

opinions of other people about them. I beg that the teacher and the student will remember that this little book is by a Catholic for Catholics, and that it is merely an introduction to the study of English literature." And a most useful, necessary, timely introduction it is. Next week we will continue this subject.

THE HYDRA OF DISSENSION.

Last week we referred to the circular issued by a number of persons in New York, in which a fierce attack was made upon the Hon. Mr. Blake. We felt confident that a great deal of harm would result from that document, and our fears were realized in the conduct of a certain crowd on the occasion of Mr. Blake's address in the Lenox Lyceum. Whether the disturbances were premeditated or spontaneous, whether the tube brought in and ignited were a fire-cracker or a bomb, is not the question uppermost in our mind at this moment. What causes us the deepest anxiety and the greatest humiliation is to find that even in free America our people cannot learn the wisdom of being united. No matter how great the success of an individual, or how wonderful the triumphs of a party, no matter how close the cause may come to the goal of success, or how hopeful the beam that flashes upon the brow of the nation, it would seem that the hydra of discord—with his hundred heads—must spring up, and create a rupture at the most critical moment. We care not who they are, or what they call themselves; we care not what loud professions they make, or what flimsy arguments they advance; be they Whigs or Tories, Liberals or Conservatives, Democrats or Republicans, Parnellites or anti-Parnellites, the moment they raise issues that in turn give rise to dissensions, to jealousies, to animosities, they are enemies of the Irish cause and instruments in the hands of the most bitter opponents of Home Rule.

If memory serves us well, it was in Limerick that the immortal orator and heroic patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, pronounced those words—words that should have sunk into the heart of every honest Irishman, words that should have found an echo in the breast of every child of the Celtic race, words that should be recalled a thousand times, and from which mothers should teach lessons to their babes as they rock them to slumber. "From the summer of 1846 to the winter of 1848, the wing of an avenging angel swept our sky and soil. The fruits died as the shadow passed, and men, who nurtured them into life, saw in the withered leaves they too must die—and dying swell the red catalogue of carnage that was the stay and the support of that Empire of which we are the prosecuted foes. And all that time, you were battalions into faction, drilled into disunion; striking each other above the graves that yawned beneath, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death."

But what effect can even that appeal have upon men who cannot comprehend the spirit that animated Meagher? Each one, with his own petty plans, his peculiar views, his head-strong indifference to the cause provided his ideas prevail; the spectacle is enough to dishearten any other people in the world and to silence the voices and break the pens of the sincerest and most determined advocates of any other cause on earth. The men—and we don't refer to any persons individually—who pretend to have their hearts and souls wrapped up in the Liberty of Ireland, and who are eternally spiking the guns and clogging the wheels of the advancing army of Home

Rulers, must know very little about the aspirations and hopes of the noblest advocates the old land ever possessed. Why should the Irish people stand as a laughing-stock for the world? The artist paints our race in caricature; the journalist depicts our divisions with a sneer of triumph; the opponents of our people—no matter what their profession, art or trade, find a fruitful source of ridicule in the constantly arising factions, and the ubiquity of disunion's hydra.

Let us suppose for a moment that the methods of one section or the other are not all that could be desired; let us suppose that what is now sought is not all that should be given; even so—for God's sake, let us get that portion of the loaf; let us go with the majority, no matter who leads, no matter who follows; let us concentrate our forces around the strongest standard. There will be ample time and opportunity later on to discuss methods and plans, but at this moment, and in this crisis, for the sake of the respectability of our cause and the honor of our race, let us trample under foot any personal differences, or individual interests, and accept the spirit that dictated, fifty years ago, those noble lines to "Slievegullion"—Michael Donohuey:

"What path is best your rights to wrest,
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine."

It was the same spirit that animated Moore when he passionately cried out:

"Erin thy silent tear never shall cease;
Erin thy languid smile ne'er shall increase;
'Till like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace."

The immortal bard was right; and the smile has not yet removed the tear, and while at times the shadows may be golden, as if the flush of dawn were on the hill-tops, the tempest clouds of disunion at once sweep over the face of heaven, and the blackness of despair falls upon a race. When Ingram penned that imperishable appeal, "The Memory of the Dead," he could not terminate his mighty chant without touching upon that fearful danger, that only real danger:

"Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite."

Even the gentle-hearted McCarthy could not draw his poetic picture of the "Bell-Founder" without lamenting exactly what ever lover of Ireland laments to day:

"Oh! Erin, thou desolate Mother,
The heart in thy bosom is sore;
And wringing thy hands in despair,
Thou dost roam round a plague-stricken shore.

Thy children are dying, or flying,
Thy great ones are laid in the dust,
And those who survive are divided,
And those who control are unjust."

And injustice will continue until the Irish people learn to unite. Here we have two principal divisions in the ranks, when the combined forces of the two would be scarcely strong enough to carry the day. We are not siding with one party or the other; we are appealing to both to come to some kind of rational understanding. If they are not prepared to do so, then the sooner the battle for Home Rule is given up the better. If there is not enough of self-sacrificing patriotism in a man to thus reason: "I feel I am right, the other's methods do not suit me, but for the present his methods are the most likely to secure a national boon. I will sink my views in the great principle at stake; for Ireland's sake I will follow rather than lead?" Was that beautiful story of Con. O'Donnell and MacJohn lost upon our people? They had deadly war between clan and clan; none could be prouder than O'Donnell, none more stern than Mac-

John. Yet the moment that Con. O'Donnell saw that the fate of his country depended upon the union of their conflicting forces, he went to his rival, his foe-man, and, offering his hand, he said:

"MacJohn, I stretch to yours and you
This hand beneath God's blessed sun,
And for the wrong that I might do,
Forgive the wrong that I have done."

Are the days of Celtic chivalry dead? Is there none of that grand spirit left; the spirit that is most powerful in its concessions, most noble in its submission, most triumphant in its humility? Let the feeling that exists to-day between the different sections of Irishmen but die out for one short year, and Parnellite and anti-Parnellite can go hand in hand to the grave of the mighty leader and wave a flag of Home Rule triumphant over his remains; they can go thence and carve the lines—so long unwritten—upon Emmet's tomb. But are there enough generous-souled, noble-hearted men in both parties to accomplish such a purpose? The leader, or the party that would be the first to extend the hand and to close the chasm, would be the winner of Home Rule and the greatest benefactor the Irish race has ever had. Which party or which leader is prepared to take that step?

A WONDERFUL JOURNAL.

We will always be amongst the first to welcome a new addition to the ranks of journalism. Particularly delighted are we to hear of some fresh publication that promises to be really a *news*-paper as well as a *new* paper. A meteor is generally appreciated according to the length and the brilliancy of its tail; a sudden apparition in the sky of journalism is usually judged by the length and brilliancy of its programme. One of these shooting-stars has flashed, unexpectedly, upon our sphere. Literary and especially political star-gazers will do well to secure telescopes and prepare for observations. If we are to judge from the announcement of the new organ's programme, there are hundreds of people, who now imagine their futures secured, will do well to begin looking out for some other employment. In fact the social, political and general revolution that will follow in the wake of this wonderful visitor will create a commotion heretofore unheard of, and may, not improbably, reduce the existing order of things to chaos. It is a cyclone that is on the way; its announcement recalls to mind the opening lines of the late lamented Dr. Holmes' "Address to the Comet":

"Behold across the skies this dread
And fearful monster sail,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion miles of tail."

It is in the usually quiet and always pleasant town of Three Rivers that the extraordinary journal with the mighty programme of "universal reform" appears. According to its prospectus this Dominion may look out for wonderful changes. We do not pretend to criticize the advisability of all the intended reforms; perhaps many of them are needed; but we fear the result should they be all put into force at the same moment. In fact the change would be too sudden and the consequences might be disastrous.

The name of this new journal is "L'Indépendance Canadienne," and has been founded by Mr. G. F. Barthe. The title "Indépendance" does not mean that the paper will be "Independent," either politically or otherwise. "Canadian Indépendance" means clearly a policy whereby Canada would become an independent power. But according to the programme laid down, this does not seem to be the idea or aim of the founder of the paper; so we must conclude that the title merely means nothing in particular, unless it be the independence of the

editor. Prepare for squalls! Here are a few of the sweeping changes that will produce a regular metamorphosis in the Dominion.

The Governor General is, in future, to be paid by the metropolis; it don't say whether it is the metropolis of Canada or that of Great Britain. We presume that Ottawa—as the political metropolis of Canada—will have that privilege. Of course Montreal is the commercial metropolis; but then Montreal has almost enough to do in supporting half a province without assuming the payment of the Governor's salary. If London is the metropolis referred to, well—adieu to our Independence Canadienne. The Lieutenant-Governors are to be elected every five years, and are to receive only \$6,000 per year. Of course, in order to do away with the necessity of a Lieutenant-Governor keeping up a state in accordance with his rank, Spencerwood will be sold as well as the other government properties. The \$4,000 taken from the Lieutenant-Governor's salary and the purchase money of the property will be used to clear off the debt. The Senators will have to go before the people for election. The Legislative Councillors will have to go into private life. No person will have a right to vote unless he can both read and write. Of course a man—and there are hundreds of them—who can read and cannot write, but who can read and understand what he reads, and who can help in building up the country by his industry and the exercise of his native talents, will not be allowed to vote. The double mandate to the Senate and Legislative Council is to be abolished; very naturally, since the Legislative Council, itself, is to be wiped out, the double mandate will die a natural death. These are considerable reforms to start with; but they are not the quarter of the number.

We are to have "religious liberty, separate schools and no schools without God." Not a bad feature this in the programme. "Religious liberty," "no schools without God," are two splendid phrases; yet we don't exactly see how they apply as far as Canada, or this Province, is concerned. That is to say, always supposing the new organ to class these amongst its reforms. In France, perhaps, there might be a reason for these announcements; but we have yet to learn in what part of this Province there is no religious liberty, or where the schools are that have no God. Such expressions savor too much of continental journalism for our liking; but we have not space to enter into this question. Obligatory voting; universal franchise; "one man one vote;" a summary law punishing briber and bribed with one year's imprisonment; representation based on population; judges to be excluded from participation in all disputes of a political nature; judges to be chosen from among members of the legal profession who had devoted the ten previous years exclusively to the practice of law; and upon recommendation of a majority of the Bar; abolition of the Grand Jury, and a few other changes affecting the administration of justice are to be expected.

But this is not all. We are to have free trade with the whole world, restricted to such duties only as are absolutely required to pay the public service. Provincial taxes are to be abolished—probably the reduction of the Lieutenant-Governor's salary and the sale of Spencerwood will suffice to pay off the Provincial debt, and keep the public service going during the life time of "L'Indépendance Canadienne." The militia is to be replaced by a small, effective national army—likely for the purpose of keeping guard over Independent Canada. There are other reforms too numerous to mention, but we cannot omit stating that the programme also includes "mutual liberty, tolerance, respect and justice to all." Not a bad list, as far as we have gone. We only hope that the "Indépendance Canadienne" will not fire all these changes at once; we are just Liberal enough to accept necessary reforms, and Conservative enough not to want unnecessary changes.