

which his cruelty drew from the eyes of the bystanders.

Cecilius gave vent to his grief in heart-rending groans; Olinthus, whilst inoking Heaven, could not restrain his tears; Gurgis and his gloomy escort moved about excitedly, as if possessed by the furies. The poor Vespillo had again threatened the slave dealer, and would have assailed him, but for the presence of the Pretor, and the fear that Parmenon would revenge himself upon his helpless slave, of the outrages he might be made to suffer.

The most indifferent spectators were astonished at Cecilia's calm resignation. With voice and look, she comforted her father and her friends, and encouraged them with the hope that God would not forsake her.

When she departed with her master, the people opened their ranks, and showered their marks of sympathy upon her whilst they followed Parmenon with their curses.

The crowd then surrounded Pliny-the-Younger. He was asked whether he would succeed in cancelling this barbarous contract; a touching appeal was made to his well known eloquence, and they conjured him to save Cecilia and restore her to her father.

Some voices inquired threateningly for Regulus, but the wretch had already disappeared from the Forum.

Such was the first act of this judicial drama, in describing which we have endeavored to give our readers a glimpse of the Roman customs.

CHAPTER X.—THE TRIBUNAL OF THE RECUPERATORS.

The second act was to be unraveled before the tribunal of the Recuperators. The three judges having no special court-house for their sittings, had met, as we have already stated, in the basilica Julia, the place where the Centumvirs generally assembled, and which from its vast dimensions, would permit them to give more publicity to the important trial.

The Pretor Audiens Namra had traced the form to be followed in rendering the judgment. It embraced the double hypothesis of the gain or loss of the suit by Cecilius, for the judges were invariably bound to adhere to the precise course indicated by the Pretor.

This formula or charge read as follows:—'Caius Sulpicius Numerus—Aulus Agerius Ursidius—Publius Hortensius Niger. Be ye Judges.—If it appears that Cecilius did sell his daughter to Parmenon, declare that Cecilia belongs to the latter by the law of the Quirites. If it does not appear, condemn Parmenon to restore Cecilia to her father.'

'If it appears that Cecilius consented to the contract only through fear, declare that it is null and void; if it does not appear, condemn Cecilius to leave his daughter in Parmenon's hands.'

Marcus Regulus had prepared himself with great care, for the coming struggle; but yet, he was not without fears as to the result of the trial.

Cecilius and his daughter were only poor people, it is true; but they had powerful protectors in the consul Flavius Clemens, the two Flavia Domitillas, and the young Cæsars, Vespasian and Domitian; would not the judges be swayed by these influences? If the Emperor had not been absent from Rome, Regulus would have felt no serious anxiety; but Domitian was in Dacia, absorbed in the cares of a dangerous war, and it had been impossible to solicit his intervention in a matter of whose importance for his secret designs he was ignorant. Regulus had tried to have the trial postponed, but Pliny, who foresaw the danger, had thwarted him. On the other hand, Regulus was aware that this case had roused the public indignation; that he was suspected of being the prime mover in it; and he feared that the hatred accumulated in every heart, against him, might excite the judges to decide in favor of his adversary. As, however, he had the law on his side, he resolved to brave all those threats, to crush those adverse influences and to triumph, even if he had to look to hell for support.

No promises, no means were spared to influence the judges, and as a last resort, the astute lawyer evoked the threatening image of the stern Domitian, by spreading the rumor that this trial was a question between the Emperor and the Christians, between the imperial power and the secret tendencies of this odious sect!

The interior of the basilica Julia presented an imposing spectacle. Circular benches had been put up in advance to accommodate the multitude, at a certain distance from the seats (subsellia) reserved for the judges, the lawyers and the parties.

The seats of the judges were placed on a semi-circular platform from which they could command a full view of the assemblage. Those of the lawyers were a little lower; the plaintiff occupying the right and the defendant the left of the magistrates.

Further back and on a still higher stand than that of the judges was the curule chair of the Pretor. This magistrate never took part in the trials where he had designated the judges, but his empty chair was there to remind that, whether absent or present, justice was always rendered in his name. To this effect, there was placed in front of the curule chair, a pike, [hasta,] and a sword, the emblems of command, [imperium,] and of strength.

Not far from the seats of the lawyers, were placed the 'clepsydra' by which the duration of the pleadings was measured. The clepsydra was a vessel somewhat in the shape of a funnel, from the minute hole of which the water escaped slowly. It took twenty minutes for a clepsydra to be emptied. The number of times it should be filled during a lawyer's speech was determined in advance. This number could be increased, the opposite party consenting. This was styled 'granting water' [dare aquam,] which was not quite the same thing as giving force and eloquence to the speech.

The lawyers were very careful not to waste the water they had obtained. During the reading of documents or other interruptions, they never failed to ask the crier to hold the water [sustinere aquam,] which was done by stopping

the hole at the bottom of the clepsydra with the finger, in order that the water measured for the speech should not flow uselessly.

Regulus never objected to the number of clepsydras consumed by his adversaries. It is true that he claimed reciprocal indulgence and made an enormous abuse of it.

Albeit, on the day of trial Regulus was ready for the struggle he had to sustain against Pliny-the-Younger. He had prepared himself for it with the superstition which it was his wont to mix with his most trifling acts, and he had not failed to consult the auspices. He had even been considerate enough to warn Pliny-the-Younger that those auspices were favorable to him, and consequently threatening for his [Pliny's] case.

'So be it,' Pliny had simply replied, 'we shall see.'

The celebrated lawyer had acted with the greatest reserve, since the beginning of the suit. He knew that he was watched by his adversary's spies, and that advantage would be taken of the most trifling circumstance. Accordingly, he had shut himself up in absolute silence and lived in the most complete retirement. This course made Regulus feel very uneasy, for he had had occasion to learn at his own expense the magnificence and power of Pliny-the-Younger's voice, when he concentrated, by study and preparation all the resources of his extraordinary talent and admirable eloquence.

Caius Sulpicius Numerus, Aulus Agerius Ursidius and Publius Hortensius Niger, the judges designated by the Pretor, having taken their seats in the court, their criers [ascensu] or ushers proclaimed silence in the assembly.

(To be Continued.)

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND

(TIMES SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

No. 5.

CASHEL, AUG. 10.

The road from Tipperary to Cashel skirts the southern verge of the Galvua Vale until you reach the hamlet of Golden, on the banks of the Suir, there a small river. The landscape is of the same kind I have described,—great breadth of pasture here and there, with streaks of yellow cornland between. From Golden the scene begins to change; you ascend gradually to a wide expanse of uplands occasionally rising to gentle eminences until, crowned by the historical Rock, and almost hidden among hills and ruins, the ancient city of Cashel appears. Of Cashel it may be truly said that its present is less attractive than its past. It is a small, irregular, and dirty town of ill-built and often decayed houses, and it has nothing of the thriving and busy look that is a pleasing feature of Tipperary. The place is an example of the truth that riches are not always the way to prosperity; its Commissioners have an ample landed estate, which enables them to dispense with all local rates but the rents seem to be scantily applied to the improvement of the streets and the few public buildings, to judge, at least, from their squalid appearance. Cashel, nevertheless, has scenes of beauty familiar, doubtless, to some of your readers. From the celebrated Rock, overlooking the town, and for ages sacred in popular traditions, and beside one of those round towers, the origin of which has baffled antiquarians, rise the mouldering walls and shattered parapets of the Palace of the Celtic Kings of Munster while clustering beneath the hallowed spot are the venerable remains of religious houses. The Palace blends with an ancient fan, once the principal church of the vicinity, and is united to the ruins of the more modern cathedral, of which it is hardly more than the complement. The entire scene abounds in objects that touch a sympathetic mind with interest. The dim recesses and low-browed arches of King Cormac's chapel, the original of which, have an uncouth yet solemn appearance. The graceful pillars, the high pointed curves, and the noble symmetry of the cathedral are fine specimens of what is called the early English style. All around, on the grass-grown floor of the nave and transepts, or in niches in the walls, are the monuments of ancient Catholic bishops or of the former Catholic lords of the soil, whose names, as so often happens in Ireland, are to be found now among those of the peasantry. The Palace, a massive square flanked by circular towers, resisted the changes of time unscathed, until it was breached by Mórrogh O'Brien, a soldier of fortune, who, though a descendant of the Royal builders, did not hesitate to ply the batteries of Cromwell, which have left their traces on an adjoining eminence. I ascended the staircase, and rejoiced at the view—the Golden Vale, spreading out in spaces of emerald and gold to the western sea, the horizon at other points being closed by an amphitheatre of hills confoundedly tumbled. The dignitaries of the Established Church, into whose hands they have passed by a strange succession, have taken more care of these beautiful ruins than has usually been the case in Ireland, where the representatives of Protestantism have not been zealous in preserving monuments that spoke so eloquently of a fallen nationality and an outraged religion. I was happy to see that in many places gaps in the masonry had been repaired, that gates closed the entrance to the cathedral, that a wall ran round the consecrated precinct. Yet, as I thought of the pile and its guardians, I could not but reflect on the unfortunate policy that for three centuries had committed these ruins, still dear to the hearts of the peasantry of Munster, to the custody of those whose fate it has been to be the symbols of a faith imposed by conquest.

The country round Cashel for several miles differs widely from that about Tipperary. It is for the most part an elevated tract of fine dry land with a limestone subsoil, which ascends from the edge of the Golden Vale, eastward, towards the distant hills of Kilkenny. The penetrating eye of Arthur Young perceived its aptitude for improved husbandry; he declared 'it was as fine turnip land as he had ever seen,' but, in his day, it was, in great measure, an uncultivated sheep-walk, dotted over with numerous mud hovels. At the period of the Devon Commission, this district had been long before enclosed; it was, in fact, divided between the demesnes of gentlemen and the holdings of farmers of the better class; but a large extent had been overrun by an indigent peasantry, who spread over the soil, living on potatoes, and paying their rents out of the scanty crops of oats and wheat they raised from their little allotments, as was invariably the case in Ireland before the Poor Law and the famine of 1846 in any tract that could be called corn land. There has been a great revolution since, and, though many traces of the past remain, the general result cannot be disputed. The land has been extensively cleared, the surplus population in some places having altogether departed from it, and, with some not inconsiderable exceptions, it is now cultivated in a fair course of husbandry. In a few spots, especially at the edges of the little streams that run into the Suir, fine, permanent pastures may be seen; but, as a rule, the country is given up to tillage and sheep land, rich with artificial grasses. Farms vary in extent, from 600 or 700 acres to patches that hardly deserve the name; but farms of about 30 and 40 acres are common; and, I except the very smallest holders, who, I think, must ultimately give way—unless, at least, what is not probable, they learn the secret of spade husbandry—the occupiers, on the whole, seem prosperous, and in many instances have laid by

money. On the larger farms, the fields are well sown, of considerable size, and well enclosed; and I saw a number of excellent hometeads, built evidently within the last few years, and furnished with the best appliances required in modern agriculture. Lord Derby's estate on the road to Clonmel, in a great measure, laid out in this way, and a colony of considerable farmers from England has settled upon a tract near Oshel, the property of Mr. Smith Barry. I paid a visit to one of these gentlemen, who, in a few years, has turned what was a waste, covered with the wrecks of small, ruined holdings into a scene worthy of the best counties of England. I enjoyed the sight of his vast breadths of corn, fast yielding under the sun of August; of his brilliant sheets of turnips, without a weed; of his pastures, dotted with the finest Leicester; of his machinery and implements, from the best makers. All around the agriculturist was of the same kind, and the prospect was gladdening to the eye; yet, as my host very fairly allowed, the ordinary Irish farmer of the neighbourhood, holding from 15 to 55 acres, can, under reasonable conditions of tenure, compete fairly with his more powerful rival, though his fields have not such a trim look, and his fences and dwellings are often unightly. The one has more capital and skill, better instruments, and a more practised intelligence, but the other has not less natural energy. It is a silly libel to deny the capacity of the Irish tenant to work hard—he takes readily to an improved mode of agriculture, and he brings to his land, when fairly dealt with, the strong arms, the stout hearts, and the shrewd wit of his whole household. I am by no means satisfied from what I have heard that, all things being taken into account, he does not pay quite as high a rent, and secure as ample a share of profit, as his wealthier and more independent neighbor.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the whole of this neighbourhood is well cultivated and that its state is, in all respects, prosperous. Mud cabins repeatedly offend the eye, inhabited by a race of poor cottiers; and some properties are still cut up into small patches, for the most part the abodes of a destitute peasantry. The estate of the Commissioners of Oshel is speaking generally, of this character; and its condition deserves a few words of notice. It is parcelled out among small yearly tenants, in most instances holding at a very cheap rate; the farms are with rare exceptions, ill-tilled, and the occupiers seem of an unthrifty class; the entire property illustrating a truth not confined to Ireland in its application, that corporate lands, though at low rents, are often neglected and badly managed. In some spots the traces remain of the immense revolution which has passed over Ireland during the last 20 years—the marks of ruined hamlets are occasionally seen; nor have the adjacent lands in all cases recovered from the exhausted state in which they were left. Nor is it to be supposed that this extraordinary change, always more visible in an agricultural district than in one appropriated for many years to grazing, has been accomplished without much hardship; nor yet that the feelings engendered by it have been extinguished in the hearts of all. 'There is hate on that land,' was the significant remark of a peasant who pointed out a fine tract, now rich with crops of turnips and corn, but from which hundreds of cottiers had emigrated; the spectacle of outward wealth, I doubt not, conceals evil recollections and passions. The colony of Englishmen I have referred to, by giving abundant and liberal wages, and by their fair and generous dealings with the people, have, so far as they are themselves concerned, completely conjured away these sentiments; they are liked and esteemed as benefactors of the poor, though in some instances they hold lands from which small occupiers have been cleared; and this is noticeable, for as a general rule the agrarian spirit that exists in Ireland visits not only the evicting proprietor, but the succeeding possessor, with its savage penalties. Yet in some of these very cases, and in many others, a feeling of dislike, more or less strong, prevails against those who, as agents or landlords, are considered, often, perhaps, unjustly, as having been exterminators of the people; and this marks the general prosperity of the district.

The condition of the classes connected with the soil in the neighbourhood is very much the same as that of those about Tipperary. It is a great deal better than it was formerly and, in a material point of view, it cannot, I think, be called unprosperous. The rate of agricultural wages at the period of the Devon Commission was seldom more than 8d. a day; it is now from 7s. to 10s. a week, and is considerably higher during the weeks of harvest. The English gentlemen I have referred to give usually from 8s. to 9s. with a cottage and potato ground at a nominal rent; the labourers they employ are thus well off, and they have, of course, the best men in the market. On the whole this class has not much to complain of; it is in a state of comfort compared with what it was in before the great famine, or even in the days of Arthur Young; but it is, doubtless, penetrated in some degree with the vague discontent more or less prevalent. As regards the farmers, with the exception of the very small holders, who, as I have said, will hardly be able to maintain, their ground—the expense of tillage, in a neighbourhood like this, being too great for a very minute area, unless the spade shall replace the plough—they unquestionably have advanced in wealth, and, as a body, they are in a reasonably easy circumstance. The rate of rents here, in the time of Arthur Young, varied from about 12s. to 30s. the Irish acre, the amount of produce being, perhaps, two-thirds, and the price of most of the articles produced, except corn, being probably little more than one-third, of what it is now. When the Devon Commission held its inquiry rents had risen, probably, to 25s. and 55s. the Irish acre, and they have only slightly increased since, perhaps 3s. or 4s. upon an average, though the amount of produce has been augmented, and the price of most products is considerably higher. Speaking generally, therefore the pressure of rent on the farmer is less than it has been; and though, doubtless, exceptions occur, the land, having regard to its quality and its existing condition, is not over-rented. From all the inquiries I have made, too, the holders of land to any extent are tolerably thriving as a class at present; they have, in many instances, money in the Banks; and though their dwellings, their fields, and their fences have too often the appearance of poverty this is not always a proof of the owner's condition.

The landed system of this neighbourhood is, in a slightly perceptible degree, on a more satisfactory footing than that existing near Tipperary. Absentee proprietors are not quite so numerous, and the line between the owner and occupier of the soil is not marked so sharply by religious distinctions, for there are a good many Roman Catholic landlords; these gentlemen, however, in most instances being not more popular than their Protestant fellows, and managing their estates upon the same principles. I think, too, as might have been expected in a district for the most part agricultural, that landlords here, at least at the late years, have built farmsteads and improved the land, at their own expense, to a greater extent than about Tipperary, and a large area, probably, is under leases. Yet the landed system of the two districts, viewed as a whole and in its broad outlines is essentially of the same character and is attended by the same social phenomena. Large tracts belong to absentees who commit their tenantry to the care of agents. The mass of the owners in fee are Protestants; the mass of the occupiers being Roman Catholics; and this difference affects injuriously the relations between them to some extent, though the positive effects may be difficult to trace. As a rule though with many and large exceptions, and these certainly on the increase, the improvements that have been made upon the land during many years have been made by the occupiers; yet in a few instances have they received compensation. Though, too, they have acquired in this way what lawyers would call an equity in the land, which good Providence would certainly respect; they have, gene-

rally, no certain interest in it; for the most part they are tenants-at-will, and lease, as we have seen, on uncommuted terms. They are thus reduced to mere vasallage, with moral rights they cannot vindicate and, what is worse, it is the immediate interest of those against whom these rights exist to repudiate or, at least, to disregard them. Nor is this all; for in this state of things the landed proprietor may increase his rents as his tenants improve, and so charge their industry unfairly; he may, in truth, exercise all kinds of oppression; and though such wrongs may be infrequent here, I heard at least of one notable instance. In this neighbourhood, as elsewhere, the good will of farms is often sold, and whatever may be thought of the practice it certainly ought to be respected on estates where it has become usual. Yet I was informed of a case in which a landlord allowed an incoming occupier to pay £500 for the goodwill, received a considerable part of this sum in respect of irrecoverable arrears, and afterwards, without any just reason, evicted the purchaser, who was technically only a yearly tenant. I am not satisfied that this sale of goodwill is wholly true; and such 'iniquities could not often happen, for otherwise the custom would never grow up; but the mere possibility that such injustices can occur repeatedly, uncondemned by law, must have a mischievous social tendency. If we recollect what a widespread effect a single example of gross fraud may have in shaking mercantile confidence, I cannot wonder that the farmers about here, who live under this condition of things, should feel insecure and dissatisfied, though at this moment pretty well off; and if we add that, though now infrequent, evictions have been extremely numerous in this neighbourhood at no distant period.

Being at Oshel, I have been induced to visit the well known Mr. Charles Biancochi, the successful founder of the 'public cars,' which for 40 years were the chief vehicles for cheap passenger traffic in Ireland. I wished to see a personage on whose great experience of Irish character and energy and skill it would be unnecessary for me to dwell, and who I hoped would give me valuable information. Mr. Biancochi, who has been a large landed proprietor during many years, and who lives at a handsome place near Oshel, enjoying in a still green old age the ample reward of an honourable career, explained his mode of managing his own estate, and made some striking remarks on the general question. As might have been expected, a very able man, who perfectly understands the value of money, yet appreciates the necessity of encouraging industry, and has been long accustomed, not only to deal with the people, but to place reliance on them, administers his property on a sound, yet liberal and equitable system. He lets his land at the rents he thinks it worth, believing justly, that a too low is nearly as mischievous as too high a rent; but he makes all improvements on his farm himself, puts them in good order before they are occupied, and, with hardly an exception gives leases. As he truly observes:—'By these means he acted rightly to himself and his tenants, he guarded against claims being made on account of the outlay of others, to reject which would be simply unfair, yet to concede which would be often absurd, and which would be very difficult to adjust; and he placed his tenants in a position in which only they and he could be safe, and they could be expected to do the land justice.'

Mr. Biancochi gave me a remarkable instance of what he had found to have been the effect of merely substituting a durable for a precarious tenure, of engaging tenancies at will into leaseholds. In 1855 he purchased two lots of the Portlinton estate. The rental of the lands was 305s.; they were held 'by tenants-at-will, who formed a lazy and beggarly population,' and the rents were in ordinary seasons in arrears. Mr. Biancochi increased the rental to 473s.; but he gave the occupiers leases for 31 years, and the result has been that, without the expenditure of a shilling upon the part of the landlord, except in the repair of farmsteads, the higher rent has always been paid, and the tenantry are now a contented yeomanry. 'This seems astonishing; but after all, only illustrates the truth that security is the first condition of social progress; that, as Arthur Young remarked 93 years ago, "the having leases creates industry in Ireland; and that, giving him a fair field and a certain title, the Irish tenant can accomplish wonders. Mr. Biancochi thinks that the land question would have never arisen had the Irish landlords improved their estates wisely at their own cost, and then liberal in given leases; they would thus have excluded the ill defined claims now set up on behalf of the tenant in respect of his additions to the soil, and verging upon an assertion of a proprietary right, and they would have made the peasantry comparatively independent. "But," he added significantly, "it is now very late; the landlords, from a variety of reasons, have chosen to keep their tenants in subjection; wild and foolish ideas have got abroad; and a few least the tenants may before long become too demoralized and excited to be satisfied with the concession of leases." I need not say that I have the authority of this respected and intelligent gentleman to repeat the substance of his remarks.

The agrarian spirit exists here, but it is not, I trust, quite as violent as in the neighbourhood of Tipperary. Yet I would not draw too marked a distinction; few landlords near Cashel would, I suspect order a notice to quit to be served; several threatening letters have been current, and I heard one gentleman who has thought it expedient to leave the country before beginning an ejectment. The notion that the tenant has a right to the soil, which I alluded to in a former letter, is spread in the same way; and hopes of some coming change are cherished. There has been, however, but one murder of late; and but that the authorities seem to have no doubt I should hesitate to pronounce it purely agrarian. The circumstances are peculiar, and were commented on to me from a source I can rely on confidently. As far back as 1850 a Mrs. Topping evicted a Mr. Fitzgerald from the possession of nine acres of land. This caused a feud which seems to have never quite ceased; and in the course of time, for the old story of Montague and Capulet repeats itself, Mrs. Topping's son married one of the Fitzgeralds. The smouldering discord of late grew worse, and a few months ago Mr. Topping was shot. This crime, like so many others, is undiscovered; if it be agrarian, it certainly shows that the agrarian spirit can harbour the thought of vengeance during a long period, and does not allow limitations of time to operate as a bar to its penalties.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

On Tuesday, Archbishop Manning was present at the solemn opening of the Church of St. Joseph, Tadcaster. In connection with the opening ceremony, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Coathwaite. Archbishop Manning, in his address made the following remarks:—'Never was there a moment when the power of the keys in the hands of the successor of St. Peter went out over so vast an empire as it did at the present time, and it was infidelity if they allowed themselves, through a cowardly want of faith, to imagine that the Holy Catholic Church was in the period of diminution and decline. It was not so; it was in time of ascending and of expansion, and that Church, which was becoming every year more and more widespread, and was at length to attain a universality which it never before had attained, was united in itself, it was united indissolubly. Tried as it had been by every kind of human pride and strength, subtlety, and warfare, it had never yielded. It was not only an outward unity, visible to the eye, but an inward unity of heart and mind and will; a unity of oblation and of faith springing from the Holy Spirit of God, which manifested itself in the unanimity of pastors, in the unanimity of the faithful, and in the unanimity of the faithful with their pastors; a union within and without, so visible, so undeniable, so inevitable, that it was itself a proof of the faith which they believed. Compared with it all human power and all human

authority rose but to dissipate themselves again.— This was the first evidence of the words with which he had begun; and the next was that there never was a time when the Holy Catholic faith was more explicit, undeniable, and he would venture to say, undenied than now. There was not a doctrine of their creed which had not been denied at some time in ages past. No sooner was the faith of the Gospel preached among men than heretics arose to deny it. There was not a doctrine which was not denied with the subtlety of the Oriental mind which to us of the Western world seemed impenetrable. All along the whole line of faith the attack of heresy had been made; and all along the whole line of faith the attack of heresy had been repulsed. Every article had been assailed, and every article had been defended by the illuminated knowledge and emphatic voice of the Church of God. Three hundred years ago a multitude of doctrines had been assailed at once, and in the midst of them that which was at the root of all—the divine authority of the Church itself. And now where did they find a heresy existing?—Where were the Arians of this day? Pasting, as a shadow falls upon the earth, and was no more seen; and where were the other forms of heresy, and he might go on to say where now was that greatest of all errors, that which laid the axe to the root of the tree, the denial of the divine authority and infallibility of the Church of God? Let them look over Germany in these last days; men had been disputing to and fro whether there remained belief in Christianity among the Germans. Roman Catholics were listeners to this debate, not disputants. Let them look over the face of England. He could never speak of his own country without a profound feeling of sorrow and charity. Not a word would he willing say that should wound anyone, but truth must be spoken. Where was that kingdom which could not be moved—that immovable kingdom which they had received? Here and there a few altars and a few altars in the midst of a few wildernesses—empty churches, silent abbies, desolate cathedrals—structures raised in days of old by hearts that prayed and while their hands labored, now lifeless and cold as sepulchres; and that which was far more precious to the spiritual church and the intellectual edifice, that reasonable service of Almighty God, in truth, in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of his will. Where was this? Scattered, broken; scattered to and fro, like the stones of the temple after the desolation of Titus had wrought its worst. In the midst of all this confusion, in the midst of all this disorder, the kingdom which was immovable stood steadfast, and we heard of no new heresy throughout the whole world. And why? Because men had gone too far. No one at this day, and they might believe that no one hereafter, would invent a new Christian heresy, Braganterian Christianity was discredited. The revisions of Christianity and the making of new doctrines out of the Christian Scripture—this was a pleasant experiment of the past; but men had ceased to attempt it. They had gone further than this. Private judgment had done its work. It had shaken the foundations of faith, and men now instead of constructing new and artificial systems of the Christian religion for themselves, rejected it altogether, or retained in silence, and with pious desire to know the truth—and he must say with loving hearts which made them sad to see—such fragments of that ancient faith which they still believed and cherished fondly. Private judgment had no longer any existence as an authority; rationalism had undermined it. That which private judgment had done against the divine authority of the church, rationalism had done against the certainty of the individual mind. Men had gone beyond these things now, and faith and unbelief stood face to face, prepared for conflict. He said then that there never was a time when the Holy Catholic faith was so luminous, so evident, so explicit, so undeniable as now. Controversy against the Catholic faith was still. Where was it heard? When did they ever see books of controversy against, for instance, the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament? There had been a time when England was tormented from end to end by denials of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. The day for that was past. Nay, more than that, by an infinite mercy of God, they eyes of men were turning back to seek for the lamp that hung before the tabernacle, and the hearts of men were aspiring with light and with love after the presence of which they had been deprived. No controversy was over, and private judgment was out of court. Reasonable men knew that there was only one alternative—Rome or Rationalism—divine authority or the human reason. And the human reason had only the choice, to be the critic, making its own faith, or the disciple of Jesus Christ. If they looked throughout the Catholic Church, from the sunrise to the sunset, was there ever a time when its unity of the faith was more conspicuous, more undeniably; when the perfect unity of Catholics was a more sensible union of the Church, and a more visible evidence of the truth of their religion? Never was there a time when the Church of God was more manifestly, more visibly immovable. Lastly, the only other evidence that he would give was this, that as the unity of the church stood out with luminous clearness, so never was there a moment when the world around was more conscious of its own instability, or more perplexed and baffled, like the builders of that tower, who no longer spoke intelligible things to each other. The whole head was sick and the whole heart was faint. Look first of all on the civil order of the world. There never was a time when the authority of man over man, the authority of prince and of law of right was more shaken, floating, fluctuating, and uncertain than it was at the present day. Revolutions lay under the surface of the Christian world, and those revolutions for fifty or sixty years had been perpetually breaking out, like a fever which ran in the blood, and was intermittent from time to time, but from time to time manifested itself again in strength. The uncertain, the anxious, the dubious state of the public peace of all kingdoms to what was it to be traced? To the embolment of faith, the disobedience of those who rule the world to the divine laws of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was not kings nor princes, nor legislation that created the Christian world. It was the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the mystical body of the Son of God. It was Christian faith and the laws of God which created Christianity, and as they only could sustain that which they had made, and as none could sustain that which was not his own work, the kings and the princes of this world could not maintain the health and the vigor, the light of the Christian world which they did not make. And having departed from obedience to it—and all over Europe there was an endeavor to emancipate themselves from the sweet yoke of the Church of Jesus Christ, from its unity and authority—that was the source of civil disorder, the fountain of all revolution. And as it was in the public and civil order of the world, so much more was it in the religious, and those who had separated themselves from the unity and the authority of the Church of God were at this day finding an inheritance of their chastisement. They had changed from age to age; there were innumerable contradictions, and they were in contradiction with the past, and contradicted themselves from day to day. In these changes of doctrine, of discipline, of ritual, the minds of men were wearied out, and there came, as the penalty of these things, loss of certainty, of authority, of union, of the confidence of millions of hearts, the scattering of their own flock, the desolation of that very system which they would fail to uphold. Not only in religion, but in that which was at the foundation of all religion, there was a universal confusion, uncertainty, and instability. Three hundred years ago the private judgment of the human reason attacked the authority of faith; and that had been avenged; not so much by faith itself, whose only retribution was the charitable and patient preaching of the truth, but by unbelief, and those great truths on which everything rested—truths which belonged to the natural order, which were before the revela-