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IRELAND'S CONTRIBUTION TO WORLD'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

WHAT PEOPLE OF THE GREEN ISLE HAVE DONE IN LETTERS, LAWS, ARTS AND WARS

The Speech of Prof. J. C. Monaghan, Delivered Under the Auspices of St. Patrick's Parish—Jews Alone Have Shown Larger Average Greatness.

The following is the scholarly and eloquent address delivered in Poli's theatre, Sunday, March 21, under the auspices of St. Patrick's parish, by Prof. J. C. Monaghan. It is printed in full by the Farmer in response to many requests that have been received to that purpose. Prof. Monaghan said:

"Oft I pause, perusing pictures,
That my fancy paints at times,
Running words around and round them,
Till they run in rambling rhymes.
'Mong the fairest of my pictures,
One I always like to see,
Pictures Erin, dear Old Erin,
Just what Erin used to be.

'Land it was of noble women,
Wives and mothers of our men,
None were nobler in the nation,
Than Old Erin's mothers then.
Ruth, Rebecca, Miriam, Judith,
Were not made of finer mold,
Than the Emmets, Tones, Fitzgeralds,
Women worth their weight in gold.
Boundless as the world's horizon,
Was their love of justice, truth,
What they felt and loved and cherished,
This they gave to Erin's youth.
Never nation cherished honor,
Or held longing to be free,
Higher than did dear Old Erin,
Just what Erin used to be.

"Boys when born in dear Old Erin,
Were baptized and pledged to truth,
Pledged to faith and Love of Country,
Everywhere except Maynooth.
Still the teachers in the college,
Could not keep the spirit down,
That with Sarsfield, Clare and Meagher,
Won the race its rich renown.
'God and Country, Truth and Honor,'
Were the words from sea to sea,
In Old Erin, dear Old Erin,
Just What Erin used to be."

A NATION'S MEASURE.

Races and nations are often measured by their great men and the general average of the masses. By this standard the Irish have no cause for confusion or fear. Another, perhaps, on the whole, the best measure, is one that estimates the value of a race's or people's contribution to the world's progress, particularly as represented by contributions to Literature, the Arts, the Sciences, Law or Legislation and Religion. Again the Irish have no reason to repress the most rigid investigation. Never has a nation had less reason to fear the light upon its past—or, for that matter, in many ways upon its present efforts.

Benjamin Kidd, the great sociologist, puts the Greeks at the head of the great races, followed by the French. Including the supernatural feature in the life of Israel, I have to give first place to the Jews, for they lead in almost every line. Only the pictorial, and sculptured forms of art fail in the inventory of their contributions. In laws Leviticus and the tables of the law, the great ten commandments of Moses, are the world's most priceless legal and moral possession. No eloquence equals that of the fire-touched lips of Isaiah. No writer, Greek or Roman, ever spoke or wrote as Job spoke in the awful tragedy of his life, not Eschylus, nor Euripides, nor Sophocles, nor Shakespeare. Who ever sang as David sang? What king or wise man ever contributed to the world's wisdom a tenth of what Solomon gave us? Where lived the philosopher whose golden pen wrote down a philosophy to touch that of Saint John? Plato? Aristotle? Spinoza? Kant? There is absolutely no comparison. Who has written biography like that of the four Evangelists? Not Plutarch, not Boswell, not Macaulay. I say all this by way of preface, to disarm the mean-minded who are wont to charge us with unfairness. If I ask justice, it is because I am willing to do justice. Measured by any of the world's great standards, for measuring a nation's greatness, those indicated above, Ireland has a right to a high place, how high, I shall leave you to decide after you have heard such evidence as I have to offer.

LITERATURE.

The first question asked as we enter the halls of historical research is, What has been the race's or nation's contributions to the literature of the world? Here, Ireland can hold up her hand, for she has her hands and lap, her halls of history, full of literary treasures, songs, tales, graceful legends, quaint stories and heroic histories. As the research workers dig deeper and deeper into the historical debris piled up in Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales, aye, even among the verses of continental lore, they find, not only traces, but wide, golden, literary pathways leading back to the holy hills and dales of our Ireland, Old, dear Old Ireland. Only quite recently Dr. Brown, of the Northwestern University, a distinguished scholar, showed conclusively that the Arthurian and other tales used by Wales, England, and the continent, had their origin in Irish hills. Irish scholarship is as real as anything written in the records of the world's past. It is traceable in York, in all parts of England, even in Oxford. Tradition links the name of Alfred, the Washington of England, with the names of Irish scholars. In Paris, Pavia, in Bobbio, St. Gall (Switzerland), Wurtzburg, Strasburg, and Munich, Germany, one may easily find not traces, but actual Irish prototypes. When the lamps of learning had nearly died out in Europe they flamed like Greek torches all over Ireland. Nor is it to the past that we must turn. The last hundred or two hundred years are as much ours, as they are anyone's. In the higher forms of literature, those that lift the mind from the mean and sordid, from the vile and vulgar, the low and mean, Ireland holds a high place, if she does not lead. The greatest comedies in English, hardly excepting those of Shakespeare, were penned by Sheridan, born in Dublin, and by Goldsmith, born in Pallas, Ireland. In the literature of romance and song, that is to live as long as the language lives, A high place, perhaps the highest, will have to be given to Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, and to his deserted village. Need I name the writers who have lifted human hearts by their happy tales, the men and the women only a degree or two lower in the literary scale than Goldsmith? The Banims, Carltons, Levers, Lovers, Griffins, etc.?

If we turn to the highest kind of literature, that concerning a nation's life, the State papers, the wisdom that is to guide governments, Burke bears off the palm from all times and all people. In no Senate, Greek or Roman, has his equal ever sat. Pure and high-minded as Fabricius, patriotic and sincere as Demosthenes, polished as Cicero, he added an Irishman's fiery scorn to his greater works. In oratory, Burke and Sheridan, Grattan and O'Connell, Curran and Shiel have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. Indeed, upon the evidence of their enemies, we may safely say that Burke and Sheridan surpassed all orators in the Senate, ancient or modern. If we may say that Bulwer Lytton, Byron, Wendell Phillips, and others who heard O'Connell were sincere, then no orator, ancient or modern, equalled Kerry's great contribution to the world's tribunes, O'Connell. To the integrity and courage of Demosthenes, he added the fire, wit and brilliancy of Mirabeau, the majesty and stateliness of Webster, and to all that, humor and mellowness, a soft, soothing, something unknown, perhaps impossible to the others. Had he been born in England, or even in Scotland, anywhere but in Ireland, his fame as the world's first orator had long since been assured.

THE ARTS.

In the arts, the Irish have always held a high place. If they have been surpassed, by the Greeks, it is because of seven centuries of oppression and repression. Tonight, I take up the facts, I pass over the period of possibilities, the realm of speculation. There is enough in the actualities to interest us. If the race is inferior to the Greeks in art, or to the Italians of the Renaissance, it is surpassed by nobody else. The treasure houses of the world, the great museums, those of Dublin, London, and other large cities, bear witness, unwilling perhaps at times, but glorious witness to what Ireland was in art, "When Malichi wore the collar of gold that he won from the proud invader", who had purloined it, doubtlessly from an Irish church or palace. The Cross of Cong, the book of Kells, rank in ornament at the highest point of the art, in the time to which they belong. But it is to no such far time I would have you turn, it is to London, and Dublin, to the most perfect piece of modern Gothic architecture, the parliament houses, designed by Barry, son of an Irishman, to the beautiful statues of Edmund Burke, Sheridan and Grattan in the corridor of that building, carved by Foley and, finally, to the man who has written his name recently among the first five or six of the world's great sculptors, St. Gaudens, Irish on one side, and that, for the elements of greatness, the most important, the mother's side. Nor do I forget the Donahues and others. In music, Balfe holds a high place, as did and does Patrick Gilmore. Among the song makers of the world, Moore has never been excelled. No man's songs are so widely sung. The stately ruins of the past, the round towers, the Rock of Cashel, Muckross, and a hundred grey walled, ivy-clad abbeys tell of a time when art was on its way up to the glorious minsters of France, Germany, and England. It is hard to follow Ruskin, in his belief that the Irish had reached the highest possible point of their art before 1166, the year of Henry the Second's invasion. I do not believe it. The evidence is all against such an assumption. The esthetic lies in deep and broad foundations in Ireland. From the peasant's fondness for flowers, to the chieftain's fondness for harpers songs, the stately edifices to the Churchman's love of Cathedrals like St. Patrick's in Dublin, or the splendid pile that pours its beauty on Queenstown, is only a by-path, not a long, broad way. In the present movement to revive the ancient language, we find the same fondness that we find in the peasant's fondness for flowers.

Those who know the language best know how rich it is in literary treasures and resources. It is a veritable gold and diamond mine. The treasures taken from it by Moore, the Scotch and the Welsh were found on the surface. In the depths are the real pearls, the real diamonds, the pure Celtic gold. We are going after them. The movement is to go on, and on, and on. Nothing can stay or stop it. Whether the new University puts it into its curriculum, as a matriculating necessity, is not going to hinder Ireland in her efforts to revive it. No power on earth can put or push back the great movement that has meant so much in the recent past and is to mean so much in the future. In all the records written nothing nobler than this effort to revive the Irish language has been recorded.

LAW.

What the race has done for law and legislation I hinted at in my reference to Burke and Sheridan. In state-craft, the former has had no equal. My advice to boys about to study economics, with the purpose of a future effort in politics, is to buy and read Burke. But it is not to Burke, or Sheridan, or O'Connell, or Parnell that I turn, it is to the Ireland of the Brehon laws; it is to the race in its own, its initial, original efforts, at legislation. Sir Henry Mayne and other large minded, liberal writers give unstinted praise to Ireland's legislative and legal system. It is only small minds that pass over this evidence of a nation's greatness. To have evolved a system of successful legislation and jurisprudence, one before which great scholars bow their knees, is no small affair. Ireland did this. In New York, a hundred years ago, the greatest lawyer was T. A. Emmet, an Irish exile. The greatest New York lawyer of the generation, that ended with 1900 was Charles O'Connor; the greatest lawyer in England in a hundred years was Charles Russell, recently deceased, chief justice of the Empire. Keep that fact in your mind to ponder over. In the records of diplomacy Ireland has always held high places. Only recently Lord Dufferin led all the Empire's diplomatic representatives. At one time, history tells us, England's leading representatives were Irish. She had Lord Moira in India, Sir Gore Ousely in Ispahan, Persia; Lord Stuart in Vienna, Castleregh in Congress, Strangford in the Brazils, Clancarty in Holland, Wellington in Paris, Sir Henry Wellesly in Madrid, all at one time, and all Irish. Are they accidental think you, these talents, these powers?

IN THE SCIENCES.

What might have been done by the race had the record been written in gold rather than blood can only be guessed. The tales of the Goban Seer read like those of Hero of Archmiedes. If not as prolific as England, in material inventions, the race has had a fair, I might add an enviable record. In the science as well as in the art of war, they were often, if not the first, among the first captains of the ages. O'Neil was called the third captain of his age by Henry the Fourth of France, no mean judge. Wellington, who won Waterloo, was an Irishman. So is Roberts, and so is Kitchener, the hero of the Soudan, the winner of the Boer war, to say nothing of thirty, forty, or even fifty of the other leading officers of the British Army and Navy. It is customary at times to measure a people by its willingness or its unwillingness to fight whether it is in the ring where man meets man, with nature's weapons, or in the fields of battle filled by all the engineering of war, Ireland has long held first place. Begin at Clontarf, follow Owen Roe O'Neill, at Benburb, listen to the Irish Marsellaise, the war song of O'Donnell, the basis for all that is best in Scott's "Hail to the Chief"; stand near Sarsfield at Limerick, and then at Landan, where he died, follow Clare's dragoons on the bloody field of Fontenoy, or Wellington at Assaye, in India, at Albuera, Vimiera, Budajoz and Salamanca, down to the last charge of the Old Guard of Napoleon under Ney at Waterloo, or stand with the O'Briens at Machias Maine, with Jack Barry, the Sullivans behind Washington, or follow Meagher's brigade up against Marye's Heights on those awful days before Fredericksburg, Dec. 12th and 13th, 1862, and you will see Irish valor as it has come to us from heroic fathers and Spartan mothers. Fontenoy alone would give fame to a race. Read Davis' great war ballad of Fontenoy; in it he tells us that.

BALLAD.

FONTENOY.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy, the English columns failed,
And twice the lines of St. Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed.
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept those British ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barris' woods, the British columns burst,
The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye.
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy! on Fontenoy! How fast his generals ride,
And mustering came his chosen troops like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans, in stately column tread,
Their cannons blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head.
Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill,
Steady they load, and steady they fire, moving right onward still
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
O'er rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast.
And on the open plain above they moved and held their course,
With steady fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force.
Past Fontenoy! Past Fontenoy! While thinner grew their ranks,
They broke, as breaks the Zuyder Zee, through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tiraileurs rush round,
Like stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground—
Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore still on they marched and fired,
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired,
"Push on my household cavalry," King Louis madly cried,
To death they rushed, but rude the shock, not unavenged they died.
On through the camp, the column trod, King Louis turned his rein,
"Not yet my liege," Saxe interposed, "The Irish troops remain",
And Fontenoy! famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not those Irish ready then, fresh, vehement and true.

"Lord Clare," he said, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The marshall almost smiles to see how furiously he goes.
How fierce the look those exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay!
The treasured wrongs of a hundred years, are in their hearts today.
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy! On Fontenoy! Nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting he commands—
"Fix bayonets! Charge!" Like mountain storm rush on those fiery bands.
Thin is the English column now and faint their volleys grow,
Yet mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind,
Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men behind.
One volley crashes from their lines, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the head-long Irish broke.
On Fontenoy! On Fontenoy! Hark to that fierce huzza—
"Revenge! Remember Limerick! Dash down the Sassenach."

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against those English lines, those Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'Tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore.
O'er shattered ranks and severed files and trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled,
The green hillside is matted close with the dying and the dead—
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track—
On Fontenoy! On Fontenoy! Like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand, for Fontenoy is won.

"What might have been done by the Irish if the record had been written in gold instead of in blood can only be guessed. If not as prolific in invention as the English, the race has an enviable record.

"In the art of war Irish have often been among the first captains of the age. O'Neil was called the third captain of his age by Henry Fourth of France. Wellington, who won Waterloo, was an Irishman. So is Roberts and so is Kitchener, the hero of Soudan, the winner of the Boer war, to say nothing of 30, 40 or even 50 of the other leading officers of the British Army and Navy. Fontenoy alone would give fame to a race.

"This is Fredericksburg. Behind those impregnable walls, is Colonel Walton, the rebel leader, a great artillerist. He is watching the movements of Meagher and his brigade. When the order to charge is given, Walton's orders are to wait till every shot will do its work. He is to shatter that brigade as brigade was never shattered. What Jackson was to the South, Meagher promised to be to the North. He must be destroyed. On, on, on to their deaths went the devoted legion, 1,300 men, Meagher in a great frieze coat at their head. If ever leader, leading his men, was a conspicuous target, it was Meagher that morning. On, on, they went. When just under the ramparts, Walton shouted "Fire." The piled up bodies, 1,100 of them, told the bloodiest chapter of our civil war. At Balaclava, only 600 entered the fatal horseshoe; 200 came back. At Fredericksburg 1,300 up, a boy of 16, with green in his cap, nearest to the guns, 200 returned. Nor is that all, nor even the best part of that story. Behind Walton's guns the boys were Irish. When they saw the brigade, every man with a sprig of green in his hat, those who could get them wearing a shamrock, some one shouted: "My God" or "Great God, these are our own. They are Irish." "Did they because of that fact, falter, or flinch, or fire less carefully? No! Irish honor was as much at stake behind the ramparts, under the grey, behind Walton's guns, as it was in the breasts of the boys in blue in front of them, or in the hands and hearts in the care of Meagher's men. And nobly was it maintained on both sides. Reporting the battle to his paper, the London Times, Correspondent "Bull Run" Russell, one of the world's greatest war correspondents, paid the soldiers on one side at least, Meagher's brigade, a high tribute. It is worth reading and reviving and recording. "Never," he says, "on any field, did a race famous on so many fields acquit itself more gloriously than did Meagher's Irish Brigade on Marye's heights, December 13, 1862. Never at Albuera, Vimiera, Badajoz or Salamanca, never at Waterloo, or anywhere was more desperate valour shown on both sides." I quote from memory. That if not just what he said, what he meant. So much then for the foundations upon which the nation's records rest, I have laid it broad and deep. I defy dispute or disagreement. The story as I give it to you is written in gold and blood, in Irish. It is the race's heritage."

But I come now to the consideration of Irish Character, in a specific form, in the lives of the latest contributions to the worlds' glory, the Emmets. I take a whole family. But I begin with Robert, the best known. As he stood in the dock, the judge asked him whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him according to law. I am going to ask you to go over that speech with me, not in detail, but in its prominent parts, in the beginning, the middle, the end. What do we find it to be? What is the golden dominant note in it all? The character, the hero's defense of his character. "My Lords" he began, "What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of the sentence you are here to pronounce and which I must abide; but I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusations and calumny that has been heaped upon it. Were I only to suffer death after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I would bow in silence and go forth to meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law that delivers my body to the executioners' will, through the ministry of that same law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe itself posterity must determine." Here you have the keynote of the entire address.

Again, when in the middle of his magnificent defense, if that is the right word to use for a speech that was full of defiance, when interrupted, impatiently by the court, he burst forth in accents of eloquent indignation. "My Lords," said he, "shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, and not be allowed to resent or repel it? No! God forbid!" appealing to the spirit of his father, he cred aloud, "O ever dear, and venerated shade of my departed father look down in scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son and see if I have departed, even for a moment from those principles you were wont to instill into my youthful mind and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life." Near the end, when all was soon, so soon to be silenced as far as he was concerned, he said, "I am going to my cold and silent grave; my race is run, the lamp of my life is nearly extinguished. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no one who now knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them, let them and me remain in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain unscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then but not till then, let my epitaph be written." Where did Emmet get this? Emmet's parents were particularly patriotic. His father gave up the lucrative post of physician to the Vice-regal court, in order to maintain his love of country. His mother belonged to the Temples. Both taught the boys, Temple, Thomas and Robert, to put patriotism above everything else. And they did. At table, the father would ask the youngest, Robert what he would do to Tom or Temple did his duty to his country demand it. Bob's eyes filled with tears as he answered, "Do my duty." The Spartan father was sewing the seeds that gave the family to God and to mankind. We have such fathers now. Temple studied law. When admitted to the bar, so brilliant were his examinations, one of the judges went on record to the effect that the boy, only a little beyond twenty, knew more law, Civil and Canon, than any Judge or Bishop in the three kingdoms. Thomas had started to follow medicine, his father's profession. Temple, dying, Thomas turned to the bar, was admitted and gave great promise of rising. In 1797 or 1798, he joined the society of United Irishmen, an organization bent upon doing for Ireland, what the volunteers might have done but failed to do. Betrayed arrested, he was dragged to trial. His defenders hoped to save him at least from the scaffold. The first question and answer shortened their hopes. "You are a member of the United Irish Society, Mr. Emmet, are you not," asked the presiding Judge." I am a member of the society" said Emmet proudly. That was enough. What hope for the defense of such a man? Sentence of "death" followed. This was changed into imprisonment for life, and this, a little later, to exile, the place of exile to be chosen by the prisoner. At that time Emmet was in jail at Ft. George, in Scotland. Dr. McNeven, a co-conspirator was in the same jail. With Emmet was his wife, a woman as marvelous in character as the prisoner's mother. She shared her husband's cell. The English jailers tried to separate them, but were baffled by a sturdy, but warm-hearted Scotch jailer. He connived at the continuance of the Emmet arrangement. When told they might go into exile, the prisoners chose the United States. Unluckily, for them, Rufus King was our diplomatic representative in England. He had learned, as almost everybody, who lingers long in the London atmosphere, particularly, in its upper or diplomatic circles, learns to hate Ireland and the Irish. Emmet's and McNeven's request was refused. As a result they remained some time years I think it was, in jail or till King was replaced by a man of more liberal or larger views. At last, they landed in New York, McNeven to practice medicine, to ornament his profession; Emmet to practice law, to rise till he was at the head of New York bar. If you ever visit New York City, go over to old St. Paul's away down town only a block or two from old Trinity. On one side of it is a graceful shaft erected to Emmet's memory, on the other side is another to McNeven. In the centre, built into the heart of the splendid old pile, is such a monument as Pigally, the great sculptor of France gave Maurice of Saxony, dedicated to Richard Montgomery. Isn't it a pretty thing, this thought, that the three finest monuments in Old New York, are erected to the memories of three splendid men of our race, Emmet, McNeven, and Montgomery?

Go now with me to Washington. This is the Supreme Court. On the bench is John Marshall. In front of him are leading lawyers, members of Congress, Senators and Representatives. It is just such a scene as met the eyes of Burke and Sheridan when they entered the great hall of William Rufus, to try Hastings for High Crimes and misdemeanors. In place of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Fitzherbert were women from Maryland and Virginia, as beautiful and splendid as England ever saw. Webster was there, possibly Clay and Calhoun; ministers and their wives, representatives of European Royalties, and the just as splendid representatives of the rising republics were present. The case on the calendar was that of the Nereides, one of Emmet's cases. He had won in all the lower or state courts. The case had been carried on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was up for a hearing. Emmet had been introduced to the Supreme Court, when admitted to practice before it, by Daniel Webster. Opposed to Em-

(Continued on Page 9.)

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