

# IRISHMAN'S DREAM APPROACHING REALIZATION

## Hope for Home Rule Under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman



**T**HE dream of Irish freedom, so long deferred, so often disappointed, seems carried far toward a realization by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's assumption of the office of Prime Minister of England.

A combination of favorable circumstances has conspired to make the present, perhaps the best opportunity that Ireland has ever had to achieve its great ambition.

The anti-Irish administration, under Balfour, has just had a dismal fall. His successor, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is the first Prime Minister of purely Celtic strain that England ever had. He is committed to the cause of home rule in a number of speeches, and is trusted by the Irish leaders.

The Irish party has now the most effective working strength that has marked it since the days of Parnell. The dissensions which split it, after that great leader closed his career in scandal and failure, have healed, and such men as John Redmond, the parliamentary leader, Michael Davitt, John Dillon, T. W. Russell, T. P. O'Connor and Timothy Harrington are doing yeoman service.

In a similar way the efforts of the Gaelic League, for a revival of the ancient Irish tongue, the chief prophet of which movement is Dr. Douglas Hyde, whose tour of the United States has been the cause of making about the hearts of Irish-Americans for the ancient cause, has all gone far to aid the greater movement.

The Irish Nationalists have now been united for about eight years, and in this time the best work was done toward putting Erin's forces in condition to wage a hopeful battle when an administration more friendly than that of Balfour should make the chance of victory a more hopeful one.

That time has now come, and Ireland expects the Celtic blood of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to stir him to zeal for the land of the Shamrock.

Sir Henry's policy is perhaps as radical as that of any of the avowed advocates of home rule who have in the past held the reins of power. He has perhaps been less strident in promulgating his views, but this is the result of a habitual caution in speech, not any lack of zeal or strong conviction.

Sir Henry's idea is that England can never hope to attain its true measure of prosperity while Ireland is disaffected, and while a large portion of the world and of the British Empire itself holds the opinion that the Irish people have been unfairly dealt with.

**Not So Far as Gladstone.**

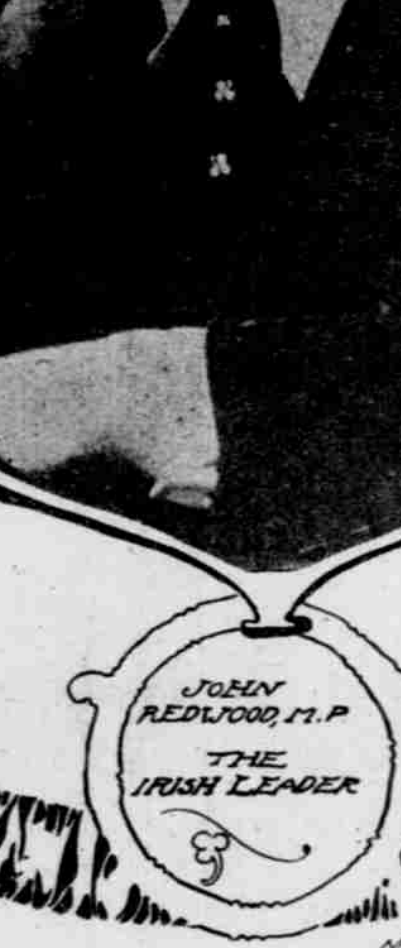
His remedy does not go as far as that of Gladstone. The latter in the first of his Home Rule bills, introduced in 1886, demanded an Irish Parliament to sit in Dublin, with the proviso that the Irish members give up their places in the Westminster Parliament. Judges were to be appointed



MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P.



JOHN REDWOOD, M.P.



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE



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by the Irish government and to be removed only by the act of the Irish Parliament. The Irish Legislature was to have the power of taxation, except as to customs and excise, but to be debarrered from any interference with the army, navy and foreign affairs, and was to be prohibited from making any religious endowment.

The second home rule bill in 1893, which was passed by the House of Commons, but was overwhelmingly defeated in the House of Lords, was a much less radical measure.

Gladstone himself having been brought to feel the hopelessness of persuading the British government to accept a bill as extreme as he could have wished. In this measure it was specifically stated in the preamble that the authority of the British Parliament was under all conditions to remain absolute.

**Wanted: A Fair Chance.**

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has not yet put himself on record as saying just what measure of freedom he hopes to see obtained for Ireland. His programme may be reduced to this idea—that any bill that gives Ireland a chance to show its capacity for self-government is a distinct gain, and that if the Nationalists are wise they will accept whatever they can get.

Then when this is achieved, he holds that the Irish people will quickly show that they can conduct the business of their land in a manner that will not only be for Ireland's good, but will be free from any dangers for England.

When this much is accomplished, succeeding Parliaments can more readily be induced to grant more and more to Ireland, until eventually the fullest possible measure of self-government has been achieved.

**Leaders Trust Sir Henry.**

At one time the Irishmen who are bearing the brunt of the battle would have been loth to accept promises of this kind, but it is a significant fact that all the prominent leaders, including the most important of all, John Redmond, are trusting Campbell-Bannerman.

Even Maude Gonne, now Mrs. McBride, that militant Irishwoman, whose sturdy advocacy of freedom has won for her the title of the Irish Joan of Arc, has warmly greeted the new Premier, and expresses the belief that he will not follow in the footsteps of Chamberlain and Rosebery, who, once strong supporters of home rule, lived to become its opponents.

Most expert English politicians think that Rosebery has injured his standing and his future in turning against home rule now. He supported both of Gladstone's bills and clung to the venerable statesman when Chamberlain and other one-time supporters broke away. The feeling seems to be in England that Rosebery will suffer more than Ireland's cause from his recent change of front.

**John Redmond an Ally.**

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's greatest ally in the present fight is John Redmond, who is well known in this country because of his various visits here. Since the latter came into the leadership of the Irish Nationalist party, he has developed to a position of power that makes him easily the biggest factor for home rule since Gladstone.

He has toned down certain tendencies to hasty speech, and has learned to act with moderation and good judgment, meantime sacrificing nothing of his intense zeal. His conduct during the Balfour ministry did much to lead to the downfall of that Tory leader, and to prepare the way for the success of the Liberal party and the consequent elevation of Campbell-Bannerman.

It was Redmond's clever manipulation that enabled the Nationalist party to form a sort of tacit understanding with the Labor representation in Parliament, with the result that on most issues the two parties voted in unison. This gave them the balance of power in many closely-contested battles, and made Redmond's aid essential to Liberal success. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is therefore bound to the cause of home rule, not only because of his own belief in its justice, but as a matter of loyalty to a valuable political ally.

When Balfour became Prime Minister in 1902, he announced that there would be no Irish legislation, and when the Irish members vehemently objected, he sought to silence them by adopting a closure rule, whose purpose was to stifle debate. But this device did not avail, for Redmond and the other leaders played such skillful politics that soon both sides were courting their support. It is an undeniable fact that under Balfour, foe of home rule, great gains were made for the cause. This is the political side of it. Other

causes are also contributing to this success. One is the movement for the revival of the Gaelic tongue and literature. Dr. Douglas Hyde, who carried the propaganda to this country during the past few weeks, made denial that it had affiliation with any political movement, and this may be true in a broad sense, but there is no doubt that the spread of native tongue is doing much to awaken the Irish spirit. Everywhere Dr. Hyde met the most enthusiastic reception, and the singing of the Gaelic songs aroused the wildest enthusiasm.

Dr. Hyde says that the movement is checking emigration. It is keeping Irishmen in Ireland, for it is teaching them that they have much to be proud of in their great traditions.

The Gaelic League now employs ten organizers, and is aided by 200 teachers. There are 20 branches of the League in Ireland alone, and 10,000 persons on Shamrock's Isle are studying the tongue. Thousands in the United States have been inspired to take it up.

Altogether there is ample reason to believe that the cloud that has so long hung over the "ould country" is on the point of lifting.

# TRUE FABLES BY THE LATE HORACE S. LYMAN

## The Wild Parsnip.

**T**HE wild parsnip, which men rooted up and killed out wherever they could find it, and was allowed to grow only in dank, out-of-the-way places where nobody was likely to find it, wished at last that it might be liked as well as the clover, and whispered to the wind how it might be.

"I do not know," said the wind; "ask the sun."

The sun said: "You must no longer then make poison, which kills those who take it; you must make what everyone likes—you must make sugar instead of poison."

"But how can this be? It is my nature to contrive poison, and to kill people."

The sun then said: "I do not know—I only shine. Ask the earth."

The earth said: "I give to each according to his demands, whether it is sweet or bitter, or poisonous—I give to each according to his nature."

Then the poor poison plant was in despair; what could he do, when the sun, the wind and the earth only helped him to do what his bad nature wished. He could be only evil and hated.

After a while a man came by. "Why do you always hate me and try to kill me off?" said he to the man. "It is my nature to make poison instead of sugar, and neither the wind, the sun nor the earth can make me different."

"Ah," said the man; "then you must do it yourself."

"Indeed, if I knew how I would."

"I will help you," said the man, "for I know. You must no longer grow high out of the ground, with long leaves and stalks and lordly flowers, for it was in your pride of these things that you made

the poison. But you must grow very low in the ground and have but lowly leaves; and only now and then, and but few at a time, may you have flowers; and these shall never be either beautiful or sweet, but of ill odor." So saying he cut down all his grand stalks and leaves, and year after year made him grow in the ground, but mean-looking, and of an ill odor; and all that time the parsnip felt so humble and poor that it was glad to hide away in the soil, even going deeper and deeper and growing more and more under ground.

He was thinking all the while: "I can never be beautiful, or vie with the grand plants, or even be like the modest clover; but down here deep in the soil I will grow, and out of sight yield up my bad poison nature and try to produce sweetness."

So he grew, and the gardener cut and hacked, until at last he said, "Now we shall see."

So he took some of the roots to a cow. She sniffed and sniffed, but was afraid to touch the parsnip. "Alas," he sighed, "I am not even fit for cow feed."

He thought he might as well grow up now; according to his own nature he was poisonous and hateful; and when he tried to be different he was mean and despised. "Better be as I was!" he cried, "and kill all I can and let them kill me." And he began throwing up coarse rank spikes in defiance.

But the gardener said: "This will never do!" and cut them back and piled up earth on him and nearly smothered him in dank, black soil.

"Give your poison to the ground," he said, "where it will do no harm, and let your rankness die out. Keep your sugar, and when at last you get out

sweet root, however little it may be, keep that alone, and I will destroy all the rest."

So it grew low in the ground and at last said, "This root is sweet."

The gardener took a little piece of it and tasted it. "Sure enough, it is!" he exclaimed. "Then without stopping he dug up all the rest, which was so much that it was almost exterminated. But the little sweet root began to grow and produced many."

"Now we're on the right road," said the old gardener; "almost anything can be done when we know how. Then he took out the sweetest roots, which had less and less poison, and made the soil about them rich and mellow, but the others he destroyed."

In course of time he brought some, which looked poor and weakened and straggly. "Try these, Bony," he said. She first sniffed and then ate. "They are good enough," she said, "and quite hearty, but so little of them."

"Quality first and quantity next," said the gardener; "almost anything can be done when we know how. Then he took out the sweetest roots, which had less and less poison, and made the soil about them rich and mellow, but the others he destroyed."

Presently a cow came that way, and seeing Number One's fine things said: "You have some nice, green things here; may I have some?" I'm so hungry. I have a calf at home; a great, buttery fellow."

"I made no answer, but thought: 'Just let her take some and she will never want any more.' So the cow, without more questions, thinking he would not care, began to eat the things of Number One; but it was not very long before she began to feel dizzy and see double and then foamed at the mouth, and soon fell down and died."

"It only makes my farm all the richer," said he, "and I don't believe she, or any other cows, either, will want my things

again"—and so he covered her bones up with his big leaves.

After a while a poor woman, carrying a basket, came by and seeing the nice things, said to Number One, "I am very poor and have some hungry children, and am hunting for something to eat; please let me have some of your nice things."

He said nothing, but thought, "She can have them; but she will never want any more." So she dug up some of the fine roots and put them into her basket, and when she went home, made some broth for her children; but after they ate it all felt sick and soon died. "They will never come bothering around again," said Number One.

So he grew, and his things were tall and grand.

Number Other went out onto his farm, too; and in the warm sunshine and soft showers of Spring his things began to grow, and looked as fine as Number One's. But after a while a cow came along and said, "How nice your things look, and I am so hungry! I have a great calf at home, and must eat for him and me both. Let me have a bite!"

"Yes," said Number Other, gladly; "eat all you need."

So the cow ate, and the next day came back as hungry as ever; and the next day other cows began to come, and all great call at home, and must eat for him and me both. Let me have a bite!"

"Yes," said Number Other, gladly; "eat all you need."

So the cow ate, and the next day came back as hungry as ever; and the next day other cows began to come, and all great call at home, and must eat for him and me both. Let me have a bite!"

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So the cow ate, and the next day came back as hungry as ever; and the next day other cows began to come, and all great call at home, and must eat for him and me both. Let me have a bite!"

Seeing how small and eaten up and trampled down Number Other's farm was, he cried out sorrowfully, "You see how it ends. You are a miserable little thing now, not six inches tall, and half the Number one; you have given away all you have, and now where are you? Those cattle and those insects of yours are taking all your leaves and blossoms, and carrying the very honey out of your heart. But I am over six feet tall, and nobody bothers me. Now, who is right?"

Number Other could make no reply; for what Number One said seemed true; it seemed now that his things would not be left to live over Summer, so many were taking them, and even seed for the next year could not be farmed. "But," he thought, "I will at last make the world happier one Summer"—and he kept on growing the best he could.

But after a while two people came around looking. They were the owner and his man.

"The first came to where Number One was. 'What is this great rank thing?' asked the owner. It stood up over six feet tall, with broad, glossy leaves. The man rummaged all around, and at last found the bones of the cow. 'I believe, sir,' he answered, 'that we have found what killed the cow, and very likely what killed the widow, too.'"

"If that is the case," said the Owner, "we must burn it up."

So the man went to work and cut it down and dug out all the roots, and piled everything carefully on some dry brush, not leaving a leaf or root or flower or seed end. Then he set fire, and Number One turned black and curled in the bright flames, and soon disappeared in smoke.

After that the two went to the place where Number Other was. The man looked all around, and saw the eaten-out and trampled-down farm, as if all the cattle and sheep and pigs in the world had been running over it. "What a sight!" he exclaimed joyfully, "that we have at last found the thing that

made the cows give such nice milk, and that gave the honey its new flavor."

"If that is so," said the Owner, "we must save it."

So the man made a fence and gave Number Other a large field; and his things grew up tall and beautiful, and the field was full of flowers. And the man saved the seed and scattered it all over. Everybody wanted some.

The cows and the sheep wanted it; the bees wanted it; the bald old mountain-side wanted it, and the deep green meadows wanted it; and the girls hunted amongst its leaves, to wrap them in their shoes for good fortune.

It was taken all over the world, and wherever it went made the world better, making the fields and meadows green and gay with blossoms, and filling the air with a pleasant fragrance.

It wears caps of many colors some are red, some purple, some yellow, and some white. Everybody loves the name: it is Clover. That was Number Other's good because it liked to do others good.

As for Number One, that was Poison Hemlock, or wild parsnip; which everybody is afraid of and kills out wherever it is found.

## Found Old Roman Road.

Baltimore American.

During the making of a sewer at Ely, England, near the junction of the Lym and Cambridge roads, the excavations of workmen have again brought to light at a depth of eight feet remains of a Roman street, the great Roman military thoroughfare. The foundation appears to be of flinty pebbles and fragments, strongly embedded in a tenacious black gault, surfaced with slaked lime, and great labor with pickaxes is required to break it up. Excepting a kind of quern, a piece of mosaic, lead coinage, and fragments of Roman horse-shoes and nails, no antiquities have yet come to light.