

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY PAPERS.

The following gleanings from last week's "Society" papers have been cabled to New York:—

FRANCE ISOLATED. Then Family Fair voices a much prevalent feeling:—"What I regard as one of the worst features of our present position in European politics is the isolation of France. They apparently do not see that the more complete this isolation becomes the more danger there is that France may be drawn within the sphere of Bismarck's influence. He has much to offer her, at other people's expense, and it should now be apparent to the dullest comprehension that England counts for little in the eyes of the Kaiser, longer we refuse to repair the breach which now exists between this country and our neighbor across the Channel the more difficult reconciliation will be. There are already indications of a leaning toward Germany on the part of France. However, the idea of England presuming to say a few words on any question of foreign politics, however much her interests may be at stake, appears quite preposterously ridiculous to that overgrown vermin which we call our Parliament."

A DAD WOMAN. St. Stephen's has overheard a conversation in third class life of a mechanic's wife who had brought her husband's dinner in a public house adjoining his workshop:—"The hungry man entered and proceeded to demolish the dinner," observed the wife, perusing the newspaper, "I see that poor young kid-napped prince is going back to Sophia."

LADIES IN POLITICS. The Court Journal learns that Lady Randolph Churchill is playing Mrs. Gladstone's part during that lady's absence from the ladies' gallery. For years it has been Mrs. Gladstone's habit to come down with her husband to the House, and taking her seat in the right hand corner of the ladies' gallery, begin an incessant chatter which often lasted till the small hours of the morning.

FASHION IN HATS. The Country Gentleman asserts that:—"The hats of women are less liberal than they were, and gaudes are topping out. The style of millinery was done to death in a jiffy. Bonnets and hats are coming down quickly, and in a little while we may hope to find women with hats upon their heads with the crowns upon their crowns. The coiffure, too, is becoming more and more simple, but catagorically growing slowly but steadily in favor of the styles which will in course of time be in good style again. The tendency of woman a hair is to hang down the back."

THE SAME IN POLITICS. The same paper says Mr. Hurdley McCarthy seems to be in a very delicate health. He is not robust to begin with, and he has been himself but with much study. He has not yet entered the field with the "tanners" and "bats" of the Parnellite party.

IT WAS A LOVE MATCH. Modern Society announces:—"A regrettable fact that can scarcely escape the observation of anybody who comes into frequent contact with the court circles of the Princess Beatrice's ever increasing spiritlessness. It shows itself in her face as well as in her action, and conjures up as to the reason for it is numerous. If ever the mystery is solved it is to be hoped it will not be found that Her Royal Highness realizes she has made a mistake in her choice of a husband. But what generally changed, and that not for the better. With regard to Prince Henry's exploits with horses, and particularly in the hunting field, we recommend to His Highness' notice a bon mot uttered by the Prince Consort. One day when he was thrown from his horse in the park, on his aide-de-camp dismounting with a flourish, the prince said to a friend:—"Ah, ah, I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have fallen off."

A PHENOMENON. "Pink Un," in the Sporting Times, having been on the Continent, narrates a story of a man who had been chewing a small cigar at the bar for over three-quarters of an hour, and who came up to a Dartmouther and asked:—"Who is that young stranger at the marble table?" "That scoundrelous? Oh, dot is Gangkaro Hill, de journalist."

SEVERE ON LABBY. Returning to London, it adds:—"Labby, having frequently tried in vain to take down the Chancellor of the Exchequer, wants to take down his salary. This is taking an unfair advantage. Lord Randolph has offered to take down Labby, but he said he would not do so for the best of all reasons—Now the Grand Old Un's been put away, it's odds against Labby even having a salary."

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

OBSTRUCTIVE TACTICS. In the House of Commons last night the Parnellites and Radicals caused a protracted sitting by obstructive tactics. They fought the Irish supply bills step by step, especially the items for the Viceroy's household, and Chief Secretary's office. After an exciting struggle the House adjourned at 3.45 this (Tuesday) morning.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"The sovereignty and the honor of Virginia would not have suffered from the exercise of a wise moderation and a magnanimous clemency. No one feared for the Constitution of the United States," replied the priest.

"Then you are for granting immunity to every lawless band of men who may choose to invade our borders by night, and call upon all to rise against themselves, and cut down and children?" The Deaconmontain inquired.

"No! I should simply treat such offenses as they are now dealt with in European countries—consider such offenses as mere political offenses—aggravated ones to be punished, but not to be expressed by capital punishment."

"Then," replied Mr. Waldron, "you would condone wholesale murder, arson and insurrection, under the pretext of political aberration and fanaticism?"

"I simply affirm my own conviction," Mr. Bingham answered, "that in the case of John Brown and his followers it would have been a wise policy to be moderate, tolerant, magnanimous; and that the exercise of such magnanimity would have made you a host of friends even among the bitterest opponents of slavery."

"And encouraged hosts of such unprincipled and unprincipled fanatics as this old blood-stained man and his acolytes?" said Mr. Pinckney.

"No; your moderation would have disarmed them. John Brown was not unprincipled or conscientious. He was a thorough Puritan, as firm in his convictions as his own victims as his ancestor Peter Brown, when he set sail in the 'Mayflower,' and landed at Plymouth Rock. He was nurtured in the belief that slavery was the greatest bane of the free America which his forefathers had laid out and fought to create. He pursued the abolition of slavery as that of the cause dearest to the heart of God, and was ready, at any moment, to sacrifice everything, even his own life and that of his brave sons, to promote it. He was incapable of doing anything he believed to be wrong in the sight of his Maker. This is simple, historical truth. Such sincerity, allied with even extreme fanaticism, should not be treated as a mere lust of bloodshed, rapine, and disorder. You render such men harmless by treating them mercifully."

"But I am only preventing you, gentlemen, from attending to the object which brings you together," Mr. Bingham said. "I can only pray that He who watched so lovingly over the infancy of this great nation will not allow it, in the noontide of its power and prosperity, to waste on its real strife the mighty forces which should be devoted to all the best purposes of freedom and civilization. I have given my whole life, within the sphere of my calling, to serve our country—the best of my power. Could I dispose of a thousand years of life I should devote them with the same singleness and zeal to that dear country's welfare and happiness. And so I bid you all a very good night. Pray do not stir," he continued, addressing Mr. Louis D'Arcy; "my young friend, Gaston, is waiting for me outside to see me safe to my room."

Mr. Bingham bowed himself out of the room, leaving his political antagonists not a little anxious to continue the discussion. The gentlemen, however, knowing how late the hour was, lost no time in coming to their immediate purpose.

"We have been commissioned, my dear sir," Mr. Waldron said, addressing Francis D'Arcy, "to inform your honored self and Mr. Louis D'Arcy you have been unanimously chosen to represent North Carolina in the convention which is to assemble in Richmond on the eleventh of June. It is the earnest wish of every Southern statesman, as well as our own, that we may have an, as well as your enlightened advice and influence in this crisis of our country's fate."

"I trust," replied Mr. D'Arcy solemnly, "that every one who hears my name shall ever honor, in life and in death, his sacred duty as a citizen of the United States."

"But you were a citizen of Georgia before you were a citizen of the Union," insisted Mr. Pinckney.

"The same hour that gave me birth," the old gentleman answered, "made me a citizen of that glorious Union under which Georgia herself has grown up to be the prosperous and wealthy community we admire. I admit no priority of obligation in the sense you mean, save only that such priority must be, in right as well as in fact, in favor of that Union, one and indivisible, which the whole world, civilized and uncivilized, acknowledges as sole sovereign—supreme, paramount, and national."

"But, surely," urged his opponent, "you would not have me, a South Carolinian, separate my lot from that of my native State. To South Carolina my allegiance is due, whether she remain in the Union or choose to secede from it."

"It is not for me to dictate to you, sir, your line of duty," Mr. D'Arcy replied. "I can only speak for myself and for my sons, whom I have endeavored to teach by word and example. I do not think they are likely to forget what is due either to their native State or to their common country."

"The North will never fire a shot against the firmly united South. They know that cotton is king here, and they are the very humble servants of King Cotton," said the very humble Mr. D'Arcy said, as he advanced toward the speaker and seized his hand. "I must therefore recall to you, as well, the fact which Southern gentlemen are but too apt to overlook or to deny. The stern and indomitable spirit which animated John Brown till his very latest breath on the scaffold is the true spirit of New England and the Free States. You think it has been replaced by a spirit of greedy and subservient self-interest. But you have only to proclaim a self-slavery confederacy and to fire the first gun against the flag of the Union, and you will see the entire East and West rise up like men, and, animated by the persevering and indomitable spirit of John Brown, march southward to defend the Union and to annihilate forever both your confederacy and the slavery on which you build it."

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"You need repose, my poor child," said the old gentleman, as he placed a low chair for her near his own, and Louis seated himself on the other side. "These days have been too full of emotion for you, Mary, though I never saw you looking more radiant with happiness than to-night."

"It is precisely her happiness that accounts for this depression. She is terrified by the very thought of leaving Fairy Dell," said her husband.

"By the thought of leaving you and my baby girl, and my noble boy," Mrs. D'Arcy added.

"But you will be with my father, Mary, and you will have Rose and Genevieve and Maud, and Charley during his vacation at least."

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"That is not a honeyed answer, Mary," said the husband, bursting into a loud laugh, in which his father joined.

"Indeed, I did not mean to insinuate that you could have instructed the boy to watch over the conduct of any one."

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"But, dear mamma, how shall we ever be able to see all our poor people, and get everything ready by to-morrow morning?"

"We must only do what we can, my dear," Mrs. D'Arcy replied. "Your Aunt Louisa will not allow either the schools, the poor, or the sick, to suffer in our absence. She has ever been God's angel to the needy. And then again, your Aunt Montgomery is to be with her all summer, and both together will have good care of your father and his people."

"I know that I shall not be missed much, if at all," said Rose; "but I shall miss the children sadly on Sundays, and all my old friends at the factories and in the farm houses."

"Well, my dear, we shall find you plenty of the same kind of work to do in Spain, where you will, perhaps, find as much want to relieve. Besides, you must try to brighten up your Spanish and French, and prepare to make the most of your stay abroad to finish your own education."

"I am ready to devote myself to anything and everything you may deem best for me, dear mamma," said the daughter. "I love you all that I know, even the happiness of being with you. Oh, for the stone can save our property there from utter ruin. And his own health needs a change of air and the genial climate of the South Mediterranean."

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