinguished personages in Ireland, headed by her able deputy, Lord Cadogan.

The Queen was escorted to her carriage by the Lord Lieutenant, and there received the first popular address of welcome, that of the Kingstown Township Board, which was signed by: Chairman, T. W. Robinson, J.P., P.L.G.; vice-chairman, Colonel D. G. Beamish; W. G. Barrett, P.L.G.; Colonel B. W. Blood, M.In. C.E.; Major R. M. Blount, Edward Browett, Thomas Brown, P.L.G., M.C.C.; Frederick A. Buckley, John Carr, Henry J. Clarke, Fred. G. Coldwell, J.P.; Michael J. Collins, James Evans, P.L.G.; A. S. Findlater, M.A., J.P.; Philip Hynes, John M'Cullagh, J.P.; Thomas Ross, Alexander J. Taylor, M.A.; Frederick Thompson, and William Wallace; all of whom, with the Town Clerk, Mr. John Donnelly, and the solicitor, Mr. Gerald Byrne, stood beside the Royal carriage. The Chairman said—"May it please your Majesty, I have the honour to present to you the address of the Kingstown Urban Council."

The Queen handed to the Chairman a written reply in the following terms:—

"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address, and for the warm welcome with which you have greeted me on setting foot again on Irish soil.

I receive with heartfelt satisfaction your assurances of devotion and affection towards me. I am looking forward with much pleasure to my visit to this part of my dominions. I pray that God may bless Ireland with increasing welfare and prosperity."

Her Majesty added these words—"I am very pleased to find myself in Ireland once more."

Miss May Robinson, daughter of the Chairman, then presented Her Majesty with a bouquet, which was allowed to rest on the seat of the Queen's carriage on the route to Dublin. Sailors and soldiers, with military bands at numerous points, lined the nine miles of road from the wharf to the Viceregal Lodge. Bunting of every description bedecked the highways. But better than sailors and soldiers, and more inspiring than the gayest banners, were the kindly faces of innumerable Irish men, women and children who came out to see the Queen.

Those who have read this book up to this stage know some of the difficulties and disadvantages under which the poor Irish Catholics labour; what a nightmare they are living through; what a morass of hypocrisy they have to wade across, until they reach firm ground either here, or, more generally, in the States and the Colonies. To the

everlasting credit of the Catholics of Dublin now, they received Queen Victoria as she ought to have been received. I pay no heed to the fountain of wild talk and wild writing which was allowed free play in Ireland immediately prior to and during the Royal Visit. It was well meant by those who spoke and wrote; it was all got up, as they thought, for Ireland's good; but it was valued at its proper worth by the community, and little heed was given to it. But I cannot so lightly pass over the alleged behaviour of certain Catholic priests. Archbishop Walsh was not to be seen or heard of personally in connection with the visit, a matter with which the public have no concern. But un-Christian deeds were exultantly reported as having been done, and un-Christian words were written, by priests and laymen, who admit themselves to be subjects of Dr. Walsh's, and to which I must allude later on. With the exception of Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, who attended a public luncheon given to the Duke of Connaught in that city, and Cardinal Logue, who accepted Her Majesty's invitation to dinner at the Viceregal Lodge, the priests of the Catholic Church not only did nothing to make the visit

pleasant for all concerned, but they obstructed and sneered at any and every inclination evinced by the laity to take part in the celebrations.

The Cork episode is worth a moment's delay. A meeting of the Cork Corporation was summoned to consider the presentation of an address to the Queen. The proposal was rejected. Was no guidance on the subject to be had directly from the Catholic Bishop? The public were told that "a smart priest" sent a *public* invitation to the Corporation to attend vespers in his Church on Patrick's Day, when it was heard that the Mayor of Cork intended, on that day, to take part in the Civic procession of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, whose Corporation had decided in favour of an address. How came it that after the Catholic Corporation of Cork had placed itself in a false position, by refusing its address, the Bishop came forward, an unheard of piece of activity, and attended a public luncheon to the Duke of Connaught? That clearly went to prove that the clerical Codlin was the friend and not the lay Short. In Dublin, luckily, our Corporation was not hocussed.. But if the Dublin Corporation had done as the Cork Corporation did, it occurs to me that the clerics would have found their cue in emphasising the "disloyalty" of the laymen!

To resume our narrative, the procession started from Kingstown, and, in the words of that important but unsympathetic newspaper, the *Freeman's Journal*, "the start was a signal for an outburst of cheering from the occupants of the stands within and without the enclosure, and which was re-echoed from the crowd outside."

It consisted of four carriages. In the first were the Earl of Denbigh, Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B.; and Sir James Reid, Bart., K.C.B., Private Physician to the Queen. In the second were the Countess of Antrim, the Hon. Harriett Phipps, and the Right Hon. Sir Mathew White Ridley, Bart., M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department.

In the third were Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

In the fourth carriage sat the Queen herself. Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice sat on the front seat of the Queen's carriage; and it did everybody good to see those two healthy, happy, naturally behaved ladies, apparently brimful of

energy, and certainly beaming affability on all sides upon the countless thousands that lined the long route. The Queen herself sat alone on the back seat of the carriage, with the large bouquet of flowers, before referred to, resting on the vacant seat by her side. Most of the residents along the route had erected stands or put up additional balconies in front of their houses to view the procession. Our friends and we had an excellent view from the front of our house in Leeson-street, and what struck me at the moment was the contrast between the small bodily size of the Queen and the vastness of the forces which she had the power to set in motion. In the domain of peace, that small body was powerful enough, without threat or compulsion, to set as large bodies of men in motion as the little corporal himself was in the domain of war.

Accompanying Her Majesty on horseback were the Duke of Connaught, Commander of the Forces, with the following Equerries-in-Waiting: Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. Carrington, C.B.; Captain F. Ponsonby, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, K.C.B.; and the Duke's staff.

At the magnificent structure at Leeson-street Bridge, designed for the occasion, on the model of old Baggotrath Castle, which stood

somewhere in the locality, entrance for the Queen was demanded by the Athlone Pursuivant-at-Arms.

Advancing to the Lord Mayor, Athlone, mounted on a sorry nag, said:—"Mr. Lord Mayor of Dublin, I seek admission to the City of Dublin for her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen."

The Lord Mayor replied—On behalf of the City of Dublin I desire to tender to the Queen a most hearty welcome to Her Majesty's ancient city, and on the arrival of Her Majesty the City Gates shall be thrown open on the instant." This was followed by loud cheers from the expectant crowds.

On passing under the arched gateway, Queen Victoria found herself in presence of as fine and enthusiastic a gathering of her subjects as, perhaps, she has ever witnessed. The wives and families of the Members of the Corporation, and a host of leading citizens occupied places on an immense stand erected within the gate.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation stood on the Queen's side of the roadway, facing Adelaide-road, the City Marshal (Charles Stewart Parnell's brother), with the keys on a cushion at the Lord Mayor's left hand, and the *deputy* Sword Bearer, with the civic sword at his right hand,

The following Members of the Corporation and officials were then present:—The Lord Mayor, attended by Mr. Henry Campbell, Town Clerk; Mr. Fred J. Allan, Secretary; Rev. Wesley Guard, Chaplain; Mr. John H. Parnell, M.P., City Marshal; Mr. John Barlow, Mace-Bearer; Mr. Robert J. Burke, Sword-Bearer (specially appointed by the Lord Mayor for the occasion); the High Sheriff (Alderman Downes). Aldermen J. M. Meade, Sir Robert Sexton, W. Ireland, W. F. Cotton, J. Cummins, M. Flanagan, and J. Hendrick. Councillors D. Burke, J. Brady, B. Gorevan, M. M'Govern, J. J. O'Meara, — Lyons, J. Dodd, S. Irwin, A. Beattie, P. Monks, T. A. Joynt, R. Jones, P. Corrigan, P. Little, Dr. H. B. Kennedy, W. J. Crimmins, G. Healy, — Murray, H. Browne, G. Macnie, E. L. Richardson, and T. J. O'Neill; to the many Catholics amongst whom for their pluck and sense in attending, due praise must be given.

When the Queen's carriage stopped, the Lord Mayor was presented to the Queen by the Home Secretary, and advanced with the keys of the city on a cushion, saying: "I humbly tender to your Majesty the keys of the Ancient City of Dublin" (cheers). The Queen directed the Lord Mayor to resume charge of them, and they were

returned to the City Marshal. The same ceremony was observed with the civic sword, the Lord Mayor saying: "I also humbly tender to your Majesty the civic sword." Her Majesty directed the Lord Mayor to resume charge of the sword, which was returned to the *deputy* Sword Bearer.

The Town Clerk then read the address, which was enclosed in a golden casket of ancient Celtic design, and rested on a cushion of green silk, trimmed with gold border and tassels.

Queen Victoria replied verbally as follows, in a low but perfectly audible voice:—"I thank you for your loyal address and cordial reception. I am very pleased to find myself in Ireland again."

The Lord Mayor then said—"For those gracious words I thank your Majesty."

The Lady Mayoress then handed the Queen a silver basket, filled with red and white roses, lily of the valley, and asparagus fern, saying—"May I be allowed to present to your Majesty a few flowers, and to add the hope that your visit may be a very pleasant one amongst us." The Queen accepted the basket, bowed to the Lady Mayoress and thanked her.

The procession then continued on its way after a brief interval, and, after it had moved off, the Town Clerk read aloud the Queen's

written reply, which had been handed to the Lord Mayor. I have quoted from it already, but its full text is as follows:—"I thank you heartily for the loyal welcome and good wishes which you have tendered to me on behalf of yourself and fellow-citizens on my arrival in the ancient capital of my Irish dominions. I come to this fair country to seek change and rest, and to revisit scenes which recall to my mind—among thoughts of the losses which years must bring—the heartiest recollections of the warm-hearted welcome given to my beloved husband and children. I am deeply gratified that I have been able at this time to see again the motherland of those brave sons who have recently borne themselves in defence of my Crown and Empire with a cheerful valour as conspicuous now as ever in their glorious past. I pray that the Almighty may ever bless and direct you in the high functions which you exercise for the benefit of your fellow-citizens."

The Queen, having passed through the most important streets in Dublin on her route, streets as fine as are to be found in any town in the world, and having received a continuous ovation, reached the Viceregal Lodge at two o'clock,

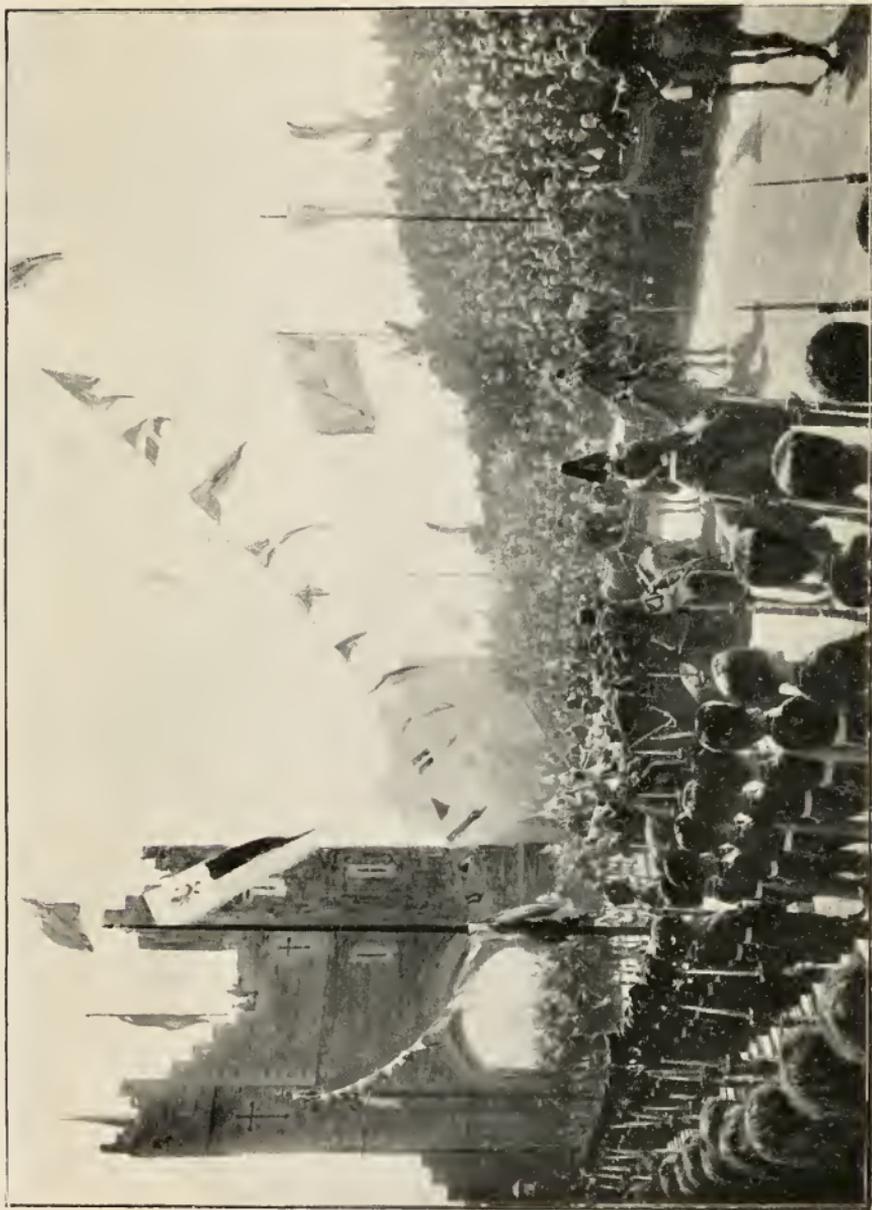
where she was received at the entrance lodge by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan. Later on in the afternoon the Queen drove in the Phoenix Park, and that evening sent the following communication to the Lord Mayor of Dublin:—

“Sir Arthur Bigge presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and is commanded to thank his Lordship for his kind message, and to inform his Lordship that the Queen is not over-fatigued by this morning’s drive, and that her Majesty was deeply touched and gratified by the enthusiastic welcome which she received.

“Her Majesty much looks forward to her stay in Ireland.”

Thus passed April the Fourth, 1900, an eventful day for Dublin, in which it is computed that there were a million people in the city. The illuminations in the streets that night surpassed anything ever beheld in Ireland.





From Photo by Chancelor Dublin.

THE QUEEN INSIDE THE CITY GATE.

Presentation of the Keys of the City by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NARRATIVE OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT—CONCLUDED.

CLERICAL INTRIGUERS AND THE CHILDREN'S
TREAT.

THE Queen was now safely lodged in the Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park: while Lord and Lady Cadogan and their family had taken up their abode at that anathematised collection of buildings, the Castle, Dublin; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were occupying Lord Iveagh's place, Farmleigh, on the outskirts of the Phoenix Park. The Queen remained there until Thursday, the 26th of April. Not a single Irish Castle or Government official was asked to take any public part whatever in any of the drives or other acts of the Queen. They all found their occupations gone for the ensuing three weeks. Everything the Queen did was done without local official prompting, so far as the public could judge; and the result was so satisfactory that the precedent is likely to be followed by subsequent sovereigns who come to Ireland. There was no exhibition of force, police or military; there was, on the contrary, a marked suppression of force.

Yet not a solitary arrest or disturbance or unpleasantness of any kind occurred during the three weeks that this sensible lady stayed with us, following her own wise bent, trusting the honour of the Irish people completely! That fact should not be lost sight of by our fellow-citizens of Great Britain when they consider the case of Ireland. It was at a time, too, when England appeared to be in a *very real difficulty*, and when there was much popular misdirection being given to the people by their recognised guides.

On the following day, April 5th, accompanied by the Princesses Christian and Beatrice, the Queen drove round the Phoenix Park, one of the finest and most famous drives in Europe; but, had it been a month or six weeks later in the year, the Park would have been looking much more emerald than it ever is in April.

On the 6th, the Queen and the Princess Beatrice went out for a drive through Drumcondra and Cabra, a Dublin locality which is one of our quietest and least frequented by visitors.

The 7th of April was what was called the Children's Day, and a vast concourse of children, to the number of 50,000, from the city and the country, assembled in the Phoenix Park to see the Queen, and to be seen by Her Majesty.

They were hospitably entertained at the expense of a Citizens' Committee; at the head of which, or actively engaged in the good work, were the Lady Mayoress, the Countess of Fingall, Mrs. W. J. Goulding, Mrs. Dallas Pratt, Mrs. Tolerton, Lady Annette La Touche, Lady Martin, Lady Arnott, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Dockrell, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Bulger, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Plews, Mrs. Henry Fitzgibbon, the Misses Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. and Miss Alston, Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mrs. Conolly Norman, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Crossley, Mrs. Richard, Miss Church, Miss Smith, Miss Barry, Miss Calderwood, Miss Isabel Sexton, Miss Rathbourne, Mrs. Dwyer, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. and Miss French, Miss Royce, the Hon. Mrs. Foljambe, the Misses Montgomery, Miss Seymour, Mrs. and the Misses Jones, Mrs. Plews, the Misses O'Farrell (3), Miss Towers, Mrs. M'Auley Fitzgibbon, Mrs. S. A. O. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Newcomen, Miss Carson Rae, Miss Young, and many others.

Amongst the men who interested themselves in the matter were:—Sir Richard Martin, Sir Frederick Falkiner, Charles Kennedy, J.P.; W. J. Goulding, Rev. Gilbert Mahaffy, T. W. Fair, John Cooke, M.A.; H. B. Dawson, L. R. Strange-

ways, M.A.; William Anderson, J.P.; J. Malcolm Inglis, John Mooney, Hamilton Drummond, W. Lawrence, F. W. Crossley, M. J. Dunne, A. J. Nicholls, Charles Dickenson, W. Fry, A. Hayes, W. E. Ellis, W. Carty, J. Harrison, J. Counsel, J. B. Moriarty, S. A. O. Fitzpatrick, C. M. Coghlan, and several others.

Some of the donations from city firms to this Children's Feast bear witness to the generosity of Irishmen. Messrs. Jacob and Co. gave one ton of biscuits. Messrs. Williams and Woods, one ton of jam and 10,000 bags of sweets. Messrs. J. Downes and Co., 1,800 buns. Messrs. Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien, 3,000 buns. Messrs. Shuley and Co., 15,000 paper bags. Messrs. M'Cluskey and Co., 750 oranges. Messrs. Cleeve Brothers, Limerick, 7 cwt. of butter. Messrs. Shaw and Sons, Limerick, 1,250 lbs. of best ham. The Lucan Dairy, 300 gallons of milk. Mr. Hamilton Drummond, 2,500 oranges, and there were several others which I do not remember.

"Her Majesty was received with the utmost heartiness and enthusiasm, the children singing, cheering, and waving flags as the Queen passed by. The Royal carriage stopped at the Lord Mayor's enclosure, where the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, Lord-in-Waiting, was in attendance,

while bouquets were presented to Her Majesty by the young twin daughters of Sir John and Lady Arnott, who were accompanied by Master Walter Pile, son of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The Lady Mayoress and Lady Arnott had the honour of being presented. The arrangements, which were safely and admirably carried out, were in the hands of the Lord Mayor, assisted by the Ladies' Committee.”*

It was in connection with this children's treat that the Catholic clergy exhibited that churlish objection to mixing with their Protestant fellow-citizens which is so characteristic of them; and, to their disgrace be it said, some Catholic pressmen, *who know far better*, backed them up in their action. We have heard Dr. Nedley, the distinguished Vincentian fellow-pupil of Chief Justice Russell, upon the Soupers, and his sneer at the poor half-starved Catholics who “sowld their sowls for penny rowls, for soup and hairy bacon.” A brazen attempt was made now—and successfully made—by some Dublin priests, backed up by their sycophant newspapers, to damn the Childrens' Feast by calling it “Souperism!” And Catholic ladies, many of whose names are mentioned in the above list, were sneered at in print

* Court Circular.

for having dared to co-operate with the Protestant ladies in the matter. They found it necessary to send the following letter to the press:—

Sir—Will you kindly allow us to state to the public that the breakfast to be given on the morning of the Queen's entry is significant only of kindly thought and a desire to give pleasure to the children whose lives are not very bright. It cannot, surely, give offence to anyone, whatever their creed or politics, to know that, out of tribute to the Queen's womanly heart, an attempt is being made by kind hearted citizens of Dublin to secure, if possible, that no child, however poor, shall go hungry that day. It is both uncharitable and untrue to attempt to give any other colouring to the proceedings. The two societies making the necessary arrangements were asked to do so because they are absolutely non-political and non-sectarian, and working solely for the well-being of children.

Yours truly,

ELEANOR B. DALLAS PRATT, Vice-Pres.,
ETTA TOLERTON, Sec.

But despite all explanation, the vast majority, indeed almost all the Catholic children, both at the male and female National Schools, and at the Industrial Schools, were successfully bamboozled into holding aloof, and losing the sadly-needed day of enlightenment and pleasure. It was monstrous, un-Christian conduct; but one does not know which aspect of the incident to be most appalled at; the unscrupulousness of the clerical intriguers; or the helplessness of the poor



From Photo by Alice Hughes, London,

LADY ARNOTT (née WILLIAMS).

*Bouquets were presented to Her Majesty by the young twin daughters of Sir John
and Lady Arnott.—Page 485*



From Photo by Werner & Son, Dublin

MRS. DALLAS PRATT

Catholics; or the servile dishonesty of the Catholic Press. Mr. Joseph Mooney, J.P., the Catholic Chairman of the South Dublin Union, spoke words of manliness and common sense on the subject when some of the inconsiderate Catholic extremists on that Board wished to prevent the Workhouse children from getting the benefit of the proffered treat. The Workhouse children got their day's pleasure, and Mr. Mooney deserves lasting credit for his action. I know nothing of Mr. Mooney's opinions personally, but it is Catholic men such as he is, that one hopes to see multiplied in Ireland; and it is to men of his stamp that a share in the management of the temporal affairs of the Catholic Church in Ireland should be voluntarily entrusted.*

It is idle to attribute the absence of the children in general to extreme political opinions, as Mrs. Browne does in the Appendix, in the case of the Workhouse children. The schools are under clerical, not lay, management, and, had the Priests wished it, the Catholic children would have gone to the Park. It was the "heritage of the Faith," and not political principles, that were at stake. Some children were, no doubt, kept away in pursuance of a political principle, but

* See Appendix B.

those children were promised an outing to Wolfe Tone's grave, in June, ensuing, instead of the day they had missed. Even this substituted outing was condemned in an expensively got up, anonymous pamphlet, circulated free by penny post, in which it was pointed out that Tone *was against the Priests*, and such extracts as the following from Tone's Diary, set forth in bold type, under the satirical heading of "Maxims for Youth":—"The great bulk of the Irish Catholics are in the last degree of misery and want. Their own priests fleece them."—*Wolfe Tone*. "Convents are most infernal institutions."—*Wolfe Tone*. "Many a long century have the Popes been fleecing all Europe."—*Wolfe Tone*. In this way Wolfe Tone is vilified all through the pamphlet, one of his enormities being that he was a Presbyterian!

There can be little doubt as to the source from which that pamphlet emanated. Are Tone's words entirely inappropriate to-day? Have want and misery disappeared from the Irish Catholics? Are convents admirable institutions? Have the priest ceased to "fleece"? Has the Pope ceased to "fleece"? Ask any Catholic business man, and he will endorse Wolfe Tone's words in every particular to-day, *if he trusts you!*

During the following days the Queen took a series of drives in the Phoenix Park vicinity, accompanied by one or both of the Princesses, the unostentatiousness of her turn-out exciting general comment and agreeable surprise.

On Monday, the 9th, the Queen drove through the city, through the North Circular-road, Sackville-street, over O'Connell Bridge, Westmoreland-street, College-green, Grafton-street, Stephen's-green, and by the South Circular-road home to the Phoenix Park. I saw her on this occasion from the stand at Trinity College, on which the Countess Cadogan and a party from the Castle were playing the role of ordinary spectators. Nothing could surpass the respect shown to the Queen by the vast crowds as the carriage passed along, and the marked absence of any display of force was exceeding pleasant to everyone. On the same day the Princess Christian laid the foundation stone of the New Nursing Home of the City of Dublin Hospital, Upper Baggot-street.

On Tuesday, the 10th, the Queen drove to Lucan, by Chapelizod and Palmerstown, from which one of her great Prime Ministers took his title, and returned by the famous Strawberry

Beds road to the Knockmaroon Gate of the Park. On the same day their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Cadogan, and large party of guests, visited the fleet, which, slipping their cables, went out to manœuvre in the Bay. On the same day, Princess Beatrice and her children visited the Children's Hospital, a Catholic Institution, in Temple-street.

The Royal Party were received by a mixture of clerics and laity; Dr. Donnelly, titular Bishop of Canea, but actually the Parish Priest of Bray; the Superioress of the Order (Mrs. Hodgens), the Rev. P. Keatinge, S.J., whom we met before; the Rev. W. Delaney, S.J., also previously mentioned, the Rev. Father Conmee, S.J., an interesting lecturer, Sir Francis Cruise, before mentioned, Dr. More Madden, Dr. Michael F. Cox, Dr. Michael O'Sullivan, Dr. John H. Davys, Dr. More O'Ferrall, Dr. John Lentaigne, Dr. Denis Kennedy, Dr. King Joyce, Dr. James A. Whelan, Dr. Herbert C. Mooney, and Mr. Joseph O'Malley Moore, Secretary. There were also amongst the general public present—The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the High Sheriff, Sir Percy and Lady Grace, Lady Martin, Mrs. and Miss More Madden, Mrs. Browne, before alluded to, Judge and Mrs. Carton, Mr. Henry

Hodgens, J.P. (Beaufort); Mr. John Mulligan, Mr. D. S. Bulger, Emily Lady Arnott and the Misses Arnott, Lady Cruise, Miss Anketell Jones, Mrs. Tolerton, Miss Donoghue, Mrs. Staunton, Mrs. Egan, Thomas Woods, Mrs. P. J. Plunkett and Miss Plunkett, Mrs. Hodgens and Miss Hodgens, Miss Maude Geoghegan, Mrs. Aliaga Kelly and the Misses Kelly, Mrs. Fitzgerald Lombard, Mr. Joseph Halpin and the Misses Halpin.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th, the Queen paid a formal visit to the Lord Lieutenant at Dublin Castle, calling at the Royal Hospital, the official residence of the Commander of the Forces, on the way. On the same day Princess Christian visited the Adelaide Hospital. She was received at the main entrance by Lord Iveagh (Vice-President), Dr. L. H. Ormsby, Chairman of the Trustees; Dr. James Little, Senior Physician; Dr. Wallace Beatty, Miss Fitzpatrick, Matron; and Miss Craig, Assistant Matron. Mrs. Ormsby, wife of the Chairman, presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet. She was conducted through the wards by Dr. James Little, Lord Iveagh, Dr. Ormsby, Dr. Heuston, and Miss Fitzpatrick. In addition to

those mentioned the following were present:— Mr. Hamilton Drummond, J.P.; Capt. R. Wade Thompson, J.P., and Rev. Thomas Good, B.D. (trustees); Mr. Joseph B. Pim, Rev. Maurice Day, M.A.; Mr. E. J. Figgis, J.P.; Mr. Thomas Greene, and Rev. Gilbert Mahaffy (members of Managing Committee); Dr. T. Gordon, Surgeon Smyly, Dr. Peacocke, Dr. Gunn, and Dr. Horace Law.

On Easter Sunday, the 15th of April, her Majesty attended Divine service at the Viceregal Lodge private chapel. Archbishop Peacocke was the preacher, and the officiating clergyman, Dean Dickenson. The choir consisted of Mr. Thos. Marchant, Mr. Melfort D'Alton, Mr. Payne, and four boy singers from St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals.

On Easter Monday the Queen's drive was through the village of Clondalkin; and on the morning of that day the Princesses Christian and Beatrice visited the Dominican Convent for the Deaf and Dumb at Cabra.

On Tuesday, the 17th, the Princess Christian, accompanied by the Countess Cadogan, visited the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, before alluded to. On their arrival they were received by the Lady Superior, Sister Mary Berchmans, Sir F. Cruise,

Sir C. Nixon, both mentioned before; Drs. Joseph Redmond, Jno Murphy, M. Dempsey, T. More Madden, and J. O'Donnell; Surgeons P. Hayes, C. Coppinger, A. Chance, J. Lentaigne, L. Werner, and A. Blayney; Drs. M'Weeny, M. O'Sullivan, and J. Treston; Mr. M'Donogh, Mr. O'Connor, Miss M'Givney, Superintendent of Nurses. In addition to those connected with the hospital, the following were present:—The High Sheriff (now Sir Joseph Downes), Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. More Madden, Lady Nixon, Lady Cruise, Miss More Madden, Mrs. Joseph Redmond, Lady French and the Hon. Misses French, Mr., Mrs. and Miss O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. M'Weeny, Mr. J. Talbot Power, before mentioned, and Mrs. Power; the Countess of Mayo, Mr. H. Sweetman, Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Murphy, the Very Rev. Canon Ryan, P.P.; the Rev. Edward Kelly, S.J.; Rev. Patrick Ryan, Rev. Father Byrne, Rev. Father O'Callaghan, Rev. Joseph Magrath (chaplain to the hospital).

That afternoon the Princess Beatrice visited our splendid National Museum, Library and Gallery in Kildare-street, having lunched with Lord and Lady Iveagh at their residence in Stephen's-green.

The Queen drove, that afternoon, to visit the

Convent of the Sacred Heart at Mount Anville, Dundrum, visiting the Meath and Adelaide Hospitals on her way, and driving through some of the poorest localities in Dublin to effect that object.

She had visited the same spot in 1853, with the Prince Consort, when the house was the residence of the famous Mr. Dargan, organiser of the Exhibition held in Dublin that year, and before the reign of the Nun and the Monk had settled down over Ireland. The entrance to the Convent gate was spanned by an arch, with a motto of "Welcome." Her Majesty was received by Reverend Mother Stewart, Superior Vicar of the different houses of the Order of the Sacred Heart in Ireland, England, and Scotland, and by Reverend Mother Roche, the local Superioress; also by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, before mentioned; Canon Mathews, P.P., Dundrum; the Lord Chief Baron, the Rev. R. Keatinge, Provincial, S.J., the Rev. Father Conmee, S.J., the Very Rev. Father William Delaney, S.J., all mentioned before; Father Ivers, C.C.; Dr. Usher, Mr. Thunder, etc.

The girls sang "God Save the Queen" to an instrumental accompaniment.

Lord Denbigh presented to her Majesty the Rev. Mother Stewart, Rev. Mother Roche, Dr. Donnelly, and Canon Mathews. A beautiful bouquet of roses was handed to Her Majesty by two of the pupils. There were about four hundred pupils and lady boarders present, and fifty members of the Community, representing the houses at Leeson-street and Dundrum. The boarders were attired in white, and carried large arum lilies, and the other children bunches of daffodils.

Her Majesty, who did not leave the carriage, inquired as to the number of the pupils and other details as to the institution, in which she seemed to take a very keen interest.*

On Wednesday, the 18th, a host of addresses were formally presented to Her Majesty in person in the large Drawingroom of the Viceregal Lodge. That day the Queen drove through the Park to Lord Annally's demesne at Luttrellstown. The Princess Beatrice visited St. Vincent's Hospital at Stephen's-green, before mentioned, where she was received by Mrs. Cullen, the Rectress of the Hospital, the members of the community of the Sisters of Charity in charge of the

* "Freeman's Journal."

institution, and the following members of the Medical Board and staff—Dr. Cox, Surgeon M'Ardle, Surgeon Tobin, Dr. M'Hugh, Dr. Alfred Smith, Dr. O'Devaine, Dr. Dargan, Dr. Fegan, Dr. O'Duffy, Dr. Shaw, together with the resident medical staff, Dr. Fitzgerald, Dr. Hackett, Dr. Jones. The ubiquitous Bishop Donnelly, Parish Priest of Bray, and Monsignor Molloy, were also present.

On the 19th the Queen received fifty of the Victoria Jubilee Nurses, who were accompanied by Lord Meath, Mr. R. O'Brien Furlong, Mr. L. Teeling, and Mrs. Power Lalor, mentioned before. Countess Cadogan was present on the occasion. In the afternoon the Queen drove through the township of Clontarf, and called on Lord and Lady Ardilaun, at their splendid place, St. Anne's, before alluded to.

The guests of that night's Royal dinner party at the Lodge included His Eminence Cardinal Logue, whom we know something of; Sir Gerald and Lady Dease, the Earl and Countess Cadogan, Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt.

I felt glad that the Queen had the opportunity of seeing Cardinal Logue for herself. That day also the Home Secretary, on behalf of the Queen,

received a large number of additional addresses at the Castle. That same day the Princess Christian opened the new buildings just added to the Alexandra College in Earlsfort Terrace, at which function Mr. Lecky truly said that Ireland would soon be "one of the most terribly educated countries in the world." *Terribly* was rather an expressive qualification for the educational *status quo* in Ireland.

On the 20th, the Queen visited Rathfarnham Loretto Convent, passing through Rathmines on her way. Her Majesty was received by the Mother-General of the Order, Mrs. Corcoran; the members of the community; Bishop Donnelly, Parish Priest of Bray, and a large gathering of the pupils. The Superior-General of the Order, Rev. Mother Corcoran, and the Superior of York Convent, Rev. Mother Pope, were presented to the Queen by Lord Denbigh, as were also Father Kennedy, P.P., Rathfarnham; Monsignor Fitzpatrick, P.P.; Monsignor Plunkett, and Canon Fricker, P.P., a very excellent man.

Amongst those present were—Canon Dillon, the Rev. Wm. Delaney, S.J.; Rev. John Connell, S.J.; Rev. Edward Kelly, S.J.; Rev. Father Murphy, Blackrock; Rev. Father O'Reilly, Prior, Terenure; Lord Massey, Dr. Joseph Redmond,

Rev. James Dalton, S.J.; Rev. Father Thomas Wheeler, S.J.; Rev. Andrew Rourke, S.J., Milton; Dr. Adye Curran; Rev. Joseph Burke, P.P.; Rev. J. B. Leybourne, O.C.C.; J. B. Kelly, Rev. J. Fogarty, St. Mary's, Rathmines; Dr. Quinlan, J. B. Cullen, Dr. O'Devaine, T. B. Burke, Rev. William Murphy, Adm., Westlandrow; W. L. Burke, J. P. Curran, Surgeon Croly, Mr. Lynch, &c. &c.

In all the lists of names at these Catholic functions, I take them directly from the *Freeman*; and the reader will note how, in many of them, the laity are completely overwhelmed by the clerical element; although the clergy were not really taking much part in the proceedings! At the Protestant functions there is no such phenomenon. Nor at an institution managed by persons of both religions, like the Donnybrook Hospital for Incurables, which Princess Christian visited on the same day, when Her Excellency Countess Cadogan was present. The party were received at the entrance to the Hospital by the Chairman, Mr. William Fry, the solicitor before alluded to; Mr. Hugh Galbraith, Hon Treasurer; Miss Percival, Miss Bradshaw, Lady Superintendent; Mr. John H. Chapman, F.R.C.P.I., Visiting Physician; Mr. John J.

Cranny, F.R.C.P.I.; Mr. John Lentaigne, F.R.C.S.I., Hon Consulting Surgeons; Dr. Robt. J. Rowlette, Resident Medical Officer; Mr. John J. Thompson, Registrar; and by the following members of the Committee of Management—Messrs. E. J. Figgis, J.P.; Orlando P. Beater, M.D.; Orlando Beater, Henry Brown, J.P., T.C.; Vere Ward Brown, J.P.; J. Rossyn Carroll, George W. Casson, J.P.; Michael Dillon, Thomas Fitzgerald, William Fry, Junr., J.P.; Bernard Gorevan, T.C.; Very Rev. Canon Horris, P.P., a very unassuming priest; T. Pakenham Law, Q.C.; Marcus Tertius Moses, J.P.; Graves E. Searight, Charles R. Troughton, Thomas F. Pigot, Miss E. K. Drummond, and Rev. Henry Taylor. The Lord Chief Baron, Sir William Findlater, D.L., and Mr. A. T. Chatterton, vice-chairman, were unavoidably absent. How much healthier that list of names looks!

On Saturday, the 21st, the Queen visited the Industrial School at Artane, more than once alluded to in this book. The Royal party were received by the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, Rev. Brother Maxwell—a most superior man; Brother Butler, Manager; Rev. Archdeacon O'Neill, P.P.; the Chaplain, Rev. Patk. O'Donnell, C.C., and the members of the com-

munity. Amongst those present were—The Lord Mayor, Mr. Allan, private secretary; the High Sheriff, Dr. Lentaigne, Dr. Fegan, Inspector of Industrial Schools; The O'Conor Don, Mr. Chas. Kennedy, J.P.; Sir Thomas Brady, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, the Rev. Brothers Swan, O'Neill, Whitty, Hayes, Murray, Nugent, Meagher, Stephens, Brophy, and O'Mahony.

On that afternoon there was a military review in the Phoenix Park, and the vast multitude of people who attended in the Fifteen Acres, surpassed in magnitude any concourse of people ever assembled there before.

On Low Sunday afternoon there was a drive in the vicinity of the Park, in the course of which Castleknock College, before alluded to, was visited. During the ensuing week the lay and clerical members of the General Synod of the Protestant Church of Ireland had an opportunity of seeing Her Majesty.

On the 23rd the Queen drove in the Park, and also inspected and purchased several specimens of work done in the Congested Districts, the kind of work we have described at Foxford. The Princess Beatrice visited Bray and Lord Powerscourt's place, before referred to; and Bishop Donnelly was to the front again with the Urban

District Council, of which Sir Henry Cochrane, not a Catholic, was chairman, being the only cleric reported as amongst the deputation which presented an address of welcome to the Princess.

I may say at once that I think it is a great pity Dr. Donnelly has not got, and apparently will not get, a diocese in Ireland, when so many men inferior to him have got dioceses. One of the few instructive sermons I ever heard from a Catholic pulpit was preached by him.

On the 24th, the Queen visited the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and was received by the same people, clerical and lay, who received the Princess Christian. The same afternoon the Queen visited the Masonic Schools at Ball's Bridge. Colonel Carrington presented the members of the governing body, who headed those who had assembled to greet Her Majesty:—Sir J. C. Meredith, D.G.M., before alluded to; Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, Archdeacon Irwin, Mr. Graves Eves, Hon. Sec.; Mr. Oliver Fry, and Miss Grant, the matron. Then were handed to Her Majesty two bouquets, one from the youngest child, Lily Flood, and the other from Marion Vance.

On Wednesday, the 25th, her last day, the Queen drove in the Park. The Great Southern

Railway Works at Inchicore were visited by Princess Beatrice's children; and, the workmen being mostly Catholics, it was the Rev Father Ring, of the Order of Mary Immaculate, and Fathers O'Brien and Brady, O.M.I., who accompanied the party over the workshops!

On Thursday, the 26th, in glorious weather, the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Kingsbridge by train for Kingstown, to the regret of all Dublin.

When the Queens' carriage arrived at Kingsbridge, the Indian attendant assisted Her Majesty to alight. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christian having left the carriage, the Sovereign, who looked exceedingly well, rose, and, supported on the left side by the turbanned Indian attendant, and resting on a stick with her right hand, alighted on the elevated platform. Her Majesty wore a large bunch of shamrocks on her breast.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. Joshua J. Pim, Chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and Mr. Frederic William Pim, Chairman of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, occupied positions to the right of Her Majesty. Sir Arthur Bigge, who at this juncture was in immediate attendance on the

Queen, presented the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress to Her Majesty.

“Her Majesty immediately turned with a pleased smile of recognition, and graciously bowed, saying—‘I am very sorry to leave Ireland. I have had an extremely pleasant time.’”*

Thus Queen Victoria left Dublin and Ireland.

In less than an hour she was steaming out of the Harbour amidst a street of warships, and the great naval procession disappeared over the horizon in the following order:—

The Trinity Yacht Irene.

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT

(The Sovereign and Royal Party aboard).

The Galatea.

The Australia.

THE OSBORNE.

Majestic.

Magnificent.

Prince George.

Mars.

Hannibal.

Jupiter.

Resolution.

Repulse.

The Cruiser Pactolus.

The Cruiser Diadem.

In the Irish newspapers of the same morning appeared the following official announcement:—

“VICEREGAL LODGE, PHENIX PARK,

“*Dublin, April 25th, 1900.*”

“The Queen is very anxious before leaving Ireland, where she has spent a most agreeable

* “Irish Times.”

time, to express, through the Lord Lieutenant, to her Irish people how very much gratified and how deeply touched she has been by her reception here. During the three weeks that the Queen has spent in this charming place she has been received by all ranks and creeds with an enthusiasm and an affection which cannot be surpassed. Each time the Queen came here before with her dear husband they were always kindly and warmly welcomed. But on this occasion, after a lapse of 39 years, her reception has equalled that at her previous visits, and she carries away with her a most pleasant and affectionate memory of the time she has spent in Ireland. The Queen earnestly prays that goodwill and harmony may prevail amongst all her people, and that they may be happy and prosperous."

The following honours were also announced—

The Queen has been pleased to confer the dignity of a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom upon the following gentlemen:—

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin—
Sir T. D. Pile.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Belfast—
Sir R. J. M'Connell.

The Queen has been pleased to confer upon

the Mayor of Cork the title of Lord Mayor; and to direct that the said title shall be borne by his successors in that office.

The Lord Lieutenant will, with the approval of Her Majesty, confer the honour of Knighthood on the Mayor of Cork, Sir D. J. Hegarty, and on the Mayor of Londonderry, Sir Wm. M. M'Learn.

Nothing could well have been better, from a popular point of view, especially the honour to the City of Cork. Thus ended the Queen's memorable visit to Ireland, the most admirably conducted affair of its kind ever, perhaps, carried through in these realms.

On the Queen's birthday, immediately following, the 24th of May, additional Knighthoods were announced, and were conferred a few days afterwards on—Sir Joseph Downes, High Sheriff of Dublin, a Catholic, and a most sensible, industrious man, one of our large Dublin bakers; Sir Alfred Graham Dobbin, High Sheriff of Cork, a successful merchant of that city; Sir Thomas Henry Cleeve, High Sheriff of Limerick, principal of the firm of Cleeve Brothers, which has done so much for the Irish Export Butter Trade; Sir J. Malcolm Inglis, President of the Dublin Chamber

of Commerce, a Dublin Scotchman, and principal of one of our large city coal houses; Sir T. W. Robinson, Chairman of the Kingstown Township Board and partner in the important Dublin firm of Hayes, Conyngham and Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemists; and Sir J. W. Moore and Sir T. Drew, both referred to in an earlier chapter. Lord Morris and Chief Justice O'Brien were created Barons at the same time, but I am not aware that it was *apropos* of the Visit.

On the day following the departure of Her Majesty and the Princesses it was announced by Lord Cadogan that Her Majesty had given him a cheque for £1,000, to distribute, as he thought fit, amongst the charities and poor of Dublin. Thus Queen Victoria set us all an example of brotherly love, forgiveness of injuries, forgetfulness of past differences, and common-sense of the highest possible description; and that sensible lady, head of the State, left behind her in Ireland pleasant memories and agreeable thoughts which have not even yet found full utterance. She, in her turn must have carried away with her the conviction that even the poorest of her people in Ireland can be gentlemen.

NOTE.—It would be too sanguine on the Author's part to hope that there have been no omissions in the foregoing account of the Queen's Visit. Those who may discover such mistakes and omissions, will be kind enough to accept his assurance that they are unintentional, and his apologies,





From Photo by Russell & Sons, London and Windsor

SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S.

"The great astronomical lens maker."—Page 97



From Photo by Guy & Co, Cork.

**THE LATE MR. CROSBIE,
PROPRIETOR OF THE "CORK EXAMINER."**

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"HOR.—Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

MAR.—Heaven will direct it."

HAMLET.

To collect the scattered threads of this book, and from them to evolve a scheme for the regeneration of Ireland, is a task, not for the writer, but for one entrusted with power and authority. Able, far-seeing, persevering statesmanship is, I regret to say, a blessing which has never been vouchsafed to us in Ireland. Men who come here, invested with authority by the electorate of the United Kingdom, as governors of Ireland, rarely, if we may judge by their acts, seem to look farther than the limit of their own brief spell of authority; and the permanent men holding important office here amongst us, have not got the power to effect any positive reforms. Our Chief Secretaries come here always as strangers, and, for the first year at least, they are condemned to play the part of parrots in the House of Commons, repeating what they hear at second-hand, possessing no first hand acquaintance with the facts upon which they declaim. Knowledge comes gradually to them; but, having been badly launched, they never right themselves; and,

hence it is that no man in the House of Commons cuts so sorry a figure, to the Continental or American observer of British Parliamentary proceedings, as does the Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is always, apparently, in the wrong. What he proposes never gives satisfaction. Like Mrs. Squeers, administering brimstone and treacle to the boys at Dotheboy's Hall, as somebody once said, the Chief Secretary seems to say: "They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because, if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine, they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast or dinner." It is true that occasionally, someone says of the Chief Secretary in a patronising way, as Squeers did of his wife: "A most invaluable woman, that, Nickleby. It's my way to say, when I am up in London, that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them, ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

One of the best-intentioned Chief Secretaries, and, perhaps, the highest type of man ever sent here in that capacity, was, I should say, Mr. W. E.

Forster. But ignorance of the country, ignorance of the real mainspring of Irish feeling, ignorance of what grievances are real and what imaginary, ignorance, above all, of the real canker which blights every movement, social and political, set afoot for the benefit of the Rest of Ireland, ruined even Mr. Forster. The greatness of the man was proved in his case, as, wonderful to relate, it was proved in the case of Mr. Parnell, ten years after; by the heart break which followed failure. Each man had thrown his very soul into the work. Forster failed through ignorance. Parnell *knew everything*; but he failed, firstly, owing to the onslaught of that Power, which he would have emasculated and reduced to its proper bounds had his life-work succeeded, and, secondly, owing to the ineradicable weakness and pusillanimity of the Irish body politic, for whom he had done so much. I have endeavoured to lay my finger on the cause of that pusillanimity in the Irish body politic, which is as injurious to the entire United Kingdom as it is to the Rest of Ireland. It is the interest of us all that the inhabitants of that portion of Ireland should stand erect and be the free men and women which the laws of Ireland to-day allow them to be. It is nobody's interest that they should continue poor and timid and ignorant;

except, apparently, the interest of that Power which has grown rich and fat upon the poverty, timidity, and ignorance of those poor people. But such a state of things will not for long really serve the interests even of that Power. It is everyone's true interest that our poor brethren should arise from their long trance and assert their right to all the blessings of this life which they see their Protestant fellow-countrymen around them enjoying to the full. Why should they not be allowed to mix freely with and learn from their Protestant fellow-citizens? Why should they any longer suffer themselves to be bamboozled into remaining in poverty, fear, ignorance and isolation, by the threat held over them, that if they so mix with their fellow Christians, they will endanger the "heritage of the Faith," and run the risk of being damned for all eternity? Let them, at least, look backwards—the elderly ones—and say if their hearts and consciences do not both tell them that their joyless lives have mostly been a mistake; that they have missed all the true joys and true successes of this fair world of God? Is it just, is it manly, then, for them, in their turn, to condemn their children to a similar existence? Let them cast out fear from their breasts. They can do so without abandoning a

tenet of Catholicity. For, when Catholic Bishops or Priests outstep their jurisdiction, as they have done and do, and will do again, no man is bound to obey them. They are but mortals; they are in Ireland, for the most part, men who have no experience of the world—except, perhaps, in the art of accumulating, or, at all events, of garnering in money—and that art does not ennoble its possessor, as we all know, when carried to excess. The only promise of regeneration for Catholic Ireland lies in the exaltation and improvement of what is left of the Catholic laity, male and female, in Ireland. Our brethren in America are ashamed of us. Lying articles, fulsomely flattering, tell the Catholic laity of Ireland that they are grand fellows with their “heritage of the Faith,” and so forth. The men who write these articles, I regret to say, do not believe a word of them. They know, as we all know, that the Catholics of Ireland are the most despised body politic in Europe or America; they know that our kith and kin in America despise us more heartily than any of our European contemners. Why do they despise us? Is it because we, three millions and-a-half, are unable to fight and conquer the other thirty-seven millions of the United King-

dom? No, for there would be and is nothing disgraceful in that. They do not despise the Southern in the United States, between whom and the Northern, after the war, the relative numerical proportions were much even. They despise us for whining, and howling and sulking; for not doing one thing or the other—either fighting with our very nails, and dying upon the sod, or coalescing with the rest of our fellow-citizens, taking our beating like men, as the Southern did and do in the United States. One of my uncles was shot dead fighting on the Northern side. Did those he left behind him “treasure up” their wrong against the Southern? Not they. Why may we not follow that noble example? We cannot fight. Let us coalesce. Let not the chimera of dread of loss of the Faith any longer prevent us from doing so. That man, be he clerical or lay, who exhorts the Irish Catholics to isolate themselves from their Protestant fellow-Christians is an Arch-enemy of Ireland. That man, even though he wore the tiara of Peter himself, will assuredly meet with a heavy sentence at the hands of that just God under whose ægis he dares to mislead the timid, the confiding, and the ignorant.

Successive Irish governments have been foolish

enough to pander to *what they well know* is the baneful influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland in temporal affairs. Were it not *for their aid*, that influence would never have grown to its present dimensions. Secure, as they fondly thought, in a nobbled hierarchy, who made pretence of dissatisfaction, these successive governments have drawn the sword upon the lay representatives of the people of Catholic Ireland. They have derided those representatives; they have goaded and incensed them, they have insulted and ignored them in the face of the world, secure, as they thought, in their reliance upon the support of the basest tools a man ever worked with, namely, supernatural aids. These successive governments have scored petty, temporary successes by such conduct as that; their members have strutted their little hour upon the Irish stage, and vanished to fresh fields and pastures new to expend their little stocks of verbal platitudes upon some other branch of government. Contemptible! Not one of them, well-intentioned though they were, many as were the Acts of Parliament they passed, left lay Catholic Ireland a degree brighter, better, or happier than they found it. Emigration still went on, still goes on, in spite of all their contemptible dabbling; the

people growing fewer and leaner, the priesthood growing fatter and more numerous. It is time that John Bull should understand that there is no necessity to be *afraid of the lay people* of Catholic Ireland. But the rest of the United Kingdom ought to treat the people of Catholic Ireland as *men of common-sense* should be treated, and ought not to treat them as *idiots* or *children*. It is not because the bulk of the lay people of Catholic Ireland are timid, poor and ignorant, that the United Kingdom should still further lessen their self-respect by treating the claims of their elected lay representatives with contempt, while the demands of the clerics who are "divorced from the world," are meanly coquetted with. Our Irish representatives are not, perhaps, all that they ought to be, but they are the best we can get in our present emasculated condition. Many of them are the creatures of the Priests, but, then, many of them also are not. And no paid employee of the electorate of the United Kingdom, entrusted with the temporary government of Ireland, should slight them for their deficiencies, measured by the standard of English or Scotch ideas. He should, on the contrary, if he be a just, considerate man, and if he respects the British constitution, consult them on every

possible occasion, and treat them with the greatest respect. He should likewise, if he does his duty, treat the Priests with as much respectful but stern aloofness, as, say, Mr. Parnell did in the years of his greatest power; or, as he treats, say, the ministers of the Protestant and Presbyterian Churches in Ireland. No paid employee of the public, temporarily filling an administrative office in which, as we have seen, he himself has to "mug up" every speech he makes, should do anything behind the backs of these representatives. Least of all should he hugger-mugger with the Irish priests behind the backs of the representatives of the people, for the purpose of making his own berth an easy one. Let it be well understood that this view of the policy of successive governments in Ireland cannot be long concealed from the electorate of the United Kingdom. There are some Catholics left in Ireland who *will not grovel* to either political or religious chicanery, and who *will assert* their claim to every mundane privilege enjoyed by Protestants. There are many educated Catholics in Ireland who hold this view, and *there will be more!* I regret to say that there are many educated and well-bred Catholics in Ireland whose position is a disgrace to humanity. Many of the signatories to the Renewal of the

Declaration about the Catholic University—I do not say all of them—for instance, are such men. They mix freely in Protestant society themselves, they enjoy to the full all the advantages which that privilege affords them. They would scout the suggestion that fear of losing “the heritage of the Faith” should cause them to abate one iota of that freedom. They would not dream of sending their own sons to the Catholic University they declared for. Yet these same poltroons would do their little best to fasten the yoke and enwrap the blight of isolation and mystification more closely than ever upon their poor Catholic brethren of Ireland—poor brother Catholics whom they, I regret to say, despise with a contempt which no Protestant ever harboured in his heart. Why do they do it? Many of them do it because the apparent friendship and support of the Catholic priests—with whom those same educated Catholics think it an indignity to have to associate themselves—will enhance their status in the eyes of a Protestant Government. On those grounds, it is my opinion that some of the most contemptible specimens of humanity, that I know of, are to be found amongst the educated Catholic “gentry” and rich Catholic traders or speculators of Ireland. They are not all bad, God forbid—

many of them are most excellent men—but there is a sufficient leaven of hypocrisy and poltroonery amongst them to infect and cripple the whole body. One would rather be Cleary of Ballyvadlea, and, being Cleary, one would have less to be ashamed of at the judgment seat of God, than be one of those whitened sepulchres, one of those Irish Catholic "gentry" of the present day, to whom I allude. Let them *look to it*, those educated Catholics. What prospect of improvement, let me ask them, can our poor lay Catholic brethren have under the misguidance of such men as the writer of the following words:—

"The character of the English mind ought to be fairly understood in Ireland. . . . It is a fleshy spirit, bent towards earth; a mind unmanly, vulgar, insolent, bigoted; a mind whose belly is its God, yet which cannot endure the word belly; a mind to which pride and lust and Mammon are the matter-of-course aims of life, the only objects conceivably worthy of pursuit; a mind to which real Christian virtue is incredible, and sure to be set down as clever hypocrisy, or stark imbecility; a mind where every absurd device, from grossest Darwinism to most preposterous Spiritualism, is resorted to and hoped in to

choke the voice of eternity in the conscience; a mind to which the *idea of a Churchman possessing real, efficient spiritual authority over his flock* would be unspeakably ludicrous; a mind which can do anything, or everything most nefarious and flagitious, and directly give God thanks for the nefarious and flagitious deed it has done; a mind to which the virtue, or the idea of humility is unknown, contrition, or self-condemnation, an absurdity; a mind essentially without God in the world, yet prepared to insist on suitable consideration from God, 'like Englishmen,' when death comes."*

Bad as the position of the composer of these false and idiotic sentences may be, is not the Pressman's position a hundred times worse, who lauds their sentiment and disseminates them, while disbelieving them himself, through the hamlets and rural districts, the Ballyvadleas and Lisphelans of Ireland? If it comes to belly-worship, I regret to say that the priests of Ireland would be very hard to beat. The sentiments, which I have quoted, were uttered, amidst applause and approval, at the great

* "Freeman's Journal," June 22nd, 1900; Report of a paper read at the Maynooth Union by the Rev. J. M. O'Reilly, on "The Threatened Metempsychosis of a Nation."

Annual Gathering of the Irish Catholic Cardinal, Bishops, and Priests at Maynooth Union only the other day! Of the idiotic and baneful essays read by priests at that meeting, the *Freeman's Journal* had the callousness to write that they were:—“All conceived in a spirit of combined religion and patriotism all marked by that devotion to faith and fatherland which is so eminently the characteristic of the Irish priest. No wonder that the Maynooth Union is growing and thriving and multiplying its members from year to year at home and abroad.”

Who can wonder that the Catholic Irish laymen are despised by every man who considers their position? Father O'Reilly is, in Ireland, what he himself calls “a Churchman possessing real, efficient, spiritual authority over his flock!” O, Fool-Lord-Lieutenants! O, Fool-Chief-Secretaries! This is the *quid pro quo* which you have got for all your secret humouring and temporising, by which the sway of the Father O'Reillys has been perfected over the ever-to-be pitied Catholic laymen and laywomen of Ireland. This is the training which the Catholic youth of Ireland are to get in your New Catholic University! Those words of Father O'Reilly's, promulgated by the *Freeman*, words, apparently, of one

of the luminaries of the Irish priesthood—should burn into our brains and awaken us to a sense of where we stand in Ireland. At the very moment that Father O'Reilly was reading his paper, I find that the Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites were assembled at the Rotunda, in unity, for the first time since Parnell's death, yet Father O'Reilly is reported as giving vent to such innuendoes as the following:—"We had our M'Morrough to invite and welcome the English body to our shores, and a woman the occasion; we have our anti-clerics to hail the advent of the English mind as the dawn of civilisation and the door to progress for us, and a woman the unfortunate occasion." The papers at this meeting and kindred other discourses must be all reserved for my book dealing entirely with the Irish Priest. The truth is that such a farrago of rhodomontade and pestilential rubbish was never, perhaps, before printed in a newspaper, as the report of the proceedings at this Maynooth Union. To read it merely is enough to make one dizzy. It is, however, precisely the sort of stuff with which the students at the new Catholic University would be dosed.

Roughly speaking, all the poor—the thousands of industrious poor, the beggars, the tramps,

the insufficiently clad and fed—in Ireland are members of the lay Catholic population. The physical misery those poor people—our brothers and sisters—suffer is untold. Yet, marvellous to relate, it is the power they exercise over that mass of poverty, ignorance and suffering, which gives the priests the position of importance which they claim, and which so many persons concede to them. Why, I ask them; why, well-fed, well-clad, well-paid, yourselves secure from want, under-worked, dispensing “special privileges” from Heaven, why do you suffer all this poverty, ignorance, fear, and suffering to continue? Why do you not stamp it out with one stamp of indignation which, with your strength, will shake Catholic Ireland to its foundation? Why don't you speak plain, encouraging words of common-sense to those poor, mystified people, from your pulpits? Of what avail to them are the mystifying labyrinths of dogma and doctrine, in which you befog yourselves, when arrayed in your surplices and stoles? But, oh, how sadly they want some useful practical guidance as to how to live! Are not those poor, degraded, bodies, male and female, are they not the temples of the Holy Ghost? What hollow mockery it is for you to build up *your* temples of stone and mortar, of

marble and fresco, of metal and stained glass, while you leave *those* living temples festering in corruption and decay? There is not one of them, even the lowest in the black morass of ignorance, who could not, under your influence, become a shrine fit for a living God. Not under the influence of formal rites, of incense, of Latin phrases or Gregorian chants—not even under the set forms of your sacredest sacraments—but under kindly, practical influence, constantly applied every day of their lives in their homes, at their work, in the streets, in their idleness. The influence of love, of hope, of kindly interest, of guidance in difficulty. O, what will not these effect! Let these be your weapons, O, young priests of Ireland, and, armed with them, throw yourselves into the greatest crusade a human being ever entered upon, namely, the elevation in the scale of humanity of those human beings over whom you exercise an influence. Let those human beings be the temples which you will devote yourselves to building up, and rest not satisfied until you behold free, contented, happy minds, shining through those features which now wear the stamp of fear, of mystification, of doubt, of no-knowledge and perplexity! Then will you be powerful and loved and respected. Then will you be

regarded by the civilised universe as benefactors of your kind ; instead of being, as you are, praised only by the flatterers who sneer at you in private ; tolerated by the better-informed because of the influence you are supposed to wield over the most ignorant ; a stumbling block to the thoughtful and the true. Then will you be what I—whom you will misinterpret and condemn—earnestly desire you to be, because of the latent, unmeasurable power for good, which I believe to be within you. *Quantum sufficit.*

How long, O Spirit of Justice, O Spirit of Truth, O Spirit of Liberty, will you remain blind and deaf to the wrongs of poor, ignorant, Catholic Ireland? Is there any hope? Is there any quarter of the globe from which a Saviour is destined to appear? Perhaps the time and the man are at hand ; perhaps they are both far distant. But they cannot arrive a moment too soon. Of what avail is it for me to preach peace and forgiveness, and forgetfulness of past wrongs? Can I remove mountains of arrogance, ignorance, stupidity, and untruths? I, puny and powerless, cannot hope to do so. But there are three powers to which one may appeal. First, there is the better sense, the better feeling, of the better class of Priests in Ireland. Will they forever tolerate the

monstrous goings-on of the mediocre, unpatriotic men, who lead, or, at all events, pose as the figure-heads of the Catholic Church in Ireland? Second, there is the public of the three kingdoms, forty millions of them, to whose enlightenment one may look for the salvation and improvement of Catholic Ireland. Lastly, there is the Government for the time being, who may, at any rate and at once, see that no more aid comes from them, to inflate the pride and increase the domination of the Clerical over the Lay element in Catholic Ireland.

From this third source, much may be expected. There is no official appointment, perhaps, which carries with it a greater power for good than the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, provided that the holder of the post has a real, ingrained knowledge of the country, and provided that he is at once one of the people themselves, and a large-minded citizen of the United Kingdom. The best-intentioned and cleverest of men appointed to the post in the past, under the existing system, have not succeeded in averting or diminishing the ridicule with which Continental and American observers watch the proceedings of every successive British Government in Ireland. On the whole, this Government which held office during the five years under review did well. Its proceedings were

characterised by common-sense, which is, in itself, a great and, by no means, a usual thing to be able to say of any Irish Government. But we must do better than that; the citizens of the United Kingdom will not rest satisfied with even such a record. The day must come when Dublin Castle, purged of its bad traditions, purged of its aloofness from the Irish people, will be as much a people's institution as the Board of Trade in England; the day when what we, the residents and natives of Ireland, want done in Ireland, will be sanely laid before the proper people in that Castle, and as sanely received and considered by them; when it will be a harbour of refuge and of sympathy for the oppressed; when honesty and manliness will characterise the policy practised within its portals; when devious ways will be abandoned, and when, following Queen Victoria's example during her recent visit, and widening the scope of that example, the Irish people—from the poorest lay Catholic in Connemara to the richest spinner or ship-builder in Belfast—will be taken into the confidence of their governors. Let us hope that "Heaven will direct it," and that its pure sunshine may soon penetrate into the hearts and brains of our poor, beloved brothers and sisters, whose lives are now so gloomy, whose minds are

a prey to conflicting doubts and agonising fears. The end of my work, for the present, has arrived; and with it a release from long and unaccustomed toil. If that labour of mine only advances my poor Catholic brothers and sisters a single ell upon their weary and interminable march of centuries to the goal of knowledge and happiness, I shall be content.

P O S T S C R I P T .

THE foregoing pages were written some months before the General Election, consequent upon the Dissolution of Parliament on September 25th, 1900. The events connected with the General Election do not render the slightest alteration necessary in the text.

Universal Land Purchase has been adopted as a necessity by the leading Irish candidates in all their speeches to their constituents, notably by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., who has been sacrificed to appease the ultra-landlord supporters of the Government in Ireland, and forced to resign his post.

Mr. Horace Plunkett, ex-M.P., of the Agricultural Department, has been unseated for South County Dublin, and for the very faults which I have found with him in my chapter on the Agriculture and Technical Instruction Act. I regret the loss of the seat, and I admit Mr. Plunkett's sincerity, but I cannot unsay a word that I have written. Had it been in my power, I would have secured his return with a view to giving his policy a fair trial.

The Catholic "Church" has been holding a National Synod at Maynooth, also—which I shall deal with fully in another work—and certainly the proceedings thereat give me no reason to regret what I have written by way of criticism and admonition in its regard in the foregoing pages. The laity, it is needless to say, were not represented at the Synod.

The manner in which the Financial Relations question was ignored at the elections, confirms my opinion as to the improbability of any practical results to Ireland from the Report of the Commission.

The Catholic University question also was ignored by all the members of the Government in Great Britain, including Mr. A. J. Balfour, who did not avail himself of the opportunity of consulting his constituents on the issue upon which he is "passionately convinced." Mr. Horace Plunkett and Mr. Atkinson, in Ireland, expressed approval of the scheme; but, then, the first lost his seat, and the second had to bind himself to resign, before voting, whenever the Government introduced a Bill on the subject. His fate in North Derry, in such an eventuality, is certain dismissal. The Protestants of the North—and, indeed, of the entire United

Kingdom—demands it, as of right, that every Government of theirs in Ireland shall do its best, in the words of Karl Blind writing recently of what the French Government has done for education, “to wrest from the priesthood the power of upholding intellectual obscurantism.” And they seem to know that to endow a “Roman Catholic University,” in a country where there is no church by law established, would be to foster and perpetuate the baneful power of sacerdotal obscurantism.

The virtual obliteration of Mr. T. Mealy’s so-called Party and the re-union of the Nationalist Irish representatives once again, does not necessarily mean a recrudescence of violence and agitation. There must be a pinch of actual distress and poverty before such things can take place; and there is neither one nor the other. It is the Irish Government’s business to pursue unflinchingly the right road of kindness, confidence, compromise, and watchfulness. If they do so, there is nothing to fear, either from Mr. William O’Brien, Mr. T. W. Russell or any other politician.

Mr. Gerald Balfour has resigned the Chief Secretaryship, almost compulsorily, and has been succeeded by Mr. G. Wyndham. And, it is

curious to note, that not a single public expression of regret for his departure has emanated from either an individual, a newspaper, or a representative body of any importance in Ireland, although he had been mainly instrumental in piloting through the House of Commons the three important Irish Acts dealt with in this volume.

APPENDIX A.

(See Page 456.)

The compliment conveyed by these self-constituted spokesmen, and so gratefully accepted by the Chief Secretary, in the capacity of Mrs. Squeers, must be taken with the following corrective grain of salt:—

RESOLUTION on the AGENDA of the NATIONAL CONVENTION, under the Presidency of Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., in the DUBLIN ROTUNDA, on June, 19th and 20th, 1900:—

Mr. Michael Horan will move:—

Resolved—“That we beg leave to direct the attention of the Irish National Convention, and particularly of the Irish M.P.’s assembled thereat, to the unjust manner in which the Congested Districts Board have been treating the small farmers residing in the congested areas in the West of Ireland.

“1st. It is over three years since that body known as the Congested Districts Board purchased farms at fictitious prices, in many instances from needy landlords, for the avowed object of distribution among tenants trying to eke out a subsistence in congested districts, with this result—that the Congested Districts Board have been expending, chiefly on officialism, redtapeism, etc., in the majority of instances, considerably more than the fee-simple is worth on works, in the name of improvements, entirely unsuited to the locality and land.

“2nd. The Congested Districts Board, in order to uphold the value of the ill-gotten titles of landlordism, have turned those purchased lands into grazing ranches, and have been stocking said lands with sheep and

bullocks instead of a bold peasantry—a country's pride—thereby creating a monopoly in land and encouraging the grazier and eleven months' grabber to do likewise, and by other means assisting those obnoxious bodies by letting them cheap grass on the grazing system.

“3rd. Had not the diabolical system complained of been practised by the Congested Districts Board, several of those farms would have been laid waste and sold long since by the Landed Estates Court.

“4th. That if some pressure is not brought to bear on the Congested Districts Board it will take them a half century to sub-divide their miserable purchases in one county.

“5th. That if those lands are to be charged with the interest on the wilfully useless expenditure it could not be expected that any tenant could be found to rent those lands.

“6th. That nothing less than a sweeping measure of land reform, making it compulsory on landlords to sell and tenants to buy, will ever remedy the evils of the present system of tinkering legislation, such as has been practised by the Congested Districts Board in the West of Ireland.”

APPENDIX B.

(See Page 487.)

The following appeared with great prominence in the *Freeman's Journal*, of March 28th:—

“SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

“A correspondent of undoubted authority sends us the following paragraph, for the accuracy of which he vouches:—

“During the past week a number of Catholic ladies in our city, animated by the spirit of pure benevolence, but quite unsuspecting of the political wire-pullers in the society they meet and of their motives, have called upon several priests, the managers of our National schools, to obtain their consent and co-operation in a great children's festival and feast in the Phoenix Park on the occasion of the Queen's visit. In all the cases with which I am acquainted, the clergy have presented the matter in its true light, not alone as serving a Government purpose to parade the exuberant loyalty of the Catholic people, notwithstanding the House of Commons flouting the idea of a Catholic University and of rectifying the Irish financial injustice; but also as demoralising in the extreme, and as making our Catholic children swell the rank and file of the Protestants, marching under the banners of the Band of Hope and other Union Jack

colours. In one particular instance a parish priest, the manager of one of our finest city schools, was approached by some of those ladies. With extreme politeness they were received, and their application was heard. "Well," said he, "I shall ascertain the wishes of all the parents of my children on the subject, and be guided by the will of the majority." Without delay, and also without manifesting his own inclinations one way or the other, he asked the children—over 500 in the boys' and girls' schools—to bring him word next morning regarding their parents' decision. The test of public feeling thus elicited was known next morning. When the question was asked—"Let all who are for a feast in the Phoenix Park put up their hands," the result was, one poor little girl out of the whole number did so; and when the negative was called for, all the other children voted it unani- mously. Needless to say the whole scheme fell through, when communicated to the disappointed ladies. Yet many of those children were barefooted and extremely poor; nevertheless, their parents had too much of the noble Irish pride to accept of a "charity feast" for their little ones, and which they believed was only calculated to degrade them. Nor was this owing to any feeling of personal disrespect to her Majesty, who, if she came over in the capacity of a private visitor, should not have awakened the disagreeable party feeling now prepared for her by the Jingoës, and should have escaped all the worry, fuss, and discomfort, which, with such bad taste, at her years, they have contrived for her reception. But all the glowing newspaper accounts of her visit next week shall not serve in the least to blind nations of foreigners regarding her compliment and the motive underlying the tribute to Irish mercenary valour in the odious and unjust anti-Boer war."

What difficulties the Catholic ladies and poor Catholic children of Ireland have to contend against!

The following are extracts from the *Evening Telegraph*, a most widely read Dublin Catholic half-penny paper, dated 27th to 31st March, 1900. The School Managers, referred to, are, as we know, priests. "ANTI-FLUNKEY" writes very like a priest.

"We have received a number of letters on the subject of the attempt which is being made to get the school children to sing "God Save the Queen" in return for a breakfast. We are glad to learn that one school manager, on being approached, declined to allow the children to be pressed into the service of Great Britain. He explained that for several months, and at present, the children attending the school got breakfast free, not because the Queen was coming, but because they required the food. We shall be glad to see this example followed. Let us give breakfasts to the poor school children if they require it on grounds of charity. We shall be glad to raise a fund for that purpose if necessary. But in the name of goodness let us have no political souperism. If the managers of the schools lend themselves to the scheme we hope and trust that parents will take the matter in hands, and see that their little ones are not made pawns in the British game."

"We confess we have no sympathy whatever with the appeal made on behalf of a scheme for bringing a certain number of children from the country to Dublin for the purpose of seeing the Queen. It is of course not the only scheme for making little Irish boys and girls as like as possible to English boys and girls. Their lusty voices are to blend with those of the children who have been brought up in love of the Queen, and a free breakfast is to help towards this consummation. We should be sorry to interpose between the little ones and their enjoyment, but this plan is eminently a mean one, and we are glad to say that already some school managers

have refused to take part in it. One left the decision to a plebiscite of the children's parents, and it is significant that the vote against the loyalist breakfast was overwhelming. The appeal mentioned goes further. A certain number of school children are to be brought up from the country at the cost of 3s. per head, and the public are asked to defray the expenses. We think that money so spent would be ridiculously wasted."

"To the Editor of the *Evening Telegraph*.

"Dublin, 28th March, 1900.

"Dear Sir—The Primrose dames of Dublin appear determined to emulate the example of their proselytising sisters of the West in providing a "charity breakfast" for the children of Dublin on the occasion of the visit of the Queen of England. It is to be hoped that the decent workingmen of Dublin are not so far lost to all sense of self-respect, as to allow their families to be made the recipients of alms at the hands of persons whose object is to sap and undermine the National spirit of the rising generation. If any person has any doubt as to the *mala fides* of the Charity Breakfast promoters let him read the article in this morning's *Irish Times*. On the occasion of the Jubilee celebration in 1897 an invitation from the same source was issued to the children of the North Dublin Union Workhouse, but it was very properly rejected by the Guardians. Yet the same people have now the audacity to issue a similar invitation to the decently-reared children of the artisans of Dublin. There is only too much reason to fear that a few will be found to allow their children to degrade themselves by partaking of the charity of the almsgiving committee. Let them bear in mind, however, that in doing so they are leaving their children open in after life to the charge of having been the recipients of outdoor relief.—Yours truly,

"ANTI-FLUNKEY."

“We are heartily glad to see that a pretty general protest has been aroused by the projected scheme to use the Queen’s visit for making loyal little Britons of the sons and daughters of Irish Nationalists. We hope that every artisan will prevent his children from having anything to do with the “Free Breakfast” Party. The project is properly described as an act of political souperism, and it is asserted that in some quarters it is intended as an act of religious souperism. There is no doubt that the intention is to fill the minds of little Irish boys and girls with admiration of loyalty. The Queen’s visit is to be remembered by them as a great incident in their lives—a time of joy and plenty, of cakes and jam galore, and of freedom from school tasks. Thus little loyalists will be made. They may remember that loyalty means plenty and liberty; and haply they may forget that since the Queen ascended the throne the population of Ireland has decreased by half, forty-three Coercion Acts have been passed, and that now the country is so impoverished that an adverse winter means semi-starvation for thousands of our people, and an appeal to the charity of England. No self-respecting, honest Irishman should countenance this mean transparent plot.”

The mean transparent plot is all on the side of “Anti-Flunkey,” the School Managers, and the newspaper, of course; but *their* plot succeeded, one regrets to say.

The following is the newspaper report of the discussion at the South Dublin Union, referred to in the text:—

Mrs. Browne called the attention of the meeting to the offer made by the Children’s Entertainment Committee to supply the children of the workhouse with jam and toys on the day of her Majesty’s arrival in Dublin. She suggested that the offer should be accepted by the guardians.

Mr. Donnelly said it would be interesting to know who constituted the committee before they accepted the offer. He would like to know their names before arriving at any decision.

Mr. Nolan—Is there a request that the children should sing “God save the Queen” in return for the donation of jam?

Mrs. Browne—There are no conditions imposed at all. There is no mention whatever of such a thing.

The Chairman—I think if there was such a request it could not be complied with, inasmuch as the children would not know how to sing “God save the Queen.”

Mr. Thompson—By accepting these toys and sending the children to the Phoenix Park on the day of her Majesty’s visit I don’t think either their patriotism or their religion will get contaminated (hear, hear).

Mr. Molloy moved and Mr. Howard seconded the following resolution, viz.:—“That the offer of toys and jam for the children be accepted with thanks.”

Mr. Donnelly said they could do very well without either jam or chocolate, and consequently he proposed as an amendment that the offer be refused.

Mr. Lawless seconded the amendment.

On a division there voted for accepting the jam and toys—Mrs. Browne, Henry Brown, Peter Byrne, Miss Clinch, Mrs. Dodd, F. Flood, Maurice Flood, J. Howard, Wm. Kenny, P. Kernan, John Kinsella, John Landy, the Chairman, D. M’Grath, W. M’Grath, J. Molloy, Miss Scully, G. Thompson, and T. Walker—19.

Against—B. Allen, P. Bryan, Patrick Cassidy, James Cassidy, W. J. Crimmins, Joseph Delahunt, Patrick Donnelly, Denis Doyle, T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Kelly, C. Kennedy, G. Lawless, P. J. Murphy, J. M’Call, J. M’Cann, C. M’Nevin, J. Nolan, J. Power, W. Sheridan—19.

The Chairman—the voting being equal—declared the resolution lost.

Mr. Molloy said he would move a further resolution.

The Board in this matter had acted in a cruel, unjust, and outrageous manner (No, no).

Mrs. Browne said this was a political move on the part of a section of the board. It was a political action, for otherwise they would not surely have been guilty of such inhumanity as to refuse a little jam to the poor children of the workhouse. It was not creditable for them to have done so.

Mr. Ryan—No matter what way you look at it, I think we would not be sacrificing any principles by accepting this kind offer. The majority of the board is composed of Irish Nationalists, and I don't think they would be justified in preventing these children from enjoying themselves on Wednesday. It would be a reflection on the board to refuse to allow the children to amuse themselves.

A letter was read from Mr. F. Crossley, Hon. Secretary of the Children's Entertainment Committee, stating that the committee desired to say that a space would be reserved in the Phoenix Park on Wednesday for the poor children of Dublin, and the committee desired to have the co-operation of this board. It was proposed to give the children some suitable refreshments, such as cakes, etc., while they were in the Park. The committee hoped the Guardians would make arrangements to give all their children an extra good breakfast, and they would be willing to send a supply of jam for the purpose. Should the Guardians be able to accede to this request, the committee asked how many children they could send, of course under sufficient supervision?

The Chairman said he agreed with the remarks of Mr. Ryan. He thought it was a very cheap kind of patriotism, for any of them to say they could not allow the children of the workhouse to get some little toys, jam, and a day's outing in the Park to see the Royal show, if they chose to call it by that name. He would venture to say that some of the gentlemen who would vote against such a proposition would not shut themselves in a back

room, but, on the contrary, they would have a look at the procession while it was passing through the city (hear, hear).

Mr. Donnelly moved that the letter of Mr. Crossley inviting the children to the Park be refused.

Mr. Lawless seconding the motion.

Mr. Molloy moved, and Mr. Howard seconded, an amendment to the effect that the invitation be accepted with thanks.

Mr. Lawless asked if the children would have to sing "God save the Queen."

The Chairman said there was nothing about it.

Mr. Donnelly objected to the children being allowed out to see the Queen.

Mr. Molloy—There is not one of those opposing the offer who could cut off his little finger for his patriotism.

Mr. Kernan—I believe I am as good a Nationalist as those who profess to be extremists, and I don't see that there is any sacrifice of principle involved in trying to secure for these children a decent meal and a day's outing (hear, hear). What grounds can anyone offer for refusing the children an opportunity of enjoying themselves? (Hear, hear).

The Chairman—On the grounds of high-class patriotism, of course (laughter).

On a division there voted for accepting the invitation the following:—Barnardo, Mrs. Browne, H. Brown, P. Byrne, Miss Clinch, Mrs. Dodd, P. J. Doyle, F. Flood, M. Flood, Howard, Wm. Kenny, Kernan, Kinsella, Landy, the chairman, D. M'Grath, Wm. M'Grath, Mrs. M'Nevin, J. Molloy, Miss O'Connor, Ryan, Miss Scully, Thompson, Walker, and West—25.

Against—Allen, Bryan, Cassidy, P. Cassidy, J. Crimmins, Davy, Delahunt, Donnelly, Doyle, Fitzgerald, Mrs. Kelly, C. Kennedy, Lawless, P. J. Murphy, J. M'Call, M'Cann, Nolan, Power, and Sheridan—19.

The Chairman accordingly declared Mr. Molloy's motion carried, and

The meeting shortly afterwards adjourned.

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TOGETHER WITH

SOME PERSONS LIVING AND DEAD,
SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC BODIES,

MENTIONED IN

“FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND.”

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