

ing to force the prophecy, ordered its reconstruction on the day on which his imperial dignity was proclaimed. But we have yet time enough to see whether the prophecy will remain content with this interpretation.

In Germany, some of those who put blind confidence in the prophecy of the monk of Lehnin, think that the royal house of Prussia will be converted and re-enter the fold of the Catholic Church along with the majority of the Protestants, and others, that Prussia and the Prussian monarchy will perish, and that the Holy Roman Empire will be re-established under the ancient race of Hapsburghs.

It is unnecessary for us to add, after having laid this abstract of a famous document before our readers, that we have not the slightest intention of taking sides either for or against the prophecy. On more than one account some consider it a very curious production, and we know that it is occupying the attention of the German people more generally than the mighty chief of the Cultur-Kampf would desire.

MR. GLADSTONE IN IRELAND.

(From the Pilot.)

AT eleven o'clock on the morning of October 17th, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Gladstone and Mr. Spencer Littleton, his nephew, Mr. Gladstone left Havarden Castle on his Irish trip. Quietly as he had stolen away, he had not reached Holyhead when his departure was the talk of the London clubs. The news did not travel so fast to Dublin. "I believe," says the *Dublin Freeman* correspondent, "I was the only person who left the metropolis last evening with the expectation of seeing the great statesman or the knowledge that he was coming." Kingstown was altogether without warning of its visitor. At half-past five o'clock, when the mail-boat was beginning to be looked for through a haze, a policeman, a few porters, and a dozen chance loungers, composed the entire assembly in waiting on the Carlisle Pier. Not a single Irish Liberal politician, not one of Mr. Gladstone's conspicuous political friends, was in sight. The secret had plainly been well kept. It was just deepening into twilight when the mail-boat neared shore.

Mr. Gladstone's first glimpse of Ireland, as he stood on the bridge with his characteristic contempt of the cold evening air, must have been of a glowing sunset, crowning the Wicklow peaks with gold. The sun had not gone down, when a brilliant moon, high in the clear frosty sky, showered down its rays over the bay bright as daylight; so that his first experience of an Irish landscape, despite the nipping air, cannot have been any shock to prepossessions sure to be kindly. The whole party travelled by the magnificent paddle-steamer Connaught, Captain Kendal. The run across was propitious; the weakest sea-legs on board did not totter. At twenty minutes to six the Connaught's head-light glistened through the haze that was upon the water. In two minutes more she was alongside the pier. To clamber on board was short work; to ascertain that Mr. Gladstone had come was easy; to pick him out of a miscellaneous bevy of cloaked and muffled strangers, even in the dusk, and though I had never laid eyes upon him, I found to be equally easy. Even if a respectful buzz had not followed him wherever he went or whatever he did, there could have been no mistaking his bright grey eyes, Roman nose, deeply-furrowed cheeks, firm chin, and scanty steel-grey hair—the wondrous combination of benignity and earnestness, or mildness and force of thought and action, of fire and gravity—which are figured in every print-shop in Christendom. A gentleman with those unmistakable marks, warmly buttoned up in grey frieze, with his hat well down over his eyes, was quietly shouldering his way to the gangway pioneering a lady, and it needed but one glance under the gas-lamp to assure me I was face to face with one of the three foremost men in Europe.

"You are welcome to Ireland, Mr. Gladstone!" murmured voice after voice with an Irish brogue in it, as he stepped ashore. No obtrusive shout was raised; the thing was said quietly and heartily. "Thank you, my friends, you are very, very kind!" he said, smilingly. There was no touch of weariness in his gait; he stepped along, full of cheerfulness and vigour, with Mrs. Gladstone on his arm, towards the spot, over a hundred yards away, near the George Monument, where the Earl of Meath's carriage was waiting to convey him to Kilruddery. Lever's ragged Ireland no longer capered around him, whirling for coin, and carrying on a civil war for his baggage. His manifest wish to shun public parade was scrupulously respected. A pardonable interest tempted a few score idlers to follow at a respectful distance, and greet him with occasional assurances of welcome; but there was no rudeness, no crushing, no ill-breeding. Mr. Gladstone seemed to appreciate cordially the people's demeanour, and over and over said they were all very kind. Whatever might have been my own qualms of conscience about troubling with business those few moments of repose snatched from a life of almost superhuman activity, they were dispelled upon the instant as soon as I had stated who I was, and presented my letter of introduction. Mr. Gladstone received me with exceeding cordiality, and as he strolled down the pier chatted frankly and gayly.

"This is the first time I have set foot in Ireland," he said. "I have made a good beginning—we have had a beautiful passage." I intimated to him that rumour attributed something more than a personal interest to his visit. "Rumour is very attentive to me sometimes," he said laughingly. "I have written a letter to the Right Hon. Mr. Law, the member for Londonderry, who is the only Irish member of my Government now in Parliament, stating what was in my mind in coming to Ireland. Mr. Law wanted me to go to the North, where there was a desire that I should make some public appearance, and I wrote to him yesterday to Donegal, indicating my reasons for declining the kindness. No doubt he will publish my letter—in fact, I think I intimated a wish that it should be made generally known, in order that there may be no mistake about my intentions." In the meantime I suggested there would be an eagerness to learn, and, I was sure, to consult, his wishes.

"The Irish people are very kind," he said cordially. "Well, the gist of the matter is this—my visit to Ireland is a matter of pleasure, to see good friends here, and see as much of the Irish people

as I can for myself. I will not say that there is not a great deal in the public life of Ireland in which I have always felt a deep interest. Indeed I have. But before coming over here I have canvassed the question carefully, and I have arrived at the determination that in the present state of public feeling in Ireland it would not be desirable that I should break my rule to go around quietly and see as much as I can." "Then, it is not impertinent, I hope, to presume, sir, that you do not like the present turn of Irish politics?" "It is not for me to come over here to instruct the Irish people, you know," was his reply. "I respect their wishes. A large portion of the Irish people has returned a numerous body of representatives to Parliament upon a principle which I—as a private individual only—look upon as a mistake. I cannot forget that. It is not my place to pretend to instruct them. But, situated as things stand just now, with the divisions that exist, I have made up my mind that, if I were to intervene in any way, it would not have the effect of doing any service to Ireland and I am determined, if I cannot do any good, not to do any mischief. I think that ought to be known." "The English papers, you are no doubt aware, sir, have got a feeling abroad that there may be question of a new rapprochement between the Irish and English Liberals." Mr. Gladstone smiled in a way that was as good as a flat contradiction. "I don't know whether I can presume to ask whether you yourself perceive any basis for such an agreement?" "That is not for me to suggest," was the reply. "I could not suggest; I could only help, and I would be very happy; but, as I explained in my letter to Mr. Law, my present determination—I say my present determination—is that I should decline any invitation of a public character during my stay in Ireland. That will not, of course, prevent me from being happy to meet members of Parliament, or other gentlemen who may be good enough to call upon me privately, but it must be in privacy." I inquired whether he had mapped out any programme for his stay. He frankly answered—"Only roughly; I have many kind friends in Ireland whom I should wish to see, and I will try to divide my time among them. I think of spending three weeks in looking around me." I asked would he be able to extend his visit to Killarney. "I will go everywhere that I can," he replied, "if I may go quietly;" and he added, "What I want to see is the Irish people. I have long desired to do so."

THE MASONIC SIGN IN A CRIMINAL TRIAL.

IN London, at present, a remarkable case is on trial of three of the most trusted detective officers for complicity with forgers and swindlers. It has appeared, in the course of the examination, that, in one case, where it was necessary to influence a witness, the masonic sign was the medium. The following is an extract from the report of the *London Times*. The witness Kurr is relating how Detective-Inspector Froggatt bribed or influenced a witness against Kurr on a former trial:—

"I will see Flintoff (the witness to be bribed) myself" said Froggatt, "as Stenning is a fool, and cannot be trusted, and I shall offer him £50." I said, "All right. He will have to say he made a mistake last night." On his return he said that "he had offered fifty 'quid' to Flintoff, but he did not seem disposed to agree to it." He then said, "Are you a Mason?" I said "No." "Well, I shall tell him you are, as he is one, and you must give him the sign when he gets into the box." I said, "All right." He asked me if I knew the sign, and I said, "Yes." He stated that Flintoff, although not quite agreeing, had promised not to do me any harm.—*Advocate*.

A DISTINGUISHED Catholic journalist of Wurzburg, in Bavaria, has published a very interesting pamphlet entitled "The Catholic Press in Europe in 1877." Looking over it, we see at once how Catholic journalism has developed and spread wherever the Cultur-kampf has raged most violently. There are 398 Catholic journals published in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, having an aggregate circulation of 1,218,900 copies, or one copy for every twenty-five inhabitants. They are divided as follows: Austria has eighty-seven journals, with a circulation of 143,800; Prussia, 140, with 379,900 circulation; Bavaria, seventy-seven journals, having 383,800; Switzerland, fifty-three, having 138,600; Saxony, three, and 1,700; Wurtemberg, eleven, and 42,700; Baden, twelve, and 39,400; Alsace-Lorraine, one, with 10,000; Hesse, twelve, with 77,500; Oldenburg, one, with 800, and Hamburg one with 700. Thus we see that Prussia counts for thirty-five per cent. of the whole number; Austria for twenty-five; Bavaria, nineteen; Switzerland, fourteen; Baden and Hesse, three; Wurtemberg, two and three-fourths; Saxony, three-fourths; and the remainder one-fourth. Comparing these figures with the population, we find that there is one copy of a paper to every three inhabitants in Hesse; one to eight in Switzerland, one to nine in Bavaria, one to eighteen in Baden, one to nineteen in Wurtemberg, one to twenty-four in Prussia, one to forty-three in Saxony, and one to one hundred and six in Austria. Thus we see that the nominally most Catholic country in Germany has the smallest proportion of distinctively Catholic journals, and that persecution seems to have no other effect than to enliven the faith of the people and make them have recourse to their able journals for instruction, information, consolation and advice.—*Catholic Times*.

THE *Catholic Times*, commenting on the proposition of the Episcopal Church to style itself "the Catholic Church of America," says:—"We remember the time when to call an Episcopalian a Catholic would have been considered a gross insult; but of late there appears to be a charm in the name; and indeed there is a charm in the name and in the reality itself. We do not chide our Episcopal friends for their admiration and love for Catholicity; it is a cheering sign. What we criticise them for is their pretence of being a branch of the Church of Christ when not one of those other churches which they recognise as branches of the true Church recognise their title or claimed relationship."

THE Hospital Saturday collections in London were made recently, when one hundred and fifty ladies sat in the streets in various parts of the metropolis, with collecting boxes, to receive subscriptions,