

beside a long hunting knife; she already had on thick boots, while close at hand was her dark cotton sun-bonnet which would conceal her face from any chance prying eyes.

The one window of the room opened away from the barn and the sentinels, a fence ran up close to it; by slipping along in its shadows she hoped to reach the woods unnoticed. She stood looking out of the low window, grasping her mother's hand, feeling that life could never be quite the same after taking that twenty miles' walk through the woods, yet she was in that exalted state in which one only half feels. Mrs. Grafton's agony at Jack's death was nothing to her suffering now. Ruth Nancy grovelled on the floor, sobbing and praying, burying her face in a pillow lest a sound should reach the enemy.

Very cautiously she crept out of the window, her heart beating so that there seemed the noise of a cataract in her ears. She gained the sheltering fence, then turned towards the house to see whether she had been observed; the sentinel came to the corner of the house. Was all lost? Shivering, crouching to the ground, she drew the hunting knife from her belt, feeling that if need be she would use it. The sweet June air whispered under the eaves, the calm moon looked down serenely. "All the air a solemn stillness held." The sentinel was looking attentively at the edge of the forest; then, apparently satisfied, he turned away. But Charlotte could not move: when she tried to rise her trembling knees refused to bear her; an awful horror came upon her. The sentinel soon appeared again, again listened, again scanned the woods; when once more he disappeared, her added fears seemed to give her strength, and in a moment she had reached the coveted shelter. On she ran, the moon showing her the familiar path. She had many tree-friends; these seemed to flash out upon her as she ran, and the recognition helped her. When she reached a large stone that marked the boundary of her father's farm, she stooped and listened. Not the slightest sound of pursuit came to her; then she walked quickly on, so swiftly and lightly that an occasional snapping of a dead branch under her foot was all that could be heard. Once the soft feathers of a large white owl brushed her in passing. Soon the way grew rougher, gnarled roots hindered her: she often tripped and fell, but she scarcely noticed that she had fallen. Far away she heard the howling of wolves; blackberry bushes snatched at her with their hooked thorns as if to stay her; twice, as she waded through the oozy slime and mud, a spotted snake, glistening in the moonlight, slipped from under her foot. About three o'clock an awful weariness came upon her, she shivered as if in an ague fit, her head reeled; stopping, she breathed long and full, clenching her hands and closing her eyes, while she gathered her waning powers for the few miles before her. In a tree near by a bird uttered a few broken notes, the sound of its voice as it seemed to comfort its nestlings, helped her; more slowly she went forward; just as a faint saffron and rose tint brightened the east, she saw a man walking in the narrow path before her; she sprang behind a large tree; as he had almost reached her hiding place she saw that it was her father.

"Father, father," she called, then sank on the ground sobbing wildly. He sprang to her, then raised her up, saying, "My darling, my daughter, your mother! what is it?" Soon she was able to tell him. Supporting her, they hurried to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon; her father had not been able to sleep at all, and had wandered some distance from the troops. In the confusion and preparation for battle, Frederick and Charlotte had only a few moments together, but those moments during the coming years were her life, for when the sun went down it shone on a victory nobly won through her warning, but on a victory that seemed the end of all things to her—Frederick was dead!

And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers and the temple of his gods?

L. O. LOANE.

#### PARNELL'S CHARACTER, BY A FRIEND.

MR. LABOUCHERE, the editor and proprietor of *Truth*, has recently given a very remarkable account of Mr. Parnell. I subjoin a condensed summary with some explanatory comments. Mr. Labouchere, who is one of the members for Northampton, is also a leading proprietor of the *Daily News*, the principal organ of the Gladstonians, and the only London morning daily advocating Home Rule. He is a very wealthy man, and is regarded as the leader of the Radical extremists in Parliament, who probably form one-fourth of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. He has the reputation of being clever, but is sceptical and a scoffer. He is French on the mother's side, and, after the French manner, is fond of pungent, epigrammatic sayings, not sparing even his friends, and was once thrashed on the street by Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, for having maligned the deceased father of the latter—a man who had been greatly respected. Like the elder Bennet of the *New York Herald*, on a similar occasion, Labouchere made circulation-capital out of the incident. He it was who was the author of the famous joke in reference to Mr. Gladstone's well-known observance of his religious duties—his passion for speculating in the cheapest political market, and failure to understand humour—that he always had several aces up his sleeve, and that when any of these opportunely came to hand, he solemnly believed that Divine Providence had placed them there.

Labouchere was on very friendly terms with Parnell, and was evidently more intimate with him than the

majority of even the leading Irish members. Although a firm ally and great friend of Parnell's, it is evident from his observations that he looked upon the Irish leader as a mysterious character; it is also clear that there is much to be read between the lines. Labouchere is a very fervid politician, and evidently throughout his article had in view to avoid injuring or compromising the cause of Home Rule or the Gladstonian party; yet he inadvertently reports one of Parnell's plans which corroborates the charge by the Unionists, that the latter contemplated the total separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom.

As many of Mr. Labouchere's statements are very trenchant, I add quotation marks in order to give his exact words, but space compels the omission of the major part of his incisive article:—

"It was a perfect passion with him to conceal his place of residence . . . the morbid secretiveness which was so strange a part in his character. . . . Parnell had O'Shea on the brain. . . . Everything that happened adversely he set down to the Captain. . . . He always fancied that he was being followed. Several times he has said when calling on me, 'I am sure that I have thrown them off.' There was on these occasions, to the best of my belief, none to throw off. With respect to the forged letters he said: (to Labouchere) 'It cannot be Pigott, because I know that it is O'Shea.'"

These facts show that what phrenologists call the organs of secretiveness and cautiousness were morbidly excited, and it is easy to understand the cause. At the divorce trial, O'Shea, to show his *bona fides*, proved that at one time he had challenged Parnell to fight a duel on the Continent, but that the latter would not accept the challenge; and that Mr. O'Shea's sister-in-law then persuaded him that there was no intrigue. In 1882, after he had in the House of Commons denounced the Phoenix Park murders, Parnell, through O'Shea, applied to Sir William Harcourt, the then Home Secretary, for police protection, and it was given during the time that he was staying at O'Shea's house—this fact was proved before the Parnell Commission. It is easy from what we know now to understand that for years Parnell was in continual dread of discovery, and also that Captain O'Shea might, in such an event, attempt his life. Of course, as an educated man, he knew that in one event happening, the law would hold the injured husband justified, and he had roused such strong feelings in England, and made so many enemies, that it was possible that O'Shea might at any time be put upon his guilty track. If a man firmly believes that he is always being followed by spies, it is certain that his mental equipoise is disturbed.

"During the Parnell Commission, O'Shea (in cross-examination) stated that he had once met another witness at some tavern in London. Parnell wanted his legal advisers to put detectives round (this house), but they thought it unnecessary. Night after night he hung round the public-house himself."

"Parnell never impressed me as a man of exceptional ability—he was destitute of all constructive ability, and his strength lay in his extreme tenacity of purpose. (It might have been added—and in the pliability of Mr. Gladstone.) He told me that he could only write the simplest letter with effort. He once showed me a letter that he contemplated sending to the *Times*—never in my life did I see more astonishing English, confused, ungrammatical, and passing comprehension. . . . One morning, whilst the O'Shea case was proceeding, he sat reading the report of the evidence, and said to me, 'My people will never believe all this.'"

There has always been a doubt in the minds of some who are in the habit of weighing evidence, as to the first of the alleged Parnell letters. Pigott, just before rushing into the presence of his Maker, stated that that one was genuine. The body of the letter was in a different handwriting to the signature. If it was a forgery—having regard to all the circumstances, the mortal offence given to the Invincibles by the denunciatory speech in the House of Commons, the necessity of placating men who might think that they had been made tools of and then betrayed, and who, by the application for police protection, were believed to be capable of attempting his life—the carefully-guarded wording of the letter—evidently every word had been weighed—the signature so appended as to be, by accident or design, easily detached from the body of the letter—all go to show that, if it was a forgery, it was the work of a man of genius. Pigott—an extreme patriot—was unprincipled and clever, but not a genius. In addition, for a long time Parnell refused to bring an action against the *Times*—but ultimately his hand was forced. It is clear from Labouchere's statement that Parnell, unaided, could not have drafted such a document, and there was no evidence to show that his secretary had. Probably we shall hear more upon the subject, and also what is the true explanation of statements made by others, that Parnell's resources were drawn upon to keep people silent upon some subject, the nature of which is not even hinted at.

"Parnell was in truth a Conservative and he had very little sympathy with Liberal aspirations. . . . he had a radical distrust of all mankind. . . . Once it was deemed desirable during the Parnell Commission to send a person to Paris and he asked me to find a man. I replied, 'Surely you might find him amongst your followers—do you think them all traitors?' " "No they are not traitors, but the only Irishman I know who can keep a secret is O'Kelly and he is away. They do not mean to tell but they cannot help talking."

This latter statement is corroborated by the following facts. Up till within the last few years there were in Continental Europe professional conspirators—mostly Poles—the stormy petrels of the political world—who contrived to be on hand when conspiracies were being planned; as for instance in the case of the French Communists in 1871. During one of the last organized attempts by the Fenians to raise insurrection, one of these foreign professional conspirators took an active part in organizing the affair, and about fifteen years ago he published his reminiscences. He states that such was the want of secrecy on the part of the Fenian leaders located in London, and so great was their talkativeness, that he at times almost doubted their sanity. Such a man must have been thoroughly aware of the immensity of the undertaking of his co-conspirators in seeking to overturn a Government, which, when not half so strong, had warred down Napoleon. It was only by a system of terror extending to taking life, that the American branch of the League preserved its secrets, and it was through the publicity given by Dr. Cronin—one of the conspirators—of how the American leaders had embezzled the funds, that led to his being murdered.

Returning to Labouchere's article: "His eyes were so shifty that they marred his face. . . . A selfish man Parnell certainly was, but he was good-naturedly selfish. If anyone stood in his way he would sacrifice him without a moment's hesitation, nor would he go greatly out of his way to serve a friend. . . . I suspect he never really forgave Gladstone for putting him in Kilmainham. . . . Physically he was no coward; but he had a morbid horror of imprisonment."

This statement as to the absence of fear is doubtful; for he refused to fight O'Shea, and was evidently for years in mortal dread of him; and such was his fear of assassination after he had denounced the Invincibles in May, 1882, that he applied for and procured police protection in London.

The *New York Nation* also states that he habitually carried firearms. This is so extremely rare in England that it is always regarded as evidence of a lack of courage or of incipient insanity.

"He had little belief in any party being actuated by principle" (according to the old proverb, 'he measured other people's corn with his own bushel'). "I said to him (re the Round Table Conference), Gladstone had announced that the Irish should sit in the Imperial Parliament. Parnell replied: 'It must be understood that I am no party to this,'—adding when pressed, 'It must be understood that I retain the right to move an amendment in Committee excluding them;' and after a silence, he added, 'I should carry it.' This corroborates his statement when in America (afterwards strenuously denied) and also the charge of the Unionists, that Parnell intended ultimately to sever Ireland from the United Kingdom; for he well knew if no Irish members sat in the Imperial Parliament that he could easily persuade Irishmen by reason of their being unrepresented that they had a great grievance and should consequently declare for total separation.

"Parnell was never mad (insane) in the ordinary sense of the word, but he was always so strange and peculiar that there must have been something exceptional in the stuff of which his brain was formed. He can hardly be deemed responsible for either his words or his actions during his last Irish campaign. About a week before his death he said to a friend: 'It will take several years to reconstitute my party, but I shall do it.' Parnell was a pleasant man when unbent, quiet, gentlemanly and courteous."

With reference to Labouchere's statement of Parnell's inclination to eccentricity, verging on abnormal brain-action, the *New York World* last December published some curious facts—written by one who had known the family—relative to his grandmother and her daughters. The grandmother was eccentric in appearance and in her general intercourse with others—her friends attributed this to the harsh treatment by her husband, Commodore Stewart, from whom she was separated. The daughters inherited their mother's peculiarities. The latter statement is corroborated by a letter appearing several years ago in the *London Spectator* from an Irish gentleman who knew the family. Parnell's mother, after her marriage, made herself disliked by the gentry of the neighbourhood—she reciprocated the feeling, and, as a result, brought up her children to hate England and the English. As the Irish gentry were proverbial for their hospitality and friendliness—especially towards the fair sex—it is certain that it was not their fault.

Parnell stated before a Committee of the House of Commons last year that the greater part of the soil of Ireland would, under a proper system of agriculture, produce about twice as much as at present. If the energy shown in the agitations of the last seventy years had been employed to increase the material well-being of the country, its present income would have been doubled. The following from "The Growth of Capital," by Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade, indirectly shows how much has been lost by political agitations. Scotland in 1707—the date of the union between England and Scotland—was poorer than Ireland, yet reckoning all descriptions of property, it is at present richer than Ireland by \$2,562,000,000. Home Rule and civil war would make matters far worse. Persistent industry and law-abidingness, starting from lowlier beginnings, have made Scotland, with a less population and less opportunities, more than twice as wealthy as Ireland.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.