

ONE SHILLING.

PRACTICAL POLITICS AND MOONLIGHT
POLITICS.

—♦—
LETTERS

TO A

GRAND OLD MAN,

AND

CERTAIN CABINET MINISTERS,

Lately Our Confederates.

BY

RORY-O'-THE-HILLS,

Some time National Schoolmaster, now a Moonlighter.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

TINSLEY BROTHERS, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1882.

Houses of the Oireachtas

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FIRST LETTER.

TO "GRAND OLD MAN" GLADSTONE, OUR CON-
FEDERATE AND TEACHER.

SIR,

No. It will not do to shift the responsibility of this last bloody business on to us. You must take your share with us. You have *taught*, while we have acted.

I am going to speak to you very plainly, and all through these pages shall call my spades spades. I have some very serious things to say, in the nature of heavy charges, that will make your Government quartett—Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain, and yourself—the indubitable authors of the "outrages" which your officials tabulate so carefully, and in such effective contrast with former years. The whole makes up a "Return" of guilt and failure which it is clear must be put at your door.

But first for you, Gladstone! Rory's *real* philosophical friend, who would see him fair! You guess what I am coming to—that splendid remark about Clerkenwell, which has been more useful in pointing out the real way of doing business than anything else. Some of your friends, I know, deny it, saying you merely meant "a chronological sequence," whatever that is. But see what teaching from a great man does! *We know well* what it meant. You bade us "have *another* chronological

sequence, my boys, and, please goodness, I will take care that a fine Land Bill shall follow." We took care to find a winter of burnings, shootings, "Boycottings," and the rest, so that things could be "got within the range of practical politics." I felt proud when you spoke in that way, as you brought us, as it were, into the domain of historical events, like the Gunpowder Plot and the Massacre of the Huguenots; two affairs which, it will be recollected, brought the questions they dealt with "within the range of practical politics." Let us see what you did say—for the thing is of immense value to us, and will always be, and I want to be fair: "What happened in the case of the Irish Church? Nobody cared for it, nobody paid attention to it. In England *circumstances* occurred which drew the attention of the English people to the Irish Church. I said in 1865 that I believed it was out of the range of practical politics. Now, it came to this: that when *a gaol in the metropolis was broken into under circumstances* which drew the attention of the English people to the state of Ireland, and when in Manchester a policeman was murdered in the execution of his duty, at once the whole country became alive to the question of the Irish Church. It came within the range of practical politics." We may well thank you for all this, and for the nice, good-natured way in which you speak of the two important transactions in question as "*circumstances*." Murder and a gaol blown up, are "*circumstances*." Then the country became alive—(by people becoming dead)—to the Irish Church! It is wonderful that there should be any dispute or denial as to the meaning. I am afraid if one of *us* had said such a thing the "law officers" of the Crown would have indicted us for "compassing," or favouring taking away human life. And if poor Paddy had pleaded "he was only remarkin' the cur'ous

kr-ronological sayquence," he'd have been "stopped" by the judge.

Then the other remark—you can't conceive the value it has been to us!—"An eviction is equivalent to a sentence of death or starvation." How finely Parnell used it as a set-off to the charge of murdering landlords! *They* had put twenty thousand people to death by starvation; it's all the same, and so they have richly deserved what has overtaken them. On the hoardings of your great City of London you read our League's address to the British, and saw how it was headed. From this admirable speech of yours one sees, more or less, that you were all with us, helping us in a hundred ways.

I shall speak later of the pleasant words and phrases used by Mr. Forster, in reference to such things as the vulgar call "murders" and the like. But you excel him in this. You made a speech some time ago in which you alluded to political matters. Said you, "Objects, some of them, *perhaps, legitimate*, others *more questionable*, have been pursued, *in our view*, by means that cannot for a moment pretend to the title of being legitimate, and that are totally incompatible with the first conditions of a well-constituted society." What were you speaking of, do you think? Of the improvement of the Ballot Act? Of the doings of the Tories at elections? Not at all. Of *us and our doings*! I think any rational man will say that this good-natured tone and fair description show what you really think. The worst of our aims, you see, is only "questionable," while the *means* we use, that is our murderings, ear-slittings, "Boycottings," rent-robbings, cardings, and mobbings—mark this—cannot "pretend" to be "legitimate," and are only incompatible with the "first conditions" of a *well-ordered society*. Forster said of the same things, that "they relaxed every bond of society;" while you merely limit them

to a "well-constituted society," which we don't claim to have. And then, in nice, friendly way you apologise to us for what might seem a rather harsh judgment, though I don't think it is, by saying it's only "*your view*." We may be wrong, you say, as Chamberlain said on another occasion. In that same speech how cleverly, too, you "cornered," as our American brothers say, the coercers. Listen to this; and little did I think I'd ever be proving Gladstone to be a true man, and the friend of Captain Moonlight. Said you: "There is one duty which is anterior to the reform and the improvement of the law. It is the maintenance of public order and public peace." When this was read out to our men they looked black—was he selling the pass? but I went on. This wonderful "one duty" that you spoke of wasn't to come into work for a long time, for there was one *before* it. "I hold it," you said, "our first duty to look to *the law as it stands*, to ascertain what its fair and just administration means." They began to smile, then. "Wait yet, boys," I said. "'But the obligation incumbent upon us to protect every citizen in the enjoyment of his life and his property might, under certain circumstances, compel us to ask for an increase of power and authority.' Here they got black again. 'Although *we will never anticipate such a contingency*'—we gave you a cheer on that; 'Let him go on,' I said—'*nor imagine it to exist until it is proved by the clearest demonstration.*'—another cheer!—'Yet, if that contingency were realised, if that demonstration were afforded, you may rely upon it we should not shrink from acting upon the obligation it would entail.'"

Well, it will be said, but you *did* "coerce" after all; you did prosecute. Yes, in a really friendly spirit. The Prosecution was abortive; so did you make the Coercion. Witness the complaints of the men of order. No "village tyrants" were put under

lock and key—only tavern spouters, &c. Not a finger was laid on our leaders, even though Dillon talked sedition to your face in the House of Commons. But in an evil hour, the cherished Land Act, already ricketty, was assailed. Profane hands were laid on the Ark. Instantly the confederacy was broken up. You turned on the old “pals” with whom you had been working on that “lay,” and the prisons were crammed.

“That ‘Twitcher should peach doth surprise me.”

But the best part is to come. The landlords, reading our Davitt’s and Brennan’s speeches, in which the men were told plainly that the time was coming for rifles and business, which everyone saw every day in the papers, once complained to you that “inflammatory speeches were allowed to go unchecked.” So they were. I’d like to see the man who *would* check them; and, to do a grand old man justice, no man could make such a charge against you *then*! I could show fifty newspapers and a hundred speeches of the most rebellious or “disloyal,” as some call it, kind. Well, now—listen to your answer: “Mr. Gladstone does not clearly understand in what sense inflammatory speeches can be said to be ‘allowed to continue unchecked’ at a moment when the speakers are under prosecution at the instance of Her Majesty’s Government.” Didn’t that make you laugh when you read it? If that’s the only “checking” we were to get, doesn’t it show again what I said before—*you are all with us?*

Police, soldiers, gaols, speeches, appeals, “soothing syrups,” Land Act, all join to make up a failure so complete and wholesale, that no ingenuity of so great a hair-splitter can do anything to extenuate it. It is confessed. We do not wonder your “grand” old face is long and haggard, your heart sunk. For the point has to be answered,

who is accountable for this disastrous state of things? I fancy the verdict will be that there is GUILT and INCAPACITY: guilt in the set purpose with which law was suspended for party purposes; incapacity shown by your grand prophecies of prosperity—the guaranteed results of peace: lion and lamb lying down together, general union and happiness! These things are capable of certain proof, and are not mere statements. It is droll that the chief proofs of guilt show incapacity as well; for your partner, Chamberlain, allowed the truth to escape him in his charming distinctions between the seasons when the Land League was legitimate and when it ceased to be so. Yes, guilt and incapacity dog you at every turn. Every class comes to denounce you, for every class you seem to have betrayed as your convenience prompted. The landlords, you began—that is, you and yours—by holding up to execration as oppressors; then it was suddenly announced by your chief that they were to be acquitted of all blame, with a few insignificant exceptions. *Then* the tenants were the most oppressed creatures on the face of the earth; later they are grasping, covetous—they are insensible to the blessings of the Land Act. Now they are “victims of eviction” once more. Trevelyan’s heart bleeds for them.

But it is with us—that is, with the followers of my friend, Captain Moonlight, and who have most cause to complain—with us that you will have most seriously to reckon. For a whole year you gave us a letter of licence, for a whole year you let us teach sedition, because you thought it was teaching the Land Act. As every Sunday, in almost every parish, came round, there was the meeting on the green, to which came down the Healys and Brennans and the rest, where, as I tell you advisedly, sedition and rebellion were openly, and with impunity—that is, with *your*

sanction—preached and taught. The same was carried out in our newspapers. You never interfered. Before your Great Bill, and after, it was the same. The thing went on, and would have gone on till, your Land Act being nigh to shipwreck on its launching, you found the case desperate, and suddenly pounced—“rounding,” to use the thieves’ phrase—on your old coadjutors and assistants. This we could not have complained of had you adopted that attitude at the beginning; but as it stands, it was an unworthy betrayal. The world has construed the transaction in this view, and no amount of ingenious hair-splitting or fine distinctions can get rid of the fact, that, so long as the “grand old man’s” achievement was not discredited or laid violent hands on, violent hands might be laid on anything else with the old impunity. This matter of responsibility has become so serious that we must go into it together very carefully and even minutely.

You know as well as any man what my feeling is to the landlords, and that I am not likely to take their part. But, I will say this: of all the mean, shabby, ignoble shifts, that have been recorded in political life, that of turning on them, and charging them with want of spirit in meeting the disorders, in not asserting their rights, &c., seems the shabbiest and meanest. To fail yourself, and then blame others for having failed is always mean; but to fail, and shift your failure on to the shoulders of your victims is shabbier still. Were I a landlord, I would say to you: “You have brought everything to ruin and confusion, after promising peace and order; you have stripped and plundered us to appease the mob; you have favoured lawlessness to make us helpless and unresisting; for a year, and more, you let us (of set purpose) be the victims of outrages and terrorism; you taught and enforced that there should be no LAW, and now you turn

round and charge us with not invoking the law to defend ourselves!" Since the leading case of the argument put forward by the wolf to the lamb, I know nothing more *immoral* or *impudent*! Why not defend—exert ourselves? What! when your Forster threatened them from the House that if they ventured to exert the powers the law gave them—unjustly, as it appeared to you—you would give them no assistance and would, rather, hinder them! What! when the phrase "sentence of death" was said to have been applied, by you, a "grand old man," to the process known as "eviction" (the landlords' only remedy), and complacently accepted as your own phrase, when it was doing your work; when he described as oppressors whole armies, thousands of soldiers and police, promenading the country, driving the wretched people from their homes (the falsity of which memorable blunder was exposed to inextinguishable laughter), all uttered for the further purpose of blackening and holding up to opprobrium these tyrants! But, you see, this was all in the days when you were attitudinising as our deliverers—when you were preparing to earn the eternal gratitude of the expectant Irish nation, who were to take the enormous boon offered them, and, in peace and quiet, be grateful, and sing the praises of Gladstone the Great and Good for ever after! I have often pitied the condition of those hapless creatures during these years back, when you and yours were so pitilessly irritating them for scientific purposes, preparing the country for the reception of the grand "healing" measure—I say I have thought of the accumulated tortures these wretched gentlemen had to endure, while the process went slowly on, under the studied, deliberate toleration of crime, oppression, and plunder, and the gentle measures of restraint—for it was absolutely necessary to carry

the Land Act, even if borne to a triumphant issue on billows of storm and confusion. Fancy their hearts eaten up with the wearing anxieties for the lives and wants of their families; the stretching out of trembling hands for aid; the insolent denial of rent; the lack of necessaries; the temporary surmounting of present difficulty; with the racking, gnawing terror for the future; the meeting of the innocent faces at home—the gentle daughter, the fluttering, heart-sore wife—and paint the same recurring story of hopelessness, with no likelihood of hope! Or think of the sum of weary nights, when these poor heads of families have debated, “What is to be done?” or the blacker apprehensions forever threatening human life, when, as they sit in the parlour, the family clustered together, they know not whether the bullet will pierce the shutter and lodge in the father’s brain; or when the servants come rushing in, screaming that the stables and haggard had been fired! Or take a common picture: The father setting off in the morning, to strive desperately and settle something or, it may be, wildly attempt—as you have so unchivalrously taunted him with not doing—to assert his rights in such difficult and halting fashion as you would allow the law to help him. The wistful, worn faces follow him, as he drives away, his rifle at his knee, his policemen beside him. A delay beyond the time fixed for his return, and how great the sick sinking of the heart—the hope deferred! And even, as the darkness comes on, and the welcome sound of wheels on the gravel is heard, it may be only the carriage bringing him back dying or without life! I repeat, the sum of these awful hours of suspense and agony and difficulty, if added up, would startle you.

I can fancy you throwing up your hands in the warmth of despair or honest indignation or disgust, and exclaiming, “What have I to do with this?”

Could I guarantee mental peace—abolish anxiety? Am I accountable?" I can hear the hollow voices of the sad train of ruined men cry, "You are!" while the ghosts of the long procession of all the murdered, from Mountmorres to the poor hapless lady, murmur "*You are!*"

When I say this I do not, of course, charge you with being bloodthirsty, or with favouring murder. On the contrary, you have the reputation, and I believe fairly, of being a very humane, well-meaning man. When I say you, I mean you and your quartett, Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain and Forster. It is in the sense that an engine driver who has recklessly disregarded the signals and destroyed his train, killing many, is righteously found guilty of manslaughter, and has the blood of his victims on him. I can tell you and the rest that, if put before a jury, you would be found guilty. For your party purposes you disregarded the Signal which honour, morality, and justice displayed. You suspended law and order, and let innocent blood be shed, because you withdrew protection. Here you were not so guilty as weak. The crime settles on those white hairs, yours, the selfish, foolish old man, who to your last breath will feed on vanity, and who, I firmly believe, care little who suffers, or what they suffer, provided you be exalted.

Equally pitiful is the charging of the disorders on the Land League, the Americans, the Fenians, Parnell and Dillon, the suspects, or the "No Rent" manifesto. Everyone knows, and watched with astonishment, your coquettings, obsequious compliments, your confabulations with the Healys and the rest. *They* did your work for you, and you fancied, in your folly, that you were making them pull the chestnuts out of the fire for you; instead, it is they who clutched your feeble fingers, and, after serious burns, have secured the chestnuts. I shall show you

presently how Chamberlain foolishly confessed to this scheme: impudence is not too strong a word. Equally impudent as it was foolish were the charges against the farmers, who were taken out of their cottages to have their legs fired into, that they did not defend themselves with arms, &c. One of your magistrates actually invited some persons to get arms, or offered arms to them; also wrote a letter of thanks and approbation to one who had fired on his assailants. You cannot conceive how droll this appears to outsiders. You, whose duty it is to take care that a district is peaceful, by abolishing assailants and evildoers, or preventing them following their calling, instead, invite the assailed to take that duty on themselves, and vote them thanks when they do so! What a confession of incapacity! You, with your 30,000 and more of soldiers, your 14,000 and more of armed police, your draughts for more ready to be honoured to any extent, revert to the old elementary system. Your "resource of civilisation" is "defend yourself!" Twenty men with blackened faces come in the night and kill or half kill you. He should or (in the latter case) you should, have defended yourself! Imagine the system carried out—firing and firing back. Our men with blackened faces would ask nothing better—nothing would so stimulate their exertions; and, after a series of these nightly murderous conflicts, you would be the first to "turn round" on the wretched farmers and say, as they had "taken the law into their own hands" they were responsible for the disorder the country had been brought to. What sheer incapacity! What experiments tried and abandoned! There is no end to them. We forget them because they succeed each other so rapidly: the Tullamore speech, the grand system of patrols, the new magistrates: "try this, try that." O most forcible feeble!

Well, but you, "grand old man," will deny that this last affectionate embracing of the Land League Chiefs, and the "making up" with them "all round," means any "community of purpose"—to use one of your soapy phrases—with us "Moonlighters." It is merely a political and patriotic fraternisation. But has not the author of the grand Clerkenwell Doctrine, "*murder a means of drawing attention,*" a genuine "*community of purpose*" with the men of such doctrines as the following: "After all, *who have been murdered but landlords?* But what has been their conduct? I say, upon the authority of an English Minister, that every eviction is a sentence of death, and I ask you to weigh that against the *paltry murders* of four landlords"—or, as you put it happily, they were *to blame.*" A question was put in a speech, "What are you to do to a man who takes a farm, from which another has been evicted?" Several voices exclaimed "Shoot him!" The answer came:—"I wish to point out a *much better way*—a more Christian and charitable way—by 'making a leper' of him, and showing him" (by Boycotting) "*what a crime* he has committed." You see; the same Ministerial idea of a legal act being "a crime," and which was affirmed in the Disturbance Bill. The same speaker declared that the Prosecutions were ordered, not "to preserve the lives of one or two landlords. Much the English Government care about that." "I would not have taken off my coat and gone to this work if I had not known that we were laying the foundation in this movement for the regeneration of our legislative independence." Said another of our leaders: "If he were a friend of Justice May, he would advise him to go abroad for his health." Another of our leaders said that a certain person's cattle "wouldn't prosper" on an evicted farm. Parnell once started a paper. In one of the numbers issued before its

suppression there was an account of an interview between Mr. Forster and some tenants. The tenants offer to solve the Irish question *if they are left alone with their landlord*; and finally Mr. Forster withdraws, when he sees a gibbet is being constructed for him outside. Yet you are now reconciled with this gentleman. So you are with Davitt, who was working out his sentence for distributing firearms through the country. Things are much more favourable for him now. Parnell has manfully said again and again that he means rebellion; but you have given him the kiss of peace.

Even in this last grim business of the two Secretaries, and the steps you have taken in consequence, you seem more illogical and unmeaning than ever, and prove the old "community of purpose" with us. "The right hon. gentleman," we are told, "spoke with great difficulty, his emotion being visibly so great as to give his words a choking sound, and his sentences were broken by several pauses and disjointed words. It was manifest that he only saved himself from utterly breaking down by the utmost effort and exertion of will, and the scene, as he stood at the table, was painful in the extreme." Dramatic, no doubt. But you then announced that "all previous arrangements must be reconsidered," and "to some extent recast." That is, coercion must set in again. Now, I ask, Why *now* more than when the poor lady's skull was blown off, in which you found nothing to affect you, and in which you saw only a "social revolution," instantly recognised by opening the prison doors, abolishing coercion, and reconciling yourself with us? Why not do this now, if you did it then? Or was not your doing it then an invitation to us to repeat the same sort of stroke, with larger results, "drawing" greater "attention"? Ah! see how that Clerkenwell Doctrine pursues you! There is the beginning of the chain,

and this Secretaries' murder the last link: you at one end, we the other. And this Clerkenwell doctrine supplies us with an explanation of what might seem a contradiction; for you have held to it consistently from the beginning, applying it faithfully, save only in an exceptional case, wherever *it interfered with your political action*. Then you became pitiless. Mr. Parnell was allowed to apply his theories with all due toleration from you until he dared to interfere with your Land Act, when you clapped him in prison, suddenly discovering that he was acting against the law. Mrs. Smythe's, and a dozen similar cases, were helping to prove your (and our) theory that "coercion was useless"; so it only "drew your attention" to the "social revolution," and the Clerkenwell doctrine was generously applied. Now comes the Phoenix Park tragedy, which spoils your programme, so you will punish all who interfere with you.

Again, see how strangely our general "community of purpose" is shown in their new manifesto, when Parnell, Davitt, and Dillon talk of the last tragic business as "*unprovoked* assassination," as if, when "provoked," there was a certain justification. Well, did not one of your Cabinet talk of certain landlords who had been shot, not "being to *blame*;" their assassination was, in short, "unprovoked." Bright, as I showed, deprecated murders, "for the sake of the Liberal party." And Parnell and Davitt deprecate the last murder on the ground of its injury to their cause *and* the Government.

Let me thank you also for your admirable vindication of sending "threatening letters."

SECOND LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, ON HIS PARTICULAR SHARE IN OUR LABOURS.

SIR,

I could imagine nothing more pitiable as a spectacle than a glimpse of the interior of your study at the late "Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park," when it was gone midnight, and, your amiable wife having retired to rest, you were sitting up, striving to devise something, or find some guide through the chaos of disastrous "reports" spread open before you. You hear the tramp of police outside. You lift your head from your weary hands with a start. It may be someone coming out with a telegram: some wretched lady has had her skull blown off going to church; a landlord or farmer "shot dead" at his own door—

"Out upon you, ye owls! nothing but songs of Death!"

There seemed no issue. You tried everything—even to the speech at Tullamore. This latter *coup*, so certain to tell, the papers said, being a "manly appeal to the quick-witted peasant" it was to convert, I say, fell as flat as the last victim of a ten shilling rifle.

Now, if I am prepared to give you full credit where you are entitled to it, you must understand it is from the purest selfishness. For *your* vindication is ours. In those early days, we could not complain of you. I well recollect when you first talked of resigning. If you had heard the cry of consternation that was set up

in our Lodge, you would have been pleased and complimented. "Buckshot go!" said Tim the Shaughraun; "I'd as soon part with my shnawdher" (so he calls the older type of breechloader, now so popular with us). "Faith, and he *mus'n't* go," said Dark Jim, with whom "*mus'n't*" is always the same as "isn't." Indeed, if a Beach, or Hartington, or Lowther, or any of that type had had the management, I do believe we'd have been all where we were two years ago, when we were plodding on in the old disgusting style—paying rents or begging for time. Landlords could walk about without annoyance, and luckless Mountmorres and Boyd pursued their games without one to remonstrate. As your "grand old man" himself owned (on March 31, 1880), "*There is an absence of crime and outrage, with a general feeling of comfort and satisfaction, such as has been unknown in the previous history of the country.*" Suddenly you and yours came to power, and what a blessed change was introduced! Then were noble times, indeed! Landlords executed, bailiffs and process-servers beaten to death, tenants "carded" or shot, cattle maimed or thrown over into the sea, barns fired, men "Boycotted" or interdicted from food, fire, and water; seventy persons under the "protection of the police"; owners walking about preceded or followed by two armed constables; lands and farms held without rent; ejected tenants restored or "put back" in spite of the law; bands of our men, with blackened faces, visiting houses by night and firing into them; threatening letters; "sedition" preached at the market place or in the newspapers with impunity; a fine reign of terror; everywhere general lawlessness! You were all true to us then, Forster, though I own we sometimes had our doubts of you. The men, too, have often had qualms about you and your comrades; however, as I told them, you

were Englishmen, and could only walk after your lights; but, in your own way, you *were with us*. Yes, you were all with us, because you believed we were doing your work—clearing the ground in our rough way, as the French did in their way. When you threatened the House of Lords, I said at our Lodge “That man is true to us.” So were Gladstone, Chamberlain, and Bright. The splendid style in which you four fought for us in those early months and kept the ring clear, “seeing fair,” as it is called, between us and the tyrant landlords, should never be forgotten by us. As I told our men, after all it is something to live *under English laws* when administered by Radical men of the right sort. Indeed, I used to say to them, “What can you want more? Look round at every country in Europe and Asia; where is there one where the Government puts its laws aside; where the people pays no debts if it likes—talks, beats, murders, exactly as it likes?” I do not know any country but this where Government has sided with the mob against the upper classes; not even France, where it is the government of the mob. They wished to “coerce” us then. But I fancy that you and I between us “coerced” them pretty freely. There was only one restraint; there was to be no *public* fighting, no open conflict. Shooting a landlord dead was *allowable*—*by law*, I was going to say—I mean by its non-enforcement. Like some of the old musty laws about priests which are still in the Statute Book, but, not being enforced, are considered repealed, so with what is called assassination: you and your colleagues then happily let the law “pass into desuetude;” so now that it is become impossible to prevent or detect it. You still go through the pantomime of offering £10,000 reward, which you know equally no one will ask for. If anyone did, no jury would convict. These old-fashioned laws,

then, failing, you very properly *refused* to substitute other and certain modes of prevention and detection.

I will maintain that Ireland—that is, we Rories—at that time, never had truer and more genuine friends and protectors! Our spouting fellows could say what they liked—sedition hot and strong; could talk of rebellion of using rifles, and the rest; while you never interfered or took the least notice. To you we owed this six months' space; it was you that really called "Hands off" to our enemies.

Fine, then, was it to hear that burst of yours: "You would not allow constitutional liberty to be infringed," or abridged. You meant, of course, you would not let *our* liberty be infringed; that is, "liberty" to deal with the liberty of others who didn't deserve to have liberty. And so they have not. They can't walk about by night or day without men with guns, can't sell their cattle, recover their rents; in fact, can do nothing without our leave. I fancy these unhappy devils might say to you and the saponaceous Selborne (who talked of his two pillars—law and liberty), "Why don't you let *us* have the liberty, law, and order you are boasting about? *We* are citizens as well as your other friends. Let us have the advantage of your 'pillars,' which seem to be lying flat and prostrate—liberty to walk about freely under the protection of the constitution and not of men with guns." I confess there is some reason in this; but you were right in shutting your ears and giving your friends alone the benefit of it. Was there not a French lady who exclaimed, "O Liberty, how many things are done in your name!" It does sound funny that these men should be allowed no liberty in order to preserve our liberty! But you and your friends are true Radicals, and agree with us in thinking that true liberty consists in liberty for the poor: let the rich buy it—if they

can; "Boycott" them if they object, while we "give them an ounce of lead" if they resist.

I can fancy some English people, as they read this, smiling at the idea of Ministers going in the same boat with those they impudently call assassins, cattle-maimers, robbers, "Boycotters," and rebels. I tell these persons to look to your acts. I have a cynical purpose in wishing to vindicate you in detail, and prove that you were once one of *us*, and that you *must* take your share in the credit, or discredit, of the acts, the responsibility of which is now found so awkward. We will not have your quartett abused as coercionists of the people—you, the original coercionists of the landlords. It is another matter as to whether you are to be called deserters of your principles, or renegades, according to the coarser word.

I repeat: my more particular purpose here is, in an odd sort of way, to come to your aid, and show the public that not only you, but Gladstone, Chamberlain, and Bright not only held, but favoured our peculiar principles, even—mark me here!—even to that "ultimate reason" which we are obliged to apply to bad landlords who will listen to nothing else. Don't misunderstand me: not one of you worthy four would sanction the use of "one ounce of lead"; but you have used phrases which do, after some philosophical sense, sanction it, and that is quite as valuable to us: These, too, you have supported by fitting *action*. Never fear, I shall prove all I say.

Now, I will begin with yourself, and show you how much we owe you in this department—granting all the time that you wouldn't "harm a fly." Recollect about the end of 1880, when you were much excited about the landlords and their "injustice." What pleased us at this time, which was after the rejection of your "Disturbance" Bill, was your longing anxiety

to help and favour us—shown even in the choice of tenderly good-natured, softened phrases for very ugly but necessary things. An ordinary Minister of the Crown *would* call shooting a landlord “assassination,” and the doers thereof “assassins.” He would say, “this is a frightful state of things. We shall strain every nerve to bring the ruffians to justice; they are outside the pale of the law. The man that finds excuse for them, or offers it, sympathises with them.” But what did you style it, with nice good feeling? “Insecurity to life”; “danger to individual life and property”! You then proceeded to weigh the point whether the victim of the “insecurity” or the assailant was responsible for the danger. You said, on August 25: “What did exist was considerable *danger to individual life and insecurity to property* in one or two instances. You must honestly say that, as far as you were able to learn that *danger* was not caused by the landlords. The cases which had been brought before you were not those in which the *individual landlords had been to blame.*” Now, here, while appearing to defend the landlords, you are really vindicating *us*. For is not the inference from this happy word “to blame” this: that those whose “individual life is in danger”—(why not say “likely to be shot” but you don’t like hurting our feelings)—are not “to blame,” that is, don’t merit being shot at? Surely, a fair deduction from this happy form of putting things is that there are others “to blame,” and who *do* merit that punishment. I daresay this is not your meaning, and you are shocked at it; but I really think it is not a strained interpretation. Next you seem to apologise for acquitting our common enemies, the landlords, and also for yourselves, for taking some action for their protection. Listen: “Then came the question, *What was to be done?* Well, the law must be obeyed.” (Not, you see, *enforced.*) “It was

really a truism to say the law must be obeyed; and order must be preserved, *or every bond of society must be relaxed.*" I like that phrase and alternative, "every bond of society relaxed." Then you repeated: "Certainly, there was that insecurity, where had been these outrages, which no Government that was worthy the name—no man in his position—could by any possibility *allow to go on* without doing the utmost to stop them."

Now, I ask, is not this exactly the way *we* would talk? We consider at this moment that "the bonds of society" are merely a little "relaxed" and that murder is, not as fanatics put it, the last violation of all that is human and divine, but simply a matter of "*obeying the law*" or not; while the victim has simply been in a position of "insecurity" which may or may not "*be allowed to go on.*" I repeat, your phrases are ours; once you begin to make it matter of discussion whether murder may "go on" it may come "within practical politics," as Mr. Gladstone, declared it might; while Chamberlain, as I shall show presently, declared there were seasons when such things *ought* to be "allowed to go on."

But this view, in your case, is further supported by what you urged in the House after that mouse from a mountain, the Disturbance Bill! Excuse me if I say that it was a humiliating spectacle. You recollect that day? How valiantly you spoke, and gave back honest defiance to those lordlings who had cast out your Bill! You said plainly that you would bring it in again and pass it in spite of them. "You had always said you must carry out the law; yet if you found that the landlords were to any great extent making use of their powers, so as to force the Government to support them in the exercise of injustice, the Government would accompany the request for special powers with a bill which should

prevent your being forced to support injustice!" No wonder we were all elated at this fine declaration, and Dillon, one of us, with a rude, brutal logic translated it at once into its obvious English. Said he: "If they could get relief in no other way, it would be *their duty* to go to Ireland *and get up such a condition of affairs* as would force the Government to pass a measure of the kind indicated." And have not subsequent events shown the sagacity of this remarkable utterance? For to this hour the grand old man has always required "such a condition of affairs *to be got up*" to propel him into action; just as the Clerkenwell explosion was "a condition of affairs" that caused action to be taken on the Irish Church. But this by the way. Well, you seemed to say that, as the orderly folk were clamouring for coercion; and you told them that if they wanted *that* they must take it with something they would not like. But, unluckily for you, and for us, you fell into the hands, or fangs rather, of that clever, logical, wiry, terrier-like Gibson, who on that day—oh, it was pitiable!—proceeded to draw you like a badger. He wished to know what you meant by "injustice." "If the landlords committed a crime, they were amenable to the law. If he" (that is *you*) "found they were enforcing their rights in a way that did not commend itself to you and your friends, you would bring in a Bill to deal with his civil rights." "*Did he mean there was a justice superior to the justice of the law?* Were the decisions of the Queen's Bench to be submitted to the review of the Government?" This was terribly logical, and, as a fair man, I own you laid yourself open to it. It was a capital thrust, and I admire him for it. You *couldn't* answer it, of course. I could, by telling him we knew nothing about Queen's Bench law, to which our law is superior. But there you were on the spit, and I declare it was sad to see the

way you wriggled and floundered. What was your answer to Gibson? "I can only say what I said before; if there was any *injustice, &c.*, I am not going to be disturbed or annoyed by what he said." Poor, poor Forster! So the eel, actually being skinned, might say to the cook, "I am not going to be disturbed or annoyed," &c.; but that won't stay the skinning. Then, growing desperate, you had to add: "He had said" (you had) "over and over again that *they were going to carry out the law as it stood.*" So there was the end of the flourishing and the compliments, the not "suffering injustice," and the rest.

There is, however, further significance in this little scene, more awkward than you would suppose. You did not see that you here allowed to escape you your set purpose of putting aside "the law of the land." We set aside the laws in our way; you Ministers of the Crown, having failed in your Disturbance Bill, had determined to set the law aside in yours. Am I not right, then, in saying we were working together, and using the same means? You were caught in the act by Gibson, and forced to confess.

Well, you escaped for the moment, but a week later, after the sneers and laughter excited by the scene, some malicious spirit prompted you to try and cobble your logic up. It had been better to have left it. Still, it was pleasant to find a Minister of the Crown almost abjectly complimenting our leader. "He was delighted to find that, while encouraging agitation to obtain a legal result, the hon. member would use his great influence to prevent individual outrage." Thus did Chamberlain and Bright later "implore the people of Ireland" not to do anything wrong. No appeal to *the laws*, you see. Then, you went on to give your "definition of injustice," and thus put down Gibson. It

consisted, you said, in "inability to pay; not from thriftlessness, or from failure of crops, or want of reasonableness in the landlord, or of unreasonableness in the tenant." Good gracious! was it come to that? Why, thus whittled down, and with all these conditions, what was the value of your aid? Then you went on, with more brave words of defiance, "If any injustice *came about*"—funny words, and general—"he would tell his colleagues *he was not going to be the instrument of injustice.*" But at this moment, no doubt, you felt Gibson's eye on you. You faltered and grew uneasy. "But, *at the same time*" (an alarming beginning), "it must not be expected that he would act on a few isolated cases. That was not enough. It must be to an extent giving reasonable cause for alarm." Now came, not Gibson, but the rude Dillon, who insolently tore away all these pretences. "What," he said, "were these extraordinary qualifications" of the generous manly promises made? "A considerable quantity of injustice," and even then only "probably," rendered the statement utterly valueless. You would give this meagre measure of protection to the tenant only *if* forced to ask for extra powers, and not till then; and you would only ask for extra powers under the most remote and impossible conditions. Was that the view? Poor Forster! Again forced to your legs, you could only babble the old form, "If the landlords were found to be using their powers for injustice," &c. On which the pitiless Dillon replied that that only bore out what he said: "Was he to tell the tenants that if they submitted to injustice peaceably they would get no protection; and that the condition on which protection was given was that they were to bring about disorder?" Crushed, you could not answer.

Your sympathy, I am bound to say, you showed in a very striking way whenever the topic of the Police

and their conduct came up for discussion. I must own I pity those wretched beings—more hunted than hunting; obliged, by your friendly orders, to endure every violence rather than injure “the people”; hated by us; chided by you; and found guilty of murder. I almost like better still, your pleading for pardon for these misguided creatures, who, attacked by a desperate mob, fired, and a man had been killed. You pleaded humble regret that “they were reduced to the *lamentable necessity* of being obliged to fire *at all*.” At the same time you handsomely admitted, “I believe, if the Police had done nothing, the *town would have been sacked*”; and that the man who, “you were sorry to say, was killed,” was “shot in the act of throwing a stone,” *i.e.*, of helping to sack the place. Yet, still, “it is a *deplorable thing* that the police should have to fire”! So we think. You then dwelt on limitations to be placed on all firing, and the strict injunctions issued, so that you are *really* warranted in claiming credit for “not having shed any of *the people’s* blood.” Bright, too, on this topic of the Police, was equally satisfactory. How do you suppose he defined the Irish Constabulary—and this, too, in times of rankest disorder? Why, as “the inevitable consequence of the landlord system,” just as, later, he pointed with exultation to the spectacle of the landlords “flying for their lives.” He proposed, what amounted to abolishing them altogether—putting them under the control of “the people”—*i.e.*, of the ratepayers, and taking them from under that of the Government. It was like the proposal of the wolves to the sheep, that they should “abolish” their protecting constabulary, the dogs. Later, when we suggested to you, in the same spirit, that their arms should be taken away from them, you, to our surprise, answered gravely that you would seriously consider the matter! So, too, when the landlords came rushing to you clamouring for protection, you

invariably sent them away with what is called "a flea in their ear." Not many months ago, you withdrew your police from being caretakers of the caretakers, which I must say has been of substantial aid to us. Now, I ask you, was it astonishing that we should consider all this as so many certain signs and tokens that you were with *us* and against *them*?

Indeed, why go beyond your own declaration—the famous essay on the use of the peculiar form of ammunition which gave you the name I am addressing you by? Listen now: "As to the use of buckshot, he should cause the matter *to be gone into* so as to be certain which was the more humane, and *at the same time effective, bullet or buckshot*. The question of snipeshot *should also be taken into account*, although it would not be *candid* if he held out the idea that it was likely *snipeshot would be adopted*. From what he had heard of the *mobs*, they were very courageous and very desperate, and to *pepper* such determined mobs with *snipeshot* would only induce them to rush more furiously on. When firing had to be resorted to it is right to be done only when it *could be made effectual*." There is a military levity in talking of "peppering mobs." But I quote it here to show that you feel with us when we talk of peppering landlords. Indeed, I appeal to the adoption of the special form of shot as a fresh token of sympathy, or what looks like it. For how does it work? We have our rifles and balls, and shoot down, at long ranges, those who are obnoxious, whereas you furnish your police with buckshot, which merely "peppers." I confess this is helping us most substantially, for it puts our enemies under highly disadvantageous terms of conflict. It is really wonderful how *you four* and we, are found using the same airy and wholesome phrases, and not coarse, vulgar terms of the law—murder, robbery, and the

like. Shooting people we both style "peppering." We both consider that some landlords whose lives are in danger "are to blame." Blowing up a prison only brings a matter "within the range of practical politics;" and you describe what were once called "agrarian outrages," as "things which no one could *for a moment defend*," which seemed to give a hint that there were like things which one *might* for a moment defend.

I never, up to a late period, took the side of those who assumed, from your periodical valiant outbursts: "I will assert the law," "I mean to assert the law" (so like Mr. Winkle announcing in the street row that he was "going to begin"), that you were unsound, or going against us. Even in your angry denunciation of honest Dillon, when you called him "names," shabby as it was to turn on a "pal" whom you had complimented and encouraged, there was plenty to set off against it. You made up for it, as it were. In one speech he had been advising the people to drill and collect in armed bodies—an open and courageous waving of the flag of rebellion. And what did you reply? It would not do to offend the Land Leaguers, who were expected to rally to the Bill; so Dillon is only warned that "he will not tempt the Government to swerve for one moment from their determination" — (to what?—to crush disorder? to strain every nerve to protect the lives such teaching menaced? Nothing of the kind.)—"from their determination" (good, valiant word!) "to look at the evils under which Ireland is labouring; to look at the state of things *which alone made it possible to make such a speech.*" That is to say, the evil justified our seditious utterances. And not long after, Mr. Gladstone took occasion, at a public dinner, to pay an earnest compliment to Dillon, praising his honesty and sincerity, hoping, I suppose, to soothe him. In reply Parnell begged

his friends to wait till they heard Dillon's speech, which was to come off in a few days, when he would deal with the compliment. And so, in truth, Dillon flung it back on your Premier. A truly edifying rebuff! Thus every step showed your anxiety to please us, and to work with us, if we would only let you. Time moves so fast and it is often so convenient to forget, that it is only by contrasting your original behaviour in the early days of your coming, with your late behaviour, that the true character of your government can be brought out. It seems the record of two different men! You, William E. Forster, the honest Radical from Bradford—plain even to uncouthness—the true man of the residuum—just, unswerving—doing right lest the heavens should fall—here, if ever was the man for Ireland! Recall yourself how, then, it was a perpetual round of denunciation and reprobation of the abuses which oppressed or “ground down” the Irish race; meaning of course, those only with incomes under twenty pounds a year; in what manly “terse” words, you denounced landlords and landlordism; and how condescending and deferential you were to “the people.” You told them how you felt for them, and how the time was at hand when all their wrongs should be redressed. We actually believed you were one of us then.

I repeat that I, indeed, pity those harried, hunted victims—as you have made them—the Irish landlords, and, were I one, I should have deeply resented your rather clumsy attempt at propitiation by inviting them to your balls. You could not have expected that the men you had despoiled, and suffered to be despoiled, would have accepted. I myself think you ought to have asked *us*, your own immediate friends and allies. I could fancy a wretched landlord of a poetical turn—his house

barricaded, his rents in his tenants' pockets, inditing his lugubrious fancies on the occasion:—

THE BUCKSHOT BALL.

Though peace is not found in the land,
There's joy in the house after all ;
Go, Liddell, and muster your band,
For Buckshot is giving a Ball.

So put on your smiles, my fair lady,
Your flowers and feathers and all ;
Though Buckshot a beggar has made ye,
He asks you to dance at his Ball.

Forget that the husband and son
Are foully besieged at the Hall ;
Forget all the mischief he's done,
And hurry away to the Ball.

Forget all the Blood in the West,
The beast that is maimed in his stall ;
The rifle, the coffin, the rest,
And smilingly go to his Ball.

Why ask the landlord so meagre,
His sorrows you only recall ?
No—ask every " Moonlight " and Leaguer,
And send them all " cards " for your Ball.

Ask Sexton and Healy and Dillon,
The " Boycotters," " Rories," and all ;
Such friends and allies will be willin'
To feast and to dance at your Ball.

That your pleasure may be unalloyed,
From the Land of the Shadows recall
The ghosts of Mountmorres and Boyd,
To flit through the dance at your Ball.

So cheerily " Hands down the middle,"
And galop and waltz through the Hall ;
Play up the horn and the fiddle,
For Buckshot is giving his Ball !

I recollect once having a hearty laugh at the vindication of some measures adopted by Government for giving a sense of security to orderly citizens.

It was gravely stated by one of the Ministers:—
 “What would you have? Are there not two hundred persons enjoying the protection of the police”—that is, walking about with two armed men behind them? I confess, for myself, I should not thank anyone or any system of laws which gave me that kind of protection, nor, speaking philosophically, should I consider it suitable to a highly civilised state. In Mexico it would do, or in Bulgaria; but if I were a gentleman or a landlord, I should like to walk about unmolested by such guardians—in fact, about as comfortably as *we* do ourselves. It seems rather like an argument out of a French burlesque. We, however, knew it to be one more proof of hearty sympathy with us—of the carrying out of your golden rule: no law, or, if law, administer it so that it shall have the effect of no law. Read your prosecutions, your coercion, your “relief of Boycott” with a whole army, your answers to landlords’ appeals, your “Disturbance” Bill, your Land Act, by this light, and how harmoniously intelligible it all becomes!

I confess that your sudden outburst of vigour in 1880, arresting Leaguers, and even priests, forbidding meetings, &c., seemed a desertion of our common principles. But Parliament had met, and we felt that you were obliged to do something. We were grateful to you for holding out so long, in spite of threats, entreaties, prayers; in spite of the cries of the bankrupt landlords, the weeping of females. You allowed rebellion to be preached and written in every direction—even in England, as when someone—was it a Town Councillor at Liverpool?—exhorted the Irish to have done with talking and take to their arms. O’Kelly, M.P., said he saw “the highest temple of justice was occupied by an ermined ruffian who polluted the court.” Another spoke of “that scoundrelly oration delivered by

Chief-Justice May. Here was this man, who in a few weeks was to sit in judgment upon Mr. Parnell, and he had the *audacity, the villainy, and the cowardice* to pronounce a verdict of guilty before the case was tried before him. The judge in Ireland was a conspirator, a tool, and an instrument in the hands of the authorities who paid him his salary." Dillon, too, was equally good: "Even the judge's ermine was not sufficient to protect him from the lie which he (the speaker) would give him that day. He was a liar, *he was a cowardly liar*, inasmuch as he told that lie from a place which would protect him from the consequences of what he might have said, if said out of doors."

No notice was taken of these things nor of a hundred such. Again and again did Conservative members, in the House, draw your attention to them, and you invariably answered that you "would cause inquiry to be made into the matter." Of course, they were never heard of again. Indeed, your Quartett reminds me of members of the police, who, being friendly to certain criminals, contrive to get the warrants for their arrest entrusted to them, and thus never can find them. You have contrived to have the various "resources of civilisation" put into your hands, Even in the House of Commons you tolerated "seditious" and rebellious declarations. Some, of course, read all this as a feeble helplessness and incapacity. We took the more complimentary view—goodwill; but you can choose as you like. After the Tullamore speech some Leaguer lifted his hat to you, said "God save Ireland!"—meaning, in his sense, by driving you and the other English out of the country—and you had the foolishness to add a cordial "Amen." Of course—well-meaning creature!—you meant it to gratify the fellow, by wishing well to his country; but you might just as sincerely have drank to the "glorious, pious"

memory in company of Roman Catholics. Yet your obsequiousness did not profit you in the least, and *never* will!

Recall the speech or utterance you made not long ago : that with all the anxieties and labours you had undergone—that in all these marchings and countermarchings of soldiers and police, and conflicts with the people, the darling wish of your heart had been successfully carried out, that not a drop of blood had been shed! This was repeated with encomiums, as proof of a tender heart. But by it, unconsciously, you revealed the true spirit of your proceedings. It was the blood of what is called "*the people*" you were concerned about. All the time the blood of the landowners, agents, and farmers was being shed, from Lord Mountmorres to Mrs. Smythe, while you watched so carefully over the more sacred blood of "*the people*"; and this tolerance showed us that the work could be carried on with safety. It is nothing to *me* of course, and I am speaking from the landlords' point of view; but if I were one I should claim that my blood should be accounted equally sacred with that of "*the people*."

This particular charge of betrayal of us, your associates, with whom, as the "grand old man" would say, "you had a regular community of purpose," is not this, at least, discreditable? Without us, it is notorious you could not have passed your Land Act. You acted like Cavour did to Garibaldi—you secretly instigated us, though not officially recognising us. The French Police have what they call "an Agent-Provoker," who, by apparent sympathy, urges on criminals to some overt act so that they can be seized. When the celebrated Mr. Jonathan Wild found that his associates were what he considered ripe for justice, he gave the signal to the officers, though he may have allowed them impunity for years. The sting of this treachery

was in the former favour and encouragement; and here I must take leave to tell you that I see the strongest likeness to Mr. Wild. They offended him by interfering with some pet project of his akin to a modern Land Act.

Of course, you and your "grand old man" will point to the abortive prosecutions and your Coercion Act as proof that you *did* exert yourselves to put the law in force. There is always a smile in this country when that is spoken of. Both were attempted and carried out in so *friendly* a spirit that I will not take up time by dwelling on what is notorious. Suffice it to say that you only assailed the talkers and writers, and did not lay a finger on the doers. (You know what I mean by them.) The prosecution, it is admitted by all, was a grand pantomime, and, as we know, the funny spectacle was exhibited of prisoners being tried and acquitted in their absence; and imprisonment was administered in a fitting spirit when you implored the prisoners to leave their prison, and were annoyed that they would not go.

It is a pity that your "grand old man" has not a great love for Truth, save "in the measure of its convenience." When he *wanted* disorder and plenty of outrages as an excuse for his "healing measures," he suddenly discovered the country was "within measurable distance of civil war." Later, however, when the remedy did not operate, and we refused, in answer to Bright's "imploring," to be pacified, such an admission became awkward and inconvenient. Some Shrewsbury men, I see, lately called his attention to the state of Ireland, which, I think I can fairly boast, is as bad as it could be made in the time; and they pointed to his own words, "being within a measurable distance of civil war." Now, I followed their meaning perfectly—the country was in confusion then; it was near

to civil war—and now there *is* civil war. In any case, they want peace to be restored. “I am directed” says his scribe, “to call your attention to the fact that there is an inadvertence in the passage in which Mr. Gladstone is said to have described the present condition of that country as within a ‘measurable distance of civil war,’ inasmuch as those words, which he used in the House of Commons, referred to the proceedings taken in the spring in connection with evictions.” That was nearly two years ago. Now he tells us it has become “a social revolution.”

Of all the innumerable little strokes that go to prove this “grand old man’s”—as they call him—consistent complicity with us up to a recent date, there was one that delighted us the most. That occurred in one of his speeches, at a time when our chief, Parnell, had boasted that, by means of our League, “no rent” paying, &c., a sum of some millions had been taken from the landlords and put into the pockets of the tenants. Of this, the former cried out, they had been *robbed*. We call it our honest earnings; but we never dreamed of having our view endorsed by the Great Man. He said, boastfully, as a proof of our prosperity, that at that moment there were “millions on deposit, representing almost only the honest earnings and savings of the Irish farmers.” Wasn’t it curious that we should both agree in describing this booty in the same terms? “Savings” they were indeed; whether “honest” or “earned” I don’t care to dispute. So, too, when the wretched Boycott appealed to him—long after the “relief army” had done its work—as a ruined man, and asked “assistance” (meaning money), our facetious friend, patron, and ally affected to misunderstand him, and said he *had* sent him soldiers, &c., already. How we did laugh! So, too, he “squelched” the Lord Mayor of

London when he wanted to help the landlords, with cash only. It is something to the credit of the "grand old man" that he has held consistently by his Clerkenwell doctrine throughout, and has applied it thoroughly. And here he thoroughly agrees with our trusted leader, Mr. Parnell, who, late in 1880, laid it down "that the measure of advantages to be obtained from the expected Land Bill will be *in proportion to the energy of the Land League*"; or, as Mr. G. would say, to "the energy of the circumstances that drew attention" — "circumstances" being, of course, "outrages." In his practice, every "circumstance" that we supplied him with (and we have continued to do so steadily for three years), he has as steadily responded to: by the Disturbance Bill, the Land Act, the Home Rule announcement, and, finally, by his answer to the lady's murder. I could understand that a statesman of the old school might say, "We are in presence of a detestable, blood-thirsty lawlessness—of an organised band of murderers and robbers, who kill women as they kill cattle; savages without the valour of the Zulu, and against whom I will use every power of the law; and, if these fail, I will get fresh ones or retire." I confess I would have expected this odious and disagreeable strain, and believe, too, it would have stirred the country, which would have rallied to such a speech. I confess, too, the slaughter of the poor lady, whose skull was blown away on her return from church—a vile proceeding, I own—might have warranted such a burst. But what do you think was our old patron's remark? "*We are in presence of a social revolution.*" A justification you see—a pleading in extenuation, as who should say, "These men are struggling for their liberties—a praiseworthy thing—like my Montenegrins, my Bulgarians and others. Such little accidents will happen. These are things incident to praiseworthy Revolutions, so we must

be indulgent." Mark me! I am not vindicating the man, but simply paraphrasing his utterance; and, if the "people of order" are pleased with it, it is their affair. I can only say that, if I were the author of the cruel act, I should consider that the right honourable gentleman had interfered in my favour. Nay, even in the case of the late murder of the Secretaries, there is an indirect extenuation of the older murders. For he wrote to Lord Ripon: "The object of the black act plainly is to rouse indignant passions, and embitter relations between Great Britain and Ireland," that is, to interfere with, and mar, *his* beneficent legislation. Hence, his justification for renewed coercion. But the older series of murders directed against landlords only lent a momentum to beneficent legislation.

THIRD LETTER.

TO THE GRAND OLD MAN ON BRIGHT FORMERLY
ALSO OUR CONFEDERATE,

SIR,

There are stock charges against most Governments and parties, of having wasted the finances; being too Imperial; passed no measures; oppressed the people. Yours, I fear, will have the unique reputation of having declined to enforce the laws against murder and disorder—of sacrificing a large section of the community for fear of offending the rest. This seems immoral, unscrupulous—some

would call it wicked. You, or the Quartett, rather—Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain, and yourself—are all guilty of this. You, bound to protect every member of the community in his person and property, have declined to do so, for your own purposes. This favour (for it was extended to our friends, and it seems ungracious to complain) we chiefly owed to Bright and Chamberlain, and they won the praise of Parnell, who has said often that there were two of the Cabinet who were sound. “Praise from Sir Hubert,” &c.

Well, now to consider what we owe to these other friends in your Government, to whom all thanks for their firmness in maintaining the blessed state of things. And first for Bright, who, I must tell you, was once more genuinely and heartily with us than any of you. I told you already that we forgave you the prosecution, as Chamberlain has apologised for it, and assured us it meant no harm; but John goes much further, and very nicely makes it a personal request: “implores us” to behave well, for a short time only. Listen to him: “Above all, may we not *entreat* the Irish nation, may we not demand of them that they who were passive during six years of an Administration which showed for them no sympathy, which promised to them no redress, shall now, in the presence of such assurance as that of which I have spoken, give to this Government the time and the opportunity which it needs to prepare its plans, and shall not stultify its good intentions, and shall not prejudice a good cause by violence of deed and of word, which every honest man and every good citizen must lament.” You see, that’s the style. No “goody” allusions to the moralities, or to laws of God and man; but, on the practical ground, “you were quiet under the vile Tories; now *do* be so for us!” Some, however, think this was an awkward

allusion, as the Tories *kept* us quiet and kept order, and, I believe, would have forced us to keep quiet had they remained in. But how kind and friendly of your Government to suspend the laws instead. How much nicer "begging us" not to violate them! I was not so pleased, however, with what comes next. Why should John shut his eyes to the work we have been doing? Surely everyone knows and reads the daily record of beatings, shootings, ear-slittings, &c., which we try to keep to an ascending scale. But what said he? "I know that the state of affairs in Ireland in such a time as the present *is exaggerated by panic*; but, at the same time, it is certain that acts are taking place there that all men must *deprecate*." "Deprecate!" I like the word! "The mutilation of dumb animals, the incendiary fires, the attacks upon person, and, above all, the secret and cowardly assassinations are crimes in the contemplation of which the sympathy which we feel for those who are aggrieved gives place to natural indignation."

This seemed a little harsh; but, you see, he was addressing Englishmen. Presently the true and generous sympathy of the man with our cause made him atone for what he said. Note the word "aggrieved"—though I can't say that I and my men who do these things feel at all "aggrieved." He adds apologetically: "*If* I think it right to speak in these terms of such acts as these which I have condemned, there is widespread disaffection in Ireland. There never was so widespread disaffection in any country but there was *some just ground of grievance behind it*. It is a great constitutional principle in this country that the redress of grievance should 'precede supply.' That is to say, that the whole administration of the Government and the State, of all the forces upon which we depend for the maintenance of

order, are made subservient to the redress of grievances, and it seems to me that there can be nothing *more unconstitutional* than at the first outbreak of the disorder to proceed to suspend all the safeguards of the liberty of a nation, without, at all events, at the same time inquiring into the causes, and endeavouring to remove the causes, which may have promoted and instigated that disorder." I have nothing to object to in all this; nothing could be better. It is sound and wholesome. Indeed, it is only a variation of your own "blowing up" or "Manchester murder" doctrine. These things he only "deprecates" or "implores" us not to do. If we persist in doing them, will he stop them? No; he will "contemplate" them. The previous "sympathy" will give place only to—punishment? No—to "natural indignation," probably at our not restraining ourselves for the sake of our friends, as we had done in the case of the Tories. You see, all the "forces" of government, *i.e.* "the resources of civilization" are to be made "subservient," not to the vulgar ideas, of keeping order, protecting life and property, but to the "redress of grievances." Add to it Bright's fine declaration (at this time, mind you) that there wasn't a political crime or outrage for which some Sovereign or Minister wasn't accountable, or the author of! Fine! fine! And he a Minister of the Queen, a "Right Honourable," and a man, I believe, that has gone to Court. It was a good retort when they were charging us with our little necessary deeds of blood.

Who, too, threatened landlords as he did when he said that "in this single fact of 100,000 tenants *looking in the face* of 10,000 proprietors is to be found the *whole of the evils which afflict the country.*" And these beings thus "looked in the face" stand in the way of redress, and, in consequence, run serious risks, for "unfortunately they do not con-

sider the condition of their own country or *the danger* in which they stand." Talk of our threatening letters! Just as we say, "Get your coffin ready"; so you say "you won't see your danger: the danger in which you stand." And, in the midst of all the disorder, I recall him telling the Irish that "Irish questions would be dealt with with more desperate determination now than hitherto." Finally, his immortal speech, "Force is no remedy": "They shall not be *inconvenienced*," he once said, in his fine voice, this noble Irish people, until their grievances be redressed. "*Force is no remedy.*" Of course, he meant, if used against us. For you know as well as we do that it *is* a capital remedy as against the landlords. Force no remedy! Ask what he would do, should his hands revolt and wish to breed a riot in his mill! Ask yourself, grand old man, why you have police at Hawarden! A ridiculous dictum; for we shall always take care to have a residuum of grievances unredressed everywhere, which, the aggrieved can plead, must be redressed before force shall be applied.

To tell you the truth, I couldn't have the cheek, as we call it, to go on repeating that. For when people come screaming, "I am being 'Boycotted;'" "I'm being threatened;" "My cattle are maimed;" "My son was shot last week;" it's not *strictly* a comforting answer to tell him: "My dear sir, force is no remedy for your grievances." If any landlord threatened us, or maimed our beasts, and we asked you for protection, I can tell you we wouldn't take that as an answer! Of course we can't expect you to tell them you *won't* protect them. But Chamberlain is a true Radical, and wouldn't be mean enough to take up the tricks and excuses which your great leader sometimes condescends to. I do believe both he and Bright think the landlords don't deserve to have a finger held out to save them.

You see, it is only by putting things together that we bring out how disposed you all are to us. You denounce the landlords and threaten them and excuse us. You, sir, say they starve the people, and point out the curiously beneficial "*sequence*" attendant on blowing up prisons; Chamberlain apologises for taking action against us; and John on his knees implores us, as a favour, to have a little restraint, "just for a time."

But the most satisfactory proof of his good will was a well-known phrase, or picture of his, which came warm from the heart, and is worth dwelling on. I fancy the spectacle of a man being hunted and in peril of his life is one that always evokes a little sympathy. In the case of a criminal, even, the Government will interpose and shield him till trial. But it was Bright who pointed, with exulting finger, to the spectacle of "the landlords *flying for their lives.*" Now, as this was the speech of a Minister who would naturally pity any member of the community he administered being in so cruel a position, it showed how his feeling was with *us*, who were making these men fly for their lives. Ah, then John Bright was the old John Bright!

FOURTH LETTER.

CHAMBERLAIN OUR FRIEND AND ACCOMPLICE.

SIR,

It has always been understood that Chamberlain was the fastest, truest friend we had in the Cabinet, setting his face against "the people" being interfered with by "coercion." He was not even for

administering "*the law as it stood*," or for applying "the resources of civilisation." Hence, he was far in advance of you and your fellows or of any "grand old man." This can be shown in a few words. When the prosecution was set on foot he frankly apologised for taking the step, saying that his and your doing so was no proof of the accused having committed any crimes. "The jury might acquit them." Now, if a policeman were to arrest some men for rioting in the street and, on taking them to the station, tell them: "You see, I *had* to do it; but after all, it's only *I* that think you have done anything; and I may be wrong, and the *magistrates mayn't believe me*; as a constable, I was obliged to interfere"—I say, if I were the arrested men I should think, "That's a friendly fellow, and will get me off." Well, Chamberlain did exactly that. He made, a speech, apologising for what he was forced to do. "After all," he said, in his kind way, "it's not we but the judges and juries who will settle this. We may be wrong in thinking any harm has been done; we couldn't help taking notice of it. It is for the Court and jury to decide, and they may not take our view." The exact words I forget, but this was nearly the sense. He said, as plain as man could say it: "We have only followed the forms which still exist in the country," and certainly hoped that they would not succeed in what they did. When a man makes a handsome apology of the kind we don't mind in the least what he does.

No matter what murders or "outrages" went on, it was the same. So far from applying the "*law as it stood*," he frankly owned, in a memorable speech, "that there were times when the restraint of laws ought to be suspended, when grievances had to be redressed." That we should live to hear this Grand Radical doctrine so boldly laid down! And carried out it was, too. For you four have been the

patrons of the outrages; "you kept the ring" and "saw fair," as it is called. Seditious was preached and written through the country; the people of order were left to their own resources of civilisation; or, if they were forced to ask you for help, as in the case of Boycott, you sent them an immense *army*, complete in every way which prevented them trying the experiment again; and, after this, they were cured of asking for Government help. We never can be grateful enough to Chamberlain for his manly avowal, which brings you all four into harmony and a "community of purpose" with us. To recapitulate: (a) *Forster*.—He announced that he would not carry out the law when there was injustice, or *what seemed to him* injustice—a rather different thing. (b) *Bright*.—The law must *not* be applied so long as grievances are unredressed; "imploring" is to be substituted for law, and "people flying for their lives" become a wholesome warning, instead of being entitled to protection. (c.) *Gladstone*.—Explosions and murders are useful as "calling attention," like "chapel bells" on Sundays. Outrages are to be "deprecated" the objects of such being, "perhaps, questionable." (d) *Chamberlain*.—The law to be suspended in favour of outrages, *sans phrase*, as they said in the Revolution.

To complete this view, I will here supply the saponaceous Granville's view. At a dinner, I think, he once pleaded hard for us. Our murders, he urged, were far less in Ireland, "in proportion to the population," than in England. There were fewer Irish murders, too, he said, than there had been the year before. He was thus defending *us* in the best way he could, and with the best argument he could find, judiciously passing over this difference—that for every murder with us there are a dozen of accomplices before and after the fact, to say nothing of thousands of hearty sympathisers who, though

they would not take part, will not help in any way to injure the operator. Hartington, too, gave us what aid he could. His plea, was that, if they had applied the law it might have rallied the people holding the same views in England—our Radical friends—to come to our assistance. I say nothing of that argument, but his admission is valuable. Selborne, too, with his “two pillars of the law” at the Mansion House dinner! These things are ludicrous to think of now.

FIFTH LETTER.

TO THE QUARTETT.

SIRS,

Now, having claimed you all as our friends, patrons, and accomplices, you will ask, “Why do I turn on you now, in your distress?” I will tell you. But first, listen: I have heard that there is an amusing French play called “Rabagas,” of which the plot was described to me. A violent Republican, of the Parnell type, acts as the leader and idol of his following, and, after reaching to great height of power and influence, is soothed and flattered by attentions on the part of the Grand Duke of his country, is seduced into going to Court, and is at last won over into being Minister. When the people rise in revolt and attack the palace, our republican rushes to the window to harangue them, and is pelted with rotten eggs; on which, in a fury, he orders the soldiers to “*fire on the canaille.*” Now, this seems to me like your Quartett. We, who, when

it was convenient, were the "oppressed Irish people," whose "outrages" were mere "grievances," so long as it was convenient, were next said to be "*canaille*;" and you are ready now to fire on your old "pals."

I have given you all praise frankly and candidly because I thought you once deserved it. But you do so no longer. You are now helpless, blundering, floundering, your faith lost, and everybody's, too, in the vain old man who has led you to destruction. You have betrayed us, your former pals, and you would draw back, and give up your friends to justice, if your own wretched political lives can be saved. You would "kick away the ladder,"—throw away the orange "you sucked"; but it will not do. You are accomplices still, and must pay the penalty. I can hardly conceive a more pitiable spectacle that you now present. You remind me of some gay circus procession that has gone forth in the sun, bright in your tawdry silks and Dutch metal, mounted on piebalds adroitly painted in the stables, the Band in its car, braying away, to the admiration of all listeners, the ladies in sky-blue and pink satin habits, while men distribute bills proclaiming that the show to be held that night is the grandest, noblest, most dazzling ever seen in the town, and that the "great Glad" will drive his six bare-backed steeds under his own legs, vault through hoops, &c. Well, a violent thunderstorm comes on. Then, see them return—the ladies and their habits smirched, drenched and limp; the piebalds' paint washed off; the Band miserable; the "Great Glad" himself unrecognisable. This is the plight of your glorious Circus Ministry, who were to settle all things, and "jump" through all things; but who have failed in everything. That fatal handwriting is on the wall in every direction FAILURE! FAILURE! FAILURE! Every single thing

attempted has failed : the political prosecutions, the coercion, the circulars, the threats to landlords, the threats to the people, the new magistrates, the patrols, the Disturbance Bill, the Land Act, the Tullamore speech, parole to Parnell ; " the Treaty ." and we know not what other folly is in preparation, and which is equally certain to fail. No one more richly merited failure. You have fallen, and your " grand old man " will fall with you ; and no set of men more fairly deserve disgrace. You, Forster, are the chief and signal wreck ; yet you were once named as Chief of the Liberal Party. I will not taunt you with the contrast ; but I must say this : Who would name you now for anything higher than a President of some obscure Board ? It is due to you to say that nearly all men give you credit for meaning well, and for honesty. It may be so ; but ask your conscience, is he honest who weakly lends himself to what he knows is unjust to a class, because his Party—or some " grand old man "—decrees it ? " You gave up to Party what was meant for mankind," and must pay the penalty, the Quartett of you, for your immorality. By this *exposé* I believe I shall help to that result, and drive a few more nails into your political coffin.

I hate both your parties, but, did I belong to you, I would call in now one whose principles are sterner than yours. I could fancy that man coming after *your* work, and saying to us :—

" Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. That was the original ' union.' Englishmen had good inheritances, which many of them purchased with their money—they and their ancestors—from you and your ancestors. They lived peaceably and honestly among you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them ; and equal justice from the Laws. You broke *this* ' union !' You, unprovoked, put the

English to the most unheard of and most barbarous massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace.

“ We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that has been shed. We come to break the power of a company of lawless rebels, who, having cast off the authority of England, live as enemies to human society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are to destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them.

“ And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it, if this people shall headily run on after the counsels of their prelates and clergy and other leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that befall them, and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.”

I hear you sneering, “ Aye, these are true Tory counsels—those of Salisbury and Cairns.” No; they are the words of that eminent Radical and people’s man, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Well, then, having joined in a confederacy with us, and secured our agitation for your own ends—the carrying of the Land Bill—tactics which ended in complete *failure*—when we wished to carry on this agitation for *our* further ends, to your inconvenience and discredit, and no profit, you intervened with your “ coercion,” strong-fisted prefects, and the rest, to be again landed in *failure*. What, then, was the next move of such gamblers? Why, the foolish one of proposing to *us* to enter into a new confederacy! That peace and quiet which you have failed to secure through your incapacity, you now ask us to secure for you, and save you from disgrace; the price to be forgiveness for the past, perfect freedom, and further pillage of the landlords. To this end, you meanly offer to borrow *our* principles, which, nigh a year ago, you put us

in prison for preaching. Your "grand old man" has even offered some quibbling forms of Home Rule, and has found out, of a sudden, that his "compulsory government is odious, and foreign to English sentiment." You wish to forget the past, and join with us again, if we will only help you.

But "community" of doctrine may be well enough, and even "community" of action; but Union is only reached when anything like treaty or agreement is cemented. This was effected by the Act or Treaty "done" at Kilmainham, between the high contracting parties—between Mr. Gladstone on the one part and Us on the other; Mr. Parnell and Mr. Forster acting as duly accredited plenipotentiaries. By negotiations conducted on or about April 13, and subsequent thereto, it was agreed that, in consideration of—

1. The release of all Prisoners;
2. The payment of a sum of a million and a half—debts owing by certain of our friends;
3. Dismissal of officers obnoxious to us;
4. A probable further grant of an immense sum (under fiction of loan) to put us and our friends in legal possession of what we have held illegally;
5. A virtual repeal of all Acts that are odious and repressive;

In consideration, I say, of these advantages, it was proposed on our side that—

1. All assassinations, "Boycotting," firing into legs, cutting off tails, &c., should cease, or at least, be discouraged;
2. That the advising of not paying debt should also cease: And that there should be—
3. "*Cordial*" co-operation with the *Liberal party in forwarding Liberal measures.*

Such an agreement, I have heard, is very nigh to "compounding a felony," and against law; but that

does not concern *us*. But, in fairness, I must own that the spirit of the arrangement is a good one, because it is in *our* spirit. It is the proper course, adopted by the Greeks in dealing with the "King of the Mountains," and his followers, the bandits. The steps or protocols of the negotiations are now known—much after the way our secrets get known—through a deserter. Nothing could be more frank than the discussion. Gladstone declared: "I think you assume the existence of a spirit on my part with which you can sympathise; the end in view is of *vast moment*, and assuredly no resentment or personal prejudice, a false shame, or *other impediment extraneous to the matter itself*, will prevent the Government from treading whatever path may *most safely and shortly* lead to the pacification of Ireland."

Under this pressure matters were soon almost settled, when the question arose: How were our plenipos. to *carry out* this part of the agreement? As Forster objected, "it comes to this, that *upon our doing certain things, he will help us to prevent outrages*"—(though that eminent Professor of Truth, the "grand old man," denies any bargain or understanding!)—which the other plenipo. met by saying: "The conspiracy which has been used to get up Boycotting and outrages will now be used to put them down." The memorandum proceeded—"And that has led to a union with the Liberal party;" and "as an illustration of how the first," went on Forster, "was to be obtained, he said that Mr. Parnell hoped to make use of a certain person and get him back from abroad, as he would be able to help him to put down the conspiracy of agitation, as he knew all its details in the West—his name was Sheridan. This man is a released suspect, against whom we have for some time had a fresh warrant, and who, under disguises, has hitherto eluded the police, going backwards and forwards from Mr. Egan to the

outrage-mongers in the West. I did not feel myself sufficiently master of the situation to let him see what I thought of this confidence, and I again told him that *I could not do more at present than tell others what he had told me.*"

Tell others! That is, Forster will tell Chamberlain and you, the "grand old man," that an arrangement is to be made with one of our leading "outragers" to help them!

Well, it seems the plenipo. on your side was somewhat shocked, and withdrew from the negotiations. But his principals were so determined that they agreed, released our men, and have taken steps to raise the ransom money. But almost on the instant came the unexpected Park assassinations, which have strangely confused all the issues; for the treaty, odd to say, is being still honourably carried out on your side, though we, I own, have violated its leading article in the most signal manner before the ink was dry or the wax cold! And yet this tragic event, and what Mr. G. would call "that is extraneous to the matter itself," furnishes a complete clue to that curious sympathy with us and our doings from the very beginning, as set out in these pages. It is found in the fact that these Radical Personages desire the complete political support of those who are more thorough and daring Radicals than themselves, and so numerous as to be a valuable wing of support in the House of Commons. Take this Lamp in your hand and you will read these most perplexing characters, though in the smallest print. It explains all: the pleading for outrages, the suspension of law, the plunder of landlords, the offer of Home Rule, the release of the suspects. Your biddings rise every month. In the Kilmainham Treaty and the Park Assassinations it is shown more conspicuously than ever. What if the Treaty were violated by the Park assassination. No,

not in the essential article, viz., parliamentary support and “forwarding of Liberal measures.” Let that be adhered to and all will be well. You will see this in the line taken by the Radical papers: “no alterations to be made in the policy,”—viz., that old one of impunity for the talking Leaders, Members of Parliament, &c. The *Spectator* (quoted in our journals) was the best specimen. “The country,” it wrote, “felt that, in innocent blood permitted to be thus spilt, there must be a sacrifice that could not and should not be connected with any national frenzy of revenge, but that should be connected, and might be connected, with an act of purifying, atoning justice!” However that may be, “we had the strange, and we may almost say the proud, spectacle of a people calling upon their Government not to be deterred, not to be ‘weary in well-doing.’”

In other words, carry out the Treaty, and don't lose our support. The “grand old man” himself, in his various answers to condoling telegrams, emphasises this also, noting “the fervour and sincerity of the very large number which proceed from all parts of Ireland.” Nay, even the poor afflicted widow (Heaven help her!) who so cheerfully gave “her darling's” life for the good of Ireland, it might almost be fancied was artfully inspired by the “grand old man” to strike this note, and thus unconsciously aid the party. For the poor lady telegraphed to Holden, the newly elected member for her husband's seat, to congratulate him and the party on the political triumph. The “venerable Duke” was got to sing the same song. It might help *us* and save *them* and the Treaty—our “game” in short; but certainly not Ireland's. But I could fill pages with quotations in this sense: the nervous iteration of the plea that the assassination was to make no difference—the healing measures were to go

on, and the "forwarding of Liberal measures" by the Parnellites be begun at once.

But now has come fresh failure in Dillon's defiant speech. All upside down again! Fresh and most contemptible break down. And now, have I not made out my case: that you from the beginning have been, or have wished to be, our confederates?

Yes, we have now release of suspects, suspension of "resources of civilisation," amending Land Act, no more gaols, no more repression. And this, your "grand old man," with an effrontery that is astounding, declares, is "*not a new departure, but another consistent step in the policy we have pursued from the outset.*" Forster, your unhappy tool, is flung overboard. Consistent step, forsooth! Mr. Jonathan Wild comes to us privately, and asks us to confederate with him again; but we shall treat now on a different footing with that person. We owe to you and yours no thanks. We owe this victory to ourselves. You have failed; we have succeeded. One thing, indeed, we do owe you—our additional strength, which we shall use to your further discomfiture and disgrace. Already we have forced you to the betrayal of your most honest partner. You first betray us; and now you betray each other. Your gang is breaking up, and all parties—your open enemies, the Tories, *we*, your equally open enemies, the pillaged landlords, the unthankful tenants, those who love honour and loyalty to a comrade (a great party in every country)—will rejoice at your coming and certain destruction.

Having so clearly established what your "grand old man" calls a "community of purpose" between your four Ministers of the Crown and *us*, I must now proceed to tell you of a flattering piece of homage, which has been rendered you in our societies—not by way of gratifying you, but to *fix* you, as it were, as teachers of our common prin-

principles, though you found it convenient to discard them. With this view we have drawn up a sort of primer, containing these doctrines—a sort of “harmony” of our joint principles. It sets out, you will see, all the Ministerial excuses for what are popularly known as offences or “outrages.”

THE MOONLIGHTER'S CATECHISM.

[Carefully abridged from the utterances of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, CHAMBERLAIN, and FORSTER, and prepared for general circulation among the peasantry.]

SECTION I.—*Of Murder as a Fine Art.*

Q.—What do you mean by murder?

A.—An incident necessary to make “politics practical.”

Q.—How?

A.—It is the only way “to draw attention” to your wrongs.

Q.—What is this “drawing attention”?

A.—Just as Father Tom has the bell of his chapel rung every Sunday for Mass, so a year of outrages and disorders is to be allowed “to draw attention” to the necessity of passing a Land Act.

Q.—Then murders are not to be interfered with?

A.—No. They are to be “deprecated,” as Bright says.

Q.—How are they to be prevented? By force?

A.—Certainly not. “The people” are to be “implored” not to commit them.

Q.—I see; on the usual ground of religion, morality, &c.

A.—Not at all. On the ground that under Tory rule they forebore committing them; and why not do as much for Radical friends?

Q.—If, say, a lady be murdered returning from church, have you to deal with murderers?

A.—Not at all; but with “a social revolution.”

SECTION II.—“*The Resources of Civilisation.*”

Q.—What do you mean by the above?

A.—Law, police, soldiers, prisons, judges, magistrates—"force," in short.

Q.—Are these to be always applied to suppress what is called crime?

A.—Not if you are suffering from grievances. These are to be removed first.

Q.—In fact, you are only "calling attention"—ringing the bell, as it were.

A.—Yes; for "force is no remedy." "Redress must precede supply." You must first take away the grievances, then we will take away the outrages.

Q.—Further, is not "compulsory government odious and foreign to the character of the nation"?

A.—To the section to which we belong it always is.

Q.—If I were to advocate what is termed sedition or rebellion—advise the taking up of arms, &c., what course is authority to follow?

A.—To declare that it is all the "more determined to look at the evils which prompted such a speech."

Q.—In short, as before, redress must precede law?

A.—Exactly; what we invariably urge.

Q.—Give me a nice phrase for murders and outrages.

A.—"*Relaxing the bonds of society.*"

Q.—That is Forster's. And Gladstone's?

A.—Such "cannot pretend to be legitimate," and are "incompatible with the *first conditions* of a well-ordered society."

Q.—Is that an objection? Or do you care about "incompatibility," for first or for any conditions?

A.—No; it is what we desire to bring about.

Q.—In vulgar matters, I believe judges, sheriffs, magistrates, Ministers, and others in power are obliged to carry out the existing laws?

A.—Not at all: not when it appears to a Minister that laws are unjust.

Q.—How?

A.—There are seasons when a political party comes to power, and wishes to gain favour; then it may allow the laws for protection of life and property “to be in abeyance” until the end is gained.

Q.—So, at such seasons, sedition may be taught, property seized on, life taken?

A.—Certainly; we have the highest authority for it.

Q.—But, then, if a lot of persons lose their lives during the process?

A.—No matter. “The people” gain.

Q.—Are letters threatening persons with death and other penalties “serious criminal offences.”

A.—Nothing of the kind.

Q.—But have not the judges said that they are?

A.—No matter; Gladstone agrees with us in holding the contrary.

Q.—How do you define policemen?

A.—As “the inevitable consequence of the Landlord system.”

Q.—What would you do with them?

A.—Put them, as Bright says, under the control of “the people”—that is, under *us*.

Q.—But they would then be used against the landlords, and never against the people.

A.—That is our intention.

SECTION III.—Of Landlords.

Q.—What is the character of this class?

A.—When the Land Act was being “drawn attention to,” a set of tyrants and oppressors, with a few exceptions; when it was safe, they were an excellent body, with a few exceptions.

Q.—What is, or was, the most desirable spectacle in their case?

A.—To see them “flying for their lives,” Bright says.

Q.—What were evictions up to the time of the Land Act?

A.—“Injustice”; “sentences of death.” You were to multiply them fourfold to increase the horror.

Q.—Still, were they not legal, and enforced by law?

A.—No matter. Ministers considered them unjust.

Q.—Why?

A.—It was necessary to the passing of their Land Act. Now, they are proper and “just.”

Q.—What is “Boycotting”?

A.—Interdicting a man from necessaries of life, and destroying his business; putting him generally in peril.

Q.—Of course, you have a penalty for those who will not join in the process?

A.—Yes; generally maiming, or, perhaps, death.

Q.—Is not this against the law of the land?

A.—Not at all. It is “only a form of trades-unionism,” or “exclusive dealing.”

Q.—Is not the case of a “land grabber,” as he is called, akin to that of “picketing” in case of refractory workmen?

A.—It is exactly the same.

Q.—But “picketing” is severely punished by law.

A.—It is; but in the case of “land grabbing” Ministers agree with us it is only a “form of trades-unionism.”

SECTION IV.—*Of the Land League.*

Q.—What is the Land League?

A.—What its leaders make it.

Q.—What are its objects?

A.—You will find them in the utterances of its leaders.

Q.—Have they not been acquitted after trial, and confined in prison without trial, for such utterances?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Then Ministers hold them as guilty and acting against the laws?

A.—No. Their objects were “praiseworthy” all the time—that is, up to the passing of the Land Act.

Q.—Is it “praiseworthy” for a debtor to fix what he shall pay, to hold possession of what belongs to another, to resist the law of the land, to intimidate others into resistance, to appeal for arms to America, to maim the cattle of those who do not agree—you know the incidents?

A.—Certainly; and Mr. Gladstone says some of these objects “are *perhaps* questionable,” but note the “perhaps.” And Mr. Chamberlain, as before remarked, says they were “praiseworthy.”

Q.—What is “criminal agitation?”

A.—According to law?

Q.—No; according to Mr. Gladstone.

A.—Frustrating the operation of the Land Act.

Q.—How do you show that?

A.—When our leaders merely taught sedition, “prairie value,” “cattle not being safe,” &c., no notice was taken; but, when they began to oppose the working of the Land Act, they were put into prison.

Q.—But, now they are released?

A.—Because they have accepted Mr. G.’s Land Act, and will join in amending it.

Q.—If “deprecation” and “imploring” be unheeded in the case of murders, should force or punishment be applied?

A.—Certainly not. You are to withdraw your “sympathies,” and still “contemplate” the acts. If you like you can feel “indignant.” (See Bright.)

Q.—How should old debts be treated?

A.—Wiped out altogether. Another way, is for the community to pay the debt; better still for the landlord *to be allowed to borrow the money that is due to him on his own security, and thus himself become a*

debtor. This seems droll, but it is so laid down in Gladstone's Land Act. It is quite consistent with our principles.

Q.—Is treason “a crime?”

A.—No; Mr. Gladstone thinks it is not.

Q.—How has Mr. Gladstone described the crisis?

A.—As a mortal struggle between the forces of Government and the Land League.

Q.—And which force is victor?

A.—The League. For it has thrown open the gaols, has obtained amendment of the Land Act, wiped out all arrears, abolished coercion, obtained the land as a present to the tenants, and the overthrow of “Buckshot” Forster.

Q.—And we owe this to what?

A.—To the admirable Clerkenwell doctrine.

Q.—How?

A.—Have we not been “*drawing attention*” to the grievances of coercion by a steadily maintained series of murders, over seventy in number? The last, Mrs. Smythe's, caused the “Chapel Bell” to ring so noisily that it produced the happy results described, all within a day or two.

Q.—Is refusing rent right and legal, Ministerially?

A.—Certainly. It is laid down in the “Disturbance Act,” where the landlord is punished for exacting it when the tenant shows he cannot pay comfortably. This the tenant can always do.

Q.—Show by examples the working of Mr. Gladstone's “Clerkenwell Explosion” doctrine, down to the date of the Phoenix Park tragedy?

A.—We “drew attention” by the Manchester murders and Clerkenwell explosion, and the Irish Church was abolished.

Q.—What else?

A.—The long series of “outrages” preceding 1880 “drew attention” to the necessity of the Land

Act, and enabled the Ministers to make it sufficiently drastic.

Q.—Can you show that?

A.—Yes. Mr. Parnell said that “the measure of the advantages to be obtained would be in proportion to the *agitation* his followers kept up;” while Mr. Chamberlain guaranteed that there should be no interference, and the laws should be suspended in our favour.

Q.—What was the next step?

A.—To “draw attention” to the oppression of the Coercion Act, I mean the last one.

Q.—How was this done?

A.—By a regular series of “outrages,” murders, &c.

Q.—Would not this have increased its severity?

A.—On the contrary, in proportion as we increased the supply of outrages, until it reached nearly a murder a day, the clamour from our friends in the Ministry swelled—notably from the Chamberlains, &c., until the last straw came, which broke the back of coercion.

Q.—What was that straw?

A.—Blowing out the brains of a lady.

Q.—Did that “draw the attention” of the “grand old man”?

A.—Yes. Not only that; he became reconciled to us—opened the prisons, &c.

Q.—But then the “Phoenix Park Tragedy,” did that “draw his attention”?

A.—No; because it spoiled his political plan. In such cases he always refuses to apply the doctrine.

Q.—But if this be as much a “social revolution” as Mrs. Smythe’s case, which it is, why not be reconciled with *us*, as well as with Davitt and the rest?

A.—Well, we must wait. Probably he will be by-and-by.

Q.—Is denunciation followed by murder held to be criminal, by the law, I mean?

A.—I believe so; in *our* case certainly.

Q.—Show a “community of purpose” between you and Ministers in this respect.

A.—For weeks Mr. Burke and “the Castle” had been “denounced” by Radical papers, who called every day for their “being cleared out.”

Q.—Forster was?

A.—Yes; by them in their way.

Q.—Burke and Cavendish by you—in your way.

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is it proper to bargain with prisoners imprisoned for criminal offences.

A.—Certainly.

Q.—On what terms may such be released?

A.—On their promising to “forward Liberal business,” and make “union” with Liberals.

Q.—Is there anything to be paid for this support?

A.—A sum of one million and a half for the debts of their followers.

Q.—Was there also an engagement that outrages were to cease?

A.—Yes; an “outrage organiser” was to be sent for and arranged with.

Q.—With the knowledge of the Cabinet?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Is such a bargain to be broken off when it is violated by such a tremendous assassination as that of the Phoenix Park?

A.—Not at all. It does not touch the real considerations of the bond—the political support.

Q.—Show that.

A.—Ministers were friendly to us in the matter of previous assassinations; so they will be in this.

Q.—How do you mean?

A.—They say this particular one was *not* the act

of, or sympathised in by, the Irish people. *We say* it was procured to be done by the landlords.

Q.—What arms were used originally in conflict by the police?

A.—Rifles and ball.

Q.—Their balls might kill you?

A.—Yes; so the charge was changed to buckshot.

Q.—While you retained your bullets?

A.—That was the arrangement.

APPROBATION.

We have read the above Catechism, drawn from the utterances of our late confederates, Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain, and Forster, and we approve of its being circulated among the peasantry and taught to the children.

(Signed) C. MOONLIGHT
 (+ His mark).
 RORY.

By the same Author.

“LETTERS TO MY SON HERBERT.”

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