

have robbed Blarney of its stone. You adorn the Celt with virtues that would grace a demigod; and then charge him with crimes that would disgrace a galley slave. Your Irishman is a giant without strength, an Olympian labouring in hell. He is a Sampson in the arms of Dalilah, and a Hercules spinning for Omphale. To judge him from your point of view, he ought not only to be the noblest, but the foremost man in the world, whereas he "is the vilest slave, the basest wretch that crawls the earth." I will not attempt to follow you minutely through lengthy fault-finding, nor will I seek to unravel the vexatious web of contradictions in which it is involved. You will pardon me, therefore, if I do not take your problems and their solutions in their regular sequence. All that I seek to establish is, that your delineation of the Irish character is incorrect; that the Irish are not in any way distinct and separate from other people; and that their crimes are not as atrocious as you represent them to be. To this end I will take the liberty, while respecting their integrity, of using your arguments as they come most readily to hand. You preface your scathing criticism with the assurance that you are "not going either to flatter or abuse; that you are trying to paint from history and from Nature," and, you add, "if we offend any partisan, we shall endeavour not to offend truth." This advertisement concludes with the salutary admonition "If any one be dissatisfied with the colors we lay on, he must compare the picture with nature before he blames us." As to these prefatory observations, I have only to say you have violated the compact. You have both flattered, and well, yes, almost abused. You have placed history out of court; you have painted nature as seen through the prism of your imagination, and you have left truth where the philosopher found it—at the bottom of the well. No doubt you will call me a partisan; but an Irishman is always a partisan when his pen or his voice is employed for the defence of his country. But, though partisan you may hold me to be, you will allow me to know something of the land in which I was born, and of the people amongst whom I have been reared. I have done as you required, and have compared your picture with nature; but I regret to say I cannot compliment you on the result. It is neither true to nature or to art. The chiaro-obscuro is not pleasing. Like Sir George Beaumont, you are a lover of the dark and gloomy; and like him, with Rembrandt's grand landscape of the Chateau of Stein, you have besmeared the bright tints of the original with liquorice-water and yellow ochre. A patch of the heavenliest blue floats in your sky, amidst a rack of storm-clouds; dusky shades fall upon the sunbeams, and sombre shadows come athwart the brightness of the green of the grove or the sward. You invite us to "look calmly at this people; a people who have suffered much, and made others suffer." Looking, then, at them calmly, let me ask you to put aside partiality and prejudice, and to say on which side has been the greater suffering?—on that of the Irishman or of those whom he has made to suffer?—by whom, I suppose, you mean the English. Who was the originator of those sufferings? who was the cause of their prolongation? and whose was the policy that intensified them? Though an Irishman, I am neither a bigot nor a fool. I know the dark as well as the bright side of "Poor Paddy's" nature. I am neither an enthusiast nor a cynic, and can distinguish a goose from a swan. I can, therefore, review your article calmly, and without the least disturbance to my bile. I believe every impartial man, who knows anything of Ireland and the Irish, will agree with me that your Irishman is a mere caricature. There are Irishmen, and conventional Irishmen. Your "Poor Paddy" is of the latter class; for whilst you clothe him with many of the national virtues, you rob him of some of the most prominent traits of the Irish character, and load him with vices that are not indigenous to our soil. Lord Lyndhurst, whose hatred of the Irish was undying, described us as "aliens in blood and religion," and denied us the right to English sympathy and consideration. But you go farther, and declare we "have ever been a distinctive people, separate from other people on the earth, distinct as to religion, whatever may be its form; distinct in genius, in their large virtues, and in the enormity of their vices." This is, to say the least of it, a very reckless assertion. In the first place, as to religion. If you look into history you will find that in the pre-Christian era the prevailing worship of the Irish pagans was a form of Druidism, similar to that of the Britons; and since the advent of St. Patrick, in the beginning of the fifth century—for more than 1400 years—Ireland has been in communion with Rome. At the present day, so far from being distinct in religion from other people on earth, she belongs to a faith which numbers in its fold 150,000,000 of the human family. Secondly, you aver that they (the Irish) are distinct in genius, and their large virtues. This is very soft and very flattering, thought it sounds very much like "blarney." But it is a compliment on crutches; for, in another paragraph you annul the commendation when you say: "What the Celts were in France, they are in Ireland; the nations assimilate." Therefore we do not stand alone as prodigies of genius and virtue. Certainly, you admit a little superiority of head and heart in the Irishman, owing to climatic influences; but this you stultify by your allegation that we are separate from other people in crime. For since the French character assimilates to ours, there must be a resemblance between crime in both countries. And what are those enormous crimes in which you declare us to be without peers? You have been at much pains in the diagnoses of our moral disease; but as I run my eye over the list of symptoms, I cannot help smiling at your knowledge of the *curriculum vitæ* of the leading mercurials of "Poor Paddy's" life, and of his antecedents. I do not uphold my countrymen as paragons of virtue. They are after all, but frail mortals, as liable as any other people to transgress the laws of God and man; but that their faults and vices are in any way exceptional, I most emphatically deny. The charge is monstrous and untenable. For the first time in my life I learn that the Irishman makes a bad husband. Of course, individual persons have held such an opinion, but only because individual cases were brought to bear upon such an opinion that gave birth to the idea; and the assumption, though unfortunate, is true in isolated cases, can scarcely be looked on as a national failing. Thackeray, who has so often and so pleasantly lampooned us, and who laughed at much and sneered at more that he saw in Ireland, admitted the domestic virtues of all classes—both rich and poor—that he felt in

with during his tour in that country, and bore testimony above all to the love of both men and women for their children. You, Sir, are the first pourtrayer of Irish character who has ventured to make this charge, and thus stigmatise my countrymen. Mr and Mrs Hall, Crofton Croker, and even the terrible 'Times' correspondent, or rather commissioner, who was specially deputed to visit, and pick a hole in poor Paddy's thread-bare coat, have borne alike testimony, and paid tribute to their virtue. Our own gentle, tender-hearted Oliver Goldsmith, predicting the exodus from Ireland to the land of the west, describes the virtues that belong to the peasantry of his native land:—

Contented toil and hospitable care
And kind conjugal tenderness was there;
And piety with wishes pleased above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love.

As the Irishwoman makes a chaste and faithful wife, so does the Irishman make a fond and devoted husband, and in no cases in Ireland are there charges of wife-beating and brutality, such as occur in the sister isle, and which are a blot on humanity. Under the most disheartening circumstances, for the dear love of wife and children, he struggles bravely on, and all that a brave heart and willing hands can do, he does. Adversity may conquer him, but it cannot crush out his love. When famine and fever made its ghastly mark throughout the land, men who before the dire visitation were the *beaux ideals* of sturdy, honest peasants and manly strength, were worn by sickness and bowed with care, gaunt and spectral; but suffering and privation could not rob them of their noble characteristics, and countless instances are known where, though a wolfish appetite was tearing at their bowels, and gnawing at their vitals, they would not touch the miserable dole which public charity had given them. They held it criminal to touch themselves what their wives and famishing children were crying for; and with a heroic self-denial, forgetting their own wants in the necessities of their families, they nursed and tended the sufferers with the gentleness of a woman, and the tenderness of a Sister of Charity. Yes, Ireland, you say, is a land of contradictions; but not of such contradictions as you assume. There is, however, no rule without an exception. There are in Ireland, as well as out of it, men who make but indifferent, even bad husbands. But compare English and Scotch husbands with the Irish husband, and tell me in what the former excel? Take an Irishman from the wilds of Connemara, and compare his life with an Englishman from the Black Country, or from the coal-pits of Northumberland and Durham, and tell me which you believe to be the better husband. But it is not only the Irish Benedict that displeases you. Why the poor Irishman should marry at all seems to puzzle you. To account for this peculiarity and the bump of philoprogenitiveness would involve a question of natural philosophy which it would not be advisable to expatiate on; but it is sufficient to say that in Ireland the social law recognises but one bond of union between man and woman—that which is sanctified and blessed by the Church. Light connections, such as are not unknown and common in both England and Scotland, are called by their proper names in Ireland; the parties to them are placed beyond the pale, and the offspring thereof carry from the cradle to the grave the brand of their disreputable and dishonourable birth. There is another failing in which I think you have been too hard in placing "Poor Paddy" by himself. "Irishmen," you say, "when thrifty are miserly and exceeding usurers." You must have overlooked Scotland when you booked these findings exclusively to Ireland. Paddy is neither miserly, mean, nor usurious, as you seem to think. Men who have through life been subject to poverty and privations, and hence, little accustomed to the possession of money, are apt to be over careful and nervous about their gains, when the tide of fortune turns in their favor. They live in perpetual terror of a collapse of speculations and the closing of banks. They are peculiarly sensitive and suspicious, and labour under extraordinary hallucinations as regards specie. Without money they are more or less happy; with it they are uneasy and wretched. The poor Irishman who has saved a few "notes" is as subject to this disease as any other person who has suddenly become possessed of comparative riches. But all other people are equally subject to it, and become meaner under its influence than poor Paddy. As to usurer, Paddy turned usurer keeps good company, but he, except in rare instances will share his cup and crust with the poor. According to Lord Macaulay, the celebrated Duke of Marlborough put out at interest the £1500 which the Duchess of Cleveland—of virtuous renown—gave him for some work not over clean for honest hands; and when he became great and powerful his early thrift stuck to him, and in all his speculations, he demanded usurious interest. In our own days, the first men on change—merchant princes, lawyers, tailors, grass-grass publicans, and even policemen, look for exorbitant interest—in fine are more or less usurers. They are not all Irishmen! "Poor Paddy is also wanting in thought," say you. This is one of the commonest failings of humanity at large. Want of it has ruined more than Pat. A little thought on the part of Charles I. would have saved his head, and secured the throne of England to the Stuarts. A little thought, and Louis the XVI. and Marie Antoinette had not passed under the guillotine, and we had been spared the perusal of the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. A little thought on the part of Austria, and Sadowa had told another tale. A little thought on the part of France, and the Germans had never trod in triumph the Boulevards of Paris, her standard still waved over conquered Strasbourg and Metz, and her fallen Emperor have never filled an alien's grave. A little thought on the part of Britain and there would have been no Alabama difficulty, and San Juan would still have been ours. A little merciful thought on the part of England, and she would have a different tale to tell to-day of Ireland, and Ireland a different tale to tell of her. A little thought on your part, Sir, and I had been spared the task of unravelling the web of your sophistry.

(Concluded in our next.)

On the 20th December, 1873, the first anniversary of the day when General O'Lea, the Carlist General, crossed the French frontier into Spain, with 26 brave men and unfurled the national flag, Don Carlos wrote the General a congratulatory letter, calling to his memory what they were then and what they are now.