THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE TWO BRIDES. THE ENGLISH SOCIETY PAPERS.

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

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Vanity Fair is informed that a marriage will soon take place between Miss Carroll and Baron Louis de la Grange. She is the daughter of Lee Carroll, ex Governor of Maryland, by the only child of the late Royal Pholps, formerly head of the banking firm of Matiland, Phelps & Co., having wide connections with Eogland AN ANGLENT MARON HOUSE.

Mr. Carroll is the owner of Doughregan Manor, one of the very few old style country seats remaining in the United States which stands in fine park-like grounds, and has most of the incurs of a large Beglish country seat, with a strait trees and family pictures. It was the to me of Carroll of Carrollton, one of the sign is of the Declaration Independence. When he is need some one jokingly said. "Oh you incur to danger, there are so many Charles Carrolls." Whereupon he promotive and When he izned some one jokingly said, "Oh, Carrolls," Whereupon he promptly appended the name of his residence, which identified him. Pere Carroll's sister married an Englishman. Mr. Caton, a resident of Baltimore, and had three daughters, who became the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Wellesley and Lady Stafford. None of them left issue.

FRANCE ISOLATED.

Then Vanity Fair voices a much prevalent feeling :-- "What I regard as one of the worst features of our present position in European politics is the satisfaction expressed by so many at the is dation 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 ap-parent to the dullest comprehension that England counts for little in his calculations. The 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 vestry which we call our Parliament.

A BAD 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 de-

molish the repust. "I say, Jack," observed the wife, perusing the newspaper, "I see that poor young kid-napped prince is going back to Sophia." "Yes? (with his mouth full). I wish you'd

put in more seasoning." (Pause). "Ah ! it's hard, Jack, for a man to be torn

"Wife? Sophia's not his wife." "Wife? Sophia's not his wife." 'Not bis wife? Then the Czar has done quite right." (Tableau).

LADIES IN POLITICS

The Court Journal learns that Lady Randolph Churchill is playing Mrs. Gladstone's part dur-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 ladnes' gallery, begin a patient watch which often lasted till the small hours of the morning.

A PRETTY ATTENTION. Since Lord Randolph became the loader of the House his hindsome young wife has been constant in her attendance behind the grille of the ladies' gallery. Her solicitude is not a little touching, and it is by no means thrown away, for Lord Randoiph's health of late has given anxiety to his friends. This recalls, it may be added, stories of the companionship and solici-tude of the Counters of Beaconstield on similar

FASHION IN HATS.

The Country Gentleman asserts that :-The hat- of woman are less spherical than The hot of woman are less spherical than they were, and pagedas are toppling out. The style of sum or time was done to death in a jiffy. Bonnets and hats are coming down uckly, 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 modest. The wish of every Southern statesman, as well as head with the crowns upon the statesman, as well as head women with a statesman as well as he wish of every Southern statesman, as well as head women the base of the statesman as well as he head with the crowns upon the statesman as well as he head women the base of the statesman as well as he head women with the statesman as well as he ropes will in course of time be

CHAPTER VII.- (Continued.)

"The sovereignty and the honor of Vir ginia would not have suffered from the exer-one 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 impinity to every lawless band of men who may choose to invade our house by night, shookdown all who retuse to join them, and call on the slaver to rise against ourselves, cur, gives and children?" De Besumont spain inquired. "No! I should simply treat such cases as

they are now dealt with In European countries,---oonsider auch offenses mere political offenses aggravated, ones to be

"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, 'lement, magnanimous ; and that the exercise of such magnanimity would have made you a host of friends even among the bitterest opponents of alavery."

"And encouraged hosts of such murderous and unprincipled fanatics as this old bloodstained man and his sens !' said Mr. Pinck-

"No ; your moderation would have dis armed them. John Brown was not unprincipled or conscience less. He was a thorough Puritan, as firm En I deep seated in his convictions 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 bine of the free America which his forefathers had lab red 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 night of his Maker. This is simple, historical truth. Such sincerity, allied with even extreme fanaticism, should not be treated as a more 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 int roal 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 aphere of my calling, to serve our country to the best of my power. Could I dis-pose 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. Waldren said, addressing Francis D'Arcy, "to inform your honored self and Mr. Louis D'Arcy you have been unanimourly chosen to represent North Carolina in the the less. You would not be the true wife convention which is to assemble in Richmond that. you are, my dear Mary, were you half catogan is growing slowly but steadily in our own, that we may have the benefit of silence, "I feel, myself, that my angel wife advice and influence in this enlightened

nervants of King Cotton."

"You must pardon me for reminding you that I am a much older man than you," 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 pro-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 one

hilate forever both your confederacy and the "lavery on which you build it." "You are both against us, then," said Mr.

ever with you in that faithful, brotherly love which must hope for a cessation of the un-natural strife, while striving itself to bind up confers to you, Mary, determined me to go to the wounds it cannot prevent.

"We hope that Major De Beaument, whese home is in South Carolina, will not be untrue to his State when the proper time off. Rose's heart is yet free. I shall never concomes," said Mr. Pinckney, grasping the soldier's hand.

"I pray the day may never come," wa "I pray the day may never tone, "This is sad news, dear lather, same and the latter's reply, "when I shall have to choose between my sworn allegiance to the D'Arcy. "It is very good news, I think," replied "It is very good news, I think," replied State.

" But you would never wield your sword against her ?" persisted the other. "Never !" was the indignant answer.

should break it in my own heart rather than do so.

And so they parted for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BITTERNESS OF PARTING.

The prospect which such discussions as those recorded in the last chapter opened to the patriotic soul of Francis D'Arcy, was so sad, and affected his health so seriously, that all his children-even Mrs. D'Arcy herselfrejoiced at his near departure from the United States. Wh-n Mr. Alexander and his fellow-disturbers had retired, and the household was at rest for the night, Louis and his wife cought their father's quiet room.

"I always come here, dearest father," she said, " like a frightened or weary bird to the old nest. The spirit of your dear mother. Louis," she continued, "seems to be always here. Do you know that I feel her very) near me to night," she added, addressing her father-in-law.

" You need repose, my poor child," said the old gent'eman, as he placed a low chair for her near his own, and Louis seated himselt 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 ac-counts for this depression. She is terrified by the very thought of leaving Fairy Dell," said her hustand.

"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 Rosc and Genevieve and Maud, and Charley during his vacation at least. " Surely, surely, Louis, the poor child will

have all that; but she will miss you none the less. You would not be the true wife not thus to miss him. Yes, my dear, continued, after monient'a а s near me to-aight. This feeling and assur

that you could have instructed the boy to watch over the conduct of any one." "I was going to tell you, Mary," the old gentleman replied, "that, having beard from an ther source that Diego was a little tainted with the skepticism of the French university

in which he was educated, I had cautioned Charles against contracting an intimacy with any one whom he did not know to be sincerely and avowedly a practical Christian. He was shocked to find his fature brother-in-law a professed Voltairian, though Diego is very guarded in his conversations with Charles. After much thought the dear boy overcame his repugnance to mention the matter to me-only did so in the man, and, animated by the persevering and tion the matter to me-only did to in the indomitable spirit of John Brown, march most delicate manner, and for the purpose of southward to defend the Union and to anni-asking my advice as to the best means of con-

vincing Diego of the error of his ways. As this matter is one which vitally concerns the happiness of our little Rose, I com-Pinckney, with much emotion. "Against the suicidal folly which hurries sons on which he founded his sus-you onward to utter and inevitable ruin, hut ever with you in that faithful, brotherly love be made known to his sister. It is Charles's Spain. We must see and hear Diego our-seives. Should we find him to be really an sent to see it broken by giving ber happiness in keeping to a man without faith, and, most

lik-ly, without conscience or principle."

the old gentleman. "If Diego turns out to be what I fear he is, a good Providence is interfering in behalf of your child, and warn-

ing us, her parents, and guardians, in time." "And now as we are privileged to have early Mass again to-morrw," he continued, 'you must not lose a moment in retiring to

rest. God bless you, my precious Mary, ' he said, kissing her forehead, as she knelt for his blessing. "And may He preserve you both long, long to each other, my noble Louis, my other self !" And he folded his son to his heart.

Early as was the hour fixed for divine service on the morrow-and it was long before daylight-the chapel was filled with worshippere. The news had spread that Mirs. Francis D'Arcy, with the ladies of the family, were leaving on the next day for Europe, and all who could come had risen soch after midnight to see the family they loved so well united in their sweet chapel. And more sweet, more heavenly than ever before, sounded the notes of the organ in the lingering twilight, and rose in the fragrant and still May morning the blended harmonies of the voices that sang there from out the fullness of overflowing hearts !

Even Mr. Bingham, accustomed as he was to perform his part in this most colemn of ser- a feeling of the deepest sadness, would be to vices, felt his heart melting within him as by the touching circumstances of the occaaion.

the though of leaving home, and of parting with dear ; pa and Gaston," Rose was say ing to her mother, as they both were leaving the chapel.

"The parting is far more painful to me, my child," Mre. D'Arcy said. "Your father and I have never been separated from each other a single month since our wedding day. And the thought of separation cuuses me a deeper pang, now that they talk of war between the North and South." "Then why do we go just at present ?"

asked Rose. "The three physicians consulted by your

father agree in saying that I must go to Spain versation with the travellers. r to Cubi, or lose my life. ance till my soul with extraordinary peace " Mamma, dearest, don't mention it ! Of course, in that case, we must all put aside every feeling but that of anxiety for your pre-servation. Oh, my precious little mother," the fond girl continued, as she clung to the and, to show Rose that she could be side of her parent, "I should die if they kept me away from you. " No fear of that, darling. You are as needful to me as I to you. Besides, you know your grandfather is absolutely obliged to both of the Divine Spirit and of His saints, go to Malaga; for he alone 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."

"The North will never fire a shot against the and smiled. "That is not a honeyed answer, brand support of the back of the firmly united South. They know that cotton Mary," said the husband, bursting into a and daughter in law, wished to present to highest water, and rests on double picts the is king here, and they are the very humble hearty laugh, in which his father joined. "Pardon me, dear father," Mrs. D'Arcy chalice of exquisite design and workmanship, Led, and supporting an arch of one hun-staid. "Indeed, I did not mean to insinuate that Froncis D'Arcy had forced the priost to dred and fifty feet span, under which scorpt that very morning. The challes you could put Trinity steeple, new York, and was also an heir-loom, and had come from the Spanish ancestress of the family. The good ing the keystone of the arch !

missionary, with tears in his eyes, was thanking his venerable friend for the princely gift, while all the members of the family en-

to see you both in Cincinnati. Perhaps I for the dine season. There are only two might there find language meri eloquent to stories running in a quadrangle round a most might there and language more elequence we sorres returning in a quasarangle round a most convey feelings of gratitude and friendship beautiful court or interior gardan planted with which every finit to Fairy Dell fills me with citron and orange trees, and adorned more and more. T also long for some oppor-with the most beautiful flowering plant to tunity for my people to convey to this noble be found in this favored country and climate, family and its venerated head their grateful They have given me the beat anartment. family and its venerated head their grateful They have given me the beat apartments-I sense of obligation and respect. Only consent mean your father has-with those for Rose to pass through our city on your way castward, and I shall delay my departure till noon, leaving just in time to be at home a day before you.

"That will make us lose next week's steamunbeliever, this engagement must be troken er," Mr. Francis D'Arcy said. "However, off. Rose's heart is yet free. I shall never con- my dear Mary," he continued, "I believe the gratification both you and Rose would derive to you to answer."

Thank you, dear father," Mrs. D'Arcy said, " both for Rose and myself. Then, Mr Bingham, we shall have the pleasure of

possessing you till noon." "This is an auspicious morning, dear madam," the clergyman answered ; " for it has already brought me most precious and unlooked for favors.

"Ah, the favors are conferred on us, friend," Francis D'Arcy replied. " mv "Your presence here-to me especially-is like the last hour of sunshine in a dying man's last day. And now, Mary, that we have secured Mr. Biogham for a little locger, let us all break our fast. Our other guests will not be astir for some hours yet. And we shall be able to visit, all together, our good people. You will gladden our working folk by one of your kind words, Mr. Bingham ?"

"I shall be happy to witness once more their love for you and yours, my generous benefactor," the other replied. And after a brief blessing from the priest, all sat down to

their morning repast. And so, while Mr. D'Arcy and his son accompanied Mr. Bingham to the factory, the Major, Mr. Montgomery and Gaston went with Mrs. D'Arcy and Rose to pay a flying visit to the schools and to the dwellings of the sick and infirm. To say that there was among old and young, children and parents, state much less than the truth. Mrs. Rose and her mother sang together each D'Arcy had been, from its very infancy, the ple, ---so they worshiped her very name. And Rosc, in their grateful affection, was identified with her mother. There was sad "Oh, mamma, I cannot resign myself to leave taking in more than one house into which both ladies had never entered but to bear aweet consolation to the afflicted, and timely aid to the needy. Many heartfelt of political passions, and that you succeed in and home were attered for the pale, gentle lady,-prayers. alss ! that, were not to be fulfilled.

Mr. Montgomery was too judicious to allow his sister in-law to do more than say a few words wherever they stopped, so the party returned early to the Manor House, where a few privileged old dependants of the family, like old Sally Porter and Farmer Mc-Duffie, were permitted to have a longer con-The Hutchinsons and Hiswassee were the only strangers that dined with the family. Lucy's grief at being separated from Rose was most touching. But even she left imme-diately after dinner with her parents, brave, tried to keep down her tears till her father's carriage was on its way homeward, when she yielded to her feelings. Mr. Bingham, who was in the carriage on his way to Asheville-for he obstinately refused to allow any member of the D'Arcy family to accompany him-consoled the little sorrower as best he could, took tea with the Hutchinsons at Fairview, and was then driven to Asheville by Mr. Hutchinson

Accustomed as we were to mountain scenery and surrounding objects of surpassing grand. eur, we found curselves here, amid sublimer

while all the members of the family-sur-rounded him, when Mra, D'Arcy entered the breakfast-room. "Surply you can spare us one morting more, dear Mr. Bingham," she said, agahe advanced to great him. "This is to byour last day at Fairy Dell for the present year, at least, and most likely for the next as well. breakfait-room "Surally you can spare us one inorsing more, dear Mir. Bingham," abe said, an the advanced to greet him." "This is to though last day at Fairy Dell for the present year, at least, and most likely for the next as well. And Rose—"" "Oh, Mise D'Arcy is not going away for sver," replied Mr. Bingham. "I still hope to same you both in Cincinnati. Perhape I and the girls adjoining mine. I cannot tell you what pains this most generous of parents has been at to provide me with everything that could make life delightful for me and the children. He has studied in the furniture our taste, the needs of the climate, and above all, my health and comfort.

So, my rooms are gems, and from them I can from a visit to our dearest friend, will more go into the garden in the vast courtyard or than compensate for the delay. So I leave it stop outside beneath the shady walks of Ala. meda, where I can enjoy the invigorating breezes that are ever blowing round the mountain crest, or feast my eyes on the gor. geous scenery, while dear father recalls the stirring incidents connected with the history of Ronda under the Romans as well as unde the Moors.

The girls never tire of their walks on this enchanting Alameda, with its pavement of many-colored marbles, its graceful and shady trees, the rich variety of flower and shrah that fill its parterres, and the balmy. ecented air that, one might fancy, wafted hither from Paradise. And thus most interesting and charming as is this city, with all its wonders, the people are to me objects that attract and charm with a far greater power. It is not alone the singularly simple and appropriate costumes of both sexes, or their rare beauty of form and vivacity of expression, that strikes a foreigner so much as the evident gladness that shines forth in the faces of all classes. You, who have been so much in Spain, know well the elevation of the Spanish character, the noble pride and selfrespect, the courtesy and generosity that dis. tinguish no less the peasant and the moun-taineer than the noblest and wealthiest in the land.

But I must not dwell on this at present; many opportunities will doubtless be afforded me to give you my impressions of the peorle and the country, as I become acquainted with them. The peace which fills our new mountain home, and the enchanting aspects of nature and society around us, only carry me back hourly to Fairy Dell and its dear inmates, while the rumors which come to us from across the Atlantic of increasing agitation and impending civil war, fill my soul with deep anxiety for all my loved ones, for you in particular, my own twin-soul.

If I can only feel sure that you, dearest Louis, will not be carried away in this whirl prayers for a speedy restoration to health guarding our own people from the fever of discussion that has seized upon our fellow citizens, North and South, then I am conf. deat that my health will improve rapidly and steadily. Let me now say a word about Rose and her affianced.

As soon as the steamer had reached Malaga, we were agreeably surprised to find that Diego and his father, Don Ramon, had been waiting there for our arrival. Indeed, they had come a week beforehand to make sure that the villa which Don Ramon had rented for us, about a mile from the city, was in perfect repair, and provided with furniture, servants, and all kinds of provisions necessary to our comfort. The old Marquis had not spared his pains, in spite of his age, his infirmities, and the oppressive heat that reigns at this season all along the southern seaboard. We tound everything ready for us and in the most perfect order. The Marquis's old military habits would not allow him to rest until he felt sure that your father's wishes had been complied with, and no one of his subordinates dared to tritle or idle while his watchful eye was on them. We arrived about two o'clock in the morning. It was a lovely moonlit night ; and as I had slept soundly the night before and retired very early while we were on our way from Cadiz, 1 was up and on deck when we were boarded by the custom-house barge. In it, unknown to your father, came the Marquis and his son. Rose and the girls were still in their staterooms, and your father and I were seated in a cosy nook on the quarter deck, he explaining to me the various points of interest on the shore. All at once we heard his name pronounced at the gangway, and in a moment the captain with two gentle-men advanced toward us. Don Ramos, forgetful of lamcness and everything, rushed forward and held father in a long, mute, and fervent embrace, " My dearest friend ! my more than brother !" being the only words uttered. Then your father led him forward and presented him to me, the old gentleman kissing my hand and expressing his joy at my safe arrival, and his concern for my health, in excellent English, and in tones that bespoke much more than the compliments of Spanish courtesy. Then turning to his son, who was standing, hat in hand, at a respectful distance, he beckoned him to him and presented him to me first and then to your father. There was light enough to enable me to see that Diego was of a most commanding and graceful figure, strikingly handsome, and in every way, so far as I could judge, worthy to be the representative of his ancient house. He addressed me in very good French, though 1 heard him afterward speaking very fair English, and I thought him perfect both in his sentiments and his manner of expressing them. Of course I felt very proud of my new son, and as the two old gentlemen eagerly questioned each other about the matters that touched them most, Diego was left to entertain me. At first, they were for feturning to land, after having paid their respects to us, but my father persuaded them to remain till the entire ship's company were afoot. And so we waited for two hours, until Miss Rose and her sisters made their appearance. Rose, who did not expect so early a visit, was not a little startled by the sudden uppa-rition of the venerable Marquis, to whom she was presented by her grandfather. I did not hear the pretty speech of welcome that he made, but Viva repeated it to me word for word. He said that this was one of the hap. piest days of his life, and that he hoped soon to see his own happiness crowned by another day, when the house of Lebrija would hail in her its loved and beautiful mistress. Poor Rose turned pale and scarlet in turns, and could only reply by curtaeying her thanks, and looking toward me in her utter distress. I was soon by her side, but Diego, on being introduced, with the delicate instincts of a

in good styl- again. The tendency of woman a hair is to haug down the back.

SOMETAINS DIFFERENT. The same paper says Mr. Huntley McCarthy seems to be in very coheate health. He is not robust to begin with, and he has worn himself out with much work and much study. One sees but hatle of him in Parliament. He has and "b be" of the field with the "tanners" and "b be" of the Parnellite party. One boked a year ago for a marriage between

this your g gentleman and the daughter of J. L. Toole, but it is not to come off for some time. I understand the Irish party generally in greatly given to matriage. The Parnellite manage as a rule to marry fine women with properties.

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 ever increasing spiritlessness. It shows itself in her face as well as in her action , and conjec tures as to the reason for it are numerous. If ever the mystery is solved it is to be hoped it will not be found that Her Royal Higher'ss realizes she has made a mataka in her choice of a husband. But whatever be the cause, Princess Bestrice is wonderfully changed, and that not for the better. With regard to Prince Henry's exploits with horses, and particularly in the hunting field, we re-commend to His Highness' notice a bon not buttered by the Prince Consort. One day when he was thrown from his horse in the park, on his aide de camp dismonsting to render him assistance, the Prince said with a smile :- "Ah. sh ! I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have tallen 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 eigar at the bar for over three-quarters of an hour, and who

table? "L'at schentlemans? Oh, dot is Gangkaroo

Hill, de journaliste." "Journalist be blowed ! Why he's got a gold

watch and chain on."

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. Lood Randolph has often taken down Labby, but he can't go at his salary, for the best of all reasons—Now the Grand Old 'Un's been put away, it's odds against Labby even having a salary.

MERVOUS 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 Man-hood, 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 ad dressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

OBSTRUCTIVE TACTICS.

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

crisis of our country s fate. "We feel much honored by the message

you bear us," Francis D'Arcy said, "and especially gratified that it should be conveyed to us by gentlemen so eminent in the esteem of their count-ymen. But, if I have been able to gather the real and settled purpose of those you represent, your object in meeting, either in Baltimere or in Richmond, is to lay the basis of an independent Southern Confederacy. Such, at least, is the upanimous and firm determination of the democracy of South Carolina." "It is, unquestionably," said Mr. Pinckney.

"Then, I pray God to take me out of this life before I see the day when the Union of States, out of which this nation has grown into such greatness and promise of widespread empire, will have ceased to exist," re-

plied Mr. D'Arcy. "Let us hope," Mr. Waldron here said, "that you will be as faithful to your native State as you have proved yourself to the Union.

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

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

"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 na-

ional." "But, surely,' urged his opponent, "you would not have me, a South Carolinian. sep. arate 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.

"I shall answer for myself, father," said Mr. Louis D'Arcy. "Had I the blood of all my ancestors in my veins, I should pour it all out in the defence of the Union."

"Then you decline the message we have the honor to bear to you," said Mr. Waldron. "I must decline the responsibility of countenancing, no matter how remotely, any action tending to break up the government and divide the nation. I must, moreover, avoid the pain of having to enter a public protest

against a course which I deem a sin against God and my country." "Such are also my sentiments," Francis D'Arcy added. "It is not likely that the

single voice of an old man of eighty, though raised with surpassing elequence, could persuade men whose face is set toward disunion and its probanle consequences, civil war, the subjugation of the South, and yielding to the North the leadership of the Union, hitherto held by us."

"Oh, make your mind easy about that, my dear sir," said Mr. Pinckney, with a sneer.

and strength. He in whose bosom dwell the spirite of the departed just is ever near to us; and so are they, if we could only think of it, and be comforted by the thought ! But this sweet sense of greater nearness and sudden increase of interior consolation is a special favor sent us after some great trial, or at the approach of some event that is to test our generosity. It is the voice in our inmost soul,

bidding us to rejoice and prepare !" "How many such sweet lessons did you give both Louis and me, in this same room. when she was with us, listening like us, her children, to your instructions !" the lady said.

with beaming countenance. "Well, dear father," said Louis D'Arcy, "I believe this sense of our nearcess to Gou and our dear mother is given to both Mary and myself precisely, because our separation is near at hand."

"I know, Louis, what a sacrifice I am demanding of your generosity. And yet my son, I think that at my age, and with your life so closely interwoven with mine, and with such closely united souls as ours have been, I am not a little generous in putting the ocean

between you and me.' "Most truly can I say, dear sir," Louis D'Arcy answered, "and Mary here present is ready to vouch for it, that to part with her who is the sun of my life and my home would be even less painful than to part with you. She, I have every reason to hope, will come back to me full of new health and life, after a year or two spent in Europe with our children ; but I cannot bear the thought of having you your own education."

away from me for a single week," "Indeed, dear father," Mrs. D'Arcy said, "I should love my husband less did he cease to love you more and more every day. Your beautiful affection for me, ever since the day you first called me daughter, has been the tenderness of a mother and the watchful devotion of a father for his only child."

"And I must also say, Mary," replied the old gentleman-"and in this your husband will not gainsay me -that father never had so peerless a daughter as I have had in you, and that no husband could have been blessed with a better wife."

"Oh ! father, you spoil me with your praise; and you spoil me the more that you

mean what you say." "Well, my love," replied her husband, "thank God you are not a young girl whose head might be turned by flattery !'

"You do not know, my dear," she said, smiling, "what constant temptations to vanity and self-love are all these delightful things you are both continually saying to me. often say to myself that I only resemble those acid fruits which are utterly worthless and unsavory, unless they are preserved in honev.

"And having succeeded in making you the sweetest and dearest of little women," her father said, "we must now keep you care-fully. But, dear Mary, we have been talking very seriously-Louis and I-about Rose and har affianced husband. Charles writes to me, on his return from Valencia to Paris, that he fears Diego de Lebrija is anything but a good Christian. This intelligence he communicates in obedience to my formal commands."

"Surely, father," said Mrs. D'Arcy, great-ly shocked by this piece of news, "Charley has not been playing the spy over Diego ?"

"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'Aroy 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 tather and his

people." "I know that 1 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

"I am ready to devote myself to anything and everything you may deem best for me, dear mamma," said the daughter. "I owe you all that I know, even the happiness of benefiting our poor people. And I do hope you will not give me foreign teachers when we get to Europe. You have only to direct me yourself, and you shall see how heartily I ahall apply myself."

"But you have yet much to learn which I cannot teach you, dear. And time is flying fast for both of us. I must get teachers who will push you on rapidly during the next twelve months."

" Is it then so very necessary that I should learn these languages to perfection, mamma? And can I not do very well without these extraordinary accomplishments ? _ You see, dear mamma, that I can do good to all our people, and help you to teach my sisters as well, without being either an sc-complished scholar or a consummate musician.

"Let us not discuss this question at present," said Mrs. D'Arcy, who had now ar-rived in her own room. Her husband entered a moment after.

"Mary," he said, "Mr. Bingham is im-patient to be off, and protests he will not wait even for your cup of coffee. My father is trying to prevail on him to wait and take a later train. Will you not come to the breakfast room at once?"

"Of course I shall, my love," replied his wife. "Do you go at once with your father, Rose. I have a little package which I have prepared for Mr. Bingham, which I must wrap up carefully. I shall join you in a few seconds.

The package was, indeed, of but trifling size ; but it was of great value. It contained The two gentlemen looked at each other some rare family jewels which old Mr. a much higher point of the Cut. It is upward | true gentleman contented himself with kiss-

himself. On the parting of Mr. D'Arcy and his fellow travellers with their mountain-home and their dear ones, we drop the veil.

The letter contained in the next chapter will inform the reader of what bafell them after their arrival in Spain.

CHAPTER IX.

IN ANDALUSIA.

Ronda, July 4, 1860. MY DEAR HUSBAND,-We have been now over a week in this most delightful place, and the rest, the mountain air, the delicious climate and the healthful atmosphere of social goodness that surrounds me, have made me quite forget the sufferings of the sea voyage and the prostration caused on cur arrival by

the intense heat of Malaga. Your father's generous forethought had provided us with the beautiful residence from which I write to you. It is an old palace of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, which had been allowed to fall into decay, but which our dear parent has already made most comfortable, and will soon be perfect in every way. For he has got all the masons, carpenters, upholsterers and gardeners to be found far and near at work inside and outside the house. He has rented it at a wonderfully low figure for ten years, and may purchase it if I find it in every way suitable.

As you know Andalusia so well, dearest Louis, I shall not attempt to describe what I found the country and the people to be to my American eyes. But as your father says that you have never seen Ronda and its romantic neighborhood, I want you to picture, to yourself exactly how we are situated here, so that your fancy, each time you think of your dear father, your children and your wife, may form a not unfaithful image of the reality.

The house we occupy adjoins the Alameda, or public walk, which itself skirts the brow of the hill, or gigantic mass of rock, on whose top Ronda is built. From the Alameda there is a sheer fall of five hundred feet down to the river Guadiaro, which flows or rushes rather round the mountain on three sides. The furious stream seems to have cleft the mountain asunder in the course of for "The Cut," (El Tajo) as ages, the citizens call the narrow river pas-sage, is less than two hundred feet in width, and is spanned by two bridges that your father, the children and myzelf go daily to admire.

One of these, at the narrowest and lowest point, is a single arch thrown over the chasm in the time of the Moors, and over which, they say, there was formerly an aqueduct. The other bridge is at some distance, and at

the track of