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## POPE LEO XIII.

### The Grand Old Man of the Vatican Reported to Be Dying.

Most Progressive Pope of Modern Times. Democratic in Sentiment and a Friend of Labor.

Wonderful Work of His Life—Who His Successor Is Likely to Be and How Chosen.

SLIGHT OF BODY—STRONG OF MIND

The sudden decline of Pope Leo XIII. has cast a gloom around the world. That he has been the most progressive Pope for centuries is generally owned, says a writer in the New York Journal. His power as a governing intellect and as a

"Why have you taken the name of Leo?" asked a Cardinal the day after the Papal election.

"Because Leo XII. was a benefactor of my family," answered the Pontiff, "and also because Leo signifies lion and the virtue which seems to me the most necessary of all is the force of the lion."

His tolerance and fearlessness in expressing his opinion is shown by the incident.

When a prelate brought him the news of Renan's death he remained thoughtful a moment and then asked: "How did he die?" "Impenitent," said the prelate. "The my family," answered the Pontiff, "and then added quietly: "That is better." The astonished prelate asked how that could be.

"Because," said the Pope, "Renan has proved that his doubt was sincere, and therefore he will be judged by his sincerity, which if it is thorough may absolve him."

He once saw a newspaper article describing his daily life. It said that he always dined alone. "Yes, it is true, I always dine alone," he remarked, "and yet I am always the Thirteenth at the table."

No Pope since mediaeval times has wielded the influence of Leo XIII.

In twenty years he has rebuilt the Catholic church, putting it in touch with all modern progress.

that he could not perish. Frail and slender as was his body, he still was able to tower like a giant before the great men who came into his presence.

Those who have gained audience with him in the last year or two have noticed his decline, supported by his attendants or seated upon his exalted chair, his intellect shone as brightly as ever, but in his trembling hand was an inevitable sign of decline.

He no longer took his usual exercise in the gardens of the Vatican. His only recreation was narrowed down to a daily trip to the Citta Leonina tower within the Vatican walls. On even this short route he was driven in a low carriage.

Alighting and supported on the arm of an attendant, it became his custom to daily inspect a vine that he himself had planted in the garden at the foot of his favorite tower. For many seasons he has gathered the fruit of the vine, and last year, to his great pleasure, it yielded quite a quantity of wine. Next to his vine he loved his roses.

But it was to the mental and spiritual that he has turned in the last days, clinging tenaciously to his routine work. In a room in the Citta Leonina tower, which none but he ever entered, he worked at his writing most of the remainder of the day.

At length the paralysis came on which is a hereditary trait in his family. It sapped his strength till he became a physical wreck.

Resigned to his fate, he designed his own tomb and ordered its erection in his favorite church, St. John Lateran.

### How Leo XIII's Successor Will Be Elected.

The election of a Pope is the most impressive ceremony in the world. It is performed by the Cardinals that form the Sacred college.

They come together from all parts of the earth. In the most elaborate state they are assigned to suites in the Vatican. In an adjoining audience hall the solemn conclave is held.

Cardinal Rampolla is believed to stand the best chance of becoming the next Pope, because of his prominent position as Papal Secretary of State, which he has held for ten years.

His election, however, is not at all certain. Within church circles two other very strong candidates are recognized. These are Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar General of Rome, and Cardinal Vannutelli.

Cardinal Parocchi is from the north of Italy. He is notably a lover of France, and on this account he has the support of the French and Russian Governments, and likewise that of Spain. Cardinal Vannutelli, who is a native of the province of Rome, is a native of the province of Rome, and is a native of the province of Rome.

Every Irishman in America knows the history of that brave young patriot—has taught his children to revere the name of Robert Emmet. It is not necessary to print a lengthy account of his career at the present time.

Robert Emmet was born on March 4, 1778. He was the third son of Doctor Robert Emmet, a well-known physician of Dublin. About the time that the United Irishmen were forming themselves into a secret revolutionary society young Robert Emmet was sent to Trinity College. He soon took the lead among his fellow students on account of his pronounced democratic views. He became the leader in the debates on political questions and was expelled from college on account of his extreme political views. The expulsion from college occurred in February, 1798.

After that Emmet became the acknowledged leader of the Irish revolutionary party. His youth cut no figure. It is needless to detail here his struggles for the liberty of his country during the five succeeding years, his capture after the failure of the uprising on July 23, 1803. He might have gotten away had he not lingered to bid good-bye to the girl of his heart, Sarah Curran, who has been immortalized by Washington Irving in his Sketch Book. He was arrested on August 25. He was put on trial on September 19, charged with high treason. He entered no defense. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty.

The judges then in due form asked Emmet if he had ought to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

It was then that Emmet, though little more than twenty-five years old, delivered his speech, which at once became famous for its patriotic sentiment and beauty of diction.

The speech was as follows: "My Lords—I am asked what I have to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predestination, nor that it will become to me, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the cloud of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death after being adjudged guilty by

## ROBERT EMMET

### His Memory Yet Revered by Irishmen All Over the World.

The Powerful Address From the Dock Preceding His Untimely and Heartless Execution.

He Relinquished Social Position, Fortune and Bright Prospects For Love of Country.

HIS APPEAL TO THE IMMACULATE GOD

This year the Irish people and people of Irish descent all over the world are celebrating the struggle of Irishmen in 1798 for the liberty of their native land. Irishmen have longed for liberty for centuries. They have unfortunately not succeeded in liberating their country, but sons and daughters of Ireland have sought liberty in various countries and climes. Wherever they went they became good citizens and when called upon never failed to answer the call to arms in behalf of their adopted country.

In no country on earth has this been so exemplified as in the United States. The history of the United States teems with the names of Irishmen and Irish Americans who have poured out their rich, red blood in defense of America and her free institutions. Not a battlefield in this broad land that has not been the recipient of Irish blood.

Kentucky has furnished her quota of Irish and Irish-Americans in this present war. They have borne all manner of privations, and if they murmured it was good humoredly. Take their letters to their folks in the Old Kentucky home. They told their troubles, but told them in such a way that made the folks at home say: "God bless the boy. He shows his Irish spirit."

Every Irish father or mother in Kentucky who has a boy in the army rejoices to find that their boy shows that he is made of the same stuff, the same flesh, the same blood, as Sarsfield, Wolf Tone or Robert Emmet.

Robert Emmet and his connection with the Irish revolution of 1798, it may not be considered late news to reproduce his speech, delivered before his English judges, almost within the shadow of the scaffold.

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your tribunal, I should bow in silence and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the 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, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defense of their country, and of virtue, this my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steered to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made."

Here Lord Norbury interrupted Emmet, saying: "That the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."

"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travelled; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of an enemy or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him."

Here he was again interrupted by the court.

"Again I say that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation is commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction."

Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of our institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency and mildness of our courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purpose of ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purpose of ignominy of the scaffold's terrors would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unbalanced policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or swayed by the basest motives—my

country's oppressors or"—Here he was interrupted and told to listen to the sentence of the law.

"My lords, will 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 by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? Or, rather, why insult justice in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury was empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms."

Here Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.

"I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place

## THOS. P. CLINES

### Was One of the Devoted and True Friends of Old Ireland.

Also of the Pioneer Members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Jefferson County.

For Years He Was President of the Irish Land League and Also a Strong Trades Unionist.

HIS LIFE DEVOTED TO GOOD DEEDS

Two weeks ago Thomas P. Clines was called before his Maker. He died as he lived—at peace with God and man. Mr. Clines was one of the best-known Irishmen in Louisville, and a host of friends joined his sorrowing family in conveying



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

diplomat has extended outside of all religious circles. His physical collapse coming so soon after England's loss of Gladstone and Germany's bereavement at Bismarck's death is a singular coincidence. It brings before the gaze of the world a wonderful career.

### The Morning of His Life.

Pope Leo XIII. came of a noble Italian family. His baptismal name was Vincenzo Gioacchino Pecci, and in his veins flows the blood of the ancient Rienzis. With his high birth and brilliant intellect all avenues were open to him. Political preferment was for the asking. But his mother had a presentiment of his holy calling.

While in their native city of Carpentio little Vincenzo and his brother Joseph were taken by their devout mother to the Jesuit college at Viterbo. Joseph was large and strong, but the delicate, sweet-faced Vincenzo, or "Neno," as he was called at home, was called "L'Angioletto" (Little Angel) by the master.

His companions nicknamed him Mater Prelates (Mother of Piety) from his fancied resemblance to one of the pictures of the Virgin. But that sweet, boyish face soon matured into the strong, soulful and magnetic countenance that fascinated all men and drew them irresistibly to him.

He hesitated for a time about becoming a priest. It seemed like the renouncing of all his ambition.

His spiritual nature prevailed and he received holy orders. It was not long before he saw that even in the cloister the influence of a strong mind was far reaching.

He was needed in the political religious work of the church. His mission as Nuncio to the Belgian capital revealed to him and his superiors his great diplomatic power. It was then that the new ambition came to him to become Pope.

His mother's dream at the time of his birth that this great office was in store for him inspired him still further in his efforts.

Promotion quickly followed his splendid work for the church, and he was made Bishop of Perugia in 1846. This was but another step toward his goal. He gathered into his hands still other lines. In brilliant service to his church he was carving out still higher steps for himself toward fame.

In seven years came his appointment as Cardinal in the Consistory. That was the vantage ground from which during a quarter of a century he marshalled all his influence which he was able to bring to bear so successfully in the Sacred College in 1878, when it met to elect a successor to Pope IX.

He has shown the same progressiveness in purely material things. The ancient Vatican at his magic touch has emerged from a crumbling mediaeval castle to a modern palace.

Its eleven thousand rooms flash with electric lights. Telephones connect all its offices and halls of state. Under Leo's vivifying touch everything has sprung into pulsing life.

### The Pope's Daily Life.

Up to within a few weeks the Pope continued his marvelous activity. The Pope's day began with monastic regularity at 7 o'clock, summer and winter.

Dressed in his woolen cassock and silk gloves, the Pope recited the prayers before an altar in his bedroom, and then passed into an anteroom arranged as an oratory. He put on the necessary vestments and celebrated mass. The service lasts three-quarters of an hour. After this he again retired to his room, where Centra, his servant, brought him a simple breakfast of coffee and a roll, which constituted his entire meal.

It was immediately after breakfast that the Pope gave audience to accredited officials and visitors in his library. But to stand before the ascetic Pontiff those who sought audience must pass through a great hall of state.

The famous Swiss Guards, in gaudy uniform, stand about the vestibule, while the crimson-uniformed bussolante and purple-robed chamberlains pass across the hall in stately dignity.

Amid halls hung with rich tapestries and emblazoned with gold and gems, those who are to have audience are led into the Pope's library.

After this function was over the Pope wrote all the forenoon, seated at a canopy desk. He worked methodically, hour after hour, making notes on his correspondence for his secretaries to answer; but his principal task was penning notes for his encyclicals. He revised these each day till a complete encyclical was finished. It was always written in Latin.

It was here that Cardinal Rampolla visited the Pontiff each morning, bringing the religious and political news of the day. Every subject was discussed and plans laid for action where that was necessary.

At noon the Pope gave an audience to distinguished visitors and crowned heads. This time he occupied his throne surrounded by his Cardinals.

### The Evening of His Life.

The shadows began to fall about him. As he advanced through the years of his pontificate it had at first seemed that he was an embodied intellect and soul—

that he could not perish. Frail and slender as was his body, he still was able to tower like a giant before the great men who came into his presence.

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THE LATE THOMAS P. CLINES.

among the deliverers of my country, no in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors. My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords, I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence it would be signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeed in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that

his mortal remains to their last resting place at St. Louis cemetery.

Mr. Clines had been ill for some time, but his ailment was not considered dangerous. When too late it was discovered that he was suffering from a very serious kidney trouble. He realized that death was upon him and died at peace with all the world.

Mr. Clines, notwithstanding his numerous gifts to charity, owned a home at Preston and Gray streets, where he resided with his family until the time of his death.

Thomas P. Clines was born in London, England, about forty-nine years ago. His father was a native of the County Mayo, Ireland. His mother was born in County Clare. Mr. Clines' parents lived several years in London. His father spoke the Irish or Celtic language. He spoke very little English.

In 1850 the Clines emigrated to the United States and settled in New York City. Mr. Clines attended the schools there and obtained a fair education. After leaving school he learned the trade of machinist and became an expert workman.

Having completed his time as a machinist apprentice, Mr. Clines came West in 1864. He first settled in New Albany. He soon learned that he could do better in Louisville, and after spending a few months across the river he came to this city and made it his home. Mr. Clines found employment with the L. & N. R. Co. and worked in the shops for several years. Later he gave up that position and worked for a number of firms on jobs that required an expert mechanic. He was recognized as one of the finest workmen in the city.

Two years ago Mr. Clines was made Assistant Engineer at the Louisville Custom House. That position he held until the time of his death.

He was highly thought of by Postmaster Baker, who secured his appointment, and between whom there existed a warm friendship.

Mr. Clines was a man a little below the medium height. He was an engaging conversationalist. He was a great reader. History was his specialty. He had the history of Ireland at his finger tips. Although he happened to be born on English soil, he never forgot the land of his ancestors. During his long residence in this city there was no Irish affair of consequence with which he was not connected.

Besides, he was a charitable man. He would give his last cent to any person in need. No Irishman ever appealed to Tom Clines for aid and met a refusal.

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