

IRELAND OR PARNELL.

(United Ireland, December 6.)

The clouds have lifted. The path of duty is clear at last. No man who keeps his head cool and his heart pure can miss it. Let partisans attempt to disguise it as they may, "Ireland or Parnell" is now the issue on which Irishmen are to decide. Last week we wrote: "There is but one sentiment that could possibly overmaster the fidelity of the Irish Party to their great leader—fidelity to their great cause. He has a strong claim on them; Ireland has a stronger on him and them. If Home Rule is to be still helped by his leadership he will stay; if Home Rule is to be hurt he will go." Since then all things have proved—for Ireland's sake, Mr. Parnell must go. The Irish delegates, in whose whole-hearted devotion to Ireland no sane man doubts, have said so. Dillon and O'Brien base their judgment on Parnell's own words in his deplorable manifesto. Of the anguish with which their judgment was given against the chief whom they served so long and with such matchless fidelity no man who knows them need be told. The Irish party, by a majority of forty-four (excluding the Irish delegates) to twenty-nine, a majority in which is every leader of prominence, every man who has helped to make the Irish Party the power it was in the House of Commons, declares he must go. It was the Irish Party that elected him; it is for them to depose him. The Episcopacy of Ireland—the patriotic Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel at their head—declare Parnell must go if the party is to retain the confidence of the bishops or the priests. Home Rule is impossible while he remains. Never again can he lead a united party. The truest and most trusted, the most gifted of his followers, have declared for Ireland against his leadership. The priests and bishops follow emphatically in the same line. Shorn of their united support, what hope is there of success? Mr. Parnell, and all who advocate his leadership, after these emphatic pronouncements, are responsible for the perpetuation of discord. Ireland will desire to deal as gently as may be with the man to whom she owed so much in former years, but who now—oh, that it should be so—seems bent on wrecking her hopes and happiness for a generation to save himself from the consequences of his own transgressions. The Irish party, on whom Mr. Parnell now flings such cruel aspersions, have shown to him a tenderness and fidelity without parallel in history. Those who were behind the scenes know well that for the last five years he has virtually abdicated the position of leadership which he now struggles so desperately to retain. In the terrible fight against coercion he took no part. When the fight was hottest he was absent. When the counsel and direction of a leader were most needed he mysteriously disappeared, why and whither is now unhappily made plain to the world. While his followers struggled in the good cause he went on his own way unheeding. His bare assent to the Tenants' Defence Association, which rescued the tenants from destruction, was all he vouchsafed. He made not a single effort by act or word to forward it. When the mission to America was resolved on in Dublin he was not found equal to the exertion of a personal attendance at the Convention of the party. For the five long years that coercion raged he scarcely once so much as set foot in the country which is now called upon to ruin itself for his sake. Through all that trying time his followers, who bore the heat of the day and the burden thereof, kept his name before the country, and freely yielded to him the fame of their own achievements. It is on that self-devotion he now relies. At last, in the open day, amid the jeers of his enemies and the grief and humiliation of his friends, the sad secret was laid bare of his strange apathy and mysterious disappearance when his country most needed his services. Even then the party clung to him with desperate fidelity. They forgave his repeated assurances that he would come with untarnished honour through the ordeal. They forgave the foul smirch which his transgression cast on the fair fame of the nation—the purest in the world—which had honoured him as its chosen leader. They forgave and strove to forget the lamentable incident of the Galway election—lamentable in the light of recent revelations. Mr. Parnell alone knew the character of the man O'Shea, and their mutual relations, when he gave him as representative to the people of Galway, who confidently trusted their honour in his hands—a sacred trust—as Leader of the Irish race. All this the Irish Party was prepared to condone in consideration of former services. They carried their fidelity to the brink of folly, to the very verge of crime, when they unanimously re-elected him their leader. But when it was made quite plain that fidelity to Parnell meant treason to Ireland the best and truest and bravest of his former followers drew the line there. The hour of his unanimous election was for him a noble opportunity misapplied. He should have remembered the terrible danger which his own acts had brought upon the sacred cause of which he was the chosen champion. He should have known (none better) that with him as leader Home Rule was impossible. His resignation would have cleared the way for the great victory which, after seven centuries of struggling, was almost within the country's grasp. The impending disaster was of his creation and surely it was not demanding much that he should make some slight sacrifice to avert it. But he refused to yield his place to save his country. He chose rather to plunge her into fratricidal strife, of which no man may see the end, even at the risk that his fall should be made memorable by her ruin. There is but one hope now that the struggle shall be short and the victory decisive. The lesson must be quickly and plainly taught, that no man's personality can be permitted to obstruct the path of Ireland's liberty.

Messrs Findlay and Murdoch are now clearing their surplus stocks. Builders thus have an opportunity of which they should be ready to avail themselves.

An English company with large capital has bought the petroleum fields near Payta, in Peru, and expects to furnish oil enough for the whole of South America, Australia, China, and Japan. Immense tank ships are being built for the business.

REAPER AND BINDER TRIAL.

"The Best in the World" is the motto long used and well earned by the makers of the famous M'Cormick Reaper and Binder, and this is fully sustained at all competitions throughout the world. The Launceston (Tasmania) papers of the 9th inst. report one of the most severe trials that could possibly be given to machines of this description. The contest took place at Hagley, near Launceston, on the 8th inst., under the auspices of the Western Agricultural Association. This society have, during the last few seasons, conducted a series of field trials, each year selecting different kinds of crops and ground to operate upon, in order to afford the farmers an opportunity of seeing the different machines at work in all conditions of grain. The crop selected last year was a very heavy one, and partly lodged. This season it was quite the reverse, being very light, with deep water furrows running through the field, severely testing the stability of the machines in crossing them. It was admitted on all sides that a machine successfully coping with a crop under such trying circumstances would have no difficulty in handling a better one under more favourable conditions. The eight competing machines included the Hornsby, Massey, Deering, and W. A. Wood Single Apron. At the close of the trial all the judges were unanimous in awarding the first prize to the M'Cormick new steel machine—a decision received with great cheers and evident satisfaction from the large number of farmers present. It may be mentioned that the M'Cormick also won the first prize at the trial held last season by the same society.

Mr. Fitzgerald, who took a prominent part in connection with the Australian strike, stated at a meeting in the Rotunda Lecture Hall, Liverpool, on the 4th December, that in his opinion a great crisis was coming on in that country. There would evidently be a war between capital and labour, and the Trades' Unionists would have to meet the greatest combination of capital that had ever been known.

It is perfectly certain that Prince Bismarck's autobiography will appear early next year. The work will not be printed in Germany. The Prince was afraid that if he published it in Germany he might be required to suppress particular passages, and he has therefore arranged to issue the work in Paris. It is now being printed in the French capital, and its publication is certain to produce much stir in Europe. Bismarck has thus put himself in the same position as some of the Socialist writers whom he used to prosecute, imprison, and exile. How would he like to have a Bismarck at his own heels?

Mr. Vincent Scully (says the *Sydney Freeman's Journal*), is the only son of Mr. Vincent Scully, Q.C., a prominent Tipperary man, and many years member for Cork. He was born in 1846, and is the same age as Mr. Parnell. He was sent to Oscott College at an early age, and took his B.A. degree at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1869. At the death of his father in 1871, he succeeded to the estates, married, and has since resided quietly at his residence, Mantel Hill, on the banks of the Suir, near Golden, about six miles from the town of Tipperary. Mr. Scully was appointed High Sheriff and Deputy Lieutenant for the County Tipperary in 1870, but has never been selected to a political position, doubtless on account of being a large landlord and not in sympathy with the land movement. About four years ago he became a disciple of Mr. Parnell, and a complete convert to the Irish method of politics. Mr. Scully's grand-father Dennis Scully, of Kilfeacle, was a co-worker of O'Connell. He wrote an exposition of the Penal laws, and O'Connell thought highly of the author and his book. The notorious Willie Scully was Vincent's uncle, but Vincent was studying hard at College when the Battle of Ballycroy was fought. The notorious John Sadlier was nearly related to young Vincent, but Vincent was in the nursery in 1855, when Sadlier robbed the bank. About forty years ago there were a score of Scullys and Sadliers, all Tipperary men, all first cousins, all Roman Catholics, and nearly all good men. Willie Scully and John Sadlier were the black sheep.

We are extremely sorry to learn that the custom of drinking ether as an intoxicant is becoming prevalent in the North of Ireland, so much so that the Lord Lieutenant has scheduled the spirit as a poison. Henceforth only druggists will be able to sell it without infringing the law. But we fear that this check will not be sufficient. It will be as easy to buy the pernicious stuff at a druggist's as anywhere else. In view of the danger of drinking ether—it is said that there have been a dozen fatal cases—and its cheapness, it would surely be well to devise some more efficacious way of stopping the practice. Why not forbid its sale under penalties, except in the case of a prescription signed by a duly qualified medical man?—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

In a letter to Sir John Simon explaining his inability to attend the meeting at the Guildhall, on the 10th December, on behalf of the Jews in Russia, his Eminence Cardinal Manning affords the world a fresh proof of his broadness of mind and his deep sympathy with the oppressed, no matter to what race or country they belong. Speaking of the conditions under which the Jews live in Russia his Eminence says: "Six millions of men in Russia are so hemmed in and hedged about by penal laws as to residence, and food, and education, and property, and trade, and military service, and domiciliary visits, and police inspection as to justify the words, that no Jew can earn a livelihood, and that they are watched as criminals." He is in favour of petitioning the Czar to take account of all the governors of the Jewish pale, and he adds: "It is certain that nations are as they are treated. How can citizens who are denied the rights of naturalisation be patriotic? How can men who are only allowed to breathe the air but not to own the soil under their feet; to eat only the food that is doubly taxed; to be slain in war, but never to command—how shall such a homeless and caste-exiled race live the life of the people among whom they are despised, or love the land which disowns them?" The Cardinal makes a strong case for the Jews, and his plea must assuredly find its way even to the Imperial throne.