

House was very slim and indeed looked upon as of little harm or little good for either party. What the Irish phalanx required was a leader. Butt's ideas were admirable, as far as they went, but they were only theoretical, at least, for the man had not the means of putting them into practice. He was not a leader, and above all, such a leader as the Irish people required. To have any hope of success it was necessary that some man should arise who, while possessing the confidence of the people, would be cool, calculating, unflinching in his efforts, and above all, a consummate organizer. The days when eloquence, like that of Meagher, or enthusiasm, like that of Mitchel, could produce the desired effect, were gone past. To stir up the ice-cold Briton it required something other than mere Celtic favor. Calmness, determination and organizing talent were necessary; next, in all importance, was a sufficiently strong representation in the House to place the balance of power in the hands of the Irish members. Such a man and such a leader was at hand. He was living and moving in the very circles he was soon to command.

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

A consummate organizer, a born leader of men, a determined disciplinarian and a naturally skilled statesman, Parnell came upon the scene just as his presence was most required. Without any of the outward show wherewith political aspirants attract attention, devoid of all that ostentation and eloquence which, if they do not possess, men who seek to govern generally assume, but with a genius for command such as few men can boast, Parnell stepped into the foremost rank and soon became first amongst the foremost of his fellow-countrymen. His presence inspired entire confidence. With that peculiar magnetism of the first Napoleon, and with considerable of that character's sphinx-like exclusiveness, he drew around him a band of brilliant men. He went even so far as to obtain entire ascendancy over the Irish nation, and as an act of almost miraculous skill, he converted to the Home Rule cause the very deadliest opponent of that principle, his own jailor; the man who sent him to Kilmainham became—under the influence of his spell—the Grand Old Man whose name shall forever be associated with legislative justice to Ireland. By dint of perseverance Parnell finally succeeded in securing what had been so long desired by the Irish people, *the balance of power* in the Imperial House. With his powerful contingent in 1886, he stood up between the Tories and the Liberals, the object upon which the attention of Lords and Commons was centered, the man upon whose course the eyes of the civilized world were concentrated, the being above all others towards whom the Irish people flocked, and in whose presence they saw the only hope for the cause of centuries. From the day that Gladstone became a friend of the policy advocated by Parnell and his supports, the almost positive certainty of an ultimate triumph began. For four years this leader marshalled his little army with the skill of a Cæsar and the success of an Alexander. Upon the list of his fully commissioned officers were the names of McCarthy, Davitt, Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Sexton, the Redmonds, Sullivan, the venerable O'Gorman Mahon, and others whose features are familiar to all who have seen pictures of the Irish Parliamentary party. Gladstone had gone out of power and Salisbury, with his cold-hearted nephew Balfour, held sway on the Treasury Benches. They were pronounced Unionists; the Liberals had promised a

Home Rule measure; Parnell stood in with the latter and his party was a unit. All looked forward to the general elections of 1892. Parnell had defeated the *Times* in that famous case; Pigott's name was added to the list of perjured traitors; the hopes of the people were high. It was then—in the full flush of political success—that a cloud arose upon the leader's future; it was dark and threatening; it lowered menacingly, and from out its depths a lightning stroke of death flashed suddenly. While yet the world looked on in astonishment and incredulity the news came that Parnell was no more. "He died: but his work lives."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

The cause was then taken up by the former lieutenants of the great leader, and Justin McCarthy, the *litterateur*, journalist and polished patriot, took command. It was at this juncture that the present unfortunate division began. Into the details of that split in the ranks, and into the arguments on either side we do not purpose entering. While Parnell still lived we could see very potent reasons why his faithful followers should have wished to keep him at the helm: but the moment death claimed him we cannot see any reason why a division should exist. All parties profess to seek Home Rule, and in this case especially should the voice of the majority carry. Mr. McCarthy has been most successful, considering the difficulties with which he had to contend. His reign has seen the dawn of the most tangible hope yet felt by the people of Ireland. The crushing of the Salisbury majority and the return of Gladstone to power have marked an epoch in the history of the movement. It was at this particular juncture that the Irish leader, advised by his friends on both sides of the Atlantic, invited a Canadian statesman to assist in the glorious battle at its most critical moment.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Thus was it that Hon. Edward Blake crossed the ocean and took up his stand for the Home Rule cause. We need not comment upon the success of the great Irish-Canadian. He stepped at once into the place of a semi-leader of the people, and he arose in his first speech to the rank of a conspicuous orator and statesman in the House of Commons. What the next few weeks have in store for the Home Rule cause is more than we can predict, but we have a strong faith in the success of the Bill so ably laid before Parliament by Gladstone. We have traced as hurriedly as possible the history of a hundred years, and we now ask our readers to look once more at our illustrated cover, and perchance they will see in it something more than an ordinary sketch.

Joan D'Arc.

The following despatch comes from Rome:

Pope Leo has informed the French bishops of his decision to crown his Episcopal Jubilee by the beatification of the French heroine, Joan of Arc, who was burned by the English as a sorceress and a heretic on May 30, 1431, and was formally proven to have been innocent in 1456. The Pope has ordered the Congregation of Rites to expedite the preliminaries for the beatification. The announcement of the Pope's decision has been received with great satisfaction by the French Roman Catholics as a signal tribute to the patriotic spirit of France.

A Doubtful Compliment.—Maud: How do you like the new way I do my hair, Frank? Frank wants to say something particularly nice: Why, you look at least thirty years younger.

EUGENE DAVIS.

STUDENT, JOURNALIST, POET WANDERER.

Recollections of Prout—Literary Characters of His Acquaintance—Pigott and His Work—A Sketch of Davis' Career.

Near the Four Courts stands the Angel. A by-path connects this old inn with the home of Irish law. This path is well known to the curly-headed barristers, who, having looped their togas around their waists, make a sudden sally, between acts (for the charge of his lordship is decidedly dramatic), to the better loved bar in the Angel. There a rosy-faced, smiling damsel, with wonderful dexterity, is ready to open any case at the pleader's call. For a limited number, she will even open cases reserved for years. It was a dreary winter's evening, such a one as can only be indigenous to Erin, that found the writer on this much frequented path, wending his way to mine host of the Angel. For a few hours he had patiently listened to the vituperation of the Irish peasant from an Irish Bench, and that by a time-serving Irish judge, known to disreputable notoriety as "Payter the Snob." This soulless monologue ended, the writer found himself in the company of a few barristers, condemning this most shameful prostitution of the Bench for political purposes. The invitation to take the path succeeded, and in a few minutes he stood gazing at the chalk angels holding lamps, twin guards of the second story of the Angel. The barristers, having quenched their thirst, returned to hear Councillor Walker, while I, mindful of the fact that I had a note of introduction to a gentleman at this inn, fumbled in my pocket for the precious document. Curled up amid a mass of other introductory matter, I found it. The address was simple: Eugene Davis, Esq., Angel Hotel, Dublin. How I came to have that letter takes me back to another continent. Was I not afraid of being called a plagiarist I might follow electric Corelli and call this paper

"A ROMANCE OF TWO CONTINENTS."

A year previous to my visit to the Angel, at the newspaper man. I had formed one of a party that met at the house of a civil engineer in West Philadelphia to have a pleasant chat. The engineer claimed that he was an exile, driven from his native isle by the nefarious cruelty of the English Government. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, quick in perception and keen of tongue. He was well-versed in general literature, but particularly so in that of his own country. From the works of the greatest, as well as from the works of the least of his land, he could quote for hours. His quotations were not of the common kind, drawn from choice selections and marked trite, but were sparkling, apt, choicely gifted to the matter in hand, and used with the consummate skill of an illustrator to enhance the text. One of his citations curiously caught my fancy. I asked who was the original giver of this ware, and was told that it was Eugene Davis, just then of Paris, but like all Bohemians, of Cosmopolis. The engineer, who had known Davis in Paris and Lausanne, read me many tiny poems from the same hand, and showed me a few MSS. verses given to him by the bard. Before leaving the States I had read that Davis was in Dublin, and hastened to procure a letter of introduction, not from the engineer, for reasons that are well known to those intimate with inner Irish affairs, but from my journalist friend, who had in the meantime formed a letter acquaintance with Davis. This was the curled, crumpled letter I held in my hand as I saluted

MINE JOLLY HOST OF THE ANGEL.

"Does Eugene Davis live here?" I asked.

"Take this gentleman to Mr. Davis' room," said mine host. A porter, cheery-faced, and roguish-eyed led the way. I saluted the twin chalk sentinels, turned to the right and clambered up another flight of stairs. "Here is what you are after," said the porter, knocking with his knuckles on the door. "Push" said a strong voice from within. The word suited my action. The door fell back on its hinges, and I was in company of two men. "Mr. Davis here," and I held out my hand with the letter. One of the gentlemen arose a veritable giant in

form, and took the letter from my hands. I could not help muttering to myself Eugene Davis, six feet five, an Irish Hercules. I am Davis said the big man, and then came the kindly hand shake, and the warm smile, that could only come from a loving nature. His companion was Fr. McDonagh, then on the staff of the Irish Catholic, now whittling away his health and rare gifts in the daily drudgery of the London Press. The career of his companion had been one of activity and excitement. Like a true inhabitant of Cosmopolis he was at home in the capitals of many lands. In Paris he talked of a future Irish Republic with Stevens or Tevis Carroll, sipped his wine and ate his hard-baked bun, at that Irish Tavern, in the Rue Royal, near the Madeleine, the favorite haunt of the Donovans, Sheas, and other well known

SONS OF BOHEMIA.

In Lausanne he wandered around the charming lake, made famous by the fat, short Englishman, who wrote the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, to fill a gap in the world's history. In Rome he was interested in the church made famous to his countrymen by the ill-rewarded labors of his friend Father Mehan. To his mind it was rare luck that gave him the knowledge of how Shandon Bells was written by Prout. With a merry wrinkle of the eye, that self-satisfying expression of having a good thing to say, he would tell how the young Prout, in the old Irish College, after a more than ordinary appetizing dinner, lay down to take his siesta. Stomach plays a leading part in the drama siesta. On this particular afternoon, like many of our modern players Mr. S. felt slightly indisposed, and as a consequence the drama was postponed. To fill the siesta time Prout composed his Shandon Bells and wrote it on the wall above his bed. Like many an other production destined to live, it was the work of a few moments, while the patient labor of years, hardly survives the toiler. Who reads now-a-days the far fetched wit of Prout, or marvels at his ill-balanced scholarship. That careless snatch of melody, the effect of a good dinner, will alone save him from literary death. It is not the reliques, but Shandon Bells that takes many a traveller, to the little Shandon Church-yard to

Mark where beneath thy verdant sod he deep,
unmoulded,
The bones of Prout.

Davis found enjoyment in Cordietis where a few of the exiled air their opinions on all sorts of things and on all conditions of men. There dines Baumgartner, the Cahenslyite envoy, and writer for a small German Weekly, ready to show his ignorance on every subject connected with America, full of chit-chat and amiability, a willing cicerone to the lady globe-trotting American. There sits his friend Keating of the Catholic Times, a genial sunny man, whose opinion spasmodic Stead considered worth paying for in his Pall Mall. Opposite a talkative woman, writer of Roman News the most imaginative occupation connected with the Press. On her right sits Connellan, he, of the Italian, in the mellow Munster brogue, full of anecdotes and contradictions. Woe to the Vatican if she took a step without consulting this irascible Irishman. Near to him, sits the scholarly Roche, a man of vast erudition, but with the simplicity of a child, and a heart soft as woman. Davis has recorded his pleasure in this society. It was truly cosmopolis, with its queer but enticing wits, such wanderings amid such scenes, to a nature like Davis could only confirm his adhesion to his first love Literature, a love that he had contrived to woo under many difficulties, as may be gleaned from the meagre sketch of his life that follows.

Eugene Davis was born 58 years ago in the County Cork, at an easy distance from the birthplace of his great namesake. He came of a family literary in its instincts. His half-brother was the well-known Fr. Davis of Baltimore, whose philanthropical labors in behalf of Irish fishermen has given him world renown. This good man edited the American edition of the "Sermons and Lectures" of his friend Rev. M. Buckley, besides now and then cultivating the muse a la Præd. Eugene was sent to school at an early age, the desire of his people that at some distant day he would follow his brothers footsteps and become an honored clergyman in his Church. The usual preparatory studies finished!

DAVIS CROSSED THE CHANNEL to study philosophy and theology in the great school of Olier, Saint Sulpice. The