

RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

Second Part.

CHAPTER XV. Continued.

FIFTH LETTER.

You wish for a portrait of Madame Villeblanche, my dear Teresa. I will try to gratify you, but remember that I am not a good artist.

To-day I looked at her most particularly on your account, for the general charm of her appearance has hitherto made me neglect details. Here then is an exact photograph.

Madame Villeblanche is scarcely forty years old; she is small, but her figure is so great and slight that she appears to be of middle height. Her brow is high, well shaped, and full of thought, her eyes-brows are arched, the eyes beautiful in form, colour and expression, the mouth well out, and the countenance pensive; she wears a black lace lappet over her black hair, which is Madame Villeblanche's outward appearance. She is full of talent of every kind, and seems to combine the perfection of many different qualities. In society she is thoroughly at her ease, and there is something in her manner and bearing which one would call her beauty. If the name she bears did not owe its distinction to her, in her own home she is one of those charming beings who shed around them an influence of peace, happiness and goodness. She is a loving wife, an affectionate relation, and agrees in conversation; she bestows on every one and everything around her that kindly and constant attention by which a woman becomes the very soul of domestic life.

I must not forget to answer your questions regarding Kerprat. I was sure that you would be interested in what I told you of Alan. The ardent and loyal character of a man, who would give his life for his faith, must attract and please you. I have heard the end of the story from Mrs. Dabouley herself. A seeming chance has hurried on the march of events. A rich man, whose great desire is to see his daughter married to one who bears an ancient name, happened to spend a little time at Kerprat lately. In a visit to the churchyard he observed the effigies of Alan's ancestors carved in stone and their shield bearing the motto "without stain." These time-worn monuments directed his desire to a definite aim; he ascertained that there was no nobler name in all the province than that of Oldcastle, and he confided to Mrs. Vaulorin that an alliance between his daughter and the descendant of these ancient knights would give him the greatest pleasure. There was much to be said in favour of the match, the young girl is possessed of many good qualities and does not share her father's vanity. Mrs. Vaulorin, who had in her inmost heart regretted her daughter's decision and was only too glad of an opportunity of making the Oldcastles forget the pain she had involuntarily caused them, lost no time in communicating to them the wishes of this rich man. You may imagine what followed; negotiations were useless, Alan's refusal was definite. Mrs. Dabouley, urged by Louis, clearly explained to Mrs. Vaulorin the reasons of Alan's refusal, and even went so far as to renew the formal proposal made three years before by Miss Hermine. Her boldness was crowned with success, and the marriage will very shortly take place. Job, at whose ordination I was present a week ago, will say his Mass for them at St. Sulpio on the day they are married, and George and Henry will go to hear it.

I am almost sure that I shall see you again by the end of next week. How delighted I shall be, dear Teresa! This is I hope your last letter from your most affectionate MADIELLE.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOUND.

Teresa's answer to this last letter of Madeline's was a telegram naming the day on which she hoped to reach Paris. Madeline preparing to go out when it reached her. The tidings were particularly welcome for Madeline was sad; the course of classes had come to an end, and Madame Villeblanche was about to leave Paris with her husband. The young girl had allowed herself to be carried away by the sympathy and attraction she had felt for the accomplished lady, and had not reflected that she was forging a bond which must be broken. She forgot her sadness for a moment in the prospect of welcoming the friend who had long held the first place in her heart, but it soon returned in all its force, and when she went out and took her way to the house where she had ever been made welcome, and had found consolation in the loneliness caused by Teresa's absence and the yet deeper sorrow caused by her uncertainties regarding her mother, her countenance bore the impress of acute suffering.

Her farewell to Madame Villeblanche, who was to start on the following day, might prove to be a last farewell; there was little probability of their meeting again in Paris. Madame Villeblanche was going to travel about for a couple of months, directing her steps in the first instance to the West of France. She had not told Madeline the object of her journey. Teresa meant to spend two months in France and then return to England. Madeline, therefore, parted from Madame Villeblanche with no definite prospect of ever seeing her again, and to her affectionate heart this was a great sorrow.

According to her custom she entered Madame Villeblanche's little sitting-room without being announced; in that little room she had spent many quiet happy hours with her friend, and had been her silent and discreet companion in times of depression whose cause was hidden from her. The lamp was already lighted, and a good fire was burning on the hearth. "She will soon come," said Madeline to herself, for the room seemed to be empty. On looking more closely however, she saw that Madame Villeblanche was seated in the recess of the window with her head supported on her hand, and her eyes fixed on a stand of flowers which stood before her, and that she was weeping.

"Good evening," said Madeline in her sweet voice. "You have come!" answered the weeping lady, without a smile. Her voice was calm, but Madeline was struck by the sadness of countenance. Deep sorrow reigned there, and her beautiful eyes were dim with tears. The young girl took off her bonnet, drew a low chair to her friend's side and sat down; for some time both were silent.

"You are not at work this evening, dear Madame Villeblanche," said Madeline after a while.

"No," replied the lady, "this evening a trifling circumstance has opened the deepest wound in my heart, the wound that can never be healed. This poor little flower, which a kind friend has given me, has awakened memories and revived a grief which seldom slumbers," and she looked towards a plant of mignonette which was half-hidden by brighter and larger flowers.

"Mignonette!" said Madeline, who could not see the sweet and lowly plant without

emotion; "mignonette is rare at this time of year. You had not got it this morning." "It has just been sent to me; I was alone, and you cannot think how sadly the little flower speaks to me! I will tell you all about it," she added, taking Madeline's hands in hers. "There is sweetness as well as sadness in the past, and this evening I feel that I must speak of the loved ones who are gone. I am going away to-morrow, dear child, and I know that I shall ever see each other again? Before we part, I give you a proof of my great love, by confiding to you the memory which, though twelve years have gone by since the days of which I speak, still fills my heart with sorrow and my eyes with tears."

Madeline listened in silence, with her eyes fixed on Madame Villeblanche's face, in which every feeling of her heart was reflected.

"The outer world knows nothing of my life," she said, "at least of my private life. Even in the home circle, we speak but little of the past, my nieces are young, and as yet they know not sorrow. Now I think there is a kind of selfishness in burdening others with grief and mourning which is not their own, and on the other hand a feeling heart shrinks from letting indifferent people see the tears whose source can never be dried up. And so, the past is only spoken of when I and my husband are alone together. The real mother who I decided to live a wandering life, and then devoted myself to my present life, is unknown. Doubtless it was the will of God that I should serve Him thus, and sooner or later He could have made the way clear to me, but I entered upon my present course because there was a void in my heart which needed to be filled, and in my mind there was a terrible abiding thought which would have killed me if I had not sought some means of turning from it. Alas! Miss Gerting, I am a childless mother."

"I thought so," said the girl, in a tone of deep feeling. "It was quite true. When Madame Villeblanche treated questions connected with education or spoke of little children, there was in her words, her voice, and her glance, a sort of suppressed emotion which Madeline had observed, and from which she had concluded that the subject touched some chord in her inmost heart. She had never communicated this idea to anyone, and as there were no children to be seen in Madame Villeblanche's home, she had not been able to account for the feeling whose existence she guessed. Was it because she had never known a mother's joy, that she loved little children so well and spoke of them with such sweet and tender sadness? Or was it because those joys had once been hers? The problem was about to be solved.

"You, as a young girl, cannot understand the unfathomable sadness of the words," resumed Madame Villeblanche. "Certainly my married life was full of trials. Home dissensions, partings, ruin, and poverty have all been my portion. But those things were as nothing compared to the sorrow that was still before me.

"I lived at Paris in poverty and obscurity, and while I was there I heard the death of my boy; I had to go to a distant land and leave my other child behind me. But in the midst of all my troubles, I clung to the hope that God would preserve her to me. When I returned to France, my little girl, my last darling child was gone. Oh! I was like to die of grief." Madame Villeblanche stopped speaking for a moment, overwhelmed by a flood of sorrowful memories.

Madeline whose heart was deeply touched, tried to say something, but the words died upon her lips.

"And what a child she was!" continued Madame Villeblanche, slowly; "loving and gentle, with a sweet art of finding hopes and consolations which need to astonish me. Every one felt that there was a charm about her. I had never to defend her against another child or another mother. She drew me out of my sorrows, for if I did not smile she would not play. And that her sweet little face might not be overclouded, I used to chase away my gloom. She had become my companion and my friend. Nothing escaped her; it was in vain to try and cheat her by a mere semblance of gaiety. If when I had put her playthings before her, I took my work and did not think of watching over my expression of countenance, her prattle would soon be hushed and her toys forsaken, and she would come and seat herself beside me, sad and pensive like myself.

"What are you doing here without your toys?" I would ask. And she would answer gravely and calmly with an air beyond her years, 'I have come to comfort you, mother.' "And I used to fancy that later on when the child had grown to be a woman, she would have had power to make me forget and to bind me again to life; she would have done it—my little Madeline! Like you she was called Madeline. Your name first made me begin to love you. I can never hear it without being moved, and this time at least there is a harmony between her who bears it and the image in my memory. The first time I saw you, you had a strange effect upon me. I said to my aunt, 'that English girl attracts me; if my child had lived she would have been such another'; it was a mother's fancy, no doubt."

"And she is dead?" asked Madeline, who drew her breath quickly, and covered her face with her two hands as if to keep in all the ideas that were struggling through her brain.

"She is dead; when I returned from America, she had followed my poor old father, to whose care I had entrusted her, into eternity. I found nothing but two graves. I returned to Havre in my despair; I seemed to hate my country. My husband wished to live in America, but I could not remain there; we have wandered about Europe, and at last settled down in Paris. Resignation has come, but I feel that something is dead within me. But I am talking on and forgetting to tell you why the mignonette recalls my little girl to me. After my husband and my boy went to America, I lived in Post street in a little apartment, and worked at making artificial flowers. Madeline was seven years old. As I could not keep her shut up all day in a useless room, I used to take her to the Infant school. One day a young English lady saw her there and took a great fancy to her; she often brought a little song with an expression and grace that had given her the name of the flower, which she had taken in some little game; it was the mignonette. That very afternoon we met Madeline's friend by chance in the flower market, close to St. Sulpio, and she gave my child a plant of mignonette. From that day it was watched and cherished with the greatest affection, and the name of Mignonette which Miss Teresa had given her

Rapt in her memories of days gone by, Madame Villeblanche had not observed the varying expressions which came over the face of her hearer. At first her attention was mingled with emotion, then her interest deepened, then there was an eager curiosity, and finally feverish anxiety and expectation, hope and fear and painful excitement.

At the last words spoken by Madame Villeblanche, Madeline clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Why are you called Madeline Villeblanche?"

Madame Villeblanche looked at her in astonishment, for the question seemed irrelevant.

"Answer me, for pity's sake, answer me!" said Madeline, in a choking voice.

"Because my husband's aunt is Mrs. Lemoyne, and we wished to avoid confusion. Villeblanche is my name too; and both at Havre and in America my husband was always known as Lemoyne-Villeblanche."

"Then your name, your real name is—?" "Lemoyne-Villeblanche."

"Mother! you are my mother!" cried Madeline, falling on her knees, and bursting into tears.

The depths of Madame Villeblanche's soul were stirred. She grew pale; but, controlling her emotion, she said: "What do you mean, child? Why such a cruel jest?"

"You are my mother, you are my own mother!" repeated Madeline, throwing her arms round Madame Villeblanche.

"Madeline! Madeline! what delusion has come over you? You are English, and

"No, no!" exclaimed Madeline, amidst her tears. "I have lived in England because Teresa took me there after grandpapa's death; but I was born at Kerprat, and you are my mother."

Madame Villeblanche was deeply affected; she raised Madeline's head and put back her hair. "Look at me!" she said; and Madeline fixed her sweet, brown eyes upon her, while her great tears rolled down her face.

"Speak to me!" said Madame Villeblanche, looking at her, as if her gaze could never be satisfied.

"My mother! my mother!" sobbed Madeline.

There was a depth of genuine tenderness and feeling in the tone. Madame Villeblanche was completely overcome and could no longer doubt. Her features relaxed, her arms clasped the young girl's neck, and she pressed her lips to her brow in a long kiss. "Oh, my God! my God!" she sighed, almost beside herself with joy.

At this moment the door opened and Mr. Villeblanche entered the room. He looked with surprise at the two weeping women, stood for a moment uncertain what to do, and then turned to leave the room.

"Charles!" said Madame Villeblanche. He stood still. She rose and went to him with faltering steps, took his hand and drew him towards Madeline. "Charles!" she said, "here is your daughter!"

The reader cannot expect us to venture on a picture of the joy which followed.

(To be continued.)

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

An Interesting Achievement in Modern Engineering—The Manufacture of Wire—Iron Cement.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular—from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgenstock is 1,330 feet, and it is 2,560 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 935 metres, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent., which is increased to 58 per cent. after the first 400 metres, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos, each of twenty-five horse power, which are worked by water wheel of nominally 125 horse power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at 25 per cent.

Wire is now being manufactured—whether iron, copper, or brass—by a new and greatly improved process, and at a considerably reduced cost. The machine devised for this purpose consists of a series of rolls in a continuous train, geared with a common driver, each pair of rolls having a greater speed than the pair preceding it, with an interesting clutch adapted to graduate the speed of the rolls to the speed of the wire in process of rolling. The entire operation of producing the smallest size wires from rods of one half inch is done cold. It is alleged that this matter obviates the danger of unequal annealing and of burning in the furnaces—in addition to this the wire being more flexible and homogeneous than that made by any ordinary method and capable of sustaining greater longitudinal strain; in the case of copper wire there is said to be a greatly increased electrical conductivity.

Another device or method has been added to those heretofore proposed to prevent the burning of cotton when being conveyed in vessels. The safeguard now brought forward consists in wrapping each bale of cotton in wire gages instead of the usual covering of jute bagging. It has been, it is claimed, subjected to all kinds of tests, including books and compression, and it is alleged has proved itself equal in all respects to the jute bagging, the cost of the new material at present being about the same as that of jute bagging. The principle involved is that flame will not pass through very small holes, according to the well known construction of the Davy safety lamp. Cotton packed in the hold of a vessel will when once on fire burn more or less slowly for weeks, even when the hold is flooded with sea water, and when removed the cotton will burst into flames, burning fiercely and most destructively. Cotton bales have even been known to float blazing away when thrown overboard after being taken from a burning vessel. In this case the cotton became heated along the long narrow point by the long continued fire burning by. But while such wire cloth might stand a considerable degree of heat for some time sooner or later the metal will oxidize and fall in pieces. It is suggested, therefore, that jute bagging might be treated with silicate of soda or some fireproofing "water glass," to render the fabric non-inflammable.

The cement known as "iron cement" is required to withstand a higher temperature, and act as a good conductor of heat, while making a sound joint. P. J. Grosvenor, of Paris, has patented a new kind of iron cement, which is a better conductor of heat than the usual mixtures. A suitable mixture, he tells us, may contain 62 parts of cast-iron filings, 32 parts of gun-metal or copper filings, and 6 parts of a 4 per cent. solution of gaseous caustic soda, with sufficient water to render the mixture moist.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle sent to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, rather than obstinate; cheerful, but not light; never be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few and upon good grounds.

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

—AT THE TIME OF THE—

CRUCIFIXION.

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception, beauty of colour, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous work, alone worth coming many miles to see. Sent from the CITY, MOUNT OLIVET, MORIAH, MIZPAH and ZION. This grand PANORAMA to be seen at the CYCLOPAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10.30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10.30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

MR. RUSSELL'S IRISH "COLO-NIES."

A Plea to Wane the Demon of Sectarian Strife.

It is marvellous how congenially constitutional mischief-makers take to their business, and what a run of perverse good luck—if the term be allowable—generally seems to attend at least the first stages of their ill-adviced projects. Mr. T. W. Russell's notable scheme for colonizing derelict estates with Orange tenants is surely from every point of view one of the least feasible-looking proposals that ever issued from the crazy brain of an irresponsible hobby-manufacturer. As a financial speculation it is palpably absurd, and not even its brilliant originator has had the temerity, it appears, to claim for it an intention that could by any process of reasoning bring it within the limits of philanthropy. Notwithstanding these apparently insuperable drawbacks, however, Mr. Russell has managed, with the inexplicable luck of the born vagary-monger, to obtain for the ridiculous scheme a certain amount of serious consideration, if not practical support. In one sense, of course, this is not hard to explain, for the prospective advantages offered ever appears they were capable of affording, whilst the dangers result certain to attend any great adoption of the plan are more than sufficient to warrant grave consideration from those who have the future peace and welfare of the country at heart. Whether Mr. Russell counted on these elements enabling his wild proposal "to make a noise," or whether he started it simply with the idea of increasing his unenviable notoriety, does not matter. Unless he be even a greater idiot than his project would seem to demonstrate, he must have known, not merely that it could never eventuate in any good, but that, if attempted to be put into practice, it must inevitably produce incalculable harm—harm, too, that would largely affect those for whose advantage it was ostensibly devised. He knew quite enough of Ireland to be aware that any rash scheme—admitting the possibility of its adoption—could only result in one of two things—either the people on whom the new colonists were foisted would acquiesce in the invasion or they would resent it.

At a conference of the Catholic clergy of Drogheda, under the presidency of His Grace the Primate, a series of important resolutions were unanimously adopted, condemning in the most emphatic terms the offer to let the holdings of the evicted Catholic tenants on Lord Rosmead's estate to Northern farmers on the expressed condition that none but Protestant tenants should be present, and the thirty stigmatized the proposed scheme as "a policy which belongs to a barbarous and mistaken past, which can only end, as it has always ended, in raising the demon of sectarian strife, and causing lamentable danger to the peace and tranquillity of a hitherto crimeless district." Any one who has had an opportunity of judging the spirit aroused by even the bare mention of the proposal in question, will readily admit that this judicious action has not been taken too soon, and it is sincerely to be hoped it may have the effect of restoring Mr. Russell and his imitators.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

MUST DUBLIN CASTLE GO?

Why the Nationalists Oppose the Abolition of Vicerealty.

Lord Londonderry's announcement of an intention to resign the Vicerealty of Ireland at the earliest possible moment, has subjected the Unionist coalition to a good deal of tension. The Liberal Dissidents want to abolish the Vicerealty, and transfer its functions to the Chief Secretary, who would be made a Secretary of State, and consequently, a regular member of the Cabinet. On the other hand, a large section of the Tory party would perpetuate the system of Castle government, only they would try to rehabilitate it in the esteem of Irishmen allotting the Vicerealty to a royal prince, who, it is assumed, would show himself above partisan predilections. The difference of opinion on this subject between the two wings of the Government's supporters is so deep and earnest that Lord Salisbury's decision will doubtless be postponed as long as possible.

This may seem at first sight a dispute about twaddledum and tweedledum, for what can it matter, it may be asked, to Irish Nationalists whether Mr. A. J. Balfour or his Chief Secretary for Ireland? The same man would exercise powers virtually the same upon the same principles. As a matter of fact, however, the difference between the programmes of the Tories and the Dissident Liberals is a very grave one, and justifies the instinctive feeling of the Nationalists that Lord Hartington and his followers are the most deadly enemies of Irish independence. The existence of the Castle system of administration centralized in Dublin Castle is practically an admission that the union of Great Britain and Ireland, beginning to have been accomplished at the beginning of this century, is far less perfect than that effected between England and Scotland about a hundred years earlier.

If Scotland has a resident Vicerey, with a distinct scheme of local administration centred at Edinburgh, the analogy between her and Ireland would be more complete. Until very recently, however, Scotland was governed, so far as the executive department is concerned, precisely like an English county, namely, by the Home Secretary. Now the administrative control of Scottish affairs is delegated to a special member of the Ministry, who, indeed, has never yet been a member of the Cabinet, although the office has since its creation been held by such distinguished members of the peerage as the Earl of Dalhousie, the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Letham. What the Liberal Nationalists desire to make the Secretary for Scotland a member of the Cabinet, and to create a precisely similar office for Ireland, in which all the powers now pertaining to the Vicerealty would be merged. Then the union of the three kingdoms would be closer and more indissoluble than ever, and it would at the same time be argued that neither Ireland nor Scotland had anything to complain of, since the local affairs of each country were superintended by a separate member of the Cabinet. The similarity of positions would, however, be only nominal, since a

doubted they would be able to disprove those forgeries, but he did not suppose that they could have so signally disproved them that he should have preferred to have gone to his grave with the stigma of those letters upon his forehead, than to meet the public gaze with letters were they the most contemptible as those countrymen to the humiliated and exiled that were forced upon them as the accompaniment of inquiry into the authenticity of the letters (cheers). They would all recollect the circumstances well. They would recollect how they demanded for an inquiry into those letters were refused in the session of 1887, immediately after their publication. They would recollect how again when the proceedings of O'Donnell and Walter threw a fresh light upon one of the famous productions, that a demand for an inquiry before a tribunal under which, as experts had subsequently shown, they could have demonstrated the fraudulent character of documents, certainly that week's time, was again refused, but that how their cover of character from that which they sought, forced upon them an inquiry into every detail in every imaginable speech, newspaper article, given only in Ireland, but in all parts of the world under any circumstances whatever. That was the price which the country had to pay for the purpose of clearing its character from the stigma of those letters, and that a price should not have been consented to. They had acknowledged the justice of the reference. They did not, they never had admitted by any word or act of theirs that the tribunal was a fair tribunal, or one of a character or constitution competent to inquire into the issues laid before it (hear, hear). For those issues, as they had been put before the tribunal of judges, were not the issues which can be decided by an earthly tribunal. How far speeches tended to promote outrages or discourage crime to be, supposed, remain a matter for estimation between political parties as long as the subject was discussed. History, he believed—the verdict of history—would be upon their side, but those were questions which from their very nature must be left to history to settle, and no tribunal or judges ignorant of the history of Ireland, knowing nothing of the state of the surrounding circumstances by education, birth, feeling, and habits of the political conviction, and training averse to the opinions of Ireland, was fitted or able to decide the grave issues that had been laid before their decision (cheers). He had never anticipated that any harm could come either to his colleagues or to his country; from this reference to these judges (cheers). He believed that their cause was so good and so strong, and that their position to-day stood so clear before the public opinion of the world, that even under all these disadvantages which he had reviewed—even with the dice loaded against them and with the cards, the trump cards, as their opponents had hoped, up to the very end—(hear, hear)—they would come out on the other side, unscathed, untroubled and unharmed, brighter by the trial, and that their country would stand clearer and prouder than when it entered upon this ordeal (cheers). But his position was this, that rights had been transgressed in the proceedings, and that under the pretext of inquiry into crime a political issue had been laid before them for a decision who were not expected to give it a fair decision (cheers). Some of them (the Irish members) had been cross-examined and asked what they had to do with crime. Had a single question been directed to them in reference to their share in crime? Oh, no; speeches had been tortured and twisted, all the ingenuity of the cross-examiner had been employed to find some little speck, some little passage in speeches delivered many years ago, which they could twist into some construction not present to the mind of the speaker at the time they were delivered, and so this weary business would go on. They were told it was their intention in this agitation of theirs to bring about the overthrow of the Crown and to organize an armed rebellion, by which himself he could not admit, he could not recollect, that he had ever, certainly not in a public speech, but even in his own mind, contemplated that contingency of failure of their movement—(cheers)—and he certainly had never contemplated what their action would be if they were successful. He would say that if their constitutional movement were to fail, and he believed he spoke the opinions of his eighty-five colleagues in the House of Commons—if it became evident that they could not by Parliamentary action and continued representation at Westminster, restore to Ireland the high privilege of self-government, and of making their own laws, and of standing at home, be for one moment not continue to remain for twenty-four hours longer in the House of Commons at Westminster (prolonged cheers). More than that—he believed that the Irish constituencies would not allow them to remain (renewed cheers), and that was the view which their countrymen at home and abroad had always taken. The countrymen did not believe that they came there as mere Parliamentarians to humbug and cheat the just expectations of their people at home. It was known that they came there to obtain their definite and one object, and if, by-the-way, they tried to obtain other concessions it was because they were so good, that the good and the humblest classes of their countrymen, as they went along. But the most advanced section of Irishmen as well as the least advanced had always thoroughly understood that this Parliamentary policy was to be a trial, that they did not themselves believe in the possibility of maintaining for any lengthened period the present system of representation at Westminster, and that they had always taken up the position they had always taken up, that was the position they had always laid before the Irish people at home and abroad, and that was the position accepted everywhere by their countrymen as a just one, and one worth a trial, and that Irishmen everywhere had taken up this position, and that they were not likely to be disappointed with the results (cheers). He could only say in sitting down, in reference to the many and so exaggerated and so far too complimentary remarks that had been made, that he did not in the least, and never thought to attribute to himself the great progress which had been made during the last few years. He had had many and faithful colleagues, courageous and true—how faithful, how self-sacrificing, and how true the public would never know. He had behind him a country whose pulse was throbbing in sympathy with their exertions, and upon whose confidence and support they rely and feed. He had behind him a people who were inclined to follow them, they were quickened and invigorated by the knowledge that all Irishmen, wherever they were, were looking to them to press on and to do for them and for their country everything that they could, and in session and out of session reflect truly their wishes and their opinions in Westminster, and upon the platform in Ireland. Strong in that support, confident in the good esteem of their own country they had remained at their post, and he believed that they were very near reaping the richest and highest reward of all in the realization of those hopes which had always gladdened the heart of every Irishman, whether in times of trial, of suffering, or of martyrdom. They would be glad if it were possible, or the public opinion of Ireland to assist itself freely at home and abroad, and would lead their country—then a self-governing country—along the path of nationhood, (loud cheers).

PARNELL'S VICTORY.

The Irish Leader delivers an Important Speech in Reply to Addresses from Irish Municipalities—The Times Forgeries.

[From United Ireland, May 25th.]

On Thursday Mr. Parnell was presented with a congratulatory address from various Town Councils in Ireland. The presentations took place at the Westminster Hotel, and among the Corporations represented were those of Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Clonmel, Wexford, Kilkenny, Dundalk, and Drogheda. Among others present were the Lord Mayor of Dublin, (Mr. Sexton, M.P.); Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; Mr. H. Campbell, M.P.; Mr. O'Kelly, M.P.; Mr. W. Davie, M.P.; Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P.; Mr. Davis, M.P.; Mr. O'Connor, M.P.; Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., &c.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin said he had the honour to introduce to Mr. Parnell a number of deputations from the Municipal Councils of Ireland. These deputations came before him (Mr. Parnell) to convey to him the expression of the judgments and feeling of their respective Councils, having regard to his (Mr. Parnell's) position and conduct, and to the course which he had followed in his recent memorable crisis of his illustrious career (hear, hear). The Irish Municipal Councils were elected upon a restricted and hampered franchise—so restricted, indeed, as to shut out the main body of those who would be qualified as municipal electors in Great Britain; but no restriction of any kind in Ireland could justify the predominant opinion of the countrymen. Mr. Parnell would be prepared to hear that the municipal bodies of Derry and Belfast were not represented there, but if Derry enjoyed the same municipal franchise as was enjoyed in Great Britain the Mayor and Council of Derry would be with that deputation to-day (hear, hear). With regard to the Nationalists, there were thousands of sterling Nationalists who were not a few, he hoped, of those who loved fair play in all political conflicts, and his (Mr. Sexton's) right to speak on their behalf on the present occasion was one which would not be denied. Mr. Parnell had for nine years held his party with success, and as soon as it became clear that the Nationalists were to be the victors, he would not be slow to show that the fullest means were put into action to destroy his character and prejudices his course; but the ordeal was over. The plot devised against Mr. Parnell, and through him against his country, had recoiled upon the heads of its wretched authors, of its respectable abettors, of its distinguished patriots, and it had recoiled upon them not only to their present discomfiture, but to their lasting disgrace (cheers).

Addresses were then read and presented to Mr. Parnell from the following town Councils: Cork, Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Sligo, Drogheda, and Wexford. Addresses were also presented on behalf of the Cork Harbour Commissioners and the Waterford Board of Guardians.

Mr. Parnell, on rising to reply, was received with loud cheers. He said he felt himself honoured by the most signal mark of representative trust from the Ireland which he had yet received in his public career. It was noteworthy that the power which he had displayed that day was only obtained by the Corporations of Ireland in recent years, and after much opposition from the governing powers of the country. All the stock arguments had been brought out against the extension of municipal privileges—all the arguments that had been used against the disestablishment of the Church, the Land Act, and now again against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1885. Well, they had gained that privilege, and they had gained other things despite opposition, and he had no doubt that just as they were being offered to him, they would be offered to Ireland in satisfaction of their demand for national self-government so they would gain still further concessions in the extension of the privileges of local government, until they would achieve the crowning triumph of all in the restitution of their parliament in College Green (cheers). The Corporations would continue to act their best, and they would be glad that in the past, not for reasonable purposes, not for purposes of disintegration, not for the purpose of upsetting the authority of the Queen, but for the welfare of their country, and for her advantage, and for the purpose of obtaining her legitimate aspirations and legitimate freedom (cheers). If extension of local government were given to the Irish counties, he had no doubt that the Irish counties, following in the footsteps of the corporations, would use that extension in the same way and for the same ends (cheers). In the addresses which had been presented, they had very naturally touched upon the proceedings before the Special Commission. They had translated into English the great discovery of the forgeries of their authors, and of some of their paymasters. It had been a great victory, no doubt—a providential victory. He never

doubted they would be able to disprove those forgeries, but he did not suppose that they could have so signally disproved them that he should have preferred to have gone to his grave with the stigma of those letters upon his forehead, than to meet the public gaze with letters were they the most contemptible as those countrymen to the humiliated and exiled that were forced upon them as the accompaniment of inquiry into the authenticity of the letters (cheers). They would all recollect the circumstances well. They would recollect how they demanded for an inquiry into those letters were refused in the session of 1887, immediately after their publication. They would recollect how again when the proceedings of O'Donnell and Walter threw a fresh light upon one of the famous productions, that a demand for an inquiry before a tribunal under which, as experts had subsequently shown, they could have demonstrated the fraudulent character of documents, certainly that week's time, was again refused, but that how their cover of character from that which they sought, forced upon them an inquiry into every detail in every imaginable speech, newspaper article, given only in Ireland, but in all parts of the world under any circumstances whatever. That was the price which the country had to pay for the purpose of clearing its character from the stigma of those letters, and that a price should not have been consented to. They had acknowledged the justice of the reference. They did not, they never had admitted by any word or act of theirs that the tribunal was a fair tribunal, or one of a character or constitution competent to inquire into the issues laid before it (hear, hear). For those issues, as they had been put before the tribunal of judges, were not the issues which can be decided by an earthly tribunal. How far speeches tended to promote outrages or discourage crime to be, supposed, remain a matter for estimation between political parties as long as the subject was discussed. History, he believed—the verdict of history—would be upon their side, but those were questions which from their very nature must be left to history to settle, and no tribunal or judges ignorant of the history of Ireland, knowing nothing of the state of the surrounding circumstances by education, birth, feeling, and habits of the political conviction, and training averse to the opinions of Ireland, was fitted or able to decide the grave issues that had been laid before their decision (cheers). He had never anticipated that any harm could come either to his colleagues or to his country; from this reference to these judges (cheers). He believed that their cause was so good and so strong, and that their position to-day stood so clear before the public opinion of the world, that even under all these disadvantages which he had reviewed—even with the dice loaded against them and with the cards, the trump cards, as their opponents had hoped, up to the very end—(hear, hear)—they would come out on the other side, unscathed, untroubled and unharmed, brighter by the trial, and that their country would stand clearer and prouder than when it entered upon this ordeal (cheers). But his position was this, that rights had been transgressed in the proceedings, and that under the pretext of inquiry into crime a political issue had been laid before them for a decision who were not expected to give it a fair decision (cheers). Some of them (the Irish members) had been cross-examined and asked what they had to do with crime. Had a single question been directed to them in reference to their share in crime? Oh, no; speeches had been tortured and twisted, all the ingenuity of the cross-examiner had been employed to find some little speck, some little passage in speeches delivered many years ago, which they could twist into some construction not present to the mind of the speaker at the time they were delivered, and so this weary business would go on. They were told it was their intention in this agitation of theirs to bring about the overthrow of the Crown and to organize an armed rebellion, by which himself he could not admit, he could not recollect, that he had ever, certainly not in a public speech, but even in his own mind, contemplated that contingency of failure of their movement—(cheers)—and he certainly had never contemplated what their action would be if they were successful. He would say that if their constitutional movement were to fail, and he believed he spoke the opinions of his eighty-five colleagues in the House of Commons—if it became evident that they could not by Parliamentary action and continued representation at Westminster, restore to Ireland the high privilege of self-government, and of making their own laws, and of standing at home, be for one moment not continue to remain for twenty-four hours longer in the House of Commons at Westminster (prolonged cheers). More than that—he believed that the Irish constituencies would not allow them to remain (renewed cheers), and that was the view which their countrymen at home and abroad had always taken. The