

for us to tell a falsehood and make a feint of drawing the skin over a putrefying wound. Mr. A. M. Sullivan had occasion two or three years ago to denounce the public spokesmen of this section of the English people, and with a justly scathing pen he described the calumniator skulking in some garret whence the unprovoked, insulting, mischievous, and altogether scoundrelly out-come of his miserable scribbling was carried by him to be published in the columns of the Press, that it might perpetuate strife, and call out in strength the retributive hatred now alluded to by Mr. Godkin. Such fellows also, we are cursed with in this colony of New Zealand, and here we present our readers with one of the latest exhalations of the foulness of mind that distinguishes one of the most despicable—or let us not be unjust to others the most despicable among them—him of the *Otago Daily Times*.—Speaking of the reported shooting of a sentry in Dublin the other day—how or by whom not stated—this man speaks as follows: "This murder recalls the horrible butchery of the 6th May, but nothing could be more thoroughly senseless—we had almost said, more thoroughly Irish—than such a crime. The murder of the Secretaries may have been regarded by brutal fanatics of the Fenian type as a master-stroke of policy, but the shooting of a poor soldier on guard is the very superfluity of wickedness. But the Island of Saints has for long years been the land of cowardly and purposeless crime, and this apparently national characteristic will most certainly have been intensified by the epidemic of outrage and murder which has raged in many parts of the country during the last three years." Are we not justified, then, in heading our note as we have done, "Imbecile ruffianism or ruffianly imbecility," for the quotation we have made contains nothing else? Why does this fellow meddle at all with Irish affairs? he knows nothing about them, but what does he know anything about? His leading columns teem with ignorance—one day, for example, he informs us that in the United States there is nothing heard of in connection with self-government—another day he says, an admitted end of government by the majority is the indirect oppression of the minority.—Everywhere he betrays the ignorance. Is it to rehabilitate himself with those people who certainly must deride his ignorance that he falls foul of Ireland in his peculiarly nasty and insulting manner? A manner, by the way, that puts us in mind generally of the upstart—say, for example, the parish clerk of by-gone days elevated to the dignity of sipping a cup of tea occasionally at Mrs. Proudie's tea-table, and bursting with self-conceit, and a new-born contempt of the *profanum vulgus*, looked down upon from so sublime a height. But while we find English editors of any degree, aware that by the vilest calumny and grossest insults uttered against Irishmen they can preserve or regain the favour of an English public, it is vain for the *Spectator*, or any other newspaper, to contradict the statement of the English hatred towards Ireland. It is a living fact and we know it, not so much because a malevolent and insolent fool writes a few scurvy paragraphs containing its expression, but because those paragraphs are read without disgust or even, it may be, with approbation by an English public.

ONE FOR IRELAND.

MR. SCLATER BOOTH, M.P., the President of a section of the British Association, remarked the other day in commenting on a certain paper read by a learned professor, "that although it was true

that the Irish race, as a whole, in the general way, were superior to ourselves, and in some very important points of morals, that should not blind us to the awful crime of murder which prevailed in Ireland." The admission, nevertheless, coming from such a source, meant a great deal, and it will be found to be the more important if we consider that "the awful crime of murder" in Ireland is the outcome of long centuries of oppression, and the natural result of bringing a people to bay. The *Times* in an article on the atrocious slaughter of the Joyce family, indeed, tells us that murder is in the blood of the Irish people—but the *Times* is also among those whom the *Spectator* can hardly clear of the hatred Mr. Godkin has spoken of.—Here is its line of argument:—"Grant, for the sake of argument, that the men who murdered this unfortunate family themselves lived in the same squalid misery. It is a large concession, but quite inadequate to explain their moral depravity; for Joyce himself stands as the proof that there is no necessary connection between a life to which we would not condemn our horses or dogs and cruelty such as wild beasts never display. Squalor is by no means confined to Ireland. On the contrary, over a great part of the Continent the emergence of the labouring population from a mode of life essentially similar to that of the Joyce family has only recently been effected, and in many countries it is very partially effected even now. Russian serfs, notwithstanding their emancipation, are described by one of their most recent visitors, Mr. Gallenga, as living no less rudely and filthily than the peasants of Connemara. In some districts of Switzerland the lot of the poor is as hard as in the most backward parts of Ireland, and in Silesia the abject poverty of a peasantry inhabiting barren and inhospitable mountains matches anything that can be adduced to explain Irish disorder. Yet in none of these countries do we find anything to compare with the violence and cruelty which are the standing disgrace of Ireland and the enduring problem for

her rulers. If we are told that the Irish have the spirit of freemen, while the others are slaves, who hug their chains, we still require some explanation of the circumstance that it is not merely or chiefly in revolt against their rulers that the Irish display their cruel turbulence, but, as in the cases under discussion, in the most wanton and barbarous maltreatment of their fellow-countrymen. There is no reason to think that things would be much improved by the granting of Home Rule to the fullest extent. The spirit of the blood-fend and the village faction-fight runs through the whole national life." But for all the *Times* says here, men oppressed as the Irish are now have in their day surpassed the Irish in cruelty.—Was it not from the *Times* itself we took the particulars we published a month or two ago concerning a system of agrarian outrage that existed in Normandy not very many years since? It was, however, from some reliable source. And, says a writer in the *Month*, speaking of France before the Revolution, "until such a beneficent form of land tenure was established, French landlords were living continually in fear and terror, the evils of agrarian strife were felt, 'boycotting was an institution, and outrage a custom.' Men were murdered in open day before sympathising crowds, and there was no conspirator found bold enough to impeach the offender." But those who live in Ireland in a condition to which, says the *Times*, Englishmen would not condemn their horses or dogs, are not even there left at peace. They have been, as it were, brought to bay, and when the hunter closes to despatch them they strike in desperation—They strike only at one another when by one another they have been betrayed. In Russia there are no landlords to hound the wretched people further down, nor have we heard of them in Switzerland or Silesia.—We hear fully of them in Ireland, and that from even some of the English newspapers themselves. Take this as another instance of their tender mercies. "It is painful reading the account of the eviction of the Limerick tenantry of the Rev. Conyngham Ellis, of Cranbourne Vicarage, Windsor," says *London Truth*, "who were 'industrious, but terribly poor.' Whose 'offers of arbitration had all been rejected,' and who could not go into the Land Court because they had 'leases.' I don't want to be sentimental, and I daresay exposure to wet and cold is nothing to grown-up men and women—when they are used to it; but it seems to me that for a child of tender years (and there were eight such in one of these cases) it might be unpleasant, and probably unwholesome, to sleep a couple of nights running in a damp ditch by the road-side." If the writer in the *Times* himself were standing by while his little children were thrown out to sleep by the road-side, shelterless in the ditch, it may even be that he also, far removed as he is from all Irish sympathies, would feel the "spirit of the blood-feud" tingling more or less in his heart, or even if he had the fear that those who had dealt so with other families, would probably treat him likewise in his turn, even he might also be moved to at least the contemplation of some desperate action.—But to return to Mr. Sclater Booth, the cause of the acknowledgment made by him and which we have quoted, was a paper read before the Association at Southampton by Professor Leone Levi "on the State of crime in England, Scotland, and Ireland." And the Irish race, as a whole, were thus found to be superior to the English race or the Scotch race. They surpassed these races however in the crime of murder.—Let us remark, nevertheless, that into the English statistics of murder there did not enter those cases of child murder which authorities declare to abound in London, nor were there included in them the numerous suspicious cases of coroners' juries unable to find verdicts for want of evidence, or of bodies found drowned, or of mysterious disappearances that it has been credibly asserted are in all probability to be accounted for by murder, on the Thames embankment or elsewhere. In Ireland, on the contrary, crime is sharply watched, and it would be strange if any instance of its occurrence could escape detection. There is the police force of some 12,000 men night and day on the look out, and the whole machinery of the law is beyond all comparison closer and more effective than it is in either England or Scotland.—This is more especially the case with respect to drunkenness in which Professor Levi also finds Ireland to exceed—notwithstanding that the proportion of alcohol consumed is very much less than in either Scotland or England.—But in Ireland it is the rule that the drunken man be arrested apart from the condition of helplessness or disorder, in either of which in Great Britain he must be found before a constable can touch him. And, indeed, even the half-drunken Irishman is for the most part a noisy fellow, whereas, in the case of the Scotchman particularly, a quiet demeanour may be observed so long as the man who is "blin' fou" can stand—and of this, also, we see frequent examples even in our own streets. Sandy rolls steadily along as mute as a mouse, with twice as much beneath his belt as would set Pat dancing like a grasshopper and roaring like a bull of Bashan. The English and Scotch then, at any rate, make use of far more alcoholic drink, proportionally, than do the Irish. We are convinced they do not waste it, but why it does not make them drunk, if it does not, we do not pretend to explain—they are harder in their heads, perhaps, or firmer on their feet. And now let us come to those particulars in which Ireland is acknowledged to excel her more