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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE ARREST OF PARNELL INDIGNATION MASS MEETING.

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The Irish Citizens of Montreal Protest Against the Arbitrary As long as of our rightful debt Policy of the British Government-Condemnatory Resolutions-The Cause of Ireland Eloquently Pleaded-An Enthusiastic Meeting.

The indignation mass meeting of the Irish citizens of Montreal, called by the Montreal Branch of the Irish National Land League, to protest against the action of the British Government in arresting Charles Stewart Parnell and other leaders of the Irish people, was held in the Albert Hall on the 21st inst. The Hall was crowded and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Mr. C. J. Doherty, Bresident of the Montreal Branch of the Land League ocpied the chair, and on the platform were a large number of gentlemen, among whom we noticed Messers M C Mullarky, J J Curran, Q C, J C Fleming, F A Quinn, H Bellew, J P Whelan, J D Purcell, H J Kavanagh, P J Coyle, P Carroll and others.

The Chairman, Mr. DOMENTY, in opening the proceedings said, that in rising to address the vast audience present, he did not consider it within his province to detain them by any expression of his own personal feelings and opinion on the grave events which were now transpiring in Ireland. The Montreal branch of the Irish National Land League had called them together to express what they thought and felt upon the action of the British Government, which was attempting to terrorize the Irish nation. (Loud applause.) He would, consequently, give but a brief statement of the facts and circumstances which occasioned the calling of this mass meeting of Irish citizens, and at which they would have to pronounce upon the last phase of what is denominated as constitutional government in Ireland. They all had watched, and the civilized world at large kept a scrutinizing eye on the work of the | tainly the numbers in which you have assem-Land League, the conduct of the leaders of the Irish people, the motives which have animated them, and the means by which they wish to attain the end of the Land League. Their motives no one could impugn and the means which they adopted were those which no man, calling himself a lover of justice and liberty, could condemn. No call was made, no resort had to means which were not withthey fought and labored in this struggle to was when the so-called Liberal Government attain for their fellow-countrymen the liberty to live at home. (Loud applause.) They had seen Parnell, Dillon, and all the other suspects, (ringing cheers for the Irish leaders) who that night had no other but a prison, they had seen home them laboring for the cause at all times and everywhere; on the floor of the House of Commons they guarded and demanded the rights of the Irish people ; in Ireland they headed the national movement, and through the civilized world they pleaded its justice and necessity. And now he would ask if the English Government could be justified for their arbitrary and tyrannical action in arresting and sending to prison the chosen representatives of the Ilish nation and the respected leaders of the Ilish people both at home and abroad. No, it could show no justification for an act which was as oppressive as it was unjust. (Applause.) Last year Parnell was tried as a or the people to the soul. This year no was imprisoned by the same Government because would not accept of their Land Bill, which was considered inadequate and totally anable to protect the rights of the people, much less to regain them for the people. (Applause.) Mr. Parnell, was, however, brave enough, energetic and determined enough, to still stand by the people and their rights, and they may rest assurred that no imprisonment or any other English luxury would be able to alter his principles of his patriotic conduct. (Loud cheers.) When the Liberal Government came into power, great things were to be expected from it : all would be blessings. amelioration and contentment for the subjects of the Empire; radical reforms for the benefit of the people would be inaugurated and carried through. The Irish people especially were to be governed according to Irish ideas, and nothing was to be refused to them. But what became of the golden promises of the Liberals? The world was ashamed to acknowledge it,-they introduced a Coercion Bill (hisses) and that was the first experience of a liberal Government. Under that Act they sent to prison Parnell, Dillon and other champions of the cause, whom they branded as village ruffians, but whom the people selected as their leaders, and of whom tbey were all proud to be the followers. (Great applause.) Then the English Government brought in their land measure, and by the way of governing Ireland, according to Irish ideas, they rejected every proposition and amendment put forth by every Irish member. Yes, Mr. Gladstone, who promised so much, refused to listen to the voice of the people, (Hisses for Gladstone.) The speaker asked them not to hiss the name of that great English statesman. He would leave Mr. Gladstone to the condemnation of history and posterity, and there could be no doubt but that the man who was once known | troops armed to the teeth and exulting in the by the glorious title of the people's William | prospect of deluging Irish soil with Irish would go down stigmatized to the world as "Coercion Bill." (Great Applause) It was asked why Parnell did not join hands with Gladstone. Well, because no man should co-operate with another who is not honest; and who will say that the English Premier was honest .- his whole conduct showed an utter lack of honest adherence to truly liberal principles. When the Land Bill had become law it was expected that nothing should fall from the lips of the Irish people, but ejaculations of praise and admiration. But the nation assembled in solemn convention, read and weighed the bill-it was found wanting and the nation looked upon it with suspicion. Mr. Parnell rightly insisted that the bill should be tested before being accepted as a final settlement. He made arrangements to have some four hundred cases brought into court, where the bill would have to stand or their brilliant energies to the great fall on its merits. And now what did Mr. Gladstone do? He accused Parnell of not wanting to give the bill a trial, which was decidedly false. The Land League was not in the least afraid to give the bill a trial, but Gladstone was, to have it fairly tested. (Loud applause.) Parnell had "shut him up," and Gladstone shuts him up in prison. They were asked to put on record their condemnation of this arbitrary and tyrannical act of the English Government. It was the duty of every Irishman to continue the agitation so long as the Government did not

The Land Bill would not suffice; this movement would be followed by an agitation for Home Rule. (Tremendous cheering.) And the Land League shall continue to exist notil the Irish people have acquired their full rights. In the language of the poet he would say : As long as Erin hears the clin Of base ignoble chains,

As long as one detested link Of foreign rule remains,

The smallest fraction's due,

So long, my friends, there's something yes For Irishmen to do."

(Prolonged cheers.) And he would add, so long as Providence would give them life, health and energy, they were going to do it. (Applause.) The policy of passive resistance must succeed. England could not afford to have Ireland by her side always in a state of forment and ready to prove a thorn in her side. He would conclude by calling upon all to join the Land League. When the hour of triumph would come they would be all proud to stand up and share in the joy of a nation's deliverance; and who would not then wish to he able to say, "Well, in the hour of struggle and darkness I labored and followed under the banner of the League" (loud cheering). They were all loyal and true to the constitution, because they wanted the constitution extended to the whole of the British Empire. Let Ireland enjoy the rights Canada enjoys, and all would be satisfied. (Loud ap-plause.) It any man feared his loyalty be doubted by reason of his would joining heartily with them to-night, he would bid him remember what Junius wrote one hundred years ago, that " the subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures." That was as true to-day as it had been when it was written, and that is in substance what they wished as loyal citizens of a free country to say to-night, that they had never advised, never approved of, and would not

submit to " arbitrary measures." Mr. Doherty resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged cheers.

Mr. Joux D. PCRCELL spoke as follows :--

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :- It has been remarked as an essentially Irish characteristic that it is only in times of trouble that we know who are our true friends, and cerbled here this evening clearly show that the dear old land, in this her hour of great tribulation, has many and sincere friends among the Irishmen of Montreal. When last the Montreal Branch of the Irish Land League called a mass meeting it was at a time when the cause, which we all have at heart, that great cause which for the last three years has been struggling against might and oppression, in the constitution and the law. Thus had | had sustained a grave and serious shock-it | a time there was when Gladstone was supnow in power in England, had evinced its appreciation of liberal principles and exhibited its peculiar ideas as to what justice to Ireland meant, by laying its iton hand on that zealous patriot, that ardent believer in Irish rights, that true soldier in Ireland's cause-Michael Davitt, the idol of his people. (Loud applause, and cheers for Davitt.) Tohight we are again assembled for the performance of a sacred duty, and the occasion is, if possible, more solemn than when last we met. For now, he, whom Land Leaguers the wide world over, are proud to hail as he whose dauntless courage chlef, and indomitable will have enabled the Land League to hitherto overcome all obstacler, he whose commanding intellect has enabled him to conduct, in a constitutional manner, an agitation such as Ireland, nay, such as the world has never before witnessed, he, C. S. Parnell, the recognized leader of the Irish people, has been cast into prison, into that criminal because he asked the Government to prison where so many noble and kindred the main object of the Land League viz. :

(Cheers.) Now, when it was a question of scientific frontiers, or of extending to benighted Zulus and savage Afghans, the transcendant advantage of British domination. England has ever found in the sword and bayonet a most effective means of civilization; but in this the last quarter of the 19th century, these are altogether out of place in Ireland and I sincerely trust they may long continue to be so. This contest from first to last has been a constitutional set-to between the English Government and the Land League, between Gladstone on the one hand and Parnell on the other. Every move made by Gladstone was met by a counter move from Parnell, the veteran leader called to his aid all the skill resulting from his long experience, but his cool and wary opponent met him every time and frequently put him in check. It was at length found that under the existing constitution the position taken by the Land League was invulnerable, then with that elasticity for which it is proverbial. the constitution was extended, the coercion act was passed, Ireland was flooded with soldiers as I have said, and every incitement, every aggravation and every temptation was heaped upon the Irish people for the purpose of forcing them into an insurrection, but the princinals of the Land League were too deeply instilled into the people, and all these were vain, and now Gladstone finds to day in the Land League the most formidable obstacle yet opposed to British mis-rule in Ireland, for owing to the skilled and moderate manner in which it has been conducted, owing to the excellence of its object and owing to the crving and manifold evils which it is meant to all, and hence it is receiving the support of that greatest of all powers in these modern times, the public opinion of the world. Such then being the case, Gladstone found himself position and he lost his temper, and as the worthy representative of an unworthy Government, and smarting under the knowledge and cowardly and dastardly expedient of casting due, with the object of crushing a movement which so long as Parnell was at its head pre-

ramedy, the agitation has commanded the admiration, the respect and the approbation of like the English army in Ireland, in a false shame of defeat he has at last resorted to the into prison the man whom he could not subsented an insurmountable obstacle to landlord influence in Ireland. This is Gladstone's last move, and like many other of his moves during this agitation, it has been a huge political blunder. For whatever doubts there may hitherto have been as to the merits of the Land bill can no longer exist, because by the imprisoning of Parnell, and by his expressed intention of crushing the Land League, Gladstone virtually admitted that his bill is unable to stand the test which Parnell and the Land League in Convention at Dublin assembled had decided to submit it to. Ah! gentlemen. posed to be sincere; a time there was when he was credited with sincerity of purpose and great ability, but that time is past; he is now seen in his true colors; he is no longer sincere, no longer honest, and he has shown himself to be no statesman. For it is the occasion which proves the man, and when the occasion presented itself to Gladstone he was tried, weighed in the balance and found wanting. But his reward awaits him, his time will soon come, for when the land agitation in England and Scotland reaches its culminating point, as it has done in Ireland, and that day is not far distant. Gladstone, so long the idol of his people; Gladstone, the veteran politician; Gladstone, the people's William, will be hurled by indignant Englishmen from that high position which he now holds, but which he has shown himself incapable and unworthy of filling. (Hisses for Gladstone.) What reason, excuse or pretext Gladstone can offer for the imprisonment of Parnell it is hard to conceive, for with pass a Lind Bill and to recognize the rights spirits are to-night paying the penalty of the establishment of a peasant proprietary, he has long since expressed himself in sympathy. right and justice to the sacred cause of Liberty and of For in a speech in Edinburgh he said " that if it be for the benefit of the community at It is the old, old story over again, the same | large, the Legislature is perfectly en-Parnell was in favour of a peasant proprietary that he has been imprisoned. What then is the reason? Iask. Has Parnell's course of object of which are such as to entitle it to been in the past? I think not. For as we openly, directly, emphatically, and constantly declared that Ireland would not be satisfied until such time as she has at least obtained the land of Ireland for the people of Ireland. Follow the Irish contingent through all the difficulties which surrounded them in the late session of Parliament-the introduction of the Cloture, the expulsion of the Irish members from the House, the passage of the Coercion Act, the passage of the Land Act of 1881, the disinterested action of the House of Lords in lopping off the few concessions which the Parnellites had after the most herculean efforts finally succeeded in wresting from an unwilling Government-concessions which, in their opinion, constituted the only redeeming points of the Bill.-follow Parnell during all the time, I say, and you will find that his conduct has ever been the same, that he has always been consistent. Why, as we all know, it is an admitted fact that the Coercion Act was passed for the express purpose of destroying or killing Parnell and the Land League, and, certainly, had there been anything in his words, actions or conduct which could, by any possible means, have been constraed into an infringement of that Act, he would long since have been enjoying the pleasures of British hospitality in Kilmainham jail. But the trap was too apparent Parnell's eyes were open; he was too wary and the attempt was ruin, for when to superior Irish shrewdness is added a little Ameria can calculation, the result, as exemplified in Mr. Parnell, is a combination against which all the traps ever devised by the Executive Commons and Lords of England are and ever will be ineffectual. (Tremendous cheering.) [Continued on Sixth Page.]

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS! By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IX. -CONTINUED. "There seems a good deal of it," remarks Dugdale. "Who brought these flowers, Parkins?"

"Captain Scarlet's man, Miss." " My kind regards to Captain Scarlett, Parkins, and I am sorry he is laid up, and so

pleased with his charming flowers."

"Yes, Miss." * 1977.4 "Little Tom Scarlett," seems most at-"Yes, Miss." tentive," says Dugdale, with a short smile. With all his determination to appear unconcerned, his voice betrays him. He has been fighting with melancholy all the evening and now it has gained the victory. Scarteit's flowers have proved " the last straw."

"What is it, Kenneth?" asks Gretchen quickly putting the white blossoms on a distant table. "You are wishing for something, are you not?" "Yes; that I might rise from this hateful couch, and put on my evening clothes, and go

with you to this ball, and dance with you all the night. That is all,"-with a bitter laugh. 'A small wish, is it not?"

" I too have a wish," says Gretchen, infinite compassion in her clear eyes and a brightness that may be tears. "I wish that instead of going to this ball to-night, I could stay at home with you and help to kill those dreary thoughts that at times distress you."

"Don't say that, if you don't mean it," says Dugdale, rather unsteadily. As he speaks he puts out his hand almost unconsciously and takes hers in a close warm clasp.

"I do mean it," replies she quietly-60 quietly that his agitation ceases, and his grasp on her hand grows lighter, though not less full of warmth.

"I sent for this for your birthday," he says presently drawing from beneath his head a case of purple morocco. Opening it, hedis closes to view a bracelet-a band of dead reg richly inlaid, and with the word "Gretchen formed in diamonds upon one side. All round the name a small band of "Margoldites" lies like a delicate framing.

"For me," says Gretchen, blushing huotly "Oh, how lovely! How exquisite! And my own name, too How did you manage that?"

"I ordered it for you some time ago. I am so glad you like it.

"It was too kind-far too kind. How shall I thank you !" murmurs she, the blush deepening by fine degrees upon her pretty cheeks.

" Very easily," replies he, smiling at her evident, almost childish delight. "Do you recol-I.c: how once, when you went to the Scarletts' p cnic, you told me you had thought of me amidst all your amusement? Think of me again, if only once, to-night, and I shall have more to be thankful for to-morrow than you have to-night."

"That is too simple a request," says Gretchen, softly, her eyes lowered. "Had I never seen this beautiful bracelet I should have thought of you all the same-not once, but many times, to-night."

Silence follows this speech. On Gretchen a sense of melancholy has fallen too, curving the corners of her lips. Crossing the room, her soft white skirts trailing behind her, she draws back the heavy velvet curtains of the window and looks out upon the night.

Diana, in the heavens, is holding high festival, with all her court around her, and now flings into the library a rich flood of moon. light that dyes with virgin silver all it touches, and, falling upon Gretchen, steeps her in its glory. The extreme beauty of the night enters into the girl's soul and chains her to the spot; it seems to mingle and harmonize with the vague sorrow that distresses her. The cold, yetsparkling brilliancy of the world without enchants her

Titania with all her tiny train, might be

promise you so much, if it will please you. 1 shall think only of the good that yet remains to me. I shall think of you---your friendship. Now leave me, while I am in my better mood."

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Raising her hand, he kisses it impulsively but, having done it, his brow contracts, and he colors faintly. Seeing, however, no anger and little surprise on Gretchen's face, he recovers himself.

"Go, Gretchen; go, darling," he whispers, in a low tone.

CHAPTER X.

"And your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith." --Much Ado About Nothing. 'I do betray myself with blushing." -Love's Labor Lost.

The tears so long delayed fall slowly one by one down Gretchen's cheeks as she mechanically mounts the stairs again to her mother's room. At the door, she pauses, and, brushing them away, resolutely throws up her head, as though determined to suppress all further signs of emotion. She has barely, however, restored herself to composure when Flora, who has seen her before and assisted at her toilet, coming along the corridor, calls to her to stop, that she may admire her afresh.

When she has said a word or two of mildest criticism, she peers curiously in her sister's face, and marks with fatal shrewdness the pinkness of her lids.

"Why, my darling pet," says Miss Flora, promptly, in the protecting tone she always employs towards Gretchen, "you have been crying! Now, who has dared to vex you on your birthday ?"

"No one; 1 am not vexed," returns Gret-chen, hurriedly.

" It is just like you to seek to shield the guilty; but you can't deceive me, and I shall make it the buisicess of my life to discover the offender. By the bye," says this terrible child, quickly." did I not see you enter the library some time ago?"

"Even if you did, I am not vexed," replies Gretchen, quietly, and, turning the handle of the door, escapes into her mother's room from further examaination.

Mrs. Tremaine is still struggling languidly with the few more last finishing-touches she considers necessary to the perfecting of her appearance.

"We shall be a little late, mamma, shall we not?' asks Gretchen, sitting where the light Iy. "I for one should not forgive you in a does not immediately fall on her.

"Oh, no, dear. We shall be there quite long enough-too long-even as it is. A lit- pretty looks just when she was going to a tle of the society of such people as the Pot-the most extraordinary people-1 should not dream of showing there at all. Where are my gloves? Positively, Tymon, grows duller and more dull daily." " Are these they ?"

"Yes dear. So clever of you to find them, and so like Tymon to put them where no one could possibly see them." (They are lying on the table exactly under her nose.) "Did I hear you go down stairs a few minutes since, Gretchen?"

"Yes, dear." "How quickly you dressed! You know I always said Oole was a treasure; so unlike Tymon : Tymon positively can't harry, and is never quite sure whether her head is on her shoulders or lying about somewhere. My dear child, that dress suits you deliciously. I have seldom seen you look so charming. And it isu't affectionate prejudice on my part; no really; it is the whole arrangement that is in such admirable form. My own choosing too.

So glad it is a success, dear. I was always famous for my unerring taste Has your father seen you? and Kenneth ?' "Not papa yet; but I went to the library to

-to show Kenneth your pretty present." "And he was pleased with it?"

"I think so; yes, I am sure of it. At least he said so." She hesitates over this speech, and blushes rather provokingly.

small circumstance gladdens his heart night, making the hours seem fewer and less gloomy. It even carries him successfully through part of the next morning, and might f have sustained him all day but for---Flora's visit

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Flora, having bided her time, comes to him before the others have made their lazy way down stairs, and by the severity of her appear ance-even before she speaks-reduces him to a state of prostration and makes him shiver in his shoes. She is quite collected-horribly collected-and there is an amount of determination in her eyes not to be overlooked. She is evidently in one of her most awful moods. Coming majestically into the library she closes the door gently but lightly behind her.

"Come to read to me, Flora?" asks poor Kenneth, with a view of staving of the evil hour and subduing the wrath of the goddess. "No, I have come to speak to you. I have

come to have it out with you," replies Miss Flora, in a tone few could rival. " My dear Flora, what have I done ?" he de-

mands Kenneth, beginning already (even before knowing his offense) to be deeply contrite.

"About last night,"-severely. "I should like to know what you said to my Gretchen to reduce her to tears. It must have been something abominably rude-downright ungentlemanly; because when she came out of this room she was crying. She must have been in floods of tears," says Flora, graphically describing by a movement of the arm a perfect ocean. "So I made up my mind to see you in the morning and learn the truth."

"Gretchen crying?"—unsteadily. "Don't prevaricate; it's mean," says his companion, sternly. "I am glad to see you are ashamed of yourself, and that you have the grace to blush. I would have you know Gretchen is an angel. No one ever says an unkind thing to Gretchen. And any one who could "-vicionaly-" deserves----Well, never mind ; I shan't say too much, as it is a first offence. But don't do it again, or you and shall cease to be friends."

"I assure you I am innocent; I dont even know what you are talking about," says Kenneth, who has grown very pale, and whore eyes are shaded by his hand. "I would rather die than say anything unkind to-to your sister.

"You had better not," retorts Flora, severehurry. And-she didn't cry for nothing, you know. It was such a shame too, to spoil her party. Gretchen has eyes that should never know tears. They are like dove's eyes ; are they not?"

"Are they? I think you flatter doves," replies he dreamily.

"A very charming compliment," acknowledges Miss Flore, somewhat appeased. "It reminds me of those dreadful old muils Lord Chesterfield and Sir Charles Grandison, and all the rest of them. Don't you think they must have found it very slow makin : those solemn' bows all over the place and firing off their little set speeches at every soul they met? It must have been very trying to the constitution. I have no doubt they staid awake half the night inventing what they called their bon mots, and that is why they look so withered in their pictures."

"Perhaps so," Mr. Dugdale acquiesces absently. "Is Gretchen down-stairs yet?" "I dare say she is by this time. Do you

want her to come and read to you f

"I should like to see her." "Well, 1 shouldn't wonder if she refused to come, you know, after all that has happened -unless you have made it up with her. " Ask her will you? And, Flora, you won't repeat to her all you have said to me?"

"What do you take me for ?"---indignantly. Do you think I should let her know I thought it possible any one could be uncivil to her? No, indeed. Poor darling !---I'll give ber your message, Kenneth, and I hope she

heir devotion to the cause of Fatherland (Prolonged cheers).

result attained by means somewhat different, tilled to buy out the landed proprietor;" the old method which has so often been suc. and he was justified in saying this, cessful in the past, divide et impera (divide, for, as we all know, the experiment spread disunion and conquer), and, we of a peasant proprietary has already been know the English Government has resorted tried in France, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, to that old method during the present agita- and in nearly every country in Europe, and tion. Efforts-fantic efforts-were made to everywhere, with the most happy results, spread disurion and disaffection among those and since such is the case, why not try it in engaged in the national cause, every possible | Ireland ?- for certainly there is not a country means were put into operation to raise the under the sun more sorely in need of a bene evil, the dark spectre of discord, and no ficial change. Therefore, it is not because names were too harsh, no epithets too vile, no accusations too degrading to be applied and attributed to those engaged in this great and peaceful contest-a contest, the principles and action been different of late to what it has the respect and sympathy of all thinking and all know, Parnell from the very first has impartial men. But, Gentlemen, slander, villification, sectarian strife and religious animosities had all been tried before and when England again resorted to them, she found that a change had taken place in Ireland during the last filty years; she found what she had never expected find --- she found that practically to north, south, east and west formed one solid and compact mass in favor of the agitation; she found that the great consummation had been attained ; that the orange and green had blended: that ribbonman and orangeman. Catholic and Protestant, priest and minister, were at length in harmony-one in desires, one in intention and were marching forward to a certain victory hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, obedient to the voice of one leader, and that leader C. S. Parnell. (Applause.) Yes, times had altered and things had altered with them. As in the past, when trouble was anticipated, Ireland was flooded with blood. But to their great disgust, the troops found that the really organized agitators, those enrolled under the banner of the Land League, had not the remotest idea of settling the difficulty in the barbarous and oldfashioned manner by an oppeal to arms. A new chief had assumed command of the forces, whose tactics were unheard of in the military dictionary of England, For instead of rushing his unarmed, courseous and only too willing forces upon the glistening bayonets of John Bull, as he was expected to do, he completely ignored their very presence. And thus it came to pass that the troops, the flower of British chivalry (1), who had crossed over to Ireland in all the glory and panoply of war, breathing annihilation against the " blawsted Hirish"-(laughter)-found themselves made the laughing stock of Europe, by being obliged to devote military achievements of digging Captain Boycott's potatoes and affording Bence Jones' cows a military escort out of Ireland. (Great laughter.) Shade of the great General Wellington look down upon them ! The mistake which the troops made was this : They expected to be opposed by a courageous, but This treatment, so simple and affective, unarmed mob led on by a military chief, whereas they found a peaceful and constitu- of these diseases during infancy and tional organization perfect in system and ad- youth. Old asthmatic invalids will demirable in discipline and commanded by a parliamentary leader, who by his conduct loway's remedies, which have brought round during this agitation has shown himself to many such sufferers, and re-established health

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS .- Much watchfulness must be exercised at the present time, and the earliest evidences of ill-health must be immediately checked, or a slight illness may result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, diphtheria, quinsey, coughs, chropic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved be rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as near as practical to the seat of mischief. is admirably adapted for the removal rive marvellous relief from the use of Holdeal fully and squarely with the Irish pecple,) be one of the first statesman of his day. I after every other means had signally failed,

abroad, so calm, so placid, so covered with trembling moonbeams are "field and flood and fell;" while in the distance "that full ster that ushers in the even " gleams mildly down upon the sleeping earth.

One soft gray ray, gliding in, catches and holds (iretchen in its chill embrace, and Dugdale, gazing at her, envies the amorous beam. She is standing beside the crimson velvet of the curtains with a fold of it crushed in her lett hand, and with her head thrown slightly backwards, so that her fair brown hair seems to mingle and blend with the richer coloring behind it.

Always pale, the waxen light from without seems to intensify her pallor and adds to the dark violet eves a deeper shade.

"Oh ! rare pale Margaret!" says Dugdale, beneath his breath! but she hears him, and turns to him with a smile and a half suppressed sigh born of her late thoughts.

"You remind me," says Dugdale, " of some picture, some story-a legend of the Rhine, I think it is-as you stand there clad in moonheams. Come nearer to me. or I shall fear to see you melt away altogether, as did the 'hapless ladye ' of that tale."

"There are times," says Gretchen, not noticing his last remark, but coming quickly forward into the fuller, warmer light of the lamps-"there are times when I can almost read your heart. To-night it seems have to me. At least I know you are vainly longing for something. What is it, Kenneth ?" "Death," replies he, quietly. "Why do

live? Surely extinction is preferable to the existence I drag on from day to day." "Don't speak like that Ken; it saddens me," murmurs she, tremulously. And then,

with some timidity, "Extinction is not for us, There is always a heaven." "For such as you, perhaps. Heaven was made for angels; for myself"-recklessly-

"I see no hope at any point." His tone compels her, although reluctantly,

to turn yer eyes to his; and, seeing something in his face strange yet in part familiar -as it were, the waking confirmation of a dream-she says, hurriedly .---

" Can I do nothing for you, Kenneth?" "Nothing. Not you, of all people. There is no help for me, anywhere. I wish with all my heart I were quietly dead."

"Oh, Kenneth, not that! Do not wish that ?" entreats she hastily, a touch of terror in her tone. Great tears gather and dim the lustre of her eyes. She draws her breath sharply, and lays one hand with a pathetic gesture on her bosom, as though to still the sob that seeks to rise.

"What can I say to comfort you ?" she asks, sortowfully. "Forgive me," returns he, stricken with re-

morse as he notes the effect of his want of selfcontrol. "I am a brute to distress you so, and on this night of all others, when you should know none but happy thoughts. Why, I have hardly wished you happiness and joy, have I? But I do, Gretchen, from my heart. You believe that, do you not ?"

"I do, indeed; but I am glad you have said it," replies she; honestly. "Now go, child; do not keep your mother

waiting. . I am not fit company for you." "I cannot leave you in this moad," says Gretchen, carnestly. "I know you well enough to understand how you will spend the | ing and forgotten. rest of the evening-

"I will not," interrupts he, eagerly, "I

"Well, of course he would, you know," ` 68.Y6 Mrs. Tremaine.

"He"-nervously-"he gave me this bracelet mamma; is it not lovely?" "When ?"

"Just now. When I went to see him in the library he gave it to me as a birthday present. Is it not charming? See,"--slipping it off her arm .- " my name is written on it.

"It is beautiful," says Mrs. Tremaine, in a curious tone. She is looking, not at the bracelet, but at her daughter's eyes. "You have been crying," she says, quietly, without removing her gaze.

"Yes--- B little,"--- blushing crimson now. 1 could not help it. He looked so sad, so lonely, so regretful. It does seem hard that he can never again go to a ball or enjoy life as other men can."

"It is." Mrs. Tremaine has grown absent. and is now examining the bracelet.

"What did he say to you when giving it ?" "Nothing--except that he was glad it

pleased me, and that."

"The name is perfectly done, and the diamonds very fine. He must have ordered it for vou.

" Of course : he did so."

"It is a very handsome present, and a very expensive one. Are you quite sure, Gretchen,' -again raising her eyes to her daughtersquite sure you wish to accept it ?" There is world of meaning in her tone.

"Wish !" says Gretchen, puzzled. "But of course I could not refuse. He seemed so glad to give it; and he has so few pleasures. 1 felt it would pain him to return it, and--he has so much pain "

"Take care you do not increase it," says Mrs. Tremaine, still in the same curious tone. "Mental pain, child, is worse than bodily." "What do you mean, mamma ?" asks Gretchen, shrinking a little. The flush fades from her cheek, leaving a deadly pallor to replace it. Her eyes grow larger. Instinctively she lays one hand upon the arm of the chair near her.

" Perhaps nothing. But thoughtlessness causes more trouble and pain than people know of. Are you ready, dear? Is Kitty coming ?"

"I shall see," says Gretchen, in a stifled tone, hurrying gladly from the room.

Mrs. Tremaine, left behind, taps the two first fingers of her right hand musingly upon the table, Her brow is somewhat clouded. "Fifteen thousand a year," she says slow-

ly. "Fifteen-and half of it not entailed! He might leave it to whom he chose. How afflicted he is! And how ill he is looking! He cannot live long, I fear, poor fellow. Fitteen thousand a year."

She sighs profoundly, smooths away the lines from her forehead with careful fingers, and, gathering up her fan and scent bottle, sweeps from the room to her carriage.

Dugdale, hearing the door close upon them and the servants returning again along the hall, moves his head to take up his neglected book, determined to be faithful to his promise to Gretchen not to let morbid thoughts get possession of him. As he does so, his eyes fall upon an object lying on one of the distant tables-an object full of interest to him. It is Scarlett's bouquet that lies there, wither-

will come, that's all !" Saying which, the spirited damsel disappears through the doorway.

CHAPTER XI.

"They never meet but there is a skirmish Of wits between them." -Much Ado About Nothing.

"This love that thou hast shown Dath add more grief to too much of mine own,"

The year is drawing to its close-is rushing with mad haste into the arms of death. There is no shrinking, such as you and I might feel; no eager longing for delay, no touch of faint. ness as the end draws near ; with storm, and, rain, and raging tempest the strong year hurries onward, age, and the weight of all the bitter griefs and cruel crimes it carries, being powerless to stay its flight.

It is block December. And this day week will be Christmas day. Kitty has been married now for more than a month, and has written two or three happy letters to the Towers from her resting-place in Rome.

The wedding was quiet and very successful. It was only at the last that Gretchen and Kitty forgot themselves, and so far lost sight of "the way we live now " as utterly to break down and cling to each other with bitter weeping until gentle force divided them. What in all the world is sadder than the word "Fate-

well." Weddings as a rule are dismal affairs, and Kitty's towards its close was specially so. Even Dandy (who was best man) and Brandy (who plainly considered himself a better) gave way to some emotion. This was so anexpected that it took all hearts by storm, and procured for Brandy the following week a very liberal check from a crusty uncle, who

happened to be one of the wedding guests. As the hour for departure drew nigh, Danby embraced the bride warmly, much to her surprise and Sir John's undisguise3 amusement, after which both he and Brandy distributed showers of rice so liberally that for days afterwards people, looking at the gravel, deceived themselves into the belief that there had been a mild snow-storm during the night. They were both energetic and dejected at the same moment. And indeed towards evening, when Kitty was far on her way towards the North, they were discovered arm in arm in the shrubberies, with positive tears in their eyes. Some said these pearly drops were caused by genuine emotion; others made mention of a homely herb; there were a base few who meanly attributed them to champagne. No notice was taken of these last.

The day is murky, and full of urshed rain ; hat is, the clouds lower, and the winds moan, and a gray veil covers the land, and one ex. pects the coming deluge every moment. Yet. it tarries spitefully, as though it knew that, though grief saddens, suspense kills.

Such days are trying to the temper. Even: Brandy, who has obtained leave for Christmas,. and has been at home now two days, and whohas absolutely no temper to speak of grows. slightly intolerable. Having tired of flatten' ing his nose against the window pane and making impossible bets about the rain drops as they hurry madly down the glass, he desists from such light amusement and turns. his kind attention upon Flora. It is so kind that presently it reduces her to tears and ex: treme anger.

"Brandrum and Flora, why is it that you The satisfaction that accrues from this two cannot be alone for five minutes without