

question is so were it not too lengthy for our columns. "We travelled with a labouring man, who had gone over to England for the harvest, as he could there earn 4s. a-day, in place of the 1s., which was the remuneration for his day's work (that is, when he could get any employment) at home. I wondered whether this could be called idleness, yet the landlords say that the labourers are idle, and the landlords are honourable men. This particular labourer, whose fine, intelligent face struck me very much, had been obliged to return to his home before the end of the harvest, having unfortunately fallen over a scythe and inflicted a terrible wound on his leg. It was a mystery to me how he could walk at all, and he was evidently in great pain; but he had tied up his wound with a handkerchief in a miserably clumsy fashion, and to my horror said that he had seen no doctor, and would not do so until he reached home, miles beyond Westport, the last station on the line. His foot and leg were a dreadful sight, but he had wished not to waste on himself the money earned in harvesting, which he had intended for his wife and children on the other side of Westport. This did not look like wastefulness or extravagance; yet the landlords say the tenants are wasteful, and the landlords are all honorable men. I wished that I had gone through a course of ambulance lectures, and learned something of surgery; but I could do nothing beyond making the man promise to have his leg bandaged at Westport and presenting him with a fee for the doctor there. He was not even smoking to divert his thoughts from his pain, for tobacco cost money, and that he wanted for his wife; so my friend G. gave him a cigar, which puzzled and amused him considerably, as he made vain attempts to smoke it without cutting off the end, his former experiences of smoking not having gone beyond a pipe." But the principal feature that struck our traveller in his journey was the multitudes of policemen; they were everywhere and uselessly everywhere. "The only occasions on which they are conspicuous by their absence," says he, "are those on which the long-suffering peasants retaliate on their oppressors by some dreadful agrarian outrage. With these unfortunate exceptions they may be said to be always on the spot; but as with these identical exceptions Ireland is particularly free from crime, it would seem to an outside observer that the large sums spent in maintaining in idleness this army of able-bodied policemen are rather more uselessly wasted than if they were thrown into the sea, where they would not serve to irritate the people against the Government by keeping up a perpetual system of petty tyranny in their midst." The police, moreover, sharply surveyed our traveller and his companion on their arrival at Ballinasloe. Our traveller, here, made the acquaintance of Mr. Mathew Harris who had been one of the traversers and from whom he obtained a good deal of information relative to Irish affairs. "He told us that in our drive of nearly 20 miles to Loughrea we should hardly pass a single house, for grazing was now more profitable to the landlords than agriculture, and they had therefore exterminated the inhabitants in order to add a few pounds to their rents. This had happened more than once in the history of the country, and the culture had been changed from corn to grass and *vice versa* whenever a profit might be expected from the alteration, and without any reference to the rights of the unfortunate tenants." Of the truth of this statement of affairs our traveller found on his road abundant evidence. "We drove through a rich tract of country," he says, "and saw, as had been predicted, scarcely a single house. The district had formerly been full of people and was now inhabited by sheep. Ruins of houses we occasionally saw, but these had been almost entirely obliterated and the stones used for the walls which intersect the country. Reddish-brown stains in these stones would sometimes indicate that they had once formed the chimney of a cottage, in which a farmer's family had maintained the peat-fire on the hearth till its smoke had left a lasting mark which the weather had as yet been unable to destroy." Occasionally, however, the cottage of a herdsman was passed, and with one of the men in question an acquaintanceship was formed—from the details given of it we may also see how peasant proprietors would thrive in Ireland, for here is a man who makes a fair livelihood out of three acres of ground cultivated irregularly. Of this herdsman, then, and his concerns our traveller speaks thus: "He was one of those courteous and gentlemanly peasants of whom there seem to be so many specimens in Ireland, and he readily told us the terms on which he worked for his bread. The work which he gave to his landlord was the supervision of 180 acres of grass land, with the care of 100 sheep and 50 cattle. The wages he received in return consisted of a cottage and three acres of land rent-free. Out of these three acres he managed to make a fair livelihood, by cultivating them in the time which he could spare from the management of the 100 sheep and the 50 cattle on the 180 acres of grazing land. We asked after his crop of potatoes, and he said that the blight was in them, but not so bad as it might be." Loughrea was reached in due time, and here a surprise awaited these two gentlemen. The police, it seems, had seen reason to suspect them, and no sooner had they alighted from their vehicle than they were surrounded by a body of these zealous officials and carried off to the barracks, where they were shut up. "We arrived at the police barracks," says our traveller, "and were

placed in a small room, furnished with a table and a form, and with strong iron bars to its window. Here our pockets were carefully searched for papers and a minute examination of our luggage was made. In mine, besides the 'flannels,' they made the discovery of six clean white linen shirts, and this at once aroused their strongest suspicion. They asked me if I had supposed that it would be impossible to get a shirt washed in Ireland, and the question was certainly most apposite to the occasion, for in their zealous search for treasonable documents they thrust their dirty fingers into every fold of the aforesaid shirts, and made their speedy washing a thing of primary necessity. (Will anyone write to a daily newspaper saying that Irish policemen always keep their hands washed; that dirt would not stick to them in fact?) Having collected every scrap of paper that was to be found, they proceeded to examine their spoils. I was asked if I denied the authorship of a pamphlet on the land question which had been put into my hands in Dublin, and which I had not yet had time to read. This I accordingly did, and the statement was duly recorded. The sub-inspector and a constable, one after the other, read through every one of our private letters and diaries and note books, and with some difficulty and much solemnity managed to spell out between them the only thing I was ashamed of—viz., some verses which I had jotted down on a scrap of paper in imitation of the Irish national songs. When this was over, the sub-inspector departed, taking all our documents with him, and leaving us in the charge of a couple of constables. We were informed that as soon as a magistrate could be obtained our case should be tried before him, but when this would be was problematical." Three hours were passed by our traveller and his companion in this condition, during which they in vain petitioned to be allowed to go out, guarded of course, to the hotel for some dinner, or to be at least given some of the legitimate prison fare, bread and water.—One considerate and generous constable there was, nevertheless, who at his own expense supplied them each with a glass of milk, and our traveller returns him thanks in his letter. At 9 o'clock Mr. Byrne the Resident Magistrate arrived, and after a good deal of annoying red-tape had been gone through with the prisoners were discharged with an expression of regret for their arrest on the part of the magistrate. Of the drive to Atheryn on the next evening, the writer speaks as follows:—"It was a beautiful night for driving, but the associations of the scenes that had been enacted there fastened on the fancy and spoilt the enjoyment. I could hardly consider that system of law and government satisfactory, which had made it possible for the present state of things to arise. We talked to the driver about the murders, and could easily see that he regarded them as just executions for cruelty, tyranny, or the violation of unwritten, but well-known laws. He said that if a man was notorious for harshness and cruelty, he was solemnly warned by a message from a secret assembly. If he would not amend his ways, he was warned again, and if he still persisted, he received his final notice, and after that his sudden death might at any time ensue. He evidently considered that these three notices, which are always delivered to a man before his death is determined on, regularised the proceedings, and took away from them any imputation of lawlessness to which they might otherwise have been open." And, if any one will, let him condemn this wild system of revenge; let him temper his condemnation, however, by some recollection of that desolate stretch of country spoken of, where the brown stones here and there in a wall are alone left to tell that human beings once had their hearths there; let him recollect that such a desolation could only have been brought about by means that needs must leave the revengeful spirit behind them everywhere, and that, besides, the just fear of such means' being still employed is everywhere felt throughout the country. But it would be well if other candid Englishmen would also visit Ireland and see for themselves, and report of what they had seen.—Letters such as this we have quoted from must do much to make peace and bring about a good understanding between the divided countries. Meantime, the perplexity of the *Times* concerning this matter is far from lacking an amusing element. "Our correspondent started as an Englishman," it cries, "but he seems during his stay in Ireland to have gone through the usual process of transformation with more than the usual rapidity, and to have become in three days as genuine an Irishman as the rest." Does the country, then, cast a spell over all who visit it, and are not interested in its oppression—or is it that the candid mind of the Englishman, being undeceived by what he has witnessed, he becomes as generous in his acknowledgement of the truth as he has, while he was deceived, been obstinate and violent in his prejudices? This view at least accords with the character which Cardinal Newman has given to his fellow-countrymen, and which we, for our part, have never felt inclined to question or in a position to doubt.

A cause in the last stage of preparation is that of the canonisation of Father Vincent Pallotti, the founder of the Order of the Pious Society of Missions. The evidence in this case is voluminous, and the decision need not be expected for some considerable time. It may be *apropos* of the proposed canonisation of Father Pallotti, to mention that the progress of the Order—known more widely on the Continent by the designation of *Pallottini* than as the Pious Society of Missions—founded by him, is greater than is generally known. So numerous are the students in the parent house of the Order in Italy that the establishment of new houses in America or Australia is seriously contemplated.