

treachery. The die is cast. Unfurl your banner and march upon Rome. You are expected here.—VALE.

Finally, Tonghianus Gurgus was disturbed in his sleep by some one knocking loudly at his door. The sub-vestipulo who went to open, found an unknown man who wished to see the master immediately, on important business. Gurgus consented to leave his bed, but ill-humor was visible; the stranger paid no attention to this, however, but asked him abruptly when they were alone:

'You are the Grand Vestal's friend?' 'Somewhat, citizen,' replied Gurgus with impertinent fatuity, 'we believe we have that honor.'

'Well,' said the stranger, 'here is a letter which must be handed to her.'

And he placed into the Vestipulo's hands the letter of Metellus Celér to Cornelia, which we have seen Regulus bring to Domitian.

'You will inform the Grand Vestal,' added the unknown, 'that the Emperor has had this writing long enough to read it. The Grand Vestal and her friends must act in consequence. Good night.'

And the stranger made his exit. 'Here is a singular and not very talkative citizen,' thought Gurgus.

But his smiles vanished when his eyes fell on the papyrus sheet, and his face looked graver than if he had been attending a first-class funeral.

'What,' he exclaimed after perusing the dangerous document, 'the Emperor has read this letter as I do now? By Venus-Libitina! the poor Grand Vestal is lost. But this is not all. Here is if I understand it correctly the proof of a conspiracy in favor of the divine Aurelia's betrothed. And Domitian knows all this?... Gurgus, Gurgus! these great friendships are fatal!... Take care that you do not get into trouble!'

'Quidquid delirant Reges plendantur Achivi!' Upon this somewhat personal reflection, the Vestipulo fell into a profound meditation.

Gurgus had slightly boasted when he represented himself as the Grand Vestal's friend. He had certainly been of great service during the events we have related; but since Cornelia had returned to the Atrium Regium, he had not even thought of crossing the threshold of that asylum which he looked upon as prohibited to men.

His embarrassment was therefore great. How was he to discharge the important commission he had accepted? He thought of Cecilia, who was in frequent communication with the Grand Vestal; but he promptly discarded the thought, for he did not want to involve the young woman in the dangers that might result from this affair. 'This writing burns my fingers,' thought Gurgus, 'I can feel it now. It is enough to make a man split in four, like the log of the funerals.'

Yet, the Grand Vestal must have this letter without delay. A bright idea must have struck Gurgus suddenly, for he cut an extraordinary caper, and called aloud to his aids to prepare to accompany him.

Four vestipulos responded to this call, and followed Gurgus in the dark streets of Rome. 'Whither were they going? We shall know it later.'

CHAPTER V.—THE SONS OF DAVID.

Domitian, it will be remembered, had made an appointment with Regulus for the seventh hour. When the informer arrived, the crowd of courtiers was already pouring into the Imperial palace. The heralds of the Emperor had summoned all the Senators, the four colleges of Pontiffs, the most respected Flamines, the consulars, magistrates, and many other illustrious citizens.

Flavius Clemens and his two sons, the young Cæsars, Vespasian and Domitianus, had not been forgotten. The Emperor had insisted upon their promising to attend.

Terror pervaded the groups of courtiers, for no one knew the object of this convocation, and all belonged to the conspiracy or made vows for its success. They feared that the Emperor having discovered the plot, wished to study their faces, in the hope they would betray the guilt of the accomplices. But this made their attendance still more imperative, for their absence would have been their condemnation.

Domitian had chosen for his levee, a vast gallery supported by circular columns of the finest marble, with bronze capitals. He was seated on a chair of ivory studded with gold and precious stones. Hirsutus was rolling on a purple carpet at his master's feet.

Twenty-four lictors, clad in white tunics, surrounded the raised platform upon which the curule chair was placed, and whence Domitian's glance could study the whole assemblage. A cohort of Pretorians with bucklers and naked swords, formed a line around the columns. Their bright helmets of burnished brass, and brilliant lacernæ derived additional lustre from the dark background of the frescoed walls.

The Emperor had donned the triumphal costume which he always wore when presiding at the Senate, since his pretended victories over the Dacians. This consisted of a tunic of the finest white woolen cloth, with palms embroidered in gold; a toga of Tyrian purple ornamented with gold, and white buskins studded with pearls. A rich gold chain of delicate workmanship thrown around his neck, sustained a small gold ball containing a preservative against envy; a wreath of wild laurel encircled his brow; in his right hand he held a branch of laurel, and in his left, an ivory sceptre surmounted by the figure of an eagle. On one of the fingers of this hand he wore a plain iron ring, the ancient reward of warlike virtues; his arms were encircled in military bracelets, insignia of valor. Finally, a slave placed behind him, and almost bending under the weight, held over the Emperor's head an etruscan crown interwoven with oak-leaves of gold, acorns of precious stones and flame-colored bands.

But there was not seen around Domitian any of the symbols by means of which ancient wisdom was wont to remind the triumpher of his own weakness; neither the slave whose duty it was to cry to him from time to time: 'Remember that

thou art a man! nor the rods, emblems of servitude; nor the small bell which served to announce to those condemned to death that the last hour had come—none of those means used to keep before the eyes of the proud conqueror the proof of the instability of things human and the wretchedness which fortune might hold in reserve for the most honored and powerful.

Amidst all this pompous theatrical display, Domitian, pale and silent, gazed with pensive eyes and clouded brow on the throng of courtiers, whose names were proclaimed aloud as they approached to make their obeisance with bended knee, and to take their place, anxious and trembling, on each side of the throne.

Three persons entered, who bowed respectfully, but without prostrating themselves.

The Emperor looked up, surprised, to recognize those who had failed to give him this mark of abject submission. His eyes fell on Flavius Clemens and his two sons, the presumptive heirs of the empire.

Domitian reddened, and his eyes flashed; but he restrained his passion, and his features resumed their impenetrable mask.

An involuntary shudder, like the shock of a galvanic battery, communicated itself to the crowd of courtiers, already the prey of so much anxiety. Among the most anxious was Vibius Crispus, who knew too well the reason for the offensive reserve, so openly manifested by the Emperor's relations.

But the fears of the courtiers increased when Marcus Regulus made his appearance. The informer's demeanor was as insolent towards the assemblage as it was affectedly servile towards the Emperor. The smile of intelligence with which Domitian greeted the wretch prostrate at his feet, was full of ominous meaning. Every one felt that something terrible was about to happen.

The Emperor and the informer enjoyed together the pitiful spectacle of this universal terror. At last, Domitian made a sign that he was about to speak. All eyes were fixed upon him; every ear listened eagerly for the words that were to relieve the general suspense.

(To be Continued.)

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.

(FROM THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

No. 11.

ATHLONE, Sept. 4.

I shall not dwell at any great length on the character of the land system of this neighbourhood, viewed as a whole, or on the social phenomena disclosed in it, for to do so would be to repeat a good deal of what I have written in previous letters. The wages of the agricultural labourer about Athlone are very much the same as I have found them to be in other places; that is, they average from 6s. to 10s. a week, and the class, as a rule, is not unprosperous. The rate of rent is extremely variable. Unfortunately, I have not the means of comparing it with what it was a century ago, for Arthur Young did not visit this place, but I may say, generally, that it ranges from 3s. to 15s. the Irish acre—that is, from about 36s. to 9s. the English. Any good land is not highly rented; indeed, the fine meadows along the Shannon appear to me to be let low—it must be remembered, however, that they are 'drowned' by floods during four months of the year—and the rate of rent upon large farms is, in my judgment, reasonable and moderate. This remark, however, hardly applies to the smaller farms in many places. The rents of these are very often high, and I walked over several hundreds of acres of cold thin, and hungry land, inhabited by a race of poor occupiers, who paid 20s. at the Irish acre, and which I should consider dear at 12s. Farms vary exceedingly in extent; a few, at a considerable distance from Athlone, are grazing tracts of a large size; a good many reach 20 and 50 acres, but an immense number are very small, mere patches from two to four or five acres. The country beyond the flats of the Shannon is fairly divided between tillage and pasture, but the agriculture, as a rule, is of an inferior kind; the breeds of cattle and sheep are sometimes coarse; the crops are occasionally backward and thin; good farmsteads are not often seen; whole estates are covered with mud cabins; the landscape reminds you, in too many places, of what Ireland was before 1846. On the whole, in a material point of view the tenantry of this neighbourhood are less prosperous than I have found them to be elsewhere; and, as I shall show particularly afterwards, they are at least as full of discontent as those in any part of Tipperary. The land system of the country in general is in all essential features, the same as that which I have already noticed. The line between the owner and occupier of the soil coincides tolerably nearly with that which marks the great religious divisions of Ireland; and there is a fair number of Roman Catholic landlords. Absentee proprietors are not numerous; but the residents, as a class, are not progressive, and some are said to be much embarrassed. Here, as elsewhere, leasehold interests are rare, and, having been formerly very numerous, are becoming fewer year after year; yet, though the tenants have only precarious tenures, they have, with slight exceptions, done everything which has been done for the land for ages. The whole system, in short, is of the kind to which I have before referred—a dominant proprietary, marked off from the people; a tenantry which has sold out a hold on the soil, though it has enormously increased its value, and which is exposed to have the fruits of its industry appropriated by superiors who have the power, and a temptation to do so. Here, as elsewhere, I assert with confidence, the landlords do not often abuse their position; but instances to the contrary certainly occur; nor can I admire a state of things in which an equitable adjustment of the most important rights is made to depend, not upon law, but upon the will of an order of men whose interest often conflicts with justice.

What I wish to dwell on in this letter is the extraordinary contrasts of agriculture, and of what may be called agricultural systems, which are to be found in this neighbourhood, the train of phenomena resulting from this, and the serious reflections they suggest. I visited the magnificent tract to which I referred in my last letter as being a fragment of the Loughans introduced into the rudeness of Galway. This estate, with another in the north of the county, is the property of Mr. Allan Pollock, a Scotch gentleman of immense wealth, and it should be examined carefully by every inquirer who wishes to study the Irish Land Question. Mr. Pollock unfortunately was not at home, but I was received courteously by two of his agents, and these gentlemen gave me much information, which they have kindly permitted me to repeat, though, for obvious reasons, they do not wish their names to be disclosed to the public. Mr. Pollock's two estates comprise an area of some 32,000 acres, of which 25,000 are arable, and they were purchased some 15 years ago at a cost—I do not here pretend to accuracy—of not less than 500,000. The lands, when they came into Mr. Pollock's hands were in the condition of most Galway estates; that is, they were for the most part held by a patchwork of small farmers and cottiers, they had been much exhausted after the famine, and their resources had never been developed. It is easy to imagine what

their look then was—rude tracts broken into narrow fields, ill-drained and divided by unsightly fences, with scanty crops and inferior cattle, and covered over with small dwellings inhabited by a dense population. Mr. Pollock's first care was to buy out almost every one of these petty holders, to convert some into farm-labourers, and to induce others to emigrate to the West; and having by a process not ungentle indeed, yet rather painful, made a tabula rasa of this enormous area, he applied himself to improving the lands, to bringing them under thorough cultivation, and farming them upon the best Scotch system. It is unnecessary to say how 'dicks' were levelled and fields squared into vast breadths; what miles upon miles of drains were opened; how, in the place of the Irish village, the huge solitary steading rose at wide distances; what thousands of tons of artificial manures were lavished upon the hungry soil; what shefts of turnips and masses of oats were grown where the plough had never been before; how the hills were covered with the finest kine and sheep;—how, in a word, capital and science transformed these great tracts by degrees, as if by magic. The carrying out this social revolution cost not less certainly than the fee-simple of the soil, and the results have really been wonderful. I walked over a part of one of the estates, and admired the magnificent farm buildings, the huge mills with their lofty chimneys, as though husbandry had become a manufacture, the steam engines and perfect appliances of tillage, the vast spaces of corn that reached the horizon, the through-bred sheep in the immense pastures—the spectacle in a word, of agriculture on the largest scale in its highest development. Yet the whole scene had a look of desolation in spite of the monotony of its splendour. I missed the smoke of the frequent houses; and as my eye rested on the scanty cottages which here and there only dotted the rich expanse, I could not help thinking that this form of society had, like all human things, its imperfect side.

How opposite to this state of things is the condition of the village communities, referred to in my last letter, who have reclaimed parts of the flats of the Shannon! How different is their primitive husbandry, how completely distinct the type of their life! In one case a lavish outlay of capital has suddenly raised a noble monument of civilization of the most perfect kind, and has produced a splendid model of extensive farming. Yet you feel that this is an exotic growth, and that it anticipates the natural march of society; and you see that it is not without its drawbacks in its severance of the population from the soil. In the other case, the slow industry of ages, advancing with gradual but beneficent steps, has changed the barren waste into fruitfulness, has, with difficulty almost incredible, subdued the worthless swamp to fertility, has, too, not grandly or quickly, but quietly and peacefully, transformed the character of the landscape.

The circumstances of Mr. Pollock's experiment suggest considerations of great interest with reference to the Irish Land Question. First, perhaps, in importance is the inquiry whether this wonderful attempt to introduce Scottish agriculture on the largest scale into a district where it had been unknown before is remunerative, or is likely to be so; for, if it be, it can be hardly doubted that its author's example will be extensively followed. From all that I have heard and my own calculations this question must be answered in the negative. It is not only that Mr. Pollock's agents, when I tried to examine them on this subject, were guarded and dubious in their replies, and that the general opinion of the country side—which, doubtless, is in some degree to be attributed to jealousy and ignorance—condemns the whole thing as a costly failure. A simple sum in arithmetic points to what, I believe, is the true conclusion. Mr. Pollock having laid out a sum, equivalent at least to the price of the fee, in simply improving his estates, the letting value of these lands, compared with those of the same natural quality on adjoining properties, ought to have increased in something like a similar proportion, on the supposition that he gets a fair return for his outlay. This, however, is certainly not the case; though Mr. Pollock gets a higher rent relatively for some magnificent farms he has let than his neighbours do for the small holdings in which they have left the old Irish peasantry—taking areas of equal natural value—the difference does not nearly yield a fair interest on the capital expended; and though this circumstance is not decisive, and other elements, no doubt, enter, it goes a long way to solve the problem. Another extremely interesting question is, how far can the ordinary Irish farmer, with the means he possesses—his scanty capital, but, as I insist, his shrewd sense and resolute industry—compete with such a gigantic rival? On this point I can adduce testimony that is certainly not a little significant. A portion of the estate of Lord Clanricarde runs into that of Mr. Pollock; and there is, no doubt, a remarkable contrast between the rude and petty homesteads on the one and the enormous breadths of tillage on the other. Yet—and I put the question to many on the point—the peasantry on the Clanricarde estate declared themselves able and willing to pay rents not much lower than those obtained by Mr. Pollock for his lands; and as Lord Clanricarde, though an admirable landlord—his people were enthusiastic in his praise, and I was happy to find had generally leases—has not laid out much on this part of his property, these occupiers, taking everything into account, were assuredly justified in their boast to me, 'that they could hold their own against any Scotchman.' Indeed, one of Mr. Pollock's agents, notwithstanding a very natural prejudice in favour of his native system of agriculture, admitted to me that it was quite wonderful how well the Irish took to improvement, and how much they could do with the land, under landlords in whom they could place confidence. 'Give them equal capitals and fair play, and they would run us hard,' was the honest remark of this intelligent and experienced gentleman.

Mr. Pollock, as I have said, has let a part of his estate, in farms, to tenants. These holdings are all exceedingly large; the landlord put them in thorough order, and supplied them with every appliance of agriculture, before he placed an occupier in them; and they are held by leases of 19 years, the tenants being either Scotch or Irish. Here, then, you see its most perfect form what may be called the English system of tenure; and with reference to the Irish Land Question I pray your readers to note with care how this system of tenure and the English law of landlord and tenant agree with each other. In this condition of things the landlord hands over his land to his tenant, in such a state that the occupier need sink no capital in it, and is amply compensated for any transient outlay by the profits, perhaps, of a single year, and the tenant, the farm he takes being large, is a capitalist, free to make a bargain, to insist on a reasonable amount of profit, and to protect himself by a definite contract. In England, therefore, the common law, in the matter of a landlord and tenant, assumes the existence of a class of landlords who add all permanent improvements to the soil, and of a class of tenants who simply hire its use, without investing their fortunes in it, or enhancing its value to all time, each class being independent of the other and its doctrines proceed on these assumptions. It treats the owner of land as the absolute owner, because the raw material of the soil and all durable annexations to it are, in a legitimate sense, his property. It treats the tenant as a mere temporary possessor, because he stipulates only for the transient usufruct, does not permanently increase the worth of the freehold, and is able to make an equal bargain. And, as it does not conceive that a state of things can arise in which, unshelved by contract, a whole race of occupiers, during many years may have deposited the fruits of their industry in their holdings, and given them nearly all the value they possess, so not only, as a general rule, does it disregard all equitable claims for compensation on this account, and repudiate the notion that in any such way a tenant can acquire a title to an extended or a perpetual

tenure; but actually, with some trifling exceptions, it enables the landlord to appropriate the whole of these beneficial accretions, and re-rent the tenant all redress, in order to shut out very difficult questions, and to compel persons whom it appears to be free to adjust the matter by mutual agreement.

This state of law, though in theory faulty, and though occasionally, even in England, not coinciding with existing facts, nevertheless works tolerably well in that country, and adapts itself to a form of society in which landlords and tenants are usually well off, and deal on a footing of independence. How does it apply to the system of tenure that prevails to such an extent in Ireland, to the case, we will say, of those village communities that have improved so largely the flats of the Shannon? Generations ago the ancestors of these people, with or without the consent of their feudal lords, settled on what was then a barren morass, and their descendants, by their continual toil, have gradually changed it to fertility. They have as completely formed its nature as to borrow an illustration from the civil law in its luminous view of a kindred subject—the artist who, on the worthless canvas, paints a masterpiece of Apelles or Zenxis. It is not an abuse of thought to strain the conceptions of the common law to their status and that of their landlords—to classify the one as casual hirers of the use of land, for a term, by contract, and the others as absolute proprietors of the soil and of the qualities added to it by others? How can the expressions 'owner and occupier' fit in with such a relation as this if we are to take them in their strict English sense and yet to consider natural justice? And for the legal position of these humble peasants is technically that of tenants at will—would it not be an iniquity that a notice to quit should extinguish their tenures, and empower their superiors to rob them of that to which equity gives them so full a claim? Yet this is what the law, as it stands, allows; in this respect, in truth, they are simply outlaws; and their only protection is loose local custom, which may be violated legally with impunity. Their landlords, no doubt as a general rule, respect this custom, and neither turn them out nor squeeze out their interest by extortionate rents; but instances of such wrongs occur, and what is to be thought of a law which permits such claims to depend on caprice or forbearance? It was the prayer of the good Roman Emperor that his will might be restrained by law, that he should not have the means of injuring his subjects. A good Irish landlord, who, in his sphere, has power not unlike that of a despot, ought to second the wish of Marcus Aurelius; he should not forget that his heritage, too, may pass to a Commodus or a Heliogabalus.

A reflecting mind cannot fail to perceive that the great difficulty of settling the Irish land question arises from the co-existence and the contrast of the systems of tenure I have described. Were the lands of Ireland held generally under what I shall call the English system, if the farms were of considerable extent if the occupiers were men of substance, or if the landlords made all the permanent improvements, things might be left as they now are, and there would be no necessity of considering the subject. Or, on the other hand, if the lands of Ireland were all held under the Irish system, if the farms were all mere small patches, if the occupiers were all poor tenants at will, if the peasantry had done everything for the land, and had thus acquired an equity in it, and if the landlords had contributed nothing, I could listen to the cry of 'Sixty of tenure,' and could discuss Mr. Mill's scheme of a peasant proprietary at a settled quiet-reat. But as both these systems are to be found in Ireland, though covering areas of very different extent, as, moreover, they are not always found marked off from each by sharp distinctions, but over a very large part of the country, run into each other and are confused, and as neither type is clearly prevalent, it follows that, while I do not think you can leave the Irish system in its present state, under the insufficient protection of the common law, so you ought not to stereotype it on the face of the land—forget that the common law is a fairly inadequate rule of right in all the tracts held under the English system. How ridiculous, may, how iniquitous, it would be, in the case of farms like those of Mr. Pollock, to attend to claims for compensation for improvements, or to demands for an extension of tenure outside the definite contract of the parties! This would be really 'confiscation'—the shallow cant of those who take the mere landlords view of this great question, and a real subversion of the rights of property. Yet, on the other hand, in the case of these village communities, how idle it is to say that it is consonant to justice to abandon them to the rules of the common law, to ignore the existence of the property they have created, to subject them to eviction without full compensation, or without an equivalent prolongation of tenure. He evidently will be the true statesman, and will be entitled to claim the merit of solving this complicated problem justly, who, recognizing the co-existence of these modes of tenure, and the variety and conflict of rights under them, shall devise a law that shall be applicable to each, and, as far as human legislation can go, shall protect the interests arising under both, and shall then give them complete freedom. Without venturing to dogmatize, I am not without hope that a reform of this kind is quite feasible without endangering in any rational sense the rights of property.

I am sorry to say that all around Athlone the elements of discontent and dissatisfaction abound I heard repeated complaints of rack rents, not without justice in many instances, and a kind of dull blind rage of wrong and oppression. In several places moreover, I had to listen to wild and passionate words of diabolicality—'no thanks to Gladstone for what had been done; a good time was coming for Ireland; the country would yet be under America.' One cause, probably, of this licentious candour is that the peasantry in this neighbourhood, at least on the Connaught side of the Shannon, are in a much greater degree Celtic than those of the other counties I have visited, and the Celts are proverbially tongue valiant a Saxonized race being bolder in action. In fact, though the 'men of Tipperary' are staid with more frequent deeds of violence than the population in that district, they are at heart, I believe, much less dissatisfied. Over and over again a peasant would use such words as, 'God help the poor who are ground down by injustice!' and one man, whose American accent betrayed plainly his recent associations, exclaimed fiercely, 'Oh, that we had here the boys who terrify the rich in Tipperary!' This sentiment of dislike of existing institutions blends curiously with dreams of the buried past. I heard of several well-antiquated instances in which, during the Fenian movement, the peasantry acknowledged certain persons as the legitimate heirs to forfeited estates. These distempered visions are no doubt engendered by the sense of dissatisfaction which exists. If you can remove the one by doing away with every sign of injustice that lingers in the social system and laws the others of course will before long vanish. The agrarian spirit prevails here quite as strongly as in Tipperary; it would be as unwise to gauge its power by its acts as it would be to imagine that the range of malaria is limited to the few spots where it breaks out in typhus. Unfortunately, too, a most foul murder of an agrarian nature has been lately committed. Mr. Tarleton, a gentleman of good birth, took some time ago a farm on which a shepherd in the service of the former owner had repaired a house and made some improvements. Mr. Tarleton continued the man in his employment; but dismissed him in rather a summary manner, without compensating him for the outlay, for which, of course, he was in no sense liable. The unfortunate gentleman received a warning, couched in terms of friendly reproach, but having disregarded this, he was shot, and the crime, as usual, remains undiscovered. Here we see agrarianism in its very worst form; and, as will be observed, the agrarian code in this, as in many other instances, considered to use a legal phrase, that the obligations it imposes 'run with the land,' and, passing over the original owner of this

farm, who might be imagined to have done wrong in not having given anything to his servant, inflicted its penalties on the new possessor, though obviously innocent of all offence.

A HOPEFUL SIDE OF ANGLICANISM.

A commentary on the Song of Songs (The Canticles), from ancient and modern sources, by Dr. Littledale, has lately issued from the press of Masters, being one out of more than a thousand distinct works on the list of these enterprising publishers, all in the interest of the more advanced school of Anglicanism. Mr. Masters is only the chief among many publishers of high Ritualistic literature. The very large capital necessarily invested by these different publishers, and the number of editions printed of many of these books, as well of the more costly as of the cheaper works is itself a proof of the wide influence obtained by the doctrines of this school in the Church of England.

The volume which we have named is an excellent type of the class of literature to which we refer. It is a work at once learned and attractive. It is a complete treasury of all the choicest passages in the Patriotic and mediæval ascetical writers, (beautifully translated), bearing on the Canticles, one of the most deeply spiritual, most difficult, and least generally read book of Holy Scriptures. As far as we have seen there is no controversial aim in the work; we have observed nothing that a Catholic might not have written, or might not read with profit.

We rejoice to be able to give this testimony, for what it is worth, because Dr. Littledale is a writer who, although he has done good service to the Church by his able exposure of the Protestant reformation, thus justifying those who have adhered to the ancient faith here in England, or who return to it, yet has given deep offence to Catholics by the bitter archiepiscopal in which he has attacked the Archbishop, so that few amongst us are able to read unobscurely any book of which he is the author. All who know anything of his writings must admire the author's great and varied erudition, the versatility of his genius, his ready Irish wit and power of sarcasm; and we are bound to pray all the more because of his hostility and because of his gifts, that he and many others may come one day no longer 'to see men like trees walking,' but may behold all things plainly in the bosom of the One Church Catholic and Roman.

We have said that this is one of many hundred works of similar tendency weekly issuing from the Anglican press. This alone shows how superficial a view these Catholics take of the movement most inadequately termed Ritualistic, who suppose that it is a mere question of aesthetics, postures and vestments, wax tapers, flowers, and incense. It has created for itself and almost Catholic literature and with it, has revolutionized the religious literature in use formerly amongst Church of England people. These works are met with in every library and drawing-room; you find them even broadcast in cottages and schools; you enter a City counting-house and find a packet of Masters's publications, which the principal is taking home by the 4.30 train to fulfil some family order. For the strength of the movement is that it has deeply penetrated the middle classes, more so, in fact, than the poor, who are mostly too degraded to care for any theological opinions, unless administered together with soup and other succulent mediums.

Again, the hard work doing by this party among the lowest and most abandoned of the poor in the East-end of London off Shoreditch and Spitalfields, or in the courts behind Holborn, whatever be the success, or want of it, is a fact attested by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, as a tribute of truth and justice to a school with which he has no other sympathies.

The self-devotion and zeal of some hundreds of men and women, well born and endowed with all that this world has to give, and which they have sacrificed in works of charity, giving themselves without for long service to the poor in the true Catholic missionary spirit, is another striking fact. And, lastly, works of deep asceticism, like the one we have noticed, which is one of many, compiled as instructions and exhortations on the spiritual life in Anglican Convents for men and women, ought to cause Catholics to pause before they criticize with harshness and with levity the doings of these Anglican schematics.

It seems to me that it were well to ponder the lessons our Lord gave to the members of the One True Church in His day, drawn from the good works of the Samaritans, though our Lord had said 'salvation is of the Jews'; and later on, we find that 'Samaritan' received the word of God, when vast numbers of the Jews rejected it.

It is no doubt perplexing and irritating when we cannot make our Anglican friends see or admit that they are out of the Visible Church, and ought to enter it at any cost; but what in the good of calling them perverse heretics and wilful schismatics? We could mention venerable names of men now Catholic who once gave their Catholic friends as much trouble and perplexity. We are in the midst of a great movement of minds. The wills of men are in the hands of the Lord. The Church is His elected instrument for His gracious purposes towards the children of men. We are on the very eve of a General Council, and a Council is the most solemn act of the Church, therefore we may look for great things hidden as yet in the Council for the healing of the wounds of Christendom, 'turning the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, and to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people.'—Catholic Opinion.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH PARISH.—A writer in the London Times lately charged Catholic priests with being half-educated, encouraging early marriages for self-interest, and encouraging outrages against the landlords. The Cork Examiner thus responds to the Englishlander:—'The Catholic clergy, thanks to their devotion to the interests of their flocks, do possess a powerful influence over them; but no man who knows Ireland, and is devoid of sectarian bitterness, which warps the judgment, can believe that this influence is baneful. This is not the opinion of statesmen and rulers, unless they be of the class whose policy has been to ignore the existence of abuses, or to attribute them to any save the right cause. Then there is the old tariff of a low and half-educated priesthood, levelled in ignorance or malice. No doubt the Apostles were drawn by their Divine Master, as an example to all future ages, from the humblest and lowliest of the earth; and over the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, who left his seat to follow the Redeemer, there rises in majesty the most sublime temple which the genius of man has ever erected to the worship of God. Still, as a matter of fact susceptible of proof, the Catholic clergy of Ireland are taken from all classes of communities and constitute a thoroughly representative body, such as should exist in a National Church. It is true, the son of the strong farmer, and the honest but well-to-do country shop-keeper seek the sanctuary, not from motives of base greed or vulgar ambition, but from an irresistible influence which workings cannot comprehend, because they cannot sympathize with it; but it is equally true that the son of wealthy traders and merchants, and people of ordinary estates, also pursue the same hallowed path from the same high motives. But whether selected from the lowly or the wealthy classes, the Catholic clergy of Ireland are not only eminently suited to their work, but are the very opposite to the descriptions given of them, not for the first time, nor for the ten thousandth time. Possibly they have not cultivated the graces of the dancing master, and do they ape a false refinement; but in dignity, and