

"Be it so. You shall stay—and stay on your own terms," said Neville, a wondrous beam of deep grey philanthropy playing over his strong face like a Quakerly nimbus. "I came to Ireland determined not to be drawn by a hair's breadth into partisanship on either side; but I find it's impossible to escape the infection. One has only to choose between the rebel-fever and the cruel mania for mastering the people, and upon the whole—I've chosen. Come in to breakfast."

The American Captain stood for a moment on the garden-path, watching the play of the Quakerly nimbus over Joshua Neville's rugged features, and thinking how really beautiful this hardened old Sheffield steel face looked this wintry morning. "Wal, boss," he remarked, as he walked on towards the Castle, "if they sent over a few more Englishmen of your streak, I guess they'd do more execution among our boys than as many regiments of redcoats, in a permanent sort of way."

(To be continued.)

The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

LXXXV.—How the Horrors of the Famine had their effect on Irish Politics. How the French Revolution set Europe in a Flame. How Ireland made a vain attempt at Insurrection.

Amidst the horrors of "Black Forty-seven," the reason of strong men gave way in Ireland. The people lay dead in hundreds on the highways and in the fields. There was food in abundance in the country,* but the Government said it should not be touched, unless in accordance with the teachings of Adam Smith and the "laws of political economy."

The mechanism of an absentee Government utterly broke down, even in carrying out its own tardy and inefficient measures. The charity of the English people towards the end generously endeavored to compensate for the inefficiency or the heartlessness of the Government. But it could not be done. The people perished in thousands. Ireland was one huge charnel pit.

It is not wonderful that amidst scenes like these some passionate natures burst into rash resolves. Better, they cried, the people died bravely with arms in their hands, ridding themselves of such an imbecile regime; better Ireland was reduced to a cinder, than endure the horrible physical and moral ruin being wrought before men's eyes. The daring apostle of these doctrines was John Mitchel. Men called him mad. Well might it have been so. Few natures like his could have calmly looked on at a people perishing—rotting away—under the hands of blundering and incompetent, if not callous and heartless foreign rulers. But he protested he was "not mad, most noble Festus." An unforeseen circumstance came to the aid of the phrensied leader. In February, 1848, the people rose in the streets of Paris, and in three days' struggle pulled down one of the strongest military Governments in Europe. All the continent burst into a flame. North, south, east, and west, the peoples rose, thrones tottered, and rulers fell. Once again the blood of Ireland was turned to fire. What nation of them all, it was asked, had such maddening wrongs as Ireland? While all around her were rising in appeals to the god of battles, was she alone to crouch and whine like a beggar? Was England stronger than other governments that now daily crumpled at the first shock of conflict?

Even a people less impulsive and hot-blooded than the Irish would have been powerless to withstand these incitements. The Young Ireland leaders had almost unanimously condemned Mitchel's policy when first it had been preached; but this new state of things was too much for them. They were swept off their feet by the fierce billows of popular excitement. To resist the cry for war was deemed "cowardly." Ere long even the calmest of the Young Ireland chiefs yielded to the epidemic, and became persuaded that the time at length had come when Ireland might safely and righteously appeal for justice to God and her own strong right arm.

Alas! all this was the fire of fever in the blood, not the

strength of health in that wasted famine-stricken nation!

Nevertheless, the Government was filled with alarm. It fell upon the popular leaders with savage fury. Mitchel was the first victim. He had openly defied Government to the issue. He had openly said and preached that English government was murdering the people, and ought to be swept away at once and for ever. So prevalent was this conviction—at all events its first proposition*—in Ireland at the time, that the Government felt that according to the rules of fair constitutional procedure, Mitchel would be sustained in a court of justice. That is to say a "jury of his countrymen" fairly empanelled, would, considering all the circumstances, declare him a patriot, not a criminal. So the Government was vain to collect twelve of its own creatures, or partisans, and send them into a jury box to convict him in imitation of a "trial." Standing in the dock where Emmet stood half a century before, he gloried in the sacrifice he was about to consummate for Ireland, and like another Scaevola, told his judges that 300 hundred comrades were ready to dare the same fate. The court rang with shouts from the crowding auditors, that each one and all were ready to follow him—that not 300 hundred, but 300,000, were his companions in the "crime" of which he stood convicted. Before the echoes had quite died away in Green Street, John Mitchel, loaded with irons, was hurried on board a government transport ship, and carried off into captivity.

He had not promised all in vain. Into his vacant place there now stepped one of the most remarkable men—one of the purest and most devoted patriots—Ireland ever produced. Gentle and guileless as a child, modest and retiring, disliking turmoil, and naturally averse to violence, his was, withal, true courage, and rarest, noblest daring. This was "John Martin of Loughorne," a Presbyterian gentleman of Ulster, who now, quitting the congenial tranquillity and easy independence of his northern home, took his place, all calmly, but lion-hearted, in the gap of danger. He loved peace, but he loved truth, honor, and manhood, and he hated tyranny, and was ready to give his life for Ireland. He now as boldly as Mitchel proclaimed that the English usurpation was murderous in its result, and hateful to all just men. Martin was seized also, and like Mitchel, was denied real trial by jury. He was brought before twelve government partisans selected for the purpose, convicted, sentenced, and hurried off in chains.

Seizures and convictions now multiplied rapidly. The people would have risen in insurrection immediately on Mitchel's conviction, but for the exhortations of other leaders, who pointed out the ruin of such a course at a moment when the food question alone would defeat them. In harvest, it was resolved on all sides to take the field, and the interval was to be devoted to energetic preparation.

But the government was not going to permit this choice of time nor this interval of preparation. In the last week of June a Bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act was suddenly hurried through parliament, and the Young Ireland leaders, scattered through the country in the work of organisation, taken utterly by surprise, and without opportunity or time for communication or concert, were absolutely flung into the field.

The result was what might be expected: no other result was possible, as human affairs are ordinarily determined. An abortive rising took place in Tipperary, and once more some of the purest, the bravest, and the best of Irishmen were fugitives or captives for "the old crime of their race"—high treason against England.

The leader in this movement was William Smith O'Brien, brother of the present Earl of Inchiquin, and a lineal descendant of the victor of Clontarf. Like some other of the ancient families of Ireland of royal lineage, O'Brien's had, generations before his time, become completely identified with the Anglo-Irish nobility in political and religious faith. He was, therefore, by birth an aristocrat, and was by early education a "conservative" in

*So distressingly obvious was the callousness of the Government to the horrors of the famine—so inhuman its policy in declaring that the millions should perish rather than the corn market should be "disturbed" by the action of the State—that coroners' juries in several places, empanelled in the cases of famine victims, found as their verdict, on oath, "Wilful murder against Lord John Russell" (the premier) and his fellow-cabinet ministers.