

The Five Irish Heroes of the Home Rule War.

DOW that Home Rule must be put through the Commons in the face of an opposition hurling threats of civil war, the supreme test of the five heroes of the fight on the Irish side lies from among the most conspicuous personalities in British politics. John Redmond, the leader; Dillon, his right-hand man; Devlin, his mouthpiece; O'Brien, his

nose and unflinching eyes and a straight mouth which promises little mercy for friends or foes who do not actually help in the one and only campaign. There is dignity, we read, and a touch of the grand manner in Mr. Redmond. However bitter political feelings may be, the House never forgets, even in these democratic times, that John Redmond is the son of an ancient Irish family, that in fact as in name he is an Irish gentleman. His manners and his mode of life give point to a familiar saying that no courtesy is so fine and no aspect quite so distinguished as the courtesy and the aspect of an Irish gentleman. Mr. Redmond is temperamentally genial without a trace of mere familiarity. In a sense he has no familiars or chums. But he has ten thousand friends.

John Redmond rates his band of Irishmen with an iron hand. He has roused in them deep feelings of loyalty and respect. This grows out of a regard he cherishes for their personal welfare. That trait is important in a leader whose followers are for the most part men destitute of fortune and at times of prospects. He strives to bring forward this gifted young man or to make friends for that neglected pleader at the bar. John Redmond lives in no fear that one of his followers will supplant him. He experiences a positive pleasure, apparently, in pointing out that such a one is his superior in oratory, that another excels him in organising victory at the polls. He has an unerring eye for the right man in an emergency, nor does he hesitate to give all the glory of triumph to the least or latest recruit. Few, indeed, among his large following, do not owe to him a great measure of the position they have won. As a consequence, John Redmond rejoices in a personal loyalty towards himself which, in the opinion of the London dailies, is a miracle of politics. Parnell, under whom Redmond served, never won the love of the Home Rulers. Redmond is idolised, although some fear is mingled with the affection.

The grim and angular Dillon, with whitened hair and beard, is believed to stand in closer intimacy with Redmond than the rest. Mr. Dillon is described by all who know him as the bearer of a burden of woe. His face is perennially sad in expression. His manner is subdued, silent, self-effacing. The lugubrious appeals to him. He has a positive genius for impressing upon all hearers the terrible state of Ireland. The effect of his words is emphasised by the tones of his voice, which carry a burden of sorrow all their own. Mr. Dillon knows the wrongs of Ireland by heart. He has studied the history of his country under British rule with a thoroughness of which even a greater historian might be incapable. He discusses the subject with an earnest, eager, fiery acrimony. His courage is of the cold and intellectual kind and not at all impulsive. His resources of argument and declamation are inexhaustible, but he has his periods of absolute silence. He has been described as one of the few gibbering ones whose nature is reticent. His specialty is the devising of a plan when one is needed. Mr. Redmond's orders are usually transmitted through Dillon, who sees that they are obeyed. He is intensely loyal to his chief.

The rare business instincts of Mr. Dillon, his executive ability, his capacity to raise money where ordinary men would get rebuffs, comprise his claims to the gratitude of Ireland. He never spares himself. His habits are those of the careful man of affairs, who rises soon after dawn and sets about the management of a great enterprise. The Home Rule fight is to men like Devlin a matter of holding monster meetings, of lashing the popular temper to fury, of sublime processions. To Mr. Dillon it is all method, assiduity, quiet work in the way of correspondence, keeping accounts, paying expenses and keeping lists of members of the party. It is a form of activity which conduces as little to personal popularity as to the glory of the thing who consecrates himself to it. There are no excited crowds cheering for Mr. Dillon, no deafening applause for him when he emerges timidly on a platform in some obscure corner as the roof rattles

with the declamation of the eloquent Devlin. Mr. Dillon lives through the anxieties of the financial side of the struggle, a circumstance explaining, we read, a certain gravity about him. He has to find the money.

Devlin, youngest of the Home Rulers to acquire international distinction, is a short, thick-set, black-haired man with what is called nowadays temperament. He wears no beard, no moustache. His eyes, dark and flashing, are described in the London "World" as hypnotic. As Dillon, the chief of the Redmond staff, holds himself in, Devlin, who comes next in importance, lets himself out. How John Redmond can compose the differences between two such natures is a marvel to our contemporary. Mr. Devlin is a talker. He believes in oratory. Perhaps that is due to the fact that he is the best speaker in the ranks of the Home Rulers. His voice has been called the finest musical instrument in the House of Commons to-day. Its salient traits are passion, harmony and power. The least whisper of Mr. Devlin is audible in the loftiest galleries. He is master of a most contagious excitement. His emotion in public is not that of the actor who mouthed the speech about Hector. He can infect a vast audience with the indignation he expresses. He can plunge the Commons into an uproar so great as to embarrass the Speaker. There seems nothing in the way of training to account for these powers. Mr. Devlin never studied oratory in a school.

As an organiser Mr. Devlin is no less renewed than he has made himself through his speaking. It is said of him in the London "Mail" that he loves fighting for its own sake. Like Horne Tooke, Mr. Devlin has a manner—a Sultanic look—which can instantly impose the silence of death. He is very Irish in a manner all his own. Mr. Redmond is Irish in the fine simplicity of birth and breeding. Mr. Dillon is Irish in the ascetic and silent fashion of the self-denying monk. Mr.

other with extraordinary rapidity. He trembles with feeling when he hears what he regards as false statements made by the Home Rulers above him. There is something almost tragic in the situation when, interrupted in a speech by a word



WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Head of the movement in the Irish camp.

enemy, and leads the team in his side, have eclipsed the industry itself in the public eye. Mr. Redmond holds domination at the head of Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Healy overwhelms Mr. Redmond with his best wit. Mr. Dillon takes orders from Mr. Redmond without a word. Mr. Devlin takes orders from the same source and talks, for that is his business in life, command is the specialty of Mr. Redmond. When it is the forte of Mr. Dillon, oratory is the function of Mr. Devlin. Indignation at Mr. Redmond is the passion of Mr. O'Brien, the latter being to the Home Rule cause just now what Achilles, sulking in his tent, was to the Greeks when besieging Troy. Mr. Healy goes with Mr. O'Brien.

His portly form filling more than a due proportion of space at the end of one of the files of Home Rulers, John Redmond surveys them, writes Frank Dillon in the London "Mail," very much as Frederick the Great might have surveyed the lines of Pomeranian grenadiers. "A deep-seated, heavy man in Mr. John Redmond, with great curved



JOSEPH DEVLIN

Took the charge for Home Rule, a feat he holds only because of his prominent stature, his loud voice and his indifference to consequences.



"HE KNOWS ALL THE WOKS OF IRELAND BY HEART."

The fight for Ireland's freedom was an adventure to Mr. Dillon in his youth—his emotional, poetical and blind youth. Now it is largely a matter of taxes.

from Mr. Dillon or Mr. Devlin. Mr. O'Brien ceases his discourse and turns about to glare his antagonists down. "What person," Mr. O'Brien hisses, "said that?" He glares with profound contempt among the orthodox Home Rulers, an arm circled up to his head, trying to wither even Redmond himself with a look.

At the side of Mr. O'Brien fights Mr. Healy. This pair, working together, shine by contrast. Mr. Healy is described by our contemporary as wit in flesh and blood. He, too, has been made gray by time, for he is a veteran in the fights for Ireland. Time, which dulls so many things, has sharpened the wit of Tim Healy. He never prepares a speech, never studies up a subject. He has seldom the remotest idea beforehand what he is to speak about. His best effects are attained spontaneously, on the spur of the moment. Mr. Healy has been called a great boy, with the manners, enthusiasms and ideas of a boy. He bursts out the first thing that comes into his head and the first thing that comes into his head is always witty. He is no creature of moods and he cherishes no resentments. His nature is like his mind, which emits itself in powerful sudden impulses, striking out fire which instantly vanishes. He excels in compressing the whole essence of a debate into the concentrated witicism which delights the House. His conversation is a rain of meteors. To Healy rather than to Shaw, many declare, belongs the laurel as the wittiest of living Irishmen.

Consistency is the jewel of Mr. O'Brien's soul. He has amiability, reflectiveness, seriousness, majestic calm, all the qualities, indeed, which his ally, Mr. Healy, seems to lack. Mr. Healy responds with the instantaneity of lightning flashes to his environment. Mr. O'Brien yields to no moods, surrenders to no outward impressions. The fineness or the dampness of the weather does not affect him. Mr. Healy is always gloomy when it rains. Mr. O'Brien seems to care little for food or drink or company. Mr. Healy is companionable, convivial and conversational.

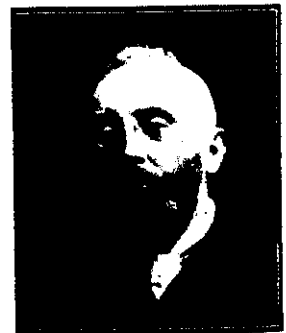


MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

The leader of the Irish Nationalist Party which is to have such influence in the New Parliament.

Devlin is Irish in the most brilliant fashion imaginable. He delivers himself of quaint remarks in a rich accent caught in the south of Ireland. He laughs heartily and manifests no trace of that austere discretion which makes Mr. Dillon look like the guardian of awful secrets. It is the duty of Mr. Devlin to make friends for Ireland by looking pleasant at meetings of Home Rule societies, by exerting his personal charm in the presence of the enemies of Ireland and by "waking up" those who show a tendency to go to sleep now that victory is in sight. It is recorded of Mr. Devlin that he spoke three weeks in one constituency night and day without a trace of hoarseness at the end of that time. As Mr. Redmond has the grand manner, Mr. Devlin has the grand voice.

Just below Mr. Dillon and Mr. Devlin, as the eye wanders along the benches in the Commons, one discerns the restless figure of Mr. O'Brien. The whole world knows how Mr. O'Brien succeeded from the leadership of Mr. Redmond to set up a little Home Rule party of his own. "With a luxuriant iron-gray beard descending to a point, with shaggy eyebrows and still shaggier hair, surmounted by a hat of the slouch type, Mr. O'Brien is one of the most picture-que figures in the House." So writes Mr. Frank Dillon in the London "Mail." Mr. O'Brien does not indulge excessively in speech. "When he speaks, it is generally in an intense whisper or in a scream of denunciatory passion, and he can pass from one to an-



MR. T. HEALY, M.P.

The mouthpiece of the dissenting Nationalists.