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D.M.P.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Secret

Superintendent's Office, **G** Division,
28th July 15
190

Subject:—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 27th Inst. the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75 Parnell St. John O'Mahony and Joseph McGuinness for half an hour between 12 & 1 p. m. James J. Buggy James Murray, Thomas McDonagh, Wm. O'Leary Curtis, T. J. Sheehan, B. Parsons, Arthur Griffith, and C. J. Kickham together for close on an hour from 10 p. m.

Griffith left Amiens St. at 5 a. m. for Belfast, and returned at 9 p. m. He shortly after arrival went to Clarkes where he was observed as stated.

James Murray, John O'Mahony; C. J. Kickham; Joseph McGuinness; E. Daly; E. Kent Geo. Irvine; James Stritch; T. McCarthy; R. O'Carroll, T. C.; James Connolly, Transport Workers' Union, and William O'Brien, Trades Council, at 41 Parnell Square for half an hour from 8 p. m. The meeting

was

THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

The Under Secretary.

Submitted.

W. E. Johnston

C. Comm 28/7.

Under Secretary

Submitted.

W. E. Johnston

28. VII. 15.

C.S. The Citizen Army as well as Irish Volunteers will take part in Sunday's demonstration

Seen by Chief Comm. 28/7

28/7

was engaged in perfecting the arrangements for the public funeral of O'Donovan Rossa which takes place on Sunday next. About 400 Sinn Fein Volunteers were at the same time drilled in the Hall at the rear of the premises. No details as to the funeral procession are yet available, but after to-day the remains will be at the City Hall until 2 p. m. on Sunday, when the interment takes place in Glasnevin Cemetery.

Attached is a copy of this week's issue of "The Hibernian" which does not appear to contain anything deserving particular attention.

Owen'Brien
 Superintendent.

The Hibernian

Incorporated with the
NATIONAL HIBERNIAN

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARENT BODY OF
 ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN IRELAND
 IN ALLIANCE WITH THE A.O.H. IN AMERICA.

Vol. I. No. 9. New Series.

SATURDAY, JULY 31st, 1915

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

[With which is incorporated The National Hibernian]
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Offices:
 Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.
 All literary communications must reach the Editor
 not later than the first post on Monday morning.

ROSSA

By Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa.

I saw him first in troublous times, when
 spies were on his track,
 And he had little golden store of fortune at
 his back;
 Then numerous the straits and shifts his
 management required,
 To keep the organ of the cause in order as
 desired.

And yet he never seemed to feel a sorrow
 or a care,
 A boy's heart laughed within his breast
 when most his purse was bare:
 A boy's fresh daring thrilled his pulse when
 work was to be done,
 And in his manhood's prime he seemed his
 country's youngest son.

I saw him standing in the dock, where fate
 had sent before
 An Emmet, Orr, Fitzgerald, Tone, his face
 the expression wore
 Of calm disdain for tyranny, of patriot love,
 of truth,
 Of reckless rugged hope that buoyed his
 golden heart of youth.

Who that has seen can e'er forget that man
 of proud command,
 That flashing eye and open brow and firm,
 unshrinking stand;
 That fearless majesty of love which answer-
 ing cried with scorn:
 "I am an Irishman, my lord, thank God,
 since I was born."

I saw him clank a felon's chain, I saw him
 —sight accursed—
 The blood boiled swelling in my veins, my
 soul seemed as 'twould burst—
 Degraded in a motley garb — cropped,
 guarded, shorn, and caged;
 A spectacle for eyes that wept with love and
 grief enraged.

I saw him when a nation's prayer unlocked
 his prison door,
 When lean and worn, yet green of heart,
 beside his native shore,
 He stood, a hero exiled, doomed on deck
 and outward bound,
 While with his worshipped name the hills
 were echoing around.

Swarmed was the sea with little boats that
 added their acclaim,
 And from a thousand lusty throats the
 breath of incense came.
 Green banners fluttered in the breeze—the
 harp without the crown—
 And "God Save Ireland," shouted all, and
 "strike oppression down."

I saw him on Columbian soil with almost
 royal rites,
 Received and sought by those who were, or
 would be—leading lights.
 Political intriguers, too, were there to buy
 a name
 Whose mere recital stirred the honest
 masses to a flame.

Too loyal to make capital of public honours
 won,
 He chose a thorny path to walk unaided and
 alone.
 Unspoiled by flattery, unchanged, "head-
 level," modest, true,
 His heart remained the boy's heart still his
 oldest comrades knew.

Too simple for the golden bait that sought
 his honest hand,
 He knew not Fortune when she came beside
 his chair to stand.
 Too sturdy to be silent when his faith im-
 pelled him on,
 He still proclaimed that liberty on weaponed
 warfare shone.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

I see him now, his face is pale,
 His fearless eyes are dim;
 Heartsick, with hope frustrated,
 No longer light of limb,
 He lies a prey to life's decay,
 A warrior fallen by the way
 Who waits the spectre grim.

ROSSA AND FREEDOM.

To-morrow, the remains of one of Ire-
 land's noblest sons will, with all the
 solemnity attaching to the occasion, be
 borne through the streets of Ireland's
 capital to their last resting place in Glas-
 nevin, where they will lie side by side
 with the other patriots who died for Ireland
 and are interred there.

From the Greater Ireland beyond the seas
 the cold corpse of O'Donovan Rossa has
 been conveyed across the heaving waste of
 waters that separates us from its shores,
 and all that is mortal of him will be gathered
 to the breast of Dark Rosaleen, to forever
 rest in her bruised bosom.

The long span of life granted the deceased
 patriot was one of truly noble endeavour,
 and though the scattered children of the
 Gael mourn his loss, and heartfelt prayers
 swell from their sorrowed hearts for his

eternal weal, his spirit still goes marching
 on. Rossa's life is an object lesson to us
 all. To read and ponder it is to imbue us
 with that fierce love he ever bore his shackled
 country.

The Great Architect, in His all-wise
 providence, fashioned Ireland to be an
 independent nation. The very contour of
 our ocean isle, with its precipitous cliffs
 rising as a barrier against Albion, and our
 Western shores running down to greet
 with outstretched arms the broad Atlantic's
 warmth-giving waters, proves the Divine
 plan.

Rossa realised it all—his youthful dreams,
 his mature judgment, the ripe experience
 of his old age, all combined to but further
 strengthen the dominant note that throbbed
 along the high-strung fibres of his giant
 frame, sounding always the glorious paean
 of an Ireland free and independent. Well
 could he sing:

My pride shall be
 Deep love for thee,
 My hope, a true son's aid to render;
 My fixed belief
 That thy brow of grief
 Shall yet be bound with a crown of splendour.

Many have fallen in the stress of battle
 urged to attain that great end. They went
 down fighting, but others there were eager
 and ready to fill the gap and keep the colours
 flying. In Rossa another great leader has
 gone; but, thank God, others will arise to
 fill his place. The cause of Irish freedom
 still goes on. Vibrant and insistent the
 demand for freedom rises trumpet-tongued,
 not alone from Erin, but her exiled children
 the wide world o'er re-echo the mighty cry.
 It is a cry that has oft shaken the tyrant on
 his throne; against the call for freedom
 naught can stand. And to-day, over Rossa's
 remains, ere they are consigned to mother-
 earth, the united demand for freedom will
 again go forth from Ireland's sons and
 daughters. Freedom is our right by decree
 Divine; by the holy dead we swear we'll
 attain it.

Ours no cringing whine for concessions,
 no sycophantic pleading for the crumbs
 from the Tyrant's table. Undeterred by
 threats of expatriation or the vision of
 dungeon walls, our Irish people are still
 determined. Let traitors be lured by the
 glitter of Sassenach gold, the heart of
 Ireland is still sound.

No threnody shall we sing for the de-
 parted Chief, rather a hymn of praise and
 thanksgiving that, in both life and death,
 he was and is to us an inspiration. Tenderly
 we'll lay him in Irish clay, and soon the
 fresh green grass will lie close to that
 breast within which the mighty heart is
 forever stilled. And when the last sad rites
 are o'er, with heads erect and stern mien
 we'll go forth to wage anew the fight for
 liberty, raising our battle slogan, Defiance
 to the tyrant!

SUBMERGED

THE STORY OF AN IRISH EMIGRANT.

By THE SHAUGHRAUN.

A Sassenach Unchanged.

It is stated by liberal-minded Englishmen that such a thing as the hanging of "The Three" on such flimsy evidence could not occur at the present time. To use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, "the leopard cannot change its spots." We have only to direct our gaze to South Africa fifteen years ago, when young Scheepers was court-martialled, sentenced, and shot dead beside his open grave—as the world now knows wrongfully. And of the positively indecent haste with which Dhingna, the East Indian, was tried, sentenced and executed only a few years ago. While India and Egypt are object lessons of the blood-thirstiness still of the "Predominant Partner."

Arsenical Beer—Its Effects.

A couple of days' work in one place, perhaps a week or two in another; but nothing of a permanent nature came the way of the Irish lad. In grim despair, he drank full and plenty of the vile, arsenical concoction which was sold as "beer"—poisoning both mind and body—which leaves men wrecks in a few months, often in less time, and has been known to kill outright men and women who have indulged in it too freely.

This "beer" is pleasant to the palate, and cheap—that is, so far as the cash account is concerned—and does not leave any of those nauseous effects after it which liquors less harmful do when taken in excess. The symptoms on awakening from sleep are a raging, burning thirst, which nothing but time can quench, and a feeling of pleasant lassitude so long as the victim is lying still; but if he attempts to arise from his bed or make the slightest movement, he is powerless, and continues in that state for three or four hours until the fumes wear off. Sometimes death intervenes, however, before this. The faculties are quite active—in fact, abnormally so; and the emigrant's plight when he would come to his senses can better be imagined than described.

Enraged with himself, cursing the world which had used him so badly, more than once he imagined self-destruction an easy release. Then, in saner moments, would arise before him visions of his widowed mother and the sister who loved him in holy Ireland. Great God! Could he bring disgrace upon those he loved so dearly, and who were anxiously praying and waiting for him in that land which, to him now, seemed so far away?

The Emigrant's Despair.

Bad luck had dogged his footsteps for many weary months now; but, surely, there was a just God looking down upon all men, and it could not be but that the prayers of his saintly mother on his behalf would not go unheard. If there was no justice on earth there was justice in Heaven.

Then would come the black thoughts tumbling over each other in his mind.

There is no God, or He would not permit a human being who had done no wrong to be thus tortured in body and soul! There is no Hell! There is no Heaven! No Religion! No Charity! No Mercy! Everything most sacred to the minds of Christians was to his disordered mind a sham, a hypocrisy, and a mockery.

In a paroxysm of despair he determined to leave the dark and dismal city which to others was so fair, and wandered for miles through the beautiful country until darkness overtook him, when, footsore, hungry and weary, he laid his tired body, supperless, under the shade of a friendly hedge to sleep.

On Tramp.

Awakening the following morning ravenously hungry, he espied a field of potatoes; and to dig up a few, kindle a fire, and roast them in the embers did not take a very long space of time, and if it was not a feast that an epicure might enthuse over, still it was satisfying, and put fresh strength into the lonely wayfarer.

"Thou shalt not steal" is a Commandment; and if this was stealing our friend must plead guilty. It is undoubtedly a crime in the eyes of the world for a starving man to take the wherewithal to satisfy the gnawings of an empty stomach; but He who said "Feed the hungry" knows the temptation to which the traveller was put, and will be merciful. Whether he did break the law of the Church or the law of the Land, the law of Self-Preservation is predominant with all, be he Peer, Peasant, or Pauper.

Through towns and villages he passed, trudging along muddy, ill-kept roads for the most part, taking no count of time or distance. On and still on he went on his weary march, until at length tired nature gave way and he was compelled to seek rest—a friendly cattle-shed was his bedroom, and a heap of straw his couch. Slumber deep and pleasant released him from his cares for a spell.

The morning came and he awoke, though somewhat refreshed, but dispirited and listless. What a bleak prospect! The same weary round to be gone through. No food. No work. No rest. Starvation, stark and gaunt, stared him in the face. Never were the poor emigrant's fortunes at lower ebb.

There was, of course, open to him the Casual ward of the workhouse. No; he would rather starve than face that. All self-respect left men, as he well knew from the experience of others, once they entered there. The Casual ward was not for such as he.

It was not that he had any too fine scruples as to eating the bread of Charity—any bread would have been good to him just then—but he had that horror of the pauper stain which is so much engrained in the Irish poor. He thought were he to enter the Union it would break forever the last link that bound him to his happy past. Linked with these thoughts our traveller knew also that he would be unable to accomplish in reasonable time the task which he would be put upon by the Labour Master if he did enter the institution, after he had had his supper, bed and breakfast.

Day after day he covered many a weary mile, and depending mostly on the fields for his subsistence, and the friendly shelter of the hedges or trees during the night. Finally, having wandered hither and thither, he chanced upon a town in the North where there was a "rush" in his business, and got started. He felt he had "struck oil" at last, as Americans would say.

Home Once More.

For three months he laboured in his situation until a letter reached him one day which contained news which sent him packing hot haste to catch a train for Liverpool and, from that port, the boat for Holy Ireland. He arrived in Belfast safely, and a short train journey brought him to his home, where the "lock-out" being over and business brisk he was once more engaged in his native town.

This is the story of one of the "lucky" emigrants who was enabled to return to his own country; but what of the hundreds of Irish men and boys, respectably reared, who are compelled through stress of circumstances to remain in a foreign land to their dying day, undergoing the horrors of semi-starvation, the Casual ward, the doss-houses, the streets, and associating with the very dregs of the earth?

Every year, Irish men and boys, women and girls, sink into the abyssal depths of sin, poverty, and crime in the slums of English cities with never a chance to rise again, or retrieve their once honoured name.

How the Poor are Buried.

Then they die, and are buried at the expense of the community in unhonoured, unhallowed and nameless pits—to call them graves would be a misnomer. They have not even the solitary gratification of knowing that they will have a spot of God's earth to call their own in death, as from four to six "coffins" are piled up on top of each other in a deep, dank hole, without breastplate, headstone, or cross. They are covered up, and all trace of them is lost forever to the friends who may be anxiously waiting for the letter from the dear dead absent one which now will never come.

TIPPERARY.

'Tis overseas and overseas—sure, far it is, they say,
The road to Tipperary town must be long and far
away;

But memory shows a nearer road, by fairy paths
it goes,
And all the joy along the way the heart within
me knows.

For pictured clear on Irish hearts and dear to Irish
eyes,
The roadway back to Erin's land forever beckoning
lies,
From all the world the pathways run to scenes of
old delights—
To purple hills where shamrocks wave and fairies
dance o' nights.

On memory's road the little folk go singing golden
news,
And morning comes a-shimmering with radiant,
living hues—
No cold, grey weather saddens you, no sorrow
weighs you down,
Upon the road that memory takes to Tipperary
town.

The waving grass is greener there where Shannon
water flows,
The clasp o' hands is truer there where all my
yearnin' goes,
To find the lilt of songs I sung and dreams I laid
away
Beneath the green of Irish sod my road to yesterday.

'Tis overseas and overlands, with half a world
between,
But dreamers know another path where lush grass
glimmers green,
A nearer road and dearer road—each Irish exile
knows
The way to Tipperary town, where memory's path-
way goes.

MAY STANLEY.

A MILITARY COLUMN

As the Hibernian Rifles attached to Div. 86 are about going into camp, the following extracts, from a lecture delivered by Dr. F. M. Sandwith Gresham, Professor of Physic, should gain their interest. The lecture dealt with the Health of the Soldier, and for that reason should command still further attention at the hands of our military section:

"The officer responsible for the health of the soldiers-realises that the sternest determination and the most flexible courage are, to a very considerable extent, dependent upon physical conditions. The Japanese have set us an example which it has been the endeavour of every civilised nation to follow. Their skill lay in the adaptation of the best hygienic principles to the life of the soldier in times of peace, and, as far as possible, in time of war.

"The effect of the physical training of the soldier is one of the most important studies which come within the scope of the medical officer; and of all physical exertions to which his training is directed, marching is the most important. 'Victory,' said Marshal Saxe, 'is a question of legs.' The army which can out-march its adversary gains an enormous advantage. Men on properly organised marches are usually healthy; and, if the weaklings only fall out, the loss in the eventual fighting power of the force is not serious. But, to ensure good marching, certain factors are necessary: the men must have preliminary training in marching, they must have proper intervals of rest, their water supply must be plentiful, and, above all, their boots and their equipment must be easy and comfortable.

Food is of less importance to the well-fed soldier when marching than drink, for he has a reserve of fat on which he can draw in an emergency, whereas his reserve of water is very small; and water-starvation comes quickly and is more unendurable than any other form of physical suffering. A cruel superstition used to prevail that it was dangerous to anyone to drink when engaged in active exercise. When a man is undergoing severe exercise a large quantity of waste products accumulate in the blood, and unless a plentiful supply of water is allowed him, this waste acts as a poison to the system. The expenditure of water during work is in direct proportion to the work done. It is, therefore, indispensable that the water-bottle should be filled often and used reasonably, the soldier having to exercise self-restraint in districts where the water is scarce or bad."

While Professor Sandwith deprecates the use of alcohol by men on the march—owing to the momentary physical and mental elation caused, being inevitably followed by a corresponding depression disastrous to any who have to undergo severe physical exertion—declares:

"Alcohol, administered medicinally and in small quantities at the end of a hard day's march or work, is, however, often desirable. Great fatigue is apt to cause a total loss of appetite; and exhausted men will often refuse the food which is necessary for their well-being, simply because they feel themselves unable to begin it. Alcohol administered at this moment stimulates the heart and promotes a flow of the necessary gastric juices in the stomach, so that the food at once becomes appetising, and is digested satisfactorily. So well is this recognised, that men who are total abstainers in ordinary life will put aside their principles for the duration of a long continued march and take their rum ration like the rest before the evening meal, with only the best results.

Division reports for insertion in following number of "The Hibernian" should reach the Editor at latest on Saturday.

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WM. TOBIN, The Hibernian Hall,
28 Nth. Frederick St., Dublin.

The Ladies' Auxiliary is also open to receive new members. Division 3 (St. Rita) offers same benefits as above. Apply:
MISS N. KELLY, 28 Nth. Frederick St., Dublin

"GLARING FALSITIES."

IRISH AMERICANS EXPOSE THE GRAND ORIENT HIBERNIANS.

On the seventeenth day of July, 1909, there was issued to the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America an official circular by the National Board thereof, which is entitled to publication in these columns as supplementing the statements contained in the Envoys' Manifesto embodied in our Ananias Redivivus article of July 10. We feel sure our readers will peruse it with attention, and that the gentleman in No. 1 Mountjoy Square who is so prone to making reckless statements about Irish Nationalists, will find its digestibility comparatively easy.

The document, which is as follows, requested first of all that same was to be read at two successive Division meetings, and preserved for future reference:

"To the Members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, Greeting:
Gentlemen and Brothers,

"Pending the submission of a full and complete report of the envoys of our organisation who were sent to Ireland by a unanimous vote of the Indianapolis Convention, which will be submitted to the next National Convention, we desire at this time to present to you a brief statement relative to the work of the envoys, and other matters of vital interest to the welfare of our Order.

"Our envoys' report to your National Board is a clear and concise account of what has been accomplished, supplemented by all the correspondence, with sworn statements of what transpired at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, during the conference of the representatives of the Irish and American bodies. All of these most important matters of detail can not be included in the communication, but will be fully submitted to the Portland National Convention.

"Our Envoys sailed for Ireland on April 23rd, 1909. While on the water they received an unsigned wireless message, clearly showing that determined efforts were being made to make their mission of peace and unity a failure.

"The 'Irish World' of New York and the United Irish League Bulletin of Boston led the way in this vicious and unwarranted attack on this side of the water. The 'Irish News' of Belfast, controlled by the National President of the so-called Board of Erin, and the 'Hibernian Journal,' the official organ of that body, edited by National Secretary Nugent, were the chief instruments of mischief used in Ireland, even before our representatives landed on Irish soil.

"In the 'Irish World' of April 10th, there were three columns of an editorial containing false and malicious statements in every expression. Among these was one which stated that 'Mr. Cummins went to Ireland a self-appointed missionary without any warrant or authority whatever to act in the capacity of envoy or delegate from any body of Irishmen in America.' It is hardly necessary to point out to our members the glaring falsity of such a statement, when it was a matter of public record in America that Mr. Cummings and his colleague were instructed to go to Ireland by the unanimous vote of the Indianapolis Convention.

"The tissue of falsehoods contained in the editorial mentioned above were circulated in New York through the 'Irish World' on Wednesday, April 7th, four days before our envoys landed in Ireland; and a few days later these same untruths were industriously circulated in Ireland, before it could be known, through any public expression from the envoys, what their intentions were in relation to their mission.

"For the information of our members in America it may be stated that during their

two months stay in Ireland our envoys were made the target of the most violent abuse in the Press controlled by the representatives of the organisation known as the Board of Erin. In the conference which Mr. Cummings and Father O'Donnell succeeded in calling together at the Gresham Hotel, our envoys were viciously insulted by the National Officials of that organisation. Slanderous circulars were scattered broadcast throughout Ireland, and even the public streets of Dublin were made the scene of an exhibition of insulting placards carried on the backs of tottering old men, seeking to hold our representatives up to the ridicule of the Irish people, and in every conceivable way belittling their presence in the Motherland.

"But in spite of these nefarious efforts to frustrate the mission of the envoys, your National Board takes pleasure in stating that never before were two representative Irishmen received in the old land with a more generous welcome from the Cardinal Primate of all Ireland and Bishops, Priests and People. Complimentary addresses were presented in every town and city where they visited, and the people thronged in thousands to greet them. Leading Catholic Clergymen everywhere hailed them with the most cordial welcome and good wishes; and in the great College of Maynooth, the very heart of Catholic Ireland, honours were bestowed upon them by the President and faculty never before given to visiting representatives from abroad. In the cities of Cork, Dublin, Kilkenny, Tralee, Derry, Belfast, Dundalk, and many other places, the demonstrations by the people were unprecedented in their warmth and patriotic fervour, which clearly proves that the great heart of the Irish people beat in unison with their own in their efforts to unite the Hibernians into one great National body.

"As we have stated, a conference took place, through the efforts of our envoys, at the Gresham Hotel in Dublin on April 21st. During this conference the hotel was filled with detectives, and three policemen in uniform were on guard at the hotel door, evidently for the purpose of intimidating our envoys.

"Representatives were present from each of the Irish Hibernian Organisations. Those representing what is known as 'The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Ireland' brought to the conference more than twenty men from the North of Ireland to prove their claim to be the real Board of Erin. Messrs. Devlin and Nugent strongly objected to their presence, and it thus became impossible to hear their testimony. Written evidence from some of these members was available, which proved that they had been in continuous membership in the Organisation for more than fifty years, and which in itself is strong proof that they are part of the parent organisation. Our envoys further stated that letters and documents were on hand, and particularly the proceedings of our own National Conventions, which proves conclusively that the late Mr. Crilley and three others were expelled from the Board of Erin, never to be readmitted, and that those men some years afterwards started an A.O.H. Organisation in Ireland, and this is the Organisation that Mr. Devlin is now President of and Mr. Nugent Secretary.

"Our envoys desired the conference to be held in the historic town of Armagh, hoping that the blessing of His Eminence Cardinal Logue might be obtained on a united and harmonious organisation, but Mr. Nugent seriously objected to Armagh as the place of the conference, and ridiculed the fact that his organisation had been publicly rebuked by Cardinal Logue. The conference was, therefore, and in accord-

ance with the wishes of Mr. Nugent, held in Dublin.

"While our envoys went to Ireland with plenary power from the Indianapolis National Convention, they were guided in their actions by Article Nine of the Decision of the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, which is as follows:

"IX.—TRANSFER CARD.

"1. A Transfer Card properly executed, from either of the two bodies in Europe, shall be honoured by 'The Ancient Order of Hibernians' in America, and said card shall render the lawful holder eligible to membership in any Division of the Order in America, provided the said member is in good standing, and has paid all dues to the Division of which he was a member in Europe.

"2. For the purpose of identification, this 'Transfer Card' shall be countersigned by the Chief Executive Officer of the branch in Europe to which the said member belongs.

"3. A European 'Transfer Card,' therefore, entitles the holder to the same privileges as the American 'Transfer Card.'

"At the conference, because of the highly insulting manner of Mr. Devlin and some of his associates, all the efforts of Mr. Cummings and Father O'Donnell to bring about a harmonious understanding were futile, and the meeting broke up, when Mr. Devlin spoke of Cardinal Logue in a most disrespectful manner and grossly insulted Mr. Cummings.

"Our envoys carefully investigated the standing of the different branches of the A.O.H. in all the northern counties of Ireland. Many of the Parish Priests of Ulster visited them and deplored the condition of affairs existing in the organisation known as the Board of Erin, which had been denounced by many of them from the Altar.

"After two weeks of investigation in the North of Ireland, our envoys returned to Dublin, and decided, after the most careful consideration, that for the sake of the good name of the A.O.H. in Ireland and America it was necessary to issue a statement, so that it might be printed in the Press of the Capital City and copied into the provincial Press of the country.

"This statement, which has already been published in many papers, including our official organ, was issued for the following reasons:

"Because the organisation known as the Board of Erin was severely rebuked publicly by the highest dignitary in the Catholic Church in Ireland, and also because that society is distinctly a political organisation, and their National Officers positively stated that their society would remain political. **Because of the further fact that Mr. Devlin stated positively in the conference that they did not want the privilege of Transfer Cards.**

"Therefore, acting in accordance with the policy of our organisation adopted at the last National Convention, our envoys deemed it inadvisable, under the existing conditions, to have anything to do with the organisation known as the Board of Erin.

"It will be noticed by our members that, according to Section Nine of Bishop McFaul's Decision, quoted above, the organisation to which our envoys have agreed to grant the privileges of transfer cards, was in every way entitled to that privilege.

"Your National Board, therefore, unanimously approve, ratify and endorse the action of our envoys to Ireland, as we believe the work accomplished will redound in a short time to the great benefit of our American Order.

"It is well to remind you that, in accordance with Bishop McFaul's Decision, transfer cards were granted from 1898 up to the last year of National President Dolan's second term of office, and during that time our organisation gained rapidly by such methods. For the first time in the history of our Order, odium was placed on National President Cummings for refusing transfer cards from Ireland. He was obliged to do

so because of the instructions he received at the Saratoga Convention, which instructions were rescinded at the Indianapolis Convention by the re-adoption of Bishop McFaul's Decision. We explain this so that you may easily realise that the acceptance of transfer cards from Ireland is not a new experiment in our organisation. If it were possible, our envoys would have been pleased to grant the privilege of a transfer card to the organisation known as the Board of Erin, because they were convinced the great majority of its members were decent Catholic Irishmen, but the conduct of the National Officers of that society made it impossible for our envoys to do so.

"Nothing can injure a society more than to allow members to attack their own organisation or its officials through the public Press; therefore, by the authority granted to the National Officers in a resolution passed at the last National Convention, we hereby declare that in the future any member of our Order who assails the organisation, or any official or member thereof, over his own signature in the public Press, shall be at once requested by the County President of his county to retract publicly his statement; and if he refuses to do so, he shall be permanently suspended by the County President, pending retraction, subject only to an appeal to the National Board. It shall be the duty of each State President and the National President to see that this ruling is rigidly enforced. In this connection, we ask our State and County Officers that wherever they find so-called Catholic and other papers publishing false and misleading statements in regard to our organisation, they should at once notify the proprietors of these papers to cease the publication of such attacks.

"Ours is the largest organisation of one Race and Creed that ever existed! We have been attacked many times in the past by open foes and false friends; those who should have been the very first to protect the organisation have often been the most ready to assail it if they thought it was for their own selfish interest to do so. But, in spite of its enemies, the progress of the organisation has been phenomenal. It has out-lived calumny and treachery, and it is to-day a mighty power for good on American soil.

"We are now in a position to say to the intriguers who are spending unlimited sums of money in the hope of capturing our organisation, or else disrupting it, 'Keep your hands off our great Order.'

"Our society, nor any of its officials, have never interfered with any other Irish society, notwithstanding false statements to the contrary; and we now say to factions who are trying to bring the affairs of other societies into our order, that if their efforts do not cease at once, we will be obliged, in self-defence, to protect our organisation by means that will end for all time the campaign of falsehood and slander that has been carried on against our society for the past three years.

"We want to say to our members that they need have no fear of the integrity of our Order. Our members are loyal and intelligent men, and they are not to be stamped by the writings of unscrupulous Press agents. Nothing can be attempted in the future to injure our organisation that has not been tried during the past three years. These attempts to sow dissension in our Order have been absolute failures. All efforts of our enemies in the future will react upon themselves, and will only aid to draw our membership closer in the bonds of Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity.

"We are much pleased to be able to say, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, that there was not a single grievance before our National Board meeting. We can also truthfully say that at the present time there is not a serious grievance or complaint before either the National, State or County Officers in any part of the United States or Canada, which proves in the clearest possible

manner that our organisation is absolutely united, in spite of the efforts of outsiders to sow dissension in our ranks.

"In conclusion, brother members, your attention is respectfully called to our future efforts for the welfare and upbuilding of our great society.

"On August 15th, 1909, a great international demonstration will take place at the unveiling of the monument to the memory of thousands of the famine fever victims who perished at Grosse Isle, Canada, in Black '47. This demonstration will be the most significant in the history of our race in North America, and should be attended by all of our members who can possibly spare the time to take the trip to the historic City of Quebec.

"Next year our National Convention will be held in Portland, Oregon, when we expect, with God's help, to awaken, by our presence in the Far West, an interest in our Order not heretofore developed, and to lend such encouragement to our western brothers as will inspire them to nobler and more extended efforts on behalf of Faith and Nationality.

"With fraternal greetings to all of our brothers in America and Ireland, we remain, sincerely and fraternally,

"National Officers—President **Matthew Cummings**, Neponset, Mass; Vice-President **Jas. J. Regan**, St. Paul, Minn.; Secretary **Jas. T. McGinnis**, Scranton, Pa; Treasurer **Jno. F. Quinn**, Joliet, Ill.

"National Directors—**Rev. J. D. Kennedy**, Danbury, Conn.; **Patrick T. Moran**, Washington, D.C.; **Maj. E. T. McCrystal**, New York, N.Y.; **Chas. T. Foy**, Perth, Ontario, Canada; **Jno. J. O'Meara**, Butte, Montana.

"Attest—**James T. McGinnis**, National Secretary. July 17th, 1909."

LIODÁN CINE ZAEDÉAL.

AS reo ríor airtreugad ar liodán do bí "Saoirse na hÉireann" as "Siolla Zaedéal" i mí na luignarfaí. Anoir atá cor-ar-bolg as Gallaid dá deunam ar éanna Zaedéal com tpeir 7 bí nam níor míroe dúinn é ríad go minic:—

"A cumhne na marpar naomta do tuig le claidéam an foigirde 7 do loircead ina mbeataid in na teintid do lapadar ardeoiri Gallua in ar mainitpeadaid, fóir oraimn pa ló po na suaire 7 raop ar sliocap ar namad pinn!

"A cumhne ar pasart sceurta, do ríad- aigead tré eallitid 7 do marbaisgead of comair na halcórmae garb-éloc ar taob enuic 7 iad as mórad De 7 as cupi rólair ar a ndaoine buarcta, fan agaimn anoir 7 ná leis i lion cealgaé ar namad pinn!

"A cumhne na leant do fin amad a láma beaga máitpeada cum bapóirge do bpeit ar a máitpeadaid 7 ná leisrídé dóib é 7 iad dá mbpeit cum riubail as saoirde Gall cum beit as odair map daoraid i dtíoréaid iaraécta; a cumhne na bpian nó- inntce ofullingeadap leantai boécta 7 iad in airtce ar bíoraid iann as na Gallaid do marbais iad, fanaid agaimn anoir papa n-abrócaé ar ríocé sup daoine meacta pinn 7 so sceupróir a mallacé oraimn fan am atá le teacé!

"A cumhne na maigdean ngeamnaide do páraigead ó páigóiríid Gallua, fan truaig fan cpeirdeam ina sceirde, fan agaimn do ríor 7 coraim ar éogaimac namad scealac 7 caprad mbpeugac pinn!

"A cumhne mullais máitce 7 na sceirde sceirde ofulling an t-anabár ann tré meadai na namad ngallua 'na paid anál ó ipreann as révead púta, fan agaimn anoir 7 neartais ar láma i ló an éata!

"A cumhne éogaim Ruaid ui Néill 7 doada Ruaid ui Domnaill 7 an ácar ó Síris 7 an taenais 7 Riobáirde émeit 7 Orr 7

Liáimín mic Néill 7 na beirte ríuáir de muintir Shearpe 7 Enrí mic Reacáin 7 na ndaoine noitpe uile tug sriad don maigdom uapail, oéirinn, 7 sup marbaisgeadap dúinnarbdéoiri Gallua iad, fan in ar n-aisne i sceimnuide 7 comáin pinn cum an éata deirid do cupi ar lué ar dtípe do robáil 7 do míllead!"

(ní cpioc.)

LIAM Ó RINN.

A NOGGIN OF BUTTERMILK.

You may boast of your drinking for time and a day,
You may talk of the "nectar of gods" as you may,
Sure they'd be like the drips of a faucet for me,
By a noggin of buttermilk home in Kilfree.

In summer and winter, in autumn and spring,
The churn was there and the noggin in swing;
And tinker and beggar and peddler were free
To dring lan a baile beyond in Kilfree.

I can see the big dairy, with crocks full of cream,
As yellow as gold in an old miser's dream;
I can taste how the butter like nuggets would be
On top of the noggins at home in Kilfree.

A sycamore fluttered its leaves by the latch,
And swallows dwelt year after year in the thatch,
And many a neighbour's tin bucket would be
Filled up in that dairy at home in Kilfree.

There was turf by the clampful and hay in the byre,
There was bacon in fitches, and room by the fire;
There was lashing and leavings flahoolah and free,
With a cead mille failthe beyond in Kilfree.

I'm sick of your wine, and I'm sick of your ale;
Your champagne is muddy, your liquor is stale;
For the draught of my childhood is calling to me—
'Tis a noggin of buttermilk home in Kilfree.

—TERESA C. BRAYTON.

All communicattons regarding the formation of new Divisions, &c., should be addressed to JOHN J. SCOLLAN, National Secretary, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

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THE AMERICAN IRISH

BY LADY WILDE.

V.

Naturally the object of an alien Government was to extinguish the idea of a country; to degrade and obliterate heroic memories; to brand a patriot as a traitor, and nationality as treason; and in this manner the pride, self-respect and self-reliance of the Irish people have been slowly murdered through the centuries—for strong and noble qualities like these are only found amongst a people who are taught the dignity of nationhood, and to reverence the men of their race who have toiled and fought and suffered for some great idea, or some sublime word.

America, however, fully responds to the eager desire of the Irish amongst them for fuller knowledge and clearer light. Many influential journals are almost wholly devoted to Irish subjects, and the past and future of Ireland are discussed with a fearless audacity unknown here; for, as Emerson remarks, "There is a boundless freedom in the States, and people have been put to death in other countries for uttering what are but the commonplaces of American writers." One of the best of these journals is "The Boston Pilot," edited by an Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly, the distinguished author of "Songs from the Southern Seas," a series of wild, fierce tales of adventure, remarkable for startling originality of conception, nervous language, and a full flow of sonorous harmonies in the versification. Another journal of considerable critical ability—the "New York Nation"—is also edited by an Irishman, Mr. Godkin, son of the author of "Ireland and her Churches," and other works. "The Irish World," the favourite organ of the ultra-democratic party, has a fiercer inspiration, and openly advocates an armed invasion of Ireland, and permitted to appear in London in papers the redistribution of all the confiscated estates. This journal is, indeed, so violently anti-English, and the illustrations are so bitterly sarcastic on the English Court (although with none of the revolting ribaldry permitted to appear in London in papers like the "Tomahawk"), that recently it has been stopped at the Irish post office, and the priesthood discourage its circulation amongst the people. It is, however, very popular with the extreme section of the American Irish, and is held to be a true exponent of their views.

Amongst the many works issued by the American Press on Irish subjects, the most recent, and by far the most important, is the History of the Successive Confiscations of Ireland, by Mr. Amory, including lists of the families whose estates were seized and divided amongst the English adventurers. The work has excited great attention in America, for descendants of all these families may be found in the States, and they are proud of their kinship with the old historic clans.

Mr. Amory, the author, an American of distinguished position, influence and wealth, whose opinion is of the highest value, writes with much kindly feeling of the Irish, yet with fairness and moderation; while he states the truth boldly at the same time, with respect to English policy, as only an American may dare to do. "If Ireland," he says, "still remains turbulent and disaffected, the fault is due to England, who never strove to gain the love of the people, but crushed, and despoiled and exterminated in place of affiliating. Had Irishmen," he continues, "been left lords of their own lands, and not made bondsmen to strangers, they would have been the honour and safety of the united realm, and proved themselves, as they are in America, an intelligent, thrifty, law-abiding, brave, generous and noble-hearted people." And when the Irish

have shown themselves so worthy of freedom, he considers it "base and unjust in the highest degree of English writers to pursue them across the Atlantic, casting obloquy on their nation, their history, and their traditions, with the sole aim, apparently, of lowering them in the eyes of the people who shelter and protect them."

In the interest, therefore, of fair play, he undertook the work "to show the true nature of English rule from which sprang all the evils of Irish destiny." And he has accomplished his task with great ability. Every page shows careful and extensive reading, and patient study of the involved and complicated details of Irish history, along with a generous, high-spirited feeling towards Ireland, that contrasts very favourably with the usual tone of English writers on the same subject.

In the early portion of the History, he chiefly follows "the Four Masters"; but he has also amassed material from many other sources, ancient and modern, so that his volume is really a condensed history of Ireland down to the time of Elizabeth, when the last gleam of independent sovereignty died out with the submission of the great O'Neill, after a ceaseless war of four hundred years between the two races. A second volume will tell the story of Irish confiscations from James I. to Cromwell and William of the Boyne; after which the gloom of the penal laws settled on the country, and the Irish had no more land to be confiscated, nor even a legal right to hold any land on their own soil. "For a far less amount of wrong," Mr. Amory remarks, the Americans cast off the English yoke for ever, and proclaimed independence."

POLAND—"THE MOTHER OF SORROWS."

By C. N. PIJANOWSKI.

She weeps—thrice smote
By greed—born tyrant hand,
As 'neath the cross
She, faithful, keeps her stand.
She trusts aright
In Him who grief allays;
For hers the hope
That knows through love God's ways.
How like e'en now
To her who knows no guile—
Whose glory blooms
From out the thorn of trial!

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THE GRAND OLD SPIDER

GLADSTONE, NEWMAN, & IRELAND

In the columns of "America," the widely-read New York Catholic paper, edited by the Jesuits, Mr. Cecil Chesterton writes:

"Everyone knows that, whatever may have been his secret thoughts on the subject, Gladstone professed throughout his life to be one of those High Churchmen who regard Rome with peculiar abhorrence. Writing in 1845 he spoke of Newman's letters announcing his probable conversion as stamping him as a "disgraced man." He never spoke of any conversion to Rome except as "a Fall." But most especially is this sort of bitterness to be found in the famous essay which he wrote in 1874 on 'Vaticanism.' In that pamphlet he laid special stress upon the disastrous effect of the definition of Papal Infallibility upon the political position of Catholics. He declared that definition to be fatal to freedom and to 'place the civil allegiance of every Roman Catholic at the disposal of a foreign power.'

"Very well. There are a great many people in England who will warmly approve of Mr. Gladstone's professed views on this question. Now let them hear the little story which I am about to tell.

"In 1881 Gladstone was engaged in an attempt to crush the political and social aspirations of the Irish people. In pursuance of this policy he had first strained the existing law to the uttermost and then procured a new law overthrowing every security for personal freedom, and placing the liberty of all Irishmen absolutely at the disposal of Dublin Castle. He had thrown the Irish leader and the flower of the Irish representation into gaol. He had failed. The Agrarian and Nationalist agitations in Ireland went on with increasing vigour. It was when he found the weapon of coercion breaking in his hand that he had recourse to an act of baseness which it is extraordinarily difficult to reconcile with the character of the man who, however much he may have compromised with his conscience, was certainly not without high aspirations and fine qualities.

"We have seen what he thought, or at any rate professed to think, of the Catholic Church. Well, he knew that the great mass of the Irish people were members of that Church. And he was not ashamed to appeal secretly to this very same 'tyranny' which he had denounced as inconsistent with freedom, with civil obedience and patriotism, in order to procure a censure on those honest and faithful priests who had bravely taken the side of the weak against the stronger. And in order to make this appeal effective he was ready to use, if he could, the influence of the man whom he himself had declared to 'stand disgraced' on account of his conversion.

"The selection was, it must be admitted, not without a certain cleverness. Had the appeal been made, say, to Manning, with his wide democratic sympathies and his affectionate enthusiasm for the Irish people, it would have met short shrift enough. Newman, was and always had been a Tory. In his early youth he had, when staying in France, pulled down the blind that he might not behold the tricolour. Time, and, perhaps, to some extent, his conversion from Anglicanism, had made his views, in his later years, wider, more philosophical and less rigid. But a Tory he remained: In one of his last letters he exclaimed: 'How dreadful this democracy is!' Nor had he any special affection or sympathy for the Irish people. We know from the 'Apologia' that his detestation of O'Connell was actually one of the causes that delayed his progress towards the Catholic Church. 'Break off with Mr. O'Connell in Ireland,' he writes to a Catholic correspondent, 'before you talk of reunion.' Here, again,

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LAWRENCE CASEY, MANAGER AND SECRETARY.

his conversion undoubtedly softened him, but it never made him really at home with the Irish, and I think that anyone who studies closely the history of the failure of his scheme for a Catholic University in Dublin will come to the conclusion that it was largely attributable to the underlying antagonism between the Oxford Tory and the representatives of the very racy and popular Catholicism of Ireland. Further, Newman—Tory as he was—had continued to follow Gladstone's political career ever since the 'Church and State' days with interest and admiration. Newman was therefore not a bad person to select for Gladstone's purpose. But when we consider that Gladstone's savage denunciation of the political influence of the Vatican had actually led him into a controversy with Newman, it must be admitted that his request that Newman should induce the Pope to intervene for the purpose of crushing the liberties of Ireland was rather cool.

"Gladstone wrote to Newman, and sent him a number of extracts from speeches made by Irish priests during the Land War. He accompanied them with a letter, in which he wrote: 'I ask you to read the enclosed papers; and to consider whether you will write anything to Rome upon them. I do not ask you to write, nor to make any reply to this letter, beyond returning the enclosures in an envelope to me in Downing Street.' After referring to Peel's attempt to obtain a Papal denunciation of O'Connell he reverts to the present case and says:

Some members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland deliver certain sermons and otherwise express themselves in the way which my enclosures exhibit. I doubt whether if they were laymen we would not have settled their cases by putting them into gaol. I need not describe the sentiments uttered. Your Eminence will feel them and judge them as strongly as I do. But now as to the Supreme Pontiff. You will hardly be surprised when I say that I regard him, if appraised of the facts, as responsible for the conduct of these priests, for I know perfectly well that he has the means of silencing them; and that if any one of them were inclined to dispute the decrees of the Council of 1870 as plainly

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as he denounced law and order he would be silent.

I really think that in the face of that letter, when taken in conjunction with his famous pamphlet on "Vaticanism," Gladstone stands, to use his own energetic expression, "a disgraced man." For just consider what he is doing. He is invoking a power which he has declared to be abominably tyrannical and an apostasy from true Catholic principles, which he has denounced especially for its alleged interference with national politics, he is appealing to it, he is asking it to interfere in national politics, he is asking it to interfere on the side of oppression, and he is asking to be his intermediary a man whom he has called "disgraced" for having submitted to that power at all. He is trying to procure the ruin of a number of priests whose sole offence is that they have stood by their country and by the poor when he was oppressing both, and he is prepared to crush them by means of an authority which he himself has not only repudiated, but denounced as fatal to freedom and to civil obedience!

Newman replied politely, but coolly, declining the task of informer against his co-religionists, and telling Gladstone in effect that if he had any complaints to make of the discipline of the Irish Church, he had better go to the Irish Bishops. But though Newman was now old and his great fighting days were over, he could not forbear one of those quiet stabs which his hand knew so well how to inflict. With an oblique reference to their Vatican controversy he remarked that he had always thought that Gladstone 'overrated the Pope's powers in political and social matters.' He was infallible, without doubt, in questions of faith and morals, but his plenary powers could not be invoked on such a question as 'whether a political party is censurable or not.' The rebuke was deftly given, but it was less than Gladstone deserved."

: : A CURRENT CAUSERIE : :

Still Re-organising.

Notwithstanding the padded reports appearing from day to day in the "G—man's Journal," the work of re-organising the Laygue seems to be progressing but slowly. A supreme effort has, therefore, to be made, and "wee Joe," in a communication to the South Meath Executive, characteristically shows the way. It may be mentioned that at this Executive meeting were the chairman and twenty delegates representing five branches. So says the Pink Paper for Pale People; but it doesn't mention the presence of the remaining officers, although it informs us the secretary read a circular letter from Mr. Joseph Devlin—forgetting to tack the magic letters M.P. after the Mighty Atom's name. So poor Paddy in Abbey Street may look out for squalls, the Honorary Colonel of the Falls Road Standbacks being extremely anxious to always have his high-sounding titles kept before a dazzled public.

How To Be Done.

The circular referred to opens with the announcement that the Standing Committee of the U.I.L. propose to hold a series of county conferences throughout the country for the purpose of re-organising the U.I.L. and inspiring (good word that) the Branches already in existence with fresh vitality. Well, considering that there's as much vitality in the organisation as would be found in a dead horse, we'll have to wait and see what effect the flogging process will have. To the circular, however:

Kindly let me know could yourself and the secretaries of the other executives in the county arrange to convene such a conference between now and the end of August.

I would suggest that you should notify the clergy of your county, the Nationalist members of the public boards; also representatives of the U.I.L., A.O.H., Irish National Foresters, and Land and Labour Association, so that the Conference might be representative of all (sic) sections of Irish National public opinion.

If you could convene such a gathering in some central district which will be convenient for all parts of the country, we shall be glad to send one or two of the members of the Irish Party to attend.

After consultation with your fellow-officers you should please communicate with me, and suggest a date and place that will be suitable.

Free Tickets.

When the date and place are suitably fixed, the Falstaffian Grand Orient army of baton men, under its transport officer, Stephen Hand, will be switched all over the country to work the claue racket and generally help in the "inspiring." Though, in addition to the U.I.L. and the Grand Orient delegates, it is sought to also rope in the Foresters and the Land and Labour Association, fearing that the two latter organisations—and possibly some of the clergy who refuse to be dragooned at the Hon. Colonel's behest—might abstain, the gathering will be convened in some central district—and what refers to South Meath pertains to other counties—which will be convenient for all parts of the country. We are quoting the circular to show the manner by which the conferences will be "fully representative," and thus prove our contention that what is styled the National Organisation is as dead as Kate Kearney's cat. One or two members of the "Irish" Party will attend each gathering per arrangement, special trains will carry the "Free Ticket

Brigade," with free beer go leor, and the "G—man's Journal" will play its ignoble part in lyingly proclaiming to all and sundry that the country is solid behind the Party!

Dumb Dogs.

While our salaried members are contemplating the squandering of their "blood-money" in making the "grand tour" of their impoverished country, wanting for nothing and living on the fat of the land, the only voice raised in the alien Assembly on behalf of Ireland is Mr. Ginnell's. Redmond and his miserable gang of sycophants are so whipped to heel by the Government that not even a currish whine is heard from them on anything, much less on the treatment of Ireland in the matter of munitions of war manufacture. As the "Independent" says, it is their (the Redmondites) clear duty to inquire into the way this country is boycotted in that regard. And the President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce drives home the charge. When the Committee of the Chamber arranged to procure the machinery for the manufacture of high explosive shells and shell fuses in Dublin—and, incidentally, to give much-needed employment—the War Office commandeered it and handed it over to the English munition makers. But, inagh, re-organising the Laygue is of more importance.

High Life.

According to the London correspondent of the "G—man's Journal," M. Jean Viviani took the oath of allegiance and his seat in the Brittanic Parliament on July 20, being introduced thereto by the transcendant legislator and brilliant orator—another of the bantam breed—Mr. Pat O'Brien, ex-inspector of placards of the "Daily Independent," and Mr. Boland. In the eyes of the London correspondent of the "G—man's Journal," the latter must be an absolute nonentity altogether else would he not have sandwiched in Bill or Tom between the Mister and Boland? Without properly designating the particular Boland, he certainly will give offence to that particular crush—from Donnellycarney to Dingle—who wouldn't be seen within the bawl of an ass of the slick Jean Vivi. A case of "Show me your company," etc., you know; and many a Boland will look askance at another of that ilk, pondering deeply the while and mentally inquiring if he were the individual referred to.

Strawberries and Cream.

Let's get back to the live wire correspondent at the London end. "He" (Mons. J.V.) he says, "had a very cordial welcome from his colleagues of the Irish Party, and also from many Liberals and Labour men, to whom the important part played by him in carrying Home Rule to victory is well known. All recognise that in Mr. Nugent's election the twin causes of Irish Nationalism and democracy have gained a notable Parliamentary recruit, and the belief is confidently expressed that, if the other demands upon his time permit, his success at Westminster will be no less marked than that which he has already achieved in the political arena at home. Following the ceremony of introduction, Mr. and Mrs. Nugent entertained a number of his colleagues and other friends to tea on the terrace." Did anybody ever read such unadulterated hogwash? We feel quite sure that when the legislators at Westminster hear J.D. murdering the King's English, those who are not tickled to death will flee in disgust.

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