

# MY RELATIONS WITH PARNELL

## AFTER THE SPLIT.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in the "IRISH PEOPLE"

**THE LAST MEETING.**—I am not likely to forget that September night when I saw Parnell for what proved to be the last time. I was then living in Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, and Parnell, had been in my Chelsea house many times. For this particular meeting he had not fixed an exact time, but I felt sure that he would come late, would wait in fact for an hour when it seemed to him likely that the whole household, except myself, would have gone to bed. So I waited up for Parnell alone, and he came at last. We sat down and set to work at once. There were a great many matters of small detail to be gone into, and these occupied us for a considerable time. There were some claims to be settled, certain of which Parnell thought disputable, and about these he gave me elaborate explanation. Parnell was not habitually a man who liked to deal with the details of business, but it was a part of his character, when such work became necessary, to go into it with the closest attention, to bring the whole force of his intelligence to bear upon it for the time.

When we had got through the work which just then was most pressing for arrangement I produced a decanter and some tall glasses, and soda water bottles, and a box of cigars, and we settled down for a talk. Parnell was always the most moderate of drinkers, and a single whisky and soda was enough to occupy him during a long sitting, and indeed it seemed to be often with rather a symbol of conviviality than a necessary part of his evening's enjoyment. But he liked a cigar, and so we sat and smoked together, and put business aside for that time, and talked on all manner of subjects excepting only the questions which kept us politically astir.

I remember that he suddenly said something to me about the number of remarkable people I must have seen in my house from time to time—such was his assumption—and some names came up in our talk.

Just at that time public attention was a good deal directed to the career of the unfortunate General Boulanger, and I mentioned that Boulanger had been to see me in that house, and that he had given me a copy of his book on the German invasion of France. This turned us on to a talk about France and Frenchmen, and Parnell told me a good deal about his interviews with eminent men in Paris, Marshal MacMahon and Victor Hugo, among others, whom he had met when he went over to appeal for the sympathy of leading Frenchmen on behalf of the Irish Home Rule movement. Parnell seemed to find much pleasure in going over these recollections, as if it were a relief to him to get back for the time into the past, and to put away even for a casual hour or so the cares and troubles of the less genial present.

**THE BRAVE OLD DAYS.**—From Parnell's recollections of what he had seen and done in Paris we glided naturally enough into recollections belonging to the common work of the Irish party in parliament before any question had arisen which brought up a thought of division.

In this way he recalled several episodes of our past work together. Parnell reminded me of some occurrences and scenes which I had almost forgotten, and I could bring back to his memory some incidents in our Parliamentary warfare, the recollection of which seemed to amuse him. If there could have been any observer present who was ignorant of recent events in our political history, he might have taken us for two comrades who met after a time of separation, and were recalling random recollections in a spirit of unbroken companionship. Parnell's instinctive good feeling and his steady judgment kept him from saying a single word which might have seemed to invite any discussion of unwelcome topics, and I need hardly say that I for my part was not in the least disposed to invite any controversy.

So we remained talking thus pleasantly until it occurred to Parnell that the hour was growing late, and that

he had to be up early in the morning. I assumed at first that the word "early," was only used in a comparative sense, and that he was going back to his lodgings to have a reasonable amount of rest; but he suddenly told me that he was to start for Ireland by the early morning train, and could only snatch some two or three hours of sleep at the Euston Hotel meantime. I thought that he was terribly overtaxing his energies, and I told him so, but he only shook his head gravely, and said with his characteristic smile that "one had to clap on the steam sometimes."

"Don't you remember," he asked of me, "that morning when you and I started from the Westminster Palace Hotel to catch that same early train, after we had sat in the flow all night, and how we travelled without stopping until we got to Longford?" I remembered the time very well, but I told him that all the same I had known he was going across to Ireland by the morning train I would never have allowed him to stay talking with me until so late an hour. "Never mind," he said, good humoredly, "we have had a pleasant talk, and we may not have a chance of such another for a long time to come."

**THE PARTING.**—Then I told him that I would accompany him as far as the nearest cab-stand, and we walked out together into the raw September morning, no gleam of dawn yet showing in the sky. We had to walk some little way before we could get a cab, and I felt still remorseful for having allowed him to remain talking so long when he ought to have been taking a good rest to prepare for his journey. I could not help saying this to him over again; but he treated the matter quite lightly. Then I began to say that I thought he was over-doing the travelling and speech-making just now, and that he ought to allow himself a little rest.

I could not help growing more and more earnest in my advice, for it seemed to me that he was looking worn and wasted to a degree much more alarming than I had observed during any of our recent meetings, and I pressed my advice on him with increasing warmth. In truth the recent events had faded from my mind for the moment, and I no longer saw the political leader whom I could follow no more, but only the Parnell of a former day, the dear old comrade and leader and friend with whom I had gone through so many trying experiences—between whom and me there had never passed one unkind or unfriendly word. Just then a hansom-cab was passing, and I hailed it. "Don't over-do it, Parnell," I said again.

He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then he spoke with earnestness. "It is not doing me any harm," he said. "I think it is doing me good. So many things are on my mind just now that I cannot keep quiet, and I think all the knocking about and travelling, and the speech-making take me out of myself, and are the best sort of rest I can have." Then he exchanged a few friendly words, and we shook hands and said good-bye, and Parnell got into the cab and drove away. I never saw Parnell again.

**THE END.**—Some three weeks after I was leaving my house one morning when a telegram was put into my hand. It came from a newspaper office in the city, and told me that Parnell was dead. There was, and ever since has been, something consoling to me in the thought that our last meeting had been so friendly, so free from any bitterness, from any ideas of recrimination, that it had been just like one of our meetings in the old days, when the leader and the follower were comrades devoted to the one purpose and united in the one policy.

Even now as I call it to memory it almost seems as if no split had ever taken place in the Irish National Party, and as if that last night spent with Parnell were but another chapter on the old story.

commended. They have benefit and insurance features which are decidedly helpful. Through them Catholics are brought together in social and friendly intercourse—a most desirable result; and their influence is, in the main, excellent. But they do not go far enough. Their rules as to the personal conduct of their members are not strict enough. They do not insist upon that high standard of Catholic life, which the Church expects from people who come together in her name. While all their members are supposed to be practical Catholics, it is a well known fact that many of even their high officials may be found who are careless in the observance of their religious duties, and the personal habits of more than a few can hardly be called edifying.

There is not much use in having a society composed exclusively of Catholics if the members do not show by their faithfulness to the Church, by their loyalty to her commandments, and by their proper appreciation of her spirit, that they really understand their position. When an association assumes the name "Catholic," or when it is understood that it is composed only of Catholics by and for Catholics, as far as the generality of outsiders think, its reputation and that of the Church are bound up, one in the other; and if the society suffers through any discrediting conduct of its members, wrongly of course, but none the less surely, the Church is held blame-worthy also. This is one of the most serious faults to be found with our Catholic orders—while their constitutions and laws and mottoes contain high-sounding phrases there is not, apparently, on the part of the members at large, any attempt either to understand or obey their spirit.

If these numerous and growing organizations were filled with a proper desire for the promotion of Catholicism, what a great amount of good might they not accomplish! What an impetus might they not give to God's work, which for want of help and helpers is now in so many places languishing!

It is the custom to point proudly to these organizations as a proof of Catholic progress, Catholic unity, Catholic strength, Catholic intelligence, Catholic activity. But surely the Catholic life which manifests its highest activity in smoke talks and pool tournaments and little entertainments is not to be admired too highly; and certainly we have not progressed if the time which should be given to education and enlightenment is wasted in the mummery of the secret society. If for the ambition which possessed our men in former days to be good plain American citizens and good Catholics we substitute a craze for high-sounding titles in secret Catholic societies we have not gained much.

Insurance conducted on a common-sense and business basis is all right. So is sociability. So also are the many excellent features which our Catholic orders certainly contain, but there are many things for them yet to do, before they can become truly worthy of the name Catholic.—Sacred Heart Review.

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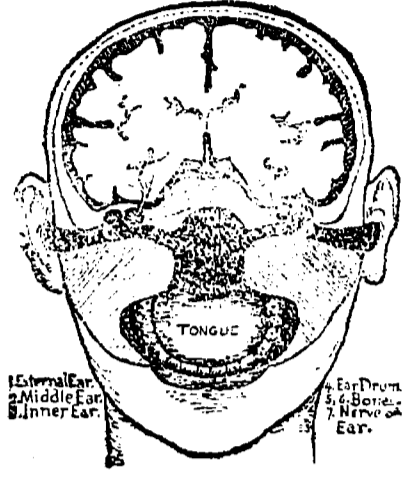
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There are several kinds of toothache, due to very different causes, and as not all sorts are capable of relief by the same means, it is useful to be able to distinguish among them.

One form of toothache is due to disease of the tooth itself, another to disease of the parts of the tooth, and still another to neuralgia of the nerves, the teeth themselves being perhaps perfectly sound.

The most common toothache is caused by congestion or inflammation of the pulp of a tooth. The pulp is a soft material filling the centre of the tooth and serving as a bed for the nerve and the blood-vessels. When the blood-vessels are enlarged, as they are in case of congestion or inflammation, the pulp is compressed, since the hard walls of the tooth prevent expansion, and so the nerve is pressed upon and becomes painful.

The ache so caused by fire and throbbing (a jumping toothache). It is worse when the sufferer stoops or lies down, and is increased by contact with cold or hot water or food, with sugar or salt, or with tobacco. The only difference between the ache of a congested tooth and that of an inflamed pulp is that the latter is worse.

If in a case of toothache of this kind there is a cavity resulting from decay of the tooth, the pain can usually be relieved by the insertion of a little pledget of cotton soaked in oil of cloves.

Severe toothache may be caused by inflammation of the socket of the tooth, which may go on to an abscess, with swelling of the face and great distress. In this case the tooth is sore when tapped or pressed upon. The pain is severe and continuous, not intermittent, as in inflammation of the pulp—and is usually relieved a little by cold, but aggravated by heat.

Sometimes relief is afforded by cold applications to the cheek; but of course a dentist should be consulted as early as possible in order that the inflammation may be controlled before it result in the formation of an abscess.

The worst form of toothache, or at least the most obstinate, is usually a neuralgia. In this case there is not apt to be swelling, the teeth are sound, and the pain is not increased by sweets or salt, or by moderately cool or warm food.—You'll be a companion.

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### ABOUT CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Of late there has been a sort of awakening on the part of Catholics to the advantage of forming themselves into societies, orders, legions, associations, and other such organizations. Women as well as men seem to have caught the fever, until at present it is difficult to find a Catholic man who is not affiliated with several organizations, and the Catholic women who belong to associations are every day growing more numerous. Many of these orders are to be