ing, Flewing, flowing on.

So, stand we that fountained statue, God's great masterpiece of art.
And the lapse of time is flowing on through each oblivious heart;
Seconds, minutes, meeting, fleeting into days, and months, and years,
Swell the rapids of the ages till at last Time disappears

disappears With its flood of hopes and fears, Through life's dimly lighted vailey, thro' the afley of our tears, Tinkling, plashing, rippling, sleeping, Bounding, sparkling, dancing, leaping, Foaming, billowing, tumbling, sweeping, Gliding, gliding on.

PARNELL'S REPLY TO GLADSTONE.

The Best Speech he ever Made.

A great land meeting was held on Sun day in Wexford, one of the greatest the county has ever witnessed. Mr. Parnell and six other members were present; every hamlet in the county had some representa tives among the thousands who gathered round the platform; the clergy were there at the head of their people, and the greatest enthusiasm and order prevailed.

MR PARNELL'S SPEECH. Mr. Parnell, who was loudly said: People of the county of Wesford,

—I am proud to say that your country
has not forgotten her traditions, but that you are prepared to-day, as you always were, to return a fitting answer to threats, intimidation, aye, and, if it should become necessary, to those means which were used in 1798 (cheers), by an unscrupulous Government—means which failed then, and which, please God, will fail again if they are tried again (cries of "Bravo" and cheers). You have had an opportunity recently, many of you, no doubt, of recently, many of you, no doubt, of studying the utterances of a very great man, a very great orator—a person who up to recently desired to impress the orld with a great opinion as to his philanthropy and hatred of oppression, who stands to-day the greatest coercionist, the greatest and

THE MOST UNRIVALLED SLANDERER OF THE IRISH NATION

that ever undertook that task (cheers).
I refer to William Ewart Gladstone— (groans)—and his unscrupulous and dis-honest speech of the day before yesterday. Not content with maligning you, he maligns your bishops, he maligns John Dillon (cheers for Dillon). He endeavors to misrepresent the Young Ireland party of 1848. No misrepresentation is too patent, too low, or too mean for him to steep to (groans). And it is a good sign that this masquerading knight-errant, this pretended champion of the liberties of every other nation except those of the firsh nation, should be obliged to throw off the mask to-day, and to stand revealed as the man who by his own utterances is prepared to carry fire and sword into your homesteads unless you humbly abase yourselves before him and before the landlords y. Oh, no. He has a good word for or two people [laughter]. He said estimable man and a true patriot.

GLADSTONE, HAVING STOLEN THE IDEA

PROM ISAAC BUTT,
passed last session, William Ewart Gladstone and his ex-Government officials were following Sir Stafford Northcote and Benjamin Disraeli into the other lobby. Benjamin Disraeli into the other lobby. No man is good in Ireland until he is dead and unable to do anything more for his country (laughter). In the opinion of an English statesman no man is good in Ireland until he is dead and buried and unable to strike a blow for Ireland (hear, hear); perhaps the day may come when I may get a good word from English statesmen as being a moderate man-after I am men as being a moderate man—after 1 am dead and buried (laughter and applause). "Mr. Butt," says Mr. Gladstone, "in 1866, speaking of a measure which would give effectual security of tenure to the Irish tenants, said such a measure will obliter." ate the traces of the ascendency of class," and so forth. Perhaps Mr. Butt was a little too sanguine, like most authors of Land Bills, of what his Land Bill would effect (laughter). But I don't wish to inquire too closely into that subject. There was another man of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke in favourable terms, but while doing so he also maligned and misrepresented his action. I refer to my friend John Dillon (cheers). wish to anticipate the speech that John Dillon will make in reply to Mr. Glad-stone on Tuesday night in the offices of the League in Dublin (cheers), but I merely wish to point out in passing that, while William Ewart Gladstone calls Mr. Dillon to-day "one of the most single-minded, devotedly attached to country, and of perfect, unswerving integrity,"
twelve months ago he put up his mouthpiece in the House of Commons to declare
that John Dillon was a man wicked and cowardly and then Mr. Gladstone a little down accuses us of preaching doctrine of public plunder (la of proclaiming a new and enlarged gospel of plunder, and further down of the promulgation of the gospel of sheer plunder (laughter)

-That is his doctrine. Mr. Parnell-I would be obliged to my friend in the crowd if he will leave me to make the speech and not be anticipating me (laughter). When people talk of public plunder they should first ask themselves and recall to mind who were the first public plunderers in Ireland (hear, hear). The land of Ireland has been confiscated three times over-(hear, hear,)-by the men whose descendants Mr. Gladstone is supporting in the enjoyment of the fruits of their plunder by his bayonets and his buckshot (applause). And when we are out plunder, we are entitled ask, Who were the first and the biggest

ngure states square of a city, dreamily, a with the water dimity flowing through its eyes and lips and hands, and the throng that pass and ponder, that weird masterpiece sublime.

And the throng that pass and ponder, that weird masterpiece sublime.

Antitle think it is the picture of the solemn lapse of Time;

Of the thoughtless lapse of Time, with its melancholy music and its sad, heartbroken rhyme.

Oozing, trickling, bubbling, gleaming Walling, murmuring ling, murmuring ling, murmuring ling. and the Liberal party will be able to make out of it will be to find that there are some persons very much better entitled to call him a little robber than he is entitled to call me a big one (applause). I was forgetting a very important fact. He has a good word for another Irishman, too, he has a good word for Mr. Shaw (groans). He has discovered THERE ARE ONLY FOUR OR FIVE HONEST

in the country, and one of those is Mr. Shaw (groans). He accuses me of not having repudiated what he calls the dynamite policy. Well, I am not aware that Mr. Shaw has repudiated the dynamite policy either. But I will tell you what Mr. Shaw did—and you must bear in Shaw did-and you must bear in mind that, in addition to speaking well of him as an honest Irishman, Mr. Gladston also offered him a situation as one of the land commissioners. Mr. Shaw did not repudiate the dynamite policy any more than I did; but I will tell you what he said, eighteen months ago. He said that his blood boiled whenever he saw a process-server (laughter), and that he never saw one without feeling inclined to take the lynch-pin out of his cart (renewed laughter). Well, now, gentlemen, if I

stone would have me in Kllmainham before three days were over. You would not be in three days before we would have you out (ap-

were to say that to you to-day Mr. Glad-

Mr. Parnell: That speech of Mr. Shaw's was a clearer incitement to an act of vio-lence than anything ever said by any of the men that are in any of the gaols throughout the country. It is not even throughout the country. It is not even an honest and straightforward way of working. According to Mr. Shaw, you are to take the lynch-pin out of the process-server's cart, so that, after he has driven a mile or so on the road, the wheel may come off, and he may be upset in the ditch and break his neck (laughter). had not the courage to meet the process server openly, as many of the men and women of Ireland had done. Oh, no! He would go to work in this underhand way, and take the lynch-pin out of his

I CHALLENGE ANYBODY to find, in all my speeches on the land question, any single incitement to any act of viclence whatever (hear, hear), much less an incitement to such a mean, underless an increment to such a mean, underhand, ignominious act as that which Mr. Gladstone, practically speaking, lauds when he holds up Mr. Shaw for the admiration of the Irish and the English people (hear, hear). Then, again, people (hear, hear). Then, again, Mr. Gladstone says that I am afraid, now that the Land Act has been passed, lest the people of England, by their long-sustained efforts, should win the hearts of sustained efforts, should win the hearts of floud

A voice: Oh, boys, honey laughter].
Mr. Parnell: Long sustained efforts in of the country [cheers]. But I had forgotten. I said that he had maligned every ants who have been evicted since the and the other gaals of the country ?--was it in issuing a police circular of a more we in Ireland were following Isaac Butt infamous character than any which has into the lobbies, endeavoring to obtain the very act which William Ewart —was it in sending out hundreds of —was it in sending out hundreds of thousands of rounds of ball cartridge and buckshot cartridges to his Bashi-Bazouks [groans]?—was it in sharpening the bayonets of the latest issue of the Royal Irish Constabulary [Groans]? And if it was not for all those sustained efforts
-efforts which Mr. Gladstone has taken up nobly and well from his predecessors title of misgoverning Ireland-I should like to know what are the efforts that William Gladstone talks of when he speaks of the sustained efforts of which he is making for the benefit of the people of Ireland. He charges us with having refused to vote for the second reading of his bill; he charges us with having use every effort to disparage, to discredit, and if we could, to destroy his Land Bill, and points to our refusal to compromise our position by voting on the second reading as his proof, and then he goes on to say "on every subsequent occasion the same policy was pursued." On the two sub-sequent occasions when the bill was really

danger. I AND THE IRISH PARTY RESCUED GLAD-

and his Cabinet by our thirty-six votes from destruction and defeat [hear, hear]; and then, in the close of his speech, he admits our whole position and conten-In one last despairing wail he says: tion. "And the Government is expected to preserve peace with no moral force behind it." The Government has no moral force behind it in Ireland; the whole Irish people are against them [cheers] They have to depend for their suppor upon a self-interested and a very small minority of the people of this country, and therefore, they have no moral force behind them; and Mr. Gladstone in those few short words admits that English Par liament has failed in Ireland [hear, hear] He admits the contention that Grattan and the volunteers of 1782 fought for; he admits the contention that the men of '98 died for [cheers]; he admits the contention that O'Connell argued for, he admits the contention that the men of 1848 staked their all for; he admits the contention that the men of 1865—[cheers]—after a long period of depression and apparent death of national life in Ireland, cheerfully faced the dungeon and the horrors of penal servitude for; and he admits the contention that to-day you in your over-powering multitudes have established, and, please God, will bring to a successful and a final issue, namely, that land's mission in Ireland has has a failure, and that Irishn en have estab-lished their right to govern Ireland by laws made by themselves for themselves on Irish soil (cheers). And he wound up with a threat—this man who has no moral force behind him—he wound up

on the aspirations and the rights of the Irish nation with no moral force behind him. These are very brave words that he uses, but it strikes me that they have a ring about them like the whistle of a ring about them like the whistle of a schoolboy on his way through a churchyard at night to keep up his courage (laughter and applause). He would have you to believe that he is not afraid of you, because he has disarmed you—because he has attempted to disorganize you—because he knows that the Irish nation is to-day but he does not hold this kind of language with the Boers (cheers) for the Boers.

A voice: We will be Boers, too [laugh-

Mr. Parnell: What did he do at the commencement of this session? He said some-thing of this kind withre gard to the Boers. He said that he was going to put them down, and as soon as he had discovered than his own soldiers, he allowed those few men to put him and his Government down, and, although he has attempted to regain some of his lost position in the ransvaal by subsequent chicanery and diplomatic negotiations, yet that sturdy and small people in the distant Transvaal have seen through William Ewart Gladstone, and they have told him againfor the second time that they will not have their liberties filched from them, and I believe that they will not have their that as a result we shall see that William Ewart Gladstone will again yield to the people of the Transvaal (hear, hear), and I trust that as the result of this great movement we shall see that just as Gladstone, by the Act of 1881, has eaten all his old words, has departed from all his formerly declared principles, now we shall see that these brave words of this English Prime Minister will be scattered as chaff before the united and advancing determination of the Irish people to regain for them-selves their lost land and their lost legislative independence [loud and continued

GREAT INDIGNATION MEETING IN DUBLIN.

Speeches of Messrs. Dillon and T. D. Sullivan.

On Friday night a meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held in the Round Room of the Rotundo to denounce the conduct of the Government. The Round Room was densely crowded. The gallery was filled with ladies, amongst whom was Miss Anna Parnell. Fully thirty thousand remained in the streets, for whom there was not the dightest hope of admission, and they occupied themselves by singing "God save Ireland," and cheering incessantly. The chair was taken by Mr. Charles Dawson, M. P., Lord Mayor-elect. Amongst those present were Messrs. John Dillon, M. B. L. C. Bisser, M. B. L. L. Discord M. B. L. L. Dis J. G. Biggar, M. P., J. J. O'Kelly M. P., G. M. Byrne, M. P., H. J. Gill, M. F., T. D. Sullivan, M. P., R. H. Metge, F., T. D. Sullivan, M. P., R. H. Heige, M. P., E. D. Gray, M. P., P. J. Sheridan, Tubbercurry (ex-suspect).

MR. DILLON'S SPEECH. Mr. John Dillon, M. P., said: The Irish people, in the course of their history, have been obliged to submit, though not always in silence, to many bitter outrages, but I believe that no outrage has been committed on the Irish race which will be felt whereever the Irish dwell more in the nature of a bitter personal injury than the insuit that has been offered to 1st of January last?—in putting 200 Mr. Parnell. Because, as far as I am brave and noble men into Kilmainham acquainted with Irish history, no man who ever lived has in so time, so endeared himself to the Irish race in every corner of the globe as Charles Stewart Parnell. What is the chief reason why he so endeared himself? It is the reason why he lies in Kilmainham Gaol to-night-because he would neither bow nor bend before the ministers of Eng-land because he scorned with that cold and biting scorn of which he is a master, the howls of the English press, and th threats and the wheedlings of England's Charles Stewart Parnell lies ministers. in Kilmainham Gaol charged with the offences specified in the two warrants which you have read in the newspapers of Dublin, but if you wish to know the true reason why he lies in Kilmainham Gaol, go not to the warrants, but to the speech at Lecds in which

THE MAN WHO RULES OVER ENGLAND TO-

and over Ireland at least with a rule as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia, de-clared to an English audience the reasons and motives which influenced his mind leaeder of the Irish people As sure as the sun will rise to-morrow morning, as sure as season succeeds season, the Irish race would have been decimated by starvation two years ago if it Charles Stewart Parnell. When we adopted a suppliant attitude—when we appealed to the voice of reason alone, as we did at the commencement, was the heart of of Bright or any of the other hypocrites of England? No. They called us beggars. They told us this time two years that people should pay their rent. Glad-te had nothing to offer. Although he had acknowledged then, when the acknowledgment was wrung from him, that the people were in suffering—that, to use own words, 5000 Irish families were threatened to sentence of death by starvation—he had no remedy. He threw it upon us to provide the remedy, and we did provide theremedy. We sayed the 5000 Irish families whom he and his affection ate Cabinet had left to destruction. Th thanks which we received from the Eng lish Liberals was a Coercion Act and th Land Act. Well, we know what the Coerthe Land Act meaans. I will sayin reference to the Land Act: Have you ever heard of an act beneficent and demanded by the people which had been forced on their eptance (cheers)? Have you ever heard of a beneficent act to allow the people to enjoy the benefits of which the leader, the most popular man who ever was in Ireland, must must be locked up in prison? Have you ever heard of a country where it was necessary to maintain a military force of 50,000 armed men in order to enable the people to avail of the benefits of the Land Act (cheers)? No; the character of that act to my mind, is plunderers (applause)? I say that this doctrine of public plunder is a question of degree, and that W. E. Gladstone, who has shown himself more capable of eating his own words, better able to recede from lise own words, better able to recede from line at the cartering man who has had been written in the fact that, immediately before it comes in operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written, in my mind, in the fact that the week behavior and it is in our power."

Written in the fact that, immediately before it comes in operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written, in my mind, in the fact that the week behavior and it is in our power. In moral force behind him—he wound up fore it comes in operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written, in my mind, in the fact that the week behavior and it is in our power. In moral force behind him—he wound up fore it comes in operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written, in my mind, in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation that plunder has been (hisses)—the character of that act is written, in my mind, in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation that plunder has been (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into operation, Mr. Forster (hisses)—the character of that act is written in the fact that, immediately below to come into o

(laughter). Now Mr. Parnell has been arrested, and the first insule which is in their power to inflict has been inflicted on the Irish people (cheers). They in-flicted upon us a bitter insult when they arrested Michael Davitt (cheers). I have heard it stated that the arrest of Michael Davitt did not facilitate the collection of rent in Ireland (loud cheers). I presum that the arrest of Charles Stewart though made with that good intention will not have the effect of facilitating the collection of rent in Ireland (laughter, and

loud cries of "no rent"). I must say that I shall be greatly disappointed in the character of our people—of the people of Ireland-if the arrest of the man spared himself neither by night nor by day in their service for four years of in sant toil (cheers), if his arrest and insult make them pay rent now (cries of "no rent"). I will only say, in conclusion, that I believe from my heart that bitter as this moment is, that as this humiliation is, to be obliged to do nothing but talk here his evening-impotent talk which cannot shake Gladstone from his seat—I believe in my heart that the hour in which Gladstone closes with the Land League of Ireland covers his Government with disgrace and ooms it to an early death (cheers). I will say, I appeal to you all to-night, as a practical step in that crusade-the first practical step in that crusade against the supporters of the Liberal and Coercion Government of England-that you will make a pledge here to-night to hurl from the representation of this city the two men who represent it (loud cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which continued for some minutes). we avenge Mr. Parnell? Let us commence a crusade which will destroy Liberalism in Ireland and punish Gladstone for the insult and the wound, the bitter humiliation which he has inflicted on the Irish race by hastening the day when we shall see them precipitated from place and from power (loud and long-continued

cheering) MR. SULLIVAN'S SPEECH. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., who was received with loud cheers, said: The honour has been done to me of asking me honour has been done to me of asking me to propose the second resolution to this great a-sembly. Now, citizens of Dublin, I have read recently in an English paper an account of a great cheer that paper an account of a great cheer that was given recently in the Guildhall in London (groans). That cheer was raised when Mr. Gladstone announced the arrest of Mr. Parnell (groans). It was a cheer of rejoicing that arose in the hearts of the English assembly, and that cheer of rejoicing we answer here to-night with a shout of defiance (loud cheers). And per-fectly sure am I that that cheer of theirs was not more vigorous, was not more hearty, and was not more resounding—no, nor half so much, as the shouts that have risen here to-night within the historic walls of the Round Room of the Rotunda cheers). I think we may well match your lungs, my friends, against theirs (laughter and cheers). Aye, we may well match your arms, too (cheers)—I mean the away that match your arms, too (cheers)—I mean the arms that nature gave you, for these are the only arms that have been left to you by the English Government (laughter, hisses and cheers). Last night, a few hours after we had learned of the arrest of Mr. Parnell, the executive of the Land League met hurriedly in their room to express the feeling of indignation that was in their hearts, and that they knew was in the hearts of the Irish people from end to end of this country, at the base act of tyranny (cheers), and there came amongst us that night from a sick bed one member of the executive to raise his voice—an eloquent and an able one— (LOUD CRIES OF "SEXTON" AND CHEERS

to give expression to the feeling of his heart upon the subject, in language most brilliant and forcible, reminding us of the palmiest days of Irish eloquence (cheers). He spoke there last night the feelings of an Irishman, in language worthy of the lips of Thomas Francis Meagher (cheers). the said nothing illegal, he said nothing unbecoming a man, an Irishman, and an Irish patriot; but what is his reward for it this evening? He is now in Kilmainham Gaol along with with Mr. Parnell (groans). Gaol along with with Mr. Farner (groans), That is the penalty Mr. Sexton is paying for daring to argue with the Prime Ministers of England (hisses). Mr. Par-nell answered to the Leeds speech—the Leeds harangue, the incendiary utterance of Mr. Gladstone—as Wexford, and the press of the three countries and the voice of the people here and elsewhere has pro-nounced that Mr. Parnell answered him effectively and ably (cheers). He over-threw the arguement of the Prime Minis-ter. He tore to tatters his flimsy pre-ter. He showed him to be unreliable, spiteful, mean and dishonest (cheers). And, as I have said, to argue with a master of forty legions is a danger-ous proceeding and even Mr. Gladstone was worsted in the arguement, and his fine sentences were shown to be false and hollow (cheers). He took his revenge on Mr. Parnell by ordering his detective to arrest him in his hotel, and by having his police and his soldiery to line the streets nd to stand at arms in their barracks with bullets and buckshot in their guns (groans) to shut up any demonstration of anger or resentment on the part of the people against this atrocious act of tyranny (groans). Mr. Gladstone says that Mr. Parnell has been inciting to public plunde It is strange that the very same charge has been made against Mr. Gladstone himself (near, hear, and laughter), and made by very eminent men both in England and

LORD SALISBURY CHARGES HIM with being an apostle of plunder, Sir Stafford Northcote says the same thing, and there is not a landlord in Ireland that would not send Mr. Gladstone himself to Kilmainham if he could (hear, and laughter). Now, when Mr. Gladstone remembers these things I think it would become him to be a little more careful how he lays hi mailed hand upon the leaders of the Irish people, who are guilty of no crime but that which has been alleged by a crowd of witnesses against himself (applause). charges Mr. Parnell with Mr. Parnell with inciting to What is the Land Act which has

duces this half-hearted Act of Parlian he tells us that his conscience and the conscience of the English nation is now clear to strike at us, and to strike us hard (hisses).

My friends, England's conscience is not clear in her dealings with this country (hear, hear). Her conscience is loaded with guilt; her hands are crusted with the blood of the Irish race (applause). But, as o'connell said years ago,

it has pleased England to forgive herself all the harm she ever did us" (laughter). Yes, England may forgive herself, and Mr. Gladstone may pronounce an act of absol-ution for her, but the Irish peeple are no parties to it. We will not forgive her until justice is done to us, and justic not been done to us yet (hear, hear). Now, my friends, what we are engaged in here is the old struggle of our race against British domination—the old struggle of our race against English laws, unjust pressive and tyrannical (applause) struggle we will continue. Let not Mr. Gladstone lay the flattering unction to his soul that this Land Bill of his could possibly produce peace and contentment in this country, deprived as the people are of the first rights of free men—the right to gov-ern themselves (hear, hear). We will not accept as a settlement of the Irish ques-tion this Land Act, or any other haiting and half-hearted measure. We must have and half-hearted measure. We must have the full measure of our rights, and I am rejoiced to-day to see—and often I have felt in my heart in the House of Commons that there and here the Irish race are still a trouble to England. Whether we are winning or not-and I believe we are winning in this struggle-but whether we are or not, we are alive and kicking (laughter), and I hope I shall never see the day when there will be contentment in Ireland when the hateful Act of Union remains unrepealed. When he brought in his Coercion Act he said he was only going to imprison village tyrants and vil lage ruffians. It is very strange, indeed, that when he arrests those so-called tyrants the people mourn, and that when those men whom he calls tyrants are released the people rejoice—they light ben-fires upon their hills, and illuminate the windows of their houses (hear, hear). Is it likely that those men are tyrantslikely that they are oppressors of the people? No: these are the men dear to the hearts of the Irish people, and with good reason, because the Irish people know the men who care for them, and they give back love and esteem in return for it (cheers). I will not further trespass upon

your time, but I will say-speaking, I

am sure, your sentiments and the sentispite of those arrests, and the coercive measures with which we are threatened our motto, and the motto of the Irish people, is that of "No surrender" (loud ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY-RAGALLAH'S DAUGHTER. Christianity was just beginning to shed its benign influence over the Island, at the time the sceptre of Connaught was swayed by Ragallah, a pagan of the ancient line of Kings. His only child, an interesting female infant, owing to the prediction of a Druid, had been deserted in a wood, and there left to perish—as by the augury it was predicted that she should one o

one of those balmy evenings that follow a close sultry day in July, when the excessive heat of the sun has given place to that freshness of even, all nature gladdens beneath the cooling influence o the descending dews, an individual majestic mien was seen to wonder alone along the banks of a little mountain stream that wound its peaceful way through the "Kingdom of Connaught." His aspect was noble, and his bearing proud and martial; he appeared about the middle age, though the snows of so many winters had taken but little, if any, from his manly beauty and the splendid He appeared to symmetry of his form. be admiring the beauties of the surround ing scenery, when the tones of a female voice fell upon his ear; they were exquisitely soft and thrilling, and added to verything around—the time, the placeit seemed like fairy music floating o'er some exchanted stream. He pushed for ward in hopes of gaining a sight of the fair minstrel, but ere he had advanced many paces, his further progress was stopped by a deep precipice; the top of it was quite green, and a solitary ash, which overhung the depth, spread its branches around. The stranger grasped a bough, and looking over the brink, behell the object of his pursuit. She was standing beside a little creek formed by the stream winding round the base of the rock, and filling its crystal waters in a wooden ve She was attired in the plainest dress of th She was attired in the plainest dress of the peasantry, but her beauty was beyond anything he had before witnessed; the poorness of her garb only heightened her leveliness. The stranger gazed with admiration for some moments on the fair being below, and then rapidly descending the dangerous steep, in an instant stood beside her.

After some introductory conversation, he prevailed on her to seat herself beside him on a moss-covered fragment on a rock, and there they remained till the shades of twilight warned them to separate. As he rose to depart he pressed her hand gently, and whispered in her ear, "dearest Eileen, you will not fail—at dusk to-morrow even:" as she bowed assent, he departed.

To a modern "young lady" the con duct of Eileen does not seem altogether "prudent," as she would say, but she must remember that the time in which Eileen lived was the era of chivalry and poetry.

To be brief, she met the stranger at the

time appointed, and each succeeding evening brought them to the same spot. Eileen's heart was young and susceptible. and the stranger spoke in the language of poetry; it was the witchery that chained her to his side:

stranger. She loved him, yet knew not why: he was much her senior in

years, and of a grave deportment; was young and lively, bounding over the antelope; but "human love is not to

Time rolled on, the stranger had for some time endeavored to persuade her elope with him—to be the wife of her stranger had for the str om-the loved of his soul. tated a long time, but was at length over come by his solicitations and sinking ohis bosom, she faintly whispered her a sent. Throwing himself on his knees be-fore her he cried:

"Dearest Eileen, receive the thanks of thy King, for it is Ragallah that thu lowly bends to the fairest being of crea tion. Nay, start not, my beloved, (for Eileen, with an involuntary awe, it being in the presence of royalty, had started back a few paces.) the dearest pleasure of is life shall be to make you happy; h

Ragallah arose, and taking one of he hands in his, led her from the spot. She cast a long and lingering look on the scenes of her childhood, and burst into

At this moment an aged hermit ap eared. He carried a long staff, and his few silvery hairs were floating in the even ing breeze: he boldly advanced King, and "little reverence made.

Ragallah thought to pass him, but the 'Hold, impious man! heap not crime apon crime. In the name of Him whon thou despisest, I command thee to have nought to say to that young woman, and he laid his hand on the dress of the

Back, old dotard, back," said Ragallah, "darest thou presume thus to insult me? Once more I say back! and loose thy hold on the maiden's dress."

"Never-oh, King, never!" said man in a determined tone. the Lord gives me strength I shall hold.'

"Then dearly shall thou rue thy temer-y. This to thy heart, villain," and the next instant the monarch's sword wa dyed with his blood. 'Tis but another murder added to thy list, "said the old man as he fell; "bur again I warn thee as thou would'st escape the vengeance of the Most High, have

nothing to say to that woman-she is thy daughter! Gladly would I here finish, but history obliges me to follow up this story. Ragallah, in the fearless enjoyment of his power, ordered his wretched daughter to be dragged from her virtuous seclasion to his palace. But the vengeance of Heaven soon overtook him; he was killed in a quarrel with some peasants while hunting stag. - T. A. G., in Dublin Penny Jour

DUBLIN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Under the title of "Dublin sixty years ago," the Penny Journal, of that city, published in 1833 the article which we transcribe below. What a different picture from the Dublin of to-day. Then, Irish landlords, such as they were, were not, at all events, the despised flunkies of the English metropolis. They were a resident body, and although many scenes are recorded of those days which would not be tolerated in the present time, still, the sweat-earned rents of the tenants were not-except in some cases-used to support the gambling "hells" of London and the cities of the continent. A Parliament in College green, and that alone, will again bring about the "good times" spoken of below:

"Dublin was at that day the most jovial and the most joyous city in the king's dominions. There was nobody in it sick, sore or sorry. Trade was good, taxes were light, and provisions chean A gentleman could import for his own use the best claret the cellars of Bordeaux could supply, and drink it at his own table at the rate in price of six pence a bottle. The inn-keeper who paid a duty, could afford to sell it at from two shillings to two and six-pence a bottle, and excellent port at eighteen shillings or a guinea a dozen. During eight months in the year, Dublin was filled with a resinobility and gentry, liberal and hos ritable, and expensive in their habits; and scenes were then and there acted, in which individuals of the first class in society were the performers, that might challenger parison with the most whimsical freaks of the Second Chroles or his favorite, Rochester, or even rival the adventures of Prince Henry and the fat knight of Gadshil. Absentees of large property were few. They did not then, as now, crowd the streets of Florence, Rome and Naples. Paris was the principal resort and the Ultimu Thule of their foreign travels. How limited in distance were their excur now infitted in distance were their excursions may be inferred from the wonder excited in Dublin by a voyage made to Jerusalem by the late Mr. Thomas Whaley, the brother of the Countess of Clare. Mr. Whaley boasted his intention to visit that city, but his friends although aware of the eccentricity of his character, were incre-dulous. An aeronaut now taking flight to the moon would not be considered more frantic or extravagant. One of Mr. Whaley's friends proposed a bet of five hundred pounds that he would not complete this extraordinary and, in his opinion, langerous and impracticable journey Whaley accepted the bet, Jerusalem, won the bet, £500, and with it a title.

----Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady—has been dangerously ill, but now she is dangerously well again." American belles when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept killing, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the feminine weaknesses, and restore bloom of health. By all druggists.

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" asked a doctor of a patient who was very ill. "Well, you see, doctor, I couldn't make up my mind to take such a desperate step

Let it go where it will cannot flourish alone. But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing.

It can twine with itself, and make closely its own."

O. Bortle, of Nanchester, Ontario Co., N. Y. writes:—"I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Ot.. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for own."

"T'was thus that Eileen clung to the tranger. She loved him, yet knew bed, which I had not been able to do previous to using the Oil,"