

## POETRY.

The following tender and beautiful poem is by the Rev. Father Ryan, sometimes called the poet-priest of the South:—

I walked down the Valley of Silence,  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone;  
And I heard not the fall of a footstep  
Around me—save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win,  
Long ago I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met with the human and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly  
I craved what the world never gave;  
And I said: "In the world each ideal  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is shone on the shores of the real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still I pine on for the Perfect,  
And still I found the False with the True;  
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,  
But caught a now glimpse of its blue;  
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,  
And I moaned through the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt long ago at an altar  
And I heard a voice call me; since then  
I walked down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And about me a voice said, "be mine."  
There rose from the depth of my spirit  
An echo, "my heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like the perfume from censer,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats in the dim Valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge  
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never break in on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—  
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and his Angels are there—  
And one is in the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

## THE LEADERS OF DUBLIN SOCIETY.

Starting with the self-evident proposition that London is the most superb city in the three kingdoms, Edinburgh the most scientific, we come to a full stop when we try to particularize for what Dublin is especially noted. Ask an average Englishman what the Irish capital is celebrated, and the chances are ten to one that he will promptly reply, "Stout and whiskey." He is right, too. These commodities take the lead, and we find their manufacturers chief among the leaders of Dublin Society as it is at present. And well they have won their position: the traders are the great power now, but they make a mistake in not accepting their lot as tradespeople; they foolishly try to buy their way to noble families; they look upon themselves as the aristocracy, when in reality, there is not such a thing in Dublin. That is the great point in which the Dublin people fail. They will cling to the shadow of an aristocracy with the faintest suspicion of its substance being there. Before the Union, Dublin had a House of Lords, and every Lord had a residence in Dublin. But when the Parliament was annihilated the Lords gradually sold off their houses and disappeared. Rank, splendour and fashion vanished, and now, not a single nobleman has a residence in Dublin. It is melancholy to walk through the streets of the Irish capital, and to see the fate of all these magnificent mansions of the Irish nobles—Leinster House given up to Cattle Shows; Mornington House, Mendicity Institution; Powerscourt House, a drapers'; Tyrone House, the National Schools; the Mansion of the Lords Talbot, a training school for female teachers; Lord Meath's, an hospital; Lord Castlereagh's, where the Union was decided upon and signed, a public office; Charlemont House, given up to Census clerks, but it would be endless to go through the catalogue; enough has been added to prove the accuracy of the statement that Dublin does not now possess an aristocracy. When the nobles abdicated their position, there was, however, a haughty and magnificent Established Church left to Dublin, for the crowd to honour. The Bishops of it were princes in their way, well-born and wealthy, but their influence gradually declined from various causes, and with the fall of the Establishment they fell also; and now they are but mere mortal clay, without prestige, title, or wealth. The next race that led Dublin Society was formed of the Members of Parliament. They were once proud and powerful—men of birth and position; magnates who held the destiny of the country in their hands. They kept up good establishments in Dublin and in the provinces, and only visited London during the session. But their hour of doom struck also, when Reform changed the world and the Emancipation Bill passed. Then the old haughty and exclusive country families found themselves pushed from their stools by the newly arisen Roman Catholic interest, which, after 1829, sprang up with such irresistible force, and also by the awkward ambition of the merchants and traders. The result of this was that the old established gentry consequently ceased to do battle for their position as leaders of Dublin Society. They lurked in the provinces; they came but seldom to grace the Vice-regal Halls; they subsided into mere utility; became bovine fattened cattle, and competed for bullocks. They have no longer any splendid mansions in Dublin; hotels and lodgings are sufficient for the flying visits of the once proud and powerful landed gentry of Ireland. When the nobles, the Princes of the Church, and the landed gentry faded away from the Summits of Dublin Society, the learned professions took an eminent position as leaders and centres of culture and brilliancy. These were the bright young days of Sir P. Crampton, Wilde, and their competers, for the medical profession holds a most distinguished place in Dublin Society, and is honored throughout Europe for its learning, intellect, and culture, and for the generous hospitality with which its leading members receive and welcome all the learned and

eminent foreigners who visit Dublin. But the lead of the learned professions is rapidly coming to an end. The cost of living is quadrupled, but the fees are not increased; they remain exactly the same as they were fifty years ago. Consequently, the learned professions must resign, and give place to the only class in the community that possess wealth—the merchants and traders, and the true leaders of modern Dublin society. They have money—and money means power, honour, worship, glory, patronage, the support of art, of all the things that no class in Dublin has wherewithal to support. Therefore they are the magnates of the hour—resident magnates, too, for a time, until they get into Parliament, when their ambition is to sink their trade, anglicise their name, affect an English accent, and go to live in London in a West End house. Then poor Dublin is only tolerated now and again when the London season ends. We see, then, how, step by step, grade after grade, one succeeds the other. All that once was splendid and aristocratic in Dublin society has disappeared. Traditions of former style and grandeur still remain, but they are only traditions; how, for instance, Lord Mansfield, when Lord Chancellor, used to walk to church on Sundays, followed by his twenty servants, two by two, in gorgeous liveries—a sight to be remembered! And the newspapers of the last century describe how, on Royal birthdays, there was first a morning reception at the Castle, at which the ladies appeared splendidly dressed; afterwards a dinner; and the next night a ball, when Her Excellency appeared in a robe of cloth of gold held up by pages. But then the Lord Lieutenant of that day was a king—he had power and kept up his state, and opened Parliament as a sovereign. Now, alas! his vocation is gone; he has not even the semblance of power; he merely inspects fat cattle, and opens nothing more important than a rink! It would be far wiser for Dublin to abolish this sham court, and to make the Lord Mayor the king of Dublin society, with a seven years' tenure of office, a fitting income, and a new and magnificent Mayoralty. Consider how much money is expended in paying a parcel of useless Castle officials who look down upon the merchants and traders when they come to the Castle; indeed, lately, one of these well-paid idlers remarked superciliously that he had been seven years in Dublin, and that he thanked God he had never set his foot in a Dublin drawing room. A Lord Lieutenant in Dublin is an anomaly, for he is supposed to be the head of the aristocracy there. The Lord Mayor is the true head of Dublin Society, and the citizens would do well to give up their vain pining after the rank which has deserted them and accept their position. In place of the list of noble names to be found at the head of Dublin Society in days of yore, we have now a different army of names—not a whit less noble in their way they include those of a brewer, a distiller, a draper, a silk mercer, a chandler, a printer, a cattle sales, master, and a tobacconist. They are the leaders, because they have the money, and money is power; and, instead of hanging on to the skirt of a sham court, if they would combine—make the Liffy their Arno, Cork-hill their Acropolis, and uphold the dignity of their citizenship—there is wit and there is genius enough among them to make the Irish capital a modern city of the Medici; literature and arts would get a chance of flourishing, and the traditional glories of the past be fully compensated for by the good sense and dignity displayed by the traders—the leaders of Dublin Society.—*Whitehall Review.*

## A SKETCH OF THE "OBSTRUCTIVES".

The withdrawal of Mr. Butt from the Home Rule proceeding of Monday eliminated from the programme of the evening demonstration the only name of the established oratorical reputation; but it would be rash to conclude that the four members of Parliament who represent the new Young Ireland party are devoid of senatorial capacity and presence. Ideas of this sort become current partly because a sort of stupid contempt for persons who annoy him, and whom he does not want to think about, is a besetting frailty of the average Englishman, and partly because impressions of public men are generally produced by writers in the Reporter's Gallery who for the most part are capable of nothing but noticing what necktie a member wears and how he plucks at it, or at first how he treats his h's. It was writers of this type who for years caricatured the late George Odger, of whom we are able to say from actual experience that judges least likely to be lenient to an operative Radical orator were invariably charmed, when they actually heard him, by his effectual and winning advocacy of his opinions. Mr. O'Donnell has a good right to resent contemptuously the liberties some of the back sketchers have taken with him. He is young; he is conceited; he is aggravating on *malice prepense*; he is in many ways disagreeable. But to persons moderately acquainted with the "wings" of the theatre of London Literature he is a familiar figure of respectable standing. His pen had the credit of formulating the position of the *Spectator* on certain questions—notably the Catholic question—on which that always striking journal has broadly distinguished itself by special liberality. Unless we are to appraise literary men by high-stepping bays and houses in Grosvenor Crescent, it is absurd to impute any uncertainty of *status* to a gentleman of Mr. O'Donnell's avocations and the outrage is all the more ridiculous when perpetrated by men who, while apparently devoid of the faculty of real criticism, elaborate in multiplied letters and telegrams all over the country such evidence of humorous observation as that one gentleman wears a white waistcoat, that another offends the properties by a red tie, and that a third fans himself with his notice paper.

"Of the four 'obstructives' the least conspicuously able is probably the most artful. Mr. Biggar 'began it.' His having the House cleared one night while the Prince of Wales was in the gallery not only scandalised Belgrave and Bloomsbury, but suggested a latent power of dogged, calculating malice, which has since been only too fully developed in what Mr. Biggar believes to be the interest of his country. His countenance has that look half of patient suffering, half of proclivity to mischief, and his voice also a certain uncanny ring, which are frequent in cases where nature has not moulded the form with average symmetry; and it is easy to recognise in Mr. Biggar one whose contrivance of sly mischief is likely to be inexhaustible, while he will be perfectly imperturbable in carrying it out. Probably it is safe to guess that he is the mainspring of the mechanism by which Parliament has been incommoded. Twinkling malignity, however, or even shrewdness in manipulating detail, though inconvenient to deal with, is not political capacity; and it must be confessed that if Mr. Biggar gives any trouble, it is as an artful child or cunning savage gives trouble. Occasionally he has strokes of honour, as when he said if war has been declared, we should have had to ask Russia to wait till our soldiers had grown to maturity, or as when he said 'Sir William Harcourt's principles are as much for sale as my bacon is for sale.' There was also a good instinct for character in picking out Messrs. Bright, Gladstone, Hibbert, Stansfeld, and Lefevre as official Liberals who were really Liberal. But on the whole a childish narrowness and an selfish recklessness are the characteristics of Mr. Biggar's observations. They are delivered as becomes a plain man, calmly, coherently, conversationally, and without an atom of effort, pretence, or affectation.

Mr. Parnell is so entirely English and "nice" in aspect, bearing, and pronunciation that it seemed rather hard upon him for one of the speakers to

gibbet him as an Irish gentleman who have lost his accent in London society. The member for Meath and quondam High Sheriff of Wicklow probably never had an Irish accent to lose, and has enjoyed an English university education, of which his manners bear the impress. This fair, well-dressed, and well-brushed slender young man is a gentleman every inch of him, and the very opposite of an eccentric one. He does not need translating. Other English gentlemen can understand him. At least they can understand everything about him except his pale fanaticism, which impels him to stand up and quietly urge forth a stream of not too fluent and yet unflinching speech, characterised by that amazing and unconscious independence of fact which is never found along with such keen and grave determination, except in minds which are in the perpetual grasp of a masterful and consuming frenzy. There is no charm in what Mr. Parnell says. The matter of his discourse bears little, if any, relation to the conditions around him, or to the actual tenor of his own experiences. But there is an unbought power in the clear and grinding sincerity of his manner, which is all the more remarkable because this fragile-looking, quiet gentleman is obviously intended by nature for a very modest place in the background. Whatever martyr-like resolution will do without the aid of common-sense sanity Mr. Parnell will accomplish.

The fighting type of Irishmen is well represented by Mr. O'Connor Power, whose closely cropped head, and firmly set face denote much intensity of oratorical purpose. When sitting still, his face is usually in a merry condition, as if he were "thinking of nothing at all," or of something very pleasant. Directly he begins to speak, his countenance becomes rigid, the lower part of it squares down severely, and he begins to pour forth sonorous rhetoric of the high patriotic kind which has evidently been carefully prepared, and which, except that its sound is out of proportion to its purport, is undoubtedly effective. Mr. Power is the most sonorous and grandiloquent of the band, though his demeanour in inaction would rather suggest that his style would be rollicking, and though the records of the late obstruction struggles show that in committee he can greatly assist mischievous tactics by neat expedients of *punishumorous* delays—as when, at half-past three in the morning when they were all gavelled, he caused all his friends to repeat their speeches by confessing that he did not clearly see what was the issue before the chair. Parliamentary rough-handling has given the whole party great self-possession; and though several of their speeches were elaborately prepared, not one of them referred to a note.

Whether Mr. O'Donnell's future will afford due scope for his abilities as a speaker is rendered doubtful by the line of conduct he is adopting, but we shall hazard respecting him this observation. The present Prime Minister has had many imitators, but we do not remember a speaker who has exhibited so truly Disraelian a quality as the member for Dungarvan. Like the young Disraeli, he has many traits of foppery. Self-admiration, self-contemplation are in every glance and gesture. The screwing and dropping of his eyeglass has furnished endless "copy" to his friends in the gallery. His conspicuous light scarf might afford faintest scope for the prevalent style of political description, and his white gaiters should fairly condemn him to the ostracism of the whole reportorial Press. Nor—dealing with the matter a little more seriously—does this confident young gentleman often enjoy in the House the superb opportunity which is afforded by a friendly audience. All this goes to account for his having as yet made no deep impression except as a loquacious and interminable Obstructionist. But "it is in him and will come out." It came out on Monday night.

*Mutatis mutandis* what could be more like Lord Beaconsfield's manner and way of making play than Mr. O'Donnell's slow, deliberate audacity as he let out his carefully prepared and well-balanced sentences, with their passing lights and shades, by turns, grotesque, hyperbolic, satirical, cynical, and gaspingly earnest? Note his surprise and grief that the House of Commons should have found him offensive—his capital thumb-nail sketch of Sir William Harcourt "developing his political rectitude"—his fancy picture of Mr. Biggar in the chair, and his other fancy picture in the Cambryses vein of the Parliament of expelled members on College Green—his elaborate yet easy irony as to the probability that intentional obstruction might after all not be necessary—his irresistible imitation of the "booming" representatives of the nation that sings "Scots wha hae." Then there was a whole scene of Disraelian comedy in the references to the descendants of Charles II.'s illegitimate children who look down on the Macs and O's—he supposed because the mothers and grandmothers of these at least were married. The poignant reference to the Orleans Club in this connection was only too effectual as a poisoned stab, and then the careful orator recovered himself like his model by, as it were, correcting his own indiscretion and confessing in the truest Beaconsfield vein that "even in the heat of debate we ought to refrain from going into the origin of the English aristocracy."

We do not say all this is very elevated or very fine, but it is in manner and method essentially Disraelian, and should not be despised by those who deem Lord Beaconsfield the *ne plus ultra* of Parliamentary style. This young Irishman may never get his chance. He may voluntarily forfeit it. But if he chooses, he will be heard of again. He cannot help being cynical. He cannot help being histrionic. But he has the advantage of really feeling deeply about nobler things than ever stirred Benjamin Disraeli, and he may if he pleases avoid the fatal error of prostituting his courage in audacity in detailed vexatious, technical skirmishes, tainted with insincerity and folly. He may if he pleases take the lead, from which Mr. Butt will have to retire, and having got that position, may learn to make Parliament listen to him. He has wit. He has singularity. He has convictions on social and general questions. He has an immense aptitude for that derision of Saxon Philistinism which hitherto has chiefly been a private solace of the Celts, but which may easily be made a potent weapon of offence. He has variety of style and ease of transition. These are telling Parliamentary qualities well used. It remains for Mr. O'Donnell to fling them if he chooses into the waste gulf of utter vulgarity into which he and his friends have recklessly rolled the regulation, if not the destinies, of their country.

## ENGLAND SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

(From Green's "Short History of the English People.")

But it was at this moment, when England stood once more alone, that Pitt won the greatest of his political triumphs in the union of Ireland with England. The history of Ireland, from its conquest by William the Third up to this time, is one which no Englishman can recall without shame. Since the surrender of Limerick every Catholic Irishman, and there were five Catholics to every Protestant, had been treated as a stranger and a foreigner in his own country. The House of Lords, the House of Commons, the right of voting for representatives in Parliament, the magistracy, all corporate offices in towns, all ranks in the army, the bench, the bar, the whole administration of government or justice, were closed against Catholics. Few Catholic landlords had been left by the sweeping confiscations which had followed the successive revolts of the island, and oppressive laws forced even these few, with scant exceptions, to profess Protestantism.

Necessity, indeed, had brought about a practical toleration of their religion and their worship; but in all social and political matters the native Catholics, in other words the immense majority of the people of Ireland, were simply brewers of wood and drawers of water to their Protestant masters, who still looked on themselves as mere settlers, who boasted of their Scotch or English extraction, and who regarded the name of "Irishman" as an insult. But small as was this Protestant body, one half of it fared little better, as far as power was concerned than the Catholics; for the Presbyterians, who formed the bulk of the Ulster settlers, were shut out by law from all civil, military, and municipal offices. The administration and justice of the country were thus kept rigidly in the hands of members of the Established Church, a body which comprised about a twelfth of the population of the island; while its government was practically monopolized by a few great Protestant landowners. The rotten boroughs, which had originally been created to make the Irish Parliament depend on the Crown, had by this time fallen under the influence of the adjacent landlords, whose command of these made them masters of the House of Commons, while they formed in person the House of Peers. To such a length had this system been carried that at the time of the Union more than sixty seats were in the hands of three families alone—that of Lord Downshire, of the Ponsonbys, and of the Beresfords. One half of the House of Commons, in fact, was returned by a small group of nobles, who were recognized as "parliamentary undertakers," and who undertook to "manage" Parliament on their own terms. Irish politics were for these men a mere means of public plunder; they were gutted with pensions, preferments, and bribes in hard cash in return for their services; they were the advisers of every lord-lieutenant, and the practical governors of the country. The result was what might have been expected; and for more than a century Ireland was the worst governed country in Europe. That its government was not even worse than it was, was due to its connection with England and the subordination of its Parliament to the English Privy Council. The Irish Parliament had no power of originating legislative or financial measures, and could only say "yes" or "no" to acts submitted to it by the Privy Council in England. The English Parliament, too, claimed the right of binding Ireland as well as England by its enactments, and one of its statutes transferred the appellate jurisdiction of the Irish Peerage to the English House of Lords. Calling as these restrictions were to the plundering aristocracy of Ireland, they formed a useful check on its tyranny. But as it to compensate for the benefits of this protection, England did her best to annihilate Irish commerce and to ruin Irish agriculture. Statutes passed by the jealousy of English landowners, forbade the export of Irish cattle or sheep to English ports. The export of wool was forbidden, lest it might interfere with the profits of English wool-growers. Poverty was thus added to the curse of misgovernment, and poverty deepened with the rapid growth of the native population, till famine turned the country into a hell.

The bitter lesson of the last conquest, however, long sufficed to check all dreams of revolt among the natives, and the murders and riots which sprang from time to time out of the general misery and discontent were roughly repressed by the ruling class. When revolt threatened at last, the threat came from the ruling class itself. Some timid efforts made by the English Government at the accession of George the Third to control its tyranny were answered by a refusal of money bills, and by a cry for the removal of the checks imposed on the independence of the Irish Parliament. But it was not till the American war that this cry became a political danger. The threat of a French invasion and the want of any regular force to oppose it compelled the Government to call on Ireland to provide for its own defense, and forty thousand volunteers appeared in arms in 1779. The force was wholly a Protestant one, commanded by Protestant officers, and it was turned to account by the Protestant aristocracy. Threats of an armed revolt backed the eloquence of two Parliamentary leaders, Grattan and Flood, in their demand of "Irish independence," and the Volunteers bid for the sympathy of the native Catholics, who looked with indifference of these quarrels of their masters, by claiming for them a relation of the penal laws against the exercise of their religion and of some of their most oppressive disabilities. So real was the danger that England was forced to give way; and Lord Rockingham induced the British Parliament to abandon, in 1782, the judicial and legislative supremacy it had till then asserted over Ireland. From this moment England and Ireland were simply held together by the fact that the sovereign of the one island was also the sovereign of the other. During the next eighteen years Ireland was "independent," but its independence was a mere name for the uncontrolled rule of a few nobles families. The victory of the Volunteers had been won simply to the profit of the "undertakers," who returned the majority of members in the Irish House of Lords. The suspension of any control or interference from England left Ireland at these men's mercy, and they soon showed that they meant to keep it for themselves. When the Catholics claimed admission to the franchise or to equal civil rights as a reward for their aid in the late struggle, their claim was rejected. A similar demand of the Presbyterians, who had formed a good half of the Volunteers, for the removal of their disabilities, was equally set aside. Even Grattan, when he pleaded for a reform which would make the Parliament at least a fair representative of the Protestant Englishry, utterly failed. The ruling class found government too profitable to share it with other possessors. It was only by hard bribery that the English Government could secure their co-operation in the simplest measures of administration. "If ever there was a country unfit to govern itself," said Lord Hutchinson, "it is Ireland. A corrupt aristocracy, a ferocious commonalty, a distracted Government, a divided people!" The real character of this Parliamentary rule was seen in the rejection of Pitt's offer of free trade. In Pitt's eyes the danger of Ireland lay not so much in its factious aristocracy as in the misery of the people they governed. Although the Irish Catholics were held down by the brute force of their Protestant rulers, he saw that their discontent was growing fast into rebellion, and that one secret of their discontent at any rate lay in Irish poverty, a poverty increased, if not originally brought about, by the jealous exclusion of Irish products from their natural markets in England itself. One of his first commercial measures put an end to this exclusion by a bill which established freedom of trade between the two islands. But though he met successfully the fears and jealousies of the English farmers and manufacturers, he was foiled by the factious ignorance of the Irish landowners, and his bill was rejected by the Irish Parliament. So utterly was he discouraged that only the outbreak of the Revolutionary struggle, and the efforts which France at once made to excite rebellion among the Irish Catholics, roused him to fresh measures of conciliation and good government. In 1792 he forced on the Irish Parliament measures for the admission of Catholics to the electoral franchise, and to military offices within the island, which promised to open a new era of religious liberty. But the promise came too late. The hope of conciliation was lost in the fast rising tide of religious and social passion. An association of "United Irishmen" began among the Protestants of Ulster with a view of obtaining Parliamentary reform, drifted into a correspondence with France and projects of insurrection. The Catholic peasantry, brooding over their misery and their wrongs,

were equally stirred by the news from France; and their discontent broke out in the outrages of "Defenders" and "Peep-o-day Boys," who held the country in terror. For a while, however, the Protestant landowners, banded together in "Orange Societies," held the country down by sheer terror and bloodshed.

At last the smouldering discontent and dissatisfaction burst into flame. Ireland was in fact driven into rebellion by the lawless cruelty of the Orange yeomanry and the English troops. In 1796 and 1797 soldiers and yeomanry marched over the country torturing and scourging the "cropsies," as the Irish insurgents were called in derision from their short-cut hair, robbing, ravishing, and murdering. Their outrages were sanctioned by a Bill of Indemnity passed by the Irish Parliament, and protected for the future by an Insurrection Act and a suspension of the Habeas Corpus. Meanwhile the United Irishmen prepared for an insurrection, which was delayed by the failure of the French expeditions on which they had counted for support, and above all by the victory of Camperdown. Atrocities were answered by atrocities, when the revolt at last broke out in 1798. Loyal Protestants were lashed and tortured in their turn, and every soldier taken was butchered without mercy. The rebels, however, no sooner mustered fifteen thousand men strong in a camp on Vinegar Hill near Ennisbribery than the camp was stormed by the English troops, and the revolt utterly suppressed. The suppression only just came in time to prevent greater disasters. A few weeks after the close of the rebellion a thousand French soldiers under General Humbert landed in Mayo, broke a force of three times their number in a battle at Castlebar, and only surrendered when the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Cornwallis, faced them with thirty thousand men. Lord Cornwallis, a wise and humane ruler, found more difficulty in checking the reprisals of his troops and of the Orangemen than in stamping out the last embers of insurrection; but the hideous cruelty brought about one good result. Pitt's disgust at "the bigoted fury of Irish Protestants" ended in a firm resolve to put an end to the farce of "Independence," which left Ireland helpless in their hands. The political necessity for a union of the two islands had already been brought home to every English statesman by the course of the Irish Parliament during the disputes over the Regency; for, while England repelled the claims of the Prince of Wales to the Regency as of right, Ireland admitted them. As the only union left between the two peoples was their obedience to a common ruler, such an act might conceivably have ended in their entire severance, and the sense of this danger secured a welcome on this side of the Channel for Pitt's proposal to unite the two Parliaments. The opposition of the Irish borough-mongers was naturally stubborn and determined. But with them it was a sheer question of gold; and the assent of the Irish Parliament was bought with a million in money, and with a liberal distribution of pensions and peerages to its members. Base and shameless as such means were, Pitt may fairly plead that they were the only means by which the bill for the Union could have been passed. As the matter was finally arranged in June, 1800, one hundred Irish members became part of the House of Commons at Westminster, and twenty-eight temporal with four spiritual peers for each Parliament by their fellows, took their seats in the House of Lords. Commerce between the two countries was freed from all restrictions, and all trading privileges of the one were thrown open to the other; while taxation was proportionately distributed between the two peoples.

But the legislative union of the two countries was only part of the great plan which Pitt had conceived for the conciliation of Ireland. With the conclusion of the Union his projects of free trade between the two countries, which had been defeated a few years back by the folly of the Irish Parliament, came quietly into play; and in spite of insufficient capital and social disturbance the growth of the trade, shipping, and manufacture of Ireland has gone on without a check from that time to this. The change which brought Ireland directly under the common Parliament was followed too by a gradual revision of its oppressive laws and an amendment in their administration; taxation was lightened, and a faint beginning made of public instruction. But in Pitt's mind the great means of conciliation was the concession of religious equality. In proposing to the English Parliament the union of the two countries he pointed out that, when thus joined to a Protestant country like England, all danger of a Catholic supremacy in Ireland, should Catholic disabilities be removed, would be practically at an end; and he suggested that in such a case "an effectual and adequate provision for their loyalty" would be a security for the hopes of "Catholic Emancipation," or the removal of the civil disabilities of Catholics, which were held out by Lord Castlereagh in Ireland itself as means of hindering any opposition to the project of Union on the part of the Catholics. It was agreed on all sides that their opposition would have secured its defeat; but no Catholic opposition showed itself. After the passing of the bill, Pitt prepared to lay before the Cabinet a measure which would have raised not only the Catholic, but the Dissenter, to perfect equality of civil rights. He proposed to remove all religious tests which limited the exercise of the franchise, or were required for admission to Parliament, the magistracy, the bar, municipal offices, or posts in the army or the service of the State. Political security was provided for by the imposition, in the place of the Sacramental Test, of an oath of Allegiance and of fidelity to the Constitution; while the loyalty of the Catholic and Dissenting clergy was secured by the grant of some provision to both by the State. To conciliate the Church, measures were added for strengthening its means of discipline, and for increasing the stipends of its poorer ministers. A commutation of tithes was to remove a constant source of quarrel in Ireland between the Episcopal clergy and the people. The scheme was too large and statesmanlike to secure the immediate assent of the Cabinet, and before that assent could be won the plan was communicated through the treachery of the Chancellor, Lord Loughborough, to George the Third. "I count any man my personal enemy," the King broke out angrily to Dundas, "who proposes any such measure." Pitt answered this outburst by submitting his whole plan to the King. "The political circumstances under which the exclusive laws originated," he wrote, "arising either from the conflicting power of hostile and nearly balanced sects, from the apprehension of a Popish Queen as successor, a disputed succession, and a foreign pretender, a division in Europe between Catholic and Protestant powers, are no longer applicable to the present state of things." But argument was wasted upon George the Third. In spite of the decision of the lawyers whom he consulted, the King held himself bound by his Coronation Oath to maintain the tests; and his bigotry agreed too well with the religious hatred and political distrust of the Catholics which still prevailed among the bulk of the English people not to make his decision fatal to the bill. Pitt, however, held firm to its principle; he resigned in February, 1801, and was succeeded by the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Addington, a man as dull and bigoted as George himself.

[We try to avoid clipping at second hand from our Montreal contemporary, but the foregoing is from an English standpoint, so impartial, that we have taken it from the *Daily Witness*.]

\* The "Peep-o-day Boys" was a Protestant Organization which afterwards became the Orange Society.—E. T. W.