

union—also that nothing but union could save the country, and alluding to the contrariness of so many of his fellow-countrymen, that the existence of two independent Parliaments had gradually led to their complicated and grievous sufferings.

He also pointed out the mischievous results of reforms brought about by veiled rebellion, which, in 1782, created Grattan's Parliament. (Prior to that time—on the authority of Arthur Young—Ireland was steadily progressing, his book abounds in instances of large improvements by landlords). Lord Clare also dilated upon the mischievous results of two Parliaments upon the Regency question and other matters, the two Legislatures being in opposition to each other. He disposes of Mr. Gladstone's persevering fiction about Lord Fitzwilliams' mandate in 1795. The Earl of Rosebery—the late Premier—has in his Life of Pitt done the like. But Gladstone's historical myths like cats have nine lives.

He indignantly denounced the circulated stereotyped petition of the anti-unionists which contained the false assertion anent Grattan's Parliament, "*under which our country has hitherto prospered beyond example.*" These words so scathingly denounced by Lord Clare, Gladstone falsely represents as his statements. Unbiased, intelligent readers will see that Clare's regretful and foreboding speech was exactly the reverse of what Gladstone represents it to have been. It was a jeremiad—not as alleged an historical hosanna. The facts capitally illustrate Gladstone's method of misrepresenting antagonistic history. He finally called upon his noble audience to vote for the union and they patriotically responded.

When Celtic Ireland again produces such a man as he, to fearlessly speak the truth to his fellow-countrymen, it will flourish beyond all present probability. The Irish are a rallying race, but they need a true man to lead them. To give the best results such a man ought to be a Catholic. How long will the mournful cry of the genius of Ireland continue, "*Wanted! a great Irishman*"? There can be no true greatness without the work-a-day Commandments (Protestant 6th, 8th and 9th), but such a one would reinstate them in Ireland.

Lord Clare was the greatest man that the old race produced up to the beginning of this century, and his name will ever be classed among those of great patriotic statesmen.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

P.S.—Those who do not bind THE WEEK should cut this out for their scrap-book. Not 1 in 1,000 knows anything of Lord Clare's great speech which is so full of reliable information.

* * *

My Absent Host: An Experience in Jamaica.

HERE in Jamaica, in the shade of a gigantic cotton-wood tree and surrounded by the luxuriant growth of a tropical forest, with the sun pouring its fierce rays through the tangled undergrowth, reflected in many gorgeous colours unknown in more northern climes, it is hard to realize that this is Christmas Day as we know it at home.

The hill on which I am sitting, a thousand feet or so high, commands a magnificent view of Kingston harbor in which lie sleepily at anchor the war ships of various nations, and merchant craft from all over the world, seeking cargoes of coffee, cocoa, pimento, bananas, oranges, and logwood. Beyond the red roofs of Port Royal, the Caribbean Sea with its numberless reefs and cays, huge rocks standing out like grim sentinels of the narrow passages to that whilom hell on earth, the home and stronghold of the fierce pirates and bloody buccaneers of long ago, through which not a few gallant ships laden with pieces-of-eight and priceless spoils from the Spanish Main threaded the tortuous way in the wake of their merciless captors, whose deeds have been the subject of many a thrilling story but of whom the worst was never told. Port Royal, once "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot on earth," now exists merely as a naval station with a fort and sailors' hospital, surrounded by a few miserable hovels, but still the abode of vice. The great earthquake in 1692 destroyed and almost submerged the town, of which the ruins are still visible under the green water. There is story told in the Guide Books of a

man "who was swallowed up by the earthquake and by the providence of God was, by another shock, thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death." I visited his grave at Green Bay, so there can be no question as to the authenticity of the story.

The hospitality of the Jamaican planter is proverbial and during my visit to the island I received many marks of kindness at their hands; but one case in particular is, perhaps, worth narrating, being rather interesting on account of its novelty.

I had left Kingston early one morning without very definite ideas as to destination or direction, allowing my pony, a small wiry beast peculiar to the country, sure-footed as an ass and eminently adapted to climb the steep hills and endure the intense heat, to choose the way. That way led through "Mona," one of the few large sugar estates still in operation. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining the continuous labour necessary for the cultivation of cane coolies are imported by the government from the East Indies and hired out to planters. They are of much slighter build than the Jamaica negro and cannot match him for work when he feels like it, but that is not often.

After fording the Hope River, a zig-zag bridle-path makes an abrupt ascent of the foot-hills of the famous Blue Mountains. A heavy shower of rain, I supposed one of those sudden squalls common in these latitudes, induced me to seek shelter under a mango tree, but the down-pour continued and I was soon wet to the skin, so I determined to push upwards, knowing there was no house for miles behind me and trusting there might be one further ahead. I am at a loss to describe the changing beauties of the scenery developed by each bend in the path, the lovely colours of the foliage dripping with crystal, the stately palms, the waving bamboos, yam plots, reminding one of the Kent hop gardens, the mountain side covered with verdure and gay with the brightest tints, here and there little waterfalls flowing from the heart of the mountain through delightful grottos, laughingly losing itself among the maidenhair and hartstongue to reappear on the face of the bare rock, passing again out of sight with a pleasant gurgling sound on its way to the winding river below, sparkling in the sunshine, gleefully rushing in cascades over its stoney bed to the ocean; above, the purple peaks coyly hiding their heads in the clouds, inviting the traveller to penetrate their ether veil.

Upward and still upward I climbed for an hour or more before seeing any sign of human habitation, when a sudden turn brought me to a negro hut. My knock was answered by a black girl, bare-footed, her petticoats hitched up in the peculiar style of the women here and a coloured handkerchief wrapped around her head. From her I learned that "Massa Duncan," a white planter, lived about a mile further on. Following her directions, in due time I reached a roomy-looking cottage, with roses, honeysuckle, and jasmine, surrounded by rims of stone outhouses, an old mill, a rum-still, a delapidated-looking well and other relics of a once prosperous sugar estate. But the place seemed deserted.

"Massa Duncan not at home, sar," was the news that presently greeted my appearance. This was a dilemma I was not prepared for, but I was wet and I was hungry, so bidding the darkie lead my horse under cover, I took the liberty of inviting myself into "Massa" Duncan's abode. It was late in the afternoon; the place was miles away from everywhere. I was in for it now. There was a dash of adventure about the whole business, so I determined to see it through.

"Massa" Duncan was apparently a bachelor; anyway there were no signs of anything feminine about, but many evidences to the contrary, so I plucked up courage, decided to do the best I knew how, under the circumstances, and proceeded to make myself at home, comforting myself with the reflection that if "Massa" Duncan did turn up he could only kick me out. A tour of investigation discovered some dry clothes which I appropriated, not, indeed, without many misgivings when I found that the collar of the shirt was several sizes too large for me, the trousers somewhat long in the leg, and the sleeves of the jacket needed turning up to prevent them falling over my knuckles. "Massa" Duncan was a bigger man than I, that was certain, and I trembled in my borrowed slippers. Still, with a creepy feeling, of course only the result of my recent soaking, I tempted fate. It was was neck or nothing now and I con-