

The Northwestern Standard.

VOLUME I.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

NUMBER 23.

THE IMMORTAL GRATTAN.

One of Ireland's Most Eloquent, Illustrous and Patriotic Sons—"The Noblest Roman of them All."

AN HONORARY GRADUATE AT 17.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of this Fearless Champion and Defender of Right and Justice to His Native Land.

Sixty-six years ago in the fragrant glory of a fair June day, the stately portals of Westminster Abbey were opened to receive the body of Henry Grattan—and in that sepulchre of kings, no kingdome lies. Among the many gifted and wonderful names that Ireland has handed down to posterity, there are few whose lives and deeds shine with so undimmed a lustre, as those of her gifted and immortal son—Henry Grattan. At seventeen years of age, an honored graduate of Trinity College, he is already preparing himself for admission to the Irish bar, thus taking upon his boyish shoulders, that mantle of toil, which in age still hung upon his worn and enfeebled body, and in which he died, in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. Who can fail to give everlasting honor to the man, who, though a Protestant himself, gave the sympathy and friendship of his whole life, and his last effort to public official duty, to the oppressed Catholics of his native isle.

From the day when Grattan (persuaded by his friends to abandon law and enter the Irish Parliament) entered upon his public career, until his last fatal journey to London, from which he never returned, his life is a history whose every page is bright with moral and intellectual greatness. The following extract taken from the speech in which he made his famous demand for the constitutional independence of the Irish Parliament and the Irish nation, needs no comment upon his patriotism and eloquence. "I wish for nothing," he exclaimed, "but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains 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, but he shall not be in iron!"

His gigantic labors may be considered as one of the leading elements in the establishment of legislative independence for Ireland, which he saw accomplished in 1782; a fact which some writer says, would have "preserved his memory in history, even if his eloquence had not immortalized his name."

The personal love and reverence of all classes of his countrymen were his life and in death; and he compelled even the most antagonistic of his colleagues, in public life, to pay the tribute of unequalled respect to his character and integrity. As an exponent of the greatness of Irish genius, as well as an example of high rectitude in every relation of life, his character is well worth study.

In the forty-five years of his public life he was the fearless champion and defender of right and justice to his native land. His courage was undaunted and his genius for mastering difficulties astounding. Of wide information and ready tact, he was never the victim of an emergency. Of scholarly tastes and industrious habits, his leisure was spent in study and research, and in mental acquisitions he was among the first men of his time. Being Irish, he had a warm heart and a fertile fancy, and was endowed with genuine humor. He was none the less a sympathetic friend and genial companion, because he was a profound philosopher and statesman. One of his biographers says of him: "You may trace in his eloquence, the vivid nature, the eager mind, the cordial sympathy and aspiring soul of the Irishman;" while Byron weaves this garland to his memory—

"With all that Demosthenes wanted endowed,
And his rival, or master, in all he possessed."
He possessed no gift that was not his country's; every resource of his comprehensive information was taxed in her interests, and every energy of his loyal nature compelled to subserve her needs. He knew no ambition save Ireland's progress, and shrank from no condition save treachery and dishonor. It would take the pen of a dramatist to portray the scene of his last speech in the parliament house, when disunion and English gold had done their destructive work, and the Irish Parliament was in its death-throes. Weak and wasted by illness, and so feeble that he was unable to stand while speaking, he came and entered his protest to the Union in a speech, which alone would be enough to—

"Circles his name with a charm against death,"
if it were the only one he ever made. This was his concluding sentence: "Against such a proposition, were I expiring on the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath, and record my dying testimony."
"Justice lives, though judgment lingers."

and such lives as Grattan's are not lived in vain. The country whose sunlight and smiling beauty cradled his youth, and whose wrongs gave aim to his manhood, is still giving to the world sons who are worthy of her, and of him; and Charles Stewart Parnell is a living proof that Ireland may be robbed of many things; but the power of producing brave and loyal sons is still hers.

MARGUERITE.

Charles Macklin.

He had begun life as a badgerman or porter in Trinity college, Dublin; then he turned stroller. He made his first appearance in London at Lincoln's inn, in 1735, and passed over to Drury Lane in 1738. He anticipated Garrick in essaying a more natural style of acting, which, however, was voted too familiar by his contemporaries. He made his first hit under Fleetwood's management as Shylock in a revival of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," which had not been played for forty years—a spurious piece by Lord Lansdowne called "The Jew of Venice" having usurped its place. Shylock had hitherto been played as a low comedy part, and it was with many misgivings that the manager consented to Macklin's carrying out his idea of giving a tragic rendering of the character. Dogget had played Shylock, and made the people roar with laughter at his scene with Tubal; Macklin made them roar also, but with deafening shouts of applause, while the terrible earnestness of his trial scene held them spell-bound. It was said that George II. was so impressed by this performance—and it would have been difficult to have found a more unimaginable individual than his Hanoverian majesty—that he could not sleep all night after witnessing it. The next morning while in council with Walpole the latter happened to remark: "I wish there was some way of frightening the House of Commons." "Send them to the theatre to see that Irishman act; if that does not frighten them nothing will," replied the king. Macklin's reputation was established; he was invited to dine with Bolingbroke and Pope; and the latter wrote upon him the well known couplet:

This is the Jew

That Shakespeare drew;

and the play was the success of the season.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Sheridan's First Wife.

Nothing, indeed, so exhibits the spell and charm of this fascinating creature as the almost rapturous terms in which the various friends and acquaintances speak of her. A bishop, Dr. O'Beirne, of Meath, declared with unexceptionable rapture that she was "the link between an angel and a woman." It was impossible to do justice to her exquisite nature. Dr. Burney's tongue seems to grow wanton in her praise. When speaking of the loss of her gifted brother, Tom Linley, he says: "This amiable and promising youth was drowned at an early age, to the great affliction of his family, particularly his matchless sister, Mrs. Sheridan, whom this calamity rendered miserable for a long time, during which her affection and grief were distilled in verses of a most sweet and affecting kind on the sorrowful event. The beauty, talent, and mental endowments of this Cecilia Rediviva will be remembered to the last hour of all who heard or ever saw and conversed with her. The tone of her voice and expressive manner of singing were as enchanting as her countenance and conversation. In her singing, with a mellifluous-toned voice, a perfect shake and intonation, she was possessed of the double power of delighting an audience equally in pathetic strains and songs of brilliant execution, which is allowed to very few singers. When she had seen the Agujari, the Danzi, she astonished all hearers by performing the Bravura Air, extending the natural compass of her voice above the highest note of the harpsichord before additional keys were in fashion." When Mr. Wilkes was in Bath in 1772, lodging in the South Parade, he passed an evening with Mr. Brereton's family and the Miss Linleys. "The eldest," wrote this strange being, "I think still superior to all the handsome things I have heard of her. She does not seem in the least spoiled by any of the idle talk of our sex, and is the most modest, pleasingly delicate flower I have seen for a great while. The youngest a mere coquette—no sentiment." Such was the verdict of this cool, experienced judge of the sex. Indeed, we have only to look at Gainsborough's and Sir Joshua's paintings, both evidently stimulated by love of their subject, to gather an idea of what this spell was. It seems to work by an irrepressible sweetness joined with a gentle and amiable espièglerie—a charming combination which some of us have at times encountered in "life's dull round."

Forty-seven country houses, with shooting over 245,000 acres, were lately advertised in one day's issue of a Scotch paper.

The weather or late has been so exceptionally severe in the south of England that large numbers of returning song birds have been frozen to death.

THE LONG-WINDED LORDS.

Mr. Labouchere's Motion in the British House of Commons—The Hereditary Principle Discussed.

BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF PEERS.

What They Are Worth and What They Ought—A Brewer's First Step on Being Promoted to the Peerage.

In the Imperial House of Commons recently, Mr. Labouchere introduced his motion, of which due notice had been given, dealing with the question of hereditary principle in the House of Lords.

Mr. Labouchere moved, "That in the opinion of this House it is inconsistent with the principle of representative government that any member of either House of the Legislature should derive his title to legislate by hereditary descent." He trusted that this would be left an open question by the Government, because he was sure there were many gentlemen on the Treasury bench who were delighted to see the motion on the paper and would be glad to have the opportunity of voting for it. (Laughter.) He reminded the House that the English members had grievances as well as the Irish members, and if the Irish members desired the repeal of the Union, there were others who desired the repeal of any species of union between the elected representatives of the country and the hereditary legislators in the other House. It was said by the late Lord Beaconsfield that the House of Lords represented 26 millions of people who had not the vote; but the electorate had been taken away from them, and then practically the decision of the House of Commons was the decision of the whole nation. Hereditary legislators were an anachronism in a democratic country. (Hear, hear.) The term Liberal was a somewhat vague one at the present moment. (Laughter.) He himself was a Radical. If any gentleman told him he was a Radical, and took an opposite view on this question, he could only say—with the greatest respect—that he regarded him as a humbug. (Laughter.) He believed there was no Radical or Liberal meeting held during the late election at which the present motion would not have been carried almost unanimously. (Hear, hear.) He himself was in favor of one Chamber, but the motion did not go so far; and he did not think the House had formed an opinion as to whether there ought to be one or two. There was high authority in favour of one. Lord Beaconsfield had said, "Nobody wants a Second Chamber except a few disreputable individuals. It is a valuable institution for any man who has no distinction either of character or talent." (Ministerial laughter and Opposition cries of "When?") Oh, it was in one of his early works. (Laughter.) He had never heard that Lord Beaconsfield had changed that opinion. (Hear, hear.) An hereditary assembly was not such an innocuous affair as some gentlemen seemed to imagine. At the present moment there was a permanent antagonism between the two Houses. (Cheers and cries of "No.") As a matter of fact, clever men had not always clever sons, although the Prime Minister had contested that assertion; but even the most august persons had mothers as well as fathers. They did not spring like Minerva from the heads of their fathers, and a mother had just as much to do with the intellectual qualities of the son as the father. (A Voice—"And more.") Doctors, painters and poets did not occupy hereditary offices. In order to be consistent, we ought to discover the most intelligent persons in the country, to take them young, to bring them up to be legislators, and when they arrived at their minority to marry them to Girton girls. (Great laughter.) Then probably we might hope for good results. When these hereditary legislators had condescended to be born, was their training and education such as was likely to qualify them for their station? In the House of Lords there were 217 Peers connected with the services, but no one could assert that the training of a soldier went to make a good legislator. Again the mass of Peers did not attend regularly to learn their business. There were some who devoted themselves to politics, and we were so exceedingly grateful to them that we at once gave them some office and salary, and felt proud of their goodness in condescending to take to their charge some portion of the affairs of this great Empire. There were exceptions—there were some exceedingly able men in the House of Lords, but then there were Albinos in Africa. But the system was bad. They might as well take a lady's lap-dog, bring it up in the drawing-room, and expect it to become a good sheep-dog. We were told the House of Lords was recruited from the cream of the nation. (Hear, hear.) Was it? Who were the gentlemen ordinarily made Peers? There were some politicians—who had been bores and nuisances

in that House, and who were kicked upstairs. (Laughter.) Generally the very rich men were made Peers. Not to be invidious, he would mention the latest, Sir Henry Allsopp. He brewed beer, and by brewing beer made a fortune. He had not distinguished himself in any way politically, although no doubt, he did good service to his party, and subscribed to the funds of the Carlton Club. (Laughter.) He had been a baronet. He (Mr. Labouchere) had not the slightest objection to any one being made a baronet. It would be impossible now, almost a cruelty to animals to refuse anybody a baronetcy who asked for it. (Laughter.) A Peerage, however, conveyed not only a title, but a right to legislate, and therefore people had an interest in the matter. What was Sir H. Allsopp's first step on being promoted to the Peerage? He wrote to The Times to assure the world that although he had been a brewer, he had ceased brewing. (Laughter.) Shortly afterwards his tenants met him, and congratulated him on having been made a Peer, and at the same time, according to a country newspaper, the suggestion was made that he was descended from one of the Plantagenet Kings. (Laughter.) Assuming Sir H. Allsopp had a son, and that he went to the House of Lords, what sort of a member would he make? Would he speak about commerce? Would he allude to the paternal butt? (Laughter.) He (Mr. Labouchere) asked on what principle Sir H. Allsopp's descendant should rule hereditarily over us? Our boast was that every class was represented in this country; but the House of Lords consisted almost entirely of one class. There were 402 Peers who sat hereditarily. They had 14 millions of acres among them and 12 millions of rent—an average of 35,000 acres to each Peer, and an average income of £30,000 per annum. We had heard a good deal of the Land League, but could any one imagine a more pernicious Land League than that which sat in the House of Lords? (Cheers.) Of course being landlords, they legislated for landlords, the result being that our landlords were a disgrace and opprobrium to civilization. (Irish cheers.) Could anything be more absurd than to suppose that any single class since the world began ever legislated for any class except themselves? We were told they were rich and therefore independent. A more self-seeking body of men did not exist in this country. Putting aside grants to royal Princes and revenues of Bishops, he found that these Peers received at the present time no less than £336,776 per annum from the public Treasury—an average of £700 each per annum. (Hear, hear.) That was not all, for they had relations who had received from 1855 to the present date £120,000,000. (Laughter.) There might be some mistake in that, so he would knock off £20,000,000. (Laughter.) The statistics showed that since 1855 each Duke had 56 relations living upon the public. He understood why Conservatives should wish to perpetuate this state of things, but he could not understand why Liberals should support it. (Hear, hear.) Even in Liberal Governments the Peers were not without a baneful influence. The House of Lords was the only institution he knew of which had no advantage to counterbalance its evil influence. (A laugh.) It was said they prevented precipitate legislation. To say that the House of Commons was precipitate was absurd. He never knew such a long-winded assembly in his life. (Laughter.) He ridiculed the idea that the abolition of the House of Lords could only be accomplished by revolution. It would be easy to create 300 new Peers and swamp them. He was sure there was such patriotism on that side of the House that 300 gentlemen would be found ready to ascend the altar and sacrifice themselves in such a cause.

The Orangemen in 1798.

The Orangemen were now on hand to follow up the vanquished, whom they valiantly slaughtered without mercy—this being always their well chosen avocation in war, for the grim fraternity were never soldiers to fight on equal terms. A regiment of them raised from Bandon Orangemen, and known as the North Cork, became notorious for the ingenious tortures they inflicted on those who fell into their hands. This regiment was in Castlebar when the few Frenchmen that landed under Gen. Humbert advanced on that town. There were six thousand British troops in Castlebar at the time, including the North Cork, when, according to the historian Plowden, Humbert attacked it with nine hundred Frenchmen and fifteen hundred of the Mayo peasantry, making twenty-four hundred in all; and these, it is an historic fact drove the six thousand out of the town like so many sheep. The North Cork, true to their fighting qualities, gallantly ran away, never halting till they reached Tuam, forty miles from the scene of action, and yet, for turner safety, they started for Athlone. This incident is still remembered as the "Castlebar races." These runaways were part of the army that Gen. Abercrombie declared "dangerous to everybody but an armed foe," and well they proved the truth of this saying.

ROME AND ITS HOLY PLACES.

An American Pilgrim on Sacred Soil—At the Tomb of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

CHAPEL OF THE CONFESSION.

Whither Pope Leo Goes to Pray, "When the Long Weary Day, With its Labors and its Anxieties, is Over."

Rome, says Rev. Dr. O'Reilly in his latest letter to the New York Sun, is a sacred soil, not to the silly-minded crowd who yearly flock hither, guide book in hand, to "do Rome" in a week, or to the cold critic or the bigot, who have no difficulty in believing that the Castor and Pollux with the bronze horses on the Quirinal are the work of Praxiteles; but who will cast aside as unworthy of serious consideration the unanimous and unbroken testimony of all ages, from that of St. Irenaeus—A. D. 180—relative to the imprisonment, the trial, the martyrdom and burial here in Rome of the two great apostles. The other day I met with the journal of an English tourist in Italy—fair-minded enough on the whole, but who scouted the whole tradition respecting the apostles, because their bodies are said "to repose both in St. Paul's outside the walls, and in the crypt of St. Peter's." Any well-informed person could have told this fippant writer that the carefully preserved traditions of the Roman church say that St. Peter was first buried on the Janiculum, near the scene of his crucifixion, and that St. Paul was buried on the Ostian road, at the place of his martyrdom, and where now arises the magnificent church called after him. St. Gregory the Great tells us that they were taken from their resting-place and buried together in the catacombs of St. Sebastian. This is entirely in accordance with what the most ancient Roman calendar, published by Bucherius, states, namely, that their solemn festival was held at these catacombs on June 29 of each year, the day of their martyrdom, according to Eusebius, the most ancient church historian. After Constantine's edict of freedom of conscience, the remains of St. Paul were brought back to their former burial place on the Ostian Way, and those of St. Peter were buried on the Vatican Hill, on that part of the Circus of Nero where he had so cruelly tortured and put to death many Christians, as Tacitus mentions. This spot, on which so much Christian blood flowed, the theatre of so much supernatural heroism, was the fittest place in which the two men who had withstood the tyrant, and upbraided him to his face with his cruelty and monstrous vices, should forever repose together till the resurrection dawn. In after years one-half the body of St. Peter was taken to St. Paul's, and buried by the side of his glorious companion; and one-half the body of St. Paul was taken from his tomb and buried in the Vatican by the side of St. Peter. The heads of both apostles are in St. John Lateran, the Cathedral of Rome, and the church first in dignity of the Catholic world. The spot beneath the dome of St. Peter's where the relics of the martyr apostles repose in death has been for more than eighteen centuries the center and the heart of the Christian world. Formerly, and before the erection of the present sublime church edifice, the only entrance to the crypt, with its "grottoes" or catacombs, was from the floor above, and through the stairways around which the ninety-six lamps burn day and night. I shall now invite the reader with me to early mass in the subterranean chapel of the confession. It is impossible to convey by any mere description any idea of the impressiveness of the interior of St. Peter's, either at evening, just as the sun is setting behind the ridge crowned by the Vatican and the Janiculum, or at dawn, when the first splendors of morning stream across Rome from the eastern mountains, and flood the palace of the Popes and the towering mass of St. Peter's with their golden radiance. The silence, the vastness, the harmonized magnificence of the place, the soaring dome, with its rank upon rank of heavenly images, and the soft light of which to the interior sense is like a fragrance of all-blended sweetness—all combine to make the soul fancy it is standing at the portal of heaven. Follow us, the sacristan and the priest, down the dark, winding stair. It is situated within the great pillar nearest to the apse on your left as you come up the nave. We are soon at the bottom. The light penetrating from the nave overhead and the lamps lit here enable us to discern everything distinctly. We pass by the little Chapel of St. Veronica at the foot of the circular stairs, and enter a long passage straight before and leading to a semicircular corridor around the Chapel of the Confession. Every portion of this wonderful underground church, or assemblage of chapels is filled with mosaics and frescoes. Here hundreds of Christian men and women perished, sacrificed to hatred of the faith. Yonder, to our

left and outside the modern semicircular corridor, is a large quadrangular space filled with the bones discovered here during the excavations, the remains, most likely, of some, at least, of Nero's victims, of those whom he clad in envelopes of pitch and bitumen, and set on fire to light the games of his circus, or amuse the Roman populace, on whom the spectacles of the Coliseum fell dull and pallid. One hundred and thirty-one Popes are buried here. It is therefore full of an awful and indescribable solemnity, this spot, where Nero's feet trod in Christian blood, and laughed at the fiendish devices of his own inhumanity. Arrived at the circular corridor, we turn to our right and pass on our way two chapels of considerable dimensions extending outward at right angles to our path. Just opposite these we enter the Chapel of Confession through a much narrower passage. The gem-like altar is above the tomb. Shining as every portion of this beautiful shrine is with the costliest marbles and the most exquisite adornments, I cannot now stop to describe. He must have but little faith who, coming hither with the dawn to offer up the sacrifice of his church over the very tomb of the Apostles, and almost in immediate contact with their remains, has an eye for outward things or a thought for anything but the victim he is about to offer up on that altar, and for the sacred dust of the two great witnesses to His name. From the great church overhead subdued noises reach you, as if they were the echoes of the great city outside, and the music of the church bells of Rome comes floating in and dies away in faint murmurs at the gilded gratings of the crypt, where Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. seems looking in on the tomb of the apostles and praying unceasingly for the afflicted church. With what fervor Leo XIII. comes down here to pray—the living Pontiff—near the magnificent statue of the first of the line of these imprisoned Popes! When the long, weary day, with its labors, its cares and its anxieties is over, the meek old man in white, so like one of Fra Angelico's sainted figures, steals in the silence and solitude and gloom to lay before God on the tomb of the great parents of Rome the heavy burden of his responsibilities and his fears. And sometimes in the morning, when piety urges, or some more thorny care is pressing on his brow, Pope Leo comes to beseech the Master's special inspiration near the remains of those who here taught His truth, here glorified His name and bore Him such heroic witness. To look on the face of the Pope, so careworn, so wasted with superhuman toil, one would think that such a man only needed the tenderest watching and nursing to keep the flame of life from going out. But he is equal to such fatigue as would seem incredible were I here to detail the labors of a single day, which to him are the labors of every day.

The Significance and Grandeur of Papacy.

Papacy is the great question of the day. Indeed, the interest and importance of the subject can scarcely be exaggerated. Whether viewed historically, politically, socially or religiously, it looms up with a grandeur and a significance far exceeding all other questions of the age. Simply as a historical study one would naturally suppose that an institution that had outlived all the dynasties of the world, that had occupied such a distinguished position in the world's history and exerted such a powerful influence on the destinies of nations, would be esteemed worthy of the deepest interest and most profound study. Great force is added to these considerations by the more recent development of Protestant thought throughout the world. The deplorable evils of divisions among Christian people are being pressed home upon every candid, thoughtful mind with constantly increasing force, and a general movement has commenced in favor of union. Indeed, the candid and outspoken manner in which the evils of Protestant sectarianism are criticized and laid bare by Protestant writers themselves, is as surprising as it is hopeful for the revival of Catholic truth on this all-important subject. Intelligent, thinking men will not always be satisfied to grope in the dark, to amuse themselves with vague speculations and impossible theories of Christian union. The impatient, self-opinionated, the skeptically inclined will, of course develop their individual, private judgment theories logically into infidelity and unbelief, while, on the other hand the conservative and more religiously inclined will come to see that the only hope of a true and solid Christian union lies in connection with the old, historic Church of which the Papacy is the grand center and distinguishing feature.—Ex.

Four grand hotels are to be ready by the 1st of July for the accommodation of visitors to the Yellowstone Park.

A question likely soon to come to the fore is the practicability of tunneling between England and Ireland. At one point the distance is under twenty-two miles.