

two holy women, and having artlessly, and amidst many tears, unveiled the troubled state of her heart, asked them if she was still worthy of being a Christian.

Petronilla and Flavia Domitilla, these two virgins so pure both, and yet so different—the one still bright with the bloom of youth, the other with the snow-white locks of venerable old age—looked at each other with a sweet smile.

'Child,' said Petronilla, in a tone of gentle authority; 'do you place Olinthus before God, in your thoughts, or God before Olinthus?'

'I do not know,' faltered the young girl; 'the faith of God is dear to me, but at the same time, Olinthus' image is always in my heart.'

'And if you were given the alternative to renounce your faith in order to follow Olinthus, or to give him up for God, what would you do, my daughter?' Petronilla asked, with still more authority.

'Even if the sacrifice should kill me, O mother, I feel that nothing would ever make me renounce Jesus Christ!'

'Child, your love is permitted, for it is pure and innocent. Let peace descend into your young heart. With us, marriage is holy, and we had already thought of it for our Cecilia.'

'Can it be true, Petronilla? What, Olinthus?'

'Olinthus loves you, and Eutychia wants you to be her daughter. We shall arrange this matter.'

'But what will my father say? How can I hope that he will consent?'

'Do you think,' said Flavia Domitilla, 'that if I undertake to gain his consent, Cecilia will resist long?'

'Child,' said Petronilla, 'see how gentle and easy to bear is the yoke of the God we have taught you to serve! He has His virgins, loved flowers, born of His breath, but near these, in His love, there is a place for the young spouse, for whom He reserves the same glorious palms, if she walks in the innocence and purity of His faith. Rise, my daughter, and hope in His infinite goodness!'

Cecilia was radiant. Her tears had ceased to flow, and her heart opened itself with delight to the promised happiness which she could now enjoy without remorse. There could be no great obstacle to her marriage. Why should Cecilia refuse his consent? He had accepted Gurgis; Olinthus was certainly preferable to the vesperillo. Olinthus had an important grade in the Roman army. He was a 'primipilaris,' and had recently distinguished himself in the war against the Dacians.

He had saved a legion from an ambush where it would have been cut to pieces. Severely wounded in this encounter, he had not been able to continue the campaign with Domitian, and had obtained a furlough. He had just returned to Rome when he met Cecilia at his mother's bedside. He could not see this beautiful girl, so gentle, and so devoted to Eutychia, without being drawn to her by the most tender affection. This feeling had taken a deeper root in his heart when he had seen Cecilia receiving instruction from Petronilla and embracing his faith with so much ardor.

Cecilia having become a Christian, could be his companion for life, and Olinthus blessed God for the treasures of grace, virtue and candor with which He had endowed the gentle maiden. He had confided to Petronilla his projects and his hopes, and implored her to undertake their realization.

Petronilla, assisted by Flavia Domitilla, was preparing to smooth down the obstacles which might be in the way of these young people.—Flavia intended to give Cecilia a dowry that would secure them the modest comforts of a happy home. She proposed also to overcome the possible repugnance of Cecilius, by the offer of a sum of money that would make him independent of his collectorship. There was little doubt of his acquiescing on those conditions.

The two holy women considered the happiness of these children as secured.

In the early times of the Church, marriage was only preceded by the ceremony of the espousals. This was done in a very simple manner; the future consorts having obtained the authorization of the Bishop, exchanged a solemn promise in presence of some holy and venerable persons.

Petronilla received the mutual promise of the two lovers. Taking Cecilia's hand, she placed it in Olinthus', and told them:

'You are betrothed: love you each other in Jesus Christ, and wait patiently, in retreat and silence, the day when He will be pleased to bless your union.'

According to the custom of those days, Olinthus placed on Cecilia's finger a ring, the pledge of his promise, upon which was engraved a symbolic sign—a dove, image of the purity of her who was to be his companion.

The marriage was to take place after a brief delay. Flavia Domitilla must first obtain the consent of Cecilius. It was necessary, besides, that Cecilia should prepare to be baptized, for the pontiff could not bless her marriage until she would have become, through this first sacrament, the child of the true God.

The news of the contemplated marriage caused a general rejoicing among the poor Jews to whom Cecilia was so dear. It was like a family festival promised to those hearts which thrilled with the same joys—like a light from Heaven, piercing the dark cloud that hung over their heads.

But these dreams of happiness were soon to vanish, Gurgis, the unfortunate vesperillo, discovered, in the manner we have related, that the young girl was a Jewess and preferred a Jew to him.

Cecilius learned that his daughter was a Christian.

Marcus Regulus, concealed in Estrapeles' shop, overheard the barber's conversation with Gurgis.

And, finally, Cecilia, instead of marrying Olinthus, was sold in a slave market.

How did all this happen?

Was Olinthus, whom we have seen boiling with rage at the foot of the platform on which

stood his weeping betrothed, doomed to lose her on earth, to find her only in eternity?

Or would God, in His justice, give him back the innocent maiden who had invoked his name, and for whose deliverance two sublime virgins implored Him: Petronilla, the daughter of Peter, prince of the apostles, and Flavia Domitilla, the angel of virtue and love, who laid at His feet the worldly treasures of human greatness and wealth?

(To be Continued.)

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.

(FROM TIMES SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

No. 2

TIPPERARY, July 26.

I have left Dublin for this place, having thought it advisable, for several reasons, to visit Tipperary in the first instance. It is unnecessary for me to record at any length my impressions of the metropolis of Ireland. Many of your readers are, of course, familiar with its pretensions squares, its fine public buildings, its wide streets, and its extensive suburbs, and few, perhaps, would care to know much about its poorer and less prosperous quarters. Like all the great cities of these kingdoms, Dublin has participated in the rapid progress of this generation in material opulence. Compared with what they were 20 years ago its thoroughfares are brilliant and gay, the shops and quays are busy and thronged; there is a marked improvement in the street architecture, in the large warehouses, and in the public vehicles. Yet Dublin retains essentially unchanged its peculiar and rather singular characteristics. It has not the splendour of a real capital; it wants the look of energetic and thrifty industry that belongs to most of our great centres of commerce. Its public edifices, monuments for the most part of the extravagance and taste of the Irish Parliament, contrast painfully with the decaying aspect of many of the masses of dwellings around. Its big squares, and the broad approaches to them, are laid out in stateliness and pomp, but they seem slatternly in their magnificence, and the mansions, with a great deal of display, are often deficient in genuine comfort. The tide of life runs thinly and weakly through spaces enlivened by few equivoques; the streets seem usually too large for the traffic; at night the gas lights hardly subdue the darkness; by day there is comparatively little of the roar and din of flourishing trade. In some particulars the features of Dublin are remarkable, and not a little significant. Although a place of very great antiquity, the existing town is comparatively modern; few of the buildings are of an earlier date than the first years of the 18th century; and while Dublin abounds in memorials of the Protestant colony that became ascendant after the Revolution of 1688, and of Protestant domination in many forms, it is not rich in associations that run up to a more remote era of Irish history. In few cities is the contrast between the rich and the poor more offensively marked—regions of equalled leisure, and foul, noisome streets, that look all the more miserable because the rickety and dilapidated houses are for the most part of recent origin, are the habitations of the mass of the poor; notwithstanding many excellent charitable institutions, the sanitary arrangements of the place are bad; until lately the water supply was disgraceful; and the Liffey, a filthy and huge sewer, charged with the seeds of fever and pestilence, is the outlet of an execrable system of drainage. All now is orderly and quiet, but the frequent couples of military police, and the material columns of scarlet and steel, fringed at the edges by a following mob, that meet contumaciously a spectator's gaze, remind you that Fenianism has been threatening, and that you are no longer in one of the cities of England.

You leave Dublin for Tipperary by that excellent line the Great Southern and Western. The route, except at a few intervals, where all is level to the horizon, follows for the most part a broad tract between ranges of opposite hills, that here swelling into high eminences, and there sinking into mere uplands, at various distances shut in the landscape. This tract, ascending about midway to the height of the great watershed of Leinster, and thence falling by a gentle decline, presents a vast diversity of feature, but until the end of the journey is approached it is not very picturesque or interesting. The scenery of the valley of the Liffey is pleasing and rich, but rather tame; it is laid out in well-squared fields and enclosures, thickly studded with country seats and farms; but the husbandry is not remarkably good, the oats seem short and the turnips storky, and the meadows are crowded with huge haystacks—one of the chief blots of agriculture in Ireland—which are left out to tan and decay until autumn. After leaving Kildare the train runs along the edge of the central plain of Leinster and across the heads of several of the streams that ultimately reach the sea at Waterford; and beside Maryborough it skirts the range of the swelling Slieve Donard hills, which for centuries gave the Celtic Celts a broad line of defence against the English invader. This district is generally of little interest; the soil is for the most part poor; bogs and marshes, their waters not carried off by the sluggish and slowly descending streams, stretch out drearily in many places; the fields are often ill drained and cultivated; good country houses and homesteads are rare; the Irish mud cabin is too frequently seen; the few towns are ill-built villages of low gray houses with bad slate roofs, ending in rows of miserable thatched dwellings. As Munster and the heads of the Suir are neared a favourable change passes over the scene; bold and lofty hills trend down to plains, in places gay with magnificent verdure; the face of the country, often dotted with fine plantations and extensive parks, wears a more bright and luxuriant aspect; and the crops in the deep and fertile till seem to defy the drought and to love the summer. After traversing miles of country of this kind the jutting peaks of the Gallies are seen rising against the sky; and having passed the Limerick Junction, you reach the little county town of Tipperary, not far from a stream to which Celtic fancy has given the name of the 'well of the plains.'

Tipperary differs in few respects from the small county towns of the south of Ireland. The place lies within the shadow of a range—covered in long breadths by plantation of fir—high over which and divided from it by the beautiful valley of Aberlough, the scene of many a fierce conflict between the chiefs of Ormond and Desmond, rise the crests of the Gallies. The streets, irregular, but tolerably wide and clean, are composed of square houses of stone and slate, for the most part built in the last century, and perhaps then the resort of the local gentry; and these terminate in an Irish town of equalled and low-thatched mud cabins, the habitations of the poorest population. High above towers the commanding steeples of the Roman Catholic Church, lately erected by voluntary subscription, its doors open to reverent crowds, who kneel as they pass the Cross hard by. It seems to look down on the attenuated spire of the English church—the name given to the edifices of the Establishment by the peasantry of Munster—as it stands enclosed within its walled graveyard. The shops of Tipperary seem not bad; their fronts are brighter with paint and gilding than is usually the case in Ireland, and the town, though not in the least interesting, wears a look, on the whole, of thriving industry. There are several Banks and some public buildings, none of these, however, requiring notice except the school founded by Erasmus Smith, an English adventurer, who received large grants of forfeited land from Ormond, and who endowed schools in several parts of Ireland, for the education of the children of his fellow settlers, and for the advancement of that Protestant faith which Ireland, as a nation, will not accept. Tipperary has lost the feeble manufacturer it had in the days of Arthur Young, and its trade is for the most

part confined to the sale of corn and butter for export, and to retail commodities for the adjoining districts. This business, however, is not inconsiderable and several hundred thousand pounds are exchanged annually in the article of butter. The population of Tipperary, like that of the inland towns of Ireland, has diminished greatly of late years; it was 7,001 in 1851; 5,900 by the last Census; and is now certainly considerably less.

The country around Tipperary, however, is the immediate subject of my inquiry. This district is near the centre of a tract, the celebrated Golden Vale of Munster, that extends like a broad wedge westward, between ranges of opposite hills, from beyond Oshel far into Limerick. This tract is, for the most part, an undulating plain of resplendent verdure, in places rising into knolls and eminences; and nature has blessed it with a fertility almost unrivalled in the British Islands. 'I think,' wrote Arthur Young 90 years ago 'it is the richest soil I ever saw, and such as is applicable to every purpose you can wish; it will fat the largest bullock, and at the same time do equally well for sheep, for tillage, for turnips, for wheat, for beans, and in a word, for every crop and circumstance of profitable husbandry.' In the days of that intelligent observer the whole region was a vast expanse, in which the neglect and indolence of man seemed to mar and deface the gifts of nature; nor was there any exception in the neighbourhood of the town of Tipperary. Arthur Young remarked, 'In no part of Ireland have I seen more careless management than in these rich islands. The face of the country is that of desolation; the grounds are overrun with thistles, ragwort, &c. to excess; the fences are mounds of earth full of gaps; there is no wood, and the general countenance is such that you must examine into the soil before you will believe that a country which has so beggarly an appearance can be so rich and fertile.' At that time, in truth, comparatively little had been effected in the way of improvement. In some places country seats had been built, where rude Barry Lydons and fighting Fitz Gerald led a life of coarse extravagance and vice and kept down the subject Irishry around; and here and there only a gentleman of a better class had introduced the germs of a progressive husbandry. Parks and gardens occasionally met the eye; some large farms had been well enclosed; and attempts had been successfully made to cross the native breeds of swine and of cattle. But these signs of culture and taste were rare, and, speaking generally, the character of the landscape was uncouth wildness in the midst of fertility. Vast herds of shaggy and long-horned kine roamed over broad spaces that never knew the plough; and at wide intervals the rude dwellings of the pretty squaireen and large grazier arose. Along the edges of the roads, for the most part wretched lanes of mud cabins, were the habitations of the cottier peasantry, who, already beginning to be forced from the soil, eked out a miserable existence on the potato. Arthur Young notices, with contemptuous scorn, the barbarous husbandry of this race, squatted in increasing crowds on their stony allotments, and their half savage and degraded aspect.

Since that period a great change has passed over this fertile district. I have visited the country around Tipperary on a circle of several miles in extent; and though much yet remains to be done, the scene is generally one of wealth and prosperity. A few fine seats and mansions may be seen which, in their ornamental grounds their cultivated fields, their graceful plantations and their luxuriant gardens rival those of a similar class in England. The whole country has been enclosed long ago, and though, partly owing to the value of the pastures, wood does not abound, nor are the lands laid out regularly or well fenced, the view on all sides is rich and magnificent. A small breadth comparatively of the soil is in tillage; but the crops are, with rare exceptions, fine, the oats with full ears and long straw, the turnips thick in strong green lines, the potatoes well closed over their ridges, and the appliances of husbandry are usually good. Some excellent farmsteads, well built and well slated houses and offices, may be seen; those on the beautiful estate of Lord Derby especially, as well as his admirable labourer's cottages seemed to me worthy of particular notice. The real wealth of this district, however, consists in its noble grass lands, unequalled, perhaps, save in the vicinity, and in some parts of Meath and Westmeath. The meadows the other day seemed hidden in the high uncut meadows; their swards were an enormous sward; every hayfield was decked with its numerous oaks. Far and wide broad and fat pastures extend, browsed over by sleek and large kine; and here the intelligence of man has done much to second the lavish bounty of nature, for the breeds are usually of a very fine description. As regards the general appearance of the peasantry, I saw in the country very few traces of poverty; the men and women seemed generally well fed, not ill clad, and of decent appearance; and even the small farmers had a good class of horses. But it is not to be supposed that the external aspect of the scene is in all respects favourable. The farmhouses vary exceedingly in quality, a large proportion being very inferior dwellings; and mud cabins, that eyestone of the Irish landscape, are still not infrequent in many places. The big fields, too, are ill enclosed and fenced, and the wide dykes and banks that usually divide them not only waste a great breadth of ground, but show that thorough drainage is much wanting. This, indeed, is evidently the chief deficiency in the farming throughout this whole district. Lord Derby's estate is well drained, and so are those of some other proprietors; but the thick masses of rushes and coarse grass that in many places spread over the fields prove that, even now, in the drought of summer, the subsoil is charged with injurious moisture. This is especially the case with the valley of the river which flows beside the town of Tipperary, and which in winter, I hear, is often a wide flooded lake; and, speaking generally, a large expenditure of capital and industry would be still required to develop fully the resources of this tract, considered merely as a vast pasturage.

In my next letter I shall give an account of the social economy of this neighbourhood and of the phenomena it presents.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Dublin, Sept. 2.—Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral letter, forbidding parents to send their children to the national model schools on pain of deprivation of the sacraments.

Dublin, Sept. 6.—Cardinal Cullen has ordered prayers of thanksgiving to be offered up in the Catholic churches for the termination of religious ascendency in Ireland.

North, South, East, West, judges have had to congratulate assize districts on the absence of crime.—In Mayo there were but thirteen cases, at Monaghan four, at Longford three, and at Limerick the judge had white gloves presented to him. In no part of Ireland was there what might be considered a heavy calendar.

We (Nation) greatly regret to say that the speeches delivered at the Orange meetings held in the North afford no encouragement to those who hoped to see a spirit of national union and conciliation manifesting itself in the conduct of the Orangemen. This is really disheartening. Irishmen had been led to hope for something better from those men than the fierce and malignant spirit exhibited on those occasions.

MAXWORTH COLLEGE.—We understand that no changes either in the professors or in the number of students will be made before 1871.

The Limerick, Clarr, and Tipperary Farmers' Club has selected Mr. Isaac Butt as candidate for Tipperary, in the room of Mr. Moore, deceased.

There was not one prisoner brought before the Drogheda magistrates on Monday morning last, al-

though a very large amnesty meeting was held in the town on the previous day.

From a return just made in the peace office it appears that there are in the county Kerry 116 persons holding the commission of the peace, of whom 85 are Protestants, and 31 Catholics.—Herald.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—The Bishops, after a second sitting, have issued a feeble circular, wherein they display their outer consciousness that in them resides no spiritual authority. In the language of the Church organ the 'Dublin Evening Mail,' they have fairly 'abdicated the leadership of the Church.'

At the banquet of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland given at Tralee on Thursday night, the Lord Lieutenant gave some very wholesome advice. He said that politics were excluded on such an occasion, but he could not help alluding to one subject—the Land Question. He hoped that the subject would be approached everywhere with a desire to secure fairness, impartiality, and justice.—Those who wanted a satisfactory settlement of this difficulty should confine themselves to the practicable. He was confident that the question would be settled in a way which would afford satisfaction to all. We hope the noble lord's prediction will turn out to be true; if all parties will take a common-sense view of the matter it will be so.

Dublin, Sept. 8.—A meeting of those favorable to the amnesty to the Fenian prisoners was held at Limerick yesterday. Over 25,000 people were present. A series of appropriate resolutions were adopted, among which was one asserting that the farmers of Ireland will not accept any tenant-right bill until the political prisoners are liberated.

Sir John Gray, editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, makes an appeal to Mr. Johnson, of Belfast, as leader of the Orangemen, to cooperate in the movement for the settlement of the land question.

Very conflicting accounts are given of the potato crop. In some districts the plants are green and vigorous; in others it would appear that a blight has fallen upon the leaves, the effects of which may extend to the tubers. We have heard many reports of extensive losses in this crop, originating, perhaps, from beetle seed, or from the frost which prevailed during the month of May. The disease has rarely been found as yet, but on the whole, we are justified in stating that this crop will not be equal to that of last year.—Irish Times.

THE ULSTER RIOTS.—Before the royal commission to inquire into the cause of the riots at Londonderry on the night of Prince Arthur's visit, Captain Stafford on Monday stated his belief that apprentice boys' processions were dangerous in the present state of the city. Procession on either side were likely to lead to riot and loss of life. A Roman Catholic witness deposed that he hardly knew a Catholic in Derry capable of handling arms who was without them. The Protestant party are now ignoring the commission altogether. No rebutting evidence is being given, and there is no cross-examination. The inquiry, consequently, will not be so protracted as had been anticipated.

HARVEST OPERATIONS.—The glorious week of harvest weather, just past, has enabled many farmers to commence reaping sooner than expected. A good deal of wheat and some oats have been cut in several parts of this country. The ripening character of the weather is bringing the cereals so rapidly to maturity that harvest may be expected to be pretty general by the end of next week. The scythes rickles, and reaping machine are all busy at work in this locality. The sample of new oats already brought to market is favourably reported as being firm and plump. Should the present fine weather continue, of which there is every prospect, the corn harvest will very soon be secured in this district.—Down Recorder.

VALUE OF LAND IN THE COUNTY WEXFORD.—The sale of about fifty-two acres of a farm held in fee, situate at Tullinacree, barony of Bary, was held on last Saturday, 7th inst., in the Court-house pursuant to an order from the Landed Estates Court. The farm, which is all under green grass, has a good dwelling-house and offices, and was valued by Mr. Griffith at £39. Since that valuation was made upwards of £500 have been spent on the farm in permanent improvements. The bidding on Saturday rose to £1,500, at which the whole lot was knocked down to Mr. John Bania, subject to the approval of the Court.—Wexford People.

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE OF CHILDREN.—Quite a panic has been created amongst parents of the working classes in and around the city by the mysterious disappearance of a number of children mostly of tender years, during the past fortnight. So numerous are the cases stated to have occurred that an extensive system of kidnapping seems the only possible explanation. Placards posted throughout the city state that two little girls of twelve and five years respectively, have been missing from M-yfield for the past week. No less than five children have disappeared from Blackpool within the last two days; two are reported as missing from the neighbourhood of Lady's Well, two from Fair Lane, and two others from Evergreen. In the majority of instances the children were sent on errands by their parents and never returned. The police had their attention directed to the matter, but as yet no explanation of the circumstances has, in any case, been arrived at.—[Oork Examiner.

The month of July, this year has passed away, but the Orange beauties of Tullyhog have not as yet forgotten their wild and ferocious tricks. On Thursday night last they visited the town with their fires and drums, used party expressions, fired shots and played party tunes, and used their best efforts to excite animosity and strife. On several other occasions during the present month they committed several outrages, all of which have been passed unnoticed and unheeded, so that they have good hopes that their freaks will be pardoned and their actions overlooked. It is to be doubted that no proceedings will this time be taken to put an end to such conduct as so many grave offences have already been committed which were only considered as innocent and harmless amusements; but, innocent as the amusements may be, and harmless as they are considered, yet their cause disturbance, excite animosity and strife. It is hoped that the authorities will soon learn their duties, and put an end to such drumming and party processions in this industrious and thriving town.

Writing on the 23rd ult., the Dublin correspondent of the London Times says:—A meeting to express public opinion in favor of a release of the Fenian prisoners was held yesterday at Drogheda. From 8,000 to 10,000 persons attended, the greater part of whom were from Dublin. Special trains ran during the day. A procession was formed, and the sympathizers marched through the leading streets with flags flying and bands playing. The flags were chiefly of the national hue, but one of them was orange and blue, in compliment to the Ulster Protestants, whose aid the promoters of the meeting hope to obtain. The Rev. J. O. Mackey, P. P., was the principal speaker. Resolutions were passed, strongly advocating the release of the prisoners.

On the 4th instant two workmen were instantaneously killed and three sickened by sulphuretted hydrogen in a sewer in Dublin, which leads from the gasworks and chemical works. Dr. Mapother deposed at the inquest that the gas was emitted from the lime refuse of the gasworks, which found its way into the sewer, while Professors Sullivan and Cameron were of opinion that some acid from the chemical works must have been added for the evolution of enough of sulphuretted hydrogen to produce fatal effects. The verdict condemned the Corporation for not having carried out the recommendation of their medical officer—namely, that the gas company be compelled to abandon the lime process. The only analogous case which is on record is that in which four workmen, and the surgeon who heroically tried to save them, perished in a sewer in K-nillworth Street, Pimlico, in 1849. Drs. Ure and Anderson

swore in that case that the sulphuretted hydrogen and cyanogen were emitted from lime refuse, cast over the sewer, and through which rain-water had percolated.—British Medical Journal.

THE ONE TRINE NEWSPAPER.—The London newspapers very properly devote a large share of their attention to purely metropolitan topics, and the leading articles written on these topics are usually characterized by an accuracy of knowledge and a freedom from prejudice which could not be expected from the writers when dealing with Irish questions. In the Pall Mall Gazette, of last Friday, appeared a well reasoned, and indeed, a powerful article, which, though written without any reference to Ireland, suggests matter worthy of the best reflection of Irish readers. The article is headed 'The one thing needful for London:—'The proposition it maintains is that what London needs is not this or that reform only, but the self-government which will enable it to secure all reforms.' This is pretty much the conclusion to which intelligent Irishmen of all parties and denominations are coming we might almost say have come, with respect to their own country, and on pretty much the same ground as those which the Pall Mall Gazette alleges in favour of the self-government of London:—'The greatest city in the world,' says the writer, 'is governed by corrupt and incapable vestries, supplemented in some respects by the anomalous institution known as the Board of Works, and in others by the spasmodic intervention of the Home Secretary, or the House of Commons.'

The Board of Works is the best of the three agencies we have mentioned, but then it is the most limited in its scope. The vestries, as might be expected, are the worst, and unfortunately they have most to do. The government of London by parliament means two things. First—That the legislators do not represent the community for which they have to legislate; and secondly, that they have already more business on their hands than they know how to make away with. Why should a body composed of non-Londoners be constantly referred to upon a variety of matters which can at most concern it for a small part of each year? Why should we insist upon leaving the municipal arrangements of 3,000,000 of people to a body which can only be spared from the concerns of the whole empire? In London the consequences of misgovernment are patent enough, but they are on a small scale compared with those which Ireland suffers. Burglaries and highway robberies are, no doubt, matters of unpleasant frequency in London streets, and the lives and characters of respectable citizens seem to be latterly at the mercy of the batons and oaths of the police. The swelling tide of pauperism at the East End, the forced emigration of skilled workmen, the cruelties practised in workhouse hospitals, the extortion of gas and water companies, and the disorders and indecencies practised in the London parks, are all, in their several degrees, good reasons for establishing a Metropolitan Parliament for municipal affairs; but they are not, as yet, evils of sufficient magnitude and violence to alarm a Londoner for the future of his city, or indicate a decline in its main sources of prosperity. Notwithstanding all its local ailments, London still grows and grows apace. On the other hand, the population of every Irish provincial town is declining, and the flower of our peasantry are carrying their cheerful industry, their intelligence, and their capital to lands where Clonnes evictions and Party encroachments are unknown. Crime is not rampant in Ireland as it is in England, but one particular variety of it crops up from time to time out of the unsettled relations between landlord and tenant. We have no reason to complain of the conduct of our police. But an alien government cannot keep the peace without the aid of its Corydons and Messer; the Pall Mall Gazette speaks of the proposed London Municipality in the following hopeful terms:—'The Town Council of the so-called community would be nothing short of a little parliament. It would do I with affairs of sufficient magnitude to interest the ablest and to absorb the most industrious. No man need then disdain to offer himself for election, and the mere conflict of candidates would go a good way to educate the municipal voters into a sense of their electoral duties. Something of this sort has been seen in the case of the Board of Works, and if the undertakings now superintended by that body were absorbed in a large organization, the same process would go on with increased vigour. The offices at the disposal of such a legislature, would be equally worthy of the best men London can produce. The Mayor of the reconstituted city would have something else to occupy him than the invention of city-presents and the disposing of city hospitality. He would be elected ruler of a considerable kingdom, and have more opportunities of signalling his reign than fall to the share of many princes.' All this, with the exception of a single word, we would take to apply to Ireland. The exception is the adjective 'little.' A parliament which successfully governed a nation of five and a-half millions to day, ten millions after one generation of good government, could hardly be called little even in comparison with the English House of Lords and Commons.—Irish Times.

"NO PAY NO PRAYER."

'Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble beast,
A Lie—that it must bear?'

At the Bishop of Tuam's annual Visitation on Tuesday last, the archdeacon of the diocese, the venerable John Oather, applied to his lordship for advice and instruction as to the reading of the State prayers in the regular service of the Church. He had been requested by many of his congregation to ascertain whether it is still imperative on the clergy to use those prayers without alteration. The bishop replied that no change or departure from the order hitherto observed is allowable without the special direction of those who have authority, or of those who may be hereafter invested with authority to govern the Church. The Dean of Tuam said that there are two forms of prayer for the Lord Lieutenant, either of them may be used at the option of the officiating minister, he had discontinued the first. That form is certainly more objectionable than the other. A very general dissent has been manifested by the laity everywhere during the recital of the solemn mockery which acknowledged the Lord Lieutenant as a special protector of the 'true religion established amongst us,' all the while that he was absent from his proper post in order that he might assist by his voice in the House of Lords the downfall of that religion. To require our clergy to read it now would be to impose an intolerable burden upon them, which their congregations will no longer permit. The indignant murmurs which rise to the lips of all true Churchmen at the sound of those obnoxious words contrast strikingly with the strain of adulation pervading an address offered to his Excellency on Wednesday last by certain dominies of the Scottish Nation in Ireland.—Evening Mail.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—The Times rather admires the Tipperary men for their sturdy opposition to the extermination process, and with some pride announces that this is to be attributed to a large infusion of the foreign element in Tipperary. 'Observers,' it says, 'remark that the men of the county are cast in a larger mould than their countrymen of Connacht and of the farther South, and the energy which gives expression to its feelings of discontent has been attributed to the presence of a foreign element.' As usual when writing on Ireland, the Times falls into a blunder which any of its Irish readers could correct. Physically, morally, and intellectually, the people of that country are a noble race. 'Tall is his form, his heart is warm,' wrote Davis of the Tipperary man, 'the description applies with equal truth to the men of the surrounding counties.' The Tipperaryman is a fine specimen of the Irish race; but the closest observer could discern not a shade of difference between him and his neighbours of Kilkenny and