

there, and really if the people didn't behave themselves any better, more police would have to be sent, and the expenses would have to be assessed on the inhabitants of the disaffected districts. Reduce the rents? Nonsense; to do so would be to consent to actual confiscation. In the meantime Bridget Noonan's friend, the land agent, is done up in flour and bandages, and is in fine temperment. It may be confessed that the Government is an expedient of social agitation, is not without a certain lively interest; but it is discouraging to feel that there is so little hope of present redress for Ireland's greatest and most crying grievance.

The anti-rent agitation in Ireland is attracting the attention of every civilized nation in the world. Our brilliant contemporary, the *Sun*, says: "Three cheers for Bridget Noonan!" said the speaker. "God help her; she's got six months for

calder a land agent.⁷⁹ This sentiment was uttered in the profoundest sympathy at a large meeting of peasantry in Connemara, the other day, and it reflected on a recent meeting with the utmost exactitude. A noble lord in the chamber of peers, replying to a question propounded by another noble lord, said, "I would not advise the Government to make a source of grave annoyance and resist the ordinary remedies—which are administered by the constabulary and the local authorities, and which are adequate to the repression of the disorders could not be had with any comfort to himself or any other noble lord if he lived there; in fact, several gentlemen would be obliged to leave their living under police protection. By this the noble lord meant to imply, as delicately as possible, that he would like to enact a law which would satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the peasantry, but was afraid that if he did so he would be shot from behind a hedge. It may be added, without any sort of hyperbole, that the noble lord's speech was entirely justified in his apprehension. Now we have a bridge."

a member of a class at present held in Ireland in very much the same popular esteem as that supposed to be extinct. He told us to the informers in Mr. Boudan's Irish dramas, and why the noble lord should feel as if there were a shotgun in every hedge on his estate, are questions explained by the state of affairs in Ireland to-day, and of which the outlook is, to say the least of it, extremely serious. It is the old story of landlord and tenant—merciless exaction and unrelenting extortion, of submission to the point of exhaustion, and of wholly unreasonable and inexplicable inhumanity.

The condition of the Irish peasant person indifferently understood in this country, is worth considering. He has a love of locality equal to a cat's sense of home and the depth of feeling that he has for every sentiment and written tradition of his native surroundings are among the things that are most characteristic of him. He invests his cabin and every straw in the thatch, and every object that there is about with an atmosphere of warm and affection; and he clings to it with a loyalty and a fidelity that are unexampled, and which, when defeated of their end lead him easily into violence.

It is his indisposition to leave his land and abandon his sense of the natural right that he owns in it, that causes

A PERPETUAL STRIFE

in Ireland between him and his landlord, a strife which, just at present, has reached dimensions that are alarming—no

cause the landlords are more exacting heretofore, but because bad harvests in the general and final impoverishment of the peasant class, particularly in Connaught and western Munster, have rendered it absolutely impossible for the people to pay their rents. An Irish

appears to be perfectly content to give the entire produce of his land and his labour to his landlord as long as he is allowed to remain in possession. If he is industrious and improves his property, the reward is promptly increased. The landlord does not, however, derive the benefit: the

not be deterred by the fact that he takes everything; the latter is allowed to exist. If natural conditions inure to property, the result is noted by the agent, the rent is increased, and the lord is that much better off and much more rental from his Irish estates—considered in London, where

of it can ever return in the economic things to the unfortunate producer, which way he will, he is confronted by the inexorable landlord, whose rents are always based upon an assumed margin of production, and who never reduces his demands because the conditions

upon those prisoners of no y too even cherry

The aged, the maimed, even the young and old alike, are turned to the roadside, and the house, under them by the associations of co-generations, is torn down or burned to their eyes. Feeling toward it as it is not to be wondered at that the

landlords' lives, from an insurance of view, "extra hazardous." Whirlpools are obliterated in this way, and the inhabitants have the native of America if they have the nerve to get there, or the poorhouse if they prefer to stay where they are. The only

The tenant gets no lease; he is right in his property that a landlord regard, and his relation to the land

simply that of a hired tiller of the soil, he must accept permission to exist as a laborer for compensation for his labor. We are not in a condition of affairs, and the blessing of the school system thrown to him as a humanitarian bone to a discontented and impracticable cur, and designed to

Very naturally he is hot, and grown tired of living for years on exclusive diet of American corn—seeing the landlord take the pot

the pig, and of finally being ordered to the poorhouse—an institution that he has heard of and dreads as the devil does hell. He asks for

AN EQUALIZATION OF RATES

for an adjustment of rents on a uniform property valuation, and for

hold right, a tenant foothold, a landlord which shall imply an equitable protection of the man both. In other words, he is cleft the wall and is desperate, and in extremity he calls out loudly in the form of the highest-known form of civil

And a noble lord, in closing the door, gathered his robes about him and asked that they had sent some p