AN

ADDRESS

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BRANCH OF THE

NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

OF

IRELAND,

ON

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1881,

BY THE

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IRELAND.

RIGHTS, WRONGS AND REMEDIES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have come before you to-night to try to say something about Ireland. I know there are many here to whom I can impart no information on that subject. I am sure there are many here who were born in Ireland, and who remember the abode where, in the land beyond the sea, they passed the happy days of childhood, the verdant hedge, the smooth, white roads, the bubbling spring, the running brooks, and the larger streams where the trout and salmon play ; the magic lakes, the mossy ruins, the forts and raths, the holy wells and ancient towers and all that sheds an ever living halo of beauty around the hallowed spot which first received the sacred name of home.

I doubt not, also, that some are here who remember the day when, instead of seeing one of these happy homes, they saw. fortunate if it was not their own, the blazing thatch, the tumbled wall, the blackened ruin, telling of misfortune, eviction, emigration and death.

I can have but small hope of interesting such persons by way of imparting information, but it may please them to witness this assemblage, to see by the gathering of their descendants here that the children have not forgotten the story of their fathers' wrongs ; that even in this far off land the old traditions are still preserved ; the old recollections fondly cherished; the old rights rigidly claimed, the new remedies carefully considered, and that millions of young Irish-Americans are ready and anxious to hold up to England's lip the fatal cup which their fathers in former days were forced to drain to the last bitter drop of despair.

To my young Irish-American friends, I address myself with more

of confidence. The field of research in Irish matters is so vast, and a meeting such as this is so much like an assembling to hear the report of a traveller, returned from an interesting land, that however indifferent an observer I may have been, I can hardly fail to bring back some gleanings of information to which they will accord, I hope a not unwelcome reception.

I know, also, that speaking on this subject, at this time, in this country, it is more than likely that some Americans, not of Irish descent, will honor me with their attention, and I will therefore try to make some matters intelligible to them which Irishmen, alas ! understand only too well, without present explanation.

Tenant Right in Ireland.

No one can understand the situation of things in Ireland without first learning something about the land question there, and recognizing that there is not only a peculiar feeling in Ireland about tenancy, but that Irish tenancy itself is not only unlike anything ever known in this country, but different probably from anything now known in any country in the world.

In this country, a man hires a piece of land and uses it for his purpose the same as he hires anything else for use. When his lease is out, he hires it again or not as he feels inclined. There is no attachment to the land itself, merely as land. A farm here or a farm there, is simply land, and nothing more. He has rarely held it long enough to have acquired any particular affection for it, except possibly as a good place to make money on. In England a tenant has all of this feeling for his holding, with the further feeling often, that he was born on that particular land and his fathers and grandfathers for generations before him, but all of them recognizing the ownership of the land as being in some one else.

There is another class of tenancies where one who once was owner became impoverished and, ceasing to be owner, remains as a tenant. Such a tenant. though he may repine at his fate, does not blame his landlord for claiming the land. The tenant knows that his landlord has bought it for a price, acquiring title by fair and honorable means, and that he is warranted in holding and claiming it as his own.

There is another class of tenancies where one who once was owner

is despoiled of his lands by the strong arm of an invader or by what he calls unjust act of law; confiscation, attainder, outlawry, &c., and yet is left upon the land and consents to be a tenant. This situation is generaly understood as being the case, with Irish farmers, and Americans say it is folly for Irish people to claim now that they have, at this present day, any interest in the land other than a mere tenancy like a tenancy anywhere else; they say the Irish people were conquered long ago, their lands taken from them, and though it may have been wrong to do so, it has been done, and rights of property have grown up under the new arrangement which have to be respected, and that the action of the present land league, although they may not very loudly condemn it, is, strictly speaking, a kind of lynch law. This I take it is what Americans say or think about the matter, yet not a single one of these various instances of tenancy is anything like the tenancy to which Irish farmers have been accustomed until a comparatively recent day

To exercise the traditional privilege, in speaking of Irish matters, we may say that Ireland, was one of those queer places where the landlord did not own the land, where he whom we would call the landlord was not recognized in law as having any special interest in the land used by the tenant, and where he, whom we would call the tenant, was really the owner of the soil he cultivated, so far as anybody owned it, and where he, whom we would call the landlord, so far as he had a special interest in any particular land, was really a tenant at will of those whom we would naturally call his tenants. This statement may seem a little, or indeed very much confused, yet I think I can show you in a very few words that it is a tolerably exact statement, even from a legal point of view.

You all know that society is not every where organized in the particular form in which it now exists generally in the United States; you know that every separate nation has a social organization peculiar to itself in many things. In regard to land for instance; in the United States one may will his land to any one he pleases, to the exclusion of all his children; in England, as to some estates, it must all go to the eldest son, in France it must all go to all the children equally, sons and daughters; in some countries it must all go to the youngest son, in some

countries it must go to the daughters; in some countries it must all go to the sovereign, and in some countries the wife and children go with it, to the king, as much his absolute property as the land itself. So you see the right which a man may have in land is not the same in all countries.

I could multiply instances of the different principles on which different social organizations are put together in the matter of marriage, military service, personal liberty, and so on, but I have cited enough to show what I mean. When we speak therefore of the principles on which society is organized we mean the system adhered to by the people as to any or all these matters, the general scheme on which the people have consented to live together.

In Ireland there was no individual ownership of particular land in the absolute sense which now obtains here. Society there was not organized on the principle of the family unit as we understand the word family here. With us the family is the unit, but family means with us a man, wife and children, and the man is the head of the family and the result of the labor of the wife and children in building up a property is all consolidated in his hands, and justly or unjustly is held by him to dispose of as he pleases.

In Ireland the family was also recognized as the unit of society, but family there meant, in this sense, something very different from what it now means with us.

In Ireland the term family as a legal unit, was taken in the patriarchal sense, meaning the head of a family with all the existing descendants, all of the same name and blood, and often numbering thousands of persons. All of these bore the same name, as, O'Neill, O'Brien, &c., but the chief or head of the family was called The O'Neill, or The O'Brien, as being *the* O'Neill or *the* O'Brien, who ruled and who acted for the family in dealing with strangers, and this distinction is preserved in many instances to the present day, as may be seen by the names of present and recent Irish Members of Parliament, who are officially known now, not as John or James O'Donoghue or Patrick or Michael O'Conor, but as The O'Donoghue, The O'Conor Don, &c. About the time of the English occupation there were some 180 of these organized families in Ireland. Each family had its own particular

territory, with boundaries as carefully defined as those of the counties of your State at the present day. A family of this kind was called a *sept* from an Irish word meaning, clan, race, or tribe. The territory belonging to the sept was called the country of the tribe, as O'Hanlon's country &c. The land was considered the common property of the tribe, and different portions of it were assigned to the members thereof under direction of the chief, but according to well established laws and usages. Among the thousands of people living in one of these countries there were always a great number of wanderers, and,some times,outlaws from other tribes, also many who were laborers, not entitled to use of the land, directly, on their own account. None but those who belonged to the tribe were entitled to tribe land, and they were entitled in proportions according to their antiquity in the sept, and therefore the proofs of descent and relationship were preserved in writing as carefully as we now preserve our records of title to lands, and for the same purpose, that of establishing right of possession to land. Also, every one belonging to the family of the chief was eligible to the succession of the headship by vote of the sept, so that a special record of relationship was preserved with more than religious care, which explains why it is that numberless Irish families of the present day, who do not own a foot of land any where in the world, have pedigrees, older and better attested than those of heads of royal houses in other countries. There are twenty million acres of land in Ireland; divided among these 180 septs it would average more than 100,000 acres to each sept. The head of the organization occupying one of these countries was called Lord of the country, as Lord of Hy-many &c., sometimes he was called prince, as Prince of Coolavin, a title inherited, borne and recognized down to our own days. This Lord of a country, apportioned the lands among the members of the tribe and received a tribute from them, and would therefore naturally be called the landlord, and they, his tenants, but, as I said a little while ago this *Lord* did not own the land; he had no special interest in the lands used by the holder of the soil. The soil belonged to the tribe, as a community, and the so called tenant held the land in his own right, as a member of the tribe. Now to explain the apparent paradox I put, that the landlord, so far as he had a special interest in any particular land, was really as to that land, a tenant at

will of those whom we would naturally call his tenants. The members of the Irish septs had a royal regard for the person, the honor and the dignity of their chief. That he might sustain that dignity in a becoming manner they assigned to him certain lands for the maintenance and support in princely style of himself and his family. So jealous were they of his maintaining a proper show of authority, that it was a part of the written law, that he should never appear in public without a retinue, and the penalty for disregarding this law was, deprivation of his rank. He was obliged to maintain a bard to chant the glories of the tribe; a chronicler to record its actions; a brehon or chancellor, to expound the law; various officers to preserve the pedigrees of the clan, and a certain number of mounted men, knights in waiting, in fact, whatever they may be called in name. To maintain all this state and meet all this expense, a large part of the lands of the tribe were necessarily assigned to him, but as to those lands it is easy to see that he held them really as a tenant from the tribe. The members of the tribe also paid to the chief a certain annual tribute, proportioned to their holdings, not of land alone but of other property, cattle &c.. all of which was protected by the chief and his warrior band. So that this tribute was not paid as rent of land, but contributed as a tax, to provide means of protection. The farmers were no more tenants of the lord because they paid this tax, to support the organization than owners of land here are tenants, because they pay an annual tax to the State. The lord was, as to his lands, a tenant at will of the tribe, because he held those lands by virtue of being chief, and he held his position as chief at the will of the tribe, and many a time in Irish history did a tribe depose its chief and put another in his place, always however, some other person of the family of the chief. The lord of the territory was recognized as having the right to levy *special* tribute at his pleasure for such purposes as he thought proper, new castles, particular displays and the like, and so willing were they to obey the chief that even extraordinary tributes were generally paid, which fact, if remembered, will explain something I may speak of further on.

This system of occupying the land was in force in Ireland for more than a thousand years, under a body of written laws, voluminous and minute almost beyond conception.

These facts as to the manner in which such farmers occupied their lands for many centuries, make intelligible the remark once made in the London *Times*, never a friend of Ireland, in accounting to its readers for the strange exhibition of bold defiance on the part of Irish farmers, that these Irish, so-called,tenants, were not and never had been peasants in the continental sense, but were and always had been gentlemen as the word gentlemen is understood in England, that is, that under their own government they had occupied their lands not by permission of some present or absent lord, but by absolute right as themselves, lords of the soil, and had therefore all the natural boldness which personal independence breeds and confirms.

This also explains why Irishmen in Ireland lived for generation after generation in one certain place, each one dwelling in his own territory, because, to leave his territory was to separate himself from his tribe, with small chance of acquiring anything like equal social standing in any other tribe.

It also explains their powerful attachment not to land in general but to the lands of their particular territory. They will make unheard of sacrifices to retain the land which has been in their families for unnumbered generations, but once uproot them from that, and set them adrift in the world, and they have no more affection for mere land than is possessed by men in general, and this answers the question, so often asked, "Why is it that Irishmen, so furious to possess the soil in their own conntry, when they come to America care but little to go on the land?"

It also explains why there is a peculiar attraction for them to remain in the great cities of this country, because, there they meet with fellow-men of their sept, fellow exiles in a land of strangers, and, of course, it is pleasanter to remain there, where they can meet and talk together of the old times at home, and consult as to how they may come to their own again, rather than to strike out separately for a lonely life in the wilds of the west.

It explains, too, why being thus gathered together, broken in fortune, adrift in a foreign land, everything new and strange to them, they are led into some excesses which were never particularly characteristic of them at home, and which are often a clog to their advancement here.

It explains, too, why the late scheme of colonization by them in organized bodies, so that they may be on the land and still be together, and within sound of their pastor's voice is having such a great success.

It explains, too, why the history of Ireland shows so much internal conflict, so different from that of other nations. It was in fact an aggregation of small separate nations, each one outgrowing its boundaries, always crowding upon, and often trespassing upon those adjoining.

It explains also a certain difficulty there has always been experienced in getting Irishmen to act together harmoniously as a whole. They were never organized as a nation in anything like the way in which modern nations are organized. The individual members of a tribe practically never recognized any authority but that of their chief. They tilled their lands or went forth to battle just as their chief directed, and whenever the Chief said, " Let's go home," home they went.

When a number of Irishmen are assembled in this country, and some one undertakes to direct their action, the slightest sign of decision of character on his part is often looked upon as an assumption by him of the power of a chief giving command to his clan, and as his audience is made up, not of men of his tribe, but of representatives of many tribes, there are sure to be some persons present who, feeling they are chiefs in their own right, rebel at once from such, as they think, attempted control, so that it is almost a proverb now that where two Irishmen are found three of them want to be boss.

They will, however, gradually outgrow all of this quality which is seriously objectionable. A proper amount of individual independence is, in this country, desirable, rather than otherwise.

Ireland was divided into four provinces, each one having its king. The chiefs recognized no authority directly, except that of their provincial king. Of course, the provincial king was guided in his policy mainly by the advice of the more powerful chiefs. Here again was cause of internal war on account of conflict of interests of these several provinces.such as even calmer blood than the Celtic, would not have been able to always avoid, and which was exactly paralelled among the supposed colder-blooded Anglo-Saxons, in the days of the

Heptarchy, when they had seven provinces, each with its own king, just as in Ireland.

These four provinces yielded a certain amount of allegiance to a supreme king, called always the Monarch of Ireland, and they set apart a certain amount of land from each province, at the point where the four provinces joined in the centre of the island, for the Monarch's use, called the ancient Province of Meath, now divided into East and West Meath. The provincial kings paid tribute to the monarch, the same as the members of a tribe did to their chief.

This is the system that was in vogue for at least a thousand years, when the English began to come into the country in 1172. Now we are coming near the time of the confiscations. But it was not at this time that the Irish *farmers* began to have trouble about their lands. When a hurricane sweep across a country, it is the tall and spreading trees which first suffer from the blast; the humbler plants which throve beneath their shelter remain for a while undisturbed. The great chiefs who led the opposing hosts against the invader, and lost, were the ones who suffered first. Their possessions were taken and the English lords put in their place, but the so called tenants were not disturbed except, to some extent, within the area of the English pale. Neither was their right in the land, as they claimed it, questioned. The new English lords outside the pale had neither power nor inclination to introduce the English system of rent paying. They preferred the larger power of the Irish chiefs, under Irish law, to levy tribute when they liked, and many of them assumed Irish manners and Irish dress in order to cause themselves to be more fully accepted as successors to the Irish chiefs, and this was one cause why English laws were made forbidding the adoption of Irish customs by English settlers.

Irish chiefs were invited by the English government to surrender their Irish titles, both titles of nobility and titles to land, and take in exchange English titles both of land and nobility. Some of them did so, but were often compelled by the people to disclaim the English title of nobility and be known only as of old, as Lords of Irish countries or Chiefs of Irish septs.

In considering the matter of the difficuty there was in establishing English laws and customs in Ireland, it should be remembered that they

were not only customs foreign to and radically different from those established in Ireland from time immemorial,but that they were also the customs of a conqueror and therefore especially odious for that if for no other reason, being thereby a badge of servitude; also that the Irish were a different race from the English, as different from them as the French are from the Germans; also that they differed in language; the Irish language differing not only from the English more than the French does from the German, but differing radically from all other languages now spoken. The Irish people would not try to learn English and to this day in many parts of Ireland, English is,to many Irish people, a foreign and unintelligible tongue. Americans notice a peculiar oddity in the speech of many Irishmen in talking English. This does not consists so much in the so called *brogue* as in the fact that these men are simply putting English words together according to the Irish mode of constructing a sentence.

In must be remembered also that the language so cherished by the Irish people was not an unwritten *patois*, but was an inflected, original language, of higher grade than the English language of even the present day, and that it had been the language of poetry, philosophy and history in Ireland, a thousand years before the father of English poetry penned the lines which not one in a thousand now can read.

For three hundred years after the so called English conquest of Ireland, that is from 1172 to 1603, the lands of Ireland were held in accordance with the old Irish laws. Under James I, shortly after 1603, an attempt was made to to introduce the English system of holding land. In changing the tenure, three inquiries were made; *first*, how much of the estate was held by the Irish chief as reserved for his own use; *second*, how much was held by the so-called tenants; *third*, what was the yearly value in money of the tributes paid by the so called tenants to the chief. These three points being settled, the lands held by the chiefs were granted to the landlord outright, but the lands held by the so-called tenant were not taken from the tenant, that is,*his ownership of them was not questioned*, but an estimate was made of what the various tributes which the chief might exact during the year would be worth in money, and the occupant was adjudged to pay that amount in money annually to the new lord Be it remembered that the new lord

was not necessarily an Englishman, nor even a new man. What England was trying to do at this time was to break up the Irish system of holding lands, and substitute for it as near an approach as possible to the English system. To get this system adopted very great inducements were offered to the Irish chiefs, such as before stated, namely, not only an English title to their lands but also an English title of nobility. The English authorities had many objects in trying to introduce this policy. *First*, they wished to break up the Irish tribal system so as to break the power of the chiefs; *second*, they were willing, for that purpose and at that time, to recognize the right of the, so-called, tenant farmers but in reality farmer owners, and guarantee their independence of the chief, so that they would not feel under any obligation to take up arms with him at his bidding; *third*, they wished to get the chiefs in their power by getting them to take a British title and acknowledge British allegiance, so that on the slightest sign of disloyalty they could confiscate their lands; *fourth*, they wished to thus pave the way for an English occupation of the land, and finally every introduction of British law of any kind in place of an Irish law on the same subject was a gain to that extent in anglicising Ireland.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the sum of money the farmer owners of the small holdings were to annually pay was not considered a rent of land, for, their ownership of that was recognized, and the tribute was assessed on cattle as well as land, but it was simply a commutation of an ancient tribute and reducing to a sum certain what was before an uncertain tax. Be it remembered that when the settlement was made from 1603 to 1641, whenever a change was made by an Irish sept submitting to English authority, the English government did not grant to the new lord all the territory formerly held by the sept, and leave the people as tenants of the lord, but an actual survey was made of the territory, the portion found in possession of the lord or chief as his own particular land, and that only, was mapped out, as the new lord's land, and a grant was made him of that and only that land, except there was added to it a right to collect from the occupants of other land of the territory an annual payment, not as rent of land belonging to the lord but as a commutation of an ancient tribute.

This explains why the landlord in Ireland never makes any improve-

ments on the lands of his so-called tenants. He never thought of doing so in the first instance, nor did any one expect him to do it, for it was well known that he was not the owner of the land and had no right to enter upon it for any purpose except to collect, not his rent, but his tribute.

Then came the rebellion of 1641 and the Cromwellian settlement, with a paper confiscation of all Irish rights in land. This confiscation became a reality as to all the Irish chiefs, but never became an actual fact as to the mass of the people. The chiefs and their families were scattered to the four quarters of the globe, some to die in exile broken in heart and health and spirit, others to mount to the highest pinnacle of fame in the countries of their adoption. The mass of the people in spite of the paper decree still retained their ancient holdings, but with this difference, that the landlords now began to disregard the tenant's rights. The old chiefs with their warrior retinues were gone. The people had rebelled; they had no longer even the letter of the law to protect them; they stood naked before the oppressor, yet, disarmed and disfranchised as they were, there was not power enough in the English government to drive them from the land; they clung to it with death-like grasp and it was found impossible to to do anything with them except to let them remain and trust to rack-rents, evictions, famines, and penal laws for their extermination.

And now the landlord smote the people with a two-edged sword. First, he held to the settlement of James I, in that he should not make improvements on the land, not being its owner. Second, he held to the Cromwellian settlement, in that the occupants had no rights in the land, and could be rack-rented and evicted at the landlords' will, and thus as between the upper and the nether millstone were the Irish people ground to powder.

Now, those who have been patient enough to follow me through this dry legal disquisition will comprehend what this phrase of Irish tenant right means as understood and claimed by Irish farmers. Tenant right as claimed by them does not mean a right to be tenants in the ordinary sense; it means a recognition of their ancient and present rights in the land; a right to occupy the land not as tenants, but as owners, subject to no rent whatever as rent proper, but only to the pay-

ment of a proper annual sum in lieu of a tribute which it was always their duty to pay, and subject also, they now claim, to their right to extinguish this tribute upon the payment of a proper sum in hand, the amount of the tribute to be determined now on the same principle that it was first determined, making proper allowance for the difference in values between the present and the former times, and the amount required for extinction of tribute to be determined by ordinary commercial calculation as to what amount of present capital is equal to a certain annual interest.

Tenant right in Ireland means a recognition of rights enjoyed by the Irish farmers for more than a thousand years before the English came into Ireland, recognized by the English authorities for more than 400 years after their invasion, and recognized to this day by English landlords as to *one-half* of the compact, that of not making improvements on the land because they were not owners of it. To compel them to recognize it as to the *other half*, ownership by the occupant, is the object of the present National Land League of Ireland. For the explanation of the separation of the land of the chief from the land of the tenant, in the grants to landlords on the change from Irish to English tenure, I am entirely indebted to the learned, recent and thorough research of Mr. Seebohm, as set forth in the 19th Century for January, 1881.

As to the rights of the old chiefs and their descendants, that is another question, a question which the Land League does not profess to discuss.

Ireland Under Irish Rule.

Such was the old Irish system as to occupation of land. How did Ireland prosper under that system?

In the archives of Irish academies, in the alcoves of old monasteries, in libraries at Oxford, London, Paris, Brussels and Copenhagen as also in the great collection at the Vatican, ancient manuscripts are found giving accounts of battles fought in Ireland two thousand years ago with swords of finest temper, shields embossed with silver and helmets wrought in gold, and, day by day, delvers in Irish earth find even now proofs that the old accounts are true.

The Roman legions carried their conquering eagles over every land

then known, off to the mountains of Asia, down to the wilds of Africa, up to the forests of Germany, across the fair land of France, over the English Channel and into the heart of ancient Britain, where they lived and ruled for more than five hundred years, yet throughout all that time there was one fair land they never set hostile foot upon, the sacred soil of Erin's Isle.

It cannot be supposed that the ancient Romans who had traversed all lands and crossed all seas could live side by side with Ireland for five hundred years without coveting its possession. That they never even tried to possess it shows that throughout that period the Irish people had cultivated the art of war as well as enjoyed the delights of peace.

You know how far back it seems now when we speak of the days of Charlemagne, yet those were the times the Irish were fighting the Danes, then masters of England and scourges of Europe, yet the resources of Ireland were, even then, so well developed under Irish rule that she was able to withstand their assaults for two hundred years, till in the eleventh century they were finally routed and conquered by an Irish host on the field of Clontarf.

In the twelfth century, the woolen goods of Ireland, which had been celebrated before the christian era for excellence of texture and beauty of color, were still sought for in every part of Europe.

At the opening of the sixteenth century, the native Irish had iron works in the centre and south and west of Ireland.

In the seventeenth century, glass works were started.

In the eighteenth century, silk and cotton manufactories were established, and before the eighteenth century then had been published in Ireland over 20,000 volumes of books, and there are old Irish manuscript works there yet, not only unpublished but untranslated sufficient to make 20,000 more.

If Ireland had been left to herself and her old Irish laws, with the lead she had in cotton, wool and silk, with her coal and iron, her grassy hills and fertile plains, her magnificent harbors, her forests of oak for ships, her western fishermen for sailors, her hardy sons for workers, her brilliant writers, her wonderful orators, her sagacious statesmen, her unrivalled soldiers, her noble prelates, with the purity of her faith-

ful women, and the heroism of her gallant men, she would now be a country of twenty millions of people, the superior of Portugal, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, the peer of Belgium and Holland and the rival of England. Ah! there's the rub. The rival of England! It was the old struggle of Carthage and Rome. *Delenda est Carthago.* Let Ireland be destroyed. There is the explanation of the mystery of 700 years. You may strike men down in battle, you may mock at their religion, you may despise their race, but so long as you do not touch their right to live where God has placed them, their right to profit by their labor, their right to manage their own affairs, they can forget your victories in war, tolerate your difference in religion and laugh at your boast of blood. But deny them freedom, deny them food, deny them government, and they'll hate you till they die.

In the natural order of things so far as geographical location, natural resources, and maritime facilities are concerned, these spots of land on the western coast of Europe should be the Irish and not the British Isles ; the governing power should be the Irish and not the British Parliament. The London of to-day should be, not at the back door of England, 50 miles up the sluggish Thames, but around the bright shores of Dublin Bay, or on the pleasant waters of the River Lee. Why is it not so ? Oh ! it is because nations are not made by geographical location, nor natural resources, nor maritime facilities but by the daring genius of bold determined men. England had men of genius to foresee, and of iron heart to execute. It was not the Saxons who injured Ireland. So long as none but Saxons ruled in England, Ireland had nothing to complain of. Did you ever hear of Irishmen complaining of Edward the Confessor or of Edmund or of Athelstan? No! And this is why the ill will of Ireland is not directed against the great body of English people, who are Saxons, but against the heartless rulers of that country, who are of quite a different race. The Anglo-Saxons lost control of England in 1066, and never regained it. The Normans, under William the Conqueror, captured England then, and England has been ruled by foreigners ever since. Did you ever hear one of the ruling class in England to-day admit that he was an Anglo-Saxon ? Don't they all claim to have come over with William the Conqueror ?

But neither was it from the Normans proper that the troubles of Ireland began. There was a tribe came after William the Conqueror worse than the Normans, the Angevins, and they were the devils incarnate who began the present troubles of the Irish people. They were descended from one of those moral monsters with which God in his wrath sometimes afflicts the world, from the infamous Fulc the Black, wife murderer of Anjou. Henry II. was his representative in England. This was the man who began English rule in Ireland. According to the accounts of even English historians, he was a devil incarnate if there ever was such a thing in this world, and his end as told by English writers was so fearfully horrible, not from physical torture, for no man touched him, so fearfully horrible I say that I would not dare to shock you to night by a repetition of the blasphemies which preceded it.

You have heard of a King of England who, enraged because he could not chastise the people of Wales as he wished, turned upon the hostages he held, the sons and daughters of the noblest families of Wales and rooted out the eyes of the youths and amputated the ears and noses of the daughters. This was the king who did it.

You have heard of St. Thomas a' Beckett, who was murdered in the house of God while participating in the vesper chant; stricken down within the chancel, his brains dug out with a sword and smeared upon the altar. This King Henry was the instigator of the murder.

There were four sons of a King of England once. One of them, afterwards Richard I. of England, said: "The custom of our family is that the son shall hate the father; our destiny is to detest each other. This is our heritage which we shall never renounce. From the devil we came; to the devil we will return." These were the sons of this King Henry.

There was a King of England once who said: "Accursed be the day on which I was born, and accursed of God be the children I leave behind me." That was also this same King Henry.

But there was another malediction he uttered before his death, more fearful than any of these. A malediction which I dare not repeat to you. I will not say go to the histories and find it. You can find it if you look for it, but you cannot read it without horror, nor after-

wards think of it without terror. The rule of these Angevins devils lasted about 300 years. This Henry II. was the first of the brood; the crooked back tyrant, Richard III., was the last. I have said that England had men of genius to foresee, and iron hearts to execute. These were some of them, and all English rulers of Ireland since, in everything relating to Ireland, seem to have inherited their cruelty of character, determining every Irish question not upon any principle of natural justice but solely upon the cold blooded policy of how most to injure Ireland and prevent her in any way rivalling England. Do my American friends smile a little at this, thinking it a Celtic exaggeration? Ah! if they do, it only proves how necessary it is for us to show them what enormities have been perpetrated upon the Irish people, under the forms of English law. Did you ever hear of the Penal Laws, in force in Ireland down to a late day? King Henry was not more enraged by Welsh resistance than his successors were by Irish obstruction. King Henry was not more cruel to his Welsh hostages than his successors were to their Irish subjects. They forbade to the Irish people all liberty of Religion; forbade them to speak the Irish language, to have Irish books, or to instruct Irish children. It was declared by these laws that the life of an Irishman, or the honor of an Irishwoman might be taken at will, anywhere outside the pale, that is anywhere over 50 miles from Dublin; and to mark their hatred of the Irish race, they enacted that if an Englishman dared to marry an Irishwoman, he was to be half hanged, his heart cut out before he was dead, his head struck off and his lands forfeited to the crown. Do you ask whether these laws had not been left simply a dead letter on the Statute book? Many of them were not only in force but enforced down to 1829.

This Henry II. was the first English king who claimed to govern Ireland, and he did it on the pretence of wishing to improve the morals of the people. His first step in the business showed his diabolical craft. He knew that the deepest, strongest love which the Irish people had, was for their old Catholic faith, and that they had unmeasured respect, love and affection for the holy Father, visible head of their Church. Now, how do you suppose he applied that knowledge. He forged a Bull, as coming from the Pope, giving to him the sovereingnty

of Ireland, and calling upon the people of Ireland to render him allegiance.

Thus the very beginning of English rule in Ireland was built on a a foundation of fraud, and ever since, it has been continued by fraud, treachery, robbery, rapine, murder, slaughter and every other crime known in the calender.

I have shown you that many kinds of manufactures were established in Ireland long ago. Do you want to know why they are not there now? I'll tell you why.

I said a little while ago that if Ireland had been let alone she would now be the rival of England. That was not exactly the correct way to put it, Ireland had been the instructor of England in arts and manufactures for a thousand years. England had tried to become the rival of Ireland in these things and had failed, down to within two years of the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the year 1698, the manufacturerers of England, through the medium of parliament, presented a petition to the king representing that the woolen factories of Ireland were developing to that extent that they were draining to Ireland English subjects with their families and servants, in such numbers that it threatened to injure the trade of England, to diminish the value of land there and to seriously decrease the population of the island.

Is not this very much like what I said a little while ago that if natural laws had been allowed to operate, the city of London as it is now developed as to wealth and extent, would be found, not in England, but in Ireland.

Kings do not often answer petitions, but the king in this case was William III., who had been in Ireland, and knew the resources of the country and the energies of the people. He answered the petition and the answer was the death knell of Irish industry and, necessarily, of Irish progress. His answer was: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen trade of Ireland * * * and promote the trade of England."

The same policy was pursued as to every other art and industry in Ireland. The consequence was they were all destroyed. As our gallant Meagher puts it: "The cotton manufactories of Dublin have been

destroyed; the stuff and serge manufactories have been destroyed; the calico looms of Balbriggan have been destroyed; the flannel manufactories of Rathdown have been destroyed; the blanket manufactories of Kilkenny have been destroyed; the camlet trade of Bandon which produced £100,000 a year has been destroyed, the worsted and stuff manufactories of Waterford have been destroyed; the rateen and frieze manufactories of Carrick-on-Suir have been destroyed; one business alone thrives and flourishes, that favored and privileged and patronized business of the manufacture of Irish coffins.

That is the reason, and the only reason why the Imperial Parliament sits to day in London and not in Dublin, that is the reason and the only reason why the destinies of the British Isles are controled to day by Englishmen and not by Irishmen."

Does any one say that this is absurd; that England had ruled and conquered Ireland centuries before the time of this woolen business, and that this regulation was a matter of commerce and choice of residence only; that if the trade had been left in Ireland the only difference would have been that the English master would have resided there instead of in England? Not so. In 1698 England had not conquered Ireland; in less than a century after that time England was compelled to recognize the national independence of Ireland, and if Irish manufacturers had not been stamped out of existence by Stafford in 1636, by William III. in 1698, and regularly by others after, the Act of Union of 1800 would not have been an Act of Union of Ireland to England, but of England to Ireland.

Until the accursed act of Union was carried by the most atrocious frauds ever perpetrated, the King of England governed Ireland by virtue of his Irish crown, separate entirely from his English authority. Until the time of Henry VIII, no English King claimed to be *King* of Ireland, but simply *lord* thereof. The Union as passed in 1800 recognized the title as King of Great Britain and Ireland; as it might have been passed, if the industries of Ireland had not been strangled, the title would have been King of Ireland and Great Britain.

Will any one say that we had not the men to have done this, even if we had the chance? Englishmen did it in England, why not Irishmen in Ireland? Are Englishmen superior to Irishmen in these things?

When have they shown it when the two races had an equal chance? Have they shown it in this country? It is hardly fair to speak of colonial times, for Englishmen here were then in their own country and came to it with rank and fortune, title and honor and power and possession of land assured to them by letters patent from the crown. Of course, when the revolution came, they still held their station, changing only their allegiance, and yet, with all of this great start assured them, we shall find a little further on that when the struggle came, the Irish people who entered at the lowest level of the social scale, naked and helpless, fleeing from persecution, with nothing but clear heads, strong hands and stout hearts to depend upon, had already worked their way pretty well to the top. But take the arrivals from the two countries since American independence. Hav'nt the Irish held their own pretty well, compared with the English new comers? Did the English produce any one here equal to Andrew Jackson? When General Jackson was holding his receptions at New Orleans did they send any one over from England who was able to match him?

Go to Europe! Tell me in what continental nation these Englishmen have surpassed us in rising to high position. Did they do it in Russia, to which we gave two field marshals and a governor general? Did they do it in Austria, to which we gave two marshals, three aulic councillors and have there to-day the Count O'Hara Taaffe, a cabinet minister? Did they do it in Spain to which we gave several captains general, ambassadors and grandees, and, even over all their proud hidalgos, placed one of our race as prime minister? Did they do it in France, to which we gave governors, ambassadors, cabinet ministers and half a dozen marshals, besides the great marshal president? Is there any continental nation where they rose to eminence? Oh yes! There is one. Turkey. They are great among the Turks.

Will it be argued that our brilliant achievements in this respect were because our best men went abroad, while theirs stayed at home? Well! Even this brilliant galaxy of foreign successes did not exhaust our supply at home. We had a few men left even after this immense draught on our resources. Some of these men, unable to rise at home, crossed over to English soil, challenging Englishmen on their own ground, and in spite of prejudice, patronage and power, rose in every

department of literature, science, art, politics and statesmanship to the highest place to which a subject might aspire. The most brilliant writers in England are Irishmen. The finest comedy that ever delighted a London audience was written by Sheridan, an Irishman. The greatest interpreter of Shakespeare that ever trod the English boards was Edmund Kean, an Irishman. The man who came next to him in this power was his son Charles, an Irishman, The leader of English science to day is John Tyndal, an Irishman, The very walls of the Parliament, from which Irishmen to-day are excluded, are decorated with the magic pencil of McClise, an Irishman, The profounded statesman who ever lifted his voice within those walls was Edmund Burke, an Irishman. The Lord Mayor of the City of London to-day is an Irishman. The Ambassador of England at St. Petersburg is an Irishman ; the ablest Indian Viceroy England ever had was Mayo, an Irishman, and the acknowledged greatest General England has to-day is Roberts, an Irishman.

> There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

But the bravest, grandest man who that night graced the hall was he who combined in himself the character of General of the British army and Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces of Europe in the gigantic struggle against the great Napoleon. All the night long he bowed with courtly grace, and trod the mazes of the dance, as gaily as though he were but the carpet knight he seemed, yet he alone of all assembled in that hall knew that Napoleon was silently massing his forces for the havoc of the morrow. All had been prepared for his arrival, but the people must not know of it. No alarm must be given. One look of care upon that face, one word of the fate that was impending, and the city would have gone wild with terror. And so, all the night long he danced and bowed and smiled, waiting, waiting for the terrible signal gun. At last, at last it came. Bounding upon his steed he dashed to the field, and the victory of Waterloo added another crown to England's glory.

This man, too, was an Irishman, one whose fathers and grand-

fathers for centuries had been born in Ireland, and had lived and died upon Irish soil.

With all this splendid record made by the Irish race, and I have not told you the half of it, would you not think there was enough natural generosity among the English rulers to treat Ireland with some approach to ordinary justice. Has it done so? Let us see.

I have attempted to show you something of what Ireland was under Irish rule, and something of what it was capable of being, under any thing like a proper rule by anybody.

Let me now try to show you something of the condition to which it has been brought by the persecuting policy of this ungrateful British Government.

Ireland Under English Rule.

In seeking to describe the condition of an oppressed country we naturally go to the people themselves for an account of their grievances, but in trying to picture to you the condition of Ireland I dare not do this. The story they tell is one of such horror, such misery, such despair, that were I to cite their reports, your reason would revolt and refuse to accept them as true. Americans would say that under the rule of enlightened English statesmen of the 19th century such a state of things is impossible, at least as to Ireland! that in some remote and recently acquired colony in Africa or Asia some approach to such a condition of things might possibly, for a little while exist, until the beneficent laws of England could be put in operation, but that in Ireland, a sister isle, within arm's length of England, claimed to have been ruled by it for seven hundred years, and full in the gaze of European civilization, such things are impossible. I will therefore cite not one single Irish authority on the subject. I will cite for you none but the declarations of English continental and American statesmen, travellers and writers. This may seem like rashly ceding too much of the strength of Ireland's claim. Alas! Its grievances are so great that were even the major part of them withheld, enough would still remain to command the sympathy of the world. Some of the declarations as to these grievances have been collected by Mr. Farrer, in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1881. He gives the date of the

declarations, but says, that owing to England's refusal to grant reforms they are as true now as the day they were written.

Gustave de Beaumont, the celebrated French publicist, was astounded in reading a report of an English Parliamentary Commission, that there were in Ireland nearly three millions of people exposed every year to the peril of absolute want. He could not believe it, and in 1835 visited the country, in person, to satisfy himself on the matter. Having seen it, he wrote :—"I have seen the Indian in his forests, and the negro in his chains, and I thought I had beheld the lowest term of human misery, but I did not then know the lot of Ireland. * * Irish misery forms a type by itself of which there exists nowhere else either model or imitation. In seeing it, one recognizes that no theoretical limits can be assigned to the misfortunes of nations." Mr. Farrer adds of De Beaumont that "he does not hesitate to pronounce the condition of the population worse than that of the mediaeval serfs. He finds it difficult to say whether the dwellings inhabited or the dwellings deserted form the saddest sight. The condition," he says, "which in Ireland is above poverty, would be, among other people, frightful distress, and the miserable people who in France are justly pitied, would form in Ireland a privileged class."

Von Raumer, Professor of History at Berlin, "visited Ireland in 1835 and returned with his mind filled with one thought, the indescribable misery of so many thousands of people. The day he spent there he counted as the saddest of his life. In England he had looked, in vain for misery, and found the reports of it exaggerated, but, of Ireland, no words could express the frightful truth that everywhere met the eye. There, the *sun* must testify that Europe, too has its pariahs—yet, not Europe, but Ireland alone."

A few days later Kohl, the distinguished German traveller wrote still more strongly of what is still to this day the condition of a large part of Ireland. "He had pitied the Letts of Livonia, for living in huts built of unhewn logs of trees, with the crevices stopped with moss but having seen the west of Ireland, he regarded the Letts, Esthnonians and and Finlanders as living in a state of comparative comfort. He doubted whether in the whole world a nation could be found subjected to the physical privations of the peasantry in some parts of Ireland. * *

Nowhere but in Ireland could be found human creatures, living, from year's end to year's end, on the same root, berry or weed. There were animals, indeed, that did so, but human beings—no where save in Ireland."

Mr. Farrer says:—"English travellers have not spoken less graphically than foreigners of the real state of parts of Ireland, from the time of Spencer, the poet, down to the recent account of Mr. Tuke in 1880."

"It is undeniable," said Inglis, after his visit to Ireland in 1834, "that the condition of the Irish poor is immeasurably worse than that of the West Indian slave."

Barrow, after a tour in Ireland in 1835, writes:—"No picture drawn by the pencil, none by the pen, can possibly convey an idea of the sad reality. * * There is no other country on the face of the earth where such extreme misery prevails as in Ireland."

Count Cavour, published two articles on Ireland in 1843 and '44, in which he spoke, "of the deplorable condition of the agricultural population."

Jules de Lasterye, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1853 says:—"The question is always the same, before and after the poor law, before and after the famine, before and after the emigration, before and after the institution of the Encumbered Estates Court."

The Abbe Perrand, afterwards Bishop of Autun, visited the Island in 1860, and wrote:—"How great was my astonishment, more than 20 years after the second journey of De Beaumont to come upon the very destitution so eloquently described by him in 1839!" Mr. Farrer says of him:—"After living long in a department considered as one of the poorest and most backward in France, Perrand undertook to say. * * "that the lot of the poorest peasant in France could not compare with the misery of a large part of Ireland."

What do American travellers say? Last year the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago commissioned Mr. Redpath to visit Ireland and report upon its condition. I heard his report at a public meeting in Chicago. As I remember it, he said:—"Christianity has been called the religion of sorrow. If it be so, then the Holy Land of our day is in the West of Ireland. In spirit let us loose the sandals from our feet as we draw near

that sacred ground. Every sod of its ancient soil is wet with the dew of human tears. Every murmur of its dripping brooks is accompanied with a chorus of sighs from breaking human hearts. Every breeze which sweeps across its barren moors, carries to the mountain tops, and, I trust, far beyond, the groans and the prayers of a brave but despairing people. The sun never sets upon their sorrows except to give place to the pitying stars which look down there on human woes, countless as their own constellated hosts. I cannot paint those woes. I cannot portray those sorrows. As often as I try I fail. When I think of the woes I have witnessed and the laws which produced them, my blood boils with indignation. When I think of the sorrows I have seen, and how many must yet be borne, my heart dissolves in tears."

Mind you! Not one of these words I have quoted comes from the mouth of an Irishman. England may silence Irish members of Parliament, but there is an indictment drawn against her by the greatest men of Continental Europe, endorsed by English writers and corroborated by American travellers, charging her with crimes against humanity unequalled in the civilized or barbarous world; and the verdict of the world is guilty, guilty, guilty of the crime as charged. What can England plead in extenuation. Though she found the land a desert and the people savages, with seven hundred years of rule she should have reclaimed the land and civilized the people, But she found Ireland no desert. She found it one of the fairest and richest lands the world had seen, adorned with castles and mansions and palaces of royal splendor, ancient towers and mediaeval seats of learning, possessed by a gay and happy and cultured people, a country known throughout Europe, as the Isle of Saints and the home of learned men. She has left it, still a land of beauty, for, to destroy that. was beyond her power, but the people, the poor unfortunate people, she has reduced to a bondage which cries to God for vengeance.

Location of Distress.

This horrible misery in Ireland, depicted by the different authorities I have cited, does not apply to all classes there in equal degree, nor does it exist in equal extent in all places.

There are a great many farmers there who are tolerably well to do, but they are few in comparison with the mass, and they are people

who, by reason of their former position, natural abilities, cultivated faculties, economical habits, business capacity, and great force and energy of character, instead of being merely well to do, ought to be the solid men of their respective counties. These people, with a keen sense of what is due to themselves and their families, not only in the way of material comforts and ordinary luxuries of life, but also in the matter of social position for themselves and their sons and daughters are just as much victims of oppression as their, in some respects, less fortunate fellow sufferers. Then as to the geographical distrbution of this suffering. In the northern part of the country it exists in what we might call the positive degree; in the east and part of the south it rises to the comparative state, it is only in the west and south west that it mounts to the superlative degree of human misery, that is, the superlative degree, as compared with the others. To farmers in the United States, the most favored condition of tenant farmers in Ireland at the present day, would be considered simply unendurable, not in the matter of food and clothing, of which, thank God, the class I am speaking of has enough, but because of the lack of those things which, after mere food and clothing, make all of life that, in the common sense, is worth having. There are about 500,000 tenant farmers in Ireland, representing a population of about three millions of people. There are about two and a half million other people who are dependent on these farmers for employment. It will not, in this country, be considered a rash proposition to say, that any man who denies himself the pleasures of city life, and gets down to the hard, close, continual struggle of digging his sustenance out of the soil, ought, at least, have the satisfaction of owning the land on which his labor is expended and on which his life is passed. There ought, therefore, be at least five hundred thousand persons in Ireland owners of land. Do you know how many there are? Until very recently, only eight thousand, and the major part of the land owned by about seven hundred persons. Only seven hundred persons owning one-half the soil of a nation which, forty years ago, had a population of nearly nine millions of people, and which, by natural increase alone, ought to be now, at least, twenty millions. It is now only a little over five, yet the rich grow richer every day.

Cause of the Suffering.

What is the cause of all this trouble? Can it be ascertained? Has mortal man ever fathomed the mystery?

Every traveller who has visited the island, during the present century, from whatever country he may have come, whatever may have been his station at home, whatever may have been his hobbies there, every one of them, when called upon to point out the immediate cause of Ireland's woe, marches straight to one particular book, opens it at the same identical page, and puts his finger on the same identical spot. We approach and look.—It is the Land Law of Ireland. There's where all the trouble comes from. That's what kills your men, women and children!, that's what unroofs your houses, tears down their walls and makes their hearth stones desolate. That's what depopulates your provinces and sends your poor people flying to the ends of the earth, seeking, and thank God! finding shelter. They quickly set to work to gain for themseles a foothold, they grasp here and there such advantages as come within their reach, but, half the time they are glancing back at their persecutors and racking their brains for some means of revenge. Gradually as they grow stronger, they come together and the one sole inquiry is how, how, how may it be done!

> "Haste me to know it,
> That I, with wings as swift
> As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
> May sweep to my revenge.

Of course, they cry

Revolution.

Of course, they say, "Let us gather our hosts from the ends of the earth, let us fall on them and crush them!" Tell us to discourage revolution to such men! Why they'll rend us limb from limb if we do it. And yet, we have to do it. We must do it for the sake of the loved ones at home. For us to talk revolution now, is, with our own hands, to put the knife to the throats of our own brothers and sisters, our own kith and kin; it is to become our own executioners.

In the polar regions of the north, when the bitterest cold of winter rules, a cold which destroys even the sense of feeling, the people there

set their daggers in the ice and smear the blades with blood. The famished beasts of prey approach and, wild with hunger, insensible with cold, they lick those blades, which give an outward show of relief. As they lick the blades there *is* a flow of blood but the poor creatures are unable to feel that it is their own. Day by day, the crafty hunters, with no further effort than to reach forth their hands, gather in the spoil.

The successors of Angevin rule in Ireland are endowed with all of the Angevin craft and they have no more regard for the Irish people than the Esquimaux have for the wild beasts which surround them.

The tyrants place within your reach the daggers of revolution. The Holy Father says: do not touch them. Not now! To touch them now is death. Do not doubt the Holy Father. Do not doubt his love for the Irish people. Do not doubt his devotion to the Irish cause. Do not doubt his adherence to the principle of a nation's right to be independent. Do not fear his ban upon revolution for just cause. The Holy Father is to day the most pronounced revolutionist in Europe. He defies the usurpation of the House of Savoy. He declares that the independence of the Papal States must and shall be restored. Do not think that he recoils from use of force when force is proper. When the Buzzuri came down from the Alps to destroy the Temporal Power, he flung to the front the noblest youth of Rome: told them to go and die, if need be, for their country. They went, and the soil of Roman territory was reddened with their blood, which the Holy Father did not scruple to shed in behalf of Roman independence.

Show him that you are in earnest, that you have just cause, combined with the strength, the will and the opportunity required, and you'll have no complaint to make of the action of the Holy Father.

Well! Is there no present remedy? Oh yes! Our American friends propose one.

Emigration.

Let the people emigrate they say. Let the surplus population come to America. They will find here plenty of land, and work and food and freedom for all. Then the competition for land at home will be reduced and those who want farms can get them at their own price. Irishmen answer, hav'nt we come, millions and millions of us, and

though we have profited by the change, has it benefited those at home? Not at all. As De Lasteryc told you, the question is always the same. Just as fast as the landlord finds that one of his tenants has, in one way or another, got half his family over to America, he says:—"Now this man has only half as many mouths to feed, only half as many backs to clothe as before. He can therefore pay me twice as much rent. Steward! Double that man's rent for next pay day," and up it goes and the farmer is no better off than before. You think this is overdrawn? What do you say to this? The rent has been raised because the farmer has been seen on a market day, with a new coat; because his daughter has been seen at church with a string of glass beads about her neck, aye, incredible or you may think, because the agent has seen a pot of flowers in the farmer's window:—"If you can spend money for flowers you can pay more rent—pay it or leave." Statistics show that the degree of distress is just about the same, whether the population is one million, as it was in the seventeenth century, or eight millions as it was in the nineteenth, and it is so because the landlord instead of fixing the rent according to the value of the land, forces it up to the highest point compatible with the tenants power—not to feed, clothe and educate his family, but to save them from absolute starvation, and though he strain a point too far and the tenant die, what does the landlord care! He can get another tenant in his place or, if not, he can do with the land what pleases him better—fatten beef upon it. Do you ask why the tenant takes a farm at too high a rent? Why will a starving man promise, what you like, for food? He cannot go elsewhere. There is no other employment for him. He must take the land or starve.

In the ancient Province of Meath there are miles, and miles of land, miles in length and miles in breadth, once covered with the homes of tenant farmers, now, the tenants evicted, the houses demolished, the hedges uprooted, the land levelled, turned into grass and given over to cattle. The famine of the tenant is the harvest of the landlord. The discovery of steam and perfection of machinery changed the economic laws of the world. England was rich in coal and iron. With coal and iron came steam and machinery. With steam and machinery came commerce, and with all these England became the workshop of the world. With steam and machinery she did, in that little island,

work equal to the manual labor of six hundred millions of men, and in all the world there are not three hundred million manual laborers. By the most stringent prohibitory laws she forbade Ireland from competing with her in that work. English ships went, therefore, to all parts of the world laden with English manufactures. Wheat and corn to feed the workers they could bring back from the most distant lands. Fresh meat they could not; therefore Irish lands became more valuable for grazing than for farming; therefore landlords improved every opportunity of evicting farmers and establishing graziers; therefore emigration means enlarged rule for the landlord class, and proportionate ruin to the Irish people.

In the spring of 1879 the leaders of the Irish people saw that another

Famine

was coming. The experience of '47 taught them that famine meant failure to pay rent, that failure to pay rent meant eviction, and that eviction meant death. Those who know the tenacity with which the poor people of Ireland cling to their little pieces of land know that the only cause they give for eviction is the non-payment of rent, and that they fail to pay rent only from absolute inability to do so, after denying themselves, not only all luxuries, but all articles of convenience and comfort, all clothing down to rags hardly covering their nakedness; all food down to barely what is necessary to keep soul and body together. Of course, after a man has stripped himself and family to that extent, eviction means death, for, the fell spirit of hate so possessed the exterminating landlord class, that though the friends and neighbors of the evicted person, generally in scarcely better condition than he, would, of charity, wish to divide even the last crust with the outcast, they imperilled their own lives in so doing, for, every such act was marked, and the party so granting aid was literally "booked" for the next eviction possible in his own case. This is incredible, but it is true. It would seem that human cruelty could no further go, but in the Gerard evictions at Ballinglas, in the County of Galway, though no rent was due, it was determined to destroy the village. With sheriff, police and dragoons, the villagers were ousted, the houses torn down, and even the very foundations dug out of the ground, and the

people told to go anywhere, anywhere out of the landlord's sight. One woman, with a child at the breast, was hunted out of three places of refuge, and when the poor creatures huddled in the ditches, and built little fires there to temper the chill night blast, the heartless agents of still more heartless landlords followed them there, and stamped out even that poor source of warmth. Do you say this is horrible? It is nothing, absolutely nothing. to what has been done in Ireland during your lives and mine, not once, but thousands and thousands of times. After these outrages came others, called agrarian, occasional wild, desperate revenges, the cause of which was stated in the English Parliament in '46, by Lord John Russell, and repeated by Gladstone in '70. "It is," they said, "no other than the cause which the great master of human nature describes, when he makes the tempter suggest it as a reason to violate the law."

> "Famine is in thy cheeks,
> Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
> Upon thy back hangs ragged misery
> The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law
> The world affords no law to make thee rich,
> Then be not poor, but break it."

In the famine of '46, '49 there were three hundred thousand evictions in Ireland, meaning death or exile to more than a million people. For less than this in '89 France was drenched with blood and the oppressors there swept from the face of the earth.

That a frantic rising of the people in Ireland did not follow the famine of '79 is due to the inception, perfection and remarkable management of one of the most wonderful organizations of modern times,

The Land League

of Ireland. The British government should have been grateful for this should it not? It ought to have rejoiced that any orginazation took upon itself the great task of assuaging the sorrows and vindicating the rights of five millions of its people, espousing their cause against the rapacity of a few thousand soulless wretches whose life business it was to grind the faces of the poor. The great English government, of course, applauded so great an act. Oh! not at all. Possessed with its implacable hatred of the Irish race, blinded by that hate to the plainest principles of justice, it descended from its imperial station to take up

the flight of a set of vultures whose heartless policy even a band of first class brigands would scorn to adopt; snatched from civil life one of the leaders in the movement, and with usual British cruelty and stupidity flung him into a felon's cell, accomplishing thereby only this, that it added one more martyr to the Irish cause, exalted one more patriot to the hero's place, giving Irishmen one more memory to cherish, one more name to love, that of the gentle, generous and henceforth immortal Michael Davitt.

There is another name now in the mouth of every friend of Ireland; a name historic for more than one generation in English and Irish annals, the name of the man whom of all men the English government now most hates and fears; one upon whose back the sleuth hounds of British vengeance have been already loosed, a man who bears to day a load of care greater than racks the brain of any crowned head in Europe, for, the destinies of a suffering race are in his hands, a man who for his greater strength, needs now above all things the assurance that he has the confidence, approval and support of that race for which he is risking his fortune, life, and honor, our present, prudent, trusted leader, Charles Stuart

Parnell.

All does not go smoothly under his rule. He is charged with all sorts of contradictory faults. He is too timid, too bold; too vacillating, too dictatorial; too radical, too conservative; too visionary, too practical. Have you ever heard any one doubt his *fidelity* to the cause of Ireland? Never! How does it happen then that some of these very worthy gentlemen, and I do not mean to speak ironically, who criticize him so severely are not holding the position of leader instead of this so incompetent person? I'll tell you why. It is because the work was there to be done, and whether he does it perfectly or not, he was by common consent considered the best man to undertake it, and is still so considered. Reflect for a moment upon the situation of Parnell—single handed he is fighting the consolidated power of the British Empire. Single handed he is contending with the combined skill of the British Parliament, and they have had to change their form of government in order to beat him. How do you know what reasons he may have had for the movements which gave dissatisfaction? How do you know how

far they were feints, how far they were real? Are we foolish enough to say that his policy of yesterday must be his policy of to-day, and the plan of to-day the rule for to-morrow? His principle must be the same, yes, but his policy must be as developments require. The master of a vessel aims all the time to reach a certain port. He takes an observation and adopts his course, but, day by day he finds that, though he has headed right all the time, unseen currents have had power over him, and so, day by day, he takes his bearings and veers and tacks and shifts as need requires. Let us not be too exacting. Let us remember that the sailors murmured at Columbus, and that Washington narrowly escaped being crushed by the cabal. Parnell himself summarized the situation in his last manifesto. If the people stand to the cardinal principle of the league, the withholding of rent, all is well. If they fail in this all is, for the present, lost.

It is a great trial for the people. There is a heavy pressure brought to bear upon them. Unless they get great encouragement they cannot hold out. And here comes the significance of Irish demonstrations here It is the cry going up from Irishmen in America to Irishmen in Ireland to 'Hold the Fort.' It is for this that your branch leagues are formed, for this, and to send supplies, that the fort may be held. The response of Irishmen in America is a noble one. All over the land, branch leagues are formed and forming. The demonstration is probably all that could have been reasonably expected, but alas, it falls far short of what is required. If this movement fails, then, when the books are opened and the accounts examined, you will find that much of the cause of defeat will be charged to the insufficient aid received from the United States. The trouble is, that quicker work is required than people here can comprehend. By the time we get fully aroused and ready to act in this matter the present fight, unless we move more quickly than we are doing, will be over, with what result no one now can say. There is time enough yet to save the movement, if we will only hurry forward the supplies. The real draft upon the league fund at home has not yet begun. It will begin under the coercion act, to feed the families of our friends who will be testing the power of endurance of the British people. When the imprisonments and evictions begin, if there are not funds to feed the families of the victims, then the movement will fail,

not through Parnell's fault, but ours. It is possible there may be a compensation in this, but it is one that it would be reckless and inhuman to count upon. Our present duty is to support

The League.

Let us examine for a moment the work of the league. One great trouble in doing anything in Ireland for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people has been that there were always so many fearful grievances to redress, it was difficult to tell when to begin. Every grievance on one side argued a privilege on the other. Every attempt to redress a grievance was a blow at privilege. Those benefitted by the particular privilege, of course, massed themselves against the proposed reform, and they easily rallied all parties interested in other privileges to join them, by the powerful argument—"if you don't save *us* now, it will be *your* turn next." Within the memory of men now living, four-fifths or the people of Ireland were deprived of civil rights; they were not allowed to educate their children; to hold office; to vote; to belong to the learned professions; to buy land; or even to own a horse worth £5 of British money. The great effort of O'Connell's life was to emancipate the mass of the people from this condition of servitude. At last, in 1829 the first victory was gained, and civil rights conceded. Then the most odious grievance remaining was, that the whole people were taxed to support an established church, to which not one tenth of them belonged. For forty years that fight went on. At last, that too was won. Then, two paramount grievances remained, the education question and the land question. As to both of these the fight was carried on, with occasional small successes from time to time, but leaving the main issue still pending in each case, and the people somewhat divided in sentiment, as to which fight should be most determinedly pressed. Then came the famine of 1879, and it may be said that that is what determined the question as to where the Irish forces should be massed. When the Irish leaders saw in the spring of '79, that the crops were failing, they knew famine was coming again; they knew that this meant untold suffering to the people; a general eviction of the tenantry, and then, as evicted, starving men are prone to rebel, they foresaw 'risings,' agrarian outrages and danger of losing all that had been gained.

Then Parnell and his friends raised the cry of impending famine and need of relief. The landlords, the correspondents of the British press, and the British officials, who prayed for famine because it reduced the number of Irishmen, denied that any such state of things existed. Then Parnell said, we will checkmate all these liars; we will go over to America and expose the situation to the world and beg food there to feed English subjects. Then the British government got alarmed at the effect of such demonstration, and, as a flank movement to Parnell, began to stir in the matter and give some aid, for which they now claim so much credit. A thorough organization of friends of Ireland having been effected to protect Ireland from hunger, as soon as that danger was over it was determined to keep up the organization, and with it make one more struggle for the great principle of tenant right in Ireland.

It needed no discussion or argument to convince Irish people that to obtain relief from England some radical means were required. In the long history of English rule in Ireland, it had never been known that England yielded a single measure of justice, except upon compulsion. The Irish people had appealed to the reason of England, only to find prejudice stronger than reason. They had invoked the sympathy of the English rulers only to be told that sympathy had nothing to do with political economy. They had resorted to arms and were overpowered in the struggle. They now resolved to appeal in another quarter. They determined to appeal to the Irish people themselves and in a way that had never been tried before. You know what a 'strike' is. You know how a few thousand men refusing to go on under the old contracts will disarrange the business of a whole community. Some one, asked the question, "why not get up a 'strike' all through Ireland, against paying these infamous rents? Put half a million tenant farmers on a 'strike' against the land-law of Ireland, and see what that will do. It was done. For the last year there has practically been no law in Ireland, except the rule of the land league. What has been the result? Many impatient spirits cry, "Nothing, only to make things worse than before." Ah! that is a mistake. It is not true to say that nothing has been gained. It has taught the fiery Celts that great things can be done by calm, quiet, persistent effort and I don't know of any

greater blessing that could be brought to the Irish people than to get them to realize the truth of that proposition unless it be to prevail upon them to reduce it to practice. It has already forced an amendment to the British constitution, the curtailment of free speech. I do not say that that amendment is an improvement, but I have never understood that the improvement of the British constitution was any part of the mission of the Irish race. It has drawn the attention of thoughtful minds all over the world to the grievances of the Irish people in a way and to an extent that has never been done before. It has stripped from the face of England the hypocritical mask of an assumed philanthropy with which it has so long beguiled the world; it has shown to the nations of the earth in a way they never realized before, that England, with all its pretence of refinement, is a moral monster in its dealings with millions of people subject to its rule. In every quarter of the globe as well as this, it has brought Irishmen together to swear again fidelity to the cause of their native land, and, neither last nor least, it has done what has never been done before, it has rooted out nearly all dissension between Irishmen in Ireland. It has done what was never done in Ireland, even in the days of Clontarf, for, under the potent sway of this great league, we see the North and the South, the East and the West, the high and the low, the old and the new, the Gall and the Gaill, all joining hands for sweet Ireland's sake. God grant that union may be perpetual! The greatest grievance Ireland ever had was internal discord. Remove that, and all the others will vanish like mists before the morning sun.

The great power of union on the true principle and action in the right direction was never more quickly shown than now. Under merely moral suasion England laughed for years at the Irish demand for rule at home. A few months work of the land league and lo! a plan of Home Rule, by county government is proffered to the Irish people in a speech from the throne itself. A few years ago this would have been hailed as a priceless boon; now, Irishmen hardly care to discuss the proposition. For decade after decade, divided Ireland asked for a new land law in Ireland. The British Parliament was too much occupied with other matters to give anything but the mocking act of 1870, which left many things worse than before. A little more land

league, and the Government postpones its foreign business, and seriously considers the question. Is not all this something? Does it not show that there is a power at work that has never been felt before? Ah! but there's the coercion bill! Well! what of it? Is that anything new in Ireland? We have had 58 coercion bills since the act of union in 1800, and Ireland still lives. Is English supremacy any better established now than before? The coercion bill is only another stupid English blunder. The wind and the sun strove one day, the fable says, with a traveller and his cloak, The wind blew his fiercest blasts, but the traveller only hugged his cloak more tightly about him. The sun shone forth with genial, kindly warmth, and lo! the traveller threw his cloak away. Had England been wise enough to let the sun of justice shine on Ireland there had been no need of coercion bills.

What the League Demands.

The league, after full deliberation, has formulated the demands of the Irish people.

It divides its demand into three propositIons, commonly called "the three F's," that is, Fixed tenure, Fair rent and Free sale." At present there is no fixity of tenure, no fairness of rent, no freedom of sale. At present a landlord may evict a tenant almost at pleasure; there is, therefore, no fixity of tenure, no fixed time that a tenant can depend on for holding his farm, and therefore he dare not build a house, nor improve his land, or in any way adorn or beautify his home. Life is for him a continued uncertainty, a prolonged agony of suspense. As John Stuart Mill said of him, he was the only human being who had nothing to gain from increased industry, and nothing to lose by increased idleness.

There is no fairness of rent. The landlord charges, not what the land is worth, but what he pleases.

There is no freedom of sale. The tenant is not allowed to sell his lease because he has none to sell. He is not allowed to sell his improvements, and with the proceeds go to some other place, or into some other business, because if he leaves the land, all his improvements are forfeit to the landlord. Compensation is named in the act of 1870. It has that existence, but practically no other. It can be

avoided always by raising the rent beyond the power of the tenant to pay. Therefore the league demands that the government give fixity of tenure, fairness of rent and freedom of sale. It is demanded that the law be changed allowing the landlord to fix the tenure, and that there be substituted for it a rule that a tenant may hold his land as long as he pleases, provided he pays the rent, and that in a famine season, certain delays may be had.

It is demanded that the law be changed allowing the landlord to fix the rent, and that there be substituted for it a mode of fixing the rent from time to time at a fair and just amount, to be determined by arbitration between the tenant and the landlord, by the courts, or by commissioners, or by some means, whereby the tenant shall have as fair a representation as the landlord.

It is demanded that the law be changed forfeiting an outgoing tenants improvements to the landlord, and that there be substituted for it a rule that an outgoing tenant may sell not only his improvements but his right to occupy the land, and that if the landlord wants it he must pay what it will bring like any other man.

These are the three F's as first demanded, but the demand not being quickly granted the people are now adding a fourth F, freedom of purchase, that is, not governmental, wholesale expropration, which is absurd to talk about, but an absolute right to have the landlord's title to any particular land occupied by a tenant, properly valued, in cash, with a right in the tenant to pay that sum in instalments for twenty-five years or less, if the tenant chooses, with government rate of interest, and thereby extinguish the landlord's claim and have done with rent forever. To all of these demands a deaf ear is turned by the English government.

In ancient Rome there appeared, one day, a strange, weird woman, bearing a number of mysterious looking books. She was a sibyl, a prophet of those days. She demanded a great price for the books, the sibylline leaves, in which, she said, the fate of Rome was written; that so long as these leaves were preserved and owned by the people of Rome all the glories therein recorded would be achieved, that year by year as time rolled on, the record there inscribed as one of prophecy would be transmuted into one of fact. The authorities listened to the proposition but

hesitated as to the price. The sibyl retired, but the next day came again and in sight of the rulers and the now excited citizens, destroyed one of the books, yet, still demanded the same great price for what remained. Several times was this repeated until at last the people began to murmur, and then the authorities yielded and gave the price demanded. Something was saved, but much had been lost never to be regained.

Ireland demanded from England a recognition of rights when she could have given in return ample volumes of love, honor, esteem, affection, friendship, respect, regard, reciprocal support, community of interest, unity of ambition. Year by year England rejected the demand and one by one the books are burning. Love went long ago. How many yet remain intact, how many might yet be rescued from the flames I will not undertake to say, but the people are beginning to murmur. They have demanded fixity of tenure and been refused; fairness of rent, refused; freedom of purchase, refused. They now in a more formal manner, after full deliberation, repeat their demands for all these things combined. If England, unable to read the writing on the wall still refuse, let her prepare to hear a different demand, a demand not for freedom qualified as freedom of sale, nor for freedom qualified as freedom of purchase but for freedom in the larger sense, freedom unqualified, unrestricted, unconditioned, the freedom of national liberty, the only true safeguard of individual rights.

National Liberty

does not necessarily mean national separation. Ireland had national liberty from 1782 to 1800, and demands to have it again. England has acknowledged the right of Ireland to make this demand, has acknowledged the justice of the claim, and in 1782 deliberately granted it. That grant was, in 1800, by fraud, retaken, and now England refuses to undo that fraud, urging that the demand is unwise, even as a matter of policy for Ireland, because, they claim, its material comfort would not be increased thereby, but all such declarations fall flat on Irish ears, because, while Irishmen scoff at the declaration, and claim to know that it is false, they would demand independence though they believed it to be true. All the sophistry of all the sophists in the world has never yet been able to convince anyone with the smallest spark of

manhood in him that slavery, under the best conditions is to be preferred to liberty at its worst. Accepted slavery means despair, and despair means death. Liberty means life and hope and courage, and with life and hope and liberty, the golden gleams of a possible happy future have power to light up the path of even present poverty, toil and care, and make of the onward struggle through the worst of troubles a hero's glorious march instead of a helots shameless submission. England has notoriously failed in governing Ireland from Westminster. Let her then undo the fraud of 1800, and allow Ireland to govern herself from College Green. This relief was given by the act of '82, and Ireland will not be content till the act of '82, with all the modern improvements, is restored, giving to Ireland her own Parliament again, but, this time, a Parliament representing, not the garrison of the English pale, but the people of the whole of Ireland.

There is no particular sanctity about

The Act of Union.

It was a fraud from the beginning. The legislative body in Ireland which enacted it represented not the Irish people, but only the aristocratic landlord class. There had been a 'rising' in Ireland in '98. On the pretense that there was danger of a re-enactment in Ireland of scenes like those which had just transpired in the great Revolution in France a bill was introduced in the Irish Commons, at the instigation of the English Government, for a union with England, in the alleged interest of peace and order, Of course, with such a Parliament, at such a time, with such a power behind the bill to press it as the strength of the whole British government the act passed with a rousing majority! By no means. In a house of 300 members, it received only 105 votes, and was lost in that Parliament.

Then the Government put forth all its powers. A new election was ordered. A corruption fund of more than seven million dollars was voted, and the bill signed by the king. Seventy-five thousand dollars was known to be the cash price that would be paid for each unionist vote in the new parliament. Rank and office were freely used for those cases where, by reason of personal independence, a mere money bribe was not sufficient. Passing over hundreds of minor offices granted to friends of members (104 of them having been given to

one member for his influence;) omitting also many comparatively unimportant, though still valuable offices, such as sinecures with salaries of $2,500 a year and upwards, we find that there were given and received for votes to carry the act of union. the office of Master of Horse, Postmaster General, Controller, Master of Ordinance, Crown Solicitor, Solicitor General, Attorney General, Receiver General, two Colonial Secretaryships, one Under Secretaryship, one Chancellor of the Exchequer, two Lords of the Treasury, one General in the Army, two Bishoprics, five Judgeships, twenty-two Commissionerships, Revenue, Bankruptcy, Board of Works, &c., twelve Colonelcies of Regiments, four Baronetcies, one Embassy, one English Marquisate, and there are only eight of these in all England, and twenty places in the hereditary Peerage of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland! Was there ever before such bribery offered to a house of three hundred members? No wonder they all voted the bill. Ah! Stop a moment! With all of this unparalleled corruption, out of a packed house of 300 members this bill received only 158 votes, only 8 votes more than a majority of the house, and this is the title by which England holds and persecutes Ireland! These were not the votes of Irish representatives. The whole body of members could not be said to, in any sense, represent more than one-fifth of the Irish people. These 158 members did not represent more than one-half of that, say one-tenth of the whole, and at least that proportion of the landlord class were, as their vote shows, simply representatives of English families and English capital, and some of them were out and out Englishmen, so that it is an abuse of language to say that the Irish people ever, by their representatives, or otherwise, agreed to the Act of Union.

Do you think there is anything sacred about that act of union? Do you think that the position of Ireland as to its union with the British Kingdom is anything like that of a state in this Union? Do you think an Irishman is guilty of any treason in asking to have the fraud of 1800 set aside? Would it not require almost unexampled beneficence of government under such a title to obtain from the nations a verdict condoning the fraud? But look at the way Ireland was acquired and then at how she is, not governed but massacred, and say if you can that it is not the duty of civilized nations to interpose in behalf of the Irish people and save them from annihilation.

Under the pressure of public opinion England in disestablishing the Irish Church, repealed a part of the act of 1800. Repeal it all, is what Ireland asks. This is her main demand, but, pending that petition, there is

Some Instant Relief Required.

With the present demands of the league granted, an Irish tenant farmer would be lifted at once from serf hood to freedom; under the present law he is practically chained to the soil. He may leave now if he likes. Oh, yes! but he must take nothing with him. Every sod he has turned, every drain he has dug, every stone he has carried from the field and laid in a wall, every tree he has planted, every house he has built, every improvement he has made during an occupancy of ten, twenty and often of fifty years represents thought,time and work in the past, often the work of a life. To tell him that if he leaves the land he must go forth naked of all this, is to make him of necessity cling to his possession as he would to his life, for it is doubly his life; it is the result of his life in the past, the support of his life in the future. Change all this; strike down the infamous law by which the landlord takes all these things and see in what a different position you put the tenant. In giving him these things you give in most cases, what to him is a fortune, yet you give him not one single thing which he did not place there himself. You do not give him the land, and that is the only thing there that his labor has not produced.

But many will say this is

Communism.

This is taking the management of the landlord's property out of his hands and dividing it up among his tenants. How can you justify any such proeeeding as that? Is it not true that a man's property is his own, to do as he likes with it? If you are going to interfere with men's contracts and say that the landlord shall not claim this, and the tenant shall not promise that we may as well give up law altogether. Well! let us look at that a little. You know lawyers always think there are two sides to every question, and it has even been said of them that they are like uneasy sleepers, that they lie first on one side and then on the other, but let us look on both sides of this question not for the purpose of trying to yield any particular meed of justice to the land-

lord, for there is no need of that. He has all his rights now. What is needed is to make him give up some of the rights he is holding which belong to others.

Acknowledgements.

And here while speaking of Irish landlords I wish to say, what it ought not be necessary to say, that of course we all recognize that when we speak of them and their conduct we acknowledge all the exceptions. It is not a very large acknowledgement to make, in point of numbers, but to find even one in a district is as grateful to the heart of the Irish tenant as the sight of even a single star through the black pall of night is to the tempest-tossed mariner. We know that even among Irish landlords there are cases, few alas, but still existing, even among those alien in race and religion, where there is not only justice, but mercy, and not only mercy but charity, charity as sweet and loving as ever glorified humanity. God bless and prosper them for it. We know too that even among those who by blood and faith should be just and gentle, the hardest of the hard are found. I do not like to mention names, but we all know who it was that finding even the willing hands of skillful agents too slow in unroofing tenant houses, devised and applied machinery to do the hellish work.

Another thing I perhaps ought to say. We are appealing to Americans to sympathize with us in this contest. They may think we are sometimes a little intemperate in our manner of expression; that we do not present our case in the calm, philosophic manner with which Englishmen claim their attention. Should this be so we must ask them to remember that Englishmen are phlegmatic by nature; they are suffering no grievance in this matter; they are in possession and desire peace; they wish to disarm criticism and of course they assume a bland, persuasive tone, as guilty people, generally do, when called upon to explain their conduct. Also that the Celtic mind is naturally more fervid in expression than the Saxon, even upon indifferent matters, but, in this matter, we are being crushed to death, and if we cry out somewhat loudly, there is good reason for it.

Qualified Rights.

Let us look now, at this claim of absolute right to the land. The landlord claims that he has a right to do what he pleases with his own.

I concede him that. The mistake he makes is as to what *is* his own. He thinks he owns the land absolutely. That is a mistake. The value of the land now farmed in Ireland is fifteen hundred million dollars. A dozen men of the wealth of some citizens of New York could at once buy it all. Suppose they should do so. They would own it then, as the word 'own' is commonly used, and by a much better title than many of the present proprietors. A man may do what he likes with his own. Suppose these gentlemen, if they were so minded, could afford to keep the island solely for a hunting ground. They would have the right then, I suppose, to say to the five million Irish people there:—"We have bought this ground and would like to have the use of it; you will please vacate the premises; get off the island altogether; we don't propose to farm it here any more, and don't want any of you here." And they would have the further right, I suppose to call for a coercion act to put them in possession. They could not do this you say. Do you mean simply that they could not do it in fact, or that they would not have the right to do it? I think you will have to say that they would not have the right. Then it must be that the occupants of the soil have some *right* to remain there, and that, therefore, a man cannot acquire the same right in land that he may have in some other things All absolute rights come from God, and from Him alone. God made the earth, and then made men to live on it, and they have a Divine right to live on it, wherever He in His wisdom placed them. He not only gave them the right to live on it, but one of the most solemn commands He has given them is that they *shall* live on it, and not only live on it, but increase and multiply there. What are called rights in land, as to purchase, are merely privileges, granted by society for the good of all, to encourage economy, prudence and industry, but society can in no way grant to any man such a right in land as will prevent other people from living. There are certain things which God does not give a man the right to grant to another, such as life, liberty and honor. Any contract by which he undertakes to do that is void by Divine law Also, society itself, has declared that there are a great many contracts void by human law. As, if you had not free will in contracting, if you were at the time under age, or intoxicated, or insane; or generally, if you were a married woman; or if you were deceived in the matter, or made a mistake in a certain sense; or

an agreement to work for another for an indefinite time: or to not marry; or to not enforce your legal rights; or to sell land, unless the contract is in writing; or to not claim the statute of limitations. In some places women's contracts to work in mines or factories or fields cannot be enforced, also, as to contracts made on Sunday, and so on, in other words it is not the law, that people are always bound by whatever contract they make. Also, it is not the law that owners of land have an absolute right to do what they please with it, to, under every circumstance, rent it to whom they please, or on what terms they please and for such time as they please The law frequently interferes with owners of mines and says, you shall not work them as you please, but as the law thinks proper; therefore regulations are made to protect the workers against the greed of the owners. The law has the same right to interfere in the matter of contracts between landlord and tenant; that is, it has a right to interfere when the interests of humanity or the good of society demand it. When in any society a large class of people is in constant danger of being starved to death, solely because of unjust land laws, then it is the right and the duty of society to change those laws, and step in between the landlord and tenant, and fix what shall be a proper rent for the land. Land is simply capital, bringing a certain interest annually in the way of rent. Do not all legislatures everywhere fix what interest capital shall have annually, when the capital exists in the shape of money? Why may they not do the same, with greater right when it exists in the shape of land! I am speaking now entirely from the stand point of the only law which the landlords themselves recognize in the matter, and by that very law there is a perfect right to limit their control of the land just so far as the good, not of a certain class alone, but of the whole, as a whole, requires. The State has a legal right to condemn the title to any particular land whenever it is needed for the public good. It is done in our own States every day, for highways, railroads, canals, streets, parks, and so on; the only question being:—"Has a proper occasion arisen for the exercise of the power?" The whole world outside of a handful of land monopolists in England is fully convinced that it is the duty of the legislature to remodel the land law of Ireland so as to give the farmers a chance to live. England, anxious for any excuse for refusing to do justice to Ireland says:—

"Suppose we do give relief to the three million farmers; that does not provide for the three million laborers, therefore your plan is incomplete and must be rejected." We answer, give us our own parliament and we'll take care of our own people. We'll consent to emigration when we know that by so doing we are not strengthening the hand that smites us.

How to Get Relief.

Having, as I hope, shown that it is the land law of Ireland which is the immediate bane of Irish prosperity, and not any inherent defect in the people themselves, and that the legislature has the right to interfere in the matter, the question then comes: "How can we secure this legislation?"

We are entitled to use every means in our power to accomplish this end. We are bound, of course, to begin with a simple demand. If that is refused, we may then proceed with more and more earnestness until we come to the point where all means short of force are exhausted. If that is needed, we may then use force to any extent required, even to that of sweeping out of existence all who bar the way to our just demands.

If the people who are suffering from the land law I have described were in a free country, or under a just government, the matter of obtaining relief would be easy enough, but it is a demand of Ireland from England, and we all know what that means. England is to Ireland as a strong man to another whom he has first felled by a foul blow, then bound and robbed, yet who by circumstances are compelled to remain in the presence of each other. The brutal bully fears to loose the bonds. It is *not* a necessity of the role of the conqueror. Rome conquered nations, and lived with them in peace, but Rome fought with honor and ruled with justice. England does neither. For Ireland to obtain justice from England, an almost superhuman effort is necessary. The first thing, of course, is for the Irish people in Ireland to be determined in the matter. I think we may rest easy as to that part of the work. It is conceded by all that the people of Ireland never made a grander effort for their rights than they are now making. The enthusiasm of the repeal days of the great O'Connell was not greater than now obtains in Ireland, and there is a spirit of courageous hope-

fulness and determined resolution animating the Irish people in this struggle beyond anything ever known before. Remember that in O'-Connell's time the people were still wearing the chains of the penal laws. Remember that for fifty years now they have enjoyed personal liberty, that young Ireland is educated and half Americanized, that it reads, reflects and thinks, and you know that when the people think tyants tremble. Ireland will do its duty at home, of that you may be assured. The next thing is for her sons to do their duty abroad. We in this great land of America have a double task before us. We must first give of our means to carry on the contest at home. That is the least of our duties. Our greatest duty is to enlist in our behalf the power of

The Great American Nation.

When I say it is our duty to enlist this power in our behalf, I do not mean alone its moral power; that, thank God, we already possess. The long roll of States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, whose Legislatures have lifted their voices in our behalf shows that the sympathy of the American people is with us in this movement. It furnishes a crushing reply to the mouthings of that British Judge who taunted the "Traversers" with the declaration that their policy had no support in this country. But we need more than this. We need a declaration from the general government, and that declaration, backed by the naval and military power of this country if necessary. England cannot object to this as improper interference in her domestic affairs. England has often interfered in the domestic affairs of European nations in the alleged interest of humanity, that great numbers of people were being unjustly and harshly dealt with. Ireland has a right now to ask a similar interference in its behalf by the United States. She has a right to expect that if all else fail, America will stretch forth its hand to help her. Nothing is better established than

Ireland's Claims Upon America.

Nine hundred years before Columbus pointed his caravels westward the Irish sailor St. Brendan had reported the discovery of a great land across the Atlantic. The Norsemen knew of it and called it *Irland il Mikla*, the greater Ireland. The Italian geographers knew of it, and Toscanelli, on the map which was prepared expressly for the

first voyage of Columbus, marked it "terra di San Borondon," St. Brendan's land; and it is recorded that the first of Columbus' sailors who set foot upon the new world was named Patrick Magnire. More Irishmen followed. In 1649 45,000 came, driven out of Ireland by the Cromwellian persecutions. In 1689 an Irish colony came to Maryland, among them the Caroll family, which gave the celebrated signer of the declaration of American Independence, Charles Caroll, of Carollton. In 1698 they colonized North Carolina, and, in seven years after, one of their number, Mr. James Moore, led the people in revolt against the oppressions of the proprietary government, established their independence, and was honored by the people in being elected Governor, the first people's Governor of North Carolina.

In 1699 a large Irish emigration came to Pennsylvania, which gave to America many of the leaders in the movement for American Independence. In 1710 they came to Virginia and established there the McDonnells, Breckenridges, McDuffies, Magruders and McKennas of that State.

In 1729, at Philadelphia the Irish arrivals outnumbered ten to one all others from Europe combined. In 1729 they came also to Cape Cod; with them Charles Clinton and family from which came De Witt Clinton of New York.

In 1737 they colonized South Carolina and gave to this country Rutledge, Calhoun and later Andrew Jackson, that "old Hickory," Andrew Jackson whom you know some folks are voting for yet for president. One of the early South Carolina historians said that: "Of all other countries none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland."

In 1746, they went in great numbers with Boone and settled Kentucky and the most popular soldier in that land in the early days was Major Hugh McGrady.

From the earliest days they had been settling in all the other States. Victims all of them, in a strictly personal sense, of English injustice, you may imagine they were foremost and loudest in the call for American Independence. It is admitted that the Irish John Rutledge "was the first man whose eloquence roused South Carolina to the level of resistance." When the Stamp Act was passed, Dr. Franklin, com-

municating from London with Charles Thompson, one of the Irish settlers in Pennsylvania, afterward secretary of the Continental Congress, wrote:—"The sun of liberty is set. The Americans must light now the lamps of industry and economy," but Thompson, like a genuine Celt sent back the ringing answer: "Be assured that we shall light torches of quite a different sort." John Hancock whose magnificent autograph marshals the signatures to the declaration like a standard bearer at the head of a column was the son of Honora O'Flaherty and his people were lords in Galway for centuries before their advent in America.

Ireland was well represented in the Continental Congress, and among the signers of the Declaration of Independence as well as the Constitution of the United States.

One-sixth of the signers of the declaration and one-sixth of the signers of the Constitution that we know of were Irishmen.

I have led you one by one through all these facts that you may be the better prepared for the more astonishing declaration I am about to make.

Of the Continental army which achieved the Independence of United States, one third of the active officers and one half of the rank and file, were of Irish birth or immediate Irish descent.

One of the first Brigadier Generals of the Continental army was Gen. Sullivan an Irishman, son of a Limerick schoolmaster. Another was Richard Montgomery of New York, an Irishman. The celebrated Mad Anthony Wayne, so famous as the Murat of the American army was an Irishman. The man who, answering Washington's anxious inquiry as to whether it was possible to capture a certain fort, said, "I'll take it to night or Molly Stark will be a widow in the morning," was Major General John Stark, an Irishman from Londonderry. I need not tell you that he "held the fort." I could tell you of Hand, Moylan, Dillon, and fifty more, but, not now.

Ireland was represented in the navy too. The first naval capture made in the name of the United States, was by O'Brien from Cork. Fennimore Cooper, in his history of the navy calls it 'the Lexington of the seas; the *first* blow struck on the water after the war of the revolution had actually commenced." The first Commodore of the Ameri-

can navy was John Barry from Wexford, where he lived almost to manhood before he came to America. One of Barry's proteges in the navy was a young Irishman, who afterwards became Admiral Stewart, whose grandson Stewart Parnell is not unknown to you.

Washington not only understood the composition of his army but fully appreciated the loyalty of his Irish troops. When that terrible night came, when everything depended on the fidelity of the sentries, he issued the celebrated order, "Put none but Irish or Americans on guard to night." And he put the Irish first, where they are generally found when there is any fighting to be done. Some so called historians have been base enough to drop the word "Irish" in quoting this order, but the original is still preserved in Washington and stands there as one of the grandest compliments ever paid to the Irish race.

Nor was it in America alone that the Irish race answered the call for aid. The Irish brigade in the service of France, sought and obtained permission to fight the English in America, and, on Southern battle fields shed their blood in behalf of American liberty as freely as did their brethren in the North. Ireland had her own parliament at Dublin then, and though sitting almost within the range of English guns, its House of Commons not only refused to vote the 45,000 men demanded to fight against America, but, with characteristic Irish audacity, passed Mr. Daly's resolution calling upon the King to discontinue the war.

In the English Parliament, bearding the lion in his den, the Irish orators Barrè, Burke and Sheridan plead for American freedom in words of such magnificent eloquence that they are handed down from generation to generation in the school books of this land as the grandest utterances ever delivered in behalf of American liberty.

Of course we boast of all this. Why should we not? Is it not something for Irishmen to be proud of that American patriotism was roused in great part by Irish eloquence, American liberty proclaimed in great part by Irish representatives and American independence achieved in great part by Irish arms?

So much importance did America at one time attach to the Irish people that the first continental congress sent an address to them, not to Irishmen in America, no appeal to them was necessary, but to the

Irish people in Ireland, explaining to them that America had no hostility to Ireland itself, but only to England.

Franklin while on his diplomatic mission to Europe, visited Ireland to obtain the sympathy of the Irish people, and reported from London, saying:—"I found them disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them, with the expectation that our growing weight, might in time be thrown into their scale, and by joining our interests with theirs a more equitable treatment from this nation (England) might be obtained for them, as well as for us."

I could go on for hours yet citing the services rendered by Irishmen to America, but I think I may stop with this. Ireland accepted the pledge of America and declared itself for American independence. England was obliged to recognize the American Parliament, but she glutted her vengeance on Ireland. She quickly destroyed the Irish Parliament, and did her best to destroy the Irish people. Ireland from the depths of her dungeon, loaded with chains, send now her "address" to America. She has no fear as to the manner of its reception. She presents it not with the nervous dread of an alien suppliant, but with the proud humility of an unfortunate companion in arms, appealing to the generosity of a former comrade to whom fortune has been kinder in the distribution of her favors.

Alliances.

We have a right then to appeal to America, and oh! My brothers, in this struggle, let us be careful where we seek for aid. After the mercy of God, the justice of our cause and the valor of our race, let us put our trust in this gallant land of freedom, closing our ears to the whisperings of that dark, malignant power which is corrupting the suffering people of every land in Europe, Aye! even our own.

Let us put our trust in this great American nation, whose land we were the first to discover; whose soil we were among the first to possess; whose liberty we were among the first to proclaim; whose independence we were among the first to achieve; whose constitution we were among the first to form, and whose union, our Corcorans and Meaghers and Shields and Sheridans, with half a million Irish soldiers at their backs, were among the foremost to preserve.

Let us remember that when the sun of the Roman Empire went

down in barbarian darkness it was our land that held aloft the beacon light of knowledge, civilization, refinement, eloquence, poetry and art, all crowned with the supernatural glory of the christian faith, and that as sons of that glorious land it is our duty to watch with jealous care that the shining splendor of that ancient record receive, now, no blot or blemish.

Let us, in even these terrible days, show to the world that the Irish race, christianized by St. Patrick, victorious under Brian of the tributes, grandly belligerent under its mediaeval chiefs, electrified with the heroism of its Wolf-Tone's, Sarsfield's and Emmets; effulgent with the eloquence of its Grattan's and Burke's, its Lalor-Shields and Brinsley Sheridans; ennobled by the achievements of its later representatives in every quarter of the globe; though besieged with temptation, wasted by famine, blasted by war, crushed by oppression is still worthy of its ancient name and holds itself now, as of old, proudly above all contact with dishonor.

We cannot descend to the commune. The hand which for ages past knew so well how to wield the hero's sword, cannot stoop now to clutch the torch of the *petroleuse*. True, with us now, all is lost but honor, but

With Honor Saved all May Yet be Won.

The haughty English lords laugh at such words. They point to their massive forts, that threaten every land; to their iron ships, which darken every sea, and cry: "Lo! we are here. We, the powerful. Who shall withstand us!" So spake the pride of Tyre, exclaiming: "I am God, and sit in the chair of God, in the heart of the sea." Yet she became "a spoil of the nations; the dust was scraped from her, and she was made like a smooth rock, a drying place for nets in the midst of the sea." So spoke the pride of Greece in the age of Pericles, yet her palaces became desolate. So thought the lords of Carthage, yet her market places were turned to wastes of sand. So sang the poets of the Augustan age, yet the Rome of the Caesars lives only in ruins. So discoursed the haughty Moors, in choicest Arabic as the they sauntered through the gilded courts of the Alhambra with a half pitying smile for the ragged refugees starving in the Asturias after seven hundred years of fruitless war, yet, of the haughty Moors and their

Spanish domination, nothing but a faded memory now remains, while the sons of the once Asturian exiles are now lords of Spain, and, for four hundred years, have not only proudly waved the flag of Castile over all the land of the Cid, but have borne it with honor and glory to every quarter of the globe.

The Celts of Ireland and the Celts of Spain are both thorough-bred descendant of the old Aryan stock, the conquering blood of the world, and Irish independence, though long delayed, is nevertheless an ever living thought of the Irish people. It is an idea old as the Irish race and broad as the flow of Irish blood; a principle as undying with them as the love they bear their faith, as uncompromising as the care with which they guard their honor, as immortal as the genius which is the birthright of their race. They do well to ever and ever more assert it, for so surely as the stars keep to their courses so surely will their day of triumph come.

Men are now living who saw them possess it; men are now living who will see them regain it. The defeat of to-day but binds them closer for the victory of to-morrow. They have proved themselves indestructible. Firmly planted on the principle of independence they cannot but be invincible.

They *must* demand the act of '82. It is their only policy, their only refuge, their only hope, and hoping in this they will not hope in vain.

"If a State submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once
And swallowed in the conqueror's chronicle.
Whereas, in wars of freedom and defense,
The glory and the grief of battle, won or lost,
Solders a race together. Yea! though they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell, are like
A banked up fire, that flashes out again
Century after century, and, at last,
Will lead them on to victory,
Like phantoms of the Gods."

The year 1883 will be the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty recognizing American Independence. If America will but give to Ireland now, half the aid which Ireland and Irishmen extended here in American troubles, the year 1883 will see Ireland also entering

on the second centenary of her national liberty.

Other events may develope before '83. The watch-fires of a general revolution are already lighted in Europe. The Communists in France, the Irredentists in Italy, the Intransigentes in Spain, the Socialists in Germany, the Nihilists in Russia and the Internationals everywhere are passing torches from hand to hand through the powder magazines of European monarchies. Why are these torches not already lighted? Because the workers are waiting to so perfect their arrangements that when the word is given, every aristocratic government in Europe may be simultaneously exploded in the air. They are waiting now for one place only, England. They would not wait for that, if Ireland would join them. If England is wise, she will accept Ireland as an ally, before it is too late.

These are not pleasant words with which to leave this subject, but the question is a grave one, and the brutal obstinacy of the British government threatens to make them the only final words possible in the case. They are uttered not in anger but in sorrow, not as a menace but a prophecy.

Ireland will not be saved by the Commune, that is, if the Commune be brought in, nothing worth saving will be preserved, but, if the Ireland of history cannot be saved, then the thing which, in such case, will lie next to that desire in Irish hearts will happen—England will be destroyed.

There is no such wish, of itself alone, now in Irish hearts. The Irish blood is of the bright red, heroic tinct. There is not a drop of the black Angevin poison in it. When the Irish chieftain who conquered at Waterloo was sounded by the darker blooded sovereigns as to the propriety of disposing of Napoleon, you know what his answer was:—"If they want to kill Napoleon let them hire an executioner." *He* was a soldier, not a headsman! That is the kind of blood that runs in Irish veins. Let England be, even now, honest, fair and just with Ireland, restoring the rights now so unjustly withheld, and she will find that Ireland will be willing to look to the future, not to the past, but if no future is permitted to her, then we know what to expect.

England did not *give* Ireland independence in 1782. She merely recognized the justice of what Ireland always claimed, that she was

by right and ought to be in fact free and independent, and would thenceforth be so regarded. If that was true and right and proper in 1782, it must be equally so in 1882.

It seems to me that is the strongest way to put the case of Ireland to the nations, and to the people of the world. It requires less explanation, less argument, less examination than any other proposition. It shows that the matter was debated, considered, and agreed to by England herself; all that remains is to enforce the agreement. The fraud of 1800 is not to be spoken of except to be condemned. This is not a demand for Home Rule on a policy of expediency, convenience and despatch of business merely. A demand of that kind is a mattsr of domestic policy with which the nations of the world have but little to do. The demand of Ireland is a demand for National Independenc, not a grant of independence as a matter of right, for Ireland has that now, but a demand for independence in fact where it already exists of right. This is a demand based not on policy but on principle, a principle which goes to the very foundation of all national existence and involves the inherent rights of all organized peoples. Put the demand for Irish Independence on that basis, the only true and proper basis on which to put it, and you at once compel the nations of the earth to, in self defence, recognize the justice of the claim, and furnish them with a legitimate basis for intervention, if intervention be found necessary or expedient, and so, no matter what detour we make, we come back ever to the idea dominant in the mind of our gallant Emmet in his dying words, "When my country shall have taken her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

The Irish people are impatient to write that epitaph. It remains for the persons who control the legislation of England to determine whether it shall be written with the pen or carved by the sword, for the Irish people insist it shall be written though in letters of blood. Emmet shed every drop of his blood in behalf of Irish independence. The Irish people owe him blood in return, if need be, to win the prize they sacrificed his life to gain. That is a debt the interest of which is accummulating every day that payment is delayed. Wherefore, again it becomes apparent, that if England is wise, she will conciliate Ireland, before it is TOO LATE.