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PILGRIM
SCRIP

MORE RANDOM REMINISCENCES
OF
THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN ROSS, Bt.
LAST LORD CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN

ILLUSTRATED



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PILGRIM SCRIP





Photo by Maull & Fox, Ltd

John Ross . C.

PILGRIM SCRIP

MORE RANDOM REMINISCENCES
BY
THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN ROSS, BART.
LAST LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND

"I'll back the Irish bar for more genuine
drollery, more wit, more epigram, more ready
sparkling fun, than the rest of the empire—
ay, and all her colonies—can boast of."

CHARLES LEVER

HERBERT JENKINS LIMITED
3 YORK STREET ST. JAMES'S
LONDON S.W.1   



Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to lean upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

FIRST PRINTING . 1927

INTRODUCTION

OUR age produces far too many biographies and books of reminiscence. What right has anyone, who is not taking a prominent part in making history, to obtrude himself and his doings on the attention of a jaded public? What interest is it to people, though specially invited, to wander over his private gardens, and to make themselves acquainted with his intimate concerns? These were my former views, but for reasons appearing in *The Days of My Pilgrimage*,¹ I was induced to depart from this position and

¹ An old friend of mine told me he had sent for my book, which he proposed to read that evening. Some days after on meeting me he said he had enjoyed it, but he wondered how I knew so much about mosquitoes. I pointed out that he must have got the book of a far more important person, Sir Ronald Ross—the greatest living authority on tropical medicine. He then got the exact title of my book and ordered it. Some days after he met me and said, “I have now read your book too, and I really think it’s a far better one than the other fellow’s.”

to consent to the publication of my own reminiscences.

When once you get on the downward glide, there is no knowing how far you will descend.

Lives of small men all remind us,
We can write our lives ourselves—
And departing, leave behind us
Two fat volumes on the shelves.

There is this, however, to be remembered—History is no longer concerned solely with the doings of Kings, Rulers and Statesmen, but with the occurrences happening to ordinary people and with their opinions thereon.

It is always interesting to contemplate the mental attitude of one who has seen a great deal of life. Is it on the whole worth living? Or should we approve of the attitude of the hero in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* who is unwilling to descend to the ear that all? On the whole, it may be taken that when we count up the credits—that is our times of good fortune on the one side and our misfortunes and disappointments on the other, the balance is usually on the right side—that is to say that the vast majority of

healthy-minded people would be of opinion that their lives were well worth living. But what of the people among whom our lot is cast? Are they to be counted among the good or the bad?

A lawyer is supposed to see the unfavourable side of life,—and no doubt he comes across quantities of bad people—some with good qualities mixed up with evil—and some actually possessed of devils. This latter phenomenon I believe to be an undoubted fact, but fortunately demoniac possession is temporary. A nation can suffer in this way as well as an individual—like France during the Terror, Germany during the submarine campaign, Ireland during the murder and arson period, and Russia under Lenin. But time brings exorcism and recovery takes place—slowly but always surely.

Apart from this abnormal state of affairs, are people good or bad? All my life it has been a subject of wonder to me that considering everything they are as good as they are. They are beset with temptations from the cradle to the grave—there is no immunity for anybody at any period; our temptations, instead of getting fewer and less attractive, become more numerous and

powerful as we go on. It is a strange thing and well known to Shakespeare and other great observers that in old age, when the passions are blunted and man is supposed to be preparing for a future destiny, the quantum of evil in him has often relatively and absolutely increased. You cannot look on all this strange drama as a mere spectator—you are acting a part yourself and to the best of us it is apparent that his performance is far from satisfactory. He is conscious that he is hardly qualified to judge at all, for he has failings of his own sufficient to keep him humble in the presence of greater sinners. But when all is taken into account, the life of man is on the whole a progress of victory. It is sometimes said that it is easy to be good on £5,000 a year. No doubt the rich and the comfortable are above the reach of the temptations that beset the poor, but they have temptations of their own, and it is far from certain that they rise to a higher level either in respect of moral attainment or in the enjoyment of life. We have sometimes known people who live correct and religious lives and yet are uncharitable, cruel to the erring, and intensely

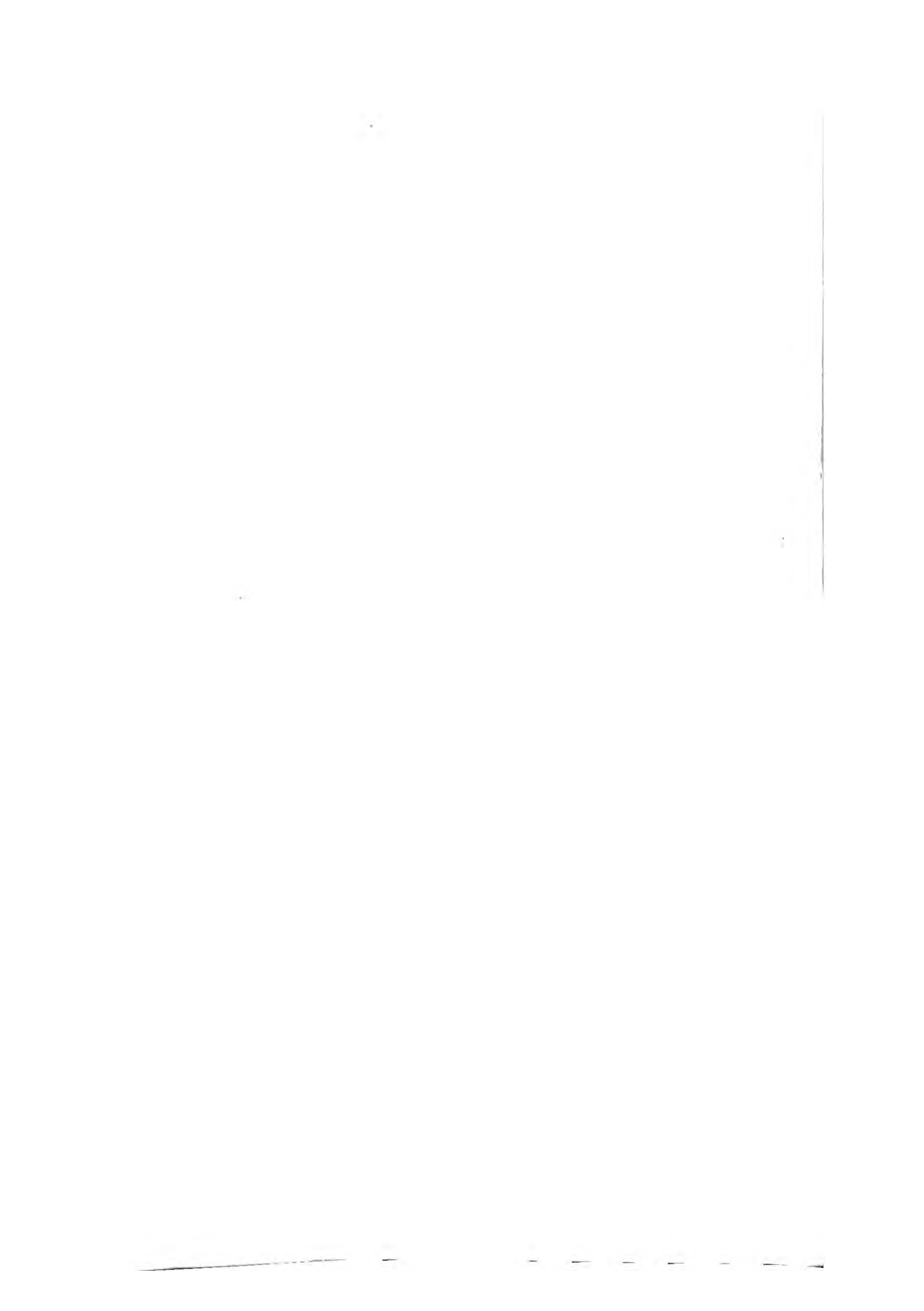
selfish ; on the other hand, when we take a look at the underworld itself we find amazing qualities—generosity, self-sacrifice, and courage of the highest—many a fair and delicate flower is to be found growing on the rubbish heaps of the world. Therefore the conclusion of the whole matter is that you are not far wrong when on nearing the close of your day you feel inclined to take off your hat in salute to humanity at large.

The present volume is even more random than the last. Never having kept a diary, I am solely dependent on memory. The course of my life set forth in the first volume, as detailed, necessitated some kind of order. In the present volume the stories have slipped in as I recalled them and have often no connection with the context, but I believe some of them are worth preserving.

Apart from mere amusement, I think these stories have a value of their own, as they indicate the psychology and the mental tendencies of those among whom they circulate. It is possible that some of them have been published before, but I fancy it is best to run the risk of publishing them again rather than that they should be lost.

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PILGRIM SCRIP

CHAPTER I

Of the Chief Baron and some of His Contemporaries

SOME years ago I determined to write the life of the Lord Chief Baron Palles ; but when I came to address myself to the work, I felt that the Chancery suits in which the great Equity lawyer was engaged would not interest the ordinary reader ; while the profession could easily find them in the Law Reports. So I abandoned my design. As a lawyer, pure and simple, I think he was the very greatest I have ever met. He believed that the Common Law of England was as near perfection as the powers of man could attain to. His knowledge of the Common Law was unsurpassed. He always used to say that the British race ought to be most

grateful to William the Norman and to Henry of Anjou, as the originators of the Common Law. In Equity he was equally supreme and in Criminal Law he was *facile princeps* of all the men of his time. What astonished me most was his unerring instinct for knowing what is and what is not evidence. At *nisi prius* I always kept my eye on his pen and when it stopped I was careful to recast my question to the witness.

I once asked him how in the world he had acquired the extraordinary knowledge of the laws of evidence which he showed in the case of the Duke of Devonshire *v.* Neil, deciding whether an ancient document was evidence at all, and when admitted what it was evidence of, and whether conclusive or merely *prima facie*. He said he really did not know, but thought it was a kind of instinct. He was one of the most fervently religious men I have ever met, and yet one of the most tolerant. When the Roman Catholic Hierarchy passed outside the limits of their religious domain, and entered on the field of politics, he was indignant, and eager to restrain them by legal methods. No man had a deeper



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE RT. HON. CHRISTOPHER PALLES, LORD CHIEF BARON.
"THE LAST OF THE BARONS."

From Herkomer's Portrait in the Hall of the Kings Inns.

reverence for authority, but when the executive attempted to tamper with the functions of the Judiciary he was prepared to interfere. He threatened committal for contempt of court against Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when Irish Chief Secretary, and he was only prevented from making an order against Lord Long by the dissent of the majority of the court. In knowledge of the principles of law and in pure syllogistic reasoning from the premises, he had no equal in the Empire. But he was by no means a man of the world ; his conclusions of fact were often hopelessly wrong, and the whole chain of logical reasoning depending on errors of fact would be quite useless. I shall never forget his wrath when Lord Halsbury declared in a House of Lords' case that the law of England was not logical. He was most appreciative of legal acumen at the Bar, particularly in the case of young advocates.

He admired Isaac Butt as a lawyer more than any other man. He used to say that Butt's mind was so noble, that he really could not endure to put forward an unsound argument. It was most interesting to hear him discussing

the merits of lawyers of our time. He had a great admiration for the Irish representatives in the House of Lords—Lords Atkinson and Carson. About other men of eminence he would say, “Great mental energy but too much bow-wow,” or again, “Not a lawyer at all.” The root of the matter with him was to have a logical mind—if you had not that you were of no use to any court. Both in public and in private he had a most peremptory manner and used to state his views prefaced emphatically by the words, “I am of opinion that.” On one occasion when pressed to take some more wine than the modest quantity he allowed himself, he said, “I’m of opinion that I’m drunk.” He expected all public duty to be faultlessly done. If a mistake had been made on the Crown side he was quite merciless. We who represented the Crown in the Crimes Act cases had a hectic time. An order for certiorari or habeas corpus would be applied for one day and cause had to be shown by the Crown on the following morning. The cases stated by the resident magistrates were severely analysed by Palles and jeered at by Baron Dowse; if

there was the slightest flaw in the proceedings away went your conviction and out went the prisoner, exulting over the failure of the authorities.

On one occasion in the course of a law argument he asked Mr. Campbell, Q.C., now Lord Glenavy, whether he answered a question in the affirmative or the negative, because, said he, if your answer is in the negative, you are plainly out of Court.

“My lords,” said Mr. Campbell, “let it be understood beyond the possibility of doubt that my answer is most emphatically in the negative.”

Another instance of Mr. Campbell’s celerity occurred before a Committee of the House of Commons, in which he was junior with a famous leader of the Parliamentary Bar. In his opening statement the senior made an error and was instantly put right by his junior. The leader, much nettled, said :

“I am not in the habit of being corrected from behind.”

“Not since you were a boy,” said Mr. Campbell.

In the Divisional Court, Dowse, whose jokes were irrepressible, must have often sorely tried

the patience of his colleagues. On one occasion he said that a resident magistrate was no more able to state a case than he was to write a Greek Ode. A wicked reporter managed to get this into the press in the form of an assertion from the Bench that a resident magistrate could not ride a Greek goat, to the bewilderment of the public. In negligence actions he required an amazing amount of caution on the part of the defendants, particularly when they were railway or shipping companies. In every negligence action the defendant before him always had a nasty time. On one occasion I was for a defendant, who while passing a waggon had driven over a man emerging suddenly from under the head of the waggon horse. I asked the judge to direct a verdict for the defendant, on the ground that there was no evidence of negligence whatever. He peremptorily refused, saying, "Why did your client increase his speed at that very moment?" I replied that if he had not increased his speed some time, he would have remained at the tail of the waggon to all eternity. For this he forgave me, but I am still in doubt

what exactly he meant in his subtle Italian brain. The jury, however, notwithstanding an adverse charge, decided in my favour. He had a favourite gold pencil with his name and address on it which was the terror of the Bar. When Counsel stated a proposition of law which did not please him, out came the pencil and with it he wrote down the name of some case on a slip, which he handed to his crier Donovan, who would shortly return with the authority and it was always certain to demolish the unhappy counsel's contention. Anent the famous pencil, when he was dying, he suddenly asked for it. Miss Palles, his devoted niece and adopted daughter, thought his mind was wandering and tried to divert his attention to something else, but he insisted on the pencil being brought. He then handed it to her with an injunction, that when he was gone it was to be given to me. I was much moved by this and preserve it as one of my most precious possessions—a memorial of one of the greatest and best men of our time. At the Benchers' dinners in the King's Inns the conversations were never on legal topics but were

always on military subjects, in which Palles took a great interest, as he had relatives who distinguished themselves in the Army. On one occasion the question was whether Marshal Ney had not been the cause of the loss of Waterloo, in wasting the French cavalry on the British squares. The Chief Baron defended Ney and said that the Emperor knew of the command and had not objected. Piers White, Q.C., the great Equity leader, here dryly interjected, "Napoleon failed to take exception to the charge." To take exception to the charge was then the recognised method of challenging the judge's directions to the jury. The same Piers White, who was always beautifully attired in freshly powdered wig and faultless linen, used to be followed from court to court by a crowd of dandy young barristers. Coming out after one of his powerful arguments one of these ejaculated, "How splendid—how magnificent!"

"Yes," said a passing senior, "a brilliant argument."

"It was not the argument I was thinking of," said the junior, "it was Mr. White's collar and his cuffs."

White was one of the finest leaders of the Chancery Bar, but he had the ill luck to be appointed by the Government as chairman of a Commission whose duty was to define the boundaries of Parliamentary areas. His decisions, though perfectly reasonable and just, were unscrupulously attacked by the Nationalist Party. The patriots had a wonderful power of applying an epithet, or name, which clung to the person attacked for the rest of his life. They called Mr. White "Piers the Gerrymanderer," a name he never got rid of. The worst of it was that the timid Liberal Government were afraid to raise Mr. White to the Bench. In this way the country lost the services of a man who would have proved one of the most distinguished Equity judges of our time. White was possessed of a most delightful and delicate humour. On one occasion I was his junior in a case before Sir Edward Sullivan, then Master of the Rolls, a judge who was as impetuous and fiery as he was able and learned. Before he took his seat in court, his crier used to appear on the Bench and say audibly to the Registrar, "Will I let

him out ? ” The Judge was against us, and met Mr. White’s beautiful rapier play with sledgehammer blows. As the duel proceeded the Master became more and more overbearing—then my leader turned to me with a smile and said, “ Ross, when I sit down, stand up and drag him back by force of logic to the elementary principles of Equity.” During an argument he asked a rhetorical question—“ Where is the man who really engineered this fraud ? ” “ I ask again, where is he ? ” A crier who used to sit up in an elevated box in court and had been asleep suddenly waking cried, “ I don’t know where he is.”

On another occasion a crier when moving about tripped and fell with a loud noise. Knowing that he would be punished for his awkwardness, he simply lay still and pretended to be unconscious. The other criers took him up, and slowly carried him out, while he winked roguishly as he passed the barristers’ benches.

Only once or twice had I the chance of seeing the great Isaac Butt engaged in court, but the scenes were unforgettable. Sometimes he was very gentle and at others powerful and dramatic.

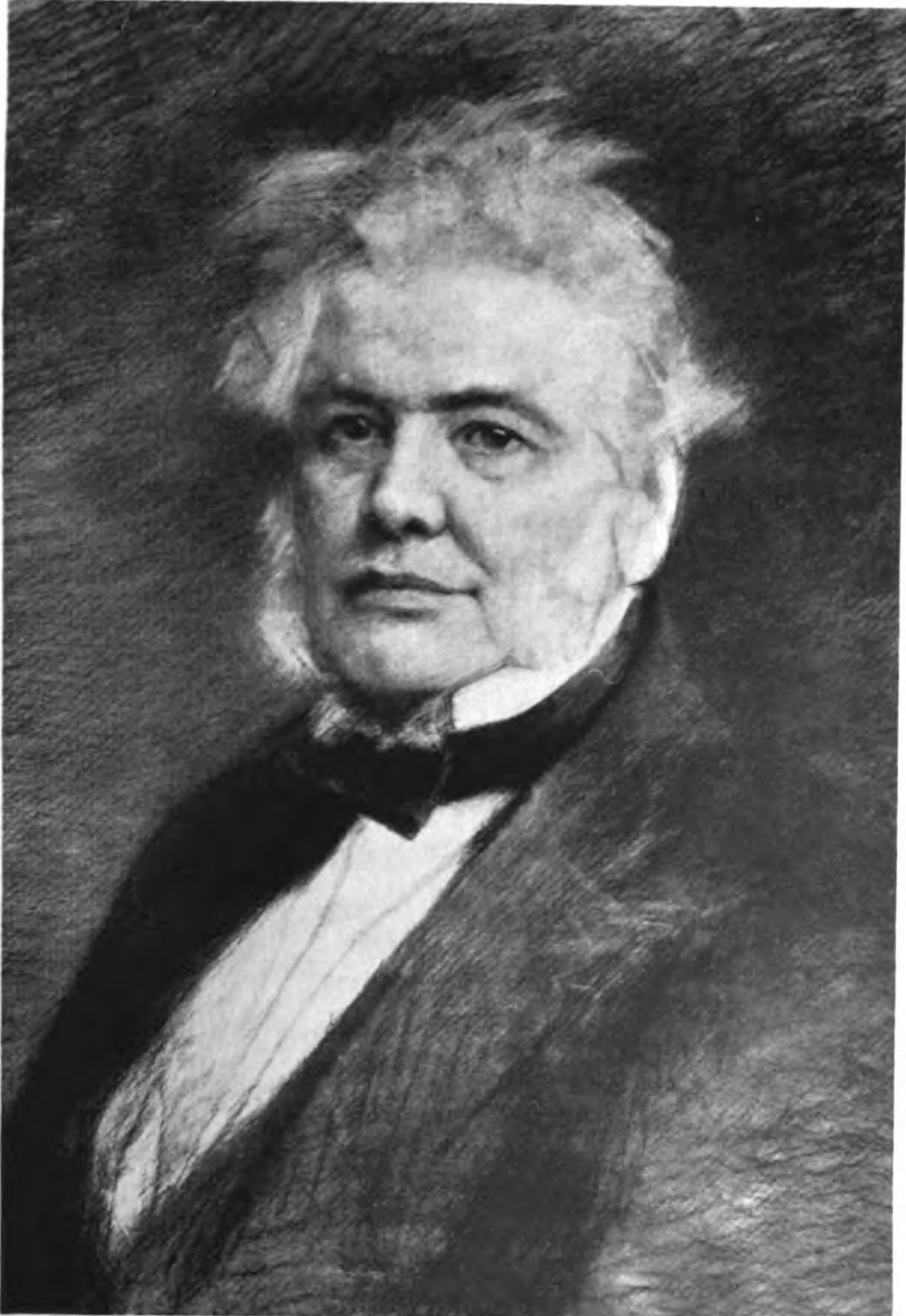


Photo by T. F. Geoghegan, Dublin.

ISAAC BUTT, Q.C.
From a Portrait by J. F. Yeats.

When he went down special at assizes for a *cause célèbre*, the provincial Press contained the most extraordinary descriptions of his procedure. I recall the following: "The defendant's cause seemed lost, when the great advocate came into court and with flashing eye and a voice of thunder he fearlessly challenged the jury." His personality was almost superhuman; something—usually some trifle of memory—would occasionally move him in the course of his speech and at once the whole audience became affected by inexplicable emotion. I remember one instance, he said something (I forget what it was) reminded him of the way the post car came into Stranorlar—the Donegal town in which his father's rectory had been. Suddenly he stopped dead and faltered—a ripple went over his huge face and tears came into his eyes. One could see what had happened. A picture had arisen before his mind of the rectory boy, on the long summer evening, watching the rattling outside car carrying the letters—driven by the old postman, sounding his horn and urging the horse to a kind of canter, as he entered the broad village street.

When Dowse got away from the restraining influence of the Chief Baron and Baron Fitzgerald he simply let himself go. At Omagh Summer Assizes, coming into a stifling court after luncheon he became very angry and ordered the police to clear out everybody who had no legal business there.

“What is that soldier doing here?” he ejaculated, pointing to a red uniform in the body of the court.

“Beg pardon, my lord,” said the man of war, “I am your lordship’s bugler.”

“Well,” roared the Baron, “go and bugle outside; in this court I can do my own bugling.”

He used to tell a story of himself or some other judge and an Irish interpreter, who had been caught speaking privately to a witness in the box. Under threats from the Bench the interpreter was compelled to divulge what had passed.

“Have mercy on me, me lord, and I will tell all. Peter (the witness) says to me, ‘Who’s the ould woman sitting up there with the red bedgown round her?’ (i.e. the judge). And I

says to Peter, 'Bludy end to you, that's the ould boy that's sent down to hang yes all.' "

To a groom who boasted that all his life had been spent with horses, Dowse said, " You couldn't have spent your time in much worse company."

Somebody was commending Sir William Harcourt for his affection towards his own family, when Dowse broke in, " I'm sure a man-eating tiger is an affectionate fellow in his own family." Dowse was intensely attached to his own family ; he had three distinguished-looking and brilliant daughters and one son Richard—a very good fellow and most popular. He acted as circuit registrar and he quite dominated his father. The Baron at an assize town on the adjournment wrathfully ordered the jurors to be at the courthouse at ten o'clock precisely next morning or he would fine them £10. Thinking that his father had left the Bench, the registrar in an even more commanding voice said to a friend—a senior counsel, " See here, Johnny R., if you are not here at ten, I'll fine you £20." The jurors looked on bewildered at the super-judge underneath the Bench who could fine the Queen's

Counsellors, and the Baron went off in confusion.

William McLaughlin, Q.C., one of the Nor'-West leaders, was inimitable in the ordinary records. In a case where the plaintiff claimed damages for grievous assault and battery, the following cross-examination took place.

McLAUGHLIN : " You're a peaceable Christian man yourself ? "

PLAINTIFF : " I am."

McLAUGHLIN : " You wouldn't hurt a fly."

PLAINTIFF : " No."

McLAUGHLIN : " Never hit anybody in your life ? "

PLAINTIFF : " Never."

McLAUGHLIN (*suddenly producing certificates of convictions for violent assaults by the plaintiff on various occasions*): " Were you convicted of assaulting a man called Black ? "

PLAINTIFF : " The Bench made a mistake."

McLAUGHLIN : " Were they mistaken when they convicted you of an assault on White ? "

PLAINTIFF : " Yes."

McLAUGHLIN : " The same thing, I suppose, when you were convicted of assaulting Browne ? "

PLAINTIFF : " Yes."

McLAUGHLIN : " Did you half kill a man called McKitterick ? Small blame to you for breaking in the face of a man with a name like that ! "

On one occasion an ejection was being brought on the forfeiture of a lease to a man named McCrabbe. The lease, which had been drafted by some muddle-headed practitioner, declared that McCrabbe was to hold for certain lives therein mentioned and for the lives of certain royal persons, of whose death a court would have judicial knowledge. The unfortunate bungler had added a proviso, that if any of the persons named went outside the United Kingdom the lease was to be forfeited. One of the royal lives was H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. For the plaintiff a smart officer of the Rifles was called who swore he saw H.R.H. landing in India. Here McLaughlin broke in : " I suppose, gallant officer as you are, you rushed forward and shouted, ' Stop—stop, your Royal Highness, if you set your foot on the soil of India McCrabbe's lease is gone. Come back, come back—or McCrabbe will be burst up entirely.' " Everybody was con-

vulsed by the imaginary appeal to Royalty on behalf of McCrabbe, and somehow or other—I forget how or why—the ejection failed, as it deserved to fail.

In one of his speeches McLaughlin described a notorious drunkard as a man whose life had been one spirited protest against the errors and extravagances of total abstinence.

One other occasion he asked on cross-examination of a tedious witness, why he had not crossed to the other side of a place.

“ I could not,” was the reply, “ because there was a yawning chasm before me.”

McLAUGHLIN : “ Had it begun to yawn before you appeared ? ”

In an action for waste, I asked the jury to contemplate their own feelings if on resuming possession of their homes, they had found them in a state of dilapidation and ruin. McLaughlin, parodying this outburst, said that it had been put to them by his friend, that, on returning to their ancestral homes after a destructive tenancy, the cry of their hearts would be : “ Where’s all my gooseberry bushes ? ”

In a record before an overbearing judge who was always ready to commit for contempt of court—his colleague came in to enquire how the case was going on. "Splendidly," said McLaughlin, "we have only lost three prisoners as yet" (i.e. witnesses committed for contempt).

Notwithstanding all his readiness, something unexpected would completely floor him. He was dilating on the absolute accuracy and truthfulness of a witness, when a terrible voice from the gallery was heard, "Oh! Holy Peter." This completely upset him; afterwards the voice was discovered to be that of a drunken drover coming awake, who had gone into the gallery for a sleep.

In the case of many of the best cross-examiners I have known such a sudden and unexpected incident to floor them immediately. Sir Charles Russell had considerable knowledge of racing and sport generally.

On one occasion he was engaged in an action about a warranty as to pedigree given in case of a pack of hounds. He was cross-examining a skilful old witness from Cork and proceeded to

put to him a most intricate question as to the breeding of certain kinds of hounds.

The witness seemed astonished and said, " You are quite right, Sir Charles, but I can't imagine how you have got all this knowledge."

" You'll find, my friend, before I'm done with you, that there is not much I don't know about dogs and horses." He then put another intricate question that was hopelessly wrong.

The witness roared with laughter, and, holding up his hands cried : " Oh, God help you !—God help you !—it's little you know about these things after all."

This simply silenced the great counsel, and his case was lost.

Nothing annoyed McLaughlin so much as when any person, even a colleague or his solicitor, attempted to speak to him in court. If a client dared to do so it became almost a case of a physical assault. Once when he was making a powerful address to a jury on behalf of a client of singularly unprepossessing appearance, he signalled to him to sit down, instead of standing up to exhibit himself proudly at the back of the court. The

poor man asked a mischievous young barrister what it was his counsellor wanted him to do. "He wants to speak to you," said the junior. "How am I to get to him?" said the man. "Climb over those benches." McLaughlin hearing a noise behind him, turned round and beheld this awful apparition sprawling towards him. At once his glasses dropped from his eyes and throwing up his arms he cried, "O Lord! what is this coming upon me?"

He went out for a walk once in Northern Ireland with James Hamilton, Q.C., afterwards a distinguished Recorder of Cork. A drunken farmer was trying to get his cart out of a ditch into which it had fallen. The chivalrous Hamilton proposed to McLaughlin that they should assist the poor man by pulling the shafts, while he urged the horse to effort. Both the learned gentlemen were small and weakly and did little service. At length, when McLaughlin's suspenders gave way, he was obliged to desist, but greatly to the indignation of the Orange farmer who enquired, "Are you going to leave me?" As they retired he cried, "I knew there was a Papish

drop in yes." As long as they were in sight he kept shouting, "To hell with the Pope."

McLaughlin's son, who was Crown prosecutor in County Cavan on one occasion, was unable to come owing to illness. At the end of the mess that evening McLaughlin announced that his son could not attend, and thereupon a number of barristers rose suddenly from the table to interview the Crown solicitor and if possible secure the briefs of the absent official. As they were hurriedly leaving, McLaughlin addressing the company said, "Do any of you know how the Yankees lost the battle of Bull Run? A report had been circulated among the army that there was a vacant postmastership in New York."

On one occasion I was with McLaughlin defending a country grocer who was a notorious gombeen man.

This amiable person held promissory notes from two debtors residing in the hilly districts and called upon them to renew the notes when the time was running out.

As they refused he led a small expedition up to the house where they lived. On their persis-

tence in refusal he had them hauled out, tied with ropes and thrown down in the snow. He then proceeded to beat them in the hope of compelling them to sign the new notes, but they still refused and were left lying in the snow. They then brought an action against him for damages for assault and battery. This was tried at the Assizes. Their counsel who stated their case was so unconvincing and the circumstances were so incredible that the whole court, including the judge, were moved to laughter during the plaintiffs' case. Then trouble at last came upon us when we had to put the defendant in the box.

“ My lord,” said the worthy man, “ they owed me every penny that was mentioned in the notes, and all I did was to tie them and beat them till they acted honestly and signed the notes.”

A large verdict was given against him, which he never could understand and he still thinks himself a badly treated man.

In one of Mr. McLaughlin's speeches he said, “ The English law is as near perfection as the wit of man can make it, but the difficulty of interpretation is immense. The House of Lords

with the Chancellor and ex-Chancellors and Law Lords are often puzzled. The Courts of Appeal are sometimes troubled and the members dissent from one another.

“ Divisional Courts are held up by conflicting considerations. The most eminent judges are full of doubt and express a desire that their decision should be reviewed by Higher Courts. But there is always one man who never has any doubt as to what a statute means and what the law is, and that man is the local process-server.”

In the next chapter I shall return to Palles again, where in his capacity as Attorney-General he prosecuted in person, in the most extraordinary criminal trial, I think, that ever took place in Ireland.

CHAPTER II

Of the Newtown-Stewart Murder

NEWTON-STEWART is a small town in County Tyrone, situate not far from Baronscourt, the well-known seat of the Abercorn family. A branch of the Northern Bank is in the town—it is a prominent building and a large corner house. Part of the ground floor only is used as a bank and this portion is separated from the hall by a glass door; the rest of the building is used as a residence for the bank manager.

In this house on the 29th June, 1871, a crime of an extraordinary character was committed. The bank manager was absent on that day on business in another town; his wife and family were away at the seaside and the only occupant of the bank was William Glass, the cashier, whose

duty it was to close the bank at three o'clock. Between three and a quarter-past three some strange sounds, resembling the pushing of a chair and a groan, were heard by people standing near the bank. Shortly after the manager's servant-maid went into the hall to see the bank clock, but on looking through the glass door she saw a pool of blood. When the alarm was raised the dead body of Glass was found lying face downwards. There were twelve wounds on his head, several of them fatal—inflicted by a sharp heavy instrument from behind, and the spike of an office file had been driven into the brain through the ear. There were no blood-stained footprints and no weapon was found. The object of the crime was evidently robbery, as a large sum in notes and gold had been taken by the murderer. Such an occurrence happening in a quiet country town caused unprecedented excitement.

The Royal Irish Constabulary was one of the finest if not the finest police force in the world, and the officer in command at Newtown-Stewart, Thomas Hartley Montgomery, was an exceptionally active and able man. He had a special

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knowledge of banking, as he had early in life been employed in a bank himself. He knew every inch of the premises which he had visited on the very day of the murder. He had been a friend of the murdered cashier and was a friend of the manager. He immediately set on foot enquiries of the most searching character all over the country. The affair was a complete mystery ; how the murderer, certainly covered with blood, carrying with him the weapon and the large mass of notes, could walk down the street on a June afternoon unobserved, baffled everybody. Mr. Montgomery represented the Crown at the inquest which began the next day and lasted a considerable time.

A retired commander of the Royal Navy who had been present as a magistrate at the examination of the body gave evidence as a witness. In the course of his observations he said it was plain that the murderer was no stranger to the premises ; that he must have been aware of the absence of the manager and must have been a friend of the cashier, as there was evidence of some talking being heard in the inner office

just before the bank closed. He then created a sensation by declaring that nobody answered these conditions except one man, and that man was Inspector Montgomery himself. The suggestion was received with ridicule. The Inspector immediately tendered himself as a witness, but the Coroner held it unnecessary to take his statement. It then appeared that the officer when leaving the bank carried a waterproof over his arm. Some member of the jury suggested that the absence of blood on the murderer's clothes could be accounted for, if he had worn the waterproof when striking the fatal blows, as bloodstains could be easily removed from such a coat. This suggestion, which afterwards proved without foundation, seemed to impress the jury strongly and at the end of the case they found that the wounds had been inflicted by Inspector Montgomery. He was then arrested on the Coroner's warrant, his residence was searched and the clothes worn by him on the fatal day were sent to the public analyst for examination. His friends were much relieved to hear that not a trace of blood could be found on these clothes,

but on the other hand it was discovered that the accused was in serious financial difficulties. A large reward was offered for the discovery of the bank-notes and before the end of the year the greater part of the notes, all the gold and the weapon itself—a loaded bill hook—were found concealed in a place called the Grange Wood near the town. It further appeared that the Inspector had been three times at the Grange Wood within twelve hours after the crime. The case was now seriously taken up by the Crown and the prisoner was put on trial before Mr. Justice Lawson at the next Spring Assizes, but the evidence being entirely circumstantial the jury disagreed. At the following Summer Assizes he was again put on trial before Lord Justice Barry, and this jury also failed to agree. The judge went on to finish the Assizes, and returned for the third trial.

The scenes that took place at the third trial were amongst the most dramatic and thrilling that ever occurred in any British Court of Justice. The presiding judge was a lawyer of the highest eminence and a recognised authority on criminal

law. Palles was the Attorney-General and prosecuted in person. His opening statement was lucidity itself. The remarkable thing about it was its moderation. It was really an understatement and the facts, when they were brought out, were far more telling than if there had been a full statement emphasising the strong points of the case against the prisoner from the very beginning. The second counsel for the Crown was Serjeant Armstrong. He was a powerful fighter—in fact a prize-fighter in advocacy—big of body, loud of voice—he was out to win—he bore down all opposition by main force ; salvos of adjectives and scornful epithets overwhelmed his opponents. Few men had the nerve to stand up to him—he could even intimidate all but the strongest judges—he could snort a case out of court—there was no light fence or rapier play about him—it was all a matter of hard unmerciful slogging from first to last when he usually knocked his man out. He was a reputed cock of the walk at the Irish Bar for many years. His strength lay in his power to convince himself ; he certainly gave one the idea



Photo by Lafayette, Ltd., Dublin.

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE BARRY.

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that he believed in his case and that anybody who did not see eye to eye with him must be a knave or a fool.

The accused was defended by Mr. Francis MacDonagh, Q.C., one of the most dexterous advocates who ever appeared in any court. He was the very reverse of Armstrong in appearance and in bearing. He was tall and handsome, and had a low, impressive and most distinct voice. His manner was charming—to witnesses he was courtesy itself. In opening a case he gave one the impression that he was not interested in it at all—that he was a kind of dignified *amicus curiæ* who had kindly stepped in to present the facts to the jury and to remind the judge of the law. Small matters he let slip without troubling the court, but when a vital point arose the complete swordsman fought with a terrible tenacity but always with courtesy and without excitement.

He was a superb actor and the spirit of the drama seemed to interweave itself into every case in which he was engaged. He would only accept briefs in cases of high importance and always for high fees. He had a marvellous

memory, was most industrious, knew everything that was briefed to him and a good deal more besides. Nothing ever appeared to take him by surprise—he seemed to have expected it, to have been prepared for it and glad that it came. No stage play was more interesting than to watch this great artist at his work. His two chief defences for Montgomery were: First, that it was quite impossible for him in the broad daylight of a June afternoon to have walked down the village street, concealing the weapon and the mass of banknotes; second, that the murderer must have been covered with blood, and no trace of blood was found by the analyst on the Inspector's clothing.

At the opening of the second trial, a thing occurred that would have upset a less expert advocate. The Attorney-General at the sitting of the court put into the witness-box a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the exact height of the accused and wearing the clothes worn by him on the fatal day. He was asked to stand up, and then if he had all the notes and all the gold and the weapon on his person. There was

a thrill running through the court, when he answered in the affirmative. But MacDonagh with a smile of confidence rose to cross-examine. He began playfully by asking the witness if he had much experience in dressing up for private theatricals; then he went on to find out how many assistants he had in preparing for this performance and what time it had taken to stow all these things away on his person and how they dealt with each particular article and such-like. He worked on this line of cross-examination so long and so skilfully, that at the end, it must have been clear to everybody in court that it was perfectly absurd for the Crown to suggest that Montgomery on the scene of the crime, with the time at his disposal—liable to interruption and discovery at any moment—could possibly have bestowed the notes on his person in the manner suggested. Then he sat down, but there was no look of triumph on his face, such as usually appears on the countenance of the successful cross-examiner after a devastating series of thrusts. The great stroke of the Crown from which so much had been expected was an utter

failure and had resulted in a deadly blow to their whole case. All this had been extracted from their carefully prepared witness. The great advocate looked up with no sign of triumph—it merely meant, “ See how the truth will come out, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Crown to frustrate it.”

This was as fine a piece of cross-examination as I have ever heard. It is customary to cite Sir Charles Russell’s cross-examination of Piggott as a superb example of the art. But with the information in his possession obtained from Archbishop Walsh and Mr. Labouchere a child could have cross-examined the wretched Piggott to his destruction.

It is not of course open to question that Sir Charles Russell was a powerful cross-examiner, but the occasion so often referred to gave him no real opportunity for the exercise of his talent.

Another oft-cited case of successful cross-examination is Coleridge’s cross-examination of the claimant in the great Tichborne case, which lasted for several days.

I am not at all impressed by it. I think the

artful claimant got nearly as much out of counsel as counsel got out of him. I one time had an opportunity of hearing the claimant lecture in Dublin and was much struck by his ability. He would have carried his audience with him in triumph had it not been for one incident.

Somebody in the gallery during a pause called out "Wagga-Wagga." This threw him into confusion ; when he attempted to resume his narrative the same terrible voice repeated "Wagga-Wagga," and this torpedoed and sank him. I believe it is the name of the place where Arthur Orton, the butcher, resided.

To the very end MacDonagh fought every inch of the ground. His closing speech was a masterpiece, persuasive and artful to the last degree. It is not usual in Ireland for the Counsel for the Crown to press the case against the prisoner in the final reply—the matter is left in the hands of the judge. On this occasion Serjeant Armstrong departed from all precedent. He delivered a tornado of eloquence against the prisoner. He poured forth contemptuous mockery and fearful denunciation. Montgomery's attitude through all

the trials was extraordinary—no spectator in court was so calm and unperturbed. It was plain from the expression of the keen, intelligent face that he fully appreciated the bearing of the vital points in dispute and when they were ruled against him he indicated nothing in the nature of disappointment. During Armstrong's terrible denunciation his demeanour was calm and dignified. It was an exhibition of superhuman self-control.

The judge then delivered his charge in a clear impartial manner. The juries in the former trials had asked a great number of questions, but this jury never once interrupted the course of the proceedings at all; they sat attentive and ominously silent. Within an hour of their retirement they had arrived at their decision. Then there was heard, what I think is the most nerve-shaking of all sounds, the opening of the jury-room door before they come out with their verdict in a murder trial. The issue paper is handed by the foreman to the Clerk of the Crown, on whom every eye is now fixed, in the endeavour to ascertain the result from the expression of his

face. The verdict is GUILTY, and the prisoner is asked if he desires to say anything as a reason why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

Then a strange thing happened : The prisoner advanced to the front of the dock and began to speak in low clear tones. He thanked the judge for his impartial conduct of the case, and the jury for their close attention. He went on to say that his was the hand that struck the fatal blows—but that his mind had become quite unhinged and that he was wholly irresponsible at the time when he had killed his friend.

No such issue had been before the jury, and the judge proceeded to pronounce the sentence in the usual solemn way. If such an issue had been raised no jury would have entertained it ; and yet it may have been that the man's approaching ruin had dethroned his moral and mental judgment. In those days, strange as it may appear, newspaper reporters were sometimes allowed to interview condemned prisoners before their execution. A number of these were received by the prisoner, who very frankly and clearly

informed them of the details of the crime. He explained that the weapon had been secreted under his waistcoat, but the notes he had put into the sleeves of the waterproof which were pinned up and converted into pockets. He also told them that after the murder his clothes had been covered with blood and that he had washed it off with a sponge—another unsolved problem! He went to his death in Omagh Jail with unflinching courage.

No trial in Ireland in our time excited more public attention, not merely by reason of the extraordinary circumstances of the case, but on account of the superb ability of the famous advocates engaged in the great struggle. From the state of public opinion at the time I do not believe that the extreme sentence would have been carried out had it not been for the statement from the dock. Mr. George Keys, Q.C., afterwards a Dublin police magistrate, was junior counsel with MacDonagh, and though he took no public part in the defence, was no doubt very useful and was often consulted by his leader. Keys was an excellent prisoner's counsel in ordi-



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

FRANK McDONOUGH, Q.C.



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nary cases. He always bewailed the fact that the prisoner's mouth was closed, as it then was fortunately for him as we all know now, and then he went on to attack the Crown with the utmost ferocity, using theological language. In one of the Nor'-West circuit songs occur the lines :

Then Counsellor Keys declared to his God
That the case for the Crown was only a cod.

Even here the interest of this case does not end. All the trials had proceeded on the basis that it was a case of circumstantial evidence. But since the above was written an extraordinary circumstance has appeared tending to show that the crime was committed before the eyes of a witness who is still living. I have become acquainted with the facts through Mr. J. R. Fisher, the Boundary Commissioner. In the room on the ground floor in which the bank business was carried on, in addition to the two large windows facing the main street, there is an equally large window going down to within three feet of the ground facing the side street. The front window had blinds but the side window was unblinded and afforded to any passer-by a com-

plete view of the whole interior and of everything that was taking place within. On that very afternoon a country boy from the mountainous part of the country was coming down the side street with his bundle on his back and his ticket to America in his pocket. Looking in the window he saw a terrible struggle taking place. Being dreadfully frightened and alarmed at the prospect of being mixed up in a police affair, the youth hurried from the spot and determined to say nothing to anybody about what he had seen. Furthermore, having his ticket in his pocket he feared he might be prevented from going to America. He got to his boat, reached America and disappeared from view for many years. He has now, however, returned and has talked about what he saw that afternoon to many persons. The police think there is no reason to doubt the truth of his story, but as there is nothing to be gained by further enquiry they have allowed the matter to drop.

CHAPTER III

Of William Percy French

THE most remarkable of my school-fellows at Foyle College was William Percy French. He surely had the makings in him of a great landscape painter. When a scene presented itself to his view, rich in varied colour, he became almost intoxicated at the sight. This feeling he had the power of communicating to others; I think he inspired in me a love of pictures and art. I had an intense desire to draw and paint, but was never able to accomplish anything. I had it all in my mind, but when it came to carrying out the conception no person could be more incapable. However, I had considerable conceit in myself as an art critic. On one occasion I met at dinner Professor Hubert Von Herkomer, and

we had a most interesting conversation. There was an acute difference of opinion between us on the subject of historical painting; he maintaining that the only true historical painting was like his own picture of the Burgomasters, where he had painted the persons from life. On the other hand, I stoutly contended that it was the function of the pictorial artist to reproduce scenes that were over and to represent men of the past in their actions, just as the literary artist reproduced the actors in historical episodes. He was so interested in the subject that he approached me again and again during the evening, adducing further arguments in support of his contention. On leaving him I apologised and said I knew nothing really about art, and that I had merely talked to elicit his views. He replied that I had a strong artistic instinct, and that he would mark his appreciation of it by sending me the portrait of one of my friends. Some time after I was much gratified at receiving from him a replica of his striking portrait of Lord Roberts, which now hangs on my walls. I had a great dislike to the school of French

painting beloved by my friend Sir Hugh Lane. On one occasion I went round the collection and asked him to point out to me a single picture that was intrinsically beautiful. He did his best, but failed to convince me, and then he said that it was like trying to get a man with no music in his composition to appreciate a Wagnerian opera. I said he could not be right and repeated what Herkomer had said. "Well," he replied spitefully, "if there was anything wanting to prove what I had said, it is that." He then asked me what kind of picture I really liked. I said when I first saw Lady Butler's "Quatre Bras" I was so moved that I could not believe for days that I had not actually been in the square. At this, he became speechless and gave me up as a lost soul; so there the matter rests.

At a later period Percy French was well able to reproduce the marvellous colouring of an Irish bog or the evening glow in the side of an Alpine peak. He had a dash of the mystic's strange power in him, for there sometimes appeared in his pictures more than was repre-

sented by colour and line. He was very fond of trick painting, that is to say—by turning a picture upside down, or by adding a stroke or two, it would turn out to be something quite different from what it originally appeared to represent. I remember that at a dinner at Lord Iveagh's in Stephen's Green, he first blackened a dinner plate with candle smoke and then with the end of a wax match produced a wonderful picture of a mountain and a lake. I believe that if he had devoted himself to landscape painting he would have achieved great success. But artistic success was the last thing he thought about. His mission was to amuse the world in a way of his own, and he did it in remarkable fashion. He delighted in composing and singing comic songs, accompanying himself on the banjo. There was a type of boastful swaggering Irish patriot at the time whose extravagances delighted French; very different persons were they from the formidable gunmen of after years. A good example is "Slattery's Mounted Fut." I remember some of the concluding verses.

Says Slattery, " We must circumvent
 These bludgeoning bosthoons [he police],
 Or else it sames they'll take the names
 Of Slattery's light dragoons."

" We'll cross the ditch," our leaders cried,
 " And take the foe in flank."
 But yells of consternation here
 Arose from every rank.

For posted high upon a tree
 We very plainly saw :
 " Trespassers prosecuted
 According to the law."

" We're foiled ! " exclaimed bold Slattery.
 " Here ends our grand campaign.
 It's merely throwing life away
 To cross the mearing drain.

" I'm not as bold as lions, but
 I'm braver than a hen,
 And he that fights and runs away
 Will live to fight again."

To hear French render one of these songs with a perfectly solemn face was a thing one could never forget. Great was our delight when General Hugh McCalmont brought the 4th Dragoon Guards into Dublin with their fine band playing " Slattery's Mounted Fut." His song " Abdullah Bulbul Ameer," composed in college, describing a duel between a Russian and a Turk,

was the first he published. He received a singular compliment—he had never thought about such a thing as copyright and a London firm brought out a pirated edition, and took good care to copyright their version. This song has gone far, and in the serial which lately ran its course in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Who Rideth Alone," by Captain P. C. Wren, some of its verses appear as sung by the American heroine of the story.

ABDULLAH BULBUL AMEER

The sons of the prophet are hardy and grim
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But none were so reckless of life and of limb
As Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to harass the foe in the rear,
Or to take a redoubt, they would always send out
For Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

There are heroes in plenty and well known to fame
In the army that's led by the Tsar,
But none were so brave as a man of the name
Of Ivan Potchinski Skidar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes on cards,
And perform on the Spanish guitar ;
In short, quite the cream of the Muscovite guards
Was Ivan Potchinski Skidar.

One morning the Russian had shouldered his gun,
And assumed his most truculent sneer,
And was walking down town when he happened to run
Into Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

“ Young man,” said Bulbul, “ can your life be so dull
That you’re anxious to end your career,
For, Infidel, know that you’ve trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.”

Said the Russian, “ My friend, my remarks in the end
Would only be wasted, I fear,
For you’ll never survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.”

Then that proud mameluke drew his deadly chibouke,
And shouted, “ Ill Allah Akbar,”
And being intent upon slaughter he went
For Ivan Potchinski Skidar.

But just as his knife had abstracted his life,
In fact he was shouting “ Huzzah ! ”
When he found he was stuck by that subtle Calmuck,
Young Ivan Potchinski Skidar.

The Consul drove up in a red crescent fly
To give the survivor a cheer,
He arrived just in time to exchange a good-bye
With Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

And Gortschakoff, Gourko and Skobeleff too
Drove up in the Emperor’s car,
But all they could do was to cry “ Whillaloo ! ”
For Ivan Potchinski Skidar.

(Slowly and with expression.)

There's a grave where the waves of the blue Danube roll,
And on it, in characters clear,
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer."

And a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
By the light of the true lover's star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft in her sleep,
Is Ivan Potchinski Skidar.

By way of jest French had dedicated this song to Osman Pasha and represented it as sung by him in the Shipka Pass. Some time after a nephew of the great Osman came to Dublin to study police work at the Royal Irish Constabulary Depot. Hearing of the song, he sent a copy of it to his uncle the Pasha, who was delighted with it.

The great gatherings of the famous Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Tournament were regaled with his wonderful verses after the style of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and illustrated by Richard Orpen, one of the brothers of Sir William Orpen, the great Academician. I do not think anything could be more amusing than the report of Larry Flynn, the waiter, of the Queen's con-

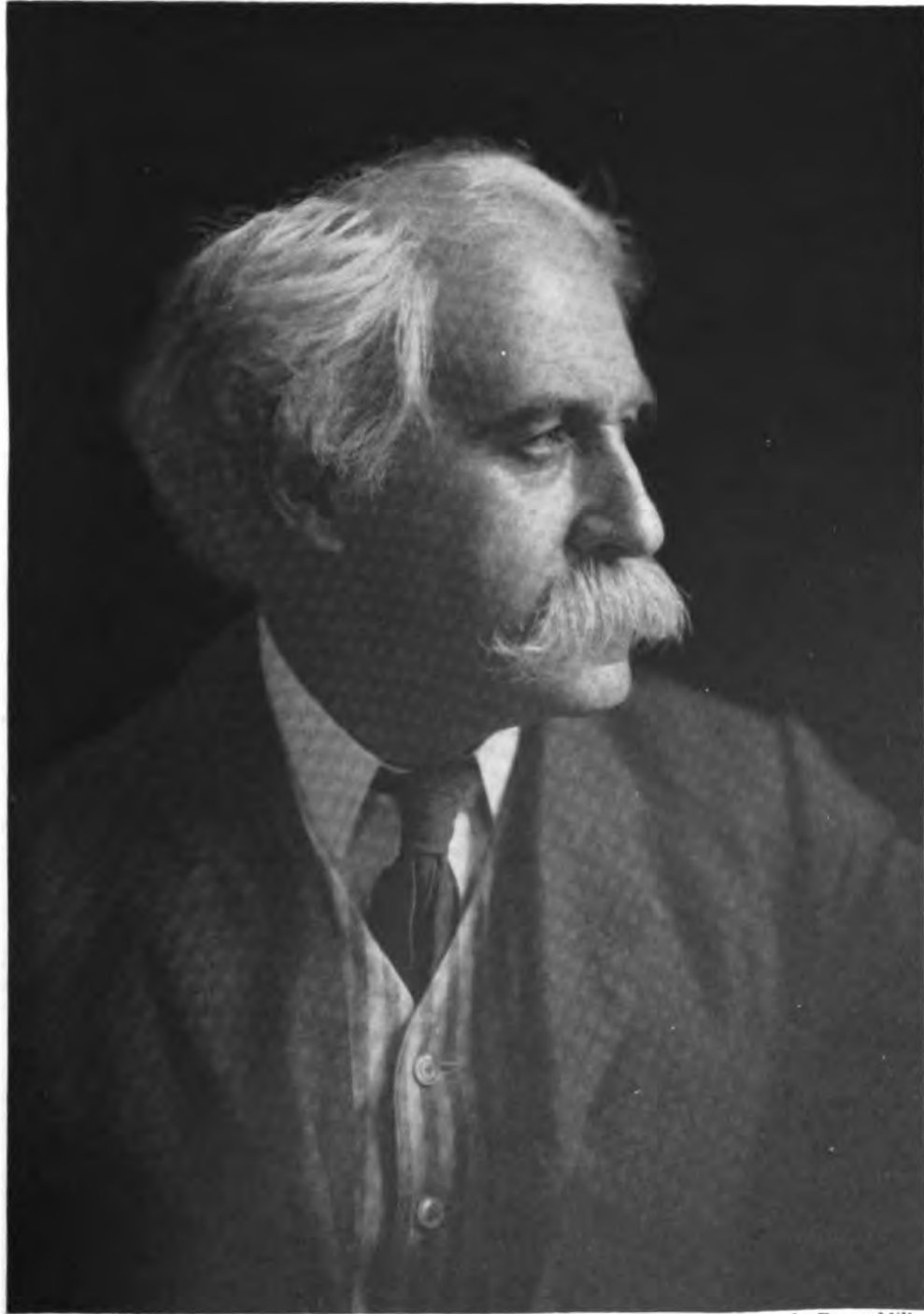


Photo by Ernest Mills.

WILLIAM PERCY FRENCH.

versation with the Lord-Lieutenant before starting
for Ireland.

"See here, me Lord," sez she,
"You'll find it hard," sez she,
"To play your card," sez she.
* * * * *

"Take a party down," sez she,
"To Punchestown," sez she,
"And give a ball," sez she,
"In St. Patrick's Hall," sez she,
"Or maybe two," sez she,
"If one won't do," sez she,
"I'll have you beware," sez she,
"And Merrion Square," sez she,
"Won't go down to supper," sez she,
"Wid Baggot St. Upper," sez she,
"Make a lot of J.P.'s," sez she,
"'Tis a chape way to please," sez she,
"And sometimes an R.M.," sez she,
"But not many of them," sez she,
"Then open bazaars," sez she,
"Bless my stars!" sez he,
"That's not much fun," sez he,
"When all's said and done," sez he.
"Hould on, asthore," sez she,
"There's a thrifle more," sez she,
"Ye know, I presume," sez she,
"At the drawing-room," sez she,
"There's many a miss," sez she,
"You'll have to kiss," sez she.
"That's not so bad," sez he.
"Oh ho, yer a lad," sez she.

" I mean for to say," sez he,
 " In a fatherly way," sez he.
 " Go home, you ould sinner," sez she,
 " I must order me dinner," sez she,
 " Remember and steer," sez she,
 " Uncommonly clear," sez she.
 " I know what ye mean," sez he,
 " Betwixt and between," sez he,
 " Up with the green," sez he,
 " And God Save the Queen," sez he.

French was never a politician, but he was always ready to compose a song on any party who gave him an opportunity. When Mr. Parnell was arrested at Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, he made with some small assistance from me a song on that event, portion of which I set out—called "Could Kilmainham Jail." It is amusing to find that in his brilliant book on Parnell Mr. St. John Irvine treats this as a serious ballad made in the back streets of Dublin and asserts that it attained great popularity.

COULD KILMAINHAM JAIL

It was the tyrant Gladstone, and he said unto himself,
 " I never will be aisy till Parnell is on the shelf,"
 " So make the warrant out in haste and take it by the mail,
 And we'll clap the pride of Erin's Isle into could Kilmainham
 Jail."

So Buckshot took the warrant and he buttoned up his coat,
And tuk the train to Holyhead to catch the Kingstown boat,
The weather it was rather rough and he was feeling queer,
When Mallon ¹ and the polis came to meet him on the pier.

But soundly slept the patriot, for he was kilt with work,
Haranguing of the multitudes in Limerick and Cork,
Till Mallon and the polis came and rung the front-door bell,
Disturbing of his slumbers in bould Morrison's Hotel.

Then up and spake bould Morrison, "Get up yer sowl and
run.

Oh ! bright shall shine in Hist'ry's page the name of Morrison.
To see the pride of Erin jailed I never could endure—
Slip on yer boots—I'll let ye out upon the kitchen door."

But proudly flashed the patriot's eye as he bouldly answered,
"No,
It'll never be said that Parnell turned his back before the foe."
"Parnell aboo for liberty—sure it's all the same," says he,
"For Mallon has locked the kitchen door and taken away the
key."

They tuk him and they bound him, them minions of the law,
'Twas Pat the boots was there that night and tould me all
he saw ;

But sorra a step the patriot bould would leave the place
until

They granted him a ten per cent. *reduction on his bill.*²

¹ Mr. John Mallon, chief of the Dublin Detective Department.

² "Ten per cent. reduction on his bill." Mr. Parnell was advising Irish tenants not to pay unless they got a ten per cent. reduction on their rent.

Had I been there with odds at my back of two hundred
men to one,
It makes my blood run cold to think of the deeds I might
have done.
'Tisn't here that I'd be telling you this melancholy tale,
How they clapped the pride of Erin's Isle in cold Kilmain-
ham Jail.

We got another opportunity in 1896, when the Chief Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour, carried his Local Government Act—steering it in the House of Commons with great ability. His declared policy was to kill Home Rule with kindness; he hoped that the landlords and tenants would sit together on the local bodies and all work for the good of their common country. But the extremists on the National side resolved that this should not be, and the landlords were soon swept off the boards. Then among the brave and true who remained, fierce dissensions broke out on the question of leaders. All this delighted French, so he and I produced the following.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

Our County Council gathered, with the green flag overhead,
In the year when Balfour gave us liberation—
And the roars of Barney Flanagan would almost wake the dead,
As he pelted out his opening oration.

OF WILLIAM PERCY FRENCH 65

He smashed the desk in front of him, he kicked the chairs
behind,
Discoursing on the glories of our nation.
Sez Flanagan, " I think that man has something on his mind,
For he's smoking like a train with perspiration."

Then the Earl of Ballybuffy spake of mending of the roads,
Which he said were in a state of liquidation,
The tiles and slates of poor houses were falling off in loads,
Which things he thought required consideration.

Then up lept brave Gilhooly with a patriotic yell,
He scorned the Saxon sarpint's observations,
The tiles and slates of poor houses might simply go to—
Well !
They were there to cherish Ireland's aspirations.

O'Hanrahan the bankrupt then a mighty speech began
On the subject of financial relations ;
Cruel England owed a thousand pounds exactly to each
man,
And he proved the same by figures and equations.

Then Rooney of the porter shop the company addressed,
How defrauded of a College education,
For want of Greek he hardly knew which whiskey was the
best,
This filled his noble soul with indignation.

Then some one mentioned " leaders " and the legs flew off
the chairs,
And came down on heads with fearful iteration,
And the chairman like a cannon ball came flying down the
stairs,
And was seated in the mud in desperation.

Then the Inimies ¹ of Ireland with their batons next appeared,
 And they took the whole assembly to the station—
 So the poor houses are roofless and by many it is feared
 That the roads must still remain in liquidation.

Another for which I am mainly responsible
 is "Doolin P.L.G." Now P.L.G. means Poor
 Law Guardian. The P.L.G.'s were usually strong
 supporters of the Land League and fierce agita-
 tors. What cheek we all had in those days!
 —but nobody took us seriously—the spirit of
 fun in the country excused everything.

DOOLIN P.L.G.

There came a Yankee gentleman
 One day to Smithereen,
 His coat was made of Stars and Stripes
 His trousers they were green ;
 He treated us most handsomely,
 For dollars bright had he,
 And a vote of confidence was moved
 By Doolin P.L.G.

* * * * *

At dead of night we bravely met,
 Assembled for the fray,
 Resolved to storm the landlord's hall
 And all his minions slay.
 Sez Doolin, " Fight, boys, while ye can,
 And when ye're bested flee.
 I'm slightly lame, I'll just start now,"
 Sez Doolin P.L.G.

¹ The police.

Then up there came the Peelers
 And the bloody wars began,
 So every man fought while he could,
 And after that he ran.
 When dawned the morning in the Jail
 We lay most dolefully,
 And who had giv' the evidence
 But Doolin P.L.G.

And now we're all condemned for years
 In dungeons dark to pine—
 While Doolin with the Quality
 Is drinking sherry wine.
 He has the best of meat to eat ;
 A powerful man is he—
 Bad luck to all informers
 And to Doolin P.L.G.

Another that went to nearly all the English-
 speaking countries was :

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

In the year of the last agitation, my dears,
 When the land was bewildered with sorrow and tears,
 When assassins were fearless—no life worth a straw—
 I asked down to Galway my mother-in-law.

Her eyes were aflame with a terrible light,
 The butler before them was thrilled with affright,
 And housemaids and cooks had their cheeks blanched with awe,
 When they heard the dread tones of my mother-in-law.

One night the fierce tenants had compassed my hall,
 Their wild cries for blood would the bravest appal ;
 I asked what they wanted, they cried without pause,
 " Your life or your wife's or your mother-in-law's."

“To die at my age, O my friends, would be sad,
That my dear wife should die would be almost as bad,
But, since nothing but blood gluts your ravenous maw,
I generously offer my mother-in-law.”

Then my mother-in-law was sent forth to the crowd,
And she scolded them long and she scolded them loud,
No man drew a trigger or spake when he saw
The terrible form of my mother-in-law.

First she cut themselves with her vituperations,
And then she pitched into their female relations,
The crowd fled and melted like snow in a thaw,
While fierce on their rear hung my mother-in-law.

O Boycott, a debt to your courage the state owes,
Three regiments stood by when you dug your potatoes,
But you'd not need a private to keep them in awe
If you only could borrow my mother-in-law.

The chorus of another song, “Soldiers Three,”
is as follows :

We don't want to hear the rifles rattle in the battle,
And we don't want to hear the cannons roar any more.

(With dignity and expression.)

But we'll march upon the gory field of battle,
When the cruel war is o'er.

I wrote several songs for him ; one that he
published has travelled far and is quoted in
American and Colonial newspapers to this day.
It is called “Andy McElroe”—a private from

the North of Ireland serving in the Soudan campaign. I remember some of the verses :

Then Andy cried, " I'm here, my lord,
And ready for the fray."
" Advance then," cried Lord Wolseley,
" And let every trumpet bray."

Then England, Ireland, Scotland,
Rolled together on the foe,
But far ahead of every one
Rushed Andy McElroe.

The Mahdi had climbed up a tree,
His spy-glass to his eye,
To see the Paynim chivalry
The Northern prowess try.

But soon he saw a figure dire
That filled his soul with woe,
" Be Japers, let me down," says he,
" There's Andy McElroe."

Then soon he called for camels tall
And swift away he ran,
To keep appointments, as he said,
In distant Kordofan.

And all his Arab heroes fled
Like sands siroccos blow,
Pursued with much profanity
By Andy McElroe.

At least that's what the letters said
That came across the foam
To Andy's anxious relatives
Awaiting him at home.

The Government despatches
Had another tale—but no !
We won't believe one word against
Brave Andy McElroe.

French edited a comic paper, *The Jarvey*, in Dublin, which ran for a considerable time. In Dr. W. H. Collison he secured a valuable musical colleague. Together they produced comic operas in some of the Dublin theatres, which had considerable success. In London they were entertained by the Savage Club. They visited Oxford and Cambridge Universities, where they were received with boisterous enthusiasm. They toured over the whole of Ireland and over a considerable part of Great Britain. On several occasions they entertained Royalty and appeared before the Prince and Princess of Wales at York Cottage, Sandringham.

Then they toured Canada, the United States and the West Indian Islands, with success of every kind except financial. As a man of business French was quite hopeless; he and George Grossmith had unbounded admiration for each other's abilities. I had almost arranged a kind of partnership between them, which would have

greatly relieved Grossmith from the awful nervous strain of a one-man performance and would have benefited French in every way. But at the last moment out of nothing but carelessness French let it slip through his hands. He went on with his concerts all over the country. One of his later compositions, "The Mountains of Mourne," with its sweetly plaintive air, will be preserved for generations.

The art of amusing is not for elderly people as a rule, and when years began to accumulate on French he was not the same. But he kept going with splendid courage and never gave way to depression.

I was horrified to hear that he had lost all his savings—a considerable sum—but when I went to talk the matter over with him he discussed it with his usual merry laugh. He was unfortunate in meeting with several serious accidents and his health began to fail. But nothing daunted him, he insisted on, fulfilling all his engagements. He was in London while the German air raids were going on and during one of the most destructive he kept a large

audience of young people interested and amused till the all-clear signal was given. After another he said, " I think that was the pleasantest raid we ever enjoyed."

His conversation was always whimsical and amusing ; he said that his knowledge of astronomy was limited to the fact that the sun went round the earth previous to the time of Galileo (see Joshua for corroborative details), and in the matter of science he used to say that Sir Isaac Newton had made the stupendous discovery that when an apple falls off the tree it invariably hits the ground. Mr. Marmaduke Backhouse, the well-known grinder in engineering, once took two promising pupils to the College Park to teach them how to survey ; one held one end of the chain and the other the other end—one of them, French, performed a dance and the other, Charles Manners, afterwards a renowned opera singer and producer, sang—so that practical instruction under the circumstances was difficult indeed.

The end came rather suddenly in 1920, during one of his English tours. He passed away at

the house of his relative, Canon Richardson, at Formby, near Liverpool. Ireland produces remarkable types of Anglo-Irish—quite different from their so-called Keltic fellow-countrymen and also from their English and Scottish stock. For instance, from the same district contemporaneously there came the great soldier Lord French; the great scholar and classical wit A. D. Godley, Dean of Magdalen and public orator of Oxford; General Godley, another distinguished soldier; and William Percy French. The last-mentioned had rare talents; he gave pleasure and innocent joy to thousands—he did more real good than many more famous men. He warmed up the heart of his countrymen and cheered them at a time of intense gloom. He was kindly and helpful to everybody and bore his own adversity with indomitable courage. As somebody said, he would have been a great man and would have made a great fortune if only he had been run by a company with a competent manager.

CHAPTER IV

Of Old Dublin

AT the time of the Union there existed in Dublin a group of aristocratic desperadoes who feared neither God nor man. Their monument stands to the present day on the top of Mount Pelier, one of the Dublin mountains, and is called, "The Hell-Fire Club." It is believed to have been built by Henry Loftus, Earl of Ely, and was afterwards occupied by the Rt. Hon. William Connolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Formerly there had stood on the hill a large cairn enclosing masses of smaller stones, round a central monolith—a sacred relic of a prehistoric age. All this material was used for the building. Shortly after its completion a great storm blew the whole of the slate roof away. It was always

supposed to be an unlucky place, owing to the sacrilege of the builders in desecrating the old cairn to procure material for the building. The second roof was built of stones keyed together in the manner of the arch of a bridge. There is no wood in it to burn or iron to attract lightning. The Club was originally founded by the first Earl of Rosse in 1735. The building is, of course, reputed to be haunted.

This Rake Hell Company, who believed that they had no chance in a future state and that hell was their destined abode, used to drive their four-in-hand coaches at full gallop during the night to the club-house in which their orgies were carried on. To this day people believe that they can hear these passing vehicles as they bring their yelling blasphemous crew to the road that leads up to the club. The portraits of some of their leaders are to be seen in a group picture in the National Gallery of Ireland. The most reckless of the band was Lord Rosse. When he was reputed to be dying the Dean of Christ Church Cathedral was moved to communicate with him in a most eloquent letter stating that

his lordship was accustomed to break all God's commandments and to indulge in every form of Satanic depravity; but the good Dean went on to assure him that even for such as he there was mercy still, in case of sincere repentance. The wicked old sinner was delighted with the letter and observing that his name did not appear in it, he enclosed it in an envelope addressed to the Earl of Kildare, a man he hated cordially. This nobleman was the most devout of men, practised the Christian virtues and took a prominent part in all religious observances. Shocked and dismayed by the Dean's terrible words Lord Kildare hastened to the palace of the Archbishop of Dublin in St. Stephen's Green, who declared it to be a malignant forgery or the composition of a madman. His Grace at once sent his servant for the Dean and requested Lord Kildare to stand behind a screen, that he might hear the Dean's disavowal. On the arrival of the Dean the Archbishop put the letter into his hand, being quite certain that the Dean would declare it to be a wicked forgery, but the good man did nothing of the kind; on the contrary he

said, "Your Grace, nothing but an absolute sense of duty compelled me to send that message to the most abandoned and depraved of men. I felt I was neglecting my duty and was guilty of cowardice in shirking it so long." Here there was agitation behind the screen. "Mr. Dean," exclaimed the Archbishop, "you must have taken leave of your senses to be guilty of so criminal an act, and I require from you an immediate withdrawal and an abject expression of regret which I can send to his lordship." "To comply," said the Dean, "would prove me false to my highest principles. I know that every word in that letter is absolutely true, and I should rather be burned at the stake than retract or modify a single sentence." "This means," groaned the prelate, "that you must be deprived of your office. Pray go home and think over it and let me hear from you, when you have got rid of your hallucination, inspired by the Devil." The Dean departed, but notwithstanding the Archbishop's entreaties, persistently continued, he absolutely refused to retract anything he had written. In the meantime, Lord Rosse

had died. The Archbishop at last feeling that extreme steps of a disciplinary character must be taken against the Dean, sent for him and after praying with him made his final appeal and in vain. "Mr. Dean," cried the prelate, "it is nothing but demoniac possession that urges you to maintain this horrible calumny against the most pious and Christian nobleman alive." "But he's not alive," said the Dean, "he died last week." "Lord Kildare?" said the Archbishop. "Surely your Grace knows that Lord Rosse died last week." Then all was explained. We can imagine the joy and exultation of the departing sinner, who was well aware of the agony inflicted on the man he most hated in the world.

An old peer, who was an incorrigible gambler, directed that an inscription should be placed on his tombstone to the effect that he lay there in expectation of the last trump.

After the Union there was a great exodus of peers and commoners from Dublin. Their splendid mansions in Henrietta Street and elsewhere knew them no more: after being vacant

for a long time they were stripped of their beautiful mahogany doors, mantelpieces, chandeliers and such-like and turned into tenement houses for the poorest of the population ; but even to this day they retain some of their pristine grandeur in the form of noble staircases and paintings on the ceilings executed by famous Italian artists. But the exodus was by no means so large as represented by latter-day writers.

Many of the nobility and gentry continued to reside in their large country places, and many of them possessed fine mansions in Merrion Square and Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin. These buildings have a tale of their own to tell of the characters of their owners ; the reception rooms are large and magnificent, the bedrooms, except one or two, are poor and the accommodation for servants is miserable. There was always plenty of social intercourse and lavish entertaining. Dublin, down to the time of the Great War, was famous for its dinners. In private houses as many as eighteen courses would be served and the wine was abundant and excellent in

quality. The public banquets were simply portentous and the courses were still more numerous. I cannot but think that our framework must have changed since the war. The guests partook of all the courses, drinking the appropriate wines with each and thought nothing of it. There were some celebrated appetites. One doctor at a medical banquet after partaking of every course and sometimes receiving second helpings was heard to say at the end that he was still hungry and must go to a grill room for a good porterhouse steak before he could sleep. Some popular men were reputed never to dine in their own houses; and in the case of one, a mathematician made a calculation under which it was ascertained that if all the solid viands he might have consumed were assembled the mass would exceed the size of the Great Pyramid; and if all the wines he might have enjoyed were collected, a lake would be formed on which fleets of all nations might safely manœuvre. At these public banquets long speeches were made—an Irish Viceroy used to say that elsewhere he never was at a banquet where four

men proposed a toast and five responded. The speaking was sometimes brilliant and sometimes the reverse, but it was always popular. At every public dinner there were distinguished singers, but it was remarkable that the songs were not so much esteemed as the speeches.

CHAPTER V
Of Later Dublin

I NEVER had the fortune to meet the celebrated Dublin wit, Dr. Nedley, as he was somewhat before my time. I have been told that when he, Father Healy, and some other kindred spirits of the day assembled at dinner, the brilliance of the conversation passed all description. If there had only been a Boswell present, how much richer we should have been ! Nedley was the author of several famous songs, the best known of which is "The Lower Castle Yard." Some explanation is required. A contractor named Browne had supplied himself with stones imported from Wales for paving the Dublin streets. A poet called Jimmy Nugent published libellous attacks upon Browne and some kind of a prosecution was started against

Nugent before the magistrates, which was dismissed. With splendid exaggeration the prosecution is stated in the song to have been carried on by Whiteside, the great Attorney-General of the Government, and to have been defeated by the famous advocates employed by Jimmy Nugent. But this was not enough—the mighty song of the Bard tore down Lord Derby's Tory Government and brought the Whigs into power, whose Viceroy is represented as entertaining Nugent to tea in the state apartments in the Upper Castle Yard, while his discomfited foes are driven to drink and despair. To preserve this gem for posterity I set out all I can now remember of it :

In Ship Street was our hero born,
In Ship Street was he bred,
The laygens of Ould Ireland
His young ideas fed.
How Brine Boroo
And Grania too
Did Saxons disregard,
And the flag of green
Waved all serene
In the Lower Castle Yard.

His first anamadvarshons
Was on our paving stones :
" Why send accross the say," says he,
" To Taffy and to Jones,

Why not lay down throughout the town
 Our Wicklow granite hard,
 And macadamize them bloody spies
 In the Lower Castle Yard ? ”

Now Browne, he being a Welshman,
 Swore by St. David's bones,
 That he'd incarcerate the man
 That dared abuse his stones.
 So he called Whiteside for to indite
 And perstercute the Bard.
 “ We'll tache him,” says he, “ Geeologee
 In the Lower Castle Yard.”

Then here's to bould Scott Porter,
 Who did espouse our cause ;
 And here's to Andy Curran,
 Expounder of the laws.
 They tanned the hide of long Whiteside
 And freed the man who darred
 Stand up for Ireland's granite
 In the Lower Castle Yard.

But Nugent soon revinge he tuk
 On Whiteside and on Browne ;
 His lays they banished Eglinton,
 They tore Lord Derby down.
 Then far from town their griefs to drown
 They tuk to drinking hard,
 While he tuk tea with Lord Carlisle
 In the UPPER Castle Yard.

Dr. Nedley composed several other songs—
 one approaching “ The Lower Castle Yard ” in
 extravagant humour called “ The Round Church ”

I remember hearing most admirably sung by His Honour James Hamilton, Q.C., the Recorder of Cork, but the words have escaped my memory.

I have written about Father Healy elsewhere, but some stories I forgot at the time.

When Mr. Parnell after the split came to Dublin and attended by some of his stalwarts stormed the office of *United Ireland* in Abbey Street, the acting editor, whose christian name happened to be Matthias, a man of resolution and courage, who was opposed to Parnell, held the premises single-handed for some time. At length when the door had been driven in he was hauled out, knocked down and beaten on the ground with sticks and umbrellas. Father Healy, a spectator of the battle, conveyed the news of the result to his curate in Bray on a card in which he referred him to the Acts of the Apostles, chapter I, verse 26—"and the lot fell on Matthias."

To an English visitor he pointed to a man in rags, particularly behind, and informed him that he must be an Irish landlord. "Why?" asked the stranger. "Because," said Father Healy, "his rent's in arrear."

When discussing the case of Jonah and the whale he said, "I have seen to-day a greater miracle. I saw Dr. M. [a very fat Dublin physician] coming out of a fly."

The proprietor of a restaurant in which he was accustomed to have an oyster luncheon informed him that he had sent his daughter to Milan to have her fine voice trained for Opera. "I see," said the cleric, "you mean to make an oyster Patti of her."

When in a train, in the front of which his bishop was travelling, there was a slight accident, Father Healy hurried forward and congratulated the prelate. "I feared," said he, "I would find you a bishop *in partibus*."

When the Castle season came round Dublin swarmed with distinguished-looking and fashionable people. Nowhere in the world could one see more beautiful women than on the Kildare Hunt stand at Punchestown Races. There was a large military garrison always in Ireland and the smartest cavalry regiments contrived by various devices to get to Dublin, where the hunting with the Kildare, Meath and Ward

hounds was a great attraction. Many of these warriors and their visiting friends fell victims before the beautiful rose and cream complexions of the Irish belles, and it is said that in the case of every exceptionally handsome English or Scottish family, you have only to go back into their pedigree to find an Irish ancestress from whom these blessings have descended.

Dublin possessed some very high-class and exclusive clubs. The Kildare Street Club was the successor of the notorious Daly's in College Green, from the windows of which the bodies of quarrelsome members were reputed to have been frequently flung.

The Anglo-Irish were certainly the most fiery race in the world. In former times this took the form of duelling, and in later it expended itself in fierce litigation at the Four Courts.

Many members of the Bar were famous duellists. Several of the judges were reputed to have shot their way to the Bench. A young man when entering on his career was usually presented by his family with a case of duelling pistols. Some attorneys were experienced duellists—one

of these when sending his challenge to his antagonist, required him to meet him on the Fifteen Acres "be the same more or less."

In the University Club were the Bishops, the Deans and the professional classes, while the landed gentry, the High Court judges and exalted officials belonged to the Kildare Street or Sackville Street clubs.

On one occasion a distinguished Japanese statesman who had been an enthusiastic advocate of the introduction of Christianity into Japan and was himself a profound theologian, was being entertained to luncheon at the Kildare Street Club. He praised its grandeur and said he supposed that among its members were to be found the high ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Church. His host being somewhat embarrassed made an evasive reply. On coming out to the hall the guest said he craved the honour of being presented to some of them. His entertainer in despair looked round and his eye rested on a ruddy faced and hard-swearing squire. Advancing to him with many winks and signals indicating that he was to play up, his friend

presented the hope of Asia, announcing that the squire was the Archbishop of Ulster and Leinster. The Jap approached his pretended Grace with many reverences and finally almost dropped on all fours. Then a theological discussion took place in which the squire, urged on by threatening gestures, made heroic efforts to keep his end up. On coming to take the guest elsewhere the host heard the squire exclaim, "Justification by faith. By gad, sir, if there's one thing I go nap on—it's that." The squire was always afterwards very proud of his achievement and his escape from exposure. It was suggested that the University should be asked to confer on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown, was another smart club. On Sunday afternoons it was the correct thing for the rank and fashion of Dublin to parade the East Pier, awaiting the arrival of the mail-boat; after which they repaired to the terrace of the St. George's for tea. A very imposing sight the mail-boat was, as she swept round the battery and passed the

warship in harbour, duly dipping her ensign. The first Duke of Abercorn, when Viceroy, kept a yacht anchored before the club. On one occasion when coming down from Westland Row to Kingstown with the Duchess, his A.D.C. had gone to send a telegram and he took the tickets himself; having never taken a ticket in his life before, he departed with three third-class tickets. When these were being examined by an old rugged porter at an intermediate station on the way, this is what happened.

THE PORTER: "Them's third-class tickets—come out of that first class at wanst—bad luck to yes."

THE A.D.C.: "This is the Lord Lieutenant."

THE PORTER: "Sure they all say they're the Lord Liftinant or the Lord Mare of Dublin—come out at wanst or I'll give yes all in charge."

Dublin was never so gay or so brilliant as during the two viceroalties of the Duke of Abercorn. During the first the Fenian trouble occurred and the Viceroy handled the situation with great determination and ability. He had the advantage of having a most capable Com-

mander of the Forces in Lord Strathnearn. I once heard a curious story about the Fenian movement of that day. The proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, Sir John Grey, sent for one of his best reporters—informed him there was to be a rising in the South, he did not know where, his only direction to the reporter was that he must be there wherever it was. Next day at Limerick Junction the reporter saw a hard-bitten Indian officer striding up and down the platform. Ascertaining that this was the Commander of the Forces, the reporter followed him about through Munster, where he found him very active in putting troops in public buildings and making other necessary arrangements. In consequence the rebels were unable to manage any rising at all. Before returning the reporter was staying at a southern hotel, where he met an Irish-American who was loud in his abuse of the British Government and eager for an appeal to arms against the enemy. The reporter warned him to be very careful of what he said, as there were many spies about and advised him to get away as soon as possible.

Some time after the same reporter was despatched by Sir John Grey to be present at the execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien in Manchester. The hanging of these three men for what was, at least in the case of two of them, only technically murder, was one of the stupidest things ever done by a British Government, and was followed by disastrous consequences; the men were afterwards always known as the Manchester Martyrs, and their fate infuriated hosts of Irishmen in Ireland and the United States. It was one of the first things that stirred the cold nature of Charles Stewart Parnell. The execution took place in public and the reporter got a good position near the prison, notwithstanding the presence of an enormous crowd. What was his astonishment when in the first man that appeared on the scaffold he recognised the Irish-American whom he had warned at the southern hotel.

In his old age Lord Strathnearn, who still liked going out to dinner parties, used frequently to fall asleep for a few seconds. Suddenly waking up, he was not aware that an interval had occurred

and resumed the conversation at the point where he had fallen asleep. On one occasion the conversation had been on the subject of Cochin China hens when he fell asleep; when he woke up it had been changed to the subject of a family of high-born ladies famed for their beauty. The old Field-Marshal, joining in, said, "The strange thing about everyone of them is that she is feathered down the leg to the very feet."

One of the most dignified and picturesque figures of later Dublin was Sir John Banks, K.C.B., Her Majesty's State Physician. He had a noble home in Merrion Square, in which he entertained fourteen Lords-Lieutenant to dinner during their viceroyalties, at different times.

He had wonderful wines and some old port that had turned white with age. He had singular good fortune till near the end of his life. His only daughter was the wife of the Honourable Willoughby Burrell, the heir of Lord Gwydyr, the premier Baron of the realm. Her only daughter, the Hon. Sermonda Burrell, married Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bart.

Sir John Banks ultimately became blind and

it was a great joy to me to visit him weekly and to hear from him many interesting stories of the past.

A young German lady, Miss Latterman, who had come over to be educated with his daughter, remained with him to the last. When, during the course of the war, Germans were denounced as the worst of men, I always maintained that the best woman I had ever met was a German—Miss Latterman.

Sir John Henniker Heaton is a prominent member of the Poets' Club in London.

I was much gratified to receive from him a poem inscribed to me in memory of Sir John Banks, containing *inter alia* the following verses :

Though you were to Banks far the dearest
Of those that were close to his heart,
The present has proved you the nearest
Of Guards to the dead that depart.
Life changing with chance and emotion,
Earth bearing her gains and her loss,
Hath no lovelier prize than devotion
Of loyalty in friendship like Ross.

When thy land was afire and aslaughter,
No lordlier spirit than thine,
Bore even a word over water
For standard of Hope to design.

Though fame of thy deeds be not perished
So long as North Irishmen last,
Yet fairest of all that is cherished
Is faith to a friend that is past.

Time wearies and wanes and grows hoary,
Yet shineth to windward and lee
The beacon upreared to thy glory,
A guide for our children to be.
Now blest on the lips of men living
We know that the noise of thy name
Is voiced in thy country's thanksgiving
In rapture—in love and acclaim.

J. H. H.

CHAPTER VI

Of the Downfall of the Landlords

THE historic Van Dyke fancy dress ball at Dublin Castle marked the apex of Dublin gaiety. His Excellency represented "The fair and fatal King," and his staff and household were attired as the cavaliers and ladies of the period. The Duke of Abercorn was always counted the handsomest man of his time, and a more brilliant or distinguished company than that which on this occasion entered St. Patrick's Hall it would be impossible to find in any Court of Europe. No expense was spared by the entertainer or the entertained. The Duke has always been reputed to have been the most popular of all the Irish Viceroy's. The strange reason given being that he despised people like the mud on his boots. There is a substratum of truth here,

because the Irish are subconsciously aristocratic in their ideals. The English, on the other hand, are by nature democratic. This may seem a strange doctrine to apply to a country where the higher classes have been so often exposed to assassination and maltreatment. But the real traditional basis of things in Ireland, as everybody with a real knowledge of the people knows, is what I have stated.

The Duke was like a French monarch of the *ancien régime*, at the same time he was always just and fair. It was very fortunate for him that he died before he saw the destruction that ultimately overwhelmed the landed gentry of Ireland.

In his time the country gentleman lived sumptuously. His sons entered the Army and Navy, in which forces they nearly always distinguished themselves. Some of them went into other branches of the public service, but nearly all of them required to draw more or less on the paternal estate. The daughters usually had very small fortunes, if any, and indeed their faces were in many cases their only fortunes.

When we remember all that has happened

it is hard to realise that there was a time, and not very long ago, when the old landlords and their families were beloved and almost worshipped by their tenants. Their children were named after the children of the landlord, and when possible were employed in the big house. There are those still amongst us who remember seeing the old tenant in his knee-breeches and stockings—a true gentleman coming up to the house to present to Her Honour new potatoes or honey or something supposed to be agreeable to the Quality.

The tenants' views were till late years primitive and patriarchal. A gentleman—father of the lady of the house—became seriously ill when at Dunmoyle, and a great specialist was brought for a medical consultation at a fee of one hundred and fifty guineas. The old estate bailiff, hearing of this exorbitant remuneration, assembled the tenants for the purpose of stopping the carriage on the way to the station and recovering the fee from the physician. Fortunately the plot was discovered in time and the specialist got safely away.

Some of the greater landlords were in the habit of giving a farmers' dinner once a year.

I remember the late Sir Anthony Weldon in his inimitable manner giving an account of such a dinner as narrated by one of the guests. It is better to try to reproduce what I remember of it than to let it be lost altogether.

“The noble Earl came in and seated himself at the head of the table before a great piece of boiled beef and cabbage, and not far from him was Mr. Coffy, for whom he had the greatest regard and respect. When Mr. Coffy took up the knife and fork to begin, his lordship asked him his opinion on the new arterial drainage, and when Mr. Coffy got to the middle of his discourse a hand slipped under his elbow and whipped away his plate. ‘Mr. Coffy,’ says his lordship, ‘yer ating nothing.’ ‘I’ve nothing to ate, me lord,’ says Mr. Coffy. ‘What can I do for you?’ says the noble Earl. ‘I’ll trouble your lordship for a little of that beef and greens,’ says Mr. Coffy. So his lordship sent him a most bountiful helping and he sent it by his own body servant to show the great respect and regard he had for Mr. Coffy. But, just as he tuk up his knife and fork to begin, his lordship

asked his opinion on them new artifeecial manures ; Mr. Coffy then expounded to his lordship all about the manures, but, while he was still explaining the hand shot under his elbow and away went the plate again. ' Mr. Coffy,' says his lordship, ' yer appetite's gone, man—you're ating nothin—can't I do something for you ? ' ' Me lord,' says Mr. Coffy, ' I'll trouble you for a moderate portion of the beef and greens.' So his lordship sent him with his own body servant a most bountiful helping. But when Mr. Coffy tuk up his knife and fork to begin, his lordship says, ' What's your opinion, Mr. Coffy, of them red Galloway bullocks ? ' So Mr. Coffy began to make his statement, but, before he had finished he felt the hand coming under his elbow to take away his plate again. So Mr. Coffy just lifted his fork and pinned the hand to the table. ' I have you this time—ye blaguard,' says he."

The edifice of Landlordism began to rock before the furious assaults of the agitators and the machinations of the Land League. Wise men had long foreseen that the agricultural position in Ireland was an impossible one and

must come to an end. As a rule all the improvements were made, not as in England by the landlord, but by the tenant himself.

There was nothing to prevent the landlord from raising the rent, and if it were not paid he could recover possession of the tenant's holding in an ejectment for non-payment of rent, and thus appropriate all the improvements. Considering the extent of their powers it was astonishing that they were so little exercised. On the great estates an unfair increase of rent was an unknown thing, but in the case of the smaller men who had invested in land as an ordinary speculation under the Incumbered Estates Court sales, there were bitter complaints from the tenants, most of which were well founded.

The bad seasons of 1878 and 1879 proved the undoing of landlordism in Ireland. The rents were systematically withheld—the landowners could not live on nothing—then came evictions and disorder fomented by the Land League, and serious crime.

A favourite way of tormenting a landlord was to get up a miracle at his residence. In



those days the country was full of rumours of supernatural appearances in divers places. Some tricky persons took advantage of the opportunity to raise the story of a miracle, by using the side of a house as the screen on which figures from a magic lantern were thrown. When this was done in the case of the mansion house of an unfortunate landlord, immense crowds of devout worshippers would assemble and tread down his gardens and lawns in the vicinity, to the dismay of the residents.

Parnell had made very little way with his Home Rule agitation, but as soon as Davitt got the Irish land thrown into the scale he carried all before him. The real solution lay in Land Purchase, which it remained for the genius of George Wyndham to carry into successful operation more than twenty years after, but very few saw this at the time, and when it did come, it came too late. Mr. Gladstone determined to solve it by the Three F's: fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rents to be fixed by an impartial judicial tribunal. The intention of the Government was to have the rents fixed by the County

Court judges who were irremovable officials. Unfortunately the leader of the Irish landlords, the Marquis of Waterford, had a bad opinion of the County Court judge in his district and insisted on the setting up of independent tribunals called sub-commissioners—a fatal step. These gentlemen were not appointed for life, and it was to their interest to keep the pot boiling—that is to say, the lower they fixed the rents the better was the chance of their retaining their well-paid jobs.

As I have before indicated, too many of the landlords had been living beyond their incomes, and had heavily mortgaged their estates. The reduction in their rents left them no margin on which to live at all. In despair they appealed from the sub-commissioners to the Court of Appeal, presided over by a lawyer of repute, Mr. Justice O'Hagan—but they got little by it, except additional costs. The whole business had a disastrous effect on public morality, as the parties were called on to give testimony in matters in which their vital interests were involved.

At the opening of the Chief Commission in

Merrion Street, an extraordinary occurrence took place. It was the duty of the chief registrar to declare the Court of the Land Commission open. In the excitement of the moment the poor little man, with whom everybody sympathised, got up and cried, "I declare the court of the Land League open." The scene may be imagined.

Strange occurrences took place at the hearings. One tenant when hard pressed as to how he got so much money out of the farm, at last said, "Well, saving your worship's presence, I keeps a gentleman goat." Another, while testifying to the sterility of the soil, said he had seen worms as thick as your thumb, and before they had crawled across his land they had become as thin as knitting needles owing to the poverty of the soil. Another, when asked about his farm, said, "It's no farm, it's a face of clay standing up on its end against the rabbit warren."

I was retained to argue that a certain County Cavan estate was an exception and exempted from the operation of some of the Land Acts, and was what was called in the Act an English-

managed estate. Mr. John E. Vernon, Lord Pembroke's agent, had been appointed the non-legal member of the chief Land Commission Court. He had been also agent in the case I have mentioned, and was examined before his brother Chief-Commissioners as a witness for his former employer. I succeeded in getting the estate declared to be an English-managed estate and so outside the Act. One of my circuit brethren, Richard Dane, afterwards a County Court Judge, in a similar case cited my case and relied on it strongly. "There is a great difference," said Mr. Justice O'Hagan.

"The only difference," said the audacious Dane, "is that my poor landlord is not a member of the Land Commission."

The allusion to Mr. Vernon, the Court said, was most improper; and so it was, but it was not without result.

When the landlord stronghold began to crumble to dust, many other interests were affected. In Dublin during the preceding half-century the legal profession had flourished exceedingly. The Irish gentry being debarred from duelling

fought out their quarrels in the Four Courts. The subject-matter in dispute was often of trivial value, but the suit once started usually went to the House of Lords, involving the parties in huge sums for costs. Yet they liked it and their neighbours admired and envied them the delightful excitement. "He that hath a law-suit hath a great possession," was a saying of the time.

The great family solicitors of Dublin, most able and respectable men, were very prosperous. They built for themselves fine suburban mansions between Dublin and Bray. It was an enlivening sight to see the train bringing in these cheery pleasant gentlemen every morning and back in the evening in time for dinner. There was a fiery but capable judge in the Bankruptcy Court who was known by the nickname of "Pelthers."

One morning after the sitting of the Court, Pelthers had stooped down to get some papers he had dropped, when one of the joyous band of solicitors came in, and seeing the Bench unoccupied shouted, "Where's ould Pelthers to-day?" The divinity enquired after then raised

his *placidum caput* above the desk, and the merry practitioner fled for his life. When any of these great firms took up a barrister, his fortune was made. For the size of the country the number of High Court judges was enormous, and yet there was plenty of work for them all. The Law and Equity reports of the day are very interesting reading—showing great industry and intelligence at the Bar and learning on the Bench. And yet we were told that on circuit the Bar drank claret and port all night—appeared in court next morning, and for the first time took the tape off their briefs. I cannot imagine how they managed. I suppose the defendant's counsel knew as little about the case as the plaintiff's, but somehow they pulled through most creditably.

I have heard of a consultation that took place in the billiard-room of an assize town. A young frightened junior—it was his first experience of a consultation—used to tell the tale: how the second counsel and the solicitor came in quite drunk, and on sitting down at the table fell asleep. Soon after the great leader came stumbling in. Remarking that it was very hot

he took off his coat and then his boots, which he put carefully outside the door ; this suggested the idea that he was retiring for the night—then he disrobed further and betook himself to bed on the billiard-table. But all went well the next day, notwithstanding the unusual nature of the consultation.

In Dublin the High Court judges enjoyed a unique position ; many of them were connected with the landed gentry and on circuit they met them all continually when serving on the Grand Juries. In England a High Court judge can live where he pleases and can drive to his court daily in a cab or taxi. But in Ireland it was very different ; every judge was obliged to keep a carriage and pair. Once a year the equipages came under review.

At the opening of Easter Term they all attended the Lord Chancellor's levee in Merrion Square or Fitzwilliam Square, attired in their gorgeous State robes—then the carriages drove down in due order of precedence to the Four Courts. At the further end of the Great Hall the Lord Chancellor took his stand, and each judge, preceded

by his crier, walked up and made a low bow to the head of the profession. Then, led by the Lord Chancellor, preceded by the mace, they marched in dignified procession to the Benchers' Chamber. I was much embarrassed sometimes when my Irish coachman, despising the horses of some judge who had the right to precede me, would drive my two black horses, *Satin* and *Satan*, past my superiors and land me prematurely at the entrance to the Great Hall. The meeting of the Benchers was always stormy. The irreverent Bar used to say that some Benchers entered the chamber with their whiskers on, and came out without them.

Baron Dowse, when Attorney-General, was once summoned to London to attend a meeting of the Liberal Cabinet. Lord Hartington apologetically said to him that he hoped he had not been shocked by the want of order. "Oh, no," said Dowse, "I am accustomed to meetings of the Benchers of the King's Inns, and they always end in a riot."

The judges had fine houses in Merrion Square or Fitzwilliam Square, where they were wont

to give sumptuous entertainments. In former days, every morning each judge, fully robed, drove from his house to his court, but in later times they walked in ordinary clothes for the sake of exercise. On circuit it was customary for the judge to drive from his lodging fully robed to the court-house. In the days of the Invincibles a judge was generally followed by two heavily armed detectives, and some of them were in great danger, as appeared in the case of Mr. Justice Lawson. One harmless little judge complained bitterly that he was not guarded, but a brutal Chief Secretary told him that nobody would think it worth while to shoot him. In point of prestige and grandeur nobody could compete with these Olympians. A high official was reported to be behaving as if he were a judge. "Bless my soul!" cried the Lord Chief Justice, "does the fellow think that he is one of us!"

But trouble came upon them with the war. When more than half their income was swept away by taxation and other causes, they could not rid themselves of their expensive leases or

materially alter their style of living. Severe though their plight was, they could not stoop to ask the Government for assistance as was very properly done by the County Court judges and civil servants. The Government, though well aware of their condition, did nothing, and callously let them down. They were obliged for the most part to live on their capital—till they were abolished by the Treaty. Some of them who have died since have died comparatively poor men. On the whole they were a highly capable and fearless body and worthily maintained their proud tradition for justice and impartiality. Torrents of abuse and calumny were discharged upon them for political reasons, but in spite of it all the common folk believed that they would get justice from the King's judge without fear or favour, and never were they disappointed. The history of the Irish judges from the earliest time has been published by a most learned and industrious writer, Mr. F. Elrington Ball, son of the Lord Chancellor Ball, who is also the greatest living authority on the works of Dean Swift.

CHAPTER VII

Of Crowds and Other Things

A CROWD has, like a composite photograph, always a distinct individuality of its own, quite different from that of the persons composing it. A Dublin crowd is always interesting—as a rule it is good natured—it is intensely vain and is easily flattered by a speaker. Every mention of England or the English rouses it to fury. If you were to ask them why, they could assign no real reason—usually it is one of the exploded falsehoods, on which agitators have lived and thrived—such as that England was the cause of the great famine—robbery by over-taxation and such like. Further, the crowd is absolutely fickle—the name of a hero who is enthusiastically applauded, at a later date will be hooted and hissed.

Nothing is more amusing than to keep your ears open for the *voces populi*, such as you can catch from those leaving a theatre or those on the top of a tramcar. Coming out from a performance of "Richard the Second" an æsthetic voice murmurs, "How beautifully given." Then a Rathmines accent breaks in with "Ye may be right, me boy, but for me own part, I greatly prefer 'Charley's Aunt'."

One man on the top of a tramcar asks another what is going on at the "theayter." "Oh, it's a kind of a musical play called 'Fost'" (i.e. Gounod's "Faust").

"What is it all about?"

"It's about an ould felly in love with a young gurrel. He didn't make much way, till he borrowed a shoot of clothes from the Divil—then the gran' clothes did the business."

They are all very fond of foreign words. One man, again in a tram, narrating the career of an unfortunate friend, after a hurried glance to make sure there were no ladies within hearing, said, "Then the poor fellow got into a kind of a diapason with another man's wife."

But it is not in Ireland alone that you can hear amusing *voces populi*. When Henry Irving produced "Robespierre" at the Lyceum, one lady was heard asking her friend who was Robespierre. The reply was, "He was the man that was stabbed in his bath by Charlotte Corday." "Charlotte Brontë, you must mean," was the correction.

At an exhibition of pictures at Earl's Court I heard the following between two women who were gazing at a large picture of the dance of Salome. "Now, what's that, Maria?" Maria, glancing at the catalogue, "It's 'Solomon dancing before Heerod.'" "But he never done it, Maria!" Maria, tartly, thinking of the snapshots, "He must 'a done it, or else he couldn't 'a been took."

At a Dublin exhibition this occurred between an old couple beholding the picture of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden.

The husband: "Now what's that, Biddy?"

Biddy, looking at the wrong number in the catalogue: "It's Queen Elizabeth receiving the Spanish Ambassador."

He: "Well, I always heard she was a wild

bad woman, but I never thought she would go to extremes like that."

Again a youth, hurrying horrified from a picture of Cleopatra holding the asp to her bosom, cried, "That's the most disgusting thing I ever seen—a woman giving suck to an eel."

The Dublin jarveys used to be very droll, but somehow, since the rebellion and its sequels, the fun seems to have died out of them. One of them, when driving a party under a railway bridge, exultingly asked, "Is it over it or under it yes want to go?"

A young governess on arriving at Kingstown hired an outside car to bring her to her employer's house. She had never seen such a vehicle before, and asked the jarvey what the elevated driver's seat was for. "Oh," said Jehu, "that is where any passenger sits, who wants to see the view—for the extra fare of a shilling, but, miss, I'll let you sit there for sixpence, as you are new to the country." So the young lady arrived at her destination, to the astonishment of the family, mounted on the elevated driver's seat.

The converse of an outside car is a covered

inside car usually called an "Inside," which is very much used in Cork and the southern counties. At the departure after a dinner the butler's voice will sometimes be heard—causing alarm to the ignorant stranger: "Move on there and clear the way, Mrs. Brown's inside's coming up."

A traveller who was refreshing himself at a wayside house of entertainment with a glass of Benedictine, wishing to treat his jarvey, asked him what he would have. "I would just like a glass of the same as your honour's having." "Well, Pat," said the fare, "that ought to be good stuff, because it's made by the celebrated Benedictine monks." "It's gran' stuff indeed," said the jarvey, "and God bless the holy monks who brew it, but" (looking at the tiny liqueur glass) "be damned to the man that invented that glass."

Further concerning crowds—I have always been astonished at the behaviour of the London crowd. They are intensely loyal and show themselves proud of their Sovereign and the Royal Family. They know the names of the Princes and Princesses in the Royal processions. They are most

kind and careful of women and children, and do all in their power to save them from being crushed. You will see a big working man hoisting a child on his shoulders to enable Susan or Georgie to see what is going on. There is a great spirit of sportsmanship and fair play among them; anybody taking an unfair advantage or acting selfishly is soon disapproved of in an unmistakable manner.

On the occasion of a Royal wedding I saw a hot gospeller, in the service of some religious society, carrying a large placard bearing the words, "England is sinking into the abyss of depravity and ruin—PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." A woman looked at this terrifying announcement and laughed aloud. "See here, missis," roared the standard-bearer, "yer won't laugh much at the Day of Jedgegment." A working man, turning his head round scornfully, said, "And what do you know about the Day of Jedgegment?" Another, "'Ear, 'ear, what the hell does he know about it?"

A spirit of mirth always prevails, there is continual laughter and Cockney humour. The English are supposed to be a serious people,

compared to the French, but somehow the French crowd has lost its sparkle and gaiety, and is now quite solemn except on exceptional occasions—their sufferings during the war seem to have affected the national character. The English crowd is democratic and is no respecter of persons except Royalties. In a crowd the peer and the workman are on the same level. It is curious to observe that in a crowd of the upper classes, the standard of manners is lower than in a crowd of the ordinary people. The unwonted position in which they find themselves seems to drive them back to the instincts and manners of primitive men.

Witness what used to occur at the King's drawing-rooms until the ingenuity of the Royal functionaries have arranged matters in such a way that a crush is now almost impossible. At the time of the return of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury after the Berlin Conference, it was reported that the peeresses of England took part in what was nearly a free fight. At Dublin Castle in the old days—those who had not the privilege of the private entrée used to shove and

fight with much spirit, ladies with plumes and trains being no deterrent. But the ordinary Irish crowd are respectful to rank when they recognise the personage.

I have already pointed out that the real basis of Irish life is aristocratic. When a member of any family of the nobility or landed gentry has taken part in a political movement on the side hostile to England this is ever gratefully remembered. Mr. Parnell could never have wielded the dictatorial power he enjoyed if he had not belonged to the upper classes. Owing to the part taken by Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798, the Duke of Leinster's family have always held a high place in popular esteem. Some of them played up to this and adopted an exaggerated Irish manner and brogue. The late Lord Walter Fitzgerald, who was an officer in the King's Royal Rifles, was the most remarkable in this respect. On one occasion, during field manoeuvres an A.D.C. galloped up and shouted, "Why is your section not firing?" "Begorra!" roared Lord Walter, "I forgot—Blaze, boys," and they did.

His brother, Lord Frederick, who was also in

the King's Royal Rifles, was a singularly attractive character. He had a good Army record and had served with great distinction in the Nile Expedition on Sir Redver Buller's staff. When his brother, the Duke, and his beautiful Duchess died at an early age, Lord Frederick determined, and not without much regret both on the part of himself and the Army generally, to retire from the Service and to devote his life to bringing up the Duke's three young sons.

The young Duke, who was educated at Cheam and Eton, had a fine appearance and manner, but shortly after leaving school he was seized upon by what was to prove a fatal malady. The second son, Lord Desmond, was one of the most charming youths of his time. He was simply worshipped by the people near Carton. I have seen him rush across the street to shake hands with some poor old acquaintance. It was no pretended goodwill assumed to gain popularity; it was very genuine and real, coming from the warmest of hearts.

When the war began, he went out as a lieutenant in the Irish Guards, and displaying great courage,

coolness and skill in the retreat from Mons, escaped unwounded. Some time after the British advance to the Aisne, he was sent back to the base to learn the use of hand grenades ; there a lamentable thing occurred. A chaplain who asked to see how Mills bombs were worked, took one in his hand and moved the pin ; at once he threw it down and an explosion took place in which the chaplain was severely wounded. Lord Desmond was instantly killed. This awful disaster to the house of Leinster affected Lord Frederick profoundly. I used to meet him regularly at the meetings of the National Board of Education, where we were both of us Commissioners. He bore up gallantly against the doom that threatened his ancient house, but he was never quite the same again. His death was a great grief to many who knew and admired him in Ireland and in England.

CHAPTER VIII

Of Happenings in Court and other Concerns

OF strange happenings in court there is no end. Stephen Ronan, Q.C., afterwards Lord Justice of Appeal, was a terrifying cross-examiner. He poured forth a whirlwind of questions in a shrill voice and rarely gave the witness time to answer. A witness on one occasion cried out for mercy to the judge—"My lord, his honour the counsellor is like a creelful of weasels."

Lord Cadogan, when Viceroy, was known to be very anxious to appoint eminent Roman Catholic lawyers to the High Court Bench. Ronan was obviously the most distinguished leader at the Bar; but a difficulty presented itself. Although born a Roman Catholic, he had

been educated in France among agnostic or atheist surroundings and he was reputed to have adopted their opinions and to have ceased to take advantage of the ministrations of his Church. This gave an opportunity to the wicked wags at the Bar to start a story. Near the Catholic University church in St. Stephen's Green, which used to be attended by the legal members of the Catholic faith, there stands a large Methodist church. The story was that when Ronan heard of the inclination of the Viceroy to promote prominent Catholics, he determined to present himself next Sunday morning at the Catholic University church. But it was so long since he had been there, that by mistake he went into the adjoining Methodist place of worship. His memory, the story goes, of the Catholic observances was so impaired by his long absence that he did not notice the difference between the Methodist ceremonial and that of his own Church. On coming out with the congregation he lingered about the steps, that the public might observe his presence as a pious worshipper. At that moment the Catholic University congre-

gation came out, and were horrified to observe one born in their communion parading himself among the crowd of Methodist heretics. This, as the ungodly authors of the story declared, destroyed his prospects of promotion for the time. At a later period this great lawyer received due recognition of his abilities by being appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal direct from the Bar. Having a keen sense of humour, the story amused him beyond measure.

The Irish solicitors were as a rule very punctual in paying Counsels' fees, but there were a few well known "bad hats." On one occasion in a circuit town, two leading Q.C.'s were engaged together in a Record instructed by one of these black sheep. Each of them had received a liberal cheque on the local bank, but were far from certain that there were funds to meet it. While the senior of the two was opening the defendant's case, the second silk quietly slipped out of court, walked up to the local bank and presented his cheque for twelve guineas. "I am so sorry," said the cashier, "but there are not sufficient funds in this bank to meet it."

“ How much are the funds short ? ”

“ Only eleven shillings,” said the cashier.

“ Well,” said the wily silk, “ to convenience all parties, I’ll now pay eleven shillings into the solicitor’s account,” and thereupon he received payment of his cheque in full. When the other silk presented his cheque, it was returned to him, bearing an unpleasant note on it from the manager.

A witness in an assault case was asked if the defendent’s attitude was threatening. “ My lord,” said he, “ such was the violence of his demeanour, that a lady, who was with me, was obliged to advance and kick him twice in the stomach.”

Vice-Chancellor Chatterton was a very able judge, but he was sometimes uncomfortably technical. On one occasion in an administration action counsel produced the letters of administration granted in the case of Timothy Doolan deceased ; then Timothy Doolan rose in court and said : “ I’m the man, and I’m not dead at all.”

The Vice-Chancellor : “ For the purpose of

this suit, you must be treated as dead at present, and if you continue to interrupt, I shall commit you for contempt of court."

Doolan: "My lord, you have no power to commit a ghost."

Again, McLaughlin, Q.C., cross-examining a witness: "You have kept us all in the dark up to the present."

The witness: "Well, I'm throwing light on it now."

McLaughlin: "Such is the light that putrefaction breeds."

Lord Morris, when he was in mischievous mood, used to say the most dreadful things to juries and counsel—they were always expected and rarely resented. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said on one occasion, "You have been told by counsel that you were the most intelligent and able jury that ever sat in that box; it may be so, but all I have to say is, you don't look it."

On one occasion a Q.C. said pompously: "I am of opinion that that is the law."

The Lord Chief Justice Morris: "It does not

matter what your opinion is, because I differ with you, and I'm sitting up here and you're down there. Do you perceive?"

When at the Bar, Dowse was able sometimes to stand up to him. In a case in which the City of Naples had to be referred to several times, Morris had sneered at the Ulster accent. Dowse in reply said, "The modern name of this city is Naples—its ancient name was Neapolis, but my learned friend with a fine compromise between the present and the past calls it Nyaples."

The late Sir Denis Henry, one of the finest types the North of Ireland has ever produced and one of its greatest lawyers, in a speech to a jury said he had nine positions, and if any one of them was established the other side must fail. "We are," he said, "in the position of the cat with nine lives, and not like my learned friend with only one." His learned friend: "At the end of the case you will find yourself like the cat—up a tree." And he did.

Sir Denis Henry had an amusing experience at an election for North Tyrone, in which he as Unionist candidate was defeated by Mr. Ser-

jeant Dodd—afterwards Mr. Justice Dodd—a Home Ruler. A very old man in his dotage was carried to the poll by a clergyman and some enthusiastic Nationalists. As he was to vote as an illiterate, the presiding officer informed him that there were two candidates, Dodd and Henry, and asked him for which he desired to vote. Methusaleh was much puzzled and at last blundered out “Henry,” whereat the Nationalists in disgust ran down the stairs and left him helpless in the booth. Then happened a strange thing; a number of Orangemen, arrayed in their sashes, carried him home with cheers and applause as a loyalist hero.

The Irish voter is rarely induced by any argument to depart from the political creed in which he was born and brought up, but sometimes a personal quarrel with the candidate will shake him. Major Bryan Cooper, now a distinguished Free State Senator, was on one occasion contesting South Dublin as a Unionist against a prominent employer of labour, who was the Nationalist candidate. Some Nationalist working men were heard giving expression

to their disapproval of their own candidate on account of some wages dispute. Major Cooper thereupon proceeded to interview them to obtain their advice as to the topics he was to introduce in his speech to their friends. He mentioned a number of subjects for their consideration, but they advised him not to touch on any of them. "But," said the despairing candidate, "I must speak on something, and what do you advise me to talk about?" The oldest of them then said, "To the best of my opinion, Major, what you ought to do is this—just say one thing and one thing only—that C—— is a bloody ould cod." However admirable this might be as a peroration, the gallant Major found it difficult to expand into the dimensions of a substantial political pronouncement.

At an Irish election an interrupter called out, "You're a double-faced politician." The candidate swiftly retorted, "You're not double-faced, for if you had another face you would never have come here with that one."

A landlord of some houses in a disreputable part of the city was suing an elderly woman

for his rent. The Recorder, strongly suspecting that the house was used for immoral purposes, said, "I believe that this house has been let to this woman for improper purposes, and in that case no rent is recoverable—I'll adjourn the matter for a week to have enquiries made." When the case came to be heard the Recorder at once called up the sergeant and enquired about the character of the tenant. "Your lordship," was the reply, "she was always a most respectable woman, but as soon as she heard that no rent was to be paid for an improper house, she sent her decent lodgers away—got in a barrel of porter and a lot of bad characters and has now set up a most undacant and disgraceful establishment."

On one occasion a prisoner was so ill-advised as to call the sergeant of the Metropolitan Police to give evidence as to his character. "Your lordship," said the witness, "he's about the best customer I have in the city."

A County Court judge, who was hearing claims for the registration of voters, delivered a long and learned judgment, dismissing the claim to

vote, of a man who was still sitting in the witness-box. At the end of the discourse the claimant stood up and vociferated, "It's neither law nor justice, and damn all you know about it." "You're fined two pounds for contempt," was the crushing reply of the court.

The first time I went into the Court of Appeal after my call to the Bar I got a terrible shock. Serjeant Jellett was addressing an elaborate argument to the Court, when suddenly an elderly lady rose in the back benches and said in a loud clear voice, "My lords, how long will you allow Serjeant Jellett by his wicked arguments to keep me out of my property?" To my astonishment nobody paid the slightest attention to the lady's observations. I was terrified for my sanity as I thought I had seen an apparition—I feared to ask anybody for an explanation. Later I discovered that the lady was of unsound mind and was accustomed to attend the court regularly and to address it, nobody paying any attention to her observations.

I got a similar fright on another occasion when I saw in the House of Commons the trunk

of a man without arms and legs carried up the floor on the back of a servant whence it sprang to a bench. I afterwards discovered that this was the celebrated Mr. Kavanagh, M.P., who managed to achieve a distinguished career though he had been born armless and legless.

There is nothing an Irish witness loves more than to get the better of a cross-examiner or of the judge when he asks a hostile question. On one occasion a farmer who proposed to buy his holding was before me in the Land Judge's Court. On cross-examination he denied that ten acres recently thrown into his farm were of any value whatever, as they were not amenable to the spade. I there and then questioned him about the cattle he was able to keep and asked him how he could keep them at all, if he had not the ten acres as a cattle-run. He saw that the game was up and said he had made a mistake. I replied, "You need not think to hoodwink me, because I am a farmer myself." "Begging your lordship's pardon," said he, "but I have not a judge's salary to carry on the farming in the bad years." So I got the worst of the interchange.

I have always been very suspicious of so-called independent witnesses. These suddenly appear at the end of a trial by jury—they profess to have no personal interest in the matter—they merely happened to be there at the time and proceed to give evidence of what they saw. Many a time I have found that the independent witness has a pecuniary interest and sometimes they have been corruptly influenced. In one of the last actions in which I was engaged at the Bar, my client, a lady, sued the railway company for negligence. She stated that when she was stepping out at her station, the train suddenly moved and she was thrown on the platform and broke her leg. The witnesses for the company set up a confused and contradictory case, but at the end a most respectable-looking person was called, who swore he had been in the compartment with the plaintiff, and that before leaving she had become restless and had jumped out before the train stopped. Further, he swore that the lady, when taken up, said that it was all her own fault. The plaintiff informed us that she had never seen the witness before and

that she had been alone in the compartment the whole time. After a long cross-examination the independent witness remained unshaken. Enquiries made after the rising of the court failed to elicit anything of importance to his prejudice. Now in subsequent actions against that company this witness was always to be found sitting in court, attentively listening to the case. His appearance in my action was very disturbing, and his evidence, if true, would have been destructive of our contention. I managed to avert disaster by a speech in which I warned the jury against trusting to apparently independent witnesses. The judge allowed me to tell them a story. On one occasion a prisoner was charged at certain assizes in England with robbing the mail-coach. His defence was an alibi, that at the time of the occurrence he was a sailor in the Royal Navy and that his ship was engaged in an attack on a Spanish settlement in the West Indies—that he was one of the landing party and was disabled by a sword cut on the head. He called attention to the mark of the cut on his head, but as his story

was uncorroborated, it seemed to make very little impression on the jury, and the judge was about to begin his charge when a gentleman came in on the gallery. At once the prisoner in the most excited manner exclaimed, "My lord, God has saved me—that gentleman who has just come in was a lieutenant on my ship and was commanding the landing party when I was wounded. I entreat that he be called as a witness on my behalf." The judge thereupon ordered the gentleman to come down and be sworn. He stated that it was quite true he had been a lieutenant on the ship mentioned and that he had commanded the landing party, but he positively declared that he had never seen the accused before and that his story was an impudent concoction. The prisoner in a despairing voice called upon him to come down and feel the wound on his head. The lieutenant said, "I remember the incident and saw the wound on the sailor's head—which was most peculiar—running from the front in circular fashion to the back of the head. If you have such a wound I shall begin to think I have made

a great mistake." On examining the wound the witness seemed thunderstruck and then said, "I don't know what to think; I was certain I had never seen the man before and yet the wound is exactly what I have described. I must have made some strange blunder, and this must be the man." The jury then stopped the case and the prisoner was discharged. Then followed a scene of enthusiasm in the streets in which the prisoner and the witness were frantically cheered. At a subsequent Assize in a neighbouring county the same judge presided over a criminal trial in which there stood in the dock two men charged with robbery of the mails accompanied by murder—one man was the former acquitted prisoner and the other the pretended lieutenant. It was clear that the whole performance in the last trial had been cleverly planned by the two prisoners, who were duly convicted and sentenced to death.

This story had the result that the jury disagreed. The case was re-heard after I had gone on the Bench and the plaintiff obtained large damages, the "independent witness" failed to

put in an appearance. Thus did a story fortunately prevent a great injustice.

When two witnesses of an exciting occurrence disagree about some striking circumstance, the jury is usually told they must decide which of the twain is committing perjury. I do not think that this is a proper way of dealing with the matter. I have often found two perfectly honest witnesses absolutely at variance, the fact being accounted for by the different impression made on each by what they saw.

A most extraordinary instance of this occurred at the coronation of King Edward VII. The High Court judges who were not Privy Councillors were assigned by that excellent man the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl-Marshal, a good position in the gallery, whence they could look down on the theatre where the King was crowned. As I was not yet a P.C. I sat among them and had a perfect view. When the Primate, Dr. Temple, stooped to kiss the King's hand, he got weak and sank in a faint. The King at once rose and raised him, taking him by both hands. The London evening papers stated that

His Majesty in a moment of emotion seized the venerable prelate's hand and pressed it to his lips. That evening I was dining at Hampden House with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. Two great ladies, who had a very near view, repeated what was stated in the evening papers. I said I had been watching everything that took place most attentively, and that it was quite impossible. Then a discussion arose and the guests were divided in opinion—some saying they had seen the occurrence and others that it could not have happened. Next I found that among the judges the same difference of opinion existed. Lord Stormonth Darling, a great authority on the laws of evidence, was most interested in the matter and went to great trouble about it. After investigation he discovered that one-half of the judges present declared that they had seen it and the other half were as certain that it could not have occurred.

When what is called in the Press "a breeze in court" between the Bench and Bar occurs, it is usually the fault of the judge through want of tact. He is all powerful, and the barrister

as a rule cannot retort, but occasionally an opportunity occurs when the barrister gets his own back, so to speak. On one occasion an Assize judge called up his crier to the bench and told him in a low voice to go to his room and bring his copy of Foot's *Grand Jury Acts*.

A barrister overhearing, stood up and said, "My lord, I have two copies of the book, and I shall be glad to let your lordship have one." The judge, nettled, said, "It is a strange thing that I cannot speak to my servant without being overheard." Shortly after the crier returned and reported that the book was not to be found. Thereupon the judge said, "I will now accept your offer of the loan of that book, as my copy cannot be found." "With great respect, my lord," said the barrister, "my second copy is now in use." A very neat rebuke, and thoroughly deserved.

I had occasion on the hearing of a case to censure sharply the conduct of a solicitor. Next morning at the sitting of the court he appeared very pale and agitated. He rose and said he could not lie under such imputations as I had

put upon him and asked me to rescind my order and withdraw the censure which he said was wholly uncalled for. "I know," he said desperately, "that you are going to send me to gaol for six months for contempt of court," but I motioned to the sergeant of police and said, "Get Mr. — out of court at once, we cannot have him going to gaol for six months." The sergeant took the hint, and the incident ended. The most friendly relations always existed afterwards between us.

I think that the bravest of living things is a Sheriff's bailiff entrusted with the execution of a Court decree. I saw one time a ferocious man at the upper window of his house defying the authorities with two huge horse-pistols. Nothing daunted, a bailiff with a decree in his hand rushed up the ladder and hurled himself through the window upon his opponent. Then all was confusion—a kind of human Catherine wheel passed round the room amidst the flashes and smoke of the pistols, but the battle was won and the decree duly executed.

On one occasion during the land war a battalion

of the Guards had been brought across the Channel to overawe the mobs. They were confronted at one place by an immense array of people drawn up in military order under the command of a General who was mounted on a prancing steed. The mob assumed a threatening attitude, and the Guards fixed bayonets and prepared to charge.

The opposing General drew his sword and put himself at the head of his army.

There was an ominous pause in the proceedings—then a Sheriff's bailiff attired in a tall hat and red waistcoat rushed out, seized the General's steed under a County Court decree. Rapidly unhorsing the General, he led his capture in triumph behind the astonished Guards.

This incident had such a discouraging effect on the army that they suddenly retreated and dispersed.

CHAPTER IX

Of Further Happenings in Court and other Matters

A COUNSEL is often very much embarrassed when he has to deal with a lunatic who is only insane on one or two particular points. I was on one occasion trying to show by my cross-examination that a witness was a lunatic. I accordingly took him up and down through the books of a firm who had dismissed him on the ground of insanity. At the end of an hour he showed himself vastly superior to me in dealing with figures—which are not my strong point. All this time my solicitor was murmuring, "Ask him if his legs are made of red sealing wax." I was really ashamed to comply, till the very end when all else had failed. Then I said, "Had you not

better be very careful when you are getting out of the witness-box." At this he almost collapsed and cried, "You have found out my secret." "What is it?" "I have the misfortune, my lord, to have my legs composed of red sealing wax." Then all was over.

When such men are interned in an asylum, their proper treatment is a matter of great difficulty. On the occasion of a strike of some asylum warders, the leaders who made the ablest speeches were some of the inmates. Finally the combined forces of the inmates and keepers kept forcible possession of the premises and defied the county authorities, shouting, "Down with the ratepayers."

Sometimes there is confusion of thought combined with ingenuity. As, for instance, a patient told a visitor that he was the son of Napoleon Bonaparte. "That must be untrue," said the doctor, "because you said you were the son of Julius Cæsar." "So I am," said the patient, "but by a different mother."

The doctor asked another lunatic where he had been that afternoon. "I was sent for to

go to heaven," was the reply, "the angels were getting new uniforms, and the Almighty had ordered them to be made out of number seven cloth, which is far too stiff. So they sent for me as a man experienced in the cloth business to advise them. I told them to get the uniform made out of number four cloth, because I said He'd never notice the difference."

On one occasion when a country minister ascended to his pulpit he found a well-known lunatic secreted there. "Come down out of that, sir, at once." "Oh, minister, minister," said the occupant, "owing to the iniquities of the times we are both required here."

On one occasion when the Lord Chief Justice, Lord O'Brien, was trying a civil bill appeal in which a young man had been decreed in damages for seduction, the judge proceeded to question the defendant who had declared himself to be innocent.

"Are you given to horse racing?"

"No, my lord."

"Are you a gambler in other things?"

"No, my lord."

“ Do you indulge in alcoholic drink ? ”

“ No, my lord, I am a total abstainer.”

“ Do you indulge in drugs ? ”

“ No, my lord.”

“ Do you smoke to excess ? ”

“ No, my lord, I don't smoke at all.”

“ Have you no vices ? ”

“ None whatever.”

“ Then I am of opinion that the judge in the court below was right, in giving damages against you—a man must have some frailties. I affirm the decree.”

A fiery judge who was able to restrain his fury in court, when he retired with his brethren used to explode at some of the counsel—particularly at one with a wooden leg. After a retirement on one occasion he said to the others, “ If that fellow comes into our court again with his offensive manner—by Heaven I'll step down and break his wooden leg.”

A junior counsel once played a trick on a dignified senior. They were opposed to each other in a law argument, which depended on one point. Before the senior came into court

the wicked junior had placed open on the table a volume of the law reports which decided the very point. The innocent senior took up the book and to his delight found the decision which was conclusive in his favour. When the case was called he rose and said that argument would be waste of time, as the very point had been decided and thereupon he read out the authority. The court assented and asked the junior if he had anything to say. "Only this," said the junior, producing another volume, "that the case cited was overruled by the court of appeal and decided the other way—here is the report."

It is not often that laughter is heard in the Equity Court, but on one occasion the solemnity of the proceedings was invaded when it appeared that a testator had bequeathed his best bed to his eldest daughter "for her separate use and free from the control of any husband she might marry."

One of the finest lawyers of our time was Richard Meredith, Land Commission Judge, and afterwards Master of the Rolls. On the occasion of the funeral of King Edward VII, he and I

were sent over to represent the Irish High Court Judges at the interment in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We drove in a carriage and pair towards Paddington Station, whence our special train to Windsor was to start. When near the station the police were trying to force our carriage through a dense crowd that had assembled to witness the procession passing through London. The people naturally protested and I called up a mounted officer and insisted that we should go back and go by another way to the station. During the discussion Meredith, who was in his State robes, was irritated when asked by the officer who he was. I intervened by saying to the officer, "This is Mr. Halley, the proprietor of the comet—Halley's Comet. You should know him by his uniform, particularly by his tail,"—holding up the great tail of the robe. We were then allowed to proceed on our way.

The evidence in an Irish will suit is often very interesting. In the ordinary country case, the relatives assemble in his room, as many of his neighbours as it will hold, that their testimony may be available as to the due execution

and the sanity of the testator. As an illiterate usually signs by making his mark, his hand being held during the operation, a question often arises as to whether he was alive at the time. Serjeant Armstrong noticed that several witnesses in the case repeated the phrase, "there was life in him at the time." To one of these the Serjeant suddenly thundered, "Were you the man who put the fly into his mouth?" It then appeared that in order to be able to swear that there was life in him, somebody had put a live fly into the dead man's mouth.

The will is usually prepared by the village schoolmaster and during his taking of instructions there is a chorus of approval or the reverse from the assembly round the bed, for example.

"I give and bequeath my farms, stock and crop to my dear wife Bridget."

Chorus led by Bridget: "Ah, the good faithful man, clear headed and sensible to the end."

"But in case she should marry again, I direct that all benefits under this, my will, should cease and determine and that the said property should pass to my dear brother Peter."



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. SERJEANT ARMSTRONG.

Uproar, again led by Bridget: "God help us—he's raving mad; don't put it down, master, for the love of God, don't put that down."

Then a riot breaks out, led by brother Peter. Somebody calls out for the land to be left over to the Priest for parochial purposes, and is promptly ejected by the next-of-kin and thrown down the stairs.

In former days, a well-known device was in a case where the testator had died intestate for the expectant widow or resident son to bring another man and put him in the testator's bed. In a darkened room the pretended testator in a low voice dictated his wishes to the schoolmaster. The great danger of this method of procedure was that though the beginning of the will was all that could be desired—towards the end the pseudo-testator proceeded to bequeath a "wee farm" to himself by name and description as a recompense for his trouble.

Charles Lever in *Con Cregan* has described a scene of this kind in his own inimitable way.

In actions for negligence against railway companies the witnesses are usually well coached

in the law. A woman who had been injured in descending from a train at a dark station said, "I heard the porter's voice calling out 'Tullabogue,' which, me lord, I took to be *an invitation to alight.*"

No lawyer's fame caught on to the popular imagination as did that of Daniel O'Connell. He was supposed to know more law than all the judges and barristers put together. Before the famous trial in which the verdict against him was set aside by the House of Lords, there was a famous consultation, and the story of it as told by O'Connell's favourite car-man was as follows. "Dan came out of his hall door and roared, 'Are ye there, Peter?' 'I am, yer honour,' sez I. 'Get the fastest horse in Dublin into yer car,' sez he, 'and drive all over the town and bring me the best counsellors in Ireland at wanst.' 'Who'll I bring,' sez I. 'Make sure of ould Blackleburn (i.e. afterwards Lord Chancellor Blackburn), big Whiteside (afterwards Lord Chief Justice Whiteside), and pick the others yerself,' sez he. 'So I fetched ould Blackleburn and Whiteside and the best I could get and

empied them all at Dan's hall door. I heard that they all sat down at Dan's table and begun reading the laws out of the ould books. At last ould Blackleburn, who was sitting at the head of the table, gave a groan out of him and said, 'Dan must cross the seas. Do yes all agree?' They all said they did. 'Not so fast, me boys,' sez Dan, 'there's a wee book over there in the left-hand corner of the top shelf with the page turned down.' So ould Blackleburn got a houl of it and when he read it he gave a yell out of him—'Hell to me sowl if Dan will have to cross the seas after all.' And the end of the whole hurroo was that Dan was right and the wee book done the job, for Dan knowed more law than them all put together."

O'Connell once, in the House of Commons, ventured on a Latin quotation, but he committed a breach of quantity. This raised a howl of protest from the classical members. O'Connell, in no way discomposed, said, "I thank the honourable gentleman for giving me the opportunity of repeating that splendid quotation," and this time the emphasis was on the proper syllable.

Mock trials take place occasionally on every circuit in Ireland, and, as I am informed, in England also. The proceedings are an elaborate caricature of a criminal trial. In Ireland the father, attired in something made up to resemble a wig, always acts as judge. He appoints an attorney-general to conduct the prosecution, and swears the jury; counsel is assigned to the prisoner. The attorney-general then reads the indictment and proceeds to state the case for the Crown, but is promptly ordered by the court to sing it and the jury are directed to act as chorus. Any hesitation or failure is at once punished by a fine in form of champagne or claret for the Bar mess. The witnesses are then called, and the most of them are committed for perjury. The prisoner's counsel then stands up to open the defence, but is stopped by the court until the prisoner sings a song as a duet with the attorney-general. The speech for the defence is accompanied by the piano. Then the judge charges the jury, who always return a verdict of guilty with a recommendation that the accused be put to torture. The court then orders the

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forcible feeding and drinking of the prisoner and then passes on—the jury sentence of fines all round and they are further ordered to be bound to preposterous behaviour during the rest of the circuit. Any person in court on the following morning when solemnity, decorum and order are conspicuous must believe that he has suffered from a nightmare, but even the gravest lawyers must be allowed *desipere in loco*.

CHAPTER X

Of the Bar Wags and Their Ways

THE Irish Bar always contained a number of wags who kept the community amused, and a number of serious men whose observations, though not so intended, equally conduced to the public hilarity. The most brilliant of all the former class was Richard Adams, Q.C., ultimately County Court judge of Limerick. On one occasion he was asked as chief guest to a banquet of the Friendly Brothers Club in Dublin. Now this association was always an object of suspicion to the Roman Catholic community. They absolutely disapproved of Freemasons, who, for some reason I could never understand, were banned by the Church, but they were not quite sure about the Friendly Brothers. The day after the banquet Adams

was surrounded in the library by an anxious crowd of Catholics who were enquiring if anything was said or done to the disparagement of the ancient faith. Adams declared that he heard or saw nothing of the kind until the end, but he noticed that every Friendly Brother, on departing, went behind a screen in the hall and a loud thud was thereupon heard. Moved by curiosity, the guest of the evening said that he peeped behind the screen and there he saw the life-size figure of a parish priest in a tall hat and in full clerical dress, mounted on springs. Each Friendly Brother on departing delivered a tremendous kick on the reverend image, as an expression of religious emotion. The blameless and entirely innocent Friendly Brothers were much shocked, when this invention of the wicked Adams was widely circulated.

Adams, who delighted in jests, had one solemn experience which nearly ended tragically. He was defending a prisoner on the Munster circuit before a judge who had little sympathy with prisoners. Now the judge had a most devoted crier, who used to walk behind him everywhere

when he was in serious danger of assassination at the hands of the Invincibles. On circuit in the civil court the judge's crier receives two and sixpence on every Civil Bill appeal and this often amounts to a considerable sum, whereas in the Crown Court he receives nothing, so that it is very much to the crier's interest to get the Crown work quickly over and to get into the remunerative Civil Court. Adams was much puzzled whether he should call a man named Duffy as a witness. This was the crux of the case: If he did not call him the omission would be seriously commented upon, and if he did call him the Crown might elicit something that would be fatal to the prisoner. The case had gone on for two days and on the morning of the third Adams was obliged to make the momentous decision. On going into court he met the judge's crier, who looked at him earnestly and said, "Mr. Adams, don't call Duffy." This decided Adams. The judge's crier is also his body-servant and attends him at dinner. Adams thought that something had dropped from the judge on the subject, and that the crier had done a kindly

act in giving a hint to the prisoner's counsel. Accordingly Duffy was not called. Then the judge delivered a fearful charge against the prisoner, relying above all on the fact that the able and experienced counsel for the accused did not dare to put Duffy in the box. Adams was in a fearful state of anxiety and was greatly relieved when the jury disagreed. Thereupon he sought out the misleading crier and asked what he meant by telling him not to call Duffy. "It was because I don't like perjury," said the shameless one. "Villain," roared Adams, "you wanted to gather your fees in the other court."

Adams, on being consulted by an anxious English politician as to what should be done with Ireland, advised that some method might be devised by science for plunging the whole country some fathoms below the surface of the sea, and then, said he, when the mail-boat arrives next morning, there will be nothing about except a bad smell.

A most delightful person was Albert Quill, one of the most guileless of men. He was really a very learned lawyer and wrote a most useful

book on the Irish Land Laws, which is full of quaint sayings. After describing the minute steps to be taken by a landlord to recover his rent, the disquisition ends with the statement that by that time

“The tenant may be found
Where wild Oswego spreads its swamps around.”

He had always an extravagantly high opinion of his friends. On meeting a judge who had made a strong order on a conspiracy case, he said, “While we have men like yourself and Lord Roberts, we need not despair.” Being an excellent scholar, classical allusions abounded in his conversation. On meeting a judge whose decision had been reversed, as he thought erroneously, by the Lords Justices of Appeal, he cried, “My dear Judge, when I read their judgments, I felt that all we could do was to ejaculate with Florus, ‘Confusio.’”

Mr. Andrews, afterwards the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Andrews, was one of the most respected members of the Nor'-East Circuit. In propriety of conduct on all occasions he was ideal. When appointed bar junior, it was part of his duty

to look after the wines, a very serious matter as the distinguished connoisseurs were very ready to find fault if the vintage did not satisfy their fastidious tastes. After making many unsuccessful efforts, Mr. Andrews at last in despair contrived to give satisfaction. Procuring from his father's cellars some bottles of old brandy, he had a glass poured into every bottle of wine served up to the mess. The connoisseurs were delighted and pronounced the wine excellent. When at last the device was discovered, the father of the circuit said, "I was always of opinion that our brother Andrews was a bit of a wag."

A barrister who was moving in a habeas corpus case was asked by a Presbyterian member of the court if the object of the motion was to alter the religion of the child. The barrister replied, "I assure your lordship there is no religion in the case at all, as the parties are all Presbyterians."

A barrister called Michael Dunne was an expert yachtsman and held a master's certificate; he rejoiced in the nickname of "Foghorn Dunne."

When I was offered a brief in the Admiralty court I always refused to go in unless my friend the Foghorn was briefed along with me, and together we won many naval victories. He had a wonderful knowledge of everything connected with the sea, including all the Admiralty decisions in the English courts. On one occasion when yachting with some of his legal friends, a coal tramp was observed to be bearing right down on them to the terror of the others, who screamed to him to put the helm down. "Let nobody move," commanded the Foghorn. "According to all the Admiralty decisions the sailing craft should do nothing whatever." "What use will that be to us when we're drowned?" "You will be right in point of law," yelled the Foghorn, and the black death passed them, almost touching—it was a very near thing. Although a pious Roman Catholic, he seemed to think that it would enure to the advantage of the frightened mariners to have the law on their side in the future state.

He was the father of a numerous and flourishing family. A lady, who was blessed with no family,

was reported to have made a pilgrimage to Lourdes in the hope of obtaining the blessing of children. " Ah," said he, " she went to Luard, but I think a man like me should go to Windward."

I shall never forget how sick at heart I felt one day when I heard that this fine sailor and delightful companion had been drowned while yachting between Kingstown and the South Wall.

A County Court judge used to take great pleasure in sumptuous entertainments at his country house. He had a colossal Irish footman, whom he called " Delavel." On one occasion Delavel at the end of a banquet was tempted to make free with the champagne, and when summoned by his master was obviously under its influence. " What are ye calling me out of me name for?" he screamed, " me name's Gilhooly." Delavel was one day groaning with grief in the judge's courtyard over the death of a cousin when a big watch-dog showed his sympathy by delivering a prolonged howl. " Bloody end to you," cried Delavel, " what are ye roaring about, when he wasn't a drops blood to you?"

Dr. Webb, Q.C., afterwards County Court

Judge of Donegal, was a brilliant man in every way. He particularly distinguished himself in conversation at the Fellows' table in Trinity College, where he always had some brilliant fencing with Mahaffy. On one occasion Mahaffy asked him what he thought about female suffrage. "I think," said Webb, "that the unfortunate women should have votes." "Webb's opinion," said his interrogator, "is that all the *unfortunate* women should have votes."

He chaffed Webb about oscillating between the Liberal and Conservative parties for the sake of office. When Webb said, "I have never been for sale"—"Well, you have been a long time in the shop window, anyway," said Mahaffy.

Dr. Traill, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, a mathematical Fellow, one time mentioned at the high table that he had been born on All Saints' Day. Then said Mahaffy, "It ought to be marked in the calendar—All Saints plus one."

A most delightful old man was Mr. John O'Hanlon, Under Treasurer of the King's Jurors, whom I have mentioned in my previous book. It was his habit to attend the viva-voce exami-

nations at the King's Inns for honours. In literature he was highly cultivated, but he had forgotten nearly all his law. Serjeant Jellett used to put terrible questions to the candidates. When no answers could be given O'Hanlon threw up his hands in horror. On one occasion the Serjeant asked the student the following question: "Suppose a man whose domicile was England, who had real property in Austria, personal property in France, choses in action in the Channel Islands, and died intestate, how would the property be distributed?" There was no attempt to answer. O'Hanlon ejaculated in despair, "Oh Lord, oh Lord, he doesn't know; what are we coming to?"

A very dull student was asked at the pass examination how many kinds of Corporation there were. The student, to the surprise of everybody, said, "First Corporation sole."

O'Hanlon smiled encouragement. "And the other," asked the examiner. The student after much thought looked up and said, "Corporation Femme," the answer being suggested by the word "sole."

John Patchell, Q.C., of the Nor'-West Circuit, was a dry quiet humorist. He used to describe the varying degrees of grief at a Dublin funeral. In the first carriage the relatives were in despair and hopeless. In the second they had plucked up heart and seemed to think that life was still worth living. In the third they were smoking and reading the newspapers, and so on to the end, which consisted of a wild spree of outside cars.

On one occasion he attended the funeral of the wife of one of his tenants and was invited by the husband into the first mourning coach, where there was an ample supply of liquid refreshment of which both partook heartily. Patchell kept up the spirits of the bereaved husband till they reached the place of interment when he had to go away. "Good-bye, and thank you," said the husband. "Mr. Patchell, you have been the life and soul of this funeral."

It was always a great joy to the Bar wags to find a credulous reporter who could be imposed upon to publish an account of some bogus case among the ordinary law reports.

On one occasion a barrister who had bought a

fine house in Merrion Square, was showing the same to a friend, whom we shall call Jinks. On parting he kindly invited Jinks, when he felt so disposed, to come in and have a warm bath in his luxurious bathroom. A few days afterwards there appeared among the law reports the case of the King *v.* Jinks, in which it was stated that counsel for the Crown had applied to the King's Bench Division for a Writ of *Lavare* to wash Jinks. A learned judgment was reported.

The judges traced the history of this ancient process—in which it appeared that it had been used to have removed excessive quantities of woad from the bodies of the Ancient Britons—its further history was traced through Saxon and Norman times, and finally the Court declared that, having regard to modern sanitary legislation, it was imperative that the man Jinks should be washed by the High Sheriff of the county in solemn form in the presence of the *posse comitatus*.

The poets of the Bar were never behindhand when an opportunity presented itself. At one time there were loud complaints of the constant interruptions from the Bench in the Court of

Appeal—whether well founded or not. It was alleged that no counsel was ever allowed to finish a sentence. The following appeared in the Dublin evening papers.

THE DAY'S WORK

The Lawjustis and Chancethelaw
 Were seated in their Court ;
 They wept like anything to see
 Their list—by no means short ;
 “ If this were only cleared away,”
 They said, “ it would be sport.”

“ If seven silks in seven wigs
 Argued for half a year,
 Do you suppose,” said Chancethelaw,
 “ They'd ever get it clear ? ”
 “ I doubt it,” said the Lawjustis—
 “ At least when I am here.”

On weary legs the counsel stand,
 Replete with law and art ;
 Their wigs were grey, their bands were white,
 They've learned their briefs by heart—
 And this is sad, because, you see,
 They're not allowed to start.

“ The time is come,” said Chancethelaw,
 “ To talk of many things ;
 Of Seisin, Sockage, Shelley's case,
 I mean the bard who sings
 About a use that's not much use,
 And why it shifts and springs.”

" O Counsel, come and play with us,"
 Did Lawjustis beseech ;
 " But in this Court remember now,
 You're not to make a speech.
 A monosyllable or two
 Will quite suffice for each."

" Oh yes, I know," cried Jowlerjell,¹
 " I've heard all that before.
 It's always said to everyone
 Who dares to take this floor ;
 My words, my lords, for two days past
 Have barely reached a score."

Then, turning to the Sammibrown,²
 He muttered, " Holy blue !
 For one who wears my wig that is
 A trying thing to do."
 " The day is young," said Chancethelaw,
 " Another word or two."

" You know—' Quite so '—' now yes or no '
 ' This point is really nice '—
 I wish you'd please attend to me,
 I've had to ask you twice."
 Do you contend that startling rule
 Was laid down by the " Vice " ? ³

" O Counsel," murmured Chancethelaw,
 " 'Tis almost set of sun,
 Shall we be toddling homeward now ? "
 But answer came there none,
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd flummoxed everyone.

¹ Mr. Jellett, Q.C.

² Samuel Brown, Q.C.

³ The Vice-Chancellor.

The Liberal Government ventured to appoint to a County Court judgeship a member of the Bar, who devoted his time to editing a newspaper and did not attend the library. The statute required that the appointee should be a practising barrister of at least ten years' standing. Thereupon Mr. Serjeant Sullivan, of the Casement trial fame, applied to the King's Bench Division for a Writ of *Quo Warranto*, on the ground that the inchoate judge had not the statutory qualification. The court made a conditional order, and the Attorney-General appeared in person.

Attorney-General Cherry, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, came in great wrath to show cause. His main contention was that the appointment was made in exercise of the King's prerogative and could not be challenged. The court was against this contention, but decided in favour of the County Court judge on the ground that he was a member of the Bar, subscribed to the library and was capable of practising, if employed. The song, of which I remember part, travelled far and wide.

QUO WARRANTO

Then said the Bar, it's very odd, for it to me appears
He hasn't on the hazzard stood for ten preceding years,
And how he came to get the job is what we want to know,
Says Sullivan, " We'll settle that by this *Quo Warranto*."

The case was brought before the court, the judges they were
three,

In order to obtain of course a clear majoritee,
There was the Lord Chief Justice, famed in story and in song,
And Mr. Justice Madden and Judge Wright, who's never wrong.

Then Cherry came—in wrath he spake, " I am the great A.G.
And no man here dare move this writ without the leave of
me.

Quo Warranto can never go unless I'm in full swing,
For I'm Attorney-General and represent the King."

" My friend," the Lord Chief Justice said, " if your conten-
tion's true,

Then Magna Charta's busted up and Habeas Corpus too,
And all our Constitution of which we stand in need,
And all the time the Barons spent with John at Runnymede."

Says Madden J., " Suppose the King, while walking up and
down

Through Dublin streets should break the glass of every shop
in town,

If he were brought before the Court, what would your action
be ? "

Says Cherry, " Faith, we'd enter then a *Nolle Prosequere*."

Then up the Lord Chief Justice spoke, " The Crown must
lose this suit,

For in this case the Court must make the order absolute,
Although not for a moment would I my sovereign bluff,
Still on the law Prerogative's not worth a pinch of snuff."

And when the sad and direful news a messenger did bring,
To Windsor's Royal Residence and told it to the King,
Says he, "Our Bould Prerogative, a monarch's proudest
trust
And brightest jewel in me crown, is absolutely bust."

The songs of the circuits are many and interesting. I have elsewhere given examples of the Munster minstrelsy—generally the work of Judge Webb; but I cannot at present recall any specimens of the Bardic Lore of the Connaught circuit, though it no doubt exists and corresponds in quality with their famous hospitality. The Nor'-East was always so practical and devoted to the serious things of life, that it is hard to imagine any of them yielding to the seductions of the divine poetic inspiration. I set out below the whole of one of the chief songs of the Nor'-West.

There is another from Dublin about a barrister with an ultra-sacred name—Ignatius Loyola Maria O'Flynn. I recall one verse which alludes to the piety of the Lord Chief Baron and to the reputed proselytising of Judge Warren—the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Warren—President of the Probate and Matrimonial Division.

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The Court of Exchequer, it made no complaint,
And the Chief Baron re-read the life of the saint ;
But Judge Warren leapt out of his Protestant skin
At Ignatius Loyola Maria O'Flynn.

NOR'-WEST CIRCUIT

ACTION FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OF A COW

My father was made a defendant,
And Barney O'Toole was the cause,
On account of a cow that we sold him
He said he'd appeal to the laws.

The cow she was aged five-and-thirty,
She was sold in the fair of Ardstraw,
But intestate she died the next morning
And she left a bull calf heir at law.

It was Drummond ¹ who opened the pleadings,
Wee Davy ² he stated the case,
And he said that the state of the record
Was simply a public disgrace.

He said that the cow was defective,
Deficient in limb and in wind,
She had not a horn but was broken,
She hadn't an eye but was blind.

Then McLaughlin,³ he led for my father,
And he spoke for a day and a half,
He had witnesses all of position,
And the first that he called was the calf.

¹ M. Drummond, Q.C., afterwards County Court judge.

² David Colquhorn, Q.C., afterwards County Court judge.

³ Wm. McLaughlin, Q.C., leader of the Nor'-West Bar.

Mr. Wylie ¹ read out the defences,
 In number two hundred and five,
 And he said for the purpose of pleading,
 The aforementioned cow was alive.

Willie Irvine ² replied for the plaintiff,
 And first he most fervently swore
 That such a respectable Jury
 Had never assembled before.

If a verdict they found for the plaintiff,
 Their names would be wafted by fame ;
 If a verdict they found for defendant,
 He prophesied ruin and shame.

John Gallagher ³ sat there resplendent,
 And Henry ⁴ who had cleared out the town,
 In the other court Percival Gausson ⁵
 Was loudly denouncing the Crown.

And there sat ubiquitous Horner,⁶
 With Patchell ⁷ and other gay sparks,
 But the Bird ⁸ was perched up in a corner,
 And made most uncalled-for remarks.

¹ Afterwards the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie, High Court judge.

² Wm. Irvine, Q.C.

³ Afterwards District Judge of the Free State.

⁴ Afterwards the Rt. Hon. Sir Denis Henry, first Chief Justice of Northern Ireland.

⁵ Percival Gausson, Q.C.

⁶ Afterwards Q.C., M.P. for South Tyrone.

⁷ John Patchell, Q.C.

⁸ James Bird, a master of sarcasm.

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The Jury retired in confusion,
And they fought for a night and a day,
Till the Crown, that means Mr. McCorkell,¹
Indicted them all for Affray.

They argued with sticks and umbrellas,
Till the only survivors were three,
And the foreman was brought on a shutter,
To say that they couldn't agree.

Chorus :

Then here's to the health of his Lordship,
And here's to the health of the Bar,
Long life to our paying Attorneys,
What mighty fine fellows they are.

Of all the Nor'-West Bar, thirty in number,
who cheered me at the Omagh railway station
on my departure, on the night of the 18th March,
1896, only four survive, of whom I am one.

I sometimes dream at night that I am back
on the circuit and I see all those gay and splendid
fellows standing up to sing a rousing chorus.
I feel that it was great good fortune for me to
have known them and to have been among them
for so many happy years.

¹ David McCorkell, Crown Prosecutor of Tyrone.

CHAPTER XI

Of Ulster and Ulster Folk

IT is very difficult for me to write about Ulster ; it is hard for anybody to write about his own country. He either over-praises it, or, if he has the spirit of the Little Englander, he abuses and calumniates it. I prefer to take the opinion of a great public man—Lord Rosebery.

“ We know that the term Ulster Scot is generic and simply means Scoto-Irish. I love the Highlander and I love the Lowlander, but when I come to the branch of our race that has been grafted on the Ulster stem, I take off my hat with veneration and awe. They are, I believe, the toughest, the most dominant, the most irresistible race, that exists in the universe at this moment.”

These are the words spoken by him at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute in November, 1911. This is generous and handsome, indeed, from one who supported Mr. Gladstone's Bills in

1886 and 1892. I believe these words to be quite true, though I should not have dared to write them or speak them myself. The Ulster folk are certainly dour, and their manners are by no means so agreeable as those of the Southern Irish. There can be no doubt about the existence of two Irelands—the minority are different in race, in religion, in ideals and even in language. The real tongue appears in Mrs. Crichton's interesting tale, *The Soundless Tide*; the language approaches the Scottish ordinary speech more nearly than the English. It is true that the people are dominant and irresistible; on the terrible day of Thiepval—1st July, 1916—they exhibited a gallantry and sacrifice which has never been surpassed.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, the Anglican bishops most unwisely proceeded to enforce the Act of Uniformity, the result of which was that about one hundred thousand Ulster men of the Scottish breed migrated to the country that afterwards became the United States of America. Here they were planted on the Indian frontier, where massacres of the settlers were matters of frequent occurrence. In spite

of the tomahawk and the scalping knife, the dour race held its ground till it had driven back its savage foes.

There is a curious story in connection with this migration. In Baronscourt demesne, in which stands the beautiful residence of the Duke of Abercorn, there is a high mountain called Bessy Bell. Whence does it derive its name? When the Scottish settlers came over in the reign of James the First, along with the Hamiltons, they built their houses in the neighbourhood. There is a long valley extending down to the town of Omagh in County Tyrone. The Druids, who occupied it, used to watch the sun set behind this mountain; they called it Bas Na Bel, or Baal, as it appears in the Old Testament—that is the death of Bel—the sun-god. Now the settlers before they left Scotland had an old favourite song beginning :

Bessy Bell and Mary Grey,
They were twa bonnie lasses.

Bas Na Bel was corrupted into Bessy Bell, and the adjoining mountain which is outside the demesne they called Mary Grey. The story does

not end there. When the migrants settled beyond the seas they called two mountains in Virginia Bessy Bell and Mary Grey. It was on the slopes of these mountains that some of the early battles in the American Civil War were fought. This is alluded to in Mary Johnston's last fine novel, *The Great Valley*. The dour race did not forget how they had been treated by England and the English bishops. When the War of Independence came on, they formed the backbone of Washington's army. Further, there was a time when peace could easily have been effected between the Mother Country and the revolting States, but the Ulstermen would hear of no compromise and insisted on independence. As separation was inevitable some time, perhaps their persistence did a real service to England itself. They have left their mark upon the people of the United States to this day in the peculiar intonation of their accent and in the Puritanical character of their ideals.

Anent the corruption of the Keltic Bas Na Bel, valuable historical information can be obtained by studying the names of the townlands. There

is one over which I shoot—Fallaghern—which is really Fallagh Erinn, that is, the refuge of Erin. When fighting was going on in the valleys, the people used to drive up their cattle for safety to the wooded country in our neighbourhood, and hence it was called the safety place of Erin.

Again, there is another called "Number Nine." I at one time thought that it was so called from some early plantation map, but in the centre of it there is a place, where two small streams meet in a bowl of old red sandstone where the people used to wash their clothes and perhaps their sheep. Hence the townland was called Anowenien, or something that sounds like that, the Keltic for a washing stream, and corrupted by the settlers into Number Nine.

I could give many other instances. Strangers are much puzzled by the fierce Orange spirit which exhibits itself on every twelfth of July—the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne—and to a lesser degree on the twelfth of August—the anniversary of the relief of Londonderry. For the rest of the year the Orangemen remain on excellent terms with their neighbours, as they

are naturally a very kindly race. I attribute this phenomenon to a very ancient cause—the massacre of 1641.

W. H. Lecky has thrown some doubt upon the systematic character and extent of the massacre. Lecky, the most conscientious of men, was noted for a tendency to compliment away his own case. He had at one time a great admiration for the leaders of some of the popular movements in Ireland, as appears in his first book, *The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*.

Mr. Lecky was not possessed of a penetrating judgment. His innocence used to amuse the House of Commons, who respected him too much to laugh. On one occasion in the course of his speech he blandly said that he knew of two doctors in the West of Ireland who had been appointed solely on account of their religious convictions and that they had both died of *delirium tremens*.

Although a sincere Unionist he was never quite able to emancipate himself from an excessive sympathy with popular feeling. Everything he wrote of this character was eagerly seized upon

by Nationalists as an admission by a stern opponent. One of their writers goes so far as to say that no historian of any standing can maintain that there was a massacre at all. A Nationalist M.P. in the House of Commons on one occasion read out a paragraph from Lecky and added, "These are not the words of Mitchell, Butt or any Nationalist writer, they are the admissions of Lecky the Orangeman." He is said by his writings to have made more Home Rulers among the English—including the great Lord Morley—than any other man.

The massacre of 1641 is an undoubted historical fact; you will hardly find a parish record in the North of Ireland in which it does not appear that the rector and the minister were murdered at that time.

Trevelyan, in his *English History*, treats it as completely proved. Lord Ernest Hamilton's book, *Tales of the Troubles*, gives harrowing details. Of course there was a great deal to provoke it in the wholesale confiscation of the Ulster lands.

This terrible event, followed as it was by the bitter warfare on the settlers in 1688 and 1689,

has had a marked effect upon the Ulster people—the tales have been handed down from one generation to another.

The Orange displays are not meant to be merely provocative, but are intended to show that the threatened race are prepared and organised for emergencies. Fortunately these celebrations now pass off without serious breaches of the peace, but in former days the "Twelfth" never passed without fierce riots somewhere. Strangers are always mystified at the popular animosity to the Pope. Somebody interrupted a man who was cursing the Pope by saying that His Holiness was to his knowledge a most kindly and benevolent gentleman. "Do you tell me so," said the man addressed; "he has a very bad name in Portadown."

A man was one time brought before the magistrates for cursing the Pope in the streets of Portadown. The stipendiary remarked that what made his conduct so strange was that he was a Roman Catholic himself. "Well," said the accused, "it was the safest way to get through Portadown on a twelfth of July evening."

I have heard that some anxious mothers living

in the neighbourhood of the great Ulster bogs are wont to terrify their children against going near them, by telling them that the bog-holes are all full of wee popes.

A lecturer on Egypt in the North of Ireland was describing how a lyddite shell fell on the Mahdi's tomb and crashing down killed a number of priests in the temple below. "A good job too," cried a voice; "another blow to Ritualism." A small boy on being informed by the rector that all men were made by God, asked, "Did he make the Papishes too?" "Yes," said the rector, "He made our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen." "Well, He'll rue that," said the boy.

Something similar happened in the case of a little American girl, who, when informed that God made the puddicks (i.e. frogs) said, "I think He must have been kind er keerless when He made them." Anent frogs, the American seems to have a peculiar horror of these reptiles. Dame Nellie Melba tells how one of them described the creature to her, "It's a great square-mouthed ugly bug, that's always settin' up in front and settin' down behind."

On one of my first circuits I was briefed in a case where a right of way was claimed to a Roman Catholic chapel. My solicitor, a brusque practitioner of the old school, said, "Your highfalutin' cross-examination before that jury would be no use—just ask their witnesses one question, if anybody using this way would not have to go over Andy Armstrong's land, and that's all."

MYSELF: "But what is the point about Andy Armstrong's land?"

THE SOLICITOR: "Never you mind that, but ask the question and you'll see."

I carried out my instructions blindly and every witness answered in the affirmative. The jury at once found in our favour and I again requested enlightenment, which was given as follows: "Every man on that jury knew that Andy Armstrong would rip up any papist that dared to walk on his land."

In the old days, even before Home Rule began to be talked about, one could never be certain that the ancient racial animosity would not suddenly manifest itself.

The first time I saw the Duke of Connaught

was the occasion when as Prince Arthur he visited Londonderry. I was destined afterwards to meet him very often and to receive much kindness from the hands of himself and his family. At first in the city all went well as there was a general wish among all parties to welcome the young Prince. Late at night we were alarmed by the sound of rifle firing. In the morning on my way to school I found pools of blood in Bishop Street and men's coats and hats lying about. What had happened was that something had suddenly stirred the bitter party feeling with disastrous consequences. A Protestant party was marching down Bishop Street and was supposed to be about to attack a Roman Catholic gathering in the Diamond. A line of constabulary had been drawn between the two hostile factions. I do not know exactly how it came about, but the constabulary suddenly fired a volley into the Protestant crowd—killing three men on the spot and wounding a great many others. I was much shocked, as one of the killed was a young man employed in a shop which the school—Foyle College—frequented.

Now that the irritating Boundary Question has

been settled, it is to be hoped that the good feeling that ought to exist between the two races will increase and flourish. It has long been customary among English law-breakers to ask why Lord Carson and various Ulster Privy Councillors were not prosecuted at the time when they advised the North to resist their ejection from the British system of government. What were the Ulster men to do? The constitution on which they relied for protection had been tampered with. Were they to submit to be handed over to men who were hostile to the King and the British constitution, and bitterly hostile to themselves? Were they to be driven out of the protection of the Union Jack and the White Ensign under which their fathers and their friends had fought and died? Were they to be deprived of their heritage of freedom under British law in which they were born? No wonder that they were determined to die in their boots before they would submit. What case had John Hampden against Charles I about ship money compared to theirs? What case had George Washington against George III about the taxation of the

American colonies compared to theirs? No wonder that the Army and Navy were prepared to mutiny rather than enforce proposals so unjust and tyrannical against their loyal fellow-countrymen. It is full time that we should hear no more of these stupid contentions.

The Ulsterman always was and always will be a keen politician; it is astonishing to observe the patience with which he will listen to long political speeches. I remember at a great demonstration in Belfast during the Home Rule times, when the orations had gone on continuously for several hours, hearing a weary voice say, "I'm thinking, William, it's about time we were attending to our inner man."

At a time when Mr. T. W. Russell, who had been converted from Unionism to Home Rule, was contesting a division of Tyrone, the animosity of the Unionists against Russell was intense. I was out shooting on the day of the declaration of the poll with an old keeper who suddenly stopped and listened intently. He then said solemnly, "Russell's out." "How do you know?" "I hear the voice of the drum of the

Purple Heroes of Tullybin; I know her voice well." On listening further he became greatly excited and cried, "Hell's blazes. Russell's in—it's the voice of the Ballybum Ancient Order of Hibernians—God help us!"

My father was very much attached to the Roman Catholics in Londonderry, and nothing could exceed their kindness to him. One of them said to a friend, "We were all very fond of the Reverend Ross. Of course, we all knew the poor man was bound to give a roar at the Pope now and then, but we excused him, for we knew he meant no harm."

In some of the Irish Presbyterian churches there obtains a custom of preaching on trial, that is to say—the candidate for the vacancy conducts the Sunday services and when all have been heard, the congregation by vote decides who is to receive the "call" or invitation to the vacancy. On one occasion a very able candidate had preached a most eloquent sermon in the morning, which so delighted an old elder that he asked to see the young minister in the vestry. Now the candidate had a surname that usually belongs to

Roman Catholics. "Sir," said the elder, "I just came in to say that I liked your sermon well, and I hope you'll get the call, but I advise you, with that Papish name of yours, to take a wee birl at the Pope in the evening."

Dr. Alexander, the Bishop of Derry and ultimately Primate of Ireland, was beloved of all men. His doctor directed him to take a walk every morning before breakfast, and he usually walked along the bank of the river. He found he was regularly meeting a rotund little man, who had evidently been advised to take similar exercise. He always saluted the bishop, but seemed too shy to enter into any conversation with him in reply to his good morning. At last he braced himself for an effort and said, "Me lord, doesn't it bate hell to know where the tide goes till."

During the Balkan crisis another early walker asked the bishop to do him a favour. "You're a learned man, me lord," said he, "I see in the papers a great lot about Herzegovina—would you tell me whether it's a burd or a baste."

CHAPTER XII

More of Ulster and the Ulster Folk

I HAVE elsewhere pointed out that in the Ulsterman's belief the possession of ample means is a necessity of orthodox Christianity. There is always to be found in the Ulster people's conversation a sub-current with a religious flavour running through it. A pious shopkeeper who was lamenting the want of religious knowledge among the rising generation complained that his own establishment was most unsatisfactory in that respect. "I don't believe," he declared, "that one of them could tell you whether David killed Samson or Samson killed David."

A lady who was to have an operation performed insisted on summoning the minister. The surgeon protested, and asked what was the use in troubling the minister to attend. Now an operation in

Ulster is called an "*opening*." The lady said defiantly, "If I have to be opened at all, I intend to be opened with prayer." "Just like a Sunday school," said the surgeon.

A friend was once assisting an Ulsterman home after a banquet at which the latter had imbibed too freely of the flowing bowl. Suddenly he stopped and shouted, "I'll not go a step further with you till you explain to me the difference between the doctrine of Predestination and Justification by Faith." "But you're too drunk now to understand it," said his friend. "I'll explain it to you some time when you're sober." "When I'm sober I won't want to know," was the reply.

An old solicitor who was a Kirk elder was in the habit of reading from the Scriptures daily at family worship. In legal documents the word "Trustee" is usually abbreviated into "Tree." His family were one evening astonished when in reading about the miracle of the blind man's restoration of his sight, the elder read out the words: "I see men as Trustees walking." The same solicitor said piously that when drawing

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up a bill of costs, the line from Hamlet always occurred to him: "To thine own self be true."

The Ulsterman has not the same deep respect for sport as his southern fellow-countryman. They were always astonished to see my guests and me splashing through a snipe bog. "The judge," said one man, "is quare and foolish, to see him staggering through bog-holes with wild men and dogs when he might be sittin' up comfortable in the drawing-room at Dunmoyle, smoking his pipe and reading the papers."

I one time had a dispute with some of my neighbours about shooting rights, which was taken to the High Court. Great excitement arose, but ultimately I won completely. On the following Sunday after chapel, a number of the defeated litigants were assembled together, when they were addressed by one of our old tenants. "You all thought you were great lawyers, but I knew very well that at the end the judge would be able to *rogue* you out of it all, and so he did."

"When you go to the meeting-house on Sunday," said the elder to his daughter, "don't

be staring about you, but keep your eyes on the ground—demurely like, and forby, the eedification of it, you might see a purse or something that somebody has dropped.”

Two men were arguing in the street on a religious subject, when a third came up and said impatiently to one of them, “What do you know about religion? I’ll bet a sovereign you could not say the Lord’s Prayer.” “Done,” said the other. Thereupon the challenged theologian repeated the metrical version of the Hundredth Psalm, and the challenger promptly handed over the sovereign, saying, “I did not really think you could have done it.”

The older school of Ulstermen is given to conviviality. One of them went to spend Christmas night with some friends and to guide him on his way he brought a lantern. After a merry evening he returned by devious paths. On waking next morning he heard a strange voice in the kitchen, but could see nobody. At last the mystery was explained; instead of the lantern he had brought back the parrot’s cage with the parrot inside, and the devout bird had been

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reciting parts of the Scottish version of the Psalms of David for the edification of the strange house to which he had been conveyed.

When a temperance reformer was exhorting some Ulstermen to take the pledge, one of them cited St. Paul's advice to Timothy, to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. "Aye, but," said the reformer, "the apostle does not specify whether it is for internal or external application."

Another temperance reformer said to an Ulsterman, "Whenever you have any doubt whether you should have a whisky and soda, always give it against your inclination." "Such a thing," said his friend, "never was a matter of the least doubt to me."

One evening I attended a great meeting to hear the famous temperance advocate, Gough. The great orator began very quietly describing the habits as regards the use of alcohol of the ordinary respectable citizen. During a pause an Ulster voice was heard from the gallery indicating that the owner was enjoying intense relief: "Thank God he means mō-deration." This pronouncement was received by the audience with

unbounded applause and after that Gough made little progress in convincing them.

The ordinary Ulsterman has very little interest in art. On one occasion Mr. W. D. Humphreys, son of Major Humphreys, formerly land agent of the Duke of Abercorn, took a tenant into the church of Strabane to show him a memorial stained-glass window representing Christ and the Twelve Apostles. The old man, thinking that it was a collective portrait of the Major and his family, said, "It's very like the ould Major, but I didn't know he had so large a family."

Another tenant insisted on the ladies of the family coming to see a beautiful statue that had been sent to him from America. When they arrived he pointed out a large plaster statue of Venus with a huge clock fixed in its stomach.

A Southern during the South African War was jeering at an Ulsterman. "Well, at last, William, you have got your heart's content in murdering rebels." "You," said the other, "have had a good time of it yourself—Patrick, shooting Presbyterians with the Queen's own powder and ball."



Photo by Alex. Bassano.

JAMES, FIRST DUKE OF ABERCORN, K.G., TWICE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.



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An Ulster student in Trinity College who had become anxious about the souls of his fellow-students used to invite large parties of them to have tea in his rooms on Sunday evenings, where he preached to them and made them sing hymns. For their entertainment he was obliged to borrow extra cups, saucers, kettles, etc., from his friends, and among these he always had the loan of a large kettle from me, which was left on the fire in another apartment. On one of these occasions an anxious enquirer addressed him. "Are you quite sure and certain that there is a future life and that God exists?" "I wish," said the saintly man, "that I was as sure that there was a bottom in Ross's kettle at this moment."

The Ulster people, who are on the whole a good-natured race, are in the habit of using the most frightful language, which is rarely followed up by corresponding deeds. In Venice one is horrified by the fearful threats of the gondoliers to each other; you expect to witness a dreadful scene of bloodshed when they get within striking distance, but nothing happens.

Two Derrymen were quarrelling violently in a train ; the stationmaster insisted that they should travel in separate compartments or else make it up. They chose the latter alternative, but when the train was moving off the biggest put his head out of the carriage window and said, " I'll have the weasand pulled out of him before we get to the next station."

Considering that they are a pious people, they are much addicted to swear words and to unholy language ; but it really means nothing except a quaint method of accentuation. The conductor of a fife-and-drum band while beating time at a practice was thus heard to address his musicians :

" Now ye have it, damn ye, keep it ;
Damn yer sowl, McCusker, keep it ;
Damn yer sowl, McCusker ;
Damn yer sowl, McCusker, keep it."

The late Lord Lifford succeeded in getting up a light railway to run through part of the County Donegal. On one occasion, when the train was pursuing its leisurely course, a countryman was seen running down to the line shouting,

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“Hell to your sowl—Lord Lifford.” The guard and driver thinking that his lordship was near and anxious to get into the train, pulled up at once and the man got in and seated himself. “Where is Lord Lifford?” said the guard. “What do I know about Lord Lifford?” said the new passenger. “Go ahead.”

A young Northern volunteer was most impatient to get out to the war—he indicated his intention to take “the Keyser” by the throat and drag him to his well-deserved end. On arriving at the front he was placed in a forward trench; but notwithstanding the shouts and warnings of the officers and his comrades he raised himself right out of cover, shook his fist at the enemy and roared, “Come on, you bloody Huns.” Thereupon a German sniper sent a bullet through his cap, which astonished but did not wound him. Subsiding in the trench he shouted to his fellows, “Hell’s blazes, there’s ruffins over there that would shoot you like a rabbit.”

The Irish country house was always notorious for its practical jokes. A certain colonel was famous for his performances. In 1866, when

the rumours of Fenian uprising and attacks were widespread, he invited a large party to his mansion, among whom was a rector of war-like propensities, who was always saying what dreadful things he would do in case any house was attacked in which he was staying. On the first night after dinner the butler came in and talked in a low voice to the colonel, who seemed to be considerably alarmed. He then addressed his guests: "Gentlemen, I have just been informed that there is to be a Fenian attack on this house to-night. I have decided to defend it to the last, and rely on you all for your active support and assistance." This statement was received with cheers by all, including the belligerent rector. "Firearms," said the colonel, "will be supplied to you with ammunition, and you will each station yourselves at the windows from which you are to fire on the rebels." Following on this a volley was heard outside, and the guests were at once armed and stationed at their posts. The colonel had arranged with a number of his men that they were to keep discharging blank cartridges round the house.

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The guests also from the windows maintained the defence with spirit. The Colonel going about in the dark with a jar of raspberry jam, managed to wipe the faces of the most of the defenders so that when they assembled in the lit hall their appearance was most ghastly. The colonel finally went to the rector's post and informed him that the only chance of success was to lower him down by a rope from the window and that he was then to hasten to the police barracks of a village some miles away and summon aid. When the rector was lowered half-way down the rebels suddenly appeared below and discharged volley after volley at the body of the holy man swinging above them. Then the colonel would pull him up and lower him down amid a continuous fusillade. When at last he reached the ground he cut the rope and ran with all speed four miles to the barracks. When the colonel and the other guests had retired to bed, a loud knocking was heard at the front door. The colonel, attired in his night-dress, went down and opened it himself. There stood the head constable of the Royal Irish Constabulary and

his men with their rifles. "We have just heard," said the head constable, "of the attack on your house, colonel, and hurried here as fast as we could."

"Who told you that?" said the colonel.

"The rector," said the head constable.

"Well," said the wicked colonel, "I always suspected that his reverence drank to excess, and now I'm sure of it."

Jokes on the subject of the mother-in-law do not catch on in Ulster, though they have been prevalent in all countries since classic times, but those on the tyranny of wives are highly popular.

During the South African War an Ulster officer of Yeomanry volunteered immediately after his marriage to a widow, and was at once sent to the front. At one of the fierce battles for the relief of Ladysmith, his squadron got into trouble and was cut off from the main body. A strong force of Regulars, under a commander who was formerly an intimate friend, was sent up to relieve the Yeomanry. The officer, recognizing his Ulster friend, shouted: "Hello—what on earth brought you out here? I heard you were

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only recently married." Amid the roar of the bursting shells from the Long Toms and the loud replies of our naval guns—the newly married man yelled: "I came out here for a little peace and quiet."



CHAPTER XIII

Of the Southern and Others

WHEN we come in contact with Southern Ireland, or the Keltic races in Northern Ireland, we find in them strange differences from their fellow-countrymen. They have subconscious memories, as the Ulster folk had in the 1641 massacres, and they are nearly all derived from the stories of Oliver Cromwell. His treatment of the captured at Drogheda and Wexford was an example of successful frightfulness. When reports spread about of the fate of the Drogheda garrison, no fortified place would resist him. As a matter of fact this cruel policy was for the time most merciful and prevented much useless bloodshed. But it had a dreadful sequel or aftermath. From generation to generation the terrible stories of

English cruelty have been handed down, and bad enough as they were, have been much exaggerated. These memories have produced an evil harvest in the relationships of the two countries. The "Curse of Cromwell" is well understood to this day to mean the direst of maledictions.

There can be no doubt that the Southern manners are far more agreeable than those of the North. The Southern always tries to say the thing that is most agreeable to the visitor. He will cut down the long stretch of Irish miles to the place to be reached for the satisfaction of his questioner.

There is a well-known story of some questioners who were three times informed that their destination was only ten miles distant. At last on the third occasion one of them exclaimed, "Glory be to God, we're houlding our own any way!"

The Southern Catholic has tales of his own which he sets against the Northern anti-papal jests. In both these is a lavish use of hell.

There is one about a train in that hot region

that travels through a junction where the saint on duty calls out, " Catholics change here for purgatory—Protestants keep your seats for hell."

Another tale is that a man presented himself to St. Peter at the gate of heaven, but the saint could not find his name and address anywhere in the books. At last he said, " Are you a Catholic at all? " " Ah no," said the man, " I'm a Plymouth Brother." " You have been wasting my time," said the saint, " you're for hell—pass down the corridor and take the first door to the left—mind the step."

The power of the priests is said to be weakening in Ireland, and no doubt during the Parnellite split the clergy were resolutely resisted. Still it is thought to be an unlucky thing to fight with the priest and there is still an uncertainty as to the extent of his powers.

A stout Parnellite was informed by his neighbours that if he voted for the Parnellite candidate the priest might turn him into a mouse. " I don't believe," said he, " that his reverence has such power, and I'll risk my vote on the side of Ireland, but," addressing his wife, " just to be

on the safe side, Biddy, shut up the cats for the night."

Occasionally Young Ireland will crack a joke at the expense of the clergy. An irreverent youngster who was admitted at Milan to see the bejewelled body of the great Cardinal Borromeo for five francs, cried: "This has put a grand idea into me head—we'll dig up me ould uncle O'Flaherty the Bishop, and let people see him for half a crown a head and make our fortune."

On one occasion when I got a severe chill accompanied by a very high temperature, I insisted on sitting in court, and getting through my list. When I got home the doctor rebuked me for my folly and pointed out that with a temperature of 103 my work for the day must have been quite useless. "In fact," he said, "you must have been more or less in a state of delirium all day." When I recovered I sent for my Southern officials and questioned them. They all declared that I had done my work splendidly; in fact, they never saw me in better form. Not being quite satisfied, I sent for my Ulster-Scot registrar and asked him bluntly if

he had noticed any signs of delirium on the day in question. After much hesitation he said, "Delirium! delirium! well, just about the same as usual."

One of my officials in the Land Judge's Court was quite an efficient sculptor. He made a clever bust of me, in full-bottomed wig, lace, and state robes. A replica was also made and set up in one of the offices. An old and much-respected Southern official was led up to it next morning and asked did he know who it was; he took off his hat and bowing reverently said: "Indeed I do—it is our beloved Queen Victoria—God bless her—and long may she reign."

In courts of justice the difference is apparent. When the Southern goes in for perjury, he tells a long story and embroiders it with endless details. In consequence he becomes an easy prey to the cross-examiner. The Northern story, on the other hand, though equally false, is blunt and direct. It is all "Yes" or "No," and gives the cross-examiner little chance. The Northern lie is said to be as bald as a cannon ball.

The extravagant imagination of the Kelt

sometimes produces extraordinary results. A grateful old woman will say to you, "May the Good Lord be long spared to keep you in health and wealth."

When I was appointed a judge, a tenant saluted me with the curious observation, "Thank God, we have not only a Judge in the next world, but a judge in this one too."

The Irishman when he goes abroad is so versatile that he will take on almost any employment. A circus manager in the Western States having engaged an Irishman as a circus hand gave him a lion's skin and told him to put it on and go into a cage with another lion before the performance. This command rather intimidated him, and he looked fearfully at the other lion in the cage, but from this beast's skin there came words of comfort, "Never mind, Peter, I'm from Mullingar meself."

I have written elsewhere about bag women, that strange trustworthy class who used to carry our briefs to and from the courts. One of them used to bring with her a little crippled son. When she was hard pressed she used to ask

me for a little assistance, which I was glad to supply. One night she appeared on my doorstep in the deepest distress, shedding floods of tears. Her little boy, she said, was dead, and she implored me for money to bury him decently. I was much moved myself, and gave what was required. Some days after when taking a short cut through a back street, I overtook her, and in her arms looking over her shoulder I recognised to my delight, the joyous features of the deceased, who smiled gaily upon me.

No race is more ready to be deceived: they do not resent deception—do not desire the truth above all things—or at all.

At a political meeting an orator asked, "Do you now want to hear the real truth?" The audience with one great voice answered "No!"

Brian Boroo used to be at the top of the tree for his glorious victory at Clontarf. On a sign-board to a house of public entertainment at Clontarf there used to be a richly painted sign of the heroic Brian waving his sword over the fallen bodies of many Danes, and—to give a little local colour—the Dollymount horse-drawn

tramcar was represented coming up in the distance.

The modern archæologists have, however, deposed the great Brian, and the victory according to them appears to have been won by a man or a limited liability company of the name of McLaughlin.

Although the Southern Irish are by no means deficient in having a high opinion of themselves, they are not at all as proud of their poets as they might be. Thomas Moore is not to be put in the front rank of the supremely great ones, but all round, it would be hard in any country to find a finer lyric poet. Modern Irish critics make little of him and he has fallen from the high position he deservedly occupied in his own time. The modern Irish literary crowd depreciate him, and the ordinary folk acquiesce. The hideous statue in College Green is a poor memorial to a national bard. If anybody dared to treat Burns in Scotland as Moore is treated in Ireland, his life would not be safe. Popular admiration more usually centres on legendary heroes of warlike fame.

When bananas began to be imported into the country, occasionally a small snake was brought with them. One of these, about two feet long, was found in a garden at Rathmines crawling about. This violation of the edict of St. Patrick caused great commotion, and the serpent was brought and exhibited in the Zoological Gardens with a printed notice pasted on the glass, "Irish snake caught at Rathmines." The spectators were sadly disappointed at the size and dimensions of the reptile. Then an unscrupulous member detached the notice and fastened it on to the glass in front of the "great Indian python," and there was general rejoicing that Ireland could produce such an ophidian wonder.

Anent the Zoological Gardens—on one occasion when Lord Roberts had breakfasted with the Council, I took him round to see our Batteleur eagle. This strange bird had an amusing habit of spreading out his wings and then bowing to the ground three times, accompanying his prostration with a deeply reverential sound. When Lord Roberts came to the cage, I presented him

with his full titles to the bird, which then expressed his homage in the usual way. The Field-Marshal was absolutely astonished, and drawing himself up he responded with a most formal military salute.

On another occasion Mr. Bryce—afterwards Lord Bryce—when Chief Secretary for Ireland was breakfasting with us and was taken to see a fierce Central American animal. I pointed him out to the Chief Secretary in an attitude of perfect repose. “This,” I said, “represents the condition of the British people before the introduction of an Education Bill. Now see what happens on the prospect of such a measure.” Here I pushed into the cage the handle of a shovel. At once the beast with a roar sprang into the air and with flashing eyes it attacked the intruding shaft with its teeth and rending claws. Lord Bryce remarked that much political wisdom could be obtained by observing the animal creation, and that *Æsop's Fables* was a book for statesmen to meditate upon.

Nobody is so absolutely free from all restraint as an Ulsterman when he embraces Nationalist sentiments.

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone was making a most pathetic speech, pointing out that he could not hope to see some event and that when it occurred he would have passed into another world. At this, to the horror of everybody, Joseph Gillis Biggar rapturously exclaimed, "Hear, hear."

Do the North and South hate one another? The answer is "No," except on certain fixed anniversary days in the year when they do it as a religious duty. You will sometimes find the most extraordinary friendships existing between men of the most extreme opinions. Colonel Saunderson was supposed to be an extreme Orangeman, and yet he employed on his estate for the purpose of constructing the fine yachts he sailed on Lough Erne, a boat-builder who was a bitter Fenian, to whom he was devoted and who was devoted to him. His boyish escapades delighted the people always, and they were never tired of telling the Colonel's latest. On one occasion, when a number of English guests unacquainted with Ireland came to Castle Saunderson, a drove of pigs that had

been carefully washed for the occasion rushed from the drawing-room down the stairs, upsetting some of the visitors.

In many of the local stories the Colonel invariably turns up. Here is one in the words of the narrator :

“ At one time there was a great Sea Serpent in Lough Erne, so when cows and calves began to disappear from the banks the people went to Lord Erne and asked him to take the matter up. So he went to the Admiralty, and got over a large chain with a great hook at the end of it, and on the hook they put three stone of fat bacon. So the Earl went out in his boat with his men and lowered the bait. In one minute something had a hault of it and the Earl's boat began to fly like a steam engine from the north of the lake to the south. The Colonel was out taking the air on the shore at Castle Saunderson when he saw this apparition. ‘ Hell to yer souls,’ called the Colonel. ‘ What are yes doing there ? ’ But before his lordship could make answer, away went the boat and in ten minutes she was near Beleek.

“ So up and down for a whole day the baste ran towing the Earl ; but at last when it was bate, they killed it and opened it and found in its inside a lot of cows and ould men and ould women—a game licence—and a big drum.”

The National schoolmaster of the old days was always an interesting person. Though badly paid and pensioned, he was proud of his work and generally did his best. He was the professional letter-writer of the country-side and used the most magniloquent and dignified language. When excited, the same lofty tone appeared in his conversation. One of them on one occasion had a sharp dispute with a book-maker in a public place, whom he offered to fight but was prevented by the police. Then the schoolmaster addressed him :

“ The preservers of the public peace have saved you from condign chastisement at my hands, but know this, that physically, mentally, morally and socially, I am your superior.”

In the South, hotel porters and such-like always use the most grandiloquent language, doing full deference to any titles of honour.

On one occasion I told a hall porter in an hotel that I accepted an invitation to dine conveyed on the telephone by the butler of my host. I happened to pass the telephone-box when I heard as follows: "You are requested to inform the noble and right honourable Earl, K.P., C.M.G., that the right honourable Judge will be pleased and happy to take his dinner with the noble Earl this evening."

A shopkeeper in the South was observed going out with a shot-gun. When asked if he was going after the ducks and hares, he said, "No, this is the way I take to collect me overdue accounts."

A sergeant in the Munster Fusiliers in the South African War was told to lead his men in the direction of the constellation of Orion. When asked how he found his way, he said, "I was ordered to march in the direction of a star called the Constipation of O'Brien."

A Southern Irishman when asked to take water with his whisky said, "Do yes want me to make a bog-hole of me inside?"

Some of the hotels in the rural parts of Ireland

are primitive. An English lady staying in one of these requested to be taken to the bath-room. When ready for her ablutions she found herself in a half-roofed building. While she was wondering where the water was coming from she heard a voice saying, "Will yer honour stand further east." Looking up she saw an aged and bearded man holding a bucket, the contents of which he was prepared to throw over her.

Admiral Charlie Beresford was an intense Irishman himself, and delighted in having Irish bluejackets in his ships. One of his favourites, Dinny Something, from the County Waterford, had an excellent record up to one fatal evening when he went on shore and did not return till next morning. Admiral Charlie said there must be some explanation and that he would see the man himself. Dinny stood in the dock behind some object which concealed the lower part of his person, but seemed to be neat and perfectly dressed. "I see nothing the matter with him," said the Admiral. "Let him take three paces to the right," said the Petty Officer. When this was done, Dinny was found to be

without his trousers, which had been left on shore.

The great weakness of the Southern character is the want of moral courage; they have physical courage in abundance. You will find a man who has won the V.C. completely intimidated by an old woman who drops hints about some secret society.

In the West of Ireland on one occasion some ruffians attacked the cottage of a small farmer. A beautiful girl of seventeen, the daughter of the house, came out and approached them. One of these scoundrels in the full view of her father raised his gun and deliberately shot her dead. The old man went into the neighbouring town and made an information in which he identified the murderer by description and name. When, however, the case came to be heard at the Assizes, the old man went back on his deposition and swore he could not identify the accused. As there was no other evidence the prisoner was discharged. When leaving the dock the wretched old father came up and actually kissed the murderer of his daughter.

It is sad to observe that there are times when a kind of demoniac possession seizes upon a people who are naturally kindly. In this state of affairs when an official has been murdered for doing his duty, the people will not allow a coffin to be provided for his remains. But at ordinary times they are full of sympathy. When a political opponent dies they will adjourn meetings and boards as an expression of sympathy, and further, their leading orator will deliver what the press calls "A Tribute."

Now I abhor tributes, though on two occasions the possibility of my receiving one preserved me from danger.

I was riding a spirited horse over the Rialto Bridge, Dublin, when a railway engine ran noisily underneath and in a moment my steed was in a mad gallop down the slippery incline. I was certain that he would fall and that I should be killed. Suddenly I seemed to see the Rev. Dr. Edgar in the pulpit of Adelaide Road church and heard him pronounce a tribute in which he dilated on my unostentatious piety and on many other gifts and graces which I do not

possess. In despair I made one final effort which must nearly have broken the jaws of my steed, and succeeded in turning him into the cavalry barracks at Island Bridge. But it was a very near thing.

On another occasion, when flying was in its infancy, an aviator at Hendon was taking up some passengers for a fee of a few pounds. I was determined to see what flying felt like, and approached the place. Suddenly I had a vision. It was a page of the *Irish Times* headed, "Death of Mr. Justice Ross: Killed out of an aeroplane at Hendon." This of itself would not have stopped me, but below there was something more alarming, "Tribute of the Vacation Judge." Then followed a half column from the judge and more from the representatives of the Bar and President of the Incorporated Society. All this terrified me, so I turned and fled. The aeroplane in which I intended to fly had a very narrow escape shortly after its start—if I had been in it I am certain a disaster would have occurred.

"*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"

I think that one of the most unfortunate things that ever happened to Ireland was the passing of Lord O'Hagan's Act for lowering the qualifications of the common juror. Lord O'Hagan was one of the most upright of men and knew his fellow-countrymen well. He thought his Act would be a measure ensuring fair play to the poorer classes. He could never have foreseen the awful consequences. From the time when it came into operation the criminal law in Southern Ireland and in part of Northern Ireland became paralysed.

Lord Morris used to tell a story that at one of the Assize towns in the West where he presided, he ordered the jurors to go to their usual places in court. Whereupon they all—at all events as many of them as would fit—marched into the dock. The poor men, even if they were unprejudiced, are wholly unable to understand the proceedings at all. When they have given their verdict, if asked, they often cannot tell in whose favour it has gone. They are the prey of counsel, who appeal to every prejudice or prepossession according to the rules of the

game. The time wasted is appalling ; no judge is able to keep them straight. There is much cant talked about the admirable qualities of the ordinary jurors. I cannot bring myself to agree. I believe that ninety per cent. of the cases would be far better tried by a judge sitting alone. I quite admit that twelve special jurors are far the best tribunal for disposing of questions of fact. But even they sometimes give bewildering answers to the puzzling questionnaire submitted to them by the judge, and the case goes on from court to court to determine the meaning of the answers. People imagine that a verdict can be got rid of by the Divisional Court if it is contrary to the weight of evidence. But according to our law when once the facts ascertained are capable of being found by twelve reasonable men, the court above, which has not seen the witnesses, is powerless to interfere. The Chancery Division usually tries their cases, whether involving questions of fact or not, without a jury, but either of the parties can insist on a jury if there is any question of fact.

In an action of Lord de Freyne against his

tenants for conspiracy to withhold rent, the Irish Court of Appeal, reversing the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, held that the tenants were entitled to a jury. This disastrous decision, strange to say, was approved by the House of Lords, mainly owing to the strong constitutional views of Lord James of Hereford. From that time the landlords have been almost powerless to enforce their rights.

The Irishman is said to make the best policeman in the world. There is only one exception: the world admires London policemen, but in their ranks are to be found many Irish.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police were a magnificent body of men physically; they were reputed to have descended from Cromwell's Ironsides, who married Irish wives. Anybody who has ever got a blow from one of their batons is not likely soon to forget it. Fortunately, they were as good natured as they were strong, and the batons were rarely in action.

When I was in college, after a heavy fall of snow the students of Trinity College kept up such a barrage of snowballs from the Brunswick Street gate that the street soon became impass-

able. Then a large force of "Moriarties," as they were then called, was sent to drive the students back. They succeeded in arresting one divinity student, the quietest man in the college and now a distinguished divine in the English Church. We tried to rescue him, but in vain; the Metropolitans put him on an outside car and drove him off. We made a daring sortie and captured three big men, whom we dragged within the gate. Then we endeavoured to parley with the enemy and offered to exchange our three prisoners for their one. But they would have none of us, and the bearer of the message under a white flag was nearly taken himself. We were in triumphant possession of three D.M.P. helmets and three batons which would have been splendid trophies to hang on our walls. But our Brobdingnagian prisoners pointed out that they would have to supply themselves with these necessities at their own expense. So the end of the matter was, we were so charmed with their behaviour, that after suitable entertainment, we let them out of the front gate unharmed and highly pleased.

They were well known for their humour. "Where will I find the Blackrock tram?" cried one old lady. "In the small of your back, madam, if you don't get off the line," said the policeman.

There is a well-known story of a man who could not speak without an introductory prelude of "Sh—sh." When asked by the magistrate what he was charged with, the sergeant said the accused must be charged with soda water.

A Metropolitan constable was bumped by a young lady in Grafton Street who was rather carelessly driving a motor. She apologised humbly and the constable said, "I'd have you to know, miss, that when you see me in the middle of the road doing nothing at all, I'm regulatin' the traffic accordin' to me regulations."

The Royal Irish Constabulary was, beyond doubt, the finest organised police force in the world. The Depot in Phoenix Park, where officers and men were most carefully trained, was a wonderful place. Officers from all nations came to study the system, and "The Force" acquired a world-wide reputation. When the terror came and so many of them were so treacher-

ously murdered with perfect impunity, their splendid tradition kept them together for a long time. It was only when the enemy systematically applied their cruelties to their families and relatives in unprotected places, that the splendid line at last wavered and broke—but they endured everything that flesh and blood could stand.

In all my experience I have never heard one of them strain the evidence to procure a conviction. Again and again I have known them to send a note during the prosecution, bringing out something in favour of the prisoner.

Their evidence in court was sometimes most amazing. A man called Bulger had brought an action against a quarry company for injuries to his house through an explosion of dynamite. The following occurred.

Q. "Did you hear a great noise?"

A. "I did then, it was a most successful explosion. When I heard it, I said, 'There goes poor Bulger to heaven.'"

Another constable, when describing how an old horse pulled up, said, "When he got to the gate he stopped unanimously."

Another, when contrasting the traffic on the road beside the Liffey from the strawberry beds to Dublin in former days with that of the present time, said, "I've seen the time when there were more dead horses on that road than there are living ones now."

In the country villages they were the trusted advisors of the people in all matters. They were nearly always men of high character, and attentive to their religious duties. The merciless war of assassination that was waged against them and theirs is one of the saddest things that ever occurred in Ireland.

I hope that before long some competent writer acquainted with the most interesting and thrilling facts will write the history of this splendid force.

The Southern Irishman is always ready with an explanation of some phenomenon he has never experienced before. On seeing a Scottish kilted regiment rushing to the support of the police, a voice was heard shouting, "Them boys is so aeger to be murdering people, that they hadn't time to put on their trousers."

CHAPTER XIV

Of Matters chiefly Naval

ONE evening when standing on the bridge of the S.S. *Lady Cloe* of the British & Irish Line off Plymouth, I saw a strange sight. A powerful battleship at full speed was bearing down upon us. She circled round us, leaving an immense white wake behind her. She was not flying the White Ensign of the British Navy. What could be the meaning of this portent? Had some foreign power sent this monster to dominate the Narrow Seas? At last we arrived at the solution of the mystery. She was H.M.S. *Audacious*, armed with 13.5 guns (the last word in battleship construction) but not yet delivered over to the Admiralty. How little did I think that one closely connected with me was fated to be present at the closing scene of this

great ship. My son-in-law, Lieut.-Commander F. P. Saunders, R.N., now Commander Saunders, was at the outbreak of the war in command of H.M. Torpedo Boat *Circe*. After a short stay at Scapa Flow the *Circe*, accompanied by H.M.S. *Leda*, was ordered to proceed to the North of Ireland and sweep the entrance to Lough Swilly, where the Grand Fleet was at that time stationed. When the *Circe* was at Fanad Head she received the alarming signal, “*Audacious* in difficulties—proceed to her with utmost speed.” The *Circe* steamed as quickly as possible in the direction indicated. When she neared the appointed place a strange and moving sight met the eyes of her officers and crew. The great battleship lay beam to the swell and had settled down somewhat by the stern and a trickle of steam was escaping from a pipe abaft the funnel.

They discovered standing by, the vast mass of the White Star liner the *Olympic*, also a big freight steamer and the cruiser H.M.S. *Liverpool*. None of the big ships of the fleet were near her, as after the terrible disaster to the *Aboukir*, the *Hogue* and the *Cressy* in October, 1914, an order

had been given that in case of a submarine attack the larger ships were not to stand by the torpedoed vessel.

The *Olympic*, the *Liverpool* and the freight steamer all tried to tow the wounded ship. She might have been saved if they had been able to take her to Ballymacstocker Bay—20 miles distant—but a heavy, partially waterlogged ship was too much for any wire, and after many gallant efforts she had to be abandoned. The *Circe*, after standing by for some hours, was ordered to collect a number of boats that had been cast off by the *Olympic* and bring them into Lough Swilly, a difficult enough operation with a long tow and a rising sea. When passing Fanad Head at 8.45 those on the *Circe's* bridge witnessed the tremendous explosion of the great ship, the flame taking the exact shape of the Prince of Wales's three-feathered crest.

Among the company of the *Audacious* there was a young constructor who informed the captain that the ship would capsize certain hours after the explosion which had caused the mischief and this occurred exactly at the time he had named.

The ship had consequently been abandoned two hours before the explosion, and not one of her crew was killed. There was only one man who lost his life on that occasion, and that was a petty officer of the *Liverpool* cruiser, which was standing by at a considerable distance, and he was killed by a falling plate.

The cause of the disaster is now fairly clear. The ship was not torpedoed by a submarine as was generally supposed at the time; she had struck an unmoored mine jettisoned by a vessel sailing under neutral colours. The day following the mine-sweepers were ordered out to sweep outright the suspected area and the Tory Island Channel, but no other mine was discovered. It was simply a case of sheer ill-luck, like that which befell H.M.S. *Hampshire* with Lord Kitchener on board in 1916.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Admiralty decided that the loss of this powerful ship must be kept secret from the public and the enemy for a time. It therefore became necessary to detain the *Olympic* for a considerable period in Lough Swilly. But notwithstanding all these

precautions a photograph of the *Audacious* after her mishap appeared in the *Scientific American*, a periodical published in New York.

Following the loss of the *Audacious* the Fleet returned to its base in Scapa Flow and the mine-sweeping flotilla was augmented by the addition of various craft. The additional patrols and precautions made the entry into the Flow a tricky business, but notwithstanding a submarine blundered into the Nova Sound and was sighted. She was obliged to dive quickly, then she came up again to the surface to have another try to locate herself, when she came in contact with the stem of a trawler which damaged her conning tower. The engineer of the trawler, called *The Greaser*, dashed from his engine-room, hammer in hand, and as his ship collided with the submarine he flung the big hammer with all his might and hit the conning tower with a shout of "Take that, you b——y blighter."

Whether it was the mighty stroke of the hammer, as all the valiant greasers boast, or the effect of the contact with the trawler, the submarine, some time later, had to come to the

surface and surrender to a destroyer. Preparations were made for taking her in tow, but there was one German hero in that submarine, and when the rest of her crew were taken off he remained and went down with his ship. We do not know the name of this hero, but it deserves to be remembered; his brave deed won for him the admiration of the entire Grand Fleet.

From others I have heard some funny stories floating about in naval circles. One was that when the Germans got the range of a big landing stage on the French coast and began to bombard it to bits with a long-range gun, a French officer with folded arms stood on it, fearless of the falling shells; then the commander of a destroyer in the neighbourhood called out, "Come out of that, you blasted Casabianca."

On another occasion when two destroyers were being officially examined by a R.N.V.R. officer, the blackened face of a stoker suddenly appeared from below and said:

"The gime's up, guv'nor—we's the *Goben* and the *Breslow*—so we gives in."

CHAPTER XV

Of how I was driven again into Politics!

SO long as I occupied a judicial position I was, of course, debarred from political action of any kind.

In the mind of a judge after a few years the political sense becomes atrophied through disuse.

When my office was abolished in 1922 I realised that I was free to return to the political field and found myself in much request. People seemed to think that a man who had no axe to grind, and who had been divorced from politics for a long period, could be relied on to express sound views when he emerged from his retirement.

The Lord Chief Baron had been from his youth a Liberal in politics. Before his elevation to the Bench he had been Attorney-General

to the Gladstone Government. He was one of the first to recognise the great legal ability of Mr. Asquith. When the Parliament Act was passed he seemed very much perturbed and said if the matter was not seriously taken up, it would probably work the ruin of the British Empire. I pointed out that the Minister had pledged himself in the most solemn manner to undertake the business at the earliest possible time, and had declared that the matter brooked no delay.

This consideration did not seem to relieve him from apprehension, and he alluded to the subject again and again. His instinct was so extraordinary that it made me uneasy. How accurate was his prophetic power. "The debt of honour," according to Mr. Asquith, remains unpaid to this day, after fifteen years' delay. What is practically single-chamber government—that according to Lord Grey means "death, disaster and damnation," still goes on.

The fortress wall that protected our ancient constitution has been levelled in the dust, and no serious attempt has been made to repair it in any way by either of the great parties.

Then there was the Bryce Report. The greatest constitutional lawyer in the Empire sat for six months with forty of the leading men of both parties. The result is the report in the form of a letter to the Prime Minister drawn up by Lord Bryce's own hand. But a great constitutional reform must be capable of being understood by the people. The objection to these proposals is that they are so complex that they never could be grasped by the electorate. When the Bryce Committee were working, the great danger which now threatens the country had not presented itself at all. The Socialist Party was a negligible factor.

Now their accession to power some time is a certainty. They may get into office in a period of panic and widespread distress and then use the unlimited power conferred by the Parliament Act and wreck what they call Capitalism.

The nation has never properly realised what it means to have a Government with an independent majority committed to the doctrines of Karl Marx in a position to work their will on the Empire.

But they will be afraid, says the man in the street, or they will be held up. Once in power as the result of a General Election they will not be afraid of anything, and it will not be possible to stop them in any way. If they are allowed to carry a capital levy or the nationalisation of banks, our credit goes for ever, and the damage inflicted will be irreparable.

The Unionist Party were almost as much to blame for their apathy as the Liberals were for their misfeasance.

The Tory Party managers dislike the subject—it causes no enthusiasm, it can so easily be misrepresented as an effort to set up an hereditary element to thwart the people's will.

Constitutional questions are above the comprehension of the people. "Let sleeping dogs lie"—"Let well enough alone," are the cries frequently heard when the subject is started. Our Dominions, with great intelligence and spirit, set to work to tackle the problem in their own way and have succeeded in setting up Second Chambers, differing from each other but suited to their own requirements. All the great nations

in Europe have done the same. We are the only Great Power that is left without the protection of a written Constitution or an effective Second Chamber.

My article on the Reform of the House of Lords appeared in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, 1924. I pointed out that the one thing that all the members of the Bryce Committee were agreed upon was that in the new Second Chamber the connection with the old hereditary House of Lords must be maintained.

The principle of heredity in an hereditary monarchy, and that the most successful hereditary monarchy in history, cannot be turned down. To restore the old veto of the Peers is simply out of the question. A house consisting of about 740 Peers which was rarely attended by more than 150 was a danger and an absurdity. The remedy for this was plain enough—let the 740 elect 150 of their best men who had held high office or had at any time been elected Members of Parliament, including bishops, and peeresses in their own right, if they wanted them.

The second element was to be composed of 100 life members to be nominated by the Crown on the advice of the Prime Minister for the time being, whether Socialist, Liberal or Conservative. It was to be hoped that this second hundred could be in the main not partisans—men of great eminence—men possessing the more permanent qualities of the British race.

My third class I considered the most important of all—Representatives of the Commonwealth—the Dominions, the Empire of India, and the Dependencies—in all about forty or fifty, and to be nominated by their own Governments. These great Imperial entities are at present in a most absurd position. They are merely kept sitting at the door of the Colonial Office, and cannot make their voices heard when something vitally affecting their interests or their very existence is in question. Such as the Singapore Naval Base.

Representation for them in the House of Commons, a taxing body, is clearly out of the question, but their proper and natural place is in the reconstructed Second Chamber, where they would

have the right to make their voices heard when their safety was menaced. Their representatives sitting at the heart of power, constantly in touch with each other and with the Home Government, would be an Imperial factor of the highest value.

The fourth class would consist of ex-officio members—Chancellors, ex-Chancellors, Law Lords, ex-Speakers of the House of Commons, and, as Bishops are likely to disappear in time, the two present Archbishops to hold office for their lives.

The fifth class would be composed of the Royal Princes, the sons or grandsons of a Sovereign who had obtained peerages—a non-political element, but whose presence would add greatly to the prestige and dignity of the Chamber.

Peers not elected among the 150 were to be eligible for the House of Commons.

The plan suggested may have many defects, but not more than those adopted by the Great Powers and the Dominions. It may not hold for all time, but it is capable of amendment as circumstances may require.

I was much gratified to find that it obtained the approval of the Dominion Press.

After enquiry, I am satisfied that the small quota of Representatives required from each Dominion can easily be obtained. It may be urged that these Representatives might get out of touch with their own people beyond the seas. That is possible, but with the many means of communication improving every year the objection cannot be urged with much force as against the manifest advantages of the scheme.

In this way we should secure a Great Council of Empire, and in point of ability and prestige surpassing every existing Second Chamber in the world.

It is intended that there should be two kinds of sittings of the Second Chamber—one for the discussion of Imperial affairs and the other for Home requirements. Any question as to what was an Imperial concern and what was a Home affair to be decided judicially by the Lord Chancellor.

When once the constitution of the proposed Second Chamber is settled, the question as to

its power is a simpler matter. We must start with this as an axiom—that as things stand with us the House of Commons must always be the predominant partner. The Second Chamber must never be allowed to be the rival of the House of Commons. It must not have the power of turning an Administration out of office, nor must it interfere with the general machinery of government. The two years' limit may be allowed to hold good in ordinary cases. Things would go on very much as at present, but when some measure was presented, whether financial or otherwise, that in the opinion of the new body was of a fundamental character or likely to be attended with disastrous results to the Empire, the Second Chamber should have the power to insist that before it becomes law it must be submitted to the instructed opinion of the nation either by a General Election or a strictly limited referendum.

The great peril of the situation is that no two people can be induced to agree to the details of any scheme.

Nearly every enlightened man or woman sees

that ruin is almost certain unless something is done, but they will not see that unless they withdraw their individual theories in favour of a scheme that is sensible and just, nothing will come of it.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is deeply interested in this subject, did a notable service in bringing together at a dinner given by him at Hampden House a large number of prominent peers and a few others, including myself, for a friendly discussion. Although there was the usual fissiparous tendency, I was satisfied by receiving the approval of my scheme from six important Peers expressed to me after my brief speech.

Next afternoon I was sitting on the steps of the Throne listening to the Duke of Sutherland moving his resolution on the subject. A Peer whose eyesight is no longer what it was, sat down beside me without recognising me. He asked if I had not been at the famous dinner the night before, and without waiting for an answer went on to say he would have gone home discouraged if it had not been for that furious Ulsterman Ross.

“ But I’m *him*,” was the ungrammatical reply.

I then devoted myself to speaking at public political meetings. When going as Judge of Assize I had somewhat acquired the art of speaking without looking at a note, thus keeping the jury always under my eye.

I found this accomplishment invaluable in addressing public meetings. I spoke in several parts of London, in the South of England and finally in the North. Everywhere I was subjected to sharp cross-examination, but my scheme stood the test. The sharpest cross-examination of all I received at the hands of the Eton boys, when I spent a very pleasant evening with them.

I am convinced that if the Government took it up it would be easily carried into law. The Earl of Selborne has done me the honour of publishing an epitome of my article that appeared in the *Empire Review*, giving an account of my scheme and the arguments in favour of it, to be used for public circulation.

CHAPTER XVI

Of the Treaty

THE Treaty came as a great surprise to everybody. There can be little doubt that the so-called war was near an end. The revolutionary party were almost at their last cartridge. Another three weeks would have finished the business. The murder and arson campaign would have gone on for a considerable time, but that would have had to be endured and the end would have been peace of a sort. No doubt the settlement was for a time a relief to the harassed and terrorised loyalists in the South and West, who hoped that they would now be allowed to live in security. But it was not to be. They had delivered up their arms on the order of the Government, but their enemies had retained theirs. The withdrawal

of the army and police for whose protection they had contributed to the taxation was a cruel wrong.

The surrender of Dublin Castle—an almost incredible thing—left them all in despair. The British Government were immediately responsible up to the statutory ratification of the Treaty. The Provisional Government, with every desire to restore order, were quite helpless to protect them against the campaign of murder, fire and confiscation that followed.

Nothing was left to them but to fly from their country. They came over in large numbers, with nothing for the most part except the clothes they stood in, absolutely bewildered and despairing. The ladies of England lost no time in taking up their case and did everything in their power to mitigate their hardships. But something on a larger scale was urgently required. If ever there was a case for a great Government measure of relief, it was here. The loyalists had lost—many of them—their bread-winners, their homes, their lands, their employment, and all on account of their loyalty. But the Govern-

ment seemed to look on them as an unfortunate survival, and did nothing adequate. No such infamy attaches to any British Government as that which will cling for all time to those two administrations who turned a deaf ear to the cries of their own people in dire distress.

The Treaty was an act of state supposed to be for the benefit of Great Britain. It relieved Parliament from the presence of a hostile band of able politicians who always opposed British interests and who extracted large sums from English Governments in the vain hope of conciliating Irish sentiment. The Treaty was supposed to make for more friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States. But to the Southern loyalist it meant nothing but destruction. The country was informed by Lord Birkenhead that the negotiators of the Treaty were not blind to what must follow.

For national and imperial purposes Great Britain had made that Treaty. They foresaw the outburst of savagery and sabotism that was the necessary consequence of their policy.

But the British Government was the ultimate

guarantor and would compensate the loyalists for their losses and sufferings as had been done in the case of the American loyalists after the War of Independence.

What was expected happened. The troops and police were suddenly withdrawn, and a disarmed and helpless people were left to the mercy of their enemies. There was systematic murder, house-burning, looting of property, confiscation of land and every form of cruelty and wickedness. What these loyalists were entitled to was very plain—an independent tribunal presided over by a High Court Judge or Commissioner of eminence to sit in London or Dublin as the case required. This tribunal, after due notice to the Free State, could have made just awards to sufferers who had lost their bread-winners, their property or their businesses. The British Government should then have paid these awards and negotiated with the Free State for reimbursement. The British Government did nothing of the kind. They sent the injured to make their claims to the Free State under the Malicious Injuries Acts, legislation that was never intended

to apply to a wholesale destruction of property as an act of war, but merely to provide compensation against acts of malice under normal circumstances.

The Free State is not to be judged too harshly with its inexperienced statesmen, and threatened by a fierce Republican movement. But it proceeded to act as judge in its own case without any protest or rather with the actual connivance of the British Ministers. They altered the law so as to prevent claimants from obtaining the compensation to which they were legally entitled. They passed an Act under which all judgments and decrees previously obtained from the regular tribunals were wiped out and nullified (a thing unheard of in any civilised land).

They attached conditions compelling large portions of the sums awarded to be spent on rebuilding houses in Ireland—houses in which the claimants would not be allowed to live.

Instead of paying in cash, they paid in depreciated bonds. Having bought up the British arrears of Income Tax for a song, they made huge deductions from the awards in respect of

arrears, though the claimant had been forcibly deprived of the rents and profits out of which such taxes might have been paid, and in return for which they received no protection whatever. Having obtained from the British Government large sums voted by Parliament for compensation of loyalist claims, they proceeded without any authority whatever except a preposterous proclamation in the teeth of an Imperial Statute to compensate owners for the destruction of bomb factories and houses used for attacks on the Crown forces; compensation to the leaders of rebel bands for their inability to attend company meetings because they were absent on the run. All this, which is simply incredible, is history now. Nobody has ever explained by what right were the claims of the King's subjects handed over to be dealt with by the Free State, when the British Ministers had declared they were bound to satisfy them? What right had the Free State to alter the law in its own favour? By what lawful authority were the judgments and decrees of the legitimate court set aside? What right had the Free State to impose con-

ditions such as deductions for building in Ireland?

I had a continuous stream of dismissed Civil Servants coming to me in London for assistance in persuading the Government to do something for them. All my efforts were attended with meagre results. The wrongs of the loyalists so impressed me that I was driven to take up their case. I wrote articles in the London papers and I addressed large meetings on the subject. I bitterly regret that I did not join in at a much earlier period when I should have advised the loyalists not on any terms to have approached the Free State at all and to have kept on insisting on their right to an independent tribunal established to make awards on their claims, apart altogether from the artificial code of the Irish Malicious Injuries Act. The unfortunate people have got into such a mess by reason of the course they were obliged to take that it is almost impossible now to obtain any adequate or just compensation. The matter has recently been discussed by the House of Lords, and after a most misleading speech by a Socialist peer, a

committee of three eminent peers was set up to enquire further into the matter. What the ultimate outcome will be remains to be seen.

Now that this great change has come about, people begin to ask themselves: Was it worth it to the Irish people?

I think that eighty per cent. of the people of Southern Ireland would answer in the negative if a secret ballot was taken free from intimidation.

They have lost the British Army, which was always very popular among the people and spent their money freely. They have no longer the great rich neighbouring country to appeal to in times of adversity. They know now by the bitter experience of high taxation that the fable of England drawing her money from Ireland is a fable, and nothing else.

They have cut themselves off from the industrial North, and in a small island it is ridiculous to see two sets of custom-house officers at work on the border. They now see that they could have had all they want under the old system. They are governed by very able and courageous administrators, but they could easily have had

them in power under the Union if they had so desired. They have lost the greater part of the loyalist population—as great a loss to Ireland as the loss of the Huguenots was to France. The orgie of crime has left a permanent stain on the character of the people that will not be washed out for generations.

Their nationality—they could have enjoyed that under the Union. What people are prouder of their nationality than the Scotch, and yet they were content, notwithstanding their wrongs at the hands of England, to remain in the Union.

Their language—they were free to cultivate it under the Union just as the Welsh do.

They now see that they have a very bad bargain and they cannot go back on it. But the bitter anti-British feeling was so intense, handed down from father to son, that nothing except such a convulsion as has occurred could be effective. It is mitigated now, but at what cost to everybody!

Has it been a gain to Great Britain? I think it has.

The Saxons acquiesced in the Norman Conquest. The Irish acknowledged the English

Conquest in the time of Henry II, and declared Henry VIII the legitimate monarch of Ireland. But there was always a fierce minority who never acquiesced, and in every generation it broke out and demanded "liberty." The conciliatory spirit shown by the British in the friendly legislation of the last half-century made no impression on it whatever. The bitter Irish complaint penetrated to the ears of all nations, who were made to believe that England, the friend of freedom all over the world, rejoiced in trampling down a noble race at home. The true facts were never known, but nothing can stand up against systematic passionate vituperation.

If the British had agreed to withdraw the loyalist population on terms of full compensation to them, it might have proved an act of the finest statesmanship. But to have allowed them to be driven out by terror and bloodshed, to have left them to endure their misery without adequate compensation, is the worst thing that could have happened, for it has brought indelible disgrace on Great Britain. Otherwise, it has been a great relief to her. It was

absolutely intolerable to have had since the early seventies a most capable band of Irish politicians, obstructing everything and openly sympathising with every hostile power. It is certainly fortunate for the country that this force was removed from Westminster before the advent of the Socialist Party in large numbers.

Southern Ireland is now left to stew in her own juice and make the most of what she has got. There is no ill-feeling towards the new Government on the part of anybody in Great Britain. On the contrary, there is considerable admiration of the young statesmen who had to take up the reins at a time of anarchy and confusion.

But of union between the North and the South there is no chance whatever. The North is passionately loyal to the Monarchy and to British institutions. The South is hostile to the Monarchy and everything British.

It is vain to expect the North to convert the South to a different way of thinking, or vice versa; but it is hoped that some way will be found by which the inconvenience of the Customs on the borders may be mitigated or removed.

CHAPTER XVII

Of certain Indian and Irish Happenings

I HAVE often been asked to write my reminiscences of the Rebellion of 1916 and the events that followed, but the whole subject is so disagreeable that I have avoided it and believe that these events should be allowed to fade into oblivion.

Some of the most beautiful and interesting places about Dublin and in the provinces have been the scene of dreadful deeds, and can no longer be visited with pleasure, owing to their sad associations. A people can sometimes be the victim of demoniac possession, as I have written elsewhere.

No good object can be attained by dwelling on the details. To do so keeps alive the spirit

of hatred and vengeance, and besides, dreadful deeds have a way of repeating themselves when the demoniac spirit seizes the people at some later time. I have, however, written a short story for the *National Review*, which by the kindness of the editor I am allowed to republish here.

The Indian incidents are derived from the narrations of my friends, while most of the rest came under my own observation. These as narrated will give a good idea of the atmosphere prevalent at the time and of the feelings of those who had to live through it.

THE MAJOR ¹

From his cradle he was called "The Major" and nothing else. Nobody knew who had conferred the name, or why. When he joined the *Britannia* in preparation for the Royal Navy the name clung to him. When he entered the service—a very tiny midshipman—he was still known as "The Major," though the title involved certain inconveniences. But the sea service was not to his liking, and for two reasons—in the

¹ From the *National Review*, January, 1926.

first place he was always seasick. This was not a fatal obstacle, for had not the great Nelson himself suffered in the same way? His main objection was that in the Navy there was not sufficient scope for his combative spirit. In this matter he always blamed the same great Nelson, who had so inconsiderately overdone his work at Trafalgar that there was nothing left big enough in the naval world for others to accomplish. He wanted to lead storming parties, to head cavalry charges, and to do something really exciting.

The influence of powerful family friends was at last successful in obtaining his transfer to a cavalry regiment under orders to sail for India. In this service he was more happy, but still there was not full scope for this restless spirit. He revelled in practical jokes of the most outrageous character. On one occasion when the Lieutenant-Governor was leading a dignified procession into a famous city, a diabolical project was set on foot by the Major, assisted by three or four subaltern devils inspired by similar ambitions. They procured a number of rough mountain ponies and to the long tail of each

a large empty meat tin was firmly attached. When the procession was ascending the long hill that led to the city, the ponies were started at the top and driven in the direction of the procession. The noise was terrific, and every minute the speed was increased. The elephant is a noble animal and possessed of much reasoning power and great courage. There is nothing he enjoys more than to walk in a great procession attended by an admiring crowd, but he can hardly be expected to understand the wild freaks of the British subaltern.

Now Ram Singh, the oldest and largest of the elephants, was celebrated over all India for his wisdom and for the possession of every elephantine virtue. His mahout, with whom he had long been familiar, talked to him as to a brother man. Ram Singh halted with dignity as an example to his brethren, who were looking to him for guidance, and kept his ear attentive to the words of explanation that must come from the lips of the mahout. But alas, the unprecedented nature of the occurrence deprived his mentor of his presence of mind—a terrible

cry was heard, the trumpet gave an uncertain sound, and in a moment the famous Ram Singh—the pride of the Orient—turned tail and headed the wildest stampede ever witnessed. The natives, seeing the flight of the great ones, rushed madly in the rear, believing that the powers of evil had been unloosed for their destruction.

Fortunately no lives were lost and no serious damage caused. Then the voice of the disciplinarian wallah was heard in the land, demanding the extinction of the Major and his disciples. The culprit seemed doomed—people looked on him with pity when he appeared in public, but strenuous efforts were made on his behalf by the wife of the Lieutenant-General and other ladies to avert the impending calamity. Fortunately the Lieutenant-General had a keen sense of humour and had been given to practical jokes in his own giddy youth. By his intervention the Major was saved from destruction. But there were others who were not so ready to forgive. The mahout became familiar with the appearance of the wrongdoer. One day, when meeting the enemy in the street, he spoke ill-

omened words into the ear of Ram Singh, who thereupon made a demonstration of such fury against him who had brought low his elephantine dignity, that only a record sprint and quick turn round a corner on the part of the Major saved him from an untimely end. Such was the legend believed by the regiment, and the same appeared in letters to the *Spectator* on the intelligence of animals—therefore it must be taken as true.

The usual liveliness then began to show itself in a marked form on the Nor'-West Frontier, and to the joy of the Major the regiment was ordered up. He took part in many expeditions, or rather raids. On one occasion his squadron on their way back to camp on a dark night got into a kind of ambush. There was not much loss, but to the grief of everybody the Major was not among those who returned. Four days passed, and on the morning of the fifth when all hope had been given up, the Colonel was sadly struggling with the difficulties of composing a letter to the Major's mother conveying the regiment's sympathy. He had actually written

the words, " We all admired him for his gentle ways and quiet Christian demeanour "—a sentence so mendacious that the writer hoped the recording angel would do what was called for on respect of it—when the Adjutant rushed in, field-glass in hand, announcing that the Major was coming down the hill. The intelligence was true. The Major was espied on foot, driving before him an angry tribesman, who was carrying a huge load of strange loot. The Major was received in triumph by a cheering regiment, but no clear explanations were ever forthcoming to account for his absence.

Then came the South African War, where the Major's endless manœuvres kept brother Boer in continual anxiety. He became a Major in fact. But Fortune had something up her sleeve to counterbalance this stroke of luck. He was severely wounded at the very close of the war, and his brilliant career as a soldier was brought to an end. Returning to England, he cast about for a long time in search of something to do. Club life among the army grumblers in London was impossible for him. At length

he received a letter from an old friend, who was now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, asking him to stay at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin. While smoking their pipes before retiring to bed, His Excellency said, "Major, I have a post for you in Ireland—I'm going to make you a Resident Magistrate. It's a post that every man in the kingdom thinks himself specially qualified to fill. In Dublin Castle there are lists of applicants ten feet long—there are huge boxes of letters of recommendation from all the Bishops, Moderator's, D.L's, and others, usually ending with the words, 'He combines the calm of the Saxon with fire of the Gael.' When a vacancy occurs a special staff of clerks has to be mobilised to answer the letters, informing the distinguished writer that his commendation has been specially noted. Then a desperate battle takes place between the Chief Secretary and myself, but to avoid bloodshed, we have arranged that we are to have turn about. One of the R.M's in the west has fortunately attained sixty-five, which makes a vacancy, and it is my turn to fill it, so there you are, my boy."

“But good heavens!” cried the Major, “I should have to know some law.”

“Law to the devil,” said His Excellency. “Your clerk of petty sessions will keep you all right—keep your mouth shut. At the end of the case the clerk will bob up and say, ‘Return for trial,’ or ‘Informations refused’ or ‘Three months’ hard’ or ‘Bound to keep the peace and good behaviour.’ Lord, man, it’s quite simple. Then you’ll get lots of shooting, fishing, and hunting of a kind. Bring over those old screws of yours and make yourself popular at the local small races—I wish I could throw up this rotten post and take the job myself. Get your niece Narayanee to come over and keep house for you, and she’ll make the country hum.”

Now Narayanee was the daughter of a popular officer who had served in the Gurkhas for years, and in compliment to the regiment she had been named after a Gurkha goddess.

The conclusion of the whole matter was that the Major accepted the post. Narayanee and her uncle joyously took possession of a fine old country house in the west. They were a great

success—the Major attended all the sessions with military precision, held his tongue, rendered the most impartial justice to all, and in technical matters did what he was told. He had lots of shooting, and he and Narayanee hunted and fished to their heart's content. The screws were entered for the local race-meetings in the lady's name, and therefrom resulted much pleasurable excitement. On the occasion of the first race, the sporting pair were dismayed when a man came up and said, "Miss Maryanny's horse is not allowed to run." The Major at once sent for an omniscient friend called Danny Horgan, to whom no secret in such matters was unknown. This expert took the case in hand and soon returned in triumph.

"It's all right, Mejur," he cried. "The boys were for stopping her honour's horse, because the colours were orange and blue—the Orangemen's colours—but I soon settled it."

"How?" said the Major.

"Sure, I tould them that the same yallow and blue was the Pope's colours, and they could not gainsay me. Ye may put your shirt on the horse, Mejur—he'll win all right." And he did.

The sporting uncle and niece were liberal with their money and soon became idolised by the country people. Miss Maryanny, as Narayanee was called, could get messengers to carry out her behests at any hour of the day or night, and all for love. They were attached to the people, and the people were devoted to them.

At last the terrible war period came upon them and dissipated their spell of happiness. The Major in vain attempted to get some kind of employment in his old profession.

Narayanee departed and made herself active in England in war work of all kinds. However, she always managed at intervals to run over and spend a few days with the Major.

Then came the rebellion, followed by the murder campaign, the burning of houses, reprisals, counter-reprisals, and all the horrors—the devil had taken over the control of the country. Neither the Major nor his niece had ruled the establishment—the power was always in the hands of Mrs. Muldowney, the cook. She had from her childhood lived in the mansion down to the time when the old stock were obliged to leave

it. When the Major came with his niece, Mrs. Muldowney took possession of them, the house, and everything that was theirs, as of right. Her skill as a good plain cook was not to be despised, so her subjects submitted to her domination with a good grace and even with gratitude for her proficiency. Red of face and fierce of tongue, she kept the maidservants to their work from morning till night. There was only one person who dared to stand up to her, and that was O'Rafferty, the Major's groom-chauffeur and general odd man. In his youth he had been brought up in Nationalist circles and was not slow to maintain Ireland's aspirations. His arguments could not hold the field long before Mrs. Muldowney's terrific eloquence. She never stooped to argue about Ireland's sacred right to self-determination. She simply assailed the dirty breed of the O'Raffertys. She trampled in her flaming wrath on the morals of his mother, the honesty of his father, and the base behaviour of his relatives, till O'Rafferty was driven from the battlefield—a defeated man. But he showed no resentment—in half an hour after one of

these engagements, peace reigned in the kitchen and the courtyard. On her way to Mass or to the shops in the village, Mrs. Muldowney in no way concealed her sentiments. Every patriot was "lambashed" in unprintable language, none daring to make her afraid.

The Major continued to perform his duties with undaunted spirit. Several magistrates were openly murdered, but the Major attended all his sessions and absolutely refused to be guarded. Rifle-balls sometimes whizzed over the car, but no bombs or land-mines were used. O'Rafferty always drove the car, and many attributed the Major's safety to his popularity; others put it down to the Major's fearlessness, which attracted general admiration.

Although warned and entreated by her uncle, Narayanee insisted on coming over for a week at a dangerous time. She rode about the country as of yore, and although she sadly missed the kindly faces that used to be such a pleasure to her, she received no mark of hostility or disrespect. One morning when riding in the direction of a Constabulary barrack, she noticed

something strange on the surface of the road—a huge wide trench had evidently been cut and then filled in. Proceeding slowly on, she scanned the hedges on both sides, and her eye here and there detected men with masks on their faces. Further on a tall young man, unmasked, wearing a velour hat, stepped in front of her horse with a revolver in his hand. He was smartly dressed, his face was somewhat refined, and he spoke in a voice that seemed that of an educated man.

“Madam,” said he, “we know who you are. We don’t wish to harm you, but if you tell the enemy in the barracks what you have seen here, I warn you that you will be treated as a spy.”

Narayanee did not answer, and without a moment’s hesitation rode past him and galloped up to the barracks at the top of the hill. The head constable worked his way out through a maze of barbed wire and saluted. Turning her horse, she at once pointed to that part of the road where the ambushing party were posted. She then rode quietly homeward by a longer way.

Her object had been to prevent the police

from marching into a death trap. It had not occurred to her that with their small numbers they would take the aggressive. Proud in the possession of two Lewis guns, they suddenly attacked their foes. Narayanee had not gone very far before she heard rifle-firing, cries and shouts, and the rattle of machine-guns. From a hill she was able to see the ambuscaders flying wildly in the opposite direction, while two or three bodies lay motionless on the ground. The incident had taken place early in the day, but before dinner O'Rafferty rushed in with full details. The police had suffered no loss, but the ambushing party had lost three killed and several had been wounded. He was in a terrible fright. "For God's sake get the young lady away, or she will be shot for a spy. They will be on us this very night—God save us."

Then panic invaded the house. All the servants except Mrs. Muldowney and O'Rafferty had slipped away. The Major had the doors and windows barricaded as far as possible. He and Narayanee ascended to a tower on the top of the building, on which the Union Jack was flown,

relying on O'Rafferty's assurance that he would give them timely notice when the danger became imminent. It was a still summer night—there was a bright half-moon in a cloudless sky. With sad hearts they were gazing on a stretch of country spread before them, that held so many happy memories for them. Sometimes they thought they heard the sound of marching men—sometimes they thought they saw people moving among the trees. Suddenly a tall figure appeared far down the drive, and the Major by way of warning fired a few shots from his Winchester rifle. The figure disappeared and there was silence once more. At midnight a strange thing happened—from a considerable distance a bugle rang out "The Last Post," most correctly rendered—concluding with its weird high note. The Major was much perturbed—the enemy must have got hold of one of the army buglers. Nothing more happened till dawn came, and then a great noise of wheels was heard, and three of the armoured cars of the Royal Irish Constabulary arrived at the front door. The District Inspector insisted that after the occurrence of

the day before the young lady was in the gravest danger. He was confident that with the escort he could take her and the Major to a railway station from which Kingstown could be reached without risk. The Major, though much pressed, absolutely refused to go, and Narayanee had almost forcibly to be put into one of the cars.

For the next few days O'Rafferty, who seemed to know everything that was going on, gave the Major no rest. He assured him that an order had been made by some secret tribunal directing him to be shot and the house to be burned—he declared he could get him away, but the Major said he preferred to be shot rather than to leave his post and fly from the rebels. At last the peril came—early in the night there was a loud knocking at the hall door, and a voice demanded immediate admission. This being refused, the attacking party began to batter in the door with a tree trunk applied by many hands. The stonework over the top and sides of the door protected the assailants from the Major's rifle. He stood quietly in the hall with a Webley in each hand, waiting for the demolition

of the great door. At last it yielded and figures appeared within moving in the dark. The Major's revolvers flashed thrice in succession and three men fell, but he was then overpowered and his arms bound. Then the dreadful ritual of petrol-sprinkling took place, and the old mansion was soon in flames. O'Rafferty had somehow escaped, but Mrs. Muldowney stood her ground and poured forth denunciations and curses on the assailants. Even when the Major was taken out and placed with his back against the red brick garden wall, she was not far from his side. Half a dozen men with rifles ominously assembled a few yards in front of him. The Major stood up quite straight—the light of the burning house fell on that intrepid figure. Suddenly he addressed the men as if he were giving an order.

“Are you ready?”

He then shouted in a loud, clear voice: “God save the king. Down with the rebels.”

The voice of Mrs. Muldowney followed shrilly: “Hear, hear. To hell with them all!”

The rifles flashed together and the Major fell.

CHAPTER XVIII

Of further Political Action

AS time went on I was more and more called upon to make speeches. I was invited to address Socialists as well as Conservatives. I was much surprised at the patience of the former, who listened quietly while I tore to pieces Karl Marx and all his works. I have always been of opinion that Socialism is not arguable at all.

Assuming a man capable of knowing what an argument is—there are many things arguable: Protection, Free Trade, a Gold Standard and such like, but Socialism is absolutely unarguable. Men with half-baked minds can befog themselves with the fallacies of Professor Sidney Webb launched forty years ago; but men with logical minds who maintain these doctrines can hardly

fail to know that they are deceiving the people. I always invited cross-examination at the hands of the audience.

At one of the meetings of mild Socialists an intelligent man got up and said, "How can you stand up for private property when the Bible says 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof'?" I replied that it was the very thing that proved my point. One Commandment says, "Thou shalt not steal," recognising private property. Another says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," recognising its sanctity. Again, you are forbidden to remove your neighbour's landmark. So, where are you now? The audience applauded, and my questioner sat down discomfited.

When going through this country, I felt myself confronted by the awful fact that there is not work in these islands to go round. There are too many people and the problem of the future is to get our population redistributed over the Empire.

How can this be done?

The Labour Party will give no help whatever and persist in encouraging the people to remain

where they are, alleging that if wealth were redistributed there would be enough for all. This has been demonstrated to be false, as the statisticians have calculated that if wealth were distributed it would only give 3s. per week to each family, and then the capital out of which wages have hitherto been paid would disappear.

When I was pointing out at a meeting the boundless opportunities and wealth of the Empire a man said, "England is good enough for me." I said, "Do you mean to remain here and live on the dole?" "That," he replied, "is my legal right." Then I said, "You are not good enough for England."

We have here crowded together in this small island forty-four millions of people. We know that this population is bound to double itself in fifty years. Our basic industries are fast diminishing; we are dependent on overseas lands for six months of our food supplies, and yet we are the inheritors of the vast wealth of the British Empire with all its great opportunities. How are we to get our people into the lands of promise

where there is abundance for all. Emigration has been on the whole a great failure.

Canada, which is destined to be the richest country in the world and which has only nine millions of population, could find room for 250 millions more. Australia has only about five millions and could support 300 millions. Then, New Zealand, which has only one million, is just about the same size as the British Isles. Further, there is South Africa, with a glorious climate affording boundless opportunities. The wealth of Rhodesia is only beginning to be understood. There are tropical lands which, thanks to the labours of Sir Ronald Ross and other men of science, are now suitable for the occupation of white men.

The problem has forced its way to the attention of the Home and Dominion Governments. £3,000,000 per annum has been authorised under the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 and of this only £1,250,000 has been spent in three years. Why is Emigration such a miserable failure? In 1913 the amount was more than double what it was in 1925.

What is holding us up?

The great Dominions are for the present

primarily agricultural countries. Great Britain is an industrial country. The Dominions have a rapidly increasing urban population of their own, which is sufficient to supply their industrial wants, and they therefore, reasonably enough, refuse to admit large quantities of workers from this country, seeking similar jobs. Land workers they would be glad to have, but of these we have too few for our own needs.

But this state of affairs cannot go on. Geologists tell us that Canada possesses boundless mineral wealth which has yet been hardly scratched. There is enough coal to keep all Europe going for hundreds of years. Every other kind of metal, including gold, required for the use of man is to be found there.

The hydro-electric power is there available to an extent that does not exist elsewhere.

The wood supply is enormous; and the severity of the climate has been much libelled.

The future of Canada is to become a vast industrial, as well as a vast agricultural, country.

The unlimited wealth of the Dominions is a thing that simply capsizes the intellect.

How are we to get the gates opened that will admit our people into their own ?

If Germany, if France or Italy had the opportunity, how readily would the best brains of the country be set to work to find means of solving the great problem.

Our Dominions with their present small populations are our best customers. In the year ending the Spring of 1925 over 42 per cent. of our exports went to the British Empire. When these great territories are adequately populated, we shall become almost independent of foreign trade and foreign food.

Empire development is our only hope ; if we fail in this, we shall certainly fall into the abyss of decadence and possibly public bankruptcy.

When speaking on this subject, I have frequently been asked by working people, " Why don't the rich go ? " This impressed me very much. The educated classes have the pioneering spirit in their blood and are always keen for adventure.

I then became acquainted with Sir Roland Bourne, and studied his scheme, which was put forward by the Empire Community Settlement

Committee and I took it up warmly. It presents a new system; one intended to remove some of these difficulties and uncertainties which have in the past acted as deterrents to others who would otherwise have made the move.

It was intended for a section of our Society which does not and could not come within the scope of our existing schemes, a section comprising neither the farmer nor the artisan, nor the rich man, nor the pauper.

The plan was to open the way to permanent settlement in the Dominions for those having secured incomes of small or moderate dimensions, who possess little or no capital and who may be neither fitted for nor desire an agricultural life.

In this category will be found the great majority of retired officers and officials of H.M. Services, many thousands who have retired from commerce or the professions and those who receive small paid annual sums from investments.

All these classes are suffering terribly through post-war prices and taxation—where there are children to be educated and started in life the struggle to make ends meet reaches the point

of actual privation. Yet within their circle are many of those families to whom, generation after generation, the Empire owes a great deal. As the result we see high ability backed by years of training, experience and discipline rusting away at the very time when the need of these qualities is so vital to the country.

As for the children, what prospect have they in this country of finding scope for the free play of the instinct and tradition they inherit? Such a type would be gladly received by the Dominions. In race and character it stands at the very top and the inflow of such families would bring immediate and lasting prosperity. The spending power of their incomes or pensions would demand increased production and create more employment. But for those who have no capital emigration is a perilous experiment as they are quite ignorant of the conditions awaiting them.

The Empire Community Settlement proposed to do two things: First, to provide a trying-out ground in one of the Dominions—a cheap comfortable temporary resting-place where the newcomer might look about him and consider his

chances of success before finally committing himself.

Second, to enable those who after the trial desire to settle permanently to acquire a small area of land and construct a house on a system of extended payments.

In a carefully selected locality a community settlement would be established in the form of a residential country club—in which food at cost prices would be supplied—with reading and writing rooms and facilities for amusement. In the surrounding gardens and grounds there would be separate dwellings of the residents. These would be small, very simply furnished bungalows of varying size. Some were to have a kitchen, pantry, and would be suitable for families having young children. Provision would have been made for outdoor recreation and of course residents would have had the organisation of such matters largely in their own hands. In addition, each family would have been allotted an acre or two of land on which to practise some form of small husbandry.

As the administration staff of the settlement

was to include a qualified instructor, these plots could be turned to very useful account. Not only would much valuable experience be gained, but a means found for adding to income.

In cases where native indoor service was not available it was intended to build a hostel for the young ladies of the families whence they could go forth for daily employment, as chauffeurs, governesses, cooks or general servants, always returning to the hostel at night.

How would the emigrants support themselves ?

The scheme was designed for persons with pensions or annuities of from £200 to £800 per annum, and even if they added nothing to this income they would be able to subsist, and more comfortably than at home.

But it is certain that they would soon find something to do that would increase this income, such as fruit growing—stock farming—or the cultivation of tobacco.

The great advantage of the scheme was that the emigrants would have been able to bring up their children in a land where careers would be open to them.

At first all went uncommonly well with the scheme. The Committee's report outlining the project was published. By the aid of the Municipal Departments of the State and Service Banks, it was distributed to many officers and officials of H.M. Services both on the active and retired lists. Through ordinary channels it was sent to many who might come within the scope of the movement. The response was immediate. After six months the numbers of potential settlers was so great that it was felt that the time had come for a further step, namely to ascertain the attitude of the Dominions towards the Committee's proposals. The list at the office contained distinguished names—Generals, Rear-Admirals, and well-known Civil Servants. Each intending settler was asked to name the country preferred. The result was :

33	per cent.	named	South Africa.
22	„	„	„ New Zealand.
20	„	„	„ British Columbia.
14	„	„	„ Australia.
11	„	„	„ Other countries—West Indies, Ceylon, etc.

South Africa was, therefore, the obvious place on which to make a start, and Sir Roland Bourne was asked by the Committee to undertake a mission to that country and investigate possibilities for the foundation of the first settlement.

Sir Roland was eminently fitted for the task, having lived in South Africa for twenty-five years and having taken during that period a prominent part in the development of the country both as a Civil Servant and as a private individual. Prior to his retirement he was Secretary for Defence in General Smut's Government ; but his main strength as the Committee's representative lay in his knowledge and understanding of the South African people, both British and Dutch. On his mission he was accompanied by Lady Bourne (to judge matters from the woman's point of view) and Rear-Admiral R. N. Lawson, C.B., representing the potential settlers.

Admiral Lawson was one of the first to register, and his distinguished service in the Navy, his talents as an author and the fact that he had six children, well fitted him to study the position from the settlers' point of view. An exhaustive

and completely successful tour was made, covering the greater part of the Union of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. From all, including the Prime Minister of the Union, General Hertzog, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Charles Coghlan, Administrators of Provinces and others of judgment and long experience, warm approval and encouragement were received. The South African Press treated the matter as one of first-class importance to the country. It was no mere lip service.

Approval was backed by definite offers to undertake the provision of settlement facilities on the required lines. Only those localities considered to be suited to the purpose were invited to submit offers, complete plans with specifications and estimates were received. The Committee were not in any way a charity, and no appeal to the public for funds was made. The movement was supported by means of a small grant from the Government on the pound and pound basis; supplemented by generous donations from private individuals in sympathy with the Committee's aims.

The Committee hoped that the Government would be prepared, out of the large and unexpended funds supplied under the Empire Settlement, to make a small annual grant. A request to this effect was made to Mr. Secretary Amery, who was advised by the Overseas Settlement Committee, a body that, for some understandable reason, always displayed a chilly attitude towards the whole project. The reply was that although the Secretary of State was in general sympathy with the object of the Empire Community Settlement and believed there was a general demand for settlements of this nature, he was not prepared to sanction a contribution towards the permanent expenses of a scheme intended to provide only for the settlement of a special class consisting chiefly of pensioned servants of the Government and others in similar circumstances.

No more deplorable decision was ever arrived at.

To provide a means of comfortable living for public servants who had deserved well of their country and to start them and their families in a career of hope was surely a most worthy object by itself.

It is not at all fair to our Dominions to send them only manual labourers without means of their own. These great countries are entitled to our very best class—a class that could carry with them splendid traditions of service and loyalty.

But the Committee had in view an even more important ultimate aim. The only remedy for the present congestion here is the emigration of whole districts of all classes, old and young, rich and poor, after the manner of the ancient Hellenic races.

In short, the main endeavour of the Committee was to blaze a way for great emigration that would bring about a redistribution of our population within the Empire. The ordinary worker naturally shrinks from throwing himself and his dependents into an unknown adventure. But when he knew of the success of these preliminary settlements in a richer and sunnier clime, he would follow the instincts of his race and go with his friends and relations and make for himself a secure home and dwelling place in a friendly land.

Such emigration would be cordially welcomed by the Dominions as they know well that every influx of settlers brings with it wealth and prosperity.

The short-sighted attitude of the Government simply blighted the whole movement. It was impossible without cordial Government support to carry out the intended arrangements. Just fancy what might have been done if the Government out of the ample funds at their disposal had contributed the moderate sums required, or if they had gone further and provided in whole or in part the passage money for the settlers and their families.

The splendid idea conceived by Sir Roland Bourne must not be allowed to die. The very necessities of the case will soon bring it to the front again. You cannot keep your population from rapidly increasing and you cannot find work for them here, and there is only one remedy. But a great opportunity has been lost and valuable time has been wasted.

The spirited scheme of the *Morning Post* and the Big Brotherhood movement in Australia and other similar schemes are much to be commended, but the time is come for a great national effort to deal with this vital problem.

CHAPTER XIX

Of the Menin Road and of Magic in Words

I HAVE often been asked to write a novel, and I endeavoured to comply. The most important thing of all is to select an interesting title, and this I succeeded in doing.

“THE SOW THAT WAS WASHED.”

I also composed the concluding words :

“There was no Sow.”

THE END.

This is all I was able to accomplish.

I have elsewhere confessed that I am not a poet, but when something impresses itself vividly upon me, I find my ideas forming themselves into verse, as in the case of “The Dead Apollo,” published in my first volume.

I have always been strangely affected by the poetry of the American poet, Edgar Allan Poe. I may have inherited this from my father, to whom it always was a delight to repeat one of his strange fantasies.

Nobody would think of placing Poe among the ranks of the great poets of the world, of whom there are about six. He lives in a zone of his own. The poetry is not of this earth, it admits of no criticism—the strains seem to come from some other world in which we have lived at some other time.

Is it poetry at all? I only count the real magical pieces, such as "Annabel Lee," breathing all the mystery of the sea, "Ulalume," "The Woods," and "The Night Wind." Then there is "The Raven," "The Bells," "The Haunted Palace," and that is practically all except "For Annie."

His other poems are poor stuff. We can imagine him sitting down to carpenter them laboriously. But the great ones are like emanations from the spirit world, floating into his brain and on to us through his mediumship. The subtle music can hardly be the result of effort. I consider "For Annie" the most extraordinary of all.

The patient, the lover of Annie who nursed him, is dead. He becomes conscious and finds that the fever is gone and the pain and thirst are no longer there. Yet he is sleeping, but fancying a holier odour around his spirit.

A rosemary odour,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan Pansies.

Then it concludes with

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie.

All this seemed so probable and natural that I brooded over what the sequel could be, and proudly produced the following verses which imposed on many, being believed to be an unknown poem of Edgar Allan :

VALE

The last words are spoken,
My episode closes,
They have covered my body
With lilies and roses :
Pale, pale are the lilies
And white are the roses.

PILGRIM SCRIP

They spoke of me kindly,
They named me with sorrow,
But none of the many
Will miss me to-morrow :
The world will go on
Just the same on the morrow.

It is well with me now,
The long fever is o'er,
My worthless ambitions
Will trouble no more ;
My cares and my sins
Will torment me no more.

Fast, fast disappearing,
I see the great ball
Of the earth rolling onward,
Farewell to it all.
Its joys and its grievings,
Farewell to them all.

There is light as of morning
On far distant hills,
And the tremulous ether
With colour it fills,
All glorious and amber ;
It warms and it thrills.

There is music of bells
In soft harmonies ringing,
And voices of children
In happiness singing ;
In the fields of the flowers
The children are singing.

Now if I had stopped there all would have been well. A lady informed me that no man except

Edgar Allan Poe could have written the verse beginning

There is light as of morning

but, alas, I added a final verse:

I return whence I came,
All the strife and the pain
Have not been for nothing,
Have not been in vain.
The paths of endeavour
Are never in vain.

This verse brought discovery. Lady Muriel Herbert pounced on it as the last thing in the world that Poe would have written—i.e. in praise of “endeavour.”

Reading the whole production, it is now clear that of the wizardry of Poe there is none.

Some time ago I visited the battlefields on the French front. Among them nothing impressed me so much as “The Menin Road,” leading from the Menin Gate of Ypres to the Belgian town of Menin. More lives were lost on this road than on any other part of the front. As it was so important it was always lit up at night during the war by the star-shells. At the time

of my visit it was illuminated by the stars alone, as it cut into the night.

There is something very ghastly in this road ; the trees are all blasted and one feels as if the spirits of the fallen are hovering over it.

When I returned to London I suggested to my friend Mr. Rudyard Kipling that he should write on the Menin Road, but somehow he did not seem inclined to do so. Perhaps it was because his own heroic boy had been killed on it, or somewhere near it.

With my Ulster impudence I then proceeded to write on it myself the song which is now published. The words are as follows :

My love went down to Menin Road,
Never to return again.
Oh, the weary leaden load,
Chilling heart and dulling brain,
Long white deadly road to Menin,
Never, never absent from my sight.
The Flanders winds are moaning
And the shattered trees are groaning
Where the starlit road to Menin cleaves the night.

Stand awhile in Menin Gate,
Phantom haunted night and day,
Where he heard the voice of Fate
Summon to the Shadowy Way.

Long white deadly road to Menin,
Like a sword it gleams before my sight.
The chilly dews are falling
And I hear far voices calling
Where the starlit road to Menin cleaves the night.

Although I do not know the name of a note of music either on the score or the instrument, I have always been able to play by ear in a fashion and to compose tunes.

I accordingly made a tune for my "Menin Road" with which many others and I myself were much pleased. I had it harmonised and sent it out to my friend Dame Nellie Melba in France, in the hope that she would sing it. I knew that being a great-hearted generous person she would do it if it were at all possible. But alas! a crushing blow followed. My words she pronounced divinely inspired and made in heaven; my tune she condemned as monotonous and made on earth, the harmonisation she held damnable and made in hell.

Then the distinguished ballad composer, Miss Woodwright, came to see me and produced an air she had composed for my words. When all was complete we had it published by Patter-

son & Co., Glasgow. I refused to part with the copyright, as I was given to understand that those who sang the song in public could be made to pay a fee every time they sang it. In consequence the music-sellers are unfriendly to it and only one firm in London sells it, Messrs. Chappell & Co., Bond Street, and even they do not put it in their window.

However, it is sung with great success by two of our greatest contraltos, Miss Stella Murray, a New Zealand goddess, a friend and disciple of Melba, and Miss Ada Mylchreest, the great artist from the Isle of Man.

The greatest honour it has received has of late come from Colonel Rowan Hamilton,¹ brother of the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin, who retains the power of writing Latin verse, for which he was distinguished in his Oxford days. His Latin version of the song is :

Heus iter ad Menin longum infandumque per annos!
Decessit, rediit nunquam mihi laetus amator,

¹ Colonel Rowan Hamilton, of Kelly Castle, Co. Down, an old friend and an octogenarian, has kindly allowed me to publish his version, which he calls "A Reminiscence."

Eheu cepit iter Menin jam tristius umbris,
Forsitan audissit voces quas fata juberent.
Brachia fracta cadunt sylvis, et tristius auri,
Flabraque ventorum resonant per Belgica rura,
Quantum onus est cordi, quantum mens frigida fallit.
Ante oculos ceu visa manent mala facta duelli ;
Aspicitur Menin ; vanae prope janua leti
Circumstant animae laeva dextraque frequentes.
Nec minus aspicio nitidis qua clarius astris
Album iter ad Menin noctem secat, ensis et instar,
Haud secus ac flumen ripas secat inter et ambas.
Rore madent frondes udo ; vehit inde fugaces
Aura levis voces animarum nocte suprema,
Quae prope iter Menin sonuerunt carmine fata.

I have always believed that mystic artists can somehow get into their pictures ideas that may or may not have been present in their minds at the time but are not represented in the picture by line or colour. It is a kind of magic and quite unexplainable. This peculiarity is most apparent in the pictures of Mr. George Russell, "Æ," a great mystic artist. I applied to him for an explanation, but while he agrees with my view I was wholly unable to understand his explanation. A similar thing occurs in the case of some poetry—that is, something is suggested far beyond what the words express. The editor of the *English Review* kindly allowed me

to give expression to their views in an article and has added to his kindness by permitting me to republish it.

MAGIC IN PICTURES AND WORDS

When an artist-mystic paints a picture the observer finds in it a great deal more than is represented by line or colour. He paints, for instance, a kind of a fortress rock on a hill—between us and the hill is a broad stretch of heather—beyond it a patch of mountain side, russet and yellow, on which the setting sun casts his last faint rays. Above sails a dark galleon cloud, and, higher still, a solitary star is just appearing. That is the whole of it, but what does it convey to one who contemplates it for a while? He feels that between him and the fortress rock great things have happened—men have fought and grappled in death struggles—shouts and cries have ascended to the skies. The scene is more thronged than if in very fact the charging combatants were represented in line and colour. It is not one battle that is suggested, but many in different epochs of time.

The cold star has looked down pitilessly for thousands of years since the short-lived races of men appeared on this planet. How can we explain? The mystic painter cannot help you at all. He knows that strange things are there—they were in his mind when he plied his brush, but he cannot account for the phenomenon. Socrates observed that the poets, when questioned about their poems, were powerless to explain them, and this inability to do so he attributed to the theory that they wrote under a kind of inspiration, and were unable to understand what they themselves had written.

When Virgil wrote “*Sunt lacrymæ rerum*” he used words that no man can literally translate and yet everyone knows by his own emotions what they mean—the sympathy and pity of man for man’s sufferings and sorrows. The background of all Romance we find in another Virgilian line :

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

Here we have the setting that served so well the border ballad-makers—Sir Walter Scott—the elder Dumas, and the rest of them. We find in one old ballad :

He turned his charger as he spake,
 Upon the Irish shore ;
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,
 Adieu for evermore, my love,
 Adieu for evermore.

Here we have Romance in its purest and simplest form—hopeless love—an eternal severance, but an eternal remembrance. Even Pope with all his artificiality could somehow produce a strange, dreamy languor :

Lo where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

We feel ourselves, with senses benumbed, passing away painlessly into the oblivion of death.

Coleridge can use the enchantment :

Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

And so can Keats :

Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

One wonders what answers he would have given to a Socratic questioner.

In the Authorised Version of the Bible there

are many examples, but none to surpass the most pathetic of all hexameters :

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning.

In Tennyson we have :

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

The mysterious, immortal spirit of man, its work accomplished, returning on a silent, foamless tide to the home whence it came :

Rome
The slowly fading mistress of the World.

This makes the mind picture the haughty Republic—the Scipios—Hannibal—the Cæsars and their tragedy—then follows the fading—Varro's legions lost in the German woods—the notes of the tubæ on the Tyne for 300 years, dying away in the distance when the Eagles were borne southward from the Roman Wall.

Edgar Allan Poe sings of :

A water that flows
 With a lullaby sound
 From a Spring but a very few
 Feet from the ground,
 From a cavern not very far
 Down underground.

Or, again, Dante Gabriel Rossetti :

Right so he knew that he saw weep
 Each night through every dream
 The Queen's own form confused in sleep
 With images supreme
 Not known to him.

The Knight who beheld Queen Blanchelys in his
 dreams and realises when he sees her for the
 first time that his death must follow that meeting.

In Lionel Johnson's lines—

Alone he rides, alone,
 The fair, the fatal King,
 Dark night is all his own,
 That strange and solemn thing,

we have the whole drama of the wars between
 Parliament and King. It is all over now—the
 long agony—the clashing of steel—the shouts
 of Cavalier and Roundhead. Nothing remains
 but the comely figure of the lonely horseman
 riding on amid the night winds and the stars.

We turn to Dobell's "Ravelstone" :

The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill
And through the silvern meads.

Can anyone repeat these lines without feeling the ecstasy of youth once more in his veins and the joy of life and colour? It is not always easy to remember by whom the haunting verses were written. Sometimes they come from the great poets, and sometimes from those of no account.

I cannot recall the origin of the following lines :

All night long in my dreams I wandered to find you,
By shadowy woods and streams,
But you fled with the moon before and the wind behind you,
All night long in my dreams.

In the too-little-known verses of William Wilkins, the Dublin poet, we find :

Where the yellow leopards of England,
Weary of wars,
Furl and unfurl on the breeze.

These suggest Agincourt and Crécy, Trafalgar, Waterloo, and the Flanders Fields, with a sigh for peace that will never come. Padraic Colum

rends our heartstrings with the description of the Irish mother over her dying child :

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue.

From the reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor
And the peering of things
Across the half door.

O men of the fields,
Soft, softly come thro'.
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

Not less moving is the prose of Carlyle, if it can be called prose, after a visit to his dying mother :

It was my mother and not my mother—
the last pale rim or sickle of the
moon—which had once been full—
now sinking in the dark seas.

Or again, Richard Middleton :

Up and down the cold ice corridor of his
brain, thought formless and timeless
passed like a rodent flame.

Some of these examples of the word magicians are obscure and some apparently quite plain, but every one of them suggests a picture, whether seen by the writer or not, extending far beyond what the words themselves actually express.

CHAPTER XX

Of our Future

IT is hard to realise that we have survived the greatest war of all time. This wonderful race of ours has encountered and laid low everyone of the European Powers at the zenith of its strength and fame. Philip of Spain and his Armada—Louis XIV and his great Captains—Napoleon the all-conquering—and lastly William of Hohenzollern at the head of the portentous power of Modern Germany.

But there has arisen in our midst a far more terrible enemy, and the question is continually before us: Is it possible for us to survive?

Our treatment of Labour in the past is not a thing we can now look back upon with pleasure.

Down to the year 1824, when the Combination Laws were repealed mainly through the exertions

of Francis Place—a man of the labouring class—the workers were little better than serfs.

We feel unhappy when we reflect that down to the middle of the nineteenth century twenty or thirty thousand children between 3 or 4 and 17 years old were employed in the brick-making trade and sometimes for thirteen hours a day. There is an awful history of the cruelties inflicted on children, some of them little more than babies, in the mines and by the chimney-sweeps. These terrible social wrongs have happily called into existence Trades Unionism in the land. The action of these unions was wholesome and necessary so long as they were not too strong. Now Trade Unionism has developed into a merciless monster that every day menaces society generally. The miserable cowardice of both parties in Parliament in 1906 conceded the inviolability of the corporate funds of the unions—thus leaving them a war chest on which they carry on any destructive policy they choose on the public.

They are put above and outside the law of the land. The result is that men who openly aim at the destruction of civilisation, as we now

know it, are at liberty to organise wars against the Nation itself with absolute impunity. The shameless revolutionary plot of the General Strike in the spring of 1926 came to an inglorious end.

No wonder that we are the laughing-stock of the world when it learns that those who refuse to work in the hope of bringing this country to destruction in blood and anarchy are supported and have their families maintained at the public expense. It is right to say that there are some spirited men who spurned such help and have lived on their savings.

We used to wonder how the conscience of the English people was able to put up with the application of the axe and the block to persons guilty of treason. But there was a certain rough justice in it all. The *de facto* Government meant settled law—order and the protection of the masses—and he who rashly challenged it did so at the risk of his head.

But in our humane age those guilty of the blackest treason against the people are allowed to proceed to the bitter end with perfect impunity.

The ordinary case is where the men go out

demanding an increase of wages which the industry cannot bear. This puts everybody to great suffering and inconvenience—brings serious loss on the country and their own employers. Then having idled and loafed about for a considerable time, they admit they are beaten and come back. There is no repentance—there is no change of heart—the cry is raised of “No victimisation” and the worst conspirator returns to his good job—having thoroughly enjoyed his holiday. There is no thought about the victimisation of the public and the industry.

We who have always believed in the good sense and fairness of the ordinary folk, are shaken by the behaviour of the miners in the coal strike. From the beginning to the end they never had the shadow of an arguable case. They have been treated with every consideration. Millions have been spent in attempts to conciliate them—the Government that has exhausted every means of bringing this hideous warfare to a close, is represented as taking the side of the owners. We have educated these classes, at enormous expense to ourselves. Life is hardly tolerable

under the merciless persecutions of the taxing commissioners. We fondly believe that when educated the working classes will understand how matters really stand and not persist in bleeding their motherland to death. But it is all in vain—the more education they receive the more discontented they are and become more and more infatuated with insane Marxism and class hatred. If education brought content and happiness we would gladly bear the heavy burden for their sake. But we now see that it only makes them more wretched and more insatiable to reap where they have not sowed.

Notwithstanding all that is said about the dignity of labour there is a quantity of the world's work that is most unpleasant and yet must be done. Where a boy or girl shows exceptional talent or genius, he or she should be educated free and passed on to intermediate schools and finally through the University at the public expense.

What is the use of Ruskin College and such like places? The student does not go there for real knowledge, he goes to fill his mind with fallacies by means of which he may impose

on others. Class hatred is preached night and day, but not with such full results as might be expected. The working man is by nature too good a fellow to brew hatred against the classes whose good qualities he is not blind to. The only chance these enemies of the race have is to poison the minds of the children, as those whom they imitate are doing in Moscow.

When one points out all the mischief that springs from this excessive education of the working classes the educationist who believes in nothing but his nostrum looks on you as a lost soul.

John Bright wrote and said many wise and wholesome things, but he said one very foolish thing which has brought much evil on his countrymen. "Force is no remedy." There are some things for which force backed up by the majority is the only remedy to save the country. The moment, however, anything of this nature is applied screams and protests go up from a people who have been debauched by conciliation and such things.

It is a case of :

Tu tundas—ego vapulo tantum.

They must be allowed to do all the striking—if the public strikes back it is an outrage.

When we think of these things a cold wave of hopelessness sweeps over us. And yet nothing less is involved than this. Is our land with its noble history to sink into the inglorious slough pushed by the hands of its own sons and daughters? When the terrible truth is told, the odds are that it is.

But it is not all over yet, and we must never despair.

There is what some call the Fortune of England, and others Divine Providence, which has never failed us yet.

I was utterly discouraged some time before the war when I saw in Hyde Park the silly youths and anæmic girls of the rising generation. But when the day of trial came the splendid qualities of the race came out, and they showed themselves ready to work and to die for their native land.

During the late General Strike nothing could be more wonderful than the way the people rallied to protect themselves against a treasonable conspiracy.

One friend of mine who used his car to drive

people to their work and home again saw an old man toiling along. He proposed to take him home; the old man apologetically said it was too far. However, my friend induced him to seat himself beside him, and in about ten minutes left him at his destination. On the way he talked to his passenger about the folly of such a strike.

When the old man got out he began a little speech which my friend thought was an expression of gratitude for the lift.

However, on listening attentively, he heard as follows :

“ If I was only thirty years younger, I'd break up you and your blasted car for interfering.”

This was the exception—the gratitude of the young girls, the clerks and the working men who were gratuitously carried was most charmingly conveyed.

The Great Strike taught the conspirators a lesson, and it taught the Government also how such matters should be handled.

THE END

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