



YOUNGEST IRELAND.

STUDIES IN IRISH HISTORY.

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[From United Ireland.]

I am about now to write a little chapter in Irish history—the story of an episode which had one city for its theatre, and which had its fellows and its rivals in other parts of Ireland. One day, in the summer of 1848, a group of young men waited about the post-house in Cork for the arrival of the coach which was to bring the news from Dublin. At that time the railway did not run all the way from Dublin to Cork. It broke off, if I remember rightly, at Tipperary, and from that point the mail and the passengers were conveyed by public coach. Presently the coach came in, and was surrounded by the waiting group, eager for news. One among them was especially eager. He hurriedly questioned as to all that had happened in the Viceroyal city within the last few days, and was told that John Mitchell had been tried, sentenced and transported. "Was there no attempt at rescue?" asked the young Corkman, impulsively. "No," was the answer, "none whatever." The young Corkman shrugged his shoulders. "Bravo, my country! you will be a nation by-and-by," he said, and so walked off. And from that hour he could never be induced to play any part or evince the slightest interest in Irish politics. To his mind the fact that John Mitchell was allowed to go into exile without a hand being lifted to save him, was in itself sufficient proof of the hopelessness of the National cause. Happily for Ireland this pessimistic mood was not generally shared. There were young men in that city by the Lee who did not think that even because the men of '48 had made no attempt to rescue John Mitchell from his sentence, that therefore the fire of patriotism were necessarily extinguished upon the altars of liberty. Forty-eight had failed; but there was no reason why '49 should fail. In this very year, when the English Queen was in Dublin listening to the loyal protests of loyal citizens, and while she was being assured by the Orange clique that the Young Ireland movement meant nothing, and that Ireland was heart and soul devoted to her service, and to English rule, in that year a young man came down on a special visit from Dublin to Cork. The young man bore a name which is dearly dear to Irishmen—Joseph Brennan, better known to his friends, and better known to us to-day as Joe Brennan. Those who knew Joe Brennan are not likely to forget his wonderful dark eyes, his brilliant talk, and, what was better than either, one of the most National hearts that ever beat for Ireland. Joe Brennan was a young Corkman who had gone to Dublin and become a writer on Mitchell's paper, and who, when Mitchell was exiled, had started a paper of his own. He came down to Cork with the deliberate purpose of trying if he could do something to stir into blaze again the revolutionary fires which seemed to have been extinguished when Meagher and O'Doherty, and Smith O'Brien, and the others were sentenced to transportation. Brennan was a man of many and varied gifts. He was also a brilliant writer in prose and in verse. There is one of his early compositions, well remembered by all those who knew him, written on his eighteenth birthday, in which the young Irishman expressed his bitter regret that he has as yet accomplished nothing that is likely to make his name immortal: "Eighteen! why Chatterton was mighty then, And Keats had glimpses into fairy land! And the young poet was almost inclined to regard himself as utterly worthless because he, too, was eighteen, and was not mighty, and had had no glimpses into fairyland, which the world at large cared anything about. He had, however, no reason to complain. His youth was destined to be better spent than in peering into fairyland, or in writing verses like those of Rowley. He was inspired by an unconquerable devotion to his country; by an unwavering ambition to serve her; and he did serve her, not ineffectively. One of the most romantic passages in his romantic life is that he was loved by a gentle poetess who is dear to all Irishmen as the "Mary of the Nation."

Brennan came down to Cork, and entered into negotiations with two young men, both young men, and about his own age. One of them is a member of the present Irish Parliamentary party, and his name is not altogether unknown in literature. The other is now the editor of the most influential paper in the South of Ireland. There was, at this time, a kind of eating-house at Cork, in a street off Patrick street, kept by a Mrs. Heron, which was an establishment distinguished for its sauntered floors, the simplicity of its appointments, and for the excellence of its cookery. It was a great place for supper of a simple kind, and it was very popular with the young men of Cork. At Mrs. Heron's Joe Brennan and his two friends often met in conference. Joe Brennan's plan was simple and not impractical; and, of course, his purpose was revolutionary. He had no great hope of a successful revolution. His idea was that a number of small risings should take place on the very same day, hour, and minute, in different parts of Ireland. That their suddenness and unanimity might serve to distract authority. That at least there would be a struggle; that some brave men would die for Ireland; and that something good for the country must happen out of that. "Who knows but the world may end to-night," says the lover in Browning's poem. Something of the same desperate mood seemed to possess Joe Brennan's men at that time. Let it at least be shown to English domination that there were young men in Ireland ready to die for their country, and then? Well, the world might end; or the English rule might

grow humane; or any other strange and exceedingly unlikely thing might come to pass. It was the dream of a young man, and his friends were all young men—many of them were young men. For the little group of three had soon increased, had spread in many directions, and had drawn into its charmed orbit many allies and comrades, and was widening and extending like the circles of a pool where a stone has fallen. Soon in Cork alone there were a very large number of generous, high souled, pure-hearted young men, whose one dream, hope and ambition was to give their lives for the sake of their country. To do them justice, their scheme was not impractical, and was by no means without sense or hope. They had plenty of arms to begin with. There were few young men in Cork in 1848 who would not boast the possession of a rifle or a sabre, or a pike; and when '48 failed, these rifles and sabres and pikes were hidden away in all sorts of unlikely places—buried in back gardens, or stored away in unsuspecting looking barrels, or put out of sight, if not out of mind somehow. The young men who gathered about Joe Brennan, and who looked up to him as the prophet of a new creed of revolution, could all, at any moment, have laid their hands upon a weapon of some kind or another. Then, too, it must be remembered that their desire was not very difficult to gratify. They did not hope of themselves to win the freedom of Ireland. They only hoped to make a series of desperate efforts to die gallantly, and by their brave deaths to stimulate the national feeling of their country, and to convince the oppressor of their earnestness of purpose, and of their hatred of his rule. They set to work with all seriousness of purpose, and with a right good will. It was the duty of every one of Joe Brennan's friends to swear in as many recruits as he could, and to get these recruits to bring in others to swell the total of insurrection. There were incessant nightly drillings in out-of-the-way places. There were incessant meetings of the revolutionary leaders and of their followers, organized under the pretense of temperance meetings, literary associations and the like. One spot in especial was a favorite place for secret drillings—the place known as Cork Park, in the region where the Cork and Bandon Railway is, then slob land. Here there were continual drillings, where the great object was to get large bodies of men to obey readily the word of command, and to go through military evolutions swiftly and silently. Here, too, it was a great advantage that if at any time unwelcome persons—police or others—did make their appearance, any body of men could immediately and easily disperse and be lost to sight in a few moments. Many men were active in the movement whose names are still remembered in "rebel Cork." There was a smit named Bowes, a very Hercules in a leather apron, whose forge was a special centre of disaffection. There was a cobbler with the name of Mountain, a name grimly appropriate for a member of a party which desired to be regarded as the "mountain" of the Irish rebellion, who played a conspicuous part in the organization, and who afterwards, if I remember rightly, underwent his trial for treason-felony. Another man who took a prominent place in the movement was Phil Gray, ostensibly a pedlar by profession, and who was of rare service in conveying messages from one part of the country to another. At the smith's forge, in the cobbler's shop, in Mrs. Heron's supper rooms, at the private dwellings of the youthful rebels, in all sorts of places in the city, the followers of Joe Brennan—who might almost have called themselves Youngest Ireland—met together, and planned and schemed, and hoped. They had their passwords, of course—their signs and countersigns. If one recruit met another, and wished to be certain of his comradeship and brotherhood, he began by asking him "What's the news?" If the other were one of the League, he immediately made answer, "The harvest is coming!" If this answer was not quite sufficient—if it seemed an answer that might possibly have been made by chance by some uninitiated one, for the harvest was near—he spoke again interrogating thus: "How are we to reap it?" If the man thus interrogated answered: "We'll reap it with steel," he was at once recognized as being of the company of the chosen.

THE FRENCH ATHEIST AND FREEMASON.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF LEO TAXIL.

How this Hater of God and the Church Returned to the Path of Truth—(Converted by a Study of Joan of Arc—What he says About Continental Freemasonry.)

PARIS, Aug. 14.—The correspondent of the Liverpool *Catholic Times* writes:—No more signal case of a supernatural change of heart has occurred in these latter days than the conversion of Leo Taxil. It is hard to realize that the writer of works, so infamous and sacrilegious that it would be impossible to give the titles of some of them in a Catholic paper, has been touched by grace and has resolved to pass the rest of his life in repentance and reparation. To Catholics all over the world this conversion must be interesting; and it was no mere feeling of curiosity which led me to 35 Rue des Ecoles, Paris, where Leo Taxil resides, and by the side of which is the impious *Librairie Anticlericale*, which he has now abandoned for ever. The shelves are still filled with the too well known scurrilous pamphlets and hanging up in the shop is a framed caricature representing the major excommunication issued against the editor. My duties as news paper correspondent often brought me into contact with Leo Taxil in his bad days, and it was not without emotion that we clasped one another's hands and that I congratulated him on his return to the Faith and fear of God. "You see," said Gabriel Jogand Pages, for Leo Taxil is a literary pseudonym, "that like the Prodigal I have humbly asked pardon, and hope to try and repair my terrible career. I am pleased that the true account of my conversion should go out to English speaking Catholics, and here it is in plain, unvarnished words. I am now 32 years of age, just that of the great St. Augustine, when he gave himself to God. Age is, also, my only point of similarity. I began my classical education with the Jesuit Fathers of Mougne. There I studied hard, and above all I remember with joy now that

no more against religion. If ever Joan of Arc be canonised, one of the miracles to be imputed to her intercession will be my conversion." "You have of course been mixed up with Continental secret societies?" "Yes, and when the spiritual part of my probation is over, I intend to publish a book on Freemasonry. Happily, since the Encyclical of Leo XIII. Continental Masonry is slowly sinking. Even in the lodges there are now scenes of revolt against anti-religious aggression. The other day a member insisted on keeping the abstinence of Friday. He said he could do as he pleased; but the members of the lodge indignantly placed meat before him and turned him out because he refused to touch it. On another occasion a member was asked to give a recitation. He immediately treated the assembled company to a poem on the Crucifixion. Expulsion followed forth. Poor Free masonry! There are only 300 lodges in all France. My own impression carefully gathered is that there are not 30,000 downright atheists from Calais to Marseilles. And how many millions of both sexes are there who go to Mass and otherwise follow their religion? French Catholics do not know their own strength. If they did, this tyranny and cruel atheism, which is now the parasite of a spurious Republic, would soon be destroyed. May Heaven help us to do it! As, however, I said before, my task is the cloister for the present. Ask the prayers of the faithful Catholics of Ireland and England for me that I may live worthily and die well, and that I may, up to now, have been a blasphemer, may endeavor to increase the accidental glory of Him Whom I have blasphemed."

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

MIRACULOUS CURES.

The pilgrimage of the congregationists of St. James parish took place on Saturday to Ste. Anne de Beupre. The steamer Canada left the wharf at 6 o'clock p.m., with about 800 persons on board, many of them being from different parts of the United States, and returned to the city yesterday morning.

Among those who attended was a young man named Frest, aged 17, who resides with his father, a shoemaker, at Springfield, Mass. The young man for the past twelve years has been suffering from running sores, his right leg was drawn up to the thigh and he had been unable to walk for over seven years. He has always used crutches. Reading in the *Montreal papers* of the many miracles performed at Ste. Anne, he proposed to his father that he should go, but as they were in poor circumstances the son had to beg through Springfield to procure sufficient money to take him on his voyage. After the necessary funds had been obtained he left home and arrived in town on Saturday in time to attend the St. James parish pilgrimage. Arriving at Ste. Anne, he received Holy Communion on Sunday morning in the chapel, but returned from the chapel without being cured. On going outside he was assisted by a priest who was acquainted with him, and who inquired as to his sickness. The young man said he felt no improvement and seemed discouraged at not being cured. The priest told him not to leave without generating the relics of Ste. Anne, and him daintily took him to the place. The Rev. Father made him venerate the relic and also applied it to his breast. At the instant he felt an unaccountable motion, his legs appeared to straighten and his wound closed. He set up without the aid of his crutches and left the church happy, and perfectly cured. On the return of the pilgrimage to Montreal, the young man went to an aunt's who resides in the city and was subsequently examined by Drs. Bourque and Jacques, who pronounced the cure to be perfect and constant.

At a recent session of the parishioners of St. Anne de Beupre, a poor woman who had been paralysed for several years attended and went to Communion in the chapel. After Communion she left her crutches in the church and returned home completely cured. She is at present the same as if she had never been sick.

THE HULL PILGRIMAGE.

The pilgrimage which left Hull on Tuesday, 11th inst., for Ste. Anne de Beupre, passed through the city on its way home. There were about eleven hundred pilgrims, under the direction of the Rev. Father Gavin, together with many others from different parishes. At Ste. Anne there were two miraculous cures performed. A young man named Roy, aged 18 years, and a citizen of Hull, after being obliged to use crutches for over six years, attended the pilgrimage and was very devout during the voyage. Arriving at the shrine he went to Communion, and on getting up from his kneeling position felt quite cured. He deposited the crutches at the balustrade and returned to his seat without aid, where he heard Mass. He was in the city yesterday, and had not the appearance of a man who ever used crutches. Another miracle resulted in the almost complete curing of Mr. F. X. Dumais, aged 30 years, and a citizen of Hull. For the past two years Mr. Dumais was unable to walk from the effects of an excess of work; he attended the pilgrimage with the aid of a cane, which he left at the balustrade opposite the altar of Ste. Anne. About fifteen priests took part in the pilgrimage.

DAVITT AND PARNELL.

DUBLIN, August 15.—In a speech at Longford to-day, Michael Davitt said he was quite in accord with Mr. Parnell, and would assist the latter's candidates in their canvass for the coming elections.

A MESSAGE FROM MR. PARNELL.

CHICAGO, August 15.—The object of the meeting of prominent Irishmen here is to consider the best methods of re-establishing the Irish National League on a firm and enduring basis. The session of the Executive Committee of the National League commenced at 10 o'clock, all the members being present, except Mr. Flaherty, of Boston. During the conference a despatch from Charles Stewart Parnell was read advising the meeting to fix upon a date subsequent to the English elections for the holding of the next annual convention of the League. The Executive Committee decided to hold the National Convention at Chicago in January, the exact date to be fixed through correspondence between Parnell and Egan.

A JUBILEE ALTAR FOR LEO XIII.

ROME, August 15.—The commission for the Jubilee Celebration of his Holiness Leo XIII. has opened a competition for an altar design to be wrought out and presented to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, which will occur in 1887. The altar will comprise *procella, mensa and rostrum*, with accessories of ciborium, candelabra, crucifix, altar cards, &c. It is to be in the Italian Gothic style, such as was in vogue in the fourteenth and in the first half of the fifteenth centuries; it will be in carved wood, gilded and painted, and with pictures in harmony with the whole style of the construction. The designs will consist of a plan, front and side views, one tenth of the size intended; but the details shall be shown full size. The sum of 3,500 francs will be awarded to the artist whose design will be awarded to the 700 francs, 500 and 300 to the next best.

SUICIDE IN LONDON.

LONDON, August 15.—This morning was committed the seventh suicide within six weeks at Highgate archway. This bridge, spanning the road made many years ago to outflank Highgate hill and save travellers to the north the necessity of climbing that formidable obstacle, is seventy feet above the level, and the parapet on the Hornsey side of the bridge is very low and dangerous. The coroner at previous inquests called attention to the condition of the parapet, but no action has been taken by the local authorities. The suicide this morning was Ann Baxter, a dressmaker's assistant, seventeen years of age. In her pocket was found an open letter, which stated in well chosen diction that she was being unduly and of increasing either the army of vice or mendicancy, she had resolved to take her life. A verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

A RESULT OF SUPERSTITION.

ATLANTA, Ga., August 14.—Ambrose Belden, a prosperous negro, was treated for some time by a Voodoo doctor. Becoming wearied by the doctor's demands for money Belden dismissed him. The conjurer turned upon Belden and shaking his finger at him said, "For this your entrails shall burn, and burn, and burn." Next day Belden felt what he imagined to be a fire burning fiercely within him. His case baffled the skill of the doctors, who say he will die. Many negroes in the vicinity are held under thralldom by Voodoo doctors.

OUT OF HIS COFFIN.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 12.—Derrick Paughern, a wealthy farmer of Oregon Township, Ind., was taken ill several days ago of pneumonia. Saturday evening the physicians pronounced him dead and arrangements were being made to prepare the remains for the coffin, when the corpse started up in bed and asked for a glass of water. In a short time Paughern breathed freely, and is now out of danger.

TRAINING YOUNG IRELAND.

THE SPLENDID WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS—A DAY ON THE HILL OF HOWTH.

BALDOYLE, July 28.—Americans who take the trouble to visit in succession the beautiful suburbs of Dublin, and principal point along the neighboring sea coast within a radius of twenty miles, cannot wonder at the indignation felt by Irishmen at the studied neglect with which the British Government has treated this great city, and its unutilized advantages as a great emporium and summer resort. As I looked down yesterday afternoon from the lofty shoulders of the Hill of Howth on the glorious bay of Dublin spread out at my feet, with its long line of lovely shores from Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey, away to Bray Head and blue Wicklow Mountains, enclosing the Glendalough and the Vale of Avonca, I wondered that these bright towns and pleasant villages, combining a climate as balmy in summer as Vevey and Lucerne, with endless reaches of white sandy beach more inviting than New-Port or Long Beach, and the exquisite rural scenery and grand mountain features behind—did not make of this sunny seacoast the favorite resort of the British public. Were our New York fortunate enough to possess, within thirty minutes travel by rail, such an admirably situated spot as the Hill of Howth, with its antiquities, its magnificent prospects over sea and land, its winding paths above cliffs 300 and 400 feet high, and the balmy breezes that fan its brow in the hottest July weather, its slopes would soon be transformed into a paradise. As it is, and apart from the absence of industrial activity and flourishing commerce—the curse of a landlordism, which will neither improve these advantages nor encourage amelioration—the Hill of Howth overlooks Dublin Bay and the channel beyond like a stupendous monument of selfish stolidity and judicial blindness.

I had, however, on my way hither a spectacle which raised high my hopes of a near and mighty change. Just as we were entering the railway train to Howth at the Amicus street station I beheld a crowd of boys—schoolboys, evidently, young boys, all of them of ages between 9 and 13—who were streaming on to the platform. They were all dressed in a neat uniform of dark blue cloth, with caps of the same color and white down-turned collars, looking for all the world like gentlemen's sons going on a holiday excursion.

I soon perceived that they were the pupils of the great Christian Brother's orphanage school at Glasnevin, who had so won my admiration some weeks ago, and whose various proficiency, discipline, and radiant happiness impressed on them so deeply. Among other things cultivated in that establishment, as in all the schools conducted by the Brothers, is music, vocal and instrumental, taught by the best masters and after the very best methods. Much as I had been struck at the performance of band and orchestra, which I saw and heard at Glasnevin, appeared still more wonderful. I came during recreation hours upon an orchestra of some forty performers, the oldest of whom was only 13, and they were executing "Il Trovatore" under the direction of a little Limerick boy of 12, who plied his conductor's baton with an ease and a skill that showed all absence of self-consciousness. The piece over, they played a selection of Irish music, the little conductor taking the part of first violin and one of the Brothers conducting. It was like a dream to me, and may appear incredible to more than one of your readers, especially when I tell you that not one of the other essential or important matters of education in the school as referred here to the cultivation of a taste for a beautiful and pleasant music, and that the boys as easily as you talk in the most sensible and sonorous.

The little Limerick boy, to resume the thread of my narration, who acted as the orchestral conductor at the time of my visit, ran up smiling to salute me, and then his companions poured past me, all defiling their caps and smiling their bright, sweet, boyish smiles. How innocent, how happy, how intelligent these 150 orphan children are made and kept by the tender, loving, and yet firm culture of these devoted men!

Twice a week the Brothers take them out during vacation to a country house on the beach at Baldoyle, where they bathe, play cricket, run about the smooth sands, their admirable hand discarding enchanting music in the evening from 6 to 7½ to the delighted inhabitants and sojourners of Howth, who flock to enjoy the rare spectacle of such rare artistic excellence at so early an age.

The good Brothers have lately purchased at Baldoyle three houses with their grounds, in order to afford their own hard-worked members, and their deaf mute pupils at Cabra, as well as the orphan boys at Glasnevin, the advantages of sea bathing and change of air. I was ignorant of these facts when I accepted the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Swan to visit Baldoyle, and explore in his company the scenery and antiquities of the Hill of Howth. The deaf mutes are lodged in a large mansion obtained from the Mahonys of Birney, the family of "Father Frost." There is a lawn and a large fruit, flower and kitchen garden. As we wandered through the house, situated on the very neck of the peninsula dividing the Bay of Dublin from the channel, our view ranged over the blue waters on each side, and the brown and purple sides of Howth rising up in the background. Presently one division of the little deaf mutes came in from the beach and their morning bath, dressed in nice linen coats and their bathing dresses on their arms. They recognized us and greeted us warmly. Remember that most of these are waifs from every part of Ireland, and are admirably educated at Cabra, and made here to enjoy in vacation all the comforts and privileges often denied to the 99 of more parents.

Continued on 7th page.