pare his rental; and, with an expedition perfectly unexampled in my experience, the Ordnance Survey people are already on the ground, and the estate is rushing headlong to a sale in the most panic-stricken year since the Famine. Now, it seems to me," said Mr. Blaquiere, after blowing his nose *con spirito*, by way of note of admiration, "Hugg is the missing link in as rascally——. Forgive me, Mr. Neville, for being betrayed into an adjective—at least at this stage."

"I shall have a word with Harman," said the ironmaster, thoughtfully, and put on his hat. The agent was busy with maps, rentals, and tracings in the Estate Office when Mr. Neville sauntered in and mentioned that he had undertaken to look into Lord Drumshaughlin's affairs, as a friend, and that it would facilitate him very handsomely if he had access to the estate books.

"Hum, more of this insufferable English meddling," soliloquised the agent, who had rather a disdainful opinion of his visitor. "Thinks he's divinely commissioned to go nosing every house drain in the universe except his own. Dare say his investigations will be as deep as that gold mine he discovered for us in his interview in the *Banner*. What amazes me is how a nation of dull prigs like this fellow ever rose above the sceptre of a vestry meeting." Then aloud: "Might I ask with what practical object?"

"To find out who Hugg is," said the ironmaster, quietly.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connor was another Parliamentary wrestler of the first rank, whenever he could tear himself from those daring newspaper enterprises of his own—always beginning with exiguous ways and means and nearly always breeding capital and influence of startling amount—which were his principal occupation. He sacrificed his House of Commons reputation cheerfully in the common cause, speaking without a minute for preparation and from bottomless depths of ignorance. He would drop in while we were locked in conflict with Trevelyan upon some complicated Irish controversy, and, leaning over from his bench, would question Harrington or myself, who were supposed to be arsenals of the facts in Irish matters, for some inkling of what it was all about, and then as soon as the painstaking Chief Secretary sat down would spring up to club him with ready-made passion and with the assurance of one who had burnt the midnight hour in studying the facts in all their ramifications. John Redmond could seldom be induced to interfere in this rough-and-tumble war *en petits paquets*, but whenever he did so, interfered with grace. His comparative uselessness where the blows were flying was partly due to the fact that the weapons wanted in such a warfare were not orations, but what were prosily called "a few words," (though hot ones), and may also, I think, be attributed partly to a diffidence which genuinely led him to the belief that his brother Willie was the greater orator of the two. Biggar, also, was still in the prime of his riotous enjoyment of Obstruction. He knew not fear, and within that quaint Covenanting brain of his possessed incredible resources for the torture of the enemy; but he was himself the last person he desired to listen to, and so long as there was anybody else to play the toreador he looked on with utter self-effacement and clucked out his content with the benevolence of a matronly hen watching the performances of her chicks. Such men were, take them for all in all, a merry company in field or camp; they were long abominated by Englishmen, but neither they nor the race that produced them were ever despised.

Parnell towered amongst his marshals, an undisputed and beloved First Consul. But the most modest of potentates; a strong hand certainly, but a gentle and cordial one. Although it was by a happy chance, rather than by any deliberate choice of his own his chief officers came together, his was the magnetism that held them together, and his the generous encouragement of initiatives that multiplied the activities at his command. The least noisy member of the orchestra himself, he was the Maestro without whose eye the fiddles and reeds would soon end in discords. He never by choice took the *beau role* of rising on advertised occasions to move sensational amendments before an expectant House. His most impressive speeches were made in some quiet corner of a debate when his hearers were few, but were of those who counted. It took the House several years to understand the secret of why they listened to him at all. He never catered to their taste either for amusement or for a thrill.. His thoughts were turned over a hundred times in his mind, before in some unexpected moment they escaped his lips; but for the words he had no care and no preparation. I never saw him use a written note. All was without color or pretension. He seldom used an adjective, and seldomer still a superlative. The general body of his discourse was as passionless as readings from the Liturgy, yet without a trace of preconcerted solemnity. Only there was ever in the midst of the sober self-restraint some flash of burning passion which lighted up all the rest as the lightning does a starless night. Some phrase, commonplace enough in form, but with a soul of fire in it—like his celebrated trumpet-note to the famine-stricken Western peasants: "Keep a firm grip of your homesteads!"—was of the kind that makes history, in Parliament and in nations, after the most irridescent fireworks of Parliamentary repartee have lost their glow even in the next morning's newspapers.

Parnell had no fads, and scarcely any preferences, as to methods. So long as the old mad Rules or rulessness made it still possible for Joe Biggar to turn the Prince of Wales out of his seat over the clock to entertain some Irish lady friends of his, Parnell devoted himself to the Plutonic mysteries of Obstruction with the fanaticism of a man of one idea. But no sooner was that diamond mine worked out, and Joe Biggar forced to look for other entertainment, his great master or (as some thought at the time) pupil in Obstruction turned with no less complacency to the utilisation of the stupendous popular forces precipitated, as the chemists say, by the Land League of Devoy and Davitt. When the Land League's sentence of death came, he turned to the No Rent Manifesto. When that in turn had run its day, he calmly addressed himself to negotiations with his jailors and by his "Kilmainham Treaty" emerged with the most amazing paper of concessions ever wrung from an Imperial Government by its prisoner—concessions which, but for the tragedy in the Phoenix Park, must have blossomed into Home Rule a generation ago. Those who found in "the Kilmainham Treaty" a capitulation rather than a triumph would have repented in sackcloth and ashes had they only been aware of the state of facts in which Parnell had to work his miracle. When the Phoenix Park tragedy hurled him from the heights Sisyphus set himself doggedly, although with a heavy heart, to roll up the stone again from the bottom. The field of active conflict with the law in Ireland, he had the candor to own, was closed to him, as had been the field of conflict with the rules of Parliament. He satisfied himself that the work of prolonging in Ireland the deathless war with the oppressor—for the moment the most urgent, indeed the indispensable—might safely be left to younger or more fire-eyed enthusiasts. He himself soared placidly away to his eyrie on the cedar-top at Westminster to await his luck, and it soon came in the Household Suffrage Bill of 1884, which had only to be extended to the "mud cabin vote" in Ireland, as he speedily made sure it must, to revolutionise the situation from top to bottom and deprive England of any pretence of an alternative between governing Ireland as a Crown Colony or yielding to the all but unanimous claim of her representatives. Opportunism all, the purists who refuse to let their foot rest on this too, too solid earth will say; but the opportunism not of the knavish politician, but of the patriot of genius who seizes the propitious hour for an advance for his disarmed nation, making quite sure it is an advance in the direction of further advances, whenever the next propitious moment arrives. The old Gaelic proverb —"If you are weak, it is no harm to be cunning"—is of the essence of wisdom for a nation that cannot choose its weapons, and Parnell never offered any excuses for practising it.

He never broke off what we would now call wireless communication with the front in Ireland. He wrote a sage public letter on the occasion of the Prince's visit,