

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Dublin Castle and its Occupants.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

Sir: In his "Irish Avatar" Byron says that "the Castle still stands though the Senate's no more." He is speaking of Dublin Castle, the building which is the subject of this present letter. Byron had something like the spirit of divination in him on many political questions. He foresaw the regeneration of Greece and the unity of Italy. He understood what is now called the Irish question far better than any statesman who up to his time had ever held high place in an English Cabinet. When he spoke of the Castle standing in Dublin though the Senate was no more he put into an antithesis the true substance of an argument. Dublin Castle would be a reasonable and perhaps even a useful institution if there was an Irish Parliament in the same city. With an Irish Parliament the Castle becomes merely a centre of misgovernment, a citadel of anti-Irish feeling, a garrison for the protection of sectarian ascendancy and class privilege.

Perhaps there are some of your readers who do not quite know what Dublin Castle is. As a building, it is a huge barrack-like structure, with great courtyards and gates and walls and frequent sentries. As an institution, it is the place where the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary and the permanent officials carry on their business. The power of the Lord Lieutenant is almost limitless. There is hardly anything he cannot do by the exercise of his discretion or the stroke of his pen. The law of the land can hardly be said to bind him, for he has an almost unlimited power of suspending the law of the land in any particular case. He has a far wider authority than the Viceroy of India, for there is a State Council consulting with and advising the Viceroy of India, while the Lord Lieutenant is not bound to ask the advice of any one. Moreover the Viceroy of India is not supposed to change with each new Ministry and the Lord Lieutenant is. The Lord Lieutenant is strictly and always a party Minister. There was some talk in the House of Commons the other night concerning the conduct of certain Irish National school-teachers who, at their ordinary annual dinner omitted the name of the Lord Lieutenant from their list of toasts. They were snubbed for this by the Council who are in authority over them, and were admonished that a repetition of the crime they had committed would lead to their dismissal. The question was brought up in the House of Commons by some of the Irish members and an appeal was made to Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister spoke with fairness and good feeling. He did not attempt to justify the snub given, the menace offered to the poor school-teachers for not drinking the health of the Lord Lieutenant; indeed he frankly disapproved of any petty tyranny on the part of the authorities and expressed his conviction that nothing could be more odious to Lord Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, himself. But he argued that the Lord Lieutenant was the representative of the Queen, and as such was entitled to every public honor and respect which any one in Ireland as the actual representative of royalty, being as he always is a party man who is made Lord Lieutenant because he belongs to the party in power. When he offends the Orangemen the Orangemen will be bound to regard him as a party man who has been rejected by the party. He had in some way displaced the National school-teachers and they did not feel in a mood to drink his health. The incident of the National school-teachers and the effort made by their superiors in power to frighten them into a display of "mouth-breath" which would be regarded by any one in Ireland as the actual representative of royalty, being as he always is a party man who is made Lord Lieutenant because he belongs to the party in power. When he offends the Orangemen the Orangemen will be bound to regard him as a party man who has been rejected by the party. He had in some way displaced the National school-teachers and they did not feel in a mood to drink his health. The incident of the National school-teachers and the effort made by their superiors in power to frighten them into a display of "mouth-breath" which would be regarded by any one in Ireland as the actual representative of royalty, being as he always is a party man who is made Lord Lieutenant because he belongs to the party in power.

Some Irish Viceroy's reign but do not govern. When Mr. Forster was in power as Chief Secretary he was the master and the ruler. The present Lord Lieutenant governs; and Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary, is merely an instrument and a mouth-piece. It is a help saying a few words about the character and the position of Mr. Trevelyan. I cannot help saying how deeply I regret his having consented to occupy such a post under such conditions. Mr. Trevelyan abandoned a literary career of splendid promise for the wretched, hopeless task to which he has since been sacrificing his health, his happiness, and his reputation. He is a man of the highest character; all who know him are his friends. No one can question his personal honor, his unselfish purpose, his absolute sincerity. He is a rich man; he does not want the emoluments of office. He is a scholar and he loves study; and all his time goes now in reading up official papers in order to be able to give answers to the multitude of questions pressed upon him by the Irish members. Mr. Forster at all events had the advantage of being able to construct for himself the policy which he carried out; Mr. Trevelyan is often set to carry out a policy of which he disapproves. I do not know that even a man of the highest intellectual gifts and force of character would under the present conditions be a successful Irish Secretary. I am inclined to believe that the nature of the office makes success impossible. Its business is to carry out in the name of constitutional England a policy of despotic control among a people who have no power and no voice. It is a task which now comes to me utterly hopeless; absolutely impossible. But there are men perhaps who would make a better attempt at it than Mr. Trevelyan has been enabled by temperament and by circumstances to do. When Mr. Forster resigned

the office of Chief Secretary it was believed for a time that it would be offered to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain was under the belief himself; and he did the best and wisest thing a man could do under such conditions. He held a sort of informal and impromptu conference with the leading members of Mr. Chamberlain's party. Mr. Chamberlain was himself in prison at the time—he stated his general views to them and asked for their advice and suggestions. The office was not given to him; perhaps the very fact that thus went into counsel with the Irish members was the reason; it is one of the traditions of Dublin Castle that the representatives of Ireland, the really popular representatives, are never to be consulted, about anything which is to govern Ireland. "Out of its own house" as the children say. The very fact that Mr. Chamberlain did take this new, bold and wise course seems to me to indicate of itself that he would have tried a new and better policy in Ireland. One thing I have no doubt he would have done; he would have endeavored to reorganize the whole system of administrative arrangement which is centralized in Dublin Castle. Even after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Chamberlain still had gone to Ireland as Chief Secretary if he had been asked; but he was not asked. All the better, I dare say, for his health, his happiness, and his political reputation. He would doubtless have failed. I have already said that according to my view the only way in which a better policy is possible, however, have tried a new plan, and he would not, I am convinced, have consented to see Ireland through the distorting medium of the grimy old official windows of Dublin Castle.

Dublin Castle is an English garrison in the midst of the Irish population. Its Vice-regal occupants rule Ireland, but the permanent officials, where they are not English or Scotch, are Irishmen of the order who desire to be thought English; they have minds in which every English policy is magnified; who look to England and England only for advancement; who despise or dread every manifestation of Irish National feeling. The Viceroy consults these men; he has none other to consult; he never gets touch of the Irish people. He knows nothing of the country himself; the officials are a class and an order to themselves. They have a public opinion of their own; they care nothing about the opinion of the Irish people. Now without making any more particular allusion to recent scandals, I would say that as an axiom that a class of this kind cannot be thus forced in the heart of an alien population without corruption of some kind, political or other, coming of it. That, however, is another matter, into which I am not going at present. The Dublin officials have two unwelcome counsels to give to the Lord Lieutenant. At one stage of a National movement they tell him that it is merely contemptible; at another stage they tell him that it must be suppressed by force. We have force constantly trying to repress agitation, and in the very act provoking new and fiercer agitation. We shall see the beginning of a different state of things when some official is found who will say to a new Viceroy of Ireland: "My Lord, five out of every six of the men and women in this country hate the system of government which you and I represent. No living on earth will ever reconcile them to it. What they detest is not merely this act that we do or that act we do; but the fact that we are here as representatives of English domination. Pray, my Lord, go back to London and tell this to Mr. Gladstone. Give him these as the facts to begin with; and ask him what on these facts he proposes to do." We are not likely to get an Irish permanent official to give any advice of this kind. To the permanent official the Irish seems anything in any Irish National movement, but the work of some low-born and ill-conditioned agitators who if they could would cut down salaries, abolish pensions and make a clean sweep of sinecures. The Irish official firmly believes that the system which gave him his place, which made his brother a resident magistrate and his cousin a commissioner of something or other, and secured for his wife her proper precedence at Castle dinner-parties—the Irish permanent official believes that this system must be of divine origin and endowed with immortal life. Every act that seriously threatens it must be dealt with as an enemy to the interest of the State. Such men are the regular advisers of the Lord Lieutenant. Their advice may be humored up in a very few lines; they open a flower show to please the respectable people and try to prevent the contemptible Nationalists from holding meetings and making speeches.

Would things be better if the Viceroyalty were abolished altogether and Ireland administered by a Secretary of State directed by Parliament? Yes; I think so, otherwise I should not have proposed a motion in the House of Commons for the abolition of the office. There are many meannesses of a social kind brought about by the system of the Viceroyalty of Dublin Castle. But there would be no radical change for the better. Dublin Castle is, to be sure, the cause of much that is evil; but it is itself a consequence of a system that is evil; Dublin Castle represents the attempt of English power to prevent the Irish people from the assertion of their National right to domestic self-government; and that fact is the fountain and origin of all its errors and failures and sins. Merely to abolish the Viceroyalty and put a Secretary of State to do the same old work through the same men and under the same conditions would not greatly mend matters.

Some of my friends, very good and sound Nationalists, prefer to retain the Viceroyalty. We shall have our own Parliament soon, they argue, and he will then be bound to the Canadian; a dignified presiding officer who makes no pretence of ruling us; the Viceroyalty would answer for this purpose as well as any other institution. I admit that there is a good deal of force in this way of putting it; although I would myself rather have the mock court of the Castle cleared out, I would rather see some more official doing the work without any pretence at being a representative of royalty and a fountain of justice and a light of society, and the rest of it. There was once a Lord Clarendon who was sent to represent

Queen Anne at some foreign court, and who, entering into the spirit of his office, took it into his head that in order to represent fittingly a woman sovereign he ought to appear on state occasions in a woman's dress and did exhibit himself accordingly in petticoats at some court ceremonial. Now the woman's dress did not help this foolish Lord Clarendon to represent Queen Anne any better than the pageantry of Dublin Castle converts the Lord Lieutenant into an accepted representative of Queen Victoria. Everything that makes the Lord Lieutenant unpopular in Ireland. The Queen is a constitutional magistrate sustained in her place by the approval and support of the great majority of her people. The Irish people never chose the Lord Lieutenant or the system he represents; it is not in their minds a constitutional system. The Lord Lieutenant does not consult them when he intends to take any new step. The men who elect the representatives, or who will at the dissolution elect them, in four out of every five of the constituencies know that Dublin Castle never consults with such representatives. No independent Irish members would now be seen entering Dublin Castle, except on some matter of the most public business known to the whole community. It would not suit the Castle to be in friendly communion with the Irish member or the Irish member to be in friendly communion with the Castle.

All this is perfectly understood; but what do you think of the system which has brought all this about? There is no chance even for our dear old myself and the benevolent despot who would have no scope for his despotic benevolence there. He could be despotic enough in suppressing meetings and imprisoning men; but if there was any way of extending his despotism in some really tranquilizing and constructive direction how could he get to know of it? Would the permanent officials tell him of it? Not likely; how could they? Why should they? They are in sympathy with the people or the people are in sympathy with them. The Lord Lieutenant might have saved rivers of blood and oceans of tears in Ireland if he had announced that while the Land scheme was in course of preparation he would lend the forces of the Crown to the collection of the land tax, and that he would have permanent official or Judge or Magistrate, would tell the Lord Lieutenant, he had this power, or would advise him to use it? The permanent officials would be by not believing or not admitting that a living person ever was evicted; and would probably go on to argue that those who were evicted were not merely deserving it but actually liked it. Mr. James Lowther, when he was Chief Secretary, and the Land League organization was being formed—the most powerful organization that has ever existed in this country—was instructed by the official time—was instructed by the official time—was a purely evil-minded thing got up by a ticket-of-leave man, the ticket-of-leave man being Michael Davitt, whom Mr. Lowther really believed at first to be an ordinary Bill Sykes. Therefore Mr. Lowther thought he had nothing to do but instantly to stamp out the Land League in the interests of law and order; and we know what a fine piece of business he made of his project. No; Dublin Castle would prove too strong for the benevolent despot. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

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A special telegram to the Philadelphia Press, dated Brown's Mills, N. J., September 12th, says:—"Six young women, not one of whom could swim, struggled helplessly and frantically to-day in the beautiful lake here, where the water is twenty feet deep. A strong armed, brave hearted priest and a courageous young Philadelphia risked their lives several times to save those of the drowning girls, and in this they were successful."

A number of jolly young people held a picnic this morning at the head of the lake. Six of the young ladies, members of the party, by name Laura Prickett, May Kelly, Theresa Cook, Alice Riley, Kate Graham and Kate Riley, living at Mount Holly, wandered down from the camping ground to the edge of the lake and watched with envy a boat laden with several of their friends start from the shore and glide over the water, propelled by the sturdy arms of two young men. They to a stake near by was another rowboat. Miss Prickett suggested, after a while, that it would be great fun for them to show the rest of the party that they were not dependent upon the young men for a row on the lake, and proposed that they should get into the boat and "paddle their own canoe."

None of the girls could row, to be sure, but with much jesting and laughter they all determined to climb into the boat. This accomplished they found out that the boat was not what they had expected. Miss Prickett and Theresa Cook held the oars, and by dint of shoving and paddling, managed to make the boat move over the water with uncertain and varying motion. Finally they became exhausted, and as the boat was some distance from the shore the other girls grew a little alarmed and entreated that they should be taken back to their friends.

This was easier said than done. After a few minutes of laborious work the two young oarsmen found that they were not making any headway towards the bank, and a general feeling of fright seized the little party. By this time Miss Prickett and Cook were entirely exhausted. Two of the other girls volunteered to take their places at the oars, and an attempt was made to change positions. While endeavoring to execute this maneuver the little craft lurched over one side and shipped a quantity of water. This frightened the girls more than ever. They screamed, and tried to hold up their feet from the bottom of the boat, to keep them from getting wet.

Several of them made a move to sit on the side of the boat, when it suddenly turned completely over, emptying its living freight into the deep lake. They were plunged into the water, six piercing shrieks rent the air and startled the picnic party on the bank. Rev. Father Burke, a Catholic priest of Mount Holly, and F. A. Fairchild, of 815 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, were walking along the shore. The priest took in the situation at a glance and, as quick as thought, at once made a dash for the boat. He removed a portion of his clothing and plunged into the lake, closely followed by Fairchild.

With rapid strokes the two men swam towards the drowning girls, who were nearly exhausted already. Father Burke, with each lusty stroke, encouraged the girls with his voice in their efforts to keep afloat. In less than a minute after the boat upset he and Fairchild had each grasped one of the girls and swam with his burden to the boat, which was floating near by, bottom upward. Bidding them hold fast to it, the two men swam out again and brought two others safely to the capsized craft.

By the time they had succeeded in bringing the fifth girl, Miss Alice Riley, to the bank, both the priest and the young Philadelphia priest were nearly exhausted. Wearied and breathless, they clung to an instant to the boat. The rescued girls cried out to them to save Miss Graham, who was seen to go down for the last time a few yards away. The priest, who could hardly hold his head above the water, so exhausted had he been in his efforts to keep afloat, and swam painfully to the spot where the girl had sunk from sight. He dove beneath the surface. It seemed like an age to those clinging to the boat before he reappeared, bearing the dying girl in his arms.

Holding her head above the surface with one arm, he slowly swam to the boat with her and managed to hold on until assistance arrived from the shore. The young women, who had arrived boat and brought safely to the shore, were applied and dry clothing procured, and in a short time all had almost entirely recovered from the accident. Father Burke and Mr. Fairchild are the heroes of the hour.

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