

Ireland

Thirty-eighth Thousand, with Extracts from the Cardinal's Pastoral.

ENGLAND'S DUTY

TO

IRELAND,

AS

Plain to a Loyal Irish Roman Catholic.

BY

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WHAT hurts society is not that it should lose its property, but that it should become a den of thieves; for then it must cease to be society.

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THE "FREEMAN'S" REPLY.

ENGLISHMEN will observe the tone of the *Freeman*, the organ of the so-called educated Parnellites. The other Parnellite Journals are less reputable than *Town-Talk*, and the paper on which they are printed is worse.

"Reckless and almost brutal in his attacks on the living, this 'LL.D.' &c., &c., is not sparing even of the dead, and seeks to fling his mire upon their memory. In evidence of this, we may refer to the passage in which he speaks thus of the late Cardinal M'Cabe:—'Boymen, legal and medical, are, for the time being, in the hands of the Clergy. Cardinal M'Cabe directed that no legal or medical man should be employed unless he belonged to the Royal University.' We denounce this deliberate statement as a deliberate untruth. Cardinal M'Cabe never said or wrote a word of the sort, and we challenge this man to give proof of his statement."

The facts are as follows:—

On the 3rd October, 1882, a Meeting of the Prelates was held at Clonliffe. On the 13th November, 1882, there appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* a Pastoral Letter from Cardinal MacCabe. In it occur the following passages:—

"At a general meeting of the Prelates of Ireland, held last month at Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, it was arranged that the University established by Papal authority should continue with power to confer degrees in Theology, Canon Law, and Scholastic Philosophy. But while the Catholic University will not examine for degrees in Arts, it will through its Colleges prepare students for these degrees in the Royal University of Ireland."

The Cardinal then complains of the endowments of Trinity and the Queen's Colleges. He continues—

"Notwithstanding all this, the clergy have at their command a power which, if well used, can place the University College in a position, if not of superiority, at least of equality with its strong rivals. In the first place, the priests of Ireland have easy access to the confidence of their faithful people, and the influence arising from these inestimable privileges may more than counterbalance the attractions arising from these inestimable privileges may more Ireland who will not have some, perhaps many, opportunities of honourably and conscientiously advancing the interests of young professional men, be they solicitors, lawyers, physicians, engineers, or architects, educated in this College. If the University College publish in permanent form from time to time a list of the young men who have passed to professions through its halls, a glance at that list might enable the priest to exercise his influence for the success of this College when asked to support the claims of a candidate or promote the interest of otherwise unfriended young men. There is in the hands of the clergy of Ireland an amount of honest, honourable patronage, which, if properly used, would more than outweigh, in favour of our infant institution, the vast endowments of more favoured seats of learning. This suggestion may be put down as narrow-minded illiberality, but we must remember that we are fighting against enormous odds, which our critics would never think of branding as 'narrow-minded or illiberal.'"

On this the *Freeman* observes:—

"We have read these 'references' carefully through from first to last, and we deliberately affirm that they do not furnish even the shadow of a foundation for the 'LL.D.'s' assertion that 'Cardinal M'Cabe directed that no legal or medical man should be employed unless he belonged to the Royal University.' This is not a matter about which there can be much controversy. It is not a matter for the miserable quibbling of a pettifogging gutter-club."

I quite agree with the *Freeman*, that this is not a matter about which there can be much controversy.

9, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,
22nd February, 1886.

T. M.

ENGLAND'S DUTY TO IRELAND.

Most people will admit that at first blush Ireland is less civilized than England. From this impression people are apt to argue thus: Greater civilization is more complex than a lesser degree of civilization; hence every Irish problem, even the most complicated, is more simple than an analogous question in England. In other words, the fatal conclusion is that an Irish question admits of a comparatively simple solution.

A glance at history will dispel this illusion. Ireland is historically one maze of complication. Suppose we begin with Ireland as using one speech. One speech. Well and good. Tradition points to three distinct nations using this one tongue. Upon this people one in speech come the Danes. Then come the so-called Norman adventurers—in reality filibusters from all France. Then come, in the North, the Scotch settlers. Then come the Cromwellians. Then come the Williamites. Then come the Huguenots, whose pronunciation still survives in the slang of the Dublin slums. And in addition to those deluges, akin to the catastrophes of geologists, there has been a steady infusion of strangers, one by one, like the dropping that wears the stone. If race has any effect, the Irish must be the most mixed people in the world. So much for race.

This is not all. I wish it was. Ireland, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, is a case of arrested development. The clan-system was destroyed before it ripened into something better. The clan-system was never consolidated by any strong central force. What Brian Boru

left undone was still undone in Wellington's time, and is undone still. Ireland, said Wellington, was never more than half conquered, and it was Wellington that during the tithe-war pointed out the danger of a general refusal to pay rent. If I am told Wellington was a Tory and a martinet, I reply that to Wellington is due praise of the Irish Catholic soldier that would seem hyperbole in one of less stern stuff. Wellington, then, cannot be considered a witness hostile to the so-called national side of the Irish question. So far, we find that Ireland is inhabited by a hybrid people, of the most mixed blood, and never consolidated by strong central authority.

This is not all. We find the Irish disintegrated by differences in religion, and these differences in religion emerge in politics as differences in power, position, and wealth. Political differences depending on religion have been abolished at law, but the effects remain. Of course they will wear out in time; but few people attain the age of Methuselah, and it is only Darwinians who regard millions of years as a bagatelle.

But this is not all. Had the scheme of National Education been carried out, everybody in Ireland up to and beyond fifty might now have been capable of being influenced by argument. It is not so. Priest and Parson joined for once and for evil in their attack on that system—the Parson, because he was not allowed to enforce the teaching of the Kings of Israel and Judah out of a Bible stamped with the Lion and the Unicorn—the Priest, because he was not allowed to have everybody on their knees, like villagers in an opera, when the clock struck twelve. Bigots will be surprised to learn that O'Connell was in favour of united secular and of separate religious teaching for the Irish. It is singular that the two most powerful Churches, the Roman Catholic and *longo intervallo* the English, are scared from their propriety by even the ghost of dissent. But the melancholy fact remains that the Irish, through the want of education, are in the best condition to receive the lies sown broadcast by the agitator.

I need not enter on the Land Question, further than to repeat what is familiar to the dullest student of Mill, that in Ireland the pressure of population was, and in a lesser degree is, directed against Land, while in other countries it is directed against Capital. In less technical language, the vast majority of the Irish live by the land, and not by manufacture.

This is bad enough; but it is not all. The various causes enumerated have left the following result: The vast preponderance of intelligence and wealth is in the hands of the Protestants. In 1861, 93 per cent. of the land was in the Protestants' hands. The Protestants are somewhat over a million to about four million of Roman Catholics. As a fair test of education and position, let us take the Bar. Now, for many years past, the promotion of Catholic Barristers was much greater than that amongst Protestants, so that it was a positive advantage to be a Catholic, and yet the proportion of Protestants and Catholics at the Bar is two to one. In the medical profession—the easiest to obtain—the proportion of Roman Catholics was greater; but this is my case. The more intelligence and wealth, the more Protestants. I cannot alter facts.

Again, Economic causes are at work, prices are falling, and agricultural imports are increasing, and everything in Ireland is decaying, except priests, public-houses, and agitation. Under these conditions—ignorance, poverty, and rancour, religious and political—the growth of that noxious weed, the Agitator, is sure. And of the condition of Ireland the Agitator is the product and the cause.

What, then, is the Agitator? The Agitator may be easily distinguished from the Statesman on paper, but it is not so easy in practice. The Statesman aims at a definite end. It may be beneficial in the long run or it may not. Equal division of land, or three acres and a cow may or may not be beneficial. But the Statesman good or bad—Cobden or Caius Gracchus—wishes to attain his public end. That attained, he proposes a new

one or retires under his own fig-tree. But the Agitator lives and moves and has his being in the postponement of his end *sine die*. The rat-catcher cannot afford to kill all the rats; the professional beggar has a vested interest in his artificial sores. But whether the spirit that troubles the waters be Statesman or Agitator—philanthropist or professional beggar—can only be determined in the individual case—by their fruits shall you know them. One sure test of the quack is his prescription in all cases of one infallible specific. A man suffering all conceivable maladies for thirty years is cured by half a bottle of somebody's syrup, though somewhat inconsistently, doubtless in the effusion of gratitude, he generally orders twelve dozen of the specific to keep by him. And the specific that has been prepared by Mr. Parnell, and vouched for by the Catholic Bishops and Moonlighters, is Home Rule.

Home Rule, we are told *ad nauseam*, does not mean separation from the Empire. It only means such management of home affairs as is possessed by Australia, Canada, and South Africa. But observe the difference. Australia, Canada, and South Africa are enormous sections of far distant Continents; in fact they are continents in extent. The population of each is infinitely more homogeneous than that of Ireland. If there are differences, the line of demarcation is not wealth and education on one side, as opposed to poverty and ignorance on the other. Were Ireland materially joined to England, no one would dream of Home Rule, in the sense that Three Millions of the population, whose views are at variance with those of the Thirty odd Millions, would be left free to butcher an odd million which agreed with the Thirty odd Millions. Would the English at this moment allow a band of Home-Rulers to roam about London and assassinate any loyal Irishman who used soap and water? Suppose three-fourths of the Welsh claimed to have leeks, a goat, and a harp supplied to each Welshman at the public expense, ought they have the power of knifing any Welshman who did not believe that all happiness

was contained in these three articles? Or suppose that *Punch* had succeeded in forming a party for redressing the wrongs that the inoffensive British Unicorn suffered at the hands of the truculent British Lion, must the Unicornists oust the Lionists from the land?

And if such atrocities would not be tolerated, if Ireland was materially joined to England, why should they be tolerated, because Ireland is separated from England by less than three hours' strip of water?

Home Rule means the boycotting and massacre of the loyalists. Boycotting and Massacre. This cannot be too often dinned into the ears of the Thirty odd Millions of all shades of race, religion, and politics. Does Home Rule not mean Boycotting and Massacre? It does. For the following reasons:—The Home Rulers, we are told, do not want separation; we are to have British men-of-war in the harbours and British troops in the garrisons to lay out British money amongst the Nationalist shopkeepers. It is ludicrous to read the expressions of indignation if a British ship or regiment is moved. Mr. Parnell is loud in demanding that imperial ships should be built at rebel Cork by rebel carpenters. But the police are to be in the hands of the Parnellite Boards. No one is to call out the police or a portion of the military unless the Nationalist magistrate thinks proper—the magistrate who will be the merest puppet of the Home Government. And while H. B. M.'s ship *Belleisle* would be riding in Kingstown Harbour, there would be nothing in the world, except the cowardice of the Parnellites, to prevent the loyalists of a secluded spot, like Delgany, from being massacred on any Sunday afternoon, any more than there was anything to prevent the democrats of Corcyrá from massacring the aristocrats and piling their corpses up "like soap," while the ships of the imperial democracy, the most intellectual ever on earth, cruised about the bay. I defy any man who knows Ireland honestly to question the probability of my supposed case. Let anyone ask any Irish Law Officer. The Imperial Government can deal with Ireland in two con-

sistent ways: it can enforce Law and Order—Law and Order—I repeat the hated words; or it can give up Ireland. In the latter event, there is no doubt that the Loyalist Minority possessing the vast preponderance of organization, intelligence, and wealth, and being in close proximity to Scotland, with the help from the sister island of volunteers, relations, friends, and adventurous spirits, who now shoot bears and tigers, would give the Nationalists a lesson they would remember when Strafford and Cromwell are names as shadowy as Con and Brian Boru. The Celts, says Polybius, every generation, want war, and in this case it would certainly be a new generation that wanted it.

An Englishman will ask—Why this fuss about police? Because it contains the whole question in a nut-shell. In England, the whole population is with the police against even a possible criminal. A man running away is run down by a mob of the greatest London roughs. In Ireland, the police are fair game, in all cases where it is safe to attack them. Women and children are fore-plummet in the attack, and this is at once the greatest contempt to the Imperial Force, and the deepest disgrace to Irish Manhood.

The Home Rulers, contrary to all politics, have never formulated their demands. Now, in certain cases, such formulation is pedantry; you need not devise patterns for your great-grandson's cravats, for he will settle that himself. And Nationalists plausibly say, "Give us Home Rule, and things will settle themselves;" in a short time the country will, as sailors say, "work loose." But, in this case, the whole question is one of detail: you might as well argue that England and Russia could agree as to an abstract frontier, without drawing any line on the map, or specifying what is Russian and what English. If so, disputes must arise, and then the whole question is re-opened.

We are told the majority will tolerate and protect the minority. Will they? Everything tells the other way. Boycotting has reached the Dublin tradesmen and

shopkeepers, and the Catholic professional men, legal and medical, are for the time being in the hands of the clergy. Cardinal M'Cabe directed that no legal or medical man should be employed unless he belonged to the Royal University. Archbishop Croke, in his sermon at the Jubilee at Blackrock College, preached that 1 Timothy, v. 8, involves implicit acceptance of the ecclesiastical programme. It is difficult to believe that St. Paul approved of the system of marking at the Intermediate Examinations, or the mode of issuing examination papers at the Royal University. Perhaps St. Paul thought Earlsfort Terrace finer than the Areopagus. But he has not said so; and some people will refuse to believe that the commission to which the Archbishop refers—"Teach all people," was intended to justify Barabbas and his associates. At least there is nothing to show that the Apostles subscribed to the Barabbas fund, though the late Treasurer of The League may appeal to the early precedent set by Ananias. And the old connexion between lying and murder is pointed out by an authority which even ecclesiastics will hardly question.

The sayings of Archbishop Walsh are not more reassuring. He began his episcopate by graciously granting Roman Catholics the right to differ in politics. I reply that if Roman Catholics cannot form or maintain political opinions without the permission of a Bishop, the sooner the Penal Laws are re-enacted the better. His next exploit was to declare that to catch a child for the Bird's Nest was "as bad, if not worse," as to train it for the horrors described by Mr. Stead. If Archbishop Walsh is of that world-renowned learning ascribed to him by the students of the French College, he must know that Protestants, like Professor Caird and Professor Bradley, claim for Protestantism the expression of the highest ethical and spiritual truth. Their doctrines I hold to be part of Catholicism; but this does not clear Archbishop Walsh. At all events, a Maynooth priest is surely the last who ought to deny that people of obscure birth may partake of Christian virtue. Again, the Archbishop tells

us he must have Trinity College—the only thing in Ireland that an Irishman need not be ashamed of. The Irish Medical School cannot produce a professor of anatomy, and patronage at the Bar goes for any and everything—from ratting to rackets—except Law. Then we have Friar Behan, an ecclesiastical *Lion Comique*, who flits from meeting to meeting, but unlike the Bee, brings his own sweets with him, and tells us in his own elegant language: “From the topmost to the bottomest man we’ll have in a man of our own.” This Friar of Orders Green is *arbitrator elegantiarum* to the French College, and educated men, who teach in that institution, are brought there to listen to his vulgarity.

Mr Parnell in his recent sucking-dove speech on the Address tells the Irish Protestants that he will protect them; but if the Irish Protestants prefer Mr. Parnell’s promises to Magna Charta, backed by bayonets that will not do for corkscrews, they are greater fools than they look. Does history record a single case where the agitator could lay the storm he raised? Mr. Parnell knows well that his greatest enemy could not inflict on him a greater curse than to give him the government of Ireland, and leave him to satisfy his hungry satellites. Englishmen must not forget that Mr. Parnell called a dynamite explosion a practical joke. The *Freeman* called the murders in the Park an altercation, and Michael Davitt called the dastardly attack on the Curtins devil-may-careishness. The Parnellites have one great virtue. Fifty to one they run away, and their raids on Canada never came off, and never will.

It may be said, statesmen must take into account facts. “The Nationalists are Four Millions to One. This would settle an English question; why not an Irish one?” How is the majority obtained? In the agricultural classes by boycotting and moonlighters, who would under Home Rule be the national police, composed of the local idlers and village ruffians. The moonlighter is the miscreant who dances in the blood of a murdered man, and who howls for mercy when a girl catches hold

of his stolen gun. Curtin subscribed to the League, but that does not prove him a Parnellite any more than payment of black-mail proved a Lowlander a Jacobite. What it does prove is that the Government does not govern. Who and what is the Parnellite Member? The creature of his employer, picked up and supported out of the funds of the League; his lodgings paid for; he has not even a salary. The grateful utterance of a Parnellite Member is well known—“The Governor is in good humour to-night. I got £50 out of him.” Then the movement is supported by certain ecclesiastics, who think to retain the influence they have really lost, by out-Pickwicking Pickwick and running in front of the mob. Have they not lost their influence? What was the meaning, then, of the successful attempt to intimidate the Pope in the *Freeman’s Journal* in case a Parnellite was not made Archbishop? Did they not style the late Cardinal, Doctor McCabe? I should like to read the article that would have appeared, if he had been so referred to at a Protestant meeting. From the point of view of the worldly-wise, for Churchmen to join the revolution is sheer madness. Ireland, under Parnellite Home Rule, would become the sanctuary of all the scoundrelism of Great Britain and America. And the anxiety of the American Fenian to pay dues is at least non-proven.

Other circumstances have concurred to increase the prestige of the Parnellites. Londoners are lion-hunters. A lady in Thackeray wishes to secure for her evening the last convert—a barefooted Passionist, and though there has been as yet no run on barefooted Parnellites, the Irish patriot occasionally may roar as a big lion in a very small drawing-room.

As to the Parnellites in Parliament, they trade on the good feeling of the English. They obstruct until forced to apologise, and then start fresh. Their game will be effectually spoiled by Rules of Procedure which a new Parliament must pass. That this is so is proved by Mr. Parnell’s anathema of such rules in his last address

to the Irish electors in Great Britain: "Reform of procedure," says Mr. Parnell, "means a new gag." Let us hope it does, if the House of Commons is not to be made ridiculous by proceedings which would ensure ignominious expulsion from the Cogers' Hall.

It will be said the demand for Home Rule is a fact, and politicians must recognise facts. Well and good. But facts are only facts for a politician so far as they are understood. Now, two powerful parties support Home Rule as a means to an end—the Farmers and the Priests. The Farmers want to get rid of all their obligations to the landlords and everybody else. The Priests, or at least the Bishops, want to get education into their hands, I believe, for the purpose of crushing it altogether. Is it not so? If not, how comes it that all the teaching-power in the Catholic colleges and schools is foreign and not native, that is, the teacher is not a Roman Catholic—Irish born and taught by Irish Catholics? The teachers are either foreign priests or English converts, or they are laymen from Trinity College or the late Queen's. Why do the Bishops not aim at training a school of teachers from amongst the Irish Roman Catholic Priesthood? It is time, at all events, to begin.

The fancy-department of Home Rule may be put out of count—the Protestant shorn of his Bumbledom as a churchwarden, the Comtist* who likes everything—Boor or Croppy—that is hostile to the British Empire, which stops the advent of "Porochialism" in the shape of the Fifty-five Republics; and the unsuccessful man in college who, having failed to get anything for himself according to his folly, thinks he will get something from Chaos. All these Bumbles, Comtists, and Failures, if arrested, would not fill a prison van, and need not be taken into account. Measuring Irish feeling for Parnellism by pence, we find the Irish Nation subscribing for

* I was much pleased to be informed that the Irish, and a portion of the English, Positivists do not uphold the Irish policy of Messieurs Congreve, Harrison, and Beesly. The Parnellites thus lose all claim to the only really thoughtful and disinterested support which I erroneously supposed they possessed.—Feb. 18, 1886.

the last election ONE POUND TWELVE SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE—Three hundred and ninety pence—about the price of Judas. The rest came from non-Irish sources. I quote Mr. Parnell:—

"Had it not been for the prompt and most timely assistance that reached us almost daily from America during the electoral campaign, I fear that many of our nominations must have fallen through for want of funds. The continuous growth of the movement throughout the Union and Canada affords us all on this side the greatest possible encouragement. We feel assured that nothing will be left undone by America to enable us to speedily and surely win the legislative independence of Ireland."

Englishmen will be obliged to America when they know that Mr. Parnell and his twice Forty practitioners have been sent to Westminster by the American Fenian—a greater scoundrel than his stay-at-home brother. Finnerty threatens business—i.e. dagger and dynamite. Well and good. There is plenty of rope in England. Sir Thomas Esmonde tells the Irish in England that they are now to support the League. That is to say, British Capital is to support Parnellites.

There is one point left. The Nationalists are Protectionists. Contemptible as this may be from the economic point of view, it will be a new element of turbulence and riot. When Home Rule sets in, the Corner-boy, who wants a zest for another glass of protected red-headed whiskey, will only have to discover that the umbrella of some inoffensive person is of English manufacture, and that person, if inoffensive, will be stoned and kicked to death. To suppose that a pane of glass or a light will be left in the streets shows greater credulity than to believe in Aladdin's lamp. The statesman—Whig, Tory, or Radical—who coquets with Home Rule incurs the gravest responsibility. How many lives is the writer who wrote in the *Freeman* the article on "The Rats in the Castle Cellars" responsible for? and yet his responsibility, awful as it is, is as nothing to that of the Minister—Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone, I care not which—who places the Government of Ireland in the hands of the Parnellites—the most portentous

gathering of knaves, dupes, swindlers, women more ferocious than *les lécheuses*, murderers and cowards, that the world has ever seen. There is One Irish Want of long growth; it can be redressed but slowly, by education and by firm and consistent government—the want of Industry, Honesty, and Self-reliance. With this want, Education, and a Government—consistent and firm—may in time do much; nothing else short of a miracle can.

I ask, then, every Englishman, every Scotchman, every Welshman, who attaches any meaning to the word Duty, Is it his duty, not merely as the Duke of Bedford put it, “to hand over the loyal to the disloyal,” but to be accessories before, during, and after the fact, to the robbery and massacre of the loyalists by the Parnellites—the most degraded section of the inhabitants of the British Isles? To obviate misapprehension, I mean by degraded the most wanting in Industry, Honesty, Veracity, Self-respect, and Cleanliness.

With regard to remedial measures for Ireland, one point is always ignored by Englishmen. Tactics, say tacticians, presuppose that men will fight; and laws presuppose that men will obey them. Now, the Irish Farmer has no intention whatever of paying any rent, if he can help it; and he is right. He has found that the more he refuses the less he has to pay. Nothing is more amusing than to read the English papers seriously recommending Mr. Parnell to tell the farmers to be good boys, and pay their rent. Mr. Parnell might do this if it was well known that he meant the contrary. But if he meant payment, he would be greeted with one howl from Cape Clear to Donegal. I will make the Parnellites a present of an argument in favour of Home Rule, and that is, the dense ignorance as to Ireland which still prevails amongst certain Britons, North and South. Thus, Mr. Laing tells us in the *Nineteenth Century* that religious animosity has died away in Ireland. It never was so strong. But the joke that Mr. Parnell should bid the Farmers pay rent ought to have appeared, not in a

newspaper, but in a pantomime. But the crowning joke of the season is that put forward by the Radicals, that the Law of the National League needs no Sanction: of course not—except robbery, mutilation, and murder.

The positive duty of Britons is to insist on the enforcement of the law in Ireland. The question *how* is for the Government of the day. That is to say, make the Farmers pay their debts, and put down sedition-mongers, lay and clerical. Do not make martyrs of the sedition-mongers; do not give them long terms of imprisonment; give them a month on the treadmill; if physically unfit, make them wash the prisoners' clothes. A single London magistrate gets through more business in a morning than the whole of the Irish criminal judiciary in a week. Let anyone for three months read the paragraph “Ireland” in *The Daily News*, and he will see the intelligence is about as important as the leaders in *The Eatonswill Gazette*. Charles Lever knew Ireland better than most men; though his Englishmen are always only Irish-men *frappés*. But he is always wise, and he makes one of his Englishmen say, “What I want to know is, why we are afraid of them”—that is of the Irish. If police-law were as surely administered in Ireland as it is in London all would be well. No people improve more under steady discipline than the Irish. Witness the Police, the Army, and the Navy. I had occasion two years ago to examine the current Navy List, and I was surprised to see the number of Irish names among the warrant officers—a sure test of efficiency and steadiness. I repeat, then, that there is no nostrum for the Irish difficulty; the remedies are consistent enforcement of the law, and the promotion of education.

February 2, 1886.

POSTSCRIPT.

FREEDOM OF OPINION IN POLITICS.*

A NOISY party here affects to consider opposition to Parnellism as dissent from Catholicity. The Pope's Encyclical of November 1, 1885, is decisive:—

"In merely political matters, as to the best form of government, or different systems of administration, concerning these things a difference of opinion is lawful. Those, therefore, whose piety is in other respects known, and whose minds are ready to accept in all obedience the decrees of the Apostolic See, cannot in justice be counted as bad men because they disagree on the subjects We have mentioned; and still graver wrong will be done to them, if, as We have more than once seen with regret, they are accused of violating, or of wavering in, the Catholic faith. Let this be well borne in mind by all who are in the habit of committing their thoughts to writing, and above all by journalists."—*Authorized Translation*, p. 45. Burns and Oates, 1886.

The Irish Parnellites are now repudiated by the English Catholics, and the *Freeman* represents English priests as talking of the "dirty Irish." Whatever may be thought of the adjective, I say the aspirate is impossible. Again, the Roman correspondent of the *Standard* says:—

"The *Moniteur*, the mouthpiece of the Vatican, publishes Archbishop Walsh's recent address on the subject of the appointment of Mr. John Morley. This address is in direct opposition to the Pope's urgent injunctions and warnings. The truth is, that the Pope is absolutely powerless over the Irish clergy in matters touching Irish Nationalism."—*Irish Times*, February, 18, 1886.

Cardinal Manning sanctions the Primrose League:—

"A layman in the Archdiocese of Westminster has received a letter from Cardinal Manning, in which his Eminence, under date March 18th, says—'There is no prohibition in this diocese as to the Primrose League. In the first draft of its rules the members engaged to support religion as by law established. This no Catholic could do. The draft was revised, and there is now nothing that a Catholic may not promise. The engagement is to maintain religion or Christianity and freedom of conscience against atheism and atheistic or anti-Christian politics.'"—*Irish Times*, March 23, 1886.

I may add, the Pope's Encyclical is addressed, not to the *Freeman*, but to the Catholic world.

T. M.

* See Article I., *Dublin Review*, vol. xvii., pp. 1-37; and Dr. Mivart in *Appendix*.