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IRISH ORATORY.

Beautiful Tribute to the Eloquence of Some of Ireland's Sons.

Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Henry Grattan, Philpot Curran and Their Speeches.

Daniel O'Connell, the "First Orator of Europe," Whose Eloquence Overcame All.

MEMORIES OF GLORY AND PATHOS.

The Irish are born orators and Ireland stands proudly foremost among all the countries of the earth as being the mother of orators whose names will live as long as the race itself. These men were cradled in adversity, grew to manhood under oppresion, and their whole lives were a long cry against injustice and persecution. Their voices were attuned to defiant themes, and under these circumstances their eloquence found vent, an eloquence which to this day appeals to human sympathies and finds an echo in the human heart. Take the name of every Irish orator and you will find that all their eloquence had but one object—their country and her welfare—and one might say was so much incense, so many burnt offerings laid upon the altar of their country. And who were Ireland's greatest orators? I naturally first mention

EDMUND BURKE.

He was a greater thinker than either Fox or Chathman, though inferior to them in declamatory skill. He ranks not merely with the eloquent speakers of the world, bnt with the Bacons and the Shakespeares. In the variety and extent of his powers, as an orator, a statesman and a debater, he surpassed every other man of ancient or modern times. His speeches and pamphlets are saturated with thought; they swarm with ideas. Probably no orator ever lived on whose lips language was more plastic and ductile. His speeches abound with the most solid and brilliant eloquence, argumentative, emotional and descriptive; in fact, there is hardly any species of oratorical excellence which may not be found in heaped up profusion in them. With an imperial fancy that laid all nature under tribute, he gave utterance to his magnificent conceptions unfortunately in a sort of lofty shrill cry, with awkward manner and gestures, which tended much to empty the benches and disperse the members of the House who read next day with admiration and delight what they refused to hear the night before.

One of the finest specimens of his eloquence is the famous passage in his speech upon the Nabob of Arcot's debts in which he describes the descent of Hyder Ali upon the Carnatic. To read this is never to forget it, "The black cloud," into which Hyder Ali "compounded all the materials of fury, havoc and desolation, which hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains;" the "storm of universal fire that blasted the land," the prisoners "enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry" the people in beggary— a nation that stretched out its hands for food, "the impious vow of Hyder Ali and his yet more ferocious son," so completely carried out that when the British army traversed the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions "through the whole line of their march did not see one man, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever, universal silence reigned over the whole region." The best proof of the vividness and intensity of this passage which I could not quote in full, is the fact hackneyed as it is, no person of sensibility can read it without a tingling of the blood in every vein. It is said that during the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminister Hall, when Burke, with an imagination almost as oriental as the scenes he depicted, described in words that will live as long as the English language, the cruelties inflicted upon the natives by Debi Sing, one of Hastings' agents, a convulsive shudder ran through the whole assembly. Indignation and rage filled the breasts of his hearers, some of the ladies swooned, and Hastings himself, though he had protested his innocence, was overwhelmed with remorse, astonishment and terror. In concluding his speech, which lasted four days—and is possibly the greatest one ever delived—Mr. Burke ended with a peroration more majestic, imposing and impressive than any other to be found in all forensic oratory. It was an appropriate ending to the trial of a case that lasted seven years, and such was its effect that Mr. Burke himself dropped his head upon his hands, and unrestrained sobbing was heard throughout the vast audience. It is difficult to form a just opinion of

SHERIDAN,

a contemporary of Burke's, because we have no adequate records preserved of his greatest speeches. He had naturally many of the elements of an orator, a pleasing countenance, a voice sweet and of considerable depth and compass, rare versatility of talents, and a knowledge of the human heart and the way to touch the chords. As witty as brilliant, he delighted in antithesis, apostrophes and rhetorical exaggerations. He did nothing to dispel the erroneous opinion that he took part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was assigned the charge relating to the Begums, and on this charge he delivered two speeches, one in the House of Commons, the other soon after in Westminster Hall. Of the first of these eagle flights of genius, which occupied five hours and a half, no record has been preserved. It is enough to say that it was by universal concession one of the most dazzling and powerful efforts of oratory in all modern times. No parallel can be cited during the entire Christan era comparable to the effect produced in the House of Commons by this famous harangue upon the fourth charge against Hastings. A signal proof of its power was that the House deemed it necessary to adjourn without taking a vote in order to give the astonished members time to collect their reason and recover from the dazzling enchantment and excitement they had undergone. We have the testimony of many who were present that he seemed to hold the House in the hollow of his hand. He sent thrill after thrill of sentiment and emotion vibrating and pulsating to the sensibilities of his hearers, as if their very heartstrings were held in the grasp of his trembling fingers, and his audience followed him as the mighty ocean tide follows the pathway of the moon. In the very front rank of the many brilliant orators whom Ireland has produced, stands

HENRY GRATTAN.

"No British orator," says Mr. Lecky, "except Chatham, had an equal power of firing an educated audience with intense enthusiam, or of animating and inspiring a nation." His element was grandeur, there was life in his very touch. Brilliant, impassioned ardor pre-eminently distinguished the oratory of Grattan, and impressed the reader of his speeches even more perhaps than his profound knowledge, his consummate art, beautiful imagery, and his exquisite diction. The blaze, rapidity and penetration of his oratory struck all who heard him. He poured out his arguments like a shower of arrows, but they were arrows tipped with fire. He was superb in crushing infective, in terse, luminous statement, in severe argument and biting sarcasm. What an amount of feeling is conveyed in that sentence in which he speaks of his efforts to establish freedom of the Irish Parliament: "I watched by its cradle, I followed its hearse." What can be finer than the close of his great speech in 1780 on moving a declaration of Irish rights: "I have no ambition unless it be to break your chain and to contemplate your glory. I will never be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons, and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit has gone forth; the declaration of right is planted; and though great men should fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of a prophet, will not die with him, but survive him." The speech from which this peroration is taken is perhaps the finest effort of Grattan's genius. Nothing equal to it had ever been heard in Ireland. Other speeches on this same subject may have matched it in argument, but in startling energy and splendor of style and diction it surpassed them all.

In his speech on the downfall of Bonaparte, he denounces the tyranny of Napoleon as "an experiment to universalize throughout Europe the dominion of the sword; to relax all moral and religious influences; to set heaven and earth adrift from one another, and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in his own creation."

One of his most electric speeches was delivered when he was feeble from age and disease. In it occurs this memorable passage: "Yet I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips the spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty." Among the popular orators of Europe it would not be possible to name another who ruled the stormy passions of the mob with so absolute a sway as was exercised by that giant and athlete of the tribunal,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

He was first a great lawyer, and unrivaled in his tact, shrewdness, presence of mind and understanding of business affairs. His mind was strong and fiery rather than polished and delicate. He had one of the most venomously sarcastic tongues ever put into the head of man. He could overwhelm an antagonist with denunciation, riddle him with invective and roast him alive with the fire of sarcasm. In his altercation with Disraeli, O'Connell declared he was one "who, if his genealogy could be traced, would be found to be the lineal decendant and true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crime upon the cross." He said of Peel, whose unctious manner offended him, that he had a smile "like the silver plate upon a coffin." John Randolph, who heard him often, pronounced O'Connell the first orator of Europe. Every chord of the "harp of a thousand strings" lay open to his touch, and he played upon it with a master hand. Disraeli said that his voice was the finest ever heard in Parliament, deep, sonorous, distinct and flexible. He had no rhetorical trickery, he never attempted to create a sensation. His bursts of passion displayed that freshness and genuineness which art can not imitate. "The listener," said Mr. Lecky, "seemed almost to follow the workings of his mind, to witness him forging his thoughts into

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

NOTED PERSONALS

Some Irishmen Who have Become Prominent in Current Events.

Richard Croker, the Honored But Much Abused New York Politician.

An Irish-Spaniard, the Last in the Trenches at Capture of Manila.

CAPTAIN BYRNES, GOTHAM'S CHIEF.

RICHARD CROKER'S success as a leader of men is due to his Napoleonic reserve and his fidelity to his friends. He is the most deceptive political leader living. To the man who approaches him for the first time he looks what is called "an easy thing." His voice is soft, his eyes guileless, his manner subdued and diffident, and he has a way of asking for another's opinion in a self-deprecatory tone.

Many men have been broken in pieces on the boss' outward mask before ever gaining so much as an inkling of the real man, and he who boasts that he knows Richard Croaker intimately is using his hat as a telephone. It is safe to say that there is no man in the Tammany organization to-day who would venture a liberty with the boss. Democratic in manner though he be, there is still an impalpable wall of reserve about him that is never pierced by any man, not even those who are his confidents as to organization affairs.

This reserve is not assumed for effect; it is the nature of the man. He possesses to a marked degree the dignity that results from perfect physical and mental poise. He is not a cultured man, but he takes this life and himself as seriously as any theologian. He rarely loses his temper, but when he does, it is a good thing to retreat as speedily as possible.

There is only one person in the world who ever dared lord it over Croker, and that is Mrs. Croker. The wags in Tammany say—under their breath—that the idea of a Democratic club occurred to Mr. Croker after—here is the story:

When the Crokers moved into their fine new house uptown Mrs. Croker hailed the change as an earnest of a future that would be troubled with no more political hangers-on like those who used to infest the down town house. There the "boys" used to wait in the front hall of the boss, and they frequently squirted tobacco juice on the hall mat when they thought nobody was looking.

One morning when the boss was standing under his own vine and fig tree chatting with his friends, Mrs. Croker suddenly swept into the hall and said: "I want all of you men to get out of this hall and never enter it again."

She opened the door and swept them all into the street, Mr. Croker included. The Tammany chieftain made no resistance, but trotted away with his friends, offering no comment.

CAPT. ARTURO O'NEILL.—George Arthur Smith, special correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune in the Philippines, writes as follows:

"One of the mementoes of my visit to Manila that I prize most highly is an open-face gun-steel watch of Spanish manufacture, subscribed for by the representative Spanish merchants and presented by Capt. Arturo O'Neill, Marquis del Norte and Vizonde de O'Neill, of the Spanish army. Of this latter gentleman it is said he was the last man in the Spanish trenches. He is of Irish ancestry, but a patriotic Spaniard. He has been a great traveler, and while in New York City was introduced to, and became quite intimately acquainted with, General Arthur MacArthur, who commanded the Second Division of the First Brigade during the advance on Manila. General McArthur found the Captain in the trenches, and, after shaking hands, remarked: 'Ireland's sons are everywhere, and here I find the last Spaniard in the trenches is an Irishman.'"

It will be observed that the Captain O'Neill referred to is a Spaniard of Irish extraction, and not a native of Ireland, though he is called an "Irishman" by General MacArthur. Nowadays a man bearing an Irish name is called an Irishman, no matter where he is born. The forefathers of Captain O'Neils emigrated to Spain over 200 years ago.

THOMAS F. BYRNES.—No other Chief of Police in New York ever attained the height of autocracy enjoyed by Byrnes, who never put on his uniform to attend a Commissioner, nor indeed a meeting of the Commissioners, unless the full board happened to be in session.

On a certain occasion Byrnes had detailed a man who was a favorite of one of the Commissioners, to duty in the main hall near the Chief's office. When the Commissioner saw his man standing in the draughty hall he took him upstairs to his office and gave him a detail there.

Presently Byrnes came out on his way to lunch. He sent for the offending policeman.

"Who gave you permission to leave this post?" said the Chief, sternly.

The man explained.

"Now, say nuf," said Byrnes, savagely, "if you leave this post again it will be the worse for you."

There was no more interference on the part of any Commissioner with Superintendent Byrnes.

MAYOR THOMAS TAGGERT—Personal friends, including both gold and silver Democrats, have started a movement in Indianapolis to make Mr. Taggert Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and the work is to be pushed vigorously till it is accomplished. They say Taggert was Chairman of the committee in Indiana in 1890 and again in 1892, and in both years the party won substantial victories over what seemed at first great odds, Mr. Harrison being President at the time and the State having been carried for him in 1888.

It is claimed by his supporters that he is recognized throughout the State as conservative, and that his elevation to the National Chairmanship would be a long step in the direction of party unity in the coming campaign.

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM GREENE, the British agent at Pretoria, is an Irishman. His mother is a sister of the late Lord Plunket. His paternal grandfather, Baron Green, was a distinguished Irish Judge, and his maternal grandfather, the third Lord Plunket, was a son of the Irish Lord Chancellor and a Queen's Counsel. He is an elder brother of Mr. Harry Plunket Greene, the well-known singer.

JOLLITY WILL PREVAIL.

Hibernian Knights in Readiness for Their Second Annual Ball.

An interesting meeting of Company A, Hibernian Knights, was held last Saturday evening, with Capt. Joe Breen in the chair, for the purpose of completing the arrangements for their second annual ball, which takes place at New Leiderkranz Hall on Monday night, November 20. The reports submitted by the different committees were very gratifying, and all indications point to this being the most enjoyable affair ever held under the auspices of this popular organization.

Lieut. Jerry Hallihan, Joe Taylor, John Dolan, Con O'Leary, James Curran and Con Hallihan will assist Capt. Breen in the reception of the friends of the company, while Thomas Langan and Martin Sheehan will direct the dancers. The music will be furnished by Scally's full union orchestra. Tickets are selling briskly and a handsome sum should be realized.

FINE IRISH PRIEST.

The late Canon Graham, of Hammersmith College, was one of the finest specimens of an Irish priest to be found in Great Britain, and his work in the cause of Catholic education has had, and will have, a great and permanent influence. It is significant of the happier and more conciliatory tone of politics to find in the official report of the London School Board meeting the following tribute by Lord Reay, the Chairman, to the memory of Canon Graham. Lord Reay was referring to the voluntary schools, and he went on to say: "Voluntary schools can not dissociate themselves from the progress in education which the country is sure to demand. They have lately sustained a severe loss in the person of the late Canon Graham, who was an expert in educational matters, and whose modesty was only equaled by his extreme devotion to arduous duties." The same was true of the Canon in regard to everything appertaining to Ireland, her cause and her people.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Sixty-nine new members were initiated into the Louisville Council, No. 390, Knights of Columbus, last Sunday.

The initiation, including, as it did, the three degrees, attracted a number of foreign Knights to participate in the ceremonies. The work of the order was done in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, the first and second degrees being conferred in the morning and the third at night.

In the afternoon a banquet was given at the Louisville Hotel and a luncheon after the night's ceremonies.

THE SISTERS' BAZAR.

On last Monday another large crowd of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the city gathered at St. Mary's Hall to fully decide the manner in which the bazar at Music Hall is to be conducted, and to finish the formation of all committees. The reports of the different committees were read and found to be most satisfactory. If the same amount of zeal to execute the plans exists during the time of the bazar that has been shown while preparing for it, it is safe to say that this bazar will be unexcelled in the way of a social and financial success. It is now the hope of the Sisters (for whose benefit it is being given) and the management, that the people of the city will kindly show their appreciation for the work of the Sisters and will attend often, and do what is in their power to make this undertaking worthy of liberal patronage. The bazar opens next Tuesday evening.

John Golding, described as a whip maker, was summoned at the Athlone petty sessions for a serious contravention of the public health act, at the instance of the local sanitary authority. There were two summonses against the defendant—for the public road and the field, and he was fined in each case.

THE O'NEILLS.

Genealogy and Sketches of One of Ireland's Famous Families.

Kings, Soldiers, Orators, Barristers, and Prominent in All Spheres of Fife.

Now Scattered to All Lands, They Still Rise to Honor and Power.

NAME CHANGED IN MANY COUNTRIES.

O'Neill of the Fews, County Armagh, descended from Henry Oge O'Neill, of the "legitimate," Tir-Owen branch.

Fiacha Srabhteine, brother of Eochaidh Dubhlen, was ancestor of the O'Niall ("niall," gén. "neill," Irish, a champion—literally the "son of the son of the champion"), anglicised O'Neill, Neill, Nihil, Nehill, and according to some Neville.

There are four distinct families of the Hy-Niall or O'Neill in Ireland, namely: 1. The O'Neill, Princess of Tyrone; 2. O'Neill, of the County Clare; 3. O'Neill, in the barony of Shillelagh, in the County Wicklow, which is sometimes called Farron O'Neale; O'Neill, of the U Eoghaiu Finn tribe, in Northern Deisi, in the present County Tipperary.

Fiacha Srabhteine, above mentioned, was King of Connaught, and the 120th monarth, or Ard-Righ of Erin, A. D. 285, and founder of the "great O'Neill" of Ulster. He is common ancestor of all the many ramifications of this ancient and powerful sept in Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster. There are also very many and important septs or clans in each of these four provinces who can trace direct lineage from, if not exact kinship with, the O'Neill of Tir-Owen. It would be an immense labor to enumerate in our allotted space the many and most historic scions of this illustrious house who have indelibly left the imprint of their fame on the history of Ireland. A few of the very celebrated characters must suffice.

Eochy Moyvore, who died at Tara A. D. 365, was 124th monarch of Erin. His sons were Brian and Niall Mor. Brian founded the great families of O'Conor, McDermott, etc., of Connaught. His brother Niall Mor was founder of the Hy-Niall septs of Ulster, Meath and Connaught. Niall Mor, or Niall Naoi-Ghiallach (of the "Nine Hostages") was 126th Ard-Righ, or Monarch of Erin. He was a most redoubtable warrior, and during one of the incursions against the Roman legions in Gaul, carried back among other captives the youth Succat, who was destined to be Ireland's Apostle—the venerable Saint Patrick. Niall Mor having conquered and made subservient to his rule the country of Alba, gave to it the name of "Scotia Minor," modernized Scotland. Other Scions of this illustrious house were Eoghan, son of Niall Mor, and from whom the territory of Tir-Eoghan, or "Tirowen," takes its name. From him directly descended the families of O'Cahan or O'Kane, O'Daly (of Meath, Ulster and Connaught), O'Crean, etc. His brother Conall Crimthann was ancestor of O'Melaghlin of Meath. Another brother, Conall Gulban, was ancestor of O'Donnell, O'Boyle, O'Doherty, O'Gallagher, etc. Fiacha, the ancestor of MacGeoghagan, O'Molloy, etc., Main ancestor of Fox, Magawley, O'Dugan, etc., Caibre ancester of O'Flanagan, Fergus ancestor of McFergus or Ferguson, O'Hagan, etc.

Moriarrtach na Midhe (or the "mighty power of Meath") was the first to assume the surname and title of "the Great O'Neill."

Hugh Dubh O'Neill, brother of Neal Ruadh, was ancestor of the O'Neills, princes of Clanaboy, whose possessions were located in Counties of Antrim and Down. Conn Bacchach was the first of his name to renounce the ancient title of "the O'Neill, Prince of Triowen," and became, by favor of Henry VIII., "Earl of Tyrone"; his illigitimate son Matthew being created Baron of Dungannon. His eldest and legitimate son, Shane an Diomuis (i.e., John the proud or haughty), was so incensed by his father's apostacy that he rose in rebellion against him and his brother the "Baron," whom he slew in battle. Shane assumed the title of "the O'Neill," and was duly inaugurated King of Ulster. His military spirit won from Queen Elizabeth a due recognition of his title and respect for his authority as supreme ruler from "Drogheda to the Erne." In a long line of distinguished men from Hugh the "Irish Hannibal" to the famous Owen Roe; to Henry, Prince of Ulster at the time of William III. of "Orange" memory, the line extends. This Henry O'Neill changed his name to Paine (modernized Payne) to preserve a portion of his ancient patrimony. From him descend the family of Paine and Payne in the United States.

The O'Neills had their chief seat at Dungannon, and were inaugurated as princes of Triowen at Tullaghoge, a place between Grange and Donaghenry, parish of Desert-creight, where a huge seat of large stones, called Leach-na-Ree, or "Flag-stone of the kings," served them as a coronation chair. The O'Neill was inaugurated by the O'Hegan placing a golden slipper or sandal on him, and hence the sandal in the armorial bearings of the O'Hagan. This custom was similar to those by which the Byzantine Emperors were inducted to office, which ceremony is described by Gibbon.—[The Gael.

COMMON NAMES IN IRELAND.

"Surnames in Ireland," as considered in a recent appendix to the last census report of the Registrar General: The Murphys head the poll, with 62,600, being most plentiful in Wexford and Carlow; the next most frequent names are Kelly, 55,900 (Kildare); Sullivan, 43,600 (Cork and Kerry); Walsh, 41,700; Smith, 37,000; O'Brien, 33,400; Byrne, 33,000 (principally in Dublin and Wicklow); Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,200; O'Neil, 29,100, and Reilly, 29,000. The Smiths outnumbering many of the old Celtic names in Ireland is suggestive.

CHIMES RUN BY AIR POWER.

Work under the contract made nearly two years ago by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, with Hertford C. Champ for the installation of compressed air apparatus for operating the big Cathedral chimes has progressed so far that several private tests of the apparatus now in place have been made.

The plant is not yet completed, and will not be for some time, but the designer is confident of his ultimate success along the lines upon which he is now working. His devices are entirely original, and it is understood that no other chime-ringing apparatus operated by compressed air has ever been used successfully.

The air power is applied at the striker from a reservoir in which it is stored at eighty pounds pressure. The system is operated by electrical connections from a keyboard, which will not have to be located near the bells themselves.

DUTCH IN CAPE COLONY.

The latest figures give Cape Colony a total population of 1,527,224. Of that aggregate 1,150,237 are blacks—Kaffirs, Bechuanas, Basutos, Fingoes, Hottentots and Malays—while 376,987 are so-called European, or whites.

The white population is divided into 26,667 born in England, 6,646 in Scotland and 4,184 in Ireland, while 6,540 are set down as Germans, the remaining 332,950 being Afrikenders, or people of Dutch descent.

But perhaps the fairest test of the sympathy with the Boers in Cape Colony is the complexion of the Cape Parliament. The body, chosen after the Jameson raid when Cecil Rhodes was the chief issue, has now a nearly three-quarters Afrikander majority, and those Afrikander members lately joined in a plea cabled to Queen Victoria to exert her utmost influence to prevent war. The Prime Minister of the colony, Mr. Schreiner, is well-known to be a leader among the Cape Dutch, and he already has essayed to declare the colony "neutral" in this war, meaning that Great Britain must not expect any active aid from it.

MACKIN COUNCIL.

To Have a New Home—Entertainment By St. Cecilia Club—Personals.

Mackin Council is preparing to move into their new Club House. The deal will likely be closed this week by which they become owners of the Evans property situated on Twenty-six street between Slevin and Alford. For the last six years this council has been situated at 2537 West Main street, where they have spent many pleasant evenings with their friends. Mackin Council is composed of some of the most energetic young men in the city. The property purchased has a frontage of 115 feet by 185 deep, with a two and one-half story brick house of eleven large rooms. It has a beautiful lawn on either side of the house.

The Cecilian Dramatic Club is at present rehearsing the drama to be presented at the Bijou Theater Wednesday evening, November 29, for the benefit of the Mackin Council home fund. This company has the reputation of being one of the best amateur dramatic clubs in the city. They have on several occasions given performances for charitable purposes and have met with great success. They bid fair to outdo all former efforts on this occasion.

Brother Tom Peak, who has been confined to his bed for some time with typhoid fever, is somewhat improved and it is the hope of his many friends that he will be out soon.

Mackin Council entertained its friends at euchre on last Friday night. There was a large number present and everyone had a very pleasant time. The ladies' prize was won by Miss Rose McClafferty; the gents' prize by Mr. A. J. Stitzel.

President Kerberg, of Mackin Council, has gone to Huntsville, Ala., on business to be gone two or three weeks.

Brother James Duffy, who has been on the sick list for the past two months, is improving.

Brother Hasting's name has been taken off the sick list.

Brother P. Hammil, who has been suffering with an ulcer in his hand for some time, is somewhat improved.

President Kerberg has been receiving the congratulations of his many friends. It is a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schnell are receiving the congratulations of their friends on account of the arrival of a pretty little baby girl at their home.

NOW AND THEN.

Many Stories of the Old Fighting Days Recalled in the Independent.

Why the Redcoats Were Outwitted at the Trial of Rev. Tom Doyle.

How Missionary Fathers Came to Witness a Suppressed Meeting.

OPEN HANDED HOSPITALITY TO ALL

The proclamation of the Dromahair meeting recalls many stories of the old fighting days, when a V. R. document pasted on the village pump or on a police barrack shutter didn't attract as much attention as a hen on a hall door on a wet day.

Crowds of reminiscences surge up. Yet there is one recollection which elbows out many others. Canon Tom Doyle—sturdiest of fighters, and many an ugly wipe he gave some of us later on—was being tried in Arthurstown, that delightful little nook on the Wexford side of Waterford harbor. Redcoats lined the sea wall; police swarmed the two streets of the village; mounted men scoured the county around. Strict orders were issued that under no consideration were demonstrations of any kind to be permitted. As for out-and-out meeting, why it would be repressed with bloodshed.

Well, the trial of the men who dared to encourage the Foley's Fort defenders and such others was going on. Silence hung pall-like over the place. Then, without as much as "by your leave," two lighters, or barges, came along, towed by a puffing, panting little canal tug, that with unparalled audacity anchored in the bend of the harber, right opposite the court house. A loud-spoken brass band was in one barge, the other was crammed with sympathizers and refreshments. The banks resounded with the clamor of "O'Donnell Aboo," and Capt. Slacke—now Sir Owen—went frantic.

Every dint in the rocks was searched for a boat. No boat! Then mounted men were dispatched in hot haste to Duncannon and Ballyback to seize on any craft there and make an attack on the band and the refreshments from two points of the broad and rapid river. No craft! And the band played "We're off to Philadelphia in the Morning." Telegraphic communications with Dunmore, on the opposite side of the harbor, were opened and the coast guards were begged to make a descent on the daring demonstrators. But the tug at anchor swung with the tide and the band played "Hurroo, Doolan!" Capt. Slacke's only chance now was artillery—and he had none.

In the evening a thoroughgoing "suppressed" meeting was held. Sir John Swinbourne was there, and a rumor got out that he was a returned Fenian; so the respect he was shown nearly turned his head. As a matter of fact, he was only an English baronet. At night another suppressed or forbidden meeting was held, and then a curious thing happened. A very worthy man was telling his hearers that they had the blood of fighting ancestors in their veins, when a panic seized the crowd, and in ten minutes the moon looked down on a field wherein was not a single soul. A few of us abstracted the speaker from a bonny briar bush, he was all over needles, like the barrel of a Swiss musical box.

The cause of the fright was apparent. Coming down the road was a stately body of armed men. Their long black overcoats swayed in the wind; one could see the glint and gleam of the steel as they mounted the crest of the road, bright in the moonlight. Nearer and nearer they came. And then we found that they were three of the Passionist Order who were holding a mission in Ramsgrange, and the sheen was the glistening of their big silver crosses that hung on their breasts. They had concluded their services; they wanted to see a genuine suppressed meeting. Should they be disappointed? No. So back the men and women who had fled were gathered, and the good fathers heard more treason that night in twenty minutes than their ears have drunk in ever since.

The description of this Arthurstown trial; the massed soldiers; the hundreds of police; the scouring of nooks and crannies to find a fishing cot to hurry off to the daring tug and its two lighters; the cavalry patrols and all the rest made up a sensational column in the London Star that afternoon. The lines read like dispatches from the seat of war, and the climax was perfected when T. P. O'Connor's special telegram wound up with "Cavalry patrols are scouring the barony; the telegraph wires are cut." How the message went over a severed wire has never been explained, nor has any forestallation of Marconi's theory been hinted at by any scientist.

There was more good humor at these meetings than we will see again in Ireland for many a long day. I remember in Tallow there was a dinner given in the Creamery buildings after the meeting. The viands were splendidly cooked, but chairs run short, so empty butter firkins were pressed into service. These, as banqueting stools, are as unstable as

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