

"Stop, Nora. I might have known you were not a bale of merchandise, to be bought with money, and I don't know but it's all for the best for me; for I'm a very cross-grained, jealous-minded old screw, and am not worthy of a good wife. I wanted a good nurse, and somebody belonging to me to leave my money to when I died. But it's my first and last attempt at matrimony. Some of these days, when I get many years older, and require help like a child, I shall come and live with you and that Dennis—what's his name, and expect to be well taken care of—eh?"

"You'll be very welcome, Mr. Mallow," said Nora, blushing. "You've been a great friend to us all, and we'll be proud to return some of your kindness, sir. May I go now? Thank you, sir."

"I declare to my old shoes," said Nora, as she ran from the room, "if the old gentleman hasn't been as crazy as a June bug ever since he lost that money. Marry him, indeed!—He'd better think of his grave and the other world, instead of the good his riches could do in this, instead of tryin' to turn a poor girl's head with 'em."

Nora evidently thought it was one of Mr. Mallow's queer freaks, and troubled herself no more about what had been the bitterest disappointment of the singular old man's life.

In a day or two, sure enough, the letters came, and the reason of their detention was explained. Father McCarthy, to whom they had nearly all been inclosed for him to forward, had been called to Dublin by the archbishop on some ecclesiastical business, and had been seized with a sudden and violent illness, which had detained him there many weeks. Thus the letters from America to Fada-Brac accumulated in his letter-box, along with the letters from Fada-Brac to America. John Malloran at last opened the one containing the account of the death of his child. He knew now that his bright little song-bird, the fair blossom of his heart, had fled heavenward. He knew that by this time the dust of the grave had gathered on that round, blue-veined brow that his lips had lingered on in that last farewell, and that the heavy mould had given forth its violets and shamrocks above the deep cell of that silent cloister where she slumbered. Other trials had lacerated and wounded the surface of his heart, but this struck down like a barbed arrow into its vital tenderness. They would have comforted him,—Father Nugent, Dr. Bryant, poor Nora, who so much needed comfort herself; but, in a low, choking voice, he only desired to be alone. Then he wrestled with his agony. He stretched out his arms, as if by the power of his love and will he would bring his fair spirit-child back to his bosom. He knew now that she had been with him in the strange darkness he had passed through; and, as he called to mind the tender, beautiful face, the ineffable joy and sweetness that brightened it, his tears began to flow. They heard him walking to and fro, all day and all night; but no one saw the workings of this great agony of his life, nor for many days would he admit any one except Father Nugent, to witness his falling and falling along this newly-found Via Dolorosa. But at last the tempest was still, —thanks be to God, such tempests last not forever!—the clouds were reft away, and through the vista of Faith he saw his angel child in a truer and more real life than this, cleansed from all earthly defilements, and for ever and evermore a dweller among the fair sons of God. But still sick, a mourner his heart lingered beside the little earth-garb that the fair spirit had inhabited; still the chill and gloom and loneliness of the grave and the long separation crucified its instincts; and, while the soul cried out, "Thou hast done a good thing, my God, in gathering home this child from the pollution of earth," NATURE, rebelling, still murmured, "My God, Thou hast struck me a heavy blow! Can I st. Thou not have spared me?"

And from that day a change came over John H. Moran. Many a gray hair shone out amid the clustering brown locks over his temples; he felt more like a wayfarer than a traveller on earth; and it became the aim of his life to think and act as one who was honored by the dignity of being the parent of an angel, to whose fair home his soul aspired, and who, he believed, often and often came and ministered to him, and who he hoped would be with him in the last struggle of life, to conduct him to the regions of eternal life. These thoughts were the companions of his inner life. Outwardly he was calm and gentle, giving a quiet and persevering attention to business, occupying himself with plans for the future, directing the workmen who were repairing the "Brae Cottage," and, aided by Nora, selecting furniture and making every necessary arrangement for the reception of his family. None saw or intruded on his solitary moments; they only knew that a heavy and bitter trial had fallen on him in the loss of his little blue-eyed daughter, and their sympathy was none the less deep for being unspoken.

CHAPTER XL.—CONCLUSION.

"But there are hours of lonely musing, Such as in evening silence come, When, soft as birds their pinions closing, The heart's best feelings gather home. Then in our souls there seems to languish A tender grief that is not woe, And thoughts that once wrung tears of anguish Now cause some melting tears to flow."

The hawthorn hedge-rows were white with blossoms, and on the brae-side violets opened their blue eyes under the tangled fern, while daisies, in fair constellations, gleamed here and there above the spring grass. The note of the cuckoo was heard ringing at intervals through the air, as, attended by her little brownie, she flitted from tree to tree. Down into the valley rushed a mountain-brook, making wild music as it leaped in frothy cascades over its rocky bed, then winding gently and brightly away, like a thread of silver, through the fertile and picturesque vale, while here and there small plantations of willows which grew along its banks threw their long, green tresses

right lovingly into its laughing waters. High up, in the blue, silent depths of heaven, fleecy clouds, with golden sunshine on them, floated softly away, and wreathed themselves like coronals or hung in gleaming draperies on the summits and around the peaks of the distant mountains, while the balmy westerly winds gently unfolded the timid leaves and blossoms. Barth would have worn that day the likeness of Eden, but that in the golden sunlight the decay of Time and the triumphs of Death told another tale. Amid the spring verdure, touched here and there with sunlit halos, the gray old ruins of Fada-Brac looked grand and beautiful. The clinging mosses, no longer brown, looked like draperies of velvet festooned from turret and tower, so rich and green was the tint they wore; while the ivy, with its dark, glistening leaves, garlanded, like deathless memories, the silent cloisters below. Amid them lay the dead of ages,—misered abbots, monks, princes, and knights. The tombs were all more or less dilapidated,—at least, those of an ancient date,—and some were quite despoiled of the stone or marble effigies which had decorated them, and which now lay grimly on the earth, almost overgrown by the rank grass of the place. It had been for centuries the burial-place of the McCarthy Mores, though but few of their number had been laid there since Ireland had become an English province,—those who could afford it having gone abroad and lived and died in the Catholic countries of Europe, preferring exile to a sight of the grievances and oppressions which they could not remove, and which each year became more hopeless.

Mrs. Malloran's parents were slumbering there, and near them was a little grave, around which clusters of violets were planted like a garland, that, being in full bloom, sent out their spicy odors like incense on the air.—Planted by a mother's hand, and watered by such tears as only mothers shed, they were precious memorials of the little sleeper below.—The marble cross at the head of the grave, with its elaborate carving and soaring dove, now gleaming brightly in the sunshine, spoke not to the heart as did those flowers, those living types of the life of the soul and the resurrection of the body. Mrs. Malloran and Desmond had spent the morning there, talking of the last spring they were all at Glenduriff together, and of the "little lady" now so sweetly sleeping at their feet; of how she used to watch the unfolding of her favorite flowers and listen daily for the notes of the birds she best loved. Her little wise sayings were repeated, and her quiet laugh remembered, with a sad smile; then the questions she used to ask, so full of deep meaning, were suggested, as if by an angel, to lead the grief-worn heart of that mourning mother from the dust to the eternal heavens, where, in a truer, a fuller, a more blissful life, the child of her bosom was cared for more tenderly and surrounded by a more ineffable love than even her yearning heart could conceive of. "No: she is not here," said Mary Malloran, laying her hand on the little mound. "It is only the little earth-garb that we were used to see her in,—the veil our angel wore, and which, of the dust, belongs to the dust, yet still beloved because it was hers, and because every atom will again be gathered together and fashioned anew to receive for eternity the glorified being which, although living, we no longer see." Thus murmured the bereaved mother, with her eyes fixed on the blue, bright distance which rolled like ocean-waves, though silently, between her and the heavenly country where her child awaited her; thus she sought to comfort herself, and consecrate the crown of thorns which so deeply pierced her.

(To be Continued.)

THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

The *Times* correspondent gives the following details of the murder of Generals Thomas and Lecomte by the Reds:—

It appeared that these officers were recognized near the Place Pigalle between 4 and 5, captured, put through the mockery of a trial, and shot at half-past 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon in a garden in the Rue des Rosiers, near the Place Pigalle. The following account by an eye witness will be read with a painful interest, the more especially as the two Generals may be only the first victims now that the people have tasted blood. The conduct of the soldiers of the 89th, one of whom I heard haranguing an audience in this very street an hour before the execution, is a fearful illustration of the condition to which the French army is reduced, and furnishes the key to many of its disasters:—

"Having heard that one of his former aides-de-camp had been seized by the insurgents, General Clement Thomas determined to look after him, and with that object reached the Place Pigalle about 5 o'clock. He was in plain clothes. One of the insurgents having recognized him by his full white beard, went up to him and said, 'Are you not General Clement Thomas?' 'No,' was the first reply. 'I do not think I am mistaken,' said the insurgent, 'though you are easily recognized by your beard.' 'Well, suppose it is I,' replied the General firmly, 'what then? Have I not always done my duty?' 'You are a wretch and a traitor,' said the insurgent, seizing the old man by the collar. Others came to his aid, and they dragged the General towards the Rue des Rosiers, where the Central Republican Committee of Montmartre held its sittings. The fate of the unfortunate Clement Thomas was decided off-hand. At 6 o'clock a body of National Guards charged with his execution led him into the garden. In that trying moment the old General evinced the most heroic composure. He stood upright, facing his executioners, and holding his hat in his hand. Instead of firing upon him by a platoon volley, as is the military custom, his executioners fired upon him one after another. As each bullet struck, the body of the victim became convulsively agitated, but still remained firm in its place as a statue. After the 14th shot the General was still erect, looking fixedly upon his executioners, and yet holding his hat. At last the 15th bullet struck him beneath the right eye and brought him to the ground. General Lecomte was brought to the same spot soon afterwards. He was very pale, kept his hand half folded upon his chest, and muttered a few words of protest. The firing party in his case was composed of soldiers belonging to the 89th Regiment of the Line. 'It is thy turn,' they cried; 'thou gavest the order to fire upon the people. An instant later and General Lecomte had fallen dead. A lieutenant of the 29th Battalion present at these massacres could not refrain from

exclaiming: 'To shoot them without hearing them, it is too horrible.' I have since heard upon good authority that many persons have been shot without the ceremony of a trial early this morning. On the Boulevard last night there were large crowds discussing the condition of affairs, but as the day had turned against the Government no one had the courage to express strong opinions against the rioters. On the contrary, there was a very general sympathy manifested in their favour, and as in most of the groups were National Guards of the rebellious battalions, there were loud and fierce denunciations of the authorities. The universal sentiment was that Thiers, Vinoy, D'Aurelle, and others should be shot if they could be captured.

ONE OF THE LATE "DEMONSTRATIONS" IN PARIS.

Alarming rumors were in circulation yesterday.—I was on the eve of mailing my letter when a friend came to tell me there were in progress fearful riots on Place de la Bastille. I at once went down there, expecting to find revolution rampant. I was told a Commissioner of Police was beaten almost to death, and the government had been openly defied. In time (you know we are all perforce pedestrians, there being no hacks) I reached Place de la Bastille, and for some minutes I thought my friend's account no exaggeration. Excitement was intense. There was an immense crowd swaying to and fro in the crescent light of rare and smoky petroleum lamps. French Bonapartes were braying the wildest language in every direction. Messrs. Thiers and Jules Favre and the peace were denounced in the most unmeasured terms. The watch-word from all the scolding knots of National Guards (blouses have almost entirely disappeared) was "We'll overthrow the government to-morrow!" I approached trouble to-day. I hasten to say my apprehensions were groundless before resuming my narrative of yesterday's events. You may remember it was the anniversary of the revolution of '48. As the preceding anniversaries of this event have been almost unnoticed, and as it seemed to me men's thoughts are engrossed by the cares of the hour (they are oppressive), I did not go down to the Place de la Bastille. At an early hour of the day National Guards in uniform and in battalions commanded by officers, marched to the Place de la Bastille. These battalions were chiefly from the Faubourg St. Antoine, Faubourg St. Marcel, Montmartre, Bery, La Villotte and Belleville.—Each battalion had one or more enormous wreaths of yellow a-marantins. Every man had in the muzzle of his musket a bunch of the same flowers. The bands were at the head of each battalion, and played "La Marseillaise" and other revolutionary airs.—Each battalion as it marched through the streets drew after it all the idle vagabonds of the wayside. Repeated libations on Place de la Bastille, choral singing of "La Marseillaise," "Mourir Pour la Patrie," and the like, added to the excitement spontaneously engendered by a crowd which every moment became denser. Angry political discussions on the maddening questions of the hour heightened the fever. A stone-thrower somehow raised the suspicion of his acquaintance. One man told me he was seen writing a memorandum-book, and was forthwith believed to be noting the names of spectators in order to report them to the police. Other persons said to me he had gotten into an angry discussion and had avowed opinions at present distasteful. Others again informed me he was a zealous frequenter of the clubs, who had long been suspected for an agent of the police; this suspicion he had, in some way or another confirmed, and the mob had fallen on him.—A by-stander attempted to take his defence, but was overpowered by numbers, and thought himself fortunate to escape with only the loss of his purse containing eighty francs. The sentiments expressed by the mob during the evening may be summed up in these words: "Thiers and the rascals, his friends, have sold us to the Prussians just as Bazaine did. Each of them got \$1,000,000 apiece. If Trochu had not received money he would have broken the Prussian lines of investment. We want money, too. We shall not work, and the government shall give us fifty cents a day. We do not intend to be governed by the fools of the provinces. We shall have no king; no emperor. We intend to have the Republic, La Commune. The rich must divide with us. The railways must belong to us: 'There must be neither rich nor poor.' This, however, is not the time to strike. We shall wait until the Prussians go, and then we shall overturn Thiers and his government." More impatient madmen cried: "We must have done with these traitors at once. Let us overthrow them to-morrow." This motion seemed to meet with great favor, and I returned home expecting to witness a sanguinary collision.—Paris Correspondence.

THE HEROES OF MONTMARTRE.

AS I walked under the Column of Liberty in the Place de la Bastille yesterday evening (says the Paris correspondent of the *Standard*, writing on Wednesday), I was attracted by a group of some forty or fifty Mobilés roving at the top of their voices the plain chant music of the "Kyrie Eleison," which is so well known in all the churches throughout France. Many were half intoxicated, and had drunkenly decorated themselves with faded crowns of immortelles; all wore sprays of the yellow wreath in their coats, and some danced about in women's caps and bonnets. As I drew near I was horrified to hear the blasphemous parody that was substituted for the original sacred words. Among other things, the name Garibaldi was used instead of that of the Divinity. They were following and surrounding a young soldier of the line, almost a boy, whom they had discovered was on his way to church, and whom they were mocking in this devilish way for being so unlike themselves. They were of the very lowest and most brutal class of the men who are now the heroes of Montmartre, and who, when not actually forced to be on duty, come down into the town and manifest their patriotism by seeing a spy in every respectable dressed foreigner, bullying women, and occasionally drowning men in the Seine. They followed him from street to street, hooting, whistling and jeering at him, and never ceasing their impious singing. At times I was afraid they would attack him, for he was quite alone, and the valor of these bullies is most conspicuous when it can shine with impunity. But though young, the soldier was a greatly built fellow, with massive shoulders and the arms and legs of a north country wrestler; a grave, handsome face, and an honest blue eye that would be afraid to look no man in the face when he spoke to him. He walked along with a firm swinging stride, and seemingly taking no more notice of them than if they had been so many toads. But at last one ruffian, more daring than the rest, came close to him, and shouting out something too blasphemous to repeat, half-shoved him against the wall. Quick as lightning the young soldier turned, and straight from the shoulder, like a bullet from a Chassepot and with the whole weight of the body, sent him staggering against the corners of a stone wall, from whence he reeled helpless and insensible into the gutter. And not one of the drunken Reds moved a finger to avenge him, but slunk back dismayed at this unexpected result. They were but fair representatives of the cowardice of this class.—For a moment I thought the boy was about to speak to them and let them have it in a torrent of contempt and indignation, but to my great astonishment he only said one word to them—*ennalle?*—and then these gentlemen of Montmartre, these heroes of liberty and martyrs of oppression cowed by one man, and not meeting with any sympathy from another crowd that came up meanwhile, executed a rapid and anything but dignified movement to the rear. These are precisely the individuals who, for the moment, hold the entire population of Paris in uneasiness.

It is significant to observe how many soldiers lounge about the streets delighted to be emancipated from all control, generally arm-in-arm with a "National." A good many Mobilés are still in Paris, and look puzzled and bewildered at the whole affair, in which they have taken no part. Some of their officers have been pulled from their horses, however, and ill-treated, on the ground of being "aristocrats." The Elysee Palace is held by "the people," and a strong guard is inside the enclosure in front of the Ministère de l'Interieur. All down in these quarters may be seen the rough unpossessing faces of men evidently belonging to other arrondissements, while the National Guard which belongs to it remains tamely at home. The Place Vendôme drew a large crowd later in the day, and was almost filled with National Guards, relieving each other, and marching in and out of it with bands playing and colours flying. It is a beautiful day, and, although nearly all the shops are shut, there is a great deal of movement in the streets, and all fear of violent outbreaks on the part of the mob for the present seems removed. The people take it as they would fever and ague, as an intermittent complaint which they cannot avoid, and to which they are becoming accustomed; the women especially seem in their element, they go about with babies wherever barricades are to be built, or police agents drowned, and are a good deal more courageous in every way than the men, which, indeed, would not be difficult. To-day for the first time I saw an angry altercation in a crowd, for one of the remarkable features of a political discussion is that the disputants seldom quarrel, one side generally being in the majority, and his opponent not having the courage of his opinions, when there is the possibility of being shot for entertaining them; but in the middle of the Place Vendôme two perfectly well-dressed women formed the centre of a group, and were only prevented by their husbands from tearing each other's eyes out. They terminated the discussion to the great satisfaction of the by-standers, by each calling their own husband a coward and walking off with him in opposite directions, contemptuously. It is curious to watch the faces and demeanor of the inhabitants of the Rue de la Paix and the Italian Boulevards in the presence of the Belleville and Montmartre roughs, who have come down from the heights to give them a taste of liberty and equality at the point of the bayonet. Two proclamations have just appeared which you will receive with this letter, or, perhaps before it, from which you will see the names of our new rulers—names unknown to fame, excepting that of M. Assy, celebrated as the instigator of the strike at Creuzot. The blank faces with which the rich shopkeepers of these regions read the list, of those political economists who are opposed to the selfish idea of making all you can and keeping it, are amusing and instructive to behold.

The Germans will find a good deal more sympathy in some quarters the next time they enter Paris than they did the last; and men are beginning in muttered curses to pray for them. Meantime the whole town is barricaded to such an extent that movement, except on foot, is impossible. Montmartre has become completely a military position, and no one, except in uniform, is allowed to pass along many of the streets in that quarter or up to the heights. Pick and shovel are at work all day, and gangs are busy throwing up earthworks, erecting batteries, or making barricades. Numbers of public places are occupied militarily, while the ugly grates muzzles of mitrailleurs point down many of the streets. The word as you pass the barricades in process of construction is "Vive pare, citoyen"—a command which must instantly be obeyed with polite effusion, and as if you really enjoyed it.

FRENCH WANT OF DISCIPLINE.—I was at a restaurant yesterday, and saw what could have happened in no other army in the world. There were three officers—two field officers and one a captain—seated at a table. In rolled six or seven loutish-looking fellows—common soldiers—and sat down close to the officers without saluting or taking the smallest notice of them. One then began to talk over his beer of his battles (they belonged to Chanzys' army) in order, apparently, to annoy the officers at the table by speaking in the most offensive way of "his colonel" and "cet imbécile d'un general," and this "sacre," &c., of some one else. The officers rose and went away, saluting the *dame de comptoir* by raising their *kyrie*, and passed close by the soldiers, who never rose, or saluted, or took the least notice of them. To lead an army of such men to victory would be impossible for Napoleon and all his marshals.—*Times* Cor.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE BISHOP OF MENTH ON RIBBONISM.—The Bishop of Menth has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he condemns in vigorous language the crimes of the Ribbon organisation. He points out that Ribbonism though originally the result of bad laws, has ceased to wear an agrarian character, and has degenerated into a mere system of terrorism. It attacks neither landlords, nor policemen, but the victims of the organization are process servers, cattle dealers, and honest men who refuse to part with their properties. The Bishop remarks that the circumstance which called Ribbonism into existence and gave it a semblance of justice, have passed away. The wrongs and grievances of Ireland have been recognised and a generous, though incomplete effort was made last Session to redress them; while throughout the Empire there has been a general awakening to a sense of the justice due to Ireland. His lordship bears testimony to the justice, impartiality, and even moderation of the civil magistracy throughout his diocese, and says the most damaging accusation that can be brought against these secret societies is that they fall in with the views and designs of those who are the enemies of the country.—*Cork Examiner*.

IRELAND AND FRANCE.—Prostrate France has the sympathy of the world. From almost every clime in Europe strangers fight beneath our flag and offer their lives in defence of our honour. But, above all, the gallant Poles and the gallant Irish have shown an affection for our country which France can alone recompense with the sword of the avenger. Yesterday, while passing the village of Pugey, the headquarters of the Regiment Etangur, we saw a company of Irish soldiers, commanded by Irish officers, and we were proud to hear that these noble strangers had won the confidence of all with whom they came in contact. We heard with interest of their conduct at Montebellini. For seven hours beyond their time they held an exposed post in front of overwhelming numbers, and were the last of 100,000 men to leave the field. It is even said that they loitered in their retreat, and only left when they were sure that all the army had certainly retired. They were present, too, at Busy, where they were assigned a post of honour, and there saw the last shot fired, the last Prussian souls sent to eternity. We salute the gallant Irish. France thanks them, and French thanks are not always meaningless.—*From a Besancon Paper*.

THE IRELAND PRESS ON THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.—The *Daily News* says:—There is no doubt that every month the Land Act will contribute more and more towards the peace of the country; but it should not be forgotten that the system which it replaces had the effect of rendering both life and property insecure, not only in Westmeath, but in every other county and province in the sister isle. It means less than the extermination of Ribbonism in a vigorous and determined fashion; but it is too soon

to dismiss from our minds, and too soon for acquiescence to ignore the circumstance, that the snow-storm of threatening letters, and the other agencies and implements of Meath terrorism, owe their existence in a great measure to the inequitable and harsh conduct of local squire magistrates.

JUDGE FITZGERALD ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Mr. Justice Fitzgibbon in opening the assizes for Down on Saturday, warmly congratulated the grand jurors on the condition of the country which he pronounced to be eminently satisfactory, and added that he believed the same state of things prevailed throughout the whole of Ulster. His lordship adverted to the disturbed condition of Westmeath and portion of Meath, and the prevalence of undetected crime of the most serious and heinous character in those localities, but he said they should not be dispirited by these circumstances as the districts so affected represented only a small portion of the country.

The Lord Chief Justice, in opening the Commission at Carlow, commented upon the state of the calendar, which contained a larger number of cases than had been presented to him in the King's County. He contrasted the different circumstances of fact that while in the King's County the most atrocious crimes were undetected scarcely a case was returned upon the calendar in the county of Carlow. The police returns showed that scarcely any offender escaped, and yet there were only 19 cases on the list. He regarded it as the perfection of the administration of justice when punishment swiftly followed the perpetration of crime. He thought that perhaps in the county of Carlow the officials of the Crown found it more easy to procure evidence. He was concerned to find that there was an increase in the number of offences, though the county was a model one as compared with others. Among them were three cases of sending threatening letters, a species of crime that he never remembered to have seen there before. They were very common in Westmeath. In the latter county there were 50 such cases, and in the Queen's County 21. He warned the gentry of the county to be prompt and vigilant in dealing with such offences.

An application for compensation under the Peace Preservation Act was made on Saturday to the Grand Jury of the North Riding of Tipperary, on behalf of Mrs. Catherine Murphy, widow of Captain Lidwell's bailiff, who was murdered in November last. The sum claimed was 500*l*. The presentment was opposed by Mr. F. Sheppard, solicitor, on the part of the ratepayers, who raised objections to the formality of the proceedings, the notice of claim having been served some days before the widow took out administration, and the chapter and section of the Act under which the notice was served not having been set out on the face of it. The objections were overruled by the grand jury. Witnesses were examined as to the facts of the murder. It was stated that the cause of ill-feeling against the deceased was the service of some notices to quit, and the part which he took with Captain Lidwell in marking out the boundaries of some turf banks, respecting which there was a dispute between two tenants. The son of one of these, named Ryan, is charged as the murderer. The Grand Jury awarded the full sum claimed, 500*l*, and directed that it should be levied off the district in which the murder was committed.

The widow of Harold, who was last July murdered at Castle Connors, county of Limerick, has served notice of a claim for 1,000*l* as compensation under the Peace Preservation Act.

Ireland unhappily is becoming fearfully unsettled during the past few weeks. Murder, perpetrated with a Corsican ferocity, and unless something is done to check the waning morality of the lower classes, the country will earn for itself a very unenviable reputation, not so had, perhaps, as that of England, yet bad enough to horrify and to disgust.—*Catholic Times*.

The debate on Lord Hartington's motion and the result are commented upon in the Press, but not so generally as might have been apprehended. The *Freeman* still objects to the appointment of a committee. It admits that the charge of Chief Justice Monahan is rather alarming, and is entitled to serious attention, but argues, that if there exist a secret confederacy as the Grand Jury declare their duty—and it must be assumed they have knowledge of the fact—then it is the duty of the Government to act and not to waste time in a Committee. This is very much in the tone of the Conservative Press. The *Irish* condemns the Opposition for assailing the remedial legislation of the last two years, but does not quite understand what necessity there is for any committee. It thinks the Government have acted wisely in not asking for a secret inquiry, and that as all admit that the state of Westmeath is a reproach to Ireland there can be no reasonable objection to a proper Committee to take evidence upon the subject. The "National" papers have a word of their own to say. The *Irishman* protests against the different courses pursued by the Government towards Ireland and England, contrasting the nature of the commission of inquiry into the Sheffield outrage—which sought out the causes, giving full immunity to the witnesses—with the committee which is now proposed. The *Nation*, *Irishman*, *Flag of Ireland*, and *Weekly News*, with a unanimity not always to be noticed in those patriotic journals, agree in recommending the one sovereign remedy for the state of things complained of—namely, that the notion of governing Ireland from London, and expecting that the people will ever be loyal and contented under British rule, should be given up, and Ireland left to manage her own affairs. Then, indeed, we may expect halcyon days in Ireland.

The Liberal journals in the provinces criticize the policy of the Government and of the Opposition in reference to the Committee of Inquiry into the state of Westmeath from different points of view. The *Northern Whig* thinks it may be presumed that the Government has no objection in view which does not appear on the surface, and that "We must wait to see how the inquiry will be conducted, and what conclusions the committee may come, and what measures the Government may propose on considering their conclusions, before forming any very decisive opinion as to the wisdom of the course in which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have resolutely persevered." The *Derry Journal* is ready to acknowledge that the most direct means of stamping out this lawless spirit would have been for the Government, on its own responsibility, to propose new and more stringent measures, and its protests against the tone of those Liberal journals which are censuring the Government for thinking of introducing more coercive legislation. It is convinced that recourse to these measures is as distasteful to Mr. Gladstone as to the journals which profess to be indignant. His halting measures, moreover, have taken away the excuse for agrarian outrage, and there is no palliation or excuse, it says, for the crimes of the men engaged in this secret confederacy; they are outside the pale of civilized society, and "no person who has the welfare and the peace of the country at heart should refuse to strengthen the hands of the Government by arming them with new powers for the detection of miscreants whose outrages up to the present have been committed with an impunity which has largely encouraged them to fresh excesses." The *Cork Examiner* is of opinion that the Government has made a false move; that those who blacken the character of the country will rub their hands and rejoice greatly over the commission of crime, but that the committee will not elicit the truth and reach the diseased spot in the social state of Ireland.

The disestablished Church of Ireland is still in perplexity and trouble with respect to its financial arrangements. The question of commutation is an-