

things are managed in Downing Street. Captain Hume, of course, knows all about the doings of the big-wigs at Home, and is always prepared to coach those who desire to imitate them among ourselves. —We should say, in fact, that was one of the principal advantages to be derived from his presence here, for we know there is something or another which makes the Government regard him as an immensely valuable servant, and what it is cannot be seen by the public generally—but no doubt it is something superfluous. Another curious point in the report of the commissioners was their taking as proved the accusations made against Mr. Caldwell of maintaining a system of espionage, although some of the most respectable witnesses examined testified to the contrary, and the evidence of Chief Warder Ferguson seemed quite clearly to show that Dunedin Gaol contrasted in this respect most favourably with the gaol at Lyttelton. Some system of watchfulness, however, is necessary in every public institution, and as to gaol management, Sir Robert Peel is our authority for saying that the governor should have a clear knowledge of everything that is going on around him. To insist on his being over-particular as to how he obtains that knowledge appears to us rather a straining of the motto that there should be honour among thieves.—And, in fact, in all public offices, the heads of departments have confidential officers from whom they obtain information. Nay, even connected with most banks we understand there are officials whose business it is to keep an eye upon the clerks, and know what their habits are when out of working hours. But something of a system of espionage it appears to us was even evident in the reports made by Captain Hume himself to the Government, and whose contents the Minister of Justice declined to reveal. Something relating to espionage also, there seems to have been in Captain Hume's acknowledgment that he had received letters from Warders Clarke, Nicholson, and Noonan, and that these warders had, moreover, interviewed him at his hotel. Warder Clarke, again, carried letters from Cummock to Mr. Torrance, and Mr. Torrance communicated with the Inspector. We should very much like to know, if there was nothing of the spy system in all this, what the spy system, then, may be explained as being. Something mysterious, perhaps, that is all wrong when it is on the side found fault with, but all right when on that which is engaged in finding fault. In this case everything seems to have been right that was on Captain Hume's side, and everything wrong that was on the side of Mr. Caldwell.—But Captain Hume, we have no doubt, could explain all this in the clearest and most able manner possible.—The Captain's speech in defence of himself has been very much admired, and a great many people wonder how on earth it came to be so much more brilliant than any of his reports—which, as a rule, have not been regarded as very brilliant specimens of argument.—Indeed, it is rumoured about that a very considerable degree of credit has been gained by a certain learned firm of solicitors in this city who are said to have found in the Captain a most apt pupil, both as to the manner in which he should conduct his cross-examinations, and as to his defence. There is, moreover, a slight tone of the family matter in this also, for was not the Hon. Mr. Dick the Captain's special patron before the Hon. Mr. Conolly replaced him? Indeed, it is also rumoured about that, so delighted was our contemporary the *Evening Star* with this address of the Captain's, and for fear, no doubt, lest his readers should lose a single word of it, he actually had it in type before it was delivered, and this we must admit to have been a feat in reporting that is eminently worthy of being chronicled, and should reflect untold honour on our contemporary's staff. That fawning mind-reader, over in London, himself, must be a mere joke to them! Fancy, their not only being able to read a mind, but to take it down as well in shorthand several hours in advance of its expression!—It is positively marvellous! On the whole, then, there has been a good deal that was curious and highly interesting about this inquiry; we should be glad to say also, if we could with any degree of truth, that there had been a little that was creditable.

IN "The Coming of the Friars," an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, the Rev. Dr. Jessop gives us some details that are of high interest, although, as we might naturally expect, a good deal that he says is to be taken with reserve, and a good deal more to be rejected altogether. Nevertheless, it is of high interest to find a Protestant ecclesiastical testifying in a great degree, to the virtues of the religious orders of the Church.—"Those masses" the writer says, for example, "those dreadful masses, crawling and weltering in the foul hovels, in many a southern town, with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups under a dry arch, alive with vermin; gibbering *cretins* with the ghastly wens; lepers by the hundred, too shocking for mothers to gaze at, and therefore driven out to curse and howl in the lazar-house outside the walls, there stretching out their bony hands to clutch the frightened alms-giver's dole, or, failing that, to pick up shreds of offal from the heaps of garbage—to these St. Francis came." "More wonderful still!" he continues, "to these outcasts came those other twelve, so utterly had their leader's sublime self-surrender communicated itself to his converts. 'We are come,' they said, 'to live among you and

be your servants, and wash your sores, and make your lot less hard than it is. We only want to do as Christ bids us do. We are beggars too, and we too have not where to lay our heads. Christ sent us to you. Yes, Christ the crucified, whose we are, and whose you are. Be not wroth with us, we will help you if we can.'" It takes away a little from the effect of all this honest testimony to find, in a few sentences further on, the following:—"As one reads the stories of those earlier Franciscans, one is reminded every now and then of the extravagances of the Salvation Army."—To be reminded, nevertheless, of an exceedingly coarse and ugly caricature by a sublime original betrays some weakness in the mind so acted on. But the description given of the Franciscans in England is of especial interest. "Perhaps," says the writer, "there, more than anywhere else, such labourers were needed; perhaps, too, they had a fairer field. Certainly they were truer to their first principles than elsewhere,"—or, perhaps, the writer knows more about their work in England than he does concerning it elsewhere. "Outside the city walls at Lynn, and York, and Bristol; in a filthy swamp at Norwich, through which the drainage of the city sluggishly trickled to the river, never a foot lower than its banks; in a mere barn-like structure, with walls of mud, at Shrewsbury, in the Stinking Alley in London, the Minorites took up their abode, and there they lived on charity, doing for the lowest the most menial offices, speaking to the poorest the words of hope, preaching to learned and simple, such sermons—short, homely, fervent, and emotional—as the world had not heard for many a day. How could such Evangelists fail to win their way?"—The Franciscans, moreover, were as much distinguished for their learning as for their goodness. "We should have expected learning among the Dominicans," the writer goes on to say, "but very soon the English Franciscans became the most learned body in Europe, and that character they never lost till the suppression of the monasteries swept them out of the land."—Let us pause to consider the glories of the great "reformation," that champion of the cause of learning and civilisation that destroyed the houses of the "ignorant monks," especially in England, and whereof commemoration is made to this day, amongst the rest, in history taught to children who are in great part educated at the expense of Catholics—they being thus fleeced for the propagation of what even learned and respectable Protestants tell us is lies, and egregious lies. The writer continues, having first mentioned some distinguished prelates chosen from the Order. "Meanwhile such giants as Alexander Hales and Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus among the Minorites—all Englishmen be it remembered—and Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus among the Dominicans, had given to intellectual life that amazing lift into a higher region of thought, speculation, and inquiry, which prepared the way for greater things by-and-by. It was at Assisi that Cimabue and Giotto received their most sublime inspiration, and did their very best, breathing the air that St. Francis himself had breathed, and listening day by day to traditions and memories of the Saint, told peradventure by one or another who had seen him alive, or even touched his garments in their childhood. It may even be that there Dante watched Giotto at his work while the painter got the poet's face by heart." And let us take the following as a comment on that part of the great Protestant tradition which assigns to the religious houses at the time of the "Reformation" an unbounded luxury. "The Friars were the Evangelisers of the towns in England for 300 years. When the spoliation of the religious houses was decided upon, the Friars were the first upon whom the blow fell—the first and the last. But when their property came to be looked into, there was no more to rob but the churches in which they worshipped, the libraries in which they studied, and the houses in which they passed their lives. Rob the county hospitals to-morrow through the length and breadth of the land, or make a general scramble for the possessions of the Wesleyan body, and how many broad acres would go to the hammer?"—Nevertheless, strange to say, the writer goes on to speak of the falling away of the mendicant orders, of their zeal growing cold, of their simplicity of life fading, of their discipline becoming relaxed.—And still, as we have, moreover, seen of late, such Orders are also to-day engaged in doing such work as the writer has told us with admiration was done of old by the first Franciscans among those dreadful masses of the Southern towns.—They are still the servants of the poor—for Christ's sake.—Where, then, is the falling off?"

If the young men who attended the National Convention of Catholic Young Men's Societies in Brooklyn, last week, were, in any notable degree, representatives of the societies that sent them, the Catholic Church in America has reason to be hopeful and proud of her young laymen. A more respectable, intelligent, able, and business-like collection of young men we have never met. Their public action and their private walk were alike creditable and impressive. Their sentiments were sound, and their ability to state and defend them was self-evident. The press has given them a large share of attention, and they amply deserved it all. Catholics had reason to be pleased with them, but their admirable conduct gave pleasure to all lovers of manlike men, no matter what their sympathy for Catholics may be. It chanced that, at the public banquet we sat next Corporal Tanner, a well-known gentleman of high position in Brooklyn, whose experience of conventions and gatherings of men is unsurpassed. His verdict, that it would not have been possible to get together in America a better class of young men, will be generally accepted as a high, but well-deserved tribute from a non-Catholic observer.—*Catholic Review*, July 7.