

possible theory. It is incredible that honourable men should think so lightly of the greatness of that Empire from which they derive whatever importance they may possess as public men. It is horrible to imagine that they could sacrifice the interests of the great British nation for the sake of gaining a few votes, or even of obtaining office. When such things can be believed of our public men, either they must forfeit public confidence, or patriotism must be dead. Whatever difficulty we may experience in devising another theory, these things must by no means be believed. C.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

It must surely be rather humiliating to the true Celtic and Catholic Irishman that the leader of the present Nationalist movement is an alien in blood and religion and descended from those English aristocrats denounced on every Home Rule platform as the cruel oppressors and blood-thirsty tyrants of the Irish people. Mr. Parnell, we are told, is a lineal descendant of the great Earl of Warwick, the famous king-maker, and is related through another noble English family to "Butcher Spencer," and to Lord Hartington, whose father, the Duke of Devonshire, has landed property in Ireland, "robbed," of course, by his usurping ancestors from Fin McCoul, or other legendary Irish chieftains, but expected to go back to their rightful owners, whoever they may be, when the flag of freedom floats over the coming Irish republic. Sad to say, Mr. Parnell himself is a landlord, and one whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. His estate of Avondale lies amidst the rich scenery of the fair and fertile Vale of Avoca "where the bright waters meet," whose beauties are sung in one of Moore's Irish Melodies. Besides these disadvantages of being a Saxon, a heretic, and a landlord, Mr. Parnell's appearance and manner are totally opposite to the popular idea of the Irish agitator and demagogue. His figure is slight, and not in any way striking; his face is pale, his features regular and clearly cut, their expression frigidly cold and reserved, with something bitter and contemptuous in the mouth. In his speeches there is nothing of that fervour and enthusiasm supposed to be characteristic of Irish oratory; no brilliant flashes, no glowing imagery, no impassioned appeals to the emotions. But he is not without power as a speaker. His sentences are brief and clear, and often wonderfully telling and incisive; he keeps straight to his point, and the steadfast determination, intensity of will, and latent force underlying every word make themselves felt, and are always effective. At any rate, whatever obstacles he may have had to contend with, he now holds undisputed sway over the Celtic and Catholic people of Ireland, and over every league and movement formed to expel the English landlords, and give Ireland, as the phrase goes, to the Irish. He is, Mr. Healy says, "the most glorious chief that Ireland ever possessed." Indeed, he is sometimes called the uncrowned King of Ireland. The existence of the loyal men of Ulster, or of any party loyal to English rule, is of course ignored by the so-called Nationalists.

Whatever Mr. Parnell's love for Ireland may be, his hatred of England is a deadly and deeply-rooted passion, though his cool and calculating temperament enables him to keep it within the bounds of political prudence. It is said that he learned this hatred of the country of his ancestors from his mother, who is an American. At the time of her marriage, American ladies were not so much admired and sought after in European society as they are now, and in marrying one of them Mr. Parnell was thought to have made a deplorable *mésalliance*. Many gentlemen of English descent had estates in the neighbourhood of Avondale, and lived on them most part of the year—among them Lord Wicklow, whose beautiful place, Shelton Abbey, is one of the show-places of Avoca. It was reported that Mrs. Parnell considered herself slighted by her aristocratic neighbours, and her consequent resentment and dislike of the offenders extended to the class to which they belonged, and to the English nation. "Great events from trivial causes spring." Mrs. Parnell communicated her own feelings to her children, and her son devoted the ambition of his life to the disruption of the Union. This explanation of Mr. Parnell's hatred to England may be only idle gossip, but it may be a veritable glimpse at the underside of the cards with which life's game is played.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Parnell, with her daughters, went to live in America. In conjunction with Miss Fanny Parnell and Miss Ellen Ford, sister of the publisher of the New York *Irish World*, Mrs. Parnell founded the American Ladies' Land League, of which she was the first President, Miss Ellen Ford, Vice-President, and Miss Fanny Parnell, Financial Secretary. This society preceded the Irish Ladies' Land League, and became a powerful auxiliary to the Parnellite agitation in Ireland, and among the Irish in the United States, where they openly declare that Home Rule is only a preparatory step to the complete separation of Ireland from Eng-

land, and the establishment of an Irish republic under the protection of America.

Two of Mr. Parnell's sisters, Miss Fanny and Miss Anna Parnell, have been his zealous and active coadjutors. Miss Fanny Parnell died in 1882, but while she lived she poured forth her indignation at "England's deeds of brutality," in impassioned prose and burning verse. One of her poems, entitled "Hold the Harvest," was read by the Attorney-General at the State Trials of 1880, as a specimen of the seditious and treasonable literature with which Irish imaginations were excited and inflamed. We give one stanza:—

Oh, by the God, who made us all, the seignior and the serf,
Rise up! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf;
Rise up! and plant your feet as men, where now you crawl as slaves,
And make your harvest-fields your camps, or make of them your graves.

Another poem, "Hold the Rent," was written in the same spirit; but the fierce and almost insane hatred of England and English institutions which inspired this Irish muse is perhaps most clearly shown in "Two Women." This poem was written on the death of Ellen McDonagh, a poor girl accidentally killed in the town of Belmullet, County Mayo, while a party of soldiers were endeavouring to disperse a mob of insurgents.

TWO WOMEN.

There were two women of self-same clay,
Though one was a Queen of lofty sway;
A Queen both proud and cold;
Naught she loved but the yellow gold,
For her heart was cold and hard and old;
Little she cared for dying or dead,
Little she recked if the guiltless bled,
This Queen of whom I tell,
That loved her purse so well.

And the other woman—a simple girl,
Fresh as a flower, pure as a pearl,
Only a poor man's child!
Dearly she loved her native wild;
Life in its morning on her smiled,
Till "by the order of the Queen" at last
In a blood agony out she passed.—
The girl of whom I tell,
To that calm Night where all is well.

Ellen McDonagh, dark is thy grave!
Father and mother in vain may rave;
Stiff and stark thou art laid,
Only a gentle peasant maid,
That loved and laboured, suffered and prayed,
Yet rather I'd sleep 'neath thy churchyard stone,
Than sit with the Queen on her ghastly throne,
This throne of which I tell
That is built o'er the flames of hell!

Miss Parnell died rather suddenly, and her last recorded words were: "Arabi Bey is bound to whip the English." It is in such a spirit as this, which the leader of the Irish Nationalists undoubtedly shares with his family, and all his followers, that Home Rule in Ireland would be conducted. What wonder that patriotic Englishmen should resist it? L.

A THOUGHT FROM PINDAR.

TWIN immortalities man's art doth give
To man: both fair; both noble; one supreme.
The sculptor beating out his portrait scheme
Can make the marble statue breathe and live;
Yet with a life cold, silent, locative;
It cannot break its stone-eternal dream,
Or stop to join the busy human stream,
But dwells in some high fane a hieroglyph.
Not so the poet. Hero, if thy name
Lives in his verse it lives indeed. For then
In every ship thou sailest passenger
To every town where aught of soul doth stir,
Through street and market borne, at camp and game,
And on the lips and in the hearts of men.

—EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY: *Sonnets of this Century*.

It is related of Caroline Bauer that every year she read Shakespeare's works "from beginning to end," and always "with greater appreciation and increased admiration." "Do you know," she said, "what part I should like to play? Richard III. For the sake of this part I have often regretted not to have been a man!"

It is said that Kant, the German philosopher, who had a habit of sometimes uttering his thoughts audibly, but unconsciously, when alone, was once dining at a friend's, where he was bored by the dulness of the conversation, when, with honest simplicity, he unconsciously, but audibly, soliloquized: "My God, what an intolerably tedious company this is!"