

## A CLEVER ANALYSIS.

## WHAT AN IRISH PARLIAMENT MIGHT DO.

The Philadelphia Catholic Standard thus takes the London Spectator to task.

The London Spectator has an article on this subject, which we are at a loss to decide whether it is intended to be seriously understood or is intended as keenest irony. Whatever its intention, it is in fact a perfect *reductio ad absurdum*. It goes on to say that because the pending Home Rule Bill for Ireland does not expressly restrict or prohibit the Irish Parliament from doing all sorts of things that nobody of men endowed with reason and common-sense would, in this nineteenth century, think of doing, the Irish Parliament, after the first three years of existence, probably would do all these absurd things.

We condense from the Spectator. After the first three years of its existence it will enter upon the existence of its full powers. Then according to the Spectator:

"In the first place, it will be able to revolutionize the criminal law. Thus it can make conspiracies of Ulster men to resist the payment of taxes or to impede the execution of the Home Rule act, a felony punishable with death, or penal servitude and forfeiture of goods and chattels. It may further enact that the venue for all trials in such cases shall be laid in Dublin or such other places as the prosecution shall desire. Under such an act Orangemen may be tried in Dublin by a National jury, and, if they fled to England, would have to be handed over to the Irish authorities. The Irish courts being courts of the Queen, there could be no question of extradition, and England would not be able to afford an asylum to refractory loyalists."

So far as any express prohibitions go in the Home Rule Bill the Irish Parliament might do, or attempt to do, all these things, provided that its members were all lunatics and fools.

The members of the Irish Parliament, in the absence of express provisions to the contrary, might do a thousand other absurd things that no body of sane men would think of attempting.

The Spectator continues:

"Again the Irish Parliament could declare it 'sacrilège' to assault or insult a priest, or to use or write words intended to bring the priestly office or the Roman Catholic faith into contempt. It could punish such sacrilege as a felony with seven years' penal servitude and forfeiture of goods. The Irish Parliament might even, if it chose, abolish trial by jury."

Of course, they might, if they could and would do every thing that is not expressly prohibited in the Home Rule Bill. They might not only abolish trial by jury, but enact that there should be no judges, or courts, or juries whatever in Ireland, and that every man, woman and child might be his, her and its own judge, jury, sheriff and constable. The Irish Parliament might, in the absence of express prohibitions, enact that every Orangeman and Ulster Protestant who refused to hurrah for the Pope, and to curse CROMWELL should first be racked and tortured and then either be hanged, drawn and quartered, or else sold as slaves to the Mohammedans of Asia and Africa. The Irish Parliament might do all this, if its members became a pack of insane men.

But the Spectator enumerates still other conceivable and inconceivable absurdities and monstrosities that the proposed Irish Parliament are not prohibited in the Home Rule Bill from doing. We quote:

"Again, after the three years of grace up, the Irish Parliament might pass an act allowing any person interested in a contract for the sale or hire of land to petition a Land Court to modify the contract on the ground that it was oppressive. The act might also empower the Land Court, pending the hearing of the petition, to stay all processes instituted for the resumption of possession of the land."

Yes, if the members of the proposed Irish Parliament should all be idiots, they might attempt all this, and more. In that case they might enact that every landlord in Ireland should be banished, or imprisoned, or hanged, and that his land and goods and chattels should be confiscated and divided among his quondam tenants.

The Spectator also marks a difference

full of significance between the Home Rule Bill and the Constitution of the United States. An article of our Constitution expressly forbids any State to 'pass any *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts.' There is no such restriction in the Home Rule Act, and the inference, therefore, seems justified that the Irish Parliament will be able to pass *ex post facto* laws, and laws impairing the obligation of contracts. There is, at all events, no doubt that the legislature in Dublin will have power to repeal any law from Magna Charta down to the last Bill presented at Westminster before the Home Rule Act went into operation, and also to alter any principle of the common law or any rule of equity, in so far as the act, principle, or rule altered does not contain certain matters expressly declared to be outside the powers of the Irish Parliament. In a word, there is scarcely one of the acts of Parliament or principles of law under which men seek protection in daily life whose repeal or alteration will be found in practice to be outside the jurisdiction of the proposed Dublin Legislature."

Of course, the Irish Parliament might attempt to do all these things, and worse, provided all its members were idiots and madmen, and the people of Ireland, who elected them, were the same. In that case they might make it a penal offence for anyone to holy property or make a contract with any one else; they might repeal and abolish every legal and constitutional enactment or decree that the customs of ancient, barbarous Sparta, or the present inhabitants of Patagonia or Kamchatka should become the law for Ireland.

But who in the possession of his sober senses will believe that the proposed Irish Parliament will attempt any such absurdities? The supposition is too violent, and the argument based upon it too preposterous, to deceive any sensible persons.

## OF INTEREST TO IRISHMEN.

## Mr. Gladstone's Daily Life.

The Weekly Scotsman prints an interesting account of Mr. Gladstone's home life. It says: "The secret of his extraordinary length of days and of the perfection of his unvarying health is no doubt largely to be found in the remarkable longevity of the Gladstone family, a hardy Scottish stock with fewer weak shoots than perhaps any of the ruling families of England. But it has depended mainly on Mr. Gladstone himself and on the unvarying regularity of his habits. Most English statesmen have been either freeivers or with a touch of the bon vivier in them. But Mr. Gladstone is a man who has been guilty of no excesses save, perhaps, in work. He rises at the same hour every day, uses the same fairly generous but always carefully regulated diet, goes to bed about the same hour pursue the same round of work and intellectual and social pleasure. An extraordinary varied life is accompanied by a certain rigidity of personal habit I have never seen surpassed."

"At Hawarden, of course, it is simpler and more private than in London. In town to-day, Mr. Gladstone avoids all large parties and great crushes and gatherings, where he may be expected to be mobbed or bored beyond his usual bedtime. Personally, Mr. Gladstone is an example of the most winning, the most delicate, and the most minute courtesy. He is a gentleman of the elder English school, and his manners are grand and urbane, always stately, never condescending, and genuinely modest. He affects even the dress of the old school, and I have seen him in the morning wearing an old black evening coat, such as Prof. Jowett still affects. The humblest passer by in Piccadilly raising his hat to Mr. Gladstone is sure to get a sweeping salute in return. This courtliness is all the more remarkable because it accompanies and adorns a very strong temper, a will of iron, and a habit of being regarded for the greater part of his lifetime as a personal force of unequalled magnitude. Yet the most foolish, and perhaps one may add, the most impatient, of Mr. Gladstone's dinner-table questioners is sure of an elaborate reply delivered with the air of a student in talk with his master. To the cloth Mr. Gladstone shows a reverence that occasionally woos the observer to a smile."

"The callowest curate is sure of a respectful listener in the foremost Englishman of the day. On the other hand,

in private conversation, the Premier does not often brook contradiction. His temper is high, and though, as Mr. George Russell has said, it is under vigilant control, there are subjects on which it is easy to arouse the old lion. Then the grand eyes flash, the torrent of brilliant monologue flows with more rapid sweep, and the dinner table is breathless at the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone angry. As to his relations with his family, they are very charming. It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Herbert Gladstone—his youngest and possibly his favorite son—speak of 'my father.'

"I am often astonished at the manner in which Mr. Gladstone manages to crowd his almost endless, varied occupations into the forenoon. The explanation of this extreme orderliness of mind is probably to be found in his unequalled habit of concentration on the business before him. Mr. Gladstone thinks of one thing, and of one thing only at a time. Enter the room when Mr. Gladstone is reading a book, you may move noisily about the chamber, ransack the books on the shelves, stir the furniture, but never for one moment will the reader be conscious of your presence. At Downing Street, during his earlier ministries, these hours of study were often—I might say usually—preceded by the famous breakfast, at which the celebrated actor or actress, the rising poet, the well known artist, the diplomatist halting on his way from one station of the Empire to another, were welcome guests. Miss Bernhardt, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mme. Modjeska have all assisted at these pleasant feasts."

"Between the afternoon tea and dinner the statesman usually retires again, and gets through some of the lighter and more agreeable of his intellectual tasks. He reads rapidly and I think I should say that, especially, of late years, he does a good deal of skipping. If a book does not interest him, he does not trouble to read it through. I remember one hasty glance over Mr. Gladstone's book-table in his town house. In addition to the Liberal Weekly, the Speaker, and a few political pamphlets, there were, I should say, fifteen or twenty works on theology, none of them, as far as I should say, of first-rate importance. Of science Mr. Gladstone knows little, and it can be said that his interest in it is keen. He belongs, in a word, to the old-fashioned Oxford ecclesiastical school, using the controversial weapons which are to be found in the works of a Pusey or of a Hurrell Froude. In his reading, when a question of more minute and out-of-the-way scholarship arises, he appeals to his constant friend and assistant, Lord Acton, to whose profound learning he bows with a deference which it is very touching to note. Mr. Gladstone's library is not what can be called a select or really first-class collection. It comprises an undue proportion of theological literature, of which he is a large and not over-discriminating buyer. By the way, a great many statements have been made about Mr. Gladstone's library, and I may as well give the facts, which have never before been made public. His original library consisted of about 24,000 volumes. In the seventies, however, he parted with his entire collection of political works, amounting to some 8,000 volumes, to the late Lord Wolverton. The remaining 15,000 or so are now distributed between the little iron house and Hawarden proper. Mr. Gladstone is not a worshipper of books for the sake of their outer adornments. He loves them for what is inside. As even occasionally sells extremely rare and costly editions for which he has no special use. In all money matters, indeed, he is a thrifty, orderly Scotchman. He has never been rich, though his affairs have greatly improved since the time when, in his first Premiership, he had to sell his very valuable collection of china."

"Dinner with Mr. Gladstone is the stately ceremonial meal which it has become to the upper and upper-middle-class Englishman. Mr. Gladstone invariably dresses for it, wearing the high-collared which Mr. Harry Furness immortalized, and a cutaway coat which strikes one as of a slightly old-fashioned pattern. On ecclesiastical matters he is a never-weary disputant. Poetry has also a singular charm for him, and no modern topic has interested him more keenly than the discussion as to Tennyson's successor to the Laureateship. I remember that, at a small dinner at which I recently met him, the conversation ran almost en-

tirely on the two subjects of old English hymns and young English poets. His favorite religious poet is, I should say, Cardinal Newman; and his favorite hymn Toplady's "Rock of Ages," of which his Latin rendering is to my mind far stronger and purer than the original English. When he is in town he dines out almost every day. One habit of his is quite unvarying. He likes to walk home, and to walk home alone. He declines escort, and slips away for his quiet stroll under the stars, or even through the fog and mist on a London winter's night."

## IRISH OPPONENTS OF HOME RULE.

A Timely Editorial in the Boston Republic.

A mysterious address has been issued by the "Nationalists of Ireland," and sent to this country for the purpose of producing whatever effect is possible to be produced in opposition to the home rule bill now in Parliament. The document, as it was presented to us, bears no signature, so we are not aware from what source it emanates. Briefly summarized, it calls for a resumption of the work stayed for nine years by the toleration of the "constitutional" movement. Its authors declare that they make the Land League and the National League possible, but that these organizations betrayed the cause and the friends of Ireland. The present leaders and members of the parliamentary party "are many of them, perjurers," say the Nationalists in this address. They are also traitors, for they have virtually accepted a proposal of self-government which would, if put into operation, be worse than Poyning's act, passed in 1494. Thus, in a few words, is the nature and substance of the indictment against the Irish members.

The New York Tablet has taken up the matter and lent its aid to the promoters of the revival. For our own part, we fail to see any benefit that can come to Ireland now from a detached movement such as framers of the manifesto contemplate. We are not prepared, therefore, to join with the Orangemen and the Tories in denouncing Mr. Gladstone and condemning the substantial measure of Home Rule which no has formulated. We are of the opinion, too, that an overwhelming majority of the Irish people at home and elsewhere are in favor of giving it a trial. It cannot be a very bad or defective bill, as it has evoked the most violent opposition of the traditional foes of Irish freedom.

We do not anticipate or expect that the "Nationalists," as they call themselves, will make much headway at present in the work of converting Irish Americans to their view of the situation. The policy most popular with the bulk of American sympathizers seems to be to accept the fundamental principles of the bill as a partial settlement of the question, and wait until after the scheme is in full operation before moving in the direction of further demands. That policy will be adhered to.

For Cyclists.—Young South Africa, though lacking the advantages of Board schools, would appear to be possessed of reasoning powers at a very early age. From Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, comes the following. A conversation, reported by an Englishman, was recently overheard between two brothers aged four and six years. "Winny, tell me what the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" Eider with patronizing air: "Why, Ray, don't you know that? If the man takes the thing home to try now he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it outright it is a bicycle."

An Exception.—Sui generis.—"There is nothing perfect on this earth." Swayback—"Yon forget Gilly." "What about Gilly?" "He's a perfect ass."—Life.

Willie—"My father comes down to dinner in a dress suit every night now. Bobby—"Pooh! That's nothing. Why, half the time my father comes to breakfast in one."—Life.

Samso: He is not men, and yet he makes a great deal more in money than he spends. Rodd: How much that be? Samso: He works in the Mint.

Mr. Morgan William O'Donovan, commonly called O'Donovan, has been appointed deputy lieutenant of the County Cork.