



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



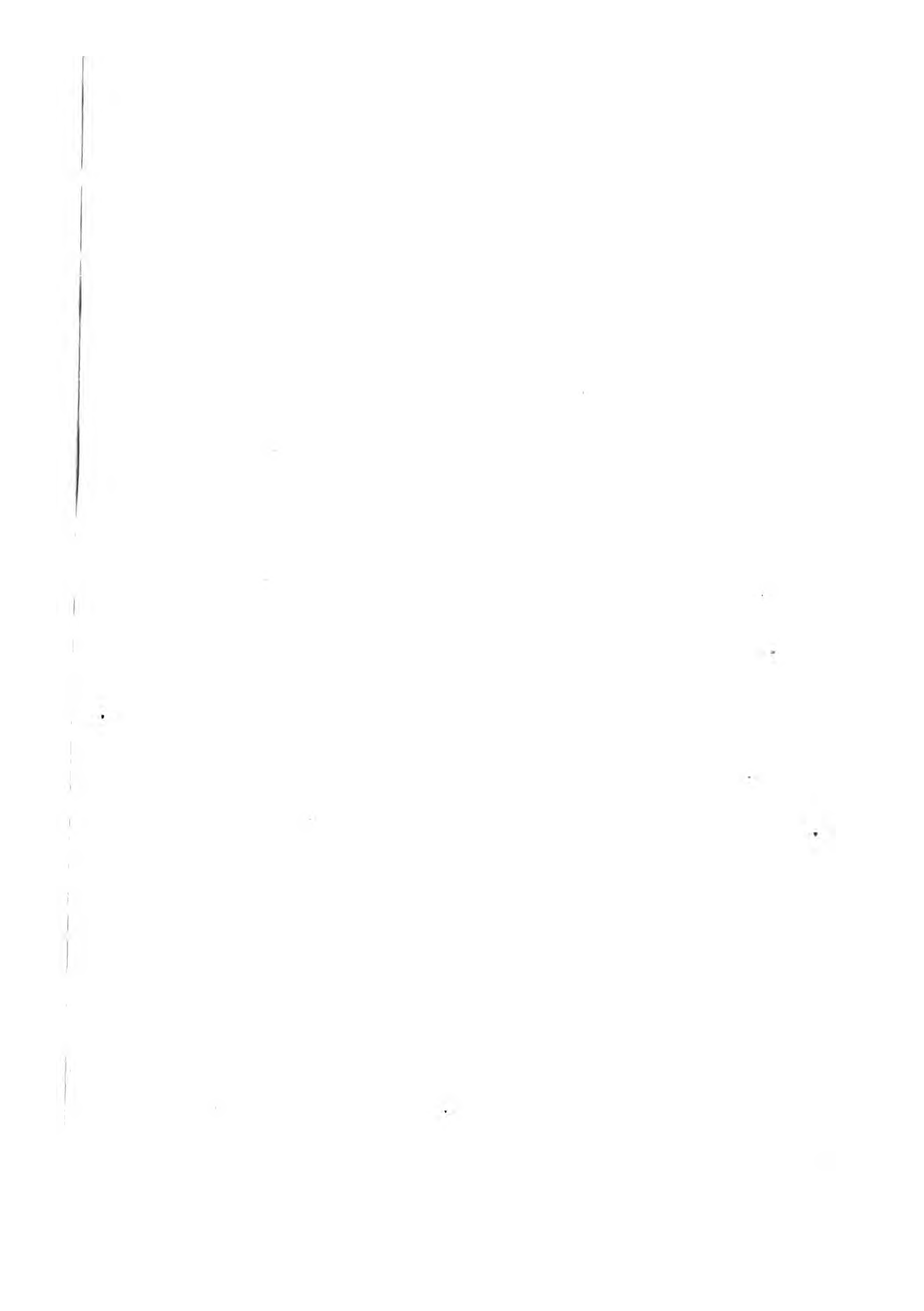
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

ESSAYS OF
THOMAS DAVIS

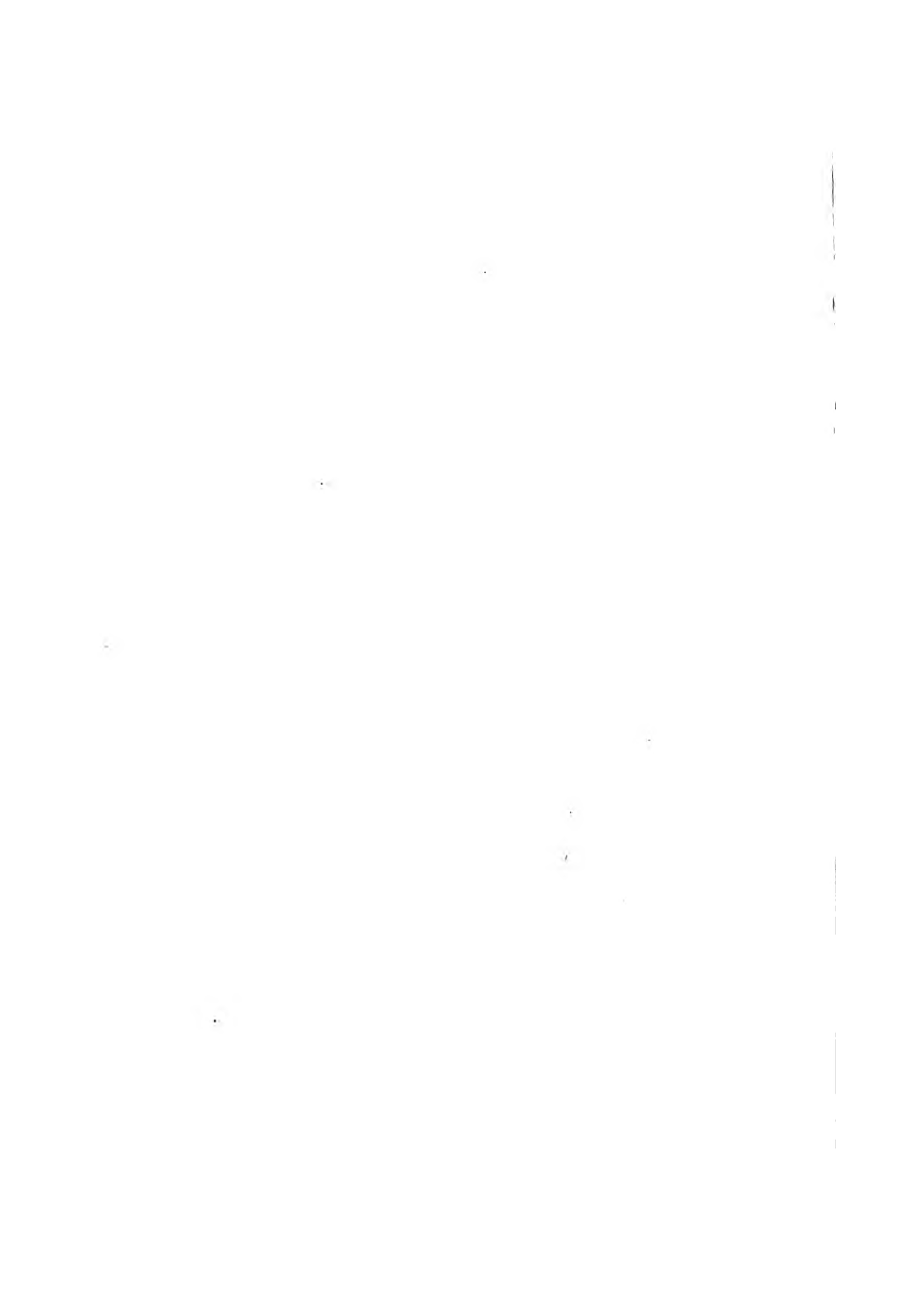


270 e. 1340.





ESSAYS BY THOMAS DAVIS



ESSAYS BY THOMAS DAVIS







HOGAN'S STATUE OF DAVIS
(In Mount Jerome Cemetery.)

ESSAYS
LITERARY AND HISTORICAL
BY
THOMAS DAVIS

CENTENARY EDITION
INCLUDING SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE COLLECTED

WITH PREFACE, NOTES, &c.
BY
D. J. O'DONOGHUE
(LIBRARIAN, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN)
AND AN ESSAY BY
JOHN MITCHEL

DUNDALK
W. TEMPEST, DUNDALGAN PRESS

1914



TO
F. J. WHITE,
New York,
WITH THE REGARDS
OF
THE EDITOR



PREFACE

THOMAS DAVIS was born at Mallow, Co. Cork, on October 24th,* 1814, and thus his Centenary has been celebrated this year. Though of Welsh origin paternally and of English extraction on his mother's side, he appears to have imbibed national views from an early age. He entered Trinity College, took his bachelor's degree in 1836, and made his first appearance as an author by issuing in the following year a pamphlet entitled "The Reform of the Lords," by "A Graduate of Dublin University." It admittedly fell flat. In or about the same year he began to write for the press, principally in the *Morning Register*, in which office he made the acquaintance of Charles Gavan Duffy. Through Duffy he became known to other Irishmen, Catholics, like his friend Duffy, or liberal Protestants, like himself, and with them he eagerly discussed the affairs of Ireland and how best to serve her. In the College Historical Society he had already shown his deep interest in all that concerned his native country, and there he had

* The tombstone in Mount Jerome Cemetery gives this date, though the 14th is the generally received date.

formed a companionship with many of the younger and finer type of Irishmen. He assisted his friend Torrens M'Cullagh (afterwards known as M'Cullagh Torrens) and W. E. Hudson in establishing *The Citizen*, a high-class monthly review, mainly devoted to Irish matters. Davis, however, though then, as always, keenly alive to the material and intellectual interests of Ireland, wrote on other than Irish subjects, quite a number of his articles dealing with affairs in India.

Practically all his literary work was at this time general and political. It was not till Duffy, Dillon and he founded the *Nation* in 1842 that he turned his attention almost entirely to Irish history and literature. Even in the *Nation*, however, he frequently wrote on English, Welsh and Scotch questions, mostly, no doubt, from the point of view of an Irish patriot. The essays in this volume are nearly all taken from that paper, for which he wrote at least one article a week for nearly three years. Many of these were reviews of books, or rather brief notices, such notices consisting often enough of lengthy quotations, eulogistically or severely treated in a running commentary. But his political articles largely outnumber those of a literary or historical nature. They generally took the form of leaders, and few of them could be profitably reprinted now. Many of the questions which called them into existence have long since ceased to interest any-

body, and the evils which they expose no longer trouble the public mind.

Davis had a clearly defined object in view when he agreed to ally himself with what proved to be the greatest Irish journal of his or any time. He had formed in his mind a constructive policy for the country—he saw how many things were disgracefully neglected, how much mere oratory and poetical flourishes took the place of steady ameliorative effort from within, and one of the many reasons why his essays have always proved so helpful to Irishmen is that they all seek to develop a higher sense of nationality, and to raise the character of the people. In a few words he sought to impress upon Irishmen the fact that they had much to be proud of in their history and their character, and he saw that the surest way to induce a nation to rise to higher things was to imbue them with the idea that they had already accomplished much. Thus, in all his essays he lays stress upon what Irishmen had achieved, and seeks to point out for them the many tasks that still remained to be begun or perfected. In no sense an intransigent like Mitchel, he was fully convinced of the right of Ireland to her own government. He continuously preached a reasonable toleration—not that kind which yields everything and obtains nothing—but the toleration which would make an united Ireland by enrolling under one banner

all who were lovers of their country. This was the essential point. For the anti-Irish Irishman he had the profoundest contempt. One can imagine how Davis, a man of mixed parentage, would have met the people who, like their forbears, lived in and on the country and yet professed to have no attachment to or belief in it. One has only to read his poems to discover his feelings in the matter. The lines in his admirable poem called "Nationality" sufficiently express them :

" And oh ! it were a glorious deed
To show unto mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined,—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountain whence they rose,
As, filled by many a rivulet
The lordly Shannon flows."

In his *Nation* articles, as in his poems, his philosophy was the same :

" This country of ours is no sand-bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilization, traceable in antiquity by its piety, its valour, and its sufferings."

Very rarely does Davis attempt to perorate. His chief and indeed his only purpose was to throw out suggestions to the many fine young Irishmen who began to discover, often

for the first time, that they had a country to serve, and another mission in life than mere criticism, shallow cynicism or the manufacture of jokes at the national expense. It was soon a matter of wide knowledge that the indefatigable student and worker who, anonymously or under a dozen different signatures, exhorted Irishmen to devote all their energies to the material uplifting of Ireland, was a national asset of the greatest value. But it was when his unexpected death occurred on September 16th, 1845 (from scarlet fever), at the early age of thirty, that his countrymen of all creeds and parties felt the magnitude of their loss. The whole press of Ireland, irrespective of party, recognised this misfortune, and an imposing burial in the cemetery of Mount Jerome was the national expression of the shock.

Shortly after his death a representative committee was appointed to collect funds for a national memorial, and over a thousand pounds was spent on a statue by the gifted sculptor, John Hogan. It was not till 1853 that the work was completed and exhibited, and as the Royal Dublin Society, which at first took charge of it, refused to retain it any longer, in view of the approaching visit of Queen Victoria, and a proper site had not been decided upon, Dr. W. R. Wilde instructed Hogan to erect the statue near the grave of Davis in Mount Jerome. In or about 1882, however, the Cemetery

Board, or its chief official, took the liberty of moving it from the grave without consultation with anybody, and placed it on the grass plot in front of their offices. This action was reasonably stated to be due to the gradual deterioration of the marble by the exposure to the storms of wind and rain which blew about it. But the further action of the same official in causing to be cut on the plinth the untrue statement that Hogan presented the memorial to the cemetery is entirely unjustifiable. This matter was angrily discussed in the Dublin press in the autumn of 1885, and the cemetery authorities claimed the statue as their property.

The question cannot be allowed to remain permanently as settled. The statue is clearly the property of the nation, and belongs to no one institution. It was subscribed for by all sections of the public, and should be placed in a central situation. The inexplicable attitude of the Royal Dublin Society in refusing to continue the temporary accommodation of the statue, pending the selection of a site, thoroughly justifies Gavan Duffy's statement that "public opinion was never lower in Ireland than at that time" (1853), and it is to be hoped that some definite action will not be long delayed, and that this striking memorial of a great Irishman will not remain for ever in a remote Dublin cemetery, even under the shelter to which it has been recently (1912) removed.

A few words are called for to explain the appearance of a new edition of Davis's Essays. The small collection published immediately after his death was necessarily limited and imperfect. But though it has been reprinted many times since its first issue, the text seems never to have been examined by any editor. I have carefully collated it with the original articles in the *Nation*, and have discovered that several of them were mutilated for no sufficient reason, and that one or two of the essays were made up of two articles which had no other connection except that they treated of the same subject. I have restored the essays as Davis wrote them, adding such passages as were and are omitted from the small edition referred to. I have also been able to add nearly a hundred pages by Davis which have now for the first time been brought together in one volume.

The edition issued over twenty years ago by T. W. Rolleston was in some respects a considerable improvement on the earlier and better-known one. But though it contained several hitherto uncollected papers on Irish matters, it failed to include some other essays, on the ground that they would be of little interest to the general reader.

Where passages have been omitted from the essays (always quotations of no present significance) the fact is shown for the first time in any edition of Davis's work by the usual marks

denoting gaps. It is essential, in the present writer's opinion, that his essays should be given with completeness. Brief and partial extracts from his work would not do justice to the man or the writer, and might present him as an intolerant thinker, and as far as his editorial articles are concerned, a little of a demagogue. Doubtless he would have revised all his work, necessarily hastily composed for a weekly newspaper, had he been spared by death.

The present edition gives the fullest collection of the most reliable texts of those literary and historical essays which have been for generations the inspiration and guide of countless Irishmen, and have influenced some of the best minds this country can ever hope to produce. That it may prove of equal value as an exhortation to future generations of Irish people is the hope of the present editor, who can claim to have taken pains to recover all that has been written on permanent Irish things by the best loved and most fruitful thinker of national Ireland.

D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

NOTE—The short introduction by John Mitchel which follows was contributed by him to his edition of Davis' "Poems," published in New York in 1854. It has never been utilised by any other editor of Davis.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE BY EDITOR - - - - -	vii-xiv.
CONTENTS - - - - -	- xv-xvi.
INTRODUCTION BY MITCHEL - - - - -	xvii-xxiii.
—THE YOUNG IRISHMEN OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES -	I
—UDALISM AND FEUDALISM - - - - -	52
—SELF-EDUCATION - - - - -	90
—OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE—I - - - - -	97
" " —II - - - - -	102
—ABSENTEEISM OF IRISH GENIUS - - - - -	108
—HINTS FOR IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS - - - - -	112
—HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF IRELAND - - - - -	116
—NATIONAL ART—I - - - - -	119
" II—A GALLERY OF CASTS - - - - -	124
—IRISH TOPOGRAPHY - - - - -	129
—ART UNIONS - - - - -	140
—THE SEA KINGS - - - - -	144
—INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND - - - - -	152
—IRISH MUSIC AND POETRY - - - - -	160
—IRISH ART - - - - -	164
—IRISH ANTIQUITIES AND IRISH SAVAGES - - - - -	167
—IRELAND'S PEOPLE - - - - -	173
—THE VALUATION OF IRELAND—I - - - - -	179
" " —II - - - - -	188
—IRISH SCENERY - - - - -	192
—OLD IRELAND - - - - -	197
—POPULAR EDUCATION - - - - -	202
—FOREIGN TRAVEL - - - - -	207

	PAGE
HY-FIACHRACH - - - - -	214
— REPEAL READING ROOMS - - - - -	220
— "EDUCATE, THAT YOU MAY BE FREE" - - - - -	225
THE SKULLS OF THE IRISH - - - - -	231
A BALLAD HISTORY OF IRELAND - - - - -	240
— A CHRONOLOGY OF IRELAND - - - - -	249
THE IRISH ART UNION - - - - -	256
IRISH SONGS—I - - - - -	264
" —II - - - - -	270
THE HISTORY OF THE AGITATION - - - - -	279
STUDY - - - - -	284
— THE SPEECHES OF GRATTAN - - - - -	291
IRISH HISTORY - - - - -	301
IRISH PICTURES - - - - -	308
— THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND - - - - -	312
— INSTITUTIONS OF DUBLIN—I - - - - -	329
" " —II - - - - -	335
— THE STATE OF THE PEASANTRY - - - - -	340
— THE IRISH BRIGADE - - - - -	344
— THE LIBRARY OF IRELAND - - - - -	349
— THE IRISH PEASANTRY - - - - -	356
TALES AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY - - - - -	359
— WEXFORD - - - - -	362
— BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND - - - - -	366
O'DONOVAN'S IRISH GRAMMAR - - - - -	377
THE HISTORY OF IRELAND - - - - -	381
— COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF IRELAND - - - - -	386
JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN - - - - -	392
NOTES - - - - -	454
PSEUDONYMS OF DAVIS - - - - -	456

Illustrations.

HOGAN'S STATUE OF DAVIS (in Mount Jerome Cemetery)

THOMAS DAVIS (from the Drawing by Burton)

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR "THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION"



INTRODUCTION

AT Mallow, on the river Blackwater, in the County of Cork, and some time in the year 1814, Thomas Osborne Davis was born. His father was by birth a Welshman, but long settled in the south of Ireland ; and Davis, ever proud of his Cymric blood, and of his kindred with the other Gaelic family of Milesians, named himself through life a Celt. "The Celt" was his *nom-de-plume* ; and the Celtic music and literature, the Celtic language, and habits, and history were always his fondest study. Partly from the profound sympathy of his nature with the fiery, vehement, affectionate, gentle, and bloody race that bred him—his affinity with "the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael"—partly from his hereditary aversion to the coarser and more energetic Anglo-Saxon—and partly from the chivalry of his character, which drew him to the side of all oppressed nations everywhere over the earth—he chose to write Celt upon his front ; he would live and die a Celt.

The scenes of his birth and boyhood nursed and cherished this feeling. Amongst the hills of Munster—on the banks of Ireland's most beautiful river, the Avondhu, Spenser's "Auniduff"—and amidst a simple people, who yet retained most of the venerable usages of the olden time, their wakes

and funeral *caoinés*, their wedding merry-makings, and simple hospitality with a hundred thousand welcomes, he imbibed that passionate and deep love, not for the people only, but for the very soil, rocks, woods, waters, and skies of his native land, which gives to his writings, both in prose and poetry, their chief value and charm.

He received a good education and entered Trinity College, Dublin. During his university course, his reading was discursive, omnivorous, by no means confined within the text books and classic authors prescribed for a study within the current terms of the college curriculum. Therefore, he was not a dull, plodding blockhead "premium-man." He came through the course creditably enough, but without distinction; and Wallis, an early friend and comrade of Davis, and the author of the first tribute to his memory and his genius, in the "Introduction" prefixed to the edition of his poems, says that "during his college course, and for some years after, while he was generally liked, he had, unless perhaps with some few who knew him intimately, but a moderate reputation for high ability of any kind." In short, his moral and intellectual growth was slow; he had no personal ambition for mere distinction, and never through all his life did anything for effect. Thus he spent his youth in storing his own mind and training his own heart; never wrote or spoke for the public till he approached his thirtieth year; exerted faculty after faculty (unsuspected by himself as well as by others) just as the occasion for their exertion arose, and nobody else was at hand able or willing to do the needful work; and when he died, at the age of thirty-one, those only who knew him best felt that the world had been permitted to see but the infancy of a great genius.

His poetry is but a fragment of the man. He was no boy-rhymer ; and brimful as his eye and soul were of the beauties of Nature, he never felt a necessity to utter them in song. In truth, he did not himself suspect that he could make verses until the establishment of the *Nation* newspaper, in which, from the first, he was the principal writer ; and then, from a calm, deliberate conviction that among other agencies for arousing national spirit, fresh, manly, vigorous national songs and ballads must by no means be neglected, he conscientiously set to work to manufacture the article wanted. The result was that torrent of impassioned poetry which flashed through the columns of the *Nation* week by week, and made many an eager boy, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, cut open the weekly sheet with a hand shaken by excitement—to kindle his heart with the glowing thought of the nameless " Celt."

The defeat of Ireland and her cause, and the utter prostration into which she has fallen,* may, in the minds of many, deprive the labours of Davis of some portion of their interest. If his aspirations had been made realities, and his lessons had ripened into action ; if the British standard had gone down, torn and trampled before the green banner, in this our day, as it had done before on many a well-fought field—then all men would have loved to trace the infancy and progress of the triumphant cause—the lives and actions of those who had toiled in the sweat of their brows to make its triumph possible. It is the least, indeed, of the penalties, yet it is one of the surest penalties of defeat—that the world will neglect you and your claims ; will not care to ask why you were

* Written in 1854.—ED.

defeated, nor care to inquire whether you deserved success.

Yet to some minds it will be always interesting to understand instead of misunderstanding even a baffled cause. And to such the poems of Davis are presented as the fullest and finest expression of the national sentiment that in 1843 shook the British Empire to its base, and was buried ignominiously in the famine-graves of '48—not without hope of a happy resurrection.

To characterise shortly the poetry of Davis—its main strength and beauty lies in its simple *passion*. Its execution is unequal; and in some of the finest of his pieces any magazine critic can point out weak or unmusical verses. But all through these ringing lyrics there is a direct, manly, hearty, human feeling, with here and there a line or passage of such passing melody and beauty that once read haunts the ear and heart for ever :

“ What thoughts were mine in early youth !
Like some old Irish song,
 Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
 My spirit gushed along.”

And in that exquisite song, “ The Rivers.” Let anyone who has an ear to hear, and a tongue to speak, read aloud the fifth stanza :

“ But far kindlier the woodlands of rich Convamore,
 And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore ;
 There the stream, like a maiden,
 With love overladen,
 Pants wild on each shore.”

Who that has once seen will ever forget old Lord Clare, rising at the head of his mess-table, in the “ Battle Eve of the Brigade ” :

“ The veteran arose, *like an uplifted lance,*
 Saying, Comrades, a health to the monarch of France ! ”

His "Lament for the Death of Owen Roe" is the very heart and soul of a musical, wild, and miserable Irish caoine (the coronach or noeniae):

"Wail, wail him through the island!
 Weep, weep for our pride!
 Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
 Weep the victor of Benburb—weep him, young men and
 old;
 Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would
 not go,
 And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel
 blow—
 Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out
 the sky—
 Oh! why did you leave us, Owen! Why did you die?"

For his battle-ballads may be instanced "Fontenoy" and the "Sack of Baltimore." And his love songs are the genuine pleadings of longing, yearning, devouring passion. Perhaps, however, the most characteristic, though far from the finest of these songs, is that beginning "Oh! for a steed!" There he gives bold and broad expression to that feeling which we have already described as a leading constituent of his noble nature—sympathy with conquered nations, assertion and espousal of their cause against force and fate—and a mortal detestation and defiance of that conquering "energy" which impels the civilising bullies of mankind to "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." This sympathy it was which so strongly attracted him to the books of Augustin Thierry, whose writings he often recommended as the most picturesquely faithful and heartily human of all historical works.

Space would fail to give us anything like an

adequate narrative of Davis's political toils through the three busy years of his life. It is not detracting from any man's just claims to assert, what all admit, that he, more than any one man, inspired, created, and moulded the strong national feeling that possessed the Irish people in '43, made O'Connell a true uncrowned king, and

“ Placed the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand.”

The “ Government ” at last, with fear and trembling, came to issue with the “ Repeal Conspirators ” in the law courts. Well they might fear and tremble. One movement of O'Connell's finger—for it was only he who could give the signal—and within a month no vestige of British power could have remained in Ireland. For O'Connell's refusal to wield that power, then unquestionably in his hands, may God forgive him ! He went into prison on the 30th of May, 1844, stayed there three months—came out in a paroxysm of popular enthusiasm stronger than ever. Yet from that hour the cause declined ; nothing, answering to the expectation or commensurate with the power at his command was done or attempted. “ Physical force ” was made a bugbear to frighten the women and children ; priests were instructed to denounce “ rash young men ” from their altars ; and “ law ”—London law—was thrust down the national throat.

Davis saw this—vainly resisted it, and made head against it for a while. He laboured in the *Nation* more zealously than ever ; but his intimate comrades perceived him changed ; and after a short illness he died at his mother's house, Baggot Street, Dublin, on the 16th September, 1845.

The *Nation* lost its strength and its inspiration. The circle of friends and comrades—the “Young Ireland Party,” as they were called, that revolved around this central figure, that were kept in their spheres by the attraction of his strong nature, taking their literary task from his hands, drawing courage and zeal from his kindly and cheerful converse—soon fell into confusion, alienation, and helplessness. Gloom gathered round the cause, and famine, wasting the bone and vigour of the nation, made all his friends feel as the confederate Irish felt when Owen Roe died of poison—like

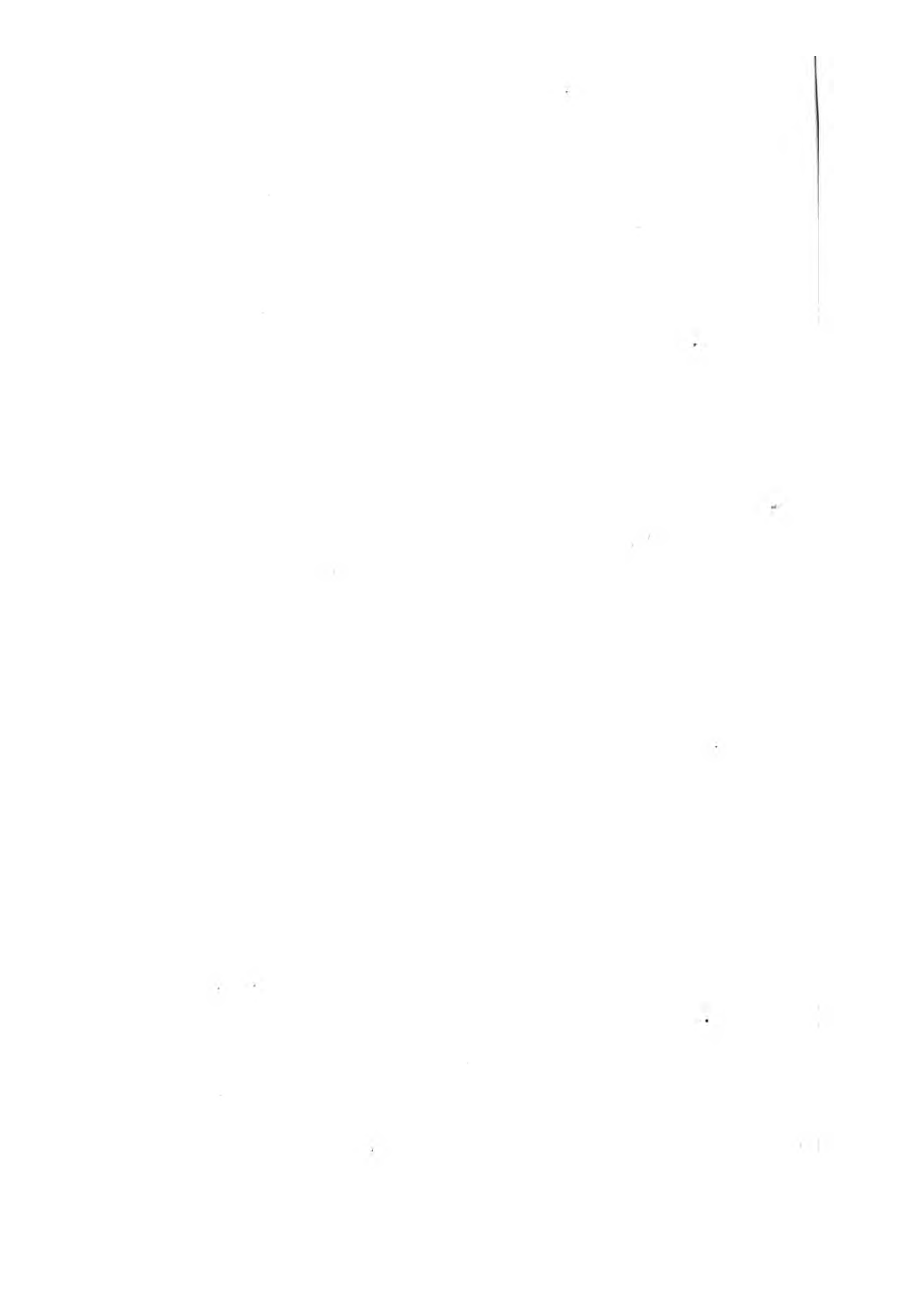
“ Sheep without a shepherd
When the snow shuts out the sky.”

MacNevin,* who idolised him, was cut suddenly from all his moorings, and like a rudderless ship drifted and whirled until he died in a madhouse. Of others, it would be invidious to trace the career in this place. Enough to say that the most dangerous foe English dominion in Ireland has had in our generation, is buried in the cemetery of Mount Jerome, in the southern suburbs of Dublin.

Fragmentary and hasty as are the compositions in prose or verse which Davis left behind him, they are the best and most authentic exponent of the principles and aspirations of the remnant of his disciples.

JOHN MITCHEL.

* Thomas MacNevin, author of the “History of the Irish Volunteers” and other books.—ED.





THOMAS DAVIS
(From the drawing by Burton.)

THE YOUNG IRISHMAN OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES*

To the Members of the Historical Society.

GENTLEMEN,—The following Address was written for you, and, some few passages excepted, was read before you. You are in no one way connected with any opinions contained in it. Many, perchance most of you, differed from these opinions. Your candour and fairness, therefore, in printing it, is highly honourable to you. This prefatory letter is written not to defend you, but to explain my motives.

Now, tell me, candidly, do you think it can be any pleasure to me to advance opinions which, differing as they do from those of most of my contemporaries, must have been taken up with much hesitation? Think you I have many temptations to advance opinions, which so many of you, my friends and companions, will censure? *You* will respect, for you know my motives. There are some, not of you, who are likely enough to read this paper, who will condemn me, as well as it, harshly, uncharitably, ignorantly: I shall not mind them. But let *you* fairly weigh my opinions, and, if you approve of them, do not suffer *what will then be your opinions* to be sneered

* Delivered before the Students' Club, of which Davis was President.—ED.

down—do not be swindled or bullied out of them ; and trust me, you will find that your *interest as well as your duty* is to avow and act on them. You have much to learn, much to dare. Look on our class in Ireland ; are they worthy of their nature or their country ? Are they like the young men of Germany ; as students, laborious ; as thinkers, profound and acute ? like the young men of France, independent, fearless, patriotic ? like the young men of England, Scotland, America, energetic, patient, successful ? (I speak of the virtues of these foreigners). And if not, if the young men of Ireland are careless, prejudiced, unhonoured—if their pupilage never ends—if no manhood of mind, no mastery in action comes for most of them—if preparation, thought, action, wisdom, the order of development in successful men, is not for them ; if so, are their misleaders, the duped or duping apostles of present systems, alone to blame ? No ; you, young Irishmen, must blame yourselves. The power of self-education, self-conduct, is yours : “ Think wrongly if you will, but think for yourselves.”¹ Are you ambitious of honourable success ?—you must become learned, determined, just, pious. There is no short cut to greatness. You who are called the upper classes in Ireland possess no institutions for any sort of instruction worthy of you. Nay, more, so strong are bigotry, interest, and laziness that you will get none. *You must found your own institutes—you must conduct your own affairs.*

I have, in the following pages, discussed some, and hinted at other parts of the subjects which I thought most useful for you to reflect on. If you will discuss them fearlessly and unshrinkingly,

¹ Lessing.

'tis well. I care little for the fate of any opinions, but much for the fate of free discussion. Accept no opinion or set of opinions, without examination, no matter whether they be enrobed in pomp, or holiness, or power ; admire the pomp, respect the power, venerate the holiness ; but for the opinions, strip them ; if they bear the image of truth, for its sake cherish them ; if they be mixed, discriminate them ; if false, condemn them. That faith or philosophy which proclaims the unlimited right and innocence of free inquiry and self-government of mind is moving among you. Are there none to bear its standards ? Will you linger when such powers are in motion ? Do you pay no worship to plain unritual virtue ? Owe you no allegiance to truth ? Or are places on one hand, and prejudices on the other, to keep you apart from each other, and from the common highway to your country's prosperity ? You have capacities ; will you use them, or will you not ? Will you use them for free thought—for virtue—for Ireland ? Intellect has its duties as well as its rights ;—the rights of power, fame, and authority cannot be withheld from it ; human nature cannot refuse them ; but the duties to yourselves—your fellows—your country, have you not neglected these ? Are you now compromising them ? How long will you sin against patriotism ? Let no one dare to call me factious for bidding you act in union with any men, be they of what party they may, for our common country.

I shall not apologise for taking the same freedom with you collectively that (you know) I should take with each one of you in private.

I leave these things with you. I feel my own weakness, but am equally conscious of, and ready

to assert, my right of free thought and expression ; but you, some of you at least, possess powers as well as rights. I therefore have done my duty in pointing out, though with feeble arm, the path I believe you ought to pursue. Again, I say, " Think wrongly if you will, but think for yourselves."

I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant and faithful friend,

THOMAS DAVIS.

61 BAGGOT STREET, DUBLIN, *Oct.* 12, 1840.

ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN,—I am now about to surrender the office which you entrusted to me. Its duties, up to the last night of the session, may be well discharged by any man of common courtesy and firmness. But to-night your President has a harder task. At our usual meetings we seek to prepare ourselves for certain duties and pursuits, of which this society is a fit learning-place. We leave a single evening in the year for the consideration of what are or what should be those duties and pursuits, and by what rules we should guide ourselves in that preparation.

Need I defend the custom of making a periodical inquiry into the theory of this Institution? If general principles be of any use, they cannot be, without hazard, neglected when we attempt to educate ourselves, for as Swift says somewhere, " He who knows his powers seldom fails ; he who is ignorant of them hardly ever succeeds."

The maxim in self-teaching, as in all teaching, is to study wherein lie our deficiencies as well as our powers, and what are the means of supplying

those defects. This Society is one means of correcting many errors and fostering many powers ; and my duty is to call your attention to our more probable and dangerous defects, to state the objects of the institution, and what it is fitted to teach or unteach us. In attempting the discharge of that duty, I labour under some disadvantages. I am the first person who has attempted to address this particular society on these topics ; yet I cannot forget that addresses to similar societies, by men whose pupil I should desire to be, abound in Dublin. If I tread the same path as these men, I shall be accused of imitation ; if I leave it, their example will be pointed out, and I shall be called irrelevant. Now these addresses have laid down with logical precision the divisions of eloquence and the rules for its diversified application. Principles investigated by philosophers, tested by successful orators, and illustrated by the lights of taste and fancy, exist in these addresses. They are in your hands, and you may study them with profit. They are so many abridgments of, or supplements to, the standard works on rhetoric. As I could not hope to improve on the matter or style of these papers, I should, if unable to address you relevantly on other topics than theirs, have declined to do so at all. I should shrink from rivalry, but I am now before you because I am not forced to compete. It is common to all speculators on such societies as ours to say we want to study oratory ; and satisfied with that observation, they launch guideless into the ocean of rhetorical criticism. Now, this dogma conveys too wide or too narrow a notion of what we come here for. We are associated to prepare, to make, to hear, to support, to answer speeches on historical, literary,

and political subjects. Discussion of social topics, with all its necessary preparation, and all the natural results of both the preparation and discussion, is not too comprehensive a definition of our general object. That object being so comprehensive, our individual designs are somewhat various. Some indeed want to acquire mere facility and courage ; some use this society as a means of studying history ; some, politics ; others, the mind of man ; most of you, ultimately, to study eloquence—the power of making the best use of every kind of information, and of every faculty, intellectual and sentimental, in public speaking. The addressers of such societies have usually confined themselves to the abstract theory of eloquence on the one hand, and to florid descriptions of its details on the other. But surely the other steps in the series deserve some consideration, and the more so because information is the seed-sowing, and study and experience the sun and shower, without which no harvest of eloquence can gladden the mind. Botany and the change of prices are not the sole studies of the agriculturalists.

In calling your attention to the condition and cultivation of mind which must precede and prepare for eloquence, rather than to the theory of its power or the details of its application, I am not seeking to deprecate, but to guide the study of it. If eloquence required a eulogy, or if I had time for the work, though superfluous, there could be no more grateful task for my pen, “*Labor ipsa voluptas.*” For though unvisited by its favours, I do not the less love its brightness. “Do the stars”—asks the French peasant—“Do the stars think of us, yet if the prisoner see them shine into

his dungeon wouldst thou have him turn away from their lustre ? ”¹ No, gentlemen, the power and beauty be its own ; the worship mine ; even though I vainly worship.

Gentlemen, you consist of members and students of the learned professions. Many of you cherish a literary ambition, most of you hope for success in public life ; you thus, though coming here with different powers, and various qualities, are yet all under circumstances which will make the acquisition of the orator's powers an object of ambition. Your country and your times offer opportunities for a generous—temptations to a selfish—ambition. I trust, I am sure, your impulses are not ungenerous. Methinks I know the element at work within you. You aspire to political power, and you must be up and doing ; you will, ere you reach the goal, need an amount of labour which you little thought of at the starting.

'Tis no light thing to move the mind of man. 'Tis no child's play to wield the passions. The recruit must not seek to lead an army, nor the student to instruct a nation. Look back on those who have been the mind-chieftains in the civil strifes of Ireland—Swift, Lucas, Grattan. Did all the boasted precocity of Irish genius abridge their toils ? No ; a youth of hardest study, a manhood of unceasing labour, are the facts common to the lives of them all ; and yet they lived under favourable auspices for individual eminence. Though the Irish leaders have not seldom been unblest with ancestral wealth or dignity, yet the body of competitors for political power were of the aristocracy ; for they inherited a monopoly

¹ Claude Melnotte, in Bulwer's " Lady of Lyons."

of education, that which summons men to distinction. You also belong to what are called the upper classes in Ireland. But you will have competitors from whom your ancestors were free.

The college in which you and your fathers were *educated*, from whose offices seven-eighths of the Irish people are excluded by religion, from whose porch many, not disqualified by religion, are repelled by the comparative dearness, the reputed bigotry, and pervading dulness of the consecrated spot—that institution seems no longer to monopolise the education funds of Ireland. Trinity College seems to have lost the office for which it was so long and so well paid—of preventing the education of the Irish. The people think it better not to devote all their spare cash to a university, so many of whose favourite alumni are distinguished by their adroit and malignant calumnies on the character, and inveterate hostility to the good, of that people with whose land and money they are endowed. The self-denying virtues are “passing away, passing away.”

Do you weep their departure? or are you consoled by the number of people-wrongs still endured? But away with this insulting jest—your hearts are with your countrymen—yours is a generous ambition to lead them, not their foes.

But then, I repeat, you must strip for the race; you will have competitors from among the people. The middle classes of Ireland are now seeking, in spite of the most perverse opposition chronicled in the annals of even our Anglo-Irish bigotry, to establish provincial colleges—schools for their own education. When the men of the middle class once come into the field, if I do not greatly overrate the stuff of which they are made, they will

compel the men of the upper classes at home—nay, with humility be it said, the men of every country—to fight a hard battle for their literary laurels and political renown. Prepare for that time. If you would rule your countrymen you must be greater than they. But even now the National Schools, the first bold attempt to regenerate Ireland, are working, ay, and, with all their faults, working well. The lower classes, for whom they are suited and designed, are beginning to add the acquisitions of science and literature to that facile apprehension, ingenuity, and comprehensive genius with which even their enemies credit them. I tell you, gentlemen of Trinity College, the peasant boys will soon put to the proof your title to lead them, and the only title likely to be acknowledged in the people-court is that which our countryman, himself once a peasant boy, ascribes to Pericles—

“ He waved the sceptre o’er his kind,
By nature’s first great title—mind.”

Gentlemen, I have not come here to flatter you. That many of you possess the highest natural abilities I feel convinced, but that is probably true of many who preceded you. And when I compare the cotemporary literature of Ireland with the gifted nature of the Irish, I am forced to think there are some gross errors in the education of the only class which hitherto has received any education. Many of you acknowledge this, and professedly join this society less for its peculiar advantages than to correct such errors. I think they do wisely : these errors may be lessened by exertions here, and that belief has determined

the nature of this Address. This is no professor's chair. My opinions have no weight save from the truth they may bear, and the proofs with which they are combined. Chosen from among yourselves to advise you touching your intellectual pursuits, it is my plain duty to tell you your defects : thus alone can I convince you of the necessity for a remedy, and not until then can we be prepared to discover it.

You are all, I believe, connected with the Dublin University. Of how many of its graduates may I say that to prepare for college occupies their boyhood, to pass through college occupies the time between boyhood and manhood, and having, loaded with cautions like Swift, or with honours, like many a dunce I know, got to their degrees, they are by their parents supposed to have received a *good general education*, and to be fitted to devote the rest of their lives to spending or making a fortune, as they are endowed with an estate or a profession. If, as assuredly is the case, you, born under propitious stars, have been preserved from such a destiny, do you owe your superiority over the multitude of A.B.s, T.C.D. to the system of the college? No: they are the result of the system—you of a generous nature too strong for it.

Yet Trinity College has a fine bill of fare. First you have mathematics, in which, to make the best of it, you are taught to follow out subtle trains of reasoning without reference to the principles of investigation, which few students will study voluntarily; and further, whole years are thus spent on subjects admitting of demonstration, with anything like to which you will seldom have to do for the rest of your lives.

Then comes that amphibious thing called natural philosophy, consisting (as taught in Dublin college) of some application of mathematics to the general properties of matter, and to the simpler physical phenomena. But so far as these sciences illustrate the human mind in the history of their improvement, and in the relations which physical science bears to human progress, they are ill-taught. Perhaps it is not the business of a college to teach, nor is it important to comprise in a general education the practical part of natural philosophy or mathematics. Indeed, the fault of the French system is that it does so largely. But then they are equally ill-taught if you regard them as fitted to supply illustrations of mind or a guide to nature. As branches of natural history: astronomy, mechanics, and such subjects are *so ill taught* that I verily believe the twelvemonths members of the Mechanics' Institute could teach them to half the medal men in college. Indeed, to the professors of medical or mechanics' institutes, all that geology, physiology, and chemistry contain is handed over. Natural history could not be tortured into a scholastic form; it could only be taught in the way it was investigated, and as alone all subjects can be well taught, by analysis. But be that as it may, external nature supplies inexhaustible materials for thought and illustration to the philosopher, the poet, and the orator; though some of the greatest of them never studied it in the schools, yet all were familiar to its face. You have facilities for the study of it outside the university, and you may lay up a hive of such materials, useful and agreeable for both public and private life, without once fluttering a wing in the collegiate parterre. Ireland offers temp-

tations to such pursuits of which we are at length beginning to avail ourselves.¹

The cumbrous state of our literature renders a formal study of metaphysical and moral philosophy essential. Indeed, without an early acquaintance with the abstruser philosophy, few minds will be able to force their way through the thicket of subjects and authors which surround them in modern society. And not only will the critical and comprehensive temper resulting from such enquiries marshal your way and pioneer your path in all your studies and pursuits, but many subjects, as the foundations of government, the rationale² of reward and punishment, and the leading truths of political³ economy, rest on facts common to all minds, and learned in metaphysical schools. If I mistake not, Butler's, Cicero's, and Hume's philosophical works are the proper horn-books for the lawyer, the statesman, and the divine. May I suggest to you, that contemporaneously with the process of getting definitions by rote,

¹ I refer to the increase of societies for the study of natural history. This is owing mainly to the exertions of the medical profession, so often, as here, in advance of their age.

² The history of this study is a testimony to the value of the more abstract philosophy ; men reasoning on human nature have half persuaded the world not to kill offenders, and even to treat them gently, and educate them, and make much of them. Such scenes as a whole nation getting together and *putting to death* a poor pinioned helpless thing are becoming less common, even in Britain, with its brutal criminal law. How men with the moral profession of Christians ever did so consistency knows not.

³ Dr. Baillie (in his *Essays on Value*) and Archbishop Whately have sufficiently shown that metaphysical philosophy is the real remedy for the word-squabbles and confusion of the Political Economists.

which is essential to collegiate distinction, some efforts might be made by the students to compare the different systems of philosophy, and the relative merits of these systems, when tested by their own or their neighbours' minds? Such a society as ours is plainly unfit for the purpose; but whether a metaphysical society meeting to inquire, not to dispute, could be established within the walls of college, I leave you who are personally interested in its formation to determine: I am content to have suggested it to you.

The classics, even as languages, are shafts into the richest mines of thought which time has deposited. The fossils of Greek and Latin mind prove races like enough in opinions to enable us to understand and sympathise with them, were they now, for the first time, discovered by the moderns. But in sooth we have been, through every faculty of mind, and every member of society, through our literature, our languages, our laws, our arts of war and peace, galvanised, as it were, by the minds of Greece and Rome, though the force of our life may be of Gothic or Celtic origin. And this great and original difference between us and the ancients makes their literature, in some respects, the more valuable for that unlikeness. Who that has thought for himself, or been taught to think in Lord Bacon's school, cannot feel this advantage? Classic literature, though tinged with its own doctrinal cavils, and prejudices and superstitions, is free from cavils and prejudices and superstitions like to ours, and from these last is the only danger to us. The contrast of our idolatries and theirs (to use Bacon's metaphor) is the most instructive of criticisms, while the standard truths which we find there, undisguised by such errors as could deceive us, mete our growth,

or discover our degeneracy. Many a mind have they saved from doubt and dogmatism. No language of mine shall underrate the value of such a possession. Injured though they be, still are they a mighty mass of the picked thoughts of two most renowned nations—nations, too, the very death of whose states of society has stamped on their works immortal freshness and originality.

But, gentlemen, these are benefits which can only be derived from classic studies by a powerful and already disciplined mind, and which are supposed to require a very close knowledge of two difficult languages ; but in my judgment the last requisite is overstated, for it is preferable to read well a good translation than to stumble through the original ; and any fair man, considering how much of the spirit of classic lore can be translated, will confess the folly of expecting one man out of a hundred to learn so much from the originals as from good translations. We do not hesitate as to this in the comparatively easy modern, why then do so in the more difficult ancient languages ?

I may shortly state here that my objections to the classical system of the Dublin college are, that even if well pursued it takes from a young man the best years of his life to inform him on the languages, poetry, politics, religion, manners, and conditions of nations which have perished from the earth many centuries ago ; and that having so employed the spare years between boyhood and business, you insure, as far as in you lies, his ignorance of all the facts that have happened, all the knowledge that has been discovered, all that imagination has produced for some seventeen hundred years. He is ignorant of modern history, including that of his own country, whose facts would, if stored in his memory, be of direct use and

application, unlike those of any remote time or unconnected country, which are of use only by analogy. He knows not of what materials the people around him are composed ; he knows not the origin of their thoughts and feelings ; he therefore knows not themselves. The condition of cotemporary nations is surely more valuable to be known than that of extinct peoples. He is equally ignorant of modern languages ; of French, essential to him if he visit any foreign nations other than Britain or America ; of German, the root of that English language which it is more important for him to speak and write with critical fluency than to command every dialect of the Greeks or Italians from the Attic to the Oscan. Finally, for English literature he is left to the accidents of a circulating library, or a taste beyond that of his instructors.

I venture to assert, and could prove, that numerous works, English, French, and German, are intrinsically superior to the corresponding Greek, and still more above the parallel Roman works. But even though the ancient writers were of more value to their countrymen than the modern writers to theirs, yet lay aside the philosophical, and, so to speak, the esoteric use of the classics which I have mentioned, and fling the old writers among the modern people, and instantly the superiority is lost. I do not say all their value is gone, but the living men and women teach us more of strength and beauty than the mummies or the statues of a dead race.¹ But this is an

¹ There is a story told of Benjamin West, which pleases me more than his paintings do :—When unexpectedly shown the Apollo Belvedere, “My God !” he exclaimed, “a young Mohawk warrior.” A brilliant and sagacious criticism, and worth analysing.

inadequate condemnation of the system. If the student knew the politics and philosophy, and felt the poetry, or even appreciated the facts to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, I might forgive the error of selecting such studies in preference to native and modern ; but still he would leave college, if not well instructed, yet possessed of much valuable thought, and prepared to master the more important subjects which he would want in his professional, literary, or political career. But no, his memory is crammed with phrases and rules of prosody, and what is called literal, that is to say, erroneous translation of words, or correct translation, if you will ; familiarising him, I may remark, with a foreign idiom ere he has learned his own, and therefore almost precluding him from ever writing good English. Seriously, what does the student learn besides the words of the classics ?¹ The thoughts are obscured not merely by the foreign language, but by allusions and opinions which he begins to guess at towards the close of his career. How strange would it be if a young man could benefit by such an occupation !

Men cannot master *all* knowledge. If you believe this, conclude with me that a knowledge of his own nature and duties, of the circumstances, growth, and prospects of that society in which he dwells, and of the pursuits and tastes of those around him, accompanied too by the running comment of experience, is what every man should first learn ; if he does learn this, he has learned enough for life and goodness ; and if he finds this not enough, he is prepared in the only feasible way to profit by studying the works and thoughts

¹ Does he generally learn so much ?

of ancient Italy, or Greece, or modern France, Italy, or Germany. If the student take more interest in the history, and feel more admiration for the literature, or even derive more profit from the contemplation of those moderns than of these ancients, let us not condemn his taste or doubt his wisdom. The varieties of feeling, interest, and opportunity make these differences, and a preference for the study of the modern continental nations is fostered and vindicated by the greater analogy of the people of these islands to them, than to the men of old Greece or old Italy.

I do not mean to say that some knowledge is not picked up by all the students, and much knowledge by some ; and yet college may be an inferior school to the few, and is mischievous to the many, by leading them into a five years' specious idleness. Even for a knowledge of the classics the plan of beginning with them is bad. To a man of genius they cannot be mischievous or useless ; he has thought or read up to them. But I believe that if no one foreign literature were preferred, a much larger number of men would be apt and good classical scholars than are so now ; and therefore, as it is only to those who succeeded that the present system can be called good, that such would be a better means of encouraging classic studies than the present.

I ask you again, how can the student profit by the study of the difficult literature of any foreigners, ancient or modern, till he learns to think and feel ; and these he learns easiest from world or home life, refined and invigorated by his native literature ; and even if by chance the young student, fresh from a bad school,¹ has got some ideas of the

¹ That is to say, from any school in which he is likely to be prepared for college. Our private schools are abso-

picturesque, the generous, the true, into his head, he is neither encouraged nor expected to apply them to his classic studies. Classics ! good sooth he had better read with the hedge-school boys the History of the Rogues, Tories, and Rapparees, or Moll Flanders,¹ than study Homer and Horace in Trinity College. I therefore protest, and ask you to struggle against the cultivation of Greek or Latin or Hebrew, while French or German are excluded ;² and still more strongly should we oppose the cultivation of any, or all of these, to the neglect of English and, perhaps I should add, Irish literature.

I may as well say something here on the study of that language which is spoken by the majority of our countrymen, and by the people of the countries immediately east and west of this kingdom. English philological studies are, to say the least, useful in the formation of style. I do not

lutely contemptible. One hardly knows which to condemn most, the stupid ignorance of the teachers, or the niggardliness of the parents, whose stinginess has produced and endures such schools ; yet there are men of learning and genius pining and annually dying away within even Trinity College. But they are so unfortunate, as far as this life is concerned, as to have generous tastes and independent characters. These men should "rage, not droop," for as some one says, "'tis for woman to lament, man to remember."

¹ These were some of the standard authors in the hedge-school library, so says the report of the Education Commissioners. See some more of this Catalogue Raisonné in Moore's *Captain Rock*, p. 187, etc.

² There are Professors of French, German, and Italian, and medals are given once a year to promote such studies ; but they form no part of the graduate course, or even the fellowship, and the provisions for teaching them are notorious mockeries.

say they are essential, but they certainly give an accuracy and aptness to the writing of him who is familiar with them. There are so few English works on the philosophy of words, that I may enumerate them. Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* is the most valuable for acquiring a critical habit in etymology and grammatical analysis ; for the common use of words, Webster's Dictionary is the best ; Todd's Johnson, as an authority and illustration for the modern variations ; but Richardson is the hand-book for him who would cultivate a pure English style. Horne Tooke, to be sure, was of opinion that each word had but one and an unalterable meaning in a language. Richardson has pressed this error still further, and has thereby enfeebled the otherwise admirable essay prefixed to his larger Dictionary, but his errors (if so they be) only give a sterner purity and force to the language he teaches. His faults are on the right side, for one whose native language is English, though inconvenient enough to a foreigner. Cobbett's Grammar, the book on words in Locke's Essay, some chapters in the first volume of Mill's treatise on the mind, are the only other books of consequence ; at least if I add a few articles in the magazines, the list is complete. When you have examined these books, and they are well worth reading, you must trust to the effect of your other literary studies, to the eager and full mind, to *supply* you with words and varieties of style, and to your metaphysical studies, to a patient taste, and habits of revision to *correct* them.

The standard authors, especially the older writers—the writers who preceded Lord Bacon, contain the best vocabulary. These books, in common with their successors to Queen Anne's

time, are rather affluent in words than critical in the application of them. Shakespeare is more exact and felicitous, and equally copious. The fault of most writers since Shakespeare's time has been the neglect of Saxon words for Latin, and the employment of a Latin, and more lately a French idiom. I may mention that Spenser was the favourite leisure-book of that word-wielder, William Pitt, and of his greater father, Chatham. Erskine and Fox are said to have known Milton and Shakespeare almost by heart. Curran's inspiration, next to the popular legends of Ireland, was the English translation of the Bible.¹ Coleridge, indeed, says that a man familiar with it can never write in a vulgar style; but this, like many of Coleridge's show-sayings, is an exaggeration. I could add many other authorities for my liking for the language of the early English poets and chroniclers; but their fault, a profusion of imagery, more often fitted to obscure than illustrate, to confuse than make plain, went on increasing. For ordinary use, therefore,

¹ "The style of this translation is, in general, so enthusiastically praised, that no one is permitted either to qualify, or even explain the grounds of his approbation. It is held to be the perfection of the English language. I shall not dispute this proposition; but only remark, as to a matter of fact, which cannot be reasonably censured, that in consequence of the principle of adherence to the original version which had been kept up ever since the time of Henry VIII, it is not the language of the reign of James I. It may, in the eyes of many, be better English, but it is not the English of Daniel, or Raleigh, or Bacon, as any one may easily perceive. It abounds in part, especially in the Old Testament, with obsolete phraseology, and with single words, long since abandoned, or retained only in provincial use."—Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 131.

Bolingbroke, Swift, Hume, and even Cobbett, with all his coarseness, and the common letters and narratives of the last century, are safer though not so splendid models. Amongst the orators whom you will, and, perhaps, ought to copy more than other writers, you can study the speeches of Pitt for a splendid plausibility ; Fox, for an easy diction and fluent logic ; Sheridan, for wit ; Curran, for wit and pathos ; Burke and Grattan,¹ for grandeur and sublimity of thought, language, and illustration. Erskine possesses most of these qualities, but with a chaster, and, methinks, less racy manner ; but perhaps surpassing all, by combining the best qualities of all, are the speeches so valuable, and so little known, of Lord Plunket.² His precise vigour marks him the Demosthenes of the English language. But I am coming to our contemporaries. Criticism of them *could not* be unprejudiced. I shall hazard but one piece of advice : keep to the plainer styles. However you may dislike their opinions, or question their depth of judgment, the style of Southey, Smith, and some few more of the older reviewers is excellent.

¹ In wealth of imagination and in expressive power, Grattan is next to Shakespeare ; his speeches are full of the most valuable information on Irish politics, and are the fit hand-book for an Irishman. But his style is not for imitation : let no subject assume the purple.

² Dudley writes—" I wish you had heard Plunket. He had made great speeches before, but in this he has surpassed them all. I have not for many years heard such an astonishing display of talent. *His style is quite peculiar ; for its gravity, I prefer it to all others of which I ever heard a specimen.* If he had been bred to Parliament, I am inclined to think he would have been the greatest speaker that ever appeared in it."—*Lord Dudley's Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff*, p. 280.

Coleridge, Carlyle,¹ and the rest of the Germanic set are damaging English nearly as much as the Latinists did ; their writings are eloquent, lively, and vigorous, to those who understand them ; curry and mulligatawny to the literary world, but "caviare to the general." Just as the dish possesses a high-cooked and epicurean flavour, is it unfit for the people or the men of the people. The literary style most in fashion is corrupt, and corrupting ; the patois of the coteries, it is full of meaning and sensibility to them. But as your horoscope tells not of coterie fame, shun that jargon. The orator should avoid using it as one would a pestilence ; for the people own not its power ; it belongs not to the nations.

I have mentioned and illustrated the vices of the university system. I need not say that it is with its system I quarrel. Some of its members are my very good friends, and many pleasant hours² have I spent within the walls of the merry monastery. I have not, personally, one sad or angry reminiscence of old Trinity, it is therefore with pain I sum up its defects ; which are, that the subjects of its studies are not adapted to the different tastes, interests, and capacities of the students ; that this evil is aggravated by the

¹ I speak of their style merely, which is like that of the Puritans ; but it was natural in the latter ; it is imitative in the others. Carlyle is a more honest, but less learned thinker than Coleridge. Their opinions are unsafe, but their works are of the greatest use, in tempting men by their enthusiasm, or forcing them by their paradoxes, to think.

² Alas for such hours ! few can, fewer will return ; alas for the companions of the past !

"Some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are changed I wist not why."

peculiar direction of this exclusive system, shutting out the literature of modern nations, especially the English, which should be the first and principal study, and the Irish, which should at least be in the second rank ; lastly, that the studies, of what kind soever, are pursued in a dogmatical and shallow spirit, loading the memory with the words of the ancient literators, and the definitions and conclusions of the modern philosophers ; but neglecting, making indeed no effort to cultivate the reason, imagination, or sentiments of the students. Is my reasoning fallacious ? I pray you to look around your different circles and you will see the native abilities of hundreds of young men ruined in our college. “ By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Gentlemen, the Dublin University is the laughing-stock of the literary world, and an obstacle to the nation's march ; its inaccessible library, “ the mausoleum of literature,” and effete¹ system of instruction, render it ridiculous abroad ; add its unaccounted funds, and its bigot laws, and know why it is hated at home.

I have already pointed out to you how some faults of the collegiate system may be remedied by voluntary association. I shall presently show you that many of its defects may be compensated by this society. But then comes the question, Would not an academic reform accomplish all these objects at once ? I doubt it. Material improvements could be made, but that university education should be continued at all seems questionable ;

¹ I should make an exception in favour of the medical and surgical school ; but that is a thing apart. The alterations of the divinity course have made it more laborious, but more bigot-fostering than ever.

and this doubt extends to the collegiate systems generally, metropolitan and provincial, though to the latter in a less degree. I might rely on their being in this dilemma, that if they do not enforce residence they are intellectually useless ; and if they do they are morally pernicious, by destroying family ties and, too often, purity of character.

But I do not rest on this. I contend that theory and experience show the superiority of the Lyceum to the University system. That during childhood the mind requires to be guided though not schooled, as it commonly is, and that the affections do then most deserve and repay cultivation, form conclusive reasons for the *domestic* education of children. But in more educated years I believe that a young man, whether, a hermit, he seclude himself with nature and his own breast to instruct him, or more wisely combine for mutual instruction with his fellows, will by either way grow into an eager, thorough-thinking man, and become better informed and of more vigorous faculties than had he been dry-nursed by a candidate bishop, or tied to the apron-string of even such an *alma mater* as Trinity College.

Gentlemen, the Lyceum system was that of Greece in its best days, of Greece when it produced in two hundred years more eminent men than did all Europe with all its universities in twice that period.

Universities at best can only store the memory which wants no aid ; they are unfit to develop the other powers of head or heart. I entreat of you to bear this *assertion* of mine in mind when I come to speak of the working of this society on its members. I cannot now discuss the question at length ; suffice it, in support of the truth and

relevancy of my opinion, that such societies as this are strictly Lyceums, bearing a close resemblance in their mode of operation to the famous schools of Athens and furthermore, such societies have existed among the students of Italy, Spain, France, England, and Germany, indeed of all Europe, to *compensate* the evils of the *Universities*. Indeed, I at first intended to have traced out what would be a good education, and then to have shown the fitness of the Lyceum system to teach it ; but I remembered that my reasoning would be met, in the mind of every good, easy man, with the question, Was not Trinity College after all a very good thing ? Therefore I have gone to the trouble of showing it to be a bad thing in theory. I appeal to the experience of every *disinterested* man of sense in proof of its positive inefficacy ; and if I be told that the general idleness or dulness of the students would make any higher system so much too good as to be good for nothing, I shall then appeal to the history of the Lyceum system, to the minute experience of every man on mind-formation, and lastly to poor calumniated human nature itself.¹

But be the University education good or bad, with it, and such knowledge as they have smuggled from novels, newspapers, and experience, the students are flung out to spend, as chance may lead, the years till business compel them to

¹I would suggest the propriety of forming an Irish Lyceum, with sections for the study of the different branches of philosophy, history, and literature. Sections should be specially devoted to the cultivation of the *Irish* language, and to promoting a knowledge of Ireland's natural history, its statistics and civil history, and its native literature. I have spoken to many persons about it, and all thought the plan feasible.

industry. How is this interval generally passed ?
You recollect the song—

“ Now I’m of age and come into my property,
Devil a ha’p’orth I’ll think of but fun.”

Gentlemen, let the Purists and Calvinists pour out their gloomy and often hypocritical invectives against the weakness of man ; I have no sympathy with their declarations ; the path of reasonable virtue may be narrow ; they may make it a sword-bridge—God made it wider.¹ He made man, and the path of his pilgrimage or triumph. He limits our aberrations as He steers the courses of the suns—to no unvarying road—employing our errors to instruct us, justifying His attributes to Himself, and ultimately to us ; and He has so made man that “ to step aside is human.” Do not therefore suppose me a “ pedant in morals,” when I tell you that to spend the noon of life in trifles or indulgences is for a feeble and degenerate mind. God forbid that we should so sin against human nature as to become cold, gloomy, and ambitious men. No ! I rejoice *that* is not the side we err to.

“ O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young fancy’s rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing caution’s lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear
Short while it grieves.”²

¹ There is no such thing as philosophical misanthropy.
—Taylor, *Preface to Philip Van Artevelde*.

² Burns, “ Epistle to James Smith.”

But, gentlemen, a manhood of mere pleasure precludes an old age of care, a death of contempt. In that dangerous time, therefore, ere professional business, like a Mentor, comes to our aid, how useful such societies as this must be in leading the mind from frivolous thoughts to grave studies, and preparing the spirit for stirring scenes ; even then, as an occupation of so much time otherwise likely to be fooled away, a membership of our society is useful. But it does much more ; and first, it is a noble, indeed the only effective institute of the social sciences. It is perhaps more valuable in this way than as a school of oratory ; whether it shall be a school for eloquence or loquacity depends more on the management of it, but whether well or ill-used, *it teaches things which a citizen should know*. If a member prepare himself for your debates, and listen to, or engage in them, how many valuable subjects must he learn ! In politics the various questions relating to local and central governments, the host of disputes on doctrines of representation, its proper extent and restrictions, and the plans for its improvement. How far, if at all, monarchy and aristocracy should be imposed on democracy, the undoubted basis of free government ; and whether a social equality should or indeed could be added to the political ; and when, in addition to these, you discuss such details as the influence of a free press, of the jury system and penal code, you lay a broad and deep foundation for political knowledge.

Again, in political economy, there are the disputes, whether of the agricultural or manufacturing systems one should be encouraged to the exclusion of the other ; ending generally in the conviction that all classes in the country should

be left to their own natural development ; only taking care that no matter how connected with, or dependent on, each other, they shall, if possible, be independent of the stranger. Then the questions on Poor and Corn Laws, on Absenteeism, Colonies, and Finance afford opportunities for acquiring a knowledge not only of these particular topics, but of fixing in the memory, and applying the doctrines of supply and demand, wages, capital, rent, and taxation, so hard to learn, and indeed so ill-learned by systematic reading, but which, always of importance, have become still more so in our day. The production, accumulation, distribution, and consumption of wealth occupy much, indeed too much, regard. You must, and here you can, learn these things. The people are pressing on in a career certain of sweeping away every law and custom which impedes their physical comfort, though in doing so they may overthrow some of the barriers which protect their morals, and therefore guard their happiness.

Gentlemen, if we stopped here, if only these subjects I have named were earnestly studied (and voluntary studies are always earnest), would you not have learned more of the things which you would want in life, more of what goes to make a wise and influential citizen, than from the demonstrations and "dead vocables" of the whole college course ? But we do not stop here. I shall not mention your discussions on literary subjects ; for except when such a society contains a number of men practised in debate and of vast information, it is vain to think of debating them ; and even then they do not excite a sufficiently warm interest. Yet familiarity with the standard writers is an essential preparation for your political debates ;

and the critical habits which grow up naturally from competition render this as a mere literary society of some value. But, gentlemen, this is an Historical Society, and ample means does it afford for studying history ; not as a record of facts, but with that philosophy which first examines these facts as parts of political and social institutions, as manifestations of human nature on great occasions ; and having done so, and *not before*, applies them to the circumstances occurring around it, to the institutions and men of its own time.

Without knowing the history of a time we cannot accurately comprehend its philosophy.

Taste and politics alike receive from history correctives which prevent over-refinement. I would especially point to the opinions of the middle ages, when an ingenuity in speculation, quite unequalled, led to profitless refinement, from the want or neglect of the touchstone of experience, which history combined with personal observation (that is, past, and cotemporary history) could, and could alone, supply.

But is it not more than this ? What ! will you tell me that history is no teacher of the head and heart ? It is—it is example that gives impulse and vitality to principles. I might tell you of the faults from which a knowledge of history shields us. Is it nothing to warn us against the brilliant vices of an aristocracy ? Is it nothing that its beacons gleam to keep the people from *beginning* to shed blood ?

Philosophy may account for the danger, and may on its principles forewarn the people ; but without the garnered thoughts of history would philosophy have discovered those truths ? or will

a man, or a senate, or a people, be more influenced by a string of metaphysical truths, or by the portrait taken from life of the blood-stained and jewelled despot, or the picture of a scaffold-applauding mob? History well read is a series of pictures of great men and great scenes and great acts. It impresses the principles and despair, the hopes and powers of the Titans of our race. Every high hill and calm lake, every rich plain and rolling sea in the time-world is depicted in history's pages. With rare exceptions *national history* does dramatic justice, alien history is the inspiration of a traitor!¹

In home-history the best is generally the greatest; though the clatter of cotemporary fame may have concealed the good by the celebrity of the great, yet Washington is more dear to history than Frederick, Brutus than Cæsar. Historic writing begins now to be improved, or rather regenerated, restored to what it was in Greece. 'Tis a glorious world, historic memory. As we gaze we long to resemble. Our mental bulk extends as each shade passes in visioned pomp or purity. From the grave the sage warns; from the mound the hero, from the temple the orator-patriot, inspire; and the poet sings in his shroud.

The field of fame, the forum of power, the death-bed or scaffold of the patriots, "who died in righteousness" — you look — you pause — you

¹ I mean the histories of a country, by *hostile strangers*. They should be refuted, and then forgotten. Such are most Histories of Ireland, and yet Irishmen neglect the original documents, and such are compilations like Carey's *Vindiciæ*; and they sin not by omission only—too many of them *receive* and *propagate* on Irish affairs "quicquid *Anglia mendax in historia audet*."

“swear like them to live, like them to die.” You have a list of questions not long, which I defy any man to study, with the view of making really sound speeches in this room, without learning much, and that well too. Men (I speak, having known its working) learn history in this society with a rapidity and an ease, a profundity in research, and sagacity in application not approached by any other mode of study. Suppose a man to prepare a defence of what most histories condemn, or to censure some favourite act, or man, or institution, or policy : he makes use of all the generalities of criticism, he shakes the authority of popular writers, or shows our reasoning inapplicable from the different state of society on which we reason from that in which we live, and by which alone we are apt to judge. In his eagerness to persuade he becomes more sensitive of the times of which he speaks than could the solitary student, and we half follow him to the scene over which his spirit stalks.

In aught that could be called a good speech on a historical subject there is not merely a laborious selection of such facts as have an argumentative or illustrative value, and of those alone ; they must be united, not by crude generalities or tiresome details, but by practical intermediate principles. Familiar command of such principles justly confers a character for maturity in thought, and they are more readily suggested by close thinking on historical analogies than by refinements on general principles. Gentlemen, you will find that the employment of facts by the lawyer and senator is exactly similar to this which I have described as ours ; and if so, a practice of speaking here would seem no bad discipline for the bar or

the senate.¹ I would suggest to you that your questions might be so systematically chosen as, without at all diminishing the interest, to take in the more important changes and conditions of ancient and modern states. For example, are there not questions which open up the nature, both theoretical and working, of the constitutions of the leading states of Greece, separately, and also as a confederation, bearing *some* likeness to those of the Netherlands, Lombardy, and America? The effects of the conquest of Asia by Alexander give a question not unlike that of India by the English—alien civilisation—native ruin. It were easy to name many questions from Grecian history, affording ample and accessible materials, *which we do not sufficiently use.*

Rome fares better from our hands. We have its whole early constitution displayed in the question on the tribunician power; the feuds of the aristocracy, first of race, then of wealth, with the plebeians; the institutions which so long remedied these disorders, and at last failed, and *why* they perished. The wisdom of adopting the imperial constitution, if well discussed, would develop the circumstances which defeated the policy of Cicero and Pompey, the patriotism of

¹ The style of speaking acquired in a good Historical Society is certainly best suited to political assemblies; yet, even for the bar, a Historical Society is preferable to what is called a Law Debating Society, in which popular law and crabbed rhetoric struggle for mastery with a heavy perseverance. And I may add that a few campaigns in a debating society might give the pulpit oratory of the deacons a flexibility and fairness, contrasting it favourably with that of the priests. Three out of four of the orators of the last eighty years (the oratorical period in these kingdoms) were trained in debating societies, as were all the great orators of Greece and Rome.

Sulpicius and Brutus. Then comes the time when "Rome imperial bowed her to the storm," and by the deluge of rushing war the seeds of renescent freedom were spread over southern Europe ; and though the trees which sprung from the diluvium wore a rude form, yet tough was the fibre, deep the root, and healthy the sap. The autumns of war, the winters of superstition have come and gone, and yet are many of them sound at the core ; and even were they dead they have leaved and fruited, and their kind has been transplanted to far lands. But as yet we are in the vestibule : let us pass in this temple of history from the antique periods ; and as we advance through the aisles of time we stop to gaze on, perchance we open, the tomb of the crusader, and demand the hopes that maddened him, the state and circumstances of his peers and vassals. We glance in anger at the brutal conqueror of the Saxons, or with more interest eye the trophies of Agincourt, or the standards so often lost and won in the wars of the Roses ; and we question the gain, motives, and effects of this civil fray, or that foreign conquest ; or we turn with holier emotions to the banners which waved over the peasants of Sempach and Dalecarlia, or the civic emblems which led on the leaguers of Lombardy and Holland to victory and confederate freedom. But hastily, too hastily, we move to the altar of modern civilisation, and yet it is a glorious show ; glorious in the names of its saints, more glorious in those of its martyrs ; splendid, if not always free from idolatrous rites, is the sacrifice of its priests ; yet more noble is the occasional, the interrupted worship of the laity and the democracy ; sublime are the hymns of rejoicing for the past ; melting its songs of

sorrow over the departed great ; divine its thanksgivings for the blessings present ; yet more sublime, yet more pathetic, divine are the anticipations of the future which its prophets sing. Who can discuss the nature of each revolution which reformed England, convulsed France, and liberated America, without becoming a wiser man ? who can speculate on their destinies, and not warm with hope ?

I shall not now reprove your neglect of Irish history. I shall say nothing of it but this, that I never heard of any famous nation which did not honour the names of its departed great, study the *fasti*, and the misfortunes—the annals of the land, and cherish the associations of its history and theirs. The national mind should be filled to overflowing with such thoughts. They are more enriching than mines of gold, or ten thousand fields of corn, or the cattle of a thousand hills, more ennobling than palaced cities stored with the triumphs of war or art, more supporting in danger's hour than colonies, or fleets, or armies. The history of a nation is the birth-right of her sons—who strips them of that “ takes that which not enriches him, but makes them poor indeed.”

Such is a partial and feebly-drawn sketch of the information which may be learned here ; and incomplete as is my account of it, it still is so extensive that I may seem to exaggerate ; but the wonder ceases when we look to the advantages inherent in our mode of study. Gentlemen, we hear frequent invectives against what is clumsily called universalism in education ; and certainly, if this refer to authors, or even languages, no invective seems necessary ; it will be sufficient to send the bold aspirant into any public library,

even of Trinity College (if not in winter), and after a week's rummaging he will come out convinced of the utter hopelessness of any attempt at universalism.

Authors are a cannibal race, they devour each other's carcasses, and the death of one set supports the lives of another. There is a certain set of books which any man mixing in literary circles must read to please the world ; there is another set which he ought to read for his own sake, and there are a few masterpieces of his own, and, if convenient, of foreign literature. Perhaps about twenty writers in English, a dozen in Greek and French, and half of that number in each of the other popular languages will comprise this class.

With these exceptions, which may be reduced still further, every prudent man will study *subjects, not authors*. Thus alone can you go through the wilderness of writers, *and it is only by requiring ourselves to master subjects that we render this society what it is—a means of sound general education*. When once this is acquired you can get that sort of knowledge of writers which enables you to refer to them on occasion. Learning, as such, is the baggage of the orator : without it he may suffer exhaustion or defeat from an inferior foe ; with it his speed and agility are diminished. Those are best off who have it in magazines, to be drawn on leisurely occasion. That which should be carried by the memory should be borne after the expedite fashion, leaving the other faculties free ; but borne some of it must be. Learning is necessary to orator, and poet, and statesman. Book-learning, when well digested, and vivified by meditation, may suffice, as in Burke and Coleridge ; but otherwise it is apt to produce confusion and

inconsistency of mind, as it *sometimes* did in both these men. Far better is *the learning of previous observation*, the learning of past emotions and ideas, the learning caught by conversation, invented or dug up by meditation in the closet or the field; impressions of scenery, whether natural or artificial, in the human, animal, or material world. Such learning is used by every great poet, philosopher, and orator; perhaps it requires propitious training or nascent genius to be able to acquire it, but ability to acquire ensures ability to use.

When Grattan paced his garden, or Burns trod his hill-side, were they less students than the print-dizzy denizens of a library? No, that pale form of the Irish regenerator is trembling with the rush of ideas; and the murmuring stream, and the gently rich landscape, and the fresh wind converse with him through keen interpreting senses, and tell mysteries to his expectant soul, and he is as one inspired; arguments in original profusion, illustrations competing for his favour, memories of years long past, in which he had read philosophy, history, poetry, awake at his call. That man entered the senate-house, no written words in his hand, and poured out the seemingly spontaneous,¹ but really learned and prepared, lullaby over Ireland's cradle, or *caoine* over Ireland's corse.

Read too Burns's own account of the birth and growth of some of his greatest lyrics. Read, and learn to labour, if you would be great. There is

¹ After *repeated experience*, and after he had filled his mind with knowledge, Grattan, or such a man, could, when greatly aroused, compose his speeches in the house, or even make the design and execution of them simultaneous.

no more common error than that great works are usually the result of extemporaneous power. You have all read an article on Sheridan by Lord Brougham, full of depreciating criticism, founded on the evidences, the chisel-marks of composition which Sheridan left, and so many others (Brougham among the number) concealed. Henry Brougham is a *metaphysician*; he made no *mistake* on this; but Lord Brougham is an *egotist*, and he *misrepresented*.

You are familiar to weariness with the talk about inspirations and sudden efforts of genius, in novelists, and the daily press. The outbursts of most minds, until highly educated, are frothy or ashes-laden. The instances adduced to the contrary will be found fallacious. The continuous and enthusiastic labours of men brimful of knowledge proved the energy of the men, not the inutility of learning. But then, as I have told, or rather described to you, experience¹ is even a greater well of knowledge than books. Without experience book-learning makes the pedant and spoils the man.

The common fault of all education, public and

¹ That is, the deliberate noticing and treasuring for use of our experience; our treating *every* scene and group as a book to be read, as materials for *every* variety of thought and sentiment. "Ariosto's father one day rebuked him sharply, charging him with some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began the same subject, but he easily refuted him, and with a strong argument justified his own behaviour. "Why, then," said his brother, "did you not satisfy my father?" "In truth," said Ludovico, "I was thinking of part of my comedy, and methought my father's words so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son that I forgot I was concerned in it myself, and thought only of making it part of my play." Shakespeare must have lived doing thus.

private, is that memory, which requires less care, receives an exclusive attention. No crop is sought from the other faculties—reason, fancy, imagination ; and accordingly the business of life finds too many unschooled in thinking, unprepared to act.

The best way of teaching others the things we know, and of analysing or discovering things now unappreciated or unknown, is this :—On the very threshold of every art, and science, and subject of thought, men, either from its known uses and applications, from some knowledge of a particular detail of its exterior, or working, or of the materials used in constructing it ; or from knowing the history of its formation ; or from any or all of these ; or from the analogy of some combinations of them, should try to judge of other parts, and their origin ; or, if you will, guess at the whole from any part of it. Analogy is the first law of thought, and therefore we may do thus, naturally and without presumption, “ worms in the cabinet drawer ” though we be, and proceeding as I have described, and testing and correcting our guesses and fancies by learning ; these particular facts acquired by deliberate study become mixed with our other information or familiar knowledge, and we arrive always at *characteristic*, if not actual truths, and ultimately acquire that power of general analysis which is the main force of a great mind. If our memory or information be deficient, our reason is exercised in the highest and most inventive way. Thus only can the inventive faculties, reason, fancy, imagination, be trained. Once they have been so trained, once the mind can readily anticipate, combine, and compare information, the acquisition and use of knowledge has no imaginable

limit.¹ *Here*, fortunately, invention and judgment are as *much demanded* and are *therefore as well supplied* as mere information. And this forms the distinctive superiority of Lyceum teaching over every other kind.

Gentlemen, do not, however, suppose that information and matured powers, such as I have named, can be produced by an occasional or idle attendance at our meetings, or by chattering speeches without preparation; no,—to borrow an expression,—you must “read yourselves full, and think yourselves hungry,” on the society’s questions for *at least* two or three years. I entreat of you to abandon the notion that you will speak well merely from speaking often. Of a surety, all your faculties grow with use, but this very quality of mind behoves you to be judicious as well as earnest in the exercise of your powers. A bad style grows worse by repetition, as much as a good style improves; or more generally, bad habits grow as rapidly as good ones. Give up the idea of being great orators *without preparation*, till you are so *with it*. When you are, with your utmost labour, able to make one really great speech, you will be above me, my criticism, and my advice, but will, perchance, agree with my

¹ Most writers underrate the power of improving or forming faculties. When I see a man who knows or foreknows his powers, and plans his own faculty-formation, I think of Napoleon, who when someone said it was impossible to do a certain thing, replied, “Do not let me hear that *foolish* word again.” This is the creed of a man of action, rather than of a speculator. Edmund Burke’s “presiding principle and prolific energy” seems the finest, indeed a perfect rule of action for self-government, and all government.—See the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, p. 220 to 225 of the *Dublin edition*.

opinion. The advantage of speaking *generally* with a *complete* preparation, both of matter and style, is that when occasionally you speak (voluntarily or otherwise) with *incomplete* preparation, your *usual* arrangement and style will present a good, and, what is more, an *easily-imitated* model; and thus, not only will your manner of speaking be kept accurate and forcible, but you will acquire that quality useful to all men of business, and *essential* to the orator and the public man, *presence of mind*. I think there is scarcely a finer expression in the language. It conveys, in picturesque words, a vigorous thought. Great orators have not only great but present minds. They are self-possessed, and have all their resources at command. The memory, the knowledge must be prodigious that can carry a man through the common business of life without the position strange, and the occasion sudden opening in his path, to trip or pit-fall the stargazer. But in the great contests of public life, no day but demands the presence of a mind unembarrassed by prejudice, unimpeded by knowledge obsolete or wisdom inapplicable; a mind whereby a man can think on his legs, and act discreetly even when he acts from his intuitions, steering his course by the same power that impels him. But the men who, by often extemporising as the spirit moved them, have got unabashed brows and flippant tongues, are as far from this noble attainment as the pertness of the sparrow differs from the valour of the eagle.

But let me reiterate that a prudent and industrious use of this society can alone make it a means of improvement. To the idle and the vain your membership may be a probation in folly.

I have known men of some capacity come here, professedly with the design of learning oratory. I have watched them till their patriotism was cooled, their sagacity lessened, their courtesy not improved, all from a reckless misuse of the society.

There is another danger I would warn you against. Eloquence is contained in words, and therefore some men would turn an oratorical society into a word-school. There are worse employments than inventing smart sentences, though some men would quarrel with a friend for the sake of uttering one. There are worse pastimes than spinning periods, though some men prefer the display of such fabrics to character for sense, or the cause of justice. I do not object to the study of language ; I commend it to your early and learned care, but do not suppose that a court of justice, that a political assembly, that a senate, or even a vestry,¹ that a mob of peers or peasants, will care for fine words, unless there be strong thoughts within them.

The successful orator must be *prepared* in a *good style*, *ready* with a *fluent* one ; but he must *also* be learned in the sympathies and the prejudices of *all* his audience, but *especially* of their influential men ; he must have a thorough knowledge of the *materials* on which, and with which, he is to work. Common industry will inform him

¹ I am sorry I cannot add, a congregation ; but the religion of passions, not practice, of the day, the want of critical knowledge in priest and people, and the bigotry which that ignorance begets, have made congregations tolerate or admire a style of preaching which any practical assembly would scorn. This is sad, for there is no nobler, no more useful office than the preacher's. Never was there a finer field or a greater need for good preaching than in the large cities of this empire.

on the *immediate* subject of discourse, and his task is done. Some will tell you not to rouse the animosity of a judge, or the suspicions of a jury, with showy words, or weary a mob with cold words. No, gentlemen, but thoughts, thoughts; the wise man against the wordy man all the world over. And even for style's sake, study thoughts *before* words. The style suggested by long meditation on a subject is mostly apt to it, forcible and consistent. A style *formed* by verbal studies or imitation is generally inflated, unequal and obscure. In fine, then, the order of your noviciate should be, much research, and more meditation preceding, combining with, and following that research. When you have acquired a facility in discovering information, and inventing and combining thoughts, it remains for you to *make opportunities*¹ for *gradually* learning to *speak well* without *particular* preparation. Act thus with eagerness, enterprise, and with much reflection, and you will succeed.²

Gentlemen, I have detained you very long ;

¹ The strong man never waits for, he *makes* opportunities.

² The printed Addresses of which I spoke at the beginning of this paper are full of analyses and rules of application connected with this part of my subject. The writers on metaphysics and rhetoric, from Aristotle to Mill, and Quintilian to Whately, also contain plenty of good truths on the principles of persuasion and the tactics of debate. Their advice being general, is easier understood than acted on. I have sought to batter down the more salient errors which I saw and felt; to deal with what *is now here*, and not *what might be*; and rather to offer a *few careful*, than *many loose* recommendations. My fellow-students can follow out this as well as I could, but their attention wanted some urgency. They have at their head one much better able to advise them than I am, and one who can enforce advice by example.

bear with me yet a little while. I would give you my parting advice.

If you suppose it possible to be great orators, great statesmen, greatly known, without having expanded hearts and mighty imaginations, without being great men, you sadly deceive yourselves. Hear the second poet of Scotland (for Burns is the first), hear how Scott murmurs his requiem over the tomb of Charles Fox—

“ Mourn genius high and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy’s glow—
They sleep with him who sleeps below.”¹

If you want to be great orators, you must not set about learning the mountebank juggles—the phrase-spinning tricks of little men attempting great parts. I shall not wrong you by supposing that any petty vanities or selfish hopes brought you here. No ; I do believe that the bold aspirations of your boyhood (for the foundation of greatness is laid in childhood), those pure and dazzling visions which have flashed upon you in dreams, and caught the steadier glanee of your young waking eye, have not yet faded fully away. What though many a glorious expectation had failed ? What though even you have learned that toil and danger guard the avenue to success ? What though disappointment and suffering have somewhat touched you, and made you less sanguine ; yet, has not time rewarded your sorrows—has it not refined—has it not purified—has it not strengthened, even when it humbled you ?

¹ “ Marmion,” Introduction to the first Canto.

This world is called hard ; 'tis the *outside* of each little circle of feelings and ties that is so, and who is not within the bounds of at least one such ? None here, I trust : and yet if there be one so wounded and desolate—one who longs for that solitude which it has been said is “ fit only for a demon or an angel,” or for the equally dubious quiet of the tomb,—such a soul must, under the benign influence of early feelings, and the propitious circumstances and the teaching nobler than that of manhood, which is given to us then, have felt the generous resolve to serve a world which might not thank him. Oh, if I had the power to “ bid the happy thought of innocent days play at his heart-strings,” and in enthusiastic strains to melodise the conviction, that nor prosperity, nor content, nor the blessings of friendship or love (which are dearest to the best minds) can lift to the same sublimity, or should warm with the same proud joy, as the consciousness of him who is a benefactor of mankind. Let not gentleness or virtue shrink from the boisterous elements of publicity ; such a spirit makes a calm around ; nor let want of rank or of wealth awe him into silence,

“ For service comes of gentleness,
And lealest hearts of low degree.”

To each age has God given a career of possible improvement ; it may exceed, it may fall short of that in other ages. The march during the daylight of *our* age may be limited by the time and training ; but we have it in our power to accelerate that march.

The time is past when the omnipotence of the sword might excuse the sentimental, or learned,

or melancholy retirement. The man who now avoids his citizenship has no defence but imbecility ; for if he have sagacity and learning he has *power*, and sins in folding up his talent from want of zeal to use it. He lacks not means, but a virtuous will.

I would especially desire the diffusion of civic zeal, because in it I see the means, the only means of human improvement. The effect of modern civilisation up to a certain point has been good ; it has tended to free man from the dominion of an armed minority, who stupified and worked the human race as if they were so many machines which they had made, and could make, and had no reason to abstain from abusing, save the prudence of perpetuating them. This step has been taken in some countries, and seems likely to be taken in all. But on the shore of democracy is a monstrous danger ; no phantasm is it, but alas ! too real—the violence and forwardness of selfish men, regardful only of physical comfort, ready to sacrifice to it all sentiments—the generous, the pious, the just* (victims in their order), till general corruption, anarchy, despotism, and moral darkness shall re-barbarise the earth. A great man¹ has said, if you would qualify Democracy for power, you must “purify their morals, and warm their faith, if that be possible.” How awful a doubt ! But it is not the morality of laws, nor the religion of sects, that will do this. It is the habit of rejoicing in high aspirations and holy emotions ; it is charity

¹ De Tocqueville, preface to *La Democratie en Amerique*. What might not the clergy do if they would devote themselves in a charitable and liberal spirit to the work of moral civilisation ?

in thought, word, and act ; it is generous faith, and the practice of self-sacrificing virtue. To educate the heart and strengthen the intellect of man are the means of ennobling him. To strain every nerve to this end is the duty from which no one aware of it can shrink. A sphere of *influence* belongs to every man and every age, and over every man, and every nation, and every succeeding age ; but that of *action* is more confined. The influence of moral power extends but gradually and indirectly over cotemporary foreign nations. Those whose acts can directly influence the republic of nations are few, and at so lonely an elevation above common habits that they usually lose our common sympathies, and their power is a curse. But no man is without a sufficient sphere of action, and of direct influence. I speak not of private life ; in it, blessed be God ! our people are tender, generous, and true-hearted. BUT, GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE A COUNTRY. The people among whom we were born, with whom we live, for whom, if our minds are in health, we have most sympathy, are those over whom we have power—power to make them wise, great, good. Reason points out our native land as the field for our exertions, and tells us that without patriotism a profession of benevolence is the cloak of the selfish man ; and does not sentiment confirm the decree of reason ? The country of our birth, our education, of our recollections, ancestral, personal, national ; the country of our loves, our friendships, our hopes ; *our* country—— : the cosmopolite is unnatural, base—I would fain say, impossible. To act on a world is for those *above* it, not *of* it. *Patriotism is human philanthropy.*

Gentlemen, many of you possess, more of you

are growing into the possession of, great powers—powers which were given you for good, which you may use for evil. I trust that not as adventurers, or rash meddlers, will you enter on public life. But to enter on it in some way or other the state of mind in Ireland will compel you. You must act as citizens, and it is well, “non nobis solum nati sumus, ortusque nostri partem patria vindicat.” Patriotism once *felt* to be a duty *becomes* so. To act in politics is a matter of duty everywhere; here, of necessity. To make that action honourable to yourselves, and serviceable to your country, is a matter of choice. In your public career you will be solicited by a thousand temptations to sully your souls with the gold and place of a foreign court, or the transient breath of a dishonest popularity; dishonest, when adverse to the good, though flattering to the prejudices of the people. You now abound in patriotism, and are sceptical of public corruption; yet most assuredly, if you be eloquent and strong-thinking, threats and bribes will be held out to you. You will be solicited to become the barking misleaders of a faction, or the gazehounds of a minister—dogs who can tell a patriot afar off. Be jealous of your honour and your virtue *then*; yield not. Bid back the tempter. Do not grasp remorse. Nay, if it be not a vain thought, in such hours of mortal doubt, when the tempted spirit rocks to and fro, pause and recall one of your youthful evenings, and remember the warning voice of your old companion, who felt as a friend, and used a friend’s liberty. Let the voice of his warning rise upon your ear, think he stands before you as he does now, telling you in such moments, when pride or luxury or wrath make you waver, to return to

communings with nature's priests,¹ the Burns, the Wordsworths, the Shakespeares, but, above all, to nature's self. She waits with a mother's longings for the wanderer; fling yourselves into her arms, and as your heart beats upon her bosom your native nobility will return, and thoughts divine as the divinest you ever felt will bear you unscathed through the furnace. Pardon the presumption, pardon the hope ('tis one of my dearest now), "forsan et *hæc* olim meminisse juvabit."

And I do not fear that any of you will be found among Ireland's foes. To her every energy should be consecrated. Were she prosperous, she would have many to serve her, though their hearts were cold in her cause. But it is because her people lieth down in misery and riseth to suffer, it is therefore you should be more deeply devoted. Your country will, I fear, need all your devotion. She has no foreign friend. Beyond the limits of green Erin there is none to aid her. She may gain by the feuds of the stranger; she cannot hope for his peaceful help, be he distant, be he near; her trust is in her sons. You are Irishmen. She relies on your devotion. She solicits by her present distraction and misery. No! her past

¹ Poetry is the instructor of the heart and fancy. As man is a moral and imaginative being, beyond "the reasoning, self-sufficing thing," his heart is the virgin soil wherein poetic feeling, that is, lofty sentiment, the sense of beauty, the desire of perfection, the joy of goodness, may be sown with a certainty of a rich crop. I rejoice at the early cultivation of poetic taste nowadays, not as a means of fame, nor for ostentation; but to accustom the young to look abroad, with the eye pure and undefiled, thence to fill his soul with what may nourish it, and give it immortal longings.

distraction—her present woe. We have no more war bills : we have a mendicant bill for Ireland. The poor and the pest-houses are full, yet the valleys of her country and the streets of her metropolis swarm with the starving. Her poet has described her

“ More dear in her sorrow, her gloom, and her showers,
Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours.”

And if she be miserable, if “ homely age hath the alluring beauty took from her poor cheek, then who hath wasted it ? ” The stranger from without, by means of the traitor within. Perchance 'tis a fanciful thing, yet in the misfortunes of Ireland, in her laurelled martyrs, in those who died “ persecuted men for a persecuted country,” in the necessity she was under of bearing the palms to deck her best to the scaffold-foot and the lost battlefield, she has seemed to me chastened for some great future. I have thought I saw her spirit from her dwelling, her sorrowing place among the tombs, rising, not without melancholy, yet with a purity and brightness beyond other nations, and I thought that God had made her purpose firm and her heart just ; and I knew that if He had, small though she were, His angels would have charge over her, “ lest at any time she should dash her foot against a stone.” And I have prayed that I might live to see the day when, amid the reverence of those once her foes, her sons would

“ Like the leaves of the Shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one foot-stalk of right ;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.”¹

¹ *Beauties of the Press*, p. 38.

But not only by her sufferings does Ireland call upon you. Her past history furnishes something to awake proud recollections. I speak not of that remote and mysterious time when the men of Tyre traded to her well-known shores, and every art of peace found a home on her soil ; and her armies, not unused to conquest, traversed Britain and Gaul. Nor yet of that time when her colleges offered a hospitable asylum to the learned and the learning of every land, and her missions bore knowledge and piety through savage Europe ; nor yet of her gallant and romantic struggles against Dane, and Saxon, and Norman ;¹ still less of her hardy wars, in which her interest was sacrificed to a too-devoted loyalty, in many a successful, many a disastrous battle. Not of these. *I speak of sixty years ago. The memory is fresh, the example pure, the success inspiring.* I SPEAK OF "THE LIFETIME OF IRELAND."²

But if neither the present nor the past can rouse you, let the sun of hope, the beams of the future, awake you to exertion in the cause of patriotism. Seek, oh seek to make your country not behind at least in the progress of the nations. Education, the apostle of progress, hath gone forth. Knowledge is not virtue, but may be rendered its precursor. Virtue is not alone enjoyment, is not all

¹ Ireland was then a confederation with local governments, and her stubborn and protracted resistance may be added to the many such instances accumulated by Sismondi, to shew the greater stability and greater defensive force of countries with a minute local organisation and self-government over the largest centralised powers.— See the admirable *Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*, p. 290 (Brussels edition) to the end. See also, *Lord Carnarvon on the Basques. Sketches*, vol. ii.

² Curran.

happiness ; but be sure, when the annunciation of virtue comes, the advent of happiness is at hand. Seek to make your country forward in her progress to that goal, where she, in common with the other nations, may hear that annunciation of virtue, and share that advent of happiness, holiness, and peace.

Gentlemen, I have done. You have been disappointed ; you expected, your partiality expected, from me prescriptions to make the best of good speeches, at the bar, pulpit, and senate—all in a brilliant address. Yet, though to hear them has given you little pleasure, and to write them has cost me little time, the *thoughts* are not rash or inconsiderate ; they were *the best I had*. It would have been easier, much easier, for me to have written rhetorical precepts, and the distinctions of a shallow metaphysics, and to have conveyed such thoughts in a showy diction and with pointed periods. I should have avoided the trouble of combining my scattered thoughts on the subject of our education, but I should have violated my conscious duty. I should have won a louder and more frequent cheer.¹ You would have cheered and have forgotten me. I shall heartily wish you, gentlemen, what each of you will, I know, wish me in return : that you may struggle and succeed in a career, honourable and useful to yourselves and those who are dear to you, in time ; and which, I say it in the sincerest solemnity of my heart, may render you better fitted for eternity.

¹ I was in no sanguine mood when I penned that paragraph. I perhaps misjudged the expectations ; I much underrated the generosity of my friends. They heard my lay sermon kindly, attentively, and with no cold or critic minds.

UDALISM AND FEUDALISM

“ Who was the happiest of men ? ” said Cræsus to Solon. “ Tellos,” answered the sage ; “ he was an Attic yeoman ; he lived a good neighbour, and a good farmer, till his children had grown up strong, and comely, and honest, and then he died, fighting for Athens. The Athenians honoured him greatly.”—*Herodotus*, Book I., s. 20.

THE world has had great lights ; Athens and Thebes, and the constellation of the Peloponessus, Lombardy, Switzerland, Holland and America. Norway is a new planet—new and old. Older than history, new to us. A few years ago men spoke of Norway as the half-savage province of Sweden, wrapt in they could not tell what rudeness and gloom. At last a wise and honest man got some inkling of her. He went and saw her, and told us of her. We all wonder now why we did not know her before. She was long since as she is now, and therefore we doubt the account, which implies our ignorance ; yet after all the secretness of Norway is no wonder. Seldom can we hear, save from a nation’s own voice, what its heart is full of, and how it lives, and yet the very happy talk most to themselves. He who has a comfortable home stays in it, but misery comes out into its thoroughfares, noticeable, and screaming. “ Pity us,” cries Italy ; “ help us,” cries Ireland ; “ just God ! is it thus that Thou scourgest the brave ? ” cries Poland. Circassia which wars, and Norway which lives at peace, yet all busy and godlike, weep not, ask not, tell not.

There is no missionary like the wailing exile, and far nations listen to the clank of the slave's chains. Again, the gaudy tribes who hire themselves to oligarchs and triumphant kings, and live for fame and appearance, have a thousand busy tongues and pens to tell of arts, and arms, and subservient muses. France, and Scotland, and England have empire or letters, or both, and console themselves by fame for the loss of virtue. But Norway sits alone, self-revering, not dependant upon fame, nor urged to complaint—nearly silent. She can keep herself from slavery, yet not from fame—it will come upon her unsought. Fame is one of the sorest temptations which the very good must suffer for the sake of others. May her unsought renown not corrupt Norway.

Greater part of the globe is not private property. The sea, with its fish harvests, has few and partial laws, such as national rights to certain fisheries, and the prohibitions on some coasts against catching pregnant or half-grown fish. Of land the most is still in the hands of nomad and hunting tribes—for instance, the huge oval of Asia, whose long diameter reaches from Kamschatka to the Black Sea, also the larger part of Persia, Arabia, Syria, Africa, Australia, and the Americas.

Europe,¹ China, India, and much of America, are split into private holdings under more or less stringent laws of property.²

¹ There are many remains of Nomadism in Europe: the Transhumante system of Spain, and the summer emigration of the Norwegians to their "saeters" or hill pastures, are instances. The Laplanders are still mere nomads.

² The tyrannous and unsocial extent to which the laws of trespass are now carried in England are among the barbarities of what is falsely called civilisation.

In the change from either a nomad, or a hunter, to an agricultural state, the soil *remained* the property of the tribe, though the crop was the property of the tiller. The patches of tilled land in Germany and Persia were, we know, possessed only until the harvest was reaped by him who sowed it. It is easy to see from what principles of our nature, how from strength, from habit, from foresight, from policy, land came to continue, first for years and then for life, in the possession of one man. At this stage property remained in Ireland to a late period ; where, on the death of the head of a family, his land returned into the common stock of the clan, and at the same time land was distributed in such quantity as was convenient among his children.¹

Thus was the first great code of property completed ; the seed was always sown, for he who sowed was always to reap ; while the redistribution on the death of every generation preserved the equality of conditions.

The next stage of landed property is to become divisible among the family of the possessor at his death. It still remained, and *ever does remain*, subject to the will and wants of the tribe or nation ; but except in cases of gross abuse and monopoly, or of the want of heirs, few nations (having once

¹ Vallancey, *Collectanea*. The state of property here described, united with a high civilisation, led to the quantity of corporate lands ; such were the mensal lands of the Chief, the Corbes and Erenach's Lands, the Bard's Lands, the Hospitality Lands for the Ballybetaghs (the hotels or caravanserais). Such institutions seem to confer many of the benefits of an aristocracy, without some of its dangers and evils. It is a mistake to treat the Irish chiefs as forming an aristocracy, for each clan was a nation, and each kingdom of the Irish Pentarchy was a confederation.

sanctioned inheritance) exercise their still undoubted right to resume possession. Much about the same stage, certain rights of mortgage, and even of sale, appear to have been given, or assumed. But in *allowing* inheritance, incumbrance, and alienation, society *limited* them.

Thus, as to inheritance, history tells that a custom which we may call gavelkind (as opposed to primogeniture) was universal. The details were certainly various. In some sons and daughters inherited equally ; in others the sons only ; in some the eldest son had a little more than the second, and the second than the third. In others the whole household, including uncles, aunts, etc., took shares ; but in all laws, the Indian, the Jewish, the Greek, the Celtic, the Roman, the Persian, and the Teutonic, subdivision amongst the family was the rule, and such it remained in them all till *conquest* changed it.¹

The rights of sale, and mortgage too, were subject not only to the principle of national ownership, but also of family inheritance.² In many

¹ See Numbers, chap. xxvi. Deuteronomy, chap. xxi. Plutarch's *Life of Solon* ; Sir W. Jones' *Attic Law* ; Bœckh, *Economie Politique des Atheniens. Laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome*, in Terrasson : see also Plutarch's *Numa*, and Arnold's *Rome*. For the Chinese, see the *Ta Tsinglee Lee*, and Davis's *Chinese*, p. 137. Zendavesta, in Anquetil and Heeren. Institutes of Menu CIX., Articles 100 to 200. Sale's *Koran*, and Sir W. Jones on the Sirajiyah, s. iii. 4. Tacitus *de Moribus Germanorum*. Sismondi, Palgrave, and Turner on the Anglo-Saxons. All go to establish the assertion here made.

² See Mirabeau's *Speeches* (Paris, 1792), vol. v., p. 498, for a very clear and able argument for *compulsory* gavelkind. This speech settled the adoption of that law in France. It was not delivered by Mirabeau, but given by him, when on his death-bed, to Talleyrand, who read it the day after Mirabeau's death, amid the tears and shouts of the National Assembly.

cases the restraint on alienation was unqualified.

In others the land (as among all the Teutonic tribes) might be pledged or mortgaged, but not absolutely parted with; for either the family resumed possession on the death of the mortgager, or they had in the order of their relationship a right of re-purchase.

Among the Jews this right of re-purchase was never barred (save in case of houses in walled towns not belonging to Levites, where the redemption should be within a year), and moreover, on the fiftieth year, the trumpet of liberation sounded, the year of jubilee arrived, and each family resumed, without any payment, the lands of their fathers.¹

Looking over all the early codes, it is safe to say from induction that land (where parted with by the tribe) was given as a strict inheritance for the support of a family in *all* generations, not the enjoyment of *one*; and also that, though a slight preference was sometimes shown to the *grown up* sons, yet gavelkind is the true name for the national rule of inheritance. Such remains in a great degree the law of India, China, Norway, Biscay, Switzerland. Such, in some measure, is that of France. Such was the law of old Germany, and such its *first* principle of distribution, when it conquered Gaul, England, Spain, and Italy. But in conquests, as in other great bursts of mind, the law of present impulse is the prevailing law. The Jews on their irruption into Canaan, gave the lots according to the numbers in the family; yet we find the children of Joseph complaining that they were straitened, while other tribes had wide

¹ Leviticus, chap. xxv.

borders.¹ And in the Teutonic conquests merit in war strove with the settled customs of the tribes ; and though Chief Clovis could not get the vase of Soissons from the soldier to whose lot it fell, nor take from the meanest Frank a share of Gaul, yet he dared afterwards to slay that soldier, and reserved for himself and his allied chiefs mighty domains not thrown into the common stock.²

Few corners of Europe belong to the first possessors. Helvetia, Lapland, Biscay, are perhaps the only lands the conquest of which never transferred the soil, and therefore conquest must be looked to as the origin not only of the governments, but of the ownership of land in Europe. The relative numbers and condition of conquered and conqueror before the conquest regulate their state after it.

Where the numbers of the vanquished do not much exceed those of the victor, actual slavery is their usual lot, unless they leave their country to the new-comer, as the Indians are doing before the Anglo-Americans, instead of submitting, as the Mexican and Southern Indians did, to the Spanish.

The Kelts seem to have retired in a similar way before the Teutons, and also the Laplanders before some tribes of the same Teutons under Odin or his successors.

The numbers of the Visigoths, and Franks, and

¹ Joshua, chap. xvii.

² The account of the Barbarian conquests in the *Spirit of Laws*, Books 28, 30, and 31, is excellent, but contains some errors which Mr. Hallam has well corrected ; but incomparably the best narrative is Sismondi's, in his *History of the French*, a work accurate, graphic, and profound.

Burgundians in Gaul compared with the Gauls and Romans ; the proportion of Saxons to Britons, and afterwards of Normans to Saxon and Britons, was so small¹ that in neither England nor France did the victors seize the lands nor enslave the people on their first inroad. The Visigoths and Saxons appeared as allies ; the Franks were " guests " of the Gaulish farmers ; the Normans, friends of England.

Not but there was prædial slavery before Clovis and William the First.

The Romans found it in Gaul,² and left it there when the Germans rushed in. The Saxons and Danes had reduced the remaining Britons to personal or prædial slavery long before the battle of Hastings, and east of the Severn the Welshman was a fettered serf, though to the west of it the descendants of Caratach, aided by the Irish, maintained their Keltic tongue and aboriginal freedom. But we repeat, it was not the first conquest which made the bulk of the French and English the serfs we find them in the middle ages. Udalism was the law of Frank and Saxon. The necessity of military rules, where the conquered were so outnumbered ; the constant wars, wherein

¹ See Mr. Turner's *Anglo-Saxons* ; also the Table of the Saxon Population, calculated from Domesday Book, at the back of the first vol. of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England* ; also p. 97 in the same vol., where Mackintosh agrees with Sismondi in estimating William's army at 20,000 or 25,000 men, instead of 60,000. See also Thierry's *Letters on the History of France*, and his inimitable *History of the Norman Conquest*.

² Sir James Mackintosh well contrasts the polity and social state of Gaul, as described by Cæsar, with Tacitus's *Germany*. Theocracy and prædial slavery existed in ancient Gaul, which shows us that the Gauls [Kelts ?] were conquerors, if the Gauls were Kelts.

the prisoners became slaves ; the perpetual insecurity of property from the private feuds, and from Danish, Norman, and Saracen invasions, introduced feudalism into France, parts of Italy, and the Low Countries. The Goths carried it from Asturias over Spain. The causes which had produced it in France had nearly produced it in England before the eleventh century, when the Normans, re-emigrating from France, landed in Sussex.

The struggles of the Saxons and Danes with these Normans, and the confiscation of the greater part¹ of England in consequence, also the long baronial wars under the Plantagenets, completed the villenage of England, even at the time when by the introduction of municipal rights, and the parliamentary constitution, principles were brought in which were one day to destroy that villenage. Yet stubborn was the battle fought by udalism. The readers of Sismondi² and Hallam³ will see for how many centuries of violence and fraud, allodial or udal properties still appeared scattered among the feuds. Kent and Southern France retained, even through the worst times, some relics of better days. But by the twelfth century it might be truly said of France and England, there was "no land without a lord." The noble classes, to the number of a few thousands, held these kingdoms by military service. The first distinction indeed between noble and commoner was exactly the same as that between the Turk and the Christian

¹ "The territory won at the battle of Hastings was not a fourth part of the kingdom ; but most of the remainder was won by confiscation following the unsuccessful struggle which the Normans called rebellion."—Mackintosh.

² *History of France.*

³ *Middle Ages.*

rayahs¹—namely, the former, with their households, freedmen, and mercenaries, bore arms, but were not subject to taxation ; the latter paid the taxes, and were not allowed to carry arms. But the peasant was in a worse condition than any rayah ; he was a *thing* belonging to the baron, even like other beasts ; he had no property ; you might call his cabin his, as we say the cow-house belongs to the cows ; his wife and children were as the mate and young of a domestic animal ; he might be slaughtered in rage or sport, like the hound or the deer.

Such was feudalism as taught, as admitted ; but it would be treason to human nature to suppose that it was always as bad as it might be. Peace, law, religion, tenderness, came often, no doubt, to restore and heal.

It is not for us to trace how religion and knowledge, how commerce and policy, how the dangers of kings, and the increasing numbers of the serfs, led to their emancipation. France, which was the first to renounce absolute slavery, retained the worst ills of feudalism till the revolution came, with its tremendous legislation, to repeal the deeds of *all* the conquerors of France, Keltic, Roman, and Teutonic ; came with torch and sword, to enlighten and destroy, to smite and save ; came with confiscation to the noble, and udalism to the peasant. Strange, unconscious antiquarians were Mirabeau and Danton, who treated primogeniture and landlordism as vulgar novelties, and restored the land to the people.

In England the feudal tenants constantly aspired to the allodial or udal rights ; and the socman

¹ See Urquhart's *Turkey, and its Resources*.

grew into a freeholder, the villein into a copyholder ; their rents were trifling, their inheritance sure. The state of the tenantry of England, from the time feudalism relaxed to the end of the seventeenth century, was the pride of England, the envy of Europe. This was the age of the "yeomanry of England."

Never had an aristocracy a nobler heritage than the fearless love borne to them by that yeomanry. It was a stern and enormous power ; it had carried the banner of England through every province of France ; Scotland broke her spear against it, and Spain assailed it vainly with the power of three empires. Could this modified feudalism have afforded security against royal power, and resisted the temptations of luxury, it had been (if not the happiest) a very noble state.

We have described three states ; first, udalism ; second, the rank feudality of the dark ages ; thirdly, the modified feudality which in England, and we may add in Germany, succeeded it. The fourth state remains—landlordism.

The Revolution of 1641 was a victory of the modified feudalism, animated by religion, over the crown ; 1688 was another victory of the aristocracy, after it had lost its religion and honour, over the same crown. Here landlordism begins. Mercenary troops had succeeded militia ; arts, commerce, and gold-worship succeeded military virtues and religious passions. Gold in his purse, not vassals at his back, was the desire of the gentleman. The aristocracy began to make head against the initiative udalism, into which freehold and copyhold were naturally rising in times of peace. Commerce, which from the accidents of naval genius—and trade, which from the security

of property, and their mechanical turn, the Saxon English were beginning to acquire, did, by giving a vent to the ejected tenants, enable the landlords to succeed. The village was deserted and the town filled; waged labourers were preferred to stiff-necked tenants; and thus the English yeomen, struggling hard against landlordism, as their fathers did against feudalism, were ultimately overthrown. Farms have become huge manufactories of grain and cattle, for the benefit of the landlord. The people of England have lost all hold of the soil. The bulk of them are artisans in towns. Their agricultural population, which, taking the whole people, ought to be two-fifths more than the Irish, or taking the produce, ought to be three and a half the Irish agricultural population, is much less. The few agriculturalists of England are not landholders, but depend on daily wages, working for hire on rich men's lands, without the rights or feelings of yeomen.

The English invasion of Ireland began in the twelfth century, when feudalism was at the worst, and towards the close of the sixteenth century the Pale consisted of parts of five small counties. The rest of Ireland, Keltic and Norman alike, adhered to the old gavelkind of the country; villenage was never known, and primogeniture was regarded as a sin. From the time that Mountjoy defeated Hugh O'Neill, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Pale ceased, and England pressed upon all Ireland. Ever since, a constant war was waged against the property, religion, and nationality of Ireland; 2,836,837 acres were confiscated from the Reformation to James the First's death; 7,800,000 acres from thence to the Restoration; and 1,200,000 acres

under William the Third. The long wars, which Cromwell's sword and Ormonde's treason ended in 1650, were renewed at William the Third's usurpation, and were followed by the penal laws, more vicious and cruel than any war. Thus has it happened, that while the extension of the modern English laws to all Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, has substituted the rules of landlordism for those of gavelkind, the events which happened in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have produced a feudalism closely resembling in its evils that of France under the old regime.¹

To complete this sketch let us return to Germany, the cradle of all these conquerors. For five centuries after Clovis Germany sent fresh hordes from the right bank of the Rhine whenever a weak monarch reigned on the left. And when a great king held the French sceptre he hurled his legions into Germany. Witikind crossed swords with Charlemagne ; but the tempestuous genius of that predecessor of Napoleon levelled the Saxons. Such mutual wars, the system of granting immense territories to royal officers (who in troubled times became independent princes, and rallied under their flags, or reduced to slavery by the lance, the once free inhabitants), the Hunnish wars—in

¹ It is a mistake to search for causes of Ireland's woes, when the facts of her history and state plainly account for them. The origin of the Irish aristocracy is in confiscation. The nature of that aristocracy results from their alienage—first, of country, then of religion. Their power was founded on conquest ; and though penal laws, carrying out what confiscation began, increased their sway during three-fourths of the last century ; and though ejection acts and insurrection have continued their legal sway, yet their real power rests, as it originated, in the force of British regiments, recruited by inconsiderate Irishmen.

short, causes parallel to those which introduced feudalism into France, established it in Germany. There was this difference ; Hugh Capet, Philip Augustus, Philip the Fair, and Lewis the Eleventh manufactured France into one kingdom ; but partly from the superior fierceness of the German tribes, partly from the late period at which Germany was separated from France ; from physical circumstances in the country ; from inferior genius, or ambition in its emperors ; and lastly, from the quarrels with Rome, Germany retained the most valuable part of feudalism—the multiplication of small states. The German boor remained a villein long after villenage was abolished *by law* in France ; but his condition, from causes which we cannot at present examine, was greatly superior to that of the freedman of France, and resembled that of the English yeoman.

Thus have we sketched the progress of feudalism, till modified in Germany and England, rejected by France, rotted away in Italy and Spain, and lastly, imposed in modern times (in the seventeenth century) by war, confiscation, and penal laws, upon that Ireland which had retained its primitive institutions until then.

Scandinavia has never suffered feudality. There the Teutons remained pure. “ The Norwegians have been always freemen.”¹ In the ninth century we find among them the manners which Tacitus found in Germany. They were republican, yet hero-followers. The Vikings, who dwelt on the Norwegian coasts, had their wooden halls full of free and fierce warriors. The Scandinavians were in absolute possession of the

¹ “ How glorious, how happy a victory ! ”—LAING.

soil. Like their brethren on the banks of the Danube centuries before, they had domestic slaves, the captives of their sword, not hereditary serfs. Under its native chief, each tribe held its own. Each freeman had his land, which on his death was divided among his children ; 'twas his own to use, his children's to inherit. The conquest of Harold the Fair-haired, in the ninth century, was over the more turbulent of the sea kings, who bore away their manners and freedom to Iceland and Greenland ; but over the nation Harold made no conquest, nor assumed its rights. Nor amid those changes of central government, which alternately gave Norway, Denmark, and Sweden supremacy over the other, were the social institutions of Norway destroyed. Sometimes they were encroached on, as by Christian the Second and Christian the Third of Denmark, in the beginning of the sixteenth century ; sometimes aided, as by the judicial institutions of the late Danish government. And, after all, Norway remains almost alone, an unbroken experiment from time immemorial of the original and once universal law of udalism.

“ The social order in Ireland is essentially bad, and must be changed from top to bottom ” is the emphatic summary of Sismondi,¹ and every peasant from Antrim to Cork says the same. Every one of every party confesses that something must be done. Everything that benevolence, everything that atrocity could suggest, has been recommended. But away with this probing, and irritating, and fiddling with Irish grievances. We must deal with the master-grievance. Ireland exists, and her millions toil for an alien aristocracy,

¹ *Economie Politique*, p. 273.

her soil sends forth its abundance to give palaces, equipages, wines, women, and dainties to a few thousands ; while the people rot upon their native land. What trifling, what madness, what crime, to talk of prosperity from railroads, and poor-laws, from manufacturing experiments, and agricultural societies, while the very land, ay, *Ireland itself, belongs not to the people, is not tilled for the people!* Redress this, and your palliatives will be needless, your projects will be realised. Leave this unredressed, and your "prosperity" plans may amuse or annoy the public, may impede or assist one or other of the foreign parties who alternately afflict us, but cannot make the sick nation well. But we pray attention to this, that all the plans, legislative and private, whereby it has been sought of late years to serve Ireland, proceed on this common falsehood, that it is desirable and possible to assimilate Ireland to England. Nay, more ; we were said to be in a "transition state," and poor-laws and public works were supported as helpers, midwives to the change. The English farms were large, and to make the Irish so being assumed to be desirable, give rise to the two great plans for making consolidation of farms easy—viz., emigration and extermination. The agricultural societies came in the rear of these.

England's population was chiefly manufacturing ; hence the benevolent galvanism which thought to enable the hand-loom of the Liberty to compete (without legislative protection) with the steam engines of Manchester, fed as they are by the richest coal-mines on earth, sustained by the accumulated capital and skill of centuries, commanding the markets of the world.

If the condition of the Irish must be changed, there seem but two states at all desirable. One

of these is Udalism, which at once meets and conquers our ills. The other is a sort of pious Feudalism, which Mr. Blacker, Mr. Sadlier,¹ and others have imagined. In this vision the once absentee appears resident in his Irish mansion, superior to the temptations of luxury and power. At present he has neither inclination nor (minded as he is) inducement to live here. He is of a different creed from the people. Is it possible to change *his* religion or *that of the people*? If not, how can that thorough sympathy arise without which a good *aristocracy* is impossible? Different sects may dwell kindly together; nay, without different sects there will neither be religious activity nor religious freedom; but, without common religious sympathy, the tie of *vassal and lord* is fragile and uneasy. This alone seems an insuperable difficulty. But is not the whole design chimerical? The recollections, blood, and habits of the Irish landlords are utterly alien; they despise the people, the people hate them. Is it not flat nonsense to represent the absentee recalled to this contentious and uncomfortable *province*, rejecting his religious and political prejudices, giving up London notions and Paris habits, and dealing out justice, economy, and seed oats to his *wondering* tenants, who (safe in their low-rented possessions, by the kindness of their chief) learn from him farming, quiet, loyalty, and Church-of-Englandism? You will easier make bread of our granite mountains than reclaim the alien landlords of Ireland. Their own bold resolve is more reasonable—to keep things as they are, and to coerce the people.

Ere we turn to the other alternative, which,

¹ Michael Thomas Sadler, not Sadlier.—ED.

hopeless of reclaiming the lords and squires, would cashier them, let us show that all the ordinary proposals which drive at assimilating us to England are worthless.

Now let no man take refuge in the details of his little plans. By the end and object of the "Irish-improvement" people, we must judge them; their emigration, their works, their poor laws, are all meant to be so many precursors of Anglicism. For the present we deal only with the economical condition of England; though we are even more ready to reject with scorn the notion of assimilating our morals, manners, or passions to those of any other people on the face of God's earth: least of all would we wish to change the faithful, pure, natural, affectionate Irishman into that animal, John Bull.

England's progress for the last two hundred and fifty years has been towards manufactures and large farms, each aiding the other. The village and cottage were deserted from the landlord's oppressions, while the increase of trade, by giving the people support, prevented that agrarian war which is the natural and just consequence of driving the peasantry from the land. Yet statesmen and poets, from Sir Thomas More to Goldsmith, lamented it with sorrowful speeches, and warned England in vain. The vengeance seems not far off. The wrongs of Ireland and India, the wrongs of England herself, have appealed not in vain against the aristocracy; and in this the hour which they think triumphant, they are in peril. This generation shall hear "the howl in their halls, and the cry from their ships." The large farms are maintained, but trade can support no more. Expedients may delay revolution, but they will be expedients giving the aristocracy a

foretaste of their doom. The repeal of the Corn Laws will straiten their means, and may enable England to force her goods farther than ever, and support another million of artisans; but once that burst is over, she will have used her last reserve, and the people will fall back on the land, their native property and ultimate resource.

But men still murmur, "Assimilate us to England." Is it possible or desirable to do so? How are you to establish large farms? Emigrate, say the quacks. Exterminate, say the squires. To the latter our reply is short—*Try it*. "Clearing" has been tried every four or five years for the last century and a half. It was tried when our population was under three millions; when we were bowed by the memory of unsuccessful war, and weighed down by religious tyranny. "Clearing" was tried then in the hour of our weakness, and it utterly failed; levellers, and hearts of steel, right boys, white boys, terry alts, ribbonmen, rose against the clearers, encountered them, quelled them. It was a desperate internecine war, in which the peasants should slay or be slain. Who shall judge them? Ask Michael Sadlier, the great-hearted Tory, whom England sneered into his grave? "If they persist in this course, let them do so, but let it be at their proper peril." Ask Gustave de Beaumont, who tells you "all your efforts will be sterile." If you seek to "clear," the people will resist. Resistance is the shield against oppression. But you will put down the resistance. Will you? What code more fierce, what army more numerous, what union amongst yourselves more close, will you procure now than you ever had before? The deliberate and repeated attempts of the English government to destroy your intended victims failed. No, no,

give it up ; give it up. The day even for *attempts* of the sort is past. The whole world gazes upon your iniquities.¹ England herself blushes at the horrid services she has done you, and is almost ready to bid you begone and tempt her not. The consolidation of farms by "clearing" is a subject not for argument, but execration,—turn we away from it.

Send them to Australia ; let them be shipped to America, says some emigration quack. We are not quite sure whether a cool project for unpeopling a country does not merit reproof without further inquiry. But why emigrate ? Is the produce too little for the people ? No. We export annually millions worth of food, and this while our country is agitated and miserably farmed. Just read too what Mr. Blacker says :—

"It appears that the county of Armagh contains 212,755 acres, and a population of 220,653 souls, and that the entire kingdom contains 17,190,726 acres, and 7,839,469 souls. Now, in the county of Armagh, by a recent survey, more than *one-seventh* of the surface is taken up

¹ De Beaumont :—"In this country (Ireland) the poor man ought to preserve his pride : he humbles himself in vain before the rich, who enjoys his degradation without relieving his misery."—Vol. i., p. 235.

"Its (the aristocracy's) falling state, far from being the defence, is the condemnation of it ; it is nothing more now for the Irish people but the bloody phantom of a government ; and assuredly it will never recover its strength amid the storm of blows which showers on it, when, in a time of unmolested tyranny, it has sunk so low. It is then nothing but an obstacle, which men should hasten to remove."—Vol. ii., p. 172.

"It would not be enough to destroy the Protestant aristocracy ; it is necessary to abolish the principle of aristocracy in Ireland. In the place of this about to be suppressed, no other should be established."—Vol. ii., p. 179.

by lakes and unprofitable land, and the remainder is, for the greatest part, indifferently cultivated; and yet the peasantry are better clothed, lodged, and fed than they are in most other counties in Ireland. I cannot therefore be accused of taking away from the comforts of the rest of this kingdom by taking the county of Armagh as a standard; and its proportion of unprofitable surface is not very remote, I believe, from the average of the others. If then, 212,755, the number of acres in Armagh, give a population of 220,653 souls, 17,190,726 acres, the entire contents of the kingdom, ought to give a population of 17,828,888, in place of 7,839,469, the population at present. It therefore appears that, supposing the other parts of Ireland to be as well cultivated as Armagh, it would support two and a half times the number of its present inhabitants, and be able to export provisions largely beside; for Armagh, notwithstanding its population, exports pork, butter, and grain, in great quantities.

“ But before deciding finally upon the population which the kingdom could support, it ought to be examined how far the county of Armagh (the standard taken) has arrived at its full complement; and in regard to this I would say, from a pretty general knowledge of it, that under an improved system of agriculture, and a regular rotation of crops, the produce would be *treble* of what it yields at present; and I think this may be practically proved, if I can show farmers possessing land of an average quality, who, being induced to change their manner of cultivation in the way already described, are now receiving fully *treble* produce from the identical same farm to what it formerly yielded. But supposing it only to yield *double* as much, it would follow that the population of Armagh, if that beneficial change became general, might be doubled also, without in any degree lessening the comforts of the inhabitants, which increase being taken as the basis of the calculation, and applying it to the whole of Ireland, would make it adequate to the support of better than THIRTY-FIVE MILLION OF SOULS.”

Under what pretence can it be proposed to transport millions (for a less emigration would effect nothing) from a land which could support four or five times its present population, from a land which exports corn and meat, from a land

which contains five and a half million acres of waste land, as good or better than those fields of Belgium which sustain a population two and a half times as dense as that of Ireland, from a land which only wants social justice and self-government to give comforts, nay luxuries, to its present inhabitants and their multiplying descendants for many an age, from a lovely land, from a dear land, from fatherland? No, as long as these truths are known, nobody that has the people's trust will ask them to emigrate; nay, let these truths be forgotten, and the people will still cling to the soil, like the infant to the mother's breast, with the same instinct and the same fidelity.

It has been calculated that it would take seven years of the whole revenues of the Irish landlords to transport two millions of people to the nearest part of Canada. Will the landlords adjourn their existence for seven years to "consolidate" their farms? Knowing that in the end their incomes would be less (for the density of the population enables them to get high rents), it would be suicide for the men who only want their rents to diminish the population. Then has England twenty or thirty millions to spend in transporting the population of Ireland? We fancy not. Again, unless you employed the marine of Europe, it would take a dozen years to effect this emigration, and in the meantime millions more would be born, for utter poverty is the most prolific of states.

If, then, you can neither exterminate nor exile the people, you must as you turn them off the lands in the progress to large farms, have profitable employment ready for them in manufactures. And will this accomplish your end? Not at all. As fast as you empty the cabins they will fill again; or faster perchance, for the unloaded spring

rises above its steady height. So long as you leave independent poverty to a people with the morals and religion of the Irish, they will multiply beyond calculation, so that unless you could suddenly, in the course, say of two or three years, remove the impoverished masses, and change the rest into substantial farmers, you would labour in vain.

But how can you realise even your own data? What will you make? Soft goods? Manchester is ready to sell them to all the world at three per cent. profit on her capital, and cannot. Or hardware? Birmingham is canting her stores, and can hardly get bidders. Have you coals? No. Have you capital to pay wages? Have you capital in machinery? No. Have you the hereditary skill, the shipping, the command of the markets that England has? No. What have you then? Cheap labour, water-power, harbours, and position for trade. All well and good; but are you serious in thinking water-power can compete with steam, and naked hands with the overflowing capital of England? Look, you say, to Germany competing with England. But how has Germany been able to do so? Thus: she had water-power and coals in abundance; she had labour as cheap as Ireland, and yet she long failed, and England gorged her markets. How then did she succeed? Come to the point! Thus, sir, thus: she had national government. She did as Ireland did when we had national government. She imposed duties or prohibitions on English goods. She was willing to pay a little dearer to her own manufacturer than to foreigners. The German farmer paid a little more for clothes, and furniture, and utensils; but he was saved twice as much, which he should have given in poor tax.

And now comes the German's reward (if manufacturing success be desirable); Germany has trained artisans, great factories, the home market a monopoly, and she therefore begins to undersell England. Why not imitate her? you say. Why not have a national protection against the competition of England? Why not have a national government? Good sir, we may differ about the use of manufactures, but when they give you so decisive a reason for our last cry, we won't quarrel.

Let us pause on these much-desired manufactures, if it be possible to make yeomen ("bonder," as the Norwegians say) of our peasantry. To us much meditating, it seems that if England had nothing to tempt us with but its manufacturing system, 'twere better trust in God and remain as we are. The equal distribution of comfort, education, and happiness is the only true wealth of nations. What is it to the English father, with an emaciated body, that Manchester can sell cheap cottons, and Birmingham surpass the fame of Damascus? How gains he because Lord Buccleuch adds another ten thousand to his acres, and the riches of Lord Westminster shame the treasuries of kings? He is a weaver, or the worker in a dye-house, or an iron-worker, and was so from childhood. He grew up amid such revelations of God as the crash of stampers and the twirling arms of some bright steel Briareus can give, and among sickly faces and vicious and despairing looks, and he came home when a child to a weaver's home. The field, the hill,¹ the tree,

¹ The loss of wealth by much of the soil being occupied by mountains is overpaid by the effects of scenery and wild exercise on men, not that the glory is in the mountain, but in the mind which sees God in these revelations of great power.

the corn, the lowing herd, the bleating lamb, the whistling plough-boy, the village church, he never knew. But he is a man, and is above circumstances. Partly 'tis so, for heaven is merciful; but what a man! That withered, blotched thing, querulous as a sick noble, or desperately calm, stunned with noisy mill-work; filled to the top of his mind with cranks and yarns; trembling lest fashion, or the change of trade, or the competition of some wretch more desperate than himself, may end his hiring, and drive him to the poor-house. The poor-house! *the prison for poverty*, with its fancy and impertinent lodge, its elaborate starvation, its imprisonment not merely from the vague public through which he used (with some imitation of cheerfulness) to bustle along, but from the wife and children, who, poor and meanness-stricken as they were, were yet the only angels who had entered his tent and sat at meat with him, messengers from heaven reminding him of God.

Oh, no! oh, no! ask us not to copy English vice, and darkness, and misery, and impiety; give us the worst wigwam in Ireland and a dry potato rather than Anglicise us.

Home Manufactures we ask. Ay, HOME MANUFACTURES, MANUFACTURES MADE AT HOME. Remember that ere the Factory System existed manufactures were carried on in the farm-house. If there were nothing to be said against large farms and large factories than that for some (disputed) increase of produce and economy, you deprive the farm-house of its motives to a useful and wholesome industry during those seasons when nature interrupts tillage, or in those classes whom sex or age unfits for the field, it were almost enough. But when we add that for this end you must

sentence the majority of families to an unwholesome, debasing, and unhappy life in factories, enough is said. That frieze, spun in the farmhouse, of winter nights, and wove by the country weaver (who is a bit of a farmer, too), is precious in our eyes. This cloth from the mill tells of man and woman and tender child, all day long, from year's end to year's end, in a factory room, with nothing to ennoble, purify, or comfort them, and liable by the slightest change in the most changeable of things, trade,¹ to unsolaced pauperism.

Is it or is it not for the good and happiness of the people that provident yeomen, fed by their own labour, and clothed by that of the women of the farmhouse, should be changed partly into country labourers for daily wages, without the education, independence, or virtue of yeomen, and partly into the poor, broken-bodied, broken-hearted denizens of a manufacturing town? But in the names of reason and humanity, why seek to create those large farms which can only be kept up by such devices as we have mentioned?

The answer invariably given is, "the produce is greater than from small farms."

This answer is not true, nor, if it were, would it be sufficient.

¹ "How frightful nowadays is the position of the father of a family, stripped of all means of existence, whenever a commercial crisis, a change in the direction of labour, or in the demand for it, or a stoppage of the work in which he co-operates, comes suddenly to reduce his wages, or throw him out of work. How frightful, above all, when the progress of industry offers him ten thousand objects of new enjoyments of which education has taught him to know the value, and made necessary, too, which yet his poverty seems about to forbid him for ever."—*Morogues*, p. 7.

Let us enumerate some of the errors in this. It assumes that the produce will be as great from the work of a few on one large farm as of many on several small ones.

Large farms are, and must be, worked by *hired labourers*. Let us contrast them with small ones, worked by the *proprietors*. The hired labourer has a direct interest (his personal comfort) in doing the least work for his wages ; or if he work by the job, in doing it in the worst possible (or least troublesome) way. He who works on his own land never idles, never botches. His pride, his comfort, the support of his family throughout the year, depends on the quantity and excellence of his labour. He is up early, and down late. He drives his spade with an eager will, and scans every clod lest it be too big for the growth of *his* corn. How proudly he shows it to his neighbour ! with what pains he strives to till according to the received system of his country !

We are not defending rack-rented labour against hired labour, for exactly the same sort of reasons which prevent the latter from being efficient weigh against the former.

But the principle is more general. The labour is in a great degree proportioned to the worker's interest in its success. A man may dig his friend's field as well as his own, or better, for love is as strong as selfishness ; but what sympathy ties him to the interests of a rich employer ? Proportionate to the interest in the work is the work. The effect of taxation in diminishing the eagerness of the labourer (even where it leaves him a large profit) is just as certain as that, when excessive, it will prevent the land from being cultivated at all,

as we often see in the East. All taxes, tithes, and charges confessedly have this effect. If you are to till and reap, partly for yourself, and partly for men who are not you nor yours, you will not work as if you and yours were alone to be served.

Exactly similar in effect is rent. Why should I toil another hour (provided I have secured subsistence), when for every dig I give for myself I give two, or three, or four for others ; how poor shall be my reward for this huge labour ?¹ Thus argues human nature. Ere we pass from this topic, let us notice, that in order to establish any system approaching to the English in Ireland you should establish the same relations between the aristocracy and people of Ireland as exist between the corresponding bodies in England. Whatever may be the vices of the English aristocracy, they are by choice and nature heavens high above the corresponding class in Ireland. They are English to the back-bone. They are not "aliens in religion or language." They are never the avowed foes of their tenants or labourers—they do not defame his faith, or insult his priest, or deny his country.

The English labourer may have a benevolent and sympathetic employer, rich enough to be liberal, having one creed, one country, with him, and if so, his labour will be the heartier, and his lot less irksome therefore, though he can never reach the firm bearing, the independent and brave virtues of the yeoman proprietor. But take the case of the Irish tenant, who pays two-thirds or three-fourths of the produce as his rack-rent, or

¹ " We may hope that the day Ireland will have small proprietors most of her miseries will cease."—De Beaumont vol. ii., p. 198.

as Sismondi literally and justly translated it, "rente torturée," torture-rent. Are you an Irish peasant? Then he who is the unsought and monopolising partner in your industry is one unconnected with you by blood, hostile to your creed, contemptuous towards your manners and customs, alternately (nay often, at one and the same time) the traitor and tyrant of your country, insolent to your joys, regardless of your sorrows. Must not this go with you to the field, and return with you to the cabin? Worn and withered is that once rosy girl you wedded, and old in sorrow are her infants; and as you leave your dreary wigwam to toil little for them, much for the proud alien who made them what they are, what thoughts are in your heart? To us the industry of the Irish is wonderful¹—their patience miraculous. If they were not one of the most religious and least sensual people on earth they would from their circumstances be the most despairing and savage. Toil as they may, they only labour to increase the rent. We repeat, it would madden any other people on earth.

¹ "Really I am not inclined to think the Irish are an indolent people. I think that as far as spirit (of industry) is concerned, I would look with more confidence to the spirit of the Irish people in maintaining their independence than perhaps I should look to the population of either England or Scotland."—Alexander Nimmo, Evidence, House of Lords, 1824.

"Before I came to Birmingham I could not bear the thoughts of an Irishman; now I would sooner have an Irishman than an Englishman for a labourer. An Englishman could not do the work they do. When you push them, they have a willingness to oblige which the Englishman has not; they would die under anything sooner than be beat. They show as much ingenuity and skill as the same class of English."—Evidence of Mr. J. Holmes: *vide* Lewis on the Irish Poor in England.

In censuring the English system of wages, we much more condemn the rack-rent system of Ireland. Other things being equal, a system of tenancy is better than one of wages, for it is a step less in the scale of dependence ; but a system of wages under the national aristocracy of England is better than a system of tenancy under the alien landlords of Ireland.¹ What then would be a

¹ Yet see, on the English system, Cobbett, *passim*.

See also a smashing book, in Cobbett's style, called *Colonisation and Small Farms*, by Colonel C. J. Napier,* at present, we believe, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

We copy one passage from it—

“The poor day-labourer, uncertain of work, cannot afford to put his child to school ; if in harvest time he saves a few shillings, he puts them by to support his family in winter : his children idle while the father works, if he *have* work, or help him to poach if he *have not* work ; thus they grow up ignorant from necessity, and idle from habit, and perhaps end, if they are males, by becoming thieves ; if girls, by becoming prostitutes ; and our wise men taunt them with being DEMORALISED, forsooth ! Yes, they are ‘*demoralised*,’ which will always happen when people starve. Even the law admits starving to be an excuse for theft. Starving makes men eat each other ! In short, what will it not make men and women do ?

“How different is the life of a small farmer's child ! The *farm is a school*, and a noble school too, where he learns industry from HABIT : he grows up honest, because he is not driven to dishonesty by early and biting want ; and he is proud and independent because he is honest : it is true, he may not have read the *Penny Magazine*, and may never know the history of the Grand Chartreuse, or the Vatican, and other more pleasant histories, of deep import, no doubt, to English working-men ; but, to make up for this misfortune, he will know *right well* how to manage a farm. The poor hired labourer sees his half-starved infant steal ; he wishes it were otherwise ; though he dare not correct it : *who* dares chastise a beloved and

* Afterwards famous as General Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and as a strong democrat.—ED.

system of wages under this last-named body? Something, if possible, worse than we now suffer. The wages system has broken the yeomen heart of England, though worked by her own gentry; what then would it be in Ireland, under an aristo-

starving child? But the small farmer's son, who was guilty of such an action, would tremble in the presence of his indignant family.

"It is now time to examine how farmer Middleman robs his landlord, having, as I think, shown how he robs the labourer. I have said, and in a little periodical work published by the Labourer's Friend Society it is proved; by reference to Lichtervelde it is proved; by reference to all and every one that has seen it tried, it has been proved that spade husbandry and small farms give, comparatively, a *greater produce* than large farms; because there is not, as I have before said, any waste of time, of knowledge, of labour, of money, of land, of tools. By the farm being worked by one pair of hands, all these are economised, improved, '*combined*,' and the result of this '*distribution*' (as the author of *England and America* terms it) is increased produce.

"Let us take the hired labourer, John Clod, to whom Farmer Big pays the lowest wages, and receives naturally the least portion of work that John can give; who also wastes time and material by his indifference to the interest of a man who shows no pity for him. It may be that he daily takes a few potatoes home in his pocket, and so forth; those *who are at their ease* call this *stealing*, but John reconciles it to *his* conscience (after a hard struggle) by the pinchings of hunger, by some passages of the Bible, and by human nature, which tells him that starvation never *was*, never *will be*, never *ought to be*, and never *can be* borne. Suppose that this same John Clod had twenty acres of *his own*, or of which he has a *good lease*, instead of being a day-labourer on Farmer Big's large farm of a thousand acres. Does the said John Clod *now lose time*, or labour, or material, or compromise with his conscience in a struggle with hunger? No—he loses *nothing*, unless perhaps, sometimes a little sleep and some deep potations at a public-house; in his eager desire to make the most of his little farm, this desire makes him give up drinking, and urges him to extra exertion, making him rise at four

crazy so bad as to have reduced a tenantry to the last stage of misery ?

Again we ask, is it probable that a man can exercise the same prudence, caution, and economy over two hundred acres that each small owner can

o'clock in the morning, cheerful and full of hope, instead of creeping in sulky discontent to Farmer Big's farm at six. All is *labour* and *thrift*—even his pleasure consists in watching his farm, and in its increase of production—the very dung that falls on the public road he picks up—he watches his cabbages growing—he waters them—he manures them—he weeds them—he digs deep before he plants them—he tries experiments—he studies their health—their nature—their whole progress day by day, nay, hour by hour, from the moment he plants them till he eats or sells them; he does both with a pride, a pleasure, which he can take in no other man's cabbages; and this pleasure is his reward; it gives him health and content: but he will not do all this for Farmer Big's cabbages, nor can Farmer Big do it himself: they are too numerous, and his general concerns too large—he has to buy his port—his claret—go to the club—hunt—and has a variety of necessary avocations to attend to besides his cabbages. Here then we have *combination* of mind, and of labour, and of experience concentrated into the small space of twenty acres by John Clod; while Farmer Big's equal talents and industry are dispersed over a thousand acres, and applied to other matters. '*Oh! but he has four labourers besides,*' says the advocate for great farms. Yes sir, he has, but he has not *half their exertions*; he has *all* the loss produced by their waste—by their *idleness*—suffers if they are dishonest—has *all* their hate for his low wages—in fine, has none of their *good will*, and as little of their *work* as they can bestow. The result is that John Clod's cabbages are bigger, and better, and more in quantity, on an equal space of ground, than Farmer Big's are; and Clod and the whole family apply their knowledge and talents to the cultivation of their own cabbages, instead of applying the same industry to stealing Farmer Big's cabbages to save themselves from starvation! Thus we easily account for Minheer Lichtervelde's assertion, that all improvements made in Belgian farming have been made by small

over ten or twenty. In small proprietorships there is the provident eye and ready hand of a master (not above his work) over every few acres.

Will a rich man make the same effort, when he can only swell a large fortune by abandoning its enjoyment for hard farming, as a middling man, whose comforts and family hopes are so much on the fate of his little holding?

There are, however, two direct tests of the relative productiveness of large and small farms. One of these is the rent they pay. Now it is certain

farmers. So I fire off my ponderous MINHEER LICHTERVELDE, the big-bellied Belgian, against my opponents' '*petit Monsieur de Bonald*,' the herring-gutted Frenchman! and Minheer carries weight both physical and moral; for farming is better understood in Belgium than in France, which last country has, however, improved in its knowledge of agriculture since the revolution—that is to say, since it became broken up into *small farms*; but (to leave Belgian and French authorities) no one can deny that the man with twenty acres will observe the operations of nature more closely, and consequently more accurately, than he who has a thousand, and is obliged to use other men's eyes; that the man of twenty acres will have the assistance of his family, and he will work harder for himself than the labourer hired by the farmer of a thousand acres, whose family do not work at all. '*Oh! but Mr. Coke of Norfolk had large farms, and did wonders.*' Very likely, sir. Now, let us suppose Mr. Coke of Norfolk was a *polypus*; cut him into as many pieces as his estates could be divided into, of twenty acres each; stick a bit of him upon every small farm of twenty acres, so that each bit should become a perfect '*Coke of Norfolk*' on each farm, and see whether all these *little Cokes* would not do much more with the land than the one *great Coke* did? The fact is, that this gentleman has a talent for farming; and it is Mr. Coke's *personal abilities, not the size of his farms*, that produce the wonders."

See too the work of the Baron de Morogues on Pauperism (Paris, 1834), in which he takes a similar view of the effect of attempting to consolidate the Irish farms that we have.

that lands let to small farmers pay higher rents than the same lands would if let in very large holdings, which can result only from the surplus produce being greater. This is so, even under the rack-rents of Ireland, which tend to put the tenant in the condition of a slave who labours for another. This contrast is much stronger between large farms and small proprietorships, and facts here afford a second proof that large farms are less productive. The parts of Europe in which cultivation and production are greatest are Belgium, Holland, Biscay, Piedmont,¹ all of which are divided into properties so small as in many instances to deserve the name of gardens rather than farms. Also compare France before the Revolution with her present state, as consisting of small proprietors.²

Remember, too, that the strength and power of England were sustained for centuries by her yeomen, her freeholders and copyholders, who were almost proprietors, when the rest of England was in little more than a state of nature ; and again we ask you to admit that small proprietorships are more productive than small farms.

¹ See exact references on each of these in Alison on Population, Sismondi on the Agriculture of Tuscany, and the Communications on Belgium to the Board of Agriculture, by the Abbé Mann and M. de Poederlé, are amongst the most valuable original authorities.

² See Mr. Henry Bulwer's *Monarchy of the Middle Classes*. Even Malthus says—"The effect of the revolution in France has been to make every person depend more on himself and less on others. The labouring classes are therefore become more industrious, more saving, and more prudent in marriage than formerly, and it is quite certain that without these effects the revolution would have done nothing for them."—*Essay on Population* (second edition), vol. ii., p. 116.

Tenancy (in the motives which it gives for industry in the labourer) is inferior to proprietorship, but superior to large farms worked by hired labour. Yet, mark that the economy of work, and the division of labour, and the use of machinery which may be urged in favour of the present English system, are quite inapplicable in defence of tenancies ; for if the peasantry be tenants, their holdings must be small.

We have sufficiently for the present contrasted waged labour and proprietorship ; let us follow the contrast between tenancy and proprietorship a little further. The man who has a property for one year rent free will labour his best, but he will not provide for the future productiveness of his land ; give it to him for ten years, and mark how cautious he is, with all his eagerness, least he exhaust the land ; how many repairs and little improvements he makes, *until* he comes near the end of the ten years, and then see how he “ takes the heart out of the land,” repairs nothing, improves nothing, and tosses it up a wreck. Give it to him for twenty years, and you extend his care and improvements over some eighteen of them. Give it to him and his for ever, and then there is no end to his care and no limit save means to his improvements ; not for his own interest nor his own time only does he work. He is the friend and servant of posterity ; his children and his grand-children become so many motives powerfuller than self-interest to make him improve that farm.

In proportion then to the permanence of his holding will be the caution with which the occupier will use the land, and the energy and care with which he will improve it.

Remember what we showed before, that a labourer for wages (besides the other ills of his

position) is a comparatively wasteful and negligent workman, especially where there is little sympathy between him and his employer. *And further, that in proportion to the interest which a stranger (be he tax gatherer, alien minister, or alien landlord) has in the crop and improvements, the motives for the tenant's industry will lessen.*

Put these together, and they amount to this—*Make a man's interest in his labour perfect and permanent, and you do the best to ensure his industry and wisdom as a labourer. That is, make him proprietor of the land he tills.*

The influence of the possession of a small estate on the family affections, on hardihood, on morals, on patriotism, are greater still ; and the virtue and valour, the faith to God, and faith to country of the regions of Europe are found age after age when hunted from aristocratic empires, to have taken refuge among the small proprietors in small states, in Switzerland, in Lombardy, in Dalecarlia, in Biscay. But these ennobling effects of such a system are undisputed ; the economical benefits have been questioned, and therefore we have dwelt most on them.

We have thus far explained our subject—we have followed property till it rose into udalism, and further followed it till it sunk into feudality. We have shown how undesirable and impracticable are the plans for Anglicising us (as if forsooth we had not nature nor destiny of our own). Less minutely, but enough to justify our conclusions to thoughtful and observing men, we have contrasted the effects of wage-labour on the goodness and riches of man with the labour of him who tills his own little estate, and we have drawn a singular contrast between tenancy and proprietorship (*i.e.*,

feudalism and udalism). Thus much of preface we thought needful.*

LET us ask our readers whether any of the plans for improving Ireland, with which their ears have been ringing in these latter times, can for a moment compare with udalism? Will the peddling emigration, will the quackery of railroads and public works, will the cruel and chimerical "assimilation to England," will poor rates and work-houses, will the romance of reclaimed landlords, or will savage attempts at "consolidation of farms" compare with udalism? Nay, take all these plans, combine them, twist them as you like, do your best with them, and say could they by possibility produce anything equal to udalism?

What are the evils under which our peasantry labour? Poverty. Give them land of their own to work on, they will then have motives to labour, and will soon cease to be poor. What else? Improvidence and recklessness. Give them the education which the possession of property gives, and they will grow prudent and economical. What else? They are subjects to an alien aristocracy, who have the administration of justice, local taxation and expenditure, and control over the representation in their hands. Make the mass of landlords proprietors instead of dependents, and the aristocracy will crumble in the presence of the people.

Quacks will talk about the law of gavelkind

* The latter portion of these *Citizen* articles is so liberally illustrated by quotations from Samuel Laing's once well-known work on Norway, and by evidence of no present need or value, that only the conclusion need be retained.—ED.

causing excessive subdivision of land. Whenever you hear one talk thus, ask him, reader, whether he can point out a single instance of it, and then tell him that gavelkind is the law of human nature, that it was the universal law of mankind, and that primogeniture was a garrison order of conquerors ; tell him that when subdivision becomes too great on any farm, some of the children will sell their shares ; and finally, point to Norway, and say that there is an experiment of a thousand years of this gavelkind, and yet the Norwegian properties support the owners in greater comfort than any other people on earth.

We must unwillingly close this subject for the present. We have omitted much in our quotations from Mr. Laing, which would have interested those for whom we write, and we recommend them to read the book itself.

Those whom the people trust must cease to trifle with romantic schemes, and apply themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the work of emancipating the peasantry. While the people remain feudal serfs they will be trampled beggars. Free the peasantry from the aristocracy. All else is vanity and vexation of spirit.

We do not venture to point out the means whereby this great salvation is to be worked out ; but we must say this much, that we think the devices of a subtle policy will delay success. Also the adoption of any particular plan for Irish tenures we think mischievous, because premature. Some would postpone this tenure question to the hope of nationality. So would not we. So should no man, for tenure is a question of life or death with the people. Yet it is equally far from us to counsel the postponement of the national question to it ; for though, were that hope realised, it would not

(being political) cure the ills of tenure, which are social ; yet inasmuch as the Irish landlords, if left alone, could not resist the popular demand for udal tenures, and while supported by a foreign army, will never yield to that demand, it may not be unwise to regard this political change as a good means to that social end. Some men may think that agitated alone the demand for proprietorship would end in some paltry and unprincipled compromise, but that if kept as an ulterior result of nationality, and agitated as one of its blessings, it will be won by the same effort—or failing, we shall keep our principles whole, and our rights uncovenanted, till all-redressing time gives us opportunities.

At all events, let the question be spoken of, written of, taught, preached, agitated, in fairs and markets, in church and by the fireside, in festivity and business (for it is a solemn subject, and worthy to engross us), and then, when the nation's heart is full of godlike resolve, it will tell out in accents not to be mistaken, the means and the end, the will and the power, and the chains will fall from it. Of this we are sure, that unless they are fools or cowards, eight millions will not wish in vain.

SELF-EDUCATION

“ What good were it for me to manufacture perfect iron while my own breast is full of dross? What would it stead me to put properties of land in order, while I am at variance with myself? To speak it in a word: the cultivation of my individual self, here as I am, has from my youth upwards been constantly though dimly my wish and my purpose.”

“ Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect; that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments: it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, he would add, ‘ one ought at least every day to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.’ ”—*Goethe*.

WE have been often asked by certain of the Temperance Societies to give them some advice on Self-Education. Lately we promised one of these bodies to write some hints, as to how the members of it could use their association for their mental improvement.

We said, and say again, that the Temperance Societies can be made use of by the people for their instruction as well as pleasure. Assemblies of any kind are not the *best* places either for study or invention. Home or solitude are better—home is the great teacher. In domestic business we learn mechanical skill, the nature of those material

bodies with which we have most to deal in life—we learn labour by example and by kindly precepts—we learn (in a prudent home) decorum, cleanliness, order—in a virtuous home we learn more than these, we learn reverence for the old, affection without passion, truth, piety, and justice. These are the greatest things man can know. Having these he is well ; without them attainments of wealth or talent are of little worth. Home is the great teacher ; and its teaching passes down in honest homes from generation to generation, and neither the generation that gives, nor the generation that takes it, lays down plans for bringing it to pass.

Again, to come to designed learning. We learn arts and professions by apprenticeships—that is, much after the fashion we learned walking, or stitching, or fire-making, or love-making at home—by example, precept, and practice combined. Apprentices at anything, from ditching, basket-work, or watch-making, to merchant-trading, legislation, or surgery, submit either to a nominal or an actual apprenticeship. They see other men do these things, they desire to do the same, and they learn to do so by watching *how*, and *when*, and asking, or guessing *why* each part of the business is done ; and as fast as they know, or are supposed to know, any one part, whether it be sloping the ditch, or totting the accounts, or dressing the limb, they begin to do that, and, being directed when they fail, they learn at last to do it well, and are thereby prepared to attempt some other or harder part of the business.

Thus it is by experience—or trying to do, and often doing a thing—combined with teaching or seeing, and being told how and why other people,

more experienced, do that thing, that most of the practical business of life is learned.

In some trades, formal apprenticeship and planned teaching exist as little as in ordinary home-teaching. Few men are of set purpose taught to dig; and just as few are taught to legislate.

Where formal teaching is usual, as in what are called learned professions, and in delicate trades, fewer men know anything of these businesses. Those who learn them at all, do so exactly and fully, but commonly practise them in a formal and technical way, and invent and improve them little. In those occupations which most men take up casually—as book-writing, digging, singing, and legislation, and the like—there is much less exact knowledge, less form, more originality and progress, and more of the public know something about them in an unprofessional way.

The Caste system of India, Egypt, and Ancient Ireland carried out the formal apprenticeship plan to its full extent. The United States of America have very little of it. Modern Europe is between the two, as she has in most things abolished caste or hereditary professions (kings and nobles excepted), but has, in many things, retained exact apprenticeships.

Marriage and the bringing up of children, the employment of dependents, travel, and daily sights, and society, are our chief teachers of morals, sentiment, taste, prudence and manners. Mechanical and literary skill of all sorts, and most accomplishments, are usually picked up in this same way.

We have said all this, lest our less-instructed readers should fall into a mistake common to all

beginners in study, that books, and schooling, and lectures, are the chief teachers in life ; whereas most of the things we learn here are learned from the experience of home, and of the practical parts of our trades and amusements.

We pray our humbler friends to think long and often on this.

But let them not suppose we undervalue, or wish them to neglect, other kinds of teaching ; on the contrary, they should mark how much the influences of home, and business, and society, are affected by the quantity and sort of their scholarship.

Home life is obviously enough affected by education. Where the parents read and write, the children learn to do so too, early in life, and with little trouble ; where they know something of their religious creed, they give its rites a higher meaning than mere forms ; where they know the history of the country well, every field, every old tower or arch is a subject of amusement, of fine old stories, and fine young hopes ; where they know the nature of other people and countries, their own country and people become texts to be commented on, and likewise supply a living comment on those peculiarities of which they have read.

Again, where the members of a family can read aloud, or play, or sing, they have a well of pleasant thoughts and good feelings, which can hardly be dried or frozen up ; and so of other things.

And in the trades and professions of life, to study in books the objects, customs, and rules of that trade or profession to which you are going saves time, enables you to improve your practice of it, and makes you less dependent on the teaching of other practitioners, who are often interested in delaying you.

In these, and a thousand ways besides, study and science produce the best effects upon the practical parts of life.

Besides, the *first* business of life is the improvement of one's own heart and mind. The study of the thoughts and deeds of great men, the laws of human, and animal, and vegetable, and lifeless nature, the principles of fine and mechanical arts, and of morals, society, and religion—all directly give us nobler and greater desires, more wide and generous judgments, and more refined pleasures.

Learning in this latter sense may be got either at home, or at school, by solitary study, or in associations. Home *learning* depends, of course, on the knowledge, good sense, and leisure of the parents. The German Jean Paul,* the American Emerson, and others of an inferior sort, have written deep and fruitful truths on bringing up, and teaching at home. Yet, considering its importance, it has not been sufficiently studied. Upon schools much has been written. Almost all the private schools in this country are bad. They merely cram the memories of pupils with facts or words, without developing their judgment, taste, or invention, or teaching them the *application* of any knowledge. Besides, the things taught are commonly those least worth learning. This is especially true of the middle and richer classes. Instead of being taught the nature, products, and history, first of their own, and then of other countries, they are buried in classical frivolities, languages which they never master, and manners and races which they cannot appreciate. Instead of being disciplined to think exactly, to speak and

* Jean Paul Richter, whose writings were popularised in England and Ireland chiefly by Thomas Carlyle.—Ed.

write accurately, they are crammed with rules, and taught to repeat forms by rote.

The National Schools are a vast improvement on anything hitherto in this country, but still they have great faults. From the miserably small grant, the teachers are badly paid, and therefore hastily and meagrely educated.

The maps, drawing, and musical instruments, museums, and scientific apparatus, which should be in every school, are mostly wanting altogether. The books, also, are defective.

The information has the worst fault of the French system ; it is too exclusively on physical science and natural history. Fancy a *National* School which teaches the children no more of the state and history of Ireland than of Belgium or Japan ! We have spoken to pupils, nay, to masters of the *National* Schools, who were ignorant of the physical character of every part of Ireland except their native villages—who knew not how the people lived, or died, or sported, or fought—who had never heard of Tara, Clontarf, Limerick, or Dungannon—to whom the O'Neills and Sarsfields, and Swifts and Sternes, the Grattans and Barrys, our generals, statesmen, authors, orators, and artists, were alike and utterly unknown ! Even the hedge-schools kept up something of the romance, history, and music of the country.

Until the *National* Schools fall under national control, the people must take *diligent care to procure books on the history, men, language, music, and manners of Ireland for their children*. These schools are very good so far as they go, and the children should be sent to them ; but they are not *national*, they do not use the Irish language, nor teach anything peculiarly Irish.

As to solitary study, lists of books, pictures, and maps, can alone be given ; and to do this usefully would exceed our space at present.

As it is, we find that we have no more room, and have not said a word on what we proposed to write — namely, Self-Education through the Temperance Societies.

We do not regret having wandered from our professed subject, as, if treated exclusively, it might lead men into errors which no afterthought could cure.

What we chiefly desire is, to set the people on making out plans for their own and their children's education. Thinking cannot be done by deputy—they must think for themselves.

OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE

I.

MEN are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk common-place, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you, are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an imitative or common-place man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilization, and the rulers of the human heart.

Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a *people's* greatness? Force the manners, dress, language, and constitution of Russia, or Italy, or Norway, or America, and you instantly stunt and distort the whole mind of either people.

The language, which grows up with a people, is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution, and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents

of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression.

The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb.

What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek distort his organs and his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of the Hymettus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicate-organed Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, "sweet as music, strong as the wave"—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild liquid speech for the mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?

We lately met a glorious thought in the "Triads of Mochmed," printed in one of the Welsh codes by the Record Commission. "There are three things without which there is no country—common language, common judicature, and co-tillage land—for without these a country cannot support itself in peace and social union."

A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river.

And in good times it has ever been thought so.

Who had dared to propose the adoption of Persian or Egyptian in Greece—how had Pericles thundered at the barbarian? How had Cato scourged from the forum him who would have given the Attic or Gallic speech to men of Rome? How proudly and how nobly Germany stopped “the incipient creeping” progress of French! And no sooner had she succeeded than her genius, which had tossed in a hot trance, sprung up fresh and triumphant.

Had Pyrrhus quelled Italy, or Xerxes subdued Greece for a time long enough to impose new languages, where had been the literature which gives a pedigree to human genius? Even liberty recovered had been sickly and insecure without the language with which it had hunted in the woods, worshipped at the fruit-strewn altar, debated on the council-hill, and shouted in the battle-charge.

There is a fine song of the Fusians, which describes—

“Language linked to liberty.”

To lose your native tongue, and learn that of an alien, is the worst badge of conquest—it is the chain on the soul. To have lost entirely the national language is death; the fetter has worn through. So long as the Saxon held to his German speech, he could hope to resume his land from the Norman; now, if he is to be free and locally governed, he must build himself a new home. There is hope for Scotland—strong hope for Wales—sure hope for Hungary. The speech of the alien is not universal in the one; is gallantly held at bay in the other; is nearly expelled from the third.

How unnatural—how corrupting—'tis for us, three-fourths of whom are of Celtic blood, to speak a medley of Teutonic dialects. If we add the Celtic Scots, who came back here from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and the Celtic Welsh, who colonised many parts of the Wexford and other Leinster counties, to the Celts who never left Ireland, probably five-sixths, or more, of us are Celts. What business have we with the Norman-Sassenagh?

Nor let any doubt these proportions because of the number of English *names* in Ireland. With a politic cruelty, the English of the Pale passed an Act (3 Edw. IV, chap. 3), compelling every Irishman within English jurisdiction, "to go like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving off his beard above the mouth," "and shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colour, a White, Blacke, Browne; or art or science, as Smith, or Carpenter; or office, as Cook, Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name, under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly."

And just as this parliament before the Reformation, so did another after the Reformation. By the 28th Henry VIII, c. 15, the dress and language of the Irish were insolently described as barbarous by the minions of that ruffian king, and were utterly forbidden and abolished under many penalties and incapacities. These laws are still in force; but whether the Archæological Society, including Peel* and O'Connell, will be prosecuted, seems doubtful.

There was also, 'tis to be feared, an adoption

* Peel's interest in Irish books is amply proved in the catalogue of his library.—ED.

of English names, during some periods, from fashion, fear, or meanness. Some of our best Irish names, too, have been so mangled as to require some scholarship to identify them. For these and many more reasons, the members of the Celtic race here are immensely greater than at first appears.

But this is not all; for even the Saxon and Norman colonists, notwithstanding these laws, melted down into the Irish, and adopted all their ways and language. For centuries upon centuries Irish was spoken by men of all bloods in Ireland, and English was unknown, save to a few citizens and nobles of the Pale. 'Tis only within a very late period that the majority of the people learned English.

But, it will be asked, how can the language be restored now?

We shall answer this partly by saying that, through the labours of the Archæological and many lesser societies, it *is* being revived rapidly.

We shall consider this question of the possibility of reviving it more at length some other day.

Nothing can make us believe that it is natural or honourable for the Irish to speak the speech of the alien, the invader, the Sassenagh tyrant, and to abandon the language of our kings and heroes. What! give up the tongue of Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru, the tongue of M'Carthy, and the O'Nials, the tongue of Sarsfield's, Curran's, Mathew's, and O'Connell's boyhood, for that of Strafford and Poynings, Sussex, Kirk, and Cromwell!

No! oh, no! the "brighter days shall surely come," and the green flag shall wave on our towers, and the sweet old language be heard once more in college, mart, and senate.

But, even should the effort to save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it!

Had Swift known Irish he would have sowed its seed by the side of that nationality which he planted, and the close of the last century would have seen the one as flourishing as the other. Had Ireland used Irish in 1782, would it not have impeded England's re-conquest of us? But 'tis not yet too late.

II.

Now, reader, don't be alarmed, we are not going to ask you to call your wife *machree*, or your child *mavourneen* instead of "my heart" and "my dear," as you do or ought to do now. We do not want you to learn names for those implements of agriculture and trade, those articles of furniture and dress, those relations of love, and life, and religion, other than you in infancy lisped.

For *you*, if the mixed speech called English was laid with sweetmeats on your child's tongue, English is the best speech of manhood. And yet, rather, in that case you are unfortunate. The hills, and lakes, and rivers, and forts and castles, the churches and parishes, the baronies and counties around you, have all Irish names—names which describe the nature of the scenery or ground, the name of founder, or chief, or priest, or the leading fact in the history of the place. To you

these are names hard to pronounce, and without meaning.

And yet it were well for you to know them. That knowledge would be a topography, and a history, and romance, walking by your side, and helping your discourse. Meath tells its flatness, Clonmel the abundant riches of its valleys, Fermanagh is the land of the Lakes, Tyrone the country of Owen, Kilkenny the Church of St. Canice, Dunmore the great fort, Athenry the Ford of the Kings, Dunleary the Fort of O'Leary ; and the Phoenix Park, instead of taking its name from a fable, recognises as christener the " sweet water " which yet springs near the east gate.

All the names of our airs and songs are Irish, and we every day are as puzzled and ingeniously wrong about them as the man who, when asked for the air, " I am asleep, and don't waken me," called it " Tommy M'Cullagh made boots for me."

The bulk of our history and poetry are written in Irish, and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer in the original—shall we be content with ignorance or a translation of Irish ?

As we urged before, with a detail which we cannot now repeat, three-fourths of the people are of Celtic descent, notwithstanding the English names imposed on so many of them by Act of Parliament, policy, fashion and meanness, and the Irish, the most pure of the Celtic dialects, must be fitted for their voice and ear, best to speak, most sweet to sing, most strong to rouse, most suited to the genius of the people, even as Greek best suits the men descended from the conquerors of Marathon—the men who inherit Athenian mouths, ears, and musical faculties, who breathe

the air, and dwell on the slopes of the Hymettus. It were as absurd to expect the Irishman to be in full native health in India as to look for a full development of all his powers in oratory, music, and history, when using a tongue which leaves his fathers nameless, gives his fathers' deeds in translated fragments, strains his organs, and cramps his musical powers.

But it will be said, 'tis too late to revive Irish, it has no modern literature, modern science is as nameless in Irish as Irish localities, airs, &c., are in English, and after all 'tis impossible to succeed.

This sounds plausible, but 'tis very shallow. As to Irish not having a modern literature, we say, so much the better, if the present or coming generation have the energy to set about creating one. If they go to the work with strong passions, they will build a literature fast and firm enough; they will be greater, and the parents of higher excellence, than if they studied and repeated instead of originating songs, histories and essays. The old Irish literature is ample to give impulse, and character, and costume to a new literature.

The want of modern scientific words in Irish is undeniable, and doubtless we should adopt the existing names into our language. The Germans have done the same thing, and no one calls German mongrel on that account. Most of these names are clumsy and extravagant; and are almost all derived from Greek or Latin, and cut as foreign a figure in French and English as they would in Irish. Once Irish was recognised as a language to be learned as much as French or Italian, our dictionaries would fill up, and our vocabularies ramify, to suit all the wants of life and conversation.

These objections are ingenious refinements, however, rarely thought of till after the other and great objection has been answered.

The usual objection to attempting the revival of Irish is, that it could not succeed.

If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended.

What we seek is, that the people of the upper classes should have their children taught the language which explains our names of persons or places, our older history, and our music, and which is spoken in the majority of our counties, rather than Italian, German, or French. It would be more useful in life, more serviceable to the taste and genius of young people, and a more flexible accomplishment for an Irish man or woman to speak, sing, and write Irish than French.

At present the middle classes think it a sign of vulgarity to speak Irish—the children are everywhere taught English and English alone in schools—and, what is worse, they are urged by rewards and punishments to speak it at home, for English is the language of their masters. Now, we think the example and the exertions of the upper classes would be sufficient to set the opposite and better fashion of preferring Irish ; and, even as a matter of taste, we think them bound to do so. And we ask it of the pride, the patriotism,

and the hearts of our farmers and shopkeepers, will they try to drive out of their children's minds the native language of almost every great man we had, from Brian Boru to O'Connell—will they meanly sacrifice the language which names their hills, and towns, and music, to the tongue of the stranger?

About half the people west of a line drawn from Derry to Waterford speak Irish habitually, and in some of the mountain tracts east of that line it is still common. Simply requiring the teachers of the National Schools in these Irish-speaking districts to know Irish, and supplying them with Irish translations of the school books, would guard the language where it now exists, and prevent it from being swept away by the English tongue, as the red Americans have been by the English race from New York to New Orleans.

The example of the upper classes would extend and develop a modern Irish literature, and the hearty support they have given to the Archæological Society makes us hope that they will have sense and spirit to do so.

But the establishment of a newspaper partly or wholly Irish would be the most rapid and sure way of serving the language. The Irish-speaking man would find, in his native tongue, the political news and general information he has now to seek in English; and the English-speaking man, having Irish frequently before him in so attractive a form, would be tempted to learn its characters, and by-and-by its meaning.

These newspapers in many languages are now to be found everywhere but here. In South America many of these papers are Spanish and English, or French; in North America, French

and English ; in Northern Italy, German and Italian ; in Denmark and Holland, German is used in addition to the native tongue ; in Alsace and Switzerland, French and German ; in Poland, German, French, and Slavonic ; in Turkey, French and Turkish ; in Hungary, Magyar, Slavonic, and German ; and the little Canton of Grison uses three languages in its press. With the exception of Hungary, the secondary language is in all cases, spoken by fewer persons than the Irish-speaking people of Ireland, and while they everywhere tolerate and use one language as a medium of commerce, they cherish the other as the vehicle of history, the wings of song, the soil of their genius, and a mark and guard of nationality.

ABSENTEEISM OF IRISH GENIUS

WE are much concerned to find that the *Dublin Magazine* * has ceased to exist. We fear the chief blame must fall on the public. The frequent changes of size and price, and other irregularities, certainly served to ruin it; but, after all, these were perhaps but fresh efforts to try and suit the public taste. I know the publication of Irish airs necessitated the increase both of size and price.

After the increase, the price was preposterously low. Besides sustaining its admirable articles on politics and literature, it gave for two shillings three or four airs from private collections, which would elsewhere have been published for 1/6 or 2/- each; and latterly it printed two airs arranged by James Barton for Temperance Bands, which, separately, would have been sold for 5/- each. And yet the magazine has failed. After the expenditure of much time and large sums of money, it has failed. The Temperance Societies, for whose service it went to such expense, neglected it—the public neglected it, and now it is gone. The press did its duty by it well, and the Temperance Societies and the public must bear the blame. The loss will be theirs, as the fault was.

It was impossible for any amount of ability or money to stand the drain of such a publication, unless the circulation was large enough to enable the editor to pay for the articles, and thus command a variety of contributions.

* Begun in 1840 as the *Citizen* and continued under above title.—ED.

Propagandism is right and necessary ; and because the magazine was propagandist of natural feelings and ideas, we earnestly wished it success. But writers are seldom wealthy ; for wealth gives (for a time) power, without exertion of intellect—vanity, without troubling the imagination—and social honours, without requiring knowledge, wit, or accomplishment.

In the long run there is a retribution for all this ; but, be that as it may, the temptation of luxury commonly keeps the rich from using their powers or embarking their money in literary projects. Such projects generally begin, therefore, with men of small means, strong passions and high training ; and a probation, in which they have repeatedly and patiently to put out all their strength ere they are recognised as master spirits, is their lot—fortunately, profit teaches them humility, self-denial, and a whole bead-roll of virtues.

But there is a limit to this. If after having laboured through the most of the day—if, after having long and repeatedly deserved success, they are still neglected by a public too lazy to inquire, too vulgar to appreciate, or too stingy to sustain and reward such men—their hopes fall, their attention wanders, their union is shattered ; they either abandon public literature altogether, or leave a country which they honoured in vain. That the *Citizen and Dublin Magazine* have worked well and long—well enough and long enough to be more prosperous—is certain ; and yet it has not received sufficient support to ensure its continuance.

It behoves every people to “ love, cherish and honour ” its men of ability, its men of science—

the men who can adorn it with their pencil, make it wise by their teaching, famous by their pens, rich by their ingenuity, strong by their statesmanship, triumphant by their valour. Doing this, Athens became the pole-star round which the lights of the earth turn—doing this, Italy gave laws, literature, and arts to half Europe. “To go and do likewise,” if ye would be free and famous, is the bidding of Italy and Greece, of Pericles and Napoleon, of greatest nations and of greatest men, to all the men and nations of the earth. And this might be lesson enough for Ireland. Yet has she another motive.

There is an absenteeism of Irish mind—a draining away of ingenuity and learning—an emigration of the wit, wisdom and power of our land constantly going on. This results from our dependence on England, our adoption of her language and literature—and also from England’s appetite for vanity, from her demand for more ability than she can supply, from her monstrous government, from her vast press, her splendid pay and her showy rank. From all these causes there is a constant and great temptation to Irishmen to transfer their services to England—a temptation which must continue as long as our present connexion, and for some time after, and which requires no ordinary attachment to this country to resist it.

If then, in addition to the rewards, the vanity, the station, which England offers to emigrant ability, there be added neglect, poverty, and want of recognition at home, the motives for the remarkable men of Ireland to enlist in England’s service become what they actually are, too great to be withstood by most men.

The first and greatest duty of an Irish patriot,

ABSENTEEISM OF IRISH GENIUS III

then, is to aid in retaining its superior spirits. Men make a state. *Great men make a great nation.* Without them, opportunities for liberation will come and go unnoticed or unused. Without them liberation will come without honour, and resources exist without strength—corruption and slavery, if they do not keep watch, will resume their sway without alleviation or resistance.



HINTS FOR IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS

NATIONAL art is conversant with national subjects. We have Irish artists, but no Irish, no national art. This ought not to continue; it is injurious to the artists, and disgraceful to the country. The following historical subjects were loosely jotted down by a friend. Doubtless, a more just selection could be made by students noting down fit subjects for painting and sculpture, as they read. We shall be happy to print any suggestions on the subject—our own are, as we call them, mere hints with loose references to the authors or books which suggested them. For any good painting, the marked figures must be few, the action obvious, the costume, arms, architecture, postures, historically exact, and the manners, appearance, and rank of the characters, strictly studied and observed. The grouping and drawing require great truth and vigour. A similar set of subjects illustrating social life could be got from the Poor Report, Carleton's, Banim's, or Griffin's Stories, or better still, from observation.

The references are vague, but perhaps sufficient.*

The Landing of the Milesians.—Keating[’s History], Moore’s Melodies.

Ollamh Fodhla Presenting his Laws to his People. Keating’s, Moore’s, and O’Halloran’s Histories of Ireland.—Walker’s Irish Dress and Arms, and Vallencey’s Collectanea.

* I have amplified some of the references (by words in brackets) in order to make them clearer.—ED.

IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS 113

- Nial and his Nine Hostages.—Moore, Keating.
A Druid's Augury.—Moore, O'Halloran, Keating.
A Chief Riding Out of his Fort.—Griffin's [novel]
Invasion, Walker, Moore.
The Oak of Kildare.—Moore.
The Burial of King Dathy in the Alps, his thinned
troops laying stones on his grave.—M'Geoghegan's
"Histoire de l'Irlande" (French edition), [Griffin's]
Invasion, Walker, Moore.
St. Patrick brought before the Druids at Tara.—Moore
and his Authorities.
The First Landing of the Danes.—[Griffin's] Invasion,
Moore, &c.
The Death of Turgesius.—Keating, Moore.
Ceallachan tied to the Mast.—Keating.
Muirchertach Returning to Aileach.—Archæological
Society's Tracts.
Brian Reconnoitring the Danes before Clontarf.
The Last of the Danes Escaping to his Ship.
O'Ruarc's Return.—Keating, Moore's Melodies.
Raymond Le Gros Leaving his Bride.—Moore.
Roderic in Conference with the Normans.—Moore,
M'Geoghegan.
Donald O'Brien Setting Fire to Limerick.—M'Geoghegan
Donald O'Brien Visiting Holycross.—M'Geoghegan.
O'Brien, O'Connor, and M'Carthy, making Peace to
attack the Normans.—M'Geoghegan, Moore.
The Same Three Victorious at the Battle of Thurles.—
Moore and O'Conor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*.
Irish Chiefs leaving Prince John.—Moore, &c.
M'Morrough and Gloster.—Harris's *Hibernica*, p. 53.
Crowning of Edward Bruce.—Leland [s History],
Grace's Annals, &c.
Edgecombe Vainly Trying to Overawe Kildare.—
Harris's *Hibernica*.
Kildare "On the Necks of the Butlers."—Leland.
Shane O'Neill at Elizabeth's Court.—Leland.
Lord Sydney Entertained by Shane O'Neill.
The Battle of the Red Coats.—O'Sullivan's [*Historiæ
Hiberniæ Catholicae*].
Hugh O'Neill Victor in Single Combat at Clontibret.—
Fynes Moryson, O'Sullivan, M'Geoghegan.
The Corleius.—Dymmok's Treatise in Archæological
Society's Tracts.
Maguire and St. Leger in Single Combat.—M'Geoghegan.

114 IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS

- O'Sullivan Crossing the Shannon.—*Pacata Hibernia*.
O'Dogherty Receiving the Insolent Message of the Governor of Derry.—M'Geoghegan.
The Brehon before the English Judges.—Davies' Letter to Lord Salisbury.
Ormond Refusing to give up his Sword.—Carte's Life of Ormond.
Good Lookers on.—Strafford's Letters.
Owen Connolly Before the Privy Council, 1641.—Carey's *Vindiciæ [Hiberniæ]*.
The Battle of Julianstown.—Temple's Rebellion, and Tichbourne's Drogheda.
Owen Roe Organising the Creaghts.—Carte's [Ormonde], and also Belling and O'Neill in the *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*.
The Council of Kilkenny.—Carte.
The Breach of Clomel.—Do.
Smoking Out the Irish.—Ludlow's Memoirs.
Burning them.—Castlehaven's Memoirs.
Nagle Before the Privy Council.—Harris's William.
James's Entry into Dublin.—*Dublin Magazine* for March, 1843.
The Bridge of Athlone.—Green Book and Authorities.
St. Ruth's Death.—Do.
The Embarkation from Limerick.—Do.
Cremona.—Watty Cox's Magazine.
Fontenoy.—Do.
Sir S. Rice Pleading against the Violation of the Treaty of Limerick.—Staunton's Collection of Tracts on Ireland.
Burning of Molyneux's famous work.
Liberty Boys Reading a Drapier's Letter.—Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral.
Lucas Surrounded by Dublin Citizens in his Shop.
Grattan Moving Liberty.—Memoirs [by his son].
Flood Apostrophising Corruption.—Barrington ["Rise and Fall"].
Dungannon Convention.—Wilson's [Volunteers], Barrington.
Curran Cross-examining Armstrong.—Memoirs.
Curran Pleading Before the Council in Alderman James's Case.
Tone's First Society.—See his Memoirs.
The Belfast Club.—Madden's U. I., Second Series, Vol. I.
Tone, Emmet, and Keogh, in the Rathfarnham Garden.
Tone and Carnot.—Tone's Memoirs.

IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS 115

Battle of Oulart.—Hay and Teeling, Rebellion, &c.
First Meeting of the Catholic Association.
O'Connell Speaking in a Munster Chapel.—Wyse's History of Catholic Association.
The Clare Hustings.—Proposal of O'Connell.
The Dublin Corporation Speech.
Father Mathew Administering the Pledge in a Munster County.
Conciliation—Orange and Green.
The Lifting of the Irish Flags of a National Fleet and Army.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF IRELAND

WE were a little struck the other day in taking up a new book by Merimée to see after his name the title of "Inspector-General of the Historical Monuments of France." So, then, France, with the feeding, clothing, protecting, and humouring of 36 million People to attend to, has leisure to employ a Board and Inspector, and money to pay them for looking after the Historical Monuments of France, lest the Bayeux tapestry which chronicles the conquest of England, or the Amphitheatre of Nimes, which marks the sojourn of the Romans, suffer any detriment.

And has Ireland no monuments of her history to guard, has she no tables of stone, no pictures, no temples, no weapons? Are there no Brehon's chairs on her hills to tell more clearly than Valancey or Davies how justice was administered here? Do you not meet the Druid's altar, and the Gobhan's tower in every barony, almost, and the Ogham stones in many a sequestered spot, and shall we spend time and money to see, to guard, or to decipher Indian topes, and Tuscan graves, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, and shall every nation in Europe shelter and study the remains of what it once was, even as one guards the tomb of a parent, and shall Ireland let all go to ruin?

We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmonds, and corn threshed on the floor

of abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Aileach.

Daily are more and more of our crosses broken, of our tombs effaced, of our abbeys shattered, of our castles torn down, of our cairns sacrilegiously pierced, of our urns broken up, and of our coins melted down. All classes, creeds, and politics are to blame in this. The peasant lugs down a pillar for his sty, the farmer for his gate, the priest for his chapel, the minister for his glebe. A mill-stream runs through Lord Moore's Castle,* and the Commissioners of Galway have shaken, and threatened to remove, the Warden's house—that fine stone chronicle of Galway heroism.

How our children will despise us for all this! Why shall we seek for histories, why make museums, why study the manners of the dead, when we foully neglect or barbarously spoil their homes, their castles, their temples, their colleges, their courts, their graves? He who tramples on the past does not create for the future. The same ignorant and vagabond spirit which made him a destructive, prohibits him from creating for posterity.

Does not a man, by examining a few castles and arms, know more of the peaceful and warrior life of the dead nobles and gentry of our island than from a library of books; and yet a man is stamped as unlettered and rude if he does not know and value such knowledge. Ware's Antiquities, and Archdall, speak not half so clearly the taste, the habits, the every-day customs of the monks, as Adare Monastery, for the fine preservation of which we owe so much to Lord Dunraven.

* Mellifont.

The state of civilization among our Scotic or Milesian, or Norman, or Danish sires, is better seen from the Museum of the Irish Academy, and from a few raths, keeps, and old coast towns, than from all the prints and historical novels we have. An old castle in Kilkenny, a house in Galway give us a peep at the arts, the intercourse, the creed, the indoor, and some of the outdoor ways of the gentry of the one, and of the merchants of the other, clearer than Scott could, were he to write, or Cattermole* were he to paint for forty years.

We cannot expect Government to do anything so honourable and so liberal as to imitate the example of France, and pay men to describe and save these remains of dead ages. But we do ask it of the Clergy, Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenting, if they would secure the character of men of education and taste—we call upon the gentry, if they have any pride of blood, and on the people if they reverence Old Ireland, to spare and guard every remnant of antiquity. We ask them to find other quarries than churches, abbeys, castles, and cairns—to bring rusted arms to a collector, and coins to a museum, and not to iron or goldsmiths, and to take care that others do the like. We talk much of Old Ireland, and plunder and ruin all that remains of it—we neglect its language, fiddle with its ruins, and spoil its monuments.

* George Cattermole, the well-known English topographical artist, born in 1800 and died in 1868.—ED.

NATIONAL ART

I.

No one doubts that if he sees a place or an action he knows more of it than if it had been described to him by a witness. The dullest man, who "put on his best attire" to welcome Cæsar, had a better notion of life in Rome than our ablest artist or antiquary.

Were painting, then, but a coloured chronicle, telling us facts by the eye instead of the ear, it would demand the Statesman's care and the People's love. It would preserve for us faces we worshipped, and the forms of men who led and instructed us. It would remind us, and teach our children, not only how these men looked, but, to some extent, what they were, for nature is consistent, and she has indexed her labours. It would carry down a pictorial history of our houses, arts, costume, and manners, to other times, and show the dweller in a remote isle the appearance of countries and races of his contemporaries.

As a register of *facts*—as a portrayer of men, singly or assembled—and as a depicter of actual scenery, art is biography, history, and topography, taught through the eye.

So far as it can express facts, it is superior to writing; and nothing but the scarcity of *faithful* artists, or the stupidity of the public, prevents us from having our pictorial libraries of men and places. There are some classes of scenes—as

where continuous action is to be expressed—in which sculpture quite fails, and painting is but a shadowy narrator.

But this, after all, though the most obvious and easy use of Painting and Sculpture, is far indeed from being their highest end.

Art is a regenerator as well as a copyist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant,* and the Abbé Barthelemy from the last traveller in India—so do the Historical Painter, the Landscape composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful Portrait, Landscape, or Scene Drawer.

The Painter who is a master of composition, makes his pencil contemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Romulus sits for him and Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge and Mahommed exhort, and Ephesus blaze when he likes. He tries not rashly, but by years of study of men's character, and dress, and deeds, to make them and their acts come as in a vision before him. Having thus got a design he attempts to realise the vision on his canvas. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading, and colouring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, "the lights of other days," and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover over him.

But Art in its highest stage is more than this. It is a creator. Great as Herodotus and Thierry

* James Grant, a prolific journalist, who was born in 1802 and died in 1879, and wrote numerous books on France, Ireland and other countries.—ED.

are, Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual. It is infinite, and Art is indefinitely powerful. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules mightier than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness to the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived, and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. As Reynolds says, "the effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo is, that the observer feels his whole frame enlarged." It is creation, it is representing beings and things different from our nature, but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles, and Prometheus, and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature; they are beings created by the poets' minds, and true to *their* laws of being. There is no commoner blunder in men, who are themselves mere critics, never creators, than to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of poet and painter.

To create a mass of great pictures, statues, and buildings, is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems or histories, or make great codes or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power are to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them.

Ireland has had some great Painters—Barry and Forde* for example, and many of inferior but great excellence; and now she boasts high

* Samuel Forde, of Cork, who died at the early age of twenty-three in 1828. Barry was of course the famous and eccentric James Barry, R.A.—ED.

names—Maclise, Hogan, and Mulready. But their works were seldom done for Ireland, and are rarely known in it. Our portrait and landscape Painters paint foreign men and scenes : and, at all events, the Irish people do not see, possess, nor receive knowledge from their works. Irish history has supplied no subjects for our greatest Artists ; and though, as we repeat, Ireland possessed a Forde and Barry, creative Painters of the highest order, the pictures of the latter are mostly abroad ; those of the former unseen and unknown. Alas ! that they are so few.

To collect into, and make known, and publish in Ireland, the best works of our living and dead Artists, is one of the steps towards procuring for Ireland a recognised National Art. And this is essential to our civilisation and renown. The other is by giving education to students and rewards to artists, to make many of this generation true representers, some of them great illustrators and composers, and, perchance, to facilitate the creation of some great spirit.

Something has been done—more remains.

There are schools in Dublin and Cork. But why are those so neglected and imperfect ? and why are not similar or better institutions in Belfast, Derry, Galway, Waterford, and Kilkenny ? Why is there not a decent collection of casts anywhere but in Cork, and why are they in a garret there ? And why have we no gallery of Irishmen's, or any other men's, pictures in Ireland ?

The Art Union has done a great deal. It has helped to support in Ireland artists who should otherwise have starved or emigrated ; it has dispersed one (when, oh when, will it disperse another ?) fine print of a fine Irish picture through

the country, and to some extent interested as well as instructed thousands. Yet it could, and we believe will, do much more. It ought to have Corresponding Committees in the principal towns to preserve and rub up old schools of art and foster new ones, and it might by art and historical libraries, and by other ways, help the cause. We speak as friends, and suggest not as critics, for it has done good service.

The Repeal Association, too, in offering prizes for pictures and sculptures of Irish historical subjects has taken its proper place as the patron of nationality in art ; and its rewards for Building Designs may promote the comfort and taste of the people, and the reputation of the country. If artists will examine the rules by which the pictures, statues, and plates remain their property, they will find the prizes not so small as they might at first appear. Nor should they, from interest or just pride, be indifferent to the popularity and fame of success on national subjects, and with a People's Prizes to be contended for. If those who are not Repealers will treat the Association's design kindly and candidly, and if the Repealers will act in art upon principles of justice and conciliation, we shall not only advance national art, but gain another field of common exertion.

II.

NATIONAL ART—A GALLERY OF CASTS

THE Cork School of Art owes its existence to many causes.

The intense, genial, and Irish character of the people, the southern warmth and variety of climate, with its effects on animal and vegetable beings, are the natural causes.

The accident of Barry's birth there, and his great fame, excited the ambition of the young artists. An Irishman and a Corkman had gone out from them, and amazed men by the grandeur and originality of his works of art. He had thrown the whole of the English painters into insignificance, for who would compare the luscious commonplace of the Stuart painters, or the melodramatic reality of Hogarth, or the imitative beauty of Reynolds, or the clumsy strength of West,* with the overbearing grandeur of his works.

But the *present* glories of Cork, Maclise and Hogan, the greater, but buried, might of Forde, and the rich promise which we know is springing there now, are mainly owing to another cause; and that is, that Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world.

These casts are not very many—117 only; but they are perfect, they are the first from Canova's moulds, and embrace the greatest works

* Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West were both Presidents of the Royal Academy.—ED.

of Greek art. They are ill-placed in a dim and dirty room—more shame to the rich men of Cork for leaving them so—but there they are, and there studied Forde, and Maclise, and the rest, until they learned to draw better than any moderns, except Cornelius and his living brethren.

In the countries where art is permanent there are great collections, Tuscany and Rome for example. But, as we have said before, the highest service done by success in art is not in the possession but in the creation of great works, the spirit, labour, sagacity, and instruction, needed by the artists to succeed, and flung out by them on their country like rain from sunny clouds.

Indeed there is some danger of a traditionary mediocrity following after a great epoch in art. Superstition of style, technical rules in composition, and all the pedantry of art, too often fill up the ranks vacated by veteran genius, and of this there are examples enough in Flanders, Spain, and even Italy. The schools may, and often do, make men scholastic and ungenial, and art remains an instructor and refiner, but creates no more.

Ireland, fortunately or unfortunately, has everything to do yet. We have had great artists—we have not their works—we own the nativity of great living artists—they live on the Tiber and the Thames. Our capital has no school of art—no facilities for acquiring it.

To be sure there are rooms open in the Dublin Society, and they have not been useless, that is all. But a student here cannot learn anatomy, save at the same expense as a surgical student. He has no great works of art before him, no Pantheon, no Valhalla, not even a good museum or gallery.

We think it may be laid down as unalterably true, that a student should never draw from a flat surface. He learns nothing by drawing from the lines of another man—he only mimics. Better for him to draw chairs and tables, bottles and glasses, rubbish, potatoes, cabins, or kitchen utensils, than draw from the lines laid down by other men.

Of these forms of nature which the student can originally consult—the sea, the sky, the earth—we should counsel him to draw from them in the first learning; for though he ought afterwards analyse and mature his style by the study of works of art, from the first sketches to the finished picture, yet, by beginning with nature and his own suggestions, he will acquire a genuine and original style, superior to the finest imitation; and it is hard to acquire a master's skill without his manner.

Were all men cast in a divine mould of strength, and straightness, and gallant bearing, and all women proportioned, graceful and fair, the artist would need no gallery, at least to begin his studies with. He would have to persuade or snatch his models in daily life. Even then, as art creates greater and simpler combinations than ever exist in fact, he should finally study before the super-human works of his predecessors.

But he has about him here an indifferently-made, ordinary, not very clean, nor picturesquely-clad people; though, doubtless, if they had the feeding, the dress, and the education (for mind beautifies the body) of the Greeks, they would not be inferior, for the Irish structure is of the noblest order.

To give him a multitude of fine natural models,

to say nothing of ideal works, it is necessary to make a gallery of statues or casts. The statues will come in good time, and we hope, and are sure, that Ireland, a nation, will have a national gallery, combining the greatest works of the Celtic and Teutonic races. But at present the most that can be done is to form a gallery.

Our readers will be glad to hear that this great boon is about to be given to Irish Art. A society for the formation of a gallery of casts in Dublin has been founded.

It embraces men of every rank, class, creed, politics, and calling, thus forming another of those sanctuaries now multiplying in Ireland where one is safe from the polemic and the partizan.

Its purpose is to purchase casts of all the greatest works of Greece, Egypt, Etruria, ancient Rome, and Europe in the middle ages. This will embrace a sufficient variety of types both natural and ideal to prevent imitation, and will avoid the debatable ground of modern art. Wherever they can afford it the Society will buy moulds, in order to assist provincial galleries, and therefore the provinces are immediately interested in its support.

When a few of these casts are got together, and a proper gallery procured, the public will be admitted to see, and artists to study them without any charge. The annual subscription is but 10s., the object being to interest as many as possible in its support.

It has been suggested to us by an artist that Trinity College ought to establish a gallery and museum containing casts of all the ancient statues, models of their buildings, civil and military, and a collection of their implements of art, trade, and domestic life. A nobler institution, a more

vivid and productive commentary on the classics could not be. But if the Board will not do this of themselves, we trust they will see the propriety of assisting this public gallery, and procuring, therefore, special privileges for the students in using it.

But no matter what persons in authority may do or neglect, we trust the public—for the sake of their own pleasure, their children's profit, and Ireland's honour—will give it their instant and full support.



IRISH TOPOGRAPHY

COMPLAINTS had frequently been made of the inequality of the grand jury taxation before any attempt was made to remedy it. The committee on grand jury presentments, in their report, dated 12th June, 1815, stated that these complaints were well founded, and recommended "that some mode should be devised for rendering such assessments more equal, the defect appearing to them to arise, in a great degree, from the levy being made in reference to old surveys (which were taken on the measure of land which was deemed profitable at the time of such surveys), which, of course, cannot comprehend the great improvements which have taken place in Ireland since the period at which these surveys took place."

Though some of the evidence given before that committee displays a remarkable ignorance of this and many other facts, yet the fact itself of the oppressive inequality was put beyond doubt by the evidence of Daniel Mussenden, Esq., C. P. Leslie, Esq., Right Hon. Denis Browne, Colonel Crosbie, General Archdall, &c.

It appears, from their evidence, that the grand jury cess was in some places distributed in equal shares over districts of a size and value often differing as one from six, and in other places distributed in unequal shares, bearing no obvious proportion to the size or value of the different districts.

These districts were generally called townlands, sometimes ploughlands, cartrons, carvas, tates, &c.

Most of the witnesses fancied that these divisions had been originally equal, and made by James I, or Strafford, Sir W. Petty, or William III.

Mr. Mussenden suggested that they were made by the old Irish. It is possible that the Connaught divisions may have been effected by the Strafford survey, now lost; Ulster by the settlements in James's time, and many parts of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, by the forfeitures and divisions in William's, Cromwell's, Charles's, James's, and Elizabeth's times, or even by those of earlier date. With respect to these, we would remark that the forfeitures were according to previous divisions, and so the grants generally were.

Some of the townlands, from their names, seem to have been household lands of princes, others hospitality lands attached to the caravanserais which the ancient Irish so liberally endowed; but most of them must be accounted for in other ways. If these divisions grew marked in the middle ages, we should be disposed to say that each was the possession of a large family or small sept, by the aggregation of many of which the great principedoms were made up. If these names and divisions are of older date (as we believe), then they either originated in, or were used for, the annual distribution of lands which was customary under the Brehon law; and in either case were likely to have been continued during the middle ages for family purposes.

And here we would remark that this annual distribution of land has been foolishly censured. The Irish then lived partly as hunters—chiefly as shepherds and herds—very little as tillers. The annual distribution of grazing land seems not so unreasonable, nor could it have been attended

with the wasteful and disastrous results supposed to result from changeful tenures of tillage lands.

In a second report, in 1818, the Grand Jury Presentment Committee urged the immediate and complete alteration of the system, and, in 1819, a bill for the survey and valuation of Ireland was brought in. But this bill was soon abandoned.

In 1824 the subject was taken up in good earnest. The Commons resolved that "it is expedient, for the purpose of apportioning more equally the local burdens of Ireland, to provide for a general survey and valuation of that part of the United Kingdom." Accordingly it voted £5,000 towards a trigonometrical survey, and appointed an active and fair committee "to consider of the best mode of apportioning more equally the local burdens collected in Ireland, and to provide for a general survey and valuation of that part of the United Kingdom."

The committee sat and received the evidence of Major Colby (now, and then, head of the survey in both kingdoms), Lieutenant-Colonel Keane, Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle), Mr. Leslie Foster (late Baron of the Exchequer), Mr. John Wilson Croker, Mr. Richard Griffith* (since intrusted with the valuation of Ireland), Messrs. Bald, Nimmo, Edgeworth, and Aher (civil engineers), Captain Kater, and many others. It reported on the 21st June, 1824.

The report states that the grand jury taxes for the preceding year were over £750,000, and that the assessment of this was most unequal and unjust, for the reasons before stated.

* Sir Richard John Griffith, F.R.S., the great geologist, was born in Hume Street, Dublin, in 1784, and died in 1878.—ED.

The committee speak separately on the survey and valuation.

The most material part of their *Report on the Survey* is as follows :—

They state the surface of Ireland at about twelve millions Irish, or twenty millions English, acres, divided in four provinces, thirty-two counties at large, eight counties of cities or towns or other independent jurisdictions, two hundred and fifty-two baronies, about two thousand four hundred parishes, and an immense number of townlands or minor sub-divisions.

The existing surveys they describe as few and defective. They omit any notice of the survey of Ulster made in 1618-19, under royal commission, by Pynner and others, and printed in the first part of Harris's* collection of tracts on Ireland, entitled *Hibernica*.

They state, on Mr. Nimmo's authority, that "Strafford's Survey of the Forfeited Lands" was a memoir, terrier, or written description, accompanied by outline maps, and that all these documents have perished.

Mr. Hardiman, in a paper on Irish maps, printed in the fourteenth volume of the *Transactions of the Irish Academy*, states that surveys had been made of Ireland by the Irish monarchs, that fragments of these remain, and that in one of them, by Fenton, some allusion to a map seems to be made. If such ever existed, it no longer does.

The earliest published map of Ireland, according to Mr. Nimmo, is that in the "Itinerary of Antonine," published by Ricardus Corinensis in the fourteenth century, and taken from the table

* Walter Harris, the Irish antiquary, born 1686, died 1761.—ED.

of latitudes and longitudes, made by Ptolemy. Ware notices that Ptolemy places Mona, Man, &c., among the isles of Ireland, and adds that Macianus (in Periplo) says that Ireland had sixteen provinces, fifteen famous cities, five noted promontories, and six eminent islands.

Mercator and Hondius published an inferior map, taken chiefly from Norse and Danish authorities. Mr. Bald refers to a map of Ireland of the fourteenth century, contained in "Arrowsmith's Memoir;" but whether this is Ricardus's or not we do not know—neither can we get in Dublin "Arrowsmith's Memoir," or "Ricardus's map." But Bertram, who re-printed Ricardus, Nennius, and Gildas, in 1755, gives an original and highly interesting map of Ireland. Mercator was only copied until Elizabeth's time, when a map fourteen English miles to one inch was published.

Then follow Speed's, in 1610, of Ireland and of the four provinces, Richard Blome's and Stralford's before alluded to.

In the State Papers (temp. Henry VIII) there are three Irish maps, for the first time printed from old MS. maps. The first of these is a map of Munster, the date of which is only shown by its being noted in Lord Burleigh's hand. The second is a map of all Ireland, made by John Goghe in 1557; and the third is also a map of Ireland, made by John Morden, for the Earl of Salisbury, in 1609. All these contain clan names; one of them has the arms of the principal families, and they all, besides written names, contain topographical maps of much antiquarian value.

In the *Pacata Hibernia*, edited by Stafford in 1633, there are maps of Ireland, of Munster, and

fifteen plans of different places in Munster, roughly engraved, but usefully drawn as picture-maps of panoramas—the best style for small plans at least, and lately revived on the Continent in the panoramas of Switzerland, the Rhine, &c.

D'Anville contains a map of ancient Ireland, and he and Beaufort, and many others published made up maps of Ireland in the middle ages. Ware, too, in his antiquities, prints a map of ancient Ireland, made from Ptolemy, Camden, and in one place from Orosius.

We now come to the celebrated Down Survey.* It was executed by Sir William Petty, Physician-General, under a commission, dated 11th December, 1654, at the payment of 20s. a day and 1*d.* an acre. Petty got a lot of Cromwellian soldiers into training in two months, and then surveyed all the forfeited lands. These soldiers used the chain and circumferentor, and their measurements were sent to Dublin, and there plotted or laid *down* on paper, whence the work is called The Down Survey.

This Survey contained both barony and parish maps of two-thirds of Ireland; the former on a scale of forty perches to an inch, containing parish and townland boundaries, mountain and bog marks, &c. 1430 maps remain in the Record Tower—of these 260 are baronial, 1,170 parochial. 130 baronial maps are perfect, 67 partially burned, 2 or 3 are “missing.” 780 parochial are perfect, 391 partly burnt in 1711. A copy of the baronial maps exists in Paris in the King's Library, having been taken by a privateer when on their way to England for Sir W. Petty, and tracings of these

* People generally assume that this refers to Co. Down. As Davis explains in the next few lines, the name is due to another reason.—ED.

were made by General Vallancey and Major Taylor. In the Queen's Inns is copied his account of this survey. All Petty's maps have marginal descriptions and references to the "Book of Distributions" of the forfeitures. These maps are evidence between the crown and subject, and between two subjects holding as grantees from the crown by that distribution. There are some maps relating to, or part of this, said to be in the Lansdowne Collection.

Sir William Petty published a folio "County Atlas"—so did Mr. Pratt. A miniature "County Atlas" was printed in London, in 1720, by Rowles, taken from Petty and Pratt. The latest "County Atlas" is the meagre one published with Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary."

The next official survey was that of the lands forfeited in William's time, composing about two million of acres. It is lodged in the vice-treasurer's office.

The following lists of maps and surveys was given in by Mr. Bald as part of his evidence:—

"A map of Ireland in 1716, by Thomas Bakewill, who also issued a map of the city of Dublin.

Herman Moll gave a map of Ireland.

Ortelius (Charles O'Connor's) map of Ireland, with the names of the septs at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Ditto, improved, containing proprietors' names in 1777, (Note, too, that this has been re-printed in Madden's United Irishmen—2nd series).

Ireland, by Pratt, six sheets.

Ditto, J. Rocque, four sheets.

Ditto, C. Bowles, four sheets.

Ditto, Jeffries, one sheet.

Ditto, Kitchin, one sheet.

Ditto, Major Taylor, one sheet, 1793.

Ditto, Beaufort, two sheets, 1793, accompanied by a very bad memoir.

Ireland by Arrowsmith, four sheets, 1811, reprinted frequently since.

Taylor and Skinner's map of Irish roads, in 1777.

We may add, Ireland, by Overdon and Morgan; do., by Senex, &c., in 1711.

COUNTY MAPS OF IRELAND.

County of Dublin, published in 1760, by John Rocque, scale not quite six inches to three English miles.

Survey of the County of Dublin, by William Duncan, principal draughtsman to the Quartermaster-General of Ireland, published in 1821, scale three inches to one mile, and has been constructed on trigonometrical principles.

County of Louth, surveyed by Taylor and Skinner in 1777, scale two inches to one mile.

A survey of Louth, by Mr. John M'Neill.*

County of Armagh, surveyed by John Rocque, scale two inches to one mile; states the impossibility of finding the barony bounds, and had recourse to Sir William Petty's surveys.

Wexford, surveyed by Valentine Gill, four sheets.

Westmeath, by Wm. Larkin, since 1800

Meath,	do.	do.	} Scale of the published maps, two inches to one mile.
Waterford,	do.	do.	
Leitrim,	do.	do.	
Sligo,	do.	do.	
Galway,	do.	do.	
Cavan,	do.	do.	

All Mr. Larkin's county surveys were protracted from a scale of four inches to one Irish mile, but do not appear to have been constructed from triangular measurements.

Cork, surveyed by Edwards and Savage, in 1811.

Londonderry, by the Rev. G. V. Sampson, in 1813, accompanied by a statistical memoir; sections on the map, scale two inches to one mile.

Longford, surveyed by William Edgeworth. This map was constructed from trigonometrical data.

Roscommon, by Messrs. Edgeworth and Griffith. This survey has been done trigonometrically. The engraving was executed in a most superior manner.

County of Down, scale one inch to a mile; published in 1755. Hills drawn in profile; no surveyor's name to the map; it has soundings along the coast.

* Afterwards Sir John M'Neill, F.R.S., a native of the county, born about 1793, and died in 1880.—Ed.

- County of Down, by Williamson, 1810.
 Antrim, by John Lendrick, in 1780.
 Kildare, by Major Alexander Taylor, in 1783. Scale one inch and a half to a mile.
 Kerry, by Pelham.
 Ditto, by Porter.
 Wicklow, by Jacob Neville, in 1760.
 Clare, by Henry Pelham, in 1787. Scale one inch and half to the Irish mile.
 Kilkenny has been surveyed by Mr. David Aher in town lands.
 Limerick, King's County, Donegal, Fermanagh, Monaghan, Carlow, Queen's County, Tipperary, Mayo, and King's County have all been surveyed.

CHARTS.

- Chart of Kenmare River, by William Irwin, 1749.
 Mr. Murdock M'Kenzie made a general survey of the whole harbours, bays, and shores of Ireland, on the scale of one inch to an English mile, with general charts, in two volumes. By the date of the variation, in 1759, it appears he was engaged about sixteen years. His sailing directions are valuable; and although the outline of the coast is faulty, yet all chart-makers have continued to copy his soundings.
 Chart of Dublin Bay, by Seal and Richards, 1765.
 Ditto of the Shannon, by Cowan, 1795, two inches and a half to an Irish mile.
 Ditto of Dublin Bay, by Captain Bligh.
 Several charts of the harbours on the east coast of Ireland have been published by the Fishery Board; they were surveyed under the direction of Mr. Nimmo, and are among the finest engraved specimens of our hydrographic surveys yet published.
 Chart of Lough Derg, by Longfield and Murray.
 Chart of Lough Ree.

Roque was a pupil of Cassini, the astronomer and topographer, and came to Ireland in 1752. Mr. Nimmo states that he founded a class of surveyors and valuers, represented in 1824 by Messrs. Brassington, Sherrard, &c.; highly respectable, but who, not having much science, use only the circumferentor, chain and level. He added that the hydrographical survey of Dublin Coast,

by Scale and Richards, pupils of that old French school, was "respectable."

The survey of the forfeited estates in Scotland founded a school with more science, using the theodolite, &c. Among its pupils were Messrs. Taylor, who, with Skinner, surveyed the roads of Ireland, Scotland, and part of England, and by others of this school the post-office road surveys were made.

Messrs. Nimmo and Bald (Scotchmen), Vignoles (an Englishman*), and Messrs. Griffith, Edgeworth, Aher, and M'Neill (Irishmen), and all men of very high abilities and science bring down the pedigree of civil topography in Ireland to our time.

Among the greatest topographical works of these men were the BOG MAPS (four inches to the mile); Mr. Nimmo's coast and harbour surveys for the Fishery Board; Mr. Vignoles' surveys for the Railway Commission, and Mr. Bald's superb map of Mayo, on a scale of four inches to the mile, shaded, lithographed beautifully in Paris, and accompanied by raised models of the actual shape of parts of the county. Numerous other surveys and maps were made by these gentlemen, and by Mr. Griffith, &c., for the Board of Works, the Woods and Forests, the Shannon Commissioners, and various other public departments.

The Ordnance made a slight military survey by order of the Irish Parliament. At the head of it was General Vallancey, assisted by Colonel Tarrant and Major Taylor; but the witnesses in 1824 treat it slightly.

The present survey has, besides its own un-

* A mistake of Davis's; this great engineer Charles Blacker Vignoles, F.R.S., was an Irishman, a native of Co. Wexford, born 1793, died 1875.—ED.

rivalled maps, given materials for several others. Amongst these are the maps in the census report, shaded to represent the density of population, the diffusion of houses, of stock, and of knowledge. Indeed, Captain Larcom's application of the electrotype to the multiplication of the copper-plates enables him to represent on a map any single attribute of the country separately, with little trouble or expense. The materials for single and double sheet maps of the Useful Knowledge Society, price 6*d.* and 1*s.*, were supplied from the Survey Office. The Railway Commissioners' general map was also made at Mountjoy. This is the only large-sized map of Ireland, shaded according to the slopes of the land, possessed of any accuracy. We can testify to this accuracy. It is published in six sheets for £1 uncoloured. It is also issued at a higher price coloured geologically. For those who have more time and energy than money to spare, we know no better in-door way of studying Irish geology than to buy this map uncoloured, and to put in the geological colouring from another copy.

The reader is, probably, wearied enough of this catalogue, and yet if he be a young student of his country's state or history, this catalogue will be most useful to him. If he be master, not apprentice, he will see how rude and imperfect this list is. We must ask him to forgive these crudities, and send us (as he well can) something better, and we shall be glad to use it for ourselves and the public. For a list of maps of Ireland, and parts of it chiefly in MSS., in Trinity College, Dublin, we must refer the reader to Mr. Hardiman's valuable paper in the 14th volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

ART UNIONS

ART UNIONS are a substitute for State patronage. The State can do much for art. It can furnish teachers and models to a large class, and it can enable an artist to live by great works. Private patronage does not encourage great works. They require much time, and occupy a larger space than suits the size of private dwellings. Their price is immense, not only from the labour they require, but because of the rarity of men able to execute them. Wherever the arts have flourished, the State has been their chief patron. So it was in Athens where art was a branch of public business. In Rome, the patronage was even more liberal, if not quite so just. When arts revived, they were sustained by the monarchs and ecclesiastical corporations of all Europe. But, amongst their earliest, firmest, and wisest friends, were the little republics of Italy and the corporations of the Low Countries. Even now there is more art of a high order called out by the patronage of the little court of Munich than by any people in the world. When we speak of high art, we mean art used to instruct and ennoble men ; to teach them great deeds, whether historical, religious, or romantic ; to awaken their piety, their pride, their justice, and their valour ; to paint the hero, the martyr, the rescuer, the lover, the patriot, the friend, the saint, and the Saviour—nor is it confined to expressing moral excellence. It expresses intellectual and physical might—the poet,

the orator, the sage, the giant savage, the falling angel. Whatever can be painted or sculptured, of strength or sweetness, of grace or terror, of piety or power—that belongs to high art.

In prizing State patronage so high, we do not assume it sufficient to produce great artists. Public passions, strong thoughts, condensed and deep education must exist (along with facilities to learn, and State patronage) to produce great artists. The perfect success of the little states of Greece, Italy, and the Low Countries in art, was owing less to their patronising art than to the strong passions, the public spirit, the concentration and earnestness of character produced by local government. Polygamy is not more unnatural and debasing than central government. We do not hope to see art advance much till national character is restored by the break up of two or three of the huge and hateful empires.

Latterly a substitute for state patronage has been found, or supposed to have been found, in Art Unions. The clubbed guineas of thousands form a sum large enough to buy the costliest pictures. We do not think these Unions can realise all their more sanguine friends look for. Some people subscribe to encourage art, most people to get pictures and prints. There is therefore a strong inducement among the managers of these institutions to have as many prizes as possible to distribute. Their motive is excellent. Their desire is to serve artists and satisfy the public. They are all gratuitous labourers in this excellent work. But the effect is to break up the fund into small sums, and to prevent Art Committees from buying great, and, therefore, costly pictures, and thus to discourage them.

Perhaps even in this respect these committees are blameless ; a petty style existed, and has not been got rid of, and it may be many years before they have the opportunity of buying a picture great in design and execution.

Still these institutions do and have done a great deal. They have given the guineas of tens of thousands to support artists who might otherwise have starved or painted portraits. They have put hundreds of pictures and thousands of fine prints into houses where a catchpenny London engraving, or nothing at all, would have reached. They have created an excitement about art. Men talk of it, read of it, think of it, and recommend it, who, ten years ago, would not have heeded its existence. Artists thus encouraged and honoured are improving, and there is every hope that by the continuance of such support, and by the increase of public spirit, a school of eminent Irish artists will be created to illustrate their country's history and character, and to associate their fame with her's.

We speak thus of the Art Union's prospects because we regard the declaration of their illegality as trivial.

Some of our readers may not know that on the 12th of April [1844] the Solicitor of the Treasury wrote to the Secretaries of the London Art Union, stating that the law officers had given an opinion that art unions were illegal under the Lottery Act, and that if the distribution, then about to take place, were made, the parties would be liable to prosecution. A deputation from the Union subsequently saw Sir George Clerk of the Treasury, represented the public interest in the Union, their service to art and artists, their legality in the

opinion of several eminent lawyers, and their presumed lawfulness from the fact that several State officers subscribed to them, and that many of the Irish judges were officers of the Irish Art Union.

Nothing, however, was done, though Sir J. Clerk made several sweet speeches on Sir Robert Peel's part. Sinking as the Government is under other business, they will naturally, and without much blame, neglect this unless roused. We feel sure that Peel will not object, if urged to it, to bring in a short bill legalising Art Unions under guarantees against their being used for trading speculation, as they have been in London. For this purpose we recommend the Irish Art Union to petition *at once*, and to get that petition backed, as they can, by a joint deputation of the Conservative, Whig and Repeal members for Ireland.

THE SEA KINGS*

THESE Sea Kings were old friends and old foes of Ireland. History does not reach back to the age in which ships passed not between Ireland and Scandinavia. It seems highly probable that the Milesians themselves—that Scotie (or Scythian) race who gave our isle the name of Scotia Major—reached our shore, having sailed from the Baltic. They were old Sea Kings.

So were the Jutes, or Getæ, who came under Hengist and Horsa to England in the fifth century, and received the isle of Thanet as a reward for repelling the Irish invaders; and, not content with this pay, used their saxes (or short swords), from whence we name them Saxons, till all the east of England obeyed them. So, too were the Danes, who conquered that same England over again in the tenth century. So were the Black and White Strangers, who held our coast and ravaged our island till Brien of Thomond trampled their raven at Clontarf on the 23rd April, 1014. And the Normans themselves, too, were of that self-same blood.

Mr. Laing has given us fresh materials for judging the race so related to Ireland. He has translated the greatest of their histories, and pre-faced it by an account of the creed, literature, and social condition of the Scandinavians.

* The Hemskringla, or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a preliminary dissertation by Samuel Laing, Esq., 3 vols.

There are strong reasons for believing that these people came from the east, through Muscovy, and preferring the fish-filled bays and game-filled hills of Norway and Sweden to the flat plains of Germany settled far north. Such is the tradition of the country and the expressed opinion of all their writers. The analogy of their language to the Sanscrit, their polygamy and their use of horse-flesh, all tend to prove that they were once an equestrian tribe in Upper Asia.

However this may be, we find them, from remote times, living in the great Peninsula of the North. Their manners were simple and hardy, and their creed natural. The Cimbri, or Kymry, whom Marius encountered, and the Milesians, both apparently from Scandia, showed equal valour, though not with the same fortune.

Their paganism was grand, though dark. Idolaters they were, but idolatry is but an outward sign. The people who bow to a stone have got a notion of a god beyond it. That this northern paganism originated in the natural custom of all people to express their belief in some soul mightier and better than their soul—some ruler of the storm and the sun—we may agree with Mr. Laing. But surely he is wrong in jumping from this to a denial of Hero-worship. Nothing seems more likely, nothing in mythology is better proved, than that this feeling took the shape of reverence for the soul of some dead chief who had manifested superior might. Time would obscure his history and glorify his attributes till he became a demi-god.

The pagan gods rarely seem to be absolute deities. Behind the greatest in renown of these hero-gods lurks some Fate or Wisdom whose creature he is.

The materials for the mythology of the Scandinavians are, according to Mr. Laing, very small. The principal work is the older Edda, composed by Sæmund. Of this there are only three fragments :—

“ The one is called the ‘ Voluspa,’ or the Prophecy of Vola. In the Scotch words ‘ spæ-wife,’ and in the English word ‘ spy,’ we retain words derived from the same root and with the same meaning, as the word ‘ spa ’ of the Voluspa. The second fragment is called ‘ Havamal,’ or the High Discourse ; the third is the Magic, or Song of Odin. The Voluspa gives an account by the prophetess of the actions and operations of the gods ; a description of chaos ; of the formation of the world ; of giants, men, dwarfs ; of a final conflagration and dissolution of all things ; and of the future happiness of the good, and punishment of the wicked. The Havamal is a collection of moral and economical precepts. The song of Odin is a collection of stanzas in celebration of his magic powers. The young Edda, composed 120 years after the older, by Snorro Sturleson, is a commentary upon the Voluspa ; illustrating it in a dialogue between Gylfe, the supposed contemporary of Odin, under the assumed name of Gangir, and three divinities—Har (the High), Jafnhar (equal to the High), and Triddi (the Third)—at Asgard (the abode of the gods, or the original Asiatic seat of Odin) to which Gylfe had gone to ascertain the cause of the superiority of the Asiatics. Both the Eddas appear to have been composed as handbooks to assist in understanding the names of the gods, and the allusions to them in the poetry of the Scalds, not to illustrate the doctrine of the religion of Odin. The absurd and the rational are consequently mingled. Many sublime conceptions, and many apparently borrowed by Sæmund and Snorro from Christianity—as for instance the Trinity with which Gangir converses—are mixed with fictions almost as puerile as those of the classical mythology. The genius of Snorro Sturleson shines even in these fables. In the grave humour with which the most extravagantly gigantic feats of Thor and Utgaard are related and explained, Swift himself is not more happy ; and one would almost believe that Swift had the adventures of Thor and the giant Utgaard Loke before him when he wrote of Brobdignag. The practical forms or modes of worship in the religion of Odin are not

to be discovered from the Eddas, nor from the sagas which the two Eddas were intended to illustrate. It is probable that much has been altered to suit the ideas of the age in which they were committed to writing, and of the scribes who compiled them. Christianity in Scandinavia seems, in the eleventh century, to have consisted merely in the ceremony of baptism, without any instruction in its doctrines."

The priesthood consisted of the descendants of the twelve diars or goddars, who accompanied Odin from Asia ; but they were judges as well as priests. Their temples were few, small, and rude. Their chief religious festivals were three in number. The first possesses a peculiar interest for us. It was called Yule from one of Odin's names, though held in honour of Thor, the supreme god of the Scandians. Occurring in mid-winter it became mixed with the Christmas festival, and gave its name thereto. The other festivals were in honour of the goddess Friggia (pronounced Freya), and of Odin or Wodin, the demigod or prophet. From these deities our Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday take their names. The Valhalla, or heaven of these Pagans, reserved for warriors, free from women, and abounding in beer and metheglin, is sufficiently known.

Centuries after Christianity had been received by their neighbours these pagans held to Odinism, and Pagans they were when, in the ninth century, their great colonies went out.

The spread of the Northmen at that time came to pass in this way. Along the broken coast of the Northern peninsula reigned a crowd of independent chiefs, who lived partly on fishing and hunting, but much more by piracy.

In the beginning of the ninth century their expeditions became formidable. The north, and

finally the whole of England, was overrun, and it took the genius of Alfred, Edmund, and Athelstane to deliver it even for a time. Ireland suffered hardly less. Some of these rovers even penetrated the Mediterranean, and Charlemagne is said to have wept at the sight of those galleys laden with wrath. The achievements of one of them, Regnar Lodbrog, have been as nobly described in an Icelandic poem as anything Homer wrote of the Sea Kings of Greece who warred against Troy.

So powerful abroad, they paid slight allegiance to the King of Norway. At length, about 870, King Harald Haarfager (or the Fair Haired), resolved to stop their iniquities, or at least to free his own dominions from them. In a series of wars he subdued these sea kings, and forbade piracy on his coast or isles. Thus debarred from their old life at home, they went out in still greater colonies than before.

One of these colonies was led by Rolf, who was surnamed Gan'gr, or the Walker, as from his great stature he could get no horse to carry him, and walked with his followers. Sailing south, they entered the Seine, took Rouen, besieged Paris, and finally extorted from Charles the Bald that tract to which they gave the name of Normandy. But these events took many years.

Other bands came to the aid of their friends in England, Ireland, and the Scotch Isles, while a large and illustrious colony went to Iceland.

In that land of snow they found fish and game. They abandoned piracy and became merchants, trading through the whole west of Europe. Nor did they remain at this side of the Atlantic. Sailing north-west, they occupied Greenland, and

visited some more southerly part of America, which they called Vinland.

But still a higher honour belongs to the Icelanders. They were the most famous Scalds or Bards who spoke the Norse tongue. Amongst the earliest institutions of the North were the laws of Gavelkind, and a strict entail of lands. Lands could not be sold or devised, the next of blood took them in equal shares. It was, therefore, of great value to preserve a knowledge of relationship, and this office fell to the literary class or Scalds. There was no law limiting the bardic office to natives of Iceland, yet, in fact, their superior skill won such an eminence for them that an Icelandic scald was as needed in every Norse settlement, from Rouen to Drontheim, as an Irish saint was in every part of Christian Europe.

Mr. Laing prints a list of about 200 Norse histories, romances, &c. Originally, it seems their sagas were oral, and it was not till the twelfth century that any progress was made in transferring them to writing. The reader of Mr. Laing's details will be struck by many facts like those used in the controversy as to whether the Iliad was a collection of ballads, or an originally single work.

It seems that there is no manuscript saga older than the end of the fourteenth century in existence.

With his usual heartiness, Mr. Laing defends the Norsemen through thick and thin. In his opinion the best parts of the English constitution are due to them. He describes the Saxons as cowardly and slavish devotees when these gallant and free Pagans came in and renewed their vigour. The elective judges, and officers, and juries he traces to the Danes ; and in the *Things* or popular assemblies of these Northmen he finds the origin

of English parliaments. Nor would he have us judge them by the report of trembling monks who wrote Latin invectives and invocations against them, while through the window of their transcribing-room they could see the homestead blaze and the Raven soar.

In this part of his case he seems rather successful. The writings of the Anglo-Saxons were a few dry chronicles in Latin ; while the Northmen had an endless mass of histories and popular ballads. But even here he is in excess. He seems forgetful of the Saxon ballads of Brunanburgh, of Beowulf, and many others. If we can trust our recollections, or Thierry's quotations, there are many touching and lofty passages even in these old Latin Chronicles.

His proof of the knowledge of the useful arts possessed by the Northmen is very ingenious. It rests on the account of their shipping. One ship is described as being as large as a 40-gun frigate. To make vessels so large and efficient as even their smaller ships required skill in working timber, in raising, smelting, and preparing iron, masts, sails, ropes, and anchors for *such* ships ; and the necessity of cooping water vessels, and salting meat for long voyages, imply the existence of several arts.

The amount of knowledge of countries and men, sure to be acquired in their joint piracies, should also be remembered.

He is very exclusive in his advocacy. So far from sanctioning the claim of the Teutonic race to *general* superiority over the Celts, he treats it as " the echo of the bray " first heard in the Ossianic controversy.

" The black hair, dark eye, and dusky skin of the small-sized Celt, were considered by those philosophers to indicate an habitation for souls less gifted than those

which usually dwell under the yellow hair, blue eye, and fair skin of the bulky Goth. This conceit has been revived of late in Germany, and in America; and people talk of the superiority of the Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon race, as if no such people had ever existed as the Romans, the Spaniards, the French—no such men as Cæsar, Buonaparte, Cicero, Montesquieu, Cervantes, Ariosto, Raphael, Michael Angelo. If the superiority they claim were true, it would be found not to belong at all to that branch of the one great northern race which is called Teutonic, Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon—for that branch in England was, previous to the settlements of the Danes or Northmen in the tenth or eleventh centuries, and is at this day throughout all Germany, morally and socially degenerate, and all distinct and distinguishing spirit or nationality in it dead; but to the small cognate branch of the Northmen or Danes, who, between the ninth and twelfth centuries brought their Paganism, energy, and social institutions, to bear against, conquer, mingle with, and invigorate the priest-ridden, inert, descendants of the old Anglo-Saxon race.”

The writer of the work now translated by Mr. Laing was Snorro Sturleson, an Icelander, born in 1178, of a noble and learned family. He appears to have been skilful, imaginative and bold, but he was also grasping and fierce. Laing gives a slight sketch of his life. It, like most of his introduction, wants in finish and abounds in repetitions.

The work is generally known in Norway and Iceland as the *Heimskringla*, or ‘world’s circle,’ from that being ‘the first prominent word in the MS.,’ but Sturleson called it, as Laing does, a ‘Saga’ or ‘Chronicle’ of the Kings of Norway. . . .

Mr. Laing’s translation comes fresh and racy. He seems to like the ship-building, and roving, and fighting. Cast a few centuries earlier, he had made a famous Viking. Notwithstanding his Benthamite notions, his heart is strong and natural, and he relishes vigorous humanity wherever it is found. . . .

INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND.*

BISHOP BERKELEY put, as a query, could the Irish live and prosper if a brazen wall surrounded their island? The question has been often and vaguely replied to.

Dr. Kane† has at length answered it, and proved the affirmative. Confining himself strictly to the *land* of our island (for he does not enter on the subjects of fisheries and foreign commerce), he has proved that we possess *physical* elements for every important art. Not that he sat down to prove this. Taste, duty, industry, and genius, prompted and enabled him gradually to acquire a knowledge of the physical products and powers of Ireland, and his mastery of chemical and mechanical science enabled him to see how these could be used.

Thus qualified, he tried, in the Lecture-room of the Dublin Society, to communicate his knowledge to the public. He was as successful as any man lecturing on subjects requiring accurate details could be; and now he has given, in the volume before us, all his lectures, and much more. He, then, is no party pamphleteer, pandering to the national vanity; but a philosopher, who garnered up his knowledge soberly and surely, and now gives us the result of his studies. There was,

* The Industrial Resources of Ireland, by Robert Kane, M.D.

† Afterwards Sir Robert Kane, F.R.S., born in Dublin 1809, died 1890.—ED.

undoubtedly, a good deal of information on the subjects treated of by Dr. Kane scattered through our topographical works and parliamentary reports, but that information is, for the most part, vague, unapplied, and not tested by science. Dr. Kane's work is full, clear, scientific, exact in stating places, extent, prices, and every other working detail, and is a manual of the whole subject.

In such interlaced subjects as industrial resources we must be content with practical classifications.

Dr. Kane proceeds in the following order:— First, he considers the *mechanical* powers of the country—viz., its fuel and its water powers. Secondly, its *mineral* resources—its iron, copper, lead, sulphur, marble, slates, &c. Thirdly, the agriculture of the country in its first function—the raising of food, and the modes of cropping, manuring, draining, and stacking. Fourthly, agriculture in its secondary use, as furnishing staples for the manufacture of woollens, linens, starch, sugar, spirits, &c. Fifthly, the modes of carrying internal trade by roads, canals, and railways. Sixthly, the cost and condition of skilled and unskilled labour in Ireland. Seventhly, our state as to capital. And he closes by some earnest and profound thoughts on the need of industrial education in Ireland.

Now, let us ask the reader what he knows upon any or all of these subjects; and whether he ought, as a citizen, or a man of education, or a man of business, to be ignorant of them? Such ignorance as exists here must be got rid of, or our cry of "Ireland for the Irish" will be a whine or a brag, and will be despised as it deserves. We must know Ireland from its history to its minerals, from its tillage to its antiquities, before we shall

be an Irish nation, able to rescue and keep the country. And if we are too idle, too dull, or too capricious to learn the arts of strength, wealth, and liberty, let us not murmur at being slaves.

For the present we shall confine ourselves to the subjects of the mechanical powers and minerals of Ireland, as treated by Dr. Kane.

The first difference between manufactures now, and in *any* former time, is the substitution of machines for the hands of man. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the increased strength over matters thus given to man compensates for the ill effects of forcing people to work in crowds ; of destroying small and pampering large capitalists, of lessening the distribution of wealth even by the very means which increase its production.

We sincerely lament, with Lord Wharncliffe, the loss of domestic manufactures ; we would prefer one housewife skilled in the distaff and the dairy—home-bred, and home-taught, and home-faithful—to a factory full of creatures who live amid the eternal roll, and clash, and glimmer of spindles and rollers, watching with aching eyes the thousand twirls, and capable of but one act—tying the broken threads. We abhor that state ; we prefer the life of the old times, or of modern Norway.

But, situated as we are, so near a strong enemy, and in the new highway from Europe to America, it may be doubted whether we can retain our simple domestic life. There is but one chance for it. If the Prussian Tenure Code be introduced, and the people turned into small proprietors, there is much, perhaps every hope of retaining or regaining our homestead habits, and such a population need fear no enemy.

If this do not come to pass, we must make the

best of our state, join our chief towns with railways, put quays to our harbours, mills on our rivers, turbines on our coasts, and under restrictions and with guarantees set the steam-engine to work at our flax, wool, and minerals.

The two great mechanical powers are fire and water. Ireland is nobly endowed with both.

We do not possess as ample fields of flaming coal as Britain ; but even of that we have large quantities, which can be raised at about the same rate at which English coal can be landed on our coast.

The chief seats of flaming coal in Ireland are to the west of Lough Allen, in Connaught, and around Dungannon, in Tyrone. There is a small district of it in Antrim.

The stone coal, or anthracite, which, having little gas, does not blaze, and having much sulphur is disagreeable in a room, and has been thought unfit for smelting, is found—first, in the Kilkenny district, between the Nore and Barrow—secondly from Freshford to Cashel ; and thirdly, in the great Munster coal country, cropping up in every barony of Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. By the use of vapour with it, the anthracite appears to be freed from all its defects as a smelting and engine coal, and being a much more pure and powerful fuel than the flaming coal, there seems no reason to doubt that in it we have a manufacturing power that would supply us for generations.

Our bogs have not been done justice to. The use of turf in a damp state turns it into an inferior fuel. Dried under cover, or broken up and dried under pressure, it is more economical, because far more efficient. It is used now in the Shannon steamers, and its use is increasing in mills. For

some purposes it is peculiarly good—thus, for the finer iron works, turf and turf-charcoal are even better than wood, and Dr. Kane shows that the precious Baltic iron, for which from £15 to £35 per ton is given, could be equalled by Irish iron smelted by Irish turf for six guineas per ton.

Dr. Kane proves that the cost of fuel, even if greater in Ireland, by no means precludes us from competing with England; he does so by showing that the cost of fuel in English factories is only from 1 to 1½ per cent., while in Ireland it would be only 2½ to 3½ per cent., a difference greatly overbalanced by our cheaper labour, labour being over 33 per cent. of the whole expense of a factory.

Here is the analysis of the cost of producing cotton in England in 1830 :—

Cotton wool	..	£8,244,693	or per cent.	26·27
Wages	..	10,419,000	„	33·16
Interest on Capital	..	3,400,000	„	10·84
Coals	..	339,680	„	1·08
Rent, taxes, insurance, other charges and profit		8,935,320	„	28·65
		<u>£31,338,693</u>		<u>100·00</u>

In water-power we are still better off. Dr. Kane calculates the rain which falls on Ireland in a year at over 100 billion cubic yards; and of this he supposes two-thirds to pass off in evaporation, leaving one-third, equal to near a million and a half of horse-power, to reach the sea. His calculations of the water-power of the Shannon and other rivers are most interesting. The elements, of course, are the observed fall of rain by the gauge in the district, and the area of the catchment (or drainage) basins of each river and its tributaries. The chief objection to water-power is its irregularity. To remedy this he proposes to do what has increased

the water-power on the Bann five-fold, and has made the wealth of Greenock—namely, to make mill-lakes by damming up valleys, and thus controlling and equalising the supply of water, and letting none go waste. His calculations of the relative merits of undershot, overshot, breast, and turbine wheels, are most valuable, especially of the last, which is a late and successful French contrivance, acting by pressure. He proposes to use the turbine in coast mills, the tide being the motive power ; and, strange as it sounds, the experiments seem to decide in favour of this plan :

“ The Turbine was invented by M. Fourneyron. Coals being abundant, the steam-engine is invented in England ; coals being scarce, the water-pressure engine and the turbine are invented in France. It is thus the physical condition of each country directs its mechanical genius. The turbine is a horizontal wheel furnished with curved float-boards, on which the water presses from a cylinder which is suspended over the wheel, and the base of which is divided by curved partitions, that the water may be directed in issuing, so as to produce upon the curved float-boards of the wheel its greatest effect. The best curvature to be given to the fixed partitions and to the float-boards is a delicate problem, but practically it has been completely solved. The construction of the machine is simple, its parts not liable to go out of order ; and as the action of the water is by pressure, the force is under the most favourable circumstances for being utilized.

“ The effective economy of the turbine appears to equal that of the overshot wheel. But the economy in the turbine is accompanied by some conditions which render it peculiarly valuable. In a water wheel you cannot have great economy of power without very slow motion, and hence where high velocity is required at the working point, a train of mechanism is necessary, which causes a material loss of force. Now, in the turbine the greatest economy is accompanied by rapid motion, and hence the connected machinery may be rendered much less complex. In the turbine also a change in the height of the head of water alters only the power of the machine in that proportion, but the whole quantity of water is

economized to the same degree. Thus if a turbine be working with a force of ten horses, and that its supply of water be suddenly doubled, it becomes of twenty horse-power ; if the supply be reduced to one-half, it still works five horse-power ; whilst such sudden and extreme change would altogether disarrange water-wheels, which can only be constructed for the minimum, and allow the overplus to go to waste."

Our own predilection being in favour of water-power—as cheaper, healthier, and more fit for Ireland than steam—gave the following peculiar interest in our eyes :—

" I have noticed at such length the question of the cost of fuel and of steam power, not from my own opinion of its ultimate importance, but that we might at once break down that barrier to all active exertion which indolent ignorance constantly retreats behind. The cry of, ' what can we do ? consider England's coal mines,' is answered by showing that we have available fuel enough. The lament that coals are so dear with us and so cheap in England, is, I trust, set at rest by the evidence of how little influential the price of fuel is. However, there are other sources of power besides coals ; there are other motive powers than steam. Of the 83,000 horse-power employed to give motion to mills in England, 21,000, even in the coal districts, are not moved by fire, but by water. The force of gravity in falling water can spin and weave as well as the elasticity of steam ; and in this power we are not deficient. It is necessary to study its circumstances in detail, and I shall, therefore, next proceed to discuss the condition of Ireland with regard to water power."

Dr. Kane proves that we have at Arigna an *inexhaustible* supply of the richest iron ore, with coals to smelt it, lime to flux it, and infusible stand-stone and fire-clay to make furnaces of on the spot. Yet not a pig or bar is made there now. He also gives in great detail the extent, analysis, costs of working, and every other leading fact, as to the copper mines of Wicklow, Knock-

mahon, and Allihies ; the lead, gold, and sulphur mines of Wicklow ; the silver mines of Ballylichey, and details of the building materials and marbles.

He is everywhere precise in his industrial and scientific statements, and beautifully clear in his style and arrangement.

Why, then, are we a poor province ? Dr. Kane quotes Forbes, Quetelet, &c., to prove the physical strength of our people. He might have quoted every officer who commanded them to prove their courage and endurance ; nor is there much doubt expressed even by their enemies of their being quick and inventive. Their soil is productive—the rivers and harbours good—their fishing *opportunities* great—so is their means of making internal communications across their great central plains. We have immense water, and considerable fire power ; and, besides the minerals necessary for the arts of peace, we are better supplied than almost any country with the finer sorts of iron, charcoal, and sulphur, wherewith war is now carried on. Why is it, with these means of amassing and guarding wealth, that we are so poor and paltry ? Dr. Kane thinks we are so from want of industrial education. He is partly right. The remote causes were repeated foreign invasions, forfeitures, and tyrannous laws. Ignorance, disunion, self-distrust, quick credulity, and caprice, were the weaknesses engendered in us by misfortune and misgovernment ; and they were then the allies of oppression ; for, had we been willing we had long ago been rich and free. Knowledge is now within our reach, if we work steadily ; and strength of character will grow upon us, by every month of perseverance and steadiness in politics, trade, and literature.

IRISH MUSIC AND POETRY.

No enemy speaks slightingly of Irish Music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. It is without a rival.

Its antique war-tunes, such as those of O'Byrne, O'Donnell, Alestrom, and Brian Boru, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting ; and you are borne with them to battle, and they and you charge and struggle amid cries and battle-axes and stinging arrows. Did ever a wail make man's marrow quiver, and fill his nostrils with the breath of the grave like the *ululu* of the north or the *wirrastrue* of Munster ? Stately are their slow, and recklessly splendid their quick marches, their " Boyne Water," and " Sios agus sios liom," their " Michael Hoy," and " Gallant Tipperary." The Irish jigs and planxties are not only the best dancing tunes, but the finest quick marches in the world. Some of them would cure a paralytic, and make the marble-legged prince in the Arabian Nights charge like a Fag-an-Bealach boy. The hunter joins in every leap and yell of the " Fox Chase ;" the historian hears the moan of the penal days in " Drimindhu," and sees the embarkation of the Wild Geese in " Limerick Lamentation ;" and ask the lover if his breath do not come and go with " Savourneen Deelish " and " Lough Sheelin."

Varied and noble as our music is, the English speaking people in Ireland have been gradually losing their knowledge of it, and a number of foreign tunes—paltry scented things from Italy, lively trifles from Scotland, and German opera

cries—are heard in our concerts, and, what is worse, from our Temperance bands. Yet we never doubted that “The Sight Entrancing,” or “The Memory of the Dead,” would satisfy even the most spoiled of our fashionables better than anything Balfe or Rossini ever wrote; and, as it is, “Tow-row-row” is better than *poteen* to the teetotallers, wearied with overtures and insulted by “British Grenadiers” and “Rule Britannia.”

A reprint of Moore’s *Melodies* on lower keys, and at *much* lower prices, would probably restore the sentimental music of Ireland to its natural supremacy. There are in Bunting but two good sets of words—“The Bonny Cuckoo,” and poor Campbell’s “Exile of Erin.” These and a few of Lover’s and Mahony’s songs can alone compete with Moore. But, save one or two by Lysaght and Drennan, almost all the Irish political songs are too desponding or weak to content a people marching to independence as proudly as if they had never been slaves.

The popularity and immense circulation of the *Spirit of the Nation* proved that it represented the hopes and passions of the Irish people. This looks like vanity; but as a corporation so numerous as the contributors to that volume cannot blush, we shall say our say. For instance, who did not admire “The Memory of the Dead?” The very Stamp officers were galvanised by it, and the Attorney-General was repeatedly urged to sing it for the jury. He refused—he had no music to sing it to. We pitied and forgave him; but we vowed to leave him no such excuse next time. If these songs were half so good as people called them, they deserved to flow from a million throats to as noble music as ever O’Neill or O’Connor heard.

Some of them were written to, and some freely combined with, old and suitable airs. These we resolved to have printed with the music, certain that, thus, the music would be given back to a people who had been ungratefully neglecting it, and the words carried into circles where they were still unknown.

Others of these poems, indeed the best of them, had no ante-types in our ancient music. New music was, therefore, to be sought for them. Not on their account only was it to be sought. We hoped they would be the means of calling out and making known a contemporary music fresh with the spirit of the time, and rooted in the country.

Since Carolan's death there had been no addition to the store. Not that we were without composers, but those we have do not compose Irish-like music, nor for Ireland. Their rewards are from a foreign public—their fame, we fear, will suffer from alienage. Balfe is very sweet, and Rooke very emphatic, but not one passion or association in Ireland's heart would answer to their songs.

Fortunately there was one among us (perchance his example may light us to others) who can smite upon our harp like a master, and make it sigh with Irish memories, and speak sternly with Ireland's resolve. To him, to his patriotism, to his genius, and, we may selfishly add, to his friendship, we owe our ability now to give to Ireland music fit for "The Memory of the Dead" and "The Hymn of Freedom," and whatever else was marked out by popularity for such care as his.

In former editions of the *Spirit* we had thrown in carelessly several inferior verses and some positive trash, and neither paper nor printing was any great honour to the Dublin press. Every

improvement in the power of the most enterprising publisher in Ireland has been made, and every fault, within our reach or his, cured—and whether as the first publication of original airs, as a selection of ancient music, or as a specimen of what the Dublin press can do, in printing, paper, or cheapness, we urge the public to support this work . . . —and, in a pecuniary way it is his altogether.

We had hoped to have added a recommendation to the first number of this work, besides whatever attraction may lie in its music, its ballads, or its mechanical beauty.

An artist,* whom we shall not describe or he would be known, sketched a cover and title for it. The idea, composition, and drawing of that design, were such as Flaxman might have been proud of. It is a monument to bardic power, to patriotism, to our music and our history. There is at least as much poetry in it as in the best verses in the work it illustrates. If it do nothing else, it will show our Irish artists that refinement and strength, passion and dignity, are as practicable in Irish as in German painting; and the lesson was needed sorely. But if it lead him who drew it to see that our history and hopes present fit forms to embody the highest feelings of beauty, wisdom, truth, and glory in, irrespective of party politics, then, indeed, we shall have served our country when we induced our gifted friend to condescend to sketching a title-page. We need not describe that design now, as it will appear on the cover of the second number, and on the title-page of the finished volume.

* Frederic (afterwards Sir Frederic) W. Burton, R.H.A., born in Co. Limerick in 1816, became Director of the National Gallery, London, and died in 1900.—ED.

IRISH ART.*

WE have lying before us a proof of the design for the title-page and cover of the *Spirit of the Nation*. It is not the work or thought of anyone connected with the *Nation*; it was the gift of friendship from one differing in many things from us, and we may speak freely of it.

Look at it, reader, as we run over the design. Like everything good, its beauty will grow on you, you will have looked often ere you have seen it all, and you will return to it with fresh pleasure. In the centre of it, the name is inscribed on a pillar stone. Over it an Irish eagle is soaring from a serpent, vast, wounded and hissing—the bird is safe—need we translate the allegory?

But we come to the main design—it is simple in its means, great in its design, and perfect in its execution. On one side of the picture is a young bard, harp-bearing. The hills of Ireland are behind him, he has come down full of strength, and wisdom, and faith. He played with the fair hair of the cataract till his ears grew filled with its warnings—he has toiled up the mountain till his sinews stiffened and his breath deserted him, for he was full of passion and resolve—he has grown strange among the tombs, and perchance has softened, too, in the hazel glen; but now he has another, or rather his one great mission, the dream of his childhood before him, and he

* This seems the best place to put the article on Burton's design for "The Spirit of the Nation."—ED.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR
"THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION"
(By F. W. Burton.)



moves along through the land. There are laurels on his brow, he has no sense of their touch—he has awakened the slumbers of ages, and he treads on a broken chain, yet he has no eye nor hand for these tokens of fame, he is full of his great thought, abstracted from all else, even from his own echoes. An old bard, vast, patriarchal, rigid with years for he might have harped at the landing of Owen Roe) sat tranced and clutching his harp of broken chords. The singing of the minstrel of the Nation has broken the old harper's spell, and his hand is rising, and there is life coming into his huge rocky face. Two young brothers in arms (friends and patriots) are looking wildly at the passing bard, and as his song swells louder, there is fierce daring in their eyes and limbs. They are in old Irish costume, barred,* cloak and trows; one wears the gold torque of an Irish knight, the other grasps a yet sheathed sword—it will be drawn.

Disconnected from this immediate group (and sunk in the corners of the structure, beneath whose antique arch the minstrel has past) are figures of the four provinces. Leinster sits gazing in historic grief at the shield bearing England's leopards. Under that shield is a skull, the emblem of Dermod's fatal treason. But Leinster, that holds Dublin and Tara, and Clontarf, and Wexford (the last adventurers for liberty) may forgive her friend for telling the treason of her king, and the more so, as a fairer being never made sorrow sweet. To Munster—exuberant Munster—a child is leading lambs, and he totters under this rich sheaf. Ulster is seated

* *Bairveadh.*

among the basalt rocks of the Causeway. She has hope and anxiety in her face and action ; and she proudly shows the red hand of O'Neill on her shield. And Connaught sits on the shore, the wave comes as a wild subject to her fair feet, and dreaming she looks where the sun sinks behind the western waters. Nothing can surpass the grace of form, the simple force of thought, the noble disposition of limb and drapery, and the masterly lightness of touch in all these figures.

We feel hearty pleasure in speaking of this most beautiful design, the most original and thoughtful that we have yet seen in this country. Retzsch never surpassed it, and the only alloy to our pleasure is a little envy, lest everyone should say, as we did when we first saw the design, that there was more poetry in it than in any poem in this volume. We again repeat our hope that this is but the beginning of a series of national designs to which every Irish artist of ability may contribute. We cannot yet arrange the frescoes of our Parliament House ; but the panels of the Conciliation Hall* are yet to be filled, and the prizes of the Association† for historical pictures to be given.

* Alas ! the Conciliation Hall has been for some years transformed into a Music-hall.—ED.

† The Repeal Association.—ED.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES AND IRISH SAVAGES

THERE is on the north (the left) bank of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, a pile compared to which, in age, the Oldbridge obelisk is a thing of yesterday, and compared to which, in lasting interest, the Cathedrals of Dublin would be trivial. It is the temple of Grange. History is too young to have noted its origin—Archæology knows not its time. It is a legacy from a forgotten ancestor, to prove that he, too, had art and religion. It may have marked the tomb of a hero who freed, or on invader who subdued—a Brian or a Strongbow. But whether or not a hero's or a saint's bones consecrated it at first, this is plain, it is a temple of nigh two thousand years, perfect as when the last Pagan sacrificed within it.

It is a thing to be proud of, as a proof of Ireland's antiquity, to be guarded as an illustration of her early creed and arts. It is one of a thousand muniments of our old nationality, which a national government would keep safe.

What, then, will be the reader's surprise and anger to hear that some people, having legal power to corrupt influence in Meath, are getting or have got *a presentment for a road to run right through the Temple of Grange!**

We do not know their names, nor, if the design be at once given up, as in deference to public opinion it must finally be, shall we take the trouble to find them out. But if they persist in

* The sepulchral tumulus of New Grange.—ED.

this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then we frankly say that if the law will not reach them public opinion shall, and they shall bitterly repent the desecration. These men who design, and those who consent to the act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but beyond a doubt they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who as Wordsworth says—

“ Would peep and botanize
Upon their mothers' graves.”

We have heard of Drogheda antiquarians—we have heard of a harp society, which, without the help of patronage, had begun the glorious work of restoring our most ancient and finest instrument—and we know that in that neighbourhood are men of education, ability and taste, men who respect grey antiquity, and would secure its heirlooms to their children. We ask them are they strong enough to stop this iconoclast road, or if not, let them say so, and they'll get help. Other injuries we can redress ; but if this happen there will be no cure. So, whatever is to be done should be now.

All over Europe the governments, the aristocracies, and the people, have been combining to discover, gain, and guard every monument of what their dead countrymen had done or been. France has a permanent commission charged to watch over her antiquities. She annually spends more in publishing books, maps, and models, in filling her museums and shielding her monuments from the iron clutch of time, than all the roads in Leinster cost. It is only on time she needs to keep watch. A French peasant would blush to

meet his neighbour had he levelled a Gaulish tomb, crammed the fair moulding of an abbey into his wall, or sold to a crucible the coins which tell that a Julius, a Charlemagne, or a Philip Augustus swayed his native land. And so it is everywhere. Republican Switzerland, despotic Austria, Prussia, and Norway, Bavaria and Greece, are all equally precious of everything that exhibits the architecture, sculpture, rites, dress, or manners of their ancestors—nay, each little commune would guard with arms these local proofs that they were not men of yesterday. And why should not Ireland be as precious of its ruins, its manuscripts, its antique vases, coins, and ornaments, as these French and German men—nay as the English, for they, too, do not grudge princely grants to their museums, and restoration funds.

This island has been for centuries either in part or altogether a province. Now and then above the mist we see the whirl of Sarsfield's sword, the red battle-hand of O'Neill, and the points of O'Connor's spears ; but 'tis a view through eight hundred years to recognise the Sunburst on a field of liberating victory. Reckoning back from Clontarf, our history grows ennobled (like that of a decayed house), and we see Lismore and Armagh centres of European learning ; we see our missionaries seizing and taming the conquerors of Europe, and, farther still, rises the wizard pomp of Eman, and Tara—the palace of the Irish Pentarchy. And are we, the people to whom the English (whose fathers were painted savages, when Tyre and Sidon traded with this land) can address reproaches for our rudeness and irreverence ? So it seems. The *Athenæum* says :—

“ It is much to be regretted that the society lately

established in England, having for its object the preservation of British antiquities, did not extend its design over those of the sister island, which are daily becoming fewer and fewer in number. That the gold ornaments which are so frequently found in various parts of Ireland should be melted down for the sake of the very pure gold of which they are composed, is scarcely surprising; but that carved stones and even immense druidical remains should be destroyed is, indeed, greatly to be lamented. At one of the late meetings of the Royal Irish Academy a communication was made of the intention of the proprietor of the estate at New Grange, to destroy that most gigantic relic of druidical times, which has justly been termed the Irish pyramid, merely because its vast size 'cumbereth the ground.' At Mellifont a modern corn-mill of large size has been built out of the stones of the beautiful monastic buildings, some of which still adorn that charming spot. At Monasterboice, the churchyard of which contains one of the finest of the round towers, are the ruins of two of the little ancient stone Irish churches and three most elaborately carved stone crosses, eighteen or twenty feet high. The churchyard itself is overrun with weeds, the sanctity of the place being its only safeguard. At Clonmacnoise, where, some forty years ago, several hundred inscriptions in the ancient Irish character were to be seen upon the gravestones, scarcely a dozen (and they the least interesting) are now to be found—the large flat stones on which they were carved forming excellent slabs for doorways, the copings of walls, &c. ! It was the discovery of some of these carved stones in such a situation which had the effect of directing the attention of Mr. Petrie (then an artist in search of the picturesque, but now one of the most enlightened and conscientious of the Irish antiquaries) to the study of antiquities; and it is upon the careful series of drawings made by him that future antiquarians must rely for very much of ancient architectural detail now destroyed. As to Glendalough, it is so much a holiday place for the Dubliners that it is no wonder everything portable has disappeared. Two or three of the seven churches are levelled to the ground—all the characteristic carvings described by Ledwich, and which were '*quite unique in Ireland,*' are gone. Some were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of Derrybawn-bridge. Part of the churchyard has been cleared of its gravestones, and forms a famous place, where the villagers play at ball

against the old walls of the church. The little church, called 'St. Kevin's Kitchen,' is given up to the sheep, and the font lies in one corner, and is used for the vilest purposes. The abbey church is choked up with trees and brambles, and being a little out of the way a very few of the carved stones still remain there, two of the most interesting of which I found used as coping-stones to the wall which surrounds it. The connexion between the ancient churches of Ireland and the north of England renders the preservation of the Irish antiquities especially interesting to the English antiquarian; and it is with the hope of drawing attention to the destruction of those ancient Irish monuments that I have written these few lines. The Irish themselves are, unfortunately, so engrossed with political and religious controversies, that it can scarcely be hoped that singlehanded they will be roused to the rescue even of these evidences of their former national greatness. Besides, a great obstacle exists against any interference with the religious antiquities of the country, from the strong feelings entertained by the people on the subject, although *practically*, as we have seen, of so little weight. Let us hope that the public attention directed to these objects will have a beneficial result and insure a greater share of 'justice to Ireland;' for will it be believed that the only establishment in Ireland for the propagation and diffusion of scientific and antiquarian knowledge—the Royal Irish Academy—receives annually the munificent sum of £300 from the government! And yet notwithstanding this pittance, the members of that society have made a step in the right direction by the purchase of the late Dean of St. Patrick's Irish Archæological Collection, of which a fine series of drawings is now being made at the expense of the academy, and of which they would, doubtless, allow copies to be made, so as to obtain a return of a portion of the expense to which they are now subjected. Small, moreover, as the collection is, it forms a striking contrast with our own *National Museum*, which, rich in foreign antiquities, is almost without a single object of native archæological interest, if we except the series of English and Anglo-Saxon coins and MSS."

The Catholic clergy were long and naturally the guardians of our antiquities, and many of their archæological works testify their prodigious learn-

ing. Of late, too, the honourable and wise reverence brought back to England has reached the Irish Protestant clergy, and they no longer make antiquity a reproach, or make the maxims of the iconclast part of their creed.

It is extravagant to speculate on the possibility of the Episcopalian, Catholic, and Presbyterian clergy joining in an Antiquarian Society to preserve our ecclesiastical remains—our churches, our abbeys, our crosses, and our fathers' tombs, from fellows like the Meath road-makers.* It would be a politic and a noble emulation of the sects, restoring the temples wherein their sires worshipped for their children to pray in. There's hardly a barony wherein we could not find an old parish or abbey church, capable of being restored to its former beauty and convenience at a less expense than some beastly barn is run up, as if to prove and confirm the fact that we have little art, learning, or imagination.

Nor do we see why some of these hundreds of half-spoiled buildings might not be used for civil purposes—as alms-houses, schools, lecture-rooms, town-halls. It would always add another grace to an institution to have its home venerable with age and restored to beauty. We have seen men of all creeds join the Archæological Society to preserve and revive our ancient literature. Why may we not see, even without waiting for the aid of an Irish Parliament, an Antiquarian Society, equally embracing the chief civilians and divines, and charging itself with the duties performed in France by the Commission of Antiquities and Monuments.

* Davis' speculation is an accomplished fact, the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland fulfilling his hopes.—ED.

IRELAND'S PEOPLE

WHEN we are considering a country's resources and its fitness for a peculiar destiny, its people are not to be overlooked. How much they think, how much they work, what are their passions, as well as their habits, what are their hopes and what their history, suggest inquiries as well worth envious investigation as even the inside of a refugee's letter.

And there is much in Ireland of that character—much that makes her superior to slavery, and much that renders her inferior to freedom.

Her inhabitants are composed of Irish nobles, Irish gentry, and the Irish people. Each has an interest in the independence of their country, each a share in her disgrace. Upon each, too, there devolves a separate duty in this crisis of her fate. They all have responsibilities; but the infamy of failing in them is not alike in all.

The nobles are the highest class. They have most to guard. In every other country they are the champions of patriotism. They feel there is no honour for them separate from their fatherland. Its freedom, its dignity, its integrity, are as their own. They strive for it, legislate for it, guard it, fight for it. Their names, their titles, their very pride are of it.

In Ireland they are its disgrace. They were first to sell and would be last to redeem it. Treachery to it is daubed on many an escutcheon in its heraldry. It is the only nation where slaves

have been ennobled for contributing to its degradation.

It is a foul thing this—dignity emanating from the throne to gild the filthy mass of national treason that forms the man's part of many an Irish lord.

We do not include in this the whole Irish peerage. God forbid. There are several of them not thus ignoble. Many of them worked, struggled, sacrificed for Ireland. Many of them were true to her in the darkest times.

They were her Chiefs, her ornaments, her sentinels, her safeguards. Alas! that they, too, should have shrunk from their position, and left their duties to humbler, but bolder and better men.

Look at their station in the State. Is it not one of unequivocal shame? They enjoy the half mendicant privilege of voting for a representative of their order, in the House of Lords, some twice or thrice in their lives. One Irish peer represents about a dozen others of his class, and thus, in his multiplex capacity, he is admitted into fellowship with the English nobility. The borrowed plumes, the delegated authority of so many of his equals, raise him to a half-admitted equality with an English nobleman. And, although thus deprived of their inheritance of dignity, they are not allowed even the privilege of a commoner. An Irish lord cannot sit in the House of Commons for an Irish county or city, nor can he vote for an Irish member.

But an Irish lord can represent an English constituency. The distinction is a strange one—unintelligible to us in any sense but one of national humiliation. We understand it thus:—An Irish lord is too mean in his own person, and by virtue of his Irish title, to rank with the

British peerage. He can only qualify for that honour by uniting in his the suffrages and titles of ten or twelve others. But—flattering distinction!—he is above the rank of an Irish commoner, nor is he permitted to sully his name with the privileges of that order. And, unspeakable dignity! he may take his stand with a British mob.

There is no position to match this in shame. There is no guilt so despicable as dozing in it without a blush or an effort, or even a dream for independence. When all else are alive to indignity, and working in the way of honour and liberty, they alone, whom it would best become to be earliest and most earnest in the strife, sink back replete with dishonour.

Of those, or their descendants, who, at the time of the Union, sold their country and the high places they filled in her councils and in her glory, for the promise of a foreign title, which has not been redeemed, the shame and the mortification has been, perhaps, too great to admit of any hope in regard to them. Their trust was sacred—their honour unsuspected. The stake they guarded above life they betrayed then for a false bauble; and it is no wonder if they think their infamy irredeemable and eternal.

We know not but it is. There are many, however, not in that category. They struggled at fearful odds, and every risk, against the fate of their country. They strove when hope had left them. Wherefore do they stand apart now, when she is again erect, and righteous, and daring? Have they despaired for her greatness, because of the infidelity of those to whom she had too blindly trusted?

The time is gone when she could be betrayed.

This one result is already guaranteed by recent teaching. We may not be yet thoroughly instructed in the wisdom and the virtue necessary for the independent maintenance of self-government; but we have mastered thus much of national knowledge that we cannot be betrayed. There is no assurance ever nation gave which we have not given; or may not give, that our present struggle shall end in triumph or in national death.

The writers of *The Nation* have never concealed the defects or flattered the good qualities of their countrymen. They have told them in good faith that they wanted many an attribute of a free people, and that the true way to command happiness and liberty was by learning the arts and practising the culture that fitted men for their enjoyment. Nor was it until we saw them thus learning and thus practising, that our faith became perfect, and that we felt entitled to say to all men, here is a strife in which it will be stainless glory to be even defeated. It is one in which the Irish nobility have the first interest and the first stake in their individual capacities.

As they would be the most honoured and benefited by national success, they are the guiltiest in opposing, or being indifferent to national patriotism.

Of the Irish gentry there is not much to be said. They are divisible into two classes—the one consists of the old Norman race commingled with the Catholic gentlemen, who either have been able to maintain their patrimonies, or who have risen into affluence by their own industry; the other the descendants of Cromwell's or William's successful soldiery.

This last is the most anti-Irish of all. They feel no personal debasement in the dishonour of the country. Old prejudices, a barbarous law, a sense of insecurity in the possessions they know were obtained by plunder, combine to sink them into the mischievous and unholy belief that it is their interest as well as their duty to degrade, and wrong, and beggar the Irish people.

There are among them men fired by enthusiasm, men fed by fanaticism, men influenced by sordidness; but, as a whole, they are earnest thinkers and stern actors. There is a virtue in their unscrupulousness. They speak, and act, and dare as men. There is a principle in their unprincipledness. Their belief is a harsh and turbulent one, but they profess it in a manly fashion.

We like them better than the other section of the same class. These last are but sneaking echoes of the other's views. They are coward patriots and criminal dandies. But, they ought to be different from what they are. We wish them so. We want their aid now—for the country, for themselves, for all. Would that they understood the truth, that they thought justly, and acted uprightly. They are wanted, one and all. Why conceal it—they are obstacles in our way, shadows on our path.

These are called the representatives of the property of the country. They are against the national cause, and, therefore, it is said that all the wealth of Ireland is opposed to the Repeal of the Union.

It is an ignorant and false boast.

The people of the country are its wealth. They till its soil, raise its produce, ply its trade. They serve, sustain, support, save it. They supply its

armies—they are its farmers, its merchants, its tradesmen, its artists, all that enrich and adorn it.

And after all, each of them has a patrimony to spend, the honourable earning of his sweat, or his intellect, or his industry, or his genius. Taking them on an average, they must, to live, spend at least £5 each by the year. Multiply it by seven millions, and see what it comes to.

Thirty-five millions annually—compare with that the rental of Ireland; compare with it the wealth of the aristocracy spent in Ireland, and **are they** not as nothing?

But a more important comparison may be made of the strength, the fortitude, the patience, the bravery of those the enrichers of the country, with the meanness in mind and courage of those who are opposed to them.

It is the last we shall suggest. It is sufficient for our purpose. To those who do not think it of the highest value, we have nothing to say.

THE VALUATION OF IRELAND.

I.

THE Committee of 1824 was but meagrely supplied with evidence as to foreign surveys. They begin that subject with a notice of the Survey of England, made by order of William the Conqueror, and called the Domesday Book. That book took six years to execute, and is most admirably analysed by Thierry. . . .

The following is their summary account of some modern surveys :—

“ In France, the great territorial survey or *cadastre*, has been in progress for many years. It was first suggested in 1763, and after an interval of thirty years, during which no progress was made, it was renewed by the government of that day, and individuals of the highest scientific reputation, MM. Lagrange, Laplace, and Delambre, were consulted, with respect to the best mode of carrying into effect the intention of government. Subsequent events suspended any effectual operations in the French *cadastre* till the year 1802, when a school of topographical engineering was organised. The operations now in progress were fully commenced in 1808. The principle adopted is the formation of a central commission acting in conjunction with the local authorities; the classification of lands, according to an ascertained value, is made by three resident proprietors of land in each district, selected by the municipal council, and by the chief officer of revenue. ‘ In the course of thirteen years, one-third only of each department had been surveyed, having cost the state £120,000 per annum. At the rate at which it is carried on, it may be computed as likely to require for its completion a total sum of £4,080,000, or an acreable charge of 8¾d.’ The delay of the work, as well as the increase of expense, seem to have been the result of the minuteness

of the survey, which extends to every district field ; a minuteness which, for many reasons, your committee consider both unnecessary and inexpedient to be sought for in the proposed Survey-of Ireland.

“ The survey of Bavaria is of modern date, but of equal minuteness. It is commenced by a primary triangulation, and principle and verification bases ; it is carried on to a second triangulation, with very accurate instruments, so as to determine all the principal points ; the filling up the interior is completed by a peculiar species of plane table ; and in order to do away with the inaccuracies of the common chain ‘the triangulation is carried down on paper to the most minute corners of fields.’ *The map is laid down on a scale of 12 inches to the mile, or one-fifth thousandth part of the real size ; and as it contains all that is required in the most precise survey of property, it is used in the purchase and sale of real estates.*

“ The cadastre of Savoy and Piedmont began in 1729, and is stated to have at once afforded the government the means of apportioning justly all the territorial contributions, and to have put an end to litigations between individuals, by ascertaining, satisfactorily, the bounds of properties.

“ The Neapolitan survey under Visconti, and that of the United States under Heslar, are both stated to be in progress ; but your committee have not had the means of ascertaining on what principles they are conducted.”

The committee adopted a scale for the maps of six inches to a statute mile, believing, apparently with justice, that a six-inch scale map, if perfectly well executed, would be minute enough for buyers and sellers of land, especially as the larger holdings are generally townlands, the bounds of which they meant to include. And, wherever a greater scale was needed, the pentagraph afforded a sufficiently accurate plan of forming maps to it. They, in another point, *proposed* to differ from the Bavarian Survey, in omitting field boundaries, as requiring too much time and expense ; but they stated that barony, parish, and townland boundaries, were essential to the utility of the maps.

THE VALUATION OF IRELAND 181

They also seemed to think that for private purposes their utility would much depend on their being accompanied, as the Bavarian maps were, by a memoir of the number of families, houses, size, and description of farms, and a valuation. And for this purpose they printed all the forms. The valuation still goes on of the townlands, and classes of soil in each. The Statistical Memoir has, unfortunately, been stopped, and no survey or valuation of farms, or holdings as such, has been attempted. We would *now* only recall attention to the design of the Committee of 1824 on the subject.

They proposed to leave the whole Survey to the Board of Ordnance, and the Valuation to Civil Engineers.

The Valuation has been regulated by a series of Acts of Parliament, and we shall speak of it presently.

The survey commenced in 1826, and has gone on under the superintendence of Colonel Colby,* and the local control of Captain Larcom.†

The following has been its progress:—First, a base line of about five miles was measured on the flat shore of Lough Foyle, and from thence triangular measurements were made by the theodolite and over the whole country, and all the chief points of mountain, coast, &c., ascertained. How accurately this was done has been proved by an astronomical measurement of the distance from Dublin to Armagh (about seventy miles), which

* Afterwards Major-General Thomas Colby, an Englishman, born 1784, died 1852, Director of the Ordnance Survey.—ED.

† Sir Thomas A. Larcom, Under Secretary for Ireland, an Englishman, born 1801, died 1879.—ED.

only differed four feet from the distance calculated by the Ordnance triangles.

Having completed these large triangles, a detailed survey of the baronies, parishes, and townlands of each county followed. The field books were sent to the central station at Mountjoy, and sketched, engraved on copper, and printed there. The first county published was Derry, in 1833, and now the townland survey is finished, and all the counties have been engraved and issued except Limerick, Kerry, and Cork.

The Survey has also engraved a map of Dublin City on the enormous scale of five feet to a statute mile. This map represents the shape and space occupied by every house, garden, yard, and pump in Dublin. It contains antiquarian lettering. Every house, too, is numbered on the map. One of its sheets, representing the space from Trinity College to the Castle, is on sale, as we trust the rest of it will be.

Two other sets of maps remain to be executed. First—Maps of the towns of Ireland, on a scale of five feet to a mile. Whatever may be said in reply to Sir Denham Norreys' demand for a survey of holdings in rural districts does not apply to the case of towns, and we therefore trust that the buildings will be marked and separately valued in towns.

The other work is a general *shaded* map of Ireland, on a scale of one inch to the statute mile. At present, as we elsewhere remarked, the only tolerable shaded map of Ireland is that of the Railway Commission, which is on a scale of one inch to four statute miles. Captain Larcom proposes, and the Commission on the Ordnance Memoir recommend, that contour lines should

be the skeleton of the shading. If this plan be adopted the publication cannot be for some years ; but the shading will have the accuracy of machine work instead of mere hand skill. Contours are lines representing series of levels through a country, and are inestimable for draining, road making, and military movements. But though easily explained to the eye, we doubt our ability to teach their meaning by words only.

To return to the townland or six-inch survey. The names were corrected by Messrs. Petrie, O'Donovan, and Curry, from every source accessible in *Ireland*. Its maps contain the county, barony, parish, townland, and glebe boundaries, names and acreage ; names and representations of all cities, towns, demesnes, farms, ruins, collieries, forges, limekilns, tanneries, bleach-greens, wells, &c., &c. ; also of all roads, rivers, canals, bridges, locks, weirs, bogs, ruins, churches, chapels ; they have also the number of feet of every little swell of land, and a mark for every cabin.

Of course these maps run to an immense number. Thus for the county of Galway there are 137 double folio sheets, and for the small county of Dublin 28. Where less than half the sheet is covered with engraving (as occurs towards the edges of a county) the sheet is sold uncoloured for 2s. 6d. ; where more than half is covered the price is 5s.

In order to enable you to find any sheet so as to know the bearings of its ground on any other, there is printed for each county an index map, representing the whole county on one sheet. This sheet is on a small scale (from one to three miles to an inch), but contains in smaller type

the baronies and parishes, roads, rivers, demesnes, and most of the information of general interest. This index map is divided by lines into as many oblong spaces as there are maps of the six-inch scale ; and the spaces are numbered to correspond with the six-inch map. On the sides of the index maps are tables of the acreage of the baronies and parishes ; and examples of the sort of marks and type used for each class of subjects in the *six-inch* maps. Uncoloured, the index map, representing a whole county, is sold for 2s. 6d.

Whenever those maps are re-engraved, the Irish words will, we trust, be spelled in an Irish and civilised orthography, and not barbarously, as at present. . . .

It was proposed to print for each county one or more volumes, containing the history of the district and its antiquities, the numbers, and past and present state and occupations of the people, the state of its agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, and what means of extending there existed in the county, and its natural history, including geology, zoology, &c. All this was done for the town of Derry, much to the service and satisfaction of its people. All this ought to be *as fully* done for Armagh, Dublin, Cork, and every other part of Ireland.

The commissioners recommend that the geology of Ireland (and we would add natural history generally) should be investigated and published, not by the topographical surveyors nor in counties, but by a special board, and for the whole of Ireland ; and they are right, for our plants, rocks, and animals are not within civil or even obvious topographical boundaries, and we have plenty of Irishmen qualified to execute it. They also

advise that the statistics should be entrusted to a statistical staff, to be permanently kept up in Ireland. This staff would take the census every ten years, and would in the intervals between the beginning and ending of each census have plenty of statistical business to do for parliament (Irish or Imperial) and for public departments. If we are ever to have a registry of births, deaths (with the circumstances of each case), and marriages, some such staff will be essential to inspect the registry, and work up information from it. But the history, antiquities, and industrial resources, the commissioners recommend to have published in county volumes. They are too solicitous about keeping such volumes to small dimensions; but the rest of their plans are admirable.

The value of this to Ireland, whether she be a nation or a province, cannot be overrated. From the farmer and mechanic to the philosopher, general, and statesman, the benefit will extend, and yet so careless or so hostile are ministers that they have not conceded it, and so feeble by dulness or disunion are Irishmen and Irish members, that they cannot extort even this.

We now come to the last branch of the subject—

THE VALUATION.

The Committee of 1824 recommended only principles of Valuation. They were three, viz. :—

“ § 1. A fixed and uniform principle of valuation applicable throughout the whole work, and enabling the valuation not only of townlands but that of counties to be compared by one common measure.’ § 2. A central authority, under the appointment of government, for direction and superintendence, and for the generalisation of the returns made in detail. § 3. Local assistance,

regularly organised, furnishing information on the spot, and forming a check for the protection of private rights."

Accordingly on the 5th of July, 1825, an Act was passed requiring, in the first instance, the entry in all the grand jury records of the names and contents of all parishes, manors, townlands, and other divisions, and the proportionate assessments. It then went on to authorise the Lord Lieutenant to appoint surveyors to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. These surveyors were empowered to require the attendance of cess collectors and other inhabitants, and with their help to examine, and ascertain, and mark the "reputed boundaries of all and every or any barony, half barony, townland, parish, or other division or denomination of land," howsoever called. The act also inflicted penalties on persons removing or injuring any post, stone, or other mark made by the surveyors, but we believe there has been no occasion to enforce these clauses, the good sense and good feeling of the people being ample securities against such wanton crime. Such survey was not to affect the rights of owners, yet from it lay an appeal to the Quarter Sessions.

This, as we see, relates to *civil boundaries*, not *valuations*.

In May, 1826, another Act was passed directing the Ordnance officers to send copies of their maps, as fast as finished, to the Lord Lieutenant, who was to appoint "one Commissioner of Valuation for *any* counties" and to give notice of such appointment to the grand jury of every such county. Each grand jury was then to appoint an Appeal Committee for each barony, and a Committee of Revision for the whole county. This Commission of Valuation was then to appoint

from three to nine fit valuers in the county, who, after trial by the Commissioner, were to go in parties of three and examine all parts of their district, and value such portion of it, and set down such valuation in a parish field book, according to the following average prices :

“ SCALE OF PRICES.

“ Wheat, at the general average price of 10s. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Oats, at the general average price of 6s. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Barley, at the general average price of 7s. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Potatoes, at the general average price of 1s. 7d. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Butter, at the general average price of 69s. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Beef, at the general average price of 33s. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Mutton, at the general average price of 34s. 6d. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ Pork, at the general average price of 25s. 6d. per cwt. of 112lbs.

“ That is, having examined each tract—say a hill, a valley, an inch, a reclaimed bit, and by digging and looking at the soil, they were to consider what crop it could best produce, considering its soil, elevation, nearness to markets, and then estimating crops at the foregoing rate, they were to say how much per acre the tract was, in their opinion, worth.

“ From this Parish Field Book the Commissioner was to make out a table of the parishes and townlands, &c., in each barony, specifying the average and total value of houses in such subdivisions, and to forward it to the high constable, who was to post copies thereof. A vestry of twenty pound freeholders and twenty shilling cess-payers was to be called in each parish to consider the table. If they did not appeal, the table was to stand confirmed ; if they did appeal, the grand jury committee of appeal, with the valuation commissioner as chairman, were to decide upon the appeal ; but if the assessor were dissatisfied the appeal was to go to the committee of

revision. The same committee were then to revise the *proportionate* liabilities of *baronies*, subject to an appeal to the Queen's Bench. The valuation so settled was to be published in the *Dublin Gazette*, and thenceforward all *grand jury* and *parish* rates and cesses were to be levied in the *proportions* thereby fixed. But no land theretofore exempt from any rate was thereby made liable. The expenses were to be advanced from the consolidated fund, and repaid by presentment from the county."

II.

It made the *proportionate* values of parishes and townlands, pending the baronial survey and the baronial valuation, to bind after revision and publication in some newspaper circulating in the county; but *within three years* there was to be a second revision, after which they were to be published in the *Dublin Gazette*, &c., and be final as to the *proportions* of all parish or grand jury rates to be paid by all baronies, parishes, and townlands. It also directed the annexation of detached bits to the counties respectively surrounding them, and it likewise provided for the *use* of the valuation maps and field books in applotting the grand jury cess charged on the holders of lands, but such valuation to be merely a guide and not final. From the varying size and value of holdings this caution was essential.

Under this last Act the valuation has been continued, as every reader of the country papers must have seen by Mr. Griffith's Notices, and is now complete in twenty counties, forward in six, begun in two, and not yet begun in Cork, Kerry, Limerick, or Dublin.

Mr. Griffith's instructions are clear and full, and we strongly recommend the study of them,

and an adherence to their forms and classifications, to valuers of all private and public properties, so far as they go. He appointed two classes of valuers—Ordinary Valuers to make the first valuation all over each county, and Check Valuers to re-value patches in every district, to test the accuracy of the ordinary valuers.

The ordinary valuer was to have two copies of the Townland (or 6-inch) Survey. Taking a sheet with him into the district represented on it, he was to examine the quality of the soil in lots of from fifty to thirty acres, or still smaller bits, to mark the bounds of each lot on the survey map, and to enter in his field book the value thereof, with all the special circumstances specially stated. The examination was to include digging to ascertain the depth of the soil and the nature of the subsoil. All land was to be valued at its agricultural worth, supposing it liberally set, leaving out the value of timber, turf, &c. Reductions were to be made for elevation above the sea, steepness, exposure to bad winds, patchiness of soil, bad fences, and bad roads. Additions were to be made for neighbourhood of limestone, turf, sea or other manure, roads, good climate and shelter, nearness to towns.

The following classification of soils was recommended :—

“ ARRANGEMENT OF SOILS.

“ All soils may be arranged under four heads, each representing the characteristic ingredients, as 1. Argillaceous, or clayey ; 2. Silicious, or sandy ; 3. Calcareous, or limy ; 4. Peaty.

“ For practical purposes it will be desirable to subdivide each of these classes :—

“ Thus argillaceous soils may be divided into three varieties, viz. :—Clay, clay loam, and argillaceous alluvial.

“ Of silicious soils there are four varieties, viz. :—Sandy, gravelly, slaty, and rocky.

“ Of calcareous soils we have three varieties, viz. :— Limestone, limestone gravel, and marl.

“ Of peat soils two varieties, viz. :—Moor, and peat, or bog.

“ In describing in the field book the different qualities of soils, the following explanatory words may be used as occasion may require :—

“ *Stiff*—Where a soil contains a large proportion, say one-half, or even more, of tenacious clay, it is called stiff. In dry weather this kind of soil cracks and opens, and has a tendency to form into large and hard lumps, particularly if ploughed in wet weather.

“ *Friable*—Where the soil is loose and open, as is generally the case in sandy, gravelly, and moory lands.

“ *Strong*—Where a soil contains a considerable portion of clay, and has some tendency to form into clods or lumps, it may be called strong.

“ *Deep*—Where the soil exceeds ten inches in depth, the term deep may be applied.

“ *Shallow*—Where the depth of the soil is less than eight inches.

“ *Dry*—Where the soil is friable, and the subsoil porous (if there be no springs), the term dry should be used.

“ *Wet*—Where the soil, or subsoil, is very tenacious, or where springs are numerous.

“ *Sharp*—Where there is a moderate proportion of gravel, or small stones.

“ *Fine or soft*—Where the soil contains no gravel, but is chiefly composed of very fine sand, or soft, light earth without gravel.

“ *Cold*—Where the soil rests on a tenacious clay subsoil, and has a tendency when in pasture to produce rushes and other aquatic plants.

“ *Sandy or gravelly*—Where there is a large proportion of sand or gravel through the soil.

“ *Slaty*—Where the slaty substratum is much intermixed with the soil.

“ *Worn*—Where the soil has been a long time under cultivation, without rest or manure.

“ *Poor*—Where the land is naturally of bad quality.

“ *Hungry*—Where the soil contains a considerable portion of gravel, or coarse sand, resting on a gravelly subsoil : on such land manure does not produce the usual effect.

THE VALUATION OF IRELAND 191

“ The *colours of soils* may also be introduced, as brown, yellow, blue, grey, red, black, &c.

“ Also, where applicable, the words steep, level, shrubby, rocky, exposed, &c., may be used.”

Lists of market prices were sent with the field books, and the amounts then reduced to a uniform rate, which Mr. Griffith fixed at 2s. 6*d.* per pound over the prices of produce mentioned in the Act.

Rules were also given for valuation of houses, but we must refer to Mr. Griffith's work for them.



IRISH SCENERY.

WE no more see why Irish people should not visit the Continent, than why Germans or Frenchmen ought not to visit Ireland; but there is a difference between them. A German rarely comes here who has not trampled the heath of Tyrol, studied the museums of Dresden and the frescoes of Munich, and shouted defiance on the bank of the Rhine; and what Frenchman who has not seen the vineyards of Provence and the Bocages of Brittany, and the snows of Jura and the Pyrenees, ever drove on an Irish jingle? But our nobles and country gentlemen, our merchants, lawyers, and doctors—and what's worse, their wives and daughters—penetrate Britain and the Continent without ever trying whether they could not defy in Ireland the *ennui* before which they run over seas and mountains.

The cause of this, as of most of our grievances, was misgovernment, producing poverty, discomfort, ignorance and misrepresentation. The people were ignorant and in rags, their houses miserable, the roads and hotels shocking; we had no banks, few coaches, and to crown all, the English declared the people to be rude and turbulent, which they were not, as well as drunken and poor, which they assuredly were. An Irish landlord who had ill-treated his own tenants, felt a conscientious dread of all frieze-coats, others adopted his prejudices, and a people, who never were rude or unjust to strangers, were considered unsafe to travel amongst.

Most of these causes are removed. The people are sober, and are rapidly advancing to knowledge, their political exertions and dignity have broken away much of the prejudice against them, and a man passing through any part of Ireland expects to find woeful poverty and strong discontent, but he does not fear the abduction of his wife, or attempts to assassinate him on every lonely road. The coaches, cars, and roads, too, have become excellent, and the hotels are sufficient for any reasonable traveller. One very marked discouragement to travelling was the want of information; the maps were little daubs, and the guide-books were few and inaccurate. As to maps we are now splendidly off. The Railway Commissioners' Map of Ireland, aided by the Ordnance Index Map of any county where a visitor makes a long stay, are ample. We have got a good general guide-book in Fraser, but it could not hold a twentieth of the information necessary to a leisurely tourist; nor, till the Ordnance Memoir is out shall we have thorough hand-books to our counties. Meantime let us not burn the little guides to Antrim, Wicklow and Killarney, though they are desperately dull and inexact—let us not altogether prohibit Mrs. Hall's* gossip, though she knows less about our Celtic people than the Malays; and let us be even thankful for Mr. O'Flanagan's† volume of the Munster Blackwater (though it is printed in London), for his valuable stories, for his minute, picturesque, and full topography, for his anti-

* Mrs. S. C. Hall and her husband wrote a ponderous work on "Ireland" in three volumes, which, however, contains some valuable material.—ED.

† J. R. O'Flanagan's poor book on the Blackwater originally formed one of the series of "Irish Rivers" in *Dublin University Magazine*.—ED.

quarian and historic details, though he blunders into making Alaster M'Donnell a Scotchman, and for his hearty love of the scenery and people he has undertaken to guide us through.

And now, reader, in this fine soft summer, when the heather is blooming, and the sky laughing and crying like a hysterical bride, full of love, where will ye go—through your own land or a stranger's? If you stay at home you can choose your own scenery, and have something to see in the summer, and talk of in the winter, that will make your friends from the Alps and Appenines respectful to you.

Did you propose to study economies among the metayers of Tuscany or the artisans of Belgium, postpone the trip till the summer of '45 or '46 when you may have the passport of an Irish office to get you a welcome, and seek for the state of the linen weavers in the soft hamlets of Ulster—compare the cattle herds of Meath with the safe little holdings of Down, and the well-fought farms of Tipperary, or investigate the statistics of our fisheries along the rivers and lakes and shores of our island.

Had a strong desire come upon you to toil over the glacier, whose centre froze when Adam courted Eve, or walk amid the brigand passes of Italy or Spain—do not fancy that absolute size makes mountain grandeur, or romance, to a mind full of passion and love of strength (and with such only do the mountain spirits walk) the passes of Glenmalure and Barnesmore are deep as Chamouni, and Carn Tual and Slieve Donard are as near the lightning as Mont Blanc.

To the picture-hunter we can offer little, though Vandyke's finest portrait is in Kilkenny, and there is no county without some collection; but for the

lover of living or sculptured forms—for the artist, the antiquarian, and the natural philosopher, we have more than five summers could exhaust. Every one can see the strength of outline, the vigour of colour, and the effective grouping in every fair, and wake, and chapel, and hurling-ground, from Donegal to Waterford, though it may take the pen of Griffin or the pencil of Burton* to represent them. An Irishman, if he took the pains, would surely find something not inferior in interest to Cologne or the Alhambra in study of the monumental effigies which mat the floors of Jerpoint and Adare, or the cross in a hundred consecrated grounds from Kells to Clonmacnoise—of the round towers which spring in every barony—of the architectural perfection of Holycross and Clare-Galway, and the strange fellowship of every order in Athassel, or of the military keeps and earthen pyramids, and cairns, which tell of the wars of recent, and the piety of distant centuries. The Entomology, Botany, and Geology of Ireland are not half explored; the structure and distinctions of its races are but just attracting the eyes of philosophers from Mr. Wilde's† tract, and the country is actually full of airs never noted, history never written, superstitions and romances never rescued from tradition; and why should Irishmen go blundering in foreign researches when so much remains to be done here, and when to do it would be more easy, more honourable, and more useful?

In many kinds of scenery we can challenge comparison. Europe has no lake so dreamily beautiful as Killarney; no bays where the boldness of Norway unites with the colouring of Naples,

* Sir Frederic W. Burton. † Sir William Wilde.—ED.

as in Bantry ; and you might coast the world without finding cliffs so vast and so terrible as Achill and Slieve League. Glorious, too, as the Rhine is, we doubt if its warmest admirers would exclude from rivalry the Nore and the Blackwater, if they had seen the tall cliffs, and the twisted slopes, and the ruined aisles, and glancing mountains, and feudal castles through which you boat up from Youghal to Mallow, or glide down from Thomastown to Waterford harbour. Hear what Inglis says of this Avondhu :—

“ We have had descents of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine, and the Rhone, and of many other rivers ; but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater ; and yet, with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, *I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them.* A detail of all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater from Cappoquin to Youghal would fill a long chapter. There is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful—deep shades, bold rocks, verdant slopes, with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible, in magnificent houses and beautiful villas with their decorated lawns and pleasure-grounds.”

And now, reader, if these kaleidoscope glimpses we have given you have made you doubt between a summer in Ireland and one abroad, give your country “ the benefit of the doubt,” as the lawyers say, and boat on our lake and dives into our glens and ruins, wonder at the basalt coast of Antrim, and soften your heart between the banks of the Blackwater.

OLD IRELAND

THERE was once civilization in Ireland. We never were very eminent to be sure for manufactures in metal, our houses were simple, our very palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilized. Strange thing ! says one whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry, and the steam-engine ; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honoured by the poor, and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the Continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the Pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Without going into the disputed question of whether the Irish church was or was not independent of Rome, it is certain that Italy did not send out more apostles from the fifth to the ninth centuries than Ireland, and we find their names and achievements remembered through the Continent.

Of two names which Hallam thinks worth

rescuing from the darkness of the dark ages, one is the Irish metaphysician, John Erigena. In a recent communication to the "Association," we have Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events, do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of old Ireland. These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, history, and romance. They *cannot all be worthless*; yet, except the few volumes given us by the Archæological Society, which of their works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws and extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the Gavelkind once prevalent over most of the world. The land belonged to the clan, and, on the death of a clansman, his share was re-apportioned according to the number and wants of his family. The system of erics or fines for offences has existed amongst every people from the Hebrews downwards, nor can any one knowing the multitude of crimes now punishable by fines or damages, think the people of this empire justified in calling the ancient Irish barbarous, because they extended the system. There is in these laws, so far as they are known, minuteness and equity; and what is a better test of their goodness, we learn from Sir John Davies himself, and from the still abler Baron Finglass,* that the people revered, obeyed, and clung to

* Patrick Finglas, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland in the sixteenth century.—ED.

these laws, though to decide by or obey them was a high crime in England's code. Moreover the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravanserais were built for travellers in every district, and we have what would almost be legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked, nor was it quite rude. Ceremony was united with great freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and virtue were respected, and these men, whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards, who sang poetry as gallant and fiery though not so grand as the Homeric ballad singers and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilized, because mechanical arts were rude, and "comfort" despised by them?

Scattered through the country in MS. are hundreds of books wherein the law and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds, and manners and poetry of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. Their music lives in the traditional airs of every valley.

Yet *mechanical civilization*, more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them, and, therefore, it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might

have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past.

It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbours, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing, to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound, into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least morsel of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in Dublin to pay for it or accept it.

Before the year is out we hope to see A SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF IRISH MUSIC * established in Dublin, under the joint patronage of the leading men of all politics, with branches in the provincial towns, for the collection and diffusion of Irish airs.

An effort—a great and decided one—must be made to have the Irish Academy so endowed out of the revenues of Ireland, that it may be a NATIONAL SCHOOL OF IRISH HISTORY AND LITERATURE AND A MUSEUM OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES, on the largest scale. In fact, the Academy should be a secular Irish College with professors of our old language, literature, history, antiquities, and topography ; with suitable schools, lecture-rooms, and museums.

No surer way exists of bringing that to pass than sustaining those who now are collecting and spreading information on the subject. Every man able to afford it should subscribe to the Archæological Society. It has given us many things, the

* Such a society was started later, and in 1855 published the first volume of Petrie's invaluable collection.—ED.

“ Battle of Magh Rath,” worth a dozen MacPhersons, the “ Statutes of Kilkenny,” Grace’s “ Annals” and a number of smaller works. It is about to give us O’Flaherty’s “ History of West Connaught,” edited by Mr. Butler and Dr. Aquilla Smith, the Books of All Hallows and Christ Church, under the able Dr. Todd, and best of all, “ Hy Fiachra ” and Cormac’s “ Glossary,” by John O’Donovan.

We see a just complaint in the last report of the Society, that they had asked for the use of old family papers illustrative of the manners, laws, topography, or aught of the information of past days, for their miscellany, and had asked in vain. Now, this is a disgrace to the country, and we hope each of our readers will exert him or herself to remove it. . . .

POPULAR EDUCATION

.

THERE are three great schoolmasters in Ireland—the National Board, the Press and the Repeal Association. Each has its own opportunities, and therefore its duties, different from the others.

The last Report of the Irish Commissioners of Education tells us that at the end of 1843 they had 2,912 schools open, attended by 355,000 children, being an increase of 191 schools and 35,000 scholars, from the year before. With an addition of £25,000 a year to their grant, they may be expected to improve and extend their teaching, though we think triple that should have been added to their income, to enable them to train the young of Ireland as they should be taught.

It is the business of the National Board to teach the elements of knowledge (reading, writing, geography, natural philosophy, and civil, natural and literary history) to the young. Considering the novelty of this institution, and the stinted means allowed for so vast a work, the Board has done well enough.

The means are quite insufficient. The school-rooms are rarely large enough. 'Twere well, we plead, if the money sucked from us to make Trafalgar Square more ugly were expended on schoolhouses. We should willingly see Ireland saddled with the interest of a million, provided in exchange there were a large school-house, with a library, a little museum, a play-ground and farm attached to it, in every parish in Ireland.

Nor should we regret to see the million exceeded if the excess went to found six or eight model or training schools of the first order, in connexion with the Provincial Colleges to which we have alluded.*

Yet for all its defects, we are grateful for any system of Popular Education in this unfortunate country, where over *three million seven hundred thousand persons over five years old* can neither read or write, 1,400,000 can only read but not write, and *less than half a million* can both read and write. Therefore we like the Board of Education. We regard the attacks made on it in the *Monitor*† as unjust, and much of the opposition given to it as unwise and unreasonable ; but still it has great faults and great wants. Founded by the Whigs, who were more imperial than the Tories, the men put on it were chosen for their want of Irish feeling or character—dry, ungenial men, ignorant of our history, in love with English literature and character, imperialists to the core. Naturally, therefore, its books, though models of general information and literary finish, are empty of Irish statistics, history and hopes.

We do not blame the National Board for excluding every breath of sectarian and every sign of politics from their schools. It is their peculiar business to do so ; the very success of this mission depends in their enforcing the religious and political neutrality of every one—*scholars, teachers, inspectors, patrons and visitors*—while under the roof of their schools, and requiring their peculiar officers to take no prominent place in any civil or religious movement.

But we do blame them for turning Irish history

* Maynooth and Belfast.—ED.

† A weekly Dublin paper.—ED.

out of doors ; and we must emphatically censure them for the painful skill with which they have cut from every work in their schools the recognition of the literature, antiquities and state of Ireland. Every Swiss boy, no matter what his canton or his sect, is taught to worship the name of Tell, and recite the story of Sempach and Morat. Every Scotch child learns the deeds of Wallace and the poetry of Burns, and is taught to glow with Scott over his native scenery, and bristle against every hand that insults Scotland. No scholar leaves a Prussian school without having been specially taught the agricultural and mineral resources, and the commercial and manufacturing States of Prussia.

But an Irish boy leaves an Irish *National* School with just such information on Ireland as he has on Mexico—he learns its size, the names of a few rivers, towns, hills, and provinces, and its latitude and longitude. Precious training for a young Irish citizen !

He is left ignorant of the state and arts and duties and wants of his townsmen and countrymen who surround him—he is not taught how the tillers, artizans, fishers or traders of Ireland live and labour, nor the materials within, and on, and around our isle for improving his and their condition.

Swift lived and Griffin wrote, and Moore sung not for him. Not that political or imaginative reading is prohibited. On the contrary, the lesson books are crowded with noble doctrine and fine fancy, but the words which tell of Irish scenery and Irish feelings are well-nigh forbidden in the schools of Ireland.

Our antiquarians may rescue treasures from the depths of time, and our painters may depict

how Ireland's mountains tower, or her ruins moulder, or her people live—our musicians may revive those strains wherein love, mirth, or glory are sung with angels' voices ; but they are never given to the student of our National Schools, though little German airs, and English daubs and the lore of every other land are put within his reach whenever it is possible to do so. And, worst of all, he learns no Irish history—no ground is sacred with the footsteps of liberation, no forum is endeared by the knowledge that here stood Curran pleading for the life, Grattan for the independence, of his countrymen—no hill-side recurs to his mind, flashing with the spears of O'Neill—no shore, with a dead hero, and an invader flying. Such being the defects of our National Schools, the duty of remedying them falls on the two other educational bodies in Ireland—the Press and the Repeal Association. Were the Press of Ireland, instead of being crowded with frothy speeches and little squabbling articles, to apply itself to education, its powers and circulation would increase, and the country would be compensated for the absence of *Irish* teaching in the State Schools. How much more honourable and useful, aye and popular, it would be to find in a country newspaper articles on local history, antiquities, the state of some branch of agriculture or trade, or the lives of men who, as artists, writers, or soldiers, had honoured the spot where they lived or died, than the unhappy personalities of every Vestry and Board, and wordy proofs that “the other journalist in the place is an unredeemable vagabond.” We have seen a very great improvement in the Irish Press, and speech-making and rudeness are neither so venerable

nor common as they were ; but still we submit, very humbly and in all brotherly love, to our contemporaries, that none of us—the Press of Ireland—do a tenth of what we might to supersede bigotry and violence, by leading men to study the history, surface and society of Ireland.

We have before now alluded to the value of the Repeal Association in educating the people by its reports, its speeches and its organisation ; but it possesses a still greater, and as yet almost unused power, in the Repeal Reading Rooms. There are now 300 of these rooms—why not 3,000 ? Some of the 300 are in the smallest and poorest parishes. The accidental possession of some man more spirited and sage than the rest, gained for each of these districts what some of our wealthiest parishes are without.

We doubt if the Repeal Association have done all they could to this end. We are sure the country has not done its duty. The Association agreed to send copies of all their reports to these bodies, and they purchased large quantities of two or three works for the same use. This is not enough ; they should have a committee devoted to the establishment and guidance of Repeal Reading Rooms, and they should gradually secure one in every parish. No plan ever devised would so quickly give intelligence, vigour and strength to a parish, as the possession of some one room, on whose walls and shelves and tables the Repeal treasury or private zeal had crowded maps, books, prints, models and specimens, telling of the men and the deeds, the scenery, resources, and arts of Ireland. Nor can we think that there is any district of Ireland without one man at least to value and provide for his neighbourhood such a sanctuary for knowledge and patriotism.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

WE lately strove to induce our wealthier countrymen to explore Ireland before they left her shores in search of the beautiful and curious. We bid the economist search our towns and farms, our decayed manufactures, and improving tillage. Waving our shillelagh, we shouted the cragsman to Glenmalure and Carn Tual, and Achill and Slieve League. Manuscript in hand, we pointed the antiquary to the hundred abbeys of North Munster, the castles of the Pale, the palaces and sepulchres of Dunalin, Aileach, Rath Croghan, and Loughcrew, and we whispered to our countrywomen that the sun rose grandly on Adragool, that the moon was soft on Lough Erne ("The rural Venice"), and that the Nore and Blackwater ran by castled crags like their sweet voices over old songs.

But there are some who had not waited for our call, but had dutifully grown up amid the sights and sounds of Ireland, and knew the yellow fields of Tipperary, and the crash of Moher's wave, and the basalt barriers of Antrim, and the moan or frown of Wexford over the graves of '98, and there are others not yet sufficiently educated to prize home excellence. To such, then, and to all our brethren and sisters going abroad, we have to say a friendly word.

We shall presume them to have visited London, Woolwich, the factories of Lancashire and Warwick, and to have seen the Cumberland lakes,

and therefore to have seen all worth seeing in England, and that they are bound for somewhere else. For a pedestrian not rich there is Wales—the soft vales of the far North and South Clwyd, and the Wye and Llanrwst, and the central mountain groups of Snowdon, and still finer of Cader Idris. But if he go there we pray him not to return without having heard and, so far as he could, noted down a few airs from the harp and cruit, collected specimens of the plants and minerals of Wales for the museum (existing or to be) of his native town, studied the statistics of their great iron works or their little home-weaving; nor, if he has had the sense and spirit to take a Welsh and an Irish vocabulary, without some observations on the disputed analogy of the two languages, and how far it exists in general terms, as it certainly does in names of places. By the way, we warn him that he will know little of the peasantry, and come home in the dark about Rebecca, unless he can speak Welsh. The Welsh have been truer to their language than we were to ours; their clergy ministered in it; their people refused their tongues to the Saxon as if 'twere poison; and even their nobles, though tempted by England, welcomed the bard who lamented the defeat of Rhuddlan, and gloried in the frequent triumphs of Glendower.

But let us rather classify pursuits than countries.

We want the Irish who go abroad to bring something back besides the weary tale of the Louvre and Munich, and the cliffs of the Rhine, and the soft airs of Italy. We have heard of a patriot adventurer who carried a handful of his native soil through the world. We want our friends to carry a purpose for Ireland in their

hearts, to study other lands wisely, and to bring back all knowledge for the sustenance and decoration of their dear home.

How pleasantly and profitably for the traveller this can be done. There is no taste but may be interested, no capacity but can be matched, no country but can be made tributary to our own. The historian, the linguist, the farmer, the economist, the musician, the statesman, and the man of science, can equally augment their pleasure and make it minister to Ireland.

Is a man curious upon our language? He can (not unread in Neilson,* nor unaccompanied by O'Reilly's Dictionary) trace how far the Celtic words mixed in the classical French, or in the patois of Bretagne or Gascony, coincide with the Irish; he can search in the mountains of North Spain, whether in proper names or country words there be any analogy to the Gaelic of the opposite coast of Ireland.

The proper names are the most permanent, and if there be any truth in Sir William Betham's† theories, the names of many a hill and stream in Tuscany, North Africa, and Syria ought to be traceable to an Irish root. Nor need this language-search be limited to the south. Beginning at the Isle of Man, up by Cumberland (the kingdom of Strath Clyde), through Scotland, Denmark, Norway, to Ireland, the constant intercourse in trade and war with Ireland, and in many instances the early occupation by a Celtic race, must have left indelible marks in the local names, if not the

* Rev. William Neilson, born about 1760, and died in 1821, published his "Irish Grammar" in 1808.—ED.

† Sir William Betham, Ulster King-at-Arms, an Englishman, born 1779, died 1853.—ED.

traditions, of the country. To the tourist in France we particularly recommend a close study of the *History of the Gauls*, by Amadeus Thierry.

The student of our ecclesiastical history, whether he hold with Dr. Smiles that the Irish Church was independent, or, with Dr. Miley, that it paid allegiance to Rome, may delight in following the tracks of the Irish saints, from Iona of the Culdees to Luxieu and Boia (founded by Columbanus), and St. Gall, founded by an Irishman of that name. Rumold can be heard of in Mechlin, Albhuin in Saxony, Kilian in Bavaria, Fursey in Peronne, and in far Tarentum the traveller will find more than one trace of the reformer of that city—the Irishman, St. Cathaldus. We cannot suppose that any man will stray from Stackallen, or Maynooth at least, without keeping this purpose in mind, nor would it misbecome a divine from that Trinity College of which Ussher was a first fellow.

Our military history could also receive much illustration from Irish travellers going with some previous knowledge and studying the traditions and ground, and using the libraries in the neighbourhood of those places where Irishmen fought. Not to go back to the Irish who (if we believe O'Halloran) stormed the Roman Capital as the allies of Brennus of Gaul, nor insisting upon too minute a search for that Alpine valley where, says MacGeoghegan, they still have a tradition of Dathy's death by lightning, there are plenty of places worth investigating in connection with Irish military history. In Scotland, for example, 'twere worth while tracking the march of Alaster MacDomhnall and his 1,500 Antrim men from their first landing at Ardnamurchan through

Tippermuir, Aberdeen, Fivv, Inverlochy, and Aulderne, to Kilsyth—victories won by Irish soldiers and chiefs, given to them by tradition, as even Scott admits, though he tries to displace its value for Montrose's sake, and given to them by the highest contemporary authorities—such as the Ormond papers.

Then there is the Irish Brigade. From Almanza to Fontenoy, from Ramillies to Cremona, we have the names of their achievements, but the register of them is in the libraries and war offices and private papers of France, and Spain, and Austria, and Savoy. A set of visits to Irish battle-fields abroad, illustrated from the manuscripts of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, would be a welcomer book than the reiterated assurances that the Rhone was rapid, the Alps high, and Florence rich in sculpture, wherewith we have been dinned.

We have had no lives of our most illustrious Irish generals in foreign services—Marshal Brown, the Lacys, Montgomery of Donegal, the rival of Washington; and yet the materials must exist in the offices and libraries of Austria, Russia, and America.

Talking of libraries, there is one labour in particular we wish our countrymen to undertake. The constant emigration of the princes, nobles, and ecclesiastics of Ireland, from the Reformation downwards, scattered through the Continent many of our choicest collections. The manuscripts from these have been dispersed by gift and sale among hundreds of foreign libraries. The Escorial, Vienna, Rome, Paris, and Copenhagen are said to be particularly rich in them, and it cannot be doubted that in every considerable library (religious, official, or private) on the Continent some

MSS. valuable to Ireland would be found. In many cases these could be purchased, in some copied, in all listed. The last is the most practical and essential labour. It would check and guide our inquiries now, and would prepare for the better day, when we can negotiate the restoration of our old muniments from the governments of Europe.

A study of the monuments and museums throughout France, Spain, Italy, and Scandinavia in reference to the forts, tombs, altars, and weapons of ancient Ireland, would make a summer pleasant and profitable.

But we would not limit men to the study of the past.

Our agriculture is defective, and our tenures are abominable. It were well worth the attention of the travelling members of the Irish Agricultural Society to bring home accurate written accounts of the tenures of land, the breeds of cattle, draining, rotation, crops, manures, and farm-houses, from Belgium, or Norway, Tuscany, or Prussia.

Our mineral resources and water-power are unused. A collection of models or drawings, or descriptions of the mining, quarrying, and hydraulic works of Germany, England, or France, might be found most useful for the Irish capitalist who made it, and for his country which so needs instruction. Besides, even though many of these things be described already, yet how much more vivid and practical were the knowledge to be got from observation.

Our fine or useful arts are rude or decayed, and our industrial and general education very inferior. The schools and galleries, museums and educational systems of Germany deserve the closest

examination with reference to the knowledge and taste required in Ireland, and the means of giving them. One second-rate book of such observations, with special reference to Ireland, were worth many greater performances unapplied to the means and need of our country.

Ireland wants all these things. Before this generation dies, it must have made Ireland's rivers navigable, and its hundred harbours secure with beacon and pier, and thronged with seamen educated in naval schools, and familiar with every rig and every ocean. Arigna must be pierced with shafts, and Bonmahon flaming with smelting-houses. Our bogs must have become turf factories, where fuel will be husbanded, and prepared for the smelting-house. Our coal must move a thousand engines, our rivers ten thousand wheels.

Our young artisans must be familiar with the arts of design and the natural sciences connected with their trade ; and so of our farmers ; and both should, beside, have that general information which refines and expands the minds—that knowledge of Irish history and statistics that makes it national, and those accomplishments and sports which make leisure profitable and home joyous.

Our cities must be stately with sculpture, pictures, and buildings, and our fields glorious with peaceful abundance.

But this is an Utopia ! Is it ? No ; but the practicable object of those who know our resources ! To seek it is the solemn, unavoidable duty of every Irishman. Whether, then, oh reader, you spend this or any coming season abroad or at home, do not forget for a day how much should be done for Ireland.

HY-FIACHRACH*

THE Irish antiquarians of the last century did much good. They called attention to the history and manners of our predecessors which we had forgotten. They gave a pedigree to nationhood, and created a faith that Ireland could and should be great again by magnifying what she had been. They excited the noblest passions—veneration, love of glory, beauty, and virtue. They awoke men's fancy by their gorgeous pictures of the past, and imagination strove to surpass them by its creations. They believed what they wrote, and thus their wildest stories sank into men's minds. To the exertions of Walker, O'Halloran, Vallancey,† and a few other Irish academicans in the last century, we owe almost all the Irish knowledge possessed by our upper classes till very lately. It was small, but it was enough to give a dreamy renown to ancient Ireland; and if it did nothing else it smoothed the reception of Bunting's music, and identified Moore's poetry with his native country.

While, therefore, we at once concede that Vallancey was a bad scholar, O'Halloran a credulous historian, and Walker a shallow antiquarian, we claim for them gratitude and attach-

* "The Tribes and Territory of Hy-Fiachrach," edited and translated by John O'Donovan.—ED.

† Joseph Cooper Walker (1761-1810), Colonel Charles Vallancey (1721-1812), and Sylvester O'Halloran (1728-1807), were regarded as high authorities in their day.—ED.

ment, and protest, once for all, against the indiscriminate abuse of them now going in our educated circles.

But no one should lie down under the belief that these were the deep and exact men their contemporaries thought them. They were not patient nor laborious. They were very graceful, very fanciful, and often very wrong in their statements and their guesses. How often they avoided painful research by gay guessing we are only now learning. O'Halloran and Keating have told us bardic romances with the same tone as true chronicles. Vallancey twisted language, towers, and traditions into his wicker-work theory of Pagan Ireland; and Walker built great facts and great blunders, granite blocks and rotten wood, into his antiquarian edifices. One of the commonest errors, attributing immense antiquity, oriental origin, and everything noble in Ireland, to the Milesians, originated with these men; or, rather, was transferred from the adulatory songs of clan-bards to grave stories. Now, it is quite certain that several races flourished here before the Milesians, and that everything Oriental, and much that was famous in Ireland, belonged to some of these elder races, and not to the Scoti or Milesians.

Premising this much of warning and defence as to the men who first made anything of ancient Ireland known to the mixed nation of modern Ireland, we turn with pure pleasure to their successors, the antiquarians and historians of our own time.

We liked for awhile bounding from tussuck to tussuck, or resting on a green esker in the domain of the old academicians of Grattan's time;

but 'tis pleasanter, after all, to tread the firm ground of our own archæologists.

We have often before spoken of the Irish Archæological Society. We can but respect and praise, and congratulate it on its progress. It has grown from a knot of two dozen enthusiasts to a national society of 400 gentlemen. It embraces Protestant and Catholic hierarchs, Tory, Whig and Repeal nobles, and journalists and professional men. With another hundred names its list will close, and it will be safe from all hazards.

The best evidence of this progress is in the improvement both of the quantity and quality of their work. We like the slowness of their growth. It tests the health and genuineness of their labours.

Had large funds been suddenly put at their disposal three years ago, we should have had many more books than we have had from them, but almost to a certainty many of them would have been hasty and bad. There were then few or no men sufficiently disciplined to do much business rapidly and well at the same time. Now, there are many competent to do slow and inspected work, and an increased few to guide, to judge and to rapidly execute. To such men we hope to see an Irish Institute entrusted before two years are over.

As to the book now before us, it is the largest, most elaborate, and nearly the most interesting of the series. It opens with a map of Hy-Fiachrach, having all the names written in Irish. It did our eyes good. We trust no volume will, for the future, issue without one or more such maps. History is only biographical without knowledge of localities. Military history and

clan connexions are unintelligible without plenty of full and clear maps. Hy-Fiachra was so called from Fiachra, the name of the father of the famous King Dathy, and was governed, prior to the English invasion, by descendants of this Fiachra, though under them were men of other races. It lies in the north-west of Connaught from the Killeries to Killala, and from Achill Island to the middle of Mayo.

This Fiachra had five sons (of whom King Dathy seems to have been the youngest) and from them descended the O'Dudas, O'Heynes, O'Shaughnessys, MacFirbisses and other chief families of Hy Fiachra. . . .

The main work is by Donald MacFirbis, but a long poem is by a kinsman named Giolla Iosa MacFirbis of Lecan, who compiled the Book of Lecan in 1417, 250 years before Donald wrote, and Mr. O'Donovan adds large appendixes and notes, which are of at least equal interest with the text. The text is what it professes to be—a genealogy. Donald describes how each chief begat such and such others, and they in their turn begat others, but he does much more.

He appends to the name of each man of note some account of what he did, how he dressed or looked, his feuds, his death, his burial. Scraps of old songs, monkish tales, local tradition, pious history come in to illustrate, as they admirably do, the tribes and customs, as well as the genealogies, of the Hy-Fiachrach. . . .

We have praised the work so much that we must make amends with a cavil. The book should not have been called "Hy-Fiachrach," but "Ui Fiachrach." It tells neither the orthography nor sound of the original. Every mere Englishman

pronounces *Hy* like the English adjective *high*, whereas the sound asked by the spelling is *hee*. Apart from this matter of sound we flatly assert the barbarity of misspelling the words of our language to suit the analogies of another. *No one* does so with Greek, Latin, French, German, or English. Why should *Irishmen* do it with *Irish*? There is but one reason, that the ignorant English mis-spelt our sweet, subtle, aspirated language to suit their own tongue, full of hisses and rumbling tooth-words as it is, notwithstanding its nobility in many ways. We know to our own cost that the Irish aspirate can only be written in English as the Greek aspirate is, with the letter *h*. In imitation of Neilson's "Grammar," we have tried dots to aspirate letters in English character in "The Spirit of the Nation," and found our *Fag-an-Bealach* sounded as if its last syllable were spelt *ack*, and our "Girl of Dunbuidhe" was grossly insulted as the Girl of Done-Bwiddy. In English characters, then, the aspirate must be shown by the *h*, not the dot; but we won't yield another inch, and therefore decidedly censure our illustrious countryman for putting on the title-page of an archæological work a barbarous mis-spelling, and for having in that work, as well as in the survey, countenanced every error in Anglo-Irish spelling that the laziness, ignorance, or caprice of centuries have introduced.

But now, having vented our wrath, let us ask him to forgive novices and freshmen in Irish archæology, as we are, for censuring anything done by one so able, so just, so profoundly learned and veteran an Irishman as John O'Donovan.

A word more to our bards and romancers. We

have censured while we have apologised for the writers and translators of fifty or seventy years ago. We still commend the study of these writers as instructive and inspiring, though not always truthful; but we much more strongly urge our friends to read zealously the text and notes, indexes, appendixes and every tittle of the publications of the Archæological Society, as containing information always true, and an inspiration original, native and lasting.

REPEAL READING ROOMS

KNOWLEDGE and organisation must set Ireland free, and make her prosperous. If the People be not wise and manageable, they cannot gain liberty but by accident, nor use it to their service. An ignorant and turbulent race may break away from provincialism, but will soon relapse beneath a cunning, skilful, and unscrupulous neighbour. England is the one—Ireland must be the other.

If she is to be self-freed—if she is not to be a retaken slave, she must acquire all the faculties possessed by her enemy, without the vices of that foe. We have to defeat an old and compact government. We must acquire the perfect structure of a nation. We have to resist genius, skill, and immense resources ; we must have wisdom, knowledge, and ceaseless industry.

We want the advisers of the People never for a day to forget these facts, that of persons above five years old, there are 829,000 females and 580,000 males who can only read, but cannot write ; and that above the same age there are 2,142,000 females and 1,623,000 males who can neither read nor write. Let them remember, too, that the arts of design do not exist here—that the leading economical difference between England and Ireland is the “ industrial ignorance of the latter ”—that we have little military or naval instruction—that our literature is only beginning to bud.

We are not afraid for all these things, nor do

we wish to muffle our eyes against them. We want a brave, modest, laborious, and instructed People. It is deeper pleasure to serve, and glory to lead such a people. It is still deeper pleasure and honour to lead a race full of virtue and industry, and a thirst for knowledge. But for a swaggering People, who shout for him who flatters them, and turn from those who would lead by plain, manful truth—who shall save them?

The Repeal Association has fronted the difficulty. You, it tells the People, are not educated nor organised as you should be. Your oppressor has millions, cunning in all arts and manufactures, for your thousands. Her literature is famous among men—your's still to be created. Her organisation embraces everything, from the machinery for moving an empire to that of governing a parish. You, too, must learn arts, and literature, and self-government, if you would repel and surpass her.

The generation that will cover Ireland in twenty years will have the instruction you want, but you must not surrender *your* claim to knowledge and liberty. You, too, must go to school and learn. You must learn to obey. You must learn from each other, and obey the highest wisdom that is among you all.

The Repeal Association has resolved that it is expedient to establish Reading-rooms in the Parishes of Ireland, and has appointed a Committee to carry out that resolution.

This is a great undertaking. A meeting, a gossip, or eloquent circular, will not accomplish it. It will take months of labour from strong minds, and large sums of money to establish such a system; and only by corresponding zeal on

the People's part can it be spread among them all.

The Repeal Association has now constituted itself Schoolmaster of the People of Ireland, and must be prepared to carry out its pretension. The People, knowing the attempt, must sustain it with increased funds and zeal.

A Reading-room Committee must not stop its preliminary labours till there is a Reading-room in every village ; and then it will fill their hands and draw largely on their funds to make them Reading-rooms, and not idling rooms. Their first duty will be, of course, to ascertain what Reading-rooms exist—how each of them is supported—what books, maps, &c., it contains—at what hours it is open—and how it is attended. For each separate School—we beg pardon, Reading-room—the Committee should make separate arrangements. One will want increased space, another will want industrial books, another maps, another political and statistical tracts.

To the districts where the Irish language is spoken, they should send a purely Irish Grammar and an Anglo-Irish Grammar and Dictionary for each room, to be followed by other works containing general information, as well as peculiarly Irish knowledge, in Irish. Indeed, we doubt if the Association can carry out the plan—which they began by sending down Dr. MacHale's translations—without establishing a newspaper, partly in English and partly in Irish, like the mixed papers of Switzerland, New Orleans, and Hungary.

To come back, however, to the working of such a Committee. Some of its members should attend from day to day to correspond with the Repeal inspectors, and the Protestant and Catholic

Clergy, who may consent to act as patrons of these Rooms. It will be most desirable that each Committee have an agent in Dublin who will receive and forward *gratis* all books for it. The cost of postage would absorb the price of a library.

It seems to us to be almost necessary to have persons sent round the country from time to time to organise these Reading Committees—to fix, from inspection, the amount of help which the Association should give to the rent of each room, and to stimulate the People to fresh exertion. This of course, could be united with a Repeal missionary system, on the same plan as the “Anti-Corn Law League” missions.

Help should be given by the Association in some proportion to the local subscriptions (say a third of them), or the Association might undertake to supply a certain amount of books upon proof of a local subscription large enough, and sufficiently secured, for the wants of the neighbourhood.

A catalogue of the books sent to each Room should be always accessible in the Corn Exchange.

Of course, in sending books a regular system should be adopted. The Ordnance index map of the county, the townland map of the neighbourhood, a map of Ireland, and maps of the five great sections of the globe (Asia, America, Australia, Europe, and Africa), should be in every room. Of course, the Reports of the Association will be there; and they, we trust, will soon be a perfect manual of the industrial statistics, topography, history, and county, municipal, and general institutions of Ireland. Much has been done, and the Parliamentary Committee consists of men who are able and willing to carry out their

work. What other works, fitted to cultivate the judgment or taste of the People, may be sent, must depend on the exertions of the parishes and the faithfulness of the Committee.

It occurs to us that £1,000 could not be better spent than in the purchase of full sets of the books of the National Board for the rooms. These books include mathematics, arithmetic, grammar, and an immense variety of instruction for the intellect and imagination in the reading selections.

Were such a room in every village, you would soon have a knot connected with it of young men who had abjured cards, tobacco, dissipation, and, more fatal, laziness, and were trying to learn each some science, or art, or accomplishment—anything that best pleased them, from mathematics to music. We shall feel unspeakable sorrow if, from the negligence of the Committee or the dulness or want of spirit in our country towns, this great opportunity pass away.

“EDUCATE, THAT YOU MAY BE FREE”

We are most anxious to get the quiet, strong-minded People who are scattered through the country to see the force of this great truth ; and we, therefore, ask them to listen soberly to us for a few minutes, and when they have done, to think and talk again and again over what we say.

If Ireland had all the elements of a nation, she might, and surely would, at once assume the forms of one, and proclaim her independence. Wherein does she now differ from Prussia ? She has a strong and compact territory, girt by the sea ; Prussia's lands are open and flat, and flung loosely through Europe, without mountain or river, breed, or tongue to bound them. Ireland has a military population equal to the recruitment of, and a produce able to pay, a first-rate army. Her harbours, her soil, and her fisheries are not surpassed in Europe.

Wherein, we ask again, does Ireland now differ from Prussia ? Why can Prussia wave her flag among the proudest in Europe, while Ireland is a farm ?

It is not in the name of a kingdom, nor in the formalities of independence. We could assume them to-morrow—we could assume them with better warrants from history and nature than Prussia holds ; but the result of such assumption would perchance be a miserable defeat.

The difference is in Knowledge. Were the offices of Prussia abolished to-morrow—her colleges

and schools levelled—her troops disarmed and disbanded, she would within six months regain her whole civil and military institutions. Ireland has been struggling for years, and may have to struggle many more, to acquire liberty to form institutions.

Whence is the difference? Knowledge!

The Prussians could, at a week's notice, have their central offices at full work in any village in the kingdom, so exactly known are their statistics, and so general is official skill. Minds make administration—all the desks, and ledgers, and powers of Downing-street or the Castle would be handed in vain to the ignorants of any untaught district in Ireland. The Prussians could open their collegiate classes and their professional and elementary schools as fast as the order therefor, from any authority recognised by the People, reached town after town—we can hardly in ten years get a few schools open for our people, craving for knowledge as they are. The Prussians could re-arm their glorious militia in a month, and re-organise it in three days; for the mechanical arts are very generally known, military science is familiar to most of the wealthier men, discipline and a soldier's skill are universal. If we had been offered arms to defend Ireland by Lord Heytesbury, as the Volunteers were by Lord Buckinghamshire, we would have had to seek for officers and drill-serjeants—though probably we could more rapidly advance in arms than anything else, from the military taste and aptness for war of the Irish people.

Would it not be better for us to be like the Prussians than as we are—better to have religious squabbles unknown, education universal, the

People fed, and clad, and housed, and independent as becomes men ; the army patriotic and strong ; the public offices ably administered ; the nation honoured and powerful ? Are not these to be desired and sought by Protestant and Catholic ? Are not these things *to be done*, if we are good and brave men ? And is it not *plain*, from what we have said, that the reason for our not being all that Prussia is, and something more, is ignorance—want of civil and military and general knowledge amongst all classes ?

This ignorance has not been our fault, but our misfortune. It was the interest of our ruler to keep us ignorant, that we might be weak ; and she did so—first, by laws prohibiting education ; then, by refusing any provision for it ; next, by perverting it into an engine of bigotry ; and now, by giving it in a stunted, partial, anti-national way. Practice is the great teacher, and the possession of independence is the natural and best way for a People to learn all that pertains to freedom and happiness. Our greatest voluntary efforts, aided by the amplest provincial institutions, would teach us less in a century than we would learn in five years of Liberty.

In insisting on education, we do not argue against the value of *immediate independence*. *That would be our best teacher*. An Irish Government and a national ambition would be to our minds as soft rains and rich sun to a growing crop. But we insist on education for the People, whether we get it from the Government or give it to them ourselves, as a round-about, and, yet, the only means of getting strength enough to gain freedom.

Do our readers understand this ? Is what we have said *clear to you*, reader !—whether you are

a shopkeeper or a lawyer, a farmer or a doctor? If not, read it over again, for it is your own fault if it be not clear. If you now know our meaning, you must feel that it is your duty to your family and to yourself, to your country and to God, to *act* upon it, to go and remove some of that ignorance which makes you and your neighbours weak, and therefore makes Ireland a poor province.

All of us have much to learn, but some of us have much to teach.

To those who, from superior energy and ability, can teach the People, we now address ourselves.

We have often before, and shall often again repeat, that the majority of our population can neither read nor write, and therefore that from the small minority must come those fitted to be of any civil or military use beyond the lowest rank. The People may be and are honest, brave, and intelligent; but a man could as well dig with his hands, as govern, or teach, or lead, without the elements of Knowledge.

This, however, is a defect which time and the National Schools must cure; and the duty of the class to which we speak is to urge the establishment of such Schools, the attendance of the children at them, and occasionally to observe and report, either directly or through the Press, whether the admirable rules of the Board are attended to. In most cases, too, the expenditure of a pound note and a little time and advice would give the children of a school that instruction in national history and in statistics so shamefully omitted by the Board. Reader! will you do this?

Then, of the three hundred Repeal Reading-rooms we know that some, and fear that many are ill-managed, have few or no books, and are mere

gossiping-rooms. Such a room is useless ; such a room is a disgrace to its members and their educated neighbours. The expense having been gone to of getting a room, it only remains for the members to establish fixed rules, and they will be supplied with the Association Reports (political reading enough for them), and it will be the plain duty of the Repeal Wardens to bring to such a room the newspapers supplied by the Association. If such a body continue and give proofs of being in earnest, the Repeal Association will aid it by gifts of books, maps, &c., and thus a library, the centre of knowledge and nursery of useful and strong minds, will be made in that district. So miserably off is the country for books, that we have it before us, on some authority, that there are *ten counties in Ireland without a single bookseller in them*. We blush for the fact ; it is a disgrace to us ; but we must have no lying or flinching. There is the hard fact ; let us face it like men who are able for a difficulty—not as children putting their heads under the clothes when there is danger. Reader ! cannot you do something to remedy this great, this disabling misery of Ireland ? Will you not *now* try to get up a Repeal Reading-room, and when one is established, get for it good rules, books from the Association, and make it a centre of thought and power ?

These are but some of the ways in which such service can be done by the more, for the less, educated. They have other duties often pointed out by us. They can sustain and advance the different societies for promoting agriculture, manufactures, art, and literature, in Dublin and the country. They can set on foot, and guide the establishment of Temperance Bands and

Mechanics' Institutes, and Mutual Instruction Societies. They can give advice and facilities for improvement to young men of promise ; and they can make their circles studious, refined, and ambitious, instead of being, like too many in Ireland—ignorant, coarse, and lazy. The cheapness of books is now such, that even Irish poverty is no excuse for Irish ignorance—that ignorance which prostrates us before England. We must help ourselves, and therefore we must educate ourselves.

THE SKULLS OF THE IRISH

DR. WILDE,* the traveller, read a paper to the Dublin College of Physicians on the skulls of the races that had died in Ireland, and this paper he has printed, under the title of "A Lecture on the Ethnology of the Ancient Irish."

He introduces the subject by a summary of the means by which ancient races are commonly investigated. First, and rightly, he ranks architectural and implemental remains. The palaces, pyramids, and picture-filled tombs of Egypt tell us now the state of their arts, their appearance, government, and manners. How much we would learn of Greece had her writings perished, and her statuary and temples reached us, and how much of the Romans if Pompeii alone remained, and remained without a clue to its manuscripts. So, in Ireland, we have the monuments of different races. We have the Ogham pillar-stone, the rested rock altar, the supported cromleach, the arched stone fort, the trenched rath, with or without stone facings, the clay or rubble pyramid, with a passage and chamber, the flag-made tomb. We have the round tower, the stone circle, the Brehon's or Druid's chair, and the stone-roofed crypt—to say nothing of our country castles, our town residences, our churches and monasteries,

* Afterwards Sir William Wilde, M.D., who was born in Co. Roscommon in 1815, and died in 1876. Noted as an oculist and an antiquary, he was the husband of "Speranza" of the *Nation* and father of Oscar Wilde.—ED.

which one must see if he would know how men lived here in the middle ages.

Monumental and other sculptures tell us dress and arms better than any description in words. We are amply supplied with these to illustrate the middle ages in Ireland. Our old churches are full of such tombs—but grievously they are abused and neglected. Who can look upon the shattered monuments of Jerpoint and Mellifont, and not think that a double barbarism (that of the people and that of their oppressors) has been upon Ireland. Nay, within a few miles of Dublin, in the church of Lusk, we, the other day, found a noble monument broken in two, and it and another fine tomb left to the mercies of untaught and irreverent children, for want of a five shilling door to the roofless, but otherwise perfect church. Who is to blame for this, the Rector or the Commissioners? *Both*, we say. How fine a use may be made of these mediæval tombs, without wantonly stirring them, is shown, as we remarked before, in St. Canice's, Kilkenny, disgraced as that cathedral is by whitewash. Curse it for whitewash! 'tis the dirtiest, ugliest thing that ever was put outside a cottage wall or inside a large building—for the inside of small rooms 'tis well enough.

Then, again, there are weapons, and ornamental and economical implements to tell us the domestic and military habits, and the state of mechanical arts among a people. We shall have more to say on this head some other time. We pass to the other modes of investigating races.

The second means of Ethnology is language. Having a number of words in common proves communication between races. If these words

are of a very simple and radical kind the communication must have been long and ancient. If, in addition, the structure and character of the languages be the same—if their use of articles and tenses, of inflections in the ends of words, as in Greek, Latin, and German, or in the beginning of them, as in Irish or Welsh, be alike, this is evidence that their first language was one, and, therefore, the races *probably* identical.

We say, probably identical, because identity of language does not quite prove identity of race. The negroes of the West Indies will most likely speak English when their islands are in a federal republic. The red men of the Brazils will most likely speak Portuguese. But the change of language is wonderfully slow in an independent country. The people of Gascony and Provence do not speak French. They speak Gascon and Provençal. The different English counties have their dialects, showing what branch of Saxons or Danes they descend from. The Welsh language is now as flourishing as it was when Edward outlawed it; and now, after centuries of wrong, when Anglicism has made us serfs, not a people, we have colleges founded for the support of the Irish language.

Identity in the structure of language is, then, a very strong proof of identity, and, as a study, of the highest interest.

The third means classified by Dr. Wilde for Ethnologic research, is by the written history and oral traditions of a country. In this section he indulges in some sneers, which had been better omitted. We doubt the taste and correctness of much of what he says on the topic.

There are other sorts of analogies, worth following out, not noticed by Dr. Wilde. Such is that

so ingeniously thought of, and ably illustrated by Mr. Forde* of Cork. He *disproves* the European origin of our music, and reduces it to either an original construction here, or to an Eastern source. If Eastern, we could have got it from the Oriental Christians, or Pagans. The last seems Mr. Forde's opinion. We trust he will have further means of following out this subject.

Identity in form and substance of scientific knowledge proves little, as one man, or one book could well produce it ; but musical characteristics are, perhaps, the most spiritual and safe from confusion of any that can be imagined, and the surest to last in a country, if it be independent, or if it be rude. A country long refined, or enslaved, may lose everything.

We now come to Dr. Wilde's peculiar subject, and that to which he (faultily) restricts the term, Ethnography—namely, the *natural* history of man. The study of man's animal form shows that each simple race has peculiarities in size, in shape of bones and limbs, in play of features, and carriage of body, and in colour.

Many of these peculiarities can be studied from the bones of the race. Of course, the bones, or *any* of them, show the size of the race. The skull shows not only the shape of the head, but of the features. The skull of a man with an aquiline nose, and open orbits, and massy jaws, is as distinguishable from one with the nose or eyes of a Hun or the jaw of a Bengalee, as from that of a rabbit.

* William Forde, brother of Samuel Forde the painter, and indefatigable as a collector of and lecturer on Irish music. He was born in Cork in 1796, and died in 1850.—ED.

The marks left by the muscles in the bones wherein their extremities worked, show, too, the "play of features" or expression of countenance to some extent.

Taking these principles with him, Dr. Wilde examined a number of skulls in old churchyards, and in barrows and cairns, both here and abroad, and tries from thence to classify the races of the Irish.

His conclusions are not very clearly made out, and his proofs are frequently loose, but his tract is suggestive and serviceable.

His opinion is that the first inhabitants of this country were what are called Firbolgs—men of Teutonic or German blood—small, lively, with aquiline noses, dark complexions, and heads of great length from front to back. This race used the stone and flint hatchets, shell ornaments, bone needles, stone mills, and clay urns. The second race, who came and subdued the Firbolgs, were, he conceives, those called Tuatha da Danaan—men of "fair hair and large size," as MacFirbis* says. They were, thinks Mr. Wilde, Celts, and used bronze in their weapons and implements. He asserts, too, that Norway and Sweden were colonised from Ireland by Firbolgs after they had learned the use of metals from the Tuatha da Danaan. The proof given is that skulls such as he supposes peculiar to the Firbolgs, are found in Scandinavia associated with metal weapons. There is evidence, too, that these Tuatha da Danaan were either Phœnicians, or from a Phœnician colony, and so of the next invaders, the Milesians. Dr. Wilde *seems* to

* Duaid MacFirbis (or Forbes), the Irish genealogist, born in 1585, and died in 1670.—ED.

attribute a fine globular head to these Danaans ; but he seems elsewhere to say that no metal remains have been found with any heathen skulls, which would contradict his own hypothesis.

We shall conclude with a couple of extracts—the first, showing the uncertainty of the observations likely to be made, and the impudence of all generalities (Dr. Wilde's included) now, and the other for illustration sake :—

“ This leads me to the last locality in which bones of the ancient Irish people are said to have been found—I allude to the round towers, particularly to that lately excavated at Drumbo, in the county Down. Much interest has, as you are aware, been lately excited by this discovery, from the supposition that these human remains would offer some clue as to the origin and uses of these strange monuments, or to assist in determining the probable area of their erection. The enchanted palace of the Irish round tower will shortly be opened for our inspection, and, therefore, any, even a passing opinion as to anything connected with it would be out of place. Here, however, is a very beautiful cast of the skull found within the round tower of Drumbo ; and the moment it was presented to me, I felt convinced, that if it is of a contemporaneous age with the structure beneath which it was found, then the Irish round tower is not the ancient building we suppose it to be ; for this, compared with the other heads which I have laid before you, is of comparatively modern date. Now, nearly all round towers are in connexion with ancient burial places, and this one, in particular, was so ; and I need only dig around and without it to find many similar remains. We read that the skeleton was found at full length, embedded in the clay, within the ancient structure. Now, I respectfully submit it to the antiquarian world that, if the round tower was erected as a monument over the person whose skeleton was found within it, it certainly would not have been buried thus in the simple earth without a vault or stone chamber, such as the enlightened architect who built the tower would be thoroughly acquainted with. Moreover, I do not believe that a skull thus placed loosely in the earth, without any surrounding chamber, would have remained thus perfect for the length

of time, which even the most modernising antiquaries assign as the date of the round tower. At Larne, in the county of Antrim, a skeleton was lately discovered, which, from the iron sword and other weapons in connexion with it, appeared to have been that of a templar; and similar remains were, not long since, discovered at Kilmainham. This templar's skull, found at Larne (which Mr. Wilde here produced), although it has an Irish physiognomy, and a Fir-Bolg form of head, cannot be traced back farther than the eleventh or twelfth century for its date.

" N.B.—Since this lecture was delivered, I had the gratification of receiving several communications from different parts of the country on the subject of tumuli and human remains; so that one of the objects for which it was undertaken—that of calling attention to the matter—has been attained. Among these communications, I had the honour of receiving one of special interest from A. N. Nugent, Esq., who lately opened a sepulchral mound in the neighbourhood of Portaferry. 'There was,' he writes to me, 'a circle of large stones, containing an area of about a rood. Between each of these stones there was a facing of flat ones, similar to the building of our modern fences. The outer coating was covered with white pebbles averaging the size of a goose-egg, of which there were several cart loads—although it would be difficult to collect even a small quantity at present along the beach.

" 'After this was taken away we came to a confused heap of rubbish, stone, and clay, and then some large flat stones on their ends—the tumulus still preserving a cone shape. In the centre we came to a chamber about six feet long, formed by eight very large upright stones, with a large flag stone at the bottom, on which lay, in one heap of a foot in thickness, a mixture of black mould and bones.' These bones, some of which were kindly forwarded to me, are all human, and consist of portions of the ribs, vertebræ, and the ends of the long bones, together with pieces of the skull and some joints of the fingers of a full-grown person, and also several bones of a very young child; none of these have been subject to the action of fire; but among the parcel forwarded to me are several fragments of incinerated or calcined bones, also human. Either these latter were portions of the same bodies burned, or they belong to an individual sacrificed to the names of the person

whose grave this was ; and I am inclined to think the latter is the more probable, from the circumstances under which similar remains have been discovered in other localities. Evidently this tumulus is of very ancient date—long prior to the authentic historic period—and was, I should say, erected over some person or family of note in that day. There were no urns, weapons, or ornaments discovered in connexion with it ; but my informant states, that in the field in which this barrow was opened, there have been at various times small stone chambers, or kistvaens, discovered ; and in **one of these** a skull of the long, flat, and narrow **character**, was some time ago dug up. A **farmer in the** vicinity, likewise, told Mr. Nugent that **many** years ago, while ploughing in that same field, **he** turned up a stone chamber of the same **kind**, and that it contained a skull with a portion of hair of a deep red colour attached to it.”

The subject is worthy of close study ; but *careless dabbling with it were worse than neglect*. There are some people—very curious, but neither reverent nor scientific—who, on reading this, will long to plunge into every cairn or grave that looks a few centuries old, to see whether Wilde is right or Wilde is wrong. We deprecate this. We entreat them to spare, nay, to guard, these as if they were precious caskets entrusted to them. The Irish tombs must not be Grahamed.* It is not right for any man, who has not spent years in studying comparative anatomy, to open the meanest tomb. Even had we a scientific commission of the ablest men we should insist upon a sparing and considerate use of such violation of the dead man’s home for the sake of the live man’s curiosity. He who does not respect the remains

* Or Grahamed—a term applied to the opening of letters at the time Sir James Graham was Postmaster-General. He made a practice of tampering with the correspondence of his political opponents.—ED.

of his fellow-creature, and their last shelter, is without one of the finest feelings of humanity. Even the hired soldier, who slays for pay, is more human. Some of these mounds can, and will be, opened hereafter by the Irish Academy, when it is made, as it must be, an Irish Antiquarian Institute. In the meantime the subject had best be *practically* left to Dr. Wilde and the few competent people who are engaged on it. Let these tombs, whether on the mountain, or in the tilled field, or the ruined churchyard, be religiously preserved; and, above all, let the children be brought up with tender reverence for these sanctuaries of the departed. We have room enough without trespassing on the grave.

A BALLAD HISTORY OF IRELAND*

OF course the first *object* of the work we project will be to make Irish History familiar to the minds, pleasant to the ears, dear to the passions, and powerful over the taste and conduct of the Irish people in times to come. Mere *events* could be put into a prose history. Exact dates, subtle plots, minute connexions and motives, rarely appear in Ballads, and for these ends the worst prose history is superior to the best ballad series ; but these are not the highest ends of history. To hallow or accurse the scenes of glory and honor, or of shame and sorrow ; to give to the imagination the arms, and homes, and senates, and battles of other days ; to rouse, and soften, and strengthen, and enlarge us with the passions of great periods ; to lead us into love of self-denial, of justice, of beauty, of valour, of generous life and proud death ; and to set up in our souls the memory of great men, who shall then be as models and judges of our actions—these are the highest duties of history, and these are best taught by a Ballad History.

A Ballad History is welcome to childhood, from its rhymes, its high colouring, and its aptness to memory. As we grow into boyhood, the violent passions, the vague hopes, the romantic

* On Nov. 16th, 1844, another *Nation* contributor had suggested a "Ballad History of Ireland" as one of the future volumes of the "Library of Ireland." Davis took up the idea at once, but nothing was done in the matter.—
ED.

sorrow of patriot ballads are in tune with our fitful and luxuriant feelings. In manhood we prize the condensed narrative, the grave firmness, the critical art, and the political sway of ballads. And in old age they are doubly dear; the companions and reminders of our life, the toys and teachers of our children and grand-children. Every generation finds its account in them. They pass from mouth to mouth like salutations; and even the minds which lose their words are under their influence, as one can recall the starry heavens who cannot revive the form of a single constellation.

In olden times all ballads were made to music, and the minstrel sang them to his harp or screamed them in recitative. Thus they reached farther, were welcomer guests in feast and camp, and were better preserved. We shall have more to say on this in speaking of our proposed song collection. Printing so multiplies copies of ballads, and intercourse is so general, that there is less need of this adaptation to music now. Moreover, it may be disputed whether the dramatic effect in the more solemn ballads is not injured by lyrical forms. In such streaming exhortations and laments as we find in the Greek choruses and in the adjurations and caoines of the Irish, the breaks and parallel repetitions of a song might lower the passion. Were we free to do so, we could point out instances in the *Spirit of the Nation* in which the rejection of song-forms seems to have been essential to the awfulness of the occasion.

In pure narratives and in the gayer and more splendid, though less stern ballads, the song forms and adaptation to music are clear gains.

In the Scotch ballads this is usual, in the

English rare. We look in vain through Southey's admirable ballads—"Mary the Maid of the Inn," "Jaspar," "Inchcape Rock," "Bishop Hatto," "King Henry V and the Hermit of Dreux,"—for either burden, chorus, or adaptation to music. In the "Battle of Blenheim" there is, however, an occasional burden line; and in the smashing "March to Moscow" there is great chorussing about—

"Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow."

Coleridge has some skilful repetitions and exquisite versification, in his "Ancient Mariner," "Genevieve," "Alice du Clos," but nowhere a systematic burden. Campbell has no burdens in his finest lyric ballads, though the subjects were fitted for them. The burden of the "Exile of Erin" belongs very doubtfully to him.

Macaulay's best ballad, the "Battle of Ivry," is greatly aided by the even burden line; but he has not repeated the experiment, though he, too, makes much use of repeating lines in his Roman Lays and other ballads.

While, then, we counsel burdens in Historical Ballads, we would recognise excepted cases where they may be injurious, and treat them as in *no case* essential to perfect ballad success. In songs, we would almost always insist either on a chorus verse, or a burden of some sort. A burden need not be at the end of the verse; but may, with quite equal success, be at the beginning or in the body of it, as may be seen in the Scotch Ballads, and in some of these in the *Spirit of the Nation*.

The old Scotch and English ballads, and Lock-

hart's translations from the Spanish, are mostly composed in one metre, though written down in either of two ways. Macaulay's Roman Lays and "Ivry" are in this metre: Take an example from the last :—

" Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the
ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

In the old ballads this would be printed in four lines, of eight syllables and six alternately, and rhyming only alternately—thus :—

" Press where ye see my white plume shine,
Amid the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day
The helmet of Navarre."

So Macaulay himself prints this metre in some of his Roman Lays.

But the student should rather avoid than seek this metre. The uniform old beat of eight and six is apt to fall monotonously on the ear, and some of the most startling effects are lost in it. In the *Spirit of the Nation* the student will find many other ballad metres. Campbell's metres, though new and glorious things, are terrible traps to imitation, and should be warily used. The German ballads, and still more Mangan's translations of them, contain great variety of new and safe, though difficult metres. Next in frequency to the fourteen syllable line is that in eleven syllables, such as "Mary Ambree," and "Lochinvar;" and for a rolling brave ballad 'tis a fine metre. The metre of fifteen syllables, with double rhymes (or accents) in the middle, and that of thirteen, with double rhymes at the end, is tolerably frequent, and the metre used by

Father Prout, in his noble translation of "Duke D'Alencon," is admirable, and easier than it seems. By the way, what a grand burden runs through that ballad—

"Fools! to believe the sword could give to the children
of the Rhine,
Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the Olive and the
Vine!"

The syllables are in the common metre, but it has thrice the rhymes.

We have seen great materials wasted in a struggle with a crotchetty metre; therefore, though we counsel the invention of metres, we would add, that unless a metre come out racily and appropriately in the first couple of verses, it should be abandoned, and some of these easily marked metres taken up.

A historical ballad will commonly be narrative in its form but not necessarily so. A hymn of exultation—a call to a council, an army, or a people—a prophecy—a lament—or a dramatic scene (as in *Lochiel*), may give as much of event, costume, character, and even scenery, as a mere narration. The varieties of form are infinite, and it argues lack of force in a writer to keep always to mere narration, though when exact events are to be told, that may be the best mode.

One of the essential qualities of a good historical ballad is truth. To pervert history—to violate nature, in order to make a fine clatter, has been the aim in too many of the ballads sent us. He who goes to write a historical ballad should master the main facts of the time, and state them truly. It may be well for those perhaps either not to study or to half-forget minute circumstances until after his ballad is drafted out, lest he write a

chronicle, not a ballad ; but he will do well, ere he suffers it to leave his study, to re-consider the facts of the time or man, or act of which he writes, and see if he cannot add force to his statements, an antique grace to his phrases, and colour to his language.

Truth and appropriateness in ballads require great knowledge and taste.

To write an Irish historical ballad, one should know the events which he would describe, and know them not merely from an isolated study of his subject, but from old familiarity, which shall have associated with them his tastes and passions, and connected them with other parts of history. How miserable a thing is to put forward a piece of vehement declamation and vague description, which might be uttered of any event, or by the man of any time as a historical ballad. We have had battle ballads sent us that would be as characteristic of Marathon or Waterloo as of Clontarf—laments that might have been uttered by a German or a Hindu—and romances equally true to love all the world over.

Such historical study extends not merely to the events. A ballad writer should try to find the voice, colour, stature, passions, and peculiar faculties of his hero—the arms, furniture, and dress of the congress, or the champions, or the troops he tells of—the rites wherewith the youth were married—the dead interred, and God worshipped ; and the architecture—previous history and pursuits (and, therefore, probable ideas and phrases) of the men he describes.

Many of these things he will get in books. He should shun compilations, and take up original journals, letters, state papers, statutes, and

contemporary fictions, and narratives, as much as possible. Let him not much mind Leland or Curry (after he has run over them), but work like fury at the Archæological Society's books—at Harris's "*Hibernica*," at Lodge's "*Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*," at Strafford's "*Pacata*," Spenser's "*View*," Giraldus's "*Narrative*," Fynes Moryson's "*Itinerary*," the "*Ormond Papers*," the "*State Papers of Henry the Eighth*," Stafford's and Cromwell's and Rinuccini's "*Letters*," and the correspondence and journals, from Donald O'Neil's letter to the Pope down to Wolfe Tone's glorious memoirs.

In the songs, and even their names, many a fine hint can be got ; and he is not likely to be a perfect Balladist of Ireland who has not felt to tears and laughter the deathless passions of Irish music.

We have condemned compilations ; but the ballad student may well labour at Ware's "*Antiquities*." He will find, in the "*History of British Costume*" published by the Useful Knowledge Society and in the illustrated work now in progress, called "*Old England*," but, beyond all other books, in the historical works of Thierry, most valuable materials. Nothing, not even the "*Border Minstrelsy*," "*Percy's Relics*," the "*Jacobite Ballads*," or the "*Archæological Tracts*"—can be of such service as a repeated study of "*The Norman Conquest*," the "*Ten Years' Study*," and the "*Merovingian Times*" of Augustin Thierry,

We know he has rashly stated some events on insufficient authority, and drawn conclusions beyond the warrant of his premises ; but there is more deep dramatic skill, more picturesque and coloured scenery, more distinct and characteristic

grouping, and more lively faith to the look and spirit of the men and times and feelings of which he writes, in Thierry, than in any other historian that ever lived. He has almost an intuition in favour of liberty, and his vindication of the "men of '98" out of the slanderous pages of Musgrave is a miracle of historical skill and depth of judgment.

In the Irish Academy in Dublin there is a collection (now arranged and rapidly increasing) of ancient arms and utensils. Private collections exist in many provincial towns, especially in Ulster. Indeed, we know an Orange painter in a northern village who has a finer collection of Irish antiquities than all the Munster cities put together. Accurate observation of, and discussion on, such collections, will be of vast service to a writer of historical ballads.

Topography is also essential to a ballad, or to any Historian. This is not only necessary to save a writer from such gross blunder as we met the other day in Wharton's Ballad, called "The Grave of King Arthur," where he talks of "the steeps of rough Kildare," but to give accuracy and force to both general references and local description.

Ireland must be known to her Ballad Historians, not by flat, but by shaded maps, and topographical and scenic descriptions; not by maps of to-day only, but by maps (such as Ortelius and the maps in the State Papers) of Ireland in time past; and finally it must be known by the *eye*. A man who has not raced on our hills, panted on our mountains, waded our rivers in drought and flood, pierced our passes, skirted our coast, noted our old towns, and learned the shape and colour

of ground and tree, and sky, is not master of all a Balladist's art. Scott knew Scotland thus, and, moreover, he seems never to have laid a scene in a place that he had not studied closely and alone.

What we have hitherto advised relates to the Structure, Truth and Colouring of ballads; but there is something more needed to raise a ballad above the beautiful—it must have Force. Strong passions, daring invention, vivid sympathy for great acts—these are the result of one's whole life and nature. Into the temper and training of "A Poet" we do not presume to speak. Few have spoken wisely of them. Emerson, in his recent essay, has spoken like an angel on the mission of "The Poet." Ambition for pure power (not applause); passionate sympathy with the good, and strong, and beautiful; insight into nature, and such loving mastery over its secrets as a husband hath over a wife's mind, are the surest tests of one "called" by destiny to tell to men the past, present, and future, in words so perfect that generations shall feel and remember.

We merely meant to give some "Hints on the Properties of Historical Ballads"—they will be idle save to him who has the mind of a Poet.

A CHRONOLOGY OF IRELAND

THERE is much doubt as to who were the first inhabitants of Ireland ; but it is certain that the Phœnicians had a great commerce with it. The Firbolgs, a rude people, held Ireland for a long period. They were subdued by the Tuatha de Danaan, a refined and noble race, which in its turn yielded its supremacy to the arms of the Milesians. The dates during these centuries are not well ascertained.

B.C.

- 489. Dr. O'Connor, the Librarian of Stowe, fixes this as the most probable date in the Milesian invasion.
- Ollamh Fodhla, the Irish Solomon, institutes the Great Feis, or Triennial Convention at Tara.
- Thirty-two monarchs are said to have reigned between this sovereign and Kimbaoth, who built the Palace of Emania—an event which the chronologers have used as a technical epoch.
- 200. The Scotie colony, which Moore strips of much of its Bardic or Milesian splendour, he assigns this date to.

A.D.

- 40. Reformation of the Bardic or Literary Order, by Conchobhar, King of Ulster.
- 90. The Celts successfully revolt against the Milesians, and place one of their own race upon the throne.
- 130. Re-establishment of the Milesian sway.
- 164. King Feidlim the Legislator establishes the law of Eric.
- 258. From Con of the Hundred Battles descended the chieftains who supplied Albany, the modern Scotland, with her first Scottish rulers, by establishing, about the middle of the third century, the kingdom of Dalriada in Argyleshire.

250 *A CHRONOLOGY OF IRELAND*

- A.D.
333. The Palace of Emania utterly destroyed during a civil war.
396. Nial of the Nine Hostages invades Britain.
387. The birth of St. Patrick.
432. St. Patrick's mission to Ireland.
436. Dathi, the last of the Pagan monarchs of Ireland, succeeded Nial, and was killed while on one of his military expeditions, at the foot of the Alps, by lightning.
465. March 17—Death of St. Patrick.
554. The last triennial council held at Tara.
795. First Invasion of the Danes. The island of Rathlin laid waste.
1014. April 23, Good Friday—Defeat of the Danes at Clontarf by Brian Boroihme.
1152. Synod of Kells—here, whatever be the controversy respecting the previous independence of the Irish Church, it is conceded that the supremacy of the Church of Rome was acknowledged. At this council, too, tithes were first sanctioned and introduced into Ireland.
1159. Pope Adrian's bull granting Ireland to Henry II.
1169. May—First landing of the Normans.
1171. October 18—Henry II arrives in Ireland.
1172. Synod of Cashel assembled under the authority of Henry II. A Council, called by some a Parliament, held by Henry II at Lismore.
1185. Prince John, Earl of Moreton, twelve years old, is sent over by his father as Lord of Ireland, accompanied by Giraldus Cambrensis as his tutor.
1210. King John, at the head of a military force, arrives in Ireland.
1216. Henry III sends over to Ireland the great Charter granted by John.
1254. Ireland granted, under certain conditions, by Henry III to his son Prince Edward.
1277. Some of the Irish adjoining the Anglo-Norman counties petition Edward I for an extension of English laws and usages to them.
1295. A Parliament held at Kilkenny by Sir John Wogan, Lord Justice.
1309. A Parliament held at Kilkenny by Sir John Wogan. Its enactments on record in Bolton's Irish Statutes.

A CHRONOLOGY OF IRELAND 251

- A.D.
1315. Edward Bruce lands with 6,000 men at Larne in May, invited by the Irish. Crowned near Dundalk.
1318. Defeat and death of Bruce at Faghard, near Dundalk.
1367. Parliament assembled at Kilkenny by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, at which the celebrated Anti-Irish Statute was passed.
1379. The first Act ever passed against Absentees.
1394. Richard II lands with an army at Waterford.
1399. Richard II's second expedition to Ireland.
1463. A College founded at Youghal by the Earl of Desmond. Another at Drogheda.
1472. Institution of the Brotherhood of St. George for the protection of the Pale.
1494. Nov.—The Parliament assembled at Drogheda passed Poyning's Law.
1534. First step of the Reformation in Ireland.
1536. Nearly total destruction of the Kildare Geraldines. Henry VIII's supremacy enacted by Statute.
1537. Act passed for the suppression of religious houses.
1541. Act passed declaring Henry VIII *King* of Ireland.
1579. The last Earl of Desmond proclaimed a traitor.
1583. The Earl of Desmond assassinated.
1586. April 26—Attainder of Desmond and his followers. Forfeiture of his estate—574,628 Irish acres. Elizabeth institutes the planting system.
1592. The Dublin University founded.
1595. Aodh O'Neill's victory at Blackwater, and death of Marshal Bagenal.
1603. March 30—Submission of O'Neill (Tyrone) to Mountjoy.
1607. Flight of the Northern Earls, Tyrone and Tyrconnell. Consequent seizure by the Crown of the six entire counties of Cavan, Fermanagh, Armagh, Derry, Tyrone, and Tyrconnel (now Donegal), amounting in the whole to about 511,456 Irish acres.
1608. May 1—Sept.—Sir Cathair O'Dogherty's rising.
1613. May 18—After the creation of fourteen peers and forty new boroughs, a Parliament is assembled to support the new *plantation* of Ulster by the attainder and outlawry of the gentlemen of that province.
1616. Commission for inquiring into defective titles.
1635. Lord Wentworth's oppressive proceedings to find a title in the Crown to the province of Connaught

252 *A CHRONOLOGY OF IRELAND*

- A.D.
1641. Oct. 23—The breaking out of the celebrated Irish insurrection.
1642. The Confederate Catholics form their General Assembly and Supreme Council at Kilkenny—
“ Pro Deo, pro rege, *et patria Hibernia, unanimes,*”
their motto.
1646. June 5—Monroe totally defeated by Owen Roe O’Neill at Benburb, near Armagh.
1649. Aug. 15—Oliver Cromwell arrives in Dublin.
- Sept. 2, 10, 15—Siege, storming, and massacre of Drogheda.
- Oct. 1—Siege and massacre of Wexford.
- Nov. 6—Death of Owen Roe O’Neill at Cloch-Nathdar Castle, Co. Cavan.
1650. May 29—Cromwell embarks for England.
1653. Sept. 26—The Irish war proclaimed ended by the English Parliament.—Act of Grace, ordering the Irish Catholics to transport themselves, on pain of death, into Connaught before 1st March, 1654.
1661. May 8, 1666. Acts of Settlement and Explanation. 7,800,000 acres confiscated and distributed under them.
1689. March 12—James II landed at Kinsale.
- May 7 } The Irish Parliament summoned by him ;
— July 20 } met at the Inns of Court.
1690. June 14—William III landed at Carrickfergus Bay.
- July 1—Battle of the Boyne.
- Aug. 30—The first siege of Limerick under William III raised by Sarsfield.
1691. June 30—Athlone taken after a gallant defence.
1691. July 12—Battle of Aughrim.
- Oct. 3—Capitulation and Treaty of Limerick.
1692. April 5—The articles agreed upon by the Treaty confirmed by William III.
- Nov. 3—Lord Sydney’s protest against the claim of the Irish House of Commons to the right of “ preparing heads of bills for raising money ”—the beginning of the struggle between the Protestant ascendancy and the English Government, which bore national fruit in 1782, but was crushed in 1800.
1695. Aug.—Parliament violated the Treaty of Limerick—
7 William III, c. 67—Prohibits Catholic education at home or abroad.
7 William III, c. 5—Disarms Papists.

- A.D.
1697. 9 William, III, c. 1—Banishes Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, and all regular clergy, on pain of death.
- 9 William III, c. 2—An Act “to confirm the Treaty of Limerick,” which directly and grossly violates its letter and spirit. It is fit to remember that in the Irish House of Lords, from which Catholics were excluded, seven spiritual and five temporal peers protested against this infamous legislation.
1689. The 9 and 10 William III, c. 40—An Act aimed at the Irish woollen manufacture. Molyneux published his famous *Case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament passed in England*. This book, by order of the English House of Commons, was burned by the hangman.
1704. March 4—The “Act to prevent the further growth of Popery,” one of the most noted links in the penal chain.¹
1719. Oct. 17—Representation of the Irish House of Lords against appeals to England.
1720. 6 Geo. 1.—Act passed by the English Legislature to secure the dependency of Ireland.
- Swift’s first Irish pamphlet—“A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures.” Prosecuted by Government.
1724. Wood’s patent to coin half-pence for Ireland, and Swift’s successful opposition to the scheme by the “Letters of M. B. Drapier.” The first time all Irish sects and parties were unanimous upon national grounds.
1728. 1 Geo. II, c. 9, s. 8.—The Act disfranchising Roman Catholics.
1737. The tithe of agistment got rid of by the Irish gentry, and the chief burden of the tithe thereby thrown on the farmers and peasantry.
1743. Lucas rises into notice in the Dublin Corporation.
1745. April 30—Battle of Fontenoy.
1749. Dr. Lucas is obliged to leave Ireland.
1753. Dec. 17—The House of Commons asserts its control successfully over the surplus revenue, in opposition to Government.

¹ It attacked the property of the Catholics, as previous Acts had attacked them in education and in the practice of their religion. Introduced Sept. 28, 1703.

- A.D.
1756. The first public effort by Mr. O'Connor and Dr. Curry to inspire the Catholics with the spirit of freedom. They succeed with the mercantile body, but are opposed by many of the gentry and clergy.
1760. March and April—Mr. Wyse and Dr. Curry revive the scheme of an association to manage Catholic affairs.
1761. Dr. Lucas returned as representative of Dublin to the first Parliament of George III.
1763. Establishment of the *Freeman's Journal* by Dr. Lucas—the first independent Irish newspaper.
1768. The duration of parliament limited to eight years.
1778. First relaxation of the Penal Code. Catholics allowed long tenures of land, &c.
- The Volunteers first formed. Flood the foremost popular leader.
1779. The achievement of Free Trade [*i.e.*, Ireland's right to trade with the colonies, &c.].
1782. Ireland's legislative independence won. Grattan's prime.
1785. Orde's commercial propositions.
1789. Debates upon the Regency question.
1790. The formation of the Society of United Irishmen at Belfast. Theobald Wolfe Tone its founder.
1792.) The franchise restored to the Roman Catholics, the
1793.) Bar opened to them, &c.
1795. Sept. 21—First Orange Lodge formed.
1796. Dec. 24—The remnant of the French expedition arrives in Bantry Bay without General Hoche, the commander.
1798. May 23—Breaking out of the insurrection.
— August 22—General Humbert lands with a small force at Killala.
— Dec. 9—Meeting of the Bar to oppose the projected Union. Saurin moves the resolution, which is carried.
1799. Jan. 22—The Union proposed.
— June 1—Parliament prorogued, Government having been defeated by small majorities.
1800. Feb. 10—The House of Lords divided, 75 for and 26 against the Union.
— Feb. 15—The House of Commons divided, 158 for, 115 against the Union.

- A, D.
1800. March 17—On this day, the first of the following January was fixed in the Commons for the commencement of the Union.
1803. Robert Emmet's insurrection and execution.
1810. Great Repeal Meeting in Dublin.
1813. Important debate on Emancipation.
1821. George IV in Ireland.
1823. Catholic Association formed.
1825. Act passed to put down the Catholic Association.
1828. O'Connell's election for Clare.
1829. April 13—Emancipation granted.
1831. Education Board formed.
1833. Coercion Bill passed by the Whigs.
1836. May—Parliament rejects Repeal motion.
1838. Poor Law. Temperance movement.
1840. Corporation Reform. Repeal Association formed by O'Connell.
1842. October 15—Establishment of the *Nation*.
1843. Munster meetings. Prosecutions. William Smith O'Brien joins the Repeal Association.
1844. Verdict against, and imprisonment of Repeal leaders, 12th February and 30th May. Liberation, 7th September.

The future is ours—for good, if we are persevering, intelligent, and brave; for ill, if we quarrel, slumber, or shrink.



THE IRISH ART UNION

THE *Evening Packet* having repeatedly attacked this Society, and recently with much heat, it seems worth while to consider soberly, and not by way of dispute, whether this Art Union deserves the support it gets or not.

The Art Union was founded on the 8th of April, 1839, "for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, by the purchase of the works of living artists exhibited in the metropolis."

Here is the object, and here the chief reasons of the Society.

Goodness knows Art wanted encouragement in this country. Ireland, or Cork rather, had produced one great and famous painter—Barry ; and another, of perhaps higher genius—Forde, though he died young and unnoticed. Barry not merely lived in England, he painted for it ; his works remained there, and his influence was on foreign minds. We might fairly boast of him as Irish by blood and genius, but not by our intimacy with his works, his thoughts or himself. The Irishmen next in renown—Maclise, Mulready and Shee*—have lived in London and painted for English gold and English popularity—not exclusively, however ; Maclise could not be alienated, as his glorious " Snap-Apple Night " and " Captain Rock " and a score of smaller works happily prove.

* Sir Martin Archer Shee was President of the Royal Academy. It is known that Maclise, later, refused the same honour.—ED.

Yet even in Maclise's case, his best Irish pictures were exhibited in Somerset House, not Abbey Street, and neither they nor the engravings of them reached the people of Ireland.

It may be that an artist of the highest spirit would have clung to this country as the proper ground of his inspiration, and (through poverty and neglect) coerced the public into adoration and great thoughts, though perhaps even to the strongest powers this had been impossible, and a throwing of seed by the wayside ; yet we cannot think so. Would that some one had a right faith in their country, and in their fitness to teach it with their glorious pencils. There is one* at least, even here, who would neither need nor endure a patron, but who could elevate and adorn Ireland were he to use his pencil for the cause for which O'Neill fought, and Grattan spoke.

But, returning to the Art Union, it is certain that when that Society was established there was no Art Exhibition in Ireland—there were no Irish purchasers of any pictures save of portraits—a good picture could not be met in a county, more and more of our artists were going to London, and the little taste of art which had lingered from the times of independence was flickering at its last glimmer. Two or three gentlemen, if we remember right, who had seen the working of such institutions on the Continent, gossiped, met, planned, and established the Art Union. Fortunately, one among them liked work as well as gossip, and chiefly from Mr. Blacker's† incessant care,

* Frederick W. Burton, subsequently famous as Director of the National Gallery of London.—ED.

† Stewart Blacker, author of "Irish Art and Artists."—ED.

the Art Union grew from a ~~kn~~not of dilettanti to a great association ; and now the question comes, has the Art Union materially promoted the fine arts in Ireland. We say it has, and here are our proofs.

Turning to the published advertisement we find that it received and spent on works of art in five years, ending in 1843, no less than £12,531, while but £4,786 passed through the London Art Union, and £7,318 through the Scottish in the same time. It is something in Ireland to have an institution prosperous even in its funds.

This £12,531 was spent, first and mainly in the purchase of works of art, as prizes ; secondly, in engravings for the members ; and thirdly, in premiums to Irish engravers, medallists, &c.

There are two ways of promoting art. One is by direct patronage to artists, paying them for their works and thus inducing mere love and competition. The other is, by creating a taste for art, which will induce the public to value and buy paintings, statues, engravings and the like. In both ways the Art Union did vast service to art in Ireland.

Its direct patronage of art has been very great, and its indirect still greater. It created two exhibitions in Dublin, where before there was none. These exhibitions were visited by tens of thousands, and criticised in every circle. Crowds, who had never seen anything better than a sign-board, saw, read of, and spoke of pictures by Maclise, Burton, Danby and Rothwell,* and statues and busts by M'Dowell, Moore and Kirk.† We suppose

* Daniel Maclise, R.A. ; Frederick Burton, R.H.A. ; Francis Danby, A.R.A. ; and Richard Rothwell, R.H.A.—ED.

† Patrick MacDowell, R.A. ; Christopher Moore, R.H.A., and Thomas Kirk, R.H.A.—ED.

that at least £10,000 was subscribed by Irishmen, and in return Burton's "Blind Girl," which no engraver could spoil, and Rothwell's "Young Mendicants," which engraving has even improved, have gone into every barony in Ireland, preaching to all classes lessons of beauty and tenderness, and giving ideas of high design, drawing, and engraving, to people previously instructed by daubs, printed with brick-dust and soot upon tea-paper.

Burton's "Arran Fisherman's Child," Maclise's "Peep into Futurity," Crowley's* "Cup-Tossing," Shee's "Belisarius," Mulready's "Fight Interrupted," are on their way after these pioneers, and engravings from Barry, Forde and Darby will soon follow. Several hundred pictures, statues and casts, some of genius, some of finish, many of good promise, have carried specimens of light and shade, colour and form, into many a shop and many a mansion.

All these things must have sown an incalculable amount of feeling for and opinion on art. Time and care will confirm this feeling and ripen the opinion into sound taste. 'Tis easy to say the people are only getting fine pictures, not wise on them. This is not correct. We know that the current criticism already distinguishes rightly where the differences in merit are broad. It will increase in accuracy every day; this hunger for prizes will pass away, and a recognition of great thoughts and skill will take its place. In these respects the value of the Art Union has been conceded by all, save a few men impatient at the slowness and imperfections which are quite as

* Nicholas J. Crowley, R.H.A., born 1819, died 1857.—
ED.

manifest in the public mind on everything else as well as art.

The indirect patronage of artists by the Society has been very great. In creating the exhibitions, it not only made a market where itself could buy, but led others there. The Art Union laid out several thousand pounds on the works of Irish artists, not one hundred of which would otherwise have reached them; for the money came in guineas from every corner of the island, and some from abroad; and it induced others to buy to perhaps a larger amount, by setting pictures before them in the exhibitions, and by agitating for art, and bringing it into fashion.

When the Art Union started, it could not get competitions for any premium. This year it was able to give premiums, and extra premiums for line, wood, medal and gem engraving and for modelling. It creates a school of engraving in Ireland, and does so rapidly.

This brings us to the commonest objections to the Art Union. It is attacked for giving a large part of its income to English engravers, and 'tis asked, does this encourage art in Ireland. We answer certainly. Were there competent Irish engravers in Ireland, or in England, it would be intolerable to have an English resident, or an Englishman employed; but the Society had no such choice.

There is no Irish engraver in a city in Ireland able to execute such a print as the subscribers to the Art Union fairly expect, or as the Committee could circulate, without injury to taste and injustice to those subscribers. This is a disagreeable fact, but the cure is in the encouragement of Irish engraving, not in rudeness to the

Art Union, nor in arrogant forgetfulness of our deficiencies. At the same time, we think the Art Union ought to devote more care to the subject of Irish engraving. It ought, for example, offer premiums for engraving from any of twenty Irish pictures named by it, and undertake, in cases of great success, to purchase the plates or blocks at a liberal price.

Another objection is, the selection of pictures by the Committee instead of by the prizemen. This objection generally comes from disappointed artists. The plan was tried in London, and it led to the selection, at times, of the worst daubs—it produced much intriguing by artists to induce prize-holders to take their works, and in some instances it was a cover for dishonourable bargains between artists and selectors. We must not expose any Irish artist even to the possible suspicion of foul conduct, and we must try to lead public taste instead of letting it drift. The objection most pressed by resident artists is, that the purchases are not made from their works exclusively. They are indignant because Irish money goes to England, and exclaim against the want of patriotism in the Art Union. This is all pardonable in them—they cannot be unprejudiced judges, nor will the public be carried away by their oratory; but the question is, does the system encourage art in Ireland. The answer is to be found in a review of the Dublin exhibitions. Had the Art Union been excluded from purchasing the works of non-residents, they should have passed over the best works in the exhibition, and laid out large sums in the purchase of mere rubbish. Would this encourage art in Ireland? The *Evening Packet* contains a list of

non-resident artists whose works found a purchaser in the Society, and raises a cry against the Committee; yet on that list are Rothwell, M'Dowell, Fisher.* Next year it may contain Maclise, Mulready, Danby and Hogan,† and a hotter assault will be made; but the public, for which the Art Union Committee is a trustee, will not be persuaded that Irish art would gain by the rejection of these men's works for the paintings of some whose claim was in the locality of their lodgings.

Undoubtedly, it is desirable that Irish artists should live in Ireland. Between equal works the Committee ought to—we are sure would—prefer those of Irish residents. It is still more desirable that this fund should reach Irish artists exclusively, provided their works are numerous and good enough for such an exhibition, and indeed it may even now be time for the Art Union to think of limiting their purchases to the works of Irishmen. An intimation of this purpose, with a full and earnest address to Irish non-resident artists, would probably bring enough of Irishmen's pictures to supply their demand. If, notwithstanding, a large surplus fund remained, there are better ways of spending it than on bad Irish, or tolerable English, pictures. The description of artistical books, such as Lessing's "Laocoon," Flaxman on "Sculpture," Leonardo's "Essay on Painting Outlines," or of such works as Flaxman's and Retzch's prints from Leonardo, or of Michael Angelo, and Raphael among the old, and Cornelius, Overbach, &c., among the

* William Fisher, an excellent Irish painter of the time.—ED.

† John Hogan, the sculptor.—ED.

modern painters, or lastly, of casts from celebrated statues, would create a good public taste on art more rigidly than even the best exhibitions.

Nor do we see why the Art Union should not give premiums for every class of design from the Irish Historical Cartoon to the book illustration of Griffin and Moore. These, however, are but suggestions for future improvements, and though they be all found useless, the Art Union will still be, as it has been, a noble institution for the promotion of Irish art, and a common ground for the patriotism and taste of all parties to meet on.

IRISH SONGS

I.

WE stated that, seeing the publication of the *Spirit of the Nation* drawing to a close, and intending not to renounce that work at any time, we had projected other tasks for Irish verse-writers—we do not call them poets; King Time can alone confer that rank. One of these projects was “A Ballad History of Ireland,” and on that we have written (not all we had to say, but) enough to set men thinking for themselves. Two other projects, and of which we would now say something, are “Songs of the Irish Nation,” *to be published with music, either in parts or in single songs*, and “Songs for the Fields and Streets.” We have called the Ballad History a thing yet to be done; though, perhaps, there are some twenty ballads in existence fit to make links in the chain. Large classes of songs exist, however, which would take a high (probably the highest) rank in a collection of National melodies, and we or those who come after us, must combine the best of these* and of what we can get written into “The Songs of Ireland;” but we contemplate now an original series. There is room enough.

Ireland does not rank low in songs. She is far above England, or Italy, or Spain, and equal to

* The work was done fairly well by Michael Joseph Barry, who used all but a few paragraphs of these essays as a preface for his collection.—ED.

Germany. Scotland, with her Burns, Scott, Campbell, Cunningham, and that nameless galaxy from whence came the Jacobite minstresly, is, we fear, above Ireland. France, too, not very successful in other kinds of poetry, has latterly burst into lyrical perfection. Not to name lesser, though great lyrists, there is Beranger, who (unaided by the glorious fragments which helped Burns to most of his choruses, and to part of his success) has given to France some hundred songs set to French tunes, with the raciest choruses, in simplest idiom, and expressing every popular thought and passion—glory, love, Napoleon, war, wine, hatred to Russia, abhorrence of England, the pall of Waterloo, the sun of Austerlitz. Napoleon and Beranger have gone deeper into the mind of France than any men for centuries.

Yet, again we say, Ireland ranks high. When we went to prepare a volume of selected songs by Irishmen, to supersede the cabbage and artificial flowers called Harps and Shamrocks and Minstrels, now unhappily current, we were surprised to find how numerous were the men and women whose contributions should find a place in that volume.

There were Banim, Lover, Griffin, Callanan, "Father Prout," Mangan, Furlong, Maginn, Lady Morgan, Curran, Drennan, Orr,* and about twenty contributors to the *University*, *Citizen*, *Irish Monthly*, and other periodicals. Turning, with these authors in our memory, to the English and Scotch collections, we find that, even putting Moore out of view for the moment, the songs of Ireland are immeasurably above those of England, but certainly inferior to those of Scotland.

* James Orr, of Ballycarry, author of "The Irishman," a once popular song.—ED.

England's songs are the worst in the world. Haynes Bayley's ormolu melodies are among the best things she has ; these are adequate to tell the sick sentiment of the West-end ; but what songs has she to tell her deeds and her passions ? England's navy is her greatest glory ; her seamen are her most real heroes ; yet she has no better naval songs than the stilted theatrical odes of Dibdin—things without the fury, the fun, or even the thoughts of the sailor, and written for airs which belong to the opera, not the fore-castle. There is but one thoroughly English sea-song, and it was written by an Irishman to an Irish tune—"The Arethusa," by Mr. Hoare,* an Irishman, which is sung to Carolan's air, "The Princess Royal." Humour the English have not, so they naturally borrow the gay songs of Ireland and Scotland ; where these fail they versify the slang of London thieves and rural poachers, and think they have humorous songs.

Barry Cornwall has certainly produced a volume of poems not deficient in grace and vigour, but which are scarcely songs, though he calls them so, and are not in any sense *national songs*.

English robbery of Irish literature is quite as marked as of Irish wealth. To keep to this section of literature, we find in one of the best collections of English songs the verses of Congreve, Goldsmith, Hoare, Lover, Lady Morgan, Otway,† Parnell, Roscommon, Sheridan, Swift, and a lament from the editor that he was not allowed to put in some of Moore's.

War, wine, and women, were said to be the only subjects for song, and England has not a dozen

* Prince Hoare was not in any sense an Irishman.—ED.

† Nor was Thomas Otway Irish.—ED.

good songs on any of them. One verse of the "British Grenadiers," and a couple of tolerable ballads, are her stock of war-songs. "Rule Britannia" is a Scotch song, and "God Save the King" a parody on another Scotch song. Bishop Still's "Jolly Good Ale" is almost the only hearty drinking song of England, and that is an antique. As to the English love poems—they are very clever, very learned, full of excellent similes, but quite empty of love. There is a cold glitter and a dull exaggeration through the whole set, from Marlow and Johnson to Waller and Turnbull, that would make an Irish or Scotch girl despise the man who sung them to her.

For example, here is a song of Ben Jonson's, of which his editor says, "If it be not the most beautiful in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found :"

OH ! DO NOT WANTON.

Oh ! do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing ;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh ! be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me ;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh ! do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me ;
Nor spread them as distract with fears—
Mine own enough betray me.

Most of the love songs of England are of this clever, heartless kind, and few of them so good. There are, however, a few good lyrics by Englishmen ; for instance John Cunningham's* "Kate of

* Cunningham was an Irishman.—ED.

Aberdeen," Bishop Percy's "Nanny, wilt thou go with me," Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes," Charles Lamb's "Catherine Orkney," and one or two of Carey's, Gay's, Byron's, and Shelley's.

Contrast such English songs with any of the hundreds of good Scotch songs, or rather let us take a sample from the early times of Scotland :—

THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion ;
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.
 O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
 And the blythe blinks in her e'e ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white hause-bane :
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glow'r with their e'e,
 At kirk, when they see my Marion ;
 But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion ;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'se gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' London brown,
 And vow but ye will be vap'ring
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dances like me on the green :
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean ;
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle o' cramasie,
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

And then, skipping over such names as Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Campbell, and Hogg, and the often nameless or obscure authors of the Jacobite Minstrelsy, to come on such songs as Cunningham's "Nannie, O!" "My ain Countrie," "Phemie Irvine," or the fine ballad song of "My gentle Hugh Herries." Oh! that Scotland is worth a hundred Englands!*

The Scotch songs evidently are full of heart and reality. They are not written for the stage. They were the slower growth of intense passion, simple taste, and a heroic state of society. Love, mirth, patriotism, are not the ornaments, but the inspiration of these songs. They are full of personal narrative, streaming hopes and fears, bounding joy in music, absolute disregard for prettiness, and, then, they are thoroughly Scotch.

It may be said that Moore is lyrical enough for Ireland. We might show that though he is perfect in his expression of the softer feelings, and unrivalled even by Burns in many of his gay songs, yet, that he is often deficient in vehemence, does not speak the sterner passions, spoils some of his finest songs by pretty images, is too refined and subtle in his dialect, and too negligent of narrative; but to prove these assertions would take too great space, and perhaps lead some one to think we wished to run down Moore. He is immeasurably our greatest poet, and the greatest lyrical, except Burns and Beranger, that ever lived; but he has not given songs to the middle and poor classes of Irish. The Irish-speaking people have songs by the thousand, but they (especially the political ones) are too despairing; the poor who are limited (and, therefore in some sort barbarised) to English

* Davis quotes the song in full.—ED.

alone, have only the coarsest ballads, wherein an occasional thought of frolic, or wrath, or misery, is utterly unable to redeem the mass of threadbare jests, ribaldry, mock sentiment from the heathen mythology, low thoughts, and barbarous misuse of the metres and rhymes of the language. The middle classes are forced to put up with snatches from those above and below them, and have less music than either.

We want the verse-writers of Ireland to try and remedy all these wants. If they be poets, they can do so. If they be men of bounding animal spirits, who love the rise because of its toil, and the descent because of its speed—who have grown up amid the common talk and pictures of nature—the bosomed lake amid rocks, like a woman in a warrior's arms—the endless sea with its roaring or whispering fringes—the mantled, or glittering, or thundering night—the bleak moor, the many-voiced trees, the bounding river—if they be men who have passionately loved, and, ere philosophy raised them above it, ardently hated—if they are men generous in friendship, hearty at the hearth, tranced by sweet or maddened by strong sounds, sobbing with unused strength and fiery for freedom and glory, then they can write lyrics for every class in Ireland, and our task is but to tell them some minor facts, which will prevent their powers going to waste and make their genius minister to their idolised country.

II.

There are great gaps in Irish song to be filled up. This is true even of the songs of the Irish-speaking people. Many of the short snatches preserved among them from olden times are sweet and noble ;

but the bulk of the songs are very defective. Most of those hitherto in use were composed during the last century, and, therefore, their structure is irregular, their grief slavish and despairing, their joy reckless and bombastic, their religion bitter and sectarian, their politics Jacobite, and concealed by extravagant and tiresome allegory. Ignorance, disorder, and every kind of oppression weakened and darkened the lyric genius of Ireland. Even these, such as they are, diminish daily in the country, and a lower class come in. We have before us a number of the ballads now printed at Cork, in Irish, and English and Irish mixed. They are little above the street ballads in the English tongue. If Hardiman's and Daly's collections be fair specimens (as we believe they are) of the Irish Jacobite songs, we should not care to have more than a few of them given to the people; but, perhaps, there may be twenty, which, if printed clearly in slips, would sell as ballads in the Irish districts.

Assuming that the morsels given in O'Reilly's* catalogue of Irish writers do not exaggerate the merits of the older bards, their works would supply numberless pastoral, love, joy, wailing, and war songs. A popular editor of these could condense them into three or four verses each—cut them so as exactly to suit the airs, preserve the local and broad historical allusions, but remove the clumsy ornaments and exaggerations. This is what Ramsay, Burns, and Cunningham did with the Lowland Scotch songs, and thus made them what they are—the best in Europe. This need not prevent complete editions of these songs in learned

* Edward O'Reilly, who died in 1829, published his "List of Irish Writers" in 1820.—ED.

books ; but such books are for libraries, not cabins.

There is one want, however, in *all* the Irish songs—it is of strictly national lyrics. They are national in form and colour, but clannish in opinion. In fact, from Brian's death, there was no thought of an Irish nation, save when some great event, like Aodh O'Neill's march to Munster, or Owen Roe's victory at Beinnburb, flashed and vanished. These songs celebrate M'Carthy or O'More, O'Connor, or O'Neill—*his* prowess, *his* following, *his* hospitality ; but they cry down his Irish or " more than Irish " neighbour, as fiercely as they do the foreign oppressor. True it is, you will find amid the flight of minstrels one bolder than the rest, who mourns for the time when the Milesians swayed, and tells that " a soul has come into Eire," and summons all the Milesian tribes to battle for Ireland. But even in the seventeenth century, when the footing of the Norman and Saxon in Ireland was as sure as that of the once-invading Milesians themselves, we find the cry purely to the older Irish races, and the bounds of the nation made, not by the island, but by genealogy.

We may remark, in passing, that on no hypothesis did these same Milesians form more than the aristocracy of ancient Ireland—a class—a race of conquerors.

Dr. MacHale has made a noble attempt to supply this deficiency by his translation of Moore into Irish ; but we are told that the language of his translation is too literary, and that the people do not relish these songs. A stronger reason for their failure (if in so short a time their fate can be judged) is, that the originals want the idiom and colour of the country, and are too subtle in thought. This remark does not apply to Moore's love songs,

nor to some, at least, of his political lyrics, and we cannot doubt that, if translated into vernacular Irish, and printed as ballads, they would succeed. For the present nothing better can be done than to paraphrase the *Songs of the Nation* into racy and musical Irish; though a time may come when some one born amid the Irish tongue, reared amid Gaelic associations, instructed in the state of modern Ireland, and filled with passion and prophecy, shall sing the union and destiny of all the races settled on Irish ground, till the vales of Munster and the cliffs of Connaught ring with the words of Nationality.

But whatever may be done by translation and editing for the songs of the Irish-speaking race, those of our English-speaking countrymen are to be written. Moore, Griffin, Banim, and Callanan have written plenty of songs. Those of Moore have reached the drawing-rooms; but what do the People know even of this? Buy a ballad in any street in Ireland, from the metropolis to the village, and you will find in it, perhaps, some humour, some tenderness, and some sweetness of sound; but you will certainly find bombast, or slander, or coarseness, united in all cases with false rhythm, false rhyme, conceited imagery, black paper, and blotted printing. A high class of ballads would do immense good—the present race demean and mislead the People as much as they stimulate them; for the sale of these ballads is immense, and printers in Dublin, Drogheda, Cork, and Belfast, live by their sale exclusively. Were an enterprising man to issue the choice songs of Drennan, Griffin, Moore, on good paper, and well printed, he would make a fortune of “halfpenny ballads.”

The Anglo-Irish songs, though most of the last

century, are generally indecent or factious. The cadets of the Munster Protestants, living like garrison soldiers, drinking, racing, and dancing, wrote the one class. The clergy of the Ulster Presbyterians wrote the other. "The Rakes of Mallow," and "The Protestant Boys," are choice specimens of the two classes—vigorous, and musical, and Irish, no doubt, but surely not fit for this generation.

Great opportunities came with the Volunteers and United Irishmen, but the men were wanting. We have but one good Volunteer song. It was written by Lysaght, after that illustrious militia was dissolved. Drennan's "Wake of William Orr" is not a song; but he gave the United Men the only good song they had—"When Erin first rose." In "Paddy's Resource," the text-book of the men who were "up," there is but one tolerable song—"God save the Rights of Man;" nor, looking beyond these, can we think of anything of a high class but "The Sean Bhan Bhoichd," "The Wearing of the Green," Lysaght's "Island," and Reynolds' "Erin-go-bragh," if it be his.

Two of Lady Morgan's songs, "Savourneen Dilis" and "Kate Kearney," have certainly gone through all classes; and perhaps we might add a little to these exceptions; but it is a sad fact that most of the few good songs we have described are scarce, and are never printed in a ballad shape.

There is plenty, then, for the present race of Irish lyrists to do. They have a great heritage in the national music. It has every excellence and every variety. It is not needful for a writer of our songs to be a musician, though he will certainly gain much accuracy, and save much labour to others and himself by being so. Moore is a musi-

cian of great attainments, and Burns used to compose his songs when going over, and over and over the tune with or without words. But constantly listening to the playing of Irish airs will enable any man with a tolerable ear, and otherwise qualified, to write words to them.

Here, we would give two cautions. First—that the airs in Moore's *Melodies* are very corrupt, and should never be used for the study of Irish music. This is even more true of Lover's tunes. There is no need of using them, for Bunting's and Holden's collections are cheaper, and contain pure settings. Secondly—that as there are hundreds of the finest airs to which no English words have been written, and as the effect of a song is greatly increased by having one set of words always joined with one tune, our versifiers should carefully avoid the airs to which Moore, Griffin, or any other Irishman has written even moderately good words.

In endeavouring to learn an air for the purpose of writing words to it, the first care should, of course, be to get its character—as gay, hopeful, loving, sentimental, lively, hesitating, woeful, despairing, resolute, fiery, or variable. Many Irish airs take a different character when played fast or slow, lightly or strongly ; but there is some one mode of playing which is best of all, and the character expressed by it must determine the character of the words. For, nothing can be worse than a gay song to calm music, or massive words to a delicate air ; in all cases *the tune must suggest, and will suggest, to the lyrist the sentiment of the words.*

The tune will, of course, fix the number of lines in a verse. Frequently the number and order of the lines can be varied. Three rhymes and a fall,

or a couplet, or alternate rhymes, may answer the same set of notes ; or rhymes, if too numerous, may be got rid of by making one long, instead of two short lines. Where the same notes come with emphasis at the ends of musical phrases, the words should rhyme, in order to secure the full effect. The doubling two lines into one is most convenient where the first has accents on both the last syllables, for you thus escape the necessity of double rhyming. In the softer airs the effect of this is rather agreeable than otherwise.

Talking of double rhymes, they are peculiarly fitted for strong political and didactic songs, for the abstract and political words in English are chiefly of Latin origin, of considerable length and gravity, and have double accents. The more familiar English words (which best suit most songs) contain few doubly-accented terminations, and are, therefore, little fitted for double rhyming.

Expletive syllables in the beginning of lines where the tune is sharp and gay are often an improvement, but they should never follow a double rhyme.

In strong and firm tunes, having a syllable for every note is a perfection, though one hard to be attained without harshness, from the crowd of consonants in English. With soft tunes, on the other hand, it is commonly better to have in most lines two or more light notes to one syllable, so that the words may be dwelt on and softly sounded ; but where and how must be determined by the taste of the writer.

The sound of the air will always show the current of thought, its pauses and changes ; and a nice attention and bold sympathy with these properties of a tune is necessary to lyrical success.

A great advantage, too, of writing for existing airs is the variety of metres thus gained, and the naturally greater variety of thought and expression thus suggested.

We have spoken, in reference to Ballads, of the use of Choruses and Burdens, and said that we thought there were some Ballads which were injured by them ; but all songs, save (perhaps) those of desperate sorrow, gain by burden lines and choruses. They are almost universal in the Native Irish and Lowland Scotch. Beranger has employed them in most of his songs, and Moore in many of his. A chorus should, of course, contain the very spirit of the song—bounding, if it be gay ; fierce, if it be bold ; doting, if it loves. Merely repeating one verse between, or at the head or tail of another, is not putting a chorus ; it must be *the* verse which beats the best on your ear, and has the most echo in your heart. So, too, of burdens ; they are not made merely by bringing in the same words in like places. They must be marked words forcibly brought in.

Irish choruses have often a glorious effect in English songs, nor need any one familiar with the peasantry, or with Edward O'Reilly's Irish Writers, published as the first part of the *Transactions of the Ibero-Celtic Society*, be at any loss for them.

These are some of the minutiae of song-writing, which we note for the consideration of our young writers, leaving them to add to or to modify them, according to their observation.

Of course, different men and different moods will produce various classes of songs. We shall have places for all. Songs for the Street and Field require simple words, bold, strong imagery,

plain, deep passions (love, patriotism, conciliation, glory, indignation, resolve), daring humour, broad narrative, highest morals. In songs for the wealthier classes, great subtlety, remoter allusion, less obvious idiom and construction, will be tolerable, though in all cases we think simplicity and heartiness needful to the perfect success of a song.

If men able to write, will fling themselves gallantly and faithfully on the work we have here plotted for them, we shall soon have Fair and Theatre, Concert and Drawing-room, Road and Shop, echoing with Songs bringing home Love, Courage and Patriotism to every heart.

THE HISTORY OF THE AGITATION

FROM 1793 to 1829—for thirty-six years—the Irish Catholics struggled for Emancipation. *That* Emancipation was but admission to the Bench, the Inner Bar, and Parliament. It was won by self-denial, genius, vast and sustained labours, and, lastly, by the sacrifice of the forty-shilling freeholders—the poor veterans of the war—and by submission to insulting oaths ; yet it was cheaply bought. Not so cheaply, perchance, as if won by the sword ; for on it were expended more treasures, more griefs, more intellect, more passion, more of all which makes life welcome, than had been needed for war ; still it was cheaply bought, and Ireland has glorified herself, and will through ages triumph in the victory of '29.

Yet what was Emancipation compared to Repeal ?

The one put a silken badge on a few members of one profession ; the other would give to all professions and all trades the rank and riches which resident proprietors, domestic legislation, and flourishing commerce infallibly create.

Emancipation made it possible for Catholics to sit on the judgment seat ; but it left a foreign administration, which has excluded them, save in two or three cases, where over-topping eminence made the acceptance of a Judgeship no promotion : and it left the local Judges—those with whom the people has to deal—as partial, ignorant and bigoted as ever ; while Repeal would give us an Irish code

and Irish-hearted Judges in every Court, from the Chancery to the Petty Sessions.

Emancipation dignified a dozen Catholics with a senatorial name in a foreign and hostile Legislature. Repeal would give us a Senate, a Militia, an Administration, all our own.

The Penal Code, as it existed since 1793, insulted the faith of the Catholics, restrained their liberties, and violated the public Treaty of Limerick. The Union has destroyed our manufactures, prohibits our flag, prevents our commerce, drains our rental, crushes our genius, makes our taxation a tribute, our representation a shadow, our name a bye-word. It were nobler to strive for Repeal than to get Emancipation.

Four years ago, the form of Repeal agitation began—two years ago, its reality. Have we not cause to be proud of the labours of these two years? If life be counted, not by the rising of suns, or the idle turning of machinery, but by the growth of the will, and the progress of thoughts and passions in the soul, we Irishmen have spent an age since we raised our first cry for liberty. Consider what we were then, and what we have done since. We had a People unorganised—disgusted with a Whig alliance—beaten in a dishonourable struggle to sustain a faction—ignorant of each other's will—without books, without songs, without leaders (save one), without purposes, without strength, without hope. The Corn Exchange was the faint copy of the Catholic Association, with a few enthusiasts, a few loungers, and a few correspondents. Opposite to us was the great Conservative party, with a majority exceeding our whole representation, united, flushed, led by the craftiest of living statesmen and the ablest of living generals.

Oh ! how disheartening it was then, when, day by day, we found prophecy and exhortation, lay and labour, flung idly before a distracted People. May we never pass through that icy ordeal again !

How different now ! The People are united under the greatest system of organisation ever attempted in any country. They send in, by their Collectors, Wardens, and Inspectors, to the central office of Ireland, the contributions needed to carry on the Registration of Voters, the public meetings, the publications, the law expenses, and the organisation of the Association ; and that in turn carries on registries, holds meetings, opens reading-rooms, sends newspapers, and books, and political instructions, back through the same channel ; so that the Central Committee knows the state of every parish, and every parish receives the teaching and obeys the will of the Central Committee.

The Whig Alliance has melted, like ice before the sun, and the strong souls of our people will never again serve the purpose of a faction.

The Conservative party, without union and without principle, is breaking up. Its English section is dividing into the tools of expediency and the pioneers of a New Generation—its Irish section into Castle Hacks and National Conservatives.

Meantime, how much have the Irish People gained and done ! They have received, and grown rich under torrents of thought. Song, and sermon, and music, speech and pamphlet, novel and history, essay, and map, and picture, have made the dull thoughtful, and the thoughtful studious, and will make the studious wise and powerful. They have begun a system of self-teaching in

their reading-rooms. If they carry it we shall, before two years, have in every parish men able to manufacture, to trade, and to farm—men acquainted with all that Ireland was, is, and should be—men able to serve The Irish Nation in peace and war.

In the teeth, too, of the Government, we held our meetings. They are not for this time, but they were right well in their own time. They showed our physical force to the Continent, to ourselves, to America, to our rulers. They showed that the people would come and go rapidly, silently, and at bidding, in numbers enough to recruit a dozen armies. These are literal facts. Any one monster meeting could have offered little resistance in the open country to a regular army, but it contained the materials—the numbers, intelligence, and obedience—of a conquering host. Whenever the impression of their power grows faint, we shall revive them again.

The toleration of these meetings was the result of fear; the prosecution of their chiefs sprung from greater fear. That prosecution was begun audaciously, was carried on meanly and with virulence, and ended with a charge and a verdict which disgraced the law. An illegal imprisonment afforded a glorious proof that the people could refrain from violence under the worst temptation; that their leaders were firm; and, better than all, that had these leaders been shot, not prisoned, their successors were ready. Such an imprisonment served Ireland more than an acquittal, for it tried her more; and then came the day of triumph, when the reluctant constitution liberated our chiefs, and branded our oppressors.

This is a history of two years never surpassed

in importance and honour. This is a history which our sons shall pant over and envy. This is a history which pledges us to perseverance. This is a history which guarantees success.

Energy, patience, generosity, skill, tolerance, enthusiasm, created and decked the agitation. The world attended us with its thoughts and prayers. The graceful genius of Italy and the profound intellect of Germany paused to wish us well. The fiery heart of France tolerated our unarmed effort, and proffered its aid. America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organisation. From London to the wildest settlement which throbs in the tropics, or shivers nigh the Pole, the empire of our misruler was shaken by our effort. To all earth we proclaimed our wrongs. To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish Nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which roused and organised us, the energy which laboured, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valour that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute.

The future shall realise the promise of the past.

STUDY

BESIDE a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man-of-war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Afghans, from the proven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in that last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities as one whose breast has been throbbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil.

Throughout the country, at this moment, thousands are consulting how to obtain and use books. We feel painfully anxious that this noble purpose should be well directed. It is possible that these sanguine young men, who are wildly

pressing for knowledge, may grow weary or be misled—to their own and Ireland's injury. We intend, therefore, to put down a few hints and warnings for them. Unless they, themselves, ponder and discuss these hints and warnings they will be useless, nay, worse than useless.

On the selection and purchase of books it is hard to say what is useful without going into detail. Carlyle says that a library is the true University of our days, where every sort of knowledge is brought together to be studied; but the student needs guides in the library as much as in the University. He does not need rules nor rulers; but light and classification. Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit he will come out a master-mind. If he have the leisure without the original spring he will become a book-worm—a useful help, perhaps to his neighbours, but himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading, we know twenty who lose their simplicity without getting strength, and purchase cold recollections of other men's thoughts by the sacrifice of nature.

Just as men are bewildered and lost from want of guides in a large library, so are others from an equal want of direction in the purchase of a small one. We know from bitter experience how much money it costs a young man to get a sufficient library. Still more hard we should think it for a club of young men to do so. But worse than the loss of money, are the weariness from reading dull and shallow books, the corruption from reading vicious, extravagant, and confused books, and the waste of time and patience from reading idle and impertinent books. The remedy is not by saying

“ this book you shall read, and this other you shall not read under penalty ; ” but by inducing students to regard self-education solemnly, by giving them information on the classification of books, and by setting them to judge authors vigorously and for themselves.

Booksellers, especially in small towns, exercise no small influence in the choice of books—yet they are generally unfit to do so. They are like agents for the sale of patent medicines—knowing the prices but not the ingredients, nor the comparative worth of their goods, yet puffing them for the commission’s sake.

If some competent person would write a book on books, he would do the world a great favour ; but he had need be a man of caution, above political bias or personal motive, and indifferent to the outcries of party. Todd’s *Student’s Manual*,* Vericour’s† *Modern French Literature*, and the like, are rather childish affairs, though better than nothing. M’Cullagh’s‡ “ *Use and Study of History* ” is, on its peculiar subject, a book of much value. Men will differ in judging the style ; but it honestly, learnedly, and in a suggestive, candid way examines the great histories from Herodotus down. We wish to see it more generally in the people’s hands. Occasionally one meets in a review a comprehensive and just estimate of the authorities on some subject ; but most of these periodicals are written for some

* A very popular book in its day.—ED.

† Charles de Vericour was for many years a professor of French in Cork, and died there.—ED.

‡ William Torrens M’Cullagh, who afterwards changed his name to M’Cullagh Torrens, was a prolific author. He was a friend of Davis.—ED.

party or interested purpose, and are not trustworthy. Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, Sismondi and Schlegel are guides of the highest value in the formation of a large library, but we fear their use in Ireland is remote.

One of the first mistakes a young, ardent student falls into is, that he can master all knowledge. The desire for universal attainment is natural and glorious ; but he, who feels it, is in danger of hurrying over a multitude of books, and confusing himself into the belief that he is about to know everything because he has skimmed many things.

Another evil is apt to grow from this. A young man who gets a name for a great variety of knowledge often is ashamed to appear ignorant of what he does not know. He is appealed to as an authority, and instead of manfully, and wisely avowing his ignorance, he harangues from the title-page, or skilfully parades his opinions of other men as if they were his own observations.

Looking through books in order to talk of them is one of the worst and commonest vices. It is an acted lie, a device to conceal laziness and ignorance, or to compensate for want of wit ; a stupid device, too, for it is soon found out, the employer of it gets the character of being a literary cheat, he is thought a pretender, even when well-informed, and a plagiarist when most original.

Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far better employed in digging or playing shuttle-

cock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long-looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use. Indeed the highest reading of all (what we may name epic reading) is of this class. When we are youngest and heartiest we read thus. The fate and passions of men are all in all to us ; for we are then true-lovers, candidates for laurel crowns, assured Liberators and conquerors of the earth, rivals of archangels, perchance in our dreams. We never pause then upon the artistical excellence of a book—we never try to look at and realise the scenery or sounds described (if the author make them clear, well and good—if not, no matter)—we hurry on to the end of the shipwreck, or the battle, the courtship, or the journey—palpitating for our hero's fate. This, we repeat, is the highest kind of reading.

This sort of reading is most common in human narrative.

Earnest readers of science read their books at first as ordinary people do their histories—for the plot.

Some of us can recollect the zealous rush through a fresh book on mathematics or chemistry to know the subtle scheme of reasoning, or understand the just unveiled secrets of nature, as we read "Sinbad the Sailor" or "Mungo Park's Travels."

But most readers of science read in order to use it. They try to acquire command over each part for convenience sake, and not from curiosity or love. All men who persevere in science do this latter mainly ; but all of them retain or acquire the epic spirit in reading, and we have seen a dry

lawyer swallow a stiff treatise, not thinking of its use in his arguments, but its intrinsic beauty of system and accuracy of logic.

He who seeks to make much use, too, of narrative literature (be it novel, poem, drama, history, or travel), must learn scientific as well as epic reading.

He need not formally criticise and review every book, still less need he pause on every sentence and word till the full meaning of it stand before him.

But he must often do this. He must analyse as well as enjoy. He must consider the elements as well as the argument of a book just as; long dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow, and the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene—or, to use a more illustrative thought—as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee, and the tinkle of the brook.

Doing this *deliberately* is an evil to the mind whether the subject be nature or books. The evil is not because the act is one of analysis, though that has been said. It is proof of higher power to combine new ideas out of what is before you, or to notice combinations not at first obvious, than to distinguish and separate. The latter tends to logic, which is our humblest exercise of mind, the former to creation, which is our highest. Yet analysis is not an unhealthy act of mind, nor is the process we have described always analytical.

The evil of deliberate criticism is, that it generates scepticism. Of course we do not mean

religious, but general scepticism. The process goes on till one sees only stratification in the slope, gases in the stream, cunning tissues in the face, associations in the mind, and an astronomical machine in the sky. A more miserable state of soul no mortal ever suffered than this. But an earnest man living and loving vigorously is in little danger of this condition, nor does it last long with any man of strong character.

Another evil, confined chiefly to men who write or talk for effect, is that they become spies (as Emerson calls them) on Nature. They do not wonder at love, or hate what they see. All books and men are arsenals to be used, or, more properly, stores to be plundered by them. But their punishment is sharp. They lose insight into the godlier qualities, they lose the sight of sympathy, and become conscious actors of a poor farce.

Happiest is he who judges and knows books, and nature, and men (himself included), spontaneously or from early training—whose feelings are assessors with his intellects, and who is thoroughly in earnest. An actor or a spy is weak as well as wretched; yet it may be needful for him who was blinded by the low principles, the tasteless rules, and the stupid habits of his family and teachers, to face this danger, deliberately to analyse his own and others' nature, deliberately to study how faculties are acquired and results produced, and thus to cure himself of blindness, and deafness, and dumbness, and become a man, observant and skilful. He will suffer much, and run great danger, but if he go through this faithfully, and then fling himself into action and undertake responsibility, he shall be great and happy.

THE SPEECHES OF GRATTAN*

OF the long line of Protestant patriots Grattan is the first in genius, and first in services. He had a more fervid and more Irish nature than Swift or Flood, and he accomplished what Swift hardly dreamed, and Flood failed in—an Irish constitution. He had immeasurably more imagination than Tone; and though he was far behind the great Founder of the United Irishmen in organising power, he surpassed him in inspiration. The statues of all shall be in our forums, and examples of all in our hearts, but that of Grattan shall be pre-eminent. The stubborn and advancing energy of Swift and Flood may teach us to bear up against wrong; the principles of Tone may end in liberation; but the splendid nationality of Grattan shall glorify us in every condition.

The speeches of Grattan were collected and his memoirs written by his son. The latter is an accessible and an invaluable account of his life; but the speeches were out of print, not purchasable under five or six guineas, and then were unmanageably numerous for any but a professed politician. Mr. Madden's volume gives for a trifle all Grattan's most valuable speeches, with a

* The Select Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. To which is added his Letter on the Union, with a Commentary on his Career and Character, by Daniel Owen Madden, Esq., of the Inner Temple.—Dublin, 1845.

memoir sufficient to explain the man and the orator.

On the speeches of Grattan here published we have little to say. They are the finest specimens of imaginative eloquence in the English, or in any language. There is not much pathos, and no humour in them, and in these respects Grattan is far less of an Irishman, and of an orator, too, than Curran; but a philosophy, penetrating constitutions for their warnings, and human nature for its guides—a statesman's (as distinguished from an antiquarian's) use of history—a passionate scorn and invective for the base, tyrannical, and unjust—a fiery and copious zeal for liberty and for Ireland, and a diction and cadence almost lyrical, made Grattan the sudden achiever of a Revolution, and will make him for ever one of the very elements of Ireland.

No other orator is so uniformly animated. No other orator has brightened the depths of political philosophy with such vivid and lasting light. No writer in the language except Shakespeare, has so sublime and suggestive a diction. His force and vehemence are amazing—far beyond Chatham, far beyond Fox, far beyond any orator we can recall.

To the student of oratory Grattan's speeches are dangerously suggestive, overpowering spirits that will not leave when bid. Yet, with all this terrible potency, who would not bask in his genius, even at the hazard of having his light for ever in your eyes. The brave student will rather exult in his effulgence—not to rob, not to mimic it—but to catch its inspiration, and then go on his way resolved to create a glory of his own which, however small, being genuine, shall not pale within its sphere.

To give a *just* idea of Grattan's rush and splendour to any one not familiar with his speeches is impossible ; but *some* glimmer may be got by one reading the extracts we shall add here. We shall take them at random, as we open the pages in the book, and leave the reader, untaught in our great orator, to judge, if chance is certain of finding such gems, what would not judicious care discover ! Let him use that care again and again :

“ Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses. but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease ; never ! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country : so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent ; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage ; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

“ The British minister mistakes the Irish character ; had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar ; there is no middle policy ; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand ; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war ; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right ; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland :—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty ; they judge of us with a true knowledge, and just deference, for our character : that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

“ Impracticable ! impracticable ! impracticable ! a zealous divine will say ; any alteration is beyond the power and wisdom of parliament ; above the faculties of man to make adequate provision for 900 clergymen, who despise riches. Were it to raise a new tax for their

provision, or for that of a body less holy, how easy the task! how various the means! but, when the proposal is to diminish a tax already established, an impossibility glares us in the face, of a measure so contrary to our practices both in church and state."

We were wrong in saying there was no humour in Grattan. Here is a passage humorous enough, but it is scornful, rhetorical humour:—

"It does not affect the doctrine of our religion; it does not alter the church establishment; it does not affect the constitution of episcopacy. The modus does not even alter the mode of their provision, it only limits the quantum, and limits it on principles much less severe than that charity which they preach, or that abstinence which they inculcate. Is this innovation?—as if the Protestant religion was to be propagated in Ireland, like the influence of a minister, by bribery; or like the influence of a county candidate, by money; or like the cause of a potwalloping canvasser, by the weight of the purse; as if Christ could not prevail over the earth unless Mammon took him by the hand. Am I to understand that if you give the parson 12s. in the acre for potatoes, and 10s. for wheat, the Protestant religion is safe on its rock? But if you reduce him to 6s. the acre for potatoes and wheat, then Jupiter shakes the heavens with his thunder, Neptune rakes up the deep with his trident, and Pluto leaps from his throne! See the curate—he rises at six to morning prayers; he leaves company at six for evening prayer; he baptizes, he marries, he churches, he buries, he follows with pious offices his fellow-creature from the cradle to the grave; for what immense income! what riches to reward these inestimable services? (Do not depend on the penury of the laity, let his own order value his deserts); £50 a year! £50! for praying, for christening, for marrying, for churching, for burying, for following with Christian offices his fellow-creature from cradle to grave; so frugal a thing is devotion, so cheap religion, so easy the terms on which man may worship his Maker, and so small the income, in the opinion of ecclesiastics, sufficient for the duties of a clergyman, as far as he is connected at all with the Christian religion.

* * * *

"By this trade of parliament the King is absolute;

his will is signified by both houses of parliament, who are now as much an instrument in his hand as a bayonet in the hands of a regiment. Like a regiment we have our adjutant, who sends to the infirmary for the old and to the brothel for the young, and men thus carted, as it were, into this House, to vote for the minister, are called the representatives of the people! Suppose General Washington to ring his bell, and order his servants out of livery to take their seats in Congress—you can apply this instance.

“ It is not life but the condition of living—the slave is not so likely to complain of the want of property as the proprietor of the want of privilege. The human mind is progressive—the child does not look back to the parent that gave him being, nor the proprietor to the people that gave him the power of acquisition, but both look forward—the one to provide for the comforts of life, and the other to obtain all the privileges of property.”

But we have fallen on one of the most marvellous passages, and we give it entire :—

“ I will put this question to my country ; I will suppose her at the bar, and I will ask her, will you fight for a Union as you would for a constitution ? Will you fight for that Lords and that Commons who, in the last century, took away your trade, and, in the present, your constitution, as for that King, Lords, and Commons, who have restored both ? Well, the minister has destroyed this constitution ; to destroy is easy. The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate ; and, as the fall of both is an effort of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength—a pick-axe and a common labourer will do the one—the little lawyer, a little pimp, a wicked minister the other.

“ The constitution, which, with more or less violence, has been the inheritance of this country for six hundred years—that *modus tenendi parliamentum*, which lasted and outlasted of Plantagenet the wars, of Tudor the violence, and of Stuart the systematic falsehood—the condition of our connexion—yes, the constitution he destroys is one of the pillars of the British Empire. He may walk round it and round it, and the more he contem-

plates the more must he admire it—such a one as had cost England of money millions and of blood a deluge, cheaply and nobly expended—whose restoration has cost Ireland her noblest efforts, and was the habitation of her loyalty—we are accustomed to behold the kings of these countries in the keeping of parliament—I say of her loyalty as well as of her liberty, where she had hung up the sword of the Volunteer—her temple of fame as well as of freedom—where she had seated herself, as she vainly thought, in modest security and in a long repose.

“ I have done with the pile which the minister batters, I come to the Babel which he builds ; and as he throws down without a principle, so does he construct without a foundation. This fabric he calls a Union, and to this his fabric, there are two striking objections—first, it is no Union ; it is not an identification of people, for it excludes the Catholics ; secondly, it is a consolidation of the Irish legislatures ; that is to say, a merger of the Irish parliament, and incurs every objection to a Union, without obtaining the only object which a Union professes ; it is an extinction of the constitution, and an exclusion of the people. Well ! he has overlooked the people as he has overlooked the sea. I say he excludes the Catholics, and he destroys their best chance of admission—the relative consequence. Thus he reasons, that hereafter, in course of time (he does not say when), if they behave themselves (he does not say how), they may see their subjects submitted to a course of discussion (he does not say with what result or determination) ; and as the ground for this inane period, in which he promises nothing and in which, if he did promise much, at so remote a period he could perform nothing, unless he, like the evil he has accomplished, be immortal. For this inane sentence, in which he can scarcely be said to deceive the Catholic, or suffer the Catholic to deceive himself, he exhibits no other ground than the physical inanity of the Catholic body accomplished by a Union, which, as it destroys the relative importance of Ireland, so it destroys the relative proportion of the Catholic inhabitants, and thus they become admissible, because they cease to be anything. Hence, according to him, their brilliant expectation : ‘ You were,’ say his advocates, and so imports his argument, ‘ before the Union as three to one, you will be by the Union as one to four.’ Thus he founds their hopes of political power on the extinction of physical consequence

and makes the inanity of their body and the nonentity of their country, the pillars of their future ambition."

We now return to the memoir by Mr. Madden. It is not the details of a life meagre for want of space, and confused for want of principles, as most little biographies are; it is an estimate, a profound one, of Grattan's original nature, of the influences which acted on him from youth to manhood, of his purposes, his principles, and his influence on Ireland.

Henry Grattan was twenty-nine years of age when he entered on politics, and in seven years he was the triumphant leader of a people free and victorious after hereditary bondage. He entered parliament educated in the metaphysical and political philosophy of the time, injured by its cold and epigrammatic verse and its artificial tastes—familiar with every form of aristocratic life from Kilkenny to London—familiar, too, with Chatham's oratory and principles, and with Flood's views and example. He came when there were great forces rushing through the land—eloquence, love of liberty, thirst for commerce, hatred of English oppression, impatience, glory, and, above all, a military array. He combined these elements, and used them to achieve the Revolution of '82. Be he for ever honoured!

Mr. Madden defends him against Flood on the question of Simple Repeal. Here is his reasoning:

"It is an easy thing now to dispose of the idle question of simple repeal. In truth, there was nothing whatever deserving of attention in the point raised by Mr. Flood. The security for the continuance of Irish freedom did not depend upon an English act of parliament. It was by Irish *will* and not at English pleasure that the new constitution was to be supported. The transaction between the countries was of a high political nature, and

it was to be judged by political reason, and by statesman-like computation, and not by the petty technicalities of the court of law. The Revolution of 1782, as carried by Ireland, and assented to by England (in repealing the 6th George the First), was a political compact—proposed by one country, and acknowledged by the other in the face of Europe: it was not (as Mr. Flood and his partisans construed the transaction) of the nature of municipal right, to be enforced or annulled by mere judicial exposition.”

This is unanswerable, but Grattan should have gone further. The Revolution was effected mainly by the Volunteers, whom he had inspired; arms could alone have preserved the constitution. Flood was wrong in setting value on one form—Grattan in relying on any; but both before and after '82 Flood seems to have had glimpses that the question was one of might, as well as of right, and that national laws could not last under such an alien army.

Taken as military representatives, the Convention at the Rotundo was even more valuable than as a civic display. Mr. Madden censures Grattan for having been an elaborate neutral during these Reform dissensions; but that the result of *such* neutrality ruined the Convention proves a comparative want of power in Flood, who could have governed that Convention in spite of the rascally English and the feeble Irish Whigs. Oh! had Tone been in that council!

But Mr. Madden's palliation of Grattan's conduct is persuasive and nobly meant . . .

In describing Grattan's early and enthusiastic and ceaseless advocacy of Catholic liberty, Mr. Madden has a just subject for unmixed eulogy. Let no one imagine that the interest of these Emancipation speeches has died with the achievement of what they pleaded for; they will ever

remain divinest protests against the vice and impolicy of religious ascendancy, of sectarian bitterness, and of bigot separation.

For this admirable beginning of the design of giving Ireland its most glorious achievement—the speeches of its orators—to contemplate, the country should be grateful; but if there can be anything better for it to hear than can be had in Grattan's speeches, it is such language as this from his eloquent editor:—

“ Reader! if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic countrymen—study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him, for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities, caused by their unhappy history—and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character.

“ Reader! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant religion with tyranny—learn from Grattan, that it is possible to be a Protestant and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think also that in the hour of his triumph he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his virtuous life, that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience.

“ But reader! whether you be a Protestant or Catholic, or whatever be your party, you will do well as an Irishman to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn from him how to regard your countrymen of all denominations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If (as some do) you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country, containing such elements as those which roused the genius of Grattan, never need despair. *Sursum corda*. Be not disheartened.

“ Go—go—my countrymen—and, within your social

sphere, carry into practice those moral principles which Grattan so eloquently taught, and which he so remarkably enforced by his well-spent life. He will teach you to avoid hating men on account of their religious professions, or hereditary descent. From him you will learn principles which, if carried out, would generate a new state of society in Ireland."

IRISH HISTORY

THE Association for liberating Ireland* has offered a prize for a new history of the country, and given ample time for preparation.

Let no man postpone the preparation who hopes the prize. An original and highly-finished work is what is demanded, and for the composition of such a work the time affords no leisure.

Few persons, we suppose, hitherto quite ignorant of Irish history, will compete ; but we would not discourage even these. There is neither in theory nor fact any limit to the possible achievements of genius and energy. Some of the greatest works in existence were written rapidly, and many an old book-worm fails where a young book-thrasher succeeds.

Let us now consider some of the qualities which should belong to this history.

It should, in the first place, be written from the original authorities. We have some notion of giving a set of papers on these authorities, but there are reasons against such a course, and we counsel no man to rely on us—every one on himself ; besides, such a historian should rather make himself able to teach us, than need to learn from us.

However, no one can now be at a loss to know what these authorities are. A list of the choicest of them is printed on the back of the Volunteer's card for this year, and was also printed in the

* The Repeal Association.—ED.

Nation.* These authorities are not enough for a historian. The materials, since the Revolution especially, exist mainly in pamphlets, and even for the time previous only the leading authorities are in the list. The list is not faulty in this, as it was meant for learners, not teachers; but anyone using these authorities will readily learn from them what the others are, and can so track out for himself.

There are, however, three tracts specially on

* The following is the list of books given as the present sources of history:—

SOME OF THE ORIGINAL SOURCES OF IRISH HISTORY.
ANCIENT IRISH TIMES.

Annals of Tigernach, abbot of Clonmacnoise, from A.D. 200, to his death, 1188, partly compiled from writers of the eighth, seventh, and sixth centuries.

Lives of St. Patrick, St. Columbanus, &c.

Annals of Four Masters, from the earliest times to 1616.

Other Annals, such as those of Innisfallen, Ulster, Boyle, &c. Publications of the Irish Archæological Society, Danish and Icelandic Annals.

ENGLISH INVASION AND THE PALE.

Gerald de Barri, surnamed Cambrensis "Topography" and "Conquest of Ireland." Four Masters, Tracts in Harris's *Hibernica*. Campion's, Hanmer's, Marlborough's, Camden's, Holingshed's, Stanihurst's, and Ware's Histories. Hardiman's Statutes of Kilkenny.

Henry VIII and Elizabeth—Harris's Ware. O'Sullivan's Catholic History. Four Masters. Spenser's View. Sir G. Carew's *Pacata Hibernia*. State Papers, Temp. H. VIII. Fynes Moryson's Itinerary.

James I—Harris's *Hibernica*. Sir John Davies' Tracts.

Charles I—Strafford's Letters. Carte's Life of Ormond. Lodge's *Desiderata*. Clarendon's Rebellion. Tichborne's Drogheda. State Trials. Rinuccini's Letters. Pamphlets. Castlehaven's Memoirs. Clanrickarde's Memoirs. Peter Walsh. Sir J. Temple.

the subject of Irish writers. First is Bishop Nicholson's "Irish Historical Library." It gives accounts of numerous writers, but is wretchedly meagre. In Harris's "Hibernica" is a short tract on the same subject; and in Harris's edition of Ware's works an ample treatise on *Irish Writers*. This treatise is most valuable, but must be read with caution, as Ware was slightly, and Harris enormously, prejudiced against the native Irish and against the later Catholic writers. The criticisms of Harris, indeed, on all books relative to the Religious Wars, are partial and deceptive; but we repeat that the work is of great value.

The only more recent work on the subject is

-
- Charles II—Lord Orrery's Letters. Essex's Letters.
 James II and William III—King's State of Protestants, and Lesley's Answer. The Green Book. Statutes of James's Parliament, in *Dublin Magazine*, 1843. Clarendon's Letters. Rawdon Papers. Tracts. Molyneux's Case of Ireland.
 George I and II—Swift's Life. Lucas's Tracts. Howard's Cases under Popery Laws. O'Leary's Tracts. Boulter's Letters. O'Connor's and Parnell's Irish Catholics. Forman on "The Brigade."
 George III—Grattan's and Curran's Speeches and Lives—Memoirs of Charlemont. Wilson's [Resolutions of the] Volunteers. Barrington's Rise and Fall. Wolfe Tone's Memoirs. Moore's Fitzgerald. Wyse's Catholic Association. Madden's United Irishmen. Hay, Teeling, &c., on '98. Tracts. MacNevin's State Trials. O'Connell's and Sheil's Speeches. Plowden's History.
 Compilations—Moore. M'Geoghegan. Curry's Civil Wars. Carey's *Vindiciæ* [*Hibernicæ*]. O'Connell's Ireland. Leland.
 Current Authorities—The Acts of Parliament. Lords' and Commons' Journals and Debates. Lynch's Legal Institutions.
 Antiquities, Dress, Arms—Royal Irish Academy's Transactions and Museum. Walker's *Irish Bards*. British Costume, in *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

a volume written by Edward O'Reilly, for the Ibero-Celtic Society, on the Native Irish Poets; an interesting work, and containing morsels invaluable to a picturesque historian.

By the way, we may hope, that the studies for this prize history will be fruitful for historical ballads.

Too many of the original works can only be bought at an expense beyond the means of most of those likely to compete. For instance Harris's "Ware," "Fynes Moryson," and "The State Papers of Henry the Eighth," are very dear. The works of the Archæological Society can only be got by a member. The price of O'Connor's "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres," is eighteen guineas; and yet, in it alone the annals of Tigernach, Boyle, Innisfallen, and the early part of the "Four Masters," are to be found. The great majority of the books, however, are tolerably cheap; some of the dearer books might be got by combination among several persons, and afterwards given to the Repeal Reading-Rooms.

However, persons resident in, or able to visit Dublin, Cork, or Belfast, can study all, even the scarcest of these works, without any real difficulty.

As to the qualities of such a history, they have been concisely enough intimated by the Committee.

It is to be A HISTORY. One of the most absurd pieces of cant going is that against history, because it is full of wars, and kings, and usurpers, and mobs. History describes, and is meant to describe, *forces*, not *proprieties*—the mights, the acted realities of men, bad and good—their historical importance depending on their mightiness, not their holiness. Let us by all means have then a

“ graphic ” narrative of what was, not a set of moral disquisitions on what ought to have been.

Yet the man who would keep chronicling the dry events would miss writing a history. He must fathom the social condition of the peasantry, the townsmen, the middle-classes, the nobles, and the Clergy (Christian or Pagan), in each period—how they fed, dressed, armed, and housed themselves. He must exhibit the nature of the government, the manners, the administration of law, the state of useful and fine arts, of commerce, of foreign relations. He must let us see the decay and rise of great principles and conditions—till we look on a tottering sovereignty, a rising creed, an incipient war, as distinctly as, by turning to the highway, we can see the old man, the vigorous youth or the infant child. He must paint—the council robed in its hall—the priest in his temple—the conspirator—the outlaw—the judge—the general—the martyr. The arms must clash and shine with genuine, not romantic likeness ; and the brigades or clans join battle, or divide in flight, before the reader’s thought. Above all, a historian should be able to seize on character, not vaguely eulogising nor cursing ; but feeling and expressing the pressure of a great mind on his time, and on after times.

Such things may be done partly in disquisitions, as in Michelet’s “ France ; ” but they must now be done in narrative ; and nowhere, not even in Livy, is there a finer specimen of how all these things may be done by narrative than in Augustine Thierry’s “ Norman Conquest ” and “ Merovingian Scenes.” The only danger to be avoided in dealing with so long a period in Thierry’s way is the continuing to attach importance to a once

great influence, when it has sunk to be an exceptive power. He who thinks it possible to dash off a profoundly coloured and shaded narrative like this of Thierry's will find himself bitterly wrong. Even a great philosophical view may much more easily be extemporised than this lasting and finished image of past times.

The greatest vice in such a work would be bigotry—bigotry of race or creed. We know a descendant of a great Milesian family who supports the Union, because he thinks the descendants of the Anglo-Irish—his ancestors' foes—would mainly rule Ireland, were she independent. The opposite rage against the older races is still more usual. A religious bigot is altogether unfit, incurably unfit, for such a task ; and the writer of such an Irish history must feel a love for all sects, a philosophical eye to the merits and demerits of all, and a solemn and haughty impartiality in speaking of all.

Need we say that a history, wherein glowing oratory appeared in place of historical painting, bold assertion instead of justified portraiture, flattery to the living instead of justice to the dead, clever plunder of other compilers instead of original research, or a cramped and scholastic instead of an idiomatic, "clear, and graphic" style would deserve rejection, and would, we cannot doubt, obtain it.

To give such a history to Ireland as is now sought, will be a proud and illustrious deed.—Such a work would have no passing influence, though its first political effect would be enormous ; it would be read by every class and side ; for there is no readable book on the subject ; it would people our streets, and glens, and castles, and

abbeys, and coasts with a hundred generations besides our own ; it would clear up the grounds of our quarrels, and prepare reconciliation ; it would *unconsciously* make us recognise the causes of our weakness ; it would give us great examples of men and of events, and materially influence our destiny.

Shall we get such a history ? Think, reader ! has God given you the soul and perseverance to create this marvel ?

IRISH PICTURES

THE most useful premium offered by the Art Union is that for outline illustrations of Irish books. More instruction in art, more service to nationality, would follow from the success of this project than of any other they have attempted.

The preliminary to any excellence in painting is correct drawing. The boldest imagination cannot represent its thought without command over outline. Had Raphael's Madonna crooked eyes, or were the limbs of Angelo's Lazarus not bone and sinew convulsed with returning life, but galvanised blocks (as a pencil untrained to correct outline would have drawn them), not all the light, and shade, and colouring in the world could have made these figures admirable. The prints which glare in our cabins are not more abominable with brick-dust blood, and ochre-skin, than the costlier trash of our drawing-rooms with upright figures that could never stand, eyes that look round corners, arms and neck that seem the work of a carpenter, and bodies, compared to which, gate-posts look animated.

The glare and the prettiness reconcile our ignorant peasants, and our more ignorant gentry, to these deformities ; but the same drawings in outline would not be tolerated even by them, except as caricatures—dull caricatures. Accustom people to outline drawings—train their eyes to judge and admire correct outlines, vigour of action, strength and beauty of limb, possibility of attitude,

unity of frame and of expression, and they will cease to value high colours or smooth graving—they will insist on nature, and faith, and power in works of art—they will appreciate the statues of Greece, the paintings of Italy, and Deutschland—they will demand of their own artists the excellence they are accustomed to, and they will recognise and reward that excellence.

National interests would be served in another way by the publication of such designs. Our history exists chiefly in dry annals or stupid compilations. The original memoirs and letters are little known and hard of access. People think of our history as a set of political facts, not as the lives and deaths of men clad in skins, and armour, and silk, bounding with strength and beauty, flushed with love, wrinkled with rage, full of chivalrous ambition.

The Druid in his grove—the Monk in his abbey—the Creaght on his hill—the Pagan conqueror—the Christian liberator—the Norman castle with its courted maidens, its iron barons, and its plumed train—the Irish rath with its circling trench, and circling woodland, its patriarch prince, its Tartar clan, its foster-love, and its harping bards—the Dane in his galley—the Viceroy in his council—the Patriot in his forethought—the Martyr in his endurance—the Hero in his triumph—his passing triumph—who thought of these till lately?—who clearly sees them now? All these things an artist illustrating Irish history—illustrating Moore, or Keating—illustrating (to give better texts) the publications of the Archæological Society—the tracts in the "*Desiderata*," or the "*Hibernica*"—the "*State Papers*"—Carte's "*Ormond*"—Ware's "*Antiquities*," or any of the minuter works on our history—can show us.

How suited for countless illustrations are our Irish fictions, from our ancient fairy stories to our modern novels. In "*The Collegians*," "*Suil Dhuv*," "*Crohoore*," "*The Fetches*," "*The Poor Scholar*," "*The Faction and Party Fight*," "*Valentine M'Clutchy*,"* there are countless subjects for illustration, ranging from the mildest beauty to the utmost sublimity.

There is one work of fiction which we peculiarly desire to see illustrated, and that is Griffin's "*Invasion*." Its great length, its hard words, and its freedom from hot stimulants, moderate its popularity—but there is in it the most exquisite beauty of scene and form, the purest loveliness, the most original heroism of any work we own, and it contains besides invaluable and countless hints on the appearance of ancient Ireland. Nor do occasional antiquarian errors materially lessen the value of the book to an illustrator.

Of poetry, Maclise has taken the best subject—" *The Melodies* " ; nor can we advise any one to compete with him.

But we have wandered. The publication of outlines on our historical and romantic literature would convey a deep and fresh sense of what Ireland was and is, and of what her writers have described or created. These illustrations would instruct the public in the organisation and costume of our races, give new and distinct imagery to orator and writer, and, becoming confluent, would represent Ireland in all her periods—Ireland imaginative, as well as actual and historical.

We entreat our artists as they love their

* The first two stories are by Griffin, the next two by the Banims, and the three last by Carleton.—ED.

country, as they owe it a service, as they pity its woes and errors, as they are wroth at its sufferings, and as they hope to share and aid its advance, to use this opportunity of raising the taste and cultivating the nationality of Ireland.

We shall only, in addition, repeat the proposal of the Art Union :—

“ DRAWING AND COMPOSITION.

“ For the best series of not less than five Outline Drawings, illustrative of the works of Irish writers, in poetry, prose, or history, £30.

“ Correct drawing, beauty of form and expression, will be especially looked for ; should the committee think it advisable to engrave the outlines selected, a further remuneration will be given to the artist : the drawings, with a sealed letter containing the name and address of the artist, to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Society, Board-room, College-green, Dublin, previous to the 1st September next.”

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND *

WE plead guilty to having opened Mr. Petrie's work, strongly bigoted against his conclusions.

Accustomed from boyhood to regard these towers as revelations of a gorgeous, but otherwise undefined antiquity—dazzled by oriental analogies—finding a refuge in their primeval greatness from the meanness or the misfortunes of our middle ages, we clung to the belief of their Pagan origin.

In fancy, we have seen the white-robed Druid tend the holy fire in their lower chambers—had measured with the Tyrian-taught astronomer the length of their shadows—and had almost knelt to the elemental worship with nobles whose robes had the dye of the Levant, and sailors whose cheeks were brown with the Egyptian sun, and soldiers whose bronze arms clashed as the trumpets from the tower-top said, that the sun had risen. What wonder that we resented the attempt to cure us of so sweet a frenzy?

On the other hand, we could not forget the authority of the book. Its author, we knew, was familiar beyond almost any other with the country—had not left one glen unsearched, not one island untrod; had brought with him the information of a life of antiquarian study, a graceful and exact pencil, and feelings equally national and lofty. We knew, also that he had the aid

* The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Vol. xx. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, Grafton street.

of the best Celtic scholars alive in the progress of his work. The long time taken in its preparation ensured maturity ; and the honest men who had criticised it, and the adventurers who had stolen from it enough to make false reputations, equally testified to its merits.

Yet, we repeat, we jealously watched the flaws in Mr. Petrie's reasoning ; exulted, as he set down the extracts from his opponents, in the hope that he would fail in answering them, and at last surrendered with a sullen despair.

Looking now more calmly at the discussion, we are grateful to Mr. Petrie for having driven away an idle fancy. In its stead he has given us new and unlooked for trophies, and more solid information on Irish antiquities than any of his predecessors. We may be well content to hand over the Round Towers to Christians of the sixth or the tenth century when we find that these Christians were really eminent in knowledge as well as piety, had arched churches by the side of these *campanilia*, gave an alphabet to the Saxons, and hospitality and learning to the students of all western Europe—and the more readily, as we got in exchange *proofs* of a Pagan race having a Pelasgic architecture, and the arms and ornaments of a powerful and cultivated people.

The volume before us contains two parts of Mr. Petrie's essay. The first part is an examination of the false theory of the origin of these towers. The second is an account not only of what he thinks their real origin, but of every kind of early ecclesiastical structure in Ireland. The third part will contain a historical and descriptive account of every ecclesiastical building in Ireland of a date prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion of which remains now exist. The work is crowded

with illustrations drawn with wonderful accuracy, and engraved in a style which proves that Mr. O'Hanlon, the engraver, has become so proficient as hardly to have a superior in wood-cutting.

We shall for the present limit ourselves to the first part of the work on the

“ERRONEOUS THEORIES WITH RESPECT TO THE ORIGIN AND USES OF THE ROUND TOWERS.”

The first refutation is of the

“THEORY OF THE DANISH ORIGIN OF THE TOWERS.”

John Lynch, in his “*Cambrensis Eversus*,” says that the Danes are reported (*dicuntur*) to have first erected the Round Towers as *watch*-towers, but that the Christian Irish changed them into *clock* or bell-towers. Peter Walsh* repeated and exaggerated the statement; and Ledwich,† the West British antiquary of last century, combined it with lies enough to settle his character, though not that of the Towers. The only person, at once explicit and honest, who supported this Danish theory was Dr. Molyneux. His arguments are, that all stone buildings, and indeed all evidences of mechanical civilisation, in Ireland were Danish; that some traditions attributed the Round Towers to them; that they had fit models in the monuments of their own country; and that the word by which he says, the native Irish call them, viz., “Clogachd,” comes from the Teutonic root, “clugga,” a bell. These arguments are easily answered.

* A Franciscan friar, born in Co. Kildare about 1618, and died in 1688. He was a prolific author, and got into trouble with his order.—ED.

† Rev. Edward Ledwich, another of the pseudo-antiquaries of the latter eighteenth century.—ED.

The Danes, so far from introducing stone architecture, found it flourishing in Ireland, and burned and ruined our finest buildings, and destroyed mechanical and every kind of civilisation wherever their ravages extended—doing thus in Ireland precisely as they did in France and England, as all annals (their own included) testify. Tradition does not describe the towers as Danish watch-towers, but as Christian belfrys. The upright stones and the little barrows, not twelve feet high, of Denmark, could neither give models nor skill to the Danes. They had much ampler possession of England and Scotland, and permanent possession of Normandy, but never a Round Tower did they erect there; and, finally, the native Irish name for a Round Tower is *cloic-theach*, from *teach*, a house, and *cloc*, the Irish word used for a bell in Irish works before “the Germans or Saxons had churches or bells,” and before the Danes had ever sent a war-ship into our seas.

We pass readily from this ridiculous hypothesis with the remark, that the gossip which attributes to the Danes our lofty monumental pyramids and cairns, our Druid altars, our dry stone caisils or keeps, and our raths or fortified enclosures for the homes or cattle of our chiefs, is equally and utterly unfounded; and is partly to be accounted for from the name of power and terror which these barbarians left behind, and partly from ignorant persons confounding them with the most illustrious and civilised of the Irish races—the Danaans.

THEORY OF THE EASTERN ORIGIN OF THE
ROUND TOWERS.

Among the middle and upper classes in Ireland the Round Towers are regarded as one of the

results of an intimate connexion between Ireland and the East, and are spoken of as either—1, Fire-Temples ; 2, Stations from whence Druid festivals were announced ; 3, Sun-dials (gnomons) and astronomical observatories ; 4, Buddhist or Phallic temples ; or two or more of these uses are attributed to them at the same time.

Mr. Petrie states that the theory of the Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin of these towers was stated for the first time so recently as 1772 by General Vallancey, in his "Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language," and was re-asserted by him in many different and contradictory forms in his "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," published at intervals in the following years.

It may be well to premise who

GENERAL CHARLES VALLANCEY

was. His family were from Berry in France ; their name Le Brun, called de Valencia, from their estate of that name. General Vallancey was born in Flanders, but was educated at Eton College. When a Captain in the 12th Royal Infantry he was attached to the engineer department in Ireland, published a book on Field Engineering in 1756, and commenced a survey of Ireland. During this he picked up something of the Irish language, and is said to have studied it under Morris O'Gorman, clerk of Mary's-lane chapel. He died in his house Lower Mount-street, Dublin, 18th August, 1812, aged 82 years.

His "Collectanea" and his discourses in the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was an original member, spread far and wide his oriental theories. He was an amiable and plausible man, but of little learning, little industry, great boldness, and no scruples ; and while he certainly stimulated

men's feelings towards Irish antiquities, he has left us a re-producing swarm of falsehoods, of which Mr. Petrie has happily begun the destruction. Perhaps nothing gave Vallancey's follies more popularity than the opposition of the Rev. Edward Ledwich, whose "Antiquities of Ireland" is a mass of falsehoods, disparaging to the people and the country.

FIRE TEMPLES.

Vallancey's first analogy is plausible. The Irish Druids honoured the elements and kept up sacred fires, and at a particular day in the year all the fires in the kingdom were put out, and had to be re-lighted from the Arch-Druid's fire. A similar creed and custom existed among the Parsees or Guebres of Persia, and he takes the resemblance to prove connexion and identity of creed and civilization. From this he immediately concludes the Round Towers to be Fire Temples. Now, there is no evidence that the Irish Pagans had sacred fires, except in open spaces (on the hill tops), and, therefore, none of course that they had them in towers round or square; but Vallancey falls back on the *alleged existence of Round Towers in the East similar to ours, and on etymology.*

Here is a specimen of his etymologies. The Hebrew word *gadul* signifies *great*, and thence a tower; the Irish name for a round tower, *cloghad*, is from this *gadul* or *gad* and *clogh*, a *stone*: and the Druids called every place of worship *cloghad*. To which it is answered—*gadul* is not *gad*—*clogh*, a *stone*, is not *cloch*, a *bell*—the Irish word for a Round Tower is *cloch-thach*, or bell-house, and there is no proof that the Druids called *any* place of worship *cloghad*.

Vallancey's guesses are numerous, and nearly

all childish, and we shall quote some finishing specimens, with Mr. Petrie's answers :—

“ This is another characteristic example of Vallancey's mode of quoting authorities ; he first makes O'Brien say, that *Cuilceach* becomes corruptly *Claiiceach*, and then that the word *seems* to be corrupted *Clog-theach*. But O'Brien does not say that *Cuilceach* is corruptly *Claiiceach*, nor has he the word *Culkak* or *Claiiceach* in his book ; neither does he say that *Cuilceach* *seems* to be a corruption of *Clog-theach*, but states positively that it is so. The following are the passages which Vallancey has so misquoted and garbled :—

' CUILCEACH, a steeple, cuilceach, Cluan-umba, Cloyne steeple—This word *is* a corruption of Clogtheach.

' CLOIG-THEACH, a steeple, a belfry ; *corrupte* Cuilg-theach.'

“ Our author next tell us that another name for the Round Towers is *Sibheit*, *Sithbeit*, and *Sithbein*, and for this he refers us to O'Brien's and Shaw's Lexicons ; but this quotation is equally false with those I have already exposed, for the words *Sibheit* and *Sithbeit* are not to be found in either of the works referred to. The word *Sithbhe* is, indeed, given in both Lexicons, but explained, a city, not a round tower. The word *Sithbhein* is also given in both, but explained a fort, a turret, and the real meaning of the word as still understood in many parts of Ireland, is a fairy hill, or hill of the fairies, and is applied to a green round hill crowned by a small sepulchral mound.

“ He next tells us that *Caiceach*, the last name he finds for the Round Towers, is supposed by the Glossarists to be compounded of *cai*, a house, and *teach* a house, an explanation, which, he playfully adds, is tautology with a witness. But where did he find authority for the word *Caiceach* ? I answer, nowhere ; and the tautology he speaks of was either a creation or a blunder of his own. It is evident to me that the Glossarist to whom he refers is no other than his favourite Cormac ; but the latter makes no such blunder, as will appear from the passage which our author obviously refers to :—

' *Cai i. teach unde dicitur ceard cha i. teach cearda ; craes cha i. teach cumang.*'

' *Cai, i.e., a house ; unde dicitur ceard-cha, i.e., the house of the artificer ; craes-cha, i.e., a narrow house.*' ”

The reader has probably now had enough of Vallancey's etymology, but it is right to add that Mr. Petrie goes through every hint of such proof given by the General, and disposes of them with greater facility. . . .

The next person disposed of is Mr. Beauford,* who derives the name of our Round Towers from *Tlacht*—*earth*, asserts that the foundations of temples for Vestal fire exist in Rath-na-Emhain, and other places (poor devil!)—that the Persian Magi overran the world in the time of the great Constantine, introducing Round Towers in place of the Vestal mounds into Ireland, combining their fire-worship with our Druidism—and that the present Towers were built in imitation of these Magian Towers. This is all, as Mr. Petrie says, pure fallacy, without a particle of authority; but we should think "*twelfth*" is a misprint for "*seventh*" in the early part of Beauford's passage, and, therefore, that the last clause of Mr. Petrie's censure is undeserved.

This Beauford is not to be confounded with Miss Beaufort. She, too, paganizes the Towers by aggravating some mis-statements of Mason's *Parochial Survey*; but her errors are not worth notice, except the assertion that the Psalters of Tara and Cashel allege that the Towers were for keeping the sacred fire. These Psalters are believed to have perished, and any mention of sacred fires in the glossary of Cormac M'Cullenan, the supposed compiler of the Psalter of Cashel, is adverse to their being in Towers. He says:—

"*Belltane*, i.e., *bil tene*, i.e., *tene bil*, i.e., the goodly-fire, i.e., two goodly fires, which the Druids were used

* William Beauford, an early member of the Royal Irish Academy, who, without any real knowledge of the ancient history of Ireland, presumed to elucidate it.—ED.

to make, with great incantations on them and they used to bring the cattle between them against the diseases of each year."

Another MS. says—

" *Beltaine*, i.e. *Bel-dine* : *Bel* was the names of an idol ; it was on it (i.e., the festival) that a couple of the young of every cattle were exhibited as in the possession of *Bel* ; *unde Beldine*. Or, *Beltine*, i.e. *Bil-tine*, i.e. the goodly fire, i.e., two goodly fires, which the Druids were used to make with great incantations, and they were used to drive the cattle between them against the diseases of each year."

Mr. Petrie continues—

" It may be remarked, that remnants of this ancient custom, in perhaps a modified form, still exist in the Moy fires lighted in the streets and suburbs of Dublin, and also in the fires lighted on St. John's Eve, in all other parts of Ireland. The *Tinne Eigin* of the Highlands, of which Dr. Martin gives the following account, is probably a remnant of it also, but there is no instance of such fires being lighted in towers or houses of any description :—

' The inhabitants here (Isle of Skye) did also make use of a fire call'd *Tin-Egin* (i.e.) a forced Fire, or Fire of necessity, which they used as an antidote against the *Plague* or *Murrain* in cattle ; and it was performed thus :—All the Fires in the Parish were extinguish'd and eighty-one marry'd Men, being thought the necessary number for effecting this Design, took two great Planks of Wood, and nine of 'em were employed by turns, who by their repeated Efforts rubb'd one of the Planks against the other until the Heat thereof produced Fire ; and from this forc'd Fire each Family is supplied with new Fire, which is no sooner kindled, than a Pot full of water is quickly set on it, and afterwards sprinkled upon the People infected with the *Plague*, or upon cattle that have the *Murrain*. And this, they all say, they find successful by experience.'—*Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*—(second edition), p. 113.

" As authority for Miss Beaufort's second assertion, relative to the Tower of Thlachtga, &c., we are referred to the *Psalter of Tara*, by Comerford, (p. 41,) cited in the *Parochial Survey* (vol. iii., p. 320) ; and certainly in the latter work we do find a passage in nearly the same

words which Miss Beaufort uses. But if the lady had herself referred to Comerford's little work, she would have discovered that the author of the article in the *Parochial Survey* had in reality no authority for his assertions, and had attempted a gross imposition on the credulity of his readers. . . ."

Mr. D'Alton* relies much on a passage in *Cambrensis*, wherein he says that the fishermen on Lough Neagh (a lake certainly formed by an inundation in the first century—A.D. 62) point to such towers under the lake; but this only shows they were considered old in Cambrensis' time (King John's) for Cambrensis calls them *turres ecclesiasticas* (a Christian appellation); and the fishermen of every lake have such idle traditions from the tall objects they are familiar with; and the steeples of Antrim, &c., were handy to the Loch n-Eathac men.

One of the authorities quoted by all the Paganists is from the "Ulster Annals" at the year 448; It is, "Kl. Jenair. Anno Domini cccc. xl^o. viii^o. ingenti terræ motu per loca varia imminente, plurimi urbis auguste muri recenti adhuc reædificatione constructi, cum l.vii. turribus conruerunt." This was made to mean that part of the wall of Armagh, with fifty-seven Round Towers, fell in an earthquake in 448, whereas the passage turns out to be a quotation from "Marcellinus" of the fall of part of the defences of Constantinople—"Urbis Augustæ!"

References to Towers in Irish annals are quoted by Mr. D'Alton; but they turn out to be written about the Cyclopean Forts, or low stone raths, such as we find at Aileach, &c.

* John D'Alton, author of "A History of the County of Dublin" and editor of "The Annals of Boyle," "King James's Army List," and other works. He was born in Co. Westmeath in 1792, and died in 1867.—ED.

CELESTIAL INDEXES.

Dr. Charles O'Connor,* of Stowe, is the chief supporter of the astronomical theory. One of his arguments is founded on the mistaken reading of the word "*turaghun*" (which he derives from *tur*, a tower, and *aghan*, or *adhan*, the kindling of flame), instead of "*truaghan*," an ascetic. The only other authority of his which we have not noticed in the passage is the "Ulster Annals," at the year 995, in which it is said that certain Fidhnemead were burned by lightning at Armagh. He translates the word celestial indexes, and paraphrases it Round Towers, and all because *fiadh* means witness, and *neimhedh*, heavenly or sacred, the real meaning being holy wood, or wood of the sanctuary, from *fidh* a wood, and *neimhedh* holy, as is proved by a pile of *exact* authorities.

Dr. Lanigan, in his ecclesiastical history, and Moore, in his general history, repeat the arguments which we have mentioned. They also bring objections against the alleged Christian origin, which we hold over; but it is plain that nothing prevailed more with them than the alleged resemblance of these towers to certain oriental buildings. Assuredly if there were a close likeness between the Irish Round Towers and oriental fire temples of proved antiquity, it would be an argument for identity of use; and though direct testimony from our annals would come in and show that the present towers were built as Christian belfries from the sixth to the tenth centuries, the resemblance would at least indicate that the belfries had been built after the model

* Rev. Charles O'Connor, of the well-known Roscommon family, was born in 1764, and died in 1828. He was grandson of the earlier scholar of the same name.—ED.

of Pagan fire towers previously existing here. But "rotundos of above thirty feet in diameter" in Persia, Turkish minarets of the tenth or fourteenth centuries, and undated turrets in India, which Lord Valentia thought like our Round Towers, give no *such* resemblance. We shall look anxiously for exact measurements and datas of oriental buildings resembling Round Towers, and weigh the evidence which may be offered to show that there were any Pagan models for the latter in Ireland or in Asia.

Mr. Windele,* of Cork, besides using all the previously-mentioned arguments for the Paganism of these Towers, finds another in the supposed resemblance to

THE NURRAGGIS OF SARDINIA,

which are tombs or temples formed in that island, and attributed to the Phœnicians. But, alas! for the theory—they have turned out to be "as broad as they're long." A square building, 57 feet in each side, with bee-hive towers at each angle, and a centre bee-hive tower reaching to 45 or 65 feet high, with stone stairs, is sadly unlike a round tower!

The most recent theory is, that the Round Towers are

HERO-MONUMENTS.

Mr. Windele and the South Munster Antiquarian Society started this, Sir William Betham sanctioned it, and several rash gentlemen dug under Towers to prove it. At Cashel, Kinsale, &c., they satisfied themselves that there were no sepulchres or bones ever under the Towers, but in some other places they took the rubbish bones casually thrown into

* John Windele, the antiquary, was born in Cork in 1801, and died in 1865.—ED.

the Towers, and in two cases the chance underlying of ancient burying-grounds, as proofs of this notion. But Mr. Petrie settles for this idea by showing that there is no such use of the Round Towers mentioned in our annals, and also by the following most interesting account of the cemeteries and monuments of all the races of Pagan Irish :—

HISTORY OF THE CEMETERIES.

“ A great king of great judgments assumed the sovereignty of Erin, *i.e.* Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn, of the Hundred Battles. Erin was prosperous in his time, because just judgments were distributed throughout it by him ; so that no one durst attempt to wound a man in Erin during the short jubilee of seven years ; for Cormac had the faith of the one true God, according to the law ; for he said that he would not adore stones, or trees, but that he would adore Him who had made them, and who had power over all the elements, *i.e.*, the one powerful God who created the elements ; in Him he would believe. And he was the third person who had believed, in Erin, before the arrival of St. Patrick. Conchobor Mac Nessa, to whom Altus had told concerning the crucifixion of Christ *was the first* ; Morann, the son of Cairbre Cinncait (who was surnamed Mac Main) was the second person ; and Cormac was the third ; and it is probable that others followed on their track in this belief.

“ Where Cormac held his court was at Tara, in imitation of the kings who preceded him, until his eye was destroyed by Engus Gaibhuaiphnech, the son of Eochaidh Finn Futhairt : but afterwards he resided at Acaill (the hill on which Scrin Colaim Cille is at this day), and at Cenannas (Kells), and at the house of Cletech ; for it was not lawful that a king with a *personal* blemish should reside at Tara. In the second year after the injuring of his eye he came by his death at the house of Cletech, the bone of a salmon having stuck in his throat. And he (Cormac) told his people not to bury him at Brugh (because it was a cemetery of Idolaters), for he did not worship the same God as any of those interred at Brugh ; but to bury him at Ros na righ, with his face to the east. He afterwards died, and his servants of trust held a council, and came to the resolution of burying him at Brugh, the place where the kings of Tara, his predecessors, were *buried*. The body of the

king was afterwards thrice raised to be carried to Brugh, but the Boyne swelled up thrice, so that they could not come; so that they observed that it was 'violating the judgment of a prince' to break through this Testament of the king, and they afterwards dug his grave at Ros na righ, as he himself had ordered.

"These were the chief cemeteries of Erin before the Faith (*i.e.*, before the introduction of Christianity) viz.: Cruachu, Brugh, Tailltin, Luachair, Ailbe, Oenach Ailbe, Oenach Culi, Oenach Colmain, Temhair Erann.

"Oenach Cruachan, in the first place, it was there the race of Heremon (*i.e.*, the kings of Tara), were used to bury until the time of Cremhthann, the son of Lughaidh Riabh-n-derg (who was the first king of them that was interred at Brugh), viz., Cobhlhach Coelbreg, and Labhraidh Loingsech, and Eocho Fedhlech with his three sons (*i.e.*, the three Fidhemhna—*i.e.*, Bres, Nar, and Lotdoe), and Eocho Airemh, Lughaidh Riabh-n-derg, the six daughters of Eocho Fedhlech (*i.e.*, Medhbh, and Clothru, Muresc, and Drebrin, Mugain, and Ele), and Adill Mac Mada with his seven brothers (*i.e.*, Cet, Anlon, Doche, *et ceteri*), and all the kings down to Cremhthann (these were all buried at Cruachan). Why was it not at Brugh that the kings (of the race of Cobhthach down to Crimthann) were interred? Not difficult; because the two provinces which the race of Heremon possessed were the province of Gailian (*i.e.*, the province of Leinster), and the province of Olnecmacht (*i.e.*, the province of Connaught). In the first place the province of Gailian was occupied by the race of Labraidh Loingsech, and the province of Connaught was the peculiar inheritance of the race of Cobhtach Coelbreg; wherefore it (*i.e.*, the province of Connaught) was given to Medhbh before every other province. (The reason that the government of this land was given to Medhbh is, because there was none of the race of Eochaidh fit to receive it but herself, for Lughaidh was not fit for action at the time). And whenever, therefore, the monarchy of Erin was enjoyed by any of the descendants of Cobhthach Coelbreg, the province of Connaught was his *ruidles* (*i.e.*, his native principality). And for this reason they were interred at Oenach na Cruachna. But they were interred at Brugh from the time of Crimthann (Niadh-nar) to the time of Leoghaire, the son of Niall, except three persons, namely, Art, the son of Conn, and Cormac, the son of Art, and Niall of the Nine Hostages.

“ We have already mentioned the cause for which Cormac was not interred there. The reason why Art was not interred there is, because he ‘believed,’ the day before the battle of Muccramma was fought, and he predicted the Faith (*i.e.*, that Christianity would prevail in Erin), and he said that his own grave would be at Drumha Dergluachra, where Treoit [Trevet] is at this day, as he mentioned in a poem which he composed—viz. : *Cain do denna den* (*i.e.*, the poem which Art composed, the beginning of which is *Cain do denna den, &c.*) When his (Art’s) body was afterwards carried eastwards to Dumha Dergluachra, if all the men of Erin were drawing it thence, they could not, so that he was interred in that place, because there was a Catholic church to be afterwards at the place where he was interred (*i.e.*, Treoit *hodie*) because the truth and the Faith had been revealed to him through his regal righteousness.

“ Where Niall was interred was at Ochain, whence the hill was called Ochain, *i.e.*, *Och Caine, i.e.*, from the sighing and lamentation which the men of Erin made in lamenting Niall.

“ Conaire More was interred at Magh Feci in Bregia (*i.e.*, at Fert Conaire); however, some say that it was Conaire Carpraike was interred there, and not Conaire Mor, and that Conaire Mor was the third king who was interred at Tara—viz., Conaire, Leoghaira, and * * *

“ At Tailltin the kings of Ulster were used to bury, viz., Ollamh Fodhla, with his descendants down to Conchobhar, who wished that he should be carried to a place between Sleá and the sea, with his face to the east, on account of the Faith which he had embraced.

“ The nobles of the Tuatha De Danann were used to bury at Brugh (*i.e.*, the Dagda with his three sons; also Lughaidh and Oe, and Ollam, and Ogma, and Etan, the Poetess, and Corpre, the son of Etan), and Cremhthann followed them because his wife Nar was of the Tuatha Dea, and it was she solicited him that he should adopt Brugh as a burial-place for himself and his descendants, and this was the cause that they did not bury at Cruachan.

“ The Lagenians (*i.e.*, Cathair with his race and the kings who were before them) were buried at Oenach Ailbhe. The Clann Dedad (*i.e.*, the race of Conaire and Erna) at Temhair Erann; the men of Munster (*i.e.*, the Dergthene) at Oenach Culi, and Oenach Colmain; and the Connacians at Cruachan.”

ANCHORITE TOWERS.

Because Simon Stylites lived in a domicile, sized "scarce two cubits," on a pillar sixty feet high, and because other anchorites lived on pillars and in cells, Dean Richardson suggests that the Irish Round Towers were for hermits; and was supported by Walter Harris, Dr. Milner, Dr. King, &c.* The *cloch angcoire*, or hermit's stone, quoted in aid of this fancy, turns out to be a narrow cell; and so much for the hermits!

The confusion of

TOURS AND TOWERS

is a stupid pun or a vulgar pronunciation in English; but in Irish gave rise to the antiquarian theory of Dr. Smith, who, in his "History of Cork," concludes that the Round Towers were penitential prisons, because the Irish word for a penitential round or journey is *turas*!

THE PHALLIC THEORY

never had any support but poor Henry O'Brien's† enthusiastic ignorance, and the caricaturing pen of his illustrator.

We have now done with the theories of these Towers, which Mr. Petrie has shown, past doubt, to be either positively false or quite unproved. His own opinion is that they were used—1, as belfries; 2, as keeps, or houses of shelter for the

* Dr. John Milner was the well-known English Catholic Bishop of Emancipation times; John Richardson and Robert King were both Protestant writers who expressed views on Irish ecclesiastical history.—ED.

† Henry O'Brien's book on the Round Towers provoked a good deal of criticism when it appeared. His work was written for the prize offered by the Royal Irish Academy, and won by Petrie. His early death, in 1835, is supposed to have been hastened by his disappointment. He was born in Co. Kerry in 1808.—ED.

clergy and their treasures ; and 3, as watch towers and beacons ; and into his evidence for this opinion we shall go at a future day, thanking him at present for having displaced a heap of incongruous, though agreeable fancies, and given us the most learned, the most exact, and the most important work ever published on the antiquities of the Ancient Irish Nation.

INSTITUTIONS OF DUBLIN

No. I.

JUDGED by the *Directory*, Dublin is nobly supplied with Institutions for the promotion of Literature, Science, and Art ; and, judged by its men, there is mind enough here to make these Institutions prosper, and instruct and raise the country. Yet their performances are far short of these promises, and the causes for ill-success are easily found. We believe these causes could be almost as easily removed.

In the first place, we have too many of these Institutions. Stingy grants from Government and the general poverty of the people render economy a matter of the first consequence ; yet we find these societies maintaining a number of separate establishments, at a great expense of rent and salaries.

The consequence, of course, is that none of them flourishes as it ought—museums, meetings, lectures, libraries, and exhibitions are all frittered away, and nothing is done so well as it might be. Moreover, from the want of any arrangement and order, the same men are dragged from one society to another—few men do much, because all are forced to attempt so many things.

But 'tis better to examine this in detail, and in doing so we may as well give some leading facts as to the chief of these bodies. Take for example, as a beginning, the

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE PROMOTION OF FINE ARTS.

And first there is the Hibernian Academy.

It was founded in 1823, received a present of its house in Abbey Street, and some books and casts, from Francis Johnston,* a Dublin architect, and has the miserable income of £300 a year from the Treasury. It has a drawing-school, with a few casts, no pictures, bad accommodation, and professors whose pay is nearly nominal.

It undoubtedly has some men of great ability and attainments, and some who have neither; but what can be done without funds, statues, or pictures? To aggravate its difficulties, the Dublin Society has another art school, still worse off as to casts, and equally deficient in pictures. As a place of instruction in the designing of patterns for manufactures and the like, the Dublin Society school has worked well; and many of the best-paid controllers of design in the English manufactories were educated there; but as a school of fine arts it does little; and no wonder. Another branch of the Hibernian Academy's operations is its annual exhibition of pictures. These exhibitions attract crowds who would never otherwise see a painting, promote thought on art, and procure patronage for artists. In this, too, the Hibernian Academy has recently found a rival in the Society of Irish Artists established in 1842, which has an annual exhibition in College Street, and pays the expenses of the exhibition out of the admission fees, as does the Hibernian Academy. We are not attaching blame to the Society of Irish Artists in noticing the fact of its rivalry.

There are three other bodies devoted to the encouragement of Art. One of these is the Art

* Francis Johnston, R.H.A., was a native of Armagh, born 1761, and died in 1829. He was President of the Academy.—ED.

Union, founded in 1840, and maintained entirely by subscriptions to its lottery. It distributes fine engravings from Irish pictures among all its members, and pictures and statues, bought in the exhibitions of the Hibernian Academy, and of the Society of Irish Artists, among its prizeholders ; and it gives premiums for the works of native or resident artists. Its operation is as a patron of art ; and, in order to get funds for this purpose, and also to secure superior works and a higher competition, it extends its purchases to the best foreign works exhibited here. It has no collection, and has merely an office in College Street—in fact, its best permanent possession is its unwearied Secretary. The Society of Ancient Art was established last year for the formation of a public gallery of casts from classical and mediæval statues, and ultimately for purposes of direct teaching by lectures, &c. It obtained some funds by subscription ; but under the expectation, 'tis said, of a public grant, has done nothing. Lastly, there is the “ Institute of Irish Architects,” founded in 1839 “ for the general advancement of civil architecture, for promoting and facilitating the acquirement of a knowledge of the various arts and sciences connected therewith, for the formation of a Library and Museum, &c.”

To us it is very plain that there are too many institutions, and that the efficiency of all suffers materially from their want of connection and arrangement. Some, at least, might be amalgamated with great advantage, or rather all except the Art Union. That is only a club of purchasers, and any attempt materially to change its nature would peril its funds. Some such plan as the following would accomplish all that is

vainly attempted now. Let the Government be pressed to give £2,000 a year, if the public supply £1,000 a year. Let this income go to a new Hibernian Academy—the present Hibernian Academy, Artists' Society, Society of Ancient Art, the Art Schools of the Dublin Society, and the Institute of Irish Architects, being merged in it. This merger could be easily secured through the inducements secured by the charter, and by accommodation, salaries, and utility of the new body. The present property of these bodies, with some moderate grant, would suffice for the purchase of a space of ground ample for the schools, museums, library, lecture-room, and yards of such an institution.

At the head of it should be a small body governing and accounting for its finances, but *no person* should be a governing member of more than one of its sections. These sections should be for Statuary, Painting, Architecture, and Design Drawing. Each of these sections should have its own Gallery and its own Practice Rooms ; but one Library and one public Lecture Room would suffice for the entire. The architectural section would also need some open space for its experiments and its larger specimens. A present of copies of the British Museum casts, along with the fund of the Ancient Art Society, would originate a Cast Gallery, and a few good pictures could be bought as a commencement of a National Gallery of Painting, leaving the economy of the managers and the liberality of the public gradually to fill up. Collections of native works in canvas and marble, and architectural models could be soon and cheaply procured. The Art Library of the Dublin Society added to that of the Hibernian

Academy would need few additions to make it sufficient for the new body.

Such an Institute ought not to employ any but the best teachers and lecturers. It should encourage proficiency by rewards that would instruct the proficient ; it should apply itself to cataloguing, preserving, and making known all the works of art in the country ; give prizes for artistical works ; publish its lectures and transactions ; issue engravings of the most instructive works of art ; and hold evening meetings, to which ladies would be admitted. It should allow at least £400 a year for the support of free pupils. In connexion with its drawing and modelling schools should be a professorship of anatomy, or, what were better, some arrangement might be made with the College of Surgeons, or some such body, for courses of instruction for its pupils. The training for its pupils in sculpture, painting, and design, should include the study of ancient and modern costume, zoology, and of vegetable and geological forms. For this purpose books should not be so much relied on as lectures in gardens, museums, and during student excursions. Of course the architectural pupils should be required to answer at a preliminary examination in mathematics, and should receive special instruction in the building materials, action of climate, &c., in Ireland.

Were the buildings standing, and the society chartered judiciously, the sum we have mentioned would be sufficient. Four professors at from £200 to £300 a year each, four assistants at £100 a year each, a librarian at the same rate, with payments for extra instruction in anatomy, &c., &c., and for porters, premiums, and so forth, would not exceed £2,000 a year. So that if £400

were expended on free pupils, there would remain £600 a year for the purchase of works for the galleries.

At present there is much waste of money, great annoyance, and loss of time to the supporters of these institutions, and marvellously little benefit to art. The plan we have proposed would be economical both of time and money ; but, what is of more worth, it would give us, what we have not now, a National Gallery of Statuary and Painting—good Exhibition Rooms for works of art—business-like Lecturers and Lectures—great public excitement about art—and, finally, a great National Academy.

If any one has a better plan, let him say it ; we have told ours. At all events, some great change is needed, and there can be no fitter time than this for it.

INSTITUTIONS OF DUBLIN

No. II.

IN any community it is desirable to have Literary Institutions, as well classified as legal offices, and as free from counter-action ; but it is especially desirable here now. Our literary class is small, and its duties measureless. The diseased suction of London—the absence of gentry, offices, and Legislature—the heart-sickness that is on every thoughtful man without a country—the want of a large, educated, and therefore book-buying class—and (it must be confessed) the depression and distrust produced by rash experiments and paltry failure, have left us with few men for a great work. Probably the great remedy is the restoration of our Parliament—bringing back, as it would, the aristocracy and the public offices, giving society and support to Writers and Artists, and giving them a country's praise to move and a country's glory to reward them.

But one of the very means of attaining nationality is securing some portion of that literary force which would gush abundantly from it ; and therefore, consider it how you will, it is important to increase and economise the exertions of the literary class in Ireland. Yet the reverse is done. Institutions are multiplied instead of those being made efficient which exist ; and men talk as proudly of the new " Teach'em-everything-in-no-time-Society " as if its natty laws were a library, its desk a laboratory and a museum, and its

members fresh labourers, when all they have done is to waste the time of persons who had business, and to delude those who had none into the belief that they were doing good. Ephemeral things! which die not without mischief—they have wasted hours and days of strong men in spinning sand, and leave depression growing from their tombs.

It is a really useful deed to rescue from dissipation, or from idle reading, or from mammon-hunting, one strong passionate man or boy, and to set him to work investigating, arranging, teaching. It is an honest task to shame the broidered youth from meditation on waistcoats and the display of polka steps into manly pursuits. It is an angel's mission (oftenest the work of love) to startle a sleeping and unconscious genius into the spring and victory of a roused lion. But it is worse than useless to establish new associations and orders without well considering first whether the same machinery do not already exist and rust for want of the very energy and skill which you need, too. There is a bridge in a field near Blarney Castle where water never ran. It was built "at the expense of the county." These men build their mills close as houses in a capital, taking no thought for the stream to turn them.

We have already censured this, in some detail, with reference to societies for the promotion of the Fine Arts, and have urged the formation, out of all these fiddling, clashing bodies, of some one great institution for the promotion of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, with a Museum, a Library, a Gallery, and Lecturers, governed by professional minds, great enough to be known and regarded by the people, and popular and strong enough to secure Government support.

Similar defects exist everywhere. Take the Dublin Society for example. Nothing can be more heterogeneous than its objects. We are far from denying its utility. That utility is immense, the institution is native, of old standing (it was founded in 1731), national, and, when it wanted support, our pen was not idle in its behalf.

But we believe its utility greatly diminished by its attempting too many things, and especially by including objects more fitly belonging to other institutions ; and on the opposite side it is maimed, by the interference of other bodies, in its natural functions. The Dublin Society was founded for the promotion of husbandry and other useful arts. Its labours to serve agriculture have been repeated and extensive, though not always judicious. It has also endeavoured to promote manufactures. It has gardens and museums fitter for scientific than practical instruction, admirable lecturers, a library most generously opened, a drawing school of the largest purposes and of equivocal success, and various minor branches.

The Irish Academy has some of this fault. It endeavours to unite antiquarianism and abstract science. Its meetings are alternately entertained with mathematics and history, and its transactions are equally comprehensive. We yield to none in anxiety for the promotion of antiquarian studies ; we think the public and the government disgraced by the slight support given to the Academy. We are not a little proud of the honour and strength given to our country by the science of MacCullagh, Hamilton, and Lloyd* ; but we protest against the

* James M'Cullagh, F.R.S. (1809-47), Sir William Rowan Hamilton, F.R.S. (1805-65), and the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, F.R.S. (1800-81) were notable members of the Royal Irish Academy at the time Davis wrote.—ED.

attempt to mix the armoury of the ancient Irish, or the Celtic dialects, or the essay on Round Towers, with trigonometry and the calculus, whether in a lecture-room or a book.

Let us set down, as we find them, some of the Literary and Scientific Institutions. There are the Royal Dublin Society, the Royal Irish Academy (we wish these royalties were dropped—no one minds them), the Irish Archæological Society, the Royal Zoological Society, the Geological Society, the Dublin Natural History Society, the Dublin Philosophical Society, the Royal Agricultural Society, &c., &c. Now, we take it that these bodies might be usefully reduced to three, and if three moderate government grants were made under conditions, rewarding such a classification, we doubt not it would instantly be made.

In the first place, we would divorce from the Irish Academy the scientific department, requiring Trinity College to form some voluntary organization for the purpose. To this non-collegiate philosophers should be admitted, and, thus disencumbered, we would devote the Academy to antiquities and literature—incorporate with it the Archæological Society—transfer to it all the antiques (of which it had not duplicates) in Trinity College, the Dublin Society, &c., and enlarge its museums and meeting-room. Its section of “polite literature” has long been a name—it should be made real. There would be nothing inconvenient or strange in finding in its lecture-rooms or transactions the antiquities and literature of Ireland, diversified by general historical, critical, and æsthetical researches.

The Dublin Society would reasonably divide into two sections. One, for the promotion of

husbandry, might be aggrandised by tempting the Agricultural Society to join it, and should have a permanent museum, an extensive farm, premiums, shows, publications, and special lecturers. The second section, for the encouragement of manufactures, should have its museum, work-shops, and experiment ground (the last, perhaps, as the agricultural farm), and its special lecturers. The library might well be joint, and managed by a joint committee, having separate funds. The general lecturers on chemistry and other such subjects might be paid in common. The drawing-school (save that for pattern and machine drawing) might be transferred to the Art Institution; and the botanic garden and museum of minerals to a third body we propose.

The third body we would form from a union of the Zoological, the Geological, the Natural History and all other such societies, and endow it with the Botanic and Zoological Gardens—give it rooms for a general, and for a specially Irish museum, and for lecture rooms in town, and supply it with a small fund to pay lecturers, who should go through the provinces.

We are firmly convinced that this re-arrangement of the Institutions of Dublin is quite practicable, would diminish unproductive expenses, economise the time, and condense the purposes of our literary, scientific, and artistical men, and increase enormously the use of the institutions to the public.

Of course the whole plan will be laughed at as fanciful and improbable; we think it easy, and we think it will be done.

THE STATE OF THE PEASANTRY

IN a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns.

He is not unconsoled. Faith in the joys of another world, heightened by his woe in this, give him hours, when he serenely looks down on the torments that encircle him—the moon on a troubled sky. Domestic love, almost morbid from external suffering, prevents him from becoming a fanatic or a misanthrope, and reconciles him to life. Sometimes he forgets all, and springs into a desperate glee or a scathing anger; and latterly another feeling—the hope of better days—and another exertion—the effort for redress—have shared his soul with religion, love, mirth, and vengeance.

His consolations are those of a spirit—his misery includes all physical sufferings, and many that strike the soul, not the senses.

Consider his griefs! They begin in the cradle—they end in the grave.

Suckled by a breast that is supplied from unwholesome or insufficient food, and that is fevered with anxiety—reeking with the smoke of an almost chimneyless cabin—assailed by wind and rain when the weather rages—breathing, when it is calm, the exhalations of a rotten roof, of clay walls, and of manure—which gives his only chance of food, he is apt to perish in his infancy.

Or, he survives all this (happy if he have escaped from gnawing scrofula or familiar fever),

and in the same cabin, with rags instead of his mother's breast, and lumpers instead of his mother's milk, he spends his childhood.

Advancing youth brings him labour, and manhood increases it ; but youth and manhood leave his roof rotten, his chimney one hole, his window another, his clothes rags (at best muffled by a holiday *cotamore*)—his furniture a pot, a table, a few hay chairs and rickety stools—his food lumpers and water—his bedding straw and a coverlet—his enemies the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the law—his consolation the priest and his wife—his hope on earth, agitation—his hope hereafter, the Lord God !

For such an existence his toil is hard—and so much the better—it calms and occupies his mind ; but bitter is his feeling that the toil, which gains for him this nauseous and scanty livelihood, heaps dainties and gay wines on the table of his distant landlord, clothes his children or his harem in satin, lodges them in marble halls, and brings all the arts of luxury to solicit their senses—bitter to him to feel that this green land, which he loves and his landlord scorns, is ravished by him of her fruits to pamper that landlord ; twice bitter for him to see his wife, with weariness in her breast of love, to see half his little brood torn by the claws of want to undeserved graves, and to know that to those who survive him he can only leave the inheritance to which he was heir ; and thrice bitter to him that even his hovel has not the security of the wild beast's den—that Squalidness and Hunger, and Disease, are insufficient guardians of his home—and that the puff of the landlord's or the agent's breath may blow him off the land where he has lived, and send him and his to a dyke,

or to prolong wretchedness in some desperate kennel in the next town, till the strong wings of Death—unopposed lord of such suburb—bear them away.

Aristocracy of Ireland, will ye do nothing?—will ye do nothing for fear? The body who best know Ireland—the body that keep Ireland within the law—the Repeal Committee—declare that unless some great change take place an agrarian war may ensue! Do ye know what that is, and how it would come? The rapid multiplication of outrages, increased violence by Magistrates, collisions between the People and the Police, coercive laws and military force, and violation of houses, the suspension of industry—the conflux of discontent, pillage, massacre, war—the gentry shattered, the peasantry conquered and decimated, or victorious and ruined (for who could rule them)—there is an agrarian insurrection! May heaven guard us from it!—may the fear be vain!

We set aside the fear! Forget it! Think of the long, long patience of the People—their toils supporting you—their virtues shaming you—their huts, their hunger, their disease.

To whomsoever God hath given a heart less cold than stone, these truths must cry day and night. Oh! how they cross us like *Banshees* when we would range free on the mountain—how, as we walk in the evening light amid flowers, they startle us from rest of mind! Ye nobles! whose houses are as gorgeous as the mote's (who dwelleth in the sunbeam)—ye strong and haughty squires—ye dames exuberant with tingling blood—ye maidens, whom not splendour has yet spoiled, will ye not think of the poor?—will ye not shudder in your couches to think how rain, wind, and smoke dwell with the blanketless peasant?—will

ye not turn from the sumptuous board to look at those hard-won meals of black and slimy roots on which man, woman, and child feed year after year?—will ye never try to banish wringing hunger and ghastly disease from the home of such piety and love?—will ye not give back its dance to the village—its mountain play to boyhood—its serene hopes to manhood!

Will ye do nothing for pity—nothing for love? Will ye leave a foreign Parliament to mitigate—will ye leave a native Parliament, gained in your despite, to redress these miseries—will ye for ever abdicate the duty and the joy of making the poor comfortable, and the peasant attached and happy? Do—if so you prefer; but know that if you do, you are a doomed race. Once more, Aristocracy of Ireland, we warn and entreat you to consider the State of the Peasantry, and to save them with your own hands!

THE IRISH BRIGADE

WHEN valour becomes a reproach, when patriotism is thought a prejudice, and when a soldier's sword is a sign of shame, the Irish Brigade will be forgotten or despised.

The Irish are a military people—strong, nimble, and hardy, fond of adventure, irascible, brotherly, and generous—they have all the qualities that tempt men to war and make them good soldiers. Dazzled by their great fame on the Continent, and hearing of their insular wars chiefly through the interested lies of England, Voltaire expressed his wonder, that a nation which had behaved so gallantly abroad had “always fought badly at home.”* It would have been most wonderful.

It may be conceded that the Irish performed more illustrious actions on the Continent. They fought with the advantage of French discipline and equipment; they fought as soldiers, with the rights of war, not “rebels, with halters round their necks;” they fought by the side of great rivals and amid the gaze of Europe.

In the most of their domestic wars they appeared as divided clans or abrupt insurgents, they were exposed to the treachery of a more instructed, of an unscrupulous and a compact enemy; they had neither discipline, nor generalship, nor arms; their victories were those of a mob, their defeats were followed by extermination.

* Thomas Moore also expressed the view that the Irish only fought well (and wrote well) away from Ireland.—Ed.

We speak of their ordinary contests with England from the time of Roderick O'Connor to that of '98. Occasionally they had more opportunities, and their great qualities for war appeared. In Hugh (or rather Aodh) O'Neill they found a leader who only wanted material resources to have made them an independent nation. Cautious, as became the heir of so long a strife, he spent years in acquiring military knowledge and nursing up his clan into the kernel for a nation ; crafty as Bacon and Cecil, and every other man of his time, he learned war in Elizabeth's armies, and got help from her store-houses. When the discontent of the Pale, religious tyranny, and the intrigues and hostility of Spain and Rome against England gave him an opening, he put his ordered clan into action, stormed the neighbouring garrisons, struck terror into his hereditary foes, and gave hope to all patriots ; but finding that his ranks were too few for battle, he negotiated successfully for peace, but unavailingly for freedom ; his grievances and designs remained, and he retired to repeat the same policy, till, after repeated guerillas and truces, he was strong enough to proclaim alliance with Spain and war with England, and to defeat and slay every deputy that assailed him, till at last he marched from the triumph of Beal-an-ath Buidhe (where Marshal Bagenal and his army perished) to hold an almost royal court in Munster, and to reduce the Pale to the limits it had formed in the wars of the Roses ; and even when the neglect of Spain, the genius of Mountjoy, the resources and intrigues of England, and the exhaustion and divisions of Ireland had rendered success hopeless, the Irish under O'Ruarc, O'Sullivan, and O'Doherty vindicated their military character.

From that period they, whose foreign services, since Dathi's time, had been limited to supplying feudatories to the English kings, began to fight under the flags of England's enemies in every corner of Europe. The artifices of the Stuarts regained them, and in the reign of Charles the First they were extensively enlisted for the English allies and for the crown; but it was under the guidance of another O'Neill,* and for Ireland, they again exhibited the qualities which had sustained Tyrone. The battle of Benburb affords as great a proof of Irish soldiership as Fontenoy.

But it was when with a formal government and in a regular war they encountered the Dutch invader, they showed the full prowess of the Irish; and at the Boyne, Limerick, Athlone, and Aughrim, in victory or defeat, and always against *immensely superior numbers and armaments*, proved that they fought well at home.

Since the day when Sarsfield sailed, the Irish have never had an opportunity of refuting the calumny of England which Voltaire accepted. In '98 they met enormous forces resting on all the magazines of England; they had no officers; their leaders, however brave, neither knew how to organize, provision, station or manœuvre troops—their arms were casual—their ignorance profound—their intemperance unrestrainable. If they put English supremacy in peril (and had Arklow or Ballinahinch been attacked with skill, that supremacy was gone), they did so by mere valour.

It is therefore on the Continent that one must chiefly look for Irish trophies. It is a pious and noble search; but he who pursues it had need to guard against the error we have noticed in

* Owen Roe.

Voltaire, of disparaging Irish soldiership at home.

The materials for the history of the Irish Brigade are fast accumulating. We have before us the "Military History of the Irish Nation," by the late Matthew O'Connor.* He was a barrister, but studied military subjects (as became a gentleman and a citizen), peculiarly interested himself in the achievements of his countrymen, and prepared materials for a history of them. He died, leaving his work unfinished, yet happily sufficiently advanced to offer a continuous narrative of Irish internal wars, from Hugh O'Neill to Sarsfield, and of their foreign services up to the peace of Utrecht, in 1711. The style of the work is earnest and glowing, full of patriotism and liberality; but Mr. O'Connor was no blind partisan, and he neither hides the occasional excesses of the Irish, nor disparages their opponents. His descriptions of battles are very superior to what one ordinarily meets in the works of civilians, and any one reading them with a military atlas will be gratified and instructed.

The value of the work is vastly augmented by the appendix, which is a memoir of the Brigade, written in French, in 1749, and including the war-office orders, and all the changes in organisation, numbers, and pay of the Brigade to that date. This memoir is authenticated thus:—

"His Excellency, the Duke of Feltre, Minister of War, was so kind as to communicate to me the original memoir above cited, of which this is a perfect copy, which I attest.

"DE MONTMORENCY MORRES (Herve),
Adjutant-Commandant, Colonel.

"Paris, 1st September, 1813."

* O'Connor was connected with the well-known Roscommon family of the same name, and was born in that county in 1773, and died in 1844.—ED.

To give any account of the details of O'Connor's book we should abridge it, and an abridgment of a military history is a catalogue of names. It contains accounts of Hugh O'Neill's campaigns, and of the wars of William and James in Ireland. It describes (certainly a new chapter in our knowledge) the services of the Irish in the Low Countries and France during the religious wars in Henri Quatre's time, and the hitherto equally unknown actions abroad during Charles the Second's exile and reign.

The wars of Mountcashel's (the old) Brigade in 1690-1, under St. Ruth in Savoy, occupy many interesting pages, and the first campaigns of the New Brigade, with the death of Sarsfield and Mountcashel, are carefully narrated. The largest part of the work is occupied with the wars of the Spanish succession, and contains minute narratives of the battles and sieges of Cremona, Spire, Luzzaca, Bleinheim, Cassano, Ramilies, Almanza, Alcira, Malplaquet, and Denain, with the actions of the Irish in them.*

* John Cornelius O'Callaghan's work on the Irish Brigade has superseded O'Connor's book, but its lack of arrangement and method (a standing defect in Irish writers) makes a well-ordered narrative still a necessity.—
ED.

“THE LIBRARY OF IRELAND”

WHILE the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland were restricted to traditional legends, songs, and histories, a library was provided for those who used English by the genius and industry of men whose names have vanished—a fate common to them with the builder of the pyramids, the inventor of letters, and other benefactors of mankind. Moore has given, in “*Captain Rock*,” an imperfect catalogue of this library. The scientific course seems to have been rather limited, as Ovid’s “*Art of (let us rather say essay on) Love*” was the only abstract work; but it contained biographies of “*Captain Freney, the Robber*,” and of “*Redmond O’Hanlon, the Rapparee*” *—wherein, we fear, O’Hanlon was made, by a partial pen, rather more like Freney than history warrants; dramas such as the “*Battle of Aughrim*,” written apparently by some Alsatian Williamite; lyrics of love, unhoused save by the watch; imperial works, too, as “*Moll Flanders* ;” and European literature—“*Don Belianis, and the Seven Champions*.” Whether they were imported, or originally produced for the grooms of the dissolute gentry, may be discussed; but it seems certain that their benign influence spread, on one side, to the farmers’ and shopkeepers’ sons, and, on the other, to the cadets of the great families—and were, in short, the classics of tipsy Ireland. The deadly

* Popular chap-books down to late in the nineteenth century.—ED.

progress of temperance, politics, and democracy have sent them below their original market, and in ten years the collector will pay a guinea a piece for them.

During the Emancipation struggle this indecent trash shrunk up, and a totally different literature circulated. The Orange party regaled themselves chiefly with theology, but the rest of the country (still excepting the classes sheltered by their Gaelic tongue) formed a literature more human, and quite as serious. There occasionally is great vigour in the biographies of Lord Edward, Robert Emmet, and other popular heroes chronicled at that time ; but the long interview of Emmet with Sarah Curran, the night before his execution, is a fair specimen of the accuracy of these works. The songs were intense enough, occasionally controversial, commonly polemical, always extravagant ; the Granu Wails and Shan-van-Vochts of the Catholic agitation cannot be too soon obsolete. The famous Waterford song—

" O'Connell's come to town,
And he'll put the Orange down,
And by the heavenly G— he'll wear the crown,
Says the Shan Van Vocht !"

is characteristic of the zeal, discretion, and style of these once powerful lyrics. A history of the authorship of these biographies and songs would be interesting, and is perhaps still possible. The reprint in the series of Hugh O'Reilly's* Irish history—albeit, a mass of popular untruth was put at the end of it—shows as if some more considerate mind had begun to influence these publications.

* Hugh Reilly's " Impartial Narrative " was written towards the end of the seventeenth century, and he died about 1695.—ED.

They, too, are fast vanishing, and will yet be sought to illustrate their times.

In the first class we have described there was nothing to redeem their stupid indecency and ruffianism ; in the latter, however one may grieve at their bigotry and dislike their atrocious style, there were purity, warmth, and a high purpose.

The “ Useful Knowledge Society ” period arrived in Britain, and flooded that island with cheap tracts on algebra and geometry, chemistry, theology, and physiology. Penny Magazines told every man how his stockings were wove, how many drunkards were taken up per hour in Southwark, how the geese were plucked from which the author got his pens, how many pounds weight of lead (with the analysis thereof, and an account of the Cornish mines by way of parenthesis) were in the types for each page, and the nature of the rags (so many per cent. beggars, so many authors, so many shoe-boys) from which the paper of the all-important, man and money-saving Penny Magazine was made. On its being suggested that man was more than a statistician, or a dabbler in mathematics, a *moral* series (warranted Benthamite) was issued to teach people how they should converse at meals—how to choose their wives, masters, and servants by phrenological developments, and how to live happily, like “ Mr. Hard-and-Comfortable,” the Yellow Quaker.

Unluckily for us there was no great popular passion in Ireland at the time, and our communication with England had been greatly increased by steamers and railways, by the Whig alliance, by democratic sympathy, and by the transference of our political capital to Westminster. Tracts, periodicals, and the whole horde of Benthamy

rushed in. Without manufactures, without trade, without comfort to palliate such degradation, we were proclaimed converts to Utilitarianism. The Irish press thought itself imperial, because it reflected that of London—Nationality was called a vulgar superstition, and a general European Trades' Union, to be followed by a universal Republic, became the final aspirations of "all enlightened men." At the same time the National Schools were spreading the elements of science and the means of study through the poorer classes, and their books were merely intellectual.

Between all these influences Ireland promised to become a farm for Lancashire, with the wisdom and moral rank of that district, without its wealth, when there came a deliverer—the Repeal agitation.

Its strain gradually broke the Whig alliance and the Chartist sympathy. Westminster ceased to be the city towards which the Irish bowed and made pilgrimage. An organisation, centring in Dublin, connected the People; and an oratory full of Gaelic passion and popular idiom galvanised them. Thus there has been, from 1842—when the Repeal agitation became serious—an incessant progress in Literature and Nationality. A Press, Irish in subjects, style, and purpose, has been formed—a National Poetry has grown up—the National Schools have prepared their students for the more earnest study of National politics and history—the classes most hostile to the agitation are converts to its passions; and when Lord Heytesbury recently expressed his wonder at finding "Irish prejudices" in the most cultivated body in Ireland, he only bore witness to an aristocratic Nationality of which he could have found countless proofs beside.

Yet the power of British utilitarian literature continues. The wealthy classes are slowly getting an admirable and a costly National Literature from Petrie, and O'Donovan, and Ferguson, and Lefanu, and the *University Magazine*. The poorer are left to the newspaper, and the meeting, and an occasional serial of very moderate merits. That class, now becoming the rulers of Ireland, who have taste for the higher studies, but whose means are small, have only a few scattered works within their reach, and some of them, not content to use these exclusively, are driven to foreign studies and exposed to alien influence.

To give to the country a National Library, exact enough for the wisest, high enough for the purest, and cheap enough for all readers, appears the object of “The Library of Ireland.”

Look at the subjects—*A History of the Volunteers*, Memoirs of Hugh O'Neill, of Tone, of Owen Roe, of Grattan, Collections of Irish Ballads and Songs, and so forth. It would take one a month, with the use of all the libraries of Dublin, to get the history of the Volunteers. In Wilson's so-called history you will get a number of addresses and 300 pages of irrelevant declamation for eight or ten shillings. Try further, and you must penetrate through the manuscript catalogues of Trinity College and the Queen's Inns (the last a wilderness) to find the pamphlets and newspapers containing what you want ; yet the history of the Volunteers is one interesting to every class, and equally popular in every province.

Hugh O'Neill—he found himself an English tributary, his clan beaten, his country despairing. He organised his clan into an army, defeated by arms and policy the best generals and statesmen

of Elizabeth, and gave Ireland a pride and a hope which never deserted her since. Yet the only written history of him lies in an Irish MS. in the Vatican, unprinted, untranslated, uncopied ; and the Irishman who would know his life must grope through Moryson and Ware and O'Sullivan,* in unwilling libraries, and in books whose price would support a student for two winters.

Of Tone and Grattan—the wisest and most sublime of the last generation—there are lives, and valuable ones ; but such as the rich only will buy, and the leisurely find time to read. The rebellion of 1641—a mystery and a lie—is it not time to let every man look it in the face ? The Irish Brigade—a marvellous reality to few, a proud phantom to most of us—shall we not all, rich and poor, learn in good truth how the persecuted Irish bore up in the winter streets of Cremona, as the gorgeous Brigade followed Clare's flashing plumes right through the great column of Fontenoy ?

Irish Ballads and Songs—why (except that " Spirit of the Nation " which we so audaciously put together) the popular ballads and songs are the faded finery of the West End, the foul parodies of St. Giles's, the drunken rigmarole of the black Helots—or, as they are touchingly classed in the streets, " sentimental, comic and nigger songs." Yet Banim, and Griffin, and Furlong, Lover and Ferguson, Drennan and Callanan, have written ballads and songs as true to Ireland as ever MacNeill's or Cunningham's† were to Scotland ; and firmly do we hope to see with every second

* It has since been edited. From the Irish point of view only Philip O'Sullivan is worthy of consideration.—ED.

† Hector MacNeill and Allan Cunningham's songs are familiar to all Scotch people.—ED.

lad in Ireland a volume of honest, noble Irish ballads, as well thumbed as a lowland Burns or a French Beranger, and sweetly shall yet come to us from every milking-field and harvest-home songs not too proudly joined to the sweetest music in the world.

This country of ours is no sandbank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valour and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organizations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men, were here. If we live influenced by wind and sun and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the past, we are a thriftless and hopeless people.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY*

THERE are (thank God !) four hundred thousand Irish children in the National Schools. A few years, and *they* will be the people of Ireland—the farmers of its lands, the conductors of its traffic, the adepts in its arts. How utterly unlike *that* Ireland will be to the Ireland of the Penal Laws, of the Volunteers, of the Union, or of the Emancipation ?

Well may Carleton say that we are in a transition state. The knowledge, the customs, the superstitions, the hopes of the People are entirely changing. There is neither use nor reason in lamenting what we must infallibly lose. Our course is an open and a great one, and will try us severely ; but, be it well or ill, we cannot resemble our fathers. No conceivable effort will get the people, twenty years hence, to regard the Fairies but as a beautiful fiction to be cherished, not believed in, and not a few real and human characters are perishing as fast as the Fairies.

Let us be content to have the past chronicled wherever it cannot be preserved.

Much may be saved—the Gaelic language and the music of the past may be handed uncorrupted to the future ; but whatever may be the substitutes, the Fairies and the Banshees, the Poor Scholar, and the Ribbonman, the Orange Lodge,

* " Tales and Sketches illustrating the Irish Peasantry." By William Carleton.

the Illicit Still, and the Faction Fight, are vanishing into history, and unless this generation paints them no other will know what they were.

It is chiefly in this way we value the work before us. In it Carleton is the historian of the peasantry rather than a dramatist. The fiddler and piper, the seanachie and seer, the match-maker and the dancing-master, and a hundred characters beside, are here brought before you moving, acting, playing, plotting, and gossiping! You are never wearied by an inventory of wardrobes, as in short English descriptive fictions; yet you see how every one is dressed; you hear the honey brogue of the maiden, and the downy voice of the child, the managed accents of flattery or traffic, the shrill tones of woman's fretting, and the troubled gush of man's anger. The moory upland and the corn slopes, the glen where the rocks jut through mantling heather, and bright brooks gurgle amid the scented banks of wild herbs, the shivering cabin and the rudely-lighted farm-house, are as plain in Carleton's pages as if he used canvas and colours with a skill varying from Wilson and Poussin, to Teniers and Wilkie.

But even in these sketches, his power of external description is not his greatest merit. Born and bred among the people—full of their animal vehemence—skilled in their sports—as credulous and headlong in boyhood, and as fitful and varied in manhood, as the wildest—he had felt with them and must ever sympathise with them. Endowed with the highest dramatic genius, he has represented their love and generosity, their wrath and negligence, their crimes and virtues, as a hearty peasant—not a note-taking critic.

In others of his works he has created ideal characters that give him a higher rank as a poet (some of them not surpassed by even Shakespeare for originality, grandeur, and distinctness); but here he is a genuine Seanachie, and brings you to dance and wake, to wedding and christening—makes you romp with the girls, and race with the boys—tremble at the ghosts, and frolic with the fairies of the whole parish.

Come what change there may over Ireland, in these "Tales and Sketches" the peasantry of the past hundred years can be for ever lived with.

Some Protestants were offended at a recent work of Carleton's,* as many Catholics had been (with better reason) at many of his early fictions; but here is nothing that the most sensitive religionist, or the most puritan moralist, could start at; here, indeed, is a book which cannot reach too many; bringing as it will to the rich a knowledge of the hearts, and ways, and hopes, of the poor—bringing to the poor some pictures which they will delight to recognise; and bringing to all clear scenes, kind thoughts and passionate concern for their fellows.†

* Valentine McClutchy, the Irish Land Agent, and Solomon McSlime, the Religious Attorney."—ED.

† I may add to this essay the notice Davis wrote of Carleton "Traits and Stories" (*Nation*, Oct. 12th, 1844).—ED.

TALES AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY

WILLIAM CARLETON is a peasant's son. His frame and his heart are those of an Irish peasant. His intellect and passions are gigantic. No other peasantry have had their tale told so well as the Irish by this Monaghan* man. Some of the city populations of Europe have been described, or classes of them, at least. Dickens has put into our minds and libraries the vices and virtues of the cockney. Paul de Kock, eminent with all his coarseness, Paul de Kock, who can be as exquisite as Sterne, as picturesque as Scott, and alas! and alas! as infamous as the author of "Faublas," has pictured much of Paris. Sue, Balzac and George Sand have executed the same task for different gradations of French society. Miss Bremer and Miss Austen have given home pictures of the lower gentry (that potent but not very dramatic class) which are true not in Sweden or England merely, but through the world. Germany and Italy have hardly, we believe, succeeded in this way. German fiction is very glorious, but it is artificial and not descriptive. It is independent of reality, and acts, we fancy, only on the more delicate minds. But, we ask again, what peasantry has been described as the Irish have been by Griffin and Banim—but above all by Carleton. We don't want to use comparisons between these men—perhaps Griffin is the dearest to us; but

* A mistake. He was a Tyrone man —Ed.

even he knew less, and could less ably speak the heart and intellect of the Irish peasant than Carleton. There is a fulness of knowledge in William Carleton that prevents his being ever a caricaturist or an exaggerator. He gives us the hard prudence as well as the generous charity of the farmer. He loves the peasant ; but he is too wise and true to hide that there are faults in the class, and individuals full of the most cruel passions to be found amongst them. So, on the other hand, while from the position he was in, and his convertite zeal when he began writing, he fell into attacking the Catholic priesthood, his heart and long knowledge were an overmatch for his bitter prejudice and bitter friends, and they whom he maligned have long forgiven everything to the man who wrote "The Poor Scholar," and therein gave the noblest testimony ever offered by fiction to the real virtues of any class—the tenderness, the patriotism, the gallantry, the devotion to their friends, of the Catholic clergy of Ireland.

There is nothing in our scenery—from the sunny cornfield and the fierce mountain to the dismal bog and the sequestered glen—from the faction and the party fight to the wedding, the wake, and the funeral—from the land jobber and the usurper and the murderer, to the blooming or heart-broken flower of the parish, the kindly housewife, and withered grand-dam—that he has not put before us. No man, who does not know the things he tells, knows Ireland—no man who knows it ever doubted the perfection of these "Traits and Stories." We repeat that he has given to all time the inside and the outside of the heart and home and country of the Irish peasant.

Neglected he has been (though not by all) and obnoxious he long was to some of the best in Ireland. We are happy to know they forgave the injustice of his early writings for the fairness of the later and the genius of all. Perhaps the greatest marvel in Carleton is, that his writings go home to the minds of the peasantry on whom they are written, and yet never (while he keeps to peasant life) offend the most spoiled of the upper classes. These "Traits and Stories" are equally welcome and useful in the squire's or the priest's home, the Repeal reading-room, or the peasant's cabin.



WEXFORD

'TwiXT Croghan-Kinshela and Hook Head, 'twixt Carnsore and Mount Leinster, there is as good a mass of men as ever sustained a state by honest franchises, by peace, virtue, and intelligent industry ; and as stout a mass as ever tramped through a stubborn battle. There is a county where we might seek more of stormy romance, and there is a county where prospers a shrewder economy, but no county in Ireland is fitter for freedom than Wexford.

They are a peculiar people—these Wexford men. Their blood is for the most part English and Welsh, though mixed with the Danish and Gaelic, yet they are Irish in thought and feeling. They are a Catholic people, yet on excellent terms with their Protestant landlords. Outrages are unknown, for though the rents are high enough, they are not unbearable by a people so industrious and skilled in farming.

Go to the fair and you will meet honest dealing, and a look that heeds no lordling's frown—for the Wexford men have neither the base bend nor the baser craft of slaves. Go to the hustings, and you will see open and honest voting ; no man shrinking or crying for concealment, or exhorting a bribe under the name of " his expenses." Go to their farms, and you will see a snug homestead, kept clean, prettily sheltered (much what you'd see in Down), more green crops than even in Ulster, the National School and the Repeal Reading-room well filled, and every religious duty regarded.

Wexford is not all it might be, or all that, with more education and the life-hope of nationality, it will be—there is something to blame and something to lament, here a vice sustained, and there a misfortune lazily borne ; yet, take it for all in all, it is the most prosperous, it is the pattern county of the South ; and when we see it coming forward in a mass to renew its demand for native government, it is an omen that the spirit of the people outlives quarrels and jealousies, and that it has a rude vitality which will wear out its oppressors.

Nor are we indifferent to the memories of Wexford. It owes much of its peace and prosperity to the war it sustained. It rose in '98 with little organisation against intolerable wrong ; and though it was finally beaten by superior forces, it taught its aristocracy and the government a lesson not easily forgiven, to be sure, but far harder to be forgotten—a lesson that popular anger could strike hard as well as sigh deeply ; and that it was better to conciliate than provoke those who even for an hour had felt their strength. The red rain made Wexford's harvest grow. Their's was no treacherous assassination—their's no stupid riot—their's no pale mutiny. They rose in mass and swept the country by sheer force.

Nor in their sinking fortunes is there anything to blush at. Scullabogue was not burned by the fighting men.

Yet, nowhere did the copper sun of that July burn upon a more heart-piercing sight than a rebel camp. Scattered on a hill-top, or screened in a gap, were the grey-coated thousands, their memories mad at burned cabins, and military whips, and hanged friends ; their hopes dimmed

by partial defeat ; their eyes lurid with care ; their brows full of gloomy resignation. Some have short guns, which the stern of a boat might bear, but which press through the shoulder of a marching man ; and others have light fowling pieces, with dandy locks—troublesome and dangerous toys. Most have pikes, stout weapons, too ; and though some swell to handspikes, and others thin to knives, yet, for all that, fatal are they to dragoon or musketeer if they can meet him in a rush ; but how shall they do so ? The gunsmen have only a little powder in scraps of paper or bags, and their balls are few and rarely fit. They have no potatoes ripe, and they have no bread—their food is the worn cattle they have crowded there, and which the first skirmish may rend from them. There are women and children seeking shelter, seeking those they love ; and there are leaders busier, feebler, less knowing, less resolved than the women and the children.

Great hearts ! how faithful ye were. How ye bristled up when the foe came on, how ye set your teeth to die as his shells and round-shot fell steadily ; and with how firm a cheer ye dashed at him, if he gave you any chance at all of a grapple. From the wild burst with which ye triumphed at Oulart hill, down to the faint gasp wherewith the last of your last column died in the corn fields of Meath, there is nothing to shame your valour, your faith, or your patriotism. You wanted arms, and you wanted leaders. Had you had them, you would have guarded a green flag in Dublin Castle, a week after you beat Walpole. Isolated, unorganised, unofficered, half-armed, girt by a swarm of foes, you ceased to fight, but you neither betrayed nor repented.

Your sons need not fear to speak of Ninety-eight.

You, people of Wexford, almost all Repealers, are the sons of the men of '98 ; prosperous and many, will you only shout for Repeal, and line roads and tie boughs for a holiday ? Or will you press your organisation, work at your education, and increase your political power, so that your leaders may know and act on the knowledge, that come what may, there is trust in Wexford ?

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND*

How slow we have all been in coming to understand the meaning of Irish Nationality!

Some, dazzled by visions of pagan splendour, and the pretensions of pedigree, and won by the passions and romance of the olden races, continued to speak in the nineteenth century of an Irish nation as they might have done in the tenth. They forgot the English Pale, the Ulster Settlement, and the filtered colonization of men and ideas. A Celtic kingdom with the old names and the old language, without the old quarrels, was their hope; and, though they would not repeat O'Neill's comment, as he passed Barrett's castle on his march to Kinsale, and heard it belonged to a Strongbownian, that "he hated the Norman churl as if he came yesterday;" yet they quietly assumed that the Norman and Saxon elements would disappear under the Gaelic genius like the tracks of cavalry under a fresh crop.

The Nationality of Swift and Grattan was equally partial. They saw that the Government and laws of the settlers had extended to the island—that Donegal and Kerry were in the Pale; they heard the English tongue in Dublin, and London opinions in Dublin—they mistook Ireland for a colony wronged, and great enough to be a nation.

A lower form of nationhood was before the minds of those who saw in it nothing but a parlia-

* "Ballad Poetry of Ireland"—Library of Ireland.

ment in College Green. They had not erred in judging, for they had not tried to estimate the moral elements and tendencies of the country. They were as narrow bigots to the omnipotency of an institution as any Cockney Radical. Could they, by any accumulation of English stupidity and Irish laziness, have got possession of an Irish government, they would soon have distressed every one by their laws whom they had not provoked by their administration, or disgusted by their dulness.

Far healthier with all its defects, was the idea of those who saw in Scotland a perfect model—who longed for a literary and artistic nationality who prized the oratory of Grattan and Curran, the novels of Griffin and Carleton, the pictures of Maclise and Burton, the ancient music, as much as any, and far more than most, of the political nationalists, but who regarded political independence as a dangerous dream. Unknowingly they fostered it. Their writings, their patronage, their talk was of Ireland; yet it hardly occurred to them that the ideal would flow into the practical, or that they, with their dread of agitation, were forwarding a revolution.

At last we are beginning to see what we are, and what is our destiny. Our duty arises where our knowledge begins. The elements of Irish nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man's help, and wakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue, such nationality, as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent the

races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish. The Brehon law, and the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sasanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all; yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are components of *such* a nationality.

But what have these things to do with the “Ballad Poetry of Ireland?” Much every way. It is the result of the elements we have named—it is compounded of all; and never was there a book fitter to advance that perfect nationality to which Ireland begins to aspire. That a country is without national poetry proves its hopeless dulness or its utter provincialism. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul—the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of his manhood, consoles his age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions in the language most familiar to us. It shows us magnified, and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country and our countrymen—binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by examples and by aspirations. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our

homes, is the recognised envoy of our minds among all mankind and to all time.

In possessing the powers and elements of a glorious nationality, we owned the sources of a national poetry. In the combination and joint development of the latter, we find a pledge and a help to that of the former.

This book of Mr. Duffy's,* true as it is to the wants of the time, is not fortuitous. He has prefaced his admirable collection by an Introduction, which proves his full consciousness of the worth of his task, and proves equally his ability to execute it. In a space too short for the most impatient to run by he has accurately investigated the sources of Irish Ballad Poetry, vividly defined the qualities of each, and laboured with perfect success to show that all naturally combine towards one great end, as the brooks to a river, which marches on clear, deep, and single, though they be wild, and shallow, and turbid, flowing from unlike regions, and meeting after countless windings.

Mr. Duffy maps out three main forces which unequally contribute to an Irish Ballad Poetry.

The *first* consists of the Gaelic ballads. True to the vehemence and tendencies of the Celtic people, and representing equally their vagueness and extravagance during slavish times, they, nevertheless, remain locked from the middle and upper classes generally, and from the peasantry of more than half Ireland in an unknown language. Many of them have been translated by rhymers—few, indeed, by poets. The editor of the volume before us, has brought into one house nearly all

* "Ballad Poetry of Ireland."

the poetical translations from the Irish, and thus finely justifies the ballad literature of the Gael from its calumnious friend :—

“ With a few exceptions, all the translations we are acquainted with, in addition to having abundance of minor faults, are eminently un-Irish. They seem to have been made by persons to whom one of the languages was not familiar. Many of them were confessedly versified from prose translations, and are mere English poems, without a tinge of the colour or character of the country. Others, translated by sound Irish scholars, are bald and literal; the writers sometimes wanting a facility of versification, sometimes a mastery over the English language. The Irish scholars of the last century were too exclusively national to study the foreign tongue with the care essential to master its metrical resources; and the flexible and weighty language which they had not learned to wield hung heavily on them,

‘ Like Saul’s plate armour on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering, and *not* arming them.’

If it were just to estimate our bardic poetry by the specimens we have received in this manner, it could not be rated highly. But it would manifestly be most unjust. Noble and touching, and often subtle and profound thoughts, which no translation could entirely spoil, shine through the poverty of the style, and vindicate the character of the originals. Like the costly arms and ornaments found in our bogs, they are substantial witnesses of a distinct civilization; and their credit is no more diminished by the rubbish in which they chance to be found than the authenticity of the ancient *torques* and *skians* by their embedment in the mud. When the entire collection of our Irish Percy—James Hardiman—shall have been given to a public (and soon may such a one come) that can relish them in their native dress, they will be entitled to undisputed precedence in our national minstrelsy.”

About a dozen of the ballads in the volume are derived from the Irish. It is only in this way that Clarence Mangan (a name to which Mr. Duffy does just honour) contributes to the volume.

There are four translations by him exhibiting eminently his perfect mastery of versification—his flexibility of passion, from loneliest grief to the maddest humour. One of these, “The Lament for O’Neill and O’Donnell,” is the strongest, though it will not be the most popular, ballad in the work. . . .*

Callanan’s and Ferguson’s translations, if not so daringly versified, are simpler and more Irish in idiom. . . .*

Most, indeed, of Callanan’s successful ballads are translations, and well entitle him to what he passionately prays for—a minstrel of free Erin to come to his grave—

“And plant a wild wreath from the banks of the river,
O’er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.”

But, we are wrong in speaking of Mr. Ferguson’s translations in precisely the same way. His “Wicklow War Song” is condensed, epigrammatic, and crashing as anything we know of, except the “Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.”

The *second* source is—the common people’s ballads. Most of these “make no pretence to being true to Ireland, but only being true to the *purlieus* of Cork and Dublin ;” yet, now and then, one meets a fine burst of passion, and oftener a racy idiom. The “Drimin Dhu,” the “Blackbird,” “Peggy Bawn,” “Irish Molly,” “Willie Reilly,” and the “Fair of Turloughmore,” are the specimens given here. Of these “Willy Reilly,” (an old and worthy favourite in Ulster, it seems, but quite unknown elsewhere), is the best ; but

* These gaps represent lengthy quotations by Davis of well-known poems.—Ed.

it is too long to quote, and we must limit ourselves to the noble opening verse of "Turloughmore":—

"Come tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father
stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away?
'Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do
grieve me sore,
I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turloughmore."

The *third* and principal source consists of the Anglo-Irish ballads, written during the last twenty or thirty years. . . .*

Of this highest class, he who contributes most and, to our mind, best, is Mr. Ferguson. We have already spoken of his translations—his original ballads are better. There is nothing in this volume—nothing in "Percy's Relics," or the "Border Minstrelsy," to surpass, perhaps to equal, "Willy Gilliland." It is as natural in structure as "Kinmont Willie," as vigorous as "Otterbourne," and as complete as "Lochinvar." Leaving his Irish idiom, we get in the "Forester's Complaint" as harmonious versification, and in the "Forging of the Anchor," as vigorous thoughts mounted on bounding words, as anywhere in the English literature.

We must quote some stray verses from "Willy Gilliland":—

"Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church
and king;
And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
he hath;
So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death;
For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,
And his smoking rooftree testifies they've done their
errand well.

* * * * *

“ His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested
 now,
 And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his
 brow
 And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
 He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God ;
 And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
 And against a godless church and king he spoke up loud
 and clear.

* * * * *

“ ‘ My bonny mare ! I’ve ridden you when Claver’s e
 rode behind,
 And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me
 like the wind ;
 And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank,
 I swear,
 Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !
 Though sword to wield they’ve left me none—yet Wallace
 wight I wis,
 Good battle did, on Irvine side, wi’ waur weapon than
 this.’—

“ His fishing-rod with both his hands he gripped it as he
 spoke,
 And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain
 he broke ;
 The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
 But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron
 shod,
 He ground the sharp spear to a point ; then pulled his
 bonnet down,
 And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick
 town.”

The only ballad equally racy is “ The Croppy
 Boy,” by some anonymous but most promising
 writer.*

Griffin’s “ Gilla Machree,”—of another class—
 is perfect—“ striking on the heart,” as Mr. Duffy
 finely says, “ like the cry of a woman ;” but his

* William MacBurney, who died in America about
 1892, and whose contributions in the *Nation* were signed
 “ Carroll Malone.”—ED.

“Orange and Green” and his “Bridal of Malahide” belong to the same class, and suffer by comparison with Mr. Ferguson’s ballads.

Banim’s greatest ballad, the “Soggarth aroon,” possesses even deeper tenderness and more perfect Irish idiom than anything in the volume.

Among the Collection are Colonel Blacker’s* famous Orange ballad, “Oliver’s Advice” (“Put your trust in God, my boys, but keep your powder dry,”) and two versions of the “Boyne Water.” The latter and older one, given in the appendix, is by far the finest, and contains two unrivalled stanzas :—

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to
batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot, as he crossed
over the water.
When that King William he observed the brave Duke
Schomberg falling,
He rein’d his horse, with a heavy heart, on the Ennis-
killeners calling ;
‘ What will you do for me, brave boys, see yonder men
retreating,
Our enemies encouraged are—and English drums are
beating ; ’
He says, ‘ My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one
commander,
For God shall be our King this day, and I’ll be general
under.’ ”

Nor less welcome is the comment :—

“ Some of the Ulster ballads, of a restricted and provincial spirit, having less in common with Ireland than with Scotland ; two or three Orange ballads, altogether ferocious or foreign in their tendencies (preaching murder, or deifying an alien) will be no less valuable to the

* William Blacker, born in Co. Armagh in 1777, and died in 1855. He was the only Orange poet whose work is worthy of note.—ED.

patriot or the poet on this account. They echo faithfully the sentiments of a strong, vehement, and indomitable body of Irishmen, who may come to battle for their country better than they ever battled for prejudices or their bigotries. At all events, to know what they love and believe is a precious knowledge."

On the language of most of the ballads, Mr. Duffy says :—

" Many of them, and generally the best, are just as essentially Irish as if they were written in Gaelic. They could have grown among no other people, perhaps under no other sky or scenery. To an Englishman, to any Irishman educated out of the country, or to a dreamer asleep to impressions of scenery and character, they would be achievements as impossible as the Swedish *skalds* or the *Arabian Nights*. They are as Irish as Ossian or Carolan, and unconsciously reproduce the spirit of those poets better than any translator can hope to do. They revive and perpetuate the vehement native songs that gladdened the halls of our princes in their triumphs, and wailed over their ruined hopes or murdered bodies. In everything but language, and almost in language, they are identical. That strange tenacity of the Celtic race which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a Proconsul in Gaul, true in essentials of the Irish people to this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine of our modern poetry. And even the language grew almost Irish. The soul of the country stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old familiar idioms and cadences. Uttering them, perhaps, with more piercing earnestness, because of the impediment; and winning out of the very difficulty a grace and a triumph."

How often have we wished for such a companion as this volume. Worse than meeting unclean beds, or drenching mists, or Cockney opinions, was it to have to take to the mountains with a book of Scottish ballads. They were glorious to be sure, but they were not ours, they had not the

brown of the climate on their cheek, they spoke of places afar, and ways which are not our country's ways, and hopes which were not Ireland's, and their tongue was not that we first made sport and love with. Yet how mountaineer without ballads, any more than without a shillelagh? No; we took the Scots ballads, and felt our souls rubbing away with envy and alienage amid their attentions; but now, Brigid be praised! we can have all Irish thoughts on Irish hills, true to them as the music, the wind, or the sky.

Happy boys! who may grow up with such ballads in your memories. Happy men! who will find your hearts not only dutiful, but joyous, in serving and sacrificing for the country you thus learned in childhood to love.

O'DONOVAN'S IRISH GRAMMAR

Mr. O'DONOVAN has the reputation (right well earned, we believe) of being the best Celtic scholar alive. He is a man eminently cautious; and disposed, from the highest motives, rather against the pretensions of Gaelic literature. His grammar, begun in 1828, has been gradually ripened while he was engaged on the orthography of the Ordnance Survey, and in editing the best and most learned of the publications of the Archæological Society. It is now published as the class-book, and with the guarantee, of the College of St. Columba. His capacity, disposition, and opportunities, and the circumstances of the publication, will, therefore, place his grammar at once, and without question, at the head of Celtic literature.

The work is quite (shall we not say, wonderfully?) free from the vehement style and sweeping assertions, so often and so mischievously carried from the forum to the study, by Irish writers.

One need not be master, nor even a student of the Irish language, to find interest and knowledge in this work. It is no regiment of rules without reason, illustration, or authority, like most grammars. It is a profound and discursive treatise on the pronunciation, inflections, structure, and prosody of the most perfect of the Celtic tongues. There is not, we are sure, an antiquarian or philologist in Europe but will grasp it as the long-wished-for key to facts locked in the obscurity of a language, whose best grammarians

had only the dialect of their own parishes, and whose most notable grammars were the work of pretenders.

From the letters of the alphabet to the rules of versification, every portion of the Grammar is argued and illustrated—the argument not frantic speculation on the tongues of Tyre or Babel, but the philosophy of one who has weighed the metaphysics of language in Tooke, Mill, and Harris—the illustrations (drawn out of his own and Mr. Curry's reading and experience), extending from the hymns of the early saints to the Jacobite ballads, from Cormac's Glossary to the slang of the Munster masons.

You cannot open a page of it without finding some fact or fragment which lightens the history of the country, the customs of the people, and the idiom which they have brought into English. In the chapter on Prepositions alone (running to thirty-eight close pages) there are pleasant materials for long study to any student of Ireland, be he ever so ignorant of Irish.

Yet no one must suppose that this work is merely an antiquarian miscellany, or a philological treatise, or both.

It is a thoroughly practical Irish Grammar. It gives, with care and simplicity, the most perfect forms and rules (according to the best judgment of its author) and then proceeds to explain the effect of each rule, and the reasons for it, to show the variations from it during different ages, and in distant parts of the island.

These minute details of provincial pronunciation are here given for the first time, and any one who has ever attempted to learn Irish will know the value of them.

It has been made a reproach to the Irish language that it varies from Kerry to Cork, from Kilkenny to Galway, from Donegal to Armagh, and from Louth to Antrim. The difference in the last county is great; but the Gaelic of the Antrim glens is the Erse, or Albanian dialect, brought from Argyleshire and the Hebrides during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It is a prodigal son returned a good deal the worse for having been so long on the *shaughran*! . . .

The variety of dialects in Ireland is hardly greater than in other countries. We have tried hopelessly to understand a Zomerzetshire peasant talking English, and the difference between Yorkshire, Norfolkshire, and Cockneyshire are immense. No two provinces in Germany speak the one dialect. The Bavarian and the Oldenburger, the Hessian and the Silesian, are as wide from each other in dialect as the Kerryman and the native of Armagh; and the Low Dutch of Holland and the Danish are as far from the pure tongue of Frankfort as Erse and Manx from the classic speech of Galway.

By the way, let us pause for a moment to give the original authority for the distinctive qualities of provincial speaking, with which we are all familiar in a ruder way:—

“ The Munsterman has the accent without the propriety.

“ The Ulsterman has the propriety without the accent.

“ The Leinsterman has neither the propriety nor the accent.

“ The Connaughtman has the accent and the propriety.”

Mr. O'Donovan gives us a paraphrase of these

proverbs, published by Lombard,* in his *De Regno* in 1632 ; so that the notion is an old one.

But, talking of dialects, it was only since Luther's Bible that Germany began to have a standard language. Dante took up the speech prevalent about Florence, and founded classic Italian ; but to this hour neither the Venetian, nor the Neapolitan, nor the Sicilian, have abandoned their old dialects. Similar differences exist in France, Spain, and everywhere.

Let us no more hear, then, of *this* objection to Irish ; but trust that the labours of Mr. O'Donovan, Mr. Curry, Mr. Connellan, the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, of Bandon, and whoever besides are the best of our Celtic scholars, will be combined to produce such standards as will make this age the founding-time or the epoch of restoration for the Gaelic language.

* A modern edition of Archbishop Peter Lombard's work appeared in 1868 under the supervision of the Most Rev. P. F. Moran.—ED.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND

SOMETHING has been done to rescue Ireland from the reproach that she was a wailing and ignorant slave.

Brag as we like, the reproach was not undeserved, nor is it quite removed.

She is still a serf-nation, but she is struggling wisely and patiently, and is ready to struggle with all the energy her advisers think politic, for liberty. She has ceased to wail—she is beginning to make up a record of English crime and Irish suffering, in order to explain the past, to justify the present, and caution the future. She begins to study the past—not to acquire a beggar's eloquence in petition, but a hero's wrath in strife. She no longer tears and parades her wounds, to win her smiter's mercy; and now she should look upon her breast and say—"That wound makes me distrust, and this makes me guard, and they all will make me steadier to resist, or, if all else fails, fiercer to avenge."

Thus will Ireland do naturally and honourably. Our spirit has increased—our liberty is not far off.

But to make our spirit lasting and wise as it is bold—to make our liberty an inheritance for our children, and a charter for our posterity, we must study as well as strive, and learn as well as feel.

If we attempt to govern ourselves without statesmanship—to be a nation without a knowledge of the country's history, and of the propen-

sities to good and ill of the people—or to fight without generalship, we will fail in policy, society, and war. These—all these things—we, people of Ireland, must know if we would be a free, strong nation. A mockery of Irish independence is not what we want. The bauble of a powerless parliament does not lure us. We are not children. The office of supplying England with recruits, artizans, and corn, under the benign interpositions of an Irish Grand Jury, *shall* not be our destiny. By our deep conviction—by the power of mind over the people, we say, No!

We are true to our colour, “the green,” and true to our watchword, “Ireland for the Irish.” We want to win Ireland and keep it. If we win it, we will not lose it, nor give it away to a bribing, a bullying, or a flattering minister. But, to be able to keep it, and use it, and govern it, the men of Ireland must know what it is, what it was, and what it can be made. They must study her history, perfectly know her present state, physical and moral—and train themselves up by science, poetry, music, industry, skill, and by all the studies and accomplishments of peace and war.

If Ireland were in national health, her history would be familiar by books, pictures, statuary, and music to every cabin and shop in the land—her resources as an agricultural, manufacturing, and trading people, would be equally known—and every young man would be trained, and every grown man able, to defend her coast, her plains, her towns, and her hills—not with his right arm merely, but by his disciplined habits and military accomplishments. These are the pillars of independence.

Academies of art, institutes of science, colleges

of literature, schools and camps of war, are a nation's means for teaching itself strength, and winning safety and honour; and when we are a nation, please God, we shall have them all. Till then, we must work for ourselves. So far as we can study music in societies, art in schools, literature in institutes, science in our colleges, or soldiership in theory, we are bound as good citizens to learn. Where these are denied by power, or unattainable by clubbing the resources of neighbours, we must try and study for ourselves. We must visit museums and antiquities, and study, and buy, and assist books of history, to know what the country and people were, how they fell, how they suffered, and how they rose again. We must read books of statistics—and let us pause to regret that there is no work on the statistics of Ireland, except the scarce lithograph of Moreau,* the papers in the second Report of the Railway Commission, and the chapters in M'Culloch's "*Statistics of the British Empire*"—the Repeal Association ought to have a handbook first, and then an elaborate and vast account of Ireland's statistics brought out.

To resume, we must read such statistics as we have, and try and get better; and we must get the best maps of the country—the Ordnance and County Index Maps, price 2s. 6d. each, and the Railway Map, price £1—into our Mechanics' Institutes, Temperance Reading-rooms, and schools. We must, in making our journeys of business and pleasure, observe and ask for the nature and amount of the agriculture, commerce,

* Cæsar Moreau (1791-1861) published his valuable and scarce "Past and Present Statistical State of Ireland" in 1827, printed in a copperplate style.

and manufactures of the place we are in, and its shape, population, scenery, antiquities, arts, music, dress, and capabilities for improvement. A large portion of our people travel a great deal within Ireland, and often return with no knowledge, save of the inn they slept in, and the traders they dealt with.

We must give our children in schools the best knowledge of science, art, and literary elements possible. And at home they should see and hear as much of national pictures, music, poetry, and military science as possible.

And finally, we must keep our own souls, and try, by teaching and example, to lift up the souls of all our family and neighbours to that pitch of industry, courage, information, and wisdom necessary to enable an enslaved, dark, and starving people to become free, and rich, and rational.

We sat down intending to write a paragraph on "The National History of Ireland," and were moved by the glorious prospect which a late survey of the literary projects in hand affords, to write generally upon Irishmen's duties, as students of the past and present.

Well, as to this National History—L'Abbé MacGeoghegan published a History of Ireland, in French, in 3 vols. quarto, dedicated to the Irish Brigade. Writing in France, he was free from the English censorship; writing for "The Brigade," he avoided the impudence of Huguenot historians. The sneers of the Deist Voltaire, and the lies of the Catholic "Cambrensis," receive a sharp chastisement in his preface, and a full answer in his text. He was a man of the most varied acquirements and an elegant writer. More full references and the correction of a few errors of detail, would render

his book more satisfactory to the professor of history, but for the student it is the best in the world. He is graphic, easy, and Irish. He is not a bigot, but apparently a genuine Catholic. His information as to the numbers of troops, and other facts of our Irish battles, is superior to any other general historian's; and they who know his work well need not blush, as most Irishmen must now, at their ignorance of Irish history.



COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF IRELAND

WHILE the Irish were excluded from English law and intercourse, England imposed no restrictions on our trade. The Pale spent its time tilling and fighting, and it was more sure of its bellyful of blows than of bread. It had nothing to sell, why tax its trade? The slight commerce of Dublin was needful to the comforts of the Norman Court in Dublin Castle. Why should *it* be taxed? The market of Kilkenny was guarded by the spears of the Butlers, and from Sligo to Cork the chiefs and towns of Munster and Connaught—the Burkes, O'Loughlens, O'Sullivans, Galway, Dingle, and Dunboy,—carried on a trade with Spain, and piracy or war against England. How *could they* be taxed?

Commercial taxes, too, in those days were hard to be enforced, and more resembled toll to a robber than contribution to the state. Every great river and pass in Europe, from the Rhine and the Alps to Berwick and the Blackwater, was affectionately watched by royal and noble castles at their narrowest points, and the barge anchored and the caravan halted to be robbed, or, as the receivers called it, to be taxed.

At last the Pale was stretched round Ireland by art and force. Solitude and peace were in our plains; but the armed colonists settled in it, and the native came down from his hills as a tenant or a squatter, and a kind of prosperity arose.

Protestant and Catholic, native and colonist,

had the same interest—namely, to turn this waste into a garden. They had not, nor could they have had, other things to export than Sydney or Canada have now—cattle, butter, hides and wool. They had hardly corn enough for themselves; but pasture was plenty, and cows and their hides, sheep and their fleeces, were equally so. The natives had always been obliged to prepare their own clothing, and, therefore, every *creaght* and digger knew how to dress wool and skins, and they found out, or preserved from a more civilized time, dyes which, to this day, are superior to any others. Small quantities of woollen goods were exported, but our assertion holds good that in our war-times there was no manufacture for export worth naming.

Black Tom Wentworth, the ablests of despots, came here 210 years ago, and found “small beginnings towards a clothing trade.” He at once resolved to discourage it. He wrote so to the king on July 25th, 1636, and he was a man true to his enmities. “But,” said he, “I’ll give them a linen manufacture instead.” Now, the Irish had raised flax and made and dyed linen from time immemorial. The saffron-coloured linen shirt was as national as the cloak and *birred*; so that Strafford rather introduced the linen manufacture among the new settlers than among the Irish. Certainly he encouraged it, by sending Irishmen to learn in Brabant, and by bringing French and Flemings to work in Ireland.

Charles the Second, doubtless to punish us for our most unwise loyalty to him and his father, assented to a series of Acts prohibiting the export of Irish wool, cattle, &c., to England or her colonies, and prohibiting the *direct* importation of several colonial products into Ireland. The chief

Acts are 12 Charles, c. 4 ; 15 Charles, c. 7 ; and 22 and 23 Charles, c. 6. Thus were the value of land in Ireland, the revenue, and trade, and manufactures of Ireland—Protestant and Catholic—stricken by England.

Perhaps we ought to be grateful, though not to England, for these Acts. They plundered our pockets, but they guarded our souls from being Anglicised. To France and Spain the produce was sent, and the woollen manufacture continued to increase.

England got alarmed, for Ireland was getting rich. The English lords addressed King William, stating that "the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland had long been, and would be *ever*, looked upon with great jealousy by his English subjects, and praying him, by very strict laws, totally to prohibit and suppress the same." The Commons said likewise ; and William answered comfortably—"I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England."

He was as good as his word, and even whipped and humbugged the unfortunate Irish Parliament to pass an Act, putting twenty per cent. duty on broad, and ten per cent. on narrow cloths :—

"But it did not satisfy the English parliament, where a perpetual law was made, prohibiting from the 20th of June, 1699, the exportation from Ireland of all goods made or mixed with wool, except to England and Wales, and with the license of the commissioners of the revenue ; duties had been before laid on the importation into England equal to a prohibition, therefore this Act has operated as a total prohibition of the exportation."

There was nothing left but to send the wool raw to England ; to smuggle it and cloths to France

and Spain, or to leave the land unstocked. The first was worst. The export to England declined, smuggling prospered, "wild geese" for the Brigade, and woollen goods, were run in exchange for claret, brandy, and silks ; but not much land was left waste. Our silks, cottons, malt, beer, and almost every other article was similarly prohibited. Striped linens were taxed thirty per cent., many other kinds of linen were also interfered with, and twenty-four embargoes in nineteen years straitened our foreign provision trade. Thus England kept her pledge of wrath, and broke her promise of service to Ireland.

A vigorous system of smuggling induced her to relax in some points, and the cannon of the Volunteers blew away the code.

By the Union we were so drained of money, and absentee rents and taxes, and of spirit in every way, that she no longer needs a prohibitory code to prevent our competing with England in any market, Irish or foreign. The Union is prohibition enough, and that she says she will maintain.

Whether it be now possible to create home manufactures, in the old sense of the word—that is, manufactures made in the homes of the workers, is doubted.

In favour of such a thing, if it be possible, the arguments are numberless. Such work is a source of ingenuity and enjoyment in the cabin of the peasant ; it rather fills up the time that would be otherwise idled, than takes from other work. Our peasants' wives and daughters could clothe themselves and their families by the winter night work, even as those of Norway do, if the peasants possessed the little estates that Norway's peasants do. Clothes manufactured by hand-work are

more lasting, comfortable, and handsome, and are more natural and national than factory goods. Besides, there is the strongest of all reasons in this, that the factory system seems everywhere a poison to virtue and happiness.

Some invention, which should bring the might of machinery in a wholesome and cheap form to the cabin, seems the only solution of the difficulty.

The hazards of the factory system, however, should be encountered, were it sure to feed our starving millions ; but this is dubious.

A Native Parliament can alone judge or act usefully on this momentous subject. An absentee tax and a resident government, and the progress of public industry and education, would enable an Irish Parliament to create vast manufactures here by protecting duties in the first instance, and to maintain them by our general prosperity, or it could rely on its own adjustment of landed property as sufficient to put the People above the need of hazarding purity or content by embarking in great manufactures.

A peasant proprietary could have wealth enough to import wrought goods, or taste and firmness enough to prefer home-made manufactures.

But these are questions for other years. We wish the reader to take our word for nothing, but to consult the writers on Irish trade—Laurence's "Interest of Ireland" (1682) ; Browne's "Tracts" (1728) ; "Dobbs on Trade" (1729) ; Hutchinson's "Commercial Restraints" (1779) ; "Sheffield on Irish Trade" (1785) ; "Wallace on Irish Trade" (1798) ; the various Parliamentary Reports, and the very able articles on the same subject in the "Citizen."

Do not be alarmed at the list, reader ; a month's study would carry you through all but the Reports, and it would be well spent. But if you still shrink, you can ease your conscience by reading Mr. John O'Connell's* Report on "The Commercial Injustices," just issued by the Repeal Association. It is an elaborate, learned, and most useful tract.

* John O'Connell has never received due credit for the very able work, historical and statistical, which he did for the Repeal Association.—ED.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

IN the north-west corner of the county of Cork stands the little town of Newmarket. It is in a land of moors and streams. Just north of it slope the Ure hills, part of the upland which sweeps forty miles across from Liscarroll to Tralee, and far south of it, over the valley of the Blackwater, frown the mountains of Muskerry, changing, as they approach Killarney, into precipitous peaks. A brook tumbles on each side of it to the Avendala river, and, a few miles off, the Avendala and Allo, and a dozen other tributaries, swell the tide of the Blackwater.

In old times the town belonged to the M'Auliffes, a small but resolute clan. One of their castles was close by. They ranged their coulined pikemen and hardy kerne under the banners of M'Carha or Desmond, and shared the fate of their suzerains in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Then much was changed.

To the M'Auliffes succeeded the Aldworths, an Anglo-Saxon family. A grant and charter from James I, confirmed by Charles II, made them owners of a great estate and lords of a manor of 32,000 acres. Among their privileges was the right to hold a market on every Thursday, and, on this account, the town came to be called Newmarket. The castle of M'Auliffe fell to ruin—it is to this day empty and picturesque. The Aldworths built still nearer the town a great substantial "Newmarket House," and surrounded

it with elm, and beech, and sycamore, and made a straight avenue of ash trees, which grew to be giants—for the family, though hospitable and good, were not so extravagant as their neighbours—a bridge succeeded the ford, and the parish church of Clonfert rose over the western brook. Some gentry of both races grew up around the town, and it went on improving, until several snug houses and a lot of cabins were clustered in it. Two roads—one from Mallow to Tralee, and the other from Charleville to Killarney—crossed in the town, and, therefore, not a few horsemen and footmen, fish-joulters and tinkers, lords and pedlars, going between Cork and Kerry, passed through Newmarket.

In this town Curran was born and bred.

John Philpot Curran was the son of a judge! It happened in this way. Early in the last century "One Curran, from the North," settled in the town, and had a son, James, who learned reading, writing, and cyphering, certainly, and it is said, some Greek and Latin. The son of a North-country Protestant, thus instructed, James Curran was patronized by the Aldworth family, and was finally appointed by them Seneschal of their Manor of Newmarket. As Seneschal he had jurisdiction to the value of forty shillings, and thus the father of Curran was a judge.

This James Curran was an ugly man, for he bore a coarse likeness to his son, and 'tis certain he was an ordinary soul. Nevertheless, a judge and a scholar, he had honour in his native place, and won the hand of Sarah Philpot. She was of gentle blood, and, what is more to our purpose, she had a deep, fresh, womanly, irregular mind; it was like the clear river of her town, that came gushing and

flashing, and discoursing from the lonely mountains—from the outlaw's and the fairy's home—down to the village. She had, under an exalted piety, a waste of passions and traditions lying grand and gloomy in her soul, and thence, a bright human love of her son came pouring out on him, and making him grow green at her feet. Well, then, did he place on her tomb in Newmarket this inscription:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
SARAH CURRAN;
SHE WAS MARKED BY
MANY YEARS, MANY TALENTS, MANY VIRTUES, FEW
FAILINGS, NO CRIME.
THIS FRAIL MEMORIAL WAS PLACED HERE BY A SON WHOM
SHE LOVED.*

On the 24th of July, 1750, when people in Newmarket were talking of Lucas's Popish plots, the Dublin Society, the war, and the Cork assizes, the house in which Seneschal Curran lived was agitated by the going in and out of midwife, nurse, and neighbours, and, at a prosperous moment, his wife was delivered of her eldest born, who, some days after, was christened John Philpot. He grew up a light-limbed, short, brown boy, with an eye like a live coal. He had a sensitive heart, loved his little brothers and sister; but he loved his mother best, and well he might. She doted on him, and petted him, and taught him much. She soothed him with soft lullabies that sent the passions of his country into his young heart; she flooded him with the stories and memories of the neighbourhood, she nursed up in

* She died in a year or two after he had become Master of the Rolls.

him love, and truth, and earnestness, by her precept and her example, and she taught him his Bible.

His father's position threw him into contact with high and low, informed him of the ways of all the people in the country, and must have sharpened his sagacity.

There was in these days, too, more marked customs than there are now. Thrice in the autumn, and once in the summer, in came cattle and pigs, horse-dealers and frieze-dealers, cheese and hens, match-makers and pedlars, to the fair of Newmarket, and Curran got his toys and his share of the bustle and life with the rest. He was an early attendant at dances and wakes, and there he might gloat over traditions about the unfinished palace of Kanturk, and the hapless love of Catherine Ny Cormick ; he might hear the old strollers and rapparees tell of William's wars, and the piper blow his merry jigs by the wild notes to which Alister M'Donnell marched to battle at Knocknanoi, and the wilder ones with which the women mourned over his corpse.

Such was the atmosphere in which he lived—the hills and the streams, his father's court, the fairs and markets, and merry-makings, and his mother's lap. He learned much passion and sharpness, and some vices, too. He went early to school, and it is said had a Kanturk boy, young Yelverton, (afterwards Chief Baron Lord Avonmore) and Day* his school-fellows ; but he was a vehement boy, fonder of fun than books.

One morning he was playing marbles in the ball-alley, and playing tricks too (for he was wild with winning taws), when in strolled a large white-

* Subsequently Judge Day.

haired, kind-looking old man. Seeing the young marble-winner the centre of fun, and as hearty as his own laugh, the old man was attracted by him, began a gossip, and, finally, by a few cakes, induced him to go home to the rectory. This man was Mr. Boyse, who used to preach as earnestly as if he were pastor of the thousands of Roman Catholics who surrounded him, instead of ministering to the Aldworths, Allens, Currans, and a few more.

Mr. Boyse taught him reading, grammar, and the rudiments of the classics, "all he could." Curran thrived under his care, and never forgot him. Once, returning home to Ely-place, from a day of triumphant toil in court, he found a patriarch seated familiarly at his drawing-room fire. It was his benefactor. Curran grasped him: "You are right, Sir," he said, "you are right; the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours; you gave me all I have—my friend, my father." That night Boyse went with the member for Kilbeggan to "the old House in College-green."

Curran was not "all work and no play" at Boyse's. He dashed out often—God bless him! One of his freaks was this:—A show was in the town, and the string-puller being ill, young Curran got leave to "manage." He went on properly enough for a while with the courtship and quarrels of Punch and Judy, but gradually made that matron tell her husband all the cosherings of Newmarket, and ended by quizzing the priest! 'Twas a bold trick, for which he and the show-box were tumbled into the gutter. Whether he did this in Irish or English does not appear, for he spoke both languages before he could read either.

Still these were bursts ; he was a willing pupil at Boyse's, and that kind, modest man, finding he could teach him no more, gave him a good man's advice, and sent him to Midleton school, partly at his own expense. One Carey kept this school. He was a passable man, who knew Greek and Latin well.

In that flat-land town he worked up classics for Trinity College. He was to enter the Church, for his mother hoped " John would be a bishop." There he learned to love the sweet-voiced romances of Virgil, the cold and exquisite lyrics of Horace, and the living deeds and men of Homer. He carried much of them in his head, and generally one of them in his pocket ever after. He used to read Homer once a year, and Phillips says he saw him reading the *Æneid* in a Holyhead packet, when every one else was deadly sick.

How far the gaieties of Horace and Ovid, or the example of *Æneas*, influenced his naturally fine qualities as a wit and a lover, it is easy to guess ; but we see little other effect of these classics in his life. To be sure there are lots of his classical puns to be found in O'Regan and Phillips*—some quotations in his speech for Judge Johnson—and a poem on a plate-warmer, giving a history of " The Decline and Fall " of the Heathen gods. But except the likeness between the exordium of his defence of Rowan and Cicero's of Milo, there is little of classical influence observable in his speeches. Surely, he owes more to the wakes and his mother's stories about ghosts and heroes, and to the Bible and Sterne, than to all the classics ; and he got still more from his loving and ambitious

* William O'Regan and Charles Phillips wrote biographical Recollections of Curran.—ED.

spirit—from the changeful climate of his country, and from the restless times which troubled him to action. Yet books of all kinds, English, French, and Latin, helped to give articulation to those laughs, and sighs, and curses. For 'tis of these his eloquence consists.

He was sufficiently ground at Midleton, to get a Sizarship in Trinity College. This was on the 16th June, 1767, when, therefore, he was not quite seventeen years old. His tutor was Doctor Dobbin, who did nothing for him. As a Sizar, he had free rooms and commons in College, and, thus rewarded, he read a little (unlike most young men about him)—got a Scholarship in 1770—and began reading for a Fellowship. He was then, and ever, an earnest, though not a monotonous student of men and books.

Being designed for the Church he studied divinity, and got a little of the mannerism of his intended profession, as we see in a prosy letter of consolation, written to his dear friend, "Dick Stack,"* in 1770. In his time he wrote two sermons. One was written for this Dick Stack, to preach before the Judges of Assize, at Cork. The other was preached in College Chapel, as a punishment, and in it he gloriously mimicked the Censor, Doctor Patrick Duigenan!†—an eruption worthy of him who satirized Newmarket, when twelve years old. We cannot look at the College pulpit without fancying we see the giggling eye, and hear the solemn voice, of that wild boy.

Besides the classics and the Bible, he was

* This gentleman afterwards got a Fellowship, and wrote a Treatise on Optics, long a College Text-Book.

† A famous controversialist, born in Co. Leitrim in 1735, and died in 1816.—ED.

fondest of Sterne, and of Rousseau's *Eloisa*. He liked metaphysical discussions, too, and they led him to a bargain with a friend, that whoever died first should visit the other on the death night. His friend died first, and broke his word. Curran was also a lover, a punster, and a ready hand in the rows which "The Gownsmen" used to have every night with "The Townsmen." The students then were generally older than they are now, and society more dissipated and ferocious. The College gown was not only an uniform,—with a stone or a key slung in it, it became a weapon. Nor were the sticks and fists of "The Townsmen" idle. His son says that one night Curran was left senseless on the flags, and, doubtless, many a sore knock he gave and got. He was continually getting into scrapes with "The Board" by his humour and wildness, and getting out of them by his ready wit. In short, he was the wittiest and dreamiest, the most classical and ambitious, of the scamps of Trinity College.

He gave up all thoughts of the Church on coming of age; and, having graduated, he went to London, and entered the Middle Temple, intending, like all law students, to be Lord Chancellor, and something more. His son's book contains a merry narrative—a little spoiled by imitations of Sterne—of his journey to London, in a letter, written from his lodgings, "31, Chandos-street." Part of this letter is important and characteristic :

"I am determined to apply to reading this vacation with the utmost diligence, in order to attend the Courts next winter with more advantage. If I should happen to visit Ireland next summer, I shall spend a week before I go, in seeing the curiosities here (the King and Queen, and the lions); and if I continue in my present mood, you will see a strange alteration in your poor friend.

That cursed fever brought me down so much, and my spirits are so reduced, that, faith, I don't remember to have laughed these six weeks. Indeed, I never thought solitude could lean so heavily on me as I find it does. I rise, most commonly, in the morning between five and six, and read as much as my eyes will permit me till dinner-time: I then go out and dine, and from that till bed-time I mope about between my lodgings and the Park. For heaven's sake send me some news or other (for, surely, Newmarket cannot be barren in such things) that will teach me once more to laugh. I never received a single line from any one since I came here! Tell me if you know anything about Keller; I wrote twice to that gentleman without being favoured with any answer. You will give my best respects to Mrs. Aldworth and her family; to Dr. Creagh; and don't forget my good friends, Peter and Will Connell.

“ Yours sincerely, “ J. P. C.

“ P.S.—I will cover this blank edge, with entreating you to write closer than you commonly do, when you sit down to answer this, and don't make me pay tenpence for a halfpenny-worth of white paper.”

What an odd fellow a Cockney would think him: he had not seen the wonders of London (“ the King, the Queen, and the lions ”), and spoke of going to see them “ next summer.” This was one of those gloomy times, when the soul of Curran, thrown on itself, explored the mysteries of his own constitution—calculated its own magazines—and came out frowning, fresh, and keen for his work. There is a desperate humour in a letter written to Jerry Keller, by him, a little after:—

“ If you cast your eyes on the thousand gilded chariots that are dancing the hays in an eternal round of foppery, you would think the world assembled to play the fool in London, unless you believe the report of the passing bells and hearses, which would seem to intimate that they all made a point of dying here. It is amazing, that even custom should make death a matter of so much unconcern as you will here find it. Even in the house where I lodge, there has been a being dead these two days. I did not

hear a word of it till this evening, though he is divided from me only by a partition. They visit him once a day, and so lock him up till the next (for they seldom bury till the seventh day), and there he lies without the smallest attention paid to him, except a dirge each night on the Jew's harp, which I shall not omit while he continues to be my neighbour."

A grim joke this, and coming from a man with depths, and fuel in his soul.

His "life in London" was a hard one. He spent his mornings in "reading even to exhaustion." He frequently attended the Courts, and though not a constant legal student, "he made vigorous plunges into law," and mastered those elements of constitutional and equity jurisprudence, which were basis enough for his practical studies. The mistake (now so common) was then rare, of men supposing that they can leave their minds generally ignorant, and without accomplishments or knowledge of life, provided they have read though piles of law books; mean hearts, who prefer gold to worthiness—blockheads, without sagacity to see that plenty of skill is of more value than plenty of tools.

It was not so with Curran. Besides his legal studies, he mastered the chief English and French writers, and saw what was going on about him in every court and theatre, club and cellar in London. Inclination, probably, more than design, led him to this, and yet he was as much of a self-teacher as ever lived. His health had been bad, and his body weak. By cold baths, violent exercise, and attention to air and diet, he became robust; and this, notwithstanding those excesses in drinking which were universal at the time. His oratorical training was as severe as any Greek ever underwent.

His voice was so bad, that he was called at school "stuttering Jack Curran," and his manner was awkward and meaningless. By watching himself—by the daily habit of declaiming Junius, Bolingbroke, and Shakespeare, before a looking-glass—and by constant attendance at debating societies, he turned his shrill and stumbling brogue into a flexible, sustained, and divinely modulated voice; his action became free and forcible, and he acquired perfect readiness in thinking and speaking on his legs.

His first essay in a debating society was in The Devils, of Temple-bar. It amounted to saying, "Mr. Chairman," when he trembled, forgot, grew pale, grew red, grew hot, and sunk down in a fright. He attended the more regularly for a fortnight, and learned to say "ay" or "no," boldly and distinctly. One night he went there with Apjohn and Duhigg, after a dinner of mutton, with extra punch. A ragged, greasy blockhead, at whose anachronisms he smiled, attacked him as "Orator Mum." Curran, excited by wrath and whiskey, got up, and "dressed him better than he ever had been in his life." Loud applause, and a cold supper from the president, rewarded his vigour and confirmed it. Thenceforward he was a constant speaker at The Devils, The Robin Hood, and The Brown Bear. At this last, he was known as "the little Jesuit of St. Omer," from wearing a brown coat outside a black, and making pro-Catholic speeches.

He used sometimes get into black melancholy about Ireland and Newmarket. Still oftener he suffered for want of money, and even thought of going to America.

During his second year in London, he married

Miss Creagh, daughter of Doctor Richard Creagh, of Newmarket, a cousin of his. With her he got a woman he loved, though she seems to have been lazy, and rather conceited. Her little fortune, and some money sent by his family, supported him till 1775, when he was called to the bar.

Curran's life has been made a long joke by the pleasant puerilities of his early biographers. Even his son's excellent book has over-much of this vice. What avails it us to know the capital puns he made in College, or the smart epigrams he said to Macklin ; or, at least, they should take a small place in large biographies, instead of the chief place in sketches. These things are the empty shells of his deep-sea mind—idle things for triflers to classify. But for men, who, though in the ranks of life, are anxious to order their minds by the stand of some commanding spirit—or for governing minds, who want to commune with his spirit in brotherly sympathy and instruction—to such men, the puns are rubbish, and the jokes chaff.

Pause, then, oh ! reader, while, on the first day of Michaelmas Term, 1775, this John Philpot Curran, the married man, aged twenty-five, is putting on his wig, or bowing to the Benchers, ere he sits down, a candidate for briefs. Pause, reader, and recall what this young brown lawyer had in him.

The hills of Duhallow had laid lines of beauty and shades of wildness on his eye and soul ; he had been sharpened by the position of his family—ennobled by the force of his mother's mind—instructed in Irish traditions and music. Knowing these, and such lore as Boyse could teach him, he left Newmarket. This wild, fanciful, earnest

boy then picked up classics, experience, and ambition at Midleton, and was ennobled by generous companions, refined by study and society, and made fiery by love and pleasure in College.

In London, amid his melancholy and wildness, he had a strong resolve to be great and good. His melancholy grew glorious then, as sun-lit clouds; and poverty sustained his ambition against depression and dissipation. He was too proud to live, or shine, or love upon the toleration of mankind. He learned to labour, because he longed to enjoy. He continued to labour for labour's own great sake—for labour is practical power. His duties were great—his passions intense—his means nothing, save intellect. He knew that his soul was a treasury wherewith to give and to buy; a tongue, wherewith to win or persuade—a light to illumine—an army to conquer—a spirit to worship and be worshipped. Nobly he prepared it in life, and passion, and hard thought, even more than in books; and yet this man is called idle and careless. He worked hard during his apprenticeship; but now he is a master.

Thus trained, accomplished, strong, passionate, and surrounded by competitors, he came to the Bar. Well may his son say, that "instead of being surprised at his eminent success, the wonder would have been if such a man had failed."

Even when he was called, he was known and prized, not as a flashy and unblushing declaimer, but as an earnest and self-relying man, able to judge character, and use knowledge.

His first brief was in a trivial Chancery motion, and The Devil's Club scene occurred over again. His imagination so mastered him, that when

Lord Lifford bid him speak louder, he became silent, blushed, dropped his brief, and allowed a friend to finish the motion.

Phillips describes him as having attended the Cork assizes, and "walked the hall, term after term, without either profit or professional reputation."

At this time Curran lodged in Redmond's-hill, a street between Cuffe-street and Digges-street. The neighbourhood was one frequented by his profession. The Solicitor-General lived in Cuffe-street, the Judge of the Prerogative in Bride-street, and Commissioners of Bankrupts were plenty as paving-stones in Digges-street, as any one taking up that historical novel "an old almanack," can see. Mr. Phillips calls the place Hog-hill (there never was such a place in Dublin) ! and makes a melo-dramatic picture of dirty lodgings, a starving wife, and a dunning landlady ; and then brings Curran home to find his first brief, with "twenty gold guineas, and the name of old Bob Lyons on the back of it !"

Perhaps Mr. Lyons did, on Arthur Wolfe's* recommendation, send twenty guineas, and a brief, in "Ormsby v. Wynne, election petition," to Counsellor Curran's lodgings, and finding Curran a pleasant companion, asked him to Sligo,† for Lyons was in good business, a hospitable sharp fellow, and had his office in York-street, near Curran's lodgings. But Curran made eighty-two guineas his first year, between one and two hundred

* Afterwards Lord Kilwarden.—ED.

† Lyons had a jolly house there on the fierce coast, amid a secluded Irish race, whom Curran mixed with, and learned from.

the second, and increased more rapidly every year after. With this and what his wife had, he could not have been starving, though certainly he was not rich.

He rose rapidly and surely ; and his reputation among his intimates was higher than with the public—a sign of a genuine man.

At last this matured genius found a great public opportunity, and used it. A cruel wrong had been done by one so high as to awe down all advocates, and corrupt the fountains of justice—there was need of an avenger, and he came.

The Cork summer assizes of 1780 are memorable, for there this Protestant lawyer appeared as voluntary counsel for a Roman Catholic priest against a Protestant nobleman ! Was there ever such audacity ?

To be sure, Lord Doneraile had acted like a ruffian.

He had seduced a country girl. Shortly after, her brother broke some rule of his church, and was censured by his bishop. The paramour sought Lord Doneraile's interference in her brother's favour. It was promptly given. Accompanied by a relative of his, a Mr. St. Leger, ex-captain of dragoons, his lordship rode to the cabin in which Father Neale, the parish priest, lived. Father Neale was an aged man, and a just and holy clergyman, but a very poor one. He was kneeling in prayer, when Doneraile's voice at the door ordered him out. Book in hand, with bare and hoary head and tottering step, he obeyed, and heard at his lordship's stirrup a command to remove the censure from the convenient miscreant, whose sister Lord Doneraile favoured. The priest

was half a slave ; he muttered excuses, " he wished to, and but for the bishop he would, remove the censure,"—but he was only half a slave : he refused to break the rules to which he had sworn. A shower of blows from his lordship's horsewhip drove the old priest stumbling and bleeding into his hovel.

And yet every lawyer on the circuit had refused to act as counsel for this priest against that lord, when John Curran volunteered to plead his cause.

Reader! think over all this, and you will get at something of the man and the country then.

He did all that mortal could do, and more than any lawyer now or then would. He grappled with the baseness of Lord Doneraile, and dragged his character out on the table. He left his instructions, and described Captain St. Leger as " a renegade soldier," and " drummed-out dragoon." He heaped every scorn on Lord Doneraile's witnesses, from their own story. He seemed to forget that he was speaking to tyrants—he treated the jury as men ; he spoke as a man—virtuous, and believing others so. That jury, so adjured by genius, forgot penal laws, lordships, and ascendancy, remembered God and their oaths, and gave a verdict for Father Neale.

Verily those thirty guineas damages were a conquest from the powers of darkness—the first spoils of emancipation.

On account of this trial, Curran fought a duel with Captain St. Leger, and endured the hostility of the Doneraile family ; but, in exchange, he obtained the admiration and trust of his countrymen, and a glorified conscience. If he wanted

more, he received it a few weeks after, in the dying and solemn blessing of Father Neale.

He had been five years at the Bar, and now he was famous with the public. But he had been recognised long before. It is proof enough of this, that he was Prior of the St. Patrick's Society* in 1779. The reader, looking at the note below, will see that the wisest, best, and most brilliant

* The Monks of the Order of Saint Patrick, commonly called The Monks of the Screw, assembled at their Convent, in Saint Kevin-street, Dublin, on and after September the 3rd, 1779.

Curran wrote the Charter Song, of which Phillips gives a part :—

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

When Saint Patrick our order created,
And called us The Monks of the Screw,
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky ;
And he swore, by the word of his Saintship,
That fountain should never run dry !

My children, be chaste—till you're tempted :
While sober, be wise and discreet ;
And humble your bodies with fasting—
Whene'er you have nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the Convent,
Except on a festival found ;
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival all the year round !

The Society dwindled away towards the end of the year 1785, according to Hardy. 1795, as printed in "Curran's Memoirs, by his Son," is an error, probably, of the printer.

spirits of the island were there,* and that Curran was their honoured friend. From the title vulgarly given them, "Monks of the Screw," people suppose that this was a mere drinking club. Perhaps the names are answer enough. It was an union of strong souls, brought together, like electric clouds, by affinity, and flashing as they joined. They met, and shone, and warmed. They had great passions, and generous accomplishments, and they, like all that was good in Ireland, were heaving for want of freedom. They were men of wit and pleasure, living in a luxurious state of society, and probably did wild and excessive

* LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Founder—†Barry Yelverton, M.P., afterwards Lord Viscount Avonmore, Lord Chief Baron.

Abbot—†William Doyle, Master in Chancery.

Prior—†John Philpot Curran, afterwards M. P., Privy Councillor, and Master of the Rolls.

Præcentor—Rev. Wm. Day, S.F.T.C.D.

Bursar—Edward Hudson, M.D.

Sacristan—†Robert Johnson, M.P., afterwards a Judge.

Arran, Earl of.

*Barry, James, Painter, never joined.

†Brown, Arthur, M.P., and F.T.C.D.

†Burgh, Walter Hussey, Right Hon., and M.P.; afterwards Chief Baron.

†Burton, Beresford, K.C. Carhampton, Earl of.

†Caldbeck, William, K.C.

†Chamberlayne, W. Tankerville, M.P.; afterwards a judge.

Charlemont, Earl of.

Corry, Right Hon. Isaac,

M.P.; afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer. Daly, Right Hon. Denis, M.P.

†Day, Robert, M.P.; afterwards a Judge.

†Dobbs, Robert.

Doyle, John, M.P., afterwards a General in the Army, and a Baronet.

†Dunkin, James.

†Duquery, Henry, M.P.

†Emmet, Temple.

†Finucane, Matthew, afterwards a Judge.

†Fitton, Richard.

things. This was reconcileable (*in such a state of society*) with every virtue of head and heart.

This was the sunniest period, though not the grandest, of Curran's life. He was surrounded by wise and loving friends, and he saw his country striding to independence, and growing in wealth, in knowledge, and, better than all, in internal union. He was not an idle, though he was not a distinguished, party during these events. He stood in the ranks of the Volunteers, armed as free men should ever be, to gain or guard their rights. His censure was dreaded by every corrupt judge and

†Forbes, John, M.P.
 †Frankland, Richard, K.C.
 †Grattan, Right Hon. Hen. M.P.
 †Hacket, Thomas.
 †Hardy, Fras., M.P. (Lord Charlemont's Biographer)
 Harstonge, Sir Henry, Baronet, and M.P.
 †Herbert, Richard, M.P.
 †Hunt, John.
 †Hussey, Dudley, M.P. and Recorder of Dublin.
 Jebb, Frederic, M.D.
 Kingsborough, Lord Viscount, M.P.
 †Mocawen, ———
 †Martin, Richard, M.P.
 †Metge, Peter, M.P.; afterwards a Judge.
 Mornington, Earl of.
 †Muloch, Thomas.
 Newenham, Sir Edward, M.P.
 Ogle, Right Hon. George, M.P.

*O'Leary, Rev. Arthur.
 †O'Neill, Chas., K.C., M.P.
 Palliser, Rev. Dr., Chaplain.
 †Pollock, Joseph.
 †Ponsonby, Right Hon. George, M.P., afterwards Chancellor of Ireland.
 †Preston, William.
 Ross, Lieut.-Colonel, M.P.
 †Sheridan, Chas. Francis, M.P., Secretary at War.
 †Smith, Sir Michael, Baronet M.P., afterwards Master of the Rolls.
 †Stawell, William.
 Stack, Rev. Richard, F.T.C.D.
 Townshend, Marquess of. (Elected, professed, and joined on his visit to Dublin, after his Vice-royalty.)
 †Wolfe, Arthur, M.P., afterwards Lord Viscount Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

[Thus marked (*) were Honorary Members; thus marked (†) were Barristers.]

savage lawyer, and his counsel sought by Avonmore, Flood, and Grattan. At a special election in 1783, he entered the House of Commons. He sat for Kilbeggan, a borough belonging to Mr. Longfield, but he sat uncompromised; he sat as Henry Flood's colleague; he was returned under the guardian guns of the Volunteers, to enforce legislative independence. At the general election, in the spring of 1790, he came in for Rathcormac, and sat for it till the mad secession in 1797.

His parliamentary speeches reported are few and short. The first mentioned is on Flood's Reform Bill, in November, 1783. The next is introductory of a resolution, declaring the exclusive right of the Commons to originate Money Bills—an important resolution not likely to be trusted to a bad debater. The report of it seems like a newspaper sketch; still we see in it a sound historical argument. His appeal to the House to guard a right which was the palladium of liberty to a virtuous, and of corruption to a vicious Commons, was bold and original.

His speech in the House, on the 24th February, 1785, on the debate on the Abuse of Attachments by the King's Bench, led to a duel with Fitzgibbon, then Attorney-General.

Fitzgibbon had once been an intimate of Curran's, whose first brief-bag was a gift from John Fitzgibbon, "for good luck." But they were unlike: as the strong hard granite and the soft flashing wave. Fitzgibbon having, though a plebeian, taken the Government side, gave it all the support that masculine talents, clear rhetoric, personal courage, and utter want of conscience enabled. Curran, the enthusiastic, the pure, the Irish, went with the people for liberty. They were

not friends in 1785 ; and Fitzgibbon, it is said, had brought the Duchess of Rutland to hear him chastise the member for Kilbeggan. The fiery Cork man heard this, and would not wait for him. Fitzgibbon had fallen asleep, and Curran on rising, attacked him as a " guilty spirit." Fitzgibbon answered with " puny babbler," and Curran retorted in an invective, feebly resembling part of Grattan's against Flood. They exchanged shots, when Fitzgibbon did his best to bring Curran down, but failed, and they were deadly foes ever after, unless death has made them " intimates " again.

The first of Curran's speeches, displaying any remarkable ability, is a short one made on Orde's Commercial Propositions.

That on Catholic Emancipation is, perhaps, the only one worthy of his reputation. In it, is the prophetic denunciation of a union with England as involving the " emigration of every man of consequence ; " as " the participation of British taxes without British trade, and the extinction of the Irish name as a people." These sentiments he ever spoke and acted up to, and bore to his grave.

He used to account for the inferiority of these to his Bar speeches, by saying they were made after the fatigue of court, and were badly reported, as he neglected them, and the reporters were Government tools. But Curran was surely less qualified for Parliament than for the Bar. His education was forensic, not senatorial. The Court did not require as " the House " did, a minute investigation of the state and history of the country, a mastery of economic details, a power of foreseeing and organizing great political movements. His oratory, too, became too personal, both in reproof

and exhortation, to be relished. He must have felt this, and neglected Parliament.

The great Bar speeches reported, begin with that for Alderman Howison, in 1790. Curran appeared before the Privy Council to sustain Howison's petition to be recognized as Lord Mayor, instead of Alderman James. This speech is less graceful even in its humour, but far more lawyer-like in its arguments, than any other of his we possess. It is chiefly remarkable for the manner in which he bombarded Lord Clare from an old and irrelevant precedent. Before Clare's face, ay, at the Council board, he described him as a vain and petulant tyrant, and so ingeniously did he do so, that, though his object was palpable, Clare was obliged, after several struggles, to shut his teeth and endure the lash with as little writhing as possible.

But now we come to the State trial speeches. With some exceptions they constitute the whole of his reported Bar speeches from thenceforth, and they constitute his *public* life. They were all made in cases arising out of the United Irish Conspiracy; and the history of that conspiracy is the history of the time. It is fully given by Dr. Madden, sufficiently stated in the general histories, and is, we trust, familiar to our readers. Yet we may briefly describe it.

When it was established in 1791, there were two agitations going on in Ireland; one was by the Protestants, the other by the Catholics. Gradually, by the writings and acts of Molyneux, Swift, and Lucas, the Protestants of Ireland had come to distrust and quarrel with England. She looked on them as gaolers and bailiffs, and they were content, but sought freedom and riches too—impossible union! The Catholic serf became contemptible, and the Catholic merchant rich

and convenient. Curry, Wyse, and O'Connor had sustained their spirits. They sought for redress by the meanest supplications—they were refused and persecuted. They sought again in 1776. America had declared her independence, and they got the first Emancipation Act, allowing them to take leases of land. England grew more distressed when France joined her arms to America's. Ireland was left ungarrisoned, and the Volunteers—the armed Protestantism of Ireland—arose. Free trade followed the first click of their muskets; and Legislative Independence was yielded to their increased numbers, arms, discipline, and ferocity.

Thenceforward they got nothing more; for Charlemont was a weak and bigoted man. He was opposed to Catholic Emancipation, which Belfast demanded in 1782, and he broke up the Convention for Parliamentary Reform in 1783. Grattan, too, because of his insane trust in Charlemont, and his absurd quarrel with Flood, remained out of politics till 1785; and, notwithstanding the splendid abilities he and Flood united on the Tithe Question, Orde's Propositions, Emancipation, Reform, and the Regency, there was a steady decline of the Volunteer organization, and of the strength of the liberal party to 1790. We have Tone's word that when the French Revolution broke out, both Catholic Committee and Whig Club*—the Emancipation and Reform parties—were feeble and dispirited.

* The Whig Club was founded in Dublin in the summer of 1789, by Lord Charlemont. (See Hardy's life of him, vol. ii., pp. 195 to 219). The Northern Whig Club was founded by the same person in Belfast, in March, 1790 (History of Belfast, p. 334), to carry off and check the democratic feelings, says Mr. Hardy. It were well if some one would cut the few useful facts out of Hardy, and throw the rest into the fire.

A different race of men from Whig Club orators or Catholic lords now began to act on the public.

In Dublin, John Keogh, the strong, rough-souled sagacious merchant, and men of his stamp, sent the Catholic nobles flying in a slavish dread. And in Belfast, Neilson, Russell, M'Cracken, &c., headed a Protestant party, which advocated Reform, but began soon to think of Republicanism. The Government, rendered fearful by the Regency dispute, and desperate by the French Revolution, began to push corruption and the principles of disunion harder than ever.

Amongst the great men of the time, there was one greatest—Theobald Wolfe Tone. The son of a man half farmer, half coachmaker, a poor and briefless lawyer, with a wife and a pack of children—he resolved to redress the wrongs of the Catholic, restore representation in the Commons, and with these, or failing in them, to make his country an independent Republic. He did not publish his design. A few years before he had rashly hinted it in a pamphlet, which no one remembered. Now he wrote a pamphlet in favour of Catholic Emancipation, called “An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, by a Northern Whig;” and received every mark of gratitude from his new clients.

In October, 1791, in Belfast, he founded the first United Irish Society. There is a passage in the first volume of Tone's *Memoirs*, pp. 48-9, so remarkable that it deserves insertion here:—

“The Dissenters of the North, and more especially of the town of Belfast, are, from the genius of their religion, and from the superior diffusion of political information among them, sincere and enlightened Republicans. They have ever been foremost in the pursuit of parliamentary reform; and I have already mentioned

the early wisdom and virtue of the town of Belfast in proposing the Emancipation of the Catholics, so far back as the year 1783. The French Revolution had awakened all parties in the nation from the stupor in which they lay plunged, from the time of the dispersion of the ever-memorable Volunteer Convention, and the citizens of Belfast were the first to raise their heads from the abyss, and to look the situation of their country steadily in the face. They saw at a glance their true object, and the only means to obtain it; conscious that the force of the existing government was such as to require the united efforts of the whole Irish people to subvert it, and long convinced in their own minds that to be free it was necessary to be just—they cast their eyes once more on the long-neglected Catholics, and profiting by past errors, for which, however, they had not to accuse themselves, they determined to begin on a new system, and to raise the structure of the liberty and independence of their country on the broad basis of equal rights to the whole people.

“The Catholics, on their part, were rapidly advancing in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the Revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force; and the hour seemed at last arrived, when, after a dreary oppression of above one hundred years, they were once more to appear on the political theatre of their country.”

The Belfast Society met publicly, as did all the United Irish Societies, until 1794, and its name told its object. They sought to unite Catholic and Protestant, and by this union of numbers and intelligence, to obtain perfect Emancipation for the Catholics, and popular Representation for the men of both creeds. They exceeded the Catholics in the boldness of their Emancipation scheme; but their doctrines on representation, though inspired by the French Revolution, coincided with those of Fox and the English Whigs. These were the expressed and real opinions of the societies.

Tone, and others of the leading men, wished for

an independent Republic, and doubtless framed its structure, and military organization was readily established. Had Government adopted just measures, these honest and sagacious Republicans would still have maintained a hard struggle, but would, for a time, at least, have been overruled by the Whigs, and outvoted in the societies.

The Confederation extended to Dublin, received the support of the leading citizens, and of many of the Volunteer Corps. Its chief organ was the "*Northern Star*." The first number of this paper was printed on the 4th of January, 1792. The manager was Samuel Neilson, and it occupied itself chiefly with French politics. The "*Evening Star*" appeared in Dublin soon after, but the "*Press*" did not commence till 28th September, 1797.

In March, 1792, the Catholic Committee, or rather Convention (for it was a body of delegates) met, and Tone was named its Secretary. The agitation by means of these societies became most vigorous. The stirring progress of the French Revolution, and the organization of the political societies in England and Scotland aided them. The United Irishmen increased in numbers, the Catholics in confidence, and the Volunteer Corps began to restore their array, and improve their discipline. The Ministry grew alarmed; or, in Tone's words—

"The solid strength of the people was their union. In December the Catholics had thundered out their demands—the imperious, because unanimous, requisition of 3,000,000 of men; they were supported by all the spirit and intelligence of the Dissenters. Dumourier was in Brabant—Holland was prostrate before him; even London, to the impetuous ardour of the French, did not appear at an immeasurable distance; the stocks were trembling; war seemed inevitable; the minister

was embarrassed ; and under those circumstances, it was idle to think that he would risk the domestic peace of Ireland to maintain a system of monopoly utterly useless to his views."

The Relief Bill was passed in April, 1793, admitting Catholics to the franchise, the bar, the university, and to all the rights of property ; but excluding them from parliament, from State Offices, and from all, indeed, the Bill of 1792 conceded. It was a victory that encouraged, not a conquest that satisfied them. *They* continued their exertions for complete emancipation, and the United Irishmen grew more vehement and strong.

Meantime another contest had ripened. In December, 1792, a proclamation was issued against seditious associations. The United Irish Society rightly supposed it to be directed against the Volunteers, and they answered it in a publication which we must return to. A Volunteer Convention, said to represent 1,250,000 people, met at Dungannon on the 15th of February, 1793, passed resolutions in favour of Emancipation and Reform, and named a permanent committee.

This, doubtless, assisted the carrying of the Relief Bill ; but it made the Ministry resolve to crush the Protestants, while it conciliated the Catholics. The reply of the United Irishmen to its proclamation was prosecuted ; another proclamation, forbidding military societies, drilling, and the whole machinery of the Volunteers, without naming them, was issued on the 11th March, and the same Parliament which passed the Relief Bill, passed the Alien Act, the Militia, Foreign Correspondence, Gunpowder, and Convention Acts—in fact, a full code of coercion.

Now the struggle became serious. Many, perhaps a majority, of the United Irishmen turned their thoughts to force ; and as Keogh and the leading Catholics were united, such a tendency was more formidable than even the anger of the Volunteers had been.

We have probably said enough to enable the reader, though otherwise ignorant of the history of the time, to understand the state of affairs when Curran's speeches for the United Irishmen commenced. The first of these speeches was delivered at the bar of the King's Bench, on the 29th January, 1794, for Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

We have stated that the United Irish Society had answered the Government proclamation against seditious meetings. That answer was written by Dr. Drennan, and was a most brilliant and frantic document. Had the people been ready for it, nothing could have been better, otherwise it was most mischievous. Rowan, the chairman when the address was voted, was prosecuted for this as a libel, as also was Drennan. Drennan was acquitted on a point of form. We possess only one fragment of Curran's defence of him ; but the speech for Rowan was amply and well reported. It bears every mark of labour ; and yet if we were to trust the back of Curran's brief on the occasion, never was a speech more completely improvised. " Liberty of the Press," " Universal Emancipation," and half a dozen sentences besides, are written carelessly along it. They may, however, have been only marks to recall a prepared oration. The opening of the speech is too exactly like Cicero's exordium in Milo's case not to have been an imitation ; and the ever memorable passage on

Universal Emancipation cannot claim originality of thought, though it is certainly unrivalled in rhetorical finish. But his vindication of the Volunteers, and the liberty of the press, are all his own, and unapproached by anything in Cicero or Erskine.

Rowan was convicted, and heavily sentenced, but he escaped to France.*

The agitation continued. The United Irish Society was changed into a secret and secretly organized body, and it made much progress. The Catholics still laboured ; France had conquered ; and her government, aroused by the *Sans-Culottes* resolutions of Belfast, and by the suggestions of some Irish patriots, bethought herself of assisting the discontented Irish to effect a separation. Accordingly the Rev. William Jackson was sent there as an agent, and put himself in communication with Tone. But he was betrayed by one Cockayne, arrested, and arraigned for treason. Curran was his leading counsel, but he needed none. He died in the dock, of arsenic he had taken the night before.

Another glimmer of conciliation broke in.— Lord Fitzwilliam came here early in 1795, with, 'twas said, a *carte-blanche* to carry Emancipation and Reform, and expel the undertakers and ascendancy party from office. Curran was to have been Solicitor-General. Had this policy been carried out, we would have been saved the horrors of 1798, and the conquest of 1800. Perchance the United Irish party would have continued their labours, and a war would have followed ; but it would have been a national, not a civil war, and

* Drummond's Life of Rowan is not a useless nor disagreeable book ; but that is all to be said of it.

its results would have been separation, not provincialism. Lord Fitzwilliam was not rapid enough ; he allowed the Beresfords to rally their friends, and when he came to dismiss one of them, whom he could not retain consistently with his policy, he was met by a Court opposition, having the bigot and lunatic King at its head. Beresford was kept in—Fitzwilliam recalled—Emancipation and Reform spurned, and coercion resumed.

This was a triumph for the separation party. An Irish Republic now became the only object of the United Irish ; and such being the case, the bulk of the Presbyterians of Down, Antrim, and Tyrone joined, as did multitudes of Protestants and Catholics in Leinster. At this time the Catholics of the North were Defenders or Ribbonmen. Both sides made ready for the worst. " The Union " was turned into a military confederation. An Insurrection Act passed, making it death for any one to take an oath of association ; another allowing the Lord Lieutenant to proclaim counties, in which case no one could go out at night ; and magistrates obtained the power of breaking into houses, and transporting to the navy all persons whom they suspected. Other acts, granting indemnity for magistrates guilty of any illegality—giving the Lord Lieutenant the power of arrest without bail—licensing the introduction of foreign troops, and establishing the Yeomanry Corps,—followed in quick succession.

Government were in possession of information from 1786 out ; but they thought it more politic to wait until they could ruin every one likely to join. But they were near over-leaping. Tone had gone to America after Jackson's arrest, and thence he went to France. With only a few

guineas, a few introductions, and but little French, so transcendent were his abilities and zeal, that he brought a noble French fleet, and sixteen thousand veterans, with Hoche at their head, out of Brest, in 1796. Had Hoche's frigate Christmassed, as Tone's ship did, in Bantry Bay, in 1796, the United Directory would have been the Irish Ministry in a month after. Again, in 1797, the Militia offered to seize Dublin, and were forbidden. Long delay and long coercion disarmed and disunited the people, and the insurrection of 23rd May, 1798, was partial and ineffective.

During all this time, Curran was engaged for the United Irish prisoners in every great case. The first regularly reported speech is that made in defence of Finnerty, on the 22nd December, 1797.

To enable the reader to understand this consummate oration, we must premise some facts.

In September, 1796, William Orr, a Presbyterian farmer, was arrested, with many others, as a United Irishman, but was not tried till the 16th September, 1797. One of the witnesses against him was afterwards proved to have perjured himself; and some of the jurymen, wearied by long disagreement, had got drunk in their room, and in this state brought in the verdict of "Guilty." Affidavits of the facts of drunkenness were made by three jurors next day, upon which Curran vainly moved an arrest of judgment. All the facts were laid before Government; yet, after two or three cruel respites, Orr was hanged at Carrickfergus, on the 14th October. He was a fine, handsome, gallant man—died true to his character and his country; and over his grave William Drennan uttered a lament of the most fiery beauty. No

wonder he was looked on as a martyr. His name appeared on medals and flags, and in every patriot song ; and, even in 1798, John Sheares could find no more forcible way of ending his stern proclamation than the words "Remember Orr." A letter was published in the *Press*, the noble organ of the Union, addressed to Lord Camden, and narrating Orr's fate with much pathos and invective. The letter was signed "MARCUS," and was written by a Mr. Deane Swift.*

Finnerty, the printer of the *Press*, was indicted for this as a libel.

Curran defended him in a speech, which he himself preferred to any of his other speeches. He only got his brief a "few minutes before the cause commenced ;" yet he never made an abler, nor did any other advocate ever make so able, a speech.

His account of the duties of the public writer deserves to be the very Bible of the press, it so heroically directs and so wisely justifies them ; and his narrative of Orr's fate goes on so tenderly, so gently, so grandly, that one hardly knows whether to admire its sagacity, pause upon its lavish beauties, or weep over its sorrows. It is the lament of an angel.

"1798" came—that type of terror ; and yet Curran's first effort in that year was crowned with success, and smiles, and pleasant greetings and the thunders of the people, followed the advocate home. Finney, and fifteen others, were indicted for high treason. The chief witness was James O'Brien, a man who, by his own con-

* Son of the eccentric Theophilus Swift, and a collateral descendant of Jonathan Swift. He died at a great age about 1858.—ED.

fession, had taken the United oath, and had been guilty of many less equivocal crimes. Curran's cross-examination of him was only equalled by his after address to the jury:—He tore O'Brien to pieces on the table; he put him together again, an image of the foulest treachery, of the fiercest love of blood, and of the most loathsome perjury. The jury refused to convict on the oath of this coiner and stabber, who came there to assassinate men with the word of God, and they acquitted the prisoners. O'Brien was still dear to the Castle, and continued in its pay; but about two years after, he committed a murder so indiscreetly that he could not be any longer shielded. He was tried; and though Curran, who prosecuted, made a very temperate speech, he was found guilty and hanged.

Alas! Curran prevailed no more. The Government would not go back, nor the people either. The Yeomanry consisted of the Tory gentry and their dependants. They were undisciplined and unprincipled; and not being checked by the people, who waited for command, they soon became a legal banditti, who brought local knowledge and old feelings to aid their crimes. No villany but was perpetrated by them. The house of whomsoever any of them disliked or suspected was surrounded at night:—if he were not at home it was burned; if found, he might consider himself lucky in being sent to serve in the navy, after being whipped or pitch-capped, instead of being half-hanged or whole-hanged, as the leisure or facilities of the officer allowed.

Still, still, still the Directory waited for foreign aid!—and waited in vain. One victory would have brought them more arms and officers from abroad or at home than any negotiation.

The Directory consisted of Thomas Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, Oliver Bond, Doctor MacNevin, and Richard M'Cormick. Lord Edward was named Commander-in-Chief; and at length in March, in 1798, a rising was determined on, chiefly at the wish of Lord Edward, for Thomas Emmet wished to wait till the arrival of French troops, or, at least, of French officers.*

We must refer the reader to Doctor Madden's comprehensive work for the minutiae of the events that followed. Suffice it here, that, on the 12th of March, fourteen United Delegates met at Oliver Bond's house, 13, Bridge-street, Dublin, and were arrested there on the information of Reynolds, the accursed. Many other arrests, chiefly of Northerns, had taken place previously. Emmet, MacNevin, and other chiefs, were taken on the same day as those who attended the meeting at Bond's, and on the information of the same man, "whose name," says Doctor Madden, "sounds like a calamity." Other arrests followed. On the 18th May, Lord Edward was arrested; on the 21st, the Sheareses were taken; and on the 23rd was the rising.

We would not willingly follow the crash and waste of that explosion; we would rather follow the armed man striking in the open field for liberty, whether he won or lost. But this is not for us. Let us come to the dungeon, and survey the court; the public scaffold needs no painter.

An insurrection, which had not at its head one able tactician, and few men acquainted with the elements of war, or even the topography and statistics of the country, could hardly succeed. And yet it had almost conquered. Within

* Madden's Memoir of Emmet.

twelve days from the first rising, the people of Wexford had cleared their county, with the exception of Ross and Duncannon, two places unfit to resist a skilful attack. Similar successes attended the Kildare insurrection. This was all that mere valour could do.

The leaders were brave, especially the few priests who fought. But all were ignorant to the last degree. No organization—no commissariat—no unity of action—no foreign aid—were attempted. To such men, victory brought drunkenness, waste, disputes, and want. Defeat could hardly bring worse.

Antrim and Down did not rise for a fortnight ; and there, after similar blunders, and a short struggle, the Presbyterians were crushed.

The Wexford men protracted the war, partly from a vague hope of foreign assistance, but still more from despair, for they could not trust the faith of their persecutors ; and not a few of these heroic men died on the plains of Meath, in an effort to force their way into Ulster.

It is said that fifty thousand insurgents and twenty thousand of the English party were slain. The amount seems exaggerated, as the details certainly were.

The soldier having done his own work, and that of the assassin and brigand, too, the civilian began to labour. The General's sword yielded to the bowstring of the Attorney-General. Courts-martial hanged those taken in battle ; and now courts civil slaughtered the prisoners. Most unaccountably, the insurgents did not retaliate ; if they had a right to rise, they were entitled to the rights of war, and were weak, wicked, and impolitic in neglecting to enforce them. An

insurgent chief should have shot the peasants who lifted their hands against property or person without order ; but he was equally bound to guard them against any but a soldier's hazards, by retaliating every execution, coolly, judicially, and uniformly.

But none of the older leaders of the United Irish were touched till after the insurrection was defeated. Then, in July, 1798, might you have seen the prison hovered round by anxious and mourning relatives, whom the guards of power repelled. Then might you have seen the crimson-clad judge—and the packed jury—and the ferocious prosecutor—and the military gangs from the Castle—crush around the dock wherein were the fearless and the true, and threaten, with voice and gesture, that little dark man who defended the prisoners. He scowled back upon their threats. "You may assassinate me," said he, when their bayonets were levelled at his breast, "but you shall not intimidate me!" They could better have hoped to drive the stars from heaven by their violence, than force John Curran by threats to surrender one hair of his client's head.

They were not mere clients for whom he pleaded, to win fees and reputation. They were dear friends, for whose safety he would have coined his blood ; they were brother patriots who had striven, by means which he thought desperate, or unsuited to him, to free their country. He was no hireling or adventurer. He came inspired by love, mercy, justice, and genius, and commissioned by heaven, to walk on the waters with these patriots, and lend them his hand when they were sinking. He pleaded for some who, nevertheless, were slaughtered ; but was his pleading vain,

therefore? Did he not convert many a shaken conscience—sustain many a frightened soul? Did he not keep the life of genius, if not of hope, in the country? Did he not help to terrify the Government into that compromise they so ill kept? Surely, he did all this at the time; and his speeches now and for ever will remain less as models of eloquence than as examples of patriotism and undying exhortations to justice and liberty.

The first trial after the insurrection was that of Henry and John Sheares. They were two Cork gentlemen, barristers by profession, both men of liberal education, but of very unequal characters. Henry, the eldest, was mild, changeful, and weak; John was fiery and firm, and of much greater abilities. They had worked the United system in places having little connexion with the Executive Directory; but when some of the members of that Directory were seized on the 12th of March, the Sheareses stepped into the dangerous posts, and shared the same fate in ten days after.

On their arrest, a rough draft of a proclamation, written by John Sheares, was found in the writing desk of Henry, who knew nothing of it. It was paraded in the front of the attack, and Captain Armstrong was the main force of the prosecution. This frightful wretch had sought the acquaintance of the Sheareses—made it—encouraged their projects—assisted them with military hints—professed tender love for them—mixed with their family—and used to dandle Henry Sheares's children. We hear the technical monster denies* this little fact, though he admits all the rest.

He shared their hospitality—urged on their schemes—came to condole with them in prison—and then assassinated them with his oath.

* Armstrong was alive when this was written.—Ed.

They were first arraigned on the 4th of July, at the Green-street Commission ; but legal difficulties occurred, and legal arguments, and it was the 12th of July when they were tried. The case for the Crown closed at midnight. Curran applied for time ; he had been racked by the contests and horrid excitement of a day in which he had to resist the royal blood-hounds, to cross-examine a demon, and gaze on the Sheareses—the one trembling for his brother, the other for himself. The delay was refused, and Curran opened his address with an earnest solemnity, which makes this part of his speech the most moving he ever uttered. But we cannot pause to criticise. He closed at daylight. That bright summer sun danced into the black court while Carleton sentenced these strong men to die, and long ere it set on the morrow they were swinging, without life, on the gallows.

On the 17th July McCann was tried, defended by Curran, condemned and executed. Byrne shared the same fate in a few days after ; but Curran's speeches in their defence were suppressed by Government.

On the 23rd of July, Oliver Bond was tried and convicted. Curran's speech for him is preserved. The chief topic in it was the character and testimony of Reynolds ; a man with more crimes than Armstrong, but not of so deep a dye. He appears to have been a poisoner and robber, but he was a man of family, a gentleman, and the Government took care to make him a rich man. £6,000 and a consulship rewarded his virtues, but could not increase his dignity.

Bond died of apoplexy or assassination ; and shortly after, a compromise was made, whereby

the Government agreed to banish the rest of the prisoners upon getting *general* information as to the Union. They got the information, and then sent the prisoners to Fort George—prisoners still.

Curran, during this period, lived at The Priory, near Dundrum, and used to drive into town in a gig. He was in daily expectation of being shot. The trials ceased, and he went to England, but all was not over.

Humbert landed at Killala; the victory of Castlebar and the defeat at Collooney concluded the war, and caused a renewal of the military and civil massacres. Bartholomew Teeling, Humbert's aide-de-camp, surrendered with the French, and Tone was taken prisoner on board a French ship.

Tone passed as a Frenchman, till Sir George Hill, an old companion, ran him down. He was tried by a court-martial in barracks; his defence is unrivalled for plain wise eloquence. His last request, a soldier's death, was refused. He was sentenced to be hanged, but he or the Government anticipated the executioner. His throat was cut in prison. The wound, though mortal, did not produce immediate death, and in that state they were going to hang him, when Curran came into court and obtained a habeas corpus. It was too late. Tone perished in a few days.

This was Curran's last struggle in 1798. But his griefs had not ended.

The Government, with arms victorious over the insurgents, advanced against the liberties of the people; a vanguard of villains, armed with gold and titles preceded them; terror was in their march, and falsehood pioneered their way. The Union was carried.

There were three other cases connected with the insurrection, in which Curran appeared to save or avenge. The first was his plea at the bar of the House of Commons for the widow and orphans of Lord Edward. The Government, malcontent that death should have secured the rebel's retreat, struck at those he left behind. They attainted him as a traitor, for Curran pleaded without effect, and they seized the fortunes of those dearest to him. Did they hope to disturb his shade by cruelty to those he loved? Curran spoke rather as a judge than a counsel. "Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I have no defensive evidence! I have no case! it is impossible I should: I have often of late gone to the dungeon of the captive, but never have I gone to the grave of the dead, to receive instructions for his defence, nor in truth have I ever before been at the trial of a dead man! I offer, therefore, no evidence upon this inquiry: against the perilous example of which I do protest on behalf of the public, and against the cruelty and injustice of which I do protest in the name of the dead father, whose memory is sought to be dishonoured; and of his infant orphans, whose bread is sought to be taken away." How gloriously he pleaded! With what potent scorn he flung aside the foulness of Reynolds. How profoundly, how nobly he disproved the policy of penal laws, and the prudence of cruelty! What imagery and wisdom united, as he described law and victim, each growing fiercer in the conflict, till the penalty could go no further, and the fugitive turned on his breathless pursuer. Does that man live who does not envy the Geraldines that beautifully true description of their blood, "nobler than the royalty which first ennobled it,

that, like a rich stream, rose till it ran and hid its fountain?" Justice, humanity, and eloquence spoke idly to this red-handed Government. They legislated Fitzgerald into a traitor, and then stooped to the mean barbarity of stripping his infant's cradle.

An Act, called an act of most gracious pardon, passed in October, 1798, but it excepted every class of insurgents above the lowest, and by name attainted a crowd of leaders. Napper Tandy, the old commander of the Dublin Volunteer Artillery, was one of them. He was on the Continent, and after a fruitless effort to join Humbert, returned then and resided at Hamburg. *Fifteen* days before he was bound to surrender, he was seized there, cast, ironed, into prison, and thence brought to Ireland. Curran chiefly relied on this technicality, that his time for surrender had not expired when he was seized. Nominally on this ground, Tandy was acquitted; but he owed his escape to an advocate more eloquent than Curran. Tandy held a French commission, and had been seized on a neutral state, contrary to the law of nations, and Napoleon said, if Tandy were hanged, he would hang two English officers for him, and so, "like case like rule," as the Chief Justice says. The reasoning was simple and conclusive, and Tandy was released. Would to God it had been used in time to save poor Tone!

The case of Hevey *v.* Major Sirr, which was tried in 1802, was one of those petty reactions against the insolence of petty tyrants wherewith vanquished men console themselves. Sirr had imprisoned and tortured hundreds—one too many. Hevey brought an action against him, and Curran

stated Hevey's case with a galvanic energy, pouring out all the resources of persuasion, wit, and deepest pathos, till the jury were captivated into giving a verdict against the Castle minion. Doubtless, with all this, the Government could have defeated Hevey. They could have packed the jury to the right level. The desire to appear legal to England, or the fear of returning energy in Ireland, or some dim notion that Napoleon was beginning to see that there was waiting for him an ally more useful than Italy or Germany could give, or all combined, induced them to tolerate this one act of retribution. Their indemnity laws prevented the example from being inconvenient.

Still there was a storm mustering abroad, and a convulsion preparing at home.

Thomas Addis Emmet was released in 1802, and went on the Continent. He and his younger brother, Robert, met at Amsterdam. Both adhered to their principles. Robert returned home, and communicated with several men of influence in Ireland. He obtained plenty of promises. All parties longed for redress, and perhaps for vengeance. The people were willing to sacrifice everything for these objects, yet were depressed so much that it would have required the efforts of many leaders, or of many well-used years, to restore their confidence. The upper ranks of the United were even more dispirited than the lower.

It was neither customary nor safe for any man then, nor through many a year after, to profess liberal or manly principles. The most vile and slavish doctrines echoed in Court, Church, 'Change, and drawing-room. Agitation was as desperate as insurrection, and more dangerous.

Emmet had been absent. He thought the country ready ; he only remembered the spirit of 1797. " If I get ten counties to rise," said he to Keogh, who still continued his safe counsel with the discontented, " ought I go on ? " " You ought," said Keogh, " if you get five, and you will succeed."

Robert went on, but every bank broke under his feet. And though he was ardent and rapid as the mountain-deer, he fell at last an easy prey. Napoleon was too busy, and money was scarce, and merchants cautious, Presbyterians irritated by the lies about Wexford massacres, and Catholics indignant at the supposed desertion of the North. Russell was seized after failing to raise the North ; he lies headless in Downpatrick. Emmet, too, failed and suffered.

Curran defended Kirwan, one of the insurgents, and in his speech spoke of the French alliance in most eloquent anger, and of the insurrection in the bitterest scorn.

We are not going to condemn Curran for what he did in 1803. He had gone to France in 1802, and was disgusted with its military government, and he meant, doubtless, to serve the people by warning them against trusting to strangers for redress. He was politically indignant at an explosion which wanted the dignity of even partial success, and yet had done vast injury to the country. Lord Kilwarden's death had irritated him, for he was his old friend ; and last of all, his own personal feelings had been severely tried by it.

Robert had won Sarah Curran's heart, and some of his letters were found in Curran's house. The rash chieftain had breathed out his whole soul

to his love. Curran had to undergo the inquiries of the Privy Council, and accept the generosity of the Attorney-General.

What was still worse than any selfish suffering, he saw his daughter smitten, as with an edged sword, by the fate of her betrothed.

He refused to act for Robert, and he did well ; but his refusal to see him was framed, we think, too harshly.

As Emmet himself said, " a man with the coldness of death on him need not be made to feel any other coldness."

That cold hand soon seized him—the tender, the young, the beautiful, the brave. Greater men died in the same struggle, but none so warmly loved, nor so passionately lamented.

It may be asked, was Curran really no party to the United system ? We have heard men rashly say that they *knew* that he and Grattan were united. But on being pressed, their proofs vanished. The only direct evidence we ever met was the fact, that in 1797, during some row or gathering in College-green Curran, muffled in his cloak, walked up to a gentleman, whose connexion with the Union was undoubted, and leaning up to his face, said, " when will it be ? " Yet, surely this proves nothing but his anxiety on the subject. Doubtless he, and many who like him took no part in the conspiracy, would not condemn its objects, though they might condemn or distrust the means used. Had it at all succeeded, we are sure the revolution would have received his enthusiastic support.*

* It is stated by the younger Tone, that so early as 1794, Curran expressed his anxiety for a *separation* from England, but that he was not United.—*Tone's Memoirs*.

And now the insurrections were over.

The prison had grown into a hopeless home, the exile had despaired, the widow and orphan were allowed to mourn without suspicion, the country rested in exhaustion and infamy—the dead rested better in their bloody graves. The gallant Fitzgerald, the romantic Emmet, and the matchless Tone were gone where there are no tears, nor tyrants, nor slaves. The ferocious Clare, too, had gone to his account. The visions of the one, and the crimes of the other had passed away. What wonder if Ireland lay down in despair, and said, “there is no hope for me.” What wonder if Curran, the beloved and doting son of Ireland, should sink and sorrow too. The mere might of intellect, the absolute trust placed in him, the old habit of exertion, bore him along for some years, but his goal had sunk, there was nought before him, his mission was done. Yet his speeches afterwards were very great. His speech in Judge Johnson’s case is a model of constitutional argument and persuasive advocacy. His decision in *Merry v. Power*, is full of impassioned justice ; and that at the Newry election has a mockery of hope in it. But what of these things ? John Curran, who came to the corrupt judge and hesitating jury, and awed them down before the spirits of liberty, heroism, and righteousness, which he invoked—John Curran, the avenger of the martyred, the divine man, who so often walked through the fiery furnace with those who trusted him—what had he to do in a country which ceased to hope, and ceased to strive, and was making its bed in the dungeon for a forty and odd years’ sojourn ?

We have no heart to scrutinise the trivial public

events with which he was afterwards connected. These operas after a solemn tragedy, do not suit honest men ; better for them to go home and weep. But on the private life of Curran, we have something to say.

Let us now leave, therefore, the gowned monarch of the former, and go home with John Curran.

Of Curran's private life, during its morning and noon, little is before the public ; yet, some who could describe it must still be living.

About 1779, he took a glen near Newmarket, and built a cottage in it, which he called the Priory, from his rank as Prior of the Monks of St. Patrick. He used to spend his autumns here, after the Cork assizes, and his genius and pleasantry made his hospitality be well tried. Lord Avonmore, his friend, was a native of the town. His society, and that of the Creaghs and Kellers, would have been enough for a less enjoying and more fastidious man than Curran was. Of this place he had only a terminable lease, and in later life he seldom visited Newmarket.

He was a great changer of his town residence. From Redmond's-hill he went to Fade-street ; thence, in 1780 or 1781, to 12, Ely-place, afterwards called No. 4. In 1807, he took a house in Harcourt-street ; and finally took the house No. 80, Stephen's-green, South, in which Judge Burton now resides.*

* Judge Burton was, we have heard, a clerk to an English Solicitor. Being in Ireland about some suit, he became professionally known to Curran, who induced him to stop here. Curran, it is said, gave Mr. Burton £500 a-year to note his briefs, during his (Mr. B.'s) legal noviciate. It is needless to add, that Mr. Burton's profound knowledge and untouched honour justified Curran's predilection for him.

From 1790, however, his town house was a mere place of business. In that year he took a place called Holly Park, in the county of Dublin, and soon after changed its name to the Priory. The Priory contains about thirty-five acres, and lies on the road to White Church, about a mile beyond Rathfarnham, on the side of a moderately large hill, facing Dublin. From it, there is a beautiful view of the city, with the plains of Fingal on one side, and its bay and varied shores on the other. The house is a comfortable plain building, with a warm shrubbery, a garden, and a few fields about it. At the opposite side of the road is Marlay, the residence of the Latouches, and the country all round consists of wooded demesnes.

The place suited him perfectly. His habits there were very simple and uniform. He went to bed about one, and rose at seven o'clock, and spent a couple of hours dressing and lounging about. Immediately after breakfast he used generally to ride or drive in his gig to Dublin. During term time, when he was a practising lawyer or a judge, this was of course necessary, as a matter of business; and, after he left the bench, he continued so go in to hear news, and see his old friends—hanging, as it would seem, on men's hearts, and hoping, like a lover, for some good tidings still.

Punctually at five o'clock he came up the avenue, often with his watch in his hand; for though irregular in other things, he was childishly exact in his dinner-hour, and would not have waited for Washington.

When he did not go into town, he was fond of walking with a friend among the shaded roads

about Rathfarnham and Dundrum ; or oftener still he spent his hours sauntering or strolling all alone through the garden and shrubbery of his little place. In one of these fields he had buried his little daughter Gertrude,* and upon her dear grave he used often lie down and weep, and wish to be with her. She had died in 1792, when his hopes were high, and his home untainted.

Of late years he grew close. He had been a man more irregular than lavish in money matters. Strange to say, he, the first lawyer at the bar, did not continue to keep a regular fee book, and excused himself by saying, the money came in so fast, he could not enter it. His irregularity continued, for, at the time when, it is said, he was miserly, he left his pecuniary concerns to be managed by a friend. He felt the weakness growing on him, and hated himself for it. His closeness must, however, have been over-rated by his friends and himself, or he would have died a richer man than he did.

He seldom dined without having some to share with him a meal that was occasionally too frugal. We have heard of his bringing Grattan and several others out to dine when he had nothing useable but cold corned beef ; and that one of the guests took to the kitchen and manufactured a dish of " bubble and squeak," which the party, assisted by plenty of good wine, declared to be capital.

Curran when roused, used to run over jokes of

* On a diamond-shaped flag is the inscription—" Here lies the body of Gertrude Curran, fourth daughter of John Philpot Curran, who departed this life October the 6th, 1792, aged twelve years." She lies under a little group of limes, ash, and laburnums, in a very safe untroubled looking spot.

every kind—good, bad, and indifferent. No epigram too delicate, no mimicry too broad, no pun too little, and no metaphor too bold for him. In fact, he wanted to be happy, and to make others so, and he rattled away, not for a Boswell to note, but for mere enjoyment. These after-dinner sittings were seldom prolonged very late, but they made up in vehemence what they wanted in duration. Curran played the violin and violoncello, and when the fit took him, played with great feeling and nature; but if asked to show off, he was timid and stiff in his performance. The same diffidence was observable in talking over any of his own speeches or writings.

Often, after his company had left him, he used to walk about the room, soliloquizing aloud, until he got into very high or very low spirits.

This habit of soliloquy he had fallen into when a young speaker. He *never wrote* his speeches, and hardly ever wrote even passages of them. There is no orator, living or dead, of whom this can be said to the same extent.*

Curran's avoidance of written speeches was deliberate. He thought that no foresight could enable you to calculate beforehand how to shape your discourse exactly, and he felt in himself the rare power of doing, on the spur of the occasion, whatever his genius, if allowed repose, could have planned. But though he wrote none of his

* When we say orators, we do not mean public talkers, but men whose speeches are great combinations of reasoning or plausibility, fancy or passion, and who owe their success to the literary excellence and oratorical address, and not to other circumstances. This makes the orator occasionally rank below the speechless man of business and character.

speeches, he generally *prepared them with the most intense and passionate care*. Walking about his grounds, in his driving into and out from Dublin, and in those stray hours which intervened between the departure of his guests and the coming of the welcomer guest, sleep, he most frequently bethought himself how to shape his coming speech most persuasively; and then, and in walking in the hall, or when rambling over his violoncello, his happiest and most glorious thoughts used to come. He had a fine and well-practised memory, and it carried for him to court the frame and topics and leading illustrations of his speech, but no more. The speech was an original effort upon these previous materials, and what the events in court added to them. His notes were mere catch words, as we mentioned in Rowan's case; nor were they needed, as the speeches for Finnerty and the Sheareses prove.

His library was small, but very good, especially in classics. He says in one of his letters that he was fond of metaphysical and theological studies, but he appears not to have settled opinions on these subjects. From his letters one would say, that Sterne was a greater favourite than Berkeley or Virgil, and the Bible supplies his speeches with more illustrations than any book, save nature's.

Alas, for poor Curran! his country's dishonour was not his only cause of woe. Just at the time sorrow for Ireland most pressed him down, his wife, the companion of twenty-five years, deserted him for a man whom he had long welcomed as a friend—the Rev. Mr. Sandys.

It has been said that Curran was dissipated, that he was apt "to hang up his merriment with

his hat when he came home," and that he ought not to have so trusted a man of Mr. Sandy's character. We have neither leisure nor inclination to inquire whether he was too confiding, too careless, or too self-indulgent; suffice it, the separation took place under circumstances of peculiar pain, not only to him, but to his children. Curran recovered but trifling damages in an action against Mr. Sandys, and this certainly shows that he was to some extent faulty. The occurrences of this trial estranged him from many of his old friends.

This event is said to have given a most cruel interest to his speech in the case of Massy and Headfort. His speech against Lord Headfort is beyond comparison the most persuasive pleading ever uttered in a case not involving national interests or public passions. By his ability and his personal sympathy for the case, he made it a great contest between virtue and vice. The safety of the juror's family, the character of the country, the fate of society itself, seem to depend on their making an example of this "hoary criminal." How he leads them over the whole chronicle of dishonour, yet never compromises their dignity or his own for one instant. His reply to the palliations offered by Lord Headfort's counsel sends them back in coals of fire. He represents the judge as interposing to prevent the victim's flight with her seducer, and puts in his mouth every argument that reason, passion, mercy, and Scripture could give to prevent this crime. He warns him that he cannot marry this fugitive; for, between him and the marriage altar, there are two sepulchres to pass. He tears away the miserable pretext of love from an in-

dulgence which would as surely cause the ruin, as it proved the dishonour, of its object ; and under his burning eloquence he makes the lordly sinner blacken into a selfish, cowardly violator of hospitality, and a traitor to public morals.

This was Curran's last great achievement at the bar.

In 1806, on Pitt's death, Fox and the Whigs came in. It had been settled for seventeen years before, that when they should come in, Ponsonby was to have the first, and Curran the second, legal appointment. Ponsonby was made Chancellor ; Curran was entitled to the Chief Justiceship if it could be vacated, and if not, to the Attorney-Generalship. He got neither, but was put off with the Mastership of the Rolls, encumbered by the officers of Sir Michael Smith ; for Mr. Ponsonby had agreed to leave those officers in, or pension them before Sir Michael would retire. Curran was not consulted on this, and very naturally refused to be bound by it, and dismissed the officers. This led to a quarrel between him and Ponsonby, which was never healed. Both parties seem to have acted with just intentions. Curran explained the facts in a letter to Grattan, and to that published letter no reply was given, nor could any. Ponsonby very honourably provided for these people out of his own estate.

Curran was unsuited to the technicalities and minute business of the Rolls. He had neither knowledge nor taste for it. He felt this, and the moment when he could rise, was one he anxiously looked for. It may be guessed that his orders on details were not very sound nor convenient. The only memorable decision he made was that in *Merry v. Power*. The expulsion of his party

from office in 1807, forced him into communication with men whose policy he condemned as much as their principles.

In the vacations, he often went to England. Some of his letters during these trips are precious tokens of the well and depth of his ebbing mind. One dated from Godwin's house, 41, Skinner-street, London, in 1810, tells us something of his habits and feelings :—

“ I am glad to hear you are letting yourself out at Old Orchard ; you are certainly unwise in giving up such an inducement to exercise, and the absolute good of being so often in good air. I have been talking about your habit without naming yourself. I am more persuaded that you and Egan are not sufficiently afraid of weak liquors. I can say from trial, how little pain it costs to correct a bad habit. On the contrary, poor nature, like an ill-used mistress, is delighted with the return of our kindness, and is anxious to show her gratitude for that return, by letting us see how well she becomes it.

“ I am the more solicitous upon this point, from having made this change, which I see will make me waited for in heaven longer than perhaps they looked for. If you do not make some pretext for lingering, you can have no chance of conveying me to the wherry ; and the truth is, I do not like surviving old friends. I am somewhat inclined to wish for posthumous reputation ; and if you go before me, I shall lose one of the most irreclaimable of my trumpeters ; therefore, dear Mac, no more water, and keep the other element, your wind, for the benefit of your friends. I will show my gratitude as well as I can, by saying handsome things of you to the saints and angels before you come. Best regards to all with you.

“ Yours, &c.,

“ J. P. C.”

He visited Scotland this autumn, and praises the knowledge, independence, and hospitality of *all* classes there. In one of these letters he thus speaks of having visited Burns' cabin :—

“ Poor Burns !—his cabin could not be passed unvisited or unwept : to its two little thatched rooms—

kitchen and sleeping-place—a slated sort of parlour is added, and it is now an ale-house. We found the keeper of it tipsy; he pointed to the corner on one side of the fire, and with a most *mal-a-propos* laugh, observed, ‘there is the very spot where Robert Burns was born.’ The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he foundered, I could not stand it, but burst into tears.”

A more affecting sight could not well be. No man could sympathise better with the genius and failings of Robert Burns, than John Curran. In the whole range of literature, there are no two men more like. They had the same deep, picturesque genius; the same absolute control over language; the same love of country and kind; the same impassionate, womanishly sensitive hearts; now plunging into difficulties from their loving, generous, and social hearts, and springing out of them by strength of intellect, and then, alas! both sinking under the tyranny of imagination, and seeking relief from intense melancholy in undue social excitement. There are several minuter points of resemblance, and any one familiar with the two men, must feel the likeness in their lives and works.

Some other bits of the letters show how playful he could be in all this depression. From Cheltenham, he writes in September, 1811:—

“During my stay here, I have fallen into some pleasant female society; but such society can be enjoyed only by those who are something at a tea-table or a ball. Tea always makes me sleepless; and as to dancing, I tried three or four steps that were quite the cream of the thing in France at one time, and which cost me something. I thought it might be the gaiters that gave them a piperly air; but even after putting on my black silk stockings, and perusing them again before the glass, which I put on the ground for the purpose of an exact review, I found the edition was too stale for re-publication.”

Talking of Irish parties, in the same letter he says :—

“ The smoke is thickest at the corners farthest from the chimney, and, therefore, near the fire we see a little more distinctly ; but as things appear to me, I see not a single ticket in the wheel that may not be drawn a blank, poor Paddy’s not excepted. To go back to the fire—each party has the bellows hard at work ; but I strongly suspect that each of them does more to blind their rivals, and themselves too, by blowing the ashes about, than they do in coaxing or cherishing the blaze for the comfort or benefit of their own shins.”

From London, 1811, he says :—

“ I have little doubt that Percival is as warlike a hero as Grenville, and just as capable of simplifying our government to the hangman and the tax-gatherer.”

In a P.S. from Holland House he writes :—

“ Some more lies from the continent. Another victory—three legs of Bonaparte shot away, the fourth very precarious. I really suspect that you have been here *incog.*, and bit everybody ; for they will believe nothing, even though authenticated by the most respectable letters from Gottingen.”

The next letter is strong on an important point :

“ As to our miserable questions, they are not half so interesting as the broils in the Caraccas. What a test of the Union ! and what a proof of the apathy of this blind and insolent country ! They affect to think it glorious to struggle to the last shilling of their money, and the last drop of their blood, rather than submit their property and persons to the capricious will of France ; and yet that is precisely the power they are exercising over us—the modest authority of sending over to us laws, like boots and shoes ready made for exportation, without once condescending to take our measure, or ask whether or where they pinch us.”

In October, 1812, he was asked to stand for Newry, but was beaten, after a six days’ contest, by General Needham. The Catholic agitation

was then at its height, and yet, by the votes and labours of some Roman Catholics, he was beaten. His picture of these miserable men is such as to justify the cruel charity with which he bids the people "forgive them, for they will not forgive themselves."

His son's memoir contains a long treatise of his, on the then state of Irish politics, in a letter to the Duke of Sussex. We have not space to publish it, nor is it equal to his less formal letters, in thought or style.

Curran resigned the Mastership of the Rolls in 1814, in consequence of his wretched health, which grew worse and worse every day.

But sickly as his body had grown, it was healthier than his mind.

Grief of every kind weighed upon that wild sensitive heart of his. The purest by whose side he had striven for Ireland, were dead or banished; the bitterest with whom he contended, were no longer there to excite anger and exertion. There was no more a corrupt Irish party to be exposed, or an audacious ministry to be confronted and beaten back. His dearest child had withered under the last blow that struck his country, and all that remained of home had been poisoned by a villain. He had ever been easily affected, and mirth and melancholy divided his restless being. Now these tendencies became diseased and excessive.

Memory, to him, wore "a robe of mourning," and came in "a faded light."

Dublin, at that time, had been emptied of its genius; it had not acquired the education which, in our day, *begins* to make its society tolerable—and politically it was a blank.

He rallied every young man of promise about him ; and many are living who have no greener recollection than the nights they spent at The Priory, when his mind, roused by friendship and sympathy, broke loose from its sorrows. Nor can we wonder, though we must grieve, at the influence which men, who had no merit but coarse gaiety and a knowledge of his character, sometimes exercised over his seared and trusting spirit.

Even from amid the excitements of London and Paris, where he was cherished and honoured, he looked back to Ireland and wept bitterly.

In a letter to Mr. Lubé, he says :—

“ Everything I see disgusts and depresses me ; I look back at the streaming of blood for so many years ; and every thing every where relapsed into its former degradation. France rechained—Spain again saddled for the priests—and Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider : and, what makes the idea the more cutting, her fate the work of her own ignorance and fury. She has completely lost all sympathy here, and I see no prospect for her, except a vindictive oppression and an endlessly increasing taxation. God give us, not happiness, but patience !”

The same letter has most plaintive and beautiful thoughts on the value of hearty loving intercourse among friends, and the dull hollowness of “ general” society—that wretched cheat.

His account of English society is bitter enough too :—

“ Since my arrival here, my spirits have been wretchedly low : though treated with great kindness, I find nothing to my mind. I find heads without thinking, and hearts without strings, and a phraseology sailing in ballast : every one piping, but few dancing. England is not a place for society ; it is too cold, too vain, without pride enough to be humble, drowned in dull fantastical formality, vulgarised by rank without talent, and talent foolishly recommending itself by weight rather than by fashion—

a perpetual war between the disappointed pretensions of talent and the stupid overweening of affected patronage; means without enjoyment, pursuits without an object, society without conversation or intercourse: perhaps they manage this better in France—a few days, I think, will enable me to decide.”

This feeling about England confirmed him in refusing to enter the Imperial Parliament, which he had been repeatedly urged to do. Thank God he refused to be handed in by a corrupt patron, to exhibit a genius impotent to convince, and able only to excite and gratify that hard-hearted senate.

His letters from Paris continue to express the same view of Irish affairs, and display the same mixture of jest and woe:—

“Patriotic affection is almost as bad as personal, but I declare I think these things do a good deal in sinking my health, which is far from good; my spirits quite on the ground; and yet as to Ireland, I never saw but one alternative—a bridewell or a guard-house; with England the first, with France the other. We might have had a mollification, and the bolts lightened, and a chance of progression; but that I now give up.”

That his grief was not the striving of a worldly spirit against the orders of nature, might be judged from a most fearfully humorous description of a visit to the Catacombs of Paris, to see “a dead population equal to four times the living.” It has contrasts as terrible as Goethe’s. There was a vain woman of the party:—

“I asked her whether it gave her a sentiment of grief or fear, or hope? She asked me what room I could see for hope in a parcel of empty skulls? ‘For that reason, madam, and because you know they cannot be filled with grief or fear, for all subjects of either is past.’—She replied, ‘Oui, et cependant c’est jolie.’ It did not raise her in my mind, though she was not ill-looking;

and when I met her above ground, after our resurrection, she appeared fit enough for the drawing-rooms of the world, though not for the under-cellar. I do not remember ever to have had my mind compressed into so narrow a space: so many human beings, so many actors, so many sufferers, so various in human rank, so equalised in the grave! When I stared at the congregation, I could not distinguish what head had raved, or reasoned, or hoped, or burned. I looked for thought, I looked for dimples—I asked, whither is all gone—did wisdom never flow from your lips, nor affection hang upon them—and if both or either, which was the most exalting—which the most fascinating? All silent. They left me to answer for them, ‘So shall the fairest face appear.’”

On the 22nd of August, 1814, he mentions his anxiety to live amongst the French, whom he preferred to the English, but he seems to have doubted his power of living much longer anywhere. Yet he feared not death:—

“I do not like the state of my health; if it was merely *maladie* under sailing orders for the undiscovered country, I should not quarrel with the passport. There is nothing gloomy in my religious impressions, though I trust they are not shallow: I ought to have been better—I know also that others have been as blameable; and I have rather a cheerful reliance upon mercy than an abject fear of justice. Or were it otherwise, I have a much greater fear of suffering than of death.”

Still he bore up, and for two years more he shared his time between a Dublin circle, including Mr. Sheil, and all that was worth knowing here, and a London one, too large for description, but of whom the dearest to him were Moore and Godwin.

During the same interval, he fiddled a little with memoirs of his time,* and a novel which he

* His feeling of duty as to such memoirs was strong, and is well said in the fragment we have of them:—
“You that propose to be the historian of yourself, go

had commenced. He occasionally appeared, too, at public dinners.

His time was at last come. The body could no longer endure that deep corroding sorrow. He was attacked by paralysis, in the summer of 1817, at Moore's table, and was immediately ordered to the south of Europe. He, however, thought it necessary to go to Ireland to settle his affairs.

Leaving Dublin, he felt it was for the last time. "I wish it was all over," said he to one friend; and as he grasped another's hand on the packet's deck, he said, "you will never see me more."

He returned to London—but Ireland, enslaved Ireland, was like a vision before him. He burst into tears at a large dinner party on some slight allusion to Irish politics.

On the 8th or 10th October he was attacked by apoplexy, and became speechless. On the 14th October, 1817, at nine at night, his spirit went to another home. Several of his children, and his dearest friend, Mr. Godwin, watched his painless death.

Round the grave he sanctifies, before the effigy of that inspired face which was but the outside of his soul, and, oftenest of all, in communion with his undying thoughts, let the young men of Ireland bend.

His life was full of labour, daring patriotism,

first and trace out the boundary of your grave—stretch forth your hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the Majesty of Death, that your testimony shall be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiassed by favour, and unstained by malice; so mayest thou be a witness not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after time, which cannot begin until you shall have been numbered with the dead."

and love. He shrunk from no toil, and feared no peril for country, and fame, and passion. He was no pedant—good by rule, or vicious from calculation. He strove, because he felt it noble and holy and joyous to be strong, and he knew that strength comes from striving. He attained enormous power—power of impassionate eloquence, and he used that power to comfort the afflicted, to guard the orphan, to rescue his friend, and avenge his country.

A companion unrivalled in sympathy and wit ; an orator, whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands ; a patriot, who battled best when the flag was trampled down, and a genuine earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time ; let his countrymen study what he was and did, and let his country guard his fame.

His burial possesses more interest than commonly clings round the coffin of the greatest. He had written in one of his letters, expressing anxiety, that the exiles of 1798 should be allowed to return.

“ But,” he says :—

“ They are destined to give their last recollection of the green fields they are never to behold, on a foreign death-bed, and to lose the sad delight of fancied visits to them in a distant grave.”

He little thought it would be his own fate.

“ The last duties (he pathetically observed in one of his latest letters) will be paid by that country on which they are devolved ; nor will it be for charity that a little earth shall be given to my bones. Tenderly will those duties be paid, as the debt of well-earned affection, and of gratitude not ashamed of her tears.”

From some cause or other, his executors would not or could not do so, and he was buried in one

of the vaults of Paddington Church. There his dust lay for twenty years, when his remains were resumed by his mother' earth.* Ever honoured be they, for they are all that is mortal of one of the purest, loveliest, and most potent spirits this land of ours ever nursed.

* Curran now lies buried in Glasnevin Cemetery. His funeral to it was public, and so is his tomb. There is a monument to him in St. Patrick's Church—a bust by Moore, on a sarcophagus. It is copied from Lawrence's picture, and is the finest monument, so simply made, I ever saw. Let the reader look at it when the setting sun comes upon it, and he will recognise lineaments of power. It is most like him in his glorified mood, full of thought and action. In an Irish Pantheon our greatest orator should be represented as full length, and the bass reliefs of his sarcophagus should be his receiving Father Neale's blessing, his rising to defend the Sheareses, his delivery of the judgment in Merry and Power, and his weeping for Ireland near his child's grave at the Priory.

NOTES

- 1840—"The Young Irishman of the Middle Classes."
This essay is taken from the *Nation* of 1848,
where it ran through three numbers.
- 1841—"Udalism and Feudalism"—*Citizen*.
- 1843—"Self-Education."—*Nation*, Feb. 18th.
- .. "Our National Language"—*Nation*, April 1st
and December 30th. Appeared in two parts.
Several omitted passages are restored.
- .. "Absenteeism of Irish Genius"—*Nation*, June 17.
- .. "Hints for Irish Historical Paintings"—*Nation*,
July 29th.
- .. "Historical Monuments of Ireland"—*Nation*,
Oct. 28th.
- .. "National Art"—*Nation*, Dec. 9th and 23rd.
In two parts—the latter called "A Gallery of
Casts."
- 1844—"Irish Topography"—*Nation*, April 20th.
- .. "Art Unions"—*Nation*, April 27th. A couple of
passages restored.
- .. "The Sea Kings"—*Nation*, May 11th. Omitted
passage restored.
- .. "The Industrial Resources of Ireland"—*Nation*,
June 15th.
- .. "Irish Music and Poetry"—*Nation*, June 29th.
- .. "Irish Art"—*Nation*, July 27th.
- .. "Irish Antiquities and Irish Savages" (so styled)
Nation, July 6th. Omitted passage restored.
- .. "Ireland's People"—*Nation*, July 13th.
- .. "The Valuation of Ireland"—*Nation*, July 13th
and 20th. In two parts.
- .. "Irish Scenery"—*Nation*, July 20th.
- .. "Old Ireland"—*Nation*, August 10th. With re-
stored passages.
- .. "Popular Education"—*Nation*, July 27th.
- .. "Foreign Travel"—*Nation*, August 17th.
- .. "Hy-Fiachrach"—*Nation*, Sept. 7th. With re-
stored passages.

- 1844—"Repeal Reading Rooms"—*Nation*, August 17th.
 „ "Educate, that you may be Free"—*Nation*,
 Oct. 5th. (Reprinted as "Influences of Edu-
 cation").
 „ "The Skulls of the Irish." (Reprinted as "Ethno-
 logic of the Irish Race")—*Nation*, Oct. 5th.
 „ "A Ballad History of Ireland"—*Nation*, Nov. 30.
 „ "A Chronology of Ireland"—*Nation*, Dec. 7th.
 „ "The Irish Art Union"—*Nation*, Dec. 14th.
 „ "Irish Songs"—*Nation*, Dec. 21st, 1844, and
 Jan. 4th, 1845. In two parts, with restored
 passages.
 „ "The History of the Agitation"—*Nation*, Dec.
 28th. Reprinted as "The History of To-Day."
 1845—"Study"—*Nation*, Feb. 8th.
 „ "The Speeches of Grattan"—*Nation*, Feb. 22nd.
 „ "Irish History"—*Nation*, April 5th.
 „ "Irish Pictures"—*Nation*, April 19th. (Reprinted
 as "Illustrations of Ireland").
 „ "The Round Towers of Ireland"—*Nation*, May 10.
 „ "Institutions of Dublin," in two parts—*Nation*,
 May 17th and July 5th.
 „ "The State of the Peasantry"—*Nation*, May 24th.
 „ "The Library of Ireland"—*Nation*, June 28th.
 „ "The Irish Brigade"—*Nation*, June 9th.
 „ "The Irish Peasantry"—*Nation*, July 12th.
 With restored passage.
 „ "Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry"—
Nation.
 „ "Wexford"—*Nation*, July 26th. Reprinted as
 "Memorials of Wexford."
 „ "Ballad Poetry of Ireland"—*Nation*, Aug. 2nd.
 „ "O'Donovan's Irish Grammar"—*Nation*, August
 23rd.
 1846—"John Philpot Curran." Originally prefixed to
 Davis's edition of Curran's "Speeches," but
 the present text is taken from the separate
 publication in the D. O. Madden's "Grattan"
 in 1845.



PSEUDONYMS OF DAVIS

DAVIS used several signatures in the *Nation*. The following is a complete list of them :—

Adragool—Various poems.

Celt, The—His general signature for his verses.

D.T.—An occasional signature

L.R.—Only used once in the case of "My Land."

True Celt—Frequently used.

Vacuus—Only once used.

Young Squire, A—Also once used, in the case of "A Christmas Carol."

For his pamphlet on "The Reform of the Lords," Dublin, 1837, he used the signature of "A Graduate."



