

a still larger in the south of England. Both were Englishmen, but the Irish owner found his whole estate, when he succeeded to it, held under leases with the most oppressive covenants, one that the lease should be *ipso facto* forfeited if the lessee voted for any one as member for the shire except a person nominated by the lessor. His rents were in arrear and his farms in disorder. He called his tenants together, and offered to them a good ordinary English lease for *thirty one years certain*, with arbitration clauses as to rent; all accepted thankfully; and when he told me this, he added that he had absolutely no arrears, and that his rents were cheerfully paid. I mentioned this to my other friend, and he replied that he should not care to live in a country where he had no power over his tenants. Both my

friends, who were much older than I, died about ten or twelve years ago. The Irish estate (I really do not know whether the Land Laws have been applied to it) I have heard is in good order and has a contented tenantry. My English friend, too just and upright to insist on power which he had not bargained for, would take no tenant whose political opinions differed from his own. Farm after farm was thrown upon his hands; he fought gallantly against the times, and his estate, or much of it, has passed into the hands of men, of whom it is no disrespect to say that they are not his equals (for few men could be), except that they have recognized at which end of the nineteenth century we are living, which he did not.

(To be continued.)

THE GHOST OF EDUCATION.

BY A. H. MORRISON.—“ET TU, BRUTE!”

I MAKE no pretence in this paper to any very great originality of thought, sequence of method or exhaustiveness of treatment. I simply intend to advance a few suggestive propositions, “tell you that which you yourselves do know,” or should know, and what many have been knowing, seeing, and not a few publishing abroad at various times, in various ways, from various platforms. I come, indeed, not to praise Cæsar but to help bury him, or that part of him at least, which, being practically defunct and of no further service in the economic plan of practical purpose, should receive decent and immediate interment.

To the more thoughtful who may read this, I am not sure whether, in the presence of facts, a funeral oration

be even necessary. I might simply point to dead Cæsar's body, “show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,” and “bid them speak for me” and for themselves; but, unfortunately, as is not uncommon in cases of murder, Cæsar's ghost survives, and some nineteenth century theorists and casuists are so obtuse and unpractical, especially if influenced by politico-scholastical preference, etc., that confounding the shadow with the substance, they do, in very presence of the august departed, refuse to accept Cæsar's dead body as a corpse, *de facto*, and so withhold consent to its decent burial, which they will continue to do until convinced by self-interest, through the channels of public opinion or political