

has devoted a considerable part of his pamphlet to analyzing Mr. Gladstone's well-known pamphlet on the Royal Supremacy, and criticizing some of his principal propositions. In connection with the visitatorial jurisdiction of the Crown, and to show that it is not so absolute as Mr. Gladstone alleged, Mr. Dibdin explains how this visitatorial jurisdiction was the source of the Commissions of Review, which were frequently granted down to the abolition of the Court of Delegates, to re-hear cases decided by that Court. He also discusses the claim Mr. Gladstone makes that Convocation should be the instrument of legislation for the doctrine of the Church, explaining how far it agrees with his own views; and to meet Mr. Gladstone's assertion that the Reformation settlement contemplated that the ecclesiastical laws would be administered by ecclesiastical judges, he brings together a good deal of interesting information on the difference between civil law and canon law. A statute passed in 1545 (37 Henry VIII. cap. 17) authorized the employment of lay and married men as chancellors, &c., in ecclesiastical courts, provided they were doctors of civil law, and this is quoted by Mr. Gladstone as if a civil law degree was a security for knowledge of ecclesiastical law. Mr. Dibdin shows that throughout the Middle Ages canon law and civil law were distinct studies, in each of which separate degrees were conferred, and that Henry VIII. in 1535 suppressed the study of canon law at Cambridge, and probably also at Oxford, leaving only the Roman civil law, a knowledge of which was required for the proper exercise of the jurisdiction which the ecclesiastical courts then possessed as to wills and the administration of estates, and for cases in the Admiralty Court.

Mr. Dibdin's last chapter discusses the relations of Church and State in early times, being intended for those who may not be satisfied to abide by that Reformation settlement, which was to be adopted as a starting-point by the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, and it comprises among other things a full analysis and review of an interesting pamphlet by Dean Church, published in 1850, and recently republished.

H. R. DROOP.

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#### ART. IV.—IRELAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

**T**HE native-born Irish peasant, when left to himself and not unduly influenced by interested political adventurers, is kind-hearted, courteous, and obliging. Such, at all events, was his character as I knew him some forty years ago. Since then, I have been in many lands, and I have closely observed the habits and characters of the labouring classes in Europe and in

America, and in a portion of Africa, but nowhere have I met such kindness of heart and genuine hospitality as among the humble occupants of the unpretending, and, in too many cases, poverty-stricken cabins in the West and South of Ireland. With all their faults—and I know them well—there is not in any part of the world which I have yet visited any other race of people who, under such untoward circumstances, were so happy and contented as the Irish peasantry in days gone by. And God alone knows what trials these poor people were called upon to endure. In spite of industry and toil, the land was hardly sufficient to supply the barest necessities of life to the poor tenant. There were exceptions, no doubt; but the average regularity with which the men who tilled the soil were compelled to be satisfied with food unfit for human beings, is a fact which there is no use in disputing. Any traveller who ever visited Ireland in those days was impressed with the truth of this remark, and the piles of pamphlets which have issued from the press, add additional weight to the statement. The land in itself was, on the whole, good, and in experienced hands, with a little capital, things would have looked different. But the poor man had no capital except his labour, and no knowledge of agriculture except the traditional customs to which, unhappily, with undeviating fidelity the Irish cottier only too sturdily adhered. In reply to useful hints from landlords and others interested in the success of the farming operations of the small occupiers of holdings, it was not unfrequently said, "Sure, yer honour, none of the ould people ever did that sort of thing at all, and they got on well enough, an' sure it will do for us too, an' isn't God as good now as He ever was." Many a time have I heard this inconsequent though piously-worded reply given to real friends of the peasant. And not only so, but in several instances the well-meant efforts of generous landlords were utterly frustrated by this rigid reliance upon traditional routine.

There can be no doubt that the Irish peasant was easily satisfied and well content, provided he had plenty of potatoes and milk twice or three times a-day. This humble, but not by any means despicable fare (whenever it could be had), with the occasional addition of butter and eggs, "a bit of bacon and cabbage," now and then, not forgetting on market days or at the "fairs," a plentiful supply of whisky, or, better still, in the estimation of the poor man, "just a drap or two of potteen,"<sup>1</sup> made life

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<sup>1</sup> This is the name given to the home-brewed whisky which has a peculiar relish for the peasant from the fact that it is forbidden by law. If "stolen waters are sweet," illicit whisky has still greater attractions for the poor Irishman.

positively enjoyable to the Irishman. But such fare was quite exceptional—only on State occasions and high days! I am now referring to a period in the history of Ireland about 1840. At that time the potato was at its very best, both in quality and in quantity. There was a kind, now extinct, called “cups,” which were remarkably fine, and were sold at  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  a stone. These were more frequently on the tables of the rich and well-to-do classes than on that of the peasant. He preferred the “lumper,” as that kind of potato was called. It grew in perfection in the counties of Galway and Clare, and in 1841, I remember that they were supplied on contract to some of the workhouses for  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  a stone, and the “cups” at  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  Many a time, after a hard day’s snipe-shooting, have I been the welcome guest of a poor tenant. Those were the days when a man could easily bag his twenty brace of snipe in the good old bogs before civilization introduced its modern drainage system! What a luxury it was, after bog-trotting all day, and far from home, to sit down at the pressing and polite invitation of the peasant, who followed you with the keen zest of a sportsman, and dine off the following fare, got up by special effort, but with whole-souled hospitality. Splendid potatoes, each laughing at you through their half-broken rind, mealy and dry, fresh butter, milk of the purest brand, and without any sophistical adulteration, eggs newly laid “for the occasion!” Add to this the painfully hospitable plenty with which “the lady of the house” pressed you to relay after relay of potatoes, boiled, roasted, and fried, eggs “galore,” milk in the old-fashioned “noggin,” replenished again and again, and you have a true and faithful picture of the Irish peasant’s warm-hearted disposition, as I remember it previous to the heart-breaking famine of 1846. When I say “the lady of the house,” I mean what I say; for if unaffected modesty, kindly consideration for the feelings of others, and a genuine desire to make you feel perfectly at home, and to do everything to make your stay as happy and as comfortable as circumstances will allow—be considered, then, the Irish woman in an Irish cabin in the days of old was every inch of her both a true woman and a real lady.

I do not mean to imply that the above was the ordinary fare of the peasant. Many a time he had nothing but dry potatoes and salt, month after month. Milk and eggs and butter were exceptional luxuries, and confined to the better class of tenants. The fortifying bill of fare which I have given above was the extreme limit of the hospitable resources of the Irish peasant, but it was given to his guest with an overwhelming sense of that kindness of heart which in the Irish language is called *cead-mil-a-failtha*, or, “a hundred thousand welcomes.” That state of things is unhappily getting out of date, owing to the

present evil influence of the leaders of the people. There existed ordinarily great poverty and hardship; but the peasantry bore these trials with a light spirit. Their temperament stood between them and despair. They were too kind-hearted to originate schemes of spoliation. That has been reserved for the Jerrymandering type of the political charlatan, who makes capital for himself at the expense of the poor tenant. These interested schemers, as a rule, care very little for the welfare of the people, and less for the credit of their country. There have been noble exceptions, among which may be reckoned Smith O'Brien, poor Tom Steele—with whom I remember travelling, in the year 1848, from Drogheda to Dublin, attired in his undress uniform of the Repealers—and, perhaps, O'Connell, whose persuasive oratory, racy, and pathetic, and delivered with wonderful precision and effect by a man possessing a splendid voice and imposing *physique*, contributed so much to the final settlement of the Bill on "Catholic Emancipation." The last time I ever heard him speak was in the market-place of a small provincial town in the co. Roscommon, in the year 1843. I listened to him with rapt attention, and in spite of my strong political prejudices against him at that time, and my belief that he was engaged in a campaign of mischievous malevolence, I was carried away so effectually by the force of his arguments, and the pathos and genuine feeling which he introduced into them, that I could not resist the conclusion that the people of Ireland had genuine grievances which ought to be adjusted. I also heard him plead in Galway in the celebrated case of *Ruttledge v. Ruttledge* a few years previously, and I could not help thinking that if he had continued to practise in his original profession as a barrister he would have died a richer man, and, for his own sake, a happier one. At all events, the politicians at that time, though in many cases actuated by self-seeking caution, were very superior in point of disinterestedness, intelligence, education, and refinement, and, above all, good breeding and gentlemanly bearing, to the present tribe of arrogant political upstarts who are (with a few exceptions) bringing shame and contempt on the cause which they advocate, and on the unfortunate country which they are reducing to irremediable ruin. The cause of the Irish peasant, so far as my experience goes, has been, as a rule, quite distinct from that of their leaders.

The peasant, as I knew him forty years ago, beyond the effort necessary to eke out a scanty subsistence, and to meet the half-yearly settlement with the agent or the landlord, seemed to have no other object in life. He was quite content with potatoes as his chief article of diet. The unvarying uniformity of potatoes, morning, noon, and night, from one end of the year to the other,

was the staple form of sustenance. They are all very well in their way when assisted with milk, and butter, and oatmeal, and flour; but the days on which such sumptuous repasts fell to the lot of the poor man might easily have been counted in the entire lifetime of an Irish peasant forty or fifty years ago. But there was no trace of Communism in his character. The Irish peasant was, and still is, a man of strong family feeling. His love for his wife and children has always been of the truest and tenderest type. The following instance, only one out of many, may serve to show what acts of self-sacrifice an Irish peasant will undergo for his family.

I knew, in the year 1842, one of Nature's gentlemen—for every honest man, of whatever rank, is the gentleman of Nature—whose name was Tom Carty. He was a labouring man and lived near Ennis, co. Clare. He was given a job which consisted in quarrying stones, and it lasted for ten months. During that time he was obliged to live near the scene of his work, which was too far from his cabin to admit of his returning at night. He had a wife and children who still occupied the old hut while he lodged in a sort of shanty far worse than an Indian wigwam. That poor man whom I knew well and greatly respected, accompanied me on many and many a day's shooting along the low lands adjoining the river Fergus, stretching from Ennis to the town of Clare. In one of those conversations he gave me the following narrative and almost in these very words:—

“I had tenpence a-day for the ten months I was in the quarry, and if only the wife and the childher were with me I'd have been as happy as a king. But you see, sir, I had to feed myself and the family too, and all the spare money I sent to them.”

In reply to my question as to how he managed, he said, “Oh! begorra, sir, that was aisy enough, for sure a man can't go wrong on a straight road. I had no choice about food, it was potatoes always, with every now and then a bit of salt herring. As for milk, in throth, I forgot the taste of it, for not a dhrop of it ever passed my lips during the ten months I was in the quarry. I saved every penny for the wife.” The ordinary rate of wages for men in that year was eightpence in summer, and sixpence in winter, so that my good and faithful friend Tom Carty considered himself well off. Ireland at that time was over-populated. There were about eight millions of people. Now, there are about five and a half millions. Wages are more than double what they were. Every thing has been done by an over-indulgent Parliament to make Ireland peaceable and contented. The Church has been disestablished. Landlords have been robbed. Land Acts of every eccentric form have been passed. Legisla-

tion in every shape almost has been suspended, except what concerns the sister isle, and yet she is not happy. I do not hesitate to say that the state of Ireland at this moment exceeds in misery that of any nation upon earth, and far beyond that of any previous period in her own history. The present reign of terror has never had a parallel in that country. She has reached the climax of misery and disorder. On the page of Irish history are written "within and without, lamentations, misery, and woe." She was bad enough fifty years ago, but compared with her existing condition, she was then prosperous and happy.

There were outbreaks and outrages at that time, as at present, connected with agrarian discontent. The "Molly Maguires" and the "Terry Alts"—the latter so called from the name of their leader—caused a good deal of annoyance. They were the Ribbonmen of the period. Now and then a landlord was shot, and others were threatened; still, bad as things were, they never reached the present climax of lawlessness and bloodshed. That condition of things has been the result of the paternal tenderness of Mr. Gladstone and his coadjutors, whose painstaking conscientiousness led them to devise "soothing syrups" for Irish discontent. How well our political empirics have succeeded with their nostrums let the Ireland under radical rule bear witness. Every so-called message of peace to the Irish nation from the English Government was, in the estimation of the people, nothing but an exhibition of feebleness to cover the want of power. There has always been a party in Ireland adverse to British rule ever since the conquest of that country. The Romish clergy never fraternized with the English settlers. An English Pope—Adrian, towards the close of the twelfth century—handed over the whole of Ireland to an English king. Up to that time the Romish clergy had no recognized standing in the country.<sup>1</sup> Since then they have settled in Ireland by the order of the Pope. The constant squabbling of the native chiefs and the newly arrived English nobles left no time for either party to attend to the tillers of the soil, who were mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were nothing more nor less than serfs who held their lands under the feudal system. When the Romish priests came over to the country they took the part of the neglected peasantry, and the latter from that day to this looked to the priests as their friends, and to the Pope as their adviser. Thus, the people gradually withdrew their allegiance from the King of England, and transferred it to the "Holy See." And for this state of things England has only to thank herself.

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<sup>1</sup> All islands in the world, whether inhabited or not, by the Canon Law, are the exclusive property of the Pope.

She utterly neglected the people, and allowed them to shift for themselves any way they could. The Romish missionaries gave them the full tide of their sympathy, and identified themselves with the popular cause. The people, in fact, instinctively began to see that the Romish missionaries were their only friends, and gradually, they came to regard them with gratitude and affection. The endearing epithet which they gave their priests—"Sogorth Aroon"—shows the feeling of the people towards them, and that feeling, though somewhat rudely shaken lately by the Communism of the Land Leaguers, still in the main continues to be generally adopted.

There exists a very strong tie between the priest and the people—and can we wonder at it? For centuries past the Romish clergy have made the people's cause their own. The English have ever been regarded by the Irish peasantry as interlopers—aliens—"Sassenachs'"—or Saxons. The Celt has kept his individualism as distinctly as the Jew, and, generation after generation, they hand down from father to son the history of the wrongs, real or imaginary, which they have endured from their conquerors. By way of conciliating the Celtic population in Ireland, Queen Elizabeth introduced a law compelling the people to attend the services of the Church of England—not one single syllable of which they understood. It was as unintelligible as Arabic to the people, yet they were forced to go to church to listen to it. After much petitioning, the Government permitted the service to be read in Latin! as a sort of compromise between English and Gaelic; but there was no relaxation in the law which made it punishable for any one to absent himself from church-services. And this was the plan which the conquerors adopted in order to win over a sensitive, quick-witted and excitable people to the blessings and privileges of the English Church and the English Government! The result has been that the Irish peasantry have never taken kindly to their English masters, and a good many of them never will, no matter what "sops" time-serving and truckling political tricksters may devise. The memory of the past is too deeply graven on their minds, and so long as the native Irish have a footing "in their own green isle" they never will be reconciled to the rule and authority of England. Their religion, their language, and their habits are totally opposed to those of Great Britain. Into every corner of the globe the native Irish have carried their prejudices of race and caste with them, and although, owing to various causes, many have abandoned the old creed and the old customs, still with average regularity they cling to the past line of demarcation between them and the English people. This is evident from the vitality which has been imparted to the Fenian and Land League movement. Without the aid of Irish

emigrants in all parts of the world the present revolution could not last a single day.

It is worse than useless to close our eyes to the evidence which glares upon us from the history of Ireland since its conquest by Great Britain. Had there been no Irish Channel separating the two countries things would, perhaps, have been very different from what they now are. But here is an island at a distance of sixty-four miles from England, difficult of access in days gone by, its people left in a great measure to themselves and their native chiefs, who were always either building castles, or stealing cattle, or engaged in petty warfare with each other—a turbulent and restless set of marauders. Had there been no breach of continuity between Holyhead and Kingstown, Ireland would probably by this time have been as quiet and peaceable as Wales. But it was the isolated position which Ireland occupied, and the difficulty thereby of maintaining English jurisdiction effectively in the island, that has contributed so much to the social and political entanglements with which the Irish question is now surrounded.

The mistakes which successive administrations during the last fifty years have made, consist in an attempt to allay Irish grievances by appealing to party feeling. Class legislation has been the rock on which politicians have split. Every Irish peasant knows right well the character of John Bull, and the one peculiarity connected with his political history is his unaccountable ignorance of the Irish people and Irish affairs generally. For example. The Government of England, after granting Catholic Emancipation, innocently imagined that the ideal civil war with which the country was then threatened had been satisfactorily allayed. There would have been no civil war. Had it arisen, the Orangemen alone would have stamped it out, without any aid from the police or soldiery. It was only a vain threat—a ghost dressed up to overawe the ignorance of English politicians. But Catholic Emancipation, after all, did not put down disloyalty and discontent, so another sop was thrown to Cerberus. The national system of education was devised, and to render the scheme successful no clergyman of the Irish Church was eligible for promotion from the Crown who was known to be hostile to its operations. Then, to please the Romish priests, the Maynooth Grant was considerably enlarged and made a permanent endowment.

This also did not answer the expectation of its promoters. And so on, from that day to this, political expediency has been the moving power of English legislation for Irish discontent—and yet the country and the people are worse off than ever. It is clear, therefore, that our rulers have not yet discovered the true character of the moral disease, to remove which they have



been prescribing all kinds of specifics and quack remedies. If Ireland had been governed as an integral part of Great Britain, as Kent, or Surrey, or Middlesex is governed, there would have been no necessity for exceptional legislation, overwhelming naval and military armaments, landlord spoliation, Church Disestablishment, or any other eccentric confiscation of property under the misnomer of Justice to Ireland.

As to injustice, I know of nothing of the kind, except the undue partiality that is now shown to the Irish, and of that no Irishman can complain. The fact is, that the poor people were never in so good a way for improving their land, their houses, and themselves, as at present, if only they were allowed to do so. Everything that England can do is being done for them, but the vulgar and interested gang of Irish demagogues, who call themselves Land Leaguers, are doing their very utmost to neutralize every well-meant effort intended to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry. The Land Leaguers are reckless in their plans, and in spite of all the devices of human skill and wisdom, they are unsettling the tenants, baffling, as far as they can, Parliamentary legislation; and as the result of such an unscrupulous and unprincipled policy, Ireland at this time presents scenes of anarchy and bloodshed which it would be impossible to exaggerate. Crime, in spite of all the safeguards and resources of civilization, is walking in naked and discontented defiance over the land.

This I maintain is not the work of the poor peasant. No doubt he is aiding and abetting the movement in so far as his sympathy may not be enlisted on the side of law and order. But this is more in appearance than in reality. He knows well that there is a secret conspiracy consisting of desperadoes of the deepest dye. Their deeds of daring scare the people themselves, upon whom summary vengeance would be taken if they seemed to be supporters of the Government and the police. One fact, at least, is very clear, and that is, that the existence of the Irish Church was not the real grievance of the people—nor yet was inequality or unfairness in the land question. Expedients have been resorted to by the English Parliament to remove these real or imaginary grievances, and they have been resorted to in vain. Nothing of this kind ever constituted the true source of Irish discontent. There has been from time immemorial a party in that country which has been opposed to English rule and authority. Wild and visionary as their schemes have been, nevertheless they were such as to keep agitation alive, and to foment a spirit of rebellion among the people. This is really at the bottom of the present revolutionary mania. The year 1798 was the last crisis of the blood-poisoning worth speaking of. The virus of that attack passed off, though still leaving the body

politic more or less infected with a constitutional taint. And now, once more after eighty years, with all the aids and appliances of improved locomotion between Ireland and America, and with the still more potent agency of the science of destructive warfare in the shape of weapons of precision, explosive bombs, and dynamite, we see another outbreak of the political poison that has been all along secretly permeating the moral nature of unreasonable and wicked men whose traditional hatred of England is a matter of congenital disposition. Nothing short of total separation from Great Britain, nationally and politically, will ever satisfy these fanatics. And yet most of them are well aware of the utter hopelessness of their scheme. But, in the meantime, it pays. Their dupes are blinded, and consequently money is freely supplied for the promotion of what is conceived a great national cause. None know so well the weakness of the foundations of this gigantic sham as the so-called leaders of the revolution. But the instinct of self-preservation is upon them. They must live, no matter who pays for their subsistence. Most of the men engaged in the movement never owned a blade of grass in their lives, or ever worked in agricultural pursuits. Some of them are sprung from the humblest origin—creditable to them in a noble cause—but suggestive a little too much of self-interest than of a public-spirited patriotism where men have no bye-ends or secondary considerations to promote. When a man's bread or his self-importance depends upon agitation, the probability is in favour of the continuance of the agitation, not so much for the benefit of the distressed, as for the personal aggrandisement of the demagogue. This is the motive power which directs the movement. Assassinations, and Boycotting, and Parliamentary obstruction, are utilized for the purpose of evoking Irish-American sympathy and support. As funds are falling off, some new deed of blood in Ireland gives fresh impetus to the movement, and calls forth a corresponding pecuniary response. In the meantime, however, the poor peasants for whose benefit all this costly machinery of blood and bluster is supposed to be set in motion, are no better off, but worse, than they were before; and the conspirators who desire to pose as disinterested patriots are living on the funds of sympathizers, whose heart is in Ireland, and their home in America. If every agitator to-morrow were silenced, and the people were left wholly in the hands of the British public and Parliament, a new era of peace, contentment, and order would be inaugurated in the history of Ireland. But so long as the political agitator comes in between the people and the Government, so long legislation will be baffled, the peasantry will be unsettled, and the country will be kept in a state of chronic disaffection and disorder.

The Irish Roman Catholic priests forty years ago were in

many cases men of high culture and refinement of manners. The fact that most of them were educated in France, at St. Omer and in Paris principally, made them very agreeable guests at the houses of their Protestant friends and neighbours, with whom in those days they freely associated. I well remember the late Father Tom Maguire being a constant guest at my father's house. Many a time I travelled in his company in the old coaching days, when he shortened the journey considerably by his interesting and entertaining conversation. He was a famous connoisseur in greyhounds, and generally he was accompanied with a brace of them. He never touched on religion or politics on such occasions, unless, indeed, every now and then when some adventurous but conscientious traveller attempted "to improve the occasion" by calling Father Tom's attention to matters connected with the distinctive differences between the Churches of England and Rome. It was a treat to hear him argue, for whether he was right or wrong he not only never lost his temper, but he threw into his observations a degree of good-natured controversy which could never be offensive to his opponent. "Can you tell me, sir," he once remarked to an opponent, "anything about the origin of evil? You say that the devil was the author of it. In that case, was it Satan who invented sin, or was it sin that degraded Satan? If you say that it was Satan who invented sin you are drawing largely upon your imagination, and besides you are entering upon a subject of extreme embarrassment, for you have still to account for the source whence evil sprang. Was it from the mind of Satan within him, or from some suggestive and malign influence without him? If you say that sin degraded Satan—a statement I am ready to endorse—then your theory as to Satan being the author of evil falls to the ground." This and similar conversation took place on the top of the old stage-coach from Carrick-on-Shannon to Dublin, when the famous M'Cluskey was the guard—a man of many accomplishments, from the playing of the cornet, which he did to perfection, to the recital of the best parts of the English classical authors in prose and verse.

Father Tom McKeon, of Dromahair, was also another specimen of the old Irish gentlemanly priest, whose guest I have often been for weeks together in his humble dwelling outside the town, on the roadside. The house was little better than a peasant's cottage. It had only three rooms—one, as you entered the door, which was kitchen and general reception room, all in one, for all comers on business to the priest, and one room on each side of it. There was no grate. The fuel, which was the very best peat or "turf," was always burned upon the ground, on a large stone at the fireplace. An elderly woman presided over this department, whose duty it was to cook for the priest the

very simple fare which came to his table. Chickens and bacon, and sometimes the bacon without the chickens, or the chickens without the bacon, for the sake of variety; excellent vegetables of all kinds, especially the "cup" potato; a rabbit now and then, or some game sent by the Protestant squire; a leg of mutton sent as a present "for his Reverence," from some kindly disposed parishioner; plenty of eggs, butter, milk, and—whisper it not—the very best of poteen, which the producer of it would prepare with special care for Father Tom. He was an honest good fellow, genial, and gentlemanly, spoke French like a native, and was an excellent scholar. Day after day he would drive me all about the country in his gig; and when we were all alone, beyond the sound of the village, he amused me with many an old Irish song, the plaintive notes of which I can remember to this day. I had a peculiar respect, and indeed affection, for this priest.<sup>1</sup> He was a favoured guest at my father's house, "Grouse Lodge," near Drumkeerin, co. Leitrim, and as my mother was a Roman Catholic, he was her spiritual adviser. She died at a very early age—twenty-six—but she lived long enough to mould my heart (which did not always respond to her loving precepts) in the ways of practical piety, which she taught me to believe did not consist in mechanical forms, but in unsullied purity of thought and

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<sup>1</sup> I still have a Bible which he gave me, and begged me to read it. "Your father's name is in it. He was my friend, and I want to be yours now." Though he had not seen me since I was a child, this priest, out of regard for the memory of my mother, wrote privately to me, in 1844, to say that a property left to my sister by my father, called Canbeg, close to Drumkeerin, for which my father paid some thousands in 1834, was being unfairly dealt with, and he begged me to come at once to him as his guest at Dromahair. He requested me to keep secret the information. I went to him, and remained four weeks in his house. He succeeded in getting part of the property, but when it came to the knowledge of Bishop Browne's ears what he was doing for me, he received a plain reminder to attend to his own affairs. Owing to the intrigues carried on afterwards, the entire of that property—Canbeg—was laid hold of by the said Bishop Browne and is now, at least it was lately, owned by the trustees of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, and the rents, since 1846 or thereabouts, have been paid to that College, or to the Bishop of the diocese of Elphin, though neither he nor the College have the slightest claim whatever to it. The property belonged to my father, who bought it from a Dr. Cogan. I visited it in 1843 and in 1845, but there was a detachment of soldiers of the 6th regiment at that time quartered in the house belonging to me, as the tenants were a wild and lawless set of fellows. They shot, or shot at some bailiffs, and Mr. Fawcett, near Drumkeerin, they intended to shoot, but they mistook another gentleman for him, who had the privilege of being under fire, but happily without any bad effects. No one could get these men to pay rent, and accordingly the Bishop of the diocese, finding that nobody could tame them, took them in hand, and by some inexplicable process of law and Church authority he claimed the property, aye, and he and his successors have kept what they claimed, to this day. It would be a gracious act to restore it to its proper owners.

feeling, acts of liberality with a full perception of the Sacrifice, and to love and serve the Blessed Saviour with all my heart and soul, and to lean only on His merits. This was what she taught me, and as a proof of it I found, years after she died, a copy of the authorized version of the Bible with my name and date of birth, written on the title-page, with these words: "The gift of his affectionate mother." I mention this because, whatever change may have come over Irish Roman Catholics in these days, I know that in my youth there was a more friendly reciprocity of feeling between Romanists and Protestants than perhaps now exists, and much less bigotry and wrangling between Protestants and Catholics. I have seen as many of the latter as of the former side by side on the same form at school—men who are now judges on the Irish Bench, and some of them very distinguished men. I am not arguing one way or the other, for or against Popery or Protestantism. I am merely narrating scenes of which I was an eye-witness and a sharer in Ireland some forty years ago.

Then there was another priest whom I remember, but did not know—Father Denis Mahoney, better known as "Father Prout." He was the ablest writer and scholar of his day, and an able contributor to the leading English magazines. His lines on the "Bells of Shandon" (Cork) are well known.

The first verse runs as follows:—

With deep affection, and recollection,  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.  
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,  
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

With the increased facilities to the Irish priesthood in reference to Maynooth, their education in France and Italy has become quite exceptional, and I do not think that the change has been productive of good either to the clergy themselves or to Ireland. This restriction of the students to their own country has produced too many hot-headed and bigoted priests, without the softening influences which foreign travel and experience invariably produced on their minds and character.

In many other points, too, I notice a considerable change. The priest forty years ago dressed very quietly on week-days, unless on duty; he lived very simply, and, altogether, he kept himself in the background. There was a quiet reserve of manner about him, and a gentlemanly bearing, which showed that his mixture with foreign habits was not in vain. When he travelled he adopted the most economical plan. But now all that is changed. The priests, who can afford it because of the

better salaries, put up at the best hotels, dress in the first style, and some of them keep their livery servants. But, as an old waiter in one of the principal hotels remarked to me a short time since, "The Catholic clergy are not as friendly or civil to the likes of me as the old priests used to be. They don't return my salute as kindly as in the good old days. Sure, sir, my old priest would stop me and say, 'Pat, my boy, how's every inch of you?' But now, the new priests are too much of the gentleman to be seen talking to a common fellow like me. The old priests didn't doubt themselves, and they knew every one respected them; but these new chaps notice the Quality more than a spalpeen like me, because they think it's fine and grand. Ah! sir, God be with the ould time, the ould priests, and the ould gentry. Sure, Ireland isn't the same counthry at all at all." And yet I know some Irish priests who are still as kindhearted and as peaceable and quiet as in the olden times. Some of my Protestant brethren may not think so; but I am responsible only for a faithful narrative of facts with which I have been, and am, familiar. There are many priests who are better than their creed, and I have known such, to one of whom (already mentioned) I had reason to be more than ordinarily grateful. Peace to his memory, and honour to his grave!

The poor people at all events are no longer what they were. Under the orders of their political leaders they are doing despite to their once noble qualities of courtesy and generosity. They no longer exhibit that native politeness which hitherto distinguished the Irish race, and in their stead there has been grafted a sullen and almost morose disposition which sits very awkwardly on the native Irishman. Forty years ago, whatever might have been the heartburnings of the people in face of their hardships, they neither forgot their self-respect nor attempted to establish the principle of self-reliance by conduct at variance with law, justice, and religion. O'Connell's agitation was based on constitutional grounds, and to the day of his death he denounced every suggestion that seemed to drift in the direction of physical force. The blood that has been shed in Ireland of late may be traced to the demoralizing influences of secret societies established for avenging the supposed grievances imposed on the people by English rule, and the existence of landlordism—not for the purpose of benefiting the peasant, or of seeking by legitimate agitation to put right whatever may have been wrong. It is an attempt, unfortunately too successful, to set class against class, to alienate the affections of the people from English control, in order to establish an irresponsible and self-constituted Government, chiefly composed of ambitious filibusters and place-hunting politicians. At present, none of the Irish party leaders dare accept office or emolument from the

English Government. It would be as much as their lives are worth to do so. And as they are nearly all men whose private means are either very slender or nothing, it becomes necessary that they should have some compensation for their trouble and labour in the so-called national cause. Thus, if they could put down the landlords, and establish their own importance in the eyes of the populace, they would drop into a comfortable means of living which, under a peaceful and loyal state of things, could have no existence for men whose sympathy and active agency are with anarchy, lawlessness, and crime.

G. W. WELDON.

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ART. V.—NATURAL RELIGION.

*Natural Religion.* By the Author of "Ecce Homo."  
London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

THIS is the latest, and probably the most earnest, attempt we have yet witnessed, to widen and expand, to make more broad, what has been commonly called "the Broad Church." Uncertainty as to the limits of that church has been felt all along: but this book appears to disclaim, to repulse, the idea of any limits at all.

The main object of the book appears to be, to induce men to believe, that, without surrendering the Bible, they ought to be willing to embrace, to welcome, men who, although not believing the Bible, were still worshippers of some sort, believers of some sort—even while often unable to tell what it was they worshipped, what it was they believed. A writer in a weekly journal, who has in some measure forestalled us,<sup>1</sup> says of the author: "While he does not in any sense give up supernatural religion for himself, and does not wholly despair of it for others, he holds that there is something which may properly be called Natural Christianity, as distinguished from the supernatural Christianity of the disciples of Christ."

If we wonder, if we are curious to learn, what this "Natural Christianity" can be, or where it is to be found, the author of "Natural Religion" explains himself in this wise:—

Who that has seen the new generation of scientists at their work does not delight in their healthy and manly vigour, even when most he feels their iconoclasm to be fanatical? No great harm surely can come in the end from that frank, victorious ardour. As for the oppo-

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<sup>1</sup> *The Spectator*, July 1.