

well, nothing new, however deplorable it may be in these corrupt days. It would be wrong to impute unworthy motives. But if a Catholic gentleman were a Saint or an Angel, it would be extremely difficult for him to hold fast to all his principles as a good Catholic, when bent on securing the support of a fervid Protestant constituency in a crisis like this, and with such a question as the education question prominently before the public mind. It would also be wrong to suspect that there was any "mental reservation" with the gentlemen referred to when they expressed so emphatic and unqualified an approval of the "secular system" of Government education.

One gentleman, not content with having expressed his approval of secular schools for Catholic children in common with the other children went a step further, and would have them forced by law to attend Government schools, but, possibly, he only meant forced to attend some school; a Catholic school, if it could be had, so far right. I may be wrong, but I cannot think that, under present circumstances, and in the present disposition of the public mind, a Catholic gentleman, of a scrupulous conscience and jealous of his knowledge, can, with propriety, appear at the hustings or enter the House of Representatives pledged to support a system of public schools formally condemned by the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the Church to which he belongs. We here are in a position resembling the Pope himself. Our opponents have us entirely at their mercy at present. All we can do with propriety, or respect for ourselves, is to protest persistently; but temperately and constitutionally about the acts of our oppressors, trusting that in due time Providence, who has a policy of his own, will find means to obtain for us justice. The reign of prejudice and injustice cannot last for ever. To hope for justice now would be idle. If you have a party, you must have a leader. Who is he to be? He must be a lawyer and loyal to the Church. The lawyer and the priest said the 1st Napoleon rule the world, and so it is. Never was this saying more strikingly verified than by O'Connell. He was a lawyer and the mouth-piece of the Church, and he did what Napoleon never could do; made the Iron Duke surrender at discretion, and frankly confess that he was beaten for once. I say let us have a leader of the O'Connell stamp. A man who will not betray the interests of the Catholic people and the Catholic Church to secure any one's smile and favor. A man who will command the respect of Protestant and Catholic alike.

No Catholic who is faithless to his own Church will ever command the respect of honest Protestants. If you cannot find a Catholic, let us have an honest Protestant to lead us. We ask nothing of Government which a Protestant may not ask for us; and for those of his own communion. For a faithless and treacherous Catholic, I have a horror and a pity. For an honest and consistent Protestant a high respect. You say right when you say there is a large number of just Protestants in this colony of no party who will support our just claims.

J. WOOD.

### MUSICAL PHENOMENA.

THE strangest phenomena of all connected with musical perturbation are to be found in alliance with memory; but musical sound is only one of many mediums which connect us vividly with the past. Scents have a remarkable power of recalling past events. Who has not got memories connected with attar of roses or the perfume of violets? The peculiar combination of odors to be met with only in a steamboat cabin will recall to some many a disastrous passage across the British Channel. To a Londoner, the smell of a tan-yard or tallow manufactory will certainly be associated with those lines of railway running out of London over the roofs of serried houses overlooking certain odorous yards—instantly he may remember his holding his nose, or seizing the window-strap to pull up the window of the railway carriage. The odor of tar calls up many a watering-place in summer; we are on the pier in an instant, with some little child, perchance now grown up or dead; the fishing-smack lies alongside lazily, smoke issuing from a pot at the stern; a sailor sits with a pipe in his mouth, throwing vegetable parings into the black kettle for the nondescript midday meal; the hot sea beneath a blazing sun lies almost stagnant, waiting for the turn of the tide; the white cliffs glimmer along the coast—and all this flashes for a moment before the mind's eye as we chance to pass over a piece of asphalt pavement only laid down, and smelling faintly of pitch.

The sight of a faded flower pressed in a book brings back, with a little shock of feeling, the hand that gathered it, or the distant hills upon which it once bloomed years ago. The touch of satin or velvet, or fine hair, is also capable of reviving the recollections of scenes, and places, and persons. But for freshness, and suddenness, and power over memory, all the senses must yield to the sense of hearing. Memory is the great perturber of musical meaning. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights, to memory, to be the patient, stern, and terrible exponent of the recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano-forte piece—"Murmures du Rhone," or "Pluie des Perles." The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing on the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of lilac blossoms. Then a ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall, the girl at the piano stops, the door opens, and one is lifted in dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing through the streets, a bar or two of the "Murmures du Rhone" brings the whole scene up before the girl, now no longer a girl, but a middle-aged woman, looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned up in force whenever poor Madame Grisi was advertised to sing in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard—no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled, also, the scenes of youth for ever faded out, and the lights of youth quenched in the gray mists of the dull, declining years. It was worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back, if only for a moment, the "tender grace of a day that was dead."

### HOME RULE PROGRESS.

NOTHING is so remarkable in the political life of the present lustre as the growth of the Home Rule movement. It is passing fast out of the inevitable stage of ridicule, and has arrived at that of the determined active opposition which invariably preludes success. Statesmen now consider it worthy of their denunciations, of their virulent hostility. That is one of the most decided marks of progress it has yet been able to exhibit, and it should be an immense encouragement to the members of the League, and more so to the large body of supporters, who have not yet formally declared themselves. As we long ago foretold—we take no credit for it, as the prophecy was a mere setting down in black and white of the natural sequence of facts—both the great parties in the realm, Tory and Whig, are determined to combine to oppose it. Such combinations are unavoidable, but they of all things in the world, are essentially worldly, for they invariably are of the most transitory character, for the reason that they are ephemeral growths in opposition to nature. We have no doubt that if the Home Rule question were brought before Parliament to-morrow, Tory and Whig would unite and cast it out by a triumphant majority; that they would do the same the next year, the next, and so on until they began to weary of the task, until human nature began to assert itself, until the thirst for power could be no longer stayed, until a political contingency arose, irresistible in force, and capable of sweeping away all other considerations save that of ruling English official life. Besides all that, the movement, being based on justice and truth, must independently of all considerations force its own way to the position of an accomplished fact; and if time be wanting before that end is attained, surely there is plenty of the commodity to be found, and Irishmen can afford to wait? We regard the Home Rule movement as being at the present time, in a most remarkably healthy condition.—'Liverpool Times.'

### IRISH DISCONTENT.

[An English visitor to Ireland] if he happens to be a Catholic, in consequence a trial to sustain of his own of which the continental tourist has no experience from Austrian police, or Russian douane, or Turkish quarantine. He has turned his eyes to a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith; and, when he lands at Cork or Kingstown, he breathes more freely from the thought that he has left a Protestant people behind him, and is among his co-religionists. He has but this one imagination before his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith's sake, who name the same sacred names, and utter the same prayers, and use the same devotions, as he does himself; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of the soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country; and he recognizes an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. Scattered over these masses of peasantry, and peasants themselves, he hears of a number of lay persons who have dedicated themselves to a religious celibate, and who, by their superior knowledge as well as sanctity, are the natural and ready guides of their humble brethren. He finds the population as munificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty, than the rich and noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of kindred so tender and faithful as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings in another hemisphere incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues, and his strong sympathies in their heavy trials?

But, alas, feelings which are so just and natural in themselves, which are so congruous in the breast of Frenchman or Italian, are impertinent in him. He does not at first recollect, as he ought to recollect, that he comes among the Irish people as a representative of persons, and actions, and catastrophes, which it is not pleasant to any one to think about; that he is responsible for the deeds of his forefathers, and of his contemporary Parliaments and Executive; that he is one of a strong, unscrupulous, tyrannous race, standing upon the soil of the injured. He does not bear in mind that it is as easy to forget injury as it is difficult to forget being injured. He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has to be recalled to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart, and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. Their voices, so full of blessings for their Maker and their own kindred, adopt a very different strain and cadence when the name of England is mentioned; and, even when he is most warmly and generously received by those whom he falls in with, he will be repudiated by those who are at a distance. Natural amiableness, religious principle, education, reading, knowledge of the world, and the charities of civilization, repress or eradicate these bitter feelings in the class in which he finds his friends; but, as to the population, one sentiment of hatred against the oppressor, *manet alta mente repostum*. The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her services are viewed with incredulity and resentment; her name and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven cen-