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S.
149 ⁶⁹
D.M.R.

Secret

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Superintendent's Office, G Division,
11th. August 190¹⁵

Subject:—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 10th Inst.
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows:—

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.
at intervals during the afternoon, B. Parsons,
James Murray, John O'Mahony and John McGarry.

Thomas Byrne with J. J. Walsh, in the
shop of the latter, 26, Blessington St. for
close on an hour from 9 p. m.

Thomas Dolan and Hugh O'Hehir together
in Sackville St. between 9 & 10 p. m.

William P. Partridge and James Connolly
in Liberty Hall for two hours from 8. 30 p.m.

Thomas J. Clarke, Thomas McDonagh, John
McGarry

The Chief Commissioner.

*The Under Secretary
Submitted.*

W. E. Johnston

C. Comm 11/8

*Under Secretary
Submitted
C. J. M.
11/8/15.*

*True.
11/8*

8240

McGarry, Patrick Tobin, James Murray,
John O'Mahony, B. Parsons, James Stritch
and James J. Buggy, at 41 Parnell Square
together from 8 p. m. to 9. 15 p. m.

Attached is a Copy of this week's
issue of The Hibernian which does not
appear to contain anything deserving
serious notice.

Owen Bruen
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.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1915

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

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

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not later than the first post on Monday morning.

A RECRUITING APPEAL

Irishmen, ye liberty-loving slaves, whose cries have grown old in England's ears, yet have not found her heart, to you we call, and bid ye hearken to the withered queen. She has claims on your affection.

Humanity's fragrant essence—Cromwell, her dearest son—has bound you to his mother with bonds of enduring love. Sweet memories haunt ye of gentle babes uplifted to heaven, of the Wexford Cross bejewelled with living rubies, and across the years sounds the low wistful voice, "To Hell or Connacht." Ye sadly reflect that your ingrate fathers chose to enter Connacht, and left him to the sweet possession of Hell.

Ye have cared his memory well. Every Irish heart is a love-bound shrine wherein it rests. Awe attends the utterance of his name. Ye have even invoked him as a deity, and prayed his blessings on his mother's children, and so the heavens have smiled on ye and filled the land with plenty.

Cromwell's queen mother is sore beset, ringed around with savage foes. Her valiant sons dare not leave her, to go to a glorious death, lest in their absence her crafty and treacherous enemies might strike her down. She, the patroness of every virtue, totters agonised to the grave.

Sons of Saints and Scholars, Champions of Chivalry, Defenders of all nationalities, can you stand unmoved while Redmen, Blackmen, Yellowmen, Brownmen, men who ate their fellows yesterday, even Orangemen, rush to her defence, pledged to victory or damnation?

Think, oh think, of all she has done for you! She has even influenced heaven on your behalf. Emmet knocked at her heart with a pike-head, her queenly diplomacy gained him paradise.

Ye have been tried before the great Imperial tribunal, and found guilty on the grave charge of possessing long memories. You must, then, remember that when, after much endeavour, you procured weapons for offensive defence, Mother England, touched by your earnestness, dispatched three of your race, a father, a mother, and a child—beautiful trinity—as ambassadors to heaven, to plead for further means of obtaining guns. What solicitude for your temporal and spiritual future! When John Mitchel's comrades spoke of muskets falling from above, with angels as musketeers, his prophetic vision must have beheld England in the role of intercessor with a greater Power on your behalf.

When your presumptuous forefathers desired to outface Rome's ancient martyrs, England, executor of high heaven's will, permitted them to abstain from corporal sustenance, till one million reigned in celestial bliss. Then she wisely intervened. Ireland had gained sufficient martyrs' crowns in '47 for a century.

Think of all this. Rally to the support of your motherland. Smash the brazen lie on the face of him who said "the age of chivalry is dead." Fight to the end. Let the ruins of this small nationality re-echo your battle-cry, "Delenda est Carthago," till some future day when a great orator shall thus proclaim, "Friends, Gaels, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Carthage, not to praise it. The evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones, so let it be with Carthage." Then shall dawn the glorious day when the traveller from New Zealand shall come, as the prophet Mac foretold, to feast his eyes on the ruins of Carthage. Irishmen, sell your shirts and buy guns!

IRISH NATIONALITY.

To the Editor, "The Hibernian."

SIR,—A writer, "F. O'C.," recently published in your columns a "reply" to statements made by me on the subject of Irish Nationality. Why anybody should wish to refute obvious facts passes my comprehension. Indeed, after careful perusal of the "reply," I cannot see that F. O'C. has succeeded in doing so. As a matter of fact, our views seem remarkably similar. He appears, however, to have received certain impressions which I did not intend to convey, and I therefore beg permission to give a précis of my remarks and those contained in the "reply."

Firstly, I deplored the fact that, at this crisis in our National history, we have practically divided ourselves into "Pro-Britishers" and "Pro-Germans." Is there an Irish Nationalist in the world who does not deplore this? Then I laid the blame of the present sinking of our National identity on the "political system which has taught us that we are not and never can be a Nation." Now, "our leader's love of England" (I would have said love of England's money) is, of course, part of this political system. Therefore "F. O'C." and myself blame the same agency for the same result, excepting that he describes the evil power as a collection of political persons, while I prefer to call it a political system.

Then my critic remarks "Hatred for England is part of the faith of an Irish Nationalist. Let that be accepted as dogma once and for all." Does he expect me to contradict this? Is there anything in my article which would lead him to believe that I would be likely to do so? Hatred of

England, our arch-enemy and past and present oppressor, is, of course, an obvious and logical part of any National doctrine. The man who can profess a simultaneous love both for England and Ireland is certainly a "dangerous man"—for he is either a traitor or a fool. The more I contemplate "F. O'C.'s" remarks, the more I wonder why they were penned. I attacked Pro-Britainism and Pro-Germanism. To form an effective reply, either of these standpoints must be justified. Has "F. O'C." made any attempt to do so?

There is just one little detail which might make my friend's attitude more clear. In the last paragraph he expresses surprise that I should be called names by my "Pro-German" friends. He then goes on to opine (and I thoroughly agree with him) that ninety per cent. of the Nationalists of Dublin are "highly intelligent, well read, and thinking men and women." But are we to conclude from this that "F. O'C." regards Pro-German and Nationalist as synonymous terms? If so, why does he not describe his reply as an argument for German interests in this country, instead of heading it with the immortal words "Irish Nationality"?

JOHN DE BURGH LEAKE.

The Funeral March of O'Donovan Rossa.

OLD IRISH AIR.

Marching solemn and slow,
Marching on with our dead,
Winding through the towns and streets
That resound to our tread,
Go we forth to the graves
Of our bravest and best
To lay yet one more Chief,
Eire, dear, in thy breast.

As the music sounds low,
O'er our spirits it sweeps,
And we think 'tis the voice
Of his Mother that weeps.
Weep not, Eire, a ruin,
Mark the weapons that gleam,
They're a pledge of our trust,
We are here to redeem.

He was faithful and true
Thro' the years of his fate,
'Twas for you that he faced
All their venom and hate—
All the tortures that scourge
In the dark English cell,
All the cunning and craft
That the tyrant knows well.

As we lay him to rest,
Beside those that we love,
Well we know that his spirit
Keeps watch from above;
And we vow ne'er to rest
'Neath the Sassenach's sway
Till our sword hews a path
To the opening day.

RORY OF THE HILL.

THE SOLDIERS OF AUSTRIA.

MEN WHO THRIVE ON BULLETS.

In 1864 the Austrian soldier joined with his Prussian kinsman in a war on Denmark in the dispute over the ruling of the Schleswig-Holstein duchies, which had been part of the Danish King's dominions under certain restrictions. Victory was so easy over this comparatively weak kingdom that it could hardly be called a war. Austria and Prussia got the duchies jointly. Then came the war between Austria and Prussia over the prize bone—as Bismarck had planned it to come. The fighting man of Austria was sent against the fighting man of Prussia, and at the battle of Sadowa, July 3, 1866, he bit the dust again, 20,000 Austrians being killed and wounded, and 18,000 taken prisoners. It was just a one battle war, and its result was that Austria had to pay 40,000,000 thalers indemnity and resign all her rights in Schleswig-Holstein. And as a finality and consequence Austria was denied all future participation in German affairs, and forced through lost prestige to grant Hungary a separate Diet and Ministry, and to change the official title of the country, after centuries of usage, to the Austro-Hungary Monarchy. The Austria soldier lit his pipe and smoked complacently as he oiled up his rifle preparatory to the next call for fighting.

There shines through the dusk of customary Austrian reverse the gleam of many noteworthy feats of arms that serve as militant palliation. But the gleam has to travel from a far point back to the time when the Austrian soldier was a German battler in general, or when he fought in religious or civil warfare. Seldom did his valiant achievements win him the chief laurel of victory—triumph over a foreign foe.

For nearly two hundred years the fighting man of the Hapsburg line struggled to keep the Turk out of Austrian dominions. The attack of the Mohammedans hordes was mainly directed against what is now the Hungarian portion of Austria. Belgrade was in Turkish hands many years during these wars, as well as a large area of territory won from time to time by the Sultan's commanders. It is to an episode in one of these Turkish wars that the Austrian looks back with a broad national pride in his fighting men.

A mighty army of Turks under Solymán I. marched into Styria during the year 1532 and came upon the hitherto obscure town of Guntz, near the frontier of that district. The place was badly fortified and defended by only eight hundred troops. But these troops were under an Austrian soldier, Nicholas Jurissitz. The town was assailed on every side by the Turks, who planted their artillery on the neighbouring hills and even on mounds of earth raised above the tallest buildings of the town. Breach after breach was made, and assault followed assault. But the skill, vigilance, and bravery of Jurissitz and his intrepid garrison withstood a siege of twenty-eight days, and the Sultan's army—or the portion devoted to the siege—had to march on defeated, leaving the town still in Austrian hands. The event is in itself apparently only a pretty incident of war, yet the delay of twenty-eight days so affected the Sultan's plans that he had to abandon the campaign, and finally retreat. Hungary was not attacked again for years. The story of the defence of Guntz is one of the glory spots of Austrian history.

In 1683 the Turk was again ravaging Austrian dominions. He swept everything before him until he reached the gates of Vienna. The terrified inhabitants had retired within the lines, and the city was soon in a state of siege, with the victorious Turk battering at its gates. The Duke of Lorraine, a general in the service of the Ger-

man Emperor and King of Austria, Leopold I., was placed in command of the imperial army, his chief aid and associate being John Sobieski, King of Poland. They marched against the Turk, and defeated him at Presburg. Then they went to the relief of Vienna. So suddenly did they burst on the Sultan's forces there that he retreated in confusion. They followed him up, and at Parkan, after slaying 7,000, they took the fort, compelling a garrison of 4,000 men to yield a place that for seventy years had been in the infidel's possession. The Turkish army, continuing its flight to Belgrade, abandoned everything they had captured in Hungary. The Austrian soldier behaved heroically in the entire campaign.

The fighting effectiveness of the Austrian is also measured to a great extent by the genius of his commanders. These commanders led him to frequent victory when the Austrian soldier fought as a German Imperialist, with the soldiers of other German kingdoms, principalities, and duchies as his fighting mates. Among the most celebrated of these was Prince Eugene of Savoy, the saviour of the Hapsburg dynasty many times during his half century of service. In the campaign of 1697 against the Turks Prince Eugene hastened to attack them as they crossed the Teiss at Zenta. He threw the enemy into confusion by a crescent formation onslaught, and his Austrian soldiers, heated to fury through the assault, put 10,000 to the sword, not sparing even the bashaws, who cried for mercy, and held up gems and gold for ransom.

Of the 30,000 who had not crossed the river less than 1,000 escaped alive. This complete victory cost only five hundred men, and was won within two hours. Eugene, in writing of his victory, said poetically: "The sun seemed to linger on the horizon to gild with his last rays the victorious standards of Austria." The peace of Carlovitz followed, and forms a memorable era in the history of the Hapsburg house. The Emperor Leopold secured all of Hungary and Slavonia, which had been occupied by the Turk for two centuries. After this defeat and treaty the Ottoman power, theretofore a great menace, ceased to be formidable to the Christian countries.

During the Thirty Years War there developed three famous war captains whose names are still celebrated in military annals. They fought under the banner of princes arrayed against one another because of religious differences, and their deeds for this reason have a lamentable brilliance. During these thirty sanguinary years it was constantly Catholic against Protestant, and these great captains marched back and forth over German soil to subdue or defend entirely because of religious differences. Against a foreign foe their talents would have achieved immortality for them.

The greatest of these fight leaders was probably Albert Wenceslaus Eusebius Waldstein, commonly called Wallenstein. He offered to levy, equip, and maintain an army of 50,000 men provided he was named as absolute commander, and permitted to appoint his officers. The Emperor accepted, named Wallenstein Duke of Friedland, and soon had raised a force of more than the number promised, finding little trouble in enlisting recruits under the banner of the Austrian monarch.

Another famous general was John Tzerclas, afterwards Count of Tilly, who had greatly distinguished himself in Hungarian wars. The third famous commander of the period, but enlisted in the service of the Elector Palatine, or Protestant champion,

was Count Mansfield, natural son of Ernest Count Mansfield, who had commanded the Spanish army in the Netherlands. These three men led tens of thousands of soldiers back and forth through the German Empire to settle a question that is still unsettled.

Weighing the martial ingredients that go to make the soldier, it may be said that no fighter of the other nations can match the Austrian battler in one important respect—fortitude in defeat. Nowhere will you find a man in uniform who will come back for more so often, and thrive so on bullets and bayonets. Echoing down through the Tyrol there is always the bugle call to battle. It is ever in the mountain air, borne on the breeze from crag to crag, the defile of the Alps. Perhaps this is where the much-beaten Austrian soldier replenishes his fight vim. If you should ask him about it he would probably look at you in a tolerant way, shrug his shoulders, heft his gun, test the trigger, and fall in with an "Ich dien."

R. G. CONOVER.

FREEDOM'S DREAM

The Infinite Creator, when He breathed into the clay, out of which He had composed the first human form—a soul like unto the Godhead—endowed this masterpiece of creation with gifts natural and supernatural. One of these gifts is the precious gift of freedom. "Freedom comes from God's right hand." It is common to every creature. The bird soaring over the plains, the lion, wild in its native jungle, recognise it; the fishes, 'neath the broad expanse of waters, deep in their native home, feel it. Freedom is common to every creature; to man is this with stronger force of argument more true. No matter where he be—cultivated or uncultured, highly civilised or semi-barbarian.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the Irish race should care nothing about freedom? Our history tells a different story. The Irish nation has got its own distinctive features, its own peculiar characteristics, which mark it off at once from every other nation under heaven. A fortiori it is marked off from the Saxon. Different in language, the oldest in Europe, except the Basque, as compared with a medley of every variety of tongue; different in character, fiery, impetuous, generous, spiritual, as against the cold, slow, practical, material disposition of the "conqueror"; different in religious conviction, holding through storm and calm the old Faith given Patrick long before the Middle Ages had seen the light of day, as against the race which threw aside its faith at the command of an earthly potentate. Fundamentally and really the two nations are as distinct as the ends of the earth. Different, too, in social ability. We are told that we have no business capacity, that centuries of persecution have dwarfed our intellects, bent us to the yoke, and broken our manhood under the wheel of oppression; that we are visionaries, unrealistic, fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to be chained to the chariot-wheels of Empire, to shed our blood in the front ranks of the British hosts; but though a son of our race may become President of America, or Premier of Australia, we are utterly unfit to govern our own land.

There is something in the argument. No man reading the blood-stained pages of our history can deny that the centuries' struggle was one of slaves made desperate by tyranny. Our nationhood was destroyed, our language taken from us—and a country without its language is as a body without a soul—the story of our past was hidden from us, or so cunningly misrepresented that we should grow up either unacquainted with the real facts, or become absolutely disgusted with the "bloodthirsty wretches" who had "dared" to question foreign sovereignty over Ireland. In our national

schools we learned "God Save the Queen," read "Of Nelson and the North," of Wolfe at the heights of Abraham, of Hastings and the Carnatic, but never a word, never a sketch, never a poem concerning our native land. We never heard of Tone or Robert Emmet; of Lord Edward or McCracken; of Fr. Sheehy or Fr. Murphy! Why, if we mentioned their names, our Irish masters, paid by Dublin Castle to Anglicise the Gael, would sneeringly tell us that those whom we counted heroes were, in the eyes of the law, but felons and gaol-birds.

It was thus that our Irish manhood was destroyed, or partially so, at least; and were it not for such as A. M. and T. D. Sullivan, the Universities of Germany, which saved our language for us when we were too weak to stretch out a hand to save it from oblivion, we would have to-day a nation of some kind of half-castes. The devil's work was only too well accomplished, and to-day in our dissensions, in our decreasing population, in our deserted homesteads, in our famine graves, in our abortive risings—and last, but not least, in the utter indifference of so many of our people to the fate of our native land—we can trace the policy ever adopted by the conqueror towards the conquered. Divide et impera. Destroy the spirit of the people by taking from them their language and their history; those gone, in due course patriotism follows.

In black '47, when the famine waged fiercest, while 1,000,000 victims sank despairing into the grave; while England snatched from Ireland £17,000,000 worth of foodstuffs, and actually taxed the very corn which the United States had sent to the starving people; while she erected her soup kitchens to barter soup for souls; while several coroner's juries, sitting over the emaciated corpses of some of their countrymen, on oath brought in the verdict: "Wilful murder against Lord John Russell," the Premier, John Mitchel, was arrested on a charge of high treason. He had dared openly to write and say that the English Government under Russell was murdering the people, and ought to be swept away at once and for ever. In the dock, in Green Street, he gloried in the sacrifice which he was about to make for his country; with a flush of pride on his countenance, he said: "Where I stand now, 300 more are ready to stand in defence of Ireland." The court rang with the cheers of the people; but before the echoes had died away Mitchel, with the fetters upon him, was hurried on board a convict ship and carried into captivity. What would Mitchel to-day think of Ireland?

Is the dream of Irish Freedom doomed to vanish? The old generation of enthusiastic Irishmen is fast disappearing. One by one the numbers are growing less. Some still remain, far into the evening shade of life, whose one hope, one desire, one prayer ever is that their eyes be not closed in death till they see the realisation of their life-long dream.

Is it not our place, as descendants of those glorious patriots, to do what lies in our power to aid the realisation of that dream, by spreading our native language, encouraging our Irish industries and our Irish games, and thereby stamping out that shoneen spirit so prominently evident in a number of our countrymen? Freedom comes from God's right hand, but only to those who are prepared to receive it; and the first lesson which Irishmen must master is that one which Nature in all her variety of life teaches—altruism. National altruism, self-reliance and union are the foundations of Irish Freedom. The Irish Nation is not doomed to die. Victory must be hers at last. Already in the distance the rays of the morning sun of freedom are sending a message of peace to the Irish race; the clouds have passed away, or those that still remain are but as little fleecy specks of vapour which the radiance of day will cause finally to disappear. Proudly, grandly, nobly, fearlessly, Erin has passed through the night of centuries; unconquered and

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unconquerable she is now emerging towards the coming dawn; long has she suffered, bravely has she battled, hopefully has she persevered, courageously has she clung to the dream of national independence; and now, by God's grace, having tasted of the bitter fruits of exile and of bondage, she is at last to enter the promised land of liberty, where in that union, and self-respect, and Christian charity, overlooking the differences of the past, she will take her place—glorious and free—in the van of the nations' progress.

W. D.

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JOHN HUSS'S "MARTYRDOM."

Medieval wanderers from the truth have always possessed a rare fascination for the Protestant mind, anxious to find early and ample instances of defection from spiritual authority. And in John Huss may be found not only a splendid instance of revolt against the constituted authority of his time, but what is now remarkable, one who in private life was otherwise above reproach. July 6 last marked the five hundredth anniversary of his execution at Constance.

Born at Husinecz, in Bohemia, about 1370, Huss attended the University of Prague, then in the heyday of its fame. He manifested no extraordinary talent as a student, coming into prominence after his ordination to the priesthood only by his moral sermons at the chapel of Bethlehem, and especially by his advocacy of the national claims against the German hegemony. Indeed, his popularity, then as now, in his native land is principally to be ascribed to his outspoken leadership of the anti-German national movement, a movement that, when it did get the upper hand, practically ruined, according to Dr. Schaff, the prestige of Prague University, and the intellectual leadership of the Czech people.

The sad effects of the Western schism, with its loosening of ecclesiastical discipline, were apparent in Bohemia as in other lands, and Huss's sermons against the laxity of the clergy won him popularity with a certain class, as did his anti-Germanism with others. It was not until he began to mingle with his preaching the errors of Wyclif, then proscribed by the English Bishops and the Roman See, that he fell into difficulty. Of the great and learned reformers of the evils that Sacred Scripture tells us there will be in the Church until the end, the age of Huss had a brilliant share. St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. John Capistran, St. John Cantius, St. James of the Marches, Gerhard der Groote, Thomas à Kempis, Johann Busch, are only a few of the many brilliant contemporaries or sub-contemporaries to Huss, who succeeded in moving vast numbers of clergy and laity to a higher life without endeavouring to set aside the Church of the Ages and her divinely revealed and safeguarded doctrines. But Huss was of that stamp of shortsighted, hot-headed reformers, of which our own time is only too prolific, who lay the axe to the root as a substitute for pruning. Of preachers against evil-doing and abuses there has never been a lack in the Church; but here, as everywhere else, zeal must be tempered by the no less divine virtue of prudence. But in this, Huss, like so many would-be reformers in all times, was singularly wanting. To his denunciation of prevailing abuses he added a personal rancour against the German element in Bohemia and a blind attachment to the errors of Wyclif then furtively making their way into Bohemia. Without deep learning, as a perusal of his works reveals, Huss possessed unlimited confidence in his own ability to set right all the troubles of the day, and to teach Popes, Bishops and the whole Church of God. So it was little wonder that, in addition to personal and racial foes whom his fanaticism had aroused, his advocacy of the proscribed errors of Wyclif added the authorities of the Church to his opponents.

Local superiors having failed to check his revolutionary propaganda, appeals were made to the Popes, and here again Huss's challenge to the whole spiritual, political and learned world of his time, no doubt seems heroic; but to those who, relying upon Scripture, recognise a visible teaching authority divinely set up on earth, and who have learned from past and present history the sad fate of "private judgment," Huss will appear only as the mad enthusiast,

ready to break down the work of ages, ready to hold the whole world wrong rather than admit error in his own judgment. Good he undoubtedly was in many ways, but personal probity is no necessary index of correctness of teaching, much less an excuse for rebellion against properly constituted authority. The practice of the domestic virtues may have been a shining mark in Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold, but it has never been held sufficient to explain away their treason to their native land. Core, Dathan and Abiron may, doubtless, have possessed many amiable and even upright traits, but, notwithstanding, the earth opened and swallowed them for their resistance to Moses. But with all his love for and dependence on Holy Scripture, Huss generally indulged in far-fetched interpretations, while discreetly avoiding obvious but inconvenient texts.

The turmoil and wild rioting that followed Huss's manifold fanatic and fantastic preaching brought him into open conflict with the highest authority, and resulted finally in his summons to appear before the Council then sitting in Constance. To this he was accorded a safe conduct by the Emperor Sigismund guaranteeing him personal safety, but assuredly not excluding him from the legitimate jurisdiction of the Council, which in matters of faith was itself above the Emperor. At the Council he was kindly treated by the Pope and ecclesiastical jailers, but his strange and naive request to be allowed to debate the teaching of the long since condemned doctrine of Wyclif with the Fathers themselves was not unnaturally denied. It was as if a man on trial for burglary or assassination were to attempt to change the issue from the fact of the burglary or murder to the criminality or licity of robbery or murder as such! Abundant passages from his chief work, "De Ecclesia," were cited to show the revolutionary and heretical nature of his teaching, and, as he refused to retract, the grim penalty that a more austere generation demanded was meted out. Huss perished in the flames on July 6, 1415.

Of the man himself and his life work, the most that can be said is, that he was a misguided enthusiast, mistaking the violence and limitations of his nature for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, willing to plunge his own country into the throes of civil strife, and to uproot the dearest convictions of Europe for centuries, in order to propagate his own theories. In depth and variety of learning he was no match for the truly sublimer geniuses of the Middle Ages; for zeal and earnestness in combating evil, even in high places, he was inferior to hosts of single-minded friars; and, while possessing many of the heavenly virtues that make the good man, he lacked those that in all ages characterised the saint. That he "was burned at Constance," as his latest biographer states, "for his devotion to that sacred book" (the Bible) is egregiously false. Greater devotion than his to the Sacred Scriptures was a common virtue in the Middle Ages. Those Protestant writers who have honestly tried to enter into the mind of the medievalist by careful and exhaustive study of their literary and historical remains recognise that never in the world's history was there such whole-souled reverence and devotion amounting to a passion manifested towards the Word of God. Maitland, Cutts, and many others, may be cited as witnesses to the extraordinary familiarity of the Middle Ages with the Sacred Scriptures. But it was as Scripture as interpreted by the divinely constituted guardian of the Sacred Text. For his persistence in foisting his own private interpretation of Scripture, an interpretation

from which modern Protestantism, as well as that of the sixteenth century, frequently recoils, he suffered. But that is devotion to one's own opinions, not necessarily devotion to Scripture itself. If anything more were required to show where the true devotion to Scripture lay, it might be found in the fact that Huss's opponents have handed down the Bible whole and entire to the descendants, while Huss's private interpretation has made of the sacred volume to-day a thing of shreds and patches.

Of his actual influence, either upon his own time or upon posterity, little can be said. A half-century after his death sufficed to obliterate practically all traces of his sect, although in the meantime his followers had plunged Bohemia and Moravia into all manner of bloodshed, misery and confusion. And though Luther and other sixteenth century reformers translated some of Huss's writings, still they borrowed little from him. Their own errors had been hatched before they made practical acquaintance with the Bohemian heresiarch. Indeed, it was only when taunted by Eck with being a Hussite that Luther realised he had been treading unknowingly in the same path. Moreover, in many important doctrines, there was little in common between Huss and the Protestant reformers. It is rather his general spirit of revolt against religious authority, his substitution of the vagaries of private interpretation for the divine tradition of the Church, his sense of his own sufficiency to instruct all other men, and even the Church of God, that makes him akin to Protestants; and of these qualities he was not the earliest exponent, for the first century had its Hussites, as we can see in the New Testament.

JOHN F. X. MURPHY, S. J., in "America."

Lost—A "Steam Roller," somewhere in the region of Warsaw. A substantial reward will be given for its recovery. Apply, "Daily Mail" office.

A recruiting meeting was held in Prince's Street the other evening. We have not yet learned how many members of the "G—man's Journal" staff complied with the appeal!

An old lady, accompanied by her son, was stopped in the street the other day by a recruiting officer. "Why is your son not in the army," he remarked, "The Empire now needs every man." The lady replied "That she cared nothing about the Empire—her son worked in the Tivoli!"

A rather funny advertisement appeared in the "Situations Vacant" column of a Dublin paper the other day, a tonsorial artist of Castlereagh seeking the services of a "quick shaver," etc., with a preference to one having a knowledge of the packing of eggs! Why eggs? One would have thought that the preference, if any, should be given to a good trapper of "hairs."

A writer in the "Newspaper World" wishes to know when the "late war news" will be published in time. We in this country would be glad to receive the true war news at any time!

Mr. Ginnell would not trust the cover of a letter, which he alleged had been opened in transit by the authorities, into the hands of the P.M.G. Mr. Ginnell does know something!

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Líodán Cine Saédeat.

(A éiríocht.)

"A cuimhne na ndaoine do cuipead ar buile le ceupad ó gallaib i mbluadain na bfrancas—A cuimhne na gceann mbeairtá 7 caipíní na pice beirbte, a cuimhne na n-ingní do rtaad a' beo na méiréanna, a cuimhne na gcnám 7 na bfeitleos do bup-eas ar an raic; a cuimhne na leat-éiroad 7 na gceupad noialaróe eile atá n-gháinneamail cum a n-ainm do cup orpa, a cuimhne na neite rin go léir fán agaimn anoir 7 copain naib ar meabail Sárana 7 ar meabail a hárliupí rinn!

"A cuimhne na bpoil móir ina gcaití na maib le linn an oipot-foasail, a cuimhne na milleon daoine 'nar himpead bap don gorta orpa 7 an tip lán de bia, a cuimhne na bfeap 7 na mban do cuipead ar bóro luinge cum bap ofasail do galapail 7 cum a n-áolacite ra bfarraige móir, a cuimhne na otigte do leasat 7 do bóasat, a cuimhne na maib do fásat i leat-taobh an bóas, a cuimhne na béice diablaide úo do gluaip ar fuair an domain ó beul na n-gall sa cup i gceill go raib cine Saédeat imigte ra veipead tiap, a cuimhne na neite rin go léir fán agaimn 7 mupail ar gcorde cum feirge nuair iarrapao Eipeannais meatta opaimn póipint ar impieadct lobta Sárana!

"A cuimhne an áilínis 7 an loicánais 7 an úrianais do báraigeat i gceapail gailloa a cum mian pola doarcap-fluais gailloa do faram, a cuimhne na n-uair noiepeannac do caiteadap ar an-raosail ro fé buairt 7 deamain gailloa i bupim feap 7 ban as béicis 7 as rinne 7 as am-fán 7 as earcamide timceall doap na caprac, san rioteain don uair a' éuig amain féin do tabairt doib cum beit as labairt le Dia, fan agaimn, a cuimhne, 7 ná leis uáinn coirde fárcad capadair do tabairt don lám atá veapís ó fuil na maipar n-éipeannac noi-áirne.

"A cuimhne gac éigin 7 gac eugcópá dáp veineadap gaili ar éipinn, greamaio tinn anoir 7 cabraig linn cum a tuipint i gceap, gac éipeannac a tógann lám cum impieadct na brogluróe do copaint, go bfuil an feall aise dá deunam ar a cine 7 ar a tip 7 ar a muintip féin 7 ar gac ní dá feabap 7 dá uairleact 7 ar an té so dein mac oéipinn de 7 ar an mácap 'nar sabad i na bpoimné!"

LIAM Ó RINN.

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Kingstown**THE AMERICAN IRISH**

By LADY WILDE.

VIII.

It would be impossible to find natives more entirely antagonistic than the Saxon and the Celt. The English live under method and rule, laboriously and industriously, without excitement or ambition, and would even bear oppression, so as a chance of gain comes with it. They will manufacture muskets for their own country, or for the foreign army that fights against England, with equal readiness, and dispassionate commercial calm; and they would shout for war with the Turk or the Christian, or against them, not for the sake of God, but for the sake of cotton.

But of all races the Celt is the most easily led by the affections. If the people believe that their popular hero really loves Ireland, they would sacrifice their lives for him. The English are grateful for benefits to self, the Irish are grateful for sympathy with their country. When they say of a man, "He died for Ireland," the voice is low and tender, as if they spoke of the passion of Christ.

The great mistake of England was not trying to gain the love of this people. The Irish demand some visible personal object for their homage and devotion, but England's rule was only known to them through cruel Acts of Parliament, and to her demand for "gratitude" they might have answered:

"We, for all our good things have at your hands—

Death, barrenness, child slaughter, curses, cares,
Sea leaguer, and land she protects, which of
these—

Which shall we first give thanks for?"

The Irish are naturally loyal, with an almost Oriental abnegation of self, to those they love; but the English never cultivated their affection, and never comprehended the deeply reverential Irish nature, so full of passionate fanaticism that sympathy with their ideal, whatever that may be, whether in politics or religion, is more to them than if gold were showered upon their path; but as they never received sympathy or affection, but only taunts, insults, and penal laws, the history of Ireland, from the fateful year 1172 to the present hour, is the saddest in Europe.

Yet, the first invaders conquered more through love than war. The Normans were a fine, brave, high-spirited race, one of the leonine races with firm noses, as Victor Hugo describes them, destined to conquer. They intermarried rapidly with the royal families of Ireland, and thus immense estates passed into their hands, many of which are held by their descendants to this day. The five daughters of Isabel, grand-daughters of King Dermot MacMurrough, had each a county for her dower; they all wedded English nobles, and it is remarkable that to this line can be traced all the highest names in the English peerage, the royal family of England, and, through the Stuarts, all the leading crowned heads of Europe.

The Norman Irish, the descendants of these mixed marriages, grew into a splendid and powerful race, the Geraldines at their head. Queen Elizabeth came of this blood through her mother and the Ormonds—indeed, Mr. Hepworth Dixon imputes the fascinations of Anna Boleyn to this Irish strain; and the Irish gradually came to love

these Norman nobles who lived amongst them, adopted their speech and dress, and often fought with the Clans against England. But these strong bonds of friendship soon excited the jealousy of the English kings, and it is a singular fact that the first coercion laws in Ireland were enacted to break this amity between the two races. Marriage was strictly forbidden with the Irish, and fosterage—for the children grew so fond of their foster kindred that they often refused to leave them, and renouncing allegiance to England, adopted the Irish mode of life and dress. But no laws were found adequate to prevent inter-marriage. Even Spenser, the poet, when he came over to receive his three thousand acres of the forfeited estates, took to wife an Irish girl, whose portrait he has sketched in the "Epithalamium"; and all Cromwell's troopers, when they settled down with their land warrants, married Irishwomen, despite of the severest penalties. Then a new danger alarmed England, for the children of these marriages spoke nothing but Irish, and complaints were made by the officials that the English tongue was almost dying out in Ireland; further efforts were made in consequence to force the English settlers to put away their Irish wives, but in vain.

PHILIP MEAGHER

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NO BRANCHES

:: The Man Without a Country ::

[Edward Everett Hale's short story masterpiece, "The Man Without a Country," was written during the darkest period of the American Civil War. In a preface written years later, the author explained: "In 1862, men were obliged to make speeches to write pamphlets and books—to show what now seems of course. And any lesson was well received by persons of conscience and patriotism which showed either positively or negatively what the word 'patriotism' means—or what one's country is."]

I suppose that very few casual readers of the New York "Herald" of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," this announcement:

NOLAN—Died, on board U.S. Corvette "Levant," Lat. 2 degrees 11 minutes S., Long. 131 degrees W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN.

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission house in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the "Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, the man without a country." For it was as "the man without a country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I daresay there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honour itself among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the esprit de corps of the profession, and the personal honour of its members, that to the Press this man's story has been wholly unknown and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the naval archives when I was attached to the bureau of construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington.

One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the navy department when he came home—he found that the department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a non mi ricordo, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that, since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be a man without a country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "legion of the west," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in

1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and re-wrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown.

But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many weekly 'Arguses'; and it was rumoured that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him—and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as a man without a country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came and Jefferson and the house of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then house of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced like the novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for spectacles, a string of courts-martial on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any whither with anyone who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Col. Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the west of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a

French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father, once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword on his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honour that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried "God Save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the president, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieut. Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty this evening. The court is adjourned."

I have always supposed that Col. Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the president approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the man who says they have seen his signature. Before the "Nautilus" got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

(To be continued).

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