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IN IRELAND'S CAPITAL CITY.

The Tomb of O'Connell—"Great, Immortal Tribune, Sleep on Till the Angel of the Resurrection Summons Thee."

ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN.

The Tomb of John Philpot Curran, the Celebrated Advocate, Who Defended the Leaders of the United Irishmen.

DUBLIN, March 26, 1886.—Back again in the old city, where England's headquarters in the castle on the top of Cork Hill, and the Irish National League headquarters at 39 O'Connell street, on the other side of the Liffey, confront each other. The one representative of the cruel, pharasaical invader, and the other of the indomitable perseverance and marvellous tenacity of national life which has so wondrously characterized the Celtic race through the long, dreary struggle of over seven centuries. As I sat down to write this letter the new lord lieutenant, the Earl of Aberdeen, surrounded by a troop of cavalry rode by on his way from his vice-regal residence in the Phoenix Park to the castle. As I watched the cavalcade for a moment, and heard the clang of their English sabres, the blood of the motherland coursed faster in my veins through a feeling of intense pride, as I thought of the magnificent, though desperate, resistance made by the people of my race to the devilish power whose orders those troops obey. How freely they poured out their blood resisting his rule and his king-made religion! They would not be denationalized, and the deposit of faith which Patrick prayed in his dying hour might never fail them, they have preserved inviolate and unspotted as when he first announced to them the glad tidings of salvation. The cynical rationalist of to-day, who has suddenly discovered that his paternal ancestor was a monkey and his maternal one a jelly-fish or an oyster; who calls virtue utilitarianism, and smiles at the mention of a miracle, will find it exceedingly difficult, nay impossible, to eliminate the miraculous element from the preservation of the Catholic faith by the Irish people. They had everything in the natural order to gain by conforming to the religious notions of Henry VIII., his daughter Elizabeth and their royal successors. They had everything to lose—property, earthly comfort, even life itself—by standing firm in the faith delivered to the saints by the victim of Calvary. They preferred the latter, with its direful consequences. The sword and axe, the terrors of the gallows, and the fiendish ingenuity of the terrible penal code, smote them to the earth through many generations, but never, even in the darkest hour, when no single ray of hope illuminated the heavens; when the martyred nation might well cry out from the depths of her agony in the words of the expiring Master: "Lord, Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?" never, even then, was the knee bent to Baal, or the right to the national patrimony renounced. The heritage has been handed down intact by one generation to another to the present time. The dying prayer of St. Patrick has prevailed over the powers of earth and hell. Historians tell us that Julian the Apostate, the powerful Roman emperor who was brought up as a Christian, was aided by demons in his attempts to destroy Christianity in the early days of the church. He proposed, with all the power of the empire, to uproot the doctrine of the "Nazarene," as he termed in derision the Sacred One; made it a penal offence to invoke His holy name, and set about with the most diabolical vigor to restore the unclean abomination of pagan worship. But in the hour of his greatest success, apparently, the end had arrived. On a Persian battlefield, at the head of his powerful legions, having forgotten to put on his armor, he was transfixed by a Persian javelin, flung at random, but very likely guided by more than mortal aim. As he drew out the spear his heart's blood followed, and, falling from his horse, he shrieked out in despair, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" To my mind, and I am by no means credulous, but rather inclined to the contrary, the successful resistance of the Irish, as borne witness to by their history since the time of Henry VIII., evinces most clearly the working and strength of a more than earthly power. I wish that a large number of my young readers would procure at some library, and carefully read over the chapters relating to Ireland in William H. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Mitchell's "History of Ireland," and also Sister Mary Frances Clare's very simple, yet comprehensive, narrative of the deadly struggle which their forefathers waged for faith and father-

land against such overwhelming odds, and I doubt not they too would begin to realize that august presence in the conflict which animated the Theban legionaries, gave victory to Constantine, and broke the Mohammedan power at Lepanto. I hope my young friends will take the hint. The elders will be also benefited thereby, and get up from a careful perusal of the three works named with flashing eyes and manly pride at learning the exact nature of the stuff of which their race was composed when subjected to probably the most trying ordeal which a people ever experienced. What a singular train of thought the passage of the lord lieutenant's troopers outside my window has instigated. During the whole forenoon of to-day I have been acting as cicerone to an acquaintance just arrived from New York, whom I met accidentally on the street yesterday. We jumped on a horse car, or tram car as it is called here, and rode up to Glasnevin cemetery. The New Yorker desired to look first upon the face of the great Liberator, O'Connell, where he reposes in the crypt underneath the white round tower, which shooting up to a great altitude, at the same time serves as a monument, and symbolizes the greatness and stature of him who lies below. Down a long flight of stone steps, and we enter the crypt. My friend, with uncovered head, gazed long and reverently through the glass plate inserted in the head of the coffin at the massive, placid features, so well preserved, so life-like, that the sleeping Titian looks as if he had just lain down, and might spring to his feet in a moment to hurl his withering invective, burning sarcasm and biting ridicule at the Randolph Churchills and Chamberlains, and spineless Hartingtons of to-day, who dare to stand up in the way of Ireland's march forward to freedom. Great, immortal Tribune, sleep on till the angel of the resurrection summons thee! The cause which you advanced so far is in safe hands, and the eventual triumph within measurable distance. Up from the presence of death, out through the iron gateway, and with a sharp turn to the right, we come in a couple of dozen of paces to the memorial Celtic cross erected to the memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were hanged in Salford jail, outside the city of Manchester, on Nov. 23, 1807. Three men of a common type were they. They died on the English gallows, after embracing each other and crying out in prayerful defiance the last words spoken aloud on earth, "God save Ireland."

A little farther on we come to the grave of Under-Secretary Burke, whose throat was cut along with Lord Cavendish's on May 6, 1832. This Under-Secretary was the one who really ran the castle machinery for Buckshot Forster and his predecessors. A pause for a moment at the tomb of John Philpot Curran, the celebrated advocate who defended in court the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, and flung back in the teeth of that judicial ruffian, Colburn, the taunts and sneers which heaped upon the unfortunate victims in the dock. In the wild, stormy period during which Curran lived, the exigency of the times demanded from the popular advocate an heroic nature, bold to speak the truth and ready to accept the consequences, and I think that in the whole range of forensic eloquence there can be found no finer examples of concentrated passion, with fearless assertion of rights and vindication of principles, than in the small collection of his speeches which have been handed down to us. We now come to a large grave lot at the intersection of two of the neatly kept pathways. No memorial arises here to tell us the name or character of the occupants who rest beneath the green turf on which the shamrocks look so fresh this spring morning. Underneath, side by side, repose the bones of John O'Mahoney, Terence Bellew McManus and Sergeant McCarthy. We both knew John O'Mahoney personally, and valued him at his real worth as one of the truest and noblest Irishmen of a generation which is fast passing away. At the decadence of Fenianism the venomous tongue of slander assailed the good name of O'Mahoney, and how often I have heard the little spasmodic patriots charge the old chieftain with misappropriating the funds of the brotherhood. He was charged with being the owner of an enormous iron foundry in Jersey City, purchased with those funds. At length, crippled by rheumatism, he died, almost unnoticed and alone, on a dreary day in a dreary attic room on Hudson street, New York city. His personal necessities he refused to make known to the friends who would have readily assisted him. He was modest as a maiden regarding himself. And thus he died. Dear, dead rebel, goodbye to thee. God rest the faithful.—Special Correspondence Boston Republic.

The Catholics of the Netherlands number about 1,750,000.

FAMOUS IRISH WARRIORS.

"Brian Boroihme is as Historical a Personage as O'Connell or Grattan, or Silken Thomas, or Shane O'Neill."

HE WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 941.

From His Earliest Boyhood He Hated the Danish Invaders, the Scourge of the Native Irish Princes.

Many persons of playful temperament and uninformed by any wealth of historical or other information are accustomed to alude to Brian Boroihme in all lightness of heart, as a more or less mythical individual, whose deeds and words are to be placed on the same footing as those of Cucullain or Finn MacCoul. I am not at all prepared myself to abandon the right to distinct historical recognition of so distinguished a warrior as Cucullain or so eminent a monarch as Finn. In an age which excavates Troy and unearths from the dust of Mycenae the mouldering remains of the King of the Men, the scholar would be rash, indeed, who denied to the Fenian and their forefathers the respect due to the heroes of Homeric epic and Athenian tragedy. But while we may frankly admit that the case for the historical existence of Oisín or Dermot is not yet conclusively made out, we must insist, wherever such insistence is necessary, upon the very different degree of authenticity which attaches to the memory of the famous and fearless king who made himself the terror of the Danes, Brian Boroihme is as historical a personage as O'Connell or Grattan, or Silken Thomas or Shane O'Neill. To relegate him in any way into the ghostly company of Ossianic heroes, who haunt the twilight regions of romance, is to commit a grave offence of lese majeste against that most high and potent prince, Brian Boroihme, or Brian of the Tribute, was the greatest king of the old Dalcassian line, which was founded by Cormac Cas, in the third century. In alternation with the princes of the Eugenic line, the Dalcassian princes had ruled over Munster for seven centuries, when a son was born to Cinneidigh, who was christened Brian. Before explain the significance of the surname, which was afterwards given to the glory of the Dalcassian House, I may not inappropriately quote a passage from O'Curry's delightful lectures, in which one valuable social reform, in itself enough to illuminate a kingly house, is set forth:—

"Previous to the time of the Monarch, Brian Boroihme—about the year 1000—there was no general system of family names in Erin; but every man took the name of his father or his grandfather for a surname. Brian, however, established a new and most convenient arrangement—namely, that families in future should take permanent names, either those of their immediate fathers or of any person more remote in their line of pedigree. And thus Muirtheadach, the son of Carthach, took the surname of MacCarthaigh (now MacCarthy)—Mac' being the Gaelic for 'son.' Toirdhealbhagh, or Turloch, the grandson of Brian himself, took the surname of O'Brian, or the grandson of Brian.—O' being the Gaelic for 'grandson.' Cathbarr, the grandson of Donnell, took the name of O'Donnell; Donnell, the grandson of Niall Glendubh, took the surname of O'Neill; Tadgh, or Teige, the grandson of Conor, took the name of O'Connor; Connacht; Donogh, the son of Murchadh, or Muroch, took the surname of MacMurogh of Leinster; and so as to all the other families throughout the kingdom."

Brian was born in the year 941. When he was ten years old his brother Mahon succeeded to the kingship. At that time the Danes were the scourge and dread of the native Irish princes. Their wild Vikings came from the far north, in their long ships, and settled, eagerly upon the smiling Irish shores, plundering and devastating in all directions, and encroaching more and more upon the soil, and pushing the lines of their settlements further and further away from the sea. From his earliest boyhood Brian seemed to have been animated by the fiercest hatred against the invaders, and by consuming indignation at the humiliation involved in the presence of their marauding encampments on Irish soil. Hitherto no prince, or league of princes, had been found strong enough to drive the Danes back over the swan's bath to their homes in the frozen North. The desperate courage, the vast physical strength, the gigantic frames of the Northmen made them exceedingly dangerous adversaries, and, moreover, they settled upon the country in such numbers as made any attempt to overthrow them difficult in the extreme. Brian's patience seems to have given away when Mahon, in his

sovereign capacity as King of Munster, withdrew from what looked like a hopeless struggle with the Danes, and entered into a solemn treaty with them. The treaty could not bind Brian. He rallied around him a mere handful of the bravest and most desperate chieftains, and fought the hostile Danes whenever and wherever he could, and to such good purpose that he succeeded in restraining their onward advance. Fired by the courageous example of Brian, his brother Mahon and other princes took heart and joined together in a comprehensive bond against the common enemy. Limerick, in which the power of the Munster Danes was massed, was assailed and carried after some hot fighting, and the Irish found themselves masters of many prisoners and a vast quantity of treasures. Still, in spite of this signal victory, such was the power of the Danes, and such the strength of their arms from constant reinforcement, and such the dread of their desperate reputation, that after a while they were permitted to re-enter Limerick as traders, and became masters of the town again.

The reinstated Danes were full of bitter feeling towards Mahon as head of the great enterprise which had, for the time, struck so heavy a blow at their influence and they determined on revenge. A conspiracy was formed between Ivar, head of the Danes of Limerick, and a renegade Irish Prince, Molloy, son of Bran, Lord of Desmond, who had long been a jealous rival of Mahon, whom Mahon had expelled from Desmond, and who was thirsting for revenge. Between the pair a scheme was laid for the assassination of Mahon, which was carried out under conditions of peculiar and revolting perfidy. Molloy summoned Mahon to an amicable conference at which the claims of the two rival Princes might be discussed and settled. The meeting was to be held at the house of Donovan, a Eugenic Prince. Mahon went to the meeting without any suspicion of the meditated treason; he was immediately seized, made prisoner, hurried to the mountains and slain.

News of his brother's death was brought to Brian at Kinkora. Every historian has recorded the passion of grief and rage which seized upon the young prince.

Rousing all his followers, he flung himself first upon his Danish foes, under Ivar of Limerick, and routed them completely. Ivar, the chief of the traitors, with his two sons, was slain. Then he turned the edge of his sword against the false Eugenic Donovan. Donovan raised a mighty power of his own people and of Desmond Danes, but they could make no head against Brian; they were scattered like chaff, and Donovan himself was slain. One alone now remained of Mahon's murderers, Molloy, the son of Bran. Brian sent him a summons to fight, which Molloy answered by taking the field with a swollen armament. But these, too, like the others, were dispersed and scattered by Brian's army, and Molloy himself was slain in the thick of the fight by Murrough, Brian's valiant and high-spirited son. Such was the swift fate that overtook the slayers of Mahon.

While this blood-feud was being consummated, Brian's dominions were invaded by Malachy Mor, the famous Malachy of the Collar of Gold. The precise cause of the quarrel between these two illustrious princes seem now to be somewhat uncertain, but it must have been fierce, indeed, when it moved so gallant a warrior as Malachy to the ungenerous act of cutting down the sacred tree of Adair, under which Brian himself, and the long line of his Dalcassian ancestors, had been crowned. As soon as Brian had his brother's vendetta off his hands, he turned the strength of his arm against Malachy, by ravaging Westmeath. For some time the quarrel between Brian and Malachy raged with intermittent fury, victory sometimes inclining to one prince and sometimes to another. At last however, a common enemy united those hostile monarchs.

Brian's reign as King of Ireland, was brilliant and prosperous. Commerce, arts, education, all flourished, and the wealth and peace of the country became proverbial. But the old hatred of the Danes, long smouldering, blazed at last into a determined insurrection. Aided by treason among the Irish chiefs and princes, a formidable army was levied against the aged King. But age had not cooled the fiery courage of Brian's nature. He raised all his power and met his foes at Clontarf, on Good Friday, the 23d of April, 1014. The fortunes of that fight are a familiar story. The Danes were defeated, but victory was scarcely less terrible to victors than to vanquished, for in the very ebbs of the battle, a Danish chief struck down and slew the greatest prince who ever ruled Ireland, one of the greatest monarchs whose name is recorded in the history of the world.—Justin, Huntly McCarthy, in United Ireland.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN."

His Power in the British Parliament—The House a Stupid Assembly When He is Absent.

A GULLIVER AMONG LILLIPIUTIANS

Sentiment and Shrewdness are Obviously Mingled in His Mental Control.

No one, says a writer in last Sunday's New York Times, can understand the marvellous domination which Mr. Gladstone has over Parliament until he has seen the House of Commons in the two stages of its being—with Gladstone and without Gladstone. The unusual cold weather of the past few weeks has, unfortunately, rendered it very easy to view the house sitting without its mentor, Nestor and dictator. He has been ill with colds and bronchial difficulties, and has wisely kept within doors, nursing his health and meditating on the great finishing masterpiece of his career. To see the House on any evening when he is absent, no matter how interesting the subject before it may be of itself, or how well the reports may read next morning, is to view one of the least inspiring spectacles conceivable. Indifference is stamped on every face, on the pose of every lolling figure. Deadly mediocrity rules on both sides and the House yawns in bored acquiescence in its supremacy. Opposition dullards propound questions in perfunctory listlessness; ministerial dullards answer with routine commonplaces. A spell of drowsiness seems to hang over the sparsely filled benches. Nobody listens to the speaker or even pretends to be interested in what he is saying. When he pauses at the end of a rounded period to receive the sustaining "cheers" of his party, three or four men say "Hear! hear!" languidly, and the rest merely look at each other, at the galleries, at the ceiling, and slip further down on their cushioned seats. The few ministers who sit on the treasury bench have their hats tilted over on their noses, their chins on their breasts, their legs stretched far out to the dispatch table, their hands buried deep in their trousers pockets. Nobody cares for them, and they care for nobody. The proxy orators drone away, members and ministers saunter out to gossip in the lobby or drink in the smoking room below, disappointed strangers get up and tiptoe out, amazed that the parliament of such an empire should be so stupid a place.

But go some night when the premier is there—and note the difference! It is such a change as the fairy prince wrought on the enchanted palace. The benches are well filled, and the members—especially the new members—sit upright and with eyes wide-open. The occupants of the front opposition bench look nervously conscious and apprehensive. Every speaker—and particularly if he be a new man—evidences by his manner, his voice, his delivery, that he is chiefly anxious to impress Mr. Gladstone favorably, and that he is really speaking to no one else. If there is a chance that the premier is to speak, you will find a few loungers in the lobby, fewer still in the smoking room. There is an indescribable fascination in watching the great man as he sits towards the outer end of the government bench listening to a debate. It may be that this is not his invariable rule, but at least I have never happened to see him in the House in any other garb than evening dress—with a wider expanse of shirt front than is ordinarily worn even here, where very much is in fashion. He leans back comfortably, with one thin leg over the other and with his eyes musingly fixed on the great mace on the table before him, when in repose. The full top-light shows on his long, bald crown, his clustering gray side locks, and his shirt front, and makes him the conspicuous object of every eye. About 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening he always writes his daily letter to the Queen, using a pad on his knee and a quill pen, and it is one of the most familiar of his curious ways that this occupation never prevents his hearing acutely all that is going on. All at once you will see him stop writing and screw his head to one side like a wise old bird, and you may know that he has heard something which interests him. If the speaking happens to be unusually good he will turn and look at the orator steadily, as if delighted by the discovery of new talent. When the lights of the opposition—and the name of these is legion—are attacking him, he customarily draws his head down into his collar and looks stonily at them; but if the assault be from somebody worth listening to, say Churchill or Smith, he listens more graciously, expressing on his strikingly

mobile face as the indictment goes on, all his emotions—amusement, interest, dissent, indignation, scorn, elation. No great actor ever knew better how to show forth more varied feelings in all their intensity on his face. And then to see him nod his head, or slowly shake it, in response to some controversial assertion! Lord Burleigh's nod could not have been more subtly eloquent. When he rises to his feet a great hush falls over the House. It would not be exact to say that all eyes are turned upon him, because he is at all times the focus of observation, but a light of interested expectancy comes into every face. He begins in a low tone of voice, but there is such absolute silence that his first words are never inaudible and rarely indistinct. He has been making notes during the speech he is to answer, but he will not refer to them once he is on his feet. His form, as he stands at the side of the table, upon which he lightly rests one hand, does not seem as tall as it really is, so delicately is it proportioned. I wish there were words in which to convey the sound and fibre of his voice, for until you are able to associate this with your image of the man the mental picture fails. It is unlike any other voice, just as Sarah Bernhard's is; it has in itself the power of generating new sensations, new thoughts in the listener's mind; it seems to have something of primordial weirdness in its suggestions—like the ocean or the "forest primeval." Of oratory, as such, there will not be much. There will be nothing at all to recall Wendell Phillips or Webster, or to suggest Castelar or Gambetta. It is not even the eloquence of Bright or of Joseph Cowen. There are no gestures, save limited movements with one hand; there are no swelling outbursts of the voice, no tricks of rounded elocutionary periods. One feels only at the outset that a great man is terribly in earnest; then, as the slow, careful, logical sweep of speech goes on, one feels that this earnestness is contagious—one catches its spirit, hangs approvingly upon its development, thrills with enthusiasm at its climax of conclusions. The great orators whom I have named could electrify a legislative assembly, play upon its emotions at will, blanch its cheeks, quicken its pulses, command its wildest plaudits—but after the speech was over the votes would be cast just as if it had not been made. There are no such physical excitements in listening to Mr. Gladstone. He does not storm your senses—he conquers your reason, convinces your judgment. This tremendous power of persuasion is the key to the whole man. It accounts for both his strength and his weakness. He is so superb, so matchless an arguer, that he can lead English sentiment around after him wherever he wants to go. But he is also so wonderful a casuist that he persuades even himself out of his own judgment sometimes, and then leader and led alike go into the ditch. Sentiment and shrewdness are curiously mingled in his mental control. He is a venerable Gulliver among Lilliputiens. Long since the query became familiar to Liberals, who will lead when Gladstone dies? and the efforts to answer it have only served to show the measure of Harrington's incapacity, side by side with Chamberlain's unfitnes. But a more general question still forces itself upon a student of Parliament here, Who will render the House of Commons intellectually respectable even when Gladstone is gone? And there seems to be no answer at all to this question. Every American is familiar with the theory that the day of big men is past in America and with the illustration which the personnel of the United States Senate is supposed to afford. The thing seems painfully true here, at least. There are some strong, or relatively strong, men in the front ranks of the Liberal party—and the issue of the next few months may reveal that John Morley is more relatively strong. But not even Mr. Morley, brilliant as he is and great as he may become, shines individually beside the radiance of Gladstone's genius. And on the other side what is there? From sheer destitution of leadership Lord Randolph Churchill has been allowed to force himself forward, and he unquestionably is the cleverest and readiest Tory on the front opposition bench. He about matches Chamberlain in debate and repartee, and he more than matches him in outside popularity with the "hoi polloi." When they are pitted against each other now the effect is interesting, often enjoyable, because there is always present the recollection that they are underdogs, and that a far greater man is the responsible head of affairs.

In the city of Madras in India, there are two convents of Presentation Nuns from Ireland, and three convents of Hindoo Nuns. The latter are exclusively devoted to the education of Hindoo girls, while the former have large day school and orphanages for the European and East Indian community.