From Macmillan's Magazine.

AN EMIGRE ON IRELAND IN 1796.*

JUST ninety years ago De Latocnaye, a Breton *émigré*, was travelling in Ireland, chiefly on foot, but with a sheaf of introductions which opened to him most of the big houses. He had been through England much in the same way; and, having written a successful book, went over to the sister island, on the invitation of Mr. Burton Conyngham, only to find his friend in a dying state. With Breton stubbornness, however, he determined to carry out his plan, and spent nine months in going from one end of Ireland to the other some twenty years after Arthur Young, the Suffolk squire, had made the same journey.

They are so different, the Breton and the East Anglian. The latter bristles with statistics and hints about improved culture; telling with zest of the County Cork landlord who had imported a Norfolk ploughman, and who gave him a guinea for every lad whom he taught to forsake the old plan of yoking hobby-horses by the tail and to drive a decent furrow after the English fashion. Poplin, herring-curing, woollen-making, every adjunct to tillage he appraises; his verdict being that Ireland was dying of the oppressive trade-laws wherewith England protected herself against her feebler sister. Young goes in as thoroughly for free trade as if he had been one of the Volunteers of '82. This repression of Irish industries is one of the few points on which he shows strong feeling; another being the way in which good land (as he thought) was ruined in Ulster for the sake of flax. He does not dislike the linen industry, but he unhesitatingly says that, carried on as it is, it is a curse to the country. Another point that rouses his indignation is the behavior of the squireens. Then, as always, the petty landlords were generally the least satisfactory. Young had in his East Anglian experience anticipated Thomas Drummond's conclusion that property has its duties as well as its rights, that truth which seemed so new and so monstrous to the Irish landlords of 1837. Speaking of the Whiteboys, he says: "Let the little country gentlemen, or rather vermin, of the king-

* Promenade en Irlande, par De Latocnave. Dublin, 1796. I owe my introduction to De Latocnave to my old friend R. P. Prendergast, Esq., author of "The Cromwellian Settlement." When I lately asked him for light on the beginnings of Orangeism he recommended Lord Cornwallis's "Letters," the (unpublished) letters of Lord Charlemont, and De Latocnaye. An English translation of the "Promenade" has, I believe, been published in London. H. S. F.

dom change their conduct entirely, and the poor will not long riot. The real cause of the disease lies in the gentry, not in the wretches whom they doom to the gallows." Here Young is bitter, which De Latocnaye never is. He, too, sees blots and puts his finger on them, but he has his subscribers to consider, and his friends — the Latouches and others. And yet, for readers between the lines, there is plenty in his "Promenade" to show that in 1796 the state of Ireland was a disgrace to civilization. The French peasant, as our Breton knew him, was proverbially miserable; but he was a king compared with the wretched creatures, in hovels not fit for cattle, with whom De Latocnaye chatted and whose potatoes he often shared. But what struck him most was the wretchedness in the towns, and the absence of anything like improvements. Again and again he points out how easily these might be made. At Tramore a little embanking would save a whole tract of rich flood-land. At Belleek, by slightly changing the course of the river, the lower Lough Earn could be completely drained. The same with a great part of Lough Neagh; while the shallowness of Strangford Lough prompts him to cry out that it's simply disgraceful not to turn some half of these arms of the sea into meadow. At Sligo and at Galway he calls out for canals; alas! at the latter place all the works opened with such a flourish of trumpets in the days of the old Galway and American Steam Packet Company have turned out to be so much labor wasted. At Cork what strikes him most is the *insouciance* of the merchants, "chiefly strangers, Scotchmen for the most part, who in ten years often make their fortune, but who leave the town which has enriched them in a more neglected condition than any in all Europe." "Clean your filthy town, sirs," cries the indignant Breton; "pull down those two hideous prisons, which, blocking up the bridge-ends, keep out the fresh air and become fever-nests; build a decent corn-market in a suitable place; open schools and institutions where the people will be sure that their children are brought up in the religion which they desire for them, and not in that which they object to; put your lunatics in a hospital instead of leaving them to roam your streets, as you do your pigs; set up public fountains; clear away the wretched hovels that disfigure the quays; encourage manufactures of all kinds, start public works where every man who wants bread may find the means of getting it; above all, open a workhouse to rid the streets of the beggars who are a disgrace to them. . . . You say the poor are idle, you say they love dirt. They don't love it any more than you do. Grinding poverty — sixpence a day when the man is well and in work,* nothing at all when he is ill or unemployed — has broken his spirit. They know nothing better; teach them, you who are making your fortunes out of them."

De Latocnaye rarely talks in that style, nowhere else at that length. Cork must have impressed him strongly — the contrast between the very thriving state of its provision trade and the abject misery of the mass of the population. There is still a sad contrast, as every visitor to the city knows; but happily the Cork merchants of to-day can no longer be accused of that total want of public spirit with which he charged their predecessors.

Generally he is the reverse of didactic, brimming over with fun and eccentricity; now telling us what a jolly time he had among the pretty girls of Galway; now chuckling as he describes how he used to mystify the peasants, sometimes by rapping out big oaths — "he must be a great gentleman (they would say) for he swears like the best of them;" sometimes by passing himself off to the more inquisitive as a Scot, Mac Tocney. He is hail-fellow-well-met with everybody; like Horace's Tigellius, he can spend a week with a lord, and the next night lie down quite contented on a wooden box in a wretched cabin; indeed he much prefers the cabin to the slightest risk of losing his dignity. His experience at Curraghmore, the most unpleasant that befell him in all his journeyings, is a case in point. He wrote to the Marquis of Waterford about Mr. Burton Conyngham's letter, asking when he might have the honor of presenting it. "Come over to breakfast in three days' time," was the reply. To which he rejoined: "Excuse me, marquis; my mode of travelling does not admit of my doing ten or twelve Irish miles before breakfast. I will do myself the honor to wait on you later in the day." He got to Curraghmore about four, and, after a polite reception, said: "Allow me to go to my room and dress; I'm quite unfit to make my appearance in my walking-clothes." "I hope you will dine with us," said the marquis, "but my house is quite full. After dinner, however, my carriage shall take you down to the inn." So at dinner he sat next to

* "They say food is cheaper in proportion than in England. It's absolutely untrue. Except potatoes things are much the same price" (p. 135).

the great man and passed a very pleasant evening; and, declining the offer of a carriage, walked down to the village inn, with a boy to carry his bundle. It was half past ten, and the waiter, startled at the appearance of a stranger in muddy pumps and white silk stockings, rudely told him there was no bed to be had. He turned at once to the boy, and cried out, "Go and tell the Marquis of Waterford that at his own inn they refused his guest a bed." There was magic in the name; everybody in the inn ran out at once to beg him to come in. "It was all a mistake; of course they would make room." "I would rather pass the night in hell," he replied, and strode off *μέγα φρονῶν*, thriftily putting on his walking-clothes as soon as he got round the corner, determined to walk to Waterford, if necessary. Fatigue, however, got the better of pride, and he turned back, hoping to find some private lodging. Meeting the priest, he thought he was sure of shelter; but no, Curraghmore was exceptionally inhospitable. "The priest, hearing by my talk that I was a foreigner, charitably wished me good-evening." All doors were closed against him, and at last he was fain to take refuge in a beggar's hut, where a ragged but hospitable crone (*une Baucis couverte de haillons*) shared with him the potatoes which she had picked up during her day's tramp, and where the pig, duck, and fowls made him dream as morning broke that he had somehow got into Noah's ark. This Curraghmore affair was a rare experience. Ireland in general was as hospitable to him as it is to most travellers; in his preface he says that during his whole visit he was only six times at an inn.

Now and then the farmers took him for an escaped French prisoner; and in such cases their kindness became oppressive, for they would stow him away in a dark room and bring him his food with a great show of mystery. What astonished his rich friends was, that he travelled with scarcely any visible baggage and yet always appeared at dinner in full dress. He thus describes an arrangement which would have delighted Sir Charles Napier, whom some of us remember (in *Punch*) setting out for Scinde with "his soap" and very little besides. "I had my hair-powder in a bag made of a lady's glove; my razor, needles, thread, and scissors, and a comb, all packed into a pair of dancing-pumps; two pairs of silk stockings; breeches of such fine stuff that they would fold up as small as my fist; three cravats, two very fine shirts, three pocket-handkerchiefs, and a dress-coat with six pockets. Three of these pockets I kept for letters, portfolio, etc.; in the others, whenever I was going to call at a decent house, I stowed away my belongings, which were packed some in the pumps, the rest in one of the pairs of stockings. At other times I tied the three parcels in a handkerchief and carried them at the end of my walking-stick, on which I had managed to fix an umbrella." Thus equipped he stayed at Lord Kenmare's for a week, at Hazelwood and at Florence Court for the same time, at Lord Altamont's and at Ballynahinch for longer still, no doubt to the astonishment of housemaids as well as of hosts, but never feeling *gêné* for want of baggage, and steadily refusing all proffered loans of supplementary clothing.*

Round Ballynahinch he found a number of Catholic families driven from Ulster by the Peep o' Day Boys, who had just grown to respectability and power under their new title of Orangemen. The pretext for this summary ejectment was religion; but of religion, except perhaps in Armagh, De Latocnaye found very little among the Ulster Protestants. The trouble, like other Irish troubles, he clearly saw was chiefly agrarian. The Catholic (that is to say, in general phrase, the native) carefully thrust into the background by James the First's plantation arrangement, had nevertheless swarmed to the front. Recent relaxations of the penal laws had made it easier for him to hold land; and landlords often preferred a Catholic tenant as being more pliant and squeezable than a sturdy Presbyterian. The Protestants, therefore, determined to stand their ground, and not be edged out without a struggle; and, as usual, they carried things with a high hand. Four thousand Catholic families were ousted in County Armagh alone; Lord Gosford and other landlords vainly protesting against such tyranny and its accompanying cruelties, and denouncing the supineness of the magistrates. The plan was to send a letter, the tenor of which so amused our Breton that he gives it twice over, once while he is describing his visit to Colonel Martin, again when he is going over the scene of the ejectments. "Pat" or "Mike," it began,—

> You've so many days your goods to sell,
> And go to Connaught or to hell;
> For here no longer shall you dwell.

* By the time he got to Sligo the weather had broken, and he was obliged to add a "spencer" to his wardrobe.

If this proved insufficient, Pat or Mike was visited by an armed party who burned his house over his head. This summary process was not confined to Armagh. The viceroy, the Duke of Rutland, in a letter to the prime minister, speaks of it as general through east Ulster; and the evidence collected in 1835 by a committee of the House appointed to inquire into the beginnings of Orangeism, found that the same thing had gone on largely all through the northern counties. Two facts made such conduct possible; first, the Protestants had arms in their hands and were drilled to the use of them, for then (as it always did until these latter days) an Arms' Act for Ireland meant exemption for the men whose loyalty was supposed to be the mainstay of the British power. Next, the new French republic was recklessly (though feebly) aggressive. There had been a landing at Bantry Bay; and though those who invited the French were certainly not Catholics but philosophic nondescripts, "United Irish," much like the dreamers of the "Revolutionary Societies," who vapored and posed and got crushed out in Scotland and England, — were in fact, men of Belfast and the towns, not simple farmers, — interest made the Orangemen (who wanted to be rid of the Catholic farmers) blind to such nice distinctions. Had not the "glorious and immortal William" delivered them from "Popery, slavery, and wooden shoes"? Here was a manifest effort to condemn them to slavery and the *sabots;* of course, therefore (they argued), the Popery must have a hand in it, though at present its crafty professors decline to show their hand. Hence a resolute effort, which in two years more was only too successful, to turn the Catholics into rebels. They were beset on both sides. The United Irishmen said: "Now is your chance. We offer you liberty, equality, and fraternity. You'll never get it by keeping quiet, not if you wait till doomsday. Come and make common cause with us. The French are on the sea; and with their help we'll have a republic in which all shall be free, religiously as well as politically." And, on the other hand, the Orangemen, pretending to assume that the Catholics were already all traitors *in bosse* and a good many of them *in esse*, treated them accordingly; which is the approved recipe for making the dog deserve the name you choose to fix on him. The magistrates too, and men of property, began to get thoroughly frightened; to believe in an Irish directory and confiscation of estates; and to feel that the best thing was to force on a rebellion, which could easily be put down before the French did come or before a mishap on the Continent might make England less equal to cope with it. Hence the pitch-caps, the half-hangings, the Beresford triangles, the "free quarters," the brutalities of General Lake's men which so moved Lord Cornwallis's wrath, the yet more inhuman brutalities of the "Ancient Druids" and other Fencibles, as well as of the Irish yeomanry; and all this, remember, before '98, for the wonder is, not that that rising took place, but that the people should have borne so much and still have delayed their insurrection. But I must not become political, even with regard to the past; I must stick to De Latocnaye; and he, poor man, was in a strange quandary about this sad state of things in the north. He did not like it, and no wonder, when he found himself in danger of his life because he had a green string to his umbrella. Fresh as he was from the land of suspicion, that was almost too much for him. Moreover he naturally disliked the United Irishmen — "a set of vaporing fools who talk the same highflown jargon that our philosophers talked before '93." He had his friends and subscribers, too, to look to — people like the Latouches, worthy bankers who, men of the Edict of Nantes themselves, had been kind to him for his French name's sake. No wonder he now and then found his position a difficult one. "Sometimes," he says, "I am called a democrat, sometimes I'm found to be too aristocratic; now I'm an atheist, now a bigoted Papist. But," he adds with more than French vivacity, "the esteem of a few sensible people, or a flattering reception from a single respectable family, makes me forget all that unpleasantness."

Emigré as he was, he naturally rejoiced to see how a possible Franco-Irish republic was being made impossible; and he often sadly reflects how differently things would have gone on in France had there been a little stern repression at the outset. But still he can't help sympathizing with the sufferers, the Catholic farmers who only wanted to be let alone, but on whom both Orangemen and United Irishmen insisted on forcing a quarrel. The search for arms gave rise to great excesses, and sometimes to cruel reprisals; and somehow a prophecy of St. Columba was passed round, to the effect that "all in Ulster who have not joined the heretics will perish by famine or sword; but across

the Shannon there shall be safety." This moved some as powerfully as the Orange arguments *ad hominem* above cited, had moved others; for, says De Latocnaye, "They are the most timid and credulous creatures in the world; and the idea of safety was enough to have made them foot it ten times as far as to Shannon. I've often met these wandering families — father and mother carrying their younger children and their poor household stuff, the bigger children trotting along behind, accompanied by the faithful pig and sometimes by a few head of poultry." His remedy, several times repeated, is not to try to Anglicize them, but to respect their habits and prejudices and to lead them accordingly. Of Navan, for instance, he says: "It's a thoroughly Irish town, and I can't say that it's very clean or very pretty; but I like it better as it is; for I'm more and more convinced that the true way is to improve, not to destroy. The mistake over here is that nothing is ever thought of but England and English interests (*qu'on ne pense qu'à l'Angleterre en tout et pour tout*); and that plan can never succeed." Again, near the Causeway, he comes upon a scene such as I witnessed at Avondale, on Mr. Parnell's property, in the autumn of 1882. A crowd of men, women, and children, singing and working in time to an instrument played by a fugleman, were digging up some favorite landlord's potatoes. They were all in their best clothes, and not a drop of liquor was allowed on the ground. "The Orangemen assert," says our Breton, "that it's mostly people who have been arrested for high treason who come in for this kind of help; but I know of many staunch friends of government, my host of yesterday among them, who have been thus treated. Of one thing I am quite certain, in France or England such gatherings could scarcely have taken place without a riot; yet here, though the county is in such a ferment, everything passes off quite quietly unless the Orangemen come in and meddle. . . . Before long government put down these potato-diggings; probably that was the wisest plan, but I must again remark how very easy it is to make these Irish submissive. In the hands of able men, actuated by true public spirit, they would be more easily kept in the right path than any people in the world. Their constant seditions are a proof of sensitiveness; don't try then to make them something else, but work on what is good in them and you'll be able to mould them as you please."

There were outrages on the other side; everybody could not be expected quietly to pack up and go to Connaught without an appeal to force since there was no hope of justice; but most of the Catholic excesses struck our traveller as laughable rather than criminal. He cites the case of a Catholic chaplain who, having been turned out of his appointment, read his recantation, and thereby got not only the regulation annuity of forty pounds a year provided for convert priests, but also the first living that fell vacant. If he had kept quiet all would have been well; but with a convert's zeal he denounced *la prostituée de Babylone*, and preached inflammatory harangues. The people cut off his cow's tail and ears, and nailed them to his door; and De Latocnaye, who was born before Martin's Act and the days of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, does not express so much horror as he ought at their conduct. But what seemed to him worse than the outrages was the atmosphere of suspicion in which everybody lived. It was like the French Terror. Men (he was credibly informed) would burn down their own houses to secure the punishment of their private enemies; magistrates would fire shots into their own sitting-rooms to get their district proclaimed. A man cut off his own ear (the surgeon at once pointed out how it had been done) and accused a neighbor of having bitten it off. The bad side of human nature came out, now that denouncing and informing and playing the spy had become a regular profession.

No wonder people were glad to escape all this by moving westward. Lord Altamont at Westport gave them lands; so did other Connaught landlords besides Colonel Martin. They were to begin after a few years to pay a small rent; and De Latocnaye (having before his eyes no fear of "congestion") thinks what a pity it is that government can't arrange with men like Colonel Martin and do the thing wholesale. "Give some sixty thousand of them land, tools, seed-corn, and provisions for two years, and at the end of that time they'd be able to maintain themselves. You can't expect a private individual to do all that; but if it was done, Ireland would support twice its present population, and that population would be evenly distributed instead of being massed in a few places; and this would surely be better than for crowds to go off every year to America."

The strange thing is that, though he went through Wicklow and Wexford,

even stopping at Enniscorthy, and though while he was in Wexford town a French privateer came into the harbor and levied contributions on the ships lying there, he had no suspicion of the rising which took place two years after his book was printed. He mentions the defeat of the Whiteboys at Wexford in 1793, and is quite sure that the same firmness which put them down would have stopped the French Revolution; but, except in the north, Ireland appeared to him quite quiet. He noted the wonderful progress she had made during the fourteen years since 1782; the industries that had been started, — too few but still encouraging, "showing that the country is now roused from her stupor of seven centuries." "It is the partial abrogation of the penal laws," he thinks, "which has brought about all this good; how much more may be expected when they are wholly done away with! Ireland will then soon rival the country that has held her down, *and this rivalry will be for the good of both*."

He hears a good deal about the working of these penal laws; how, for instance, Lord Oranmore, fearing that a Protestant cousin was going to claim his estate, went to the rector of the parish and desired to be reconciled to the Protestant Church. The rector naturally asked why, but to all his inquiries there was only the one answer: "I conform for Oranmore." It was not satisfactory, but as the law demanded nothing beyond conformity, the clergyman was obliged to submit, and his lordship kept his property. One is curious to know if he was the direct ancestor of that redoubtable champion of Protestantism, Lord Oranmore and Brown.

Our Breton is fond of a joke at the expense of the Protestant clergy: "What a good trade, what a charming trade, that of Anglican bishop or parson in Ireland! These men are God Almighty's spoiled children; they're as rich as bankers, they have good wine, good fare, pretty wives, and all that just for saying 'God bless you.' God bless *them*, I say. Ah! if I could only put on the black satin philibeg, it would be a good deal better than being an émigré."* The jobbing in leases which was so common among the Irish bishops of that day amazes him: "The rents are very low, but every year the farmers pay a goodly extra tip (*pot de vin*) as well, which is not reckoned in the episcopal revenue." Of the fellowships of Trinity College, Dublin, he says, "They are too richly endowed;" and he is told that the fellows are all married, but that to evade Queen Elizabeth's old maid's whim, their wives don't take their husbands' names!

De Latocnaye's introductions brought him under the spell of General Vallancey; and he talks quite glibly about Tuatha da Danaan and the connection between Irish and Phœnician, quoting the celebrated speech of Hanno in the "Pœnulus" of Plautus which Silk Buckingham used to make so much of, and describing Druidical remains whenever he comes across them. He knows however (which very few of us have yet learned) that a cromlech is a circle of stones, and not the thing which the Cornish call a quoit, and the Bretons a dolmen. It is interesting to note what he says about Glendalough and Irish ruins in general; and about *tir na'n oge*, "the land of the young," for which (like every other traveller in County Clare) he was taught to look across the western waters, and the persistent belief in which leads him to dilate at too great length on Atlantis, and the primal race, and the cause of Irish bogs. He has a long digression, too, about bread-making; he gives in quaint English, "put together with hard labor at the dictionary," a recipe, three pages long, for "baking with leaven;" "It is such a pity to be dependent on the brewer for your barm, when you can manage better without him. Fancy Colonel Martin having to send all the way to Galway, thirty-five miles, for yeast, and even for bread if the yeast supply runs short." He is just anticipating that "German yeast" which almost everybody uses now; but though he writes to deliver his conscience, he doesn't think much good will come of it: "Britons are little given to change their ways of doing things."

But I can only introduce you to De Latocnaye. Read for yourselves what he says about "that enchanting little nook, Glengariff;" about the beauties of Killarney, and (at Muckross) about the horrors of an Irish burial-ground; about the groups of "Palatines" on the rich lands of County Limerick; about the Dublin charities, so abundant and yet helping the wrong sort of people; about the prodigality of the great, which is ruinous because not a penny is spent on native produc-

* "The bishopric of Killala is the poorest in Ireland. The bishop's income is only 3,000*l.* a year. *Poor man!*" Perhaps his shrewdest blow is what he says of Galway city: "It's a good thing there are plenty of Anglican clergy living here, else there would not be a single soul belonging to the dominant religion."

tions.* The labor question he solves in a very summary way. "You reproach the peasant with being lazy and thriftless; how do you expect anything else from a man who never can earn enough to live on? When he comes over to England the Irish laborer works like a horse and is as sober as a Spartan; and landlords who have tried at home the plan of paying him decently and building him a decent place to live in, have found it answer admirably." Of course he denounces absenteeism and the middleman system, finding in the latter an explanation of the paradox that "the richer the land in Ireland, the greater the poverty. On poor land it doesn't pay to sub-let; but on good land you have sometimes half-a-dozen links between the owner and the actual worker." One thing is worth noting; he never dreams that the country is over-peopled: "If only public works like the draining of Strangford Lough and Lough Derg on the Shannon were taken in hand, it could feed double its present population." On another point he agrees with the late Lord Derby; he would "level up." "If the viceroy had half a dozen benefices in every diocese to give to the priests, they would soon become as attached to the government as their dearly beloved brethren the Protestant clergy are. Unfortunately, though government knows the immense power that the priests have over the people, it does not make the least effort to conciliate them; on the contrary it has made enemies of them by ill-treatment. Forget the past; wipe out inscriptions like that which I read in Nassau Street, Dublin: "May we never want a William to kick a Jacobite's breech;' win the priests, and you'll have the people with you."

But it is his experiences in Ulster which have a special interest just now. He spent the winter among his friends in Scotland, crossing to Port Patrick on the first of December, and returning to Donaghadee early in spring, to find Belfast,—which before had seemed to him as quietly money-grubbing as a Scotch town, and where all his political questions had been parried with such replies as, 'Sugar's too dear, and linen too cheap, and if they don't make peace we shall all be ruined,"—in a state of actual siege. He got there on the king's birthday, and the soldiers were ransacking every corner, and breaking all the back-yard windows even of the houses which were illuminated in front. It was not a pleasant place to stay in; so he obtained a pass (needful in those times) and went off by coach, judging that the roads would not be safe for pedestrians in a neighborhood where for two or three miles outside the town the soldiers had broken every pane of glass. At Bannbridge it was market-day, and the soldiers were strolling about amongst the stalls, and making the women take off anything green that they happened to be wearing.

Sympathizing as he does with the peasants, "duped by United Irish wire-pullers," he is never weary of admiring the energy of the government and contrasting it with the supineness which was shown in France. "Here, they manage to hold in a discontented people, excited by the success of the French revolutionists. There, a weak government and foolish ministers so mismanaged things that a flourishing monarchy was destroyed among a thoroughly royalist people who really loved their king."* What struck him as so wise was that, before beginning repressive measures, government had taken good care to put everything in a state of defence. Then, when the country was full of troops, the oath of allegiance was enforced and the search for arms went on vigorously. Of course the law was in abeyance; "The only part of it that was enforced was that which made it penal for Catholics to have arms; and this searching for arms gave occasion to many outrages, carried on by Orangemen under Orange magistrates, such as must always be expected when the lower orders not only have arms in their hands but also the support of the powers that be." His excuse for this partiality on the part of the executive is rather a lame one: "I met one high-minded officer who absolutely refused to take sides, and was ready to help whenever wrong was being done; but to have succeeded on that plan a man must have had a very large force at his disposal." His remedy is wholesale transplanting (he does not say of which party), for he is sure that the land is at the bottom of these Ulster troubles: "It is the richest and most beautiful part of Ireland. Hence such an influx of

* About hedge schools and endowed grammar schools he is instructive: "At Enniskillen Dr. Stock gets a salary of 2,000*l.* for teaching nobody, except his own sons and nephews and seven or eight boarders who pay him a hundred guineas a year."

* Kings in England, he sees, reign but don't govern. "In all the political disputes it is Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox who says this and does that. The king walks on the terrace at Windsor, takes a drive, goes to bed; that's all we hear about him."

strangers that there is not room for everybody, and one side is eager to oust the other. . . . I hesitated a long time about telling all this; but people will expect me to say something, and when one does speak one is bound to tell what one believes to be the truth."

The sum of all, according to him, is that England should lay aside her ridiculous prejudices, and let Ireland *really* (they are his italics) "share the beneficent laws that she has made for herself. Thus will she gain the love of four millions of subjects whom her arms have conquered, but whom nothing but justice can make contented." As a Frenchman he cannot understand how it is that for centuries the English should have been content to know less of many parts of Ireland than they do of Otaheite, and to allow the Irish to be maligned and degraded by interested scheiners. "It is not so with us. A Provençal is proud of being the fellow-subject of a Norman; a native of Old France has no antipathy to a Breton. Why is there such a different feeling between Irish and English?"

HENRY STUART FAGAN.