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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For November, 1880.
THURSDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
FRIDAY, 26.—St. Peter of Alexandria, Bishop and Martyr.
SATURDAY, 27.—Office of the Immaculate Conception.
SUNDAY, 28.—First Sunday in Advent. Epist. Rom. xiii, 11-14; Gosp. Luke xxi, 25-35. Fr. De Polsson killed at Natchez, 1728.
MONDAY, 29.—Vigil of St. Andrew. St. Saturnin, Martyr.
TUESDAY, 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle. Cons. Abp. Kenrick, St. Louis, 1811.
WEDNESDAY, 1.—Feast.

LANDLORDISM AND ITS FRIENDS.

Within the past week or so English Tory opinion concerning the Land League and its doings has been considerably modified, but then even the Jingo papers could not keep their voices pitched to such a screaming key for any length of time. It would be too much to expect, and, therefore, they have come down a few octaves until Parnell shakes another red rag in front of them. To give them nothing but their due, however, they have some shame left in them, and they, besides being tired shrieking, had the grace to succumb to the overwhelming force of public opinion which formed around them. The great literary periodicals, to which the deepest thinkers in England are contributors, came out with articles in favor of Land Reform. The Fortnightly Review, the Contemporary, the Nineteenth Century, and the sober, sensible Statesman, all contained one or two articles each on the Irish Land Question, which did not all correspond with the truculent views of the landlords. They have now ceased to vilify Parnell, to manufacture outrages, to term the Irish people a nation of assassins, and to call upon them to hold their peace or fight for the land they want so much. It has been hinted to those heroic journals that the less they said about murders and outrages in Ireland the better, until a reform were effected in happy England, which would prevent the murder of three men, three women and four children, not to count the number of dead infants found on the streets by the police, in one week. Another cause of their change of conduct is the pronouncement of the Irish Bishops at Rome, which endorses the Land League. However those London journals may view the religion of the Irish hierarchy, they know that they are one of the most conservative bodies in the world, and that it would not be without overwhelming reasons they would countenance, in the slightest degree, such revolutionary movements as Parnell and his associates are trying to bring about. For there can be no mistake about it—the Land Movement is a revolution. Heretofore the Irish hierarchy sternly set their faces against agitations less revolutionary than the land agitators contemplate. But why? It certainly was not that they loved the alliance of the Tory lords. The reason was that the movements were not national in the true sense of the word. Not that they have not always been advocates of the tenant's rights. How could they be otherwise, seeing that landlordism was a

monster; a boa-constrictor which was covering the nation with saliva in order to destroy it. But they did not see the way to success, and they knew that partial attempts end in total failures. They have realized that the present movement is thoroughly national, that all Ireland demands it, and that its leaders and the people keep strictly within the constitution. They have given the land agitation their blessing, and His Grace Archbishop McCabe sinks out of sight in the shadow of the Castle, ashamed and mortified. The London papers we refer to have done exalting him, and the next time we hear of His Grace it will, perhaps, be in line with his illustrious conferees.

Another cause of the modified tone of the London Times and the lesser thunderers is the failure of the Boycott expedition to provoke the people to attack. Captain Boycott is an Englishman—a needy adventurer—who went to the West of Ireland twenty years ago to improve his desperate fortunes. It is a poor place to go for such a purpose, but so is India a poor country, and yet many Englishmen wring millions out of the natives. Boycott is a man of nerve and courage, utterly devoid of feeling or humanity, the very man to make a good agent, and an agent Lord Erne made him—of his Mayo estates. The Captain improved his position, rack-rented some of the tenants, evicted others, and consolidated their farms into one, which he kept himself, and acted in such a brutal manner as to cause the tenants to "Boycott" him. Orangemen from the North, commanded by the Earl of Erne's son, marched to his rescue, surrounded by an army of horse, foot and artillery. The tenants in this crisis showed their discipline, their union, their strength and their patience; they did not fire a shot, did not lift a finger, and yet they have achieved a famous victory. They have drawn the eyes of the whole world upon them and their condition. They have gained the sympathy of the police and the soldiers, of the Liberal press, of the European people; they have made the Orange fanatics, thick-skinned and all as they are, blush for very shame, and, in a word, they have put the thin wedge in the revolution. "If it cost one hundred thousand pounds sterling," says financial John Bull, "to have a farm protected, how much will it cost to have a hundred thousand of them protected? The landlords are very dear, good children, they are too dear, and they must go; I am sorry for it, but they must go, the pet lambs are too dear." The public, the soldiers, the Orangemen, the newspaper correspondents, that is to say, the whole world, now see the beauties of landlordism, and they have condemned it. They have said "cut it down, it has cumbered the earth too long." The Jingo papers will still, of course, protest and find other names for the agitators, but it is of no use, Boycott has killed landlordism. John Bull has found it too costly, and it will shortly repose as a corpse on the dissecting-table, an ugly-looking corpse at that. Who will be sorry for it? None.

Y. I. L. & B. SOCIETY.

At their meeting held on Wednesday night the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society voted the sum of two hundred dollars to the Parnell Defence Fund, one hundred to be collected from the members by assessment, and the other moiety to be taken from the funds of the society. In voting the last hundred dollars they had to suspend the constitution and give a month's notice or the money would ere this be in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Parnell Defence Fund in Dublin. Need we say that this action on the part of the society reflects upon it everlasting credit? Need we say that this action should be imitated by all the Irish societies in Canada having claim to a spark of patriotism or love for the land of their fathers, for we can almost hazard the statement that not one out of every twenty of the Young Irishmen ever saw the green hills of Ireland. It is another proof, if any were required, that love of Ireland is indestructible in the breasts of her children, and not only that, but of her children's children. The reason of this singular feeling is because Ireland is unfortunate and needs assistance. If she were prosperous the descendants of Irishmen would be proud of her, but they would not love her half as well, just as the sons of Englishmen born here in Canada care little for the old country, simply because it does not need their care. Naturalists, tells us that when the progeny of the brute creation arrive at a state in which they can look after their own interests their mothers come to view them as strangers, but if any accident befall them which renders them unable to look after themselves the maternal affection returns and they minister to the wants of their offspring as before. This is precisely the case with Irishmen and their descendants abroad, only that the order of things is reversed, for instead of the mother aiding the children it is the children who turn warmly to the mother in her affliction. And she is a beautiful mother, deserving of all love and consideration. It was not the unkindness of her heart or the barrenness of her breasts which drove her children to foreign shores, they were wrenched from her bosom by the iron hand of the landlord. But however this may be, the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society of Montreal has acted a noble part. Long may it prosper and continue to act patriotically, for certain it is that young men with heart enough to turn to the land of their fathers in its affliction will never prove recreant to the land of their birth, and the converse holds equally good, the Irishman who slights his own country will never make a good Canadian citizen.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

The report comes from Ottawa that the Honorable R. W. Scott is to receive the appointment of Sheriff of Carleton County vice Sheriff Powell removed. This appointment rests with the Ontario Government, and whether Mr. Scott receive the position or not it must be admitted that the Ontario Government is making an effort to prove their impartiality in the matter of patronage. Ontario is the most Protestant province in Canada, and for a long time the Catholics residing in it found it difficult enough to obtain justice at the hands of its Government. As a general rule the colonies follow the example of the mother country, and copy from its politics, literature and manners, which is natural enough, though at times they rise above the narrow prejudices and class-decrees of old England and strike out for themselves, as, for instance, in the adoption of the ballot. We know that an invincible prejudice exists in England and Scotland against Catholics, and that it is impossible for one of that prescribed religion to enter Parliament for a British constituency be he ever so wealthy or eloquent. It is true the Emancipation Act qualified them for Parliament, but acts of Parliament however potent as legislation cannot change the heart of man or eradicate its prejudices. Until the appointment by Mr. Gladstone of Lords O'Hagan, Ripon and Kenmare to high places under the Crown, the Catholics were almost excluded from important positions. And the prejudices extended to the colonies, especially to Canada, where although one of them occasionally held a portfolio it was only at intervals. Until of late, it has often been the case that the English-speaking Catholics, notwithstanding their numbers in the country had no representative in the Federal Government. But this prejudice against Catholics is not confined to Canada. We have never yet seen a Catholic President of the United States, and the late election for Mayor of New York, when 40,000 Democrats scratched Mr. Grace's ticket because of his religion, is enough to convince us that toleration is but slowly extending itself. But to return to Ontario. Within the past few years the Catholics of that Protestant province have been very fairly dealt with considering all the circumstances. Mr. T. McCrosson received the appointment of Warden of the Pentanguishene Penitentiary, Mr. J. D. Merrick the Shrivertury of Russel and Prescott Counties, Mr. W. H. Waller, the Registrar of Carlton County, and now it is reported that the Hon. R. W. Scott is to be appointed Sheriff of the same county. As regards the patronage at the disposal of the Federal Government we are justified in complaining, and our justification would be all the stronger if Sir John A. Macdonald could not point to Quebec and say: "Why there are your own co-religionists, the French Canadians who rule the province, what do they do for you? Do they not carefully exclude you from office? Can you name me two important positions they have allowed you to fill? When death removed the Recorder of Montreal, who was an English speaking Catholic, did not my friend Mr. Chapleau put one of his compatriots in his place? Why then do you complain to me and say you are excluded from your proper share of office because you are Catholics. Besides, have I not made the Hon. John O'Connor President of the Council and Secretary of State?" Which is all true. And so we are forced to the conclusion that the Province of Ontario, where the Orangemen are so formidable, is more liberal than the Province of Quebec, where good and pious Catholics rule the roost. It is strange, but it is true. But the dominant element in Quebec is not liberal towards all. It willingly gives the Anglo-Scotch element a fair share of what is going, it elects them to Parliament, it takes them into the Cabinet. Perhaps it cannot afford to be just to all sections, and therefore excludes that which it sees the Federal Government also excluding. Nevertheless the English Catholic-speaking element in the Province of Quebec is too powerful to be despised. Its weakness in one respect is its strength in another. It is so scattered through the constituencies as to be unable to return representatives to the Legislature, but, on the other hand, it can elect or defeat any one party when united, as it will unite if it once realizes the exact situation. We are aware that our argument is open to serious objection. It may be said that place and power are contemptible things and degrade those holding them, and that it is the English Catholic element alone which clamors for them, and this, in fact, is also true. Nevertheless we want our share of degradation; it is not patriotic in any one section to keep aloof from the responsibilities of office, and, as for the clamoring, the other elements have no occasion, for very good and sufficient reasons. We are about one-sixth of the population of this Province, and yet we are almost unrepresented.

THE TRICKS OF TRADE.

The energy of Mr. Whitton, weights and measures Inspector, is having its results. Formerly one had to take what one got in the stores and rest thankful whether the weight was suspected to be too light, or the measure too small, but now we have changed all this; at least Mr. Whitton has, for the store-keepers have to look very sharp, and give just measure or subject themselves to the vigilant eye of the Inspector of weights and measures. It is a mortal pity that there is not also some means of looking after other branches of industry besides groceries, provisions, wood and coal, but let us hope that as science advances it will bring with it a remedy for making all dealers as honest as they can possibly be. Why, for instance, should a purchaser be charged twenty per cent less

in some stores for exactly the same article as in others is one of the mysteries we would like to see solved, knowing that the merchant who sells at the cheaper rate receives a legitimate profit. Or why, when a person goes into, let us say a furrier's and asks the price of a seal skin cap, he is told it is worth \$20, but on account of certain considerations it will be given her, or him, for \$18, and why further is it that she or he can ultimately secure the prize for fifteen dollars, that is to say ten per cent less than it is worth and fifty per cent less than was first asked? Either the vendor must have been indulging in what the French politely term a petit mensonge de Marchand, or he is actually giving away his goods at an "immense sacrifice." This is unjust to either the vendor or the vendee, but we strongly suspect it is to the latter. An honest straightforward man goes into a store for instance, and asks for a certain article. It is given him and he pays for it and departs. Let us suppose he has purchased a pair of gaiters for five dollars. Immediately after another man goes in, also honest, but somewhat shrewd, and also asks for a pair of gaiters. A pair precisely the same in make, texture, size and quality is placed before him and he is told the price is five dollars. Why, I bought a pair like this at Blank's last summer for three dollars, "remarks the shrewd man, and I am not prepared to pay any more for it now." After a good deal of haggling he obtains the goods for \$3.25 and goes home happy. Now in these two transactions, supposing the first cost of the article to have been say \$2.50 each pair of gaiters, a legitimate per centage has been gained on the latter and an illegitimate one on the former, or leaving the tricks of the trade out of the question the man who paid down his five dollars like a gentleman has been cheated. We do not for a moment suppose that a tariff of store prices can be regulated by government, but what we wish to point out is that there is an immorality pervading nearly all branches of trade at the present day, which is enough to make people uneasy and which is constantly increasing. We would be doing gross injustice to a good many merchants however, wholesale and retail, if we did not exempt them from the haggling and legal cheating, for there are many houses in the city with only one price, and in the long run it pays, for honesty is the best of policy in business, whether a man sets out on that principle for profit's sake or because he is really honest is none of our concern. There are a great many people who will not and cannot haggle or cut down prices, and they are always victimized except when they strike a store that is like themselves about huckstering. It must be admitted in dealing with this subject that the fault rest, in a great measure, with the purchasers themselves, for it is their behaviour which makes the tradesman a huckster. They are never happy or satisfied except they can beat down the price and the tradesman is therefore bound to rise it in the first instance in self defence and bring it ultimately down to the minimum; and this is where the injustice to the fair and square purchasers comes in. When taxed with this tergiversation in business the merchant defends himself by saying the practice is forced upon him, but that after all the off-hand customer is not cheated so often as one would imagine for the reason that salesmen and store clerks who know their trade can tell at a glance the people who haggle, and those who do not. There is no doubt a little force in this, but we cannot believe that the mere fact of a young man spending his time behind a counter for a certain number of years, makes of him a Lavater. Things are evidently not what they seem in this christian land and age, and it would be a great benefactor and reformer who could effect a change which would injure no one but the rogue or the miser. The reformation does not of course come into the province of the weights and measures Inspector, but there are other things that do in all branches, which his intelligence and sagacity will detect in due season.

Mr. JOHN ROBERT has kindly consented to act as agent for the TRUE WITNESS at St. Phillippe, County Argenteuil, P. Q., and is empowered to enroll subscribers and collect money as such.

GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., publishers of the well-known newspaper directory, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, are now at work preparing their edition for 1881, which it is estimated will surpass all their former efforts in that line, and that is saying a good deal.

QUEEN VICTORIA visited Ireland in 1849. She coasted around the island six or seven days and wrote to her uncle the King of Belgium:—"I am so well pleased with the Irish, who are much gentler and tamer than I had been led to expect, that to recognize and reward their loyalty I have resolved to confer the title of Earl of Dublin on the Prince of Wales." And yet they say the Irish are a grateful people.

The French are a clever and inventive people, but they are not above adopting the ideas of other nations when they are useful. The "Boycotting" of the Irish landlords has, it seems, pleased their fancy immensely, for we understand by cable that it has been resolved in the South of France to "Boycott" and ostracise all those having hand, act or part in the expulsion of the religious orders. Truly the age progresses.

What between births, marriages and deaths the poor Czar of Russia is kept constantly in hot water. Every one said he was about to die when he married the Princess Dolgorouki, much to the disgust of the court, the imperial family and the aristocracy. And now we are informed that the Czar is dead or dying from the blows of the Nihilists

with the consent of the heir to the throne. The whole affair is wrapped in impenetrable mystery, but it would not be surprising if the Czar has been poisoned by his heir, as many of his predecessors have been before him. It is strongly suspected that Nicholas was also poisoned by the court party. Notwithstanding the veneering of civilization that covers the barbarism of the Russians, the old saying still holds good, "scrape a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Neither will it be surprising if before many years, or indeed many months, a revolution takes place in the Muscovite empire which will shake society from its foundations.

Things are not always what they seem even in aquatics. Trickett and Laycock went to England from Australia, the former to contest for the championship with Hanlan, and the latter to try his luck generally among the swells of the rowing world. Trickett has been badly beaten while Laycock's star is rather in the ascendant, and he now challenges both Wallace Ross and Hanlan with a fair prospect of winning if his challenge be accepted.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. John Patrick Boyle, eldest son of Mr. Boyle editor and proprietor of the Irish Canadian. The deceased young man was exactly eighteen years of age, and his talents gave great promise of a brilliant career had he been spared. Mr. Boyle has our sincerest sympathy in his bereavement, as indeed he has of every Irishman in Canada who appreciates his sterling worth and his inflexible honesty.

The arrival of Brother Arnold in Montreal, after his business tour through Canada and the States, has given great pleasure to the people of St. Ann's, among whom he is so deservedly popular. A reception committee was appointed from among some of the most popular citizens to express the pleasure felt by the people at his return, and this committee having accomplished that graceful duty resolved to do something more practical than welcoming the Reverend Brother home. They resolved, in fact, to organize for the purpose of paying off the indebtedness of the building erected last summer as a home for the brothers, and in carrying out this project they have concluded, as one step towards it, to have a concert in Nordheimer's Hall on the 13th of December. We understand that for such a laudable purpose Nordheimer's Hall will be given free by the proprietors and the use of a piano as well, and we have no doubt St. Ann's good citizens will do the rest.

THE AMERICANS are a modest, self-denying people, remarkable for the absence of self-assertion among them. They have a population of nearly 50,000,000, but out of that immense host they could not furnish a man to beat the Canadian Hanlan on the water. They brought Courtney out twice and saw him beaten with dismay and surprise. Previous to the first race they were confident, for is it not well-known that Americans can whip all creation? They saw the Canadian tried in England and come out first, and then they grew a little uneasy. Once more Courtney was backed against Hanlan on the historic Potomac, and the American collapsed utterly. It was after this our Yankee cousins began to claim Hanlan as their own, but before they committed themselves they waited to discover what the Australian Trickett could do. The result is another victory, and now the great New York dailies head their sensational reports of the race: "A great American victory," for, after all, was not Hanlan born on this continent? There is no real dividing line between Canada and the United States; it is all an affair of villainous custom houses, so hurrh for the great American oarsman. Hanlan is now, therefore, annexed to the United States. But if he were beaten what would happen? Something like this would appear in the New York Herald, though not perhaps in such excellent English:—"We knew all along that the Canuck would come to grief when a real oarsman was pitted against him. We sympathize with our blue-nose friends in their sorrow, but let them be thankful their wretched British province could furnish even a second rate oarsman whom fortune favored until she discovered he was only a Canadian." But now, as we have remarked Hanlan, is an American, and so let us all be joyful.

The British Government is taking great care that the speeches for the prosecutors in the case against the Land League shall not become public before trial. Each compositor is guarded by a detective; the printer is sworn to secrecy until after the speeches have been printed, the proofs are sealed up and the type distributed.

We have received a very handsome picture and a faithful likeness of England's greatest orator and statesman, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, from John Cameron & Co., Publishers, London (Ont.) Advertiser. It is given to the Advertiser's subscribers as a Christmas gift, and a good one it is.

There was considerable excitement on the Produce Exchange, New York, yesterday, owing to the sudden freezing of the Erie Canal, by which 7,000,000 bushels of grain were locked in the ice. Sales were large and rapid at a heavy advance. It is said should no more of freight got through by the canal, a permanent advance on wheat, six to ten cents, cannot be avoided, as the frozen shipment was the heaviest of the year. The total grain at this port is 9,203,000 bushels against 13,139,000 last year.

LAND LEAGUE FUND

Subscribed on Sunday night... \$ 38 00
TRUE WITNESS DONATION... 50 00
A Westford Quebecker... 25 00
E. J. McMillan... 5 00
A. J. McMillan... 5 00
A. J. McMillan... 5 00
A. J. McMillan... 5 00
Thomas Nolan, Hemmingford... 2 00
A Westford Girl... 1 00

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor,—I am now in the middle of things in this unfortunate country. I am also a baronet and have an estate, but up to this I have not received any benefit from either title or property. It is too early to commence despairing or I would say I was hasty in leaving Canada. But if any revenue is not coming in to me there is a splendid field for expenditure. Hardly a day passes that I am not assessed for something or the other. At one time I am called upon for a subscription to the county ball, at another my annual fees towards the Buzzards, and then for the relief of a fellow of the name of Boycote, an Englishman who is playing the very deuce away down in Mayo. I have, through the instrumentality of Rackrent, and by paying ten per cent interest, managed to effect a loan of a thousand pounds, but if the drain now going on be kept up that sum will not last very long. Now if I could only enter into some kind of a compromise with my tenants it would be all right, but this the constitution of the County Buzzards permit not. Thoughts something like the foregoing kept running through my brain on Saturday night when a rap came to my door and a servant entered and told me a lot of farmers were down below waiting to see me. I then recollected it was the night of the appointment, and I descended in rather an unquiet state of mind. There were from forty to fifty farmers present, and I could see a look of resolve about their mouths and eyes which did not indicate an early settlement except I accepted their conditions. Mike Connelly acted as spokesman.

"Look here, Sir Myles, we have come to make a settlement and pay our rents. We hope the local blood-suckers have not yet had time to taint you with their idiotic ideas on rent and land, and that you will, like a decent boy, accept Griffith's valuation. I'm sure you don't want to be "Boycotted" for refusal, and I may inform you that the devil a penny at all will you reave of our money if you wait another month. That Parnell is a very determined gentleman, and he may at any moment change his mind and order a suspension of cash payments."

"Gentlemen, your proposal is insolent in the extreme. It seems you have no respect for rank in this County of Limerick. Never mind, your tune will be changed when the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended and martial law proclaimed all over this rebellious country. I emphatically refuse your offer; go!" The farmers withdrew a little and consulted. I fondly imagined they were coming to their senses and that my firmness had overruled them, but I was mistaken.

"Good-bye, Sir Myles," said Mike Connelly, "the probability is that you will hear from us again," and they all rode away.

I retired to my apartments and went to bed, I slept, but my sleep was unquiet. I dreamed of corpses strewn the mountain side in all directions, among whom I recognized Lord Castlehack, Colonel Parnose, and several of my Buzzard friends, each having two heads and a tail of enormous length, and saw myself among the number with my head stuck in an empty sugar barrel. I am not an adept at interpreting dreams, but I grew uneasy and longed for the morning to come. Perhaps, I thought, the country is up in arms, and that my friends are all slaughtered. When the morning came I found by the Cork Examiner that most of the Buzzards had gone to England, and that I was consequently left to bear the brunt almost alone. "Come," thought I to myself, dispel those gloomy fancies, take a walk, Myles, and the exercise will do you good. Suppose they have all fled to England, what is that to you? Take a walk, man, take a walk. I walked out into the bracing November air and felt better. I passed several laborers on their way to work, but none of them saluted me, except to say, "A fine morning, sir." Truly the shadow of aristocracy is departing from the land. When I was a youngster running round and little anticipating I should be a baronet extraordinary respect was paid to rank in these parts. It was nothing to see an old man with caubank in hand standing for an hour in the mud talking to the mounted landlord or agent, and "honoring" him to the top of his bent. Indeed, I know several old chaps who cultivated front-locks in order to have something to pull when speaking with the great folks, while now—oh, my country, oh, Parnell, Parnell, you have a great deal to answer for, both in this world and the next, but the most diabolical of your acts has been the severance of the ties that bound the tenants to their natural protectors the landlords, of whom I am one.

I had not walked far when I saw in a boreen to the right of me a man sitting on a big bundle who laughed so boisterously that the words rang again with the echo and even the chattering crows shut up in sheer amazement. He laughed, ye gods, how he did laugh! Nothing that I ever heard before came near it. I approached to learn the cause of his merriment—a landlord has a right to be curious or impatient—and as I came nearer I saw the tears roll down his cheeks. "It must," said I to myself, "be some poor landlord whom Griffith's valuation has driven mad, but yet he is devoid of that fine cast of countenance so peculiar to Irish landlords. I shall question him."

"Friend," said I, "may I without offence demand the cause of your merriment that I may laugh with you?" He turned his eyes full upon me, that is as full as a man laughing heartily can do, but only laughed all the louder. I grew indignant, but soon felt that example was contagious, and I too began laughing. I brought all my pride to bear; I said, "what, you a baronet found laughing with this low bred fellow; think of your station; think of philosophy; frown with all your might and bite your lips." I did, but 'twas no use, and I laughed loudly, convulsively; ye gods how I did laugh. I knew I was making an ass of myself, but I could not help it. I made another effort. I caused my memory to travel back to the failures of my life and their melancholy consequences, my treatment by the bosses on the Lachine Canal, the fate of my uncle in Labrador, the fiasco of the Scarcrow and the subscription of Mr. Smallson, and I might have succeeded but for the last. It seemed so irresistibly comic—the idea of patronizing a paper by buying it for a cent every day—that my laughter became furious so furious that I beat No. 1 all hollow. At one time I thought I was becoming insane. While still on the high key and undecided whether to stay and see the thing out or run away a number of men advanced in our direction, and by a mighty effort I controlled myself.

"Well, you idiot," said I to No. 1, angry at having lost my dignity, "can you tell me what you are laughing at?" "No, can you, perhaps the boys coming this way will answer your question." As they drew nearer I saw they were masked, and I trembled. "Boys," said the laughing man, "it is not likely you could find his honor with a sneer"