

THE IRISH PARTY'S PLANS.

A Talk With Mr. Justin McCarthy.

The New York World has the following cable report of an interview with Mr. Justin McCarthy, leader of the Irish Party:

Everybody here seems all at sea regarding the position of the Irish party in the incoming Parliament. The newspapers say one thing one day, retract it the next, and the public follows blindly the dictates of these journals.

The Irish party has the key to the situation. What it will do is what Parliament will do. So, of course, all the interest of the day centres in those eighty Irish members.

Here is an authoritative statement of the exact position of the Irish party. It is the first and the only exposition made to anyone. It comes from the leader of the Irish party, Justin McCarthy. All agree that he is the leader.

Parnell's mantle, after his death, fell on the shoulders of McCarthy. He lives in one of a row of pretty little terra cotta houses in Chelsea.

He is the last one and is No. 20. It faces a large garden and is as quiet as the house of a historian, novelist, and philosopher should be. Incidentally he is a great politician.

He looks more like a poet and philosopher than like a leader of men, and of unrestrained nature at that.

With flowing white hair, a long beard that suggests Longfellow in its fine whiteness, and a ruddy English complexion, at sixty-two years of age he is a fine specimen of man.

His library at Chelsea is lined from ceiling to floor with books, and broad leather chairs invite one to rest rather than work. But there has been little rest in his life.

Quiet in manner, polished in speech, careful in the choice of words, soft spoken as a woman, he seems the last person to lead a lot of Irishmen fighting for their homes.

HIS COURAGE UNQUESTIONED. But nobody ever questioned his courage. The only thing ever brought up against him was his disarming way of native ferocity. His eyes, that look out from wide glasses, are Irish-gray, and very kindly.

The following interview was read over by him after it was written and was pronounced correct:

Mr. McCarthy talked with the greatest freedom on every phase of the political situation. If there had been any doubt as to who is the leader of the Irish party—and there is no doubt—he settled it by replying to the question whether he would lead the forces in the coming fight.

"If I am chosen," said he, with a show of a smile. "The time has not yet come to take the action to settle that question, but there does not seem to be any division on that point. Very fortunately my health has improved greatly of late, and I am feeling in good condition to take up work."

This disposes of the suggestion that Mr. Blake of Canada might stand at the head of the Irish forces.

"What do you think," he was asked "of all this talk that Mr. Gladstone intends to postpone Home Rule? Will he introduce such a measure?"

"HOME RULE AT ONCE. "Unquestionably," Mr. McCarthy answered. "I have not the slightest doubt that he will do so at once. It is as absolutely certain as any event in the future can be."

"I have not seen Mr. Gladstone for some time now, but there is no possible question on this point. We trust Mr. Gladstone implicitly, and it would be suicidal for him to do anything else."

"Will it be the first measure introduced?"

"It will. Nothing whatever will be allowed to stand in its way."

"Will all the Irish factions and the English majority vote for it?"

"They must. I do not see how they can help doing so, and I have no fear on this point. They were elected on a Home Rule platform, and must, of course, stand by it. Besides, I see no disinclination on the part of any of the Liberals not to do so, and as for the Irish—we will be laughed."

"How about the other contemplated English reforms?"

"These will be introduced too. There is no reason why they cannot go through side by side, with Home Rule leading. The method of procedure will be this: Home Rule will be introduced, and after the first reading of the bill the House will have nothing before it for a few days. Then the one man one vote bill can be introduced and passed through its first reading. Then a better registration act will be introduced."

"Meanwhile Home Rule will be brought back and passed through its second reading, and after this these other measures of reform will take the same course, following in the wake of the great Irish reform movement. They need not interfere with one another at all. It will not expedite Home Rule to have it monopolize the entire attention of Parliament."

"After the Commons pass Home Rule what will happen?"

"HOME RULE PROGRAMME. "As I said, the Commons will pass the bill, then it will go to the House of Lords. They will reject it. Then it will come back the Commons again. According to our law it cannot be re-introduced the same session, that Mr. Gladstone will promptly prorogue Parliament and call a new session within a short time. Then the bill will be passed again and sent to the House of Lords. This time the Lords will pass it."

"But suppose they do not?"

"Ah, but they will. If they do not Mr. Gladstone will call upon the Queen to create enough new peers with Liberal tendencies to make a majority for Home Rule in the Lords."

"As this is a constitutional government the Queen will do as he asks. But such a radical course is very unlikely. The Lords, finding themselves powerless, will pass the bill rather than have their exclusive body diluted by so many new peers. There is no doubt just how soon will the Irish bill be introduced?"

"The method of procedure will be this: When Parliament meets next Thursday several days will be taken up in swearing in the new members and all the formula incident to the defeat or including this time the defeat or resignation of the Tory Government and the formation of a new Cabinet. All this will take time. Then adjournment will be taken until the usual meeting of Parliament next January."

HOW KNOW-NOTHINGS FIGHT.

Willing to Make War on Women and Destroy Their Home.

In the third volume of that charming work, "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," is a story of the riot that followed the establishment of the first convent academy in Providence, R. I. These extracts from it will be found interesting and timely to-day:

THE RIOT IN PROVIDENCE. Despite incessant persecution, the academy opened with a large number of pupils, many of whom were non-Catholics. Some of the most bitter of these afterwards sought refuge in the one fold. Among these was a graduate of the High School who was admitted to be very finely "cultured."

A Miss Rebecca Newell. She was no longer young, but it was no uncommon thing to see "girls" of twenty-eight or thirty at school in New England in those days. Miss Newell was said to be greatly admired for her personal qualifications, which were of the solid order and did not include beauty or brilliancy. Belonging to an old Puritan family highly, and no doubt deservedly, respected in the city, she described herself as a person who had given her mind to the serious study of spiritual things from childhood. It happened that one of Miss Newell's professors at the High School had been brought in contact with Mother Warde, who, in reply to his questions, told him how and where her early education had been conducted. To his amazement he found that not only she did not say *tin for ten*, or *pervere for perceive*, but spoke with grammatical precision and an elegance of style and purity of diction that was something new in his ears. Of the external gifts of this zealous woman the most remarkable were her soft, sweet voice and her fine conversational powers. Her gift of language was something like genius, and the writer has never known any one to excel her in a qualification so useful in her position. The professor, like many another, was thoroughly fascinated, and spoke everywhere of the nun, whom he considered the most refined and accomplished lady in Providence. This excited Miss Newell's curiosity, and she became most anxious for an introduction; but he, disturbed by prophetic fears as to the result, declined to become the medium of introducing her. She then sent to the convent to ascertain whether she could see the "Mother Abbess." A very gracious affirmative and an invitation to call as soon as convenient followed.

Miss Newell speedily presented herself at the parlor of the convent home, and the consequence may be imagined. The first greetings were scarcely over when she felt that she was in the presence of a superior. Her woman, who would lead her to a spiritual life of grace. Though naturally reserved, she soon poured her whole soul into the ears of her sympathetic friend. She had studied the many sects of the city, but had never found anything among them to satisfy to the full the cravings of her soul. She borrowed books to enlighten her ignorance. She asked information on such points as she did not understand, and finally she begged to be instructed in the Catholic faith. In due time she was admitted to baptism. This, from the prominence of her social position, became the talk of the town. Rebecca was banished from home by her infuriated mother. Her eldest brother, to whom she was very dear, expostulated with Mrs. Newell, but in vain. He besought the family to treat his sister unkindly or drive her from home, but his manifestations of love and sympathy, though they comforted her, were of no avail to allay the wrath of the rest of the family. She was sent to Pennsylvania to live with an uncle, a very prejudiced minister, who was instructed not to allow her from his house until she consented to abjure Catholicism. In a short time a distressing event called her home—the death of her beloved brother. He was a general favorite in society as well as in his family, and was entirely free from the insane bigotry of the rest. While dancing at a ball he was seized with a violent pain in the head, which caused him to hasten home. His mother, hearing him enter the house sooner than she expected, asked the cause. He told her of his headache, but begged her to retire, as it would pass away in sleep. She listened at his door, heard him prancing up and down. Suddenly he fell heavily on the floor. She rushed in to find him a corpse. In an agony of grief, tinged, perhaps, with remorse, she summoned her gentle daughter to her side.

The bereaved sister returned broken-hearted to Providence, and, despite the closest watching, she managed to remain faithful to her duties as a Cath-

olic. The terrible lesson she had just received caused her to reflect much on the uncertainty of life, and she often exclaimed: "Oh! how good it is to be a religious, always prepared for death!" She now ardently desired to become one, and, though the difficulties of the state were explained to her, she thought herself called to make the trial. Her entrance on probation was a signal for renewed outrages, not on the lady alone, but on the whole body. All at once it was noised abroad that a daughter of the people was in the nunery. Like wildfire the news spread in the camp of the Know-Nothings. They unfurled their flag, summoned their brethren from adjoining States to follow the standard, through the bigoted press of the day; and flaming yellow posters placarded all over the city summoned all good men and true "To the rescue! All true Americans! Attention! To the Destruction of the Nunery!"

All free Americans were urged to deliver their young countrywoman immured in the monastic dungeons of Broad street. Although quite old enough to know her own mind, being, to put it roundly, between thirty and forty, she was pictured as a girlless young creature, bewitched by the fascinating Madame Warde, enticed into the convent against her better judgment, and detained against her will. And this in face of the fact that her friends made daily calls on her to ascertain from her own lips the truth or falsity of these assertions, and that she on every occasion assured them that she was perfectly free to leave any moment.

The evil passions of men were aroused. For weeks preparations for the destruction of the convent went forward with ever-increasing alacrity. Noisy boasting of the methods to be used in blowing it up assailed Catholic ears on every side. Coming events formed the topic of conversation in every house. Men straddled and rode past the convent with denouncing and angry gestures. A death's head was fastened to the ball-door, and the beautiful silver door-plate, the gift of a valued friend, was shamefully defaced. On the evening of the day appointed for the burning of the convent, the Sisters, when returning from school, were saluted with cries of "Ha! we'll give you Charleston." "Hullo, Yankee lady." "We'll have this vermin out of the city before to-morrow."

The mayor, Mr. Knowles, deemed it his duty to call on the "fascinating" Mother and advise her to send Miss Rebecca adrift. "Not unless," she wished to go," was the reply. The lady who was at perfect liberty to go, and actually did go some months later, when it was found that she had no religious vocation, refused to stir.

"What then, shall I do," asked the mayor, "to preserve the peace of the city?" Mother Warde sweetly replied to the effect that she understood her own business, but would not presume to counsel him. Pressed again, she said: "Is it possible that Your Honor cannot assist in saving life and property in the event of a riot?" He replied that against such a force of armed men as had been called out he was powerless; his fellow-citizens, determined to blow up the convent, even though they destroyed the lives of its inmates. His Honor, who seemed anything but honorable in her eyes, then begged her to leave the convent with her community, as ten thousands of Know-Nothings were expected from other cities to join their Providence brethren in the work of destruction. "No," said she, "we will remain in our house." And she added, without a tinge of sarcasm: "If I should know how to prevent a riot and keep order." But the representative of the magistrical dignity of Providence could see no way out of the dilemma but submission to the demands of the mob.

Mother Warde, more anxious than Mr. Knowles to prevent bloodshed, appealed to Governor Anthony. He was very kind and promised to use his influence with the citizens; with the proviso he could do nothing, as that day the city was in the hands of a functionary signed K. N. after his name. Whatever the governor did had no effect.

The flaming orange placards called out the K. N., but there was a large contingent of O's and Mac's who determined to come out without being invited, and proclaimed that the opponents of religious liberty should not have things all their own way as at Charleston. They resolved to defend their rights and show their strength in protecting the consecrated virgins whom they called the children of their children. Two hundred angels of mostly from Tipperary, came in small detachments to the convent, and told reverend mother to have no fear, for they would, by God's blessing, guard her and hers from evil. Several of the most respectable persons in the city, some non-Catholics, besought the Sisters to accept the shelter of their homes until peace should be restored. One lady asked Reverend Mother to come to her house with all her valuables, for persons and things could be effectually concealed therein. Amused at the various propositions made her, she assured all of her trust in a higher power than man to deliver her and her community from the poor, misguided creatures who knew not what they did. Should God demand the sacrifice of their lives, they would assemble in the chapel and die before the altar.

So when on a clear, frosty evening in November, 1855, the native element, several hundred strong, mustered round the luckless house on the corner, they

found the best positions occupied by stalwart men, who, far from being frightened at their number, were eager to do battle with them. A demand was made for the innocent girl who had been coaxed from her happy home by "that designing old creature," Madame Warde. The lowest and grossest reviling followed the mention of her honored name; then all was dead silence. The Sisters who had made their will, arranged his affairs, and prepared for martyrdom, was on the doorstep, and several priests, in attire that was not exactly clerical, were scattered through the crowd. A straw hat and a linen duster partly concealed the Bishop's face and the generous proportions of his commanding figure. When the mob a third time demanded the youthful maiden and threatened the Sisters with death, Bishop O'Reilly exclaimed: "The Sisters shall not leave the house for my life, it need be. Then arose many a "hear," "hear," and "bravo" in response, but the mob continued to scream and yell and vomit forth the most awful blasphemies against everything that Catholics hold most sacred. The friends of the house passed in and out through the garden wicket, and the Sisters took care to provide an excellent supper for their gallant defenders, making them promise, as they came in, that they would not fight without orders. For, we give you to give many among them were eager to give fore poor women, but who very meek before men that meant to show fight, that they called a "sound drubbing." No one in the convent slept that night.

A Mr. Ryan, from Tipperary, begged Reverend Mother to remove the prohibition, and let the boys "have just one whack at the sneaking ruffians." But she was most anxious that all should pass off peaceably. The prayers of the Sisters were granted. To their regret the crown of martyrdom was not awarded them, but no one of their defenders was hurt. The convent was saved by prayer and confidence in the Divine protection, though the arm of flesh was not wanting.

The Sisters often in after times spoke of the events of this fearful night which were not without their ludicrous aspect. They did not wish sufficiently interesting. After dusk four hundred Irishmen, armed to the teeth, glided noiselessly into the convent garden and took their places according to orders. Mother Warde went to every man and exacted a promise of him not to fire a shot except obedience and necessity required it. All readily promised to carry out her wishes.

Between 9 and 10 the rioters began to move at a given signal. They were fully armed, and had in reserve kegs of powder and everything else necessary for the success of this gun-powder plot. One of the Sisters, who could see all from the darkened windows, wrote:

"They came with hearts on fire and fury hate against those who had never injured them. Many of them were in after years nursed by the Sisters of Mercy, especially during the war. The night was beautifully clear; the moon, distinctly revealing, as far as splendor, could penetrate through the dense mass of human beings, each individual countenance glaring wildly at the doomed abode. Perfect order prevailed; the multitude waved to and fro like a vast forest stirred by the autumn winds."

Within the convent all was as silent as the grave. The novices, unconscious of danger, had enjoyed their recreation in an apartment in the rear, and were now in prayer. The seniors kept the floor or on a table, and the owners were ready at a signal to act on the defensive or the offensive. About 11 o'clock the Bishop and Mr. Stead, the former owner of the Sisters' property, appeared on the front steps, and the Riot Act was read. Mr. Stead courageously addressed the angry multitude:

"The first shot fired at this house will go through my body. Let me tell you there are four hundred strong Irishmen, armed with deadly weapons, within the enclosure of the garden walls. At the least attempt at violence they will defend it. Should even a stone be thrown at the building your lives will answer for it. Our streets will become rivers of blood, and your homes will be fired."

These very pointed remarks were received with a silence that was more sullen than golden.

John O'Rourke, the convent man of-all-work, was particularly anxious to have "a lick at the villains," whose threats he had frequently heard during his business trips through the city. "If they hit us," he would say, "they will get the worst of it." Before a day brightening it for use. Mother Warde with a revolver in each pocket, and said: "Madame, I'm ready for the fight. You'll see how John O'Rourke will do battle for you." He expressed an un-Christian eagerness to break a lance with some of the persecutors of his friends, the Sisters. "They'll meet with their match in me," said he, with great complacency. The good mother remonstrated with him, saying it was a shame to speak so of men whom killing might send before God in their sins. But the unpromising volunteer thought, "They might as well go that way first as last. John proved invaluable on that fatal night, but, to his great regret, was not allowed to use his weapons."

When the misguided numbers collected around the convent, armed by confederates from Boston, Salem, Taunton and other places, who had been

pouring in all day in special trains, learned that the Sisters would be valiantly defended, they wisely concluded to raise the siege. They had come out to fight against women, but had no notion of risking their precious lives in combat with men. One by one they slunk away through every egress in the opening crowd. By next morning not a man was to be seen in the streets near the convent. The defenders sat down to supper, sorry that their only part in the defence had been to lie in ambush. Several days before, the Know-Nothings had ordered a sumptuous banquet in the hall over the railway depot to celebrate their triumph. But they never assembled to partake of it.

The strangers took the first opportunity of leaving Providence, glad to escape alive to their homes. It was the intention of the mob to destroy the Bishop's house and all the Catholic schools and churches. The only injury done to the convent was done early in the evening by a small boy who broke a pane of glass, but who promptly ceased stone-throwing when a Protestant gentleman threatened to have him arrested. Had the mob attempted the destruction of the convent the city would have become a scene of frightful carnage and destruction. Employed in almost every "Yankee" home were women and girls of Irish lineage, who declared that if the convent were destroyed they would set fire to the houses of their employers; and some of them, no doubt, in the passion of the moment, would have imitated their masters in the work of destruction. The prayers of many holy souls, the gallantry of the defenders, and the intrepidity shown by Mother Warde and her friends no doubt averted what would have been a terrible disaster.

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