



LETTERS

ON

LANDLORDISM.

BY THE

REV. MATTHEW MACAULAY,
CASTLEBLAYNEY.



“Scorn and Hate,
Revenge and Selfishness, are desolate.
A hundred nations swear that there shall be
Pity, and Peace, and Love among the good and free.”

SHELLEY.



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LETTERS

“ But the earth hath He given to the children of men.”—*Psalm CXV. 16.*

“ Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that,
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that !
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man and man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.”—*Burns.*

“ The husbandman that laboureth must be the first to partake of the fruits.”—*2 Tim., II. 6 (Revised Version).*

PREFACE.

THESE Letters are unsectarian ; they were written often in great haste for the Land Meetings at which they were read. They are collected in this form to correct some slight errors that unavoidably crept into them in the process of reporting and printing. A few notes are appended to remove any false impressions which a few hireling editors of paltry landlord newspapers have tried by their criticisms to make. I thank the sons and daughters of Ireland, and those who reside in the cities and towns of England and Scotland, and those of them who have gone to the United States of America, for the favourable opinions they have formed and expressed about me and my humble efforts in behalf of the suffering farmers of Ireland. From my boyhood I have suffered in various ways from bullying agentism and swindling landlordism. I therefore cannot help hating and despising them both.

“Landlordism struts on the earth glittering in gold ;
Landlordism goeth to the earth sooner than it wold ;
Landlordism buildeth on the earth castles and towers ;
Landlordism saith to the earth—All shall be ours.”

“Divide and Conquer” is the golden maxim of the oppressors of mankind. It is by arousing race antipathies, and exciting mutual animosities, by appealing to local prejudices, and setting people against people, that aristocracies and despotisms have been founded and maintained.”—HENRY GEORGE.

“A widow gathers nettles for a meal for her hungry children ; a perfumed gentleman bounces forward and claims every *third nettle*, and calls *it rent*.”—THOMAS CARLYLE.

M. M.

THE GROVE MANSE,
CASTLEBLAYNEY, 12th Jan., 1882.

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LETTERS ON LANDLORDISM.

LETTER I.

*THE LAND MEETING AT KEADY.**

THE following letter was read from Rev. Mr. Macaulay, Presbyterian Minister, at the above meeting the other day :—

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
20th December, 1880.

Though it will be inconvenient for me to attend your meeting at Keady on Monday, yet I can assure you there lives not one who more heartily sympathises with the object of the assembly, as explained in the resolutions you were so kind as to forward me, than I do. I agree with the resolution which, pending the settlement of the land question, asserts the necessity of an immediate and large reduction of rent by the landlords. I consent to resolution 2, which asserts that no settlement of the land question can satisfy the Irish people unless the tenant-farmers are put in a position to become gradually the owners of the fields they cultivate. The land was created for the people who toil on it, as the air was created for the fowls which fly in it, as the ocean was created not only for the sharks, but for all the fish tribes which inhabit it. In the fourth resolution I agree with the clause, " Mistaken conduct of Mr. Gladstone's Government in instituting prosecutions against

* This letter was published in the *Ulster Examiner*, the *People's Advocate*, the *Newry Reporter*, and the *Belfast Morning News*.

Mr. Parnell and his colleagues," but I consider the clause in the same resolution, "condemn in the most emphatic language," rather too strong. In my humble opinion, a milder form of phraseology would have been more effective. Mr. Gladstone, you will readily admit, has had his own difficulties in contending against the combined influences of the whole landlord and Tory party of the Empire, and he deserves the gratitude and admiration of all genuine friends of Ireland for refusing to adopt coercive measures; for, as his friend J. Bright has briefly and truly said, "coercion is no cure" for anything, much less is it for the wounded and bleeding heart of the Irish nation. I have confidence in the gentleman you have selected for chairman, that he will do all that can be done to have the meeting a model of all that is orderly, lawful, rational, and respectable. And from all that I know of the people of Keady and the tenant-farmers of the surrounding districts, I entertain a well-grounded hope that they will exercise a wise self-restraint, so that our enemies may have no evil thing to say of us. I am persuaded too, that the eloquent advocates whom your committee have secured to address the meeting, will exercise the faculty of a prudent discrimination, recognising the difference between landlords indicated by the words—bad, worse, worst. There is also another nice distinction to be kept in view on all such occasions; I mean that distinction which obviously exists between landlords and landlordism. Landlordism is often blamed as if it were worse than landlords, when truly it is not half as bad as they. The doctrine is often far better than the doctor. Landlords are the designers and authors of landlordism and all its blighting appendages. In exceptional instances it happens that the man is really better than his principles or system. But, as a fish takes the colour of the ocean by which it is surrounded, so these men called landlords, coming into the world with the average goodness of human beings, but breathing and moving in the foul air of their surroundings, assume the odious colour and selfish qualities of their system. By their fruits, as trees, they are known. I have reason to dislike, and even to hate, landlordism with a deep

and implacable dislike and hatred. With its instrument, agentism, it has often tried to oppose and even crush me and the cause of the Church of my fathers, which I have endeavoured to uphold in the district and on the estate where I reside. You will, therefore, bear with me a little while longer in what I have to say regarding that evil and bitter thing from which we have all suffered so much—landlordism. With poverty-stricken and ejected families it crowds the workhouses of Ireland. By its oppression it maddens the human mind, and so fills the lunatic asylums of the country with its victims, who are a terror to themselves and to all who see them. It ploughs deeply on the forehead of old age, and it stunts the growth of childhood and youth with the burdens it binds on human shoulders, and which it will not touch with one of its fingers. If landlordism were abolished, our prisons, workhouses, and asylums might be turned into factories, picture galleries, and seminaries for the education of the sons and daughters of Ireland. Landlordism fills the vales and villages of our beautiful land with weeping, poverty, and other forms of squalid misery. If it were taken away, our native country would soon become the Garden of God—a place of music and poetry, the home of hospitality, kindness, joy, peace, and prosperity. Landlordism corrupts the moral character of the Irish nation; it sows the seed of party hatred and discord among brethren; it sets the population as spies and informers on one another; it has its honorary and its stipendiary watchers among the tenant-farmers of Ulster; it pours the cold flood of fear into the hearts of young and old; and, worse than its usurpations and reck-rents, is its proud, disdainful, and unsympathetic treatment of the poor, hard-wrought, and most patient people of this country, who are doomed to visit its offices, and who have to come into contact with its unfeeling agentism. Landlordism strips the human spirit of every noble and independent quality; it deposits in the soul and develops in the actions the mean, truculent, and half-idiotic disposition and smile of the human slave; it sets its heavy heel on the neck of liberty; it darkens the understanding; it stupifies the moral sense; and it deadens the

sympathies and the manhood of the human heart. Let me give a few examples of what it has done on the estate where I reside—the Templetown estate, four miles from the place of your meeting in Keady. Last year when the whole civilised world were contributing to the relief of Irish distress, when Mr. Parnell, at considerable pains and great risk, crossed the Atlantic to raise money to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, agentism was occupied in adding to the distress, involving scores of poor tenants in law costs, and ejecting others. No reduction of rent was given on this estate during all these awful years of misery, though sought for again and again. The weeping wife of an evicted tenant came to me on the evening of the 13th of May last, asking me to write her a short statement of her case, which I did. She got it carried round the villages and country districts, begging assistance to get the voracious appetite of landlordism appeased. Had legal proceedings been taken against landlordism, instead of against Parnell and his colleagues, it would have been more in unison with both justice and mercy than the course that has been adopted. On one of the frosty mornings of this winter I met, on the Queen's highway, a son of one of the tenants on this estate—a Roman Catholic—who holds a farm of some eighteen or twenty acres. The boy had no shoes on his swollen feet, no stockings on his well-formed red legs, and, through the openings in the rags he wore, I saw that he had no shirt on his body. Many of these tenants live, or rather exist, in strange habitations. The floors of the rooms in which they sleep are made of soft clay—so soft that the print of the nails of the brogue which presses it is clearly seen. The exhalations from such floors, mingling with the breath of the sleepers, has, as its natural offspring, thousands of pale faces and horrid scenes of typhus fever. If our tender-hearted Queen just knew what thousands of her loyal subjects endured at the hands of Irish landlordism, she would order landlordism to be hanged by the neck until it would die, and then she would order its foul body to be buried in a grave deeper than the abyss. I apologise for the length of this letter, but truly I have not half

done with the details I have to give. For the sake of our oppressed fellow-men, the tenant-farmers of Ireland, I hope you shall have a great and successful meeting on Monday.—I am, sir yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY.

Presbyterian Minister.

LETTER II.

LANDLORDISM AND EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST MORNING NEWS.

SIR,—At the commencement of this letter, I remember that the Fifth Commandment requires us to honour all men in their several places and relations as superiors, inferiors, and equals. I shall speak therefore of the nobleman to whose letter I am going to reply with all becoming respect. Being from home last week, I had not a convenient moment to notice Lord Templetown's letter which appeared in your paper of Tuesday last. Will you, then, permit me now to make a few remarks on that letter? In the exercise and under the influence of that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, which rejoiceth also in the truth, I think his Lordship might have selected a happier form of expression than that of charging me with passing over and suppressing his Lordship's reasons for claiming the patronage of my school. What are his Lordship's reasons? The main one is—he is patron of all the National schools on his Lordship's Templepatrick estate. But his Lordship is not the patron of a single National school on his Co. Monaghan estate. Are the schools in the Co. Antrim exactly in the position of my school here? Were they erected entirely by Presbyterian energy, and were they from the beginning under

Presbyterian ministers? Did their Presbyterian patrons surrender them to Lord Templetown? If so, the Presbyterianism of Antrim is sillier and softer than that of Monaghan. Let me return, however, to the words "passing over and suppressing." Any one who tries to be brief runs the risk of being charged with suppressing; and to enter into every detail of a case in writing about it exposes the writer to blame on account of tediousness. In that part of my letter of which his Lordship complains, I was trying to compress what I had to express, and so his Lordship charges me with suppressing his reasons; and then his Lordship lifts the torch of his promise of his £50 for the consideration of the people of Ulster. At the cost, therefore, of being thought tedious, I shall, with your permission, sir, on this occasion go a little more fully into the history of this affair than I did in my recent letter. Four years ago M. Moloney, Esq., the District Inspector, urged me to get a more suitable school-house built than the one which stood at the end of my meeting-house. In carrying out this I thought it neither unfair nor unreasonable to solicit a site on a piece of spent bog at Drollagh cross-roads for the new school-house. I did not think that I was either obstinate or unreasonable in wanting to continue to be the patron of the new school. On the contrary, I considered it rather suspicious that Lord Templetown offered the £50 without it being asked. What can his Lordship mean by being so anxious for the patronage? Just that he might have power, after the school-house had been built by Presbyterian energy, to appoint a prelatie manager, a prelatie teacher, and to use the school as a centre of political and sectarian influence. His Lordship, I own, might not have done so, but by being patron he would have had the power. His Lordship knows right well that I did all I could to make myself clearly understood from the beginning of this transaction. I sent his Lordship a copy of the rules and regulations of the Board, folding down the leaves and pencil-marking the topics that bore on the questions we were considering. At first his Lordship promised a piece of spent moss for a site, and he added a vague promise of a subscription to aid the building; but,

as Macksoorinney surrounded his several courtships with such an array of ifs, buts, and modifications that no girl could ever either get him into the arms of matrimony or a lawsuit (he died an old bachelor), so Lord Templetown attached the patronage to the promise, and thus rendered the promise nugatory and utterly valueless. Still, that style of promising has the merit of being plausible, safe, and inexpensive.

Before I broke loose from Lord Templetown's tempting offer of £50, I consulted several judicious Presbyterian ministers regarding the course I should adopt, and they all joined in admonishing me to build the school-house on our own Presbyterian ground, and by no means to permit the patronage to pass out of my hands into his Lordship's. They joined me in thinking that if either he or his agent had the patronage it would make the school a hot-bed in all coming time of envy and strife—an occasion of jealousy and perpetual contention.

Mrs. Macaulay, my wife, anxious for peace, and knowing the anxiety and toil to which I had been exposing myself all last summer in getting the school-house built mainly for the children of Lord Templetown's tenants, wrote the following letter to his Lordship :—

“The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
18th August, 1880.

“To the Right Honourable Lord Templetown.

“MY LORD,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I am assuming in writing to your Lordship on the topic of the school-house which is nearly completed at M'Kelvey's Grove. My husband has been at a great deal of expense with and has much anxiety about this building. Your Lordship will permit me to express my humble opinion that it would tend to peace and good feeling in this district if your Lordship could see your way to grant the £50 to the building fund without claiming the patronage of the school as the condition of the grant. Again hoping that your Lordship will excuse and forgive me for making the above suggestion.—I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's most respectful and humble servant,

“ANNIE MACAULAY.”

Then, on the 8th of September last, I wrote to his Lordship that it was with my consent that my wife, in the interests of peace, addressed the above letter to his Lordship. The letter which follows is his Lordship's reply:—

“ Castle Upton, Templepatrick,
16th October, 1880.

“ To the Rev. M. Macaulay, Grove Manse, Castleblayney.

“ SIR,—I found your letter of the 8th ult. on my return here last week from abroad. By electing to build your school within the enclosure of your meeting-house—ground, let me remark, made over to the Presbyterian body in the year 1859, along with the site of a manse, by my predecessor in the estate—instead of accepting my offer to give you other ground for the purpose, as requested by you, on the condition on my part of becoming the patron of the school, you have chosen to abandon all the aid you might have received from the National Board for building as well as furnishing it, and the fifty pounds I had offered you, and I beg now to decline giving it. It is your own decision—your own affair; and I question whether the parents of the children who get the school instruction would, if consulted, agree with you.

“ I was yesterday at the pains of going through the whole of correspondence which has passed between me and yourself on this subject.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

“ TEMPLETOWN.”

Now, sir, see how clause follows clause in thundering climax in that great letter of his Lordship, and then tell me if I was not correct when, drawing a contrast between the writer of it and good Mrs. Hope, I said that his Lordship had eloquently refused to give anything to the building. Surely I am not suppressing anything now.* And think, sir, also of the Christian logic that runs through that eloquent refusal of his Lordship. It

* Lord Templetown had written a letter to the *Morning News*, in which he asserted that I had suppressed some statements of his regarding the condition on which he would aid us in building the school-house.

virtually means this—These Presbyterians, with their leader, at M'Kelvey's Grove, on my Castleblayney estate, have chosen to erect their school-house on their own leased ground; they want to have their school under Presbyterian patronage; they have, by their own obstinate election, brought themselves into the waters of debt up to the loins; I have gained a complete victory over them; I will steep them in water up to the lips; they will get no aid from the National Board to help them in building and furnishing their house; therefore also do I decline to give the £50 I had promised them! One is almost tempted to ask, to what star in the firmament have chivalry and generosity fled?

After all, however, there is a door of hope left wide open for Lord Templetown. I must by no means dictate to his Lordship, yet I may, I trust, without violating any rule of propriety, venture to suggest that, inasmuch as he cannot now be the nominal patron of the school, his Lordship might become what is far better—the real patron—by granting to the poor teacher of the school the splendid dwelling-house which is within a stone's cast of the school, and quite vacant now; and by granting also other appurtenances, enjoyed by teachers under another system, such as a large garden, the grass of a large plantation for the teacher's cow; the turf ground for fuel to keep the teacher warm; and a lordly donation of £15 or £20 per annum to render him independent. If his Lordship were to realise these by no means unreasonable or impossible ideals, this school would be one of the best in the county, and his Lordship's tenants would not respect him less, but love him more; and they would pay their rents more cheerfully and punctually. But, on the other hand, should his Lordship decline to do anything for the education of the children of this locality, it does not require the sagacity of the statesman nor the genius of the prophet to forecast the consequences.

His Lordship very prudently declines to enter on the other topics of my recent letter. I have still another category of topics

on agentism and land to say a word or two about, but this letter is already too long.—Excuse me, sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.

Monday, 3rd Jan., 1881.

LETTER III.

THE TEMPLETOWN ESTATE, MONAGHAN— AGENTISM.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST MORNING NEWS.

SIR,—In the *Morning News* of the 1st inst. a series of queries is set forth by a writing signing himself “Patriot,” to one or two of which I now beg leave, with your usual kind permission, to say a word or two. “Patriot” speaks of the family of Upton in his queries, as if it stood forth in history the distinguished friend of popular rights and freedom. I would like to ask when, where, how, and why did it do so? I am aware that Dr. Killen, as editor of “Reid’s History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland,” speaks in laudatory terms of a Mr. Upton, whom the Church employed on deputations to the English Government on some few occasions, but what has that to do with the maintenance of popular rights? I know, too, that Froude, in his “History of the English in Ireland,” mentions, with no great respect, one Upton, who, having made money in Belfast, bought land at Templepatrick, and, after the leasehold expired, took an effective plan of carrying out the fiction of free sale by bringing “land-grabbers” of a religious sect

* Published in the *Morning News* of January 15th, 1881.

different from that of the Templepatrick tenants, and from a remote part of the country, and regardless of all Tenant-right claims, actually put up to auction the now leaseless holdings.* It may be that perhaps "Patriot" had some historical basis for the praise he wants to attach to the family of Upton. As far as I know, the Presbyterian Church does not owe very much to that family. Like others who have risen in rank and acquired large masses of material splendours, it forsook the poor, noble old Church of its ancestors, and joined the system that hated and persecuted them. The Uptons owe more to the Presbyterian Church than she does to the Uptons.

In another of his queries "Patriot" asks is it true that a Presbyterian minister on account of the part he had acted in the recent election, had been insulted in the office of the Templetown Estate, in the town of Castleblayney. In answer to this I have to say—I am he to whom he alludes in this query. On the 5th of May last, a month after the election, I went into the Templetown Estate Office to request payment of a small sum to which, according to office rules, I was entitled, and before a large number of tenants of all sects, and of both sexes, I was subjected to treatment on account of which I shall never again enter the office.

Let us next consider the state of things on this estate. I came to reside among the tenant-farmers of this property in the year 1847. During these thirty-three years I have had opportunities of observing and knowing a good deal about the people, their burdens, their methods, and means of living; their circumstances, wants, woes, hopes, and fears are no secrets to me.

* Froude maintains that these proceedings of Mr. Upton and a neighbouring proprietor led to the formation of the "Hearts of Steel," "Defenders," and other northern secret societies that preceded and led to the rebellion of 1798; that it is but rare that two landlords attain the unenviable distinction of almost dismembering an empire, and that instead of the honours afterwards conferred on these gentlemen, a more fitting reward would have been imprisonment and confiscation of their estates.

I think I am entitled to say of the population of this district that a more honest, hard-wrought, economical, handy, and self-reliant class of men could not be found in our beautiful island. The late sagacious John Leeper, Esq., M.D., Keady, remarked to me on one occasion, as follows:—"Of all the keen, shrewd dealers with whom I meet in fair and market, there are none to match these people among whom you live." They hold small farms of 4, 6, 8, and 10 acres each. A few have larger holdings. Their land is generally of a very inferior quality, being a mixture of moss and mountain. They are crushed with rack-rent and other burdens. Their farms would not produce what would support those who dwell on them. How, then, do they get money to pay the rent? Why, some of them deal in cattle; able bodied fathers, sons, brothers go off to the quarries in Scotland or the coal-pits in England. Some intelligent ones venture across the Atlantic. Others work hard on the quays and on the docks of Glasgow and Liverpool. They get fair good wages for their work anywhere abroad, but, when they return to the cabins and cottages they love so dearly, all their earnings are swallowed up by the rent office. You talk about Griffith's valuation! He valued the raw material, in which alone the landlord's property consists; and, secondly, he valued the property of the tenants in the soil—what they had done in making the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Therefore, the one-third or thereabouts of Griffith's valuation would be on an average the just rental of the land as it now stands.* Some of the land in this district is worth nothing by the acre; some of it, by reason of its poor chemical qualities, is only worth one shilling an acre; some of it, being a good deal better, might be worth two shillings and sixpence an acre; but none of all the land in this whole estate is worth more than seven shillings or ten shillings per Irish acre—that is to say, if the

* It has been fairly maintained by intelligent men that, as Acts of Parliament have divided the responsibility in regard to the payment of poor rate and county cess equally between landlord and tenant, about the half of Griffith's valuation would be a fair rent at present.

people who live on it and by it were to get the average wages of the county for their work on their farms, and the average interest of the capital they employ in cultivating their fields, and, as still further showing the reasonableness of the view here set forth, if the tenants had their land at from 1s to 10s per acre, then could they contribute to the more respectable maintenance of their respective clergymen, then would they have the means to build suitable habitations for human beings to dwell in—then would they be better qualified to feed, clothe, and educate their children in a way becoming the advanced civilisation of the age in which God has cast our lot.

Let us pass on to the consideration of office rules and the signing away by the tenants for ever of all right and title to all kinds of game from the young fish which sports in the stream to the young hare that skips along the mountain. With office rules about corn mills and flax mills, about cess and “champions,” many of the tenants are galled and agitated at the present moment beyond anything I ever saw before. Some of them are goaded almost to madness by their county cess for two years having been withheld, because they refused to sign away their right to the game to which I have already referred. On a great number of the tenants a heavy money penalty has been inflicted for no crime at all or for a very venial one, some of the best tenants on the estate suffering a loss of £4, £6, £9, £12, £15. On account of all these causes, occasions, and reasons, and for others that need not now be enumerated, there exists among the tenantry a general and desperate state of feeling. Before long this estate will not be a terrestrial paradise, unless Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Templetown, good Christian nobleman that I hear he is, and believe him to be, listens to the voice of truth, and hastens to the rescue.

Let us think of the sacredness of contract in the next place. On my part I engaged to pay a clearly defined amount of rent when I became a tenant on this estate in 1852. Agentism stipulated on the other part to grant me the farm and turf ground occupied by the previous tenant. I have paid the rent yearly to the last farth-

ing I engaged to pay, and thus have kept my side of the contract. Has Agentism kept covenant, or, in other words, its side of the contract? Let us see. In the year 1877 it sent its bailiff and ordered me to give up about one-third of my turf ground, even before the turf producing substance was exhausted, and this ground of mine was given to another who put out turf on it, and dried them before my eyes. The same thing was done with many other tenants all round the estate. Oh, Agentism! thou that sayest tenants ought not to confiscate; dost thou confiscate?

Let us next think of what must be the moods and emotions of the human mind under such a system as I am describing. Day dreams fill the soul of the tenant-farmer as he digs in his garden, or as he ploughs, sows, reaps, and mows. In the dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man, ghosts gather around the bed of the helpless tenant, and he shudders when he sees, or thinks he sees them ascending in their naked and awful forms from the bottomless pit of the rent office. Transfer the abstract into the concrete, and ghosts into bodies, the dreams into realities, and you have then before you a plain and unmistakable notice to quit, such as the following:—

“To Kinnear Smith and all persons concerned. You and all persons concerned are hereby required to quit and deliver up to me, on behalf of General George Frederick Viscount Templetown, on the first day of November, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine, the peaceable possession of all that farm of land, situate in Loughbratty, in the parish of Mucknoe, barony of Cremorne, and County of Monaghan, now occupied by you, under the said General George Frederick Viscount Templetown, and all other lands which you hold, or claim to hold, under the said General George Frederick Viscount Templetown, in said parish and county.

“Dated this 18th day of April, 1879.

HENRY GUSTAVUS BROOKE, Agent.

“Take notice.—That the above notice to quit is not served upon you for the purpose of disturbing you in the occupation of

your farm, provided you allow your mearing fence to be perfectly made as laid out.*

“H. G. BROOKE.”

Now, sir, think of a shell like that being fired on a spring morning into the midst of an industrious and peaceable community of poor tenant-farmers, and then say would it not have an unsettling and irritating effect on them. Kinnear Smith had only refused to permit a portion of his farm, for which he says he had been paying rent, to be, by the fence spoken of in the document, cut off and given to another. Had he not gone to Lord Templetown at great expense and inconvenience, and got his Lordship to stop the legal process, he and his family would likely have been turned adrift on the wide world. Kinnear Smith is not a member of my congregation; he belongs to the Secession Congregation of this locality, and is thus a Presbyterian of the Presbyterians; he has a quiet, industrious family of sons and daughters; he belongs to a family who lived where he lives before the estate came into the possession of the Templetowns; his grandfather came to this district when the hills were all covered with heather, the valleys all filled with bog, and the people a miserable half-naked, half-fed peasantry, but by patient and incessant care, frugality, and toil they beat back the wilderness, and forced a living out of the reluctant soil; he had his rack-rent paid also to the last farthing. His is not the only case of this kind that might be specified; but at present it helps to show the terror and bondage under which the Irish nation groans. “Straight the fence, sir, and give up a portion of your ground; otherwise out you go.” I declare it is very like Ahab, the Hebrew King, coveting the vineyard of Naboth. The vineyard would not be surrendered, then the bloody Jezebel set a fiction of law in motion, and both the vineyard and the life of Naboth were wrenched from him. How is it that Agentism has become

* At the investigations recently made by the Sub-commissions, we have seen that on other properties also this species of trickery has been largely used as affording an excuse for revising and raising rents.

so judicially blind and infatuated that it neither learns nor wants to learn the lessons of which both history and the Bible are so full? It is infatuated, therefore its day of retributive justice comes marching quickly on.

I have more to say ; but enough just now.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
13th January, 1881.

LETTER IV.*

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
Friday, 14th of January, 1881.

“To Mr. John Wilson, Secretary of Fintona Branch of the Irish National Land League.

“DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter inviting me to attend your great meeting at Fintona, on Tuesday, the 18th inst. ; but I have an engagement for the evening of that day to which I am bound to adhere. Besides, the weather is inclement, and I am not very strong, and the distance to Fintona is long, so that I am under the rather painful necessity of saying no to your kind request. Bear with me, however, while I make a few remarks on the topic you suggest—the Land Question. 1st. I regard it as essential to the success of the movement that the leaders of the Land League and the Liberal members of Ireland should work, and speak, and vote as far as possible in unison with one another. Might not the Liberals advance a step or two beyond the fiction of

* Published in the *Derry Journal*, January, 1881.

the three F's; and, on the other hand, might not the tone of some of the Land League orators become a little milder—and only a little. Everything should be done that can be done, and everything should be avoided that can be avoided, to make the present struggle triumphant; for, unless the tenant-farmers put down oppressive landlordism, it will, at the end of this contest, endeavour to put them down deeper than ever in the mire of poverty and misery. 2nd. It strikes me as a strange thing that so few of my brethren in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church have seen their way to join in this great movement, which has for its object the material and social well-being of so many of their hearers. Nine-tenths of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church are the genuine friends and advocates of popular rights, of Gladstonian liberalism and true freedom, but as yet they nearly all stand aloof from the Land Agitation. But light is shining in the darkness, and the day is not distant when large numbers of our ministers will join the Movement, and boldly advocate its moral objects, and use the moral instruments it uses, and act from the moral motives which actuate its genuine adherents. Why is it that none of the ministers of the Episcopal sect have said one word in favour of Land Reform—in favour of the peasantry of this country, or in favour of the tenants anywhere? Did they ever take the side of the slave against the owner of the slave? Did they ever speak up for the oppressed against the oppressor? History, as in a store-house, has it laid by about them, that they always favoured the rich and went against the poor; that they take the side of the strong against the weak; of the landlord and agent against the hard-wrought tenants. The Roman Catholic priesthood, on the other hand, deserve the admiration and gratitude of unborn generations for the bold and prominent position they have taken in this agitation. Their addresses, many of them at least, have been models of eloquence, good sense, and great information. They have urged their people to meet their Presbyterian and Episcopalian fellow-countrymen in the spirit of peace and brotherly kindness; and they have denounced all secret societies—all party hatreds.

3rd. What good people have been longing for, what angels rejoice at, what prophets have predicted, what poets have sung, has been, by this movement, realized before our eyes. It vexes the devil, and it perplexes the landlords to see thousands and tens of thousands of Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians meeting in daylight, in the same fields, in the same market squares, no angry word, no warlike weapon, no party hatred, no bad behaviour, riot or drunkenness—determined to have done with poverty, burdens, and bondage. The lion at last lies down in peace with the lamb; the leopard and the kid lie down lovingly beside each other. The sword may soon be beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook. The Orangeman moves a resolution, and a Roman Catholic priest seconds it. Are we not on the borders of the millennium—

“When the war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world.”

4th. But it is objected to the Land League that it is imperfect—and that, since its introduction among the Irish, blood has been shed, and misery in some form or other entailed by it on the people. To all this it may be said, that, being imperfect, it is better adapted to this imperfect world than if it were absolutely free from fault and flaw. Is a harvest field less precious because it is a mixture of stubble, chaff, and pure grain? Is there any system devised by man perfect? You might as well charge Christianity with the wars, burnings, and martyrdom which mark the line of its marching, as charge the Land League with the sad scenes which have been witnessed in a few places. Never since the world was a world, has there been a movement of such multitudes of men of opposite creeds, and so few cases of outrage and crime. 5th. On what foundations of justice or truth do the titles of the landlords rest?—is a question that ought to be asked—and that must be asked before a radical removal of our grievances can be effected by the Government. From whom did each of the landlords get his title to the estate which he claims as his absolute property? What

did the landlords give, or do, or suffer for their titles and estates? How have they used their estates? Their titles rest on the rotten basis of confiscation. Their predecessors got their estates for shooting down the primitive occupiers of these very lands, or hunting them off to the bogs and mountains of the country. The landlords should have allowed the word confiscation to sleep on in its coffin till the resurrection. They should not be permitted to slander the Liberals and the Land League as if they wanted to confiscate. Their own right divine to oppress the tenants rests on this very thing—confiscation. Henry VIII. was a confiscator. So was his daughter Elizabeth. So was James I. of England. These confiscators rewarded their generals and captains for bloody military work accomplished, by making over to them the richest and fairest plains and landscapes of our beautiful island. Let Gladstone's Government then set to the business of investigating the validity of the covenants, leases, deeds and documents, by which London Companies hold large tracts of Ireland, by which the other aristocratic landlords claim dominion over lands, which by right ought to be the possession of others.* 6th. But to whom does the land belong? Why, 1st., it belongs to the great Creator of it. The earth is the Lord's for He made it. By the absolute and transcendent right of creation it is His property. 2nd., by donation, or gift, it belongs to the children of men. He who made the land hath given it to the children of men. But landlords are the children of men, therefore, the land is the landlords'—theirs by gift—theirs also by a legal fiction—for a law made by slave owners for regulating the relation of the slave and his owner is nothing but a legal fiction—and a law made specially by the landlords to regulate the relation of tenant and landlord can only be a legal fiction, backed up and enforced by the military power of the State. But tenants, as well as landlords, are the children of men, therefore by gift of the Creator the land also belongs to the people. It is the people's, by the eternal right that an intelligent being has

* By keeping "tenants at will" on their Ulster estates, they are liable to confiscation; see "*The Plantation in Ulster*," by the Rev. George Hill, Belfast, 1877; p. 83, s. 7, 12; p. 87, 5.

to the fruits of his own industry.* Call on a thousand witnesses to prove that the land is yours. Turn up your palms to the light of the sun. What made them as hard as horns? Look at them. What ploughed and cross-ploughed those deep furrows in them. Why, it was the spade, the scythe, the pickaxe, and the crowbar, you have been doomed to handle from boyhood to old age, in beating back the wilderness from your hills, and in forcing the reluctant soil to yield you a necessary maintenance. Who built the houses, bridges, and towns of Ireland? The tenant-farmers and people of Ireland. Who planted the trees, formed the fields, set the hedges, and made the roads of Ireland? The tenants. Who turned the sour swamp into the sweet meadow, who spun and wove, and cut and hemmed, and made the mantle of green that sits so gracefully on the necks and shoulders of our queenly hills? The tenant-farmers and their ancestors. Shall you, then, permit any class of spoilers to wrench from you what cost you and your forefathers centuries of anxiety, toil, and expense? By all these considerations, had I the privilege of addressing your meeting on Tuesday, I would urge my fellow-countrymen to stand lovingly and firmly together, and claim it as their right, not beg it as a favour, to have a great radical reform of the land laws of their country, and never give over reasoning, discussing, educating, agitating, in a moral and constitutional manner, until they get their land at from 1s to 10s per Irish acre, and until they become what the farmers of Germany, Switzerland, France, and America are—the owners of their own land. By the bitter remembrance of the crushing burdens and incessant toils heaped on the backs of your fathers and mothers, by the deep love that you have for your homes and for your fields, by the

* See "*The Irish Land Question*," by Henry George, pp. 24, 38, also his "*Progress and Poverty*," Pref. p. 9, and Book VII., Chap. I, p. 299; also Herbert Spencer's "*Social Statics*," Chap IX, Sec. 8. My letters were written before reading these writers. I am pleased to see that they entertain the same views which I advance here.

intense fire of patriotism which many waters of landlord oppression could never drown, and which burns brightly at the present moment in every genuine farmer's heart, I would entreat the great meeting at Fintona to think and act like intelligent men—to watch every root of bitterness and discord, so that you may keep it from springing up to divide and trouble you, and the day will soon come when our poor afflicted country will be the home of peace, plenty, and freedom, and landlordism shall be plunged like a millstone into the ocean, and its bondage, and rack-rents and misery shall be known no more for ever.—I am, dear Mr. Wilson, yours truly,

“MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.”

LETTER V.

COERCION AND LANDLORDISM.

REV. MATTHEW MACAULAY, Presbyterian Minister, Castleblayney, writing to the secretary of the meeting,* said:—“I regret that it will not be convenient for me to be with you on Thursday next, at your land meeting in Cullyhanna; but I sympathise with the people who shall be there in all their lawful efforts to free themselves from unjust rents, and the insufferable treatment they receive from inhuman landlordism. (Cheers.) My father and mother were brought down to untimely graves by the heavy burdens laid on them by landlordism. * * * I fondly hope that the eloquent gentlemen who shall address the assembly will condemn in unfaltering tones the Coercion Bill which landlordism has forced Gladstone and Bright to bring forth. Never, in my opinion, was Ireland in less need of martial law than at the present

* Read at the Cullyhanna land meeting, and published in the *Morning News* of 11th of February, 1881.

moment. (Cheers.) Look at the Orangemen and Roman Catholics like sensible men and hearty fellow-countrymen in genuine sympathy with one another. (Cheers.) It is true that some landlords, by issuing claptrap invitations, and paying railway fares, have succeeded in getting up three little meetings, mainly composed of Orangemen; but to what class of the Orangemen did these men who came at the landlords' call belong? Why, they were the sons of bailiffs' wives, bailiffs themselves, gate-keepers, landstewards, butlers, and butlers' sons, sextons of the Disestablished Church, and their uncles and cousins—(laughter)—process-servers, servant boys—cottiers, and some ragged rowdies, whose local habitation and true name it would be rather difficult to find. (Laughter and Cheers.) But the intelligent and respectable Orangemen—specially those belonging to the Presbyterian Church—are too knowing, and have too much self-respect to run to the meetings of the despotic landlords, as dogs run at the sound of the huntsman's horn. (Hear-hear.) Nine-tenths of the Orangemen of Ireland belong to the Presbyterian Church,* and the great majority of these are respectable young men, farmers' sons, and they deserve all praise for the independent and manly position they have taken against their oppressors in this great agitation. (Cheers.) They are beginning to see how they have been insulted by the landlord tribe who manage the secrets of the Grand Lodge in Dublin. Never since the Society was formed ninety years ago, did the landlords permit a Presbyterian to sit in the chair of Grand Master. What an insult to the Church of their fathers is this! No wonder they are sick of the system. No wonder they join their Roman Catholic neighbours in this great effort of the nation to get rents made low and reasonable. When the Orangemen of Ireland and Catholics are at peace with one another, I ask, in the

* Ignorant editors of Tory landlord newspapers, before having denied this, ought to have consulted the librarian of Bishop Robinson's Library, in the City of Armagh. The next grand-master of the Orange Society must be a tenant-farmer, and a true Presbyterian, otherwise the said Society will pass away and perish.

name of common sense, what use is there for drafting thousands of strange soldiers into our peaceful island? (Hear, hear.) What need is there for a coercion law? (None.) If this law pass, bondage and other forms of misery will be inflicted on us. At midnight our doors will be forced open, and rude officials will rush in and search every room, nook, and corner of our homes, and our wives and little ones will be driven into hysterical fits and agonies; and lovely Ireland will be turned into a terrestrial pandemonium. (Groans for the Government.) Are these men who sit at the fountain of Law become so infatuated that they are going to attempt to do the impossible—to bind, stab, and slaughter not merely the body, but the soul of the Irish people? Can they coerce the mind of the Irish people, so that it shall cease to think and reason? (Never.) Shall they attempt to coerce the Irish heart, so that it shall cease to feel and love? Can they coerce the genius of the Irish, so that it shall cease for ever to create songs to express the passions which burn in the bosom of our sons and daughters? (No.) No. Landlordism and its laws and agencies cannot kill the soul. They cannot chain the imagination. They cannot crush freedom from the spirit, for

“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside.
 The oppressor holds his body bound;
 But knows not what a range his spirit takes,
 Unconscious of a chain;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.”

I trust the meeting will declare emphatically that the Irish tenants do not want one foot of land from landlordism without paying the last farthing of its fair value. (Cheers.) We want to get rid of this oppressive landlordism in an honourable and righteous way. (Cheers.) Spoliation is not, never was, and never shall be laid to the charge of the peasantry of this country. (Cheers.) We will pay the landlords, and let them go.* (Cheers.) But

* Such progress has the great Land Question made since this letter was written, that people now entertain the idea that, as honest men should not pay pirates for the loss they sustain by

have they not already received a large instalment from their tenants of the just value of their estates? (Cheers.) What did they give for these extensive plains and hills which form their estates? (Nothing.) Let them tell that—it will help us to estimate what we owe them. What did they expend in improving these estates? (Nothing.) How much in the form of rack-rent have they already been paid for these, their lands and our lands? for it is all mixed property. Let it be carefully considered. They have been pocketing rack-rents for no less than nine generations off the people of this island. Then, again, what right had landlordism to pocket the tithes of the country after the passing of the Church Act some ten years ago? The tenant-farmers never knew themselves one farthing the richer after the Church was disestablished—the burden of their rent was not made one ounce lighter. (Hear, hear.) Rather than continue under oppressive landlordism the people of Ireland would gladly sell their last ox, their last sheep, their last piece of furniture, to pay it off and get rid of it for ever. (Hear, hear.) I would also observe that nothing should be kept a secret from your meeting that can truly be charged against landlordism in this great movement. What has filled all the poorhouses of Ireland with their wretched inmates? Landlordism has done it. (Hear, hear.) All, or nearly all, the miserable human beings who crowd these workhouses had at one time in their lives little farms and peaceful little cottages which they loved dearly. But rack-rent could be paid no longer. Then came the fearful notice to quit; then came the eviction; then came the crowbar

by being compelled to abandon their piracy, so landlords are not only entitled to no compensation, but they should actually be compelled to make some adequate return to the farmers for generations of virtual swindling under the guise of law. See George on the Irish Land Question. So odiously mean are the landlords, that they are actually setting in motion a begging association in London and England, to enable them to live in idleness and luxury. Their doleful wail is, oh what shall we do, and where shall we go? Go dig, ye dandies, or go to the poorhouses where you have sent thousands of better men than yourselves.

brigade; down went the roof-rib and up went the foundation-stone, and off went the mournful procession—old fathers, weeping and ragged mothers, and half-starved children, to that awful gate—the gate of the poorhouse. (Cheers.) The poorhouses are not only a disgrace to Ireland in the eyes of every stranger who visits our country, but they are monuments of what landlordism has done on millions of human beings as good, if not better, than the landlords themselves. (Cheers.) If these poorhouses cannot be abolished and turned into flour mills, spinning mills, or model schools for the intermediate system of education, the landlords should be compelled to support them entirely at their own expense. One of the most important questions to bring before the meeting is, What is a fair rent? Then, in what balance can it be weighed? Then, who are to be entrusted with the process of weighing? Hitherto the landlords had all or nearly all these questions at their own answering. They assumed and presumed to dictate the answers to these questions for their poor, submissive underlings. It must no longer be so. (Cheers.) Here is an attempt to answer the question. Pay your wife for her work, your children for their work, yourself and your servants for each day's work done on your farm—pay all these workers the average wages of your locality—then take out of the produce the average interest of the money you paid for the Tenant-right of your farm, or, if you did not buy your land, deduct from its yearly produce the average interest of the money it would sell for, and, in addition to these deductions, charge the average interest for capital sunk in farming utensils, cattle, seeds, and manures, and so on, and then give the remaining value of the whole produce to the landlord. (Cheers.) It will be something more than his full and fair rent, for all he has a right to as rent is the money value of the “raw material” when you and your forefathers got it in its wilderness condition. (Hear, hear.) Feed, clothe, and shelter human beings as they ought to be treated in these respects in this the 19th century, and it will be found, I beg leave to think, that all the rent which ought in justice to be paid for the land of your district is

from 2s 6d to 7s 6d, or, at farthest, and for the best land, 10s per Irish acre. Then there is another feature in this train of thought. It is this—year by year, if the seasons continue so unfavourable as they appear to be, and when American and Colonial produce shall be shipped to these islands in tenfold larger quantities, your rents must fall even below the 2s 6d per acre. The farmers in America have no rent to pay. Why should we be rack-rented? (Cheers.) I hope that a resolution will be moved, and passed with great and enthusiastic unanimity against the arrest and imprisonment of that great man—Mr. Michael Davitt. (Loud cheers.) In the roomy, warm, and strong tower of his heart, truth, morality, reason, genius and freedom had a joyous and an ever-open home and resting-place. (Cheers.) When Irish landlordism, under the influence of the devil—(laughter and cheers)—was busy night and day, during all last winter, sowing the seed of party hatred and discord among the tenants of Ulster, this brave man was incessantly going round sowing the seeds of intelligence, peace, and friendship among men. (Cheers.) He challenged the landlords and their advocates to meet him on any platform, and in the light of open day to reason and discuss with him the Land question, and the principles of the Land League. But they dare not face him. When landlords in several places were trying to get up meetings by the worn or rusty tools of a barbarous age, by the clap-trap of “Boyne Water” and “No Surrender;” when they were calling forth rowdies, “With guns, spades, and pitch-forks, stone-hammers also,” and encouraging these low creatures to come forth to their little meetings with ribbons and flags, with fifes and drums, party tunes played, party emblems exhibited—when they were doing all this, Mr. Davitt was denouncing all secret societies, all party discord, all drunkenness, riot, and crime—(cheers)—and got it passed as the law of the Land League for Ulster, that no warlike weapons, no party expressions, no party emblems would be permitted at any of the Land League meetings. (Cheers.) This is the man who has been cast into prison, while the guilty landlords are permitted to swagger about in London and other cities enjoying the sweets

of freedom. (Shame.) But in the mysterious and wise providence of God, the imprisonment of this noble man has done, is doing, and shall accomplish more good for the tenants of Ireland than all his eloquence, logic, and activities could have done, had he not been arrested. (Cheers.) The great cities of England and Scotland, France, Canada, and the United States have heard of this feat of arbitrary landlordism, and their sympathies have been kindled for the suffering sons of Ireland. (Cheers.) If landlordism and the Government which it controls, were not morally infatuated, surely they would see that one false step after another is turning the intelligence and respect of the civilised world against them. (Hear, hear.) Britain has plenty on hand just now without driving the Irish nation into revolution. (Hear, hear.) She has some rough and tough questions to settle with more than two hundred millions of subjects in India. She has something to do among the tribes of Africa. (Cheers.) Let her not, therefore, attempt to carry things with too haughty a heart and too high a hand against her loyal Irish subjects. (Cheers.) At the close of the last century, French landlordism, backed up by a despotic King and Government, saddled and bridled the French people; then it mounted and spurred on the peasantry to a panting gallop. The Government and the aristocratic landlords, like all slave-drivers, became cowardly and alarmed; they adopted a coercion law—they filled the towns and cities of France with mercenary soldiers, brought from Austria, Switzerland, and Africa. But in one night the genius of a young Frenchman, prompted by a lovely French maiden, created a psalm which gave expression to the feelings of the French people.* It was sung by the sons and daughters of France in every vale and village, in city and town. The French

* *The Marseillaise Hymn.*

ENGLISH TRANSLATION, STANZA I.

“Rise, children of the father land,
 The day of glory draweth nigh—
 Against us tyrants, hand in hand,
 Their bloody banners raise up high.”

peasantry became restive—they reared, they hurled their riders off their backs, and they kicked and trampled them in the mire. (Cheers.) In the year 1793 shocking things were done; the guillotine snuffed the heads off the bodies of hundreds of the aristocracy. The fury of the people knew no rule, no law, no limit but the wild justice of revenge. They skinned the dead bodies of the lords and ladies; they had a tanyard in Paris for tanning human skins; they made beautiful gloves for their hands of these nicely prepared materials; and it was remarked (according to Carlyle) that the gloves made of the feminine article were very easily torn.* *Let us all hope and pray that landlordism and the English Government may not be permitted to drive the peasantry of this country into revolutionary scenes like those I have named.*† (Hear hear.) Oppression drives a wise man into madness, and, when a man is insane, there is no telling what he may do. He may kill his son, his wife, his father, the bailiff, the agent, or the landlord, in his paroxysms of madness. And the crime of crimes is to condemn and hang a man for an act he does when his responsibility ceases. I do declare, in my humble opinion, if Mr. Gladstone and his Government were just to reverse the policy they seem so anxious to carry out—that is to say, if they were to liberate the patriotic Davitt, burn the Coercion Bill, give the land to the tenants at a low and reasonable rent, make the tenants what the farmers in America, Germany, France, and Switzerland are, the landlords of their own fields; and

* Carlyle's *French Revolution*—Vol. III., Book V., Chap. VII.

† But, on the eve of the great Tory landlord meeting held in Dublin, on the 3rd January, 1882, "A Clare Landlord" thus writes in the *Irish Times*:—"Some organization should be established for the purpose of undertaking evictions on a larger scale, and planting colonies of loyal industrious men from Scotland or the North of Ireland in different parts of the South and West!" and, in the *Contemporary Review*, Professor Mahaffy, T.C.D., advocates the same view, and says he has no doubt that to clear estates of all disloyal men, any number of troops may be got from the Government.—*Cont. Rev.*, January 1882, pp. 173-175. Let the rulers beware of "running past" what they are running at, and so "lose by overrunning."

were they to imprison or banish to some lonely isle of the ocean five hundred of the unfeeling landlords of our country, and a thousand detested agents—then Ireland would indeed be the “Garden of God.”

LETTER VI.

GOOD EFFECTS OF THE LEAGUE.

TO MR. ALEXANDER SCARLETT, OMAGH.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your very cordial and respectful letter of the 4th inst., inviting me to give an address to your great meeting of Tenant Farmers at Omagh on the 21st inst.; but I regret it will not be in my power to attend on that day, for, by an arrangement made two weeks ago, I must be in Newcastle-on-Tyne during next week. I shall, therefore, miss the opportunity the meeting would have afforded me of seeing, hearing, and shaking the hand of that calm, warmhearted, and bold patriot—C. S. Parnell, M.P. I would have been gratified also, to see and hear Mr. Dillon, M.P., and the other gentlemen whose names I see on the printed paper you had the forethought to enclose with your letter. All these men are destined to have their names recorded on the pages of Irish History with high honours, as the self-denying advocates of the farmers' righteous cause, to the remotest period of time. Absent in person, however, I shall be present in spirit and sympathy on that great day. Interested as I have been in this movement from its commencement, will you, sir, permit me to make a few remarks? 1st—I remark that, in the placard you have sent me, I see the words, “Bands and Colours strictly prohibited.” This is good: The Land League has broken down the middle wall of partition between North and South; it is opposed to party spirit, it has no secret societies, no private oaths, no party songs; it denounces violence and the employment of carnal

weapons for the obtaining of its moral ends ; its meetings are in the light of God's sun ; its whole aim, motive, and action, are akin to the angelic song—" *Glory to God in the highest, we bring you tidings of great joy ; Peace on earth ; Good will among men.*" Every good man knows and detests Sandy-rowism ; we all remember well the scenes of riot and bloodshed which took place on drumming days among the people of Ulster. I remember the Dolly's-Brae battle ; I saw the burning houses, the smoke like that of Sodom on a July evening. I heard the wail of woe. I remember well the slaughter ; and, long since these sad party exhibitions, we all know how the fair fame and great name of Belfast, Lurgan, Dungannon, Derry, and other centres of population, have been soiled and blackened by the demon-like spirit of contending factions. Tyrannical Landlordism always encouraged party exhibitions ; that Grand Lodge in Dublin is a bottomless pit of all mischief ; it is composed of Aristocratic Landlords belonging to the Prelatic Sect ; it issues its dictates to provincial lodges, and so keeps Ulster in a constant state of restlessness and suspicion ; it never yet permitted the credulous Presbyterians to have the privilege of its chair, though nine out of every ten of the Orangemen of Ireland are Presbyterians. But a change has come and is coming ; the Presbyterians are reading now ; and better than that, *they are thinking* ; they can be led no farther by rusty clap-trap. If they continue to be Orangemen, they must have a society headed by a real representative of the Liberal Presbyterian, Wm. III. They are ashamed and sick of the Aristocratic and Tory Landlordism which has hitherto saddled, bridled, ridden, and spurred them on to do its mean and odious work. Nine tenths of their ministers are men who admire the Liberalism of Mr. Gladstone ; and they are the genuine friends and advocates of civil and religious freedom over the whole earth. Woe be to the system of rack-renting Landlordism, when both intelligent Orangemen and Roman Catholics join hands and march into the battle-field against it ! This is what they are now doing. I have a letter from the Secretary of a branch of the Land League not 20 miles from Fintona, that would do credit to the hand, head, and

heart of any man ; he tells me of the questionable tricks and practises of the Landlords, trying to influence Orangemen to oppose Land Meetings, he is a Presbyterian, an Orangeman, and an elder in one of our congregations. Think, too, of the Orangeman at the great Liberal meeting in Monaghan moving a resolution, and a Roman Catholic clergyman coming forward, shaking the Orangeman's hand, and seconding his resolution. Think, sir, of the great Land League meeting held last week in what was once regarded as a great centre of Toryism, in the County Down, Robert Green, a Presbyterian and an Orangeman, in the chair, P. Doyle, the Secretary of the Branch in that locality ; people of all creeds letting the "*dead past bury its dead*," joining hand and heart to get their common burdens rolled away for ever ; and all this taking place in spite of the wealth, influence, and power of Landlordism brought to bear on the servile scribblers and editors, who are always ready to misrepresent, exaggerate, and caricature the oppressed to please the oppressor, who are still too ready to write against the conquered, and in favour of the conqueror, and so mean as to take the side of the strong against the weak. Think also, sir, of the fine spirit manifested by our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen on last St. Patrick's Day. They wanted no Act of Parliament to compel them, as they abstained at the bidding of their clergy, and by the advice of the Land League, from all party display—not a drum was heard—not a shot was fired—not a party song sung—peace, solemnity everywhere. Tyrannical landlords, agents and bailiffs are in a rage because it is so. Their occupation is, like Othello's, gone. Too long they divided the community, and then trampled on it. On the battlefield of their bosom's revenge, greed and disappointment rise up in conflict with the last remnants of conscience and humanity within them. The rack rent offices, like Vesuvius, are in a mood of eruption, casting forth threats, frowns, curses, notices to quit, and ejection decrees. More than 200 families in the month of March turned out of house and home ! Think, sir, of that, and say, if you can, that landlordism is from heaven. I remark in the second

place, that I see in your printed circular the loyal words—"God save the Queen." The enemies of the tenants have slandered the Land League in press, pamphlet, and on platform, as if it were a wicked organisation, revolutionary in its spirit, and opposed to constituted authority, order, and righteous laws. But, in good truth, it is more loyal to the Queen, than the landlordism which is so eloquent in writing self certificates of its own inflated loyalty.*

The Land League does not preach the doctrine of infidel anarchy; it does not speak evil of dignities; it knows that Magistracy is not only in *The Book*, but that it grows out of the nature of man. The Land League does not teach that every man may just do what is right in his own eyes, and pay no rent if he please; † but it teaches intelligent men to get a fair rent—a low, reasonable rent paid for their land, and that they will then be willing to pay it punctually to the last farthing. For nearly all the land of Ireland, except for some fat gardens, and fertile spots at the outskirts of towns and cities, no commission ought to be permitted to *fix a rent beyond 10s per Irish acre for the best land*, and then for good land say 7s, and for inferior poor soils, from 1s to 5s per Irish acre. Fixity of tenure at a rent higher than this, would only be fixity in misery, or perpetual poverty to thousands of the hard-wrought men and women who are the loyal subjects of that tender-hearted lady, for whom the prayer has been printed in so clear large letters—"God save the Queen."

* At the time of the passing of the Irish Church Act, in 1869, the same Tory party threatened "to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne," and, more recently, it is well known that the Belfast Tories, who, in their zeal for the Queen's honour, upset the Irish National Exhibition, had not long before given us a spice of their loyalty on the occasion of the recent visit of the Lord Lieutenant Cowper, the Queen's representative, to their borough. Amid the general enthusiasm and universal decorations, it was observed that not a flag appeared on the Ulster Club House. They actually refused to allow a cord from the Bank Buildings to be attached to it. Such is their respect for the Queen!

† The "*No Rent*" theory had no place in the original Land League programme.

3rd—I do not regard it as an unbecoming thing, or as an unpardonable transgression, for a minister of the Gospel to take part in a movement which has for its object the temporal and social well-being of his congregation. The priests, the prophets, the psalmists of the old dispensation, and the Great Emancipator of human beings in the new, deeply sympathised with suffering humanity; and they denounced in true, loving, but burning language the lawyers, landlords, and hypocrites who, in their selfishness, bound heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, on human shoulders, and who would not touch them with one of their soft fingers. Moses, Aaron, Elijah, and the bold baptist, spoke out the whole truth about oppression in their day. Indeed, the intelligent farmers of Ulster are beginning to think that the clergyman, who from fear, or other motive, holds back from this great land agitation, and does not trouble himself with the social, political, educational, and material interests of his flock, as well as their spiritual and eternal concerns, is, at least, only a half-hearted and effeminate man. When this *thinking* of the farmers develops itself a little more fully, we shall see large numbers of the preachers of the Episcopal sect, as well as we now have the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the ministers of other denominations, standing side by side on the platform of Land Reform, daring to look the oppressors of the people in the face, and boldly denouncing all usurpation and unrighteousness.

4th—The utterance of indiscriminate censure at meetings such as yours will be, should be carefully avoided. It is unwise at all times, and often it is unjust—for there are exceptions to all general rules. All landlordism is not bad landlordism. There is a graceful, manly, righteous, and Christian landlordism, which men with rightly balanced mental faculties cheerfully respect and love. Its rent offices are approached without terror; it looks kindly on the farmers who come into contact with it; it speaks to them in mild tones; it considers their circumstances, it lives and lets tenants live; it lives and helps tenants to live. Every sensible man will discriminate between this lovely landlordism, and that

coarse, detestible system which turns its rent offices into bears' gardens and receptacles for the filth and gossip of the estate to flow into by the channels of honorary and stipendiary spies and informers. Now, it is this latter kind of landlordism, the slave-making, slave-driving, slave-slaughtering landlordism which the Irish people hate with such a deep and determined hatred. I remark,

5th—That it is only this detestable system of landlordism, which the Liberals and the Land League, with the tenants at their back, want to get abolished, or radically reformed and modified. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill will go a great way in effecting these changes in this cruel system.

6th—Having lived among the peasantry of county Monaghan for 34 years, I may be permitted, sir, without fear of being charged with personal vanity, to state that I have gathered by observation and experience a large number of facts and instances, which confirm and illustrate the rather strong language I have used regarding this oppressive system. Let an example of what it inflicts on defenceless farmers be noted. It is the case of Mr. —, a Presbyterian, one of the largest and best farmers on the eastern border of Monaghan: He purchased a farm some 30 years ago at a high figure by the acre, and since that he expended a large amount of capital and skill in improving the land. Landlordism, in 1879, anxious to do something for a man having political instincts akin to its own Toryism, took a portion of Mr. —'s land from him, and gave it to the respectable favourite. On reliable authority I am informed, that on the day when the agent came bouncing to the field to take it from its owner, the prayers, cries, and tears of the old man, Mr. —, were really heart-rending; but they neither rent nor softened the granite bosom of Agentism. Such was the shock sustained by Mr. —, that his bodily and mental health were shattered by it; he lingered on for some months in agony, until, last autumn, death released him from both pain and landlordism.

7th—I remark that the Land League, or some organization

for the common defence of tenants' property, ought to become a permanent and perpetual association. No single tenant is a match, when a dispute arises, for his landlord. The tenant has little or no money, little or no influence or power. The landlord has all these and more on his side. He has the banks at his back; the lawyers are often his relatives, many of them being the sons of his agents' wives. He can get scribblers and editors for a paltry bribe in Tory journals to soil and blacken the character of the tenant who dares to look him in the face. But the N. L. League, modified and improved, sir, if you please, changes the position of tenants entirely.

Let them in a lawful and constitutional manner bring moral forces to bear upon it, blow it to atoms, not with literal dynamite, but with the dynamite of matchless passionate Irish eloquence; *sword it* to death with bright, sharp, and well formed syllogisms; *burn it* to cinders with scorching sarcasm and song; bombard it with the cannon balls of truth, justice, and reason!

I am, sir,

Yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
13th April, 1881.

Presbyterian Minister.

LETTER VII.*

No. 132, Rye Hill,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, 26th April, 1881.

To Mr. Bernard Kieran, Secretary of the Monaghan Branch of the Irish National Land League.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Macaulay, my wife, sent me your letter of the 20th inst., in which you kindly invite me to attend a meeting

* Published in *The People's Advocate*, Monaghan, 26th April, 1881.

of your committee in Castleblayney, on this very day (the 26th ult.) While I thank you for your invitation, you will, of course, see that it is impossible for me to be there and here at the same time. I regret this, because every true friend of the farmers should do all that he can, at this crisis in the history of our afflicted country, to help onward the righteous cause of the people to a satisfactory settlement. As I shall have to remain in England till after your great county meeting on the 3rd of May, will you, sir, permit me to write out a few observations, which, should you consider them of any value, you might read to the meeting.

1st—Above all others the farmers' wives, mothers, and daughters have been the greatest silent sufferers under the system of bloody landlordism. It is fit to touch and break the heart of any man to see these emaciated forms, the traces of toil and hardship on every feature of their faces, the tattered attire which they are doomed to wear; and the poor food that thousands of them have to live on. Little has hitherto been said of this class of the community; but no longer must this suffering be ignored. At the end of the year they have not as the reward of all their drudgery one half of the wages paid to the servant maids of their households. They are mainly instrumental in gathering up, by attending to fowl, swine, and cattle, the cruel rack-rent for the haughty landlord, the county cess that landlordism extracts mostly for its own selfish purposes, and the poor rates which go to support those whom landlordism has driven from homes loved dearly, to the poorhouse hated deeply. The dogs of agent and landlord are better cared for and better fed, than many of these enslaved females. They live and move in an element of fear; they dread the wrath and curse of the rent office; their bodies are bent with heavy burdens; their minds are tortured by horrid dreams and visions of what will surely befall them, and those dear to them, should the frown of landlordism fall upon them.

Matty ——, one of these crushed creatures, had the skin pulled off her collar bone, and her shoulders turned into raw flesh by carrying manure in a creel to the top of the steep hill for

planting her potatoes. Is it any wonder that the tender sympathies of women's hearts should be turned against a system which inflicts such pain by its greed and injustice? Woe be to landlordism when the tenants' wives and daughters begin to hate and curse it.

2nd—I observe that no words in the English language have become so odious to the Irish people as *agent*, *bailiff*, and *landlord*. The bride on the day of her marriage shudders at the sound of them; the young mother trembles when she thinks of them; children in school and out of it are frightened by such words, and all men are beginning to feel a *nausea* at the utterance of them. Since it is so, no one, unless infatuated by its spirit, should wish to remain a landlord, agent, or bailiff. Better be a decent beggar. Such a system, viewed by the eye of the past, must be doomed to sudden destruction. Egyptian bondage was its ancient form, African and American slavery its more modern development. No sensible, good man, ought or would follow the occupation of Ahab, or Simon Legree. Indeed, farmers of the reading and thinking class, regard tyrannical landlordism with a feeling much akin to that which they entertain towards the rapacious rat which enters their stacks, and eats the oats for which it neither ploughed nor toiled in any way.

3rd—I remark that landlordism has really in many places become insufferably rampant since the passing of the Coercion Act. Like all mean and cowardly natures, when it has got brute force at its back, it has become loud in its coarse boasting of what it has done, and can do on poor helpless tenants. I could give you, sir, some samples of its coarse and cursing orators in its temples of iniquity—the rent offices; lest the public ear should be offended at them, so I refrain. It has the soldier power at its back—the law power too is on its side; that portion of the Tory Press, too, which can be bribed to do false and mean work is on its side. I do sincerely think that unless something be speedily done by the Legislature of the country to raise a barrier against its rage and revenge, it will drive the Irish nation into madness

and revolution. First think, sir, of hundreds of the sons and daughters of Ireland, all loyal subjects of our good Queen, whom this rampart landlordism is month after month turning out of house and home. I declare, still further, that so unblushing has it become in its villany, that it has entered the hitherto quiet enclosures of Christian congregations, and has sown the seeds of alienation, discord, and destruction among harmless religious assemblies and their ministers. Would you believe it, sir, in this age which boasts of being free from despotic persecution, this audacious landlordism, by its hired scribblers and unfair agencies, and with its brazen brow and satanic spirit, dared to dictate to Presbyterians who ought and ought not to be permitted to preach the Gospel and dispense the sacraments.* Where will all this end? This infernal and amphibious monster which the prophet saw long ago crawling up out of the ocean with seven heads and ten horns, presumes to lord it over men's souls as well as bodies. Let it crawl on for a while among the community, and it will crush down all rights, civil and sacred. Let it alone, and its rent offices will soon supersede the necessity of kirk session, or any other church court; it will determine the politics of all ministers that it will permit to live among its tenants; no more need of Assembly or Presbytery, landlordism will look after the spiritual interests of its tenants; its bailiffs can do the work of elders; and it will smile sweetly on the worshippers, and give paltry donations to their members to keep them quiet and at home about the time of general elections.

4th—I observe that even should Mr. Gladstone's Bill become law, still the Irish National Land League, or some association of Irish tenant farmers, will be necessary to set bounds to the voracity and *inhumanity* of unfeeling landlordism. Landlordism of

* Think of the strife and discord fomented in the Cahans congregation in May last year by the Tory newspapers of Monaghan, and through the instrumentality of bailiffs acting on a few poor tenants on the Dartrey and Rossmore estates; but the Presbyterians won't forget all this.

this kind has reason to fear the perpetuity of the Land League. The League has put an effective restraint on the rich and unprincipled land grabber who would skulk off behind backs to the rent office, and pander to and palaver with the agent about getting into the house and land, from which a widow and helpless orphans had been ruthlessly evicted. Before the shout of the Land League for organisation, discussion, and agitation, landlordism must one day fall and die—and, when it is down and dead, whom should you appropriately call to its burial? Why all its old tools; its lying editors, its detested agents; its beggarly bailiffs, the cowardly crow-bar brigade, the spies and informers it employed; its butlers and flunkies; let this motley multitude follow it to its last resting-place; but where shall that be? To some far off lonely island let it be hearsed away in an old slave ship, and over its grave raise a great pyramid of guano, and leave it alone in its fragrant glory.—
I am, dear sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY, P.M.,

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney.

LETTER VIII.*

BAD LANDLORDISM EXPOSED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Barbarous landlordism in Monaghan respects no law, human or Divine; it tramples down and smashes the rights of others, as if it were monarch of all it surveys, and as if there were no day of account awaiting it either in this world or the next. It is the occasion, if not the cause of thousands of premature births,

* *People's Advocate*, June 18th, 1881.

and of tens of thousands of untimely deaths ; * its method is, by slow degrees, to crush the poetry, life, and joy out of the Irish peasantry. During all these years of suffering on the Templetown estate, not one farthing of reduction would be given to the tenants, though sought for again and again. The farms are small, and thin and bad, a mixture of rubbish, mountain, and moss, not worth five shillings an Irish acre. By hard labour in the coal pits of England and Scotland, on the quays of Glasgow and Liverpool, and by dealing in cattle, the sons of these small farmers manage to keep their parents out of the poorhouse. But what right has the landlord to the fruit of the industry of these young men? the rent so high and the land so bad, that it would not produce a sufficiency of food for the human beings who reside on it. Yet these poor people have no means of redress ; they receive no sympathy, no encouragement from either agent or landlord ; they get plenty of rebukes, frowns, curses, and heathenish treatment. Let a few examples of this be given :—1st. *A heavy money penalty was inflicted on the tenants* who refused to sign away all right to the game on their farms. The tenants are indignant at this, because they got no candid warning beforehand about it. 2nd. By office rules and exactions the farmers often suffer grievous loss—their flax being detained at the landlord's mill till the markets fall, and their moss ground taken from them and given to others. 3rd. No regard is paid to the education of the children on this estate, except it be to those who attend the proselytising schools for which the tyrannical landlordism has special regards.† In the

* See Letter VI., p. 34, and Letter IX, p. 43.

† “ Those who live on the land could only do so on the landlord's terms. He might compel his tenants to profess a particular religion, to send their children to a particular school, or to sacrifice to him female honour. . . . But they habitually attempted to control the votes of their tenants, and dictate to them in many little ways. That “ right reverend father in God,” Bishop Lord Plunkett, evicted a number of his poor Irish tenants because they would not send their children to Protestant Sunday Schools ; and to that Earl of Leitrim, for whom Nemesis tarried so long before

summer months of last year I was engaged building a school-house for the education chiefly of the children on Lord Templetown's estate. I asked for a piece of spent bog at Drollagh crossroads for a site, but Lord Templetown would not grant it unless I would hand over to him the patronage of the school which I had enjoyed for nearly twenty years; and his Lordship refused to give one shilling to aid in the erection of the school-house. I subjoin here letter * of his Lordship which will scatter to the winds all office falsehood on this subject.

A few historical facts here will help to drag up to the light of day the selfish spirit and meanness of landlordism. About the year 1825, the Catholics, Episcopians, and Presbyterians of this district quarried stones, provided materials, and erected a school-house, and covered it with thatch. In or about the year 1838 landlordism, instigated by clerical zeal, tore down the old thatched house, and, with the confiscated materials, erected a sectarian synagogue for proselytising the children of Catholics and Presbyterians to the holy religion of the landlords. A prelatie church service was set agoing in this new school-house, or synagogue, though to the ear of the Christian poet, the confiscated stones might be heard crying to the new roof, "*We belong to the people, not to the landlord;*" and still when the prayers are uttered in the said synagogue, the echo of timber to stone is "*Landlord sectarianism cheating the Catholics and Presbyterians.*" In the year 1846 the Rev. Thomas M'William, Presbyterian minister of Creggan, came one Sabbath afternoon to preach to a large congregation, and as the evening was cold and rather wet, this synagogue being asked for the service, was refused. He and the assembled Presbyterians had to retire to the garden of the late Alexander M'Kelvey, and conduct the services in the open air. In the year 1862, finding the proselytising tendencies going

she sped the bullet of an assassin, even darker crimes are imputed; while, at the cold promptings of greed, cottage after cottage has been pulled down, and family after family turned into the roads."—Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, p. 316.

* See Letter III. for this communication.

on, and rather increasing in the said honourable building, I started a National school in a little house at the end of my meeting-house at M'Kelvey's Grove. So indignant was the then agent, the late B. G. Brooke, that he threatened me with law for daring to begin a school so near his school; and he did all he could, or dare, to break the lease of my meeting-house and manse; but Lord Templetown, and the law agent of the General Assembly helped me to defeat this attempt of the renowned Brooke. His son, the present agent on this estate, Henry Gustavus Brooke, on the 7th of May 1880, when I requested payment for drains made on my farm (though Mr. Andrew Hunter, the sub-agent, had examined and approved of them, and fixed the sum I should receive), insulted me before thirty or forty tenants in this office, and did not pay me what he owed me, nor has he yet paid me. And further, a donation which had been given me for thirty years, as the minister of a poor and small congregation, mostly composed of enslaved tenants on the Templetown estate, has been withheld from me this year. But the General Assembly has sympathised with me in all that I have endured at the hands of these men; a few weeks ago, in April last, it enclosed a bank order to me, for £50, to finish my school-house. I therefore defy, detest, and despise both bloody landlordism, and persecuting, time-serving, Protestant prelacy.—I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,

Presbyterian Minister.

Dated at the Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
this 14th day of June, 1881.

LETTER IX.*

IGNORANT LANDLORDISM EXPOSED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The presumption and pedantry of tyrannical and bigoted Tory landlordism in County Monaghan would be unbearable, were

* *People's Advocate*, 16th July, 1881.

it not that they are ridiculous. I speak more especially of the Templetownean system at Castleblayney; though, in the localities about Monaghan town, the same, or similar, characteristics have sometimes appeared. Lord Templetown was very keen to be patron of a National school in a locality here; but his Lordship has only slender claims to be connected with education in any way in this district, for he has aided not in any way to further the National schools. If his Lordship could get up a National school within easy distance of his office in Castleblayney, it would be well; for, in that office, there are men who should get instruction equal at least to that which is given in the *third class* of an ordinary National school. But evictions, and consequent confiscations of the poor tenants' property, are so much the order of the day, that education must be laid aside for a while. 'Tory tyrannical landlordism ejects *infants* from the *womb*,* *joy* from the *soul*, the *soul* from the *body*, *money* from the tenants *purse*, and the *tenant* himself from his own *house and farm*. Not content with all these, ignorant Tory landlordism carries out its characteristic instinct for evictions in a higher and finer region than that of the rough and solid land of an estate; it invades the dominion of *literature* with its ignorant barbarities. It evicted Thomas Goldtrap, in the parish of Mucknoe. This was only a vulgar and common thing; but listen, sir, to some curious specimens of what ignorant landlordism has actually done. It has evicted *Pat Perspicuity* out of his holding in *County Composition*; it has turned *Oliver Orthography* out of his house and holding, which belonged for generations to his forefathers, in the *Parish of Preceding*; and, on the same day, namely, the 30th of July, 1880, it tore down, by the *crowbar brigade*, the well-known dwelling-house of plain *Sam*

* In the early part of May, 1881, at Drumbear, on Lord Rossmore's estate, near Monaghan, a coroner's inquest was held on the body of a male infant, whose premature birth, according to the verdict of the jury, was caused by the excitement occasioned by the terrorism of a band of bailiffs and legal officials carrying out the eviction of Mr. Thomas Stewart, the father of the child.

Syntax, in the *Barony of Sentence*. In proof of all this, look, sir, at the words which I have given in italics in an extract or two which I give accurately from a letter which is before me:—

“Templetown Estate Office,

“Castleblayney, 30th July, 1880.

“DEAR SIR,—Lord Templetown, whom I have recently seen, desires me to write to you as follows:—‘I have received your two letters, *the former preceeding the latter, dated 12th inst., I think by about three weeks*, but I am not able to lay my hands upon it. I recollect it expressed dissatisfaction at your not having met a treatment at my hands commensurate with that I have offered to other ministers of your persuasion residing on my Castleblayney estate. The *contents* of your last letter in its statements, tone, and language, *is* certainly not such as to conciliate favourable consideration from any landlord. With regard to your statement respecting the tenant Goldtrap, I am myself informed of *all* the circumstances of the case.’”

“I remain truly yours,

“H. G. BROOKE.

“Rev. M. Macaulay, M'Kelvey's Grove.”

Now, sir, only one remark on the last sentence of the above. If Lord Templetown were informed of *all* the circumstances of poor Goldtrap's case, he should, I beg leave to think, be rather more courteous and polite to me than he evidently is, for when the wife of this evicted tenant came weeping to my house in the twilight of the 13th of May, 1880, I wrote her a short statement of her case, which she carried round village, town, and country districts, begging money to pay the rack-rent due to his Lordship, and I gave her 10s to head the list of subscriptions. Now, sir, this is the *ignorant system* which sits at the helm of office, and which assumes and presumes to dictate to the Catholics and Presbyterians of Monaghan the rent they must pay, the penalties they must endure, the colour of their politics, the quality of their religion, and the kind of education which must be given to their children. Shoeless and shirtless boys on this estate could write purer English

than appears in the letter which I have criticised. This letter is too long ; but, sir, with your permission, as a hymn says, " there is more to follow."

I am, sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY, Presbyterian
Minister.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,

5th July, 1881.

LETTER X.*

LANDLORD BOYCOTTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,

12th July, 1881.

SIR,—The principle and aim of Ulster " Stingo" landlordism are, that the people were made for landlordism, and not landlordism for the people, that the being and wellbeing of the many should be sacrificed to the ease and pleasure of the few, that the shark should be lord of the ocean, and the wolf the monarch of the woods, that the purple sky is by right divine the property of the hawk, and that the lark and the thrush are only tenants at will, and ought or must submit to the arbitrary dictates or legal eviction of their natural superiors. Who would believe it, that General George Frederick Viscount Templetown, who presides at meetings of the Deaf and Dumb Association in Belfast, would stoop so low as to adopt some of the characteristic features of that boycottism which his Lordship's party condemn so fiercely in others ? Yet he does stoop. 1st. His Lordship's agent, Henry Gustavus Brooke,

* *Freeman's Journal*, 14th July, 1881.

Esq., has declined to pay me an annual donation which his Lordship's predecessor in the title and estate had granted me thirty years ago as the minister of a congregation mainly made up of poor small farmers on his estate. Paying my rent in February last, as usual I sent in with the cash the following receipt:—

This acknowledges the receipt of five pounds, a yearly donation from Lord Templetown to the Presbyterian Congregation of M'Kelvey's Grove, clearing till November, 1880.

Signed,

MATTHEW MACAULAY.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,

18th February, 1881.

In a letter of the next day, the said agent informed me that he declined to accept that receipt. Why so? you may fairly ask, sir. I answer—Because, I presume, of the part I took in getting Liberal members returned for County Monaghan, and also on account of some letters which I considered I had a right to send to meetings of the tenant farmers in several places in Ulster during last winter. I regard the withholding of this donation on the part of Lord Templetown's agent as an innocent, yet virtual breach of contract—a feature of boycottism, a species of confiscation. But, secondly, having a bad farm at a rack-rent under his Lordship, after his Lordship had again and again refused to grant a reduction of rent to his tenants, though sought for in most respectful terms, I requested an interview with his Lordship on the question of reducing my rent. His Lordship refused the interview, unless I would consent to have it in the presence of his agent, a man who had, on the 7th of May, 1880, insulted me before a large number of tenants in the Rent Office, when I ventured meekly to request payment for drains I had made—which drains had been examined, approved, and a sum fixed as due me, and forwarded to the office by another official of his Lordship's, Mr. Andrew Hunter, who fairly performed his duty in the matter—but the money was not paid me. Am I wrong, sir, in regarding this non-payment of a just debt as another feature of land-

lord boycottism? Yet, still, this same agent, Brooke, is retained in his Lordship's service, but the atmosphere is filled with the mutterings of the tenants about the propriety of sending a memorial to his Lordship, for the removal of the said gentleman from the office on account of other things of a similar kind, which he has inflicted on a peaceful, honest, shrewd, and most industrious tenantry. Thirdly, his Lordship has intimated, that any letter I may send him he will not so much as open, but send it on unopened for the perusal of my enemy—Brooke. I subjoin a letter I had the honour of receiving from his Lordship, in the dead of winter last year:—

TO THE REV. MATTHEW MACAULAY, THE GROVE MANSE,
CASTLEBLAYNEY.

Castle Upton, Templepatrick, Dec., 1880.

SIR,—I have received and read your letters, 1st and 2nd inst. I had intended to go on no further in this correspondence, inasmuch as you know already what I wish. I know what you ask, that is quite enough; but the P.S. to your letter of the 2nd is in itself a closer. It will be needless in you to continue writing to me. If you should go on doing so, I shall send on your letters to Mr. Brooke unopened, with desire that he will forward to me any further remarks you may make on the subject of your holding. Let me add, too, that it will be of no use you should have the trouble of coming here, for I will have no interview with you except in the presence of Mr. Brooke. With me, your accusation against him is the first thing to be settled, for, as my agent, it is his duty to deal immediately with my tenants. If you will take my advice, it is that you meet him at the interview you wish to have with me. Should you persist in refusing to do so, I shall instruct him to report to me on the question of reducing the rent of your holding. About publishing this correspondence in the newspapers, do so by all means if you like it.—I am, yours obediently,

TEMPLETOWN.

Here I would only remark that his Lordship refuses to me what he grants to the humblest of his tenants—an interview with-

out the celebrated Brooke being present. He refuses to read my letters—he threatens to send them on to the man who insulted me and never apologised for it. He stops all the avenues of social intercourse, except extracting rack-rent. Is this not worse than the open, manly boycottism of Connaught? Mr. Bateson, a former agent of this estate, shot at the rector's gate, outside the town of Castleblayney, on the 4th of December, 1851, had promised a subscription to aid in the building of M'Kelvey's Grove Meeting House in 1847, but though he had ample time to pay it, he died leaving it unpaid. And this Lord Templetown refused a site for a National school, and would give no aid to build it, though the children of his Lordship's tenants mainly get the benefit of the instruction given in it; and though it is on his Lordship's estate here, because, forsooth, I would not hand over the patronage of the school to his Lordship. The same landlordism, some years ago, turned my friend, the late Rev. J. Carson, Presbyterian minister, of Templepatrick, out of his church; and in his old age he and his congregation were forced to obtain a site for a new church on the adjoining property of a more friendly landlord. I conclude by asking dare landlordism in the South and West treat Roman Catholics and their clergymen as this "Stingo" prelate and Protestant landlord and his sweet agent treat the Presbyterians of the North?—I am, sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,

Presbyterian Minister.

LETTER XI.*

THE LADIES' LEAGUE.

To the Secretary of the Ballymacnab branch of the Ladies' Land League.

SIR,—Miss Parnell is engaged in a most noble and humane

* *Belfast Morning News*, 26th August, 1881.

cause. Both during her life and after her death, tens of thousands of her sisters shall love her, call her blessed, and imitate her example. At great hazard, she has espoused their cause. The main object of her mission is to get their shoulders freed from the burdens bound on them by the iron fingers of landlordism. Who can fully describe the drudgery and sorrows endured so patiently for long ages by the wives, daughters, and mothers of the Irish farmers? Let every man who has a heart to feel for his near and dear female relatives say—God speed to Miss Parnell. In all the great struggles of society for freedom, God raised up heroic females, who, by their genius, beauty, and influence, stimulated the other sex to deeds of daring manhood against oppression. Think, sir, of Joanna, the maid of Orleans, of Miss Nightingale, and of the Hebrew maidens who in their dances on summer evenings among the hills of Palestine, sang the praises of their tall king, who slew his thousands, and of their young poet-soldier, who slew his tens of thousands of the haters and oppressors of their nation.* Miss Parnell's mission deserves the sympathy and practical support of all true men and women, because it is a mission of peace and good-will among men. She does not come among us blowing the trumpet of war—the weapons of her warfare are not carnal, nor is she accompanied by an unwashed, ignorant mob, who can only shout the shibboleth of their little party—she leaves that kind of thing to the landlords, who, as all true history testifies, have kept up their selfish system of ascendancy by hounding on man to shed the blood of his fellow-man. Unlike them, Miss Parnell pours oil on the troubled waters of Ulster. The present plan and the old

* Woe be to the system which uses brute force for accomplishing its selfish ends, and thus turns the tender sympathies of woman's heart into hot wrath against it! "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish; she put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer, and with the hammer she smote Sisera; she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples."—*The Bible.*

game of Tory landlordism is to sow the seeds of strife among neighbours—among Catholics and Presbyterians, and between congregations and their ministers. It is encouraging to learn, that day by day the cause of the farmers is getting stronger and stronger. The Liberals and Land League are warmer friends now than ever. Tens of thousands of the intelligent people of Ulster have been so much disgusted by the treatment the Land Bill received at the hands of the Tories in the House of Lords that they are in heart and soul at one with the object Miss Parnell advocates. Sympathy is also spreading among intelligent Presbyterian Orangemen, and thousands of them will soon join the Land League; they will give all their energies to get the land of Ireland for the farmers who cultivate it; they will assist Miss Parnell in all lawful endeavours to get the engine of human law fitted to the everlasting and immovable rails of universal justice. All the Orangemen, however, are not intelligent enough to break off from the old system which beggars and enslaves them. There is a party of ignorant, half-idiotic ruffians who cluster at the outskirts of the Society, and who are still too ready to do anything that the devil bids them, as a recent exhibition of theirs at Newtownhamilton testifies. These men are a disgrace to intelligent young Presbyterians; they are the scum of the community, the filth of the mill and factory, the animal parasites of respectable society. And we need not think this at all extraordinary, for, since the beginning, every garden has had its weeds, every forest its brambles, and every apostle is hated and hindered by coppersmiths and costermongers.

I would remark, in the next place, that it is a sure sign of the downfall of *stingo* landlordism, when the intelligence, strength, and beauty of a country are in league against it. Miss Parnell and all free men want the gradual, righteous, and speedy abolition of this slave-making system effected. Pay these modern types and representatives of the primitive plunderers and confiscators of the land of our country, the last farthing that the raw material was worth about a thousand years ago, when they got it into their

possession, having fertilised it by the blood of its rightful owners, and, having paid them, send them off to Siberia, or a little farther—to the moon. Our country would be a joyous, happy land, if we had no men among us of the calibre, stamp, caste, and colour of Simon Legree. Its people, of all creeds and classes, would have lived in peace with each other, had it not been for stingo Tory landlordism and its adjutants, the clergy of the prelatie sect, men who, with rare exceptions, have always shown a leaning to landlordism, taking its side against the tenants, thinking it safer to be on good terms with the strong and the rich, letting the weak and the poor struggle for themselves.* As a Presbyterian minister, I have lived among Roman Catholic neighbours for thirty-four years in County Monaghan, and I can testify that I never met with anything but respect, kindness, and joyous hearty civility at their hands. Their clergymen, too, have always treated me in the spirit of educated Christian gentlemen. I believe there is not one of them who would not rise at midnight to do me a favour; and I know I would return the kindness. They and their congregations gave hearty and successful assistance at the recent general election to the Presbyterians, wanting which, there would be no Presbyterians this day in the House of Commons. At all this Tory landlordism weeps, wails, and gnashes its yellow teeth.

Miss Parnell and all genuine lovers of Ireland, regard tyrannical landlordism as a fountain that pollutes and poisons society from its centre to its circumference. Bad example, like a river, rises above and flows downward. Thus it is with the drunken and

* How these perfumed dandies howl and scream when an ox, donkey, or agent is maimed; but they can be as silent as the moon, when thousands of the Irish peasantry are turned out of their humble homes to the shelter of the dripping hedges, and to the biting influence of a frozen world. They forget that their glebe houses and parish churches were built by the money, that was wrung by an unrighteous law from the reluctant grasp of Presbyterian and Roman Catholic farmers: and, with the Lord Bishop of Derry at their head, when it suits their ends, they can wheedle a few nominal Presbyterians and the outspoken Land Leaguers, in order to defeat their opponents as in the recent Derry Election.

immoral habits of the landlords. They are imitated by the tenants, and in this way, purse, person, and character are ruined.* What would our fellow-subjects in India, the Hindoos, think of our religion if a picture of these landlords were presented fairly to them? Their pockets filled with rack-rents, they go to London; by day and by night many of them are seen swaggering and staggering along the lanes, streets, and squares; in the parks, halls, and balls, on they go with the earnings of poor honest men and women, rattling and making doleful music in their purses for their meditation. There is a meanness about this landlordism that the heart loathes to think of. No wonder hard-wrought men and women hate and long to get rid of this system. No wonder the Irish emigrant carries away with him to the remotest woods of America a deep-rooted purpose of revenge at such a system. The irrational creation groans under this sum of all villanies. The ox and swine slaughtered to pay its rack-rents, with their last breath moan out curses upon it. Its father, the devil, with all his angels, cannot keep it up for another year—for the stars and seasons in their courses are fighting against it. When the storm that is gathering its forces in the heavens shall develop them in rage, the big, black ship of bloody landlordism, with all her cruel crew of lying editors, spies, gravediggers, and hangmen, shall be smashed to pieces on the everlasting coast of Ireland; then what cheering from shore to shore! the jails shall be opened and emptied; the poorhouses and asylums closed for ever; the air shall be vocal with the melody of the free; no caste of men called landlords shall come in presumptuously between a loyal peasantry and a loving Queen; with firm limbs and upright body the farmer shall walk around his own fields; and, when he goes the way of all earth, he shall leave them to his children, and the heart of the nation shall sing for joy.—I am, sir, your truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.

* Landlord and agent absenteeism has often been deplored as an evil; in my opinion, in many cases it is far from being an un-mixed evil.

LETTER XII.*

LYING LANDLORDISM EXPOSED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Jingo Tory landlordism, ever since Ireland came under the leaden heel of English domination, in the reign of Henry II, till yesterday, has filled the country with restlessness, poverty and woe. Originating in the brutal force of the bull dog, it has marked the pathway of its progress by the blood of the natives; it has developed itself by successive confiscations from generation to generation; pitted man in battle array against his fellow-man crushed the rising spirit of freedom again and again by its dictatorial coercion laws, made by the landlords for their own selfish objects; and it has defended its infernal doings by fraud and falsehood in Press, law court, and camp. If the sun of freedom and prosperity is ever to shine on Ireland's fields and mountains with mild and continuous splendour, such a system must pass away and perish; and the sooner it goes the way whence it shall never return, the better it will be for our afflicted country. Let Mr. Gladstone's great Land Bill, however, get a fair trial, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread; and, while this experiment is being tried, let every piece of sophistry and open falsehood, which lying scribes and platform mountebank orators may propagate, be clearly and powerfully exposed by all the genuine lovers of the permanent peace and prosperity of Ireland. Carrying out this, I shall, sir, with your kind permission, notice just two false clauses in a letter I received, on the 30th December last, from the agent of the estate on which it is my misfortune to reside.

The first of these clauses is in regard to the rent of my farm—it runs thus, “and in 1871 it was still further reduced to

* *People's Advocate*, 27th August, 1881.

£19 7s 6d." My rent therefore must have been at least twice reduced. Now, I deny this statement. The rent I engaged to pay in 1852 for my farm was £20 a year, and that rent was never reduced. A site for a manse was taken from my farm; but, notwithstanding this, so innocent was the agent that he continued to receive the full rent of £20, for the farm, from 1859 till 1871; and it was not until I called his attention to this piece of harmless injustice in the latter year, that he adjusted the rent in accordance with what ground had been taken from the farm, as garden and site for the manse; and he had actually to refund to me the sum of £7 or £8, which I had over-paid him for such a number of years. This is what he calls a reduction of rent; it is not a reduction of rent. Would he want rent for the site of the manse, and then another rent for the same ground as part of the farm? Yet, he has boasted again and again of this lordly reduction of twelve shillings and sixpence! May I not appropriately use the words of Horace here—*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*. The letter is signed by Henry Gustavus Brooke, Esq., J.P., agent for General George Viscount Templetown. Oh! soul of Gustavus Adolphus, in the sweet ether where thou floatest, if thou knewest the connections in which thy name is found, wouldst thou not blush among thy kindred spirits! Names and titles change their import in the onward course of time. I know a dog called Pompey, and another called Cæsar. The second clause of the agent's letter of the 29th. December is—"This reduction of 12s 6d was made in regard to a small portion of 1 rood and 10 perches of your holding of which Lord Templetown gave a lease for ever." Surprised to hear that the for-ever ground was shorn of one-sixth of its extent, as far as I could remember the measurement of it, I wrote to the Rev. George Bellis, D.D., of Belfast, to whose custody the title deeds of the Presbyterian Church are consigned, and to whom the lease of M'Kelvey's Grove Manse and Meeting-house had been sent, asking him to inform me of the exact measurement of the ground on which my manse is built, and by return of mail, I had the following reply from him:—

“ 12, May Street, Belfast,

“ 16th March, 1881.

“ The lease has been examined, and the amount of ground specified is one rood and twenty perches.

“ GEORGE BELLIS.”

I remark here that a lease is a sacred thing ; and random writing about its contents, especially when cutting off one-sixth of the tenant's property, deserves notice, perhaps sharp censure. Lord Templetown's agent, I understand, is a J.P.; but the question is, can magistrates and agents be permitted either directly or indirectly to mutilate covenants? Perhaps he had just returned from his fruitless Belfast expedition to see Lord Templetown or other friends, and so was under the influence of disappointment, revenge, or remorse ; one thing is evident, all was not healthy in his intellectual, physical, or moral nature when he wrote “ 10 perches” and the lease containing “ 20 perches.” But all this, sir, sinks into comparative insignificance, when you think of the utterly false and outrageous articles, and anonymous statements with which Lord Templetown's office must have inspired the servile local Tory Press, during recent months, about your humble servant. It has been asserted that I am “ on my way to Rome ;” “ that I am the Pope of M'Kelvey's Grove ;” that I am “ as bad as Baal,” and so on. Now, sir, would you believe it, or could any one conceive it, that when I wrote a mild answer to all these false charges, and sent it to the editors of your two Tory pop-guns, they refused to insert my rejoinder? Tory lying landlordism, with its coarse, truculent, and contemptible scribes, can, therefore, stoop so low as to condemn a man, and not permit him to open his mouth in self-defence. Landlords and agents raise, through their servile flunkies, a doleful howl when, from behind a hedge, or in the twilight, any one of their order gets a wound or scratch for his misdeeds ; but they can stoop themselves to do similar business, mean and cowardly though it be ; from behind the hedge of anonymous articles they charge and fire shots at any person or character who dares to cross their greedy pathway, and expose their

unrighteous usurpations. I never attack a person, a character, or a system from behind a hedge or in the dark. I sign my name to what I have written. If the office of this estate, and its half-educated scribes, were to do the same, it would be more manly and respectable; but we do not expect music from the throat of the raven, oranges on thorn hedges, nor upright, open, moral excellence from the brute or the demon. Like all other creatures living, landlordism begets offspring in its own likeness; and it trains them after its own peculiar fashion. Retributive universal justice pays it in its own coin; it distrusts the tenants, and is distrusted; it hates and is hated; it ejects tenants from their houses, and they eject it from their hearts; it cheats and is cheated; there is no love lost between it and its poor helpless dupes. It sows the wind and reaps the whirlwind. You can easily recognise it by the instruments it handles and by the company it keeps. What shall we call them? Cowardly Emergency men and Monaghan potato diggers, who dare not go to Connaught unless surrounded by walls of police and military. Feeble old spinsters may be obtained next winter to march to the West and South under similar protection. Bailiffs, butlers, scribes who charge and fire pop-guns, toadies, agents, process-servers, cattle-drivers, the spy, "sweelener," the "stag," the jailer, the hangman, these and whole multitude of other near, dear, and necessary legitimate and illegitimate relatives and friends, are the company it keeps and handles. On any side of Pandemonium, there could scarcely be found a more odious system for degrading and oppressing the tenant-farmers of Ireland than lying prelatial Protestant Tory landlordism. Did the peasantry of Poland suffer more from the despotic aristocracy and landlords of Russia, than the Irish have suffered for generations from these types and representatives of the primitive plunderers of our country? Did the heroic Hungarian peasantry endure greater pain under the leaden hoof of Austrian despotism, than we and our fathers have felt under the iron heel of our unfeeling landlordism? Did the Christian farmers and people of the Danu-

bian provinces endure much greater torture at the hands of the brutal Turk, than the drudging farmers of Ireland, with their crushed wives and children, have all along the sad line of our history suffered at the hands of this system, which every genuine Catholic, Presbyterian, and Independent so justly detests? No, Ireland has been forced to drink to the very dregs one of the bitterest cups of gall that ever touched human lips. The Land League has doomed this system of slavery to destruction; it must be abolished. The storm is gathering in the heavens that will dash to pieces on the coast of Ireland the big black ship of lying Tory landlordism, and when crew and ship shall sink to rise no more, what cheering will there be from shore to shore; bon-fires will blaze in every hill; the air will be filled with Irish melody; the jails will be opened and emptied; the poorhouses closed for ever; no set of middlemen called landlords shall come between a loyal peasantry and a loving Queen; the farmer shall walk round his fields with the bold heart of the true patriot; and the poor man, lamed by landlordism, shall throw away his crutch and leap and sing for joy.—I am, sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
12th August, 1881.

LETTER XIII.*

THE IMPUDENCE OF LANDLORDISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST MORNING NEWS.

SIR,—This morning I received the following notice from the agent of Lord Templetown's Monaghan estate:—

“RENT NOTICE.—TEMPLETOWN ESTATE.

“My office here will be open as usual for the receipt of rent every Wednesday, and also each day from the 2nd to the 7th

* *Morning News*, 17th November, 1881.

January, 1882, both dates inclusive. No county cess will be allowed to anyone whose rent is unpaid after last-named date.

“H. G. BROOKE, Agent.

“Templetown Estate Office,
1st Nov., 1881.”

On the back of the above notice, the following words are written by the meek bailiff of the estate :—“The Rev. Matthew Macaulay. Sir,—I take the liberty of leaving this note for you.—Yours truly, JAMES CARRAGHER.”

Now, the agent, who is at such pains to give due intimation to me of his office being open as a city of refuge, is the man who, when I last entered it on the 5th of May, 1880, insulted me before a great number of tenants. I refuse, though thus noticed, ever again to enter that office while he is the presiding divinity. Still further, I hereby, with your generous permission, sir, serve him with the following notice :—“I, Matthew Macaulay, give you, H. Gustavus Brooke, agent of General George Frederick Viscount Templetown, notice that one month after the Land Commission shall have fixed the judicial rent of my land, or one month after a low and fair rent shall have been settled for said land, by arbitration or other methods, I shall endeavour to have such rent in readiness for *you, Gustavus Brooke*, or for Lord Templetown, when you come for it to my house, and bring with you a legal receipt, and give it to me the moment I hand the rent to you. Besides this, I further guarantee that when you so come into my house for such rent, I shall not insult you as you insulted me, nor shall I permit you to be insulted.”

Let all other tenants on this wretched estate follow the example I have thus set before them, and it will be an effectual blow on the head of landlord insolence. It will be their own fault if they any longer consent to pay rack rents. The wilderness of Sin, in Asia, is not much worse than this land. Not an inch of it is worth more than at the rate of from 2s 6d to 10s per Irish acre. Scores of small farms on it would not produce a sufficiency of food for the human beings who are doomed to reside on it. From this

onward, human creatures must have better houses to live in, better raiment to wear, better food to eat, better wages for their work, and better houses than pigstyes to live in. *Healy's clause in the Land Act must henceforth be carried out by the Land Commission to its fair and logical issues.*

Consider these things, ye farmers of Ulster, and of all Ireland. There is a tide in your affairs just now. Take it, or you miss the voyage. Get a low, fair rent fixed, so that you "can live and thrive" on your farms, and, when it is so fixed, do not run with it, like woolly-headed Africans, hat in hand, and with voices set to the tune the old cow died in, to the rack-rent offices. You, your sons, daughters, and wives have had enough of drudgery in getting it scraped together; you have something else to do about home; let the agents come to you for the rent, as the poor-rate collector, or tax-gatherer goes round. It is surely time for you to break through the exactions and usurpations which landlords for ages have heaped on you and your ancestors. If you go to the rent offices, all I say is—take care of yourselves. You may be coaxed into some arrangement that wont suit you afterwards. In every corner of these dens of iniquity, there will be listeners and witnesses of your every word. Notes will be taken, and they will be printed against you.* Perhaps, some of you would not like to see the agent coming near your houses; then, in that case, I would say send your rent to him through a Post Office or bank order. Render to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar; but dont give him one farthing of what belongs, by eternal justice, to yourselves and to your children.—I am, sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
14th November, 1881.

* Some of the tenants will find this true to their cost, when their claims are being tried by the Land Commissions.

LETTER XIV.

THE GREED OF LANDLORDISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
November 28th, 1881.

SIR,—Thirty years ago, by an office rule, all the cottiers on Lord Templetown's Monaghan estate were driven from it, and their cots pulled down. Some of them fled to the workhouse; others to the manufacturing towns.* The larger farmers felt this to be a grievous injury inflicted on them, inasmuch as they were necessitated to go to the hiring markets of distant towns, and secure at high wages servant boys and girls to do their work. I rejoice to find in Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of this year a section which is designed and calculated to promote the interests and increase the comforts of the great labouring classes of the country. A reaction in favour of the cottiers has set in, and it is to be hoped that human law shall henceforth make nearer and nearer approaches to the absolute and unchangeable laws of eternal justice, which the Great Creator has woven into the constitution of His universe. The labourers of every country under heaven have just as much right to room, food, shelter, and education, as landlords, tenants, and grandees. Men may talk, in cant phrase, about the rights of property; but it is self-evident there are higher and more primitive rights than those of property. The right to live and move belongs alike to the pauper and the prince. The stomach has its rights wherever it is found in living beings—so have the lungs and eyes. The little fishes in the ocean have just as good a right to use it, to skip and sport, and propagate their species in its wide domains, as the great

* And all this, that a fraction of the poor-rates might be saved its wealthy owner, and thrown on the occupiers in towns!

whales and sharks. The little, beautiful, and harmless birds have just as good a right to use the air and light of the sky as the hawk and vulture have. The poor children born on an Italian, Asiatic, or Irish estate have just as strong a right to breathe and be fed, clothed, and educated on it, as the children of the rich tenant or the proud landlord. To deny this, is to impeach the sovereignty, wisdom, and goodness of the great Personal Architect of the world. If they have no right to live on the estate where they are born, where have they a right to live? Not on the neighbouring estate, not in the nearest town or city. Then what shall be done with them? Who dare strangle, burn, or drown them? Therefore do I heartily thank one Mr. Denis Godley for sending me notices for the poor labourers of my locality, in which they are informed that they may, under the Land Act, obtain comfortable cottages, with half an acre of land attached. I would here only express a regret that the quantity of land is so small. Why should each cottier not have as much land attached to his house as would keep a cow for the nourishment of his wife and little ones?*

—I am, sir, yours truly,

MATTHEW MACAULAY,
Presbyterian Minister.

LETTER XV.

LANDLORDISM IN "EXTREMIS."

Irish Landlords and Agents are just now in hysterics. Oh, that great meeting of 4,000 in Dublin the other day! What a noisy, screaming farce! They deserve to be arrested and im-

* To better the condition of the labouring classes, should be the aim of every Christian man.

"Be stirring then, ye men of thought,
Put action on your crest;
Give knowledge to the labourer,
And God will give the rest."—ANON.

prisoned for disturbing the country, and setting a fresh agitation in motion. They assume the right to judge the judges! They want judges of their own order to determine a rent in their own favour. Like Vesuvius in eruption, they belch forth threats, curses, notices to quit, and ejection decrees. You would think to hear them that the universe was made for landlords, and not landlords for the universe. When shall the world be rid of them? Soon. At midnight on the walls of their feudal castles, if they opened their eyes, they might see the fingers of a man's hand writing the fearful words that made Belshazzar's knees smite one against another:—MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN, PERES. "Thy days are numbered, O landlordism! Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting!" Their sins have found them out. The crimes they have committed cry aloud for judgment. Their foul deeds and darker designs are now openly discussed. On the liveliest and gayest peasantry the sun shines on, they have inflicted inconceivable tortures. The blood boils in the veins at the recital of some of them. Here is one:—

Matty McCully held between 20 and 30 acres of mountain and moss on the north end of Mullyash Mountain. Her husband died, leaving her with a family of small children. She was short of stature, but strong and healthy, of an open countenance, and a fair complexion; she had little or no education, but, in manner and disposition, was as simple and as kindly as a child. Being a Presbyterian and a member of my congregation, on visiting her, she told me she had hard work rearing her children. Having no horse, she had to carry the manure to the top of a steep hill for her potatoes. The weather was hot, and the creel peeled the skin off her back and shoulders, and bared the raw flesh! Let dainty English and Scottish dames talk less of maimed cattle, and show a little more sympathy for their poor down-trodden Irish sisters, with their mangled and bleeding shoulders! Why does not the earth, seeing such sights, one is forced to ask, open and swallow up such a system? Why does not Heaven hurl down hot thunderbolts on its head? It is as bad, if not worse, than that of Ahab, Legree, or Hayneau, the Austrian woman-flogger; as black and as bad as Egyptian bondage, or African slavery.

Though the English tongue be copious and expressive, yet it fails to depict the hideousness of this Irish monster. All the coarse qualities to be found in animated nature fail to furnish analogies. The birds of the air, the fish of the sea, and the beasts of the field are not sufficient to give us appropriate illustrations. We must descend into the infernal regions to complete the horrid picture. It is as keen, cruel, and voracious as the shark ; it is as greedy, brutal, and ravenous as the wolf ; it is as vengeful, malignant, and selfish as the demon.

In a former letter we found a fitting grave for the foul body of landlordism. Let us here seek for an appropriate place for its soul. As it has a black soul, it must go to a black place ; as it has a bad soul, so it must inherit a bad place. According to its behaviour in this world, will be its retribution in the next. As it sows here, it shall reap hereafter. Landlordism has not done with its victims when it has wrung from them their last shilling ; it shall meet them in altered circumstances. There is another life after this life ; another world beyond this—and landlords must cross the borders into that world.

Clothed in purple and fine linen, landlordism dwells here in palaces, and feasts on rarest viands, and drinks abundance of alcohol, and wines of the choicest vintage. It turns a deaf ear to the petition of thousands of tenants who stand at its gate shivering in the snow, and begging for reductions small as crumbs. A change in the course of time takes place : the farmers, disappointed and sad, retire from its gate, and, one after another, they are taken to a place where poverty, oppression, and landlordism are unknown. It, too, dies and is buried ; but its soul retains its identity ; it lives, sees, talks, and remembers. With hollow eyes full of woe, it looks across the arm of an awful sea, over which no bird flies, no boat sails, and no soul passes ; and on hills and mountains of immortal loveliness, on the banks of pure rivers, and among meadows, orchards, gardens, vineyards, and fields of light—where joy for ever dwells—it sees many of its former victims. With a cry, louder than that of Esau, it beseeches one of them to be sent to dip his finger in water and pour it on the burning tongue. But, as it refused to listen to the cry of distressed tenants in its day of brief authority, so now

its crying is vain, it shall never get one drop of water to cool its tongue. Like Adonibezek, with his thumbs and great toes cut off, it must take up his lamentation and wail for ever—"As I have done to others, so God has requited me."* As landlordism would not listen to the still small voice of truth, justice, and reason, in the day when it wore a garment of flesh, so now shall it receive its last robe—the unquenchable fires of the wrath of God.

MATTHEW MACAULAY.

The Grove Manse, Castleblayney,
10th Jan., 1882.

* THE COURT.

"Of that tribunal thought, where God himself
Should look him in the face, and ask in wrath,
'Why didst thou this? Man! was he not thy brother,
Bone of thy bone, and flesh and blood of thine?'
But, ah! this truth, by Heaven and reason taught,
Was never fully credited on earth.
The titled, flattered, lofty men of power,
Whose wealth bought verdicts of applause for deeds
Of wickedness, could ne'er believe the time
Should truly come, when judgment should proceed
Impartially against them; and they, too,
Have no good speaker at the Judge's ear,
No witnesses to bring them off for gold,
No power to turn the sentence from its course;
And they of low estate, who saw themselves,
Day after day, despised, and wronged, and mocked,
Without redress, could scarcely think the day
Should e'er arrive, when they, in truth, should stand
On perfect level with the potentates
And princes of the earth, and have their cause
Examined fairly, and their rights allowed.
But now this truth was felt, believed and felt,
That men were really of a common stock,
And no man ever had been more than man."—

POLLOCK'S *Course of Time*, Book IX.