

Time.

In the great square of a city, dreamily, a figure stands... With the watch dimly flowing through his eyes and lips and hands...

PARNELLS REPLY TO GLADSTONE.

The Best Speech he ever Made.

A great land meeting was held on Sunday in Wexford, one of the greatest the county has ever witnessed.

MR. PARNELL'S SPEECH. Mr. Parnell, who was loudly cheered, said: People of the county of Wexford, I am proud to say that your country has not forgotten her traditions...

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principles and declarations which he has laid down with just as much fervor as he made that speech the other evening...

in the country, and one of those is Mr. Shaw (groans). He accuses me of not having repudiated what he calls the dynamic policy. Well, I am not aware that Mr. Shaw has repudiated the dynamic policy either...

A voice: You would not be in three days before we would have you out (applause). Mr. Parnell: That speech of Mr. Shaw's was a clearer incitement to an act of violence than anything ever said by any of the men that are in any of the gaols throughout the country...

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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 schoolboy on his way through a church-yard at night to keep up his courage (laughter and applause)...

A voice: We will be Boers, too (laughter). Mr. Parnell: What did he do at the commencement of this session? He said something of this kind with regard to the Boers. He said that he was going to put them down, and as soon as he had discovered that they were able to shoot straighter 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 Transvaal by subsequent dexterity and diplomatic negotiations, yet that sturdy and small people in the distant Transvaal have seen through William Ewart Gladstone, and they have told him again for the second time that they will not have their liberties trampled on...

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 Rotunda to denounce the conduct of the Government. The Round Room was densely crowded. The gallery was filled with ladies, amongst whom was Miss Anna...

MR. DILLON'S SPEECH. Mr. John Dillon, M. P., said: The Irish people, in the course of their history, have sustained the most heroic and noble men who ever lived here, in so short a 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 Kilmalshing...

THE MAN WHO RULES OVER ENGLAND TODAY. and over Ireland at least with a rule as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia, declared to an English audience the reasons and motives which influenced his mind to arrest the leader of the Irish people...

THE IRISH PARTY RESCUED GLADSTONE. 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 contention. In one last despairing will he says: "And the Government is expected to preserve peace with no moral force behind it..."

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Governor of Ireland called upon the commander of the forces in England to inform him that the military forces, being only 50,000 MEN IN IRELAND, WAS INSUFFICIENT.

(laughter). Now Mr. Parnell has been arrested, and the first instance in which in their power to inflict has been inflicted on the Irish people (cheers). They inflicted upon 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 (laughter and cries of "no rent")...

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 to propose the second resolution to this great assembly. Now, citizens of Dublin, I have read recently in an English 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)...

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years, and of a grave department; she was young and lively, bounding over the beach-bell and the violet as the graceful antelope; but "human love is not the growth of human will."

"Time rolled on, the stranger had for some time endeavored to persuade her to elope with him—to be the wife of his bosom—the loved of his soul. She hesitated a long time, but was at length overcome by his solicitations and sinking on his bosom, she faintly whispered her assent. Throwing himself on his knees before her he cried: "Dearest Eileen, receive the thanks of the King, for it is Ragallah that thus lowly bends to the fairest being of creation. Nay, start not, my beloved, (Eileen, with an involuntary awe, it being in the presence of royalty, had started back a few paces), the dearest pleasure of his life shall be to make you happy; but I will not be in your way."

Ragallah arose, and taking one of her hands in his, led her from the spot. She cast a long and lingering look on the scenes of her childhood, and burst into tears. At this moment an aged hermit appeared. He carried a long staff, and his long silver hairs were floating in the evening breeze; he boldly advanced to the King, and "little reverence made."

Ragallah thought to pass him, but the old man raising his voice exclaimed: "Hold, impious man! heap not crime upon crime. In the name of Him whom thou despisest, I command thee to have enough to eat, to that young woman, and he laid his hand on the dress of the girl. "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 the old man in a determined tone. "While the Lord gives me strength I shall hold." "Then deadly shall thou rue thy temerity. To this thy heart, villain," and the next instant the monarch's sword was vied with his blood. "Tis but another murder added to thy list," said the old man as he fell; "but again I warn thee as thou wouldst 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 seclusion to his palace. But the vengeance of Heaven soon overtook him, and he was killed in a quarrel with some peasants while hunting a stag.—T. A. G., in Dublin Penny Journal.

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. Trades were gone, taxes were light, and provisions cheap. A gentleman could import for his own use the best claret the cellars of Bordeaux could supply, and drink it at his own table the rate in price of six pence a bottle. The inn-keeper who paid a duty could afford to sell it at from three shillings to two and six pence a bottle, and excellent port at sixteen shillings or a guinea a dozen. During eight months in the year, Dublin was filled with a resident nobility and gentry, liberal and hospitable, 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 challenge comparison with the most whimsical freaks of the Second Charles or his favorite, Rochester, or even rival the adventures of Prince Henry and the fat knight of Gadshill. 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 Ultima Thule of their foreign travels. How limited 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 incredulous. 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, dangerous and impracticable journey. Mr. Whaley accepted the bet, went and returned from Jerusalem, won the bet, £500, and with it a title."