

death of Gladstone to-day would gladden the Tory hearts with only a tithe of the exultation of 1643 among the royalists over the death of John Hampden. The scepticisms of power believed that English liberty would never again dare to lift its head. In truth the stout hearts in London winced full sore and choked down many a bitter tear. They tried to believe for some days that the Oxford roysterers had rejoiced too quickly, and that their brave champion would recover. Hampden lingered on at Thame on the borders of Oxford and Bucks until Friday the 23rd, and either on that evening or the next morning perished in great agony of body but with as serene in mind as he had lived. John Hampden's fame has been the plaything of innumerable scribblers and babblers. His bright example has been belittled, distorted, and denied. From Clarendon to D'Israeli, apologists for the miserable Charles Stuart have racked their brains for something to hurl at Hampden's head, and with pitiable result. Tories have almost denied his existence; Whigs have clothed him in garments he would have scorned; half-hearted "Radicals" have used his name for apologies for tyranny. To thorough-paced Democrats it is enough to know that Hampden stood out against a tax and gave his life to combat arbitrary power. We need not search for more. All forms of tyranny take the insidious shape of taxation. Rent is a tax, usury is a tax, privilege is a tax, monopoly is a tax. It is only in free association that our contributions to social purposes become ennobling and not degrading, and lose the essential hideousness of hated taxation. When we look to history for a name to conjure with, in the struggle for free and equal social privileges, for the bond of love and not of fear, to none can we turn with higher hope of inspiration than to that of John Hampden, the martyr to English freedom. L. W.

PENTONVILLE PRISON.

The following letter is worth reprinting entire as a really cheering sign of the times; and one can scarcely be wrong in thinking that such a letter could hardly have been written to the ordinary press or printed by it but for Bloody Sunday and all that followed it, which has dragged to light the horrors of the English prison system.

Sir,—As foreman of a jury at Clerkenwell Sessions, on being discharged yesterday, after sitting six days, I with my fellow-juryman (by order obtained of the judge) went over the above prison. We were much horrified and pained to see the brutal system under which torture is hourly inflicted upon many of the poor prisoners. We were told that for a month after entry the prisoners, as we saw them, are kept upon that abominable invention, the treadmill, their time of actual working on it being 54 hours daily. We were then shown the prisoners' cells, and the dreadful instrument of torture called the plank-bed. From the mill, acting in every dumb, the poor prisoner, for a whole month, has to lie all night upon this slightly-raised platform, without a mattress or pillow. This is not punishment—it steps beyond it—it is deliberate torture. As an Englishman, and a ratepayer, I protest most earnestly against its longer continuance. The chapel in which the gospel of love and forgiveness is daily set forth to the prisoners we also visited, but I fail to see how any prisoner aching in all his bones from the plank-bed can obtain belief in such far-off possibilities. The system of silence which also prevails is against human nature, and productive of prison crime. Surely it is high time, if we mean really to be a civilised and Christian nation, to sweep away the treadmill, the silent system, and the plank-bed altogether, and to treat prisoners as human beings entitled to our kindness whilst in durance, instead of driving them into a wearisome melancholy madness. Kindly dip your pen, Sir, into the ink, and say a strong word to our countrymen on this matter, cruel to their fellows, because ignorant of their sufferings. Your insertion of this letter will much oblige my fellow-juryman and myself.—Yours truly,

JOHN PARNELL.

Chichester House, Rockley Road, West Kensington Park, London, W., June 13.

It is surely not too much to hope that the jury and its foreman, who take such a very unconventional view of our prisons, would be likely to take a similar view of what Mr. Gladstone calls "our admirable police," as they appear when giving evidence, and those noble specimens of the champions of impartiality and fair dealing, the British judges as they appear in directing a jury what verdict to give.—W. M.

EVICTING THE DYING.—An eviction was carried out on the 15th near Clogher, which again illustrates the brutality of landlordism. Nearly forty police were in attendance. The evicted family numbers six members. One, a dying blind boy, received the last sacrament on the previous evening, and the father, an old man of 80 years, was so weak and ill as to appear utterly unconscious of what was going on around him. Another son besought the sub-sheriff to delay the removal of the father from bed till the parish priest might be sent for, as the arrival of the officer had taken the family by surprise; but he was inexorable. The old man was then transferred from his bed to a cart, in which he was conveyed to the house of a son-in-law, where he received the last sacraments immediately afterwards from the parish priest. Along with this may fitly be placed the record of a quarter's evictions. A return issued on the 14th shows that during the quarter ending March 31st, 2,454 tenants were converted into caretakers by service of ejectment notices under the Land Act of last year. Of these 715 were in Ulster, 417 in Leinster, 492 in Connaught, and 830 in Munster. In addition, 233 tenancies were determined by the landlords under other processes of law. The practical outcome of these proceedings is the eviction of about 10,000 persons—men, women, and children. The law has meanwhile added another cruelty to the landlord's armoury in Ireland. The Master of the Rolls has granted injunctions to a landlord for the purpose of preventing the erection of "Land League huts." This is the sequel of some evictions on the Coolgraney estate; and its practical effect is just this: The law not only sanctions unjust evictions, but says that the evicted must be left to starve and shiver.

FOR THE PEOPLE.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for another's gain,
The common clods of the rabble, stunted of brow and brain.
What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we have reaped?
What do we want, the nesters, of the honey we have beaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard;
We want to share in the harvest; we want to sit at the board;
We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man—
The fruits of his toil, God promised when the curae of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross and the sacred word,
In all the years, and the Kingdom is not yet here of the Lord.
Is it useless, all our waiting? Are they fruitless, all our prayers?
Has the wheat while men were sleeping been oversowed with tares?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid down his life,
If, twenty centuries after, his world be a world of strife?
If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruthless eyes
And steel in their hands, what profits a saviour's sacrifice?

Ye have tried and failed to rule us; in vain to direct have tried;
Not wholly the fault of the ruler; not wholly blind the guide;
Mayhap there needs not a ruler: mayhap we can find the way.
At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye have led astray.

What matter if king or consul or president holds the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondsman's chain?
What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty packeth his load,
If hunger presseth behind him with a sharp and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper; there's a king with a parchment crown;

There are robber knights and brigands in factory, field and town.
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and rent;
And the baron's toll is Shylock's with a flesh-and-blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labour all night in a narrow room;
The child, defrauded of childhood, tip-toes all day at the loom;
The soul must starve, for the body can barely on husks be fed,
And the loaded dice of a gambler settle the price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and robbed him of learning's light;
But his sluggish brain is moving, his sinews have all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your pillage, pride and caste!
The Giant is blind, but thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

JAMES JEFFREY SPENCE.

(Reprinted from 'The Household Library of Irish Poets,' New York, 1867.)

RENT REDUCTIONS IN KERRY.

Landlord.	Tenant.	Old Rent.	Judicial Rent.
S. M. Hussey.....	E. Costello.....	£10 0 0	£ 6 0 0
Earl of Listowel ...	P. Carroll	9 0 0	4 10 0
P. Donovan	J. O'Connell	60 0 0	40 0 0
G. Gentleman	J. Kirby	53 0 0	26 10 0
	P. Hunt.....	20 0 0	11 15 0
G. L. Kitson	J. Hannon.....	30 0 0	18 10 0
	B. Hannon.....	22 0 0	11 10 0
	J. Buckley.....	40 0 0	26 0 0
T. B. Brown	P. M'Elliott	26 0 0	6 0 0 (!)
and others	J. Byrne	25 0 0	12 0 0 (!)
	T. M'Elliott	25 0 0	8 10 0 (!)
Justice D. Rice	D. Kennelly	50 0 0	24 0 0
	J. Lyons	50 0 0	25 0 0
G. Sandes	P. Nolan	79 6 3	37 10 0
E. K. Supple	B. Connell.....	300 0 0	180 0 0
R. B. Chute	J. Dowd	26 0 0	10 0 0
E. Stack	T. O'Connor	233 0 0	130 0 0

METROPOLITAN PAUPERISM.

	Indoor.	Outdoor.	Total.
1st week of June, 1888 ...	55,374	37,612	92,986
" " 1887 ...	54,541	36,630	91,171
" " 1886 ...	52,620	36,459	89,079
" " 1835 ...	51,696	34,061	85,757

Vagrants relieved in the metropolis on the last day of the fourth week of June 1888: Men, 817; Women, 185; Children under sixteen, 23—Total 1,023. Population of the Metropolis in 1881, 3,815,000.

The Social Democratic Union of Stockholm has on the motion of August Palm pronounced itself in favour of a Social Democratic Congress to be held this year in Stockholm, and has sent circulars to the country organisations to get their opinion on the proposal.

FRENCH VEGETABLES FOR ENGLAND.—The British Consul at Brest, in a report on the agriculture of his district, refers to the great eagerness shown by small farmers to find markets for their garden and other produce in this country. From Roscoff alone twenty-six different companies, composed of 406 members, visit a large number of towns along the English, Bristol, and St. George's Channels—the ports on the German Ocean being supplied from Belgium, Normandy, Picardy, and the Artois—and extend their operations from these towns in all directions—those, for instance, trading to Newport going sometimes as much as 100 miles inland by rail, returning to Newport every Saturday night. In 1885 the exports of vegetables from Roscoff alone were 11,107 tons potatoes, 4,060 tons onions, 4,000 tons cauliflowers, and 1,800 tons artichokes. Of cauliflowers the northern part of Finistère furnishes the Western Railway Company with a million tons per annum, while large quantities are sent by steamer from Morlaix. Three hundred tons of cabbages, several thousand tons of winter and summer red onions, and enormous quantities of preserved peas, kidney beans, and shallots, were exported from Morlaix last year to this country. The same port alone also sends seven million eggs, worth £16,000, and, owing to the establishment of a line of steamers to Bristol, this number is increasing rapidly.