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\$1.50 PER YEAR

THE CLOSING EXERCISES

Of the Academy of Our Lady of Lourdes at Rochester, Thursday and Friday, June 27 and 28.

THE GRADUATING CLASSES.

Awarding of Prizes—Rev. Father Riordan's Address to Pupils and Teachers—A Choice Programme.

Special Correspondence of The Irish Standard.

The closing exercises of our schools took place recently. On Thursday evening, June 27th, the pupils of the Academy of Our Lady of Lourdes presented an operetta, "Katie Dean or the Little Ragpicker," for the benefit of the hospital which the Sisters are erecting here. The large audience was delighted with the rendition of the play. Miss Nellie Donahy, "the little ragpicker," performed her part admirably; in fact, the whole programme was rendered in a manner that would have done credit to professional players.

On Friday morning at 9 o'clock, the commencement exercises were held at the same hall. The graduating classes of the Academy and day school were united for the occasion. The graduates, Misses Ellen Sliney, Anna Melian, Medora Nye, and Genevieve Savercool of the Academy; and Misses Catherine McCloskey and Rhoda Emery and Messrs. Simon Feeney and Frank Zimmerman of the day school. The programme was as follows:

Zeta Phi (piano).....March
Miss Clara Ferris.
Lucia di Lammermoor (piano).....Duet
Misses Clara Ferris and Mollie Sullivan.
Whispering Hope.....Vocal Duet and Chorus
Vocal Class.
Our National Anthem.....Essay
Miss Ellen Feeney.
Parables and the Gospel.....Recitation
Mr. Frank Zimmerman.
Alice (piano).....Transcription
Miss Anna Melian.
Conscious Rectitude.....Essay
Miss Thelma Emory.
Mary, Queen of Scots.....Recitation
Miss Catherine McCloskey.
The Value of History.....Oration
Mr. Simon Feeney.
Norran (piano).....Selection from the Opera
Miss Genevieve Savercool.
Education.....Essay
Miss Anna Melian.
Conferring of Graduating Honors, and an Address to the Class.....
Rev. Father Riordan.
Sad Hour of Parting.....Vocal Chorus
Class of '89.
Distribution of Prizes.....
Rev. Father Riordan.

The programme was carried out in a manner which reflected much credit on all participating. Diplomas were conferred as follows:

English Course—Misses Ellen Sliney, Anna Melian, and Rhoda Emery, and Mr. Simon Feeney.

Music Course—Misses Medora Nye and Genevieve Savercool.

Commercial Course—Miss Catherine McCloskey and Mr. Frank Zimmerman. Crowns of Honor and gold medals were presented to the young ladies.

The following prizes were awarded:—

To the pupils of the academy—Gold cross for Christian doctrine, Miss Medora Nye; pearl medal for Christian doctrine, Miss Mary Iverson; gold pen for penmanship, Miss Mollie Sullivan. To the pupils of the day school—Silver cross for Christian doctrine, Master James Degnan; prayer book, do., Miss Nora McCloskey; gold pen for penmanship, Mr. Frank Zimmerman; prayer book for penmanship, Master John Fakler. Books and pictures were distributed to all the pupils of both schools.

The address delivered by the Rev. Pastor was as follows:

My dear Pupils and Teachers: There are certain events in our lives that bring to us, as they draw near, the reason and the substance and the hope of what we long ago looked to as the brightest honor that adorns our youth, and the inspiring confidence of success in the years yet to come.

In the palaces of the kings of Assyria so many youths were selected to serve: their good and their raiment were to be of a royal and special kind so that when they had reached that full-grown perfection so natural to human life, they were fully strengthened and perfected for the royal service.

This preparation was to them the only avenue to royal honors. There was no other way to reach this station. So too, my dear young friends, is there subordinated to the most responsible and most honorable duties in life, a certain well-defined preparation which is natural to the years of our youth. This is our education.

A sign of distinction now is the crowning honor of your compliance with the duties and discipline of school. All should strive for these honors, but all do not win them. Graduating honors bear a certain analogy to the highest offices of trust that reward in after life those who are truly worthy. They are acknowledged to be the well-earned reward of honorable competition, the charter of good conduct, the evidence of mental power and assiduous work.

In this light I regard the graduates of our schools. Hard study, severe application, and good conduct are the laurels that crown your brows to-day. Nothing more, nothing less, and nothing besides. Graduating honors, which, in themselves, are very honorable, cannot be considered in themselves; they have or should have, an ultimate value—far-reaching, and commensurate with life itself. We ought, therefore, to ask ourselves: To what do they lead us? How far in life's journey will they attend us? Are they an inheritance given to us; or are they earned by us with so many hardships and sacrifices; or, are they due to the deepest love and painstaking care of our teachers, who, because they were our teachers, prayed and worked that they might make something of us? In either case, the honors are yours to-day.

But what will be the fruit, twenty or thirty years hence? The future of the persevering, hardworking and providence-trusting student will answer this. Many a finely educated young man and woman have reached the highest school honors and distinctions to which their talents entitled them; but, alas! as soon as their father's purse was withheld, and as soon as the vigilance and discipline of the school was left behind, and they themselves were made to feel the value of their own resources, and given up to work their way amidst the competing numbers of educated forces, few succeeded where many failed. It is in the duties of practical and responsible life that education is tested. For these it is a preparation. And if it fell short in weight, or in measure, as the world weighs and measures it, it may be condemned as no education at all.

There should always be a definite end in view when we are pursuing and while we are pursuing our education. There is in the preparation for every profession in life, the formal motive and the material object of our work. If the end for which we are striving is well-defined from the beginning, the means to reach that end shall have been chosen, because they are known as being necessary to our purpose. To be a good physician, the student in medicine should have before the reason for his labor which is to master his profession: The why of labor is his ever present motive. The means to be employed, he chooses by reason of this why. So with the learned advocate at the bar, so with the learned churchman.

Except there be a timely co-ordination of teachers, schools and books, this end cannot be accomplished. Those who have made good proficiency in their studies should not turn back nor come down to the ordinary level of a common education. They should rather seek opportunities to advance higher and higher, until that point is reached where life shall be most useful and education most honorable. Ah! but how are we to know this?

We are now separated from our teachers, it may be from our homes and our friends as well; yet there is an invisible power, always willing, and always directing the virtuous mind and heart. "Who is he who should teach me? unless he who illuminates my heart and discerns its inclinations?" Thus spoke the great St. Augustine. We should remember that we are studying for a two-fold object, for ourselves and for society. We ought to study for our own improvement, for mental delight, and all that makes up life's happiness, since the labor is ours, self-determined, the reward ought to be ours.

The power there is in education we ought to force to the highest and widest circle to which it is ordained to elevate the mind and heart. If we value it for itself, it will give us a distinctive excellence proper to it alone; it will open up to us many worlds; it will conduct our minds into new realms of thought, and by reason of that gaining star—Divine light—it will serve as a pillar of light out of the many saddening hours and perplexities with which this life abounds. We should study for the good of society because it is out of society that we ourselves have drawn our education. Our teachers are persons who are chosen out of hundreds of persons who may be of their own age and rank, but because they are of advanced and liberal knowledge and varied culture they are given to us to be our teachers and educators. While we were under their care, the world did not annoy us. We went to school in the morning and returned at eve. But the day we graduate, we are told that onward we now must go. The time will come when we shall be examined by another Judge. And the first question shall be: What are we good for? To what purpose shall we spend our learning? Our parents and our teachers have now well done their duty. What are we able to do? That is the problem for the young graduate. Now is the hour to decide. No error is yet committed, no false step yet taken. It is too soon to fold our hands. We have done nothing yet. We must not wait to be employed. We should seek it, and in the best market the world affords.

If it is necessary for us to take a very humble position we ought to take it, because promotion is from an inferior to a superior place. But if our education by itself will not advance us, what are we to do? There is another teacher yet to be consulted, another science to be known; a Teacher who has given us a heart to love him, a light to trust him, and a sanctuary of safety, and greater graces, and better gifts than we have ever tasted. Let Him now be your model, your father, and mother, and sister, and brother. He is able to take the place of all. All will die and leave us. He alone remains. Who is he who can teach me, unless He who illuminates my heart and discerns its inclinations? And when the heart is illuminated, it can see that in all the world there is one source of truth and one term in which the heart can rest and be satisfied, and one alone who is great and who is good, because He is God.

WORK OF EXTERMINATION.

Smith-Barry's Machinations on the Ponsonby Estate to Be Made a Powerful Lever for the

OVERTHROW OF THE TORIES.

An United Ireland Correspondent Pictures A Too Familiar Phenomenon of Irish Life Under Present Rule.

The railway journey from Cork to Youghal enables the visitor to witness within an hour one of those startling antitheses which lend so painful an interest to the face of the Irish landscape—an antithesis of enchantment on the one hand, and of poverty and misery on the other. As he rolls past the voluptuous scenery amid which Cork and its lovely suburbs are embosomed, past the groves, the villa-crowned hills, the shining river, the languid bay, whose lips the trees bend down to kiss, his eye is arrested by one spot more charming than all the rest. In the wondrous scene there he is told a great landlord has one of his pleasure houses. There within a jealous fringe of trees is a park, the beauties of which words may not tell—a park in which Diana might have hunted; groves in which the priestesses of Daphne might have held their revels; for this country above the Lee is more like the isles of Greece than a bit of hungry Ireland. In the midst of the park is a stately mansion. If ever there was an earthly paradise this is such a spot. Yet the owner of it is so very wealthy, has command of so many other resources for extracting the joy and glory of life, that he sits occasionally by its delights. The place is Fota, one of the residences of Mr. Smith-Barry, M. P. At the end of the railway journey you come to Youghal, and a brief drive from Youghal brings you to a place, all the conditions of which furnish as great a contrast to those of the bewitching Fota as if you had been suddenly plunged from Dante's heaven to a circle of the inferno. Alas! it is too familiar a phenomenon of Irish life to need description. It is a rack-rented and poverty-stricken estate. Here generations of spirit-broken people have wrestled for a half subsistence with a soil as lean as themselves, and have spent not merely joyless lives, but lives in which terror has taken the place of joy. These people are not the tenants of the lord of Fota, and one would think that this rich man, if he did not bring them comfort and surcease of pain, would at least have left them alone. It seems incredible that if he thought of them at all amid the engrossment of his radiant life he should think of them other than with pity. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, when it is closed with satiety, the chief trouble of these poor people's lives has come to them from the hands of this rich man. One of the morbid passions of his soul, one of the intensest aims of his life is to bring them desolation and ruin. He has

sworn to destroy them.

If he had his will their rooftrees would be ablaze and they would be scattered to the ends of the earth. This is the mission upon which he is at this very moment engaged. These very days the money which he derives from tenants of his own and other Irish tenants elsewhere in Ireland he is spending on a crowbar and battering-ram expedition to render them homeless and to establish on their fields the silence as well as the barrenness of the desert. Nay, if a great change had not come among the elements of society in Ireland, this envious and malignant man would succeed in his fell work, as he would have succeeded half a score of years ago, and in pure wantonness the whole population of an Irish countryside would be sacrificed to the vicious whim of Mr. Smith-Barry. The countryside would be swept as clear as if a Conemaugh flood had passed along it. But the Lord has raised up a friend for the widow and the orphan, and since the plan of campaign stepped between the helpless and their enemies, the schemes of the rich man were baffled and confounded. The story of Smith-Barry's machinations on the Ponsonby estate is now well known. It will be better and better known before this fight is over. Parliament will ring with it, and so will every hustings in England, and it will be used as one of the most powerful levers by which the defeat of the government which fathers Smith-Barry and their landlord, Ponsonby, after a prolonged struggle, were on the point of ratifying a settlement; and how Smith-Barry at the last moment stepped in and taking the estate out of the wretched Ponsonby's hands, swore to

carry on the fight himself rather than allow peace; how at the very moment when the landlord's and the tenant's representatives were engaged in negotiation, Smith-Barry was making a public speech announcing that he had taken over the estate and had formed a combination for the purpose of

EXTERMINATING THE TENANTS.

All this does not need recapitulation here, neither does the history of the struggle, with its famous incidents, from the arrest of Canon Keller and the slaughter of the boy O'Hanlon, the first blood spilt by Mr. Balfour's administration, to the evictions of last year. What is now to be recorded is, that during the present week the extermination of the tenants, under the regime of the Smith-Barry syndicate, has begun. Twenty-one families have been already (June 19) cast upon the roadside, amid scenes of brutality and license only to be paralleled in the march of a devastating army through some barbarous country. The sacred precincts of a church have been invaded by Caddell's baton men; priests and members of parliament have been insulted; inoffensive spectators have been bludgeoned; and young peasant girls arrested for defending their homes have been subjected to the licentious ribaldry of their captors. This is the sort of work that Mr. Smith-Barry has set in motion against the tenantry of the Ponsonby estate. It is no wonder he should have held back his evicting army for a week while the English member of Parliament lingered on the estate to witness his proceedings. He had all his preparations completed for the opening of the eviction campaign some time ago. The troops were massed; the emergency men were at hand; Captain Plunket and Colonel Caddell were in possession of Youghal; but he learned that on the spot waiting for him to begin were Mr. John Ellis, M. P., and a number of good-looking men from England. He hesitated to commence. He held his forces in check from day to day, knowing that Mr. Ellis would presently have to return to Parliament and that the time of the other English visitors was also limited. At last Mr. Ellis returned to England, and the Monday after his back was turned Mr. Smith-Barry gave the signal to open fire. But the cowardice of his guilty conscience had shaped his action in vain. There have been plenty of

ENGLISH LOOKERS-ON

these days for all his precautions, among them witnesses who will convey, not merely by word of mouth and printed column, but by photograph and picture, the truth to the people of England. There are others also keenly watching these proceedings on the Ponsonby estate. They are Irishmen, tenant farmers themselves, who, until now, have provided Smith-Barry with the princely income which has enabled him to maintain an establishment in Cheshire and London, on a scale that enables him to hide from the world a disagreeable fact in the family history, that, under less favorable circumstances, would ostracise him from the world of fashion. These are sons of a noble race, who in their country, settled the land question when there were few laws on the statute book but those which placed the tenant farmers of Ireland at the mercy of their hereditary foes. They are not of the class who regard as a salve to their consciences that after these 400 homes are desolated with the rents paid by them to Smith-Barry, their unhappy owners are promptly provided for under the plan of campaign. No thanks to Smith-Barry for it; he has pitched his Irish rent roll against the war chest of the plan. He has angered the whole Irish race by his cruel meddlesomeness in an affair that was not his, and he should have known that his tenants would be more or less than human if they did not share, and share bitterly, in that feeling of anger. He has often been warned of this for any consequences that may follow from this defiant outrage on the sentiments of the whole Irish people. He will have no one to blame but himself. Nothing could exceed the good spirits in which the tenants met the crowbar brigade. Their houses, unfortunately, were too wretched to make a long resistance to the battering ram, and the horde of ruffians who piled their sledgehammers with almost superhuman force against the barricaded doors and windows. What resistance was possible they made, as their dilapidated walls and roofs clearly demonstrated when

THE CORDON OF REDCOATS

was drawn from dismantled home. The work which Smith-Barry has commenced is not half over yet, and I must close this letter by asking your readers to study for themselves the further details in the daily papers. I believe when the week's work has been recorded it will prove that it is still in the power of Irish landlordism and of Dublin castle officials to stifle the world by deeds of cruelty and oppression for a parallel to which you will search in vain amongst the sensational shilling novels of the present day.

NORTHWEST NEWS NOTES.

Items of Interest Clipped From Our Exchanges for Readers of The Irish Standard.

MARRIED AT ASHLAND, WIS.

An Excellent Entertainment Given at the Convent in Austin Last Tuesday Evening.

MINNESOTA.

—Miss Laura Sullivan, of Spring Valley, is visiting Misses Alice and Erin Sullivan of Austin.

Mr. Wm. Delahanty and Miss Maggie Hanlon were married on Monday of last week at the home of the bride in Belle Plaine.

Morris Sun:—Auditor Giltinan returned home from Hastings on Sunday morning, where he left Mrs. Giltinan convalescent.

Mary, the five-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gaffney, of Morris, died at the family residence in that village on Friday, June 28, of measles and pneumonia.

Ed. Casey, who spent last winter in Washington Territory and has since been looking over Oklahoma and some of the Southern States, returned to Graceville last week.

S. C. Murphy, of Morris, has tendered his resignation as a member of the village council, his business requiring his presence in Duluth, where he has become manager of the Sun, published in that city.

The little girl of John Flood, who lives a few miles south of Austin, fell out of a hammock, at the house of E. J. Ames in that city recently and had her arm broken. Dr. Allen attended the child, and she is now doing finely.

Graceville Democrat:—Miss Mav Costello, daughter of Hon. R. A. Costello, is on a visit to friends and relatives in this place. Miss Costello has been attending school in Lake City for the past year and will spend a few weeks in our community before returning to Duluth.

Rochester Record and Union:—Mr. Pat Fogarty, one of the old time Rochester boys, but more recently of Ellsworth, Minn., is in the city. Mr. Fogarty is at present carrying on a large grain and seed business at Ellsworth. Pat is here more properly on an affaire du coeur, and the probability is that he will take one of Rochester's young ladies back with him.

A delightful musicale was rendered at the convent in Austin last Tuesday evening. The following was the programme:—

Greeting Chorus, Vocal Class; duet, eight hands, "Lucrecia Borgia," Misses A. Kelly, M. Garrity, M. Christie, I. Cook; quartette, "Waltz Brilliant," Master C. Reilly, Miss S. Geraghty; vocal duet, double, "When Morning's Rays," Misses Guiney, Garrity, Furlong, McLaughlin; sextette, "Paddy Carey," Misses Fisher, Moonan, Flanagan, Gunz, Cook, Haribut; recitation, Miss K. Meany; duet, "Siege of Corinth," Misses Keenan, Furlong, Meany, Garrity; quartette, "Friendship, Love and Song," Mrs. Fairbanks, Misses McLaughlin, Guiney, Garrity; duet, "Silvery Starlight, Rondo," Master Kelly, Miss Cook; vocal duet, "The Pilot Brave," Mrs. J. Fairbanks, Miss M. Furlong; trio, double "Oberon," Misses Haribut, Cronan, Keneven, Fitch, Cook, Keenan; piano solo, "Irish Diamonds," Miss S. Geraghty; recitation, How "Baby" Played, Master E. Kelly; chorus, "Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow," Misses Collins, Chambers, Zander, Davison, Fisher, Cronan, Kenevan; duet, "Last Rose of Summer," Misses Geraghty, Keenan; quartette, "Those Evening Bells," Mrs. Ober, Misses Fitch, Garrity, Guiney; piano solo, "Fairy Dance," Miss A. Keenan; chorus, "Quid Retribuan," Mrs. Ober, Misses Kelly, Keneven, Garrity, McLaughlin, Davidson; accompanist, Miss A. Keenan.

DAKOTA.

Rev. Father Kenny, of Grafton, has a project under way looking to the erection of a church at Drayton, and he expects to have it built before the cold weather sets in.

On the morning of the Fourth a distressing accident happened to Charles Sloan, a railroad employe, at Minot. Mr. Sloan was engaged in firing off an anvil. He loaded the thimble-skein of a wagon with powder and placed it between two anvils. He touched the powder off, and the thimble-skein burst, a piece of it striking him in the thigh, breaking it and making a

terrible wound. Dr. Belyea was summoned, and the wound attended to. It is expected that in order to save his life, the leg will have to be amputated.

St. Andrews, D. T., was the scene of a most deplorable accident Sunday of last week. Stephen Whalen, of St. Thomas, and a companion named O'Connor, were bathing in the Red river and suddenly Whalen stepped into a hole out of his depth and disappeared, and before assistance could be had he was drowned. The body was secured and taken to the home of his parents, who reside a few miles from St. Thomas, and the interment took place Monday. The deceased was well known and much respected by a large acquaintance, and his business of a wheat buyer made him thoroughly well known to St. Thomas farmers and also to Hillsboro people, where he was engaged last fall and winter.

WISCONSIN.

Eugene O'Donnell, and Miss Margaret McDougal, of Ashland, were married in that city at St. Agnes' Church on the morning of July 3. After dinner at the Tremont house, the bridal couple were met at their home on East Second street, where they were the recipients of hearty congratulations and good wishes from a large number of friends.

Hastings.

Special correspondence to The Irish Standard. Mrs. Wm. Hurley returned to St. Paul on Monday.

John and James Millette have returned to St. Paul.

Miss Ella Casserly has gone to Sioux City to visit friends.

Mrs. Wm. Bates returned to New Auburn after visiting friends here.

Mrs. Hugh Connelly and children are on a visit with friends in Rosemont.

Mrs. Arper and daughter, of Portland, Oregon, are on a visit with F. Z. Arper.

Mrs. George Steitzer is down from St. Peter visiting her mother, Mrs. John Flynn.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Kelly came down from St. Paul to visit the family of James Millett.

Miss Mary Dunn, of Minneapolis, spent the Fourth with her aunt, Mrs. Eliza Quilhan.

Mrs. Kate Dangay and daughter, Nellie, spent the Fourth with her sister, Mrs. George Legg.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McPhail, of St. Paul, were here on a visit with the family of E. P. Brown.

John and Maggie Killroy and Miss Nellie Hurley returned to Cannon Falls after a visit with the family of Mrs. Mary Stevens.

Miss Lease and Annie Whitman, William and Kate McCarty, Joseph and Leo Hurley, Frank, John and Joseph Newell, John Dean, Louise, Sarah, and Aggie Winn, Maggie and Lizzie Reed, Jane Atkinson, Mike Cunningham and Bell McPhail all returned to St. Paul after seeing the glorious celebration in Hastings on the Fourth of July. B. B.

Rosemont.

Special Correspondence to The Irish Standard.

Emma Gollin is home from Hastings.

Mr. T. McCann, of St. Paul, spent Sunday here.

Mr. Gas Moran and sister spent Sunday in St. Paul.

Mamie Connelly is sojourning with the Misses Mulvey.

Mr. Tim Regan, of Burnsville spent Sunday in Rosemont.

Miss Lizzie Carroll is spending a few days with Sarah Farrell.

Mrs. Hugh Connelly, of Hastings, is visiting in this vicinity.

Bee Mulvey and Marian Connelly called at Sanger's Sunday evening.

T. M. Kennelly and Harry Moore, of Eagan spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Miss Jane Cochbain returned home Monday after spending a few days at Mrs. Sanger's.

Our base ball nine played a matched game with the Eagan nine on the latter ground on last Sunday.

Nearly all the society circles went to Eagan last Sunday afternoon to witness the game of ball.

Master John Geraghty, who has been at college in Ireland for the past four years, returned home Saturday, unrecognizable by all his friends and relations.

Rev. A. Hurley is home after an extended visit through the Holy Land, Italy, France and Ireland. We are very glad to announce that his health is very much improved and is looking very well after his voyage.