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# VOX CLAMANTIS :

OR,

LETTERS ON THE LAND LEAGUE,

BY

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE,

J.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

WITH A LETTER FROM

**JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE**

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS IN IRELAND.

“Fortiter et ferrum, saevos patiemur et ignes:  
Sit modo libertas, quæ volet ira, loqui.”

—*Propertius.*



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## P R E F A C E.

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*The following occasional letters, which, within the last few weeks, have seen the light in "The Daily Express," the chief exponent of landlord interests in this country, and "The Standard," a local journal, were gradually elicited by circumstances and peculiarities in the progress of the great conspiracy now devastating and demoralizing Ireland, and which from so contemptible a beginning has been fo[r]stered of late into such portentous proportions. They do not presume for one moment to compare or compete with the more formulated, important, and dignified communications that many of the recognized leaders of the Irish landocracy have addressed to the metropolitan organs of opinion; but, notwithstanding, the author ventures to hope, that in spite of their somewhat ephemeral and desultory character they may, now and again, here and there, meet with the sympathy and approval of whosoever is a friend of Law, Order, Loyalty, and Good Sense. As*

those may be likened to the dragoons and guards, and great guns of a regular army, so do these assume no other importance than that of being, as it were, mere skirmishers or franc-tireurs, who, now with shot, now with slash, hover on the skirts of the enemy, and strive to harass him in their own fashion. If, by dint of their fearlessness and sincerity, to say nothing of their representative pretensions, they aid in calling attention in a single fresh quarter to the real state of things in this Isle of Evil Destiny, and by their life, feeling, and epigrammatic apropos, serve to suggest forcibly, where to probe to the bottom in slow detail is not attempted, the author will be amply rewarded.

The letter at p. 13 purports to be something of a bird's-eye view. The analysis of one Land League monster meeting (pp. 25, 31, 37, 42) is intended to be illustrative, more or less, of all.

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
December 8, 1880.

# GOD HELP IRELAND!—1880

(A SONG FOR THE TIMES).

“Property is Robbery.”—*Communitistic Maxim.*

Rag and Rump have won the day,  
God help Ireland!

Head and Honour scared away,  
God help Ireland!

Priests, for Order, fear to budge,  
Juries beard the timorous Judge,  
Rogue and rough each other nudge—  
God help Ireland!

“Have” low-louting to “Have not,”  
God help Ireland!

Sacred Law is gone to pot!  
God help Ireland!

“Mauvaise Foi,” from coast to coast,  
False Assertion rules the roast,  
Windy Sham and bullying Boast!  
God help Ireland!

Soon we'll soar “great, glorious, free,”  
God help Ireland!

Up to blessed—Anarchy!  
God help Ireland!

Soon will holy—Chaos come,  
And ('potheosis of the scum!)  
God like Topsy-turveydom—  
God help Ireland!

Soon will landlords be kicked out,  
God help Ireland!

*And the clergy next, no doubt,*  
God help Ireland!

Soon we'll run a royal rig,  
 Like to nigger, sloth, or pig,  
 Free to grovel, snooze, or swig—  
   God help Ireland!

Soon—unless uprising swift,  
   God save Ireland!  
 England calm her foot uplift,  
   God save Ireland!

And, in Nasmyth-hammer mode,  
 Like an ox a sweltering toad,  
 Crunch the humbug on its road—  
   God save Ireland!

Soon! unless the tumour dread,  
   God save Ireland!  
 (Coaxed and humoured to a head)  
   God save Ireland!

Firm she sear, with steady mind,  
 “Thorough” the imposthume blind,  
 Sternly good, severely kind—  
   God save Ireland!

Then, and thus, and then alone,  
   God save Ireland!  
*Chloroform'd*, impassive, prone,  
   God save Ireland!

Can she heal her festering frame,  
 And, amid the world's acclaim,  
 The untamed hyena tame—  
   God save Ireland!

August, 1880.

B.-W.

## VOX CLAMANTIS.

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To J. A. FROUDE, Esq.

(*With the foregoing copy of Verses.*)

SIR,—I take what may perhaps appear a liberty in a personal stranger to enclose you the accompanying metrical version (perhaps a trifle doggrel) of certain ideas which I am happy to think are beginning to prevail even among that section of Irish landlords to which I have the honour to belong. As you may perceive at the other side of the page by my name (you have in two or three of your historical works alluded to members of my direct ancestry) I am of old Catholic as well as old landlord blood, and, what is more, the descendant of men who suffered terribly for their faith in the penal days; but, notwithstanding, I cannot shut my eyes to the changes around me, or refuse, both from reflection and temperament, to acknowledge the force and truth of your teachings in the main on Irish matters.

Allow me at the same time to take this opportunity to thank you for your late powerful and quintessencial article in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century*. To my mind, there are

few, if any, who have better understood or gauged the Irish question so involved and perplexing, or who have shed from the higher regions of philosophical appreciation a clearer flood of light on all its bearings.

We are indeed (many of us) a very peculiar race; encircled by northern seas a southern, or rather semi-oriental, people! We do not understand or cannot appreciate (many of us) English ideas of law and liberty. "Obedience, that prime want of man,"\* is what we require, more than almost any other race,—a strong *disciplinarian* hand,—an *enlightened* despotism, or, to quote Savage Landor's phrase, a ruler of the sovran stamp of Cromwell—

. . . "who alone hath strength  
 "Of heart to dash down our wild wantonness,  
 "And fasten our fierce grin with steady gaze."†

Liberty, I fear, with us is but too often like brandy to a babe, a razor in the hands of a six-yearling. Nay, *talking* reason is little better than caligraphy on mud; whilst, under other conditions, we are fitted and capable, I believe, of good unparalleled.

But I will not trouble you further.

Yours most faithfully,  
 WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
 September 30, 1880.

\* Carlyle.

† *Vide* Epistle to Aubrey de Vere: "*The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.*" Lond., 1853. P. 459.

The Molt, Salcombe, Kingsbridge,  
October 7, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—I only received your letter yesterday. It was sent after me from London. Pray make no excuses for writing to me. I am extremely glad to think that my views about Ireland recommend themselves to a gentleman who has so little reason to look favourably on the effects of the English connection. As a Catholic, and as one of a family who I well know have suffered severely for their faith, you must have been hurt at many things which I have said. Perhaps I have spoken too harshly. My book on Ireland cost me many good friends whom I was sorry to lose. But let that be. I wrote what I believed to be true, and so far as the principle goes that English notions of liberty and self-government will never suit Ireland, and that the attempts to enforce these notions there have been the cause of all its misery, I am sure that I am right.

The present state of things cannot last. I conclude that what will happen will be something of this kind. The agitation will probably oblige the Government to call Parliament together early next year, or perhaps for a November session. They will bring in some Bill to satisfy Parnell and his party. (No such Bill will ever keep them quiet permanently. They will swallow the landlords, and then come back for more.) The House of Lords

will throw it out, and then there will be an appeal to the country. So far I can see, but no farther. I do not know what answer the constituencies will give. Ireland and the Irish people may still be safe if we show that we are not afraid, that we will at least try to be just, and that one function of justice is to punish crime.

If Gladstone and Forster are to have their way, then the civil war which the Prime Minister spoke of is, I think, inevitable. Home Rule will follow, and the Ulster Protestants will never submit to the legislation of a Home Rule Parliament. I hope that the sentiments which you express in your clever verses are, as you say, spreading among the Catholic landlords. I wish the priests would be firm, too; but I fear they dare not go against the agitators. For myself, I shall continue in my humble way to say what I consider right when I have an opportunity. I have lived much in Ireland. I am greatly attached to the people, and I wish to save them from the fate which surely waits them if they are again brought into collision with this country.

Believe me, your faithful servant,

J. A. FROUDE.

William C. Bonaparte-Wyse, Esq.,  
Manor of St John's, Waterford.

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## THE FARM-LABOURER.

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR,—Why does not some influential Irishman with powerful voice fit to dominate a multitude, and eloquence to sway it to his will, taking for his theme the Land League axiom that “the soil of Ireland is for those who till it, and for them alone,” have, as it were, the “engineer hoist with his own petard,” and rouse thereby the countless farm-labourers (who, God knows, have quite as good a claim to style themselves exclusively “the Irish people” as their immediate superiors in the social scale) to a sense of their situation likewise? Why does not some valorous and persuasive priest, for instance, making himself the mouthpiece of the wrongs and sufferings these poor people have to endure in silence from their immediate masters, announce to them, in clear and solemn language, the terrible dangers they are courting blindfold, the sure abyss into which they are voluntarily about to plunge, when they come “in their thousands” to agitate for what after all will only be a change of employers, and a change vastly for the worse? A fire, may be, instead of a frying-pan! A thousand to one if that were done dauntlessly and artistically at one or other of the monster meetings with which we are menaced during the winter—and what is to prevent it?—we would see

the agitation melting away like snow in a south wind, and these same monopolizers of right, privilege and law gradually modulating their braggart tone, and, to use their favourite figure of speech, falling on their knees in a way they scarcely expected. Surely, if the deeds of the present race of landlords are so monstrous, if the present system of landlordism is such an all-devouring curse (which, by the way, I most vigorously deny; for I believe the one foully belied, and the other a most salutary influence, so far, at least, as this country and people are concerned), how much more monstrous, how much more to be condemned is the chattel-like, swine-like treatment farm-servants and tenants receive from tenant-farmers? This is a fact, I own, of universal and proverbial acknowledgment. How can the farm-labourer be benefited by the substitution of a new and inferior class of landlords over him? And it is only too evident that such will be the chief outcome and upshot of this, the most ignoble and dishonest agitation that ever was hatched or fostered in Ireland.

So far on that point; but as I have my pen in hand perhaps you will permit me to make an observation on another. Nothing in all this movement is so striking as its glaring illogicality. For instance, they cry out against absenteeism, and in the next breath would compel the distant and absentee British Government (unless, indeed, a

stupid *arrière pensée* lie beneath) to be the universal rent receiver of the country. They denounce non-improving landlords, who spend no money on their estates, whilst hurling swift menaces of merciless confiscation of what they have already expended. No wonder such schemes are the laughing-stock of sound European journalism at this moment, and that they win but little approval even from that very Radical press on which the gang of adventurers who guide the movement so confidently rely.—Yours, &c.

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
October 11, 1880.

P.S. Since writing the above I have come across the following remarkable quotation from the speech of Barry at the Shanagarry meeting last Sunday.

“I would like to know where is the poor man that would not rather be under the landlord than under the farmer. (Cheers).”

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## THE IRISH RAGAMUFFINAGE AND THE IRISH PEOPLE.

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR,—In one of your late leaders, which are always worth reading, occurs the following signi-

ficant sentence :—“The Irish Ragamuffinage is regarded (*i.e.*, by successive Irish Governments) as the Irish people.” A golden observation truly, and which it would be well to din again and again into the public ear—Irish, British, American, Continental. The English people, above all, “slow to receive ideas, but firm to retain them,” is likewise singularly prone to be influenced by reiterated self-assertion wafted across the Channel. For a long period it has been plied with “thumping lies” and thundering falsehoods, urged with hyper-Hibernian plausibility ; and unless it be at length treated to a prevailing counter-charm in the shape of fact and logic, will eventually, like Merlin in the Tennysonian Idyll—

“Overtalked and overworn,”—

yield itself up against its sounder judgment and steadier feelings.

“The Irish Ragamuffinage,” however numerous, is not the Irish people any more than the pauper and criminal classes of London—a mighty multitude—can be considered the London people. The Irish Land League—great as may be the confusion it creates, and backed as it is for the most part by its kith and kin, the Catholic priesthood—has no right whatever to the exclusive name. Broad Ireland is other than Clare, or Galway, or Mayo, or Kerry, or even Connemara. It ought to be known generally that there is between the four

seas a province called Ulster, not altogether insignificant for its wealth, character, and culture, and that Leinster, by-the-by, is still in existence. If there be a Ballina, there is also, forsooth, a Belfast; if there be a Bay of Dingle, there is also a Bay of Dublin, circled with a stately throng of thriving towns and villages, and plenty of law-abiding men. There are other Irishmen, forsooth, to be taken into account, besides the ignorant crowds, driven, many of them against their wills, by organized terrorism or Yankee bribes, to "bunkum" land meetings; and, if the number of reckless spouters be "legion," there are also hundreds of thousands of quiet, thoughtful men here, there, and everywhere, whose reticence (I trust momentary) should not be misconstrued into non-existence. Many and many are the towns and baronies where the Land League, principally composed as it is of weed-growing agriculturists and would be squireens, would be hissed away, if not stoned, did it seek an entrance; and by no means few in number are such landlords as the Waterfords, the Bessboroughs, and the Powerscourts, on the best of terms with their tenants, when those tenants are but left to themselves. And all these, however ignored in the body politic, have surely a claim, an equal, a superior, a more logical claim to call themselves the Irish people, and their voice the voice of Ireland, even as in the natural body (to put it metaphorically) brain and heart and eye

have a right to at least an equality of consideration with toes, or hams, or shinbones.

Do you remember, in the *Tempest*, Stephano taking shelter under the gaberdine of Caliban, and in that species of Viceregal Lodge being mystified and flurried by the "two voices?" Is it not passing strange how so many Governments, and none more glaringly than the present one, have lent their ears in preference to the "backward voice," which is "to utter foul speeches and to detract," instead of the other, which "is to speak well of his friend?" Does it not strike the most indifferent, that the cry, "Justice to Ireland," is far more appropriate in the mouths of that most cruelly calumniated, most unfortunately cowed down, but, withal, for a long period, most considerate and liberal class known as Irish landlords? Falsehood and bad faith, equally with native peculiarities and heavenly visitations, have given them a bad name, which, however, it is to be confidently hoped the conclusions of the Land Commission, now sitting, will triumphantly vindicate, filling with confusion and dismay the tagrag and bobtail of their backbiters.

I am, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WISE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,

October 22, 1880.

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## THE LAND QUESTION.

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

*Printed in the Waterford Standard.*

MY DEAR——, I am afraid I cannot send you the pastorals and letters of Archbishop Croke and Bishop Moran alluded to in my last, but they were published in all the papers some days ago. You ask me my opinion on land law reform. How shall I venture to give it without wounding your susceptibilities? However, I will pour my spirit out frankly to you, and I am sure you will appreciate me even when we differ. Well, then, in the true interests of my country, and as the lesser of two evils, I, unlike yourself, am rather a believer than otherwise that there is really little to change in the land laws. It must be remembered, in spite of the clouds of dust thrown in everyone's eyes, that Ireland since 1870 has a more liberal land code, and greater general freedom than any country in Europe; and that the laws as they now stand are, if anything, more in favour of the idle and deteriorating tenant than the worthy and improving landlord. To whatever course the stress of victorious self-assertion may drive our legislators, I at least am honestly convinced that all this agitation, which apparently has driven the country rabid, is in reality as hollow as it is ignoble, as unjustifiable as it is immoral and deleterious. But yet, I do not see— who does?—my way out of the

wood. My opinions on Ireland, as you are already aware, are for the most part grounded on the high philosophical views of James Anthony Froude, whose profound knowledge of his subject, and honest if impetuous independence, no one can deny. In other words, I am, I regret to say, a confirmed pessimist in her regard, so long as she by the very nature of things is bound up with the destinies of England whilst England insists on governing her by *procrustéan* methods, with a lax and temporizing hand. Far from me indeed to aver that our landlords are perfect (show me any order of men that is), but I do think that if their rights be further interfered with, except in some trifling matters of detail (say on the basis of Lord Cairns' excellent proposal last year), so much the worse for Ireland. One devil may perchance be driven out, but ten worse devils will be introduced, and King Log will, to all intents and purposes, be succeeded by King Stork. Instead of beholding an occasional landlord as at present, stretching his prerogative amid expense and difficulties of all kinds, the country will be shoved before our very eyes under the influence of an inferior and far more grasping grade, ignorant, upstart, and tyrannical; and, as a matter of natural evolution, become in lapse of time what the present race of landlords rightly discountenances—a savage *squatter*y of paupers, supporting existence on “the lazy root,” and sinking deeper and deeper into a

slough unspeakable. An exodus of the present landlords, if it has not been put in motion by the operation of Gladstone's Act in 1870, would naturally follow the ruin of their legitimate influence; for what landlord, unless he were an inveterate fox-hunter, would care to *vegetate* on Irish soil as a mere annuitant, when across the Channel, or elsewhere, he might *live his life* on far more favourable conditions of comfort and improvement? Besides, another point to consider! The preservation of the English constitution with its many manifest blessings cannot possibly outlive the doing away of such things as entails and primogenitures, &c. &c.; which, as every tyro knows, are the very corner-stones and buttresses of the august edifice of English liberty. And yet to do away with these safeguards, one after the other, is what our land agitators would attempt, many of them little aware, no doubt, of the greater evil they are promoting in their endeavours to remove a smaller one. If indeed it be intended to "*improve*" the English Monarchy into a Republic, as perhaps it may be, it is indeed perfectly comprehensible! But I, for my part, who am not a Republican, but a Royalist and a Loyalist to the backbone, do not, can not, and will not, approve of any great or radical change in the land laws.

Strange as it may seem to many at the present time, and in front of the present onslaught on landlordism, I maintain that landlordism in spite

of all its drawbacks, is, *per se*, a most salutary and most beneficent influence, especially for a land and people like ours. Landlordism protects Irishmen from their constitutional and hereditary vices, amongst which may be counted "lucky-go-easy" indolence and pseudo-religious resignation, by keeping them up strenuously to the mark. Were there no rent to pay, the island would be one-third cultivated less than it is, and many who are now compelled to labour, "willy-nilly," to meet their liabilities, would be only too glad, in pursuit of the *dolce-far-niente* Syren, to do little or nothing, to the grievous loss of the community. Landlordism (especially when, by the good-will of Rory or Molly Maguire, it is permitted to be resident) is a centre of civilizing influences in remote districts, an oasis in the desert, a providence in the wild for suffering and sorrow, and whoso gainsays the like repudiates what is especially admirable. Can anyone for a moment imagine that famines would be scarcer were landlords and their families absent? For my part, I firmly believe that they would then become far more frequent, far more appalling.

The real want of Ireland, my dear —, at the present moment as at every other, is not so much a change in her laws as a change in her habits and instincts. Even as throughout her terrible nightmare of a history, so now, it is not in her stars but in herself that she is an underling. Now-a-days,

at least, whatever it may have been in the past, Ireland suffers, not from the severity of the laws, but from their laxity; not from oppression, but from licence; not from the cruelties of men, but from the decrees of heaven; not even altogether from her defects of character and temperament, but from the special nature of her very virtues, turned into rods to scourge her. Why should landlords be baited and bludgeoned because for three successive years suns forget to shine? Or, why, because their tenants have a weakness for weeds (they are, by the way, the real "*land-grabbers*"), and are attracted on fair days to cosy pot-house parlours? Or why should those be denounced as baleful and accursed because Heaven in its wisdom has given these a rabbit-like talent for procreating sons and daughters? Or why, because what the poet calls the great "*master of arts, the belly*" (*magister artium venter*), has not in their case sufficient "*go*" to spur them into any exertion beyond the digging of a potato? The real want of Ireland is not redress of fancied or even real grievances, so much as the blessings of peace, order, and law, inexorable to evil-doers; and the utter repudiation from her confines, as the curse of curses, of the cozening demagogue whom Froude and his opponent, Father Burke, join in denouncing with equal sternness. To woo capital to her plains and cities by the practice of the civic virtues, should be the aim of every true patriot,

and not to hound it away, whether in the form of menaces to scapegoat landowners, or the sordid advocacy of robber axioms. And, on the other hand, her rulers should rule, which they do not, with justice and untemperizing discipline. They should not play fast and loose with treason—treason, far and away the worst of crimes, in the eye of society at least till it show itself successful. Fenians and the like should not be liberated when entrapped, but should be forced to walk their dungeon to the bitter end. Punishment, when awarded, should descend on the criminal with the calm and force of fate.

The present agitation, my dear ——, has already done infinite mischief, let it end as it may. Faith between man and man is shaken as it was never shaken before, nor will it be steadied, I prognosticate, for many a weary year. Capital, the grand panacea of our woes, is scared away, nor is it likely to return soon to a people radically demoralized on the fundamental principles of the rights of property and the claims of contracts. Our poor-houses are, in spite of a splendid harvest, getting fuller and fuller; our shopkeepers are sliding steadily on to bankruptcy; our artizans to non-employment. And still the ruin is descending, as it were, in invisible flakes of fire. And still that kindly but terrible old woman who inhabits the Chief's Secretary's lodge in Phoenix Park is twirling her thumbs.

I remain, with all sorts of excuses, my dear ——,  
yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,

October 27, 1880.

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## IRISH AND ENGLISH CRIME.

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR,—One of the worst features of this ignoble agitation, which I, for one, conceive has already worked more mischief to our unhappy country than war, pestilence, or famine, is the singular bad faith which pervades, permeates, and penetrates it, like its very essence and life-blood. Of this we have a notable example in a certain resolution passed at the Tipperary meeting yesterday by way of fancied antidote to the strictures of the English Press on the late Irish assassinations, which summons the Government to take a high hand, forthwith, in the speedy suppression of English crime. The framers of this stupid resolution, unless naturally imbecile, or may-hap intoxicated with the vitriolic whiskey of Land League passion, must have known full well when they concocted it that the conditions of crime in the two countries are as separate and distinct as night and day,

earth and heaven. They must have been perfectly aware—the humbugs!—that while in England the criminal and the murderer is universally spurned from the bosom of the community, and chased with a “tally-ho” of general execration to his doom, over here in Ireland (or at least in those parts of Ireland which seem just now to arrogate to themselves the exclusive name) the murderer and the criminal is frequently countenanced, protected, and sympathized with, as if he were something of a saint and hero. Whilst over the Channel crime or lawlessness gets no connivance or tolerance except from kindred crime, but is denounced and separated from as a thing unclean, over here, alas! there are multitudes and multitudes who, by their cowardly silence or shameless approval, make themselves aiders and abettors and participants in all its foulness. The thing turns not so much on the wrong-doing of the few, but on the encouragement given to the wrong-doing by the many. The “rub” is there where the general consent condones and endorses, and not in the individual act. And yet, in the face of such obvious considerations, these men, hypocrites as they are, would seek to assimilate the mighty difference. To curry favour with a poor purblind people, states and conditions so dissimilar they cunningly dare to put upon a par!

All this is comprehensible, however much to be condemned, in the head-piece of a peasant, or

young clodpoll curate, blinded and muddled by the misty doctrines now floating in the air; but what are we to say when we perceive an eminent member of Parliament, a brilliant novelist, a judicious historian, like Mr. Justin M'Carthy (see his Westmeath speech last week), lending himself to the propagation of such a sophism? Are we to conclude that, like Don Quixote by his books of chivalry, his fine intellect has been in like manner obfuscated by the perusal of Communistic pamphlets, or that he has been bewitched beyond all power of self-control by the bewildering Syren of recent radical theories?

I am, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
November 1, 1880.

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## THE (ROMAN) CATHOLIC LANDLORDS.

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR—I crave once more the hospitality of your journal, so “thoroughly” (how I like that word!) devoted to the hapless landlord cause, and whose columns are always open to every sound suggestion bearing on this sordid agitation. With your permission, I beg to offer a few observations on a

point of some interest, which, no doubt, has already been a subject of reflection to many of your readers.

At the present moment, when the Protestant landlords are up and sounding the trumpet of law and order with no uncertain blast, it must appear strange to numbers that their Catholic brethren lie apparently mute and motionless in the background. Sailing though they are on the same perilous waters, it would seem that they were somehow unconscious of the raging storm, or were under the impression that *qua* Catholics it would not descend on them. Nothing, Mr. Editor, I venture to remark, can be more erroneous. I know for certain, and I declare with emphasis, that, however deficient in *initiatif* or "pluck" (whatever you choose to term it) they may be by some considered, there are many, ay, many, who amid all their silence feel as I do in their very heart of hearts.

But why are they silent? Let us examine.

The Catholic estated gentleman and landlord, especially if a man of judgment and culture, is placed in a very peculiar and perplexing position here in this island of anomalies, where everything from time immemorial has been more or less in a state of "higgledy-piggledy," or "topsy-turvyism." Through his quality of landlord he is in constant antagonism with his status of Catholic. If he goes hand-in-glove with the members of his order,

who for the most part are Protestant and prejudiced against his creed, he finds himself oftentimes in opposition to the multitude of his co-religionists, who are over here, curiously enough, of democratic and levelling tendencies. In one case he is liable to be be disliked and libelled as a "toady" or sort of "Orange Catholic;" on the other, he becomes a voluntary sapper away of the rights and influences of his class. Thus, he holds in politics the rank the bat holds in the animal world; or rather, let us say, the penguin, which, naturalists tell us, is a sort of nondescript creature, awkward on land, unfitted for the air. So the poor Catholic landlord and estated *gentleman* is handicapped in his desires to serve his country by the stress of his peculiar religious connections, and by the circumstances of his heirdom can scarcely be anything but half-hearted in furthering the claims of his fellow-believers. In a word, his position is an anomaly and a puzzle, and so, unless he contrive to pander to the popular taste, "prava jubenti," and to become a mere individual self-seeker—as many of our M.P.'s and journalists of ambitious turn do—he is obliged to retire into private life, and to subside into a mere silent gazer upon the troubled waters of his country's politics.

Such a retirement and such a reticence may be meet and necessary under ordinary circumstances, but the present crisis is exceptional with a vengeance, and no possible scruple or idiosyncrasy

should prevent the above type of Catholic—which, I assure you, is numerous in the country—from coming forth to-day to join heart and hand, tooth and nail with the class in which he was bred and born. Thereto his duty and his interest forcibly combine to urge him: the road he has to go is plain as plain can be, and, howsoever it may have been, there is now at least no excuse for him in his waverings between opposing sympathies. Catholic landlord as he is, he should rally forth with his Protestant brother to face, attack, and annihilate the common enemy, whose eye is fixed upon the twain, and to vindicate, as he may, eternal laws long anterior to either sect or dogma. For the nonce, the Bible-brandishing zealot of the North should forego his knocks on the Vatican thunderer of Cork or Limerick. The Louis Veuillots of the West or South should hob-nob it, once in a way, with the “no surrendering” Balfour de Burleighs of the “Maiden City,” and join un-squeamishly against the irreligious monster who is bellowing through the land for the ruin of both, and, in the ruin of both, overthrow and destruction to the very fundamental principles by which human society is held together.

I remain, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
November 8, 1880.

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## MR. PARNELL'S CONTEMPLATED VISIT TO WATERFORD.

*To the Editor of the Waterford Standard.*

SIR,—Can it be that our peaceful county, which has been lately declared by competent and certainly not prejudiced authority to be singularly fortunate in its landlords, and where the tenant, for the most part, has no reason to complain of absenteeism, or capricious eviction, or rack-rent, or unkindness, is to be at length invaded by the “*Damnation* (not ‘*Salvation*’) *Army*” of Agitators, who have already done so much to demoralize their country? Is it possible that the locusts of the Land League, fresh from their devastations in neighbouring cities, are coming to alight in ours, and to devour without remorse what yet remains to us of elementary morality and mutual friendliness?

So it appears; for I perceive by your paper that a pot-house junto, presided over by Mr. Fisher, amid terrorizing threats and the crudest exclamations, has, in the name of the people of Waterford, invited Mr. Parnell to attend a meeting on the 21st instant, and that Mr. Parnell has graciously consented to do so. In the close vicinity of the church where some Sundays ago the Rev. Mr. Walsh, before a seemingly approving audience, denounced (all honour to him for doing his duty),

in dignified terms, the infamy of lying and the mean immorality of not keeping to one's contract, there is, it seems, to be set up a pulpit of opposite doctrine, and the new Evangel of Thievery is to be openly preached and promulgated. Led on by curiosity, or indifference, or idleness (it will be Sunday, when country people come to town for their "drain"), by the love of change, by the hope of prospective plunder, and, though last not least, by the stress of local terrorism, numbers will assemble on that day to hear our great Irish Robespierre with lack-lustre eye devolving his cautious periods, and totting up complacently his arithmetic of confusion. Mr. Sexton, no doubt, will be there also to ply fittingly his lugubrious avocation. Mr. Dillon, with his diddling words; and who knows but also the sportsman Harris (see his speech at Westport, Oct. 27), frantic to bag a landlord. Ah! how unlike the time (I am not too young to remember it) when O'Connell, the colossal and genial chieftain, in company with Smith O'Brien, the chivalrous, was wont to address our people; and, amid a sacred silence, with no bated breath, but in rolling tones of thunder, to proclaim his horror at assassination and the foulness of low dishonesty,—making us all, whether we agreed with him in politics or not, laugh with his sunny laughter and weep with his tears for Ireland. But, now, how will it be on Sunday fortnight? Shouts from hollow hearts unconscious

of a wrong or a grievance will re-echo to speeches just as hollow. And then at last the meeting will come to an end, and the spouters and the spouted at disperse, each his way, these charred and tainted with venomous socialistic maxims, those no doubt to meet a fresh deputation from some distant city contagiously proffering its prostituted freedom.

But should this be? Is there no "pluck" in Waterford? Is a crafty knot of abortive brawlers to have its own way in speech, in organization, in everything? I know full well that there are plenty of stalwart, strong-thinking men, Catholic as well as Protestant,—would they only meet, combine, and speak up to put down this scandal. Is fiery, out-spoken Allen\* a unit amid hundreds? I trow not. Much may be done if honest, law-loving men show a firm front together, instead of airing their disgust and abhorrence in isolated couples. Moral courage, rarest of gifts! is what is needed most amongst us. Are there then no living citizens proud of the traditions of our town, which in times gone by was emphatically the faithful city, and whose loyalty won for our forefathers the favour of successive kings and the noble motto of "*Urbs Intacta Manet Waterfordia;*"—men willing to lift a denunciatory hand against the veiled treason which by degrees is beginning

\* A Town-Councillor, who has been threatened with death, and half ruined, for conscientiously opposing the giving of the Freedom of the City to Parnell.

to flaunt her nakedness without shame amongst us? Are there no farm-labourers about who are aware that they are "bamboozled" by silly promises of "enough land for each to keep a cow," &c.; and able, like Barry of Shanagarry, to blurt out a word for their kindly masters—"the gentlemen," who, whatever they do, never leave them to lie month after month on musty straw in rat-frequented lofts or out-houses, or grind them down with the *maximum* of labour and the *minimum* of pay? And, though last not least, is the Catholic clergy of "moral Waterford" so deficient in Christian qualities as not to have the courage and the "*nous*" to keep away and to discountenance what has already been discountenanced by magnates of their Church, the Pope, I believe, amongst them? I, as a Catholic layman, ask them so with something of an hereditary right, for it was a lineal ancestor of mine who left them a goodly share of his heritage; it was a lineal ancestor of mine who, at the peril of his life, in the woeful penal days, forced open the gates of their chapel, now their Cathedral Church, in Barronstrand Street; and it was also he with O'Connor and Curry (see the contemporary histories) who forestalled O'Connell in the plans and projects of his victorious Association. Surely, the claims of elemental morality ought to be with them stronger even than the ties of blood; and, come what may, they, the guardians of God's law, ought to set no

sheepish face against what is intrinsically base and sinful. Surely, if they aid or connive at removing the buttress or the flood-gate *here*, the flood-gate or the buttress *there* will be weakened; and, if the principle of social order and respect to law be trampled down on one side, it will be likely enough to be trampled down on the other.

Has it ever occurred to these reverend gentlemen, when they let themselves be carried away by the torrent which they might have turned aside in the outset, that the day may come when "Holy Ireland," charged with the infernal electricity of irreligious journals like *The Irish World* (that organ of the Land League which she sows broadcast and *gratis* over the country), may burst in frenzy against themselves, their teachings, and their dues (signs of this are in the air already), even as now-a-days she has against landlords and landlordism. Ireland (thanks to the facilities given her), like a kindred nation in the last century, may likewise awake from her long sleep of ecclesiastical submission, and the sanguinary antics of the "Tiger Ape" of Gallic Democracy may be matched or surpassed (*absit omen*) by the possibly fouler orgies of the Hibernian Hyena!—  
I am yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
November 4, 1880.

## THE LOYAL CITY.

*“Urbs Intacta Manet Waterfordia.”*

[Extracted from a volume of unpublished Poems, entitled  
“Waterford Sonnets, or Vignettes of Local Story,” 1873.]

Not that thy lordly river takes the lead  
Amongst the havens of “the Destined Isle,”\*  
Dost thou deserve alone the Muse’s smile,  
Fair City, cradle of no mushroom breed ;  
Not for thy queenly site ; nor that indeed  
Thy matchless quay goes lengthening mile on mile ; †  
Nor that alone, majestic pile on pile  
Crowns thy best points for sacred Sorrow’s need ; ‡  
But rather for thy truth, thy loyal flame,  
Thy proud allegiance where thy faith was vouched,  
Thy zeal for God and King, I laud thy name,  
O thou, before the lightnings of whose face  
Not once, nor twice, hath thankless Treason crouched, §  
Famed City, nurse and mother of my race !

*To the “Urbs Intacta.”*

O city styled “the Chamber of the King,” ||  
Where Kings successive landed and embarked, ¶  
From whose unspotted story, fair inarked,  
Perennial Loyalty were fain to spring :  
O thou, whose harbour bound by bulwarks sharp  
Thy founders christened after the great Sun, \*\*  
Who bearest for thy crest, surpassed of none,  
A Lion rampant playing on a Harp !

Around thy name what sovran symbols crowd!—

The sceptred Monarch sitting in high state,—  
The calm imperial Lion gazing proud,—

The Harp, whose dignity let none gainsay,—

The noble Virgin, white, inviolate, ††  
Nor last, nor least, the god-like Orb of Day!

W.C.B.W.

\* Inisfail, the Isle of Destiny. † The Quay of Waterford, already a mile long, has lately been considerably extended beyond the Bridge. ‡ St. John's College, Presentation Convent, Convent of the Good Shepherds, Little Sisters of the Poor, Christian Brothers, Walsh's and Shee's Almshouses, &c. § The usurper Lambert Simnel repulsed; Perkin Warbeck chased around Cape Clear, and to the shores of Cornwall, by the galleys of Waterford, &c. || Title given to the City by Henry VII. ¶ Videlicet; Henry II (twice); John; Richard II; James II, &c. \*\* One of the names of Waterford was "Cuan-na-grioth," literally "the Harbour of the Sun." †† In reference to the motto "Urbs Intacta manet Waterfordia."

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## ANALYSIS OF THE COMING LAND MEETING.—LETTER I.

*To the Editor of the Waterford Standard.*

SIR—The present State Prosecution may be aptly compared to a broom-stick flourished by an old woman for the purpose of keeping back the inrolling billows of the Atlantic. The attitude of the Land League, to that of a certain ill-favoured

Virago, who in one of our local courts a few years back, as some of your readers may remember, flung from the dock a brick-bat at the seated justice. But in despite of flourished broom, the waves are rushing in with refuse, and wreckage, perhaps a corpse upon their crest. And Government, in despite of coaxing, palaver, and lecturing, is bearded from her perch by the irrepressible Termagant with arms akimbo, when she should be packed off imperatively "right about face, quick march" down to the cells.

So, notwithstanding everything, this sinister meeting is actually to come off. And it is to be at Ballybricken (why not, pray, on Gallows Road or Gibbet Hill?)\* Yet the first of the three is by no means inappropriate. We all know that Ballybricken is a locality where cows, sheep, pigs, &c. are on the first Monday of the month brought to market; and accordingly, to this locality next Sunday will be gathered, not indeed "like heroes in the strife," but rather "like dumb, driven cattle," many of our poor manipulated countrymen to be "SOLD" themselves. And, prithee, by whom? To be sold, alas! by that pestilent American interloper (Mr. Parnell has not one drop of Irish blood in his veins, much less of Irish *lovability*) who has lately flung himself on the back of Ireland, and is now with mendacious yell, terrorizing whip, and *murderous* spur to boot,

\* Well known places in Waterford.

goaded her helter-skelter over an awful precipice to depths unknown. Or shall I say by that Grand Garotter of our country, who, had he his true deserts for the huge crime (now only half developed) which he has committed against his kind, should be stript and triangled as a cowardly colossus, a conspicuous criminal. But stay, let us leave him there. With your permission, I desire, Mr. Editor, to analyse the constituents of his contemplated meeting. The attempt, at any rate, if nothing else, will amuse your readers. And, perchance, it may enlighten them.

I have been told by parties who ought to know something on the subject that there will be probably about 40,000, or so, got together on this occasion; but as every native computation should be taken "*cum grano salis*," let us suppose (it will do as well) for the sake of my inferences, that there will not be more than 10,000. These 10,000 according to circumstances, or the motives which are in operation, I will take the liberty of dividing into the following categories:—viz., I. *The Curious*. II. *The Terrorized*. III. *The ignorantly sincere, or fanatical*; and IV. *The lovers of change, those who are unable to resist the appeal to plunder, the lookers after "No. 1," and the desperate*. Of course, there are many sub-divisions. But, for a general survey, these four classes will, I apprehend, be quite sufficient.

I. *The Curious* I put down, say, at four thousand,

or even more, out of the ten, for of all the causes which bring people together on occasions of this kind, curiosity is the most powerful. Let any man however insignificant acquire tremendous notoriety, he is sure to collect a tremendous audience no matter where. For example, "the Claimant" did he advertize his coming over here with a vociferous retinue of adherents, would have unqualified success in that particular. And Dr. Tanner. (And the Devil!) So is it to be wondered at if Mr. Parnell, whose name for the last six months has been in the mouth of two hemispheres, should, irrespective of every other inducement, draw forth his thousands, and even his tens of thousands? Hence, no doubt, multitudes will throng to Ballybricken, on the 21st, enticed by this motive alone,—country people partial to a "dhop;" townspeople not knowing where "to kill time" on a Sunday; corner-boys, loafers, to say nothing of the women, whose anxiety to know whether "King Parnell" (as some ass at the Dungarvan meeting the other day styled him) be short or tall, thin or fat, fair or dark, black-whiskered or red-haired, were but only natural—in a word, all the floating population of our city and neighbourhood, and even beyond. For my own part, I feel not a little curious to see this "foremost man of all Ireland," who is *not* an Irishman, and would dearly like to attend the meeting. I am "awfully" anxious to know what

style of individual he may be, and whether, like his great prototype of the *French* Reign of Terror, he does, or does not, exhibit that "sea-green" complexion to which the historian alludes so constantly.\* Deeply do I regret that I cannot contrive to be there, and many, methinks, are like me.

II. The *Terrorized*. I am not sure but this category, which I put at the same figure as the foregoing, may not be yet larger. It is composed principally of honest God-fearing tenant-farmers (and there are some such about had they only fair play); shopkeepers with wives and children fearful of ruin should they speak their minds; artizans menaced with no work and isolation; employés and clerks who cannot help themselves; farm-labourers cognisant of their hard lives under farmers, but impotent from lack of leaders and combination; and even professionals dependent on the public obliged to "bottle" their disgust with lip approval or may be hollow cheers, like those of the Jesuit in Thackeray's "Esmonde," who threw up his cap in the air with apparent delight, when his very heart was sinking within him at the failure of all his projects. All these will be there, or else they are marked men, to be abandoned of their customers and clients, who in like manner are themselves terrorized by other terrorizers. Nor must those be forgotten for

\* Carlyle always styles Robespierre "*the Sea-green Incorruptible*." Vide his "*French Revolution*," *passim*.

whom the Land League professes especially to care, who will also attend, fearful that if they refrain (so I have heard from one of my own tenants) their ricks and out-houses will be burnt down, or their cattle houghed.

III. The *Ignorantly Sincere or Fanatical*. From the dearth of education — but I perceive my letter is growing longer than I anticipated, and I have yet plenty to say. Suppose, Mr. Editor, I postpone the rest till your issue of next Saturday. But, perhaps, it will not be needed, for there are already signs in the political horizon which before then may have the effect of stopping the meeting. Gladstone, backed at length by the public opinion of even Radical England, is awaking to the peril of the situation—a situation, if persevered in, tantamount to the eventful handing over of this fated isle to Home Rule, Anarchy, or America, and will, I rejoice to think, no longer delay to lift a puissant foot and

“Like an Ox a sweltering toad,  
Crunch the Humbug on its road.”

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE,

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,

November 14, 1880.

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ANALYSIS OF THE COMING LAND  
MEETING.—LETTER II.

*To the Editor of the Waterford Standard.*

SIR,—I resume my letter of last Wednesday. But before I do so I would fain animadvert on the postponement of the meeting which, if you remember, though under different conditions, I prognosticated would not take place on the day appointed. Much to the perplexity of our exulting “Ragamuffinage,” to say nothing of the disappointment of the whole patriotic order of publicans, who, I fear, will be obliged to countermand their butts of “Jameson,” but to the secret delight of thousands of law-loving citizens, who yet, like our friend the before-mentioned Jesuit, would make you think otherwise for obvious reasons, there is a breach of continuity. Mr. Parnell, curtly if not cavalierly, has notified to his friend Mr. Fisher that he cannot possibly attend for the present. What his reason may be it is not of course for an outsider to decide, but I shrewdly opine that he can scarce look with any favour on a city which has proffered him its freedom only through a single vote, and where, moreover, if I am rightly informed, he is to be publicly catechized and “called over the coals” for his inconsistent doings as a land-agent, landlord, and rack-renter. But “*revenons à nos moutons!*” I

left off at the third of the categories into which I had divided the probable attendance at this noteworthy meeting.

III. The *ignorantly sincere* or *fanatical*. Of all the evils which batten on the vitals of our unhappy country (and God knows they cannot be counted on one's fingers) few are so evident as the utter ignorance of the average peasantry of many things out of their immediate cognizance. This ignorance, through the fact of their being a most impressionable and quick-witted race (a fact in itself of commendable import), is, moreover, rendered doubly perilous from the facilities it affords unscrupulous demagogues to manipulate them to their projects. Like a prairie on fire, the whole country is off in a blaze from a catch-word spark of "bunkum" or bravado. No matter how impracticable the cry may be, so it be cunningly concocted, the flimsy wire of native discontent soon gets to a red-heat, to cool again as rapidly,—ah, how unlike the sturdy cannon-ball of British agitation, so slow to take the fire, but so sure to keep it; and people, who under certain contingencies are extremely lovable, enter upon abortive and even criminal courses which, were there more knowledge diffused among them, would neither be listened to nor attempted. I remember many years ago being greatly struck by a certain woodcut of the late Mr. Cruikshank, which forms an illustration to "Maxwell's Irish Rebellion."

A frantic insurgent is represented rushing up to the fixed mouth of a cannon, and there cramming his "caubeen" into its blackened mouth, with the defiant shout of "*Come on, boys, her mouth's stopt!*" What a typical embodiment this of the savage and grotesque ignorance (and I confidently appeal to anyone who knows our rustics), in spite of school and catechism, which obtains amongst them! I do not, indeed, affirm that it would be easy to find our friends now-a-days doing anything of the kind, for though less general knowledge, it certainly demands some sort of courage other than shooting from behind a hedge. But it is no less certain—a thing much to be lamented—that there are myriads of our peasantry, who are confident that a few thousand pikemen keeping step and a hearty "hullabaloo" on the mountain's brow, are amply sufficient to make England tremble with terror, and to "stop the mouth" of her weakling authority. Just as there are natives of Waterford who think that our town, with its acres of white-washed cabins, is fit to take rank amongst earth's noblest cities, so are there others who are convinced that England and her Governments must give in when once "historic Ballybricken" has arisen and spouted. Of the same class are many of our small farmers, who with an infinitesimal knowledge of conditions and relations, really fancy that the rent of their holdings will be ere long legally reduced to "Griffith's valuation,"

overlooking the authoritative facts that prices have since doubled, and that at the time it was carried out, it was 25 per cent. under their real value. These are they who persuade themselves that “Blatherum Skyte”\* and Bully—those twin fetishes of present Hibernian idolatry—will be yet omnipotent to overthrow the everlasting principles which affect England and her dependencies as well as Ireland, ignoring the little circumstance that England is still strong in navies, and armies, and treasure, and, what is better than all three combined, in unemasculate and duty-doing sons.

With these, in number say some hundreds, may be added a few more men really earnest and sincere—men who, feeling deeply, as we all do, for the sufferings of their native country, attribute them solely, but I think most erroneously, to the operation of the land laws, utterly oblivious of such other factors of wretchedness, as climate, indolence, overgrown families, and what not,—men who, in their anxiety to redress radical grievances and to further human happiness, do not take into account that such cannot be always accomplished by the “Hey, presto!” of the State-conjuror, but only by a slow process of natural evolution,—men who make no allowance whatever in their high idealisms for the drawbacks of human passions or prejudices, or the resistance of other interests,—in

\* An Irish term for smooth, deceitful talk, humbug, buncom, blarney.

a word, philanthropists, humanitarians, "*doctrinaires*," whose kindly aspirations will brook neither denial nor delay. Such men I respect, however I may differ, for it is in head or knowledge alone that they are deficient, and not in heart. And here, Mr. Editor, let me make this avowal, which may perhaps appear necessary to those who form their opinions of me solely from my satiric vein. Let me tell your readers, if indeed they care to know, that I yield to no man in my reverence for eternal justice between man and man, justice without fear or favour, shuffling or *laxity*. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*" is my cry for Ireland; but in that cry I understand justice for landlord as well as for tenant. No, I verily believe there is not on God's earth a man who holds in more signal abhorrence, denouncer though I be of Parnell and Parnellism, the "unspeakable" meanness of that class of landlord who snatches the produce of his tenant's toil for himself, and robs the poor of his legitimate earnings. No epithet in the English tongue is too foul for such as he. But I do not believe that individuals of this stamp are so easy to find as we are informed. I believe them exceptional monsters, and even if they were not so, their fangs and claws have been long since extracted by considerate legislation.

But if you will allow me, Mr. Editor, I must postpone what more I have to say, and I have yet to say more, till next Wednesday. Like one

tossing about on a south-west-wind swell off the Saltees, the perusal of the land-law literature has given me a damnable *nausea*, and I am, "saving your presence," sick, I fear, with the disease the ancients called *cacoethes scribendi*. *Au revoir*.

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,

November, 18, 1880.

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ANALYSIS OF THE COMING LAND  
MEETING.—LETTER III.

*To the Editor of the Waterford Standard.*

SIR,—In the dearth of others more known to the public, and better qualified by wealth and influence (here usually synonymous terms), let it not be supposed for one moment, in thus taking up arms in the cause of the caluminated class to which, however unworthy, I belong, that I anticipate the least success in diverting or modifying the crisis. Had I a throat of brass and adamantine lungs, they would, I verily believe, under the circumstances, have no more power to stir up the inert, or to awake the *private-spirited*, which abound on all sides, than the twang of a jew's-harp or the veriest penny trumpet. But great, oh great, irrespective of aught else, is the joy of saying one's say! A timely utterance gives

assuredly relief, when one is bursting with wrath and abhorrence at the "Sham" and the shame which is in full swing around us. What care I, in in comparison, if I be outspoken alone of thousands? I write for the satisfaction of my own strong feelings, as much as for anything else, though willing to believe that if every one who thinks in his soul as I do, were, as I do, to speak out, things would be vastly different. Of old three hundred *men* kept the pass against an army; one valorous individual the bridge. The special constables of London in '48 were strong enough for myriads of menacing Chartists. And, to compare great things with small, four (only four) stalwart policemen, the other evening, scattered the rabble-rout which was parading Allen's effigy. And, like a wedge in an elm tree, why may not a few hundred men of "pluck," if such there be, split into shivers the press-gang strength of Waterford? But of this hereafter. I hold with Lord Salisbury, "that each man should regard the struggle as one which was to be decided by his own exertion alone." By this principle have causes been already won, by this may they be won once more. And besides, Mr. Editor, there is no more voluptuous sensation in the world than the speaking out, like a man, of what one knows to be right and true, before a raging and *negatory* multitude; and such is one at least of the pleasures I give to myself in thus coming forward

boldly. Let others, as they list, crouch in the corner, or permit themselves to be ousted from their positions sheep-like. My temperament, such as it is, urges me not to let myself be driven from the pastures where to feed is my right from time immemorial, without the recalcitrant kick, and plunge, or at least the neigh of the nobler animal. But to the fourth of my categories!

IV. *The lovers of change, those who are unable to resist the appeal to plunder; the lookers after "No. 1," and the desperate.* Where is the poor man who is averse to change? What cat's averse to fish? Over here in Ireland, where there is less recreation and periodical gladness provided for the people than in any land under the sun—where life is oftentimes not life but death-in-life and vegetation (unless one be indeed a perpetual fox-hunter or a walking whiskey-bottle)—it is perfectly natural that in his flight from monotonous tedium the poor man should get up a keen appetite for change. And when that change is presented to his wistful gaze by the smiling demagogue as a change for the better, is it not perfectly comprehensible that he should be carried away (it has been said that what men ardently desire they generally believe in) by his cozening fancies. How flattering to the ideas of some jaunty tenant-farmer, for example, the probability, or even the possibility, of becoming, through no greater exertion than the shouldering of a sham-pike at a meeting, or a half-hearted

shout for Parnell, the successor of his quondam master—and, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, a brand-new gentleman and *squireen*,—mayhap (why not?) a magistrate sitting in quorum; able to supply his wife and daughters with real sealskin jackets, and satin shoes for jig *swarrys*. And, on the other hand, oh, how difficult to resist the avaricious vision of accumulated property so easily acquired, which will enable him to live in idleness, whilst (even as his brethren of the Golden Vale beyond there do this very day to dairymen) he, at possibly triple “rack-rent,” lets his land to underlings. Surely it cannot be wrong (so they argue, “small blame” comparatively to *them!*) to strive for and insist on this “constitutional” means of bettering themselves, when their clerical kindred, blood of their blood, and bone of their bone, offer no objection, which they would, most certainly, were it so improper. Nay, for the matter of that, is it not true that certain mitred magnates of Holy Church are actually waving on high in this emergency the ancient banner of Jack Cade or Wat Tyler (a thing I believe unprecedented in a thousand years of history), and are expounding, almost *ex cathedra*, in this most critical period, abstract and ambiguous theories of *Meum* and *Teum*, which in practice must be utterly disintegrant of every social tie. Yes, but (say *they*) the Irish are still as ever the most religious of races: do they not through all this agitation attend to their dues and their duties,

as was never known before? A slur, I retort, ghastly and grotesque on sweet Religion, when Murder, and Terrorism as bad as Murder, with belauded doctrines of Fraud and Meanness, are at the same time stalking through the land!!!

We should not be surprised either if, in every great, or seemingly great movement of the kind, there exists a considerable quota of indifferent self-seekers—men knowing and acute, with an eye to the main chance; caring not a jack-straw for either question, but immensely for the facilities it may afford to launch or to advance them in their business or career. Here have we publicans, inn-keepers, car-owners, &c., who would not be sorry, as far as they are individually concerned, if there were in their neighbourhood fortnightly monster-meetings, and a never-ending succession of mob-compelling Parnells to stump it; and here we have tradesmen and mechanics of various call, to whom movement and throng is as the breath of life, putting us possibly in mind of the honest cobbler in *Julius Cæsar*, who saw little in the triumph of

“ Great Pompey passing thro’ the streets of Rome ”

but the wearing out of shoe-leather, and the certainty thereby of “ more work ” with plenty of perquisites. And now, were I so disposed, I could mention the names of certain conspicuous examples, *Protestant* as well as *Catholic*, of this

category, but as I do not attack persons so much as principles, men so much as measures, I purposely refrain. Nor will I say anything either of those individuals of desperate fortunes and abortive projects, who, having flung themselves on a movement which does not concern them in the least, so strikingly illustrate the well-known definition of our great Lexicographer.\* They will come uppermost in the minds of all of us. Accordingly, in the spirit of Mr. Parnell, alluding the other day to the crime of murder, the pointing them out is not *required*, when there are other means of knowing everything about them.

So far so good. Thus to summarize, from the imaginary 10,000 of my computation, the curious will be about 4,000 in the ratio ; the terrorized about the same ; the sincere or fanatical, say 1,000 or 1,500; and for the remainder, the cunning *self-seekers*, supplemented by the small knot of designing "patriots" or conspirators, on whom, "*more topsy-turvico, more Hibernico,*" the entire pyramid of the agitation rests and balances itself, as on its apex. As long as the peg is in motion the superincumbent top will spin and *hum*; but let the peg be touched, the top will sink instanter. So, in this case, let the Habeas Corpus Act be suspended (and its suspension will be an act which

\* Dr. Johnson's definition of Patriotism (I quote from memory):—"Patriotism, love of country," *et cetera*, and finally, "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

True Liberty will applaud, however Lying Licence may denounce); and the colossal wind-bag will at once grow flat and insignificant. Was not this so in '48, and was it not the same in '65? Full well do I know how fictitious and galvanized is all this commotion when I speak thus figuratively. But is it not deeply to be regretted that England, judging of others from herself, as most downright natures, should fancy with Mr. Bright, that the smoke of Agitation cannot exist without the flame of Grievance. Over here in Ireland, however, as we have, by the way, among our native natural curiosities, the famous Kilkenny coal that gives forth no smoke, so have we likewise now and again the still greater moral marvel of fulgurant Discontent without the least fuel of Injustice. Pity it is that our present rulers (supposing them not to be, what I believe they are, unpatriotic partisans) do not take to heart the following magnificent passage of the great Burke (not Father Burke, though he also has his merit), with which I can do no better than close this long epistle, for the perpetration of which I now once for all crave from my readers pardon :—

“Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak” [*the law-abiding* people of Ireland for instance], “chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that they

who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that of course they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

I remain, yours obediently,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,

November 22, 1880.

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### WHAT NEXT?

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR,—In one of my recent letters I made use of the word "Topsy-turvyism" in reference to Hibernian modes of thought and action. Here is an instance deserving the allusion, which I gather from the proceedings of the last meeting of the Land League. Mr. Brennan is stated to have given vent to the following remark, which was brilliantly endorsed by Mr. T. D. Sullivan:—

"It is my opinion," says he, "that it is not their (the tenants') business to go there (to Lord Erne's) with their rents—the landlord is bound to come to them! (Hear.)" What next? I would suggest to their "high mightinesses," the Council of the Land League, that, in their next ukase to the country, all tenants should be peremptorily instructed, under pain of being black-mailed or

“Boycotted,” to claim tribute or “footing” from their landlords for the honour, pleasure, and privilege tenants confer on landlords by condescending to take their land, and make use (no matter what) of their property.

We are all going here from bad to worse. Town and neighbourhood, formerly so quiet, in ever augmenting confusion since the announcement of the land meeting. Bitterness of class against class hourly on the increase. Regular reign of terror. Black mail levied on shopkeepers. Half the Corporation bullied to such a degree that they have at length actually proffered in a unanimous vote (is it not contemptible?) to Mr. Parnell the freedom of the city, which ten days ago was only carried by one. People in authority inform me that this is but the beginning of what will be. And yet it has been decided in London that nothing is to be done for some weeks yet to end the anarchy. In other words, party has got the better of patriotism. The airing of crochets and the saving of place and pension for a month or two longer are deemed, in the eyes of Gladstone and Co., of more importance than the security of the Constitution and the future integrity of the Empire.

I am, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,

November 19, 1880.

## THE (ROMAN) CATHOLIC CLERGY AND LAND LEAGUE MORALITY.

*To the Editor of the Waterford Standard.*

SIR,—To-day it is not my intention to encroach on your columns, though, to tell the truth, I am as full of denunciatory matter against Parnell and Parnellism as an express steam-engine with steam, but instead, I gladly give the “*pas*” to the following extract from the letter of an English *Catholic* ecclesiastical dignitary which I received yesterday afternoon. I would strongly recommend its perusal to some of our young madcap curates and firebrand P.P.’s, who prick up their ears so ass-iduously at the prospect of political and social revolution. It speaks for itself, the letter; the underlining is however my own.

“*November 24, 1880.*”

“MY DEAR MR. BONAPARTE-WYSE,— . . . .  
“I ought to have written to thank you for the letters you sent. We were all most interested in them, and had them read out aloud. . . . Their vigorous language and fearlessness were admired by all. . . . What a sad state of things! And how are they going to mend? *It is a great pity that there are so many bishops in Ireland who appear to approve of these atrocious and IMMORAL land meetings.* The most serious thing in my opinion is this new element of “Boycotting!” How is it

to be put a stop to? It is difficult to see how people can be compelled to buy and sell; and if they are not, what a fearful power it puts into their hands! We shall soon have the same kind of thing over here, I fear, if it be allowed to go on. . . .

“ With kind regards, &c.

Yours very sincerely,

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Most assuredly, I add, for every hour of governmental inaction augments the difficulty. Every revolving sun adds fresh thews and sinews to — *Frankenstein!*

I remain, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
November 26, 1880.

## THE TRUE POLICY FOR IRELAND.

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR,—The opinions of Daniel O'Connell—the typical Celt of his century and colossal embodiment of all the various characteristics of his race—it will be conceded both by friend and foe merit general attention. In the course of my reading I

chance to have come across the following suggestive observation with which he is credited, that signally coincides with that of a very different personality whose knowledge of Ireland and the Irish, the result of high philosophical acumen no less than study and experience, is, however, scarcely inferior. The historian, James Anthony Froude, again and again affirms that concession to the peculiar popular clamour that obtains in this country, and the attempt to conciliate an exotic people constituted like the Irish, is little better than heaping fuel on a fire or flinging jewels into the sea; and the great Tribune (recalling, no doubt, the homely saying of "Give Paddy England, Scotland, and Wales gratis, for nothing, he would still be dissatisfied unless he had to boot the Isle of Man as a cabbage-garden") seems to have come himself somehow to a similar conclusion. But here is the saying, surely not inappropriate at the present moment, when slapdash indulgence seems to be considered the highest wisdom, and when our humanitarian rulers fancy that their tardy *quos egos* will be potent enough to still at once and for ever the raging surges of revolution set by themselves in motion! It occurs in a speech of Sir Tollemache Sinclair in the House of Commons at the beginning of the present year—"The late Daniel O'Connell," cries the Member for Caithness, "had said to his (Sir Tollemache's) father, 'What is the use of the

Whigs trying to conciliate us, as if we could, forsooth, by any possibility be conciliated?'—See "Hansard's Debates," Feb. 9, 1880.

If the present Government, Mr. Editor, be sincere without *arrière pensée* in their desire to benefit Ireland (which I, for one, greatly doubt), an observation of such a nature and from such a source might give them pause before committing themselves to what must be a flagrant *fiasco*. If they are not sincere (as I more than suspect), and only regard this poor land as a "*corpus vile*" for them to vivisect previous to the awful experiment they are already contemplating on the constitution of a country nearer and dearer to them, or if they would merely make of Ireland a sort of "buffer" to modify and numb any possible shock in their headlong express to Utopia or Devildom, all well and good! But, be that as it may, there are men to whom this remark of the arch-agitator will be significative. It must not be forgotten that the revolution of public opinion may bring out to the sun the party that is now pining in the shade.

But some one may ask, What would you, Mr. Correspondent, then advise to be done? What? "Something, my dear sir, *à la* Bismarck." The seemingly cruel, yet really kind "blood and iron" policy, short, sharp, and decisive, is in my humble opinion, ten times, ay, ten thousand times more to the point than this insidious injection of

poisonous quack remedies, corrosive of principle and right, of cures which are slow-torturing maladies, remedies worse than the disease, into the debilitated, distempered, and demoralized system of most unhappy Ireland.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
December 1, 1880.

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## THE (ROMAN) CATHOLIC CLERGY AND LAND LEAGUE MORALITY.

*To the Editor of the Waterford Standard.*

SIR,—I sent my four letters bearing on the coming Land League meeting which were published successively in your journal to the (Roman) Catholic dignitary whose remarkable communication to me you inserted in your issue of this day week; and here likewise is an excerpt from the answer to *them*. It will probably be remembered by your readers that in the previous one this same distinguished (R.) C. ecclesiastic applied the epithets "*atrocious*" and "IMMORAL" to these very meetings of which, it seems, we are to have another specimen in our very midst to-morrow.

"Many thanks for the papers. . . . I completely agree with you in all that you say, and

*cannot at all understand how the clergy and bishops can maintain any other principles."*

These remarks, so flattering to the orthodox feeling and sound moral sense of the writer of those four letters, I venture to observe are thoroughly representative. I beseech you then, O Bishops, Parish Priests, and Curates, all you whom the cap may fit, before fear, favour, or affection decide you, if in sooth it be not too late, to reflect on *this*.

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
December 2, 1880.

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## THE POSITION OF THE (ROMAN) CATHOLIC CLERGY.

*To the Editor of the Daily Express.*

SIR,—I am really ashamed to trespass so soon again on your crowded columns after having trespassed so many times already, but, in case you permit it, "what my breast forges that my tongue must vent:" for my desire of utterance is, I fear, stronger than my sense of modesty. You will excuse me, however, when it is considered that I am, as it were, the volunteer mouth-piece of many

of my class, and I may venture to add almost the only one who, in the present crisis, scorning to "pop" at his opponent from behind the hedge of an "*anonyme*," have, irrespective of consequences,\* dared to sign my name to all my communications. On the present occasion, I would fain give forcible expression to my admiration and sympathy with the writer of a letter signed "Parish Priest" in your issue of Monday. Believe, Mr. Editor, this most significant letter (between whose lines I read the tenderest interest for his country and his people) has sent a thrill of pleasure and approval through the hearts and minds of myriads of his co-religionists, yea, through the length and breadth of the land.

All honour, then, to the good priest—I care not what his title or what his dignity—who has stepped forth to declare in no stinted or ambiguous phrase his abhorrence of "Parnellism" and to denounce as becomes a preacher of morality and religion that infernal scheme of the Land League which has already lashed the land into fiendishness and turned the people of Ireland into a many-headed pickpocket. All honour, say I, to the venerable ecclesiastic who in honest and lucid terms has successfully taken up arms for the foully calumniated landlords in their hour of trouble,—who has shown the cruel relations of

\* I have had no end of threatening letters. One came yesterday.

tenant-farmers to their labourers, — who has dared to aver that English laws and liberty are blessings unparalleled to those who know how to use them, — and who has not feared to give the lie direct to those who prate about lands held by fraud and force when they were got by purchase. To me individually are these remarks most grateful, for they endorse with far more authority and the seal of far greater experience what I have been endeavouring these last few weeks, I hope not altogether in vain, to din into the ear of my city and neighbourhood. Nay, they do more, they give a stern rebuke to the enemies of my creed who fancy that an Irish priest must of necessity be an ignorant brawler and an unmitigated revolutionist.

The rev. gentleman (whose visionary hand I hereby grasp with warmth) tells us that they are the views of the majority of his order. I believe it thoroughly. It is impossible that the Catholic Church, so *conservative* in every land under the canopy of heaven, of Law, Order, Authority and Right, should uphold the opposite principles, even in this *topsy-turvian* Isle. It must be alone that the barque has been surprised and perplexed in a sudden mist; but soon, under the proper pilots, will it occupy once more the well-known port of old morality. I cannot believe it otherwise. But this I do, that his noble letter will be a *nucleus* around which others no less noble will form; that it will give force and fire to the timorous and

undecided; and that it will be (who can tell?) an invisible factor in the eventual overthrow from their bad eminence of Parnell and the reckless gang behind him.—I am, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. BONAPARTE-WYSE.

Manor of St. John's, Waterford,  
*December 6, 1880.*

FINIS.

undoubtedly; and that it will be (who can tell?)  
an invisible factor in the eventual overthrow from  
their bad eminence of Farnell and the reckless  
gang behind him.—I am, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM G. DONAHUE-WYSE.

Minor of St. John's, Waterloo,  
March 6, 1880.

Houses of the Oireachtas