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THE
PRICE OF PEACE
IN
IRELAND.

A Letter

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

BY

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WITH SOME EXTRACTS FROM

“An Appeal to the Conserbatibe Party,”

BY THE SAME WRITER.

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SOME Irishmen, to whom the National Cause is dearer than party interests, desired that the following Letter might be published in a convenient form, with a view to the General Election. It is addressed to the men now in power, but, *mutatis mutandis*, it appeals also to their competitors and successors. Blessed be the hand that beckons us to liberty whatever party badge it may wear.

Some extracts from a recent article in the *National Review* on the same subject, by the same writer, are added to strengthen and confirm the case.

August 18th, 1885.

THE PRICE OF PEACE IN IRELAND.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

DEAR LORD CARNARVON,

Having had the opportunity and the duty of studying your career as Secretary of State for the Colonies through two administrations, and the personal satisfaction of transacting public business with you, I cordially welcome you to Ireland. The upright policy and the high generous purpose which distinguished the Earl of Carnarvon as Minister for forty colonies, will, I trust, make his Irish Viceroyalty memorable. It is an office I cannot conceive your Excellency undertaking, unless to use it for some exceptional end. Its routine duties can have few attractions for a statesman who has handled important interests, and guided large issues. But at this moment it furnishes, I think, the agency for performing the greatest public service that remains for a British statesman to accomplish—and this, I trust, was your chief motive in crossing the Irish Channel. To be an ordinary Lord Lieutenant would be to descend in the scale of duties and dignities. Out of a long list of the soldiers and nobles who have held that office the majority are quite forgotten; some are remembered only because they have left an evil reputation; but a chosen few will live for ever in the grateful memory of the Irish people. Lord Fitzwilliam shines in our annals like the morning star of dawning liberty. Commissioned by Pitt to concede complete Emancipation to the Catholics in the last century, while O'Connell was still an unknown law student, he was baffled and thwarted by the bigotry which has been the blackest curse of this island; but though he failed, he is fondly remembered for what he devised and attempted. Another of

your predecessors, Lord Wellesley, discountenanced that malign spirit when it was most rampant in Dublin Castle ; and for this service he is more honoured in Ireland than his illustrious brother. Lord Anglesea bade us hope and strive when our counsels were most crossed and troubled, and his name is still a pleasant sound to Irish ears. But above all, Lord Mulgrave, the first representative of the Crown in Ireland since the surrender of Limerick who dared to be greatly just. His son, the present Marquis of Normanby, has served at the centre and at the extremities of the Empire, and wherever he went he found Irishmen who held his father's name in reverence and affection. But there is a wider and more permanent renown to be won than any of these Viceroys achieved. It remains by one happy stroke to give peace to Ireland, and to make the connection of these islands secure and permanent.

There is only one method—an easy and obvious one. It has succeeded in other countries in graver difficulties. There never was any other method ; there never will be any other. All others are doomed to certain disaster and failure. I need not name it ; it is in every man's mind and on every man's tongue at this moment. The statesman who accomplishes this task will leave a name which will live as long as history endures.

Addressing an ex-Minister of the Colonies, I can confidently appeal to your own knowledge and experience on the significant lessons which colonial history furnishes to guide a statesman in dealing with the affairs of Ireland at present. Between forty and fifty years ago, when I came to this city a young student and journalist, the great colonies were more disturbed than Ireland in 1880. Lower Canada was organising insurrection under Catholic gentlemen of French descent, and Upper Canada was in arms under a Scotch Presbyterian. Australia was then only a great pastoral settlement, but bitter discontent and angry menaces were heard in all its centres of population, provoked by the shameful practice of discharging the criminals of England like a deluge of filth on that young country. A few years later the Cape Colony "boycotted" the Governor and the local executive in the same quarrel more effectually than the device has been ever employed in Ireland. It was the same

in the smaller settlements ; there was confusion throughout the colonial possessions of the empire in both hemispheres. But Sir Robert Peel set the example of granting to the colonies the control of their own affairs, and now Melbourne or Montreal is more exuberantly loyal to the empire than London or Edinburgh. The New South Wales expedition to the Soudan the other day was received with a roar of exultation throughout England ; but I fear that that remarkable transaction, however warmly it was applauded, was imperfectly understood. The true moral it teaches is this—that it is wise and safe to be just. The acting Prime Minister of the Colony who despatched that expedition is an Australian Catholic of Irish descent. If his native country were governed as Ireland has been governed, he has the stuff in him to be a leader of revolt. But it is permitted to govern itself, and we see the result. The policy of the expedition was sharply questioned in the Colony ; but it was successfully vindicated at a great public meeting, where the chair was occupied by the Chief Justice of New South Wales, the son of an Irish Catholic, and where the principal speaker was himself a Catholic, born in this island. In Victoria, where the policy and conduct of the Soudanese campaign may perhaps have mitigated popular enthusiasm with that enterprise, the risk of war with Russia called out a demonstration as energetic as the one in the mother Colony.

A recent telegram announces that the Irish population of Victoria undertook to raise a regiment of a thousand men for the defence of the territory where they found freedom and prosperity. Their spokesman was a young Irish Catholic, who has been a Minister of State at Melbourne at an age when his father was a prisoner of State in Dublin, for the crime of insisting that Ireland should possess the complete autonomy which his children now enjoy in the new country. These are some of the natural consequences of fair play in Australia. Is there any reason to doubt that a like cause here would produce like effects ? Nothing that the blackest pessimist predicts on the danger of entrusting Ireland with the management of her own affairs is more offensive or alarmist than the vaticinations of Colonial officials half a century ago on the perils of entrusting colonists with political

power. Human nature has the same spiritual warp and woof in the old world as in the new, and what has made Irish Catholics contented and loyal on the banks of the Paramatta and the Yarra Yarra would make them contented and loyal on the banks of the Liffey or the Shannon. What was the subtle device, what was the mighty magic which wrought the change in their sentiments beyond the Atlantic and Pacific? Fair play, my Lord—simply fair play.

I do not propose—I would scorn to propose—that the Conservative party should do something in itself objectionable because it would result in a party convenience and a party gain. But in suggesting that they should undertake a work which is essentially just and necessary, and I believe inevitable, I may ask your Excellency to remember that taking the initiative will enable them to accompany the concession with reasonable securities, which may otherwise be omitted. Why should I not add that it will also bring them as an immediate return what to all Governments is the primary condition of existence—political power? If the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury will undertake to restore to Ireland the control of her own interests as completely as it is enjoyed in the great Colonies, it may be doubted if a single member would be sent from Ireland to the coming elections who would not support that programme and sustain the Administration who propounded it.

Experts affirm that a Conservative majority is unattainable in England *cum* Wales, or in Scotland; that if it comes it must come from Ireland. A Conservative leader who is now a Cabinet minister, made this admission in specific terms in a memorable article in the *Fortnightly Review*. Assuming him to be well informed on so cardinal a point, the question is simplified to its very elements. If the Conservative party will have the courage to be just to Ireland, they know the gain; if they refuse to be just, they know the penalty; or, rather, let me say, they may estimate the penalty approximately, for none of us know what strange birth the new Parliament will bring forth, any more than Frenchmen a century ago knew the tremendous progeny destined to be born of the first assembly of the *Tiers Etat*.

To your Excellency, familiar with the open and occult

history of political parties in Europe, I need not plead that the most popular and powerful of contemporary statesmen have often found it necessary to come to terms, not only with neutrals but with adversaries. The typical representative of skill and force in our day, Prince Bismarck, after a fierce conflict with the Catholic Conservatives in Germany, and a vain attempt to beat them down by "penal laws, frankly sought their assistance, and paid for it by large concessions. Thirty years ago, when the English Whigs under Lord John Russell, and the Neo-Whigs under Lord Palmerston, were baffled and beaten by the Peelites, they ended by making a truce and an alliance with them. An ordinary English Conservative is not separated from an ordinary Irish Nationalist by a divergence of opinion as wide or by a livelier distrust than separated Mr. Gladstone from Lord Palmerston; but political necessity prevailed, and they joined hands. Why should not we? If I may have recourse to colonial examples, no one knows better than your Excellency that they are multitudinous. In all the great Colonies coalitions have sooner or later been formed, and have worked fairly well where wider differences and stronger antipathies had to be composed than exist here in the present case.

I feel almost ashamed to say that what I meditate is a settlement of the Irish question accepted, as well as offered, in good faith; a plan capable of being worked for the common good of Irishmen, not for any special creed or class, but for all alike, and which would be defended against all enemies from within or from without, in the same spirit in which it was accepted. This, and nothing short of this, has been the design of my whole public life; and I am as faithful to it now as when I shared the counsels of O'Connell or O'Brien. I am not in the least afraid that the religious freedom of the minority would be endangered, but I would rejoice to see a risk which is improbable frankly rendered impossible. No one, as far as I know, desires to disturb the Act of Settlement, but the Act of Settlement ought to be put entirely beyond question. Your Excellency knows that in Colonial and American Constitutions dangers of the same general character had to be guarded against, and have been guarded against successfully. The French-Canadian

Catholics, who are now a handful in the midst of a nation, would not enter into the Dominion without guarantees for their religious liberty and their hereditary possessions; and you know these have been effectually secured and are safe beyond all risk. The most serious difficulty undoubtedly resides in the recollection of the minority that their predecessors used their supremacy tyrannously, and in their fear that the past would necessarily provoke reprisals. We cannot ignore the fact that an atrocious Land Code, an offensive pulpit, and a venomous Press sowed the seed of bitterness throughout the island—but let us remember that antagonists as bitter have been reconciled in Switzerland, and that a Catholic people long subjected to similar injustice in Belgium have set an example of generous oblivion of the past and wise liberality towards rival creeds which no other country in Europe can match.

For myself, as one Catholic Celt, I will say that the men I most honour in our history, and the friends I have most loved in life, belonged in a large proportion to a race and creed which are not mine. Swift and Molyneux, Flood and Grattan, were not only Protestants but the sons of English officials serving in Dublin courts and bureaux. Curran, Tone, and Father Matthew were the descendants of Cromwellian settlers. The father of the best Irishman I have ever known, or ever hope to know, who has been the idol of two generations of students and thinkers, was a Welshman, wearing the uniform of an English regiment. I trust your Excellency is not unacquainted with the honoured name of Thomas Davis. Be assured that there are now a host of Irishmen who would die rather than suffer any wrong to be inflicted on their countrymen on pretence of creed or class, or descent, or historic feuds. And if it be so, the greater praise belongs (as the poet has sung) to the young Irish patriot of Welsh descent, who died a generation ago in his thirty-second year.

Let us look at this political question for a moment from the legitimate standpoint of political convenience. There is a great result to be accomplished, and the party which your Excellency represents in Ireland could accomplish it more promptly and effectually than the Liberals, just as they carried a Redistribution of Seats Act the other day, which

would have been impossible to their opponents. But there is more than one Richard in the field, and competition is as salutary in politics as in commerce. If Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain come to Ireland to study what are ironically called our "local institutions," I trust they will receive prompt assistance in the investigation of these singular phenomena. An Irish Grand jury is a fiscal instrument that cannot be defended with a grave face. It is worthy of the region of Laputa rather than an empire where taxation without representation is pronounced to be tyranny. And Ireland is ridden by boards and commissions constructed on the principle that the wishes of the people count for nothing. It is not conceivable that these abortions will long coexist with household suffrage and equal electoral districts. They will probably vanish, like a ghost at cock-crow, when a House of Commons founded on these bases sits in Westminster. But what is to succeed them? This is a question which it behoves both parties in Ireland to consider. If the Radical leaders limit their design to a glorified vestry it will doubtless be an improvement on the present system (what change could fail to be an improvement?); but it will do nothing to satisfy the desire of the nation to control its own destiny. The main end for which Ireland needs a native Parliament is not to gratify the longing for autonomy, though no wise man will undervalue that sentiment; nor to engage in new political conflicts, but to administer national interests which have long gone to wreck and ruin. Our resources are wasted, our trade and commerce in decay, and our people, after an exodus extending over forty years, still fly from the country for want of the guardian care of a Legislature with adequate knowledge and sympathy. The most complete transfer of authority from the gentry to the peasantry will do little to further this end. On the other hand, it may work permanent wrong, for I fully recognise the justice of the principle which has been legalised in democratic Australia—that the liability to pay taxes ought to be represented in fair proportion in any assembly authorised to impose them. The Irish gentry may be assured that English Radicals, fresh from a first inspection of the preposterous institutions which they have maintained in Ireland, will treat them more mercilessly than their own countrymen

would do. It is my rooted conviction that a juster, safer, and more permanent settlement may be made by a Government disposed to arbitrate fairly between Irish parties than by one simply bent on destroying what is no longer defensible. But Ireland has waited too long and suffered too much not to be ready to welcome deliverance from any hand. It is idle to balance the merits of Whig, Tory and Radical in such a contingency. For myself, I will say that if I had to choose between a Conservative Government which would undertake this supreme and essential work, and a Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone's supporters, or, indeed, of the Seven Sages, or the Twelve Apostles who refused to undertake it, I would support the former with all my strength. On the other hand, if the choice lay between a Radical Administration prepared to restore our constitution and the best conceivable Government of Conservatives which refused to do so, my choice would be as speedily made. But at present the Radicals are on the wrong road. When Mr. Chamberlain speaks of sweeping away Dublin Castle he appeals to deeply-rooted feelings of distrust and dislike, but Dublin Castle and the Viceroyalty are the last remnants of the separate organisation of the Irish nation. Not to destroy but to reform and restore them, is the design and duty of Irish Nationalists. In all the British dominions there is no considerable State except Ireland with a Governor which has not also a Parliament; the one is the complement of the other; and we, who are determined to regain our Parliament, would be frantic to destroy the kindred and completing institution associated with it.

European publicists have noted as a characteristic of English statesmen that they expect political results at too low a price, and are constantly baffled and disappointed from this miscalculation. The permanent peace of Ireland is worth a large price, and it is to be had at no other than the one long specified. The wonder of Englishmen that we are not contented and delighted with this concession or that is quite insensate. If a sane man were put into a lunatic asylum and the administration of his estate given to strangers, it would be idle to offer him ameliorations of his condition as a remedy. What he wants is to get out. A softer bed and more succulent fare are good things, doubtless, but what are

they worth to a *detenu* impatient to escape from bonds and resume the control of his fortune? I am more certain of nothing under the sky than your Excellency came to Ireland from the most generous and humane motives. But the best intentions are vain if they miss the right road. There is no man more unpopular in Ireland than Mr. Forster, yet I am certain Mr. Forster came to Dublin bent on generous designs. When I met him first in the year 1849, he was engaged in administering a fund for the relief of the famine contributed by the Society of Friends, and he performed his task in a spirit which was pronounced to be "worthy of the Good Samaritan." He entered warmly into the feelings of the people, and was frankly indignant at a land system which mocked their prayer for daily bread. Yet, in defence of that very system, he filled our prisons with men and women, thirty years later, because he missed the right road; because, in the *argot* of modern journalism, he had lost touch of the Irish people. Mr. Trevelyan, who succeeded him, is a man of rare gifts and force of character. The abolition of the purchase system in the army and the establishment of household suffrage in counties are *au fond* more attributable to him than to Mr. Gladstone. His literary gifts rival, and in some respects exceed those of his distinguished uncle, yet his life in Ireland was completely wasted. He would not open the door of the asylum, and the *detenu* did not want sops in the pan, but the liberty to enjoy his life, of which he had been defrauded. If the naked truth rarely reaches the ears of princes, vice-princes, I presume, do not altogether escape the same penalty. I have ventured to tell your Excellency the exact truth in this business, as far as I know it, from respect for your character and reliance on your high courage and sense of duty. What you believe to be right you will, I doubt not, do at whatever cost, and I take the liberty of telling you, without circumlocution, what I am persuaded is right, and what alone is right and adequate in the premisses. The enterprise may be difficult and laborious, but it is the more worthy of a statesman. And the reward is commensurate—a place in history with Richelieu and Somers, with Washington and Grattan, with Deak, Cavour, and Bismarck—the founders of nations.

The one important Irish measure which the Government

have introduced does not cross, but harmonises with, the design I have foreshadowed. The longing of a section of the Irish gentry to "sell and sail" is not an heroic policy indeed, and the best of them will, I trust, prefer to share the fortunes of their native country. But those who persist in flying will be beneficially replaced by tenant-farmers turned into small proprietors. We have been so long trained in defensive and aggressive agitation in Ireland, that scarcely any of us realises how completely the attainment of our end would alter our desires and duties. A self-governed Ireland will not want agencies of agitation, but elements of stability and security. In the most democratic states in Europe, as well as in the most feudal, small proprietors have proved an important factor in securing public tranquillity. And Irishmen who came into possession of their country, and desired to make the best of it, would of all men most need the serene atmosphere in which social and industrial reforms flourish. To study the problem how small States have become prosperous and happy, and how to raise up a long-depressed people will be the inspiring task of our young men in a native Parliament; and in Switzerland and Belgium, where the landowner holds the plough, serenity and contentment are universal. But by itself a Land Purchase Act will be a half measure destined like all its forerunners to end in disappointment. There is but one specific, my lord; only one; but it will work like a charm in contenting the Irish race at home and abroad.

Believe me, dear Lord Carnarvon, your faithful and obedient servant.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

Shelbourne Hotel, July 21st, 1885.

AN APPEAL TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

BETHINK YOU THAT THIS IS THE AGE OF REVOLUTION.

In the half century which elapsed between the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Reform Bill of 1848, every considerable State of Europe in succession has undergone the spiritual and physical change known as revolution. In the former era twin giants kept guard over the interest of things established, and in the honoured names of peace and order pronounced that revolution must altogether and for ever cease. Wherever democracy raised its head Austria or Russia stretched out an armed hand to repress it. Austria was the mistress of Hungary, the despot of Italy, and the rival of Prussia in the leadership of the great Teutonic race.

The Czar disposed of seventy millions of population, and unbounded military resources, at his sole will. To these rulers the future seemed to be hypothecated for generations to come. Where in the world's history has revolution wrought transformations more prodigious than they have since endured? Austria driven out of Italy, thrust contemptuously out of Germany, tricked out of her latest conquest in Denmark by an insolent confederate, and reduced from being the mistress of Hungary to be her complaisant partner in the Austro-Hungarian empire. Russia, after successful intrigue and triumphant war had carried her arms to the borders of Afghanistan and the heart of Turkey, after breaking away contemptuously from the obligations imposed by the Crimean war, and after the more splendid achievement of raising forty millions of serfs to the condition of freemen in their native country, finds herself humiliated and rendered impotent by systematic revolt, and her sovereign leading the life of a sulking fugitive in his own capital. In the same era Italy was the hopeless and, as it seemed, submissive, thrall of foreigners. The race who inherited the primacy of the ancient world, and who constructed out of its ruins a new and more fascinating civilization, who taught the nations all the arts which make life

splendid and prosperous, were now, as the worldly-wise affirmed, too weak and too tame to break away from bondage. But the wand of revolution is more wonder-working than the wand of harlequin. Italy is a free State, acknowledged as a comrade and colleague by Austria, Russia, and all the Great Powers which held her in contempt.

The vicissitudes of Spain surpassed those of Italy. When Bonaparte sent his feeble brother to sit on the throne of the Bourbons, and to rule over a people who had barred the conquering path of the Turk and added a new world to the possessions of mankind, the acme of revolutionary audacity seemed to have been reached; but the other day a soldier of fortune, who had no Jena or Austerlitz to magnify his name, gave the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella to a poorer pretender than Joseph Bonaparte. Continental travellers still meet, in unexpected places, a young man of uncomely visage who was known for a time as King Amadeus I. To him succeeded a republic as red as the Commune of Paris, and to the republic a king of the old race, who, sitting on the throne of his ancestors, lives in perpetual conflict both with legitimists and levellers. Spain has been harrowed and cross-harrowed by revolution. In Prussia the transformation was more beneficent, but not less decisive. The insignificant electorate of Brandenburg, which a great soldier raised to be a kingdom, a great statesman has raised to be an empire and the arbiter of Europe. The proclamation as Emperor of the heir of Frederick the Great in the palace of Louis le Grand, matches the most prodigious success of the plebeian Emperor who dated his bulletins in succession from Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Moscow.

What need to specify Turkey stripped of her Christian States one after another, like leaves from an artichoke, and forbidden to exercise authority in her Mahommedan possessions in Africa; or America scourged by civil war and *bouleversé* from Maryland to Georgia by a negro franchise; or France, which, within the epoch specified, has been a constitutional monarchy, a democratic republic, a domineering empire, an anarchical commune, and a conservative republic; and, since she has lost her one strong man, the Mirabeau of the middle classes, is drifting no one knows to what new chaos?

But England remains. Has revolution anywhere penetrated her sea-girdled shores? By prompt compromises the outward vesture and official wardrobe of her institutions continue almost unchanged. But the spiritual transformation which is the essence of revolution has nowhere made more manifest progress. Note a few of the most significant facts. After the first Reform Bill became law the inevitable Ultra, who disparages whatever is done in favour of what remains to be done, immediately declared that it was nought. "You have granted members to great cities," he said, "but the whole population, whether distributed in city or province, is entitled to members in just proportion to its numbers. You have given the franchise to £10 householders, but the franchise is the right of the manhood of the country, whether it occupies £10 tenements or, being owner of no tenement at all, is lodged in a garret or cellar. The wealthy and privileged harass the working man if he votes contrary to their prejudices; he must be protected from persecution by secret voting. And what is the use of votes if we cannot have representatives of our own class, or at any rate of our own unfettered choice? The practice of requiring that a candidate should possess a qualification in land, or in any other property, renders the extended franchise a mockery, and must altogether cease." The history of the struggle on behalf of these new demands is a significant one. On one side were property, authority, and the cultured class for the most part; on the other, numbers and enthusiasm. If the masses had been led by a Cromwell or a Mirabeau, instead of a Feargus O'Connor, the result would have been a revolt, perhaps a revolution. They were everywhere the manifest majority. If they disliked a public movement they overwhelmed its partizans in the field of their own selection; they crowded churches, as a political demonstration, till the congregation could find no admittance; they threatened to bring the business of the nation to a standstill by striking work for a "sacred month"; and if labourers could live without wages the menace would not have been futile. Anger, contempt, remonstrance, persuasion, were all tried in vain. Persecution was tried, the prisons were crowded with their leaders; some died in gaol, some were transported to distant colonies, but the

masses did not flinch, and at length, in April '48, London had to arm against them as against a foreign invader. The movement ended at that time, and ended apparently in complete discomfiture ; multitudes emigrated in despair, the leaders gradually died or disappeared, and there is, perhaps, no public man to-day who would not hesitate to call himself a Chartist. But the four points of the Charter specified have become law, and were clamorously witnessed by the leaders of Parliament on both sides of the Chair. Its advocates are no longer to be found in hulks and prisons, but sitting in the seat of authority and grasping the helm of the State. The class who forty years ago were considered hopelessly insubordinate, and treated as the enemies of society, are now the depository of supreme power ; as the authority and dignity of the empire in the last resort depends undeniably on them. If this be not revolution, in what does revolution consist ? It is revolution transferred from the dim atmosphere and spectral phantoms of history to the men and circumstances of our daily life.

Mr. Disraeli says the future belongs to the young, but it has been better said that the future belongs to the wise. The future of these islands, somewhat obscure and uncertain at present, will be the possession and seisin of those who best understand and accommodate themselves to the new and portentous facts.

We are in the age of revolutions, and I need not hesitate to assume that whatever Conservatives most venerate will be called in question, and brought to strict account in a Parliament elected by household suffrage. The election of that Parliament, it seems to me, is an occasion for which they ought to prepare, as a man would prepare for a trial by battle from which it may be his fortune, if he be ill-equipped or ill-disciplined, never to leave the field, or only to leave it fatally disabled. They need all the aid they can honestly obtain in the present, and, considering the temper of some of their adversaries, fair play and generous consideration in the near future. The lowest worldly sagacity combines with the highest spiritual wisdom to suggest the policy becoming them in such an emergency. How grand and solemn is the precept intended for all times and all places, "Do unto others as you would wish to be done by!"

WHY THE CONSERVATIVES SHOULD PROMOTE IRISH NATIONALITY.

Why should it be impossible for English Conservatives to settle the Irish question? Is it that the demand made by Irishmen for the control of their own affairs is repugnant to the principles and policy of the Tory Party? Very far from it. It was the Tory Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel which laid the basis of colonial freedom by establishing Parliamentary Government in Canada. The men who had been proclaimed rebels, because they insisted on the Government of Canada by Canadians, were called to power as responsible ministers of the Crown. With what results we know. Canada has become more and more an integral part of the Empire; and while I write these pages the Catholic Prime Minister of the Dominion is being entertained by a Conservative club and Conservative statesmen as a friend and an ally. It was the first Government of Lord Derby, a dozen years later, which established similar institutions in Australia. These prosperous and aspiring states are now ruled as England is ruled, and as Ireland desires to be ruled. The Imperial Government cannot control their local institutions any more than it can control the rising and setting of the morning star. And among the divers communities who recognize the supremacy of the Imperial Crown, who are more faithful to its interests than the colonists of Canada and Australia? Had the claims of Canada been treated as the claims of Ireland have been treated hitherto, there would have been a different result to exhibit. I was on a visit to Europe when Sir John McDonald and a number of his colleagues arrived in London to negotiate the conditions and concessions necessary as the bases of the New Dominion. I asked one of them if they would succeed in their enterprise. "Yes," he replied, "we shall succeed; if not with Peter then with Paul. If we fail in London in summer, you may hear of us in Washington in the autumn."

Here are reasons for concluding that if the demands of Ireland for self-government be not exorbitant, there is no impediment forbidding the Conservative Party to deal with them as generously as the Whigs. On the eve of an Elec-

tion which may and must fix their position for a long future, it surely behoves Conservatives, still more than Whigs, to consider what it is fitting they should do in the premises. I can confidently affirm that among the recruits who will fight on the Conservative side at the next election, there are some who frankly recognise that Ireland must be dealt with in a different spirit for the future. Inquiry has brought them light and knowledge, and, moreover, they have probably asked themselves how it was that the last General Election proved so disastrous. The disaster had a cause, as they may have discovered, quite apart from Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian eloquence, and which was, perhaps, a more decisive factor. Before the first election took place I sailed from Alexandria to Brindisi with a Conservative candidate, hurrying home from India to take part in the contest, and the case was so plain that I was able to forewarn him of the result which ensued. "Lord Beaconsfield's letter to the Duke of Marlborough (I said), abandoning the lifelong policy of Mr. Disraeli, has placed his Party in a relation so hostile to Ireland that there is not a Nationalist, having a vote anywhere in the three kingdoms, who will not hasten to use it against them. Irishmen who have not been left a country in which they can live and prosper, crowd into every mart where honest industry can earn a crust, and the result is, just now, that if the voice of British power is heard from the rising to the setting of the sun, it sometimes speaks, as you will be apt to learn, with an unequivocal Irish brogue."

WHIG AND TORY FRIENDS.

What Ireland wants is what Egypt wants, to take the management of her own affairs out of the hands of strangers, and put them into the hands of natives. To me natives mean the whole population born in the island, of whatever creed, class, or origin. And the management of her own affairs implies a readiness to unite cordially with England in affairs which are not exclusively Irish, but belong to the two islands in common. I speak of an arrangement proffered in good faith, and accepted in good faith, under which we would continue to be united under the same Crown—an arrangement which Ireland would be bound,

and would be able, to defend against all assailants, foreign or domestic, as England never can defend any Irish settlement. That such a concession to Ireland is inevitable few thoughtful men now deny. What remains in doubt is the time of its coming, and the men from whom it will come. The concession would be easier to Conservatives than to their opponents, for the same reason that Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the extension of the Franchise, were easier to them. But, with or without them, it will be made. Two years ago the most powerful public man in England was manifestly considering the precise shape the measure should assume. It is impossible to believe that a man of honour would use the language Mr. Gladstone then employed, unless he regarded the question as one lying a long way within the range of practical politics. After describing the county government he desired to establish in Ireland he addressed himself to the main question raised by Mr. Smyth's motion for the revival of an Irish Parliament :—

“I will not undertake to say at what decision this House might arrive provided a plan were before it under which the local affairs of Ireland could be, by some clear and definite line, separated from the Imperial affairs of Ireland ; but I must remind these honourable gentlemen that when they say they object to having any laws made for Ireland except by a Parliament sitting in that country, they also say that laws affecting Imperial interests are to be made here ; and that these laws affecting Imperial interests, would be laws for Ireland just as much as laws touching only their local affairs.”*

He went on to say that neither Mr. O'Connell nor Mr. Butt had ever distinctly explained how Irish and Imperial questions were to be discriminated, and suggested that those who were leading the movement at present ought to do so.

“Until they lay before the House a plan in which they go to the very bottom of the subject, and give us to understand in what manner that division of jurisdiction is to be accomplished, a practical consideration of this subject cannot really be arrived at ; and, for my own part, I know not how any effective judgment upon it can be pronounced.”

The difficulty suggested is not an embarrassing one. The

* He had before said in a speech in Dalkeith : “I desire, I may say I almost intensely desire, to see Parliament relieved of some portion of its duties. We have got an over-weighted Parliament ; and if Ireland, or any other portion of the country, is desirous and able so to arrange its affairs that, by taking the local part or some local part of its trans-

Act reviving the Irish parliament might specify the questions reserved for a parliament of the Empire ; and precedents of reserved questions may be found in the constitutions of Canada, Australia, and the separate States of the American Union.

In the two years and upwards which have since elapsed, Mr. Gladstone has taken no further step. But it is not difficult to surmise the prejudices he may have had to overcome among colleagues and supporters. The policy of a statesman is like a road on the high Alps which sometimes makes puzzling and unexpected detours. Why did the engineer lead us so far from our way ? the angry traveller demands. There is a precipice perhaps that would engulf a city, or a mass of granite higher and broader than St. Paul's. The road steals round the jagged ends of the precipice, or skirts the mountain of stone which it could not cross or pierce, and after an hour's delay you are barely at the point where your journey was interrupted. Mr. Gladstone is on his march with the applause and sympathy of many Englishmen ; the Hartington cliff, or the Derby morass may stop the way for a moment, but if years and authority remain to him we know where we may expect to find him. I honour him for his services to Ireland, and I would rejoice to see his career crowned by the greatest achievement which remains for a British statesman to perform. But if another be ready to do it sooner and better, the wreath and the palm, the applause and the benedictions, are for the victor. We hail as Hercules not him who has planned, but him who has accomplished one of the twelve labours.*

actions off the hands of Parliament, it can liberate and strengthen Parliament for Imperial concerns, I say I will not only accord a reluctant assent, but I will give a zealous support, to any such scheme. One limit, gentlemen—*one limit only*—I know to the extension of local government. It is this : Nothing can be done, in my opinion, by any wise statesman or right-minded Briton to weaken or compromise the authority of the Imperial Parliament."

* Mr. Herbert Gladstone is a significant witness of what the men of the new generation are thinking : "The mere mention of an Irish Parliament or Home Rule," he said to his constituents at Leeds, "aroused wild cries of disintegration of the Empire. Yet, as we had given a Parliament to all our great colonies *with the most beneficial results*, and as we have lost America through withholding elementary political rights in the abstract, there was strong reasons for its adoption." A Conser-

SECURITIES FOR THE MINORITY.

Why should not a Conservative statesman undertake this task? We reach the heart of the question at a stride by recognizing the fact that Conservatives are afraid of endangering the interests of the Protestant and propertied minorities. I admit that they are entitled to require satisfactory securities on this head. I admit that they cannot be expected to take up the question on any other condition. But I believe, and insist, that it is practicable to provide securities which would satisfy the most timid. The Catholics of Ireland never have persecuted Protestants; they had the means and occasion twice, at least, when Mary Tudor and James II. ruled in England, but they refrained from using them. I am far from proposing to rest public interests, either with respect to religion or property, on any sentimental assurances; but the rights of the Protestant minority in Ireland are no more impossible to protect than the rights of the Catholic minority were in Canada. Half-a-dozen competent men seated round a table, empowered to draw the heads of an Irish Constitution, would have no difficulty in providing the requisite guarantees. It is on such a condition that I invite Conservative gentlemen to consider the question—an adequate guarantee being a *sine qua non*—and with such a security, where is their difficulty?

tive witness, the *St. James's Gazette*, anticipates that this will be the opinion of the majority of Radicals soon: "We have in England a large number of men who have profoundly sympathized with the struggles of other countries for independence and self-government. When these men perceive the real feeling of Ireland which the ballot has disclosed, and find an enormous majority of Irishmen to be in favour of self-government, and that nothing but superior force prevents them from obtaining it, surely they will not, in the case of Ireland, disclaim the principles they have so constantly and eloquently enunciated." Even Mr. Froude, the spokesman of intolerance, warns England that if she will not resume the sword of Cromwell (and he admits that this benevolent alternative is hopeless), she must concede self-government to Ireland. "Then let Ireland be free. . . . This, too, is called impossible—yet, if we will neither rule Ireland, nor allow the Irish to rule themselves, nature and fact may tell us that, whether we will or no, an experiment which has lasted 700 years shall be tried no longer. Between the two 'impossibilities, we may be obliged to choose, if Ireland is to cease to be our reproach."

THE PATH TO PEACE.

The quarrel between the two nations may be composed if adequate methods be employed; but not otherwise. It is scarcely greater than existed between England and Scotland for a hundred years after the Scotch Union. The quarrel between Catholics and Protestants may be composed; they have never hated each other with sharper bitterness than divided Highlanders and Lowlanders, or English Puritans from English Churchmen, or Piedmontese inspired by Freemasons from Sardinians inspired by priests. Within my own memory the quarrel was composed in Ulster during the existence of the Tenant League of 1850, when Presbyterian ministers and Catholic priests appeared everywhere side by side as advocates of the same cause; and at a later period in Leinster and Munster, when some of the clergy and gentry of the Disestablished Church joined hands with the Nationalists in demanding Home Rule. The hard task of teaching hostile factions, long engaged in internecine war, to live tranquilly together under the same flag, and to obey cheerfully the same laws, has been accomplished in Switzerland. In Belgium, though the Protestants are fewer in the whole kingdom than in one of the smallest English boroughs about to be abolished, their clergy receive State aid, their political and religious liberty is perfect, and their Church is as free and secure as the Church of the nation. Leopold, the Protestant king, Kossuth the Protestant patriot, and Guizot and Beust, the Protestant premiers of Catholic nations in our own day, cry shame on such fears.

Ireland, I repeat, is to be reconciled, and the price is not high; it is simply fair play. Let the two partners in the Empire be treated with equal justice. No sham equality, no impudent pretence of justice, will answer the purpose; but whenever Ireland enjoys whatever rights England enjoys, and is called on to endure nothing which England would refuse to endure, we shall have reached that end. If England would consent to have her affairs managed in Dublin by a parliament crammed with Irishmen, and by a Cabinet in which a single English Protestant did not obtain a seat for nearly two hundred years, we have no ground to object to the kindred operation in London; if she would *not* consent, the case is judged without more words.

THE RADICALS.

In the statesman's game of Kriegsspiel it is the practice to consider the alternatives which the campaign admits of. One party, at all events, the party who are confident that the future belongs to them, understand the value of Irish sympathy and assistance. If Irish Celts relinquished their passion for a distinct national assistance, and contented themselves with the complete possession and control of their native island, it is not difficult to believe that they would be speedily gratified. As the price of peace, all the remaining agents of feudal exaction and Protestant ascendancy would be abolished; local government, the control of local taxation, would be cheerfully transferred to them, and the magistracy, the endowments of the University and of the Royal Schools distributed, like the votes in the new electorate, on the basis of population. Perhaps when their help was indispensable to push down the English Church, or to abolish the Second Chamber, we might see the "crowning of the edifice" tendered as the requital of their assistance. There are not a few Irishmen who would prefer to have it come in this way, "Discard the old parties," some of them have been heard to say, "and go straight to the new. If Feargus O'Connor's dictatorship over the working classes in England had been contemporaneous with household suffrage, an Irish Repealer would have been a greater power in England than Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury; let some better Feargus O'Connor, why not Michael Davitt, for example, who has far more brains, purpose, and sincerity—show the English masses what they need and how to get it, and *they* will do all you desire for Ireland." But, for my part, I regard the English Church as the Church of the English nation, and as a necessary bulwark against the new Agnosticism, and a Second Chamber, as an essential guarantee against gusts of passion and prejudice in a sole assembly, and I would prefer to have it come by frank and generous surrender. No one knows better than I do that the existing Chamber is not unprejudiced. The House of Lords has been habitually hostile, and sometimes savagely unjust, to Ireland; but when the party whom we now call

Radicals were in power in the Long Parliament, their whips were not of thongs but of scorpions.

For my part I would like to preserve such of the Irish gentry as will perform their political and social duties manfully. I have never heard of any state not planted on the virgin soil of a new country, which could dispense with a class possessing more leisure and higher discipline for public duties than the mass of the community. They have been found essential in middle-class Belgium, democratic Switzerland, and in the French Republic. I have studied Ireland from my boyish days, I still note the currents and under-currents of political life in that country, and I confidently affirm that a fair settlement such as I have suggested, destructive of no native interest, would be accepted and defended by a solid majority of the nation.

WHAT WILL YOU DO ?

There are many just Englishmen shocked at the contrast these islands present. They deplore the past and the present, but to what extent do they deplore them ? Do they deplore them to the extent of being ready to apply the essential remedy ? “Good thoughts towards men,” says Bacon, “are little better than good dreams, unless they are put in action.” If the Conservative party be called to power, Irishmen desire to be informed what are they prepared to do with Ireland ? It is a cardinal question for us, and perhaps for them. Will they continue the process of vivisection, which is called government in that country ? Or will they, as the cynic recommends, leave the case to the operation of time ? What sort of a remedy the cynic anticipates we can comprehend. There are fewer men in Ireland to-day than when O’Connell was born a hundred years ago ; the people who ought to be twelve millions are only six, and, as Algernon Sydney taught of old, there is a way of killing worse than the sword, *prohibere nasci est occidere*. “First put down discontent,” the official will whisper for the ten hundredth time. The young men have no prosperous or honourable career ; that they should be discontented is as natural as that men left without food should be hungry. They have become good and prosperous citizens everywhere but in Ireland ; a fact which writes the

cause of their misery in characters of light. The Philistine will once more raise the idiot cry that they are ungrateful for favours, as if a man in chains who gets one hand free ever thinks of using it for any other purpose than to get free the other. The French, De Tocqueville tells us, found their position more intolerable as it improved, for history leaves no sort of doubt how it ordinarily fares with half measures.

For all our calamities there is only one remedy, nobody professes to have found any other ; the question I venture to put is, will the Conservative party allow us to apply this styptic to the open wound ? To my thinking, Conservatism may have a great future in these islands ; but assuredly it must be a Conservatism founded on a theory of public duties worthy of statesmen and gentlemen. It must be a Conservatism which scorns to defend abuses, or to pamper sectarian rancour ; which, while it insists on the supremacy of law and order, will make sure that the law is just and the order based upon public rights. Such a Conservatism, I think, will admit that for one nation to hold another in habitual subjection is as indefensible in the court of conscience as for one man to make a slave of another ; that to keep Ireland perpetually poor and turbulent, in order that England may be prosperous and triumphant, is an accursed thing to do.

Who will have the wisdom and courage to right these wrongs ; to make peace between two nations who mutually desire peace if they saw the road to it, and who would equally profit by it ? Who will solve the problem of ages ? Happy the statesman who can accomplish this task ; his path may lie through forests of difficulty, and over morasses of prejudices, but it leads to the empyrean. His place among the fixed stars of history will be with the founders and consolidators of great States, and his name will shine with a lustre that shall not fade.

THE END.

Houses of the Oireachtas