

TRUTH ON THE SITUATION.

ALL is well that ends well. I was afraid during last week (ending December 6), that Mr. Parnell's tricks, tactics, and devices, would, if he were given time, succeed in breaking up the majority against him or in fogging the real issue. Brutus, I remembered, did not let Cæsar occupy the Chairman's seat in the Senate, nor permit Mark Antony to move obstructive amendments. But the Irish Members were right. They gave Mr. Parnell full rope, but kept their grip upon it, and when the right moment came they acted boldly and decisively. Their position was an embarrassing one. Mr. Parnell was the man accused, and he occupied the bench instead of the dock. He tried by every means to convert a personal into a political issue, and, when this failed, he insulted his opponents, in order to be able to say that he himself had been insulted, and, therefore, had withdrawn from the meeting with his immediate following. In pursuance of these tactics, he stuck at no means, and he was as false to every notion of honour as he had previously been to morals. The Irish, however, knew that if defeated at the meeting he would appeal to the Irish nation, and they wished to deprive him of every plea and excuse for doing so. They were aware that the nation had created a fetish, and that the ignorant and the unruly must be convinced, that their idol is a false one before they gave up worshipping it. Mr. Parnell's contention that he is still the leader of the Irish Party is childish. The majority of the Party may depose their Chairman. The majority of the Party deposed him. Whether the vote was taken by aye or nay in one room, or whether it was taken by the majority and the minority going into two separate rooms, is obviously a mere mechanical question of detail.

It is difficult for an Englishman to realise the regard felt for Mr. Parnell by his followers, and the sacrifice of feeling made by those who went against him. He was to them the embodiment of their country, and they had for years revered him as something more than human. I have sometimes wondered at their deferential mode of treating him, for he was cold and reticent towards them, and he seemed to me the last man to inspire enthusiasm for himself in the warm-hearted and genial Irish. The members of his party have been sneered at as wanting in independence. Of this they can hardly be accused now. Confronted with the necessity of choosing between their leader and their country, they acted as men and patriots. I am sorry for Mr. Parnell. Admit all his faults: that he forced, for his private ends, Captain O'Shea on an Irish constituency; that he was false to honour in violating the confidence that Mr. Gladstone had reposed in him; that he gave an untruthful account of his interview with Mr. Gladstone; and that he prostituted his position as Chairman of the Party in order to hinder a vote being taken on a matter personal to him. Still I am sorry for him. He had one of the greatest positions ever attained by Parliamentary chiefs. He was, in truth, the uncrowned King of Ireland. Millions of Irishmen, in all parts of the globe, listened to his words as though they were the law and the gospel. And now! Yes, I would give much—politics apart—had all this not occurred.

I confess that when the divorce suit was decided, I hoped that the English Liberals would accept the view that the political relations between them and the Irish Nationalists were in the nature of an alliance, and that the private faults of the Irish leader were no more concern of theirs, so far as regarded the alliance, than the private faults of a Prime Minister in Australia or in Canada. This, I contend, is the logical outcome of the doctrine of Home Rule. Unfortunately, however, people are not logical, and when Mr. Parnell perceived that—rightly or wrongly—Home Rule was lost if he did not retire, he would have been wise had he withdrawn from the Irish leadership. Time is a great healer, and who knows what would have happened in a year or so? As matters now stand, I doubt if he will ever again be Irish leader, for he has heaped fault on fault, and he has offended not only the English, but the leading Irish partisans of Home Rule, past all hope of reconciliation. So outrageously has he offended them, and so utterly wrong has been his course, that it is a charity to suppose that he has temporarily lost his head.

I respect those who stood by him, though I think that they were in the wrong. But, if so, it was a generous error. Now that he is deposed by a majority of the Party, it will be worse than a crime, it will be a fault, for them to aid him in any endeavour to split up the Party in Ireland. If they aid him, he may do much injury. But he will eventually have to succumb.

My good Irish friends, do you want Home Rule? If so, can you tell me how you are to get it except by securing a majority in its favour in the Imperial Parliament? This you would have had if Mr. Parnell had not been declared guilty in the Divorce Court. The majority of the English Liberals, rightly or wrongly, decline to fight for Home Rule so long as he remains Irish Leader, because of this verdict. How without them can you get a majority for Home Rule? But in Ireland the hierarchy, the principal lieutenants of Mr. Parnell, and some at least of the electors, demand Mr. Parnell's retirement. The result is that the Irish Nationalists are split up. Does this strengthen the cause of Home Rule? If Mr. Parnell had not qualified himself for the Divorce Court none of this would have happened. If even now he were to withdraw, we should all again be a happy family. Whose, then, the fault? Is it yours? Is it ours? Not the fault is Mr. Parnell's, and it really is monstrous that you should abet him in declining to pay the penalty.

To alter the issue Mr. Parnell has asserted that Mr. Gladstone is a base deceiver, and that he wishes to give you a sham Home Rule. Do you really believe that Mr. Gladstone broke with a section of his Party in England who objected to Home Rule in order to deceive you? Why should he have done this? Was his Bill of 1886 a sham? If so, why did Mr. Parnell accept it? Was Mr. Parnell lying when he said that this measure was a solution of the long dispute between England and Ireland? If so, who was the deceiver? When, six months after the Harwarden so-called revelations, he lauded Mr.

Gladstone to the skies for what he was prepared to do for Ireland, was Mr. Parnell also lying? If not, what was he doing, if really he considered that these revelations proved that Mr. Gladstone was a deceiver? You pass as an intelligent people. Ask yourselves whether it was Mr. Gladstone's revelations at Harwarden, or Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Morley, that led Mr. Parnell, a year after the revelations, to denounce him, and to call on you to distrust him. If you really allow yourselves to be befooled by the transparent tricks of a man who puts his personal ambition above his country, so be it. We who have fought for your country, and put aside all our domestic reforms for the sake of your country, can only wonder and deplore.

THE GREAT GERALDINE.

(From the Nation.)

THE Hon. Emily Lawless is continuing her series of studies of the heroic figures who stand out in the Irish chronicles. The current number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a sketch of Geróit Mor, or Gerald the Great, the Gelaldine who was Lord Deputy when Lambert Simnel was crowned in Christchurch Cathedral. The picture of the big Lord Deputy is good, and the impotence of the King, Henry VII., in his Irish territory, very humorously shown.

This was Geróit Mor: "A big, broad-shouldered man, with a good-natured, dominant face, already beginning to get somewhat heavy about the region of the lower jaw. Though little or no blood is traceable in his veins, there seems to have been a considerable share of it in his nature, however it got there. 'The Earl being soon hotte and soon cold were well beloved,' says Holinshed. 'He was open and playne, hardly able to rule himself when he was moved; in anger not so sharp as short, being easily displeased and soon appeased. A vehement, sharp-spoken man, evidently dangerous as gunpowder when opposed, but easily mollified when once the occasion for anger was past; nay, not difficult to move to laughter, even at his angriest, and liking a jest, though it were sometimes at his own expense.' He was 'essentially an out-of-door man. He loved to be in the saddle. He loved fighting for its own sake—too much so, those who liked him not averred—and would have made a raid—most Irishmen of his day, or, perhaps, of any day for that matter, would—were it but to recover a strayed kid. Everything we learn of him bears the same stamp. His talk—what scraps remain—smacks emphatically of the open air. He quickly sickened of courts and courtly places, even when not kept in them a prisoner. His son's speech, oft quoted, to Wolsey might have fitted quite as naturally into the mouth of his father—'I slumber, my lord, in a hard cabyn, while your Grace sleeps in a bed of downe; I serve under the cope of Heaven when you are served under a canopie; I drinke water out of my skull, when you drinke wine out of golden cuppes; my course is trayned to the field, when your genet is taught to amble. When you are begraced, crouched, and kneeled to, I find small grace with any of our Irish rebels, 'cept I myself cut them off by the two knees.'—Wolsey, we are told, having all this suddenly fired at him, 'rose up in a fume from the counsaile table, perceiving Kildare to be no babe.' No Kildare, neither the seventh, eighth, ninth, or any of the name, was a 'babe,' and their tongues were to the full as ready as their swords."

Quantum mutatus ab illo! Miss Lawless does not mean her reference to extend to date. They have lost both sword and tongue and taken to the Figottist quill for the composition of I.L.P.U. pamphlets.

The crowning of Simnel was an amusing tragi-comedy. "Edward the Sixth, King of all England and Ireland—or was the order, one wonders, for the occasion reversed?—he was duly proclaimed." By the way, did the English of Ireland anticipate the English of England in crowning their king King of Ireland? He was "taken to the Cathedral of Christ Church, and there, in presence of the Lord Deputy, the Chancellor, and other functionaries, solemnly crowned, the Bishop of Meath preaching the coronation sermon. And—royal crowns being of late years, unfortunately, not needed in Ireland—one was borrowed for the occasion from the head of the statue of the Virgin, 'in St. Mary's Church by the Dame-gate.' Still wearing which—picture the scene; the lad (he was only fifteen), the crowd, the church, the bishop, the crown—scarce likely, one would say, to be a fit—he was mounted upon the shoulders of 'Great Darcy of Platten,' tallest man of the day in Ireland, and, so boisted and so becrowned, marched back from the Cathedral to the Castle, all his train following." They did these things better in the other Ireland.

An International Order of Chivalry has been instituted by Leo XIII. at the instance, as it would appear, chiefly of the Bishop of Grenoble, Mgr. Fava. It is called the Order of the Servants of St. Peter, and is designed by the Holy Father as a reward for services to his own person and to the Church. The Order will include Chevaliers, Commanders, and Grand Crosses.

Cardinal Manning will contribute to the forthcoming volume of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" articles on the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility. The article on the Jesuits in the same volume will be written by Father Anderledy, the present General of the Society of Jesus. Messrs. Chambers's conduct in going to Catholic authorities for the chief articles on Catholic topics contrasts favourably with that of the editors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who gave a free hand on such subjects to the most unfair of modern controversialists, the late Dr. Littledale.

Every week we have accounts of the opening of new parochial schools in the diocese of New York and the dioceses of Brooklyn and Newark. The priests of this neighbourhood are earnestly pressing forward the work of religious education. While scores of new schools are opened every season, the standards are being raised, and pupils from our best easily worst those from the best State schools, as has been revealed in several recent public contests.—New York Freeman.