

The action of Mayor Hewitt, of New York, in refusing to review the Irish societies on St. Patrick's Day or to allow the Irish flag (whatever that may be) to be hoisted on the City Hall is not only most creditable to himself, personally, but is a proof, were proof needed, that American patience with the most ignorant and lawless class of city voters, and the blatant and venal demagogues who control their suffrages, is about exhausted. Mayor Hewitt is indeed the right man in the right place. A candidate for re-election to the mayoralty of America's greatest city, and even, if report be true, an aspirant to a still higher position, he has refused point blank to abuse his manhood before the motley organizations composed in part, no doubt, of hundreds of hardworking though deluded Irishmen, but also comprising the Fenians and dynamiters, the assassins and fire raisers, the fools and fanatics who counsel the blowing up of English railway trains full of women and children and the coldblooded murder of English statesmen as legitimate means of effecting the deliverance of their country from its imaginary "wrongs." And in thus acting, Mayor Hewitt displayed no hostility to Irishmen as such. He merely maintained his own self-respect by declining to yield to covert threats, and upheld the dignity of his high office by refusing his official recognition as an American mayor to any and all organizations with foreign aims, motives or objects. He declared that any societies with foreign objects, whether English, German or Irish, would in no case receive from him official acknowledgment. Unfortunately for themselves the Irish are the only people who use the votes given them by American or Canadian liberality, not for the purpose of improving, to the best of their ability, the government of their adopted country, but as a means of redressing or revenging the supposed oppression of their native or ancestral land. The German fugitives from military service, the Russian or Polish exile from the despotism of the Czar, do not form societies in American cities with military pomp, bands and uniforms bent on crushing Moltke or annihilating the legions of the Autocrat. It is possible, though, it has never been proved, that some of these continental exiles conspire secretly and raise funds for conspirators at home. But only Irishmen would and do commit an act of such supreme folly and impertinence as to demand as the price of their votes in American affairs official recognition for organizations which, when not bloodthirsty and malignant, are merely senseless displays of a childish spite which can harm neither England nor Englishmen.

The strangest part of the affair is the fact that for thirty-seven years successive mayors of New York, and we suppose of other American cities, should have tamely submitted to such insolent demands, and that the great majority of sensible and law-abiding Americans should by their silence have acquiesced in their doing so. To win the Irish vote may explain the action of the mayors who, as party politicians, would raise the flag of Hades, if Satan and his imps were on the voter's register. The supineness of the respectable electors can only be attributed to that lack of interest in municipal men and matters, half contemptuous and half hopeless with which machine politics have cursed the great cities of the Union. Cases of this political paralysis, though of a much milder type have been known in Canada, where the party machinery is as yet imperfect and the brains and hearts of individual voters still able to think, feel and act.

The admission of Newfoundland into the Dominion is preeminently a national question, and one that should be regarded from a national standpoint alone, and not as to its favourable effects on the fortunes of either party. Indeed questions of this description are usually looked upon by party leaders as something to be let alone and not to be touched or discussed until public opinion renders some decision necessary. No Canadian politician can possibly foresee the result to his party of such an unknown factor in

the political equitation as the Newfoundland vote. If merely a politician, and not a broad-minded statesman, he will therefore abstain as long as possible from opening the mysterious box which may perhaps contain enough political dynamite to blow his party and himself to the cold shades of Opposition. To a mere party leader, party success is the one end, and aim, an end that he cannot afford to jeopardize by pursuing dangerous and unknown paths. To a statesman, party success is but one among several ends, or rather we should say one means to his principal end—the greatness and prosperity of his country. Sir John Macdonald, the greatest of colonial statesmen, having gathered all the continental colonies of British North America into one confederation, sees that to complete the work, both for commercial and political reasons, the addition of Newfoundland is essentially necessary. It will provide 200,000 new customers for the manufacturers of Ontario and Quebec; the accession of its hardy seafaring population will strengthen the maritime interests of Canada; and its commanding position at the mouth of the St. Lawrence will in time of war form part of our system of national defence. Till the arrival of the delegates, discussion of the terms of confederation is useless, but that this noble island, England's eldest daughter, may shortly join the continent to which she naturally belongs, is an event earnestly to be hoped for by all who desire the consolidation of the Empire.

The following figures taken from the official police returns of New York city speak for themselves, and fully justify Mayor Hewitt's refusal to prostitute his official position to gratify the national spite and vanity of a people who in every city of the United States and Canada can at least claim the proud distinction of producing more criminals per thousand than any other part of the population. In 1886 in New York city, out of 73,928 arrests, 20,266 were born in Ireland; 8,956 in Germany; 2,369 in England; 687 in Scotland; 448 in the British Colonies; 33,768 in the United States; and 7,434 in other countries. Of the 33,768 born in the United States, 10,130 had Irish parents or grandparents.

We notice that neither Archbishop Lynch nor any of his priests attended the recent meeting of the Toronto Land League. Disgust at the effrontery of certain prominent members of the League in daring to claim for Roman Catholic laymen the right to elect their own school trustees by ballot was doubtless the cause of their absence. "Not that I hate England less, but that I love Rome more," his ungracious Grace may truthfully say. Rebellion and rebels in Ireland against England are very dear to the archiepiscopal heart, but Irish rebels in Toronto against Rome must be put down with a high hand. Fortunately for the recalcitrant children of Holy Mother church in Toronto, the so-called "palace" possesses no iron-barred dungeons like the Lollard's Tower at Lambeth, where, in the days of Popish power, so many brave and holy men pined away their days—the words cut by them in the walls, and still to be seen there proclaiming to us, and to all future generations of Englishmen, the cruelty of Romish priestcraft, and the value of that open English Bible for which so many of England's noblest sons—yes and daughters too, like Anne Askew and the other martyred maids and matrons of those bloody days—lingered in the cell, or groaned on the rack. This peculiarly Irish quarrel foreshadows what will certainly occur in Ireland on an infinitely larger scale, should that unhappy country ever be afflicted with Home Rule. When the accursed Saxon and his heretical brood have been killed or driven from the Island of Saints, the fight will then be for supremacy between the priest and the infidel—secret or avowed—of the former of which classes Rome has always contained large numbers. But as the Saxon will require a great many priestly curses to destroy him, we need not con-