

of those on whom processes were to have been served: Pat Grady, of Lugmore, has 14 children—13 of them living with him in a small hut. He holds about five acres of un-reclaimed land, for which he pays at the rate of £1 12s. (\$8) an acre. He owns neither a cow nor a calf. He has not a morsel to feed his children except the $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cwt. of Indian meal I dole out to him each week. To-day I saw his ticket from a pawnbroker for his very bedclothes. His children sleep on straw on the bare floor."

But the landlord wanted his rent for all that.

"Pat Gormanly," writes the Canon, "with five in a family, is in precisely the same destitute condition. He is threatened with an ejectionment for non-payment of rent, whilst his family are starving for want of the commonest food."

"I could adduce," he concludes, "hundreds of cases quite as bad.

"Mathew Dasey came three times for his meal. His mother had been two days without food. He himself staggered and fell twice from hunger on his way home."

These starving and staggering peasants when they ask for food receive from their landlords processes of ejectionment. I shall call no more witnesses, although I could summon hundreds of character unimpeachable, who would tell you tales of wretchedness quite as harrowing, from every barony and parish of the West of Ireland. I have chosen to quote local testimony rather than to give my own evidence, because some hearers might have thought, if I had described only what I saw myself, that the truth of my reports of Irish destitution had been warped in the fires of my indignation against oppression; and because, as I have always, I trust, preferred to fight on the side of the falling man, that the wrongs I saw had been unduly magnified by the lenses of my sympathy for their victims. At another time, I may tell what I saw in Ireland! To-night I must sum up my evidence in the fewest words.

I have seen sights as sad as most of my witnesses have described.

I have seen hundreds of barefooted and bareheaded mothers standing for an hour in the rain and the chilly wind, patiently and anxiously waiting to get an order for Indian meal to feed their famishing children at home.

I have seen a family of five boys dressed like girls, in garments rudely fashioned from potato bags, because

their parents were too poor to buy boys' clothing.

I have visited a dozen populous parishes, where four-fifths of the entire population depended for their daily bread on foreign charity.

I have been in villages where every man, woman, and child in them would die from hunger within one month, or perhaps one week, from the hour in which the relief that they now solely rely on should be refused—because the men have neither a mouthful of food, nor any chance of earning a shilling, nor any other way of getting provisions for their families, until the ripening of the crop in Autumn.

I have entered hundreds of Irish cabins in districts where the relief is distributed. These cabins are more wretched than the cabins of the negroes were in the darkest days of Slavery. The Irish peasant can neither dress as well nor is fed as well as the Southern slave. Donkeys, and cows, and pigs, and hens live in the same wretched room with the family. Many of these cabins had not a single article of bed clothing, except guano sacks or potato bags, and when the old folks had a blanket it was tattered and filthy.

I saw only one woman in all these cabins whose face did not look sad and care-racked, and she was dumb and idiotic.

The Irish have been described by novelists and travelers as a light-hearted and rollicking people—full of fun and quick in repartee—equally ready to dance or to fight. I did not find them so. I found them in the West of Ireland a sad and despondent people, care-worn, broken-hearted, and shrooded in gloom. Never once in the hundreds of cabins that I entered—never once even—did I catch the thrill of a merry-voice nor the light of a merry eye. Old men and boys, old women and girls, young men and maidens—all of them without a solitary exception—were grave or haggard, and every household looked as if the plague of the first born had smitten them that hour. Rachel, weeping for her children, would have passed unnoticed among these warm-hearted peasants, or if she had been noticed they would only have said:—"She is one of us." A home without a child is