

willing that you personally should perchance hold a mistaken opinion of our club or our people, and I take the liberty of writing you to say that it is not true that "while the efforts of the Toronto men were cheered to the echo, those of the Shamrocks were received with disapprobation." The cheering was loud and long when the Shamrocks won their games and their really magnificent play was applauded continually. I remember well how quickly a fine catch by McGuire was noted and the cheering because of it only ceased because another fine piece of play followed it before one had time to think. The fact is, we played amid almost deafening applause the afternoon through and the silent moments were few and far between. I am sorry to learn that as the Shamrocks were leaving the field some few hisses were raised, but they were quickly drowned in cheers. There are caddish souls in every community. We have been jeered at in Montreal after a thrashing from the Shamrocks by their friends from Griffintown. Only this last spring we were asked on the field: "Had'nt you better larn dat game dey call Lawn Tinnis." But these things are very small, and only proceed from those at whom we can afford to smile. The match was a grand one, and I am sure you would have enjoyed it intensely. From the newspaper accounts you would think it had been a bruising match, but there was so much of good, clean, lightning play, that the roughness of three or four players did not prevent the game from being one of the finest, if not the finest, struggle ever seen in Toronto. The Shamrocks feel sore about the umpire's decision in the last game, but they should remember that out of three disputes two were given in their favour. I was close to the ball in the last game, and it went so slowly past the flag-pole, and directly in front of me, that I can affirm positively it was not "game." Moreover, the umpire never hesitated, as you will see by his letter in to-day's *Mail*, but said "no game" in a prompt and decided manner. The trouble was, that the field was covered in a trice by betting men, all loud in vociferating that it was "game." They saw it themselves! Herein lies the whole trouble. There was too much money up. The Shamrocks undoubtedly had the fairest of treatment, and the best of luck. They had a wet day, at which I know they rejoiced; they had a Montreal referee (who was honourable as the noonday); a Montreal umpire; they won toss for choice of goals, and they got the first game awarded to them. What else could they want? The fact is, they gave away their whole case when they resumed play in the last game without one word about playing under protest, and after about ten minutes play were beaten.

My friend is right, "there was too much money up." That was the cause of the roughness and ill-feeling, and roughness and disputes will characterise the game and finally discredit it if this gambling is not put down. It is a thousand pities that so noble a game should be prostituted to what is merely vicious.

For many years the Toronto *Globe* was the first newspaper in the Dominion. Whatever those not agreeing with its Puritan style of politics, and hardness, and bitterness generally might say, there was no other paper to equal it for its news and leader writing. But gradually the *Mail* has been overhauling the *Globe*, and now the positions are reversed. The *Mail* is far away ahead of the *Globe*. Its matter is better arranged; its advertisements are not so glaring and vulgar, and its leading articles have a more dignified tone and a better literary style. If any one is disposed to doubt this statement, let him take the two papers and compare them without reference to their politics.

Dame Rumour has lost her head entirely over the impending changes in the Dominion Cabinet. If the garrulous old woman could be believed we should have to regard it as a settled fact that Sir John is to retire on his laurels, having settled with the Syndicate for the building of the Pacific Railway; and Sir Charles Tupper is to join the Syndicate; and that Sir Leonard Tilley is to go to London to look after and adorn Sir A. T. Galt's military attache; and Sir A. T. G. is to be the future Finance Minister; and the Hon. D. L. Macpherson is to take a more active part in the work of Government, and that Messrs. Chapleau and Caron are to enter the Cabinet, M. Baby standing to find something good in the civil service, and a host of other things. But as a matter of fact very little change is contemplated. It is possible that Sir A. T. Galt and Sir Leonard Tilley may make an exchange of positions, but nothing more need be anticipated.

The English Government is well advised in its policy toward the men who are responsible for the state of things in Ireland to-day. This determination to strike at the leaders, who speak and write the people into a suicidal frenzy, reminds one of the old Latin story of how when the king was being consulted in his garden as to how a

rebellion should be put down, and not wishing to commit himself in speech, he walked about striking off the heads of the tallest poppies—which was understood and acted upon. In a few cases of local civil outbreak the same method has been adopted with most salutary effect. As a rule, the men most guilty, the men who inflame the passions of the unreasoning, and incite them to crime, escape the just punishment of their deeds, but now and then it has happened that they have been singled out as the first to fall. Mr. Gladstone's Government has done this wise thing, and the men who have made inflammatory speeches and written articles in treason against the common peace are to be tried for their lawlessness. This is the wisest possible course; it is charity to the many misguided, and justice to the few who wished to save their own hides.

Evidently Mr. Parnell has scraped together courage enough to remain in Ireland and carry on his nefarious work of urging the poor Irish to their own destruction. But what does he and his brother demagogues hope to accomplish, beyond posing as martyrs? Taking all mere poetry and Irish sentiment out of this question, what is demanded that in reason ought to be granted? Are the Irish farmers under any disabilities unknown in England, or France, or Germany, or America? We are told that the land tenure is insecure and paralyzing; that the land laws are iniquitous and ought to be changed. But as a matter of fact, where does the Irish farmer's disadvantage come in? His land tenure is as secure and well assured by law, as that of any tenant in Europe. The truth of the matter is, that nowhere is the peasant farmer more favoured by law than in Ireland. His children are educated at the expense of the State. If he, or a member of his family should fall sick medical attendance is provided by the State. In old age or destitution he is fed and clothed and housed by charges on the property of the country.

A great deal of denunciation is hurled against the feudal system; but feudalism was never known in Ireland, and at present nothing exists which even approximates to that. We hear it said that the Irish peasant is merely a serf; but villenage never existed for a single hour in Ireland. The Landlord and Tenant Act which now governs the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland distinctly declares that relation to be founded, "not upon tenure or service," but "on the express or complied contract of the parties." Then it comes to this most palpably, that the Irish peasant farmer is in precisely the same position as any other farmer, or business man the civilized world over. He voluntarily makes a contract to which he can be legally held. Is he too much of a fool to be allowed to make a contract? or is he too immoral to be trusted for keeping it? Is he so far wanting in ordinary intelligence that he must be compelled to allow Mr. Parnell and his *confreres* to make agreements for him? or is he so much of a rogue that he must be justified in shooting down his landlord when the bargain has gone against him? Surely the Irish will soon come to see who are their real misleaders.

The fact is that no revision of land laws can put away native Irish discontent: no revision of land laws can enlarge a restricted area, or mitigate an inhospitable climate; no revision of land laws would do way with indolence, and a pauper spirit and reckless marriages. If a change were brought about which would do away for ever with all occasion for agrarian outrages, it would be followed by a period of domestic tragedy. The only conclusion we can come to is, that the malady of the Irish in Ireland is incurable. May a kind providence help our statesman with a new idea or a miracle.

Why do not sensible Irishmen look the fact in the face that Irishmen seem to be under a dreadful curse of snivelling and weeping and wailing. Can any student of history point out a time when Ireland was not unhappy? The individual Irishman is always light of heart and gay, but Ireland is always dissolved in tears. There was a time, preserved in legends, when Ireland was the home of peace and prosperity, but since history began to be written, in an authentic manner, she has wept and moaned and fought her way down through the ages, a victim of tyranny, and oppression and woe. Other people get ashamed of their shame, but the Irish are proud of it. The main glory of the Irish is, that whatever changes may occur, they bear before the eyes of a sympathetic world, the shining crown of martyrdom.