

never could be avowed, it was urged by no personal revenge. The motive, in their miserably perverted intelligence, was the hope to do some good to their country. Alas the country where minds may be so warped to deeds of cowardly cruelty! But let the lesson be to us to change that manner of government which turns men to wild beasts; to give those real institutions of free government which in other countries we can see clearly enough are the sole remedy against conspiracy and assassination; to admit the Irish people, unstained by the crime of a few individuals, to those powers of self-government which shall range the whole population on the side of Government." Mr. Forster's victory, then, which has led to such an imbecile, and childish cry of triumph in the anti-Irish Press—but which has been correctly seen through by the eyes of unprejudiced Englishmen, and has produced, especially, so plain and powerful a statement of the truth as that of Mr. Boyd Kinnear, may be reckoned at best with that of the conqueror of old who cried, "One more such victory and I am undone."—And yet hardly even that, for, after all, that was a real victory, though a destructive one, while Mr. Forster's palm might have been stitched up by the most paltry manufacturer of artificial flowers that ever lived.

THE London correspondent of the *Dublin Daily Express* gives as a specimen of Radical manners, but by no means the worst specimen, the conduct of an English Radical member who, when showing some friends around the House of Commons the

other night, exclaimed, so as to attract general attention, at seeing Mr. Forster and Mr. Trevelyan within a short distance of each other in the lobby, "That is Old Buckshot, and the other is Young Buckshot." But whatever may be the aspect of the Radical member's conduct from a mannerly point of view, there is little doubt that such as Mr. Forster was during his hour in Ireland such has Mr. Trevelyan rapidly become. The heartlessness of the office he holds—twice cursed in the injury it inflicts on him who fills it and on those over whom he is set, has gained ground in his case also, and has left him the ruthless minister of a cruel system, and the pitiless oppressor of the poor and miserable. An extract or two from a speech made by him the other day will, however, be enough to prove how gentle is the man to whose hands the famine-stricken people of Ireland are now looking for aid.—But if they look there for bread they shall have a stone, and a snake will be given them instead of a fish. Mr. Trevelyan, then, finds that the workhouse test is that by which the poverty of the people, or more properly the degree of starvation they are able to submit to, may best be tried. He brings forward the figures of 1849, when the number of people receiving outdoor relief was 784,000, a number that was reduced to 12,000 in a few months, when the outdoor relief given was stopped, and the people were forced to go into the poor-house. That, however, by no means proved that the outdoor relief was not still needed, and sorely needed, but it showed the willingness of the people to brave death itself rather than bear the horrors of the workhouse, a place where their humanity was outraged and the life that was prolonged to them was dearly purchased at the sacrifice of all that made life worth living.—Have we not ourselves seen the misery that was borne rather than that those condemned to it would have recourse to the workhouse, and have we not heard the true descriptions given of that institution by those who had been driven to take refuge there? But for those who have never had the means of learning what it was, and is, there is the description given, without a word of pity, or without a feeling of anything but hatred towards the poor, by the brutal Carlyle of what he saw at Westport, and it should be sufficient to tell any intelligent man what is the nature of the indoor relief that the Government provides for the Irish poor. As for those of us who have heard of the place in question from the poor themselves, and witnessed the shrinking agony with which they were forced to approach its doors, we cannot even think of it, after many years, without indignation and a burning heart. But "Young Buckshot's" cheerful test, by which he measures the degree of famine the Irish people can suffer and still live, is the following: "In 1847, when the people began to feel the pinch of starvation, they went most readily to the workhouse. They were beginning to do so in 1879, and would do so now if they were not advised to do otherwise." The "pinch of starvation" is well availed of, and admirably serves as the hell-hound by which this official and his Government drive the poor into subjection to their will. Why, hardly the famous custodian who turned the key in the door of the Tower of Hunger itself could have surpassed in Stoicism the man who made such an utterance unmoved. But is it not a sacred duty that every Irishman, we had almost said every Christian man, owes to humanity to labour with all his might to free the people from this ancient bondage that shows no signs of relaxing the cruelty of its spirit? And as to what the "pinch of starvation" is, that the people will bear we find an instance at hand, and it also gives us an illustration of what the refuge is that the Government provides. A woman, then, at Clónakilty, named Keohane, had clung to her cabin, notwithstanding the

pinch of starvation which had for some time held her and her family in its tightest grip. But still, she said that if she went to the Union, and gave up her little cabin, she could not get it back again, and even this miserable being, it seems, dared, although contrary to the behests of British law in Ireland, to cling to the thoughts of home and its associations, wretched as they were.—Is there not some error in the creation that has not provided for the loss of human feelings when the being becomes too poverty-stricken to be able to support them properly?—or, at least, British law in Ireland seems based on some such doctrine as this. When this poor woman, however, gave birth to a child as she lay without food or raiment on such a bed as we may imagine, if our imaginations have been sufficiently schooled in the surroundings of the wretched, and in addition the flood came into her hut, she was removed to the workhouse hospital.—And how was she treated there? Well, she was driven by "the pinch of starvation"—Mr. Trevelyan's favourite hell-hound, wherewith he would discipline the poor, to her death. She went to the workhouse on Thursday, and on Tuesday she was dead of neglect,—neglected in soul as well as in body, for they could not even find a messenger to bring the priest to give her the comforts of her religion, as she went out of the life in which she had been so hardly used. When Radical members, then, or any others, point to Mr. Forster and Mr. Trevelyan, they may in future distinguish the younger man as he who, to the buckshot and coercion of the elder, has added the "pinch of starvation" as the means of subduing the people, and making them law-abiding, and the faithful, loving subjects of British rule in Ireland.

AMONG the signs of the times which it is agreeable to mark, and as indicating that, however violent has been the denunciation of the leaders of the Irish League, their steadfastness and perseverance in the face of all obstacles are beginning to tell on the mind of England, we hail the following paragraph, which we clip from the London correspondence of our contemporary the *Otago Daily Times*: "So inviting is the opening for a general and spirited assault on Parnell that few persons care to consider whether or not the attitude of the Home Rule leader is consistent with the political theories he and his party have all along avowed. They ask—Why does he not denounce Irish crime? Why has he taken advantage of it? One reason, at least, may be given. The persons who call upon him to denounce Irish disorders are those who believe that these disorders proceed from the incorrigible depravity of the Irish character. If Parnell joined in with them, that would be taken to mean that he accepted their view without reservation. He will not risk such a misconception. He is the exponent of a party who believe—unreasonably perhaps, but quite naturally—that the Irish are not worse than other people, but worse governed. His attitude does not necessarily imply sympathy with crime. He might deplore Irish outrages as an effect of English rule, but nobody would listen to the qualification. What can he do under these circumstances but let the outrages point his moral and fulfil his prophecy? In that sense he has taken advantage of them. It is not Irishmen only who assign a deeper cause to Irish atrocities than a wanton habit of dinking. More than a century ago, Junius summed up thus the Irish question of his day: 'The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment.' That occurs in his letter to the King. A modern writer on politics lays it down as a general principle, applicable to all times and countries, that the imposition of laws on a people who are averse to them, or unprepared for them, results in an enduring opposition between the people and the Government, which is incompatible with all political and social progress, and constantly threatens revolutions and spasmodic changes in the personality of the rulers. The papers of yesterday contain a long letter from Captain O'Shea in defence of Parnell. It comes like a still small voice after the hurricane of abuse to which that much-enduring man has been subjected."

ANOTHER sign of the times, and a very notable one, was the motion by Lord Lansdowne, in the House of Lords on March 5th, for a Royal Commission, to report as to the most effective means of forming by purchase a peasant proprietary in Ireland, which his Lordship declared to be necessary for the interests of landlords, as well as for those of the State. The present facilities, he said, were not sufficient to bring about such a condition of things, and it would therefore be desirable to increase them. Relief by emigration, he added, would be a slow process, and, with a view to the amelioration of the peasantry, and amendments in local government soon to be made, it would be well to establish a large body of men cultivating their own freeholds. He also added, and in this we no doubt find the true motive of his proposal, that the recent legislation had so depreciated the value of land in Ireland that no one would lend money on it, and no one but Irish tenants would buy it.—Had his Lordship only said further, that, now their power of exacting rackrents had been taken from Irish landlords, their chief interest in their property was lost to them, he would have exposed his whole mind on the subject.—But is it not a remarkable thing to find this nobleman whose, or whose