

"Fairplay," now introduces fresh matter, namely, the Penal Code and the Treaty of Limerick. The Penal Code was passed by an Irish Home Rule Parliament nearly 200 years from now, and it was repealed generations ago. Truth-seekers should put this simple question to intelligent Americans. "If during the Secession War, the Southerners—imitating King James' Irish Parliament in 1689—had passed an Act of Congress, sentencing to death and confiscation of property,—without trial—all the Unionists owning real estate in the Confederate States, both combatants and non-combatants, compelling them to fly the country, what in these enlightened times would have been the retaliatory laws when the Northerners had succeeded in conquering them?" Common sense teaches us that they would not have left any power in the hands of such tyrants, and that there would have been the same as 200 years ago in Ireland, retaliatory confiscations. Three generations after the battle of the Boyne, the United States confiscated the property of the Loyalists.

With respect to the Treaty of Limerick I refer your readers to page 221, vol. 4, of Macaulay's History of England (Lovell's edition). Macaulay, as an orator, author, able and conscience-ruled statesman, was the greatest Englishman of this century and far more Radical than Whig. He states that it "was reserved for politicians of the nineteenth century to discover that a treaty made in the seventeenth century had a few weeks after it had been signed been outrageously violated in the sight of all Europe." He records—page 218—facts of which every Englishman may be proud. The English House of Commons (1692) had passed a bill that no person should practise law or medicine in Ireland till he had taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and subscribed the declaration against Transubstantiation. But the Peers considered that if the Bill was passed without some exceptions it would be a breach of the Treaty of Limerick. The treaty was ordered to be read at the table when it was found that by the second article any person residing in any fortress occupied by an Irish garrison should be permitted, on taking the oath of allegiance, to resume any calling which he had exercised before the Revolution. The celebrated Chief Justice Holt was consulted by the Peers, and was directed to prepare clauses in conformity with the terms of the capitulation. A conference between the two Houses was held. The Earl of Rochester, a high Tory, "earnestly represented"—to those representing the House of Commons—"the importance of preserving the public faith inviolate." The House of Commons, after having had the treaty read, agreed, with some slight modifications, to what the Lords had proposed. Compare this with the conduct 200 years subsequently of the Parliamentary leaders of the Irish Nationalists. With very few exceptions, they have repeatedly advocated more or less confiscation of the property of landowners, both Protestant and Catholic, and also have openly advocated lawlessness; and it is a fact that at present 27 of the Nationalists now sitting in the House of Commons were declared by the unanimous verdict of three English judges (one being a Catholic) to have been "guilty of a criminal conspiracy." In the improbable event of Home Rule becoming law in the next Parliament, these 27 "criminal conspirators" would govern Ireland. It is no wonder that the Irish Catholic Unionists rally to the Protestant Unionists against being ruled by such men, and that the son and namesake of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell has signed the great Catholic petition against the Bill. The statement by a Catholic farmer, quoted in the London Spectator, that 30 Catholic farmers in his parish had informed him that they were opposed to the Bill, is full of meaning. He added that it was so dangerous to post the letter in his locality to the Irish Times, that he was obliged to send it under cover to a friend at Liverpool. This being so under Imperial rule, what would be the state of things if Ireland was ruled by "criminal conspirators"? All the facts

show conclusively that the great majority of the Catholic property owners are opposed to Home Rule. In the Toronto Mail of May 13 there is overwhelming evidence that such is the case.

A curious side-light is thrown upon the Treaty of Limerick, in the "Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," by Mrs. Maurice O'Connell, the widow of a son of Daniel O'Connell. Among other instances she reports (p. 57, vol. 2) the case of one Fagan who fought at the battle of Aughrim, and consequently "was included in the articles of the capitulation of Limerick," and bought property in Kerry, etc., etc. Her work shows conclusively that many of the penal laws practically became obsolete, and that the Catholic and Protestant gentry lived on good terms with one another; also (p. 197) that the former were opposed to the rebellion of 1798. She quotes (p. 226) from a letter written by Col. Count O'Connell 94 years ago—curiously applicable to the present time—"order must be re-established, or Ireland will be ruined." She also quotes from another letter (Feb. 12th, 1801) from "her hero" to Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," then beginning his career—in which the Colonel refers to "the virtues and abilities of the present chief governor (the Lord Lieutenant) to whose moderation, firmness and humanity (Ireland) owes the peace and tranquillity it now enjoys"—and he strongly deprecated "the suggestions of ill-minded persons working on their feelings and passions." How applicable this last is to the present time!

The Colonel had been an eye-witness of the earlier horrors of the French Revolution—had fled the country, and served under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards returned to Ireland—he was therefore, as he had also served in Spain, well qualified to compare different systems of government.

Seekers after truth respecting Ireland should study her work. It abounds with curious information respecting life in the south of Ireland; and being written without Celtic heat, it is evidently reliable. The father of the authoress (Catholic) was an Italian gentleman, her mother was Irish; this partly explains the moderation and fairness of her writing. Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The demand for novels and the production of them during the last century have been enormous, but are now greater than ever. Probably there are few more lucrative trades, especially since the passing of the International Copyright Law, than that of a popular-novel writer. The rush into it, accordingly, is great, and, the old love-tale having been pretty well used up, ingenuity is tasked to find new subjects and fresh stimulants. We have sensation novels, detective novels, idyllic novels, moral novels, libidinous novels, theological novels, political novels, social novels, local novels such as those of Miss Murfree, and antiquarian novels such as those of Ebers. Yet of all this multitude that no man can number, Scott remains the king. No imagination has yet appeared so vivid and creative as that which dwelt in the high-peaked head and beamed in the kindly Scottish face, with its shaggy eyebrows and blue eyes. Some of the later novelists have had a good deal more philosophy, and have analyzed character more profoundly, but they have not written such tales.

Scott's reputation perhaps feels the ravages of time most in that part of his works which formed the original essay of his genius and first made him the delight of his contemporaries. He probably knew more of the middle ages, as well

as felt a more passionate interest in them, than any other man of his time. But a great deal more is known about them now than we knew, and the weaknesses of his representation are apparent. The stucco of his Gothic edifice has crumbled. Even his descriptions of castles and of sieges show that he antedated Viollet-le-Duc. The Knights on guard at Brankseme, who "drank the red wine with helmet barred," would scarcely pass muster with the antiquaries of the present day. Moreover, chivalry has been vulgarized by melodrama and the circus, both of which are unpleasantly recalled to our minds as we read his romances of chivalry. Boys may still delight in 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Talisman'; the mature taste can delight in them no more. In the metrical romances we are carried along by the unflagging vigour of the verse, the spirit of the narrative, and the frequent occurrence of passages of high poetical beauty, such as the well-known lines on the Last Minstrel, the description of the camp at Edinburgh, the scene in the Abbey at Holy Isle, the introduction of Margaret in the "Lay," the tolling of the convent bell heard far off by the stag, in "Marmion," the laying of the shepherd's body in Marmion's tomb. Then there are the charming songs. Above all there is the genuine spirit of the soldier in all the battle-pieces and military pictures. If Scott had not been laureate, he would very likely have been a general of cavalry. They are right who say that the most Homeric things in English poetry are his battle-pieces. Moreover, verse itself helps the imagination and disarms the critical faculty. But when it comes to reproducing in prose the life, ideas, and language of people separated from the writer by a gulf of seven centuries, the result can hardly be successful. What is produced is sentiment and thought really modern under an exaggerative travesty of ancient phraseology and costume.

The 'Talisman' is to a painful extent melodramatic and hippodromic. Nothing carries an adult reader at the present day through these tales, but the liveliness of the action, and the genuine sympathy of the writer, with the age which he is trying to call out of its grave.

The infirmity extends to the other historical novels, 'Quentin Durward,' 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' 'The Abbot,' 'The Monastery,' 'Kenilworth,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' and 'Woodstock,' in a degree lessening as the subject approaches the writer's time. These tales show, it is true, careful study of history and keen historic insight. Their principal characters are painted in the main with historic truth and justice, as well as with artistic force. Much knowledge of history may be gathered from them in a pleasant way, notwithstanding the audacious anachronisms of 'Kenilworth' and the still more audacious fabrications of 'Woodstock.' Still, they are more of the less desperate efforts to reproduce the unproducible. In all, recourse is inevitably had to the exaggeration of antique language, fashions, and costume. All save the stage or the fancy ball. The pomp of Sir Piercie Shafton in 'The Monastery' is a palpable travesty; and not less so are the tortuous and unctuous harangues put into the mouth of Cressida in 'Woodstock.' To a student of the