

One of the charges most frequently preferred against Irishmen is, that they are absolutely unfitted for any kind of business except that of saloon-keeping or of manipulating ward politics. Here is a most emphatic contradiction to this charge. Mr. Lannan, a pure type of the aboriginal Irishman, has made a success of a journalistic enterprise in which Englishmen, Scotchmen and Americans failed. It may be urged that the Gentile journalism of Utah is beneath the standard of legitimate newspaper morality, and that is why the superior intellects of Tullidge and Sawyer failed in what Lannan made a success. If that is so, a hickory conscience, and a petrified soul has more to do with journalistic success than an educated mind, a comprehensive intellect, and an exalted morality.

But it is not with this special province of journalism that I wish to deal. From Mr. Lannan the mind naturally turns to Mr. Morrison, of Arizona. This latter gentleman, it appears, is also a success, but in that special line for which critics say he is adapted—politics. To make the triangle, another name comes to mind, that of Mr. Lynch, foreman of the grand inquisition which indicted a dead bishop for whistling "Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea." Mr. Lynch may not be a native of Ireland, but you may as well try to disassociate the moors of Connemara from the geography of Ireland as to disconnect the name of Lynch from Irish history. In fact, it was a mayor of Galway of that name who gave us the well-known phrase "Lynch-law." It is true there is a very prominent gentleman in the South named Lynch, but his color is too pronounced to be of Celtic origin, though his heart may be whiter than that of his namesake.

Don't think for a minute that I am about to enter into the cheap wit and stale satire usually indulged in about natives of Ireland. Don't think that I am one of those who gloat over the faults, errors and misfortunes of Irishmen. On the contrary, I am one of the few that believe the very name of Ireland sacred, and that if she had her proper meed she would indeed be the first gem of the sea. That grand high priest of poetry, Lord Byron, said of one of Ireland's sons, the great Sheridan:

When the loud cry of trampled Hindoostan
Arose to Heaven, in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder—His the avenging
rod;

The wrath—the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips,
and blazed

Till vanquished Senators trembled as they
praised.

It was another of Ireland's sons, the glorious Henry Grattan, who uttered in an invective against Flood the following words:

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy, decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he has called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a meta-

phor in his mouth, and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Flood was a degenerate, debauched Irishman, who as a British legislator accepted bribes to help to send an army of his countrymen to fight against George Washington. Mr. Grattan was not slow in characterizing the viper Flood in the proper manner; and, remember, at this time (110 years ago), to say a word in England favorable to America was about equal in our time to raise a voice in favor of fair-play for the "Mormons." Yes, it was an Irishman who proclaimed in the teeth of British Tories that America was "the only refuge of the liberties of mankind," and the only hope of unfortunate Ireland. To the honor of Ireland's men of genius, we invariably find them on the right side—always fighting against tyranny and oppression.

Unfortunately we find too many of Ireland's sons on the wrong side. But they are the offal of the Irish race. Every man in the Irish police force is a native Irishman, and instances have been frequent where they shot down their own relatives and kinsmen for the paltry two shillings a day given by the British government. The two most despicable characters in Great Britain today are two genuine Roman Catholic Irishmen. The one is Captain O'Shea, the other Peter O'Brien, recently appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland by Balfour, because he packed juries to convict Gladstonites. The last gentleman is known as "Peter the Packer" from his dexterity in packing juries.

As to the other, the English language has no word forcible enough to define his baseness. I know of but one word in any language to fit him, and that is in the Mexican-Spanish "*Cavron*."

As we have seen that Ireland embraces all shades of humanity, from the lowest to the highest, how is it that in the minds of English and indeed American writers, the average Irishman is invariably associated with all that is vile and wicked in humanity? This is very easily accounted for. It was first started by a gang of unscrupulous preachers and politicians who wanted to make Ireland a farm for their own benefit, and sent the most dreadful accounts of the country across to England. It soon became common in England that no law was too severe for Ireland, and Englishmen honestly believed that Ireland was savage.

An Englishman who took it into his head to investigate for himself, actually crossed the channel to see Ireland. The result of his experiences he embodied in a little poem, and placed it before his own countrymen. For the edification of the triangle—Lynch, Lannan and Morrison, I cheerfully submit the Saxon's poem. It is entitled "The Native Irishman." Here it is:

Before I came across the sea
To this delightful place,
I thought the native Irish were
A funny sort of race;

I thought they bore shillelagh-sprigs,
And that they always said:
"Och hone, accushla, tare-an-ouns,
Begorra," and "bedad!"

I thought they sported crownless hats
With dundees in the rim;
I thought they wore long trailing coats
And knickerbockers trim;
I thought they went about the place
As tight as they could get;
And that they always had a fight
With everyone they met.

I thought their noses all turned up
Just like a crooked pin;
I thought their mouths six inches wide
And always on the grin;
I thought their heads were made of stuff
As hard as any nails;
I half suspected that they were
Possessed of little tails.

But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such;
I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons';
I found that some wore billycocks,
And some had pantaloons.

I found their teeth were quite as small
As Europeans' are,
And that their ears, in point of size,
Were not peculiar.
I even saw a face or two
Which might be handsome called;
And by their very largest feet
I was not much appalled.

I found them sober, now and then,
And even in the street,
It seems they do not have a fight
With ev'ry boy they meet.
I even found some honest men
Among the very poor;
And I have heard some sentences
Which did not end with "shure."

It seems that prates in their skins
Are not their only food,
And that they have a house or two
Which is not built of mud.
In fact, they're not all brutes or fools,
And I suspect that when
They rule themselves they'll be as good,
Almost, as Englishmen!

This is an actual experience. The poem was recently published in a Chicago journal for which Mr. Morrison of New Mexico once corresponded. This Englishman went to Ireland firmly believing that he would find Mr. Morrison's grandfather decorated with a tail. He also thought to find Mr. Lannan's progenitor a fac-simile of an orang-outang; the Mayor Lynch of Galway was supposed to be minus pantaloons, adorned with a tiptilted nose, graced with a mouth from ear to ear, and with teeth like the tusk of a wild boar. No such thing; the Englishman found the Lynches, the Lannans, and Morrisons much the same as the rest of humanity all the world over.

O! shades of Sheridan, Burke and Grattan! If from your seats in the heavens tonight you can behold what is transpiring in America, the country you so gallantly upheld in the face of royalty, treachery and knavery, inspire with your heavenly spirit some earthly form to proclaim and denounce the villainess, the meanness and depravity of a few of your countrymen in Utah who are engaged in villifying honest men and virtuous women, as did the carpet-baggers of Ireland one hundred years ago. Inspire with your sacred soul some American orator to denounce the system of spoliation, misrepresentation and political disfranchisement now going on in the Great Republic of Washington, Jefferson and Adams.

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