

## A Plea for Emigration

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Mr FOSTER FITZGERALD, late Colonial Secretary at Victoria, in his excellent history of Australia, contributed to the series entitled *Foreign Countries and British Colonies*, sets one's mind seriously thinking on the great question of Emigration.

No subject, indeed, can be of higher importance to our weary and dispirited generation than the condition and resources of the vast southern continent that forms so magnificent a portion of England's colonial empire. Statesmen and politicians are beginning at last to recognise the truth that to colonise a new country is the one great remedial measure for the suffering classes of the Old World ; for all who in our overcrowded cities and professions and trades are ever vainly seeking and hopelessly awaiting the employment that never comes, the income that never is realised. Whoever, then, can aid the youth of the empire to leave the old grooves and seek new fields of enterprise is a benefactor to the age. And Mr Fitzgerald's work affords exactly the information most necessary to the colonist. Full details are given of the climate, the soil, the various sources of wealth, with the peculiar laws and social elements of each Australian province ; so the adventurous settler can at once judge for himself what locality is best suited to his habits and pursuits, his constitution and his temperament.

Maps and copious statistics are also included in the work, which brings down the history of the colonies to the present time, and leaves no point of importance untouched.

The splendid picture drawn by the ex-secretary of the wealth, energy and progress of this new world, makes one feel still more vividly the helpless destitution and misery of the millions at home, and the importance of arousing men's minds to the great fact that this vast Australian continent belongs to no alien race, but is the heritage of our own people, won from chaos by their energy and daring, part of our own empire, with the same sympathies and interests, and every subject of the realm can enter in through its wide-open portals and share its wealth, and profit by its infinite resources, without let or hindrance. It is but a narrow view to limit a man's rights to the little island or parish where he may have been born. The whole earth has been given to the children of men, and they should go forth boldly and claim their birthright. The migration of nations is a fiat of Providence. It has been going on with the regularity of a law for six thousand years, and to our great Japetian race, the highest of humanity, seems especially to have been given the strength, the will, the intellect, and the power to make the circuit of the globe, going forth conquering and to conquer, with a mission to rule and lead wherever they lift their flag and plant their foot within the wide circuit of the world.

The eternal march of civilisation knows neither pause nor rest. It sweeps like destiny over the desolate souless lands where nature has lain torpid since creation ; and over the rude, half-souless savage tribes of the earth. And no people should debar themselves from the privilege of joining the ranks of progress ; for there are endless sources of wealth still

unutilised ; vast tracks still untrodden, waiting the transforming energy of intellect and science to make the wilderness blossom as a rose.

Why, then, should not the vital force of our people be employed on these lines of certain profit, in place of being wasted year by year in the bitter strife with other men as destitute as themselves, for an acre of land more or less in the old country, some wild tract of dreary bog, or a few stacks of turf on some desolate moor, while all the time a new world is waiting to be occupied, where everything they had dreamed of vainly, and worked for sadly from their youth up can be realised and enjoyed. Every day the strife for bread here is growing more fierce, the struggle more desperate for the smallest gain, and the misery and want still deeper and darker ; so one cannot wonder if the suffering masses, ground down as they are by taxation, trodden down by the rush of the crowd, crushed by reckless competition, and galled and tortured by the impassable barrier between the Haves and the Wants, should be driven to revolution by despair.

Life at present, even in industrious England, is a bitter heritage to many—a scroll written within and without with lamentations and mourning and woe. There is a feverish strain in all departments of the social system, an unhealthy excitement, everyone seeking the means to live with terrible eagerness, and few finding any adequate result. Crowds working like convicts on the daily treadmill, joyless and hopeless, till they drop from exhaustion into the grave ; others, strong and stalwart men, standing idle in the market-place because no one has hired them ; while the young and brilliant rush desperately into literature, that last resource of the unfortunate, and write novels, which they publish, probably at their own expense, or fling themselves body and soul to the devouring hydra of journalism, to live and work and die without recognition or honour, distinction or reward.

Life, in fact, has become a mean and ignoble scramble for the mere means of living. And all sensitive natures behold with dismay and terror the vile servitude of the intellect to the baser needs of life, and the degradation of the noblest instincts of the soul which the strife for money entails ; when a man dare not swerve one inch from the narrow groove prescribed by party politics, or our old social conventions, lest he should lose his chance of bread and be no longer hired to sweep the floor of civilisation for the shreds and fragments society may have let fall by the way—that one department of intellectual activity which now seems the most popular and the best paid.

The great high priest of Pessimism, Arthur Schopenhauer, felt so keenly the discord and misery of life that he expressed his surprise the whole human race did not some day resolve to make an end of it by a simultaneous and comprehensive suicide ; so, looking at the abject struggles with poverty of the millions in these British Isles, one wonders they do not arrange amongst themselves for a general stampede into the German Ocean on the one hand and the Atlantic on the other. But, happily, the burden of existence can be lightened without resorting to the extreme measures advocated by the Pessimist philosophy. A sail across the ocean might be tried before a final plunge into its depth ; and perhaps an intelligent study of the advantages of Australian colonisation would even persuade the despairing bread-seekers at home to give life another chance at the antipodes. For what has our political and social system come to in this effete Europe ? Mr Ruskin describes the result in his strong eloquent phrases : ‘ The evidences of it are degraded art, mean pleasures, merciless war, sullen toil ; the glory of it emaciated with cruel hunger and blotted with venomous stain, and the trail of it a glittering slime.’ Surely then, there can be nothing cruel in asking these victims of hunger and want, of degradation and vain hope, to turn their eyes to the great land where there is work and wealth for everyone ; no war, no want, no hunger ; and no fear of overcrowding in a continent as large almost as all Europe, yet with a population only equal to half that of London.

It is remarkable, also, that just as the old countries begin to fail in resources, and men eagerly search for new and wider spheres of action along with the freedom and adventure of an untried life, the veil is suddenly lifted from some hitherto unknown region, and a new heritage is given to humanity. Plain and river and forest and mine are made to yield up their treasures, and science and industry win new victories over ignorance and barbarism. Thus America was revealed to civilisation in order that commerce and intellect might replace the buffalo and the savage on the wild prairies of the West. And when America was lost to England another field of action was found for the enterprise of the nation in the *terra australis incognita* of the Southern Sea.

The Dutch, in their wanderings from the Spice Islands of the Indian Archipelago, had come on this vast continent lying on the borders of the Pacific, but England only began to found settlements on the east coast about a century ago. No one then imagined that the land was paved with gold. It was used merely as a waste dust-heap for the refuse population of the empire, while but few independent settlers were found brave enough to dare the dangers of its untried desolation.

From a beginning so unpromising the Australian nation has arisen, industrious, wealthy and self-governed ; splendid in enterprise and in all modes of material and intellectual progress. Magnificent cities have sprung up where but a few years ago the New Holland savage hunted the kangaroo ; a fine export trade has been established, and limitless vistas of wealth have been opened to the colonist in a country that by its position commands the trade with India, China, Japan and America, along with the islands of the Southern Sea.

Sydney was the first great settlement, selected for its harbour, where the navy of a world might anchor. Being the oldest colony, the Sydney people consider themselves the Aristos, the true noble class. They retain much of the fair English beauty that marks their origin, with also much of the stately forms of English society, and in splendour and pleasure Sydney almost rivals London. But Sydney soon became overcrowded and expensive, land rose to a fabulous price, and so new colonists went forth and built other cities—Adelaide, superb in climate and scenery ; and Melbourne, the Athens of the State, where the highest culture is honoured and art and beauty have their temples. The fine library there to which all classes are admissible, built at a cost of two hundred and eighty thousand pounds, is one of the finest buildings in the world ; and a National Gallery has been founded to contain replicas of all the great pictures of Europe, selected by Mr Ruskin and other eminent critics, with casts of the most famous statues, ancient and modern.

Melbourne is wealthy, and can afford these costly accessories of life. Since the auriferous fields were discovered, only fifty years ago, gold to the value of one hundred and ninety-two millions has been obtained, and the average annual return of gold is six millions. Ten thousand steam engines are ever at work on the quartz reefs, while still the yield seems inexhaustible. And this is but a fragment of the great gold land, whose full extent no man knows as yet.

Railroads traverse the States in every direction, and one has been already projected to span the whole Continent from south to north, at a cost of ten millions sterling ; while a telegraphic line, two thousand miles long, brings it into immediate communication with the whole world.

There are millions of acres growing the finest wheat ; plains of pasturage for cattle that would feed the whole empire ; riches in coal and all the useful metals as yet only partly explored ; while the great mountain wall that guards the coast from the Pacific seems based upon a pediment of gold. In one year twelve millions of gold were realised by Victoria alone,

and it has been computed that since the discovery of the gold- fields two hundred and sixty millions sterling in gold have been added by Australia to the wealth of the world.

But the gold fever has already cooled down, now that the alluvial deposits are almost exhausted, for working by machinery on the quartz reefs is too costly for the ordinary gold-digger. Gold nuggets, worth many thousands, can no longer be picked up in a morning's walk, but men have found a truer and more profitable source of wealth in the cultivation of the soil, and in all those natural resources fitted to sustain life, of which, indeed, gold is but the accepted symbol. The real inexhaustible wealth of Australia is in agriculture, and the stream of emigration may still go on, and find ample space and verge enough.

Western Australia is still almost untenanted. These endless plains of the West and the interior, sombre, silent and gloomy, that fill the beholder with a sense of oppressive desolation, wait the transforming energy of our race to give them a soul, and bring them within the circle of living humanity.

England now expends above one hundred and thirty millions sterling for imported food. When these waste plains are cultivated, Australia can supply it all, and give the millions of her gold in return for English manufactures. Already she pays about seventeen millions a year for English goods. Thus the two countries can be mutually useful, the only fitting relation between the various portions of the empire, and the only one that can insure the loyalty of the colonies and dependencies to the Crown. Australia is loyal because it is her interest to be so. The bond is one of mutual advantage, not of subjection and tyranny. England appoints the governors to each province, but this is the only mark of sovereignty she is permitted to assume.

Australia is perfectly free of all external control, and is entirely self-governed, the result being that although civilisation there is scarcely a century old, yet the States already rival Europe in magnificence, while they far excel the old nations of the world in the human progress which consists in the well-being, the prosperity, comfort, freedom and sense of personal dignity of every member of the community. A few resolute men, unfettered by cant, prejudice or routine, have achieved there in a few years the almost perfect form of a free Government, after which Europe has been blindly groping for a thousand years through much blood and many revolutions, with all their adjuncts of scaffolds and martyrdoms, but has never yet reached or realised.

Each state has its independent legislature, makes its own laws, and controls its own taxation and finance. There are some minor differences, but all agree in giving to man the full charter of his rights. The leading principles are the same in all—manhood suffrage, liberal land laws, extended secular education, no state church, free libraries, splendid universities where women are eligible for degrees as well as men, triennial parliaments, an elective Upper House, no rights of primogeniture, no privileged class with traditions of superior wisdom and divine right of rule attached to the accident of birth, but each man takes rank according to his worth and work. Society is thoroughly democratic, all are workers, and all are equal. A career is open to every man with the certainty of reward, and in the fullest sense the land is for the people.

Australia has thus solved quietly and peaceably the problem which in Europe has set Communist, Socialist and Nihilist at war with all existing governments. Vainly, however, they rave and rage, and slay and die ; the stifling traditions of the Old World social system still exist ; and the problem still remains unsolved in Europe. But in Australia the colossal experiment has been tried and has succeeded, to found a nation on the broad principles of freedom and justice with the widest recognition of human rights, and a great, powerful and

progressive people has been the result ; free as America, self-reliant as England, strong as ancient Rome under the Republic, though no standing army is required to uphold its power.

Why, then, do not trades' unions and mechanics' institutes and popular lecturers, and workmen's clubs, take up this subject of colonisation, and show the intelligent youth of the country the advantages offered by this new world of vitality and progress over the decadence and stagnation of exhausted Europe ?

And why, above all, should the force and fire of Irish manhood be wasted in vain complaints that their people are ' the worst fed, the worst housed, the worst clothed, the most utterly destitute of any of the nations of the earth' (which indeed is a sad truth), when they could arise and go forth to a noble and splendid heritage ? No tenant is forced to remain on the land in Ireland. He is perfectly free to leave if he considers himself rack-rented. And, at the same time, the landlord is quite justified in letting his land for the highest price that will be given. Many will give fancy prices for property on account of the scenery, the picturesque view, from old associations, or for convenience of locality ; and a landlord has as much right to sell his land to the best advantage as a Manchester cotton merchant to sell his goods at the highest profit.

Irish poverty is in truth the melancholy but logical result of centuries of misgovernment, begun originally in spoliation and continued in apathy and indifference to the welfare of the people, varied with spasmodic intervals of vehement coercion and abrogation of all legal rights ; while all the time the great material resources of the country were left entirely undeveloped—the land, the fisheries, the mines, the marble quarries, the vast water-power, the splendid lakes and harbours, with the means of rapid transit by railways—all were miserably neglected ; as a proof of which may be mentioned that for years the people of the west have been desirous of a railroad from Galway to Cong, a distance only of thirty miles, but it has never been accomplished. A steamer plies in summer on Lough Corrib between the two places, but ceases in winter ; so through all this inclement season the poor peasants are obliged to trudge backward and forward *on foot* with their market produce, between the capital of the west and the small county towns. Yet, in the same space of time, the Americans have completed ninety thousand miles of working railways radiating all over their continent, a result that proves the advantage of a local government with a knowledge of the land and an interest in the people, over government by a distant legislature without the requisite knowledge, or the natural interest and loving bond of kinship.

No individuals out of their own private means, still less Irish landlords, can undertake national works on any broad and extensive scale. They must be organised by the government of the country, and paid for out of the national exchequer. This has been done in Australia. In New South Wales, for instance, the Government has spent nine millions sterling on railroads, three hundred thousand on harbours, and similar sums on public roads and buildings. It is by such means that the intellect and the energies of a people are aroused, and wealth, peace, happiness and prosperity are assured.

Ireland has never yet been favoured with beneficial legislation of the kind, and now the Government seems inclined, as a final resource of civilisation, to annihilate the gentry in order that the peasants may live ; there not being room enough in Ireland, apparently, for both classes to exist together on the land. And supposing this desired result obtained, that the prisons were filled with the youth and intelligence of the country, the landlords ruined, and the peasants set in their place, how will the condition of the nation be advanced by the robbery of one class to feed another ? One shudders to think of Ireland mapped out into five million of potato plots, each fenced by its rude stone wall ; the beautiful and the picturesque utterly sacrificed without even wealth being gained, for all progress will be rendered

impossible. Progress requires capital and culture, science and knowledge ; and these true ‘ resources of civilisation ’ could scarcely be found in a flourishing state amongst five million of peasants, each on his one-acre holding—a mere nation of labourers degenerating to paupers, while the land would gradually retrograde to primeval bog.

In Australia, on the contrary, there is room for all classes and many Irelands, and no one need stand on the dead to clutch at rent-rolls.

The poor Irish settler who now treads his dreary round of life in the furrows of his scanty potato-field would there find tracts of the finest land—twenty, thirty, forty thousand acre farms to be had for a mere nominal price—while all the political dreams would be actually realised that in Ireland seem now but the vain hope of despairing men ; land without the incubus of a landlord ; a true Republic though under the flag of monarchy ; work and wages for everyone ; and a powerful and important Irish party, who have already created a new Ireland in the southern sea, strong, wealthy and independent, yet with the love for the old country still unchanged, as was shown by their munificent contribution of sixty thousand pounds to the suffering Irish during the famine years.

At present about a hundred thousand emigrants leave Ireland yearly for America ; but Australia would be a better and wider field for enterprise, and, as part of our own empire, ought to have special advantages for the colonist. There is not much roughing to be feared ; the climate is excellent, and yields readily every esculent known to Europe along with those peculiar to the tropics ; while all the new aids to life which science has discovered will be found in full working order ; for Australia has had no long ignorant childhood like the other nations of the earth, but is the heir of all the ages, and entered at once into the nineteenth century inheritance of civilisation, so has been able to utilise every modern idea by her exhaustless resources and untrammelled energy. The voyage that used to take eight months to accomplish, and was entered on with the dread of eternal banishment, is now but a pleasure trip of forty days ; the climate all along the coast is perfect and peculiarly suited to the Irish, who cannot well endure the rigours of a Canadian winter ; while the pastoral and agricultural employments exactly suit the Irish temperament and habits. No wars are possible, no hostile tribes are to be feared, for the Aborigines have nearly become extinct ; there are no fierce beasts of prey, and but little of the still fiercer elements of a degraded humanity, for the convict sediment that formed the earliest social stratum has long since been covered and obliterated by the waves of advancing civilisation.

Tasmania, once in reality the home of demons, is now a garden of loveliness, as large as all England, and with all the refinements of English life. Norfolk Island is a paradise of beauty, the air divine, the scenery fine and romantic. Melbourne has the softness of Southern Italy and Sydney glows with the radiance of the Grecian Isles. The death-rate is low in all these favoured portions of the States, far lower than the English average. And the English race does not deteriorate, but the children grow up tall, fair and handsome, while the nerve power and energy for daring and enterprise seem even heightened.

Victoria, with its rich soil, splendid climate, and glittering streams, sands, and rocks of gold, has become the queen of the Australian States, though but a barren wilderness fifty years ago. The gold madness raged there fiercely for a brief space, and life became an inferno, and the land was accursed through crime ; but all that has passed away, and the gold quest proceeds now with admirable order under Government control.

Besides, the colonists have found that the honest toil of agriculture is safer and better in the end than the rude, reckless life and wild chances of the gold diggers. Immense fortunes

are still realised by gold speculations, but more easily and certainly by the growth of wheat and the rearing of cattle for the manufacturing millions of England.

The Irish can well estimate the advantages of emigration by comparing the condition of their countrymen now in America with those left at home chafing in discontent, reckless, hopeless, miserable, without any stimulus to work or means of advancement.

The American Irish are now a great and powerful nation of ten millions, with wealth in abundance, as is proved by the fact that they could send over two thousand a week to Ireland as a contribution to aid what they considered the national cause. Had their fathers remained at home the children would now be only miserable cottiers like the rest of their kindred, with no profit, after the rent was paid, beyond what would give them a daily dinner of potatoes, and meat, perhaps, once a year. And there are now forty thousand of these cottiers in Ireland living on less than an acre of land each.

The Australian Irish will in time be as powerful a people as their American kindred, and the chances of wealth are even greater in Australia with its population of two millions only, than in America with its sixty millions. The emigrant will find in Australia farms as large as all Ireland to be had for a shilling an acre, and he could raise thousands of pounds from his sheep-walk in less time than he now expends in fighting desperately with his impoverished landlord for the reduction of a few shillings an acre at home, which reduction, even if obtained, brings in nothing to the wealth of the country. It is merely a case of money changing hands amongst the classes of the same community. Besides, when the Australian Irish have amassed sufficient funds they can return to Green Erin and buy up the estates of the pauperised landlords, who will then only be too happy to obtain any chance of sale for their profitless acres.

Considering the destitution of millions of the working classes, and even of the educated and cultured in these British Islands, it is surprising that the subject of emigration to the great rich lands of other portions of the Empire has not been taken up seriously and energetically by the nation and the Government as the one great measure of national salvation.

Out of the five millions of Ireland, a million or two of the young generation might well be spared for the chances of a nobler life in the New World. The remainder would then have room and land enough to enjoy life at home, and even add to homely comforts some of the luxury and beauty which give a moral refinement to a people.

Every cottage might then have its garden and pleasure-ground for the young children, every village its people's park, and every household the order, neatness and purity of Christian civilisation.

The world is large enough and rich enough to allow every man free space and pure air. But we absurdly insist on crowding people together in one small locality, as if it were a praiseworthy thing, and a proof of the prosperity of a country, to have as many human beings as possible to every square rood of ground ; whereas a dense population is invariably, and of necessity, a dense mass of poverty, and too often of sin, and a mournful effort to live without any of the joy of living. At present no class in Ireland is content, for no one seems to have any assured income. The gentry want money, and the peasants want land without paying rent for it, and strive to obtain it by means not quite satisfactory to the owners, such as burnings and slaughter and general devastation—a mode of regenerating a country happily not needed in the great Australian land.

The State, also, would be a gainer if the few were left to peace and comfort, while the many were relieved from want by emigration.

Fifty thousand soldiers were recently required in our little island, only a hundred miles broad, to guard the granaries of the rich from the thin hands of the poor ; and every potato was watched by a policeman, and every turnip by a dragoon, and no pig could go to market without an escort of cavalry ; and the prisons were filled with hundreds of young men who were eating the bread of compulsory idleness at the expense of the taxpayers, while they could have been of immense use and value, if only tending sheep and growing corn for the Empire on the broad plains of the southern continent.

There the colonists could have a wilderness of land for the asking ; pastures for flocks and herds, were they numerous as the leaves of the forest trees ; and no standing army is required to guard the potatoes and turnips, but every man is able and willing to defend his own rights and the rights of others, for there is no antagonism between the State and the people ; all work harmoniously together for the general good. Even the effort to introduce manufactures into Ireland offers but a poor equivalent for the certain advantage of Australian enterprise. And, in fact, the idea of making Ireland a manufacturing country is a delusion to be avoided.

Nature has given her rich plains for pasturage, a splendid seaboard for fisheries, and the charms of wild and beautiful scenery, but has denied the elements of manufacturing success. England has coal and iron, a powerful army to force the opening of new marts of commerce, a powerful mercantile navy to aid and guard her merchants, and a thousand years' practice in trade. Ireland has none of these things, and all competition with England for manufactures simply means wasted effort and deplorable failure, and would be as absurd as competition with France for silk, or with China for tea.

Every part of the Empire has its peculiar province ; that of England is to provide cutlery and calico. This suits the hard, stolid, industrious Saxon, who never lifts his eyes from the toil of his hands, and has no need to lift them, for he has no ideal and no aspirations beyond food and wages. But the Irish are quite unsuited to the rigid bondage of manufacturing work, and would be altogether miserable in the dark, depressing, prisoned factory life. They need the sunlight and the open air, where the laughter of children can be heard ; their light, joyous temperament requires constant diversity, with frequent rest for social talk, and the sense of individual freedom in the broad rich fields and healthful air. Therefore the pastoral and agricultural life was specially designed for them by Providence, not the crowded dens of factory toil with the drone of the wheels for ever in their ears. They have the linen manufacture already, founded by the French and worked chiefly by Scotch factory hands ; and they have the poplin manufacture, also founded by the French ; these have achieved success and may safely be continued. But the trades of the forge and the furnace should be left to England, as we leave dolls to Nuremberg, and watches to Geneva, and silks to Lyons.

And what can be more bright and joyous or better suited to the Irish nature than the golden vales and emerald plains of their fair country covered with flocks and herds, or the silver salmon leaping in the nets, under the shadow of the purple mountains of the West, where the fiords of the Atlantic bite deep into the land, and the rushing streamlets murmur a divine music through the chasms of the hills.

Such a landscape never should be desecrated by the tall chimneys of the factory prison, nor by the smoke of the furnaces rising up to obscure heaven.

Ireland is a beautiful country, with its green plains and wooded glens and the hundred



islands of the lakes, each made sacred by some ancient cross or ruined oratory where a saint has prayed. It is a land for the painter and poet, for romance and legend and song ; for men to hunt and fish and enjoy all manly sports in festive freedom, and where the women grow up, tall and beautiful in the pure air, with eyes deep as their lakes and purple as their mountains ; and in the soft Irish climate so little is required for sustenance that a population of two or three millions would find all they needed for enjoyment and even for luxury in the natural resources of the country, such as the pasturage and the fisheries ; for these are the true riches of Ireland, and if well worked and organised would be found infinitely profitable, whereas a competition with England in manufactures must be ruinous if attempted, because so utterly unsuited to the soil, the climate and the habits and disposition of the Irish people.

Every nation has its mission ; that of England is to be the great workshop of the world, to supply man with everything he needs except food.

Scotland builds ships and weaves and spins, and supplies the leaders of Thought to the Empire, as Carlyle and Ruskin, and others of name and fame ; while Ireland supplies the mighty men of renown, the leaders of Action—warriors, statesmen, orators, as Burke, Canning, Wellington, Palmerston, and others down to the present time ; and she is able besides to feed all England with her flocks and all the world by her fisheries. Let us then leave the Saxon toilers, these true children of the mighty Thor, to the din of the hammer and the whirl of the wheels, but Ireland, *Innis Helga* (the Holy Island), should be kept sacred to the picturesque, a temple consecrated to nature where the weary workers of the world might come to refresh their arid souls by its lovely lakes and hills, and drink in the pure ozone of the Atlantic breeze.

Yet to make Ireland attractive to tourists and visitors from other lands, and so bring a stream of wealth into the country, much progress is required in the arts and appliances of civilisation—good roads, good country hotels, pleasure boats on the lakes, public gardens and parks, branch railroads for safe and rapid transit, with a line of passenger steamers to southern Europe. It seems so absurd for the Irish now to have to cross first to London if they wish to visit France or Spain, when four or five hundred years ago there was constant and direct communication between Ireland and the Continent. The Irish do not seem to be fully and fearfully conscious how infinitely they fall behind the other nations of Europe in all that relates to the material well-being of humanity. They should be taught discontent in place of patient calm and endurance of their condition. Discontent is the great motive power of nations. It is the knowledge of the evil which must precede the remedy. The Irish peasants should learn that they are ‘ poor and blind and naked,’ that they live in hovels and holes not fit for a dog, that their food is poorer than that of the root-eating Indians, their raiment the vilest of rags ; they should be made to see that Ireland rests in the midst of progression ‘ like a frozen ship in a frozen sea,’ and that as regards the ordinary comforts and common decencies of civilisation they are at this moment lower than any Christian people on the face of the earth, while if the natural riches of the country were properly developed by a local government and the resources of the national exchequer, no people on the earth would be happier or more prosperous than the Irish.

But pending that good time let them take possession of any other land that will give them the food and raiment God meant for all men. Let them fling up these miserable plots of poor, exhausted ground, and go forth from their wretched hovels to the bright, free country where life is a joy and a blessing and work has its reward, and wealth is certain to industry ; for in Australia the welfare of the people is the first consideration, important before all others. The improvement of the land is encouraged by cheap law, low taxation, facility of purchase, with merely nominal rent to the State ; and all measures that can promote the comfort, education, prosperity and enlightenment of the people are organised by Government and accomplished

at an unlimited cost, and Ireland, if left but with two or three millions of people to feed and support, might attain also to that wealth and happiness which is now impossible to a nation of five millions of helpless paupers.

The land could be made a garden of beauty by better cultivation, the people would find and utilise the riches in the earth and sea so lavishly given by nature. Visitors from all lands in search of the picturesque would be welcomed and honoured by the courteous and prosperous peasants, and the world would not again have to marvel at the want of gallantry that made Irishmen frighten away a charming Empress from their shores, while they were waging a desperate and deadly struggle among themselves for bread.

But emigration is a great national measure, and should not be left to the slender resources of an impoverished people.

To be successful it must be organised by Government on a liberal and extensive scale, with bright prospects set before the youth of the country, and ample funds available for proper modes of transit to the new settlements.

A Minister of Emigration would be necessary to begin with ; then an Emigrant Commission in Dublin, with branches throughout the country, at the head of which might be placed men of sense and knowledge, like Sir Charles Duffy and others, who have had long and intimate experience both of Australian and Irish life. There should be a line of emigrant ships, with free passage and proper comforts provided, free land given on arrival, without any rent for a certain number of years, after which a small tax might be paid to the State, but not to any intermediate landlord—the State alone should be the real guardian of all the land of a country ; while emigrant homes should be provided under State supervision, where the colonists might be cared for until they found suitable employment. And every year a number of strong, intelligent children of both sexes should be selected from our parish and national schools, and trained for colonial life—the boys taught trades, the girls all the duties of a household ; and, when sufficiently educated, sent out under State control to the emigrant homes till they were properly located and settled.

Young men of a higher grade might be trained in an agricultural college and taught farming and engineering, for which there is always a great demand in a new country ; and young ladies who passed the college course at home would find ready employment as teachers and professors in the colonies, where the universities have been thrown open to the competition of women equally with men.

Thus a happy and prosperous Irish nation would be created in Australia, while the nation at home might also become happy and prosperous if the redundant pauperised population of five millions were diminished to one-half, who might then live in peace and security.

But an extensive deportation from the over-crowded localities of the Empire need not be limited to Ireland. How much better and healthier would London be, for instance, if out of the five millions of its densely-packed population three millions were shipped off to the wide plains of Australia or the invigorating snows of Canada, and all the squalid streets were cleared of the squalid life that now makes them hideous and revolting to every sense. These crowds of hunger-stricken, brutalised men ; these stunted, ill-favoured women ; these pallid, deformed children, where God's image is defaced to ugliness by want of free space to move in and fresh air to breathe—let them be uprooted, in the common interests of humanity, from the pestilence-stricken lanes and alleys of the Great City, and transplanted to a free, healthful soil, where the human form and the immortal soul might grow in beauty under kindlier influences.

Even amongst the higher classes a million or so might well be spared from the crowd and vain strife of London life. And what is there to regret ? When Mr Mallock propounded the question of the age, ‘ Is life worth living ? ’ one universal chorus of negation rose up in response. ‘ No,’ they exclaimed, ‘ it is not worth living. Everyone is miserable in the old mill-round of routine and social bondage, in want of money or in debt, weary of the falsehood and flimsiness of all our words and works, of the groove we cannot leave, of the phrases we are forced to utter ; weary of striving and failing in the hopeless quest of employment, where only favour gains the prize, merit is set aside, and intellect and worth have only the loss and the sorrow.’ So the vultures of discontent gnaw at the heart of the age. And there is but one supreme remedy for these men of tired brains and corroded lives and wasted energies, who pine and perish in our overcrowded, overworked, under-paid, exhausted social systems. It is to fling off the bondage of a worn-out civilisation and start on a new career in a new country with the audacity of youth and the certainty of success.

Besides, if a large emigration is not organised, and that London continues to increase by two thousand a week (its present rate), we shall soon have all England a monster factory, and all London a model lodging-house laid out in flats, rising like Babel to heaven, till both earth and sky are obscured, and one will forget the green of the grass or the form of a tree, and there will be no divine solitude left any more for the artist and for the soul-hunger of the painter and poet, and the Ideal will die out, slain by the Real.

Mr Ruskin already complains that the rivers of England run black with dye-stuff, and the sky is heavy with smoke, and the scenery, God-given and sublime, is sacrificed on all sides to the devastating and destroying Moloch of trade.

It is a mistake, therefore—almost a crime—not to utilise the whole great English Empire for the ever-growing population with all its needs, spiritual and material. Every class and grade of society might be extensively weeded, so as to bring the numbers in London at least within a reasonable limit, in place of the five million that now encumber the soil of this mighty Babylon.

All younger sons waiting the abolition of primogeniture might go with advantage ; all elder sons whose club bills are heavy and cigars unpaid ; the hundreds of briefless barristers ; all landlords whose incomes have been made over to their tenantry ; all the waiters upon Providence in the courts of the publishers, the writers of magazine articles returned ‘ with thanks,’ and all the brilliant young men who strive painfully after a shadowy income from the society journals by paragraphs and acrostics.

An emigrant ship freighted with this amount of fashion and genius would be an immense acquisition to the Australian world, as yet in the infancy of social scandal, gossip and thrilling romance ; and the young aspirants for fame in place of browsing on the thorns and thistles of Fleet Street and the Strand, will soon find grapes, and figs, and corn, and wine, and oil in abundance in the new land of their adoption.

Of course, with countless thousands a year, London is a delightful place ; nothing equals it in the world for splendour and expense, for the magnificence of houses, horses and stately-dinners.

But only about ten thousand persons in London can live this delightful life of love in idleness, with all its pleasant varieties and sins, and a million or so of toilers might be left to supply whatever they need ; but the remaining three million might certainly be transplanted to a better field of action, with considerable advantage to themselves and society ; where they

could live and move and have their being as God meant them to be—useful and active members of the great human family.

For if one has no thousands a year, nor even hundreds, nor even so many pounds, and creditors become clamorous, and tenants get peculiar ideas about rent, and the young man of genius who has trusted to the chance of a prize for the best poem on the ‘Christmas Robin’ or the solution of the last acrostic finds the cheques from admiring editors few and far between, then the claims of civilisation seem rather vapid, the excitement lessens in intensity, and one almost begins to weary, if it were ever possible to weary of London enjoyment and society gossip.

At such times a morbid gloom covers life, and, with a blighted, hopeless, discouraged feel we painfully realise in our inner consciousness the melancholy fact that the dream of our youth was an illusion, and that we cannot suddenly spring to the summit of the social ladder and hurl down contempt and scorn on our rivals and enemies with superb disdain. Then is the moment for the emigrant commissioner to appear like a *Deus ex machinâ*. He offers land, and gold and work and triumph, and only asks in return the splendid daring of youth—for only the young should emigrate. Youth is for adventure, excitement, audacity and success ; and the glorious freedom of a new, magnificent country is a baptism of regeneration to the fevered victims of our vain, false social life, with all its ‘venomous wind-sown herbage.’ Amidst the strangeness and mystery of the untrodden wilderness, with its forests of cedar and sandal wood and mighty trees, within the hollow of whose trunk nearly a hundred men might find shelter, and the vast sheep-runs where a man may ride for two whole days and not come to the limit of his holding, the young generation of the wearied brains, the chilled ambitions, and wrecked hopes will find a new stimulus to exertion, a new excitement in existence, and certainly the chance of a better income than could be derived from even the most brilliant paragraph or the solution of the most involved puzzle in the acrostic column of the local journals.

They will miss at first, probably, the copious literature of the London press, and life will seem impossible without the solemn *Times*, the genial *Telegraph*, the soothing flatteries of the *Athenæum*, and the high-toned grace and courtesy of the society papers.

Yet even a rest from these things might be welcome and bring a tender calm and repose to the overtaxed brain. For that must be a land of pure delight where no demand is made on one for universal erudition ; where it is not requisite to study all theories of government from Aristotle to Mr Gladstone while sipping the morning coffee ; and where even the most exhaustless leaders would be worthless after a transit of forty days. In fact, one would be ashamed to be found reading them when the world had gone spinning on in quite another spiral of progress since they were written. Besides, the telegram, the literature of electricity, will adequately supply all knowledge summarised, and the whole history of the universe can be cabled in a phrase. Even Mudie may in future have his three volume novels wired (without adjectives to save expense) in place of packing them in tins as now for colonial consumption.

Literature is mainly the product of sorrow and strife, and the Australians have had little of either, so their intellectual efforts want, as yet, force and pathos ; they are deficient in despair and aspiration, the qualities that create poets. Nor have they any heroic traditions of a noble and conquered race to be worked up into epics and dramas. The Aborigines have no claim to interest of any kind ; they are evidently the last decaying remnant of a low pre-Adamic race, a mere slight advance of the kangaroo towards the human, evidenced only by the faculty of speech ; they have no idea of God, of religion, of government, or morality ; no words to express chastity, truth, purity or shame. They are copper-coloured and hideous, even brutalised-looking, like all inferior races. They neither plant, nor sow, nor weave, nor build ; they

live by fishing and hunting, and are known to be cannibals. Their only garment is an opossum skin torn from the animal, and their only dwelling is formed of a skin hung to windward on the branches of a tree.

For six thousand years this race has had a trial on the earth, but has never made any advance in the scale of being. It is now, therefore, the manifest destiny of the great Adamic race to clear the world of these half-souled inferior types, as a forest is cleared of its poisonous undergrowth that the fair and goodly trees may expand and flourish, and take freely of the sustenance offered by earth and heaven.

To the English-speaking races above all have been given dominion and power over the earth, and what they have conquered they have a right to keep as their just and lawful heritage. And, if the suffering millions of the British Isles, the helpless, hopeless toilers in the exhausted plains and crowded cities of the Old World, have begun to find life all too bitter under the chill northern sky and the uncongenial constellation of the Great Bear, let them by all means arise in their might as the conquering sons of Japhet, claim boldly their portion of the broad earth, and go forth gladly and bravely to take possession of the fair and fertile land at the other extremity of the Empire that lies beneath the holy symbol of the Southern Cross.

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